



CVR NEWSLETTER

January - February 1983

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MEMBER DISCOUNTS

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Present your membership card at the following establishments and receive discounts on running gear as indicated.

Miller Sports, Montpelier -
 10% off on running shoes

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* * *

RACE RESULTS:

31 Oct 82 - Northampton, MA - Smith College Campus Bookstore Run,
 5km XC.

Henry Marcy	20:51	(7th of 119)
Jean Marcy	30:52	(64th of 119)
Maribel Marcy	31:24	(73rd of 119)

Henry's comments: Constant up and down and turning through woods. Mass start across an open field and finish on track.

7 Nov 82 - Newport, RI - Ocean State Marathon

Bryan Liss	2:37:55	
Tim Noonan	2:45+	
Bob Murphy	2:51:00	
Glenn Gershaneck	3:10	
Ray Usle	3:31	(a new PR!)
John Mallery	3:45	(his first marathon)

51°, cloudy, strong SW wind

20 Nov 82 - Foxboro, MA - Foxtrotter Marathon

Mark Chaplin	2:27	(5th overall!)
Bob Murphy	2:47:20	(5th Master)
Kim Maloney	3:17	
Wade Walker	3:17	
Peter Smith	3:23	
Debbie Martin	3:25	(2nd Junior, her first marathon)
Chris Martin	3:25	
Newton Baker	3:24	
Bill Joerres	3:34	(his first marathon)
Jeff Shutak	3:34	
Gerry Carlson	3:35	
Bob Oatley	3:37	

High 40's, cloudy, light breeze. In NERRC Marathon team championship, CVR took 3rd place in the Open Division and 2nd in the Master's category!

1 Jan 83 - Sharon, MA - Hangover Special 4.7mi Race

Henry Marcy 29:12 (3rd master, 13th of 63 overall)

Henry's comments: Winning times were 24:27(M), 30:01(F), 27:26(MM). Weather was a lot tamer than usual for the typical Jan 1 race -- about 35° with bright sunshine. Just to my liking. The only problem was ice on the road in spots. Sharon RRC comprised of lots of friendly people. The race was well organized, too.

FIRST STEPS TO BOSTON

by

Jeff Shutak

I have been running off and on (more off, I might add, than on) for the past three years. Facing the prospect of my first Vermont winter (I moved from Delaware in April 1980) I decided to do something in the evenings that would keep my mind and body occupied throughout those frigid months. In October, despite the oncoming harsh weather and early darkness I elected to train to run a marathon the following spring. The idea of running a marathon had always held a certain mystique for me and I wanted to experience that feeling of accomplishment that came after hard months of training and sacrifice.

I began my training following Jim Henderson's LSD plan based on minutes rather than miles. I struggled through October, November and half of December before giving up. I simply was not getting any satisfaction from following a schedule that told me to run in time increments. I mean I could run for an hour as the schedule indicated and depending on my times go either 8 or 6 miles. I got very disgusted and went back to a program of running for the sake of running. If I felt like a 10 miler I did it; if I felt like a 5 miler I did it.

Another factor at that time was the upcoming Christmas holiday season. I had planned a trip to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and New York during that period and wanted to spend that time with my family and not worry about meeting a strict running schedule.

After Christmas vacation I felt both mentally and physically rested and ready to start anew on a schedule based on mileage rather than time. I decided I would train at my own pace for awhile until I found a marathon that was near enough for me to drive to. At that time I would put myself on a more regimented schedule.

During January and part of February I trained at about 40 miles per week. In early February I read about a marathon to be held in Ithaca, NY on April 12th. This was perfect. I now had a goal on which to set my sights. So on February 17 I began the schedule outlined below.

<u>Week #1</u>	Miles	Pace (Min/Mi)	<u>Week #2</u>	Miles	Pace (Min/Mi)
Feb 17	6	8.4	Feb 24	6.0	7.6
18	4	7.7	25	5.3	8.3
19	8	8.3	26	10.2	8.2
20	6	8.1	27	6.0	9.5
21	4	7.7	28	-	-
22	12	10.4	Mar 1	-	-
23	Rest		2	12.4	8.4
Total	40		Total	39.9	
<u>Week #3</u>	Miles	Pace (Min/Mi)	<u>Week #4</u>	Miles	Pace (Min/Mi)
Mar 3	7.4	8.3	Mar 10	5.3	7.5
4	5.0	8.4	11	5.3	7.8
5	11.0	9.2	12	12.3	9.3
6	5.5	9.0	13	6.0	8.0
7	5.3	9.0	14	5.3	8.3
8	13.8	10.9	15	16.0	10.6
9	Rest		16	Rest	
Total	48.0		Total	50.2	
<u>Week #5</u>	Miles	Pace (Min/Mi)	<u>Week #6</u>	Miles	Pace (Min/Mi)
Mar 17	New		Mar 23	13	9.3
18	York		24	6	8.6
19	fishing		25	5	6.8
20	trip.		26	8.1	8.3
21			27	6	7.7
22	No		28	18	10.0
	running.		29	Rest	
			Total	56.1	

Week #7			Week #8				
Mar	30	10	8.5	Apr	6	7.4	8.3
	31	10.1	9.0	7	6.0	7.7	
Apr	1	10.0	9.3	8	4.6	8.0	
	2	6	8.0	9	2.9	8.6	
	3	8	7.5	10	1.8	8.2	
	4	3	8.5	11	-		
	5	Rest		12	26.2	8.3	
Total		47.1		Total		48.9	

Most of my training was done around Spaulding High School. This was because the school was well lighted at night when I did my running and the sidewalks and roads around the school were always cleared of snow even after the biggest storms. A complete lap around the school was 7/10 of a mile. On my weekend long run I would run the back way to the airport. The fact that it was mostly uphill from Barre was a big training aid (but unfortunately not conducive to fast times). I got plenty of rest and ate properly. I stopped using sugar and salt a couple of years ago so there was no big diet problem. I continued to drink about 12 bottles of beer a week with an occasional glass of wine and a mixed drink once in a great while. On very special occasions I smoked an after dinner cigar.

On Saturday, April 11th, at 7am Susan and I drove to Ithaca, NY. That was my first mistake. If I had it to do over I would have left on a Friday to allow one day's travel time and a complete day's rest prior to the race. We arrived at 3pm and I took a two hour nap and went to dinner at 7pm. After eating a hearty amount of spaghetti with a couple of beers to wash it down we returned to our rooms for a peaceful night's rest.

I awoke at 7am and had a breakfast of pancakes, toast, coffee and juice. At 9 we went to church and returned to our rooms at 10am. Race time was scheduled for 12 noon.

I changed to my running outfit, tied my laces twice, checked out of the motel and was on my way. I arrived at the registration point at 11am, registered and relaxed for the next 50 minutes. There didn't seem to be many runners around, which was a plus for me. I dislike running in a large crowd because of the worry of falling down, being bumped around and the likelihood of a slow start.

At 10 minutes 'til we all walked to the starting line. I was right; there were only 115 entrants. Some of the runners were using this as a training run for Boston the following week. The temperature was about 42° and it was raining.

The starter gave his final instructions for the race (does anyone ever listen to them?) and began the final countdown, "5-4-3-2-1", as he pointed the gun skyward, but there was no loud shot. Everyone relaxed as he checked his starters gun and waited a minute to try again. "5-4-3-2-1"; still no loud shot. On the third try the starter simply said, "5-4-3-2-1-Bang!" (vocally), and we were off.

I did my first mile in 7½ minutes so I slowed down a bit, as I wanted to run at about an 8½ minute pace. I felt great as the miles mounted and at the 20 mile mark wasn't tired at all. I had maintained a pace of about 8.0 up to that point and thought I might finish under 3½ hours. Not bad, I thought, because I had two main goals: one, to finish; and two, to finish under 4 hours. At the 24th mile everything went to pieces. My hips ached, my legs felt like they were made of cement and I had terrible stomach cramps. Each step was an effort in itself, but I was determined to finish even if I had to crawl in. I remember Susan passing by in our truck with a worried look on her face and my waving her off. "Meet-me-at-the-finish", I gasped between breaths, and plodded onward. It took me 20 minutes to go the last two miles.

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Rounding the final turn to the finish line I saw about 200 people standing on both sides of the road cheering me on. I looked behind me to see if they were cheering for someone else but there was no one around but me. What a great feeling! I somehow summoned the strength to actually sprint the last 100 yards and as I crossed the finish line I heard the timer say, "Number 81 - 3:37". I had finished 5th out of 115 and was very happy and proud of my accomplishment. People were actually shaking my hand and patting me on the back offering their congratulations. I felt as if I had just won Boston!

I walked around a bit to avoid stiffness, had a few beers and started the long ride home. At that time I thought I'd rest for a couple of weeks but the next night I was running around Spaulding High again with dreams of Boston swimming in my head.



Glory

This is my story of the 1982 Northfield 5 Kilometer Race. We begin back at the Bear Swamp Run in June. I had in the early spring months preceeding Bear Swamp attended several out-of-state conferences. Although usually an every-other-day runner, at conferences I adventure out on unfamiliar roads at the end of each day's workshops. New territory and an unerringly bad sense of direction typically benefit my training. In a word, I get lost, sometimes hopelessly lost, slogging at dusk through strange streets, exhaustion quelling panic, dragging finally into the bright hotel lobby and through crowds of dinner-goers: a moment of adolescent jockdom I frankly relish.

Several of these unintentionally long runs set me up for a decent performance at the State Agency 10 K Challenge in late May. As my pacer, Newton Baker comforted, counseled, cajoled, and finally flogged me to my best 10 K in several years. Buoyed, I decided to do the Bear Swamp, a run I had not previously attempted.

My plan, based on Bear Swamp's killer reputation, was to take the initial hills deliberately: not dogging it but not charging up either. Sure enough, as we climbed I reeled in most of those who had stormed past me in the first mile. At the windmill - the top - I felt great. Scott Skinner handed me a cup of water and I stepped it up, striding nicely through the forest, feeling like I could run forever.

I kept passing people and in the last mile as we began to heel over for the plunge to the finish I spotted Bill Joerres ahead, running strongly. I kept plodding and pulled abreast of Bill. I said, "You're running a nice race, Bill." (In the Bermuda Half Marathon Bill Rodgers worked his way up through gangs of runners, finally coming even with the leader, Henry Rono. He said then, "You're running a nice race, Henry.")

Just at that moment Bill and I hit the suicide dash to the road. I didn't resist the incline and ended up unable to slow down, just concentrating on not falling and ruining my knees. As we hit the level I heard my mind say, "Keep up the same pace to the finish." I didn't resist that either and burst over the line, taking second in my age category, feeling glorious, and, unknown to me then, gaining a strong adversary for the season in Bill Joerres.

Bill and I met next at the Worchester 5 K. I was wearing new shoes and feeling lazy and tentative. We started and I ran loose, in a pack with Larry Miller and Bob Wilson. Bill was up ahead. Larry dropped back soon, just recovering from a balky knee. We started up the long hill and Bob dragged me along. He was running too fast for my liking, in fact, but it was easier to let him pull me up the hill than go it alone. In the process we caught and inched past Bill. I was at the point of thinking, "If Wilson goes a hair faster, I'm dropping back."

We turned around, headed down, and mainly out of fear of a stride-for-stride foot race going home with Bob, I surged ahead. I wasn't happy with the pace but at that point didn't know what the hell else to do. A few breathless minutes brought the gnawing conviction, knee or no knee, that Miller was gaining, those long legs eating the down hill distance between us. Larry runs relentlessly, and in a race is one of the few competitors I'm really afraid of.

The fear of him closing and nipping me at the finish forced me to maintain. I believe it turned out to be my best 5 K, and was the race that really fixed the battle line between Bill and me.

Our next race was the Howard Bank 10 K. I ran as fast as I could, coming within seconds of my May time with Newton, but there was no contest. Bill ran a great race, beating me by more than a minute and going under 7 in the process.

Over the next few weeks, the gap widened. At the Adamant 4 mile Bill eased away in the first mile and kept on easing. I couldn't keep up. He also, I believe, started putting in more training mileage. I had no more conferences and consequently no opportunity to engage my greatest training strength: lousy sense of direction. Bill, seeming without effort, soundly broke again the 7 minute barrier at the fun run, doing a fine 41:30 in the 6 mile. A week later, carried between Newton and Kim Maloney, I barely went under 43. About that point I figured Bill had pulled irretrievably ahead: end of contest. He nevertheless could still make me run, but now with little hope of victory.

The Northfield 5 K is an anniversary race for me. It's been held 5 times, I've run it each time, I've been running 5 years, and 5 years before it was my first race ever. Over the 5 years I've improved my time about 4 minutes. Despite all that, it's not a race I especially enjoy. It's hard. It's frequently hot. I do it each year as a sort of ritual obligation to mark anniversaries, not as a celebration.

This year I was feeling particularly glum. I was tired from racing all season. I had decided to do the race fast, the only marginally better alternative to slow. As I lounged with my kids on the lawn before the start, not running at all began to make more and more sense. Then, in that curious way children have of clinging when not wanted, my little daughter hung on me until minutes before the start, preventing warm-up. My only consolation was that I hadn't seen Bill, so at least pain would not be compounded by humiliation.

One minute to go and I tore off my sweats, tied my shoes, pried my daughter away, and dashed to the line.

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Bang! We're off and I'm making good on my plan to run fast. Ease back on the hill, turn the corner, pick it up, weave through the overreager, relax, concentrate, breath deeply, here comes the little bridge, and then - No! It can't be! - up ahead, I see him. It is him: stolid gait, powerful legs, compact movement: Bill Joerres, my season's nemesis, but where the hell did he come from? The moment I see him I know, with a grim resolve, that he'll win. He'll make me race him, but he'll win.

I try to hold steady around the corner and up graveyard hill. I tell myself, "Run your race, Cranse. Don't panic." My pace is steady and I can see now I am gaining. I am right behind him on the steepest part of the hill. We reach the top, turn the corner at the high school, and just before the plunge to river level I pull even, pat Bill on the back, say hello, and tear past him down the hill, hoping, desparately, to open a gap. (Someone later told me, "You should never have said hello. You should have tried to sneak by.")

Trying to maintain control, I wheel around the corner at the bottom, assess the body - I feel OK - and go through the mile in 6:35. Elizabeth Meiklejohn is up ahead, running an incredibly tough race. This is the time to hold pace, concentrate, relax, not let go after the roller coaster first mile. I'm in a pack with Elizabeth now and only the raw fear of Joerres closing keeps me humping. It's much too fast, no fun at all, and no time to think. My legs are heavy, feeling like cement not two miles into the race.

We are moving steadily up the line, passing people regularly. I can't believe how tough this woman is running. Unrelenting. So far no Bill. Maybe I burned him. Runners surge past us and we reel them in.

Here's the turnaround, thankgoodness. Don't let up going around. I look for Bill. Where is he? This far back? It can't be. I'm searching every face. Did he drop out?

Then I know: you didn't see him after the turnaround because he's right behind you.

My heart sinks. He's right on my shoulder, running effortlessly. He's going to make you work and then he's going to burn you. Anyway, don't look back. Keep pushing.

Elizabeth has dropped back and we're in another pack. Dick Ashton is here and several others. We keep moving up the line, passing runners. We see Bill's wife Nancy on the way to the turnaround. She gives the high sign to my left shoulder. That confirms it: he's right there.

There is some surging in our pack. Dick Ashton moves out and slowly we reel him in. Another runner with us, a newcomer I'd say, surges madly, his arms churning. We reel him in as quickly. In another few minutes he surges wildly again. We pull him back with a jerk. (It wasn't until later that I realized we were doing what the big boys and girls do: running in a pack and making moves on each other.)

I find I am leading the pack, scared sick. Bill cruises inches behind, waiting, calculating, running easy, a dragon on my shoulder breathing fire. I keep pushing my legs to go faster and am now beginning to hate the whole affair. Let it be over.

On the pavement now, almost home, and Bill is still behind. Up ahead another long block, turn right, over the bridge, the railroad track, and sprint to the finish. That's all. I maintain - I may do it after all! - and then just before the turn to the bridge Bill pulls even. We're running stride for stride, leaning into the corner, straightening out, shoulder to shoulder, and at that moment I get a message from my mind.

I like to end races fast, This is not so much to nip off a few unsuspecting runners in the last yards as to finish in style. Every race, therefore, I plan to sprint at the end, no matter how awful I feel. For this particular run I had it in mind to begin kicking coming off the bridge, on the downhill. Going onto the bridge there is a slight uphill and at this point any uphill to me is hideous.

But then as Bill and I swing stride for stride around the corner toward the bridge my mind says, "Take him on the hill."

There is some back talk - "Wait. Stick to the plan. You'll wilt on the final stretch." - but not much. I still don't know what to do.

A few more steps and we hit the uphill. I can feel the knee rising high and then like a bullet I'm off. Over the bridge, down the hill, the straightaway - wheezing, flailing as in water, this is the hard part - the meadow on the left with beer cans and broken bottles, don't let up, think of Joerres now, right behind you, push over the railroad track, pump your arms, spectators fly by, armory on the right, a roll in the road, scattered applause, I am just wailing, pick a spot 6 feet over the finish line lean and run through it, colored flags whiz past, nobody can get me now - and it's over.

I limp under the tent, very winded, the sun suddenly terrible. Faces show incredulity, pity, possibly contempt; then I realize: by golly, I won! I beat him! **WGWIE!**

Two weeks later at Caspian Joerres and I met again. We ran side by side the first half mile and then Bill eased away, and kept on easing. He took me by better than two minutes. It wasn't even a contest.

- Roger Crance



Karhu Fall Spectacular, October 23, 1982

Twenty-five runners found themselves dodging 40 flying ski poles as the Karhu Fall Spectacular hillolimb got under way. The participants soon stretched out on the hills between the Downhill Edge Ski Shop on Route 17 to the Sugarbush Ski Area. Rollerskier Dave Hadden was first through the 4.6 mile course at 24:49, followed closely by runner Tony Bates with a time of 25:13 for 2nd overall.

Runners and roller skiers were mixed together through the pack at the finish. Top woman roller skier was Dina Newhouse with a time of 29:20, with Robin Lawrence at 33:17 being the first woman runner. Green Mountain Valley School hosted the race sponsored by Karhu-Titan USA, with each participant receiving \$5 & \$10 gift certificates toward Karhu shoes and skis, besides the customary T-shirt.

For the short drive to Fayston, this race offers CVR runners the chance to test their uphill drive on a course that is challenging without being overpowering.

Bob Howe

THE BIG APPLE'S 1982 MARATHON
AND OTHER THOUGHTS ON RUNNING

Rumor has it that Fred Lebow, the "main man" for the New York Marathon, feels things went so smooth this year he's seriously thinking about expanding the field to 18,000 runners. Three CVR members who completed this year's marathon: Joe McEntyre, (3:26:43); Elaine Hoiska, (3:27:48); and Bob Rothman, (3:43:35), have some advice for Fred - DON'T DO IT. Roughly 15,000 started this year's run and over 13,750 finished. However, what a mob scene! Elaine and Bob both started on the so-called "slow side" of the dual start (for those predicting times over 3:30 and women) while I started on the "fast side". Elaine and Bob clocked 7:45 miles for their first mile while I had to work hard just to do 10:45 for my first mile. Matters only got worse when I stepped in a Brooklyn pothole coming off the Verrazano Narrows Bridge near the two mile point and sprained my ankle. Fortunately the pain subsided over the next mile and I was able to finish, but I spent the next 15 miles with my eyes riveted on the road and runners in front of me and wasn't able to fully enjoy the enormous boistrous crowds. I also made the mistake of trying to make up for lost time by weaving my way through slower runners. The number of runners, a stiff wind (23 mph at one point), and poorly maintained roads exhausted me and by the 20 mile mark I threw in the towel and just concentrated on finishing. If you ever run New York don't do so looking for a personal best or fast time. Go with the sole purpose of running just to enjoy the experience. The crowds are enormous (4 to 5 times larger than Montreal), very noisy, and you run through so many different ethnic neighborhoods, with loud music giving you an emotional lift, it's a little like a quick tour of several countries. The crowds really pull for you, with many people chanting or yelling: "You're all Number 1." "You're all champions." "You can do it." "Don't give up." "Go. Go."

Although the New York Marathon had much larger, louder, and more varried crowds than Montreal the race itself was not run as well as Montreal. New York was so concerned with race security that it continually inconvenienced the runners. Examples

of this were a 1+1/2 hour wait on line just to get my race number and materials; a two hour wait at the start prior to the race (some people waited 4-5 hours); and, a 45 minute wait to use a "porta-john" at the race staging area. Other negative aspects were inadequate space for and preparation of post race family reunion areas; a long walk from the finish line to the baggage and bus area; very dangerous running conditions in the first few miles from runners discarding clothing, garbage bags, and other articles to keep them warm until the race started; very little food after the race; and a tendency to become irritable from the large crowd yelling at you near the end when you're so exhausted.

However, the positive aspects of the New York Marathon outweigh the negative ones. The start was particularly moving, with over 15,000 runners packed on to the bridge; a large number of helicopters hovering overhead (I counted 8); fire department boats in the river shooting off their water cannons and honking their horns; bands playing the theme from Chariots of Fire; here and there a mother and daughter and father and son holding hands prior to starting off on the race together; the explosion of the starting cannon; the thunderous roar and surge of 15,000 runners - it all brought tears to this veteran's eyes.

Running has sharpened my introspection, helped me to find a more tranquil self, and to feel a strong bond with nature and other runners. For me running, and particularly marathoning, at its most primitive level, is a defiant battle with the inevitability of death - an almost spiritual reaffirmation of life. We are all afraid of death and failure in general, of not being strong enough to overcome our fears and forge ahead, in spite of them. The training for and completion of a marathon, or any race, gives me much needed almost therapeutic gratification and satisfaction at goal attainment and finishing the task I have set out to complete, especially when I run a personal best. A marathon allows me to reach further into my mind and personality than at any other time. The so-called "wall" is really a psychological "mind-field", where I have to face all my personal inadequacies. Every step becomes a personal triumph over human frailty, fear, doubt, the ever increasing and compelling temptation to quit, and what little time is left in my life span. Each time I finish a marathon I feel a powerful sense of personal fulfillment and courage. Once again I have asserted, in the words of the Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas: "go not gently into that dark night" - not without one hell of a fight!

I have witnessed the same pride in many of our other runners and felt a strong bond of affection for them because of that shared, although unspoken bond. It is reflected in many diverse ways: The mechanical almost effortless speed Bob Murphy generates when he runs; the stubborn refusal of a Bob Oatley to let many injuries hamper his determination to keep on training; the ability of a Norm Robinson to suddenly drive himself to a personal best far in excess of previous efforts and with little training; the powerful determination and willingness of Kim Maloney to push himself; Henry Marcy collapsing at Westport from a very personal mile effort, when his team was too far ahead in first place to be caught by the competition; Darragh Ellerson's and Nancy Miller's constant battles with pain and medical problems, with such beautiful and friendly dispositions; Wade Walker's training dedication prior to and the results he posted in the hot and humid Montreal Marathon; the infectious youthful vitality of the Martin girls, Cindy and Debbie, and the Flanders boys, Dale and David; the speed, determination and talented grace with which Francis Burdett and Jon Rouleau run; the gentle and friendly competitiveness with others and themselves of a Jim Wallace, Newton Baker, George Allen, Moe Cerutti and many others too numerous to mention; Sue Christiansen showing "true grit" in her magnificent 3:30 effort in Grand Isle; Paschal Deblasio's warmth and willingness to help others perform better; the fun-loving effervescent playfulness of Merrill Cray, coupled with superb athletic ability and attractiveness; Byron Hill's amazing 8 marathons in 1981, including a 3:11 at Plattsburg, at age 50; and the list goes on and on.

The most basic distinction between running and other sports for me is the feeling of affection I have for my fellow competitors. I feel really happy for anyone who does well and meets goals that are important to them, even when it includes running faster than me. No other sport provides that kind of emotional bond. I can only attribute my response to the feeling that the real "race" for each of us is with ourselves, our own imperfections, and the basic human need to live our lives with energetic vitality - to try to do as well as we can, given the unique physical and psychological limitations each has. Running sharpens our awareness of and respect for individual differences and develops a strong bond of affection from shared experiences having a great deal to do with self-esteem, self-understanding, and purpose in life. We all possess courage, pride, humility and genuine affection toward each other. Thank you all for the personal insight into myself and each of you.

Joe Whitman
Nov, 1982

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The following article is reprinted from the newsletter of the Greater Lowell Road Runners...

GREATER LOWELL ROAD RUNNERS
P.O. BOX 864
LOWELL, MA 01853

GRAY MATTER

'Hey Running: BBBRRRAAAATTTTZZZZZ'

by WILL MASON

One day a running friend informed me that he had logged 1000 consecutive days running. I shuddered. Shortly thereafter, I read where English runner Ron Hill had a string close to ten times that of my friend. I felt queasy. Then, in an article contained in one of those airline magazines, I read that some "positively addicted" man has not missed a day in over 15 years. I barfed.

No wonder that people wonder about us. Thank god - this mental one-sidedness that permits to gain and maintain control over a human is not characteristic of you or me. I am sure that you have noticed, however, that such an affliction has caught some of our friends with weaker wills (no pun here). You recognize the signs: running in the rain, snow, traffic; running when tired, sick, injured; running before, after, and instead of working; running instead of, ... well, you know.

We cannot afford to let running dominate our lives. If for no other reason, time does not permit it. Consider the following:

There are only 168 hours in a week (all the fingers of 17 people, take away two fingers, if you are checking this calculation). The following

activities have to be accommodated within this 168 hour time constraint:

- 56 hours for sleep and related activities.
- 40 for work (stick by this story no matter what).
- 15 for eating (somewhat higher than average).
- 10 for driving (add 10 if you have teens in sports).
- 8 for TV (news each day plus Hill Street Blues).
- 7 outside chores (shovel, mow, pick up dog crap).
- 4 entertainment (including placing bets with bookies).
- 4 family conversations (or just listening).
- 4 reading and junk mail.
- 4 bathroom activities (deduct 3 if you have kids).
- 3 non-running hobbies
- 2 telling jokes and having lewd thoughts.
- 2 religious experiences (unless included above).
- 2 doing something you can't stand to do.

Now if the math and the typing is right, this leaves only 7 hours per week for running. If you count the time changing and showering (this will not count for some), you are left with about 3.5 hours. If you stretch, you are down to 2 hours of running. In conclusion, if you run more than 2 hours per week you are cutting into something else. In short, you cannot let running run you.

What can you do? You have to take some overt actions to show the world that running does not dominate your being. You have to counter the suggestions of slick mags such as this one and baiting by your running friends. You have to learn to give running a mental finger. Here are some suggestions:

Buy a t-shirt with nothing on it; wear it. Take a smoker to lunch; ask about grass.

Invite the Avon lady in. Skip the Globe race results. Sign up for adult touch dancing lessons. Eat chile and prune juice early weekend mornings. Go fishing on Patriot's day.

Ask Ellen Rodgers to be your pen pal.

Take home office work (Ed.: delete this horrible thought).

Wear real, old-time sneakers.

Insist a marathon is 24 miles long or more.

Get the picture? You have to show running who is in charge. If all else fails, you can call "Running Anonymous" and they will send someone over to drink with you until the urge passes.

I was going to offer more suggestions on how to avoid being taken over by running fever, but I am running (beb, beh!) out of time. I need five more miles this week. Boston's coming you know.

RACE SCHEDULE: (*) indicates that I have entry blanks. Please send SASE when requesting entry blanks from me (Bob Murphy, RD3, Barre, VT 05641) or from race directors listed.

- ? Feb - Freezeroo 5-miler (GMAA)
 - * 13 Feb - Boston, MA - Mardi Gras 5-miler, 2pm. \$5 by 1 Feb; \$6 post. St. John the Evangelist Church, Bowdoin St.
 - ? Mar - Kaynor's Sap Run. 6mi (GMAA)
 - 20 Mar - Schenectady to Albany, NY - Chopperthon 30km, 1Cam, entries accepted until 19 Mar (no post entries). Peter Benoit, 30 Woodlake Dr, Albany, NY 12203.
 - * 17 Apr - London Marathon
 - 18 Apr - Boston, MA - BAA Marathon
 - 23 Apr - St. Johnsbury, VT - 2mi & 10km; Sal DeMaio
- Note: for info on GMAA races, contact Mike Sullivan (899-4059)

DEADLINE

For the March - April Newsletter is 28 Feb 83. Response to my request for articles for this issue was overwhelming! Keep those articles, race results, etc., coming.

*
* ANNUAL MEETING *
*
* at *
* Darragh Ellerson's *
* Upper North Street *
* Montpelier *
*
* 2 pm *
* Sunday *
* 23 January 1983 *
*
* Elect Officers *
* Set Dues *
* Old Business *
* New Business *
*
* Run *
* X-C Ski *
* Gab *
* Eat *
*
* Bring pot-luck dish *
*
* See you there... *
*

CENTRAL VERMONT RUNNERS
c/o BOB MURPHY
RD 3, BIRCHWOOD PARK DRIVE
BARRE, VERMONT 05601 1983
Address Correction Requested



J
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Tucson, AZ 85733