

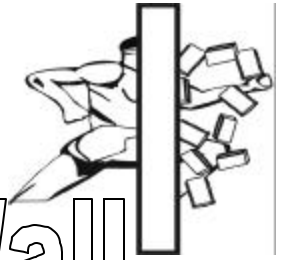
September 2008



Greater New Bedford Track Club

www.gnbtcc.org

The Wall



If You Are a Runner Come In



Joe Francisco



Felix Almeida



Rod Borges



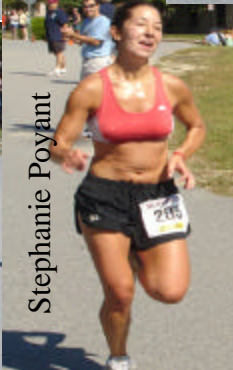
Sal Correo



Russell Dearing



Manny Francisco



Stephanie Poyant



Jeff Reed



Peter Ribeiro



Joe Fernandez



Julian Youngblood



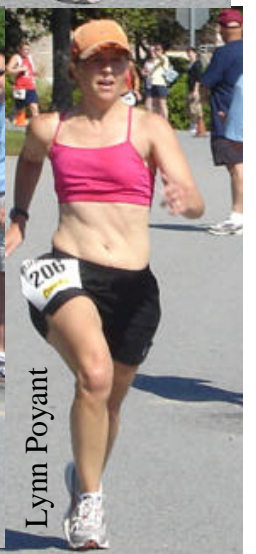
Kathy Lopes



Cheryl Haely



Fred Coelho



Lynn Poyant

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

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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

On the cover:
Runners approach the finish line of the Acushnet Road Race.



Club On The Brink
Opinion

The Greater New Bedford Track Club has been in existence since 1978. As is the case with any club, its longevity is due to the spirit of volunteerism. That spirit has dwindled in the past few years and as a result the Club, as we know it, is in jeopardy of becoming a mere shadow of what it was . Oh, I have heard the grumblings from those who would like to see the Club do more for its members. Those same grumblers are most often missing when it comes to giving of their time to club activities. I hear it all of the time, "I'm really too busy to help out." Guess what folks; those members who are there to help out all of the time have lives outside of the club. Perhaps they are also busy. The shameful attendance at the Club meetings is testament to the growing concern that as the volunteers get older no one will step up to replace them.

The 30th GNBTC Spooner Race (Nov 9th) is fast approaching. The race is being run by committee this year in the absence of a race director. Since the Spooner has had few runners over the past three years, the race is in jeopardy of ending at 30. The club could use some support with this year's edition of one of the few remaining 10k races in the area. Please be sure to put this race on your calendar. It is my personal opinion that the 10K distance is a true test of a runners speed and endurance. The Spooner 10K course is one of the best examples of that test.

Opposing views are welcome.

The Editor

Track Club Singlets Available
Contact Donald Dayton
ddayton380@earthlink.net



President's Message

We were ready for some International League Baseball. So on the evening of Friday, August 1, the **GNBTC RBI's** (Running Baseball Imposters) boarded the Joe Russo Express for our yearly trek to McCoy Stadium. We, the starting lineup, enjoyed a fun-filled outing watching the home team walk away with a 8 to 7 victory in the last of the ninth inning. But what made the evening even more complete were pleasant spectators, weather, and up-close seating arrangements. "Friday Night Live", all for 15 George Washington's. Thanks to Mary FitzGibbons for another grand slam baseball outing. For the last 16 years she has been our coach and captain. Hope all who attended had a great time. If you were unable to be present this year, try to make this stellar event next summer, and we will gladly "take you out to the ballgame."



The 21st **Annual Steven Leo's Scoot** was held at the Greater New Bedford Regional Airport on the evening of Wednesday, August 27. Our 2.5 miler drew a field of 75, with 64 finishers. Steven, Pete and Mike would have been totally fascinated to observe all of the sincere runners and walkers proudly running in their honor. Congratulations to Jeff Reed (13:23) and Pam Kelly (17:08), for their 1st place overall male and female finish. Another nice touch to this event was to see the children receive their own personalized trophies. Thanks to all for their help in making this a most memorable event. Much gratitude to Amaral's Linguica, Larry's Specialty Shop, Greater New Bedford Regional Airport, New Bedford's Finest and to all who offered their time and food specialties. This very special and emotional event rang down the curtain to another successful season of middle of the week nightly runs. A special 'merci' to all of our Wednesday Nite Time Trials/Fun Run volunteers for their much-needed assistance, every week. Cheer up, next year we'll do it all over again. Mon Dieu. Don't tell me that I finished last for the 21st time in the same number of 'Scoot' years. (Another one of my classic track club records.)

Unfortunately, our club's annual picnic to be held on

Sunday, September 14 at Fort Phoenix was a complete washout. In all of my years as a **GNBTC** member I cannot remember having a cancellation of this event, even going way back to the Horse-neck Beach years. Cheer up; next year will have a **B-E-A-U-T-I-F-U-L** day.

This year's 30th annual **GNBTC 10K Spooner Road Race** will be held on Sunday, November 9, at Buttonwood Park.

Let's all try and support this club event, either by running or offering our services and expertise. We need **YOUR** help. Please call the club's hot line at (508) 998-2701.

Last, but not least. Try not to forget our Wareham to Fairhaven Run on Sunday, November 23. Much more on this event next month.

Upcoming GNBTC Events

+ November 9 – GNBTC Spooner 10k – 10:00AM – Buttonwood Park

+ November 23 – Wareham to Fairhaven Run – 8:00AM – VFW (Fairhaven)

+ December 7 – GNBTC Annual meeting, Election of Officers, Christmas Party, and Neediest Families Fund Run/Walk – YMCA (New Bedford)

Try to patronize our advertisers,

for they play a major role in the publishing of our club's newsletter.

Watch your step out there.

Congratulations to Jeff Reed (13:23) and Pam Kelly (17:08), for their 1st place overall male and female finish.

Run for the Rock 1/2 Marathon Plymouth, MA

Distance: 13.1 miles

Date: Sept. 6th Finishers: 221

Russell Dearing	18	1:34:49	7:14
Fernando Coelho	34	1:42:33	7:49
Don Cuddy	36	1:43:11	7:52
Bethany Bertrand	55	1:47:29	8:12
Ryan Couto	129	2:00:53	9:13



LCM Webster

Listen up

This may be the golden age of communication, but people are having trouble talking to each other – or, more to the point, listening.

She says: "Pick me up at 7."
He hears: "Meet me there at

7:30."

She says: "You tune me out when I talk."

He hears: "You want tuna for dinner?"

This is partly a Mars/Venus problem, with the man assuming he knows what's going on and doesn't need to listen carefully, while the woman insists on writing everything down. So his mind is off somewhere while she's talking, and her mind is focused on a piece of paper while he's talking, and simple communication goes nuclear.

It happens between strangers, too, for this cotton-in-ear syndrome pervades the market place.

"That's one large sweatshirt in black," the catalogue phone clerk says briskly to the person who has just ordered a medium in navy.

There is no static on the line. The customer has tried to speak clearly and slowly, giving the correct item number. The clerk repeated the number and sounded efficient. And yet things have gone awry.

Is it gremlins scrambling messages to the brain?

Crossed wires? Sunspots? Noise pollution?

How can a family of five book a hotel suite two months in advance and then be given a single room with one double bed? How can the repairman, asked to please come Tuesday afternoon, show up Thursday morning and not understand why no one is home?

OK, Tuesday and Thursday both begin with the letter T and sound a little bit alike, but not that much. And "two adults with three children" cannot possibly sound like anything but a crowd.

Is it multitasking? People on either end of a phone connection often try to accomplish at least one other bit of business as they talk – checking the e-mail, reading the paper, and doing a pantomime with another person in the room. So they can easily lose the thread, not to mention the entire spool.

"Is it me?" a person wonders, going over what had seemed so straightforward before the dinner guests showed up on the wrong day. "Did I just *think* I said "Saturday"?"

The deliberate fudging of words and their meanings by

the people in power further confounds the situation, for the public must not only make sure it is hearing right but that it understands what is *not* being said.

The words "sound investment," for instance, have meant just the opposite of late. And when politicians say they "hear the voice of the American people," that doesn't necessarily mean they're listening.

No wonder people feel stressed and seem to be shouting more. Maybe the golden age of communication is really just plastic.

LCM Webster

lcmwebster@verizon.net

1979 Falmouth Road Race 7.1 Mi.

Donald Dayton 45:45

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.**

Amaral's Linguica

Bonville's Market

Glaser Glass Corp.

Pencils

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.

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Post message: gnbtc@yahoo.com

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gnbtc-owner@yahoo.com



<http://groups.yahoo.com>



I was on vacation in the Gaspé region of Quebec in August and decided to end my trip by running the marathon in Quebec City on August 24 so I rolled into town the day before and signed up. Unfortunately the heat arrived along with me and I went from sleeping in a tent with two sleeping bags to 80

degrees virtually overnight.

The race started in Levis, the town on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence so you had to take the ferry over and then they bussed you to the start. The ride was free with the race number and the transportation was very well organized, as was the entire event.

It was \$90 to enter and included a 'technical' shirt.

When we are supposed to be going green why are we abandoning cotton in favor of a petroleum by-product for race shirts?

It was a metric marathon so no mile markers and, what I have never seen before, they counted the splits down so the first thing I saw was the 42K marker. I liked that.

The race started at 8.30 and it was already sunny and warm. There were 1100 or so in the field. A half, a 10K and a 5K went off at the same time.

We did three miles or so through the suburbs before getting down by the riverbank and everyone had worked up a good sweat by then. I had figured out that I was running 5.30 pace per kilometer but I was not looking for a time. Knowing that I might jump into the race I had gone out by myself one day two weeks prior and run around Rochester and Acushnet for four hours and that was pretty much it for preparation other than the hiking in the national parks of Gaspé.

There was no traffic whatsoever and plenty of aid on the course which was generally flat. It was nice to look over the big river and see cruise ships and huge container ships steaming up and down. There were pockets of spectators. "C'est beau" they said.

Maybe five miles west of Quebec City is the huge bridge that crosses the seaway and we had to get up on that and down the far side to the Champlain highway that funnels traffic into the city. That came at around Mile 18 or so and meant a bit of a struggle.

I came off the bridge tired and had 14K remaining. It was 11 a.m. and it was plain hot and I started to fade. In the shadow of the cliffs on the Levis side there had been some relief from the sun but now it was a differ-

ent story and I started to plod.

It might have been ugly but as they say in Ireland "It's better to be lucky than rich."

When I hit the 10K mark there was a fire hydrant and they had connected a shower to it.

I'm not talking a showerhead either. This was a T-bar with multiple nozzles and the water cascaded out of there in a solid stream.

When I stepped into it I had a transcendental moment. The water must have come out of an aquifer because its temperature was probably about 55 degree. You cannot imagine the relief that it provide. I stayed under as long as I could. It was like an IV and when I came out I was completely restored. I set off at a good clip. I was now on the part of the course that had already seen the halfers and the 10k runners pass so there were the bands and the spectators and tons of support. They were handing out sponges and oranges and gu as well as the Gatorade and water you would expect.

I had been drinking Gatorade because I had mistakenly showed up for the start an hour early. It was the walkers who left at 7.30 and then I was stuck at this high school. I got up at 4 a.m. because the Jamaican in the same room at the hostel had set his alarm for 4 a.m.

By the time the race started I was hungry which is a bit weird believe me. I don't usually do anything but water during a race but I thought I might need a belt of corn syrup to bail me out on this occasion.

I finished in 4.09, 506 out of 1141 finishers, and 90 out of 205 in my division. The finish area had volunteers handing out plastic bags so you could funnel past the food tables and load up and the baggage buses were right there so there was no hassle getting what you needed.

I returned to my truck to find a \$30 parking ticket on the windshield with, insult to injury, a further \$12 for 'frais' which generally translates as 'expenses.' I suppose I am glad they didn't tow it.

The medal is probably the wackiest thing I have ever been given in any race as it comes with flashing lights. It's a one-off since the city was celebrating its 400th anniversary so don't go there for that next year.

I have only good things to say about this experience. It's something very different in a wonderful city that is only 400 miles from Boston. I got a room for \$28 in a great neighborhood and the race is first class in every respect.

Normally the temperature is 68 they tell me so the heat this year was an anomaly.

Check it out. It's official title in Marathon des Deux Rives.

The Bridge

Brian Peacock

August 14, 2008

I have this recurring nightmare – I’m halfway across the bridge when I stoop down to tie my shoelaces. When I stand up, the bridge is moving and the gap widening. No way can I jump; I’ll just have to wait, but for how long?

Fishing boats keep coming and going, up and down without stopping. It gets dark and they are still chugging and I’m hungry for fish and chips. I start to run from end to end and even think of jumping in and swimming ashore, but it’s a long way down and the water looks cold. I see the bridge keepers go home for the night and the boats keep coming and going. And then I wake up; it’s time to get up and meet the other gentlemen of leisure down at the “Y.”

By now the GOLs own that bridge – they have run across it in fair weather and foul. They have waited for the bridge to open and close, but now the friendly bridge keeper waves us through and has those impatient fishing boats learn their rightful place – in line behind these GOLs. Now GOLs are harmless creatures. They run and play honest golf on Fridays. They are old and young, fast and slow, male and female, quiet and talkative, large Kenyan and small cappuccino, patriots and loyalists, fat and thin, founder members and latter day associates, fathers and daughters, and so on and so on.

Much of the conversation among the GOLs has no meaning. Even their discussion of the meaning of life is meaningless. They waffle. They are repetitive. Their jokes have no humor; they tell them wrong anyway. A single story can last at least four city blocks, especially historical diatribes related to a race they would have won had they run fast enough. They are effusive race strategists – start out slowly and then reduce speed; save your breath for the after-race excuses; follow the leader; under no circumstance allow anyone to pass you on the inside as you turn a corner; run the diagonals even when others are trying to run straight; loosely tie your shoelaces to provide excuses for frequent rests; dress fashionably; walk before and after the water stops; avoid cinnamon flavored energy gels; talk to strangers because they may actually listen to your drivel and so on and so on.

“What has this got to do with the bridge?” you may, or may not, ask. Well the bridge is central to all that is good about the world. It represents your adventure be-



yond the confines of New Bedford into the wild yonder of Fairhaven. It means you are nearly at the end of your run. It is a place to pause and look at the seals and clam boats. It is a metaphor for the link to the unknown. It swings. It connects one side of the river with the other. It is strong and sturdy like the oak tree. It does not discriminate between democrats and republicans or Fords and Chevrolets.

It does not complain when it is photographed or painted. The bridge is unselfish – it returns the reactionary force to ones foot without complaint. Nor does it complain about the wind and rain or the snow and ice. It wishes fishermen good luck on their expeditions and welcomes them home whether they had a good catch or not. The bridge is beautiful and knows no malice. And so on and so on.

One day three original GOLs were crossing the bridge with a famous photographer from the Standard Times. Peter Pereira. Now Peter had a story to tell, but with no words. He snapped feet and heads. He took the troubled trio from near and far, from the front, back and both sides and from above and below. He always caught a bridge spar to frame the good, the bad and the ugly. He caught smiles and grimaces. Mouths open and shut. His art communicated silent sound. He took a thousand shots and selected only one to be hung for posterity on the wall of the Y. Peter is brilliant and famous; his pictorial stories inform and offend. He tells it like it is. He paints colors in black and white. He should be President. Peter’s portraits are onomatopoeic. The bridge is his Mecca; it represents the universal link.

The winter holidays brought another famous photographer to the bridge. Later, Steve married my daughter and followed her to the end of the earth – literally. They now live in Igloolik which is way north of the Arctic Circle and where the wind was coming from on that winter’s day. It howled. It cut through the Gortex. It whistled through the bridge’s spars of steel. It was cold. We shivered. We were pushed back one step for each forward step. “Why do we do this?” we said. “Because it is there.” Another meaningless mantra. This run across the bridge into the teeth of the gale was a test of the suitor’s suitability. He passed the bridge test with flying colors. The bridge test in December is the standard for all would be son in laws, but only when the perfect wind is blowing from the

(Continued on page 8)

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.

Thursday Night Runs

Buttonwood Park Senior Center

5:00pm Warm-up run

5:30pm 6 mile run

28th Annual Acushnet Road

Race Acushnet, MA

Distance: 4.1 miles

Date: Sept. 1st Finishers:
210

Jeff Reed	3	22:43	5:32
Jose Francisco	10	24:43	6:01
Felix Almeida	12	25:31	6:13
Sal Corrao	13	25:38	6:15
Peter Ribeiro	14	25:45	6:16
Russell Dearing	18	26:26	6:26
Leslie Danzell	23	27:30	6:42
Monique Poyant	26	27:52	6:47
Peter Danzell	29	28:01	6:50
Ken Glazier	35	28:41	6:59
Phil Goyette	38	28:53	7:02
Julian Youngblood	39	28:57	7:03
Fernando Coelho	44	29:56	7:18
Lynn Poyant	46	30:18	7:23
Stephanie Poyant	48	30:25	7:25
Rodrigo Borges	49	30:30	7:26
Pamela Kelly	50	30:34	7:27
Kenny Rogers	69	31:47	7:45
Timothy Williams	71	31:50	7:45
Maciel Pais	72	32:01	7:48
Sheryl Briggs	76	32:28	7:55
Brian Grant, Jr	81	32:46	7:59
William Fortier, jr	91	33:13	8:06
Danielle McCue	95	33:21	8:08
Timothy Greene	96	33:22	8:08
Woody Wilson	97	33:28	8:09
Cheryl Healy	105	33:53	8:15
Kathy Lopes	113	34:47	8:29
James Marshall	121	35:19	8:36
Joe Fernandez	124	35:48	8:43
Elise Tetreault	136	36:24	8:52
Amy Lincoln	137	36:25	8:52
Carol Lawton	145	37:05	9:02
Kristina daFonseca	161	39:27	9:37
Paul Lemieux	168	39:52	9:43
Ed Talbot	173	40:43	9:55
Brian Grant, Sr	178	42:15	10:18
Mary Sahady	185	42:45	10:25
Mary Fitzgibbons	186	42:54	10:27

Happy Birthday to The Following Members

"Timothy Greene", "September 2nd"

"Adelina Leite-Desrosiers", "September 3rd"

"Jayne Souliere", "September 6th"

"Robin Bodeau", "September 9th"

"Nadia Mimoso", "September 9th"

"John Mulligan", "September 9th"

"Jack Daniels", "September 10th"

"Sue LaPlante", "September 11th"

"David Richard", "September 11th"

"Mary Cass", "September 12th"

"Lori Watkins", "September 12th"

"Richard Mello", "September 14th"

"Ned Carter", "September 18th"

"Lou Vicente", "September 18th"

"Salah Abdur-Rahman", "September 19th"

"Russell Dearing", "September 19th"

"Denis Tetreault", "September 20th"

"Alondra Abdur-Rahman", "September 23rd"

"Christine LeBlanc", "September 27th"

"Autumn Daniels", "September 29th"

"Laurie Marceau", "September 29th"

"Jeff Sinko", "September 29th"

"Burt Waters", "October 1st"

"Ivy LaPlante", "October 3rd"

"Nancy Martins", "October 3rd"

"Paul Lemieux", "October 5th"

"Alex Zarlengo", "October 5th"

"Joe Fernandez", "October 6th"

"Todd Benevides", "October 9th"

"Connie Rocha-Mimoso", "October 12th"

"Tania Victorino", "October 12th"

"Tiago Mimoso", "October 13th"

"Jennifer Marshall", "October 14th"

"Jean-Claude Tetreault", "October 15th"

"Timothy Williams", "October 15th"

The Bridge

(Continued from page 6)

North West and there is deep snow on the ground. You can now see polar bears and whales and Arctic fox and Arctic birds and komateks and inushuks and Inuit and flowers and icebergs and the Northern Lights on Steve's website - www.foxfirephotography.com. Above all the bridge is about running. It represents the link to the "Greater" in the Greater New Bedford Track Club. It is the link between life and health. It reminds us of our aching legs. It tells us that the Green Bean is not far away. The bridge is alive. It moves, but slowly. It groans, happily, for that's what bridges do. It is a bridge over troubled water.

Bridge Over Trouble Water

*When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all;
I'm on your side. When times get rough
And friends just can't be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
When you're down and out,
When you're on the street,
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you.
I'll take your part.
When darkness comes
And pain is all around,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Sail on silvergirl,
Sail on by.
Your time has come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine
If you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.
© 1969 Paul Simon*

Fort Phoenix 5K Road Race Fairhaven, MA

Distance: 5 kilometers

Date: September 14th Finishers: 146

<i>Jose Francisco</i>	8	18:20	5:53
Sal Corrao	9	18:42	6:01
Angel Martin	12	19:00	6:06
<i>Felix Almeida</i>	13	19:11	6:10
<i>Jack Daniels</i>	20	20:12	6:30
<i>Kinder Woodcock</i>	21	20:13	6:30
<i>Jim Frenette</i>	24	20:22	6:33
<i>Peter Ribeiro</i>	26	20:44	6:40
Ken Glazier	29	21:08	6:48
<i>Kevin Mullen</i>	31	21:21	6:52
Kevin Silva	33	21:26	6:53
<i>Kenny Rogers</i>	34	21:29	6:54
<i>Teresa Frenette</i>	38	21:38	6:57
Bruce Tavares	39	21:39	6:58
Katie Cabral	41	21:53	7:02
<i>Karen Caddell</i>	43	22:30	7:14
Rodrigo Borges	45	22:54	7:22
Vincent Murphy	55	23:41	7:37
Marciel Pais	56	23:45	7:38
<i>Woody Wilson</i>	60	24:10	7:46
Kathleen Teixeira	67	24:57	8:01
<i>Cheryl Healy</i>	68	25:02	8:03
William Fortier, jr	70	25:07	8:04
Rebekah Williams	76	25:38	8:14
Sheryl Briggs	79	25:55	8:20
<i>Joe Fernandez</i>	86	26:35	8:33
Ed Talbot	93	27:43	8:55
Ian Woodcock	100	28:11	9:04
Karen Woodcock	101	28:14	9:05
John Anjos	111	29:02	9:20
<i>Barbara Belanger</i>	116	29:17	9:25
Allen Days	124	30:36	9:50
Ryan Couto	131	32:31	10:27
Dorothy Arnold	132	32:35	10:29
Sarah Days-Merrill	138	33:02	10:37
Carol-Ann Days-Merrill	139	33:32	10:47
Ann Bell	140	33:33	10:47
Ernestine Morin	145	40:48	13:07

* **Bold italic indicates: Meets or exceeds Masters Road Running All-American Standards.**

For a list of Masters RR Standards visit:
nationalmastersnews.com

Hall of Fame



Stephanie Poyant, from the GNBTC and the G.O.L., enshrines Bob Dowd's name on the Hall of Fame wall at the YMCA. Bob Dowd was inducted into the Hall of Fame at the Club's 2007 Christmas party.

Robert Dowd

Robert Dowd has been part of SMU's athletic programs since his arrival on the campus for the 1967 season. Dowd started and coached both the men's cross country for 21 years and women's cross country for 11 years before giving up coaching to take over as Director of Athletics for several years. During his coaching career, Dowd's teams posted a 147-34-1 record in dual meets and qualified for the NCAA Division III nationals ten times and the NAIA nationals twice. SMU appeared in a post season national competition for 10 consecutive years (1973-82), finishing as high as fourth in 1980, fifth in 1975 and eighth in

1981. His women's cross country teams were 23-5 in dual meets, appearing in three NCAA Division III nationals and an AIAW National, bringing home fourth place national finishes in 1981 and 1982. Bob Dowd's accomplishments during the spring track and field season are equally impressive as his cross country records. In 21 years with the men's team his teams were 124-10 and his women's teams were 11-4 in 10 years. Perhaps Dowd's most impressive record, apart from his 305-53-1 combined won-loss record, is turning out 33 Division III All-America performers during his career from 1967 through 1987. In 1980 Bob was named NEICAAA Coach of the Year.



GNBTC
P.O. Box 1209
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