

## The End

### 1998 Grand Slam Part IV: Wasatch Front 100 (Utah)

by  
Dot Helling

What a grand finale to this summer's Grand Slam experience! Although a sub-par athletic performance for myself, the Wasatch Front 100 on September 12-13, 1998 was the ultimate challenge of this summer, happily ending at the finish line.

I arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, three days before the race and proceeded to sleep ten hour nights again to make up for the rush to clear the decks at work. My dear friend Laura Farrell, a long-time running companion and director of the Vermont 100, arrived the next day followed on Friday by Earl Towner, an ultra runner friend from Calgary, Canada. We were all beautifully hosted by Fred Riemer in his Salt Lake City condo. Fred is now a thirteen time finisher of the Wasatch 100 and recipient of its first "Spirit of the Wasatch" award presented to him three years ago.

In addition to Laura and Earl, my friend Shirley Durtschi, a Salt Lake City resident, would be part of my pacer and support crew. Shirley and I met in 1980 as members of the Olympic Torch Relay team. She was the Oregon runner while I represented Vermont.

Pre-race jitters settled in as we prepared drop bags for the aid stations and figured out logistics and food and clothing requirements. I was concerned about the altitude and was still congested and coughing after my Leadville experience. I had just completed an antibiotic program for the chest infection that resulted, and was feeling dehydrated from the medication. My other concern was the weather and the potential for plummeting temperatures at night.

The Wasatch Front 100 has a different race personality than others I have done, very low key and friendly like Vermont, and very obviously relying on its runners' abilities to be self reliant and prepared for anything the wild Wasatch Mountains might unfurl. The event is known for its grandeur, beauty and danger. Everything about Wasatch is big.

We began at 5:00 a.m. on Saturday, September 12, from the Fernwood Springs Campground in East Layton north of Salt Lake. The first five miles rose 4,000' in a series of switchbacks amidst tight overgrown scrub oak and eucalyptus. It was dark and the ±200 starting runners all carried flashlights. My first notable awareness was the proliferation of rocks. My Montrail trail shoes were a perfect choice for the trail conditions. The Montrail representative had given me some team clothing at the pre-race meeting. I wore much of it which turned out to be another plus to

the day. The yellow jacket and vest were visible to my support crew and the clothing adaptable to all the conditions I encountered.

Not one mile into the event, something bit me in the front of my neck, leaving its stinger behind. The spot "bugged" me throughout the run.

At the top of the first climb I was on all fours clambering over Chinscraper at 9,200'. At that point the runners began to spread out, some by tumbling down the rock and scree. On the initial climb we had proceeded in single file, in many instances bunched. This gave me the opportunity to exchange greetings with folks from all over, and forced me to start the event conservatively.

By the time we traversed Chinscraper the sun was up and our flashlights stowed. The temperature had been about 60° to start and it was partly cloudy. The wind on the ridges was nippy and I appreciated my windbreaking vest and long sleeves. The views of the Salt Lake and the surrounding cityscape were awesome, as were the views of the mountains we were entering. Most of our journey would be along the eastern faces of the peaks. Our elevations would range from 5,000' to 10,480' and average around 8,000'. We would ascend a total of 24,033' and descend 23,523' before reaching the finish line at Midway.

Along the early trail sections, I marveled at the plant life. I had never been in these mountains except on snow. I recognized Indian paintbrush and other common wildflowers but could not identify many unusual ones, including a branchy plant with what looked like miniature tomatoes. There was also a most interesting punk which grew in patches and looked truly abstract in the wilderness setting.

At approximately mile 12, we exited the trail onto our first section of jeep road. From here the horizon views were magnificent and I felt confident enough to do some sightseeing. Not 100 yards down the tricky downhill section of jeep road I tripped and rolled, stunning myself. I came out of it with abrasions on both thighs and a bloody elbow and knee. Three runners stopped to help me regroup. We spent the next several miles in enjoyable conversations about skiing, travel and - of course - running. Plus now I had one of my trademark battle wounds on my left knee.

I coughed quite a bit during the initial climb and experienced some chest pain so I was proceeding at a cautious pace. But as I dropped back down in altitude, I felt perky and started to move along more quickly and catch people, particularly on the uphill. I'm a lousy downhill runner. Consequently, I leapfrog all the time with runners I pass on the uphills who then reel me in on the downhills. It's fun to connect with some of the same runners over and over during an event of this length.

Wasatch allows runners 36 hours to complete the course, compared to the standard 30 hour cutoff. This extra time recognizes the difficulty of the terrain and the variables presented by altitude and extreme mountain weather. There are 13+ aid stations along the way which check in runners and provide support services. Crews are allowed access to some but not all stations. One of the significant differences at Wasatch from other 100-milers is that you are permitted a pacer from mile 36. Leadville permits you a pacer after 50 miles, but most 100-milers not until after 62, 68 or 70 miles.

My crew planned to meet me at mile 36, the Big Mountain Pass aid station. To get there I had to traverse a series of exposed ridges and then drop steeply down through trees and avalanche chutes into a canyon. Atop the first long ridge I noticed storm clouds behind me to the northwest. I could hear thunder and I tried to track its direction as I steadily moved forward. On the next ridge I spotted more storm clouds off to the southeast. Both fronts moved closer and began to sandwich our route. Then the lightning bolts began to knife through the clouds, striking around me and three or four other runners on the ridge with me. The wind picked up and I pulled out my clear plastic rain poncho from Western States. There was no safe place to take cover. A runner came by and said we ought to head back but it appeared to me we had as far to go in either direction. He asked another passing runner for his opinion who said "He'll get me when He wants me, so I'm going to keep moving". With that we all charged up the forward ridge as the skies opened. Dipping over the top and below treeline the precipitation turned to hail the size of fishbowl pebbles. It hurt when it hit my shoulders and head. The wind whipped my poncho so that I had to clutch it tight to my body in order not to lose it or go sailing off the mountain like a kite.

As I worked my way through the trees to lower elevation and the switchback descent to the aid station, I noticed that the hail was striking the ground and smashing like tiny snowballs. Then it all turned to rain. As I entered the aid station, the wind and rain subsided. Laura, Earl and Shirley greeted me with "lunch". Underneath my poncho, in my Montrail clothes, I had stayed warm and dry. As I ate soup and a sandwich they wrapped me in a sleeping bag and gave me reports on my friends - Errol and Ann, Bert Meyer from Connecticut, our host Fred, John Medinger and more. Then Earl left the 36 mile aid station with me as my first pacer. He would go to mile 59. He had never been to Wasatch and was excited to preview the course while it was still daylight. We started running together at about 3:30 p.m. It had taken me 10½ hours to do 36 miles. My usual 50 mile times are in the 7-8 hour range.

Earl and I wove our way up a long climb through the woods. One comment I would have about this course is that its climbs are endless and the course unrelenting. It is made up of some of the longest miles I've ever experienced. The approach to every aid

station was endless, and the rocks were propagating. We quipped throughout the day that the rocks were being imported and that the course was at least 125 miles long. This was confirmed in our minds when everyone we asked gave different information about various distances from point to point, but all agreed the miles were long.

Earl and I encountered some of the roughest sections of the course and my feet knew it. If I had been wearing any other shoes (but the Montrail's), my soles would have been history.

Earl was a great pacer. He chatted and asked questions to monitor my progress. My breathing was labored and I was tired. I couldn't talk on the uphill but he never took my silence personally. I got excited as we approached the halfway point, 50 miles at Lambs' Canyon. I was feeling depleted and chilled as the sun began to set. Laura and Shirley were there with more runner reports and food. I had put on tights after the rainstorm and here I grabbed a fleece headband, my Montrail jacket and a flashlight. Our next stop would be Big Water at 59 miles where Shirley would take over as pacer.

Between Lambs' Canyon and Big Water I remember very little except that it got colder and darker, and the hills continued to feel endless, and the rocks bigger and sharper. Earl kept talking, even if I didn't answer. My stomach began to rebel and I had a headache. All of our flashlights burned low from the cold as we closed in on the aid station.

When we arrived at the mile 59 aid station it was close to 10:00 p.m. I fueled up (my crew force fed me) and grabbed a hat and mittens and fresh lights with backups. Shirley and I started up a steep 2,000' climb through woods to Desolation Lake. I felt awful. My stomach turned on me and the next thing I knew I was off the trail retching. My friend Bert passed by and thanked me for the display. I was miserable but Shirley and I pressed on. The stars and moon came out in full splendor and the Utah sky, like Colorado, became an astrological wonder. Most prominent was Orion's belt, so apparent we felt we could almost touch it. Shirley oohed and aahed at the night sky and shooting stars as we traversed another long ridge while I intermittently took sick leave. This state of affairs continued throughout the remainder of the event for me. Ultimately I could keep nothing down or in me but black tea and an occasional piece of white bread or saltines.

We stopped at an aid station near Desolation Lake and warmed up by its campfire. Later we learned the night temperatures had dropped into the 30's. How easy it would have been to crawl into one of the aid station tents. Although in some ways I felt just as bad as I had at Leadville, there was no risky medical condition. I could plod on if my mind directed me. I decided I wanted the

finish line, no matter what, as long as I would not jeopardize my health.

Shirley and I topped off the ridgeline at Scott's Pass aid station where again a warm fire and cozy tents beckoned. We then began our endless descent into Brighton Ski Resort at 73 miles. We saw the area lights for hours before we got there. The course was not well marked in some places. At the base there was no clue we could find as to how to locate the actual aid station. It was about 6:00 a.m. and there was little activity. Finally we saw a parked car with passengers and asked them if they knew where we were to go. "Up the road to the end" said one man and then "sorry, Dot, goes with the territory". I had no idea who it was but obviously he sensed our concern and frustration at feeling lost. It still took ten or more minutes to locate our destination. Inside a ski lodge Laura patiently waited and immediately voiced serious concern when she saw me. I was pale and had slowed considerably. She worried that I'd had nothing to eat or drink of substance throughout the night and we were about to climb to the highest point on the course, Catherine Pass at 10,480'. She ordered me to sit and not leave the aid station until my color returned and I'd eaten and drank. Interestingly, at each weigh in, my body weight was either up or even with my start weight, a positive sign that I was not in a dangerous state of depletion.

I forced down more tea and bread, what little I could stomach. My color returned and I was enthusiastic to move on. I had been in the station for thirty minutes and the sun had come up. I was sorry to have missed the sunrise over Mt. Timpanogos but glad to be able to leave the aid station with a much lighter load, no flashlights and fewer clothes. Throughout the race I had carried a two bottle waist pack with a full compartment of food and other necessities, and extra clothing cinched on.

We climbed the pass with other runners I'd met during the day. Laura was now with me as my pacer to the finish line. I felt a little better and we climbed well. As we worked our way over the top and began to traverse above the Alta and Snowbird Ski resorts I felt I might have overcome my gastric difficulties, but it would be shortlived. Laura and I emoted over the wonderful scenery. Mt. Timpanogos loomed ahead at well over 12,000' with glacial patches. The wild flowers were abundant.

The terrain on the Wasatch course is ever challenging and changing - at least 90% trail, mostly single track, with wooden bridges, scree slopes, animal pathways, you name it! We encountered numerous groupings of ground bees and flies hovering over scat and horse poop. We saw evidence of sheep grazing, avalanche paths, and even a Utah cowboy riding his horse through the high grass with his sheepdog trotting behind. The growth was lush and verdant for this time of year in Utah because of the El Nino moisture. Some of the new grass was crushed where runners apparently laid down for naps during the night. My friend Bert

took two 1½ hour naps and still finished in just over 34 hours. I felt wobbly and sleepy several times but never like I had been at Vermont or Leadville. There was too much else going on to take time out for sleep.

We stopped at the Pole Line Pass aid station, mile 81, and changed clothes. The sun was high and warm and the sky clear. I put on shorts and a different pair of shoes and decided I could eat something and drink a V8. Big mistake. By the time we reached Mill Canyon I was violently ill again. By the end of the run I had spent 2½ hours in aid stations plus a lot of time off trail.

From Mill Canyon we ran a steep section to "The Bottoms". Both Laura and I noticed considerable swelling in our extremities. My knees screamed at me on the downhill because of swelling in the joints. Nevertheless we were able to enjoy the gorgeous scenery. The fragrant eucalyptus smell from the Saturday morning race start was back on this now Sunday morning.

All our information was that we had just 3 miles from Mill Canyon to the river crossing at "The Bottoms" and then a short run to the 92 mile aid station at Cascade Springs. It took two hours and every entrant agreed, having had a similar experience, that this section was the Ripley's four mile record. When we finally reached the river, I walked into it and stood in the middle letting the cold rushing water massage my feet and lower legs. Laura offered to leave me there for awhile, but I knew better, because I might not leave. Laura ran off to the aid station in search of more tea and I jogged in behind her to Cascade Springs at mile 93. More than a half dozen friends came forward with offers of assistance and encouragement. Shirley successfully worked some of her sports psychology on me. Reports on my running friends were good. We had seven miles (or so) to go and 2½ hours to do it. Even if it was 10 miles it should have been a piece of cake. After mile 94 it was all downhill on dirt and then paved road. Ouch!

Laura was also a great pacer! She played games with me, said it was time to dig deep. We were joined by Fred's pacer Paul, who had lost Fred on the course when Fred (the runner) climbed back up a ridge to socialize with a hiker he recognized. Shirley joined us for the final miles, at least two endless pavement miles, into downtown Midway. Because I was so late arriving at 4:22 p.m., everyone had congregated for the awards ceremony at 5:00 p.m. and formed a wonderful greeting for the final finishers. I crossed the finish line wearing a Leadville 100 hat. Someone called it "poetic."

Of the ±200 starters, 152 finished. I was 142nd in 35 hours 22 minutes and 22 seconds. I certainly got my money's worth! Fred was 150th. John finished ahead of Errol who earned his Grand Slam eagle. We joked that I had earned an eagle with a clipped wing, having completed 3 and 3/4 of the four Grand Slam 100's.

Ann Trason won again and set a course record in 22:27 for women. Her Grand Slam produced four wins, all top ten overall, and all on courses where she now has the record - two set during the Slam. She also picked up an Australian sheepdog pup on the Utah trails, appropriately naming her "Wasatch".

The male winner, Karl Meltzer from Sandy, Utah, also set a course record in 20:08. Twenty one runners, including three women, received the Grand Slam eagle.

What did it all mean? The Grand Slam. In the end, it was a spiritual passage. I would do the event again someday, but only if I could and wanted to devote an entire summer without working and were able to stay at the various venues to acclimatize. I am mechanically sound but my chest is again congested and I'm coughing and very tired. The first morning home I woke up feeling as if I'd been run over by a fleet of semis. I was clearly taxed by the experience. It was deeply fulfilling to cross that final finish line.

I enjoyed tremendously the places where I ran and doing so with friends. I thank everyone who was there for me, including: at Western States, Diane, the Freds (2), Tony and Laurette; at Vermont, George, Eric, Donna, Betsy and Sigh; at Leadville, Fred and Susan; and at Wasatch, Fred, Earl, Shirley and especially Laura. I thank Montrail and Onion River Sports. I also thank my supporters at home (particularly Mary and Meri!), and my family and other Grand Slammers, especially Errol, Lynn, Ann and Stan. We all got there in the "spirit of the Wasatch." I love you!

## CVR RUNNERS (PLUS TWO) COMPETE AT THE LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE RELAY

A CVR team took part in the Lake Winnepesaukee Relay for the second year in a row, and came away with a solid finish, and great memories. CVR had a tough time filling out a full team, but managed to throw together a men's open team that finished 35th out of 150 teams, and 16th out of 50 open teams. The squad finished the 65.8 mile race in 7:39:02 for an average team pace of 7:00/mile.

The team had two non-cvr members. Ted VanZandt, a friend of Dave Kissner; and Mike Bonneau, Mack Garder-Morse's brother in law. The rest of the team, including Dave and Mack were: Steve Burkholder, Norm Robinson, Dick Millar and Bill Perrault. A special thanks has to go out to the trio that "crewed" the team. They provided transportation, water, food and encouragement throughout the day. David and Darragh Ellerson and Richard Cleveland made the event go smoothly.

If you are unfamiliar with the Lake Winni Relay; it consists of 8 legs of varying lengths. The longest is 11, and the shortest is 4. The terrain is EXTREMELY hilly around the lake, and most runners were going up or down most of the time. There are no mile markers, and some of the legs seem inconsistent with the stated distances. None-the-less, everyone came with the idea of running hard, but enjoying themselves. We had no illusions about competing at a high level, but the team was pleased with the results.

The winning men's open team was the Central Mass Striders, in a time of 6:00:22 for an incredible 5:30/mile average pace. Women's open winners were the Ghost of Pease in a time of 7:16:56. Ghost of Pease also won the women's masters race in 7:41:01. What do you think ladies? I believe their are eight CVR members that would give these folks all they could handle next year!! The men's masters winners were Raritan Valley Road Runners in a time of 6:52.

Many of us stayed at the Sun Valley cabins; complete with a pool, wood fired outdoor hot tub, and Jacuzzi. Those who were able to stay around enjoyed a FABULOUS Italian meal at a local restaurant that was scouted out by Martha Hicks-Robinson during her shopping spree earlier in the day. The weather was perfect for watching, but nasty for running. Steve and Norm were fortunate to run the first two legs, while the bright sun was blocked by overcast skies most of the time. Unfortunately, soon after the day grew very warm (85 degrees) by late morning, with little or no clouds. The last three legs in particular are open and Mack, Bill, and Mike had tough conditions. These three legs are very hilly, just like most of the course, but the traffic builds here and the shoulders of the road get narrower. All three ran great legs, even with the heat, hills and traffic.

Dick Millar ran a gusty race. He cramped up very early into his leg, and pounded his way to a very good time. Dr. Bill Perreault later applied ice and a deep massage to help relieve some of Dick's agony. Dave Kissner ran a beautiful leg, and cruised through in great style.

One of the most enjoyable parts of the relay, is the team approach. Members can go out on the course and crew their friends. Those who ran late in the day had to try to conserve their energy after 4-6 hours of riding around in a car and cheering on their mates. Staying hydrated, and eating is vital. It is very easy to get caught up in the action and forget that you still have running to do. But never fear, teammates are always ready with water (and even the occasional road-kill squirrel, right Bill? ). Nothing like a little protein in the middle of the run.

Below are the individual leg times. Again, this is not a certified course, and leg distances are probably not exact, but are shown as given by the race committee.

Leg	Distance	Name	time	pace/mile
1	10.7	Steve Burkholder	1:10:06	6:33
2	11.0	Norm Robinson	1:18:18	7:07
3	10.0	Dick Millar	1:11:15	7:07
4	4.0	Ted VanZandt	25:44	6:26
5	10.8	Dave Kissner	1:15:32	6:04
6	6.4	Mack Gardner-Morse	43:16	6:46
7	8.5	Bill Perrault	1:04:15	7:33
8	4.4	Mike Bonneau	30:37	6:58

You can bet that more than likely there will be at least one team returning again next year. Don't miss out on a great time! And don't feel like you have to be a racer. Even though we showed you the times, etc. ; the atmosphere is low key, and it really is a tremendous social event. If you can run 4 miles, you can run with us next year. Look forward to having you as part of the fun.

Norm Robinson



## New Records at Northfield

by  
Bob Murphy, VRDC

This year's Northfield Observances 5 km Race was held under just about ideal running conditions. With the skies overcast and the temperature relatively cool, participants could not have hoped for better at this event, more commonly run in hot, sunny conditions. Overall winner Nathan Shenk-Boright added another age group record, in the 16-17 year old category, finishing well ahead of everyone else. He now holds three age group records. Fifty-one year old William Dixon also set a new age group mark for the 50-54 year old category with an impressive time of 17 minutes flat. There were no new age group records for women this year. Here are the statistics.

Male 16-17	15:39	Nathan Shenk-Boright, 17	Middlesex, Vt
Old record (1993)	16:19	Joshua Cookson, 17	E. Montpelier, Vt.
Male 50-54	17:00	William Dixon, 51	Putney, Vt.
Old record (1997)	17:13	William Dixon, 50	Putney, Vt.

In addition to the above age group records, the following set new single-age records at the 5 km distance.

Male	14	17:22	Mint Henk	Randolph, Vt.
	39	16:04	Tony Bates	Salisbury, Vt.
	47	16:51	Mark Chaplin	Middlesex, Vt.
	54	18:01	John Brodhead	Craftsbury Common, Vt.
Female	56	24:12	Karen Monsen	Stowe, Vt.

The Male 50-54 age group really heated up this year, with three outstanding performances (three of the top 6 times ever)! Here is a look at the top 20 all time performances for this age group.

1.	17:00	William Dixon	51 Putney	VT	Northfield	5Sep98
2.	17:13	William Dixon	50 Putney	VT	CureRace	27Jul97
3.	17:25	John Pelton	52 West Rupert	VT	Northfield	31Aug91
4.	17:39	Gordon MacFarland	50 Montpelier	VT	Northfield	5Sep98
5.	17:52	Peter Teachout	50 Norwich	VT	Northfield	31Aug91
6.	18:01	John Brodhead	54 Craftsbury Com.	VT	Northfield	5Sep98
7.	18:03	Peter Teachout	51 Norwich	VT	Northfield	5Sep92
8.	18:04	Gordon MacFarland	50 Montpelier	VT	VtCorpCh	21May98
9.	18:07	Bob Murphy	50 Barre	VT	Northfield	1Sep90
10.	18:10	Bob Murphy	52 Barre	VT	Northfield	5Sep92
11.	18:12	John Camelio	51 Sandgate	VT	CureRace	27Jul97
12.	18:16	Bob Murphy	53 Barre	VT	Northfield	4Sep93
13.	18:23	Bob Murphy	54 Barre	VT	Northfield	3Sep94
14.	18:24	Bob Murphy	51 Barre	VT	Northfield	31Aug91
15.	18:29	John Hackney	51 Randolph	VT	Northfield	31Aug96
16.	18:30	Bob Murphy	53 Barre	VT	VtCorpCh	20May93
17.	18:30	John Brodhead	53 Craftsbury Com	VT	VtCorpCh	22May97
18.	18:35	Roger Gocking	51 Shrub Oak	NY	Leafpeeper	1Oct95
19.	18:35	John Hackney	52 Randolph	VT	Northfield	30Aug97
20.	18:36	John Brodhead	52 Craftsbury Com	VT	VtCorpCh	16May96

VRDC maintains the top 20 all-time performances for all 5-year age groups from age 35 up, plus top 10 performances for 2-year age groups 19 and under, as well as the top 50 open performances, regardless of age.

# Race Roundup

<i>CVR Runner/friend</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Time</i>	<i>Class place  total</i>	<i>Gender place  total</i>	<i>Overall place  total</i>
<b>VERMONT 100 MILE ENDURANCE RUN 7/18-19/98</b>					
Dot	Helling	F4049	22:17:10		8\37 46\172
<b>Susan G. Komen Race for the Cure 5K, Manchester, VT 7/26/98</b>					
Mary	Labate Rogstad	F4049	22:23	6\103	32\428
<b>"Run with the Big One" Zucchini Festival 5-Miler, Ludlow, VT 8/23/98</b>					
Gordon	MacFarland	M5059	29:37	1\6	3\34 3\55
<b>Northfield Observances 5K, Northfield, VT 9/5/98</b>					
PATRICK	MINER	M4049	17:21	2\52	7\275
GORDON	MACFARLAND	M5059	17:39	2\39	10\275
KEITH	NUNZIATA	M0119	18:20	5\29	19\275
STEVEN	BURKHOLDER	M4049	18:26	6\52	21\275
JOHN	VALENTINE	M4049	18:31	7\52	22\275
JAMIE	SHANLEY	M4049	18:32	8\52	23\275
DICK	MILLAR	M3039	19:02	6\38	34\275
WILSON	SKINNER	M0119	19:16	10\29	38\275
JON	FEDEL	M3039	19:24	10\38	41\275
DAVE	KISSNER	M3039	19:34	11\38	43\275
MACK	GARDNER-MORSE	M3039	19:41	12\38	46\275
WILLIAM	BATES	M3039	19:56	15\38	51\275
NEAL	MAKER	M0119	20:09	14\29	55\275
BILL	PERREAULT	M4049	20:31	16\52	63\275
ELDEN	DUBE	M4049	20:41	18\52	67\275
BRADY	VAN ZILE	M2029	21:00	8\20	74\275
GLENN	GERSHANECK	M5059	21:10	12\39	76\275
GREG	WIGHT	M5059	21:49	17\39	101\275
MARIO	BONACORSI	M4049	21:54	26\52	104\275
CAROL	VAN DYKE	F4049	22:21	4\21	121\275
MICHAEL	CHERNICK	M4049	22:36	28\52	130\275
NATE	GERSHANECK	M0119	23:03	24\29	136\275
NEWTON	BAKER	M5059	23:05	23\39	137\275
BOB	MERCER	M6099	23:49	4\8	158\275
RICHARD	CLEVELAND	M5059	24:50	27\39	173\275
JANET	NUNZIATA	F4049	28:42	14\21	235\275
SCOTT	SKINNER	M5059	28:48	32\39	237\275
MARY	JUST SKINNER	F5059	30:43	6\7	254\275
ROGER	CRANSE	M5059	31:09	36\39	259\275
ELLA	ARMSTRONG	F4049	31:23	17\21	261\275
<b>Northfield Observances 1-Mile, Northfield, VT 9/5/98</b>					
CAROLYN	ZUARO	F1013	6:58	4\35	29\166
KIT	PERREAULT	M1013	7:02	24\52	32\166
SARAH	VAN DYKE	F1013	7:46	17\35	65\166
FORREST	VAN DYKE	M0109	7:48	7\48	66\166
STEPHEN	MINER	M1013	8:04	44\52	78\166
DOUGLAS	SURWLO	M0109	8:31	17\48	92\166
LIA	VAN DYKE	F0109	10:19	15\31	13\166
<b>Jeffersonville to Cambridge 5K, Cambridge, VT 9/5/98</b>					
Gus	Kaeding	M1417	20:43	11\24	51\231
John	Kaeding	M5059	21:26	6\17	70\231

<b>CVR Runner/friend</b>	<b>Class</b>	<b>Time</b>	<b>Class place  total</b>	<b>Gender place  total</b>	<b>Overall place  total</b>
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**GMAA Archie Post 5-Miler, Burlington, VT 9/13/89**

Dot	Martin	F3039	32:36	1\8	1\16	9\64
Christine	Maloney	F2029	43:45	5\5	11\16	54\64
Deborah	Johnson-Surwilo	F4049	57:37	2\2	16\16	63\64

**Maple Leaf Half-marathon, Manchester, VT 9/13/88**

Tim	Noonan	M4049	1:25:57	3\73		16\322
Norm	Robinson	M4049	1:39:14	23\73		67\322
John	Kaeding	M5059	1:42:24	15\47		88\322

**Mad Dash III 6K, Waitsfield, VT 9/27/98**

SAM	DAVIS	M3039	18:09	2\20		2\132
JOHN	VALENTINE	M4049	21:30	7\19		14\132
MIKE	GILLIS	M4049	22:21	9\19		20\132
MARYKE	GILLIS	F3039	29:22	4\13		81\132
BOB	OLKIN	M5059	32:01	12\17		99\132
ELLA	ARMSTRONG	F4049	37:08	11\16		120\132

**Leaf Peepers Half-Marathon, Waterbury, VT 10/4/98**

SAM	DAVIS	M3039	1:11:47	2\67		3\338
TOM	KAIDEN	M3039	1:20:50	7\67		9\338
JAMIE	SHANLEY	M4049	1:25:17	6\76		23\338
TIM	NOONAN	M4049	1:25:48	7\76		24\338
DOT	MARTIN	F3039	1:26:09	1\43		25\338
STEVE	EUSTIS	M1929	1:31:15	12\43		53\338
MIKE	FEULNER	M4049	1:32:47	21\76		61\338
MICHAEL	GILLIS	M4049	1:32:58	22\76		62\338
NORM	ROBINSON	M4049	1:35:25	28\76		78\338
WILLIAM	BATES	M3039	1:36:56	28\67		95\338
LISA	CLISBEE	F3039	1:39:14	6\43		113\338
GREGORY	WIGHT	M5059	1:45:52	19\31		168\338
CAROL	VAN DYKE	F4049	1:46:53	7\25		181\338
SALLY	HOWE	F5059	1:54:21	4\6		231\338
BOB	MERCER	M6099	1:54:56	1\5		237\338
MARYKE	GILLIS	F3039	2:02:16	32\43		284\338
PAUL	DELUCA	M3039	2:12:56	67\67		318\338

**Leaf Peepers 5K, Waterbury, VT 10/4/98**

KEITH	NUNZIATA	M0118	18:19	4\13		10\181
JON	REIDEL	M3039	19:07	3\23		17\181
BRADY	VAN ZILE	M1929	20:23	4\8		24\181
ELDON	DUBE	M4049	20:31	8\21		30\181
MIKE	BAGINSKI	M4049	20:44	9\21		35\181
GLS	KAEDING	M0118	20:46	9\13		36\181
MICHAEL	CHERNICK	M4049	22:36	11\21		49\181
BRUCE	NUNZIATA	M5059	22:59	7\19		55\181
BOB	OLKIN	M5059	26:55	12\19		111\181
REIDUN	NUQUIST	F5059	27:11	3\7		118\181
ELIZABETH	MANLEY	F0118	29:49	10\10		147\181
SUSAN	THAYER	F3039	30:00	18\26		152\181
ELLA	ARMSTRONG	F4049	30:04	13\18		153\181

## **Upoming events** (for complete list visit our web site)

- **Saturday, Oct. 17, 8:30 am, GMAA Green Mountain Marathon / Half-Marathon, South Hero, VT.**  
Howard and Nan Atherton, 434-3228.
- **Saturday, Oct. 17, 9:30 am, Oxbow Community Spirit Fitness 5-Miler Walk/Run, Lake Morey, Fairlee, VT.** Carol Gilman 222-5214; Jenny Gilman 439-6416. *To benefit CVR member Dick Bushey*
- **Monday, Oct. 19, 6:30 pm, CVR meeting, Tim and Maureen's, 2 Pinewood Rd., Montpelier, 223-6216**
- **Tuesday, Oct. 20, RRCA National Run-to-Work Day. Run to work, run Fun Run after work.....**
- **Tuesday, Oct. 20, 5:30 pm. Final Fun Run!** Post-run, post-season celebration, food, and drink at **Julio's**
- **Sunday, Nov. 22. Turkey Trot 10K, Middlebury, VT 1-800-448-0707**
- **Thursday, Nov. 26, 11:00 am, GMAA Turkey Trot 5K, UVM Field House, Burlington, VT**
- **Coming soon: Reddington Roundabout Repetitive Reversing Relay, Richard Cleveland, 485-8892**

**News in brief:** Newton Baker ran 112.24 miles in the national 24-hour race in September for a top-20 finish out of more than 100 competitors. It was 3.5 miles shy of his P.R. Dot Martin wins GMAA Tudhope 10K in Shelburne in the rain. Donna Smyers repeats as Women's Masters champion at the Ironman Triathlon in Hawaii. Congratulations all!

**Next Issue:** Dot Helling's epilogue to the Grand Slam season, Richard Cleveland's account of this year's edition of the Leaf Peepers Half Marathon and 5K (CVR member results in this issue).



Central Vermont Runners  
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Vice President: Norm Robinson  
Secretary: Nance Smith  
Treasurer: Laura Medalie

<http://plainfield.bypass.com/~bmurphy/>

# October 1998

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**Remember - Next CVR meeting - Mon, Oct 19 - see above**