

# Newsletter

Sub5 Track Club

2005 No. 5

## President's Column

### Approaching the Finish Line for 2005

Like runners in a race, the executive committee is sprinting toward the 2005 finish line. *Some might say, "You're starting your sprint early, aren't you?"* Right now the major item is our annual banquet and all that it involves: the choice of location, menu, entertainment, the nomination of members for the various club awards, getting help for the activities of the evening, and other items. Our goal is to set up an evening that will be memorable in the coming year. Come out and enjoy an evening of comradeship with fellow runners.

**PLEASE REMEMBER TO RENEW  
YOUR MEMBERSHIP FOR 2006!**

— Dick Storch

### Traditional Sub5 Annual Banquet & Awards Event Set for January 21

*Let the celebration begin!*

*Sub5 Club's traditional banquet and awards ceremony, celebrating another successful year, will happen Saturday, January 21st. That's the traditional 3rd Saturday of the new year!*

*But there the traditional gets a new look. The venue is different for one thing...we'll be celebrating at the SeaDog! Planners Anna Perna and Lara Rand have booked the Banquet Facility.*

*The evening gathering is scheduled to begin at 5:30 and continue to 10.*

*Jon Haskell and Friends will entertain.*

*And, we are counting on David Wilson to be master of ceremonies.*

*The highlight of the evening will be presentation of Awards the winners (1st, 2nd, and 3rd place in each category) of the 2005 Sub5/Trade Winds Market Place Road Race Series. And there will be a few unannounced awards as well.*

*More information plus early reservation forms will be mailed separately.*

## 2005 Race Series Draws Nearly 800 Entrants

Nearly 800 runners took part in this year's Sub5/Trade Winds Market Place Race Series, doing their best in one or more of the 13 varied length races between May and November. Participants ranged from "youngsters" to "super seniors", almost equally males and females. Some scored points in only one race; some scored in 12 of the 13. But all, whether they felt it or not, were "winners".

Thirty-three participants captured official winning positions and will be recognized at the January 21st Banquet. They include a *mother & daughter* (Cassie and Marilyn Hintz), two *husband & wife* combinations (Margaret and Chris Jones) (Katherine & David Wilson), a *father & daughter* (Margaret Jones and Charlie Clapper), and, as predicted in the last issue by contributor Judd Esty-Kendall, a *posthumous* award (the late Bill Pinkham).

By category the winners are: **Overall** (Cassie Hintz and Judson Cake);

**Ages 0 to 29** (Kate McGuire, Abbey McCarthy, Monica Minson and Michael Bunker, Adam Goode, Erik McCarthy);

**Ages 30-39** (Kathleen Bell, Angela Ewing, Patty Craig and Phil LeBreton, Ryan King, Duane Wardwell);

**Ages 40-49** (Margaret Jones, Mary Parsons, Janie Smith and Jim Newett, Newell Lewey, Chris Jones);

**Ages 50-59** (Marilyn Hintz, Sheila Hodges, Robin Emery and Judd Esty-Kendall, Chris Almy, Austin Townsend);

**Ages 60-69** (Rene Collins, Marcia Politi, Katherine Wilson and John Tjepkema, David Wilson, Bill Pinkham); and

**Ages 70 & Over** (Charlie Clapper).

Full details of the Series Results can be found on the Club website: [www.sub5.com](http://www.sub5.com)

# The Clarence DeMar Marathon and the Boston Marathon

by *Phil Pierce*

Having been injured in the spring with plantar fasciitis, I was unable to run Boston this year and needed to qualify for Boston in 2006. Because my son lives in Keene, New Hampshire, I decided to try this reportedly "fast course". I completed the race on September 25, 2005 under ideal running conditions, running 3:37:22 and needing a sub 4-hour marathon for my age group qualification at Boston (60-64). This was a nice return to competitive running, and I finished without blisters or other foot problems.

If you are within 10 or 15 minutes of qualifying for Boston, having run one of Maine's three major marathons, give the Clarence DeMar Marathon serious consideration. The course is essentially downhill, mimicking Boston in the first several miles. The first and only serious hill is at Mile 18, and it is not particularly steep or long. The downhill following is steep enough to warrant considerable care, for you still have 8 miles to go. The hill at Mile 24 is minor, followed by a long, gradual downhill to the finish.

In comparing this course with the Sugarloaf Marathon in Kingfield, several details are of interest. Clarence DeMar is the last week of September, a better time to run when most runners are in peak condition. The start of Clarence DeMar this year was at 38°F - the finish at 49°F! The start of Sugarloaf is often 38°F with the finish usually in the 70's although it has hit 90°F. The first 10 miles of the Clarence DeMar are downhill and gentle, unlike the relative flatness and rolling hills of Sugarloaf. There is no long uphill as in Mile 11 and Mile 12 of Sugarloaf, but there is a steep downhill (similar to Sugarloaf Mile 12), coming at Mile 18 of Clarence DeMar.

The roads on Clarence DeMar are country back roads for the most part, and are flat and uncrowned in comparison to Sugarloaf. No long, steep curves around the Sandy River and no stress on the ankles. Traffic conditions at Clarence DeMar are safer, with slow moving traffic and lots of policemen and traffic guards at all major intersections in Keene. At Sugarloaf, the traffic is fast with large trucks zooming by you.

The Clarence DeMar Marathon provides water (and Gatorade) every 2 miles, and some residents on the course also provide additional water. Pieces of oranges were also available late in the race. The journey from Gilsum, through Surry takes you through the first 10 miles; the remainder of the course glides you through neighborhoods in Keene. How race management was able to find 26 miles of downhill or flat roads with only two uphill sections is pretty amazing, because this part of New Hampshire is very hilly. Mount Monadnock is nearby.

The Clarence DeMar Marathon is a laid back, no-hype marathon, extremely well run and managed by local Keene runners. The pre-race pasta dinner was at Keene State College, \$8 per person or \$24 per family. I fed 5 persons for \$24, an excellent meal and a good deal. Cost of entry was \$45 so my total expense was \$69 plus the cost of getting there. I stayed with my son who lives less than a mile from the finish line.

I write this only because I feel few Maine runners are truly aware of this exceptionally fast and safe course. If you are 10 or 15 minutes short of

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qualifying for Boston at Sugarloaf, MDI, or the Maine Marathon in Portland, then give this race some thought.

In summary, I would rank these marathons in terms of difficulty, as follows, given identical, ideal race conditions.

- 1 Clarence DeMar (1)  
*(a technically easy course)*
- 2 Sugarloaf (6)  
*(a technically less easy course)*
- 3 Maine Marathon (3)  
*(rolling hills)*
- 4 Mount Desert Island (1)  
*(moderate difficulty)*
- 5 Boston (19)  
*(a technically difficult course in spite of its overall downhill direction)*

*Editor's Note: Numbers in parentheses are Phil's number of completions.*

If you have run all the current Maine marathon courses, I would be interested to know if you agree with my analysis.

My experience may not be your experience, and generalizations such as I have made are open to debate — "Going out too fast" can greatly alter your marathon experience, and caution on my part in the first 10 miles at Mile 18 (steep downhill) paid off at Clarence DeMar.

# The Virginia Beach Rock and Roll Half Marathon

by *Mary Louise McEwen*

Being on the National Guard Marathon Team for the fourth year in a row, has afforded me great travel opportunities and this year was no exception. I decided to do half marathons when I had the choice. So I did the Miami Half in January, the San Francisco Half in July, and the Air Force Marathon as a relay with three other women. We managed to place first among the female teams but that's another story. But my favorite half was the Virginia Beach Rock and Roll Half Marathon, which takes place on Labor Day weekend.

When I first learned that there were over 21,700 runners registered for this race, I thought, it would be a zoo. Virginia Beach turned out to be one of the most organized races that I have ever done. When I got to the packet pick-up at the start of the second day, the line was already out the door. I thought, "Oh no, this will take awhile". Once the line started moving, I was back out in less than five minutes.

They said that they had a wave start. Well, so did San Francisco. San Francisco, I couldn't even find my corral, let alone hear when I was supposed to start running.

In Virginia, it helped that our hotel was right next to the corrals. Even though I waited until about 20 minutes before the start to go to my corral, I had no trouble getting to it and had plenty of room to move around once there. The corrals were set up for 1,000 runners each. The waved start was a real wave.

There were two to three minutes between the time each corral was allowed to begin. This meant that the folks ahead of you were well down the road before you even started. If you are honest about your expected finish time, you will find yourself running with folks that run your pace and should not see anyone pass you from the corrals behind.

The course is flat. The only uphill is an overpass that you cross at miles two and eight. In addition to the twenty bands on the course, there were cheerleading squads from 14 schools as well as a theme contest in each neighborhood for who had the best water stop. The schools were competing for \$2,000 in awards and the neighborhoods for \$500 in prizes.

Remember, this was only 13.1 miles so there was never a dull moment. The last two miles of the course are along the famous boardwalk with a spectacular view of the

ocean. This was the only tough part for me because it was a beautiful day and there was no shade. We had a breeze the entire way until we hit the beach and then it disappeared.

The race offers a sizable purse so the top finishers were the who's who in the world running scene. The first male was James Mwangi from Kenya who broke the course record with a time of 1:00.42. The top female was Werknesh Kidane from Ethiopia who ran in 1:09:48.

Virginia Beach is a great destination place to run. In addition to the normal attractions, the Rock and Roll Half Marathon takes place the same weekend as the American Music Festival. For three nights headliner bands such as Hootie and the Blowfish, LeAnn Rimes, Quiet Riot, and The Fixx played on the beach. The post race concert and award ceremony featured Vertical Horizon and Journey and ended with fireworks. Your bib number gets you into all the shows for free.

In January, I am off with the Guard again for the Phoenix Rock and Roll Half. I am hoping it will be just as much fun.

## **17th Annual Cape Jellison Jingle Bell Jog**

Sunday, December 18th  
Stockton Springs, ME

RSVP 567-3726  
David & Katherine Wilson

THIS IS NOT A RACE

## On Saying Good-bye: Transitions in Running

The season is now late autumn. As winter approaches, I am reminded of the metaphorical autumn then winter some of us, who are no longer chronologically young, experience. In the autumn of my years, what better time for me to reflect on the notion of saying good-bye? .

There are many reasons why people say good-bye. Perhaps the most ordinary is a casual, if not glib, comment as we part from one another for varying periods of time. Saying good-bye also has many meanings. Occasionally I feel relieved when I say good-bye to people or projects that have drained what seems like the best of me. On other occasions when I say good-bye to loved ones knowing I won't see them for what seems like an intolerable period of time, I might feel sad, and perhaps even scared. When will I see them again? How will I thrive without their presence in my daily life? Will the absence of their energy change me as an individual or how we are in our relationship? In the past two years, we have said a final good-bye to at least two very dear friends. The consequential grief of those poignant good-byes defies words, and I find myself peeking through a lens of urgency to truly live life.

In the 70s when I was “young” (thirty something) and skied every weekend with my family, I knew I would be “old” when I didn't ski anymore. In a ridiculous effort to keep up with my sons, I would make a run down a slope that was steep, winding and downright intimidating. The sun and wind on my face, and the exhilaration of being in the spring and summer of my existence was enchanting and irresistible. I was forty something when I no longer made the weekly treks to The Loaf or Squaw Mountain. By my previously declared standards, I had become “old”. I stopped skiing because Larry and Jon were involved in other sports that kept us from the slopes. Sounds believable, right? That is but one truth. Another truth is that I feared injury on the ski slopes that would keep me from running, particularly from running in Boston each April. I have no memory of grieving the sport of skiing. My self-image was that of a runner. I was a runner!!!! I didn't need skiing, and I certainly wasn't old! Isn't it glorious when we can change our minds as easily as the wind changes direction on a day we run “long”?

Running. Then, racing. My first race was the Terry Fox 5K—first annual at that! Then I progressed to Benjamin's 10K. The race director was kind when I called him to ask if it would be OK for me to register because I had never run that distance, and I did not want to be inappropriate (a.k.a. mess up his race) in any fashion. He didn't laugh, but instead welcomed me to the pack. Within a couple of years, I ran a marathon—Casco Bay in Portland. Talk about a high! I was hooked. The next logical move was to qualify for Boston. Let the training begin! No, let the new lifestyle begin. My self-image changed again. I was an endurance athlete! Furthermore, I couldn't possibly be old by anyone's standards.

I've learned over time that when one experiences a metamorphosis, some things stay the same. I still used a yardstick for measurement, but the yardstick shifted to determine being “old”. I would be “old” when I no longer ran marathons. While I read volumes about running, marathon running, older folks who run, and wrote an article for this newsletter about a runner in his 90s, I never thought my candle would flicker. After all, I was strong and I knew it. My candle was sweetly scented, more than ample, and often burned at both ends. Not only did I love running, I loved the confidence it gave me. This confidence was my vehicle to return to formal learning at the University after being in the world of work for more than 20 years. As an endurance athlete, I could transfer my skills to persist when others wouldn't in order to complete my studies and research. I

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by *Rene Collins*

counted on these strengths later in life when my world seemed to crumble, then was buoyed when, one more time, I could sprint to a magical finish line of any endurance event. I had a sustainable future! I'm an endurance athlete.

Where did Confidence meet Reality? When will Reality meet Grace? As an endurance athlete, I am now learning how to say good-bye in a new way. Why it strikes me as odd that I should find myself responding to this transition in a similar manner that I do with other transitions and losses is beyond personal comprehension. Perhaps part of the challenge with this change is the depth of the relationship that I have with distance running. I'm in my 25<sup>th</sup> year of running, which translates to my 23<sup>rd</sup> year of endurance training and events. Yes, we have a strong history. In the beginning, I did all of my training alone. Those twenty-five mile training runs on Friday mornings were between the pavement and me. Just us. When one hangs out with something this long, one is bound to fall in love with "it". My "it" was distance running. Then the gift of others arrived and I have not been the same since! My cocktail hour is at 5 AM with Gatorade, not 5 PM with alcohol. Don't get me wrong, I occasionally have a healthy relationship with Sam Adams. But my real social time is on a long run. Endurance. Beautiful, seductive endurance. It has been my guide, my challenge, my joy, and one powerful metaphor for life!

Confidence met Reality nearly three years ago. In part, treatment for my cancer included altering my innards. I believe that is a Maine term.....innards. Because of altered innards, I can no longer train for or race in a marathon. My body will not tolerate the stress. It has taken me two years to realize that now I must say good-bye to my endurance days. When will Reality meet Grace? When will I graciously pass the torch of an endurance athlete to those who have confidence and reality in congruence with one another? What do I do about this measurement called "old"? How will I redefine my image? Shall I just accept that I am "old"?

While I would like to think that Grace follows me, I know differently. I am chasing her. During this pursuit, what I have discovered is that I have options. When I kissed the marathon course good-bye in April 2004, I wasn't ready for what followed. But in the autumn of my years, I feel the approach of winter. Winter means skiing. How timely that just a week ago, my granddaughter Meghan extended an invitation to me..... "Will you come skiing with us Grammie?!" YES! I will ski!!! Considering the former measurement of "old", maybe I've dodged my private definition of "old" one more time.

Did Grace stand still long enough for us to share a smile like old friends who haven't seen each other for a very long time, yet know our meeting is not by chance? I lived the dream of being an endurance athlete, and it was a wonderful ride. Is there still a remnant of the tension of opposites with my spirit certain that endurance running is attainable and my body refusing to hear my spirit? Definitely. However, as I savor each of my daily runs that do not resemble "the good ole' days", I feel thankful that I can, and do run. Saying good-bye is never easy for this relationship--focused Fossil, but looking forward to the transition with Grace as my life-long training partner sure is attractive.

While I search for meaning, the lessons of life continue.

# The Maine Marathon

by Margaret Jones

I believe sometime last winter my twin sister, Mary Buck, and I decided we would run the 2005 Maine Marathon together. This would be her first and my fourth. Our 16-week training program would begin in June; hers in Guilderland, NY, and mine in Bucksport, ME. By week #6 the Bucks vacationed to Bucksport so we trained together that whole week and weeks later, the Jones vacationed to Guilderland so we again trained together for a week. On October 1<sup>st</sup> we met again at a hotel in Portland. October 2<sup>nd</sup> was finally here...a day we'd been anticipating for some weeks now, not only because we wanted to get this marathon going but we knew we'd be together. Not only are we twin sisters but we're also best friends.

When we got to the race we had less than 45 minutes to the start of the race. By the time we emerged from the restroom there was less than 10 minutes. This was great, we agreed, because we had no time to fret about it except to get a good spot at the starting line. I didn't even have time to wish my husband, Chris, good luck in the half marathon. I was also hoping to get a quick glimpse of Joan Merriam, one of my training partners, who was also running the half marathon. Before we knew it and with no runners ready for it, off shot the cannon.

At first, things were a bit gridlocked but smoothed out fairly quickly. Mary and I agreed that our goal was to go out at an 8:30/mile pace. Our first mile was 8:22. As we turned off the boulevard and ditched our throw-away T's, we turned our pace up a notch. I believe somewhere between #2 - #3 mile I heard someone behind me say my name. It was Peter Lodge. As we quickly exchanged good luck messages, I introduced him to Mary. Just as quickly he was on his way and out of sight. It was good to see a familiar face.

As the miles went on our pace stayed at low 8:00/mile. Mary was so positive and gave me this wonderful energy. Just listening to her taking in all her surroundings and being in awe of her first marathon, made me smile. Somewhere out there, heading toward Yarmouth, we began running with a gentleman in his 50's for a mile or two, who said "this one is a lot easier than the one I did yesterday". Yes, he'd run the N.H. marathon the day before and said it was very hilly. He had run 20+ marathons in different states and wanted to do all 50 States. After that he backed off and we never saw him again.

As we ran along, once in awhile we'd ask how each other was doing. I began to notice some pain in my knees (something I'm not usually bothered with) but in the beginning I pushed the pain aside. At mile 13 we were 1:45, which was well below our goal pace. Mary was so excited for me she said you're going to run your best marathon. At mile 15 we were still together but I could tell she was much stronger and itching for a faster pace, I told her I wasn't ready to separate yet. As we approached mile 16, without talking about it or even thinking about it we had separated. I remember

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thinking, wow did I really slow down that much? But my watch verified 8:04/mile, she had picked it up. I never saw her again, as she faded into the long line of runners.

The next 10 miles were like going to confession. As the pain in my knees grew in intensity so did my mental anguish. I had run this race in 2001 with a lot of negative attributes. At this point all I could think of is "oh no, not again", "I just can't do this again". The tears came but not for long as I told myself "stop feeling sorry for yourself", "you can do this, so what if you have to walk". At this point I had to walk some—at least the pain dissipated when I walked, so I stuck my chest out and rocked my arms forward. As I reflected back to 2001, I thought of Katrina Bisheimer guiding me through my last 6 miles and wishing she was with me now and when Newell Lewey met me at the bridge (mile 22) his only words were to just keep moving forward. When my knees settled down, I began to run again. Each mile after 17 brought more pain and more walking.

Mile 20, I talked to a woman who also was walking. She said she started 2 hours before me. I told her this wasn't how I wanted my marathon to end up, and that I had been running with my twin sister for 15 miles but she was now up ahead. Coincidentally this woman was also a twin, but her twin couldn't compete because she pulled her hamstring. As we moved on, I told her that I'd be okay but I didn't want my sister to worry.

Somewhere near mile 22, I felt someone touch me and start talking to me...it was John Rolfe. He was having trouble with his back and walked along with me for a bit as we commiserated together but before I knew it, he was off and running again. Shortly after, I saw my husband, my son Amaziah, and my brother-in-law Bryan. They asked how I was doing. I told them not good because of my knees, but that I

*(Continued on next page)*

# My First Marathon

by *Mary Buck*

My first marathon race I decided to do  
To prove I could at the age of forty-two  
In the middle of June the training began  
Everything went well, according to plan

For my marathon I traveled to Portland, Maine  
A course by the water and over beautiful terrain  
October 2<sup>nd</sup> was the day of the big run  
The weather was ideal - 50 degrees and sun

I had no idea what time I could get  
I decided 8:30 was the pace to set  
The great local runner, talented Nancy T.  
Said 8:30 pace would be too slow for me.

I wasn't so sure, but as I went through the race  
The first fifteen miles was about 8:05 pace  
I ran this far with my sister, my twin  
We talked and laughed and took the sights in

Her knees started to hurt, she told me to go  
I sped to 7:30 pace until mile 22 or so  
During this surge I passed both women and men  
I would put the number of women at around ten

Leg cramping began around the nineteenth mile  
But I still continued my pace for awhile  
After 23 miles I almost did cry  
My legs were so heavy, my mind was awry

I had to slow now - I had no choice  
Just get to the finish said my inner voice  
Without walking at all, I crossed the finish line  
In a respectable time of 3:29:29

I averaged exactly an 8 minute pace  
Faster than I thought I was able to race  
I placed 76 out of 775 who ran  
First in my age group and 10th overall woman

My husband was there at the end of the line  
He was so proud and a big support of mine  
Although not a runner, by watching us all run  
He understood how grueling a race it can become

Would I do it again, I was asked on the spot  
My initial reaction was probably not  
Just two days later I had changed my tune  
I would like to run another and relatively soon

I qualified for Boston, but probably won't go  
I don't want to train through the cold and the snow  
I think next fall would be a great time of year  
I could run the same race or maybe the one here

A great sense of accomplishment I have now  
Knowing I completed a 26.2 mile race somehow  
I know all you marathon runners can relate  
Finishing my first was wonderful - it was great

## *Maine Marathon* continued

would be okay. They asked about Mary and I said she must be getting close to finishing, then they were off and I was alone with my thoughts again.

Mile 23, was the free beer mile, by that point my mile split was over 13 minutes. There was no way I was going to let those beer guys see me walking so I ran by them. After that next water stop, I began to cry, again feeling sorry for myself and not wanting Mary to worry about me because I wanted her to have an awesome marathon. I wiped my tears, stuck out my chest, rocked my arms and continued to push forward. I told myself this is not how I wanted it to be. Just walk - so what if you have to walk. The part that was so frustrating for me was that my breathing was great but my mechanics had faltered.

Mile 24, I was over 15:00/mile. At the last water stop, I saw my old college coach, George Towle. I knew I couldn't let him see me walking into his water stop. When I came running through he was taking photos of his runners working the water stop. I said "don't you want a picture of me?". After that he walked with me a bit, giving me words of encouragement and letting me know I was doing the right thing.

At mile 25, I was walking over a 16:00 mile. Walking now was the only thing that this set of legs could do. When I came around the last bend, before the finish, on that never ending boulevard, a woman walked over to me smiled, rubbed my neck, and told me I was doing fine. As I looked up, there was the race photographer, again there was no way I would be walking for my photo. So I gritted my teeth and ran to the best my knees could carry me. When I passed him the show was over and I walked again. Once again there was Peter Lodge pulling along beside me with words of encouragement and other choice words. With the finish mat 20 steps ahead I ran again. It was over! Chris, Amaziah, Bryan and Mary were waiting for me. I was able to see Mary again. I missed her those last 10 miles. She ended up with a 3:29 and placed first in our age group. Just hearing this kept my spirits fulfilled. Knowing how much pleasure this gave her, I knew it was worth every bit of my 4:22 and I would do it all over again just to share this special time with her.

(Continued on next page.)

## Maine Marathon concluded

As we walked side-by-side back to the showers, I knew this would be one of my greatest memories. Down in the locker room there were maybe a handful of woman, but coincidentally again I saw the twin I had talked with out on the course.

When we came up from the showers and were walking toward our cars, Bryan, Mary's husband, came up behind us and commented on our black pants and red shirts. We never realized we had dressed alike. *It just confirmed my belief that being a twin is uniquely wonderful and sometimes amazing.*

## From the Cauldron

### WHITE BEAN, CHICKEN & PASTA SOUP

1 1/2 cups dry great northern beans  
3/4 lb chicken (cooked & chopped)  
1 onion, chopped  
1 carrot, chopped  
3 garlic cloves, minced  
6 cups chicken broth  
3 cups water  
2 TBL dried currants  
1 tsp dried basil  
1 can (14-1/2 oz) diced tomatoes, undrained  
1 cup uncooked small shell pasta  
grated Parmesan cheese

Bring beans, covered with water, to a boil for 2 min. Remove from heat, cover and let stand for 1 hour. Drain and rinse. Cook beans, onion, carrot, garlic, broth, water, currants, basil and chicken. Bring to a boil--simmer 1-1/2 to 2 hours until beans are tender.

Add tomatoes and pasta, bring to boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 15 min. Serve with Parmesan cheese.

*(This recipe is from Margaret Jones. It's a frequent main dish on her family's table.)*

## GROUP RUNS CORNER

Sunday mornings (early) a group runs at the University of Maine (Orono), starting off from the Field House. Contact Judd Esty-Kendall or Newell Lewey for information.

Let Club President Dick Storch know the who, what, when, where, pace information about other runs. Call 866-4290 or email, REN700@maine.maine.edu

## Shoestrings & Sweatbands

*by Dottie Laber, Editor*

Skip Howard made his last Voice of Racing report on WZON for the season early on the Wednesday after the Turkey Trot. He plans to be back the Wednesday before the Boston Marathon.

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Also in November Skip was guest of honor at a party at the Sea Dog welcoming him to the "60-69 division". His wife, Theresa, said he "made 60 seem easy and handled it way better than 50!!!" The festivities included the band "The Fiends". Skip's son, Andy, is their lead vocalist and sax player and son-in-law, Jeff, is their base guitarist.

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Anna Perna calls it a "true Sub5 celebration of our heroine (back from broken leg) marking Louisa Dunlap's 65th birthday!!! Almost 30 members showed up for the event at Joan Merriam's house.

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My vote for the best T-shirt slogan at the Turkey Trot: "My Sport Is Your Sport's Punishment".

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Many thanks to all who contributed to this issue, who include: Mary Louise McEwen, Margaret Jones, Mary Buck, Phil Pierce, Rene Collins and Dick Storch.

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Sub5 Track Club Newsletter  
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