

May EXTRA



Greater New Bedford Track Club

www.gnbtcc.org

The Wall



If You Are a Runner Come In



Greater New Bedford Track Club
P.O. Box 1209
New Bedford, Ma. 02741

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Membership in the GNBTC is open to all.

Dues \$15/Year individual \$20/Year family.

Check to: GNBTC
Send to: Ann Russo
36 Mosher Street
Dartmouth, Ma. 02748

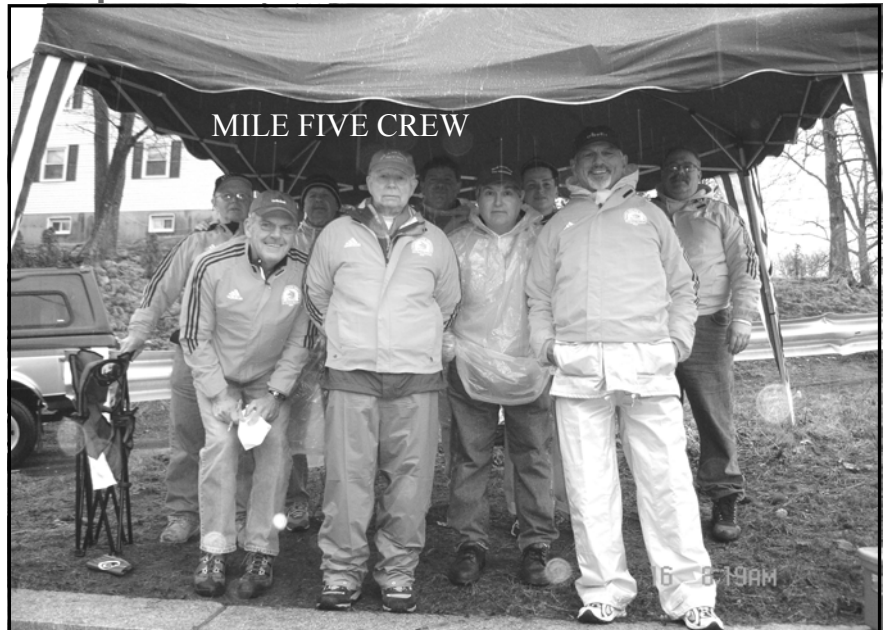
News/Articles/Results/Comments to: news@gnbtc.org

Deadline for news and results, 25th of each month.

Newsletter published February—December



Another Boston Marathon is in the books and all GNBTC runners finished. Fine performances were turned in by Peter Cooper, Scott Nanfelt, Fred Coelho and Terry Frenette. The GNBTC five mile crew again did their bit to cheer on the New Bedford runners. This year the crew had to set up on the opposite side of the course, causing some confusion as our club members looked for a place to drop off un-needed clothing.



Front row l/r, Ed Talbot, Ken Daniels, Ken Carreira, Bill Benedetti. Rear, l/r, Chuck Donohue, Leo Rodeillat, Mark Rodrigues, Rod Borges, Dave Richard.

Boston Waiver lottery needs updating. Now that the BAA has chosen to increase the waiver fee to \$200.00 it will be harder to get volunteers to work two events to get a chance for a waiver. It may be necessary to allow all members to submit their names to the lottery. The club should look to other ways to encourage volunteerism. Clearly, the Boston waiver is becoming less attractive. Especially among those members who have run several Boston Marathons. \$200.00 is a high price to pay for not qualifying. Waivers are not as much of a problem for female and older runners because of the relatively slow times needed to qualify.

Not So Trivial Trivia: Sam Palestine has qualified for Boston in four decades (70's, 80's, 90's & 2000). All with sub 3 hour performances.

On The Cover: Michelle Robert-Britto
First Track Club Finisher at Hazelwood

State of Grace

By: Lisa Talbot

Grace Butcher said that early in her life she learned to present herself in a calm, deliberate way even though she felt the vibration of boundless energy inside. That ability to be self aware, to maximize her strengths, and to compensate for anything that might interfere with her fullest potential seems to characterize everything Grace does. Categorizing her as only one thing seems both inaccurate and simplistic. She herself said that she was more comfortable breaking the norms or standards than she was setting them. At 73 years old, she is a world record champion in both open and master's track, she is an accomplished author, whose work includes poetry, works of fiction and non-fiction, and contributions to publications as diverse as literary journals, *Yankee Magazine*, *Runners World and Rider* (a motorcycle enthusiasts publication). She is a tenured professor, a mother of two adult sons, and, most recently, the owner of a Quarter Horse with whom she is in specialized training. Clearly she is able to break barriers and set standards far outside the norm.

Grace recalls that early in her childhood she could outrun her playmates, male and female. At some point she did realize she could run fast, but it was several years later before that enthusiasm took root in structured running. Grace began running laps on a cinder track. Girls did not do such things in the 1940s. In fact, when she was finally to start her first coached workouts with Olympic Champion Stella Walsh in 1949, she was told that she could not run the mile, since that was not an official event for female athletes. She began running hurdles, and then branched out to the 200, 400 and 800 yard events. As she developed her skills as a runner, Grace was able to recognize the value of smart and well-focused training. She said that she's had a number of overuse injuries resulting in some significant time away from running. The most recent of these came in 2004 when she lost months to a tear of the plantar fascia. From those times, Grace has learned the value of the gradual comeback and demonstrates a respect for her body's strengths and needs that is rare in most competitive

runners. She trains exclusively on soft surfaces, seeking trails and treadmills to avoid the pounding of road running. And, while she participates in some road races, she is clearly an avid fan and proud member of the track community. She observed that track athletes often go to road races to support road runners but very seldom do road runners compete in track meets. Her personal perspective is that a distance road runner seeking a quality workout can achieve that goal by participating in every running event at a track meet.

In examining the difference between the activity level of an athlete and a professor and writer, Grace makes another astute observation when she states that energy

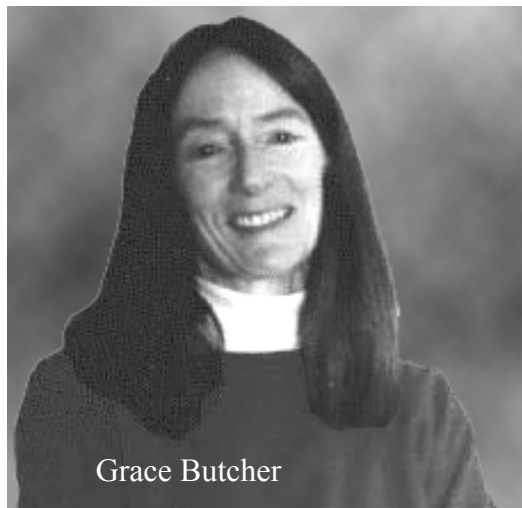
is energy, regardless of how it is expressed. Since she has a deep reserve of energy, she can spend it running, writing, pursuing another hobby. What she does not do is squander energy, which seems key to the success she has achieved.

When asked if she felt her athletic success was due more to genetic talent or mental preparation, she was able to answer in a way that demonstrated her characteristic way of creating success. She said she looked at her time in comparison to others in her age group in a number of events

and determined that these women were naturally faster, thus she would have to work a significant percentage higher than they would have to work to win. Clearly, the goal was always winning. Her accomplishments speak not just to her talent, but to her individuality. She found ways to express herself and to focus her energy that tapped into the physical, mental, and spiritual parts of herself.

Grace herself described that "there is no gulf between running and any other part of me". As a writer, she finds raw material in all of her experiences, and chronicles them all in journals that she has maintained since the age of 14. She draws upon those experiences, thoughts, feelings and sensations to craft written works that have garnered her as much recognition as her running. In other times in her life, Grace was involved in motorcycling and motocross, and was distinguished in that area as well. She now works at a sta-

(Continued on page 4)



Grace Butcher

Grace Butcher

(Continued from page 3)
ble, and returned to a passion for horses that took root early in her life. She has determined that the rigors of national and international level competitive running would prevent her from giving her full attention to her new horse and has decided not to train for competition this year to fully dedicate her mental and physical energy to the horse. She continues to run, but makes the sharp distinction between running for fitness and pleasure and training for competition.



As we talk, it is clear that the hiatus is not the first step to her retirement from competitive running. As one of the sports' best ambassadors, Grace tells me that the Master's have just added a new age group, 100-104. She delights in that, and says that she hopes that the age groups continue to expand, and that she captures the World title again at 120. If past performance is any indication, I think she's a sure thing!

Grace maintains a website with links to her Master's Track record, her literary works, and other personal accomplishments and interests at <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/3716>

The following companies help to support the production of this publication. We hope that the members will in turn support them.

**Barley Family Health Care
and Rehabilitation, P.C.**

**Day's Sports
Amaral's Linguica
Bonville's Market
Glaser Glass Corp.
Pencils**

Wrong email addresses

The following email addresses are in error and need to be updated in order to process the E-Newsletter. Send corrections to: news@gnbtc.org.

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GNBTC Message Board

Stay connected with other track club members. Special announcements, group runs, Phil Chase race photos, and much more. Email and non-email options available.



<http://groups.yahoo.com>

Cuddy's Corner



One of the best things about covering the half marathon for the newspaper every year is the people that the stories put you in contact with. This was my fifth time writing about it and every year the challenge means casting the net a little wider to find something different to write about.

As you may recall, I decided to talk with the course record holders this year.

Geoff Smith was easy since he lives very close to me and I know him well but the female record holder is Ingrid Kristiansen who, of course, ran a world record time here in 1989. Ingrid lives in Norway. Thank goodness for the worldwide web. I was able to find her through her web site and phoned her in Oslo. I did not know that they were six time zones ahead when I called (Doh!) so she suggested I call again the following day, which I did.

It was a real pleasure to speak with Ingrid, a woman who had once held four world records at the same time. She was very gracious and told me what she recalled of the race and what it was like for her. What surprised me most was learning that while she ran a world-record 1:08 in New Bedford she had previously clocked a 1:06 in Norway for the half marathon distance but the US and Europe were at odds over measurement and there was no internationally agreed standard for records, so her time was not accepted as official in the US.

After he read my story, race director Jim Ryan told me he had a videotape of the 1989 race, which I borrowed, and the New Bedford cable access station converted it to DVD for me. It was great. It showed the entire race and had cameras following both the men and women with another at the finish so you could see the whole thing unfold with very knowledgeable commentary. Ed Talbot was on the woman's truck phoning in the action. It also showed the old course which

included running a leg inside the Fort and the race finishing by turning from County Street down Union St and then left on Pleasant.

There was also footage of the awards ceremony plus interviews with Ingrid and a guy from California Ivan Huff who won the men's race.

It was also interesting to see the streets and businesses along the route and how much has changed since then. I don't know if anyone saw this show when it went out on cable but you can order copies from the station for just \$2. The studio is located at the nine-mile mark on the course incidentally, right next to SMAST on Rodney French.

I mailed a DVD to Ingrid along with a copy of my story about her and she sent me an email to say how many good memories it brought back of her experience in New Bedford.

She is still running and offers coaching and advice to runners online. In fact she had just returned from running a marathon in Japan where she served as a pacer for the four-hour runners. "It was tough to run so slowly," she said in her message. I wish!

Congratulations to all those who ran Boston this year. It's a long day but a special one.

I certainly was not prepared to part with two C notes for the privilege of participating although prices are getting steep at many other events also. There is a new 5K in Mattapoisett on Mother's Day. It starts at the Oxford creamery on RT 6, which has no parking, and essentially follows the Mattapoisett 5 mile race course around the lighthouse. It costs \$20 pre and \$30 post. Thirty bucks for a 5K is out of the question, in my world, regardless of what cause it may support.

I noticed on my last Sunday run from the park how many fair weather runners had appeared like some kind of migratory species. Is there something wrong with rest of us?

On second thought let me ask your spouse that question.

President's Message



Bagels and Good Cheer Despite the Drear

Our club's **Hilltopper Bagel Challenge** was held on Sunday, March 25. The event was

lightly attended mainly because the elements brought heavy rains and caused a most damp and dreary morning. The **GNBTC** wishes to express our appreciation to Bristol Community College (Fall River) and Alty Hickey for their gracious hospitality and the lending of this learning institution's facilities. 'Merci' to Dave Richard, for lending a helping hand. Nice to sit, chit-chat, and share a cup of coffee and bagels after the runners complete their hilly run. You could even describe this event as being 'light and informal'. Let's all go back and do it again next year.

Maybe if John Steinbeck had resided in New Bedford, instead of Salinas, CA, he would have changed the title of his best selling novel *Cannery Row* to **Can Opener Row**. For had he witnessed our Wednesday, April 25, event at the Greater New Bedford Regional Airport, surely this Noble Prize winner would have been overwhelmed and most impressed with all of the empty cans lined up from the end of Shawmut Avenue to Hathaway Road. (Wanted to write Hathaway Boulevard, but that would have been quite a **stretch**.) Kidding aside, may I have the envelopes please? And the winners are: Jeff Reed and Michelle Robert-Britto, best times; Bob Pina, best adjusted time; Richard Berndt, most cans; and L.C.M. Webster, most index finger blisters and as usual 'dead last'. Thanks to all of our metal container donors, runners, walkers, volunteers, and let's not forget Ted Silva for offering to be our 'redeemer' once again. By the way, how is it that I did not receive a camera? (Is it because I have the tendency to break them all?)

Just a reminder that our club's 28th Annual Women's

5k Run/Walk will take place on May 6 and our annual Smile Mile for children age 12 and under on May 27. Both of these are **GNBTC** events and member volunteering is needed to make them successful. Please call the track club hot line if you care to lend a hand. Thank you.

Try not to forget our club's **Annual Pasta Run** and meal at Elizabeth's Restaurant, 1 Middle Street, Fairhaven. Gail Isaksen, our gracious hostess, always prepares a meal to delight any running gourmet's palate. We begin our run over the Fairhaven Road Race course at 5:30 p.m. Sharp! Phil Chase will supply water along the route. 'Carbos' will be served after the completion of the trial run. Gail would appreciate some sort of head count, so that she may plan the meal accordingly. If you plan to attend, please call the club's line at (508) 998-2701. This is one of our club's top shelf events. Try not to miss this one! Hope to see all of you on the evening of **Monday, June 11**. Don't forget to bring your running shoes and work your way to a craving appetite. I've already called to reserve my plate. Why haven't you?

13.1 miles of kudos to Jeff Reed, Michelle Robert-Britto for being first male and female **Greater New Bedford Track Club** members to cross the **New Bedford Half-Marathon** finish line. Also to **GNBTC** members Ann Bell, Debra Holden, and Mary FitzGibbons, for their 3rd place senior's team finish.

Down the road events

7/11/07 – Couple's Run – 6:30 p.m. (at the Time Trials/Wednesday Nite Fun Runs.)

8/3/07 – Our annual Friday night baseball trip to watch the Paw Sox at McCoy Stadium.

8/29/07 – Steven Leo's Airport Scoot – 6:30 p.m.

(Wraps up Wednesday Nite Fun Runs/Time Trials.)

Remember to support our sponsors.

Watch your step out there.

Thoughts on Mediocrity

The best race performance of my entire life would place me towards the upper end of mid-pack. My fastest marathon did not qualify me for Boston. I have never engaged in regular track workouts. For over a decade, I ran 8 ½ hilly miles at 4:45 each morning, followed immediately by 30 minutes on an elliptical machine, followed immediately by a mile of lap swimming. Then it was time to start the ten hour work day. Unlike the amateur out there, who might find that to be an impressive training schedule, real runners would fault the routine, the lack of rest days, the lack of what would appear to be a training plan. For me, however, it was the perfect training schedule and brought about the exact outcome I wanted. I don't run to be a better runner, I run to be a better person.

To measure success, we need to have a clearly defined goal. Incredibly, ours is a sport where we each get to define that goal and craft the route that we believe will take us there. Equally amazing is the fact that we can continue to change ourselves as our goals change, on and off the roads.

Despite being surrounded by runners all my life, I never developed a passion for the sport until I was living in San Diego, away from all of the people and places that had been familiar, and I was free to discover what mattered to me. Running started as my eating disorder was in full swing. Having been a fat kid, I was delighted to have lost weight and embraced a healthier lifestyle. Running was also something my new husband and I started doing together. For me, it was an instant high. As our marriage crumbled in the following years, my time on the roads was a time to be free, a time to pray, and a time to recognize that I still had strength and endurance in me. In 1996, I had the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to run the 100th Boston Marathon. By then I had already run a number of halves and knew I craved the chance to return to my home state from California to run the streets of Boston in such a momentous year. I was so driven by that goal, that I put aside anorexia, the demon that had and would continue to threaten my health. I was so driven by that goal that I found ways to remain sane in an abusive and dangerous marriage. I was so driven by that goal that I became a better and stronger woman than I had ever been before.

I did run Boston, and it was a high I'll never forget. Three days later, with only a few days worth of clothes with me and less than \$100 to my name, I told my then-husband that I would not be coming back to

California. Nothing in me knew that I was worth something better, but the runner in me had proven that I could do what I truly committed to do. Somehow, in the year that followed, running was an anchor and a sense of continuity in a time of great chaos.

The new life became very good, and so did the running. In fact, it became too important, choking out balance and relationships and an ability to see beyond the next marathon. Eventually I crashed, and crashed hard. Physically and emotionally burnt out for the first time in my life, I found myself struggling to even want to run. That was scary and unfamiliar ground. As I gradually reduced the mileage, I came to see that my own life had changed. I have an 8 year old step-daughter who knew about long runs and timing chips before she knew how to read. I have a fiancé who has had to alter vacations around suitable running routes and marathon training schedules. Making running the most important thing was not my success, it was my failure. My running was never better than right before I crashed. But like I said, I run to be a better person, not a better runner.

So, here it is a year or so later. I'm a few weeks away from getting married and adjusting to somewhat lighter training load. I still miss the overboard days, the marathon-a-month way of thinking. Then something shifts forever. I find out, at the tender age of 39, that I am pregnant! We are elated and think this to be the greatest miracle there could be. When I go to the doctor's office for the first prenatal visit, I am hopeful that she'll support my desire to continue to run and swim throughout my pregnancy. Not only does she do that, she tells me that my level of physical fitness and lifestyle lead her to believe that, despite my age, there is nothing high risk about my pregnancy. My spirit soars and suddenly I realize that every step I took had a purpose beyond anything I imagined.

I think I still run to be a better person and I think it's still a time of prayer, and of preparation for all of life. But now I run for this new life, and to give it the very best I can possibly give. If that places me right in the back of the pack, I hope you won't respect me any less. The sprinters among us have nothing to apologize for, and have earned respect for their achievements. Perhaps those at the back of the pack are every bit as successful, they are just chasing a different goal. I personally believe that ours is a sport with room for all of us.

Lisa Talbot

Training

GNBTC Group Runs

Sunday Striders

Sunday Mornings 8:00am

Buttonwood Park Senior Center

8, 10, 13, & 15 mile loops available.

Maps available on the yahoo group.

Fall River Hill Runs

Tuesday 5:30 PM

Bristol Community College

8 or 10 mile challenging course.

Contact Donald Dayton at

ddayton380@earthlink.net for more information.

Thursday Night Runs

Buttonwood Park Senior Center

5:00pm Warm-up run

5:30pm 6 mile run

Be safe, please bring a safety vest!!

Race Schedule

Saturday, May 26th

Wachusett Mountain Road Race

Princeton Ma. 4.3 Miles

www.cmsrun.org 808-835-4662

Memorial Day--May 28th

Christopher's 5K Run for Diabetes.

West Bridgewater, Ma.

Colonialrunners.org 508-208-5377

Lincoln Park Rhody 5K Road Race, Lincoln,

R.I, Men's 5K/Womens 5k Cert., Lincoln Grey-

hound Park, includes mile markers, splits, post

race beverages, Champion Chip Timing. Lincoln

Park, Amy Dixon, (401) 723-3200x8364,

<http://www.rhody5k.com/>

33rd Fairhaven Road Race, Fairhaven, Ma.,

10K/3M Cert., 9 a.m., Hasting Middle School, 10K

has \$1000 in prize money. New this year is a 5k

with \$600 in prize money. Plenty of team competi-

tion and top three in all standard age divisions.

Days Health & Sports, (508) 997-9460,

<http://www.jbrace.com/>

Boston Marathon Team Competition Results

Congratulations to all Club members that participated in the Boston Marathon this year.

We had another great showing in the Team Competition for this years Boston Marathon. We had enough participation to field teams in the Women's Open, Men's Open and Men's Masters team classifications. Great race for all of our team participants.

Top 3 team finishers are scored by official time. Below are our team's results. For more results you can go to the following link which includes results for the 10k, Half and 35k distances:

<http://baa.org/2007/cf/public/TrackingTeamDetailFinish.htm>

Men's Open Team : 58 of 69

Time: 10:03:39

Cooper, Peter H. 3:04:24

Coelho, Fernando J. Jr. 3:26:29

Frenette, James P. 3:32:46

Women's Open Team : 31 of 47

Time: 11:09:19

Frenette, Teresa A. 3:32:31

Cabral, Katie A. 3:40:42

Silva, Kelly A. 3:56:06

Men's Masters Team : 73 of 78

Time: 11:12:33

Rogers, Kenny 3:31:41

McGlynn, Edward 3:42:43

Murphy, Vincent J. 3:58:09

Track Club Singlets Available

Contact Donald Dayton

ddayton380@earthlink.net



Boston Marathon Results, Another Look

Age Graded Performances Allow You to:

- Adjust your performance to what it theoretically would have been during your prime running years (your 20's and a portion of your 30's depending on the race distance).
- Judge your performance, using an achievement percentile, without bias for gender or the aging process (in other words, you are measured against a specific standard for your age and sex). These percentiles can be interpreted as follows:

Over 90% --- World Class
Over 80% --- National Class
Over 70% --- Regional Class
Over 60% --- Local Class

Runner	Age	Time	Age Adj.	%
Peter Cooper	M41	3:04:24	3:00:40 =	70.435
Scott Nanfelt	M43	3:11:01	3:03:52 =	68.982
Kenny Rogers	M52	3:31:41	3:10:10 =	66.698
Brian Peacock	M69	4:18:24	3:17:06 =	64.347
Terry Frenette	F43	3:32:41	3:20:24 =	69.287
Jim Frenette	M42	3:32:46	3:26:17 =	61.484
Fred Coelho	M32	3:26:29	3:26:29 =	61.425
Ed McGlynn	M42	3:42:43	3:32:49 =	59.596
Peter Keyon	M55	4:06:33	3:36:03 =	58.705
Katie Cabral	F27	3:40:42	3:40:42 =	62.931
Richard Flood	M38	3:46:24	3:45:47 =	56.173
Vinny Murphy	M44	3:58:09	3:47:44 =	55.733
Kelly Silva	F41	3:56:06	3:48:13 =	60.8409
Kevin Mullen	M49	4:13:58	3:53:40 =	54.278
Sompack Nissen	F58	5:14:47	4:17:60 =	53.819
Kathryn Collins	F43	4:36:12	4:22:38 =	52.85
Lori Watkins	F42	4:40:48	4:29:13 =	51.576

Boston Marathon—Monday, April 16, 2007

Alyse Cleaver

Since I first started running I've heard about the legend that is the Boston Marathon. I've seen countless minutes of television coverage, pages and pages of magazine and newspaper articles, and heard numerous stories about it. And I've never really understood what the big deal was. What makes this race so much more special than all the others? On Monday, May 16, 2007 I found out. This year marked the 111th running of the country's oldest and most exclusive marathon, boasting a remarkable 23,869 registered runners. The weather was miserable—cold, rainy, and windy as a nor'easter that settled in over the weekend continued to dump its contents on runners and spectators alike. But my dad qualified this year and I was ready to watch him, rain or shine. As a first time witness to this legendary event, I wasn't sure what to expect.

We arrived at the town of Hopkinton, home of the start, about two hours early...by far the earliest I've ever been for a race. Hundreds of volunteers in orange jackets milled about the town, directing runners and setting up for the start. The previous days' rain had reduced Athletes' Village to nothing more than a muddy mess and participants huddled under giant white tents erected in a sloppy grass field next to the town's school. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough room for everyone under the tents. Runners not lucky enough to find a spot under a tent nestled up against the walls of the school and some made room for themselves under large supply trucks. Athletes were decked out in all kinds of rain gear from rain coats to trash bags to plastic shopping sacks tied over shoes.

Near the starting line, spectators draped in ponchos and carrying umbrellas congregated under the dripping trees lining Main Street. The wheelchair race started at 9:25am into the rain, followed ten minutes later by the elite women—a group of about twenty-five of some of the world's best women runners, including Kenya's Rita Jeptoo and American great, Deena Kastor. As soon as this small group of women took off, the elite men, including previous winner Robert Cheruiyot and his fellow Kenyans, Robert Cheboror and Benjamin Maiyo, rounded the corner. They jogged back and forth for a few minutes, loosening muscles, pumping up heart rates, and high-fiving the little kids standing on the curb. I was suddenly engulfed in a wave of goosebumps and not from the damp, thirty-seven degree weather; I'd never been this close to such a large gathering of world class athletes.

About eight minutes before the 10:00am scheduled start time, they joined the rest of the pack at the starting line. I could only see the front of the massive group that made up the first wave of runners but a sea of heads bobbed up and down as runners attempted to keep muscles warm and loose. Then, about two or three minutes before the crack of the gun, the clothes started to fly. A loudspeaker encouraged runners shedding clothing to keep it off the streets while clothes spewed from the depths of the crowd. As the start time neared, the flying clothing became thicker until the throng of runners looked like they were spraying a fountain of clothes.

The gun popped and the runners were off. The elite men flashed by before I even had the chance to snap a picture as they headed down the hill and out of sight. By now the rain

(Continued on page 10)

Marathon Story

(Continued from page 9)

had diminished and I had a clear view; I was absolutely dumbfounded at the number of runners that continued to pour past me. I've seen large events; my hometown, Grand Rapids, Michigan is home to the largest 25K race in the country. And I thought that was big. It doesn't even compare to what I witnessed in Hopkinton on Monday morning. For about ten solid minutes, a constant flow of runners filled the entire street as far as I could see. And that was only the first wave. Half of the runners had not even started yet.

Thirty minutes after the start of the first wave, the second wave started. This was my dad's wave but I pretty much decided I had no hope of seeing him. Still, my eyes darted back and forth, scanning the sea of heads for his orange Adidas running cap. There he was! I spotted him right in the middle of the pack. Sadly, he didn't hear my frantic yelling. As soon as he passed me I took off; I was going to have to hurry to make it to Ashland (approximately 3.7 miles into the race) before he did. Walking back toward the start, I was astounded at the sheer number of athletes. Runners who had missed their first wave start were sprinting up the sidewalk, hoping to find a spot to dart in at the front of the pack. All the way back down Main Street to the corner of Grove Street the road was absolutely packed with runners still walking toward the start. I had to wait a good four minutes until most of the runners had cleared the corner so I could actually cross.

Back in the car, I wound my way through the damp country town of Ashland and quickly found a place to park. I could hear the yells of the crowd from the parking lot and jogged the quarter mile to the race course. Runners still looked fresh and happy at this point, high-fiving on-lookers and encouraging us to cheer. But I had missed my dad. So I watched the race for a while, cheering the runners on before nipping back to my car.

My next stop was the quaint town of Wellesley. The rain had completely stopped by this point, so I ditched my Boston Red Sox poncho in the car. I was past the college and so missed the infamous "Wellesley Scream" but the sight was still awe-inspiring—a dense throng of spectators still plastered the course. And although my cheering spot marked the halfway point of the race, the road was still completely packed with runners! Every race I'd ever witnessed or participated in would have thinned out by this point. Not this one. I waited for a bit, saw my dad (he

heard me this time), and hopped back in the car to hit up BC.

I caught the runners right as they were finishing the dreaded uphill battle that marks the third quarter of the Boston Marathon. At this point the runners were beginning to look pretty haggard. Most of the faces were pale and drawn; I can imagine they wanted nothing more than for it to be over by now. The spectators, however, were a different story. The BC students lining Comm. Ave. had clearly started their race day festivities early, sporting homemade shirts that read, "You run. I'll drink." I caught my dad again at this point and then I was off to battle my way to the Finish.

After getting re-routed several times because I kept running into the race course, I finally made it to Boylston Street, found a place to park, and headed for the finish line. This was a sight unlike anything I've ever seen in my entire life. The sidewalks were a solid wall of bodies, making any progress toward the finish line completely impossible; it was like being at a sold out concert. People hung out of second, third, fourth, and fifth floor windows all down the road, watching the race and cheering on the athletes. The crowd was deafening and watching runner after runner round the corner onto Boylston St. and head down the long straightaway to the finish was gorgeous. I now understand why they call it "The Super Bowl of Marathons." I've been to countless concerts, professional sporting events and college football games in 70,000+ people stadiums. And I've never seen so many people in one place.

Watching the race made me a little sad; I was jealous of the runners who crossed the finish line, drenched in a mixture of rain and sweat, but beaming with pride. I wanted to be a part of it. To be a part of an event that excludes all but those who can qualify. To race with world class athletes. To experience, on foot, the beauty of small New England towns like Hopkinton, Ashland, and Wellesley, to conquer the infamous Heartbreak Hill, to hear the roar of the crowd while running by Fenway Park, to race through the historical brick-lined streets of Boston, and finish in the heart of one of the country's most striking cities.

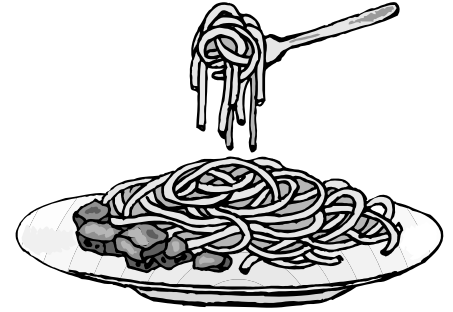
But I am glad I finally witnessed it. Even if I never qualify for the Boston Marathon, I will go back to watch it every year, because there truly is nothing like it. I now understand what the big deal is.

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Design by default



It has occurred to my wife and I that it's time to act like grown-ups and, shelter-wise, stop living like hippies. This is easier said than done.

For starters, I am a pack rat. Over the years, in the two houses we have shared, I have dragged home all man-

ner of other people's lives, rugs, tables, sofas, chairs, picture frames, road race posters, even a sump pump (you never know when you'll need a backup). My wife can be skeptical of some of my curbside finds – a yellow-and-brown shag rug, a relic of the 1970's that had had the life scuffed out of it, leaps to mind – but she occasionally pitches in. As she did with the easy chair that we wrestled across the street after a neighbor failed to unload it at a yard sale and offered it for nothing. We wouldn't have bought it – too shabby even for us – but we certainly used it. Our house is full of such stuff.

If you consider my preference for function over form, my penchant for recycling, and factor in my wife's reluctance to throw anything away, you have a home-decorating style that charitably could be called eclectic.

Take our living room couch (please). Couches don't get more inviting than this warhorse, but we both know its days are numbered. Actually, its days were pretty much numbered when we acquired it several years ago, gratis, from my wife's parents. We have shopped for a replacement, but... well, have you priced 7-foot couches lately? Exactly! It's not as if the couch is broken or anything, and it's still more comfortable than anything we sampled in the furniture stores. Besides, my wife sews, and she can keep upholstery on life support more or less indefinitely. The couch is a great color, too: Formerly White.

In my office is a massive oak desk, something we got from Aunt Judie and Uncle Chuck, the stained gold rug we think is from them; two industrial chairs, both on casters, definitely from them, (Judie and Chuck – two moves in 10 years – are furniture city), a sewing table, given to us by my father during the Carter administration, had been used by Dad since the Truman administration.

Besides the couch, the living room has one "found" stuffed chair, friendly and almost attractive under a baggy slipcover, plus a similar chair that was booted from a relative's condo. The TV table is new – such extravagance! – but the rug (my mother would have called it "from hunger") is another hand-me-down.

We have bought stuff; a dining table, a couple of mattresses and box springs, a convertible couch for overnight guests, lamps, appliances, our children's cribs, long since passed along to friends. Everything else – dressers, bed frames, bookcases, and chests – we sort of acquired. Hey, give us time: We've only been married for 51 years.

Do things remotely match? Of course not – that's what "eclectic" means. Visitors regularly describe our house as "comfortable" and we can live with that.

"Comfortable" means never having to say you're sorry when red wine sops the sofa.

Which is why my wife and I have our work cut out. Though we recognize that it's way past time to act our age, homeowner-wise, we do like the status quo, the price (virtually nil), and the feel of our stuff, however scruffy it is. But we can do this. After all, it's not as if we were ever real hippies. Ever since completing our education we have been working bees, thrifty and practical and, well, too distracted by other interests to notice or even care that the cosmetic sides of our lives were frayed around the edges.

All that is about to change. The first non-road race weekend we have, we're jumping in, and going whole-hog. Summer's coming, and we need a charcoal grill. The one we got from my wife's father finally rusted out, and Judie and Chuck are no where in sight.

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UMASS Dartmouth Coach, Devlyn Lovell

By: *Alyse Cleaver*

Devlyn Lovell is the new assistant athletic director and head coach for men and women's track and field at UMass-Dartmouth. Originally from San Antonio, Texas, he started his coaching career as an assistant coach at his alma mater, East Texas University. Following graduation, he became head coach at Antonian College Preparatory High School, leading his team to two boys' and one girls' class 5A state cross country championships. He then moved on to coach at the college level at the College of the Southwest in New Mexico, where his men's cross country team won the Red River Conference championship; he led his women's outdoor track and field team to the same title. A tall, friendly man, with a thick Texas drawl and a dislike for cold weather, he was kind enough to sit down with me to answer some questions about how he came to the Northeast and his own challenges as a runner.

How long have you been running?

I guess I first started running probably in 6th grade when they made us run the 500 in middle school level for the President's Physical Fitness test and that's probably the first time I realized that, "Hey, I'm pretty good at this stuff."

So you stuck with it?

Well I think so. I mean most people like to be involved in those ball sports and I did as well but when baseball wasn't going on or basketball wasn't going on, I did other stuff so the running was a big part then. As I grew older baseball wasn't as important to me as running was and so that's how I ended up.

How did you get into coaching? Did you know you wanted to be a coach?

No I don't think so. That's just something that kind of happened after my eligibility was up at East Texas University where I graduated. I had used up my eligibility but I still had a year of school left, so my coach asked me if I wanted to help out with the team and I said, "Yeah sure." And that's kind of how it all started. I started doing stuff there with East Texas State and I graduated and I moved on and went to San Antonio and got a job as a coach at a local high school and I've been doing it ever since.

Was it a strange transition, going from high school coaching to college?

Yeah because it's recruiting which I had not done before and I went from a team which was pretty set where I get kids every year because the school gets them to come out but when I was in New Mexico, I started the program. So they never had track and they never had cross country before I was there. So I actually started from nothing and built it up from there. So yes it was a big transition, just the recruiting and trying to get things organized and all the fun stuff that goes along with that too.

It was a challenge?

It was a challenge. The first year was rough. The second year was so much better. They hired me in I think late June or July and most kids have decided where they're going to college at that time. So most of my recruiting the first year was going around campus and trying to find kids to come out to run. And the school only had about 1000 students so it's not as if I had a lot to choose from. So it was very very difficult and at that point it drove me to recruit like crazy for that next year and that worked really well for us.

What made you want to come to UMass-Dartmouth?

Well you know I think administration is a big part of it. I think in the long run, administration is where I need to be, but I'm not done coaching yet. I'm still relatively young and there are very few positions out there where you can be both assistant athletic director and track coach, so this had a little bit of both. It's a little bit far from home for me. Obviously the weather is a little rough for me. You know it wasn't that bad. I tell people all the time I can handle a couple of months of it because that's what I'm used to. I didn't know it was going to be December, January, February, March, April of all this weather. So that's been kind of a kicker for me, it's been so spread out.

How long have you been here?

Since September.

How do you like the area?

It's beautiful, except when it's cold. And being a coach, you're outside a lot. So the kids get to run around and do stuff and I'm sitting there freezing, so it's a little bit hectic, but that's alright. It's fun. You

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Coach Lovell

(Continued from page 14)

learn new things wherever you go. People do things differently. You know, track back in Texas and New Mexico, for outdoor season starts really at the end of February. It's already in the 70's there. Here we don't start outdoor track until almost April. So it's a definite difference and the season is so much longer down south than up here because the weather just does not allow it to go that long. So it takes some getting used to, that's for sure.

What are your goals, as a coach, for the team?

Well obviously we want to be successful. And how you measure success is different. I think I want to be the best I can be and get the best out of these people we're coaching. You know, Coach Dowd set a high standard for us when he first started here and it's time to get back to where that was before. So Coach Hird's been here after Coach Dowd and we want to get the most we can out of these kids. The kids only have limited time with us so we have to do our best to put them in the right position. A Division 3 school is different. They don't come here to run, per say. They come here to get an education and there's no money given to them to run. These are the kids that do it because they want to do it. And that's pretty cool. It's just them I guess. In the end it's them getting used to the new coach and the new ways of doing things. And heck, we've done fantastic so far this year. When I first started, I was like, "Oh my goodness! I don't know how this is gonna work out." And we've gotten better and better and I think with the addition of coaches, poor coach Hird last year did almost everything by himself. He only had one coach and he had forty kids. It's difficult. When you have two coaches and you can spread it out more, that's more coaching for each athlete and hopefully that's a better way of doing things so you get more out of each athlete.

Do you run much anymore?

Well I do. I run a lot. I'm doing a triathlon in San Diego on June 24. It's my first one so I've been doing a lot of biking, been doing some swimming in the pool downstairs. The running's still something...you know, I can still run pretty well so I don't spend a lot of time on the running only because I can kind of get away with that. But I'm not very good at the biking part and I'm not very good at the swimming part. So

for me to be successful in that discipline I have to train in my weaker areas a little bit more because I can make up a lot more distance in those weaker areas than I can in my stronger areas. But I've been battling a little Achilles tendonitis so that slowed me down a little bit and so the running hasn't been as much. But I had to bike for about 50 miles yesterday so I've just got to get back in the pool again. I've been so busy with the season and stuff like that. It's one of those things. You ask the kids to be good at time management but yet sometimes I could get up a little bit earlier myself and get the stuff done, I just choose to sleep in. You know that saying? "Do as I say, not as I do."?

Since you've gotten out of college, have you done road races?

Yeah. In fact I ran for a running store back in San Antonio for about four years after I was done. That's when I was at the high school. I did a lot of regional races and stuff like that down there. I thought I was really good for a while and thought I could make money at running. I mean you forget that there are a lot of people out there that can run as well, so although I made a little bit of money, there's no way I could have lived off the money I made...maybe for a week, that's about all. So it was fun going places and I trained hard but I just, you gotta do it because you love it and I still love it. You think you're so good, and then the reality is just a little bit different than what you can really do.

What distances did you Run?

I was more of...I got better as I went along. I did the 5K...but I mostly did the 10K in college. And once I got out of college I moved up and ran a couple of half marathons and did really well at those distances. I've never run a marathon and people ask me, "Why have you never run a marathon?" and it's just that I'm so competitive that I'd have to put in a lot of work to do what I want to do in that event. I can get away with doing less running for, you know, the half or running a 5 or a 10 and be fine with that and just was never ready to do that [a marathon]. I've run twenty mile long runs many a time, so it's not like I can't run that far. It's just the competitive part that's kind of, "Do I

(Continued on page 17)

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Signature of applicant

Parent Signature if under 18

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Signature of applicant

Parent Signature if under 18

Coach Lovell

(Continued from page 15)

want to do it? Do I want to put in that much time?” And when I was in college, coach told us what we had to do. We didn’t have a choice. (laughing) And now I have my own choice and I’m like, “Forget that, I’m not doing that! We’re doing five miles today.” And coach tells us in college, “You’re putting in fifteen today,” and you’re like, “Oh my gosh!” You know, when coach is paying you money you have to listen to what he says.

What motivates you to run?

I guess so I don’t get fat. (laughing) You really want me to tell you the truth? I love food. And running is definitely, I guess it’s the Good Lord’s gift to me to keep off the weight, I don’t know. But that’s really all those things, really that’s what it’s about. Of course I’d still like to be competitive, you know, who cares about what people look like? I think that’s part about me too, I don’t know if I’m self conscious or whatever but it’s one of those things that I look in the mirror and I go, “Oh, I need to run a few miles today.” I don’t know if you ever saw that ad where this guy is running and below the ad it says, “Paying for a cheeseburger.” (laughing) I mean that’s kind of what I feel like, you know? You gotta go out and run and pay for that cheeseburger or whatever I had that day so that’s kind of it.

Do you have any favorite spots around here to run?

You know, I haven’t been to a lot of spots around here, just the one that the team—the cross country team—have told me about. I like running in the woods, so I’ve been to a little area right down the road that’s a bunch of woods with a bunch of trails in it. Also, there’s a place I’ve been told about, but haven’t gone to yet called Destruction Trails or something like that and I want to try that as well I just haven’t been out there yet, so most of my runs just come from here.

So you’re a big trail runner?

Oh yeah. Much better. You know, it’s cool, it’s soft, it doesn’t beat up your legs, and I like that.

What’s the best part about running for you?

You know, I think the feeling of accomplishment. I think that’s a pretty big thing for me. You know when

you get done with doing something, whether it’s running or whatever it may be, you finish and you’re like, “Ah, I did it!” And those kinds of things are very important to the mental aspect of what we do no matter what it is. Running, obviously, you know, you say can I run this fast, or can I do this many miles, or can I run this long, you know all those things. Your goals or whatever you have set out for you, those all set up standards for yourself and you accomplish that and you feel good about what you’ve done. You got out there and you’ve done something and I think that has a lot to do with running and that kind of stuff.

Do you have any personal goals as a runner right now?

You know, I wanted to...before my Achilles thing here...I wanted to finish in the top 5 in my age group at the triathlon, which would be, I mean you know, that means I would really have to get after it. I mean I could do it, if I could get my flat tire back working again I’d be in good shape but I’m well on track to doing that. California is very competitive and so it’s going to be very tough. I’ll have to have a very good race. My issues are I’ve never done one before so the transitions are going to be tough. I’m thinking about doing one out in Worcester, I think there’s one they have...some local ones up there that I was thinking about doing before but that just depends on my foot. The way this all came about, just to give you a little background...some friends of mine from high school and college do this triathlon every year. And we meet up every year, you know all of our friends, meet up and go fishing down on the Texas coast. Every year, we’ve done this for, I don’t know, fifteen years and they were talking and saying how they would beat me in this and you know how that goes. Somebody challenges you to something and you’re like, “Well I don’t think so.” So that’s how this all started, when they told me that they could beat me in this event, the triathlon, and I said, “No you can’t.” They’re pretty big guys and they’ve done this before so it’s not like this is their first time so it’s a little challenge. So I went out and bought a bike and started swimming and that’s where I’m at now. So if I can beat them with a flat tire, I’m really going to be happy. But I still want to finish in the top 5 in my age group as well.

Boston 2007

Richard Flood

This year's Boston Marathon will probably be remembered more on what was supposed to happen than what did. Local weather stations reported a Nor'easter coming right on race day, all the hard work we put into coming up with PR's turned to thoughts of running a marathon each of us might just finish.

Many of the GNBTC members who run Boston every year took a well-deserved break this year. We had a few veterans such as Kenny Rogers and Vinny Murphy, but most of us fell into the in-between category. We have run a few marathons before, but we now trained to have a good showing. Most of us were going for it this year.

The weather reports were not what we wanted to hear and "just finishing" wasn't going to cut it. I'm sure most of the club veterans got a kick at how hard a lot of us were focusing on the weather reports all week. Running Boston "just for fun" wasn't something a lot of us really wanted to accept after so much training.

It was rainy and windy when we got on the bus at 6am. A bunch of people lost power from the storm. Something every runner has nightmares about, but everyone made it to the bus on time. Riding up to Hopkinton we all had goals in mind. Fernando Coelho was running his best and looking to qualify for Boston with a 3:10, something the male members of our club haven't been able to do in a long time. Jim Frenette was looking to finally beat the curse of the 3:45 marathon. After a first marathon at Boston, and two so-so other ones I was looking to finally "race" one and see what I could do. It was just another Boston for Kenny Rogers and Vinny Murphy who have ran this marathon so many times they will probably name a coral after them one day. Anyone who has been reading the Standard Times knows what Katie was looking to do and I don't want to go to jail for copyright infringement by writing any more.

You couldn't have had worse running conditions when we got to Hopkinton. Most of us didn't even want to get out of the bus to use the port-a-johns. There were runners dressed in garbage bags everywhere. Most runners were huddled under tents lying on the muddy ground. Athletes Village looked like a refuge camp. The club's traditional bus was worth its weight in gold. We can't thank Joe, Ann, and Julian enough for how much the bus helped us block out the weather and let us concentrate on just running a good race. It was al-

most like we were Kenyans for an hour or two.

Michelle Britto fed us weather reports while we waited for the start. Michelle reported a break in the rain and temperatures in the 50's!!! There was some skepticism that the rain would stop and it would be that warm, but some of us believed and went with shorts. Shorts turned out to be a great move, shorts and a tee shirt served me well most of the race. The thousands of dollars worth of running gear thrown in the streets was a sure indicator of how many runners expected the worse and weren't lucky enough to have someone feeding them the latest weather reports.

This year's start went fast. There was a constant push to the starting line and with everyone wearing garbage bags there wasn't too much checking of numbers in the corals. Runners and officials just wanted to get the race going before Mother Nature could throw anything else at us. But in the end the weather conditions were perfect for running. The predicted street flooding and puddles was exaggerated and other than a shower or two there wasn't much rain. The wind wasn't even close to what we felt at this year's New Bedford Half Marathon. Other than hype, there was nothing stopping us from running the races we all trained for.

There were a lot of great GNBTC performances at this year's Boston Marathon. Notably Peter Cooper from Portugal ran a 3:04:24. Fernando Coelho didn't qualify but ran a strong 3:26:29 and is well on his way. Jim Frenette finally broke the curse and ran a 3:32:46. Teri beat him with a 3:32:31 and I hear Jim will hear about this at Horner Millwork where they both work. Kevin Mullen and Lori Watkins were both nagged with injuries weeks before the race, but made it through with 4:13:58 and 4:40:48 respectively.

The weather and the start worked out well and I went for my 3:38 marathon time. I ran well and right on pace until about mile 18; after that the hills did me in, and the last 6 miles were as tough as any I have run. I ended up with a PR, but I have a lot more running and races to do before I can have that elusive feeling that I went to Boston and finished strong. Veteran club members would probably tell me those days don't come often at Boston, which is probably why we all felt so good on the ride home. We all ran our best and had a great day; on a day everyone was saying was going to be one of our worse. I guess you never know how things will turn out.



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