

Newsletter

Sub5 Track Club

2005 No. 3

President's Column

Welcome New Sponsor

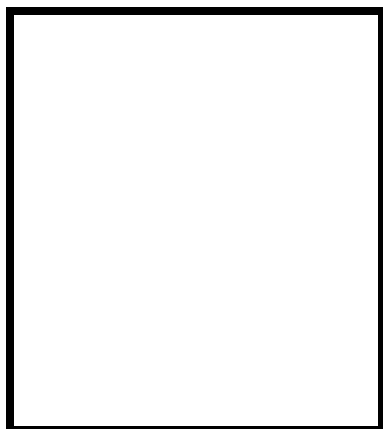
The Sub5 Track Club thanks Chuck Lawrence of TradeWinds Market Place for agreeing to sponsor the Road Race Series. Chuck is a runner and works out and races with his family. Please welcome him to the club when you see him at practices or races.

Hot weather has finally arrived. It is important to be hydrated in these weather conditions. I am continually told to drink water periodically while exercising; if you feel thirsty, it's too late.

So, be certain to drink water at workouts and races. For distance runs, carry water or stash bottles along the route.

Take care and enjoy!

— Dick Storch



Sub5 Introduces New Race Sponsor

The Sub5 Track Club is happy (putting it mildly!) to welcome TradeWinds Market Place as sponsor of our 2005 Road Race Series.

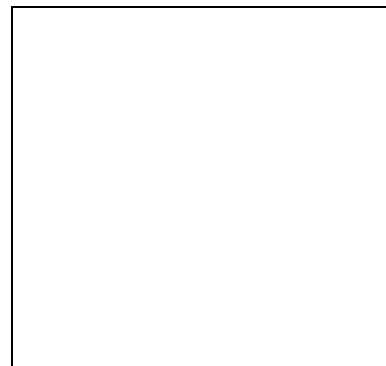
TradeWinds is a (so far) 2-store chain of neighborhood, good food oriented supermarkets.

Owner Chuck Lawrence describes his stores as "having a hometown supermarket feel. They are promoting a healthy concept with emphasis on natural food and organic products."

You'll find TradeWinds Market Place in Blue Hill and E. Corinth. And it's Lawrence's goal to add a third store to the company in Hermon.

A mission of health and welfare drives the business and the family which includes wife, Belinda, and their sons, Brandon and Dustin.

Chuck is a runner. He has seven Marathons to his credit (Bar Harbor, Sugarloaf (twice), Vermont City, Portland, St. Petersburg, (Continued on page 16)



Friend, Teacher, Runner Bill Pinkham Dies

Maine's running community lost a friend, a teacher, a man who loved life and a longtime, stalwart, colorful runner on July 4th when Bill "Q-Tip" Pinkham died with his running "boots" on after finishing 4th in his age group at the Walter Hunt Memorial 3K.

Bill was known as a hard runner, a leader by example and a supporter of others by words of encouragement.

Just a month earlier he triumphantly carried the

runner for the *Fossils* Team at the Cabot Trail Race.

Bill was a member of the Sub5 Club for many years and frequently served as master of ceremonies for our Annual Banquet-Awards events.

Editor's Note: Tribute messages from friends and admirers will be printed in the next Sub5 Newsletter. Please email or mail by July 30th to DWLaber@aol.com Dottie Laber, 95 Dole Hill Rd., Holden 04429.

symbolic crutch across the finish line as the anchor

A Mediocre Runner Finds Her Place – Last

Studying in Florence, Italy was an amazing experience. I was living in the seat of the Renaissance, walking through history every day. I was comfortable in my environment. It felt like someone had accidentally plopped New York City in the middle of downtown Bangor. All the glamour without the anxiety. In September, Anna Perna and Earl Black traveled to Italy, and they were kind enough to invite me to a dinner party with a few of their friends who lived in Florence. We were all interconnected through different twists and turns and I marveled at just how small this world is. That night an offhand comment was made to me by one of the diners. “Are you going to run the marathon in November? I have a friend who is running it.”

This was the first I had heard of the marathon, and it changed everything for me. I began to consider it. On my way home I entertained the possibility as mere amusement. Imagine, me, running a marathon. As a member of the Sub 5 Track Club I run more for the recognition and humility of being a determined mediocre runner who knows how to pick my races. I have trinkets and trophies and ribbons for first place in my age category—if you are the only one in your category it doesn’t matter if you come in last overall. But now I was presented with a challenge.

The marathon had a six hour time limit. If I kept a 13-minute pace I could easily fulfill that requirement. I had no need to set any records – the mere act of completion was what held my attention. I e-mailed my boyfriend, Sub 5’s own Pete Lodge, and asked him what he thought. We spoke technicalities. I had almost two and a half months before the race.

Because my goal was just to finish, this seemed like enough time. He created a training schedule for me, the weeks and days broken down into miles. It was adjusted for kilometers and for my schedule. A whim became a possibility and my training began.

I wilt in heat. I droop and cannot exert myself beyond the smallest action. But I ended up walking at least three hours a day in the heat. My thighs and legs twitched steadily throughout the nights, over-wrought with the excess of walking. Yet somehow I found it in myself to go out and run. And I was good. If I was ever going to run a marathon it was now.

Soon I discovered another reason to run. Pete e-mailed to tell me that Welsh Everman, an English professor at UMaine, had lost his fight with cancer. I was dumbstruck. His classes had been some of my favorites. On the heels of this I learned that a family friend had moved in with my uncle and his partner. He was dying of cancer and they were taking care of him in his final days. I started to make a list of everyone I knew who had died of cancer. These were people who inspired me with their courage and strength in the face of sickness. My “short list” had over 15 names, most of them people who had died in the last year. The list was trauma—a mere surface mention of lives that had been part of my own—but it was also strength. I knew that my reason to run was to honor them all. My own personal tribute. The list grew.

I did not know where to run, so I would lay on the floor with my map of Florence spread out, trying to plot out routes with a piece of thread I had cut to the .5 kilometer sample in the lower corner of the map. They were rough averages that would take me all over the city. But most days it seems I would just go

out and try to run for a certain amount of time. Just to get myself moving. I was thwarted by rain, by required after-school activities and by the chore of doing laundry, a task taking a whole afternoon if not carefully planned. By chance, I ended up finding a good place to run where there were other runners.

Most runners I saw around the city were female and American. The Florentines were easy to spot. They had a scowl that shut out the polite recognition common among American runners. American runners are a close knit group—encouraging others with a smile and a wave. We understand and acknowledge the sacrifice and determination of other runners. Florentines seemed to feed off of the anger that they were doing something so wretched as running. But they were out there.

I found myself looking forward to running, if only for the fact that once I had gone out for the day it was over with. I prided myself on getting the kilometers in, even though it was hard. I would come home and sweat uncontrollably for hours.

I took pictures of myself in this vulnerable state as proof of my effort. And I learned to love that which was so hard for me in the US. If only to love the part where I was finished.

The way my brain works is odd. A 5k or 10k can seem like a long run. And yet, last fall my brain seemed to think that a marathon was just what I needed. Apparently the longer distance is more tangible to me. You have to go all the way or you are just fooling yourself. -- AI

by *Abra Iwanko*

Running in any city is hard, but it seemed worse in Florence. It is mostly concrete and tourists—a dangerous combination for knees. Cobblestone streets and sidewalks, narrow and full of holes are dangerous for the common walker, even more treacherous for a runner. Dogs leave their own hazards. Everywhere. Add in the rain and it is like giving the dogs a paintbrush. No one is safe.

I managed to stay healthy until the last week in October. I went to bed at a decent hour and didn't wear flip flops in cold rain. Eventually my immune system could not take anymore and I was knocked down—hard. I attended class everyday, but could not run. Instead I had to resort to speed walking on Saturdays, taking journeys through the city and up to Piazzale Michelangelo that lasted over five hours. I worked on endurance. And I would run up every hill I could find—the steeper the better. I gained back my strength and stayed active. My race was going to be November 28, and I was not able to run for most of November. But I felt good.

To pick up your number, time chip and info packet for the race, runners were forced to attend a Marathon Expo during the two days before the race. I went the second day of the Expo. It was a time that I would have liked to have Pete with me, because it was somewhat intimidating from the outside. I made it in and picked up my packet, then worked my way through the chaos. Tables were set up with flyers for marathons all over Italy and Europe. I was mistaken for a German and an Italian as energized individuals offered me flyers and posters, pre-made gift bags and hats. Their job was not just to get the product handed out, but to hand it out in the correct language. I had a glorified trash bag cast toward me, white with three holes cut into the top and a logo emblazoned across the front. This would not be the only “rain slicker” I would receive. There was a green one inside my race packet as well. There were booths to buy sneakers, running clothes, memorabilia and snack bars. It was an overwhelming maze of consumption. At the end there was a place to pick up your vest. Each runner got one. They were beautiful garments of bright orange and reflective piping—perfect for a runner during hunting season in Maine—and well made, too. They were “authentic sport apparel” by Asics, with the “Firenze Marathon” logo on the front. However, I could not help but feel disappointment at the lack of a race T-shirt. Something with the date and race name on it.

A conversation piece as well as a memory piece. Instead I took several of the free posters, and bought a small bag and a multipurpose head covering, both with the logo on them. Free snack bars rounded off my haul as I exited the pandemonium and headed home. I learned a lesson, though. Free stuff is heavy and makes my arms hurt.

I had more than one visit to the Expo. The temptation of a free “Pasta Party” lured me back, even though it turned out to be one bowl of soupy chowder and a bottle of water with no chairs and no seconds. We are spoiled with the Sugarloaf Pasta Dinner. There was no companionship, no dazzling view, and no sense of calm.

At some point I managed to hurt my right leg. I do not know how—whether it was from falling, pulling a muscle or just plain moving wrong—but it was very painful. I had a problem. I had finally managed to get rid of the migraine that had been plaguing me for days, and now I couldn't walk without limping.

The night before the race I went to bed early, but I kept waking up every half hour. Not a lot of sleep that way. At 7 a.m. I got up, took two Excedrine, and ate the remaining bar from my Expo booty. I double checked my bag, made sure I had my number and time chip, reread my list of names, snapped on my fanny pack and headed for the door. Fanny packs are funny things. They are silly looking but useful. Mine had all my goo packs, chapstick and tissues in it. I would soon learn that I would not be the silliest looking one there, though. Runners are good with humility it seems.

Once outside on the street I headed toward the Arno river, where the city had rounded up most of the buses for runners to use as storage areas. One bag allowed per runner. It wasn't a long walk, but it was very calming. It was a beautiful overcast November day. Perfect running weather. There was no one on the street at first and I walked alone. As I approached the river, however, I caught my first glimpse of others. Mad packs of runners on the prowl, roaming the streets. With music from “West Side Story” running through my head we merged into a formidable gang.

Runners are amusing in general, but they seemed more so that morning. I had to keep myself from laughing out loud as they ran around in their green garbage bag ponchos, applying petroleum jelly to their nipples and thighs and behaving in a generally unique runner's fashion. Ah, to be an observing anthropologist. It was not the application of the petroleum jelly that I found so amusing. It was the manner in which they did it. Kind of like chipmunks on speed.

Continued on page 11

Cabot Trail, 2005 -- Cape Breton Island

The Maine-iacs

The Cabot Trail Relay is a series of improbable events linked by chronology, camaraderie and history. The most improbable this year was the lack of serious rainfall. The drive up featured showers so intense they delayed travel and brought memories of 2004's frigid horizontal downpour, or sidepour if you will. Yet the weather this year, while always imminently disastrous, was near perfect for running with cool temperatures, neither wind nor bright sun, and no precipitation beyond the odd soothing drizzle.

The biggest surprise, of course, was that the *Maine-iacs* actually won!

We have a history of finishing in the money, or at least, considering the nature of the prizes they give away, in the trinkets, but we have never seriously challenged for first. Prepared as always for struggle and the heroism of near victory, this year's race was instead less like a competition than a coronation.

Evan Graves, whose only other Cabot Trail credit is the Leg 6 record two years ago under the name of Cheech Marin, charged to a record in Leg 1, and the lead he handed the rest of us was never dented. At one point we had a string of six victories in a row, and, fittingly, Evan came back to win Leg 17 in one of the most triumphal runs I have ever witnessed, charging the uphill and downhill as if he had never been told the difference and finishing 7 minutes before the runner-up.

Before Leg 1, Evan, who is becoming the Yogi Berra of the Maine running community,

summed up our team effort. "I don't care if I win," he explained, "I just want to set the record."

For the few Bangor area runners who don't know, the Cabot Trail Relay is a 17-Leg staged-race team event covering about 175 miles through the Cape Breton highlands, through whatever weather the North Atlantic can produce. It starts at 7 a.m. on Saturday before Memorial Day and finishes just before 10 a.m. on Sunday.

The *Maine-iacs* were the first Maine Cabot Trail team, heading up in 1995 with only 9 runners instead of 17 and absolutely no idea of what we were doing. When our original Captain, Peter Millard, walked into his first team captain's meeting, characteristically late, he said, "We can win this." Those words have become part of the lore of the relay and, over the course of the intervening 11 years, have morphed from the ridiculous to the prophetic.

The *Maine-iacs* have often had a young runner come of age at Cabot Trail, good college track racers who excel on new ground and on a new stage. Evan and perennial Leg 9 winner Judson Cake, who are now two of Maine's top road racers, played this role for us the last couple of years. In 2005 we debuted three more.

Jeff Caron, an excellent University of Maine athlete, showed an almost spiritual strength in his wire-to-wire battle with a lanky Australian over the constant, grinding hills of Leg 6; Matt Woida ran

6:30's up Mt. MacKenzie and won Leg 10 despite his recent Sugarloaf

Marathon; and Adam Goode, who I predict will become one of Maine's premier road racers now that he has graduated from the University, won Leg 2 in convincing fashion.

There is also a group of *Maine-iacs* who are already of a certain age. Our job, to be realistic about it, is to eat up some distance, however much the Captain consents to give us, and not lose too much time on any other team. Brian Hubbell, who asked for quite a mouthful of distance with Leg 4 "Smokey", and my fellow veterans Ted Peterson, Carl Johnson, and Chris* Almy all finished their work on time and under budget. Jeff Ashby, protesting bitterly that he had not been able to train because winter lasted such a long time in Aroostock County this year, cruised to an easy win in Leg 8. John Evans, who showed his iron will last year, did the same with Leg 13, running 15K scared to death in 1st place. Rick Chalmers, the very first *Maine-iac* to ever stand on a Cabot Trail starting line and who fired up our first 1995 team with an opening battle on that very first Leg, cruised silently in the

"I don't care if I win...I just want to set the record." -- Evan Graves

dark of night to a stealth victory in Leg 12. Our Captain, Newell Lewey, with a convincing win in Leg 11, showed that what can go up can also go down, although he has been secretly advertising on eBay for a pair of new quads, much to the delight of his son, Jared, who is now the fastest Lewey of them all.

Finally, neither young nor old, the *Maine-iacs* are graced by two veteran road racers, Tim Wakeland and Jeremy Lisee. Tim, one of the best area runners year in and year out, who still shares the Walter Hunt 3K record, trained hard on the track this winter for the Master's Mile and showed his speed by winning Leg 16, the only Leg with a track-like contour. Jeremy, a previous Sub5 Series winner, had the most exciting wire-to-wire battle of the day in long Leg 14 and captured 2nd place by about the length of his shoe.

My own Cabot Trail race, Leg 3, was so memorable as to be historic. It's not that I ran great, although considering my level of fitness I didn't run poorly either. I came in 2nd out of 60, which is generally okay. In fact I was 1st male, which is where the history part lies, for no 1st male has ever failed to finish 1st overall in any Cabot Trail Leg. I took the lead on Leg 3 after about a half mile and ran hard, thinking about a win. I was starting to feel good about two miles in when I heard footsteps. I didn't look back and instead pushed a bit, but the footsteps wouldn't go away. I was still in front at the *Hags'* water stop at 5K, which I'm told was a sight for sore eyes, but on the hill right after, a young lady came up on my shoulder. She was very pleasant and made polite conversation, which of course was rather troubling. About a mile later, again on an uphill, she just began to pull away and ran about 10-15 seconds a mile faster than me from there on out.

There were, of course, the usual gibes about getting "girled", but I have been beaten by a veritable who's who of Maine women racers including Robin Emery, Kim (Moody) Roberts, Julia Kirtland, a thousand others, and, of course, even when I was running my very fastest, by the greatest Joan of them all. The only one I'm mad about is Ellie Tucker who got me at Sugarloaf, but that's because she's in my age group.

Ever since I was mistakenly given the women's course record on Leg 12 several years ago, there have been jokes about me joining the *Road Hags*. Now that I've lost to a *League of Their Own* runner, they won't want me anyway, and if I went to the *Fossils*, they would just make

me run some of those foolish mountain Legs, so a *Maine-iac* I will have to remain.

Actually, I earned a special prize this year. I am not talking about the plaque for the winning team or the mug for 1st male on leg 3, but rather that this year, at age 55 and knowing from the 48 hours of serious stiffness afterwards that I had run Leg 3 as hard as I possibly could, I finally earned my asterisk. -- *Judd* Esty-Kendall*

From the Cauldron

The following dish was taste-tested and given rave reviews at the pre-Cabot Trail pot luck hosted by David and Katherine Wilson. The dish was cooked by Denny Beers and he graciously agreed to share it for publication in the our newsletter. Yummmmmmmie!!! Anna Perna

Sauteed Portabella & Cremini Mushrooms

1&1/2 lbs Portabella mushrooms
1&1/2 lbs Cremini mushrooms
2-3 large shallots
1/2 stick unsalted butter
4 scallions (green parts only)
1/2 cup balsamic vinegar
5 tablespoons soy sauce
1/4 cup sugar

Halve the Portabellas and cut into 1/4 inch thick slices. Cut Cremini in 1/4 inch slices. Chop shallots. In a heavy skillet cook half the shallots in half the butter over moderate heat, stirring, 1 minute. Add Portabellas and salt and pepper to taste and cook, stirring occasionally, until liquid the mushrooms give off evaporates (about 15 minutes). Transfer Portabellas to a bowl and keep warm, covered. Repeat the process for the Cremini mushrooms (should be about 10 minutes). Add Portabellas to Cremini and keep warm, covered. Mushrooms may be prepared up to this point 1 day ahead and chilled and covered.

Diagonally cut scallions into thin slices. In a bowl, whisk together vinegar, soy sauce, and sugar. Heat mushrooms over moderately high heat until hot and add vinegar mixture. Boil mixture for three minutes, or until liquid is reduced slightly, and stir in scallions. Serve hot to room temperature.

Maine Road Hags

Once again, the *Maine Road Hags* had an awesome weekend at Cabot! (*Congratulations to*

the Maine-iacs for their outstanding performance!!)

This year the *Hags* had some stiff competition with four other all-female teams. Our biggest competitor, *A League of Their Own*, had an awesome team. Their runner finished 1st in Leg 3 and had seven other top 10 finishes. They ended up 4th overall. The *Hags* were the second female team to finish and finished 18th overall out of 60 teams.

We had three new runners this year. But despite the new faces, still only managed to get 14 runners to Cabot. Thanks to Brian Hubbell we recruited Christine Ganz from the Crows. She asked for a mountain Leg and was going to do Leg 9. At the last minute, she agreed to do two sight unseen. Katrina and Abby also doubled up. Considering that, I think the team did very well to place as high as we did.

Here is the team and the Legs each ran:

1 - Christine Ganz	10 - Erin Brennan
2 - Abby Weissman	11 - Mary Parsons
3 - Katrina Bisheimer	12 - Cindy Buck
4 - Julie Lagin-Nasse	13 - ML McEwen
5 - Janie Smith	14 - Rosalea Kimball
6 - Margaret Jones	15 - Katrina Bisheimer
7 - Nichi Farnham	16 - Abby Weissman
8 - Rachel Almy	17 - Christine Ganz
9 - Kathleen Bell	

One of the highlights of the trip for us (and I guess for everyone else) was our water stop on Leg 3!

The idea for a NASCAR pit crew was developed in Nichi's car on the way home last year. Stephanie Peavey ran with it. Thanks to her sewing and eBay shopping skills, she gathered what we needed and passed it on to Janie to execute. The whole team--minus Katrina who ran the leg, Rosalea who supported Katrina, and Julie who was on deck--participated.

The first runner to get us was Judd Esty-Kendall, followed closely by the woman from *A League*.... Judd focused on water and keeping her at bay. She took time to compliment us on our dresses.

Before we were done, along came the local news station and interviewed Nichi for the 6 p.m. news. She never missed a beat waving the checkered flag all the while doing the interview.

Well, we won the water stop! This means we are guaranteed a spot at Cabot next year!

It just goes to show you what is really popular at Cabot...and it's not witches or nuns!

-- Team Captain ML McEwen

The Fossil Report

The *Maine Running Fossils* ran with Fred in our hearts and Cap'n Fred buttons on our shirts. If there was a sign that his spirit was with us, it surely must have been the eagles. Several people saw an eagle near the Gaelic College at the start of the race. David and I arrived later and saw an eagle sitting in the salt marsh at St. Anns. Joan said she ran for some distance on Leg 5 with an eagle following her.

The Fossils welcomed two new members this year, Howard Nelson, a friend of Frank Woodard's who flew up from Florida, but claimed to have Maine roots, and Baby Fossil Anna Perna. We put Howard right to work on Leg 1, where he did an admirable job.

In a small ceremony at the team meeting Friday night, Senior Fossil Dick Storch transferred a week of his age to new Baby Fossil Anna Perna. Anna ran the challenging Leg 6, showing no signs of advanced age. Dick used his new youth to scamper up MacKenzie Mountain in Leg 10. Other valiant mountain climbers included Nancy Lagin, who ran up Smokey, and Denny Beers, who took on North Mountain.

Steve "Silver Fox" Norton volunteered to trash his quads by running down MacKenzie in Leg 11. Ed Rice and Frank Woodard ran the lonely night legs. Other notable performances included Rene Collins' "signature" run on Leg 2, Earl Black on Leg 7, and Captain Wilson on Leg 8. (We heard another Leg 8 runner refer to it as the "Fat Old Man Leg," but David was not offended.)

The Quartet of Dale Dickie, Patrice Lastufka, Robin Emery and Bill Pinkham, ran the morning Legs on Sunday, with Patrice turning in the fastest pace of all the *Fossils* this year. The Q-Tip got a roaring cheer from the crowd as he thundered down the home stretch with the *Fossil* crutch held high.

We all missed our stalwart Louisa, and each of us ran a mile for her. That's 17 miles for Louisa, just an average day's run for her before she broke her leg. We are confident she will be back next year.

Fossilhood is all about camaraderie and having fun. Speed is definitely not our thing. Our common goal is to not be last. The *Fossils* finished 51st out of 60 teams, which almost amounts to a victory for us! We were thrilled by the performance of our *Maine-iacs*, who finished in first place, as I am sure, dear reader, you have already read elsewhere in this newsletter.

Sub5 Track Club Newsletter
POBox 63
BREWER ME 04412

Web Site: www.sub5.com
Newsletter: DWLaber@aol.com

And we were proud of our Sisters, the *Road Hags*, for their more-than-respectable showing (ahem!) at Cabot this year. I was lucky enough to run Leg 3. Their prize-winning "Nascar Pit Stop" water stop at 5K was hilarious! I was still chuckling for several more clicks.

A new game was invented by the Quartet, called "You know you're a *Fossil* if" For example,

"You know you're a *Fossil* if your personal goal is to finish before the timing mat is gone," and

"You know you're a *Fossil* if you bend down to tie your shoe and find something else to do while you are there."

My favorite is: "You know you're a *Fossil* if there is no way you could ever wear the Nascar dress!"

--Katherine Wilson

The Terry Fox 'Looney'

Ed Rice "The Terry Fox Looney" did a lot of running hither and yon on his way to Cape Breton, in and out of banks, currency exchanges and tourist bureaus. His quest was for some (or maybe just one???) of the newly minted Terry Fox one dollar coins.

Turns out they are scarce as hen's teeth, and being collected and hoarded by Canadians. Ed says they are being sold on eBay for as much as \$40.

Robin Emery made Ed's day when she presented him with a Terry Fox 'Looney' that she had acquired in St. Stephen.

And for all you coin collectors and Terry Fox fans: Terry Fox coins were presented all runners who placed in their categories at this year's Tour du Lac on June 25th!

Body Fat Testing & Other Summer Thoughts *by Lynn Bolduc, MS, RD*

I will be available at the Pendleton School Track on Wednesday, July 27th from 5:30-6:30p.m. for free body fat testing by use of FUTREX body composition analyzer.

You do not need to be a participant in the track workouts to be eligible. You must know your height and weight for the results to be accurate.

Testing takes about 3 minutes and there will be a handout for you with information about body fat and ideal levels. Future summer testing dates will be determined based on the interest in this service.

Sports Drinks

As the weather warms up please keep in mind when sports drinks are indicated.

The acidic mix in sports drinks can be worse for your teeth than regular soda. They may damage the enamel 11 times more than regular colas. Lately my concern is with children who use sports drinks for every sports event they attend, when water would be a better option. Remember that unless it is hot with excessive sweating, or you are exercising continuously for 1-hour, sports drinks are not necessary.

Sports drinks also may not contain adequate sodium for you after exercising. If you have been exercising in the hot sun resulting in excessive sweating, you will experience a drop in your body fluids though you will lose relatively little sodium. Post workout when your body water content and blood volume are down you will experience a mild increase in your blood concentration, especially of sodium. If you rehydrate with plain water, you will further dilute your blood before it is fully restored. Your thirst mechanism will be quenched and your urine will be dilute.

To remedy this consider adding salt or salty foods to your post workout diet. Sports drinks are generally quite low in sodium and are formulated for consumption during, not after, exercise. Until your fluid balance is re-established you may also want to limit your caffeine and alcohol intake. (But there just may be room for the salted rim on my margarita though.)

Summer Track Workouts
Wednesdays (through Aug. 24)
6 o'clock
at the Pendleton Street Track
Brewer

All Welcome

Shoestrings & Sweatbands

It's a girl! Seth and Chelsey Harrow welcomed the arrival of their first child, Sadie, on May 29. Warm wishes to all!

~ ~ ~

Congratulations, and a big "Well Done", to Teresa Hainer and Jan Pilotte who received their MSN degrees (Master's in nursing) from Husson College in May. Both will sit for the Family Nurse Practitioner licensing exam.

~ ~ ~

Congratulations to Abra Iwanko who was awarded a B.A. in International Affairs from the University of Maine. She had a concentration in Political Science and a minor in History. Her only regret? The May 7th graduation ceremony prevented her from running the Orrington 10K!

~ ~ ~

Thanks to all who contributed to this issue, including: Janie Smith, Katherine Wilson, Abra Iwanko, Steve Campbell, ML McEwen, Judd Esty-Kendall, Anna Perna, Lynn Bolduc, Jeremy Durost and Dick Storch.

~ ~ ~

A welcome back to the Maine running scene to Marty and Rusty Elliott. Before leaving Florida they ran the Shrimp Festival 5K in Fernandina Beach. There is only one hill on the entire island, Rusty says, and the race didn't go near it, so their hopes were high...until they ran into sand covering the road the last mile. Rusty says it was the slowest race she has ever run. Marty took 2nd place in the 65-69 age group!

~ ~ ~

Abra Iwanko and Peter Lodge have made it official...they became engaged after her return from a semester in Italy. See her story about running the Florence (Firenze) Marathon, beginning on page 2.

On The Run With Saucony

Many times throughout the year I get asked, “What is Saucony’s best shoe?” My response is always the same – “It depends on what your needs are.” The fact is the “best” shoe can be different for all people. It can be different based on the mileage that you run, your body type, your arch type, your stride, the terrain you run on, injuries that you’ve had, etc. You can purchase the most expensive shoe in the store, but if it doesn’t meet your individual needs, you’ve wasted your money.

Here are some tips to consider when purchasing your running or walking shoes:

What is my arch type? It seems backwards, but in general the lower the arch (flat feet), the more support you need in the shoe. If you have a high, rigid arch, it is recommended that you have a softer, more cushioned (and less supportive) shoe. Medium-arched people are able to wear a wider variety of styles.

Do I over-pronate? When the foot lands during the stride (usually toward the outside of the heel) it then rolls slightly inward toward the center by the time it gets to the forefoot. This is called pronation, and it takes stress off joints by easing into the stride.

When your foot rolls too far inward, it’s called over-pronation. In those cases, you would want a Motion Control or Stability shoe, to prevent that from happening.

If you don’t roll inward enough and stay to the outside of the shoe during your stride, it’s called supination (or under-pronation). Those people need a softer and less supportive shoe. Try to figure out your stride before you purchase your shoes.

Am I a heavy heel striker? Some people, due to their running motion, weight, etc., will really pound a shoe when they land. It is important to get fitted in a shoe that will hold up to that pounding (*this could help prevent injuries*). If your shoe is too soft, it will wear down very quickly, and absorb too much, causing extra stress on your joints.

How much mileage am I running? Light and soft performance running shoes are nice for races, but if you are using them to train for a Marathon, they will wear down very quickly (since they are built for speed and not for durability).

This could result in injuries if you don’t replace them quickly enough. Many people use a separate training shoe from their racing shoe.

These are just some of the things to remember when you are looking for running shoes. Always ask questions of a sales associate for proper input. Let them know what you have for foot issues, and they should be able to make some recommendations that will accommodate you. (If they can’t, I would try another store.)

As always, Sub 5 members get an additional discount at our already reduced prices at the Saucony Outlet Store. If you have any questions about our Store or products, please call (207) 942-7644 or email me at Jeremy.durost@saucony.com.

Tune in to

Skip Howard
Wednesday mornings
at 6:35a.m. on
WZON (620AM)
for the latest on
the Maine running scene.
And if you have ideas for
his running tip of the week
feature send Skip an email
at skippr@adelphia.net

Jeremy Durost
Manager, Saucony Outlet Store
83 Farm Rd. Bangor, ME
(207) 942-7644

A Runner's Life in the "Green Zone"

Running in the most highly fortified area in the world can be a challenge for many reasons. First of all, running in a combat zone isn't exactly the safest thing you can do. Although the 15-foot high concrete barriers that surround the green zone protect you from most rifle fire, we are mortared daily, and you never know when the next ones are coming. I run along the walls that divide our compound with the "Red Zone", which is about as unsafe a place for an American to be as you can get. We have measured off different distances along our perimeter, so I am able to vary my route a little bit.

The perimeter is a combination of old, uneven pavement, and dirt road. The dirt is a very, very fine sand which is like talcum powder, and kicks up terribly when you run or even walk through it. In the winter months, if the wind is blowing when it rains, the sand starts flying and it basically rains mud. It makes for a real mess to be outside at all. Running conditions in the last 9 months that I've been here have varied from fairly cold (50 degrees) and muddy, to the current 115 degrees, blazing heat, and dust and sand constantly flying everywhere. Temps will be climbing to 130+ degrees in the next 2 months.

I am able to get in 20 to 25 miles a week when I am on duty inside the green zone. When I'm working in here, I put in 12 to 14 hours a day 7 days a week. That doesn't leave much time for anything other than exercise and laundry, but there isn't anything else to do anyway. My primary job here was as the lead driver of a convoy security team. We provide firepower for the many convoys that move soldiers and supplies all over Iraq. When I am "outside the wire", the days are extremely long, and finding time to run at all when we get back is tough.

Running is a definite stress relief for me here. Even on days when I am just plain beat, I head out and run the walls. It's one of the few times that I have to myself. I am looking forward to coming back home and running in a few of the fall races.

Being back home, and running outside without any thought of getting killed will be quite a thing. Breathing cool, clean air will be nice too. Until then, *have a great summer, and enjoy Maine.*

I sure miss it. --Steve Campbell

J3 Ground Movement NCOIC
Baghdad, Iraq

John Bapst Student Wins Camp Scholarship

Editor's Note: Madeline Glover of Great Pond will attend Colby College Cross Country Camp this summer as winner of the Sub5 Track Club's High School Running Camp Scholarship. Madeline participated in cross country and outdoor track at John Bapst High School. Her application essay follows.

Running is not the sport for everyone, and I was almost not a runner. At the airline Community School in 4th grade, cross-country was the first available sport besides peewee basketball. I was the only one who did not participate in fourth grade, and the same went for fifth grade as well. It wasn't until sixth grade that I finally, and begrudgingly, tried cross-country, and to my surprise, found a sport that I not only seemed to have a knack for, but that I truly enjoyed. Some of my best memories of middle school are running on the sandy trails out to the blueberry barrens with my teammates. That was six years and five seasons ago, and now I have added outdoor track to my agenda, and to think that I might not have ever even tried cross-country. To me, running is both extremely challenging and rewarding, it's something that you can always improve in, something that, once you start, you can never go back to being a non-runner, it will always be a form of exercise and fun throughout one's life. This is why you commonly see 94-year-old runners but never basketball players.

In order to continue and improve my running habits, I decided that I would like to attend the Colby Cross Country Camp this summer. Last year some of my friends on the team went and they highly recommended it. What they liked about it was the fact that it combined training with fun activities. Over the months, they have taught me new exercises, which we always use. I think that it will be a positive experience for me to experiment with my running in a new environment with different coaches, teammates, and training methods. Camp seems like it would expose me to things that would make me a better all around runner, and I would like to see what is offered.

--Madeline Glover

Mooseman 1/2 Iron Man by Janie Smith

"Wake up, it's race day!" announced one of my bunk mates at 5a.m. My bike had been racked, and I had organized and reorganized my swim, bike and run gear--repeatedly-- the evening before. Butterflies were fluttering, just like they do before any race. I'm not sure why. It's not like I was going to be competitive, at least not with anyone but myself. My goals for the day? Make it out of the water and to finish my inaugural 1/2 Iron Man in 6 hours 30 minutes.

After a breakfast of yogurt and waffles we headed to the race site at Newfound Lake (New Hampshire). First stop is body marking: '56' (bib number) was displayed on my left quad and left deltoid, '45' (age) on my left calf. Into the transition area to pump tires, lay out clothes for the subsequent transitions to other disciplines, and to seek advice from fellow athletes. "Get in the water early to get your body used to the temperature"-- which had risen to 60 degrees over the preceding week; "Drink lots of replacement drink on the bike and run instead of water. It's going to be hot today" and "Here, try this" ("Pam" spray and "Body Glide" over skin for ease in removing your wet suit, and "Chamois" lube -- well, to ease friction while in the saddle).

The elites left at 7:30a.m., followed by Wave 2, mine, 3 minutes later. Age does have its benefits: the older you are the earlier you take off. The open water swim terrified me. Historically I panic-- "Will people kick me? swim over me? What is lurking in the water? AND where are the straight lines at the bottom that lead me along, like in training?" My first 200-300 yards were solid, then it dawned on me, "I'm swimming in a lake". Ok, I panicked, flipped over and back stroked for 3-4 minutes. I knew I couldn't fake it for 1.2 miles so I sternly spoke to myself, reminding myself that I better get my act together. I found a different breathing pattern that worked. Blue caps and red caps caught me, probably some green as well, but I did make it out of the water with an "I did it", in 41 minutes. Considerably slow, but completed none the less.

Into T1 to peel off my wet suit, neoprene and yellow wave cap, and neoprene socks; moderately dry off my feet prior to socks and cycling shoes, clasp my helmet, don my sun glasses and walk my bike to the mounting area. Shortly after heading onto the bike course, I realized I didn't have my heart rate monitor.

"Oh well, at least I can monitor my cadence on my bike computer", I thought. The course around the lake was beautiful, the road rough in places, ala Bennoch Road in Orono. It took only 3 miles over this rough road before my bike computer fritzed out. Oh well, enjoy the ride!

The support along the bike course was phenomenal. Every 10 miles volunteers held out Energy Gel, cold water and cold Gatorade, while clearing the empty fluid containers we tossed from our bikes. At mile 7 (and 35) a local woman had dressed as a red witch to scare us up a steep hill. She brought a smile to our faces. At mile 18 (and 46) I thought I was back at Cape Breton: a young woman of about 19, in Celtic dress, played her violin/fiddle for us. *All of us. For hours. In the full, exposed sunshine. 80-90 degrees.*

I dismounted in the designated zone after the 56 miles, not sure how long it had taken, but knowing it was less than the 3:43 I had anticipated. In T2 my goal was to prepare for a hot run: wear as little as possible while protecting myself from the full sun.

As I jogged out of the area the #2 and #3 males were completing the race. One was from Maine, so I was psyched and proud. Cold, water-drenched sponges welcomed us to the run course. A short 50-foot stretch along the beach, before heading back to the road, started us out. Each leg felt like 100# weights. I thought I was a cartoon character, running in place. I felt rotten. I never wanted to quit, I just didn't know what I wanted, except to keep moving. "Is this what the whole 13.1 miles is going to feel like?" Fuel, fluid and "showers" (water poured over you) every mile or mile and a quarter. Don't ever let anybody talk you into trying H.E.E.D. replacement drink; it's downright nasty. Defizzed Pepsi was great! The double out and back, along the lake turned out to be a real treat although initially I thought the redundancy would be uninspiring. I found myself looking for friends as we ran back and forth, back and forth: my bunk mate, Julie - female 35-39 winner and fifth best female runner of the day; my friend and fellow Bangor resident, Roger Huber--a fabulous 5:06 for the day; and Carolyn Finch, my age group winner and top female runner of the day at a 7:25/mile pace.

Continued on page 12

Mooseman *continued*

It took 1/4 of the race for me to feel right again. The blood in my legs had been redistributed to the muscles needed for running, not cycling and I started to relax. However, I never really did have a sense of how slow/fast I was moving. It was like an out of body experience, one I had not had before on a run. Many athletes were walking. I saw calves knot up right in front of me. We were all doing the best that we could.

At the final turnaround, with less than 3.5 miles to go, I noticed a young guy check his watch. "How long have we been out today?" His response of 5:37 gave me a huge boost. I was well ahead of my predicted finish time. As I pushed myself up the last incline at 10 miles I passed a woman who had '47' on her calf. Half a mile further I passed another gal with '46' on her calf -- both in my age group. At 12 miles, two young guys started yelling: "you're kicking ass -- great job!" A pause --, then one to the other, "Oh, that's not Sue", then to me, "I'm really sorry, but you really are kicking ass!" I laughed and thanked them for their words of encouragement, one of many received throughout the day.

Across the finish line--a 1:50 for the 1/2 marathon and a 6:04 for the day. I had surprised myself.

I feel fortunate to be healthy enough to have trained for and completed the event, thankful to my friends for loaning me gear for the day, and grateful to those who offered me sound advice and encouragement along the way.

How will you impact an athlete today?

Cape Run Road Race

The 2nd annual Stockton Springs Cape Run will take place on Sunday, August 28 at 9a.m. This race is 5.25 miles around Cape Jellison.

Registration begins at 8a.m. at the Stockton Springs Public Boat Access on Cape Jellison.

Pre-registration is \$12; race-day registration is \$15. The first 60 entrants will receive a race T-shirt. There will be overall male and female and age group awards.

The race is part of the Harbor Days Festival, which features after-race activities including childrens games, lobster boat rides, craft vendors, cookout with pig roast, hot dogs, hamburgers and desserts.

For more information contact Debbie at 567-3870 or email President@SSBAMaine.org.

Men and Women Assert Right to Run in Pakistan

(from India News, LAHORE, Pakistan May 21, 2005)

Defying a ban on men and women running together in the eastern Pakistani city of Lahore, some 300 from both sexes took part in a road race on Saturday that was more about politics than athletics. But unlike a week earlier when baton-wielding police beat the runners and arrested dozens almost as soon as they crossed the start line, riot police armed with tear gas were deployed to protect Saturday's race against Islamist hardliners. Several hundred activists from conservative Islamic groups were herded behind barricades to prevent them disrupting the race that has become a cause celebre among Pakistani liberals. Lahore's authorities had imposed a ban on the race after coming under pressure from an alliance of conservative religious parties, Muttahida Majlis-e-Amal alliance. But President Pervez Musharraf has publicly backed women's right to participate in sports activities alongside men in the Muslim country. "Down with mullahism" and "No to the military-mullah alliance", chanted liberals who turned out to support the right to run. Billed as a mini-marathon, few of the participants wore athletics gear and running shoes. Some wore track suits or T-shirts and long pants, but several women wore traditional shalwar kameez--a long cotton tunic and baggy pants.

"We will not allow one percent mullahs to rule 99 percent of our people," Iqbal Haider, Secretary General of private Human Rights Commission of Pakistan, told a rally at the end of the race.

"We have held this token race to come out of the fear (of Islamists' threat) and we have succeeded," Asma Jehangir, Chairperson of HRCP told Reuters.

"We have held this race in support of civil liberties in Pakistan and to oppose imposition of mullah rule in the country," Ali Dayan Hasan, a Pakistani researcher for Human Rights Watch, told Reuters.

(Commentary – Judd Esty-Kendall

I found this article in the India News on the web. It helps me remember that our ability and right to run every day is a privilege not shared by everyone, whether because of disability or culture or some other reason, nor should we forget that less than 40 years ago women were not allowed to run Boston and Jock Semple from the B.A.A. tried to tackle and remove a female runner).

A Mediocre Runner

After taking care of my bag I headed to the pickup point where buses were running participants to the starting lineup at Piazzale Michelangelo. An empty bus pulled up and runners piled on in a furious rush. The door to the bus actually fell off because of the overabundance of passengers. The driver tried to open the door to fit it back in its tracks. As the door opened, more people rushed on. It was an action so stupid I could only chalk it up to adrenaline.

The bus released us into the chaos of expectation. So many people waiting, waiting, waiting for something so big to begin. I got a cup of water from a tent and took the first of my goo packs, my hands sticky from the excess. I poured water over my fingers to clean them and they became chilled. There was also hot cider in the tent but I stayed away. I wanted to stay hydrated but not enough that I would need to find a port-a-potty along the way. I tried to find someone who spoke English, if only to pass the time. Some of us had our names and countries printed on our numbers, others did not. I heard no English. I fiddled with my laces and my time chip, trying to find the middle ground between too tight and too loose. I leaned up against the railing and looked down at all the ATAF buses lined up on the other bank of the Arno—26 in all—and a few more bus loads of runners waiting for the next ride up. Others were taking trails on foot to get to the start. Soon it would begin. I wandered toward the starting gates. My time goal placed me near the end of the pack and I paced back and forth to keep my limbs warm.

I started chatting with a woman in Italian. After about five minutes we realized we both spoke English—she was British. Runners can be slow sometimes. Out of every person there—a potential 5,500 runners—she was the

continued

perfect one to meet. We spoke the same language and we were both aiming for the same completion time. We differed on one point, however. She saw the race as a series of 10K's. You run four 10ks and you would be almost done. This was more positive than the way I was looking at it—after running 20 miles you would still have a 10K left to run. Mine wasn't as inspiring, but more rational.

Finally everyone entered the gates. We were packed in tight and I could smell the peppermint scent of *Bengay*. It was a comforting smell and I pointed it out to her. She said she smelled salami. Someone was speaking to the crowd at the front of the gates. Even with a bullhorn we could not hear. People in the front lifted their arms up so we did too, though we weren't sure why. A few minutes later we started a slow forward movement. Funeral marches would have outpaced us. We were tripping on discarded clothing at our feet, unable to avoid it because we were still so jammed. Apparently when we raised our arms the race started. It took us more than 7 minutes to reach the starting line.

My journey had begun.

The race route started out going downhill and would then flatten out for the rest of the way. We kept a good pace, running along with the two timekeepers marked for 4 hours 30 minutes. The balloons pinned to their shirts had to be a pain. I knew we would not be running with them for long. Our pace was our own and it was good. It was important not to go out too fast in the beginning, and I was the one who paced us. I felt great aside from my leg. I never experienced a stitch in my side, my arms and shoulders stayed loose, my breathing was great. My only problem was that I was limping. Out of the first 20 kilometers I limped all but 3K, which I merely limped.

There were amazing sights along the way—beautiful parks, interesting buildings, fountains, statues and a fairground. I looked longingly at the potato sack slide but kept myself moving forward.

Every five kilometers (starting at 5K) there were water stops with water, hot tea, a salt drink, lemons and sugar packets. Starting at 10K there was also “solid food”—peeled and chopped bananas and pastry treats. Every five kilometers (starting at 7.5k) there were sponge stations. I would rub these on my face and hair. The water was salty in my mouth and it made me look like I was sweating. If I was sweating it was evaporating instantly. Every 10 kilometers I would take a goo pack with water. I wasn't exactly overexerting myself, but there was no reason to chance it. I wanted to keep the nutrients in my body at certain levels. One less thing to worry about.

My running companion told me that the English translation of the rules was different from the original Italian. Not a big surprise there. (Our official handbook offered “Greetings of the Mayor of Florence”). What was surprising was how the translations differed. The English translation merely said that the race had to be run in six hours. That was all. According to the original Italian you also had to reach certain markers by certain times or they could pull you from the race and prevent you from finishing. No negative splits here. That meant that we had to get to the half way point in three hours—not in real time, but in the official time. The extra minutes it had taken to get to the starting line were working against us.

The 10K marker led us around Cacicine Park, a wonderful place to run. It looped out and around past the 15K marker. Shortly after I experienced the threat of defeat. Any runners behind us had been

Continued on page 14

A Mediocre Runner

continued

pulled from the race. We were the back of the pack.

When we crossed the halfway point we had been approached by a man in a small electric cart. He let us know, in Italian, that we were right on the time border for being able to complete the race. His job was to drive after the last runner and he represented the “end” of the race. Teams of people would take down signs and barricades after he had passed. We had spoken to him earlier, when the runners behind us had been pulled. Little did I realize then that he would become my new race companion.

After we passed the halfway point the pain in my leg was bothering me more. I was wearing away my reserves. I told my companion to keep going. I didn’t want her to miss the markers because of me. I could see her for a few more kilometers off in the distance, then she was gone.

Adding to my discomfort was the fact that my irregular gait—caused by the pain in my leg—was driving my feet into my shoes the wrong way. I was hitting the outsides hard. Also, my training sneakers were half a size larger than the pair I wore for the race. I had forgotten about the size difference. The bad gait and the smaller shoes put a lot of pressure on my toes. I felt like they were melded together, but I kept at it.

I asked my new cart buddy if I could put my bottle of water in the passenger seat of his cart. It was one less thing I would have to worry about. No one spoke any English except for my British friend, who was now long gone. It gave me a chance to work on my language skills. Nothing like practice in a high stress situation.

My stress was coming from my not knowing if I was going to be able to make it. I would look at my watch and try to figure my odds of finishing in time. It seemed my chances were “no way in hell” but it was more my runner’s inability to

do math. My leg felt like it was going to collapse beneath me, leaving me sprawled in the middle of a busy road. I was passing through sections of town I had never been through, so I did not have a way of gauging where I was or how far I had to go. I was in a more modern section of town, and small groups lined the sidewalks and cheered me on.

“Brava! Brava!” I smiled and waved, but part of me wanted to be told that I was done. Then I could ride the cart back to town and not worry that I was damaging my leg. In my moment of weakness I surround myself with all the people on my cancer list. Everyone I wanted to be strong for “. . . Nannie, Caleb Fullum, Fred Merriam, Rudy, Aunt Doris, Uncle Bob, Welsh Everman, Tim Story, . . . ” The list was my mantra of devotion. I kept on.

Eventually the route looped back around toward my normal running place—Campo di Marte. I saw a woman in front of me and I caught up to her and said hello. She was Italian and cranky. I had thought I wouldn’t see another runner for the rest of the race, but I was wrong. Just before the 30K marker I passed her, grabbing chopped banana pieces at the food table and a sugar packet but rejecting the water offered. I would have to stop to drink and it was too risky. At 30 I ran through the reader for the chip timer and hurried on, continuing through the pain.

The race route just missed passing my house. Running the street parallel to my street I came upon the 20 mile marker. 20 miles! That meant I had only a 10K to go! I looked at my watch and saw that I had just over an hour and a half left to finish. I had run the Cobscook 10k in less than an hour and a half this past summer, and that had been all hills. “I can do this!” I thought to myself.

I thought of the angry Italian woman and looked back—she was gone. They had pulled her.

As I approached the 35K marker my companion in the cart started in on me again. He would point to his watch and his clipboard and say I was done. There was no way I could finish on time. I would tell him, “No, I am going to finish” and I would pick up my pace, speed limping faster, trying to leave him behind. Once, when he said I did not have enough time to finish I looked him in the face and said, “I will finish with you or without you.” (My Italian improved during the race. It is amazing how much Italian you can remember when you are being defiant. And have six hours to think.) I was going to complete the 42.2 K whether it was official or not.

As I came back into the historic section of town I saw another runner in front of me. She was German and we exchanged friendly greetings. We took several strides together and then I pulled ahead. She looked to be in much better condition than I was, but I was determined to finish. I needed a sacrificial lamb to take the heat off of myself for a while. POOF! She was gone.

Somewhere between my ignoring his warnings and my defiance to stop, I endeared myself to the man in the cart and the rest of the crew who had to wait for me to pass before they could break down the kilometer markers. They brought me water, cakes, fruit and encouragement. At one point one of them bought me a sandwich. I ate a lot during the race. I may be the only person to gain weight while running a marathon.

The guys would wait for me at the markers, cheering and clapping, laying on the horn of the van, calling out how far I had left. Sometimes they drove along beside me. While I was running through the middle of the historic center, I garnered a rather large entourage. I was surrounded by police cars, an ambulance, the man driving the cart and the staff vans. Then the route was following

A Mediocre Runner

continued

the river again and headed back to the Duomo—the massive cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore—for the last 4.2 kilo-meters of the race. I was still running with a smile. People with cameras called for my attention before snapping a picture—I was last, but I would finish. My support team had also decided I was going to finish. They wanted to see me succeed as much as I wanted to myself.

I was back to speed walking when I hit Piazza Signoria. Crowds of tourists blended in with Italians, and shouts of “Brava!” and “Vai!” Filled my ears.

A man cheering me on yelled “Run! Run!” in Italian. His passion caused him to jump out, put an arm around my waist and run me through the Piazza. He helped my time a lot and his enthusiasm and support were wings, carrying me through my pain and further along my way.

The street that led to the Duomo was a straight shot, blocked off along both sides to keep the tourists from being run over during the race. I had to duck and dodge a few times to avoid trampling unsuspecting visitors, but I made it through quite well under the circumstance.

The last 5K of my journey might have been embarrassing—after all, I was the last runner in a race of 5,500, running through massive crowds of onlookers—but they weren’t. It seems my running in the U.S. had trained me to deal with the humility.

I could focus instead on the challenge. I knew that I was incapacitated and not at my best. And regardless of all this I was still being cheered. Even the men selling illegal knockoffs on the street sides stopped their trade to applaud and encourage me as I passed by. I was experiencing a bizarre fame. My entitled 15 minutes, only stretched out into 6 hours. And though my celebrity was not well known, my very existence held up traffic in Florence for 6 hours!

The final stretch. The last kilometer. The staff vans raced along beside me as I broke into a full sprint. They went crazy, laying on their horns and shouting, pushing me on. I entered Piazza Santa Croce and the image of a man asked my name. I answered and ran on hearing my name echoing over and over again on a speaker system, along with the steady roar of clapping and cheering. The finishing archway was partially deflated and several men stood holding it up over my head for me to run through. It was a flip book of images to me. Of sounds. I had made it.

A medal was found for me—a heavy golden piece with Santa Croce on the front. The church itself stood in front of me, a structure containing the final resting places of Galileo and Michelangelo, among others. I felt a sense of pride and accomplishment.

I wanted to find the staff who had been so supporting of me, but they found me first. The young men who picked up the signs ran toward me, calling out congratulations and showering me with hugs and kisses. I spoke with them for a while and then left to look for the man in the cart. I could not find him to thank him.

(Editor’s note: Abra later discovered that the man in the cart was her neighborhood newsstand operator.)

Somehow I made it home that night, still in shock that I had finished. Even during the race I had questioned how I was reaching each marker. On the way home, I came upon an outdoor production of Pinocchio. A lavish extravaganza, with dancers and musicians, along with a GRANDE Pinocchio statue, gave the night an even more magical and fantastic feel.

I continued on my way home feeling like I could do anything I set my mind to.

A Note from the “Southern Front”

I’ve been running about 20 miles a week and recently had a running injury that’s never been written up in Runner’s World or otherwise documented.

The area around Danville (PA) is very hilly, with narrow streets. The topography has led me to do most of my running on either trails or the treadmill.

Trail running has the obvious hazards of rocks and roots. You can prepare for trail running by wearing proper shoes and staying alert.

The real hazard comes when you are doing an easy treadmill workout. I was running on the treadmill when the power went out!

I have been in contact with my local electrician to see if the resulting injury can be prevented.

-- Steve (Flatnose) Tuckerman

On the Race Calendar

July 30 - Saturday

Fort Knox Bay Festival 5K, Bucksport. Race starts at 8a.m. Contact: Joan Merriam, 469-2019.

7th Race in the 2005 TradeWinds MarketPlace/ Sub5 Track Club Road Race Series

2nd Annual Milbridge Days 3.1Mile Road Race and 1 Mile Fun Run. Registration opens at 7a.m. Fun Run starts at 8 a.m. 3.1Mile follows. Contact: Laura Bagley, 546-7332.

August 13 - Saturday

4th Annual George Schaefer Memorial Road Race at Schoodic Point. 5K (8:30a.m.) & 1 Mile Kids Fun Run (8a.m.). Contact: Becky O'Keefe, 669-2187.

August 20 - Saturday

30th Machias Blueberry Run. Registration opens at 6a.m. 1 Mile and 5 Mile runs begin at 8a.m. Contact: Sunrise Opportunities, 255-8596
8th Race in the 2005 TradeWinds MarketPlace/ Sub5 Track Club Road Race Series

August 28 - Sunday

2nd Annual Stockton Springs Cape Run Road Race. 5.25 miles Race begins at 9a.m. Registration 8a.m. at the Stockton Springs Boat Access. Contact: Debbie, 567-3830 or President@SSBAMaine.org

September 5 - Monday

Bangor Labor Day 5 Mile, Bangor. Contact: 223-4715
9th Race in the 2005 TradeWinds MarketPlace/ Sub5 Track Club Road Race Series

September 11 - Sunday

Run for Hope 5K Run & Walk Best Western White House Inn (Exit 180 I-95). Race starts at 11:30a.m. Entry Fee \$12 (\$15 day of event). Registration from 9:30-11a.m. Call: 862-8008.

October 1 - Saturday

Race to End Domestic Abuse. 12K. Guilford. Contact: Karen Prescott, 564-8165
10th Race in the 2005 TradeWinds MarketPlace/ Sub5 Track Club Road Race Series

October 23 - Sunday

Black Bear 5K, Orono. Race begins at 11a.m. Contact: Thad Dwyer, 581-1081.
11th Race in the 2005 TradeWinds MarketPlace/ Sub5 Track Club Road Race Series

New Sponsor *continued*

FL and Lowell, MA. And he has his eye on this year's Bar

Harbor which Mrs. Lawrence is in training to walk.

Chuck and his boys took 2nd Place in the Family Runners category at the Bangor Y 1 Mile Milk Run in June.

"I encourage people to focus on promoting running in the family," he says. "We really need to work with the youth."

The Maine native ran track & field in high school, specializing in the half mile. Actually this was one of his ways to stay in shape for wrestling in which he brought home the State Championship to Cony High School in 1982.

Now into longer runs, Chuck regularly exercises in the hilly terrain of Holden where he and his family live.

Sons Brandon and Dustin are runners too. Both have had some coaching from Phil LeBreton in the past and have come to Wednesday night Summer Track Workouts. Brandon will be a freshman at Brewer High School this fall, and a fellow freshman-to-be says he's good. Dustin, an 8th grader at Holbrook School in Holden, also gets the nod about being fast.

Look for the Lawrences at future Wednesday night Track Workouts....And look into our new Sponsor's Supermarkets!