

BULK RATE  
U. S. POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
Bangor, Me. 04401  
Permit No. 7

Address Change Requested  
PO Box 259, E. Holden, ME 04429

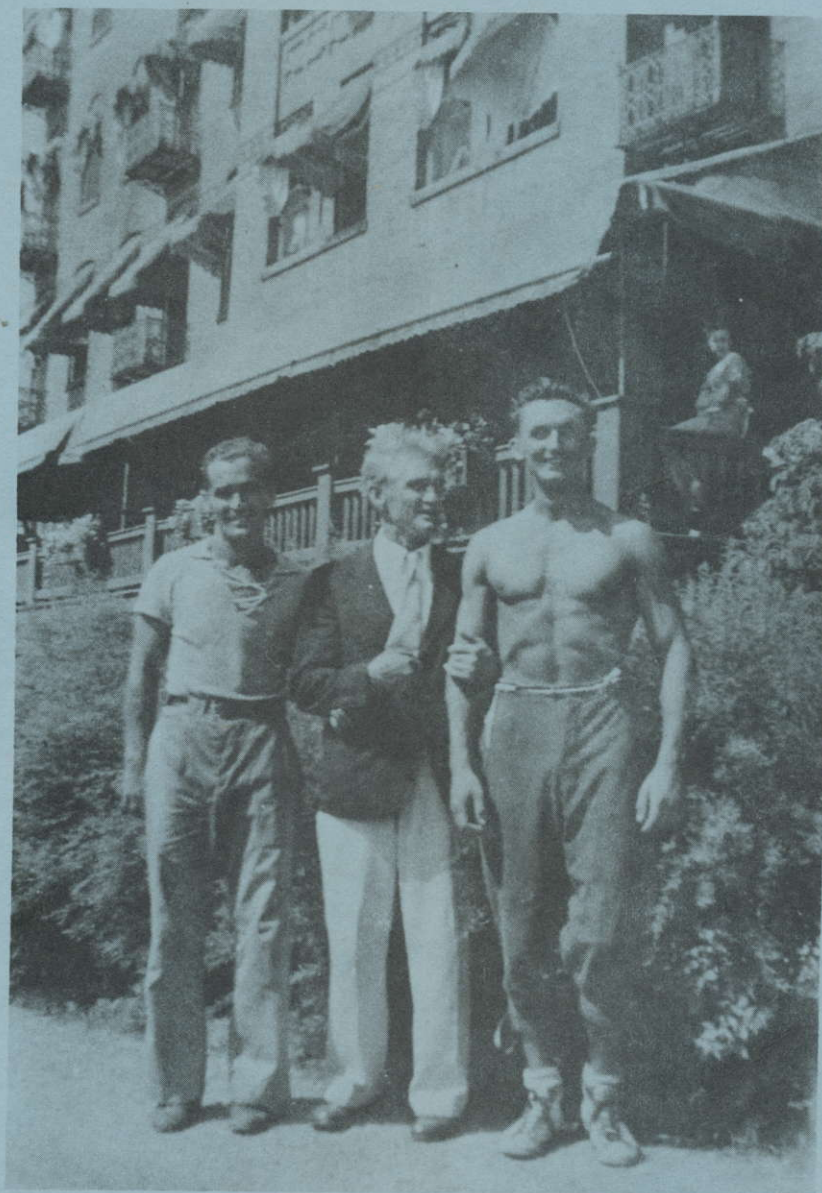
**APRIL 1983**

**Vol. 4 No. 4**

# **MAINE Running**

7-83

HUBERT STROM  
164 Fowler Rd.  
Cape Elizabeth, Me. 04107



**\$1.50**



# MAINE Running

P.O. Box 259, E. Holden, Me. 04429

On the cover of our April issue of Maine Running Magazine is the highly personable Charles Serritella of Caribou, Maine. He and the powerful Tony Toluba are on either side of the famous Bernarr Macfadden, at Macfadden's Physical Culture Hotel in 1937.

Charlie and Tony had just finished walking 45 miles in 9 hours and 42 minutes. Read all about one of Dr. Serritella's early experiences in the first of many "Walking For Health" articles.

Deke is back with his reflections on his old coach "Sabe". Sabe died recently of cancer and it is that time of year again when most runners in Maine turn their attention to that disease as the second annual races in memory of Terry Fox are coming up in early May. On May first there will be races to remember Terry in Bangor, Caribou and Ellsworth and then on the 7th, Portland will hold their annual event. Let's see if the other three locations can come anywhere near the 400 plus that showed up in Brewer last year.

Bill Peabody is back with the latest on Maine runners competing south of the border and Dr. Frachella shares an article about how sick we all are with us.

I am swamped with great material for future issues of MR, so if you sent something and it isn't here, look again next month. It couldn't hurt sales either.

Finally I'd like to welcome the fine people from James Bailey, Co. of Middle Street in downtown Portland to the list of yearly advertisers. When you're in the store, thank Charlie and Bob for their ongoing support of the sport of running in Maine.

*Bob*

## APRIL AND MAY CALENDARS

2-3

35 spring races in the rainy months including the state's largest marathon and the Terry Fox 5K's.

## CRANDYGRAM

4

How do people get into the nationally renowned Great Cranberry Island run?

## WALKING FOR HEALTH

5-6

Dr. Charles Serritella shares some fond memories of walking through upstate New York in the late 30's.

## REMEMBERING SABE

7-13

Deke brings the cage at Bowdoin alive in his saga of Sabe and the bad-news Polar Bears.

## CLUB NEWS

14-15

Lots of news from the north but not much from the rest of the state. Help!!

## ...AND IN THE REST OF THE WORLD 16-17

Bill Peabody pretty much raps up indoor track and starts to look forward to the upcoming Olympics. How many Maine people will be in them?

## FRACH ATTACK

18

Frach warns us about what our doctor's may be accusing us of in the near future.

## THE PACK

Maine Running is published monthly at Bangor.

Editor: Robert Booker  
PO Box 259  
E. Holden, Me. 04429

Telephone: (207) 843-6262





# April

- 2 THE 15 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RUN. 11:00 a.m. from Rockland High. See flyer in March issue or contact: Ken Sylvester 109 Talbot Ave., Rockland, Maine 04841
- 9 FT. WESTERN TIRE CO. TWOSOME & OPEN 5 MILE ROAD RACE. 9:00 a.m. from the Hodgkins School in Augusta. See flyer in the March issue or contact: Barbara Godfrey, Ft. Western Tire Co., 5 Bowman St., Augusta, Me. 04330
- 9 EAGLE RUN. 10:00 a.m. from Maine Maritime Academy in Castine. Contact: John L. Grant, NROTC Unit, MMA, Castine, Me. 04421
- 10 WEBBER HOSPITAL RUN. Saturday night clinics. 1 and 5 milers. Biddeford. Contact: Dick Roberge, 110 Union Ave., Old Orchard Beach, Me. 04064
- 10 THE ATHLETICS EAST RUN FOR THE ROSES 5,000 METER ROAD RACE. 10:00 a.m. from the Garland Street Junior High in Bangor. Contact: Run For the Roses, 152 Webster Ave., Bangor, Me. 04401 \$3 in advance; \$4 the day of the race. T-shirts to the first 100.
- 16 DAPPER DAN'S DELI DASH. 3 Miler in Ocean Park. Contact: Dick Roberge at above address.
- 16 UMA REBEL RACE. 10:20 a.m. start. Two races: 5 mile and 2.5 mile fitness trail run. \$4. Starts at the Augusta Civic Center. Contact: Bill Seekins, Recreation & Athletics, UofM at Augusta, University Heights, Augusta, Me. 04330 or call 622-7131 ext. 304
- 17 LIFE. BE IN IT. FAMILY FUN RUN. 2-4 mile. 1:00 p.m. from the Harbor House in Southwest Harbor. \$1.50 adult; \$.50 children. Contact: Marty Lyons, Harbor House, Southwest Harbor, Me. 04679
- 18 BOSTON MARATHON. Hopkinton to Boston. \$10 19 and over Boston Athletic Association, 150 Causeway St., Boston, MA 02114
- 18 54TH ANNUAL PORTLAND BOYS' CLUB 5 MILE. 12 noon from 277 Cumberland Ave., Portland, Me. 04101. \$3 pre; \$4 post. Contact: Dave Paul at this address or call 773-0231 or 774-4089. MTC Event.
- 16\* ST JOSEPH HOSPITAL SPRING RUN. 10:00 a.m. from the hospital on Center Street in Bangor. 5K course. \$2.50 without and \$5.00 with T-shirt. Contact: St. Joseph's Hospital Spring Run, 297 Center St., Bangor, Me. 04401 See flyer.
- 23 APRIL AMBLE. Tentative date for traditional Westbrook College 4 Mile. Contact: Robert Hodgon. Someone let me know how it turns out!
- 24 FRANK SABASTEANSKI MEMORIAL POLAR BEAR RUN!! 1:30 p.m. from the college in Brunswick. See flyer.
- 30 CHINA 10K CLASSIC. 10:30 a.m. See flyer.
- 30 10TH ANNUAL MAD WITCH HALF MARATHON. 9:00 a.m. from the Brewer Auditorium. See flyer.



1

1

1 and 7

7

7

8

14

15

21

\*29\*

30

UPCOMING EVENTS! See the flyers for the Great Cranberry Island Road Race and the L.L. Bean 10K in this issue.

Bob Booker has asked me to put together a Maine canoe race schedule for 1983. Well, yesterday, the American Canoe Association sent me their New England Division Schedule of Events from which I have plagiarized the following information:

May 7 Sandy River Race. 13 miles of white water open in Strong, Me.  
Contact: Len MacPhee, RFD #3, Farminton, Me. 778-4051



## CRANDYGRAM

Budweiser Light of Bangor and Larry and Gary Allen, race directors of the renowned Great Cranberry Island Road Race have announced the date of this year's fifth annual event as June 25, 1983 and the following procedure for gaining entry into this traditionally popular race.

Entry application forms will be available on April 1, 1983 at Bangor area sporting goods stores, in the April issue of Maine Running Magazine, or by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to 470 Birch St., Apt 2, Bangor, Me. 04401.

The first 100 completed applications received back via return mail will be accepted. All remaining applications received back by Wednesday, May 11, 1983 will be placed into a lottery and the remaining 100 acceptances will be randomly drawn on Friday, May 13, 1983.

Last year's event attracted national media attention as 600 runners from 18 states vied for one of the coveted 200 available spots in this unique 3.1 (5km) race. The race held on small, scenic Great Cranberry Island, a fishing village and traditional summer vacation home of many artists, has become a summer highlight for many runners and their families from all over the Eastern U.S.

"Entry into the race can be tough", says co-race director Larry Allen. "We already have over 100 requests for applications from many states. Naturally those runners in Maine have an advantage with increased access to applications and decreased return mail time, we hope they'll use their advantage to help maintain the Maine flavor of the race."

The race is being sponsored this year by Maine Distributors of Bangor, distributors of Budweiser Light.

Last year's winners and record holders Mike Gaige (14:51) and Sue Elias (18:06) are expected to return and attempt to better their course records against a top field of runners, yet race organizers insist that entered runners of all abilities are welcome, and anyone may also try for the record at the other extreme (38:06). However, the toughest competition of all may be among those just trying to enter the event.

### HEART BEAT

## NEWS RELEASE

Maine Heart Association, Inc.

Telephone 623-8432  
20 Winter Street  
Augusta, Maine 04330

### 1200 MILE RUN FOR HEART

On Wednesday, June 1, 1983 Elizabeth Neporent and Blake Marson of Albany, N.Y. will begin a 1200 mile Run for Heart. Their route will start from Kingston, N.Y. and finish approximately ten weeks later at Stanford, Connecticut. All six New England states will be visited.

Their Maine itinerary tentatively includes:

Gorham, N.H.; Gilead; Hanover; East Dixfield (July 11); Farmington, Skowhegan; Waterville; Augusta; Dresden Mills (July 16); Boothbay Harbor; Bath; Brunswick; Yarmouth; Portland; Old Orchard Beach; Kennebunkport; Ogunquit (Jul 26); and Portsmouth, N.H.

If anyone is interested in a "companion run" or helping in any of the listed areas, contact Ms. Neporent at 1422 Western Ave., Albany, N.Y. 12203 (518-438-3011) or Roberta Hickman, American Heart Association, PO Box 346, Augusta, Me. 04330 (623-8432) as soon as possible.



## DEKE'S CORNER

### RUMINATIONS ON SABE

"....I ran for Bowdoin in '71,  
down in the Land of the Midnight Sun  
so sit right down and hear the tale..."

(Anon.)

Rick Krause gave a fine testimonial, but I noted with amusement what he had left out. The fine won-loss statistics were there for all to see: 57-43 for coaching cross-country, 72-25 for track. These statistics, carefully and cosmetically collected from 1972 through 1981, might deceive one to think that Frank Sabasteanski's overall statistics were as impressive. Alas, they were not, and the teams in which we participated did much to lower the average.

I choose to believe that we were not negligent, nor were we slovenly or defeatist. We just didn't win very much, yet emerged from the experience alive. And somehow, looking back on the years that I knew Sabe, that seems a very large part of my life.

When Sabe had a great talent, he knew how to develop it, but during my Bowdoin years he had precious little opportunity. We were members of classes weighted heavily with specialists; we muttered that admission to Bowdoin was guaranteed only if one was a flutemaker's apprentice in the Chang Tang Highlands over the previous 9 years. Well-rounded individuals need not apply. Yet now I realize that if we had been members of more well-rounded classes, how could we ever have made a college varsity team, we of modest abilities, hopes, and 4:45 high-school mile PRs?

It all makes such wonderful sense now, because despite our mediocrity, we were a team, and it is the team, not the record, that is worth remembering. Some teams are worth remembering because of their quality, and I was even a captain of one such team, the '72 State cross-country champions. But I was not a member of that team. I was an old road dog, a relic from another era, given the captaincy as a pathetic honorarium for my seniority. Perhaps that team of young lions have their own story to tell, but it is not mine. Mine begins in the fall of '70.

"...so sit right down and hear the tale  
of Captain Toby Coverdale.  
Captain Toby was a champ  
Never felt no pain nor cramp  
Ran the quarter, half, 600..."

All the boys at Bowdoin wondered  
Lived there runner ere could nail  
Captain Toby Coverdale?"

CAPTAIN TOBY wasn't really a champ, though he certainly was competitive enough to be one. He simply had too many outlets for his aggression, the primary one being Doctor Bassett. Toby's hatred of Doctor Bassett was so venomous, so passionate so complete in its all-enveloping purity, that we were awe-inspired by its Platonic idealism.

Doctor Bassett wasn't a doctor, although there was doubt in nobody's mind, least of all Doctor Bassett's, that he would become one. His fine, ingratiating manner assured that he would have his personal ambitions satisfied. He was entirely inoffensive to anyone who didn't stand in his way. Because we did not stand in his way, most of us could not truly participate in Toby's hatred, but could only watch in amusement. But Doctor Bassett had stepped hard on Toby's toes, when he took the James Bowdoin Cup away from him.

The James Bowdoin Cup is the annual Bowdoin student/athlete award, given to the varsity letter winner with the highest grade-point average. For 1970, Toby figured he had earned it. Only a 24-hour tool could earn a higher average. Doctor Bassett was such a tool, of course, but he would never have the time to earn a legitimate varsity letter. But the cross-country team in the fall of '69 was decimated by injury, until only four men were left. Doctor Bassett saw his chance, jogged a few races, picked up his letter, and grabbed the Cup. Toby was livid. But then, Toby was always livid.

Doctor Bassett was only the most conspicuous chip on Toby's shoulder. Probably the biggest was his name. He was Miles Coverdale, Jr. namesake of an obscure sixteenth-century Anglican theologian whom Toby could not have resembled in the least and of his father, whom Toby probably



resembled very much. Miles Coverdale Sr. was a Long Island entrepreneur, retired at 35 to indulge his passion in antique autos, an amiable enough fellow upon first meeting, probably because he had cracked enough eggs to make his omelet. Toby inherited the seething competitiveness, and carried it as a curse. Toby even cast himself in the role of Oliver Barrett IV, the protagonist in Erich Segal's Love Story, wrote a story calling his father Old Stony Face and carried the parallels as far as he could, to the point of romancing a Catholic girl from an old New England mill town. She had honey-blond hair, a sunny temperament, and while we agreed that Toby was worth saving, we also agreed that she was too good for him.

That, in a nutshell, was Captain Toby, a man seething in a body not fast enough for him and carrying a nickname which suggested a large, amiable house pet, which he definitely was not. But he was a true Captain, a sharply defined personality among many which Sabe knew enough when to humor and when to leave well enough alone.

Sabe, for example, never faulted us that our prime competition efforts in the winter of '70-71 were directed to the Bassetti Cup Table Hockey Championship. The Bassetti Cup, naturally, was named for the lately-mentioned Doctor and the prize he so rudely stole. Toby's only remaining hope was for the Bassetti Cup, for which he would have given both of anything he had. There were obstacles, of course. Wayne Gardiner's Canadiens and my California Golden Seals posed no threat, despite my recruiting of Reggie Jackson as a defenseman; he never took well to the ice. Kevin Savage's Bruins had the best early record, employing a classic style, but he faded in the late-season push. The Bruins, in fact, nearly suffered an ignominious tie with the Golden Seals in late-season play, a disaster averted only when Reggie Jackson, overcome with excitement, dumped the puck in his own net with 3 seconds to play. John Asa-

trian's team was a poorly-organized expansion club, the Acapulco Goals, consisting of badly-coked rejects from other teams. He was even beaten by the lowly Seals on the slushy Acapulco ice. Nick Sampsidis' Rangers, though hardly better organized, had far more talent, and were about at parity with the Bruins by the end of the season, through the use of a two-handed table-hockey slap shot seen nowhere else.

But Toby's only real obstacle came from Mark Cuneo's Vancouver Canucks, and Mark's fine veterans, Center Francois and Right Winger Roberto. Because of certain exit-visa difficulties, these gentlemen had never given their last names, but these flaws were overlooked. Francois and Roberto were too popular, having introduced both the faifong and the high-low to Bassetti Cup play. How could I explain the high-low, the faifong, the Patented crosshand defense, to video-game freaks? The high-low was introduced in the Bassetti Cup Semis, Mark's Canucks against Toby's Pittsburgh Penguins. In the second game of a five game series, with Vancouver humiliating Pittsburgh 8-0 and the high-low scoring at will, Toby flung the rink against the wall. Even Terry Sawchuk, Vancouver's long-dead goalie, who had been enjoying a quiet evening at his end of the rink, was jolted awake. With the field of play destroyed, the Commissioner awarded the Canucks both the game and the series. The Bassetti Cup ultimately went to the Canucks, after an anticlimactic final against the Bruins. Everyone agreed that the replacement rink didn't have the same good action.

\*\*\*\*\*

I SAID THAT THE STORY BEGAN in the fall of '70. Maybe it started when the time-space matrix blossomed out of the Physical Singularity in what physicists simply call The Event. But, since I don't know the story in between, I should start with the Bates-Vermont-Bowdoin cross-country tri-meet in November 1970.

I had by then established myself as number-two man on a squad without much native talent, save for top man Mark Cuneo. So it was a friendly team, not beset by rivalries within or terrified



of losing. Nor we were afraid of winning, either, on those rare circumstances when we had a chance. In our first tri-meet of the season we used classic strategy, keeping a tight pack through the first mile and then exploding through the field in a demoralizing charge, soundly beating St. Anselm's and Merrimack. But Amherst, Williams and Colby had not cooperated, and we had not performed well at the State meet at Orono. The season was winding down, and we had no place to go.

The race against Bates and Vermont figured to be a hopeless attempt to save some trace of dignity. We sat around the locker room silently, unlike ourselves, wondering how we could all lose our way on the course and be able to explain it as an accident. Then Sabe came in, shuffling merrily, and gave us a little pep talk. "Now boys," he said, "we all know how strong Bates and Vermont are. They'll probably be waging a rematch of the Easterns Championships. This race means a lot to both of them. I just want to say to you guys, I want you to run well, but DON'T SCREW UP THE MEET." He gave a little smile. "Don't try anything foolish and get in their way. Just relax and run your best. Remember, when rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

I don't ever dare hope to hear a pep talk like that again, but it worked. We immediately relaxed. We took off and thundered down the course to the strains of the William Tell Overture, blaring out a dormitory window. Mark was the only casualty, thinking he should be fast enough to stay with the lead pack. He burned out, failed to finish, and for the first and only time in my college career I was the top Bowdoin finisher. Overall, I may have finished as high as 15th place.

\*\*\*

As the fall grew darker and colder, and the cross-country season ended, our excitement grew, because we knew we were getting stronger and sharper. Mark, Toby, Wayne and I turned out 10 65-second quarter miles on the Whittier field track one afternoon, but it was getting too cold to race well outdoors. It was time to run in the Cage.

The Cage held a narrow, banked, 140-yard dirt track, 12 1/2 laps to the mile.

Despite the cramped area, the track was actually quite fast, at least for distance races. For the 600-yard runners, though, it was a nightmare, with the runners immediately going into a turn at the start. Toby would be running the 600 and wished he still had the forearm cast he had worn early in the cross-country season. The cast had almost been used on one occasion, during a Monopoly game. Toby nearly brained his girlfriend when she sold a hotel to The Snake for \$1500 after Toby had offered to buy it for \$1000. The Snake was one of Toby's roommates, but he hated him just the same, and saw the sale as an act of treason.

Mark and I wouldn't have to worry about elbows and forearms in the two-mile, which was the ideal distance on the track. The banks were just right to keep us hugging the inside line, propelling us through the short straightaways. Mark had his eye on the school 2-mile record, and I wanted to keep him as close as I could. We were planning an effort for the intrasquad meet on the first weekend of December. There was much work to do.

As gently as he could, Mark explained that we would have to do some mile-rep workouts. Being innocent, I thought nothing much about it. Stay as close as you can, Deke. You should be able to handle 4:55 pace; just find out what you can do. The first mile felt okay, in about 4:54, and we began an 8-minute walk. At first it was pleasant, but as we walked and I kept seeing the giant timing-clock sweep around I lost track of time. Apprehension began to gnaw at me. When we began the second mile, the apprehension left, but as I approached the third-quarter mark I began to feel a vise around my chest which tightened until I passed the finish in 4:57. Relief again as I started to walk, but the apprehension came earlier this time, spreading from the stomach through the lower back. The vise began squeezing me earlier in the third mile, and I had to fight to finish in 5:00 flat. I was drowning, but so were the others. We took a longer break before the last mile, and it helped to know it was the last. We finished together in 4:57.

I was devastated enough without coming down with the 24-hour flu the same night. I had the terrifying experience of vomiting so hard that blood came up. That night I



lay helpless in my fraternity-house bed while Rico Petrocelli and Ken Harrelson were making a cameo appearance in the living room downstairs. It was nothing to me except I regretted missing the sight of Lou Tripaldi bounding down the stairs shouting, "The...HAAAWWWKKK!!"

Ten days later, just back from Thanksgiving break, I was preparing for practice when Mark came in the locker. "Hey Deke..." he grinned, "guess what?" I yelped, grabbed my shoes in my mouth, and huddled on the bench. I knew what was coming.

Surprisingly, though, it went well, and without the harrowing aftermath. 4:53, 4:55, 4:57, and a finishing 4:51. Mark dropped out of the last mile, and I kept going, exhausted but entirely relaxed, with a feeling of confidence I had never experienced before. In scarcely a week, I would spend this investment entirely on one race, meaningless except to us who would run it.

On December 5, 1970, Mark, Wayne and I took the line for the start of the Unadvertised Special 2-mile event in the intrasquad meet. We had planned in great detail everything we could. Wayne must take out the first half-mile in 2:20. Then I'd take over, and try to hit the mile in 4:45. Then Mark would be ready to take over en route to his record attempt. I really thought a 4:45 split for the mile was a bit spicy, but I'd try. I wondered if Sabe had any idea what we were doing.

As all the great races seem to be, this one went by almost too fast to recall. Wayne did his job perfectly, passing the half in 2:20 even. I took over, feeling good, if a little stiff with tension. As we came up to the mile, Mark was a little impatient, and went by me. He passed the mile in 4:49, with me a second behind. From then on, I remember nothing. A voice from the balcony above, a fleeting thought that I mustn't let Mark lap me, that is all. Everything was focused on the moment. There wasn't even any anticipation of finishing; just run until somebody tells you to stop. Suddenly Mark was finished, and I was too, hearing somebody call nine forty-nine as I passed the scorer's table.

Our joy in the shower-room was unparalleled. Everyone else had treated the meet for what it was, an intrasquad trial, but Mark had his school record, I had my sub-ten, and Wayne, though he had just missed breaking ten, had a better time than he had expected.

Though I could scarcely have known it, this would be my fastest collegiate time. Over the winter, I would lose the base I had unconsciously built up over the fall. Twenty miles a week, mostly of interval work, were not enough. Sabe encouraged us to run outdoors, but did not supervise us to see whether we did. We did not. After all we had season passes to see all of the games leading up to the Bassetti Cup, and we took full advantage of the privilege.

\*\*\*

BY EARLY FEBRUARY we were a team. We did not have the measure of greatness, but at least the weightmen and runners were talking to each other. That was no small achievement, considering our daily confrontations in the restricted confines of Hyde Cage. It was a constant battle for territory with shifting tides from moment to moment. The weightmen, firmly dug in beside a circle at one corner of the track, held onto their small piece of ground with stolid determination. The runners were Viet Cong, skimming lightly over large expanses of land, never really making a stand for any one piece of real estate. The weightmen regularly pounded the track with 35-pound artillery, cratering the 1-mile starting line, but the runners always managed to move away in time. The bombing was especially bad when Sabe was trying to break in some untrained slab of beef with the 35-pound weight. Such dangers were a wonderful diversion from the anaerobic pains of our ladder-interval workouts.

We tolerated the shelling because we had to. Sabe was perhaps the best authority in the country on the hammer and 35-pound weight, and somehow he always converted those slabs of beef into big point-getters. They appeared to have some basic intelligence, judging from Sabe's ability to get a trained response out of them. We became respectful enough to listen to their grunts for the patterns which one day might form the foundation for human language.



We finally made inter-species contact with one of the weightmen, a specimen by the name of Hogs Healey. Toby had collected a group of us, including Hogs, for a ski weekend at Mittersill, in the Waterville Valley. On our return, we made up a little ditty about Hogs to the beat of 'Big John', an old Jimmy Dean song. According to the tale, Bowdoin was trailing Tufts by a hopeless margin with about six events to go in a dual meet, when Hogs stepped into the breach. He then won the long jump, pole vault, high jump, mile and two-mile, and finished his day and his life with the mighty heave of the 35-pound weight, bringing the fieldhouse crashing down upon him. It wouldn't be the first, nor the last, time that the weightmen had earned our victory for us. We wrote down our song, and posted it on the bulletin board on the outside of the Cage. Thus began the Week of the Poet.

Throughout the following week, unknown authors posted various farcical poems outside the cage, lampooning several members of the team. Then, near the end of the week, the Crown Jewel appeared. 'The Legend of Captain Toby' was, by popular acclaim, a track art classic. It was even published in the school paper, a deserved bit of recognition even if the reputed author was one of the editors. The poem told the tragic story of Captain Toby's untimely death from a temper tantrum suffered after his defeat in the Interfraternity Meet quarter-mile at the hands of the rumored author of the piece:

"He never rose up from the track  
But simply lay upon his back  
And kicked his feet, and cried and cried  
And there poor Captain Toby died.  
A plaque was placed with warning made:  
Don't shit when first you should parade!"

Even this poet laureate had been forced to come up with one of Sabe's aphorisms to express his meaning. A man who shit in the parade had failed in the clutch. The man with the pen had inflicted a mortal wound, and had Toby's number forever after. Toby, enjoying an indulgent, therapeutic session of Bassett-hatred, failed to notice.

WINTER'S WEEKEND. The only highlight of Darkest February. My two-mile times had not improved; in fact, I had not broken ten minutes again. Still, Sabe had not put the pressure on me until now. But now, in a two-mile against Colby, I run the two-mile as our top man. Mark was moving down to the mile.

My mental preparation for the race had been far from ideal. My girlfriend had conveniently called me two nights before to explain she'd been pinned by somebody else. I was steaming, but unable to get in a hard, purging workout before the race. So I arrived at the cage early that Saturday afternoon to find that it was steaming, too. The heat had been left on too high, and on this relatively mild day, it had not dissipated. The weightmen and the jumpers loved the extra heat, so no windows were opened. In fact, nobody had attempted to open the cage windows for several decades. Sabe suggested for me to do a light warmup outdoors, but as I stepped from the hot cage directly into the outside air, the shock was too much. I had become hopelessly housebound.

As I stepped to the line for the start of the two-mile, I saw that my only competition was Colby's Lew Pacquin, a far better runner than I, but fatigued after a hard mile. As the race began, I saw that he wasn't responding well, so I took the lead. The half-mile, then the mile went by, and to my shock I discovered that my lead was increasing. I had broken the chain. The race was mine.

After a comfortable 4:55 first mile I decided not to risk a sub-ten-minute effort. Winning was all that counted. I could even clinch the team victory with this race. My concentration wavered a little when the "2" card was raised with 3 laps to go, but I shook it off, even raising the pace a bit. A lap later I felt a sharp twinge, and tried to ignore it. I wanted to hear the gun go off in my ear.

At the end of the 24th and beginning of the last lap my lead was unassailable, but something was terribly, terribly wrong, though I couldn't place it. I



yards later it happened. An invisible giant reached down from the balcony and pulled me straight up by my tail. Utterly helpless, I staggered a few more yards, bumping against the wall, and collapsed. The place was quiet. Eons passed, until finally Pacquin, then Wayne, passed me by.

Morally, I had won the race in 10:06. Physically, Pacquin won in a slow 10:15. I walked into the locker room and threw up. Feeling better, I came back in time to see Nick clinch the team victory with a win in the 1000.

Sabe came to console me in his dust- and cigar-laden office. "I think you got a little too excited with 3 laps left. That mistake in the lap count threw you off, didn't it?" He was trying to make excuses for me, but I didn't need them. My fate this day was so cruel, so pitiful, that humor was the only way to go. So I kept company that night with Mark, Wayne, Toby and their girlfriends, wallowing in commiseration, drinking champagne and sacrificially intervening when Toby, for reasons unknown, nearly came to blows with The Snake. Soon everyone in my company was sharing my experience in this ship-of-fools of a day. At least I knew I'd be a survivor.

\*\*\*\*\*

NOT LONG AFTER the Colby meet, I became injured. I don't remember the type of injury, but it wasn't serious, and I was healed in scarcely over a week. I didn't even miss any regular meets, only the Interfraternity Meet and the State AAU's. I didn't even miss any practices, though I didn't run them. On a late winter's midafternoon, there was precious little to do but go to the cage, shoot the breeze with the boys, and sometimes sit in the office and listen to Sabe's politics. For Sabe was an oligarchist, a believer in government rule by a trained elite. Since our classroom exposure tended toward soft-core Marxism, Sabe's theories seemed quaint. Actually, they didn't stray very far from the principles of Plato's Republic, though Sabe

thought no support from anyone else. Thankfully, he never tried to connect his coaching to his political theories. We were not the schoolboys on the playing-fields of Eton testing the principles of battle. Sabe just thought we'd like to know that he was a citizen, too, and had opinions as a citizen should. It was a vision we had not really grasped, a vision of a future when we would not be able to borrow the opinions of others, but would have to form our own.

I healed in time to run in our final dual meet of the season, against Vermont. The training hiatus helped. For the first and only time in my career, I managed a negative-split 2-mile, with my second mile considerably faster than my first. On the final lap I even managed something approximating a sprint. My time was not good enough to mention, but my feeling after the race was. We won the meet, and had the bus driver hammer for home to see the Bowdoin-Vermont hockey game the same night. That night, even the Bassetti Cup would have to take second billing to the real thing.

\*\*\*

SO ENDED OUR SEASON. Spring track couldn't be, and was not, the same. Outside the cage, we were different creatures. I became a considerably slower creature. Bassetti Cup hockey was done. Mark decided not to run any more. Toby, responding to a mild provocation of Doctor Bassett's, told him to f#&\$ off, and thereafter was not quite the discontented, tormented soul I had known. Captain Toby had ended his reign and gone into hibernation.

So what, indeed, is this rambling narrative about? It has no clear ending; I simply stopped it. Surely I could have talked more about the things Sabe did, like breaking up his weekend and driving to Orono to the 1972 indoor AAU's because I wanted to run the mile. But any confirmed track nut would have done the same, and some track nuts cover the entire spectrum of human personality. The only way I can tell a story about Sabe is to tell a story about us. He never intruded upon our fragile dignity, though he was always eager to offer advice. He offered friendship, but demanded no allegiance. He was always willing to offer his vulnerabilities to us. Where else would I have encountered a coach who admitted he would be pleased to be the godfather of any of our Catholic-born children?



I was drunk, and no mistake. Less than five hours after finishing the fourth annual Rowdy Ultra 50-mile, and I had pledged to run another 50-miler three weeks hence. The Rowdies had done it to me again, plying me with Haffenreffers and Rolling Rocks after I had run out of my beloved St. Pauli Girl brew. In the race, I had not flattened myself in proper fashion, having cautiously gone through the motions to assure my special position as the only one of 77-odd billion humans since Adam to have finished all of the first four Rowdy Ultras. I was not really fit, to be sure, but I had not done myself honor with my backdoor approach. I had to remember to run with passion.

The party in the Bowdoin Gymnasium Multi-purpose room was broken up, so I rose unsteadily to my feet. Shakily, on leaden feet, I wobbled into the hallway. Most of the coaches had their offices here, with doors along the hall. Room 104 was Sabe's office, the one he rarely used because he preferred the dusty office next to the Cage. Ten years had gone by, though, and maybe he liked the new office now. There was no way to know for sure, unless I could find out where he was keeping his List of 50 Ready-Made Excuses. Wherever he held forth, he kept the list with him. Room 104 was locked, but there was a card on the door. Sabe was ill, he wasn't able to coach now. Somehow, I had to let him know that I cared. With fumbling hand I wrote on the card

GET WELL! Deke

and stumbled on down the hallway. It was the pitiful least I could do. He cared for all of us, long after we left school.

I was feeling quite maudlin now, as I walked toward the Cage. The lights were still on. Run with passion...had I done so much as in this little place? Finally, a little resolve, which had scarcely come to me this day. Could I run now, on these stumps of legs? I had to try. The echoes were calling for me.

To my surprise, the dog-trot wasn't painful. The alcohol had numbed my nerve-ends, and in this magic place I had special dispensation to link with my memory. By the second lap I was running as fast as I had done at the start of the day, and by the third I was in the thick of that two-mile with Mark and Wayne. It was a short two-mile, and after that third lap I heaved myself onto a high-jump pit. There were voices coming. A young fellow, talking to a girl, came into the Cage, walked over to a hose, and began to water the track, just as young Deke had done a decade before. I began to babble to him about how things always change and stay the same. He listened patiently as the old fool rambled on, perhaps wondering if he would be the same ten years hence. Finally, in the need to preserve some dignity, I shuffled off. No need for me to reenact my personal Eighty-Yard Run in front of them.

Yes, Sabe, you cared for all of us. And another thing: you'd make a cracker-jack Godfather. I hope somebody asked.

we don't sell shoes  
but we can  
be nice  
to your  
feet



Gary Quimby  
& Vinal Smith



28 Harlow Street Bangor, Maine 04401  
207-942-3926



## AROOSTOOK JOGGERNAUTS

The Joggnernauts started 1983 with a large group of runners viewing two excellent videotapes on long distance training and long distance conditioning by Albert Salazar's coach at the University of Oregon, Bill Dellinger.

The Club once again sponsored the annual Winter Triathlon as part of Caribou's Winter Carnival. It was a beautiful day for the event. This year, the 1-mile snowshoe and 5-mile ski events were held at the Caribou Country Club. The 5.7 mile run was from the Country Club to McDonald's; unfortunately, North Main hill was part of the course. Tom Towle of Fort Fairfield was the individual winner in 1:06:57. Conrad Walton was second in 1:22:19; Jim Daigle third in 1:31:07; Harry Taylor, fourth in 1:37:54; Bob Duprey, fifth, in 1:39:42. Rusty Taylor got lost. Rumors that he was seen in Van Buren were false, and he did finish in 2:08:10. The winning open team was composed of Paul Plissey, Mark Hamlin, and Jim Dasch, in a time of 1:00:42. The winning mixed team was composed of Dennis Plant, Tom Campbell, and Donna Sund in 1:17:04. Other Joggnernauts winning trophies as team members were: Dan Bondeson, Sam Hamilton, Anita Duprey, Judy Duprey, and Joanne Cyr. Owen Jackson's performance on snowshoes was incredible!!

The Joggnernauts, with Northern National Bank as sponsor, are promoting a special competition known as the Northern Challenge. Runners will compete for prizes as a result of their performances in the following five County races: UMFK 5-miler, Fort Kent; Inn Race, Caribou; The Houlton 5 on the 4th; Potato Blossom, Fort Fairfield; and the Northern National in Presque Isle. More information and publicity will be forthcoming.

Over 20 races have been scheduled for Aroostook County this summer. Included among them are two triathlons. The first is a team event to be held on June 18 in Caribou and includes biking, canoeing, and running. The second triathlon is an individual event and is scheduled for August 27th in Presque Isle. It will include a 1/2-mile swim, 20-mile bike competition, and a five-mile run.

### Aroostook County Road Race Calendar 1983

April 9 - UMPI Spring Run-Off 5K  
\*April 17 - UMFK 5 miler  
April 23 - Lion's Club Run  
May 1 - Terry Fox 5K  
May 14 - Sub Flexation 10K  
May 22 - Helen P. Knight 5K  
\*May 30 - Inn Race 5 Miles

Presque Isle  
Fort Kent  
Presque Isle  
Caribou  
Caribou  
Caribou  
Caribou



June 4 - Border City Classic - 5 miles	Caribou
June 15 - Thomas Park 4.3 miles (6:00 p.m.)	New Sweden
June 18 - Summer Triathlon (run, canoe, bike) - Team	Caribou
June 25 - Loring "Cookie Run" 10K	Loring AFB
*July 4 - Houlton 5 on the 4th	Houlton
*July 16 - Potato Blossom 5 miles	Fort Fairfield
July 23 - Cary Hospital Run	Caribou
August 6 - County Bank Classic 5 Miles	Presque Isle
August 7 - Around the World 10K	Van Buren
*August 13 - Presque Isle Northern National Bank Run	Presque Isle
August 20 - Washburn 2.9 Fun Run	Washburn
August 27 - Triathlon (swim, bike, run) - Individual	Presque Isle
September 5 - Caribou Labor Day Race 4.3 miles	Caribou
September 11 - Judd's 5 Miler (Tentative)	Ashland
October 1 - UMPI Homecoming Race 5K	Presque Isle

**\*Northern Challenge Competition Race**

**WOODS RUNNERS**

What!?! The Club column is due?? Jeez, Booker will have my head!!  
 Let's see.....news, stuff, things...lies...no,no...what am I saying!!  
 Pain...pain...That's it!! I'll write about pain!! No...Skip's already  
 done that... twice!! Diet! Right! Good thought Duane! No...Dr. John  
 does that stuff. Sex and the runner!! Good stuff... now let's see.  
 What dear?? It's a bunch of garbage? Right!! Good Lord... what else  
 is there?? Nerdlike running shorts!! That's it!! What a column that  
 would make! Who's ever done one on running shorts before!! Brand name  
 you ask?? I don't know. No one could ever get close enough to identify  
 it. Nerdlike thinks a wash is a small ravine. Well, that's out! What  
 else.....m m... oh yeah! The new officers of the Woods Runners!! Finally!!  
 It seems like only yesterday that the last three nominees have gone on  
 their way, convulsed in laughter...chortles of mirthful anguish  
 echoing in the frosty air...slapping each other with gusto and screaming..  
 an officer of the Woods Runners!?! That Ritchie's got to be nuts!!  
 What a kidder!! Ha, ha, ha ...oh my....ho, ho, ho!! Alan and Vicki  
 Stevens.. oh yeah, I already called them...wonder why they hung up?!!  
 It's that Nerdlike and Duane. They're the reason no one wants this job.  
 Ya just can't warm up to those guys that don't shower or shave and eat  
 garlic at the ten minute break. Maybe Coughlin or Mangus or some other  
 club would take em...OR --- THE ROWDIES!! THAT'S IT. THEY'D MAKE GREAT  
 ROWDIES!! PLEASE!! PLEASE, you guys!! Take em!! Take em!! Get em  
 away from here!!!! Arrghhh.... What are you doing? What's the white  
 coat for?!? What are ya doing with those buckles?!? MA!!!!!!





## 'THE PACK'

### SPRUCE MOUNTAIN XC SKI CHAMPIONSHIP Jay 7.5 K Feb 20th

1. Eric McNett	18:59
2. Dean Gillett	20:36
3. Dan Greenleaf (HS)	20:51
4. Mike Simoneau	23:12
5. Peer Kling	24:16*
6. Jim Ruzicka	24:19
7. Warren Forbes (M)	26:42
8. Jane Waddle	27:02*
9. Gene Roy (M)	28:36
10. Phil Harmon (M)	29:18
11. David Greenleaf	30:39
12. Kerry Reynolds	32:23
13. Jim McBath	32:58

Results courtesy of Bob Miller  
Race Director

### ST. JOE'S 10 MILE RUN North Windham Mar 6th

1. Stu Hogan	53:25
2. Rock Green	53:42
3. Henri Bouchard	54:13
4. Kevin McDonald	57:28
5. Gary Coyne	58:35
6. Jim Toulouse	59:28
7. Gary Cochran (M)	59:39
8. Danny Smith	60:19
9. Bob Coughlin (M)	61:20
10. Eric Ellis	62:36
11. John O'Malley	62:45
12. Peter Bastow	63:32
13. Bob Jolicoeur (M)	63:48
14. Bob Payne	65:41
15. Martin Donlon	66:27
16. Mike Beaudoin	67:39
17. Ron Gervais	67:59
18. Al Bulter	72:28
19. Arthur Chapman	72:57
20. Barb Coughlin (M)	73:54*
21. Carl Fogg	75:20
22. Warren Wilson	77:48
23. Jane Waddle	78:16*
24. Steve Crockett	79:12
25. Art Jones	79:42

Results courtesy of Ziggy Gillespie  
Race Director

### DEMERS TRACK MEET Bates, Lewiston Feb 20th

#### Mens Events

Yankee Track Club 83, Maine Track Club 6, Four Corners 5, Ararat Super Striders 5, Central Maine Track Club 3, Lakers Track Club 1

55 Meter Dash: 1. O'Brien (Yan); 2. House (Yan); 3. Lambert (Yan); 4. Taylor (un) - 6.6 Meet record

55 Meter Hurdles: 1. Gori (un); 2. Smith (un); 3. Church (un); 4. Murchie (Yan) - 8.0

200: 1. House (Yan); 2. Smith (un); 3. Corriveau (un); 4. Roberts (un) - 24.7

400: 1. Quintal (Yan); 2. House

(Yan); 3. Bord (Can); 4. Bierce (L) - 52.4 Meet record.

800: 1. Guliani (un); 2. Alden (Yan); 3. Arsenaute (un); 4. Bard (Can) - 2:04.4 Meet record

1500: 1. Fletcher (Yan); 2. Parlin (MTC); 3. Keller (MTC); 4. Cake (Yan) - 4:16.4

3000: 1. Podgajny (Four); 2. Alden (un); 3. Brund (MIT); 4. McDonald (un) - 8:46.2 Meet record

1500 Walk: 1. Albert (Yan); 2. Ingalls (Ar) - 8:05.4

4x200 Relay: 1. Portsmouth H.S.; 2. Yankee; 3. Star; 4. Yankee B - 1:37.1

4x400 Relay: 1. Yankee A; 2. Yankee B; 3. Ath East - 3:43.2

High Jump: 1. Hartung (un); 2. Taylor (Yan); 3. Albert (Yan); 4. Rozzi (un) - 6'4" Meet record

Long Jump: 1. Veilleux (un); 2. Vose (un); 3. Slovenski (Yan); 4. Finch (Yan) - 21'2" Meet record

Triple Jump: Vose (un); 2. Snowden (un); 3. Rozzi (un); 4. Wills (Yan) - 42'7" Meet record

Pole Vault: 1. Slovenski (Yan); 2. Reina (Yan); 3. McAucy (Ar) - 13'1" Meet record

Shot Put: 1. Robichaud (Yan); 2. Gardner (un); e. Lebrun (Yan) - 36'4"

35-lb Weight: 1. Beaulieu (Yan); 2. Robichaud (Yan); 3. Heath (un); 4. Lebrun (Yan) - 47'4" Meet record.

Demers Memorial 1500: 1. Guliani (un); 2. Podgajny (Four); 3. Casey (Coastal); 4. Blood (Lakers) - 4:12.6

#### Women's Events

Ararat Super Striders 49, Four Corners 5, Lakers 3, Central Maine 1

55 Dash: 1. Vogt (un); 2. Petkus (Ar); 3. Goiven (un); 4. Kara Fallon (Ar) - 7.6 Meet record

55 Hurdles: 1. Gori (un); 2. Walker (un); 3. Petkus (Ar); 4. Boucher (Lakers) - 9.0 Meet record

200: 1. Vogt (un); 2. Gowen (un); 3. Berry (un); 4. Bierce (un) - 28.1 Meet record

400: 1. Kara Fallon (Ar); 2. Scholz (un); 3. Gilbert (un); 4. Gaul (un) - 66.4

800: 1. Donovan (un); 2. Fournier (Ar); 3. Petkus (Ar) - 2:27.5

1500: 1. Podgajny (Four); 2. Court (un); 3. Webber (un); 4. Fournier (Ar) - 4:55.8 Meet record

3000: 1. Butcher (Ar); 2. Fournier (Ar); 3. Hoskins (Ar); 4. Boyle (un) 10:44.2 Meet record

1500 Walk: 1. Hoskins (Ar); 2. Butcher (Ar) - 10:10.2

4x200 Relay: 1. Portsmouth HS; 2. Star; 3. Ararat; 4. Lakers - 1:53.9 Meet record

4x400 Relay: 1. Ararat 4:39.7

High Jump: 1. Walker (un); 2. Rioux 3. McHatten (Ar) - 5'2" Meet record

Long jump: 1. Williamson (un); 2. Waite (Ar); 3. Hersey (un); 4. Halle (Central) - 16'3" Meet record

Triple Jump: 1. Williamson (un); 2. Walker (un); 3. Waite (Ar); 4. Murphy (Lakers) - 34'1" Meet record

Shot Put: 1. Ross (un); 2. Starr (un) - 42'7" Meet record

#### Non-scoring events

55 Dash: 10 and under Boys - Rau 8.7; 10 and under girls - Powell 9.5; 11/12 Boys - Karsch 8.6; 11/12 girls - Robinson 8.5; 13/14 Boys - Meggarson 7.1; 13/14 Girls - Tilley 7.6; 15/18 Boys - Gori 6.8.

400: 10 and under boys - Colucci 1:24.2; 10 and under girls - Whittier 1:29.1; 11/12 boys - Osgood 1:19.9; 11/12 girls - Markovich 1:14.5; 13/14 boys - Meggison 60.4; 15/18 boys - Taylor 55.2.

1500: 10 and under boys - Miller 5:48; 10 and under girls - Powell 7:13; 11/12 boys - Lyons 5:14.4; 13/14 boys - Lyons 4:46.8; 15/18 boys - Hackett 4:33; Junior Masters Men - Shea 4:34.7; Masters Men - Crommet 4:24.9.

High Jump: 10 and under boys - Erickson 3'4"; 10 and under girls - Whittier 3'2"; 11/12 boys - Nason 4'2"; 11/12 girls - Murphy 4'4"; 13/14 boys - Murphy 5'; 15/18 boys - Faherty 6'.

Long Jump: 10 and under boys - Karsch 10'10"; 10 and under girls - Sanborne 9'5"; 11/12 Boys - Cates 10'5"; 11/12 girls - Murphy 12'24"; 13/14 boys - Anderson 14'4"; 15/18 boys - Snowden 17'9".

Shot put: 15/18 boys - Heath 49'2".

Results courtesy of Lance Guliani  
from the Lewiston Daily Sun

### "THE HARE" CROSS COUNTRY SKI RACE Saddleback Mt. 15 K Mar 6th

1. Arnold Amoroso	54:50
2. Andrew McGillvary	54:56
3. Russell Chretien	55:16
4. Kevin Selwood	58:05
5. John Fitzgerald	58:58
6. Eric Fearon	59:49
7. Randy Easter	60:46
8. Ray Giglio	61:11
9. Marcia Giglio	61:27*
10. Peter Selwood	63:37
11. Erik Anderson	68:03
12. Ted Hall	72:44
13. Walter Pepperman	74:06
14. Charles Trayford	74:45
15. Lucie Beland	79:44
16. Judy Thompson	85:56
17. Shawn Taylor	86:37
18. Ray Atwood	87:54
19. Jane Barron	91:23*
20. Cary Alexander	93:30
21. Midge Arndt	93:32*
22. Larry Barron	96:31
23. Reginald O'Reilly	114:40

Results courtesy of Carl Wegner  
Director Ski Nordic at Saddleback



# THE RED ROOSTER NORDIC XC SKI RACE Saddleback Mar 13

## Women 5K

1. Karen Dinsmore	25:17
2. Dina Newhouse	25:53
3. Lisa Bernardin	

## Men 7.5 K

1. Jim Fredericks	26:44
2. Liam Kelley	27:46
3. Tom Tarpulo	32:03
4. Greg Krutzsch	32:04
5. Bill Ingraham	34:16
6. Cameron McCullough	35:23
7. Peter Fredericks	37:15

Results courtesy of Carl Wegner  
Director, Ski Nordic at Saddleback

\*\*\*\*\*

## "GET YOUR IRISH UP" KILARNEY'S 10K Waterville Mar 13

1. Hank Chipman	32:53
2. Steve Russell	33:14
3. Peter Lessard	33:25
4. Wendell Blood	33:28
5. Dick Balentine	34:07
6. Rick Stuart	34:21
7. Greg Nelson	34:38
8. Steve Dexter	34:39
9. David Baird	34:41
10. Gino Valeriani	34:59
11. Danny Smith	35:06
12. Jon Wescott	35:25
13. Rick Lane	35:28
14. Mitch Lovering	36:01
15. Doug Ludwig (M)	36:22
16. Doug MacDonald	36:35
17. Kevin Rolfe	36:55
18. Geoffrey Hill	37:13
19. Glen Joseph	37:28
20. Steve Bumps	37:57
21. Anne Marie Davee	38:02*
22. Tom McWalters	38:13
23. Andy Abrams	38:27
24. Steve Ives	38:44
25. Dennis Hayes	38:44
26. James Floyd	39:18
27. Mike Simonean	39:19
28. Chris Metcalf	39:48
29. Russell Chretien	39:52
30. Terry Dostie	39:57
31. Bob Hagopian	40:07
32. Vern Lewis (M)	40:12
33. Bill Kerwin (M)	40:17
34. Steve Peterson	40:27
35. Alfred Karter	40:32
36. Brian Horne	40:34
37. Forest Sprague	40:35
38. Rob Dunn (M)	40:37
39. Chris Lyford	40:44
40. Mark Jose	41:03
41. Dick MacDonald (M)	41:08
42. John Schwerdel	41:18
43. Gary Thornberg	41:25
44. Gary Bouchard	41:28
45. Karen McCann	41:37*
46. Barry Hopkins	41:39
47. Mert Dearnly	41:52
48. Charles Hutchins (M)	42:10
49. Bill Sayers (M)	42:30
50. Ben Mills	42:41
51. Russell Martin	42:44
52. Carl Bowen (M)	42:51
53. Eric Seekins	42:59
54. John Joseph	43:10
55. Murray Campbell	43:17
56. Greg St. Pierre	43:25
57. Tim Quirion	43:27
58. Paul Dall (M)	43:41
59. Leon Mooney	43:47
60. Dan Merrill	43:58
61. Kevin Wells	44:06
62. Cliff Fletcher (M)	44:20
63. James Moore	44:45
64. Don Best	44:53
65. Danny Taylor	44:58
66. Eric Corey	45:12

67. Gerold Hoff	45:15
68. Ed Thompson (M)	45:16
69. Bruce Turcotte	45:16
70. Kevin Dunn	45:27
71. Kathy Drummond	45:32*
72. Rich Abramson	45:35
73. Joe Vidolich	45:44
74. Nat Getchell	45:52
75. Tom Kahl	45:58
76. Carol Nale	46:02*
77. Martin Weiss	46:03
78. Cole Sargent	46:18
79. Harold Jones (M)	46:28
80. James B. McCann	46:45
81. Peter McAllister	46:52
82. Fred Wheeler	47:03
83. Jerri Bushey	47:04*
84. Dave Gudan (M)	47:05
85. Wendy Sayres (M)	47:08*
86. Nancy Carr	47:10*
87. Robert Kivlin (M)	47:11
88. Josh Metz	47:13
89. Donna Jean Pohlman	47:16*
90. Ron Paquette	47:17
91. Don Wismer	47:21
92. John Tripp (M)	47:22
93. Terry Sprague	47:23*
94. Bill Downing	47:48
95. Jim Wright	47:55
96. Chester Ingalls	48:03
97. Margie Force	48:29*
98. Charles Weymouth (M)	48:35
99. Minn Ly	48:47
100. Eddie St. John (M)	49:24
101. Jerry Bates	49:38
102. Bob Johnson	49:39
103. Linda Best	50:07*
104. Roger Poulin (M)	50:08
105. Irving Faunce	50:59
106. Gail Schade (M)	51:21*
107. Richard Dole (M)	51:32
108. Kathy Wade	51:34*
109. Joseph Caret	52:09
110. Muffy Floyd	52:17*
111. Robert Dionne	52:19
112. Betty Hahn (M)	52:27*
113. Roy Wells	53:07
114. John Leavitt	53:07
115. Lisa Statter	53:58*
116. Trina Kennedy	53:58*
117. Howard Johnson (M)	53:59
118. Donna Donald	54:40*
119. Robby Dotil	54:52
120. Marjorie Knouti (M)	55:08*
121. Sharon Stewart	56:15*
122. Patricia Brown	57:32*
123. Perry Barbard	59:54
124. John Schooley	59:56
125. Thomas Hyde	63:36
126. Marilyn Day	63:37*

Results courtesy of Roberta Hickman  
Race Director

\*\*\*\*\*

## KERRYMEN PUB SHAMROCK SPECIAL Saco 4 Miler Mar 13

1. Steve Podgajny	19:31
2. Henri Bouchard	19:45
3. Kenneth Flanders	19:53
4. Stuart Hogan	19:54
5. Rock E. Green	20:05
6. Danny Paul	20:16
7. Kim Wettlaufer	20:25
8. John Keller	20:29
9. Tom Dowling	20:34
10. Jonathan Rummier	20:36
11. Andy Kimball	20:47
12. George Towle	20:53
13. John Wilkinson	21:06
14. Eric McNett	21:09
15. Jim Kimball	21:14
16. Kenny Letourneau	21:16
17. Jeffery Crocker	21:21
18. Rob Spaulding	21:30
19. Arthur Johnson	21:38
20. Chuck Burrows	21:42
21. Bob Murphy	21:45
22. Daniel Campbell	21:47
23. Fergus Kenny	21:50
24. Paul Kehoe	22:05

25. Gary Cochrane (M)	22:07
26. John Maguire	22:11
27. Lawson Noyes (M)	22:13
28. Doug Craib	22:18
29. Dan Barker	22:25
30. Dick McFaul	22:32
31. Joel Croteau	22:34
32. Richard L'Heureux	22:40
33. Marc Lessard	22:43
34. Bill Fenderson	22:48
35. Joe Larose	22:52
36. Tony Harrigan	22:55
37. Roger Foster	23:03
38. Steven Ross	23:04
39. Roland Moulin	23:08
40. Kent MacDonald	23:09
41. Gregory Dugas	23:13
42. Dave Smith	23:14
43. David Fritz	23:14
44. Mark Blythe	23:17
45. Joel Titcomb	23:19
46. Chris Comstock	23:21
47. Barry Howgate	23:23
48. Eric Ellis	23:28
49. John Burke	23:29
50. Marcia Dowling	23:30*
51. Andrew Roser	23:34
52. Laurie Munoon	23:47*
53. Albert Pulver	23:48
54. Donald Harden	23:50
55. Mike Gendron	23:53
56. Stephen Romback	23:54
57. Robert Jolicœur (M)	23:55
58. Bill Lester	24:00
59. Tim Drapeau	24:05
60. Martin Donlin	24:06
61. Richard Fritz	24:09
62. John Dillon	24:21
63.	
64. Mike McKenna	24:25
65. Joseph Ingalls	24:29
66. Douglas W. Moody	24:30
67. Peter Flaherty	24:31
68. Don Wilson	24:32
69. Terance Farrell	24:33
70. Chuck Finnigan	24:35
Richard Pierce	24:35
71. Alan Leathers	24:39
72. Carolyn Court	24:40
73. Michael Berthelette	24:47
74. Diane Fournier	24:50*
75. Kevin Coyne	24:56
76. Michael Worden	24:57
77. John Attwood	24:57
78. Frederick Flammia	24:57
79. Bob Peacock	24:57
80. Tom Harrington	24:58
81. Gregory Baston	25:02
82. Chris Cash	25:08
83. Sally Perkins	25:11
84. Nelson Parise	25:11
85. Garrett Clough	25:20
Donald Gendron	25:20
86. Steven Dargis	25:21
87. David Tolstrup	25:26
88. Norman LaFortune	25:26
89. Melora Goggeshall	25:27
90. Brian Gillespie	25:28
91. Gary Hamilton	25:38
92. Henry Wolstat	25:39
93. John Edwards	25:43
94. Cleon Rameau	25:48
95. Josh Smith	25:52
96. Christine Snow	25:52*
97. Leo Clark	25:56
98. Kevin Shute	26:03
99. Ken Pickett	26:05
100. Buzzy Ross	26:10
101. Rudy Chapa	26:11
102. David Canarie	26:12
103. Steven Pannel	26:15
104. Richard Whetstone	26:16
105. Maureen D'Amboise	26:19*
106. Russell Stanton	26:21
107. Steve Gifford	26:22
108. Guy Roy	26:23
109. James Robbins	26:25
110. William Adams	26:26
111. Michael Reali	26:27
112. Debbie Sawyer	26:30*
113. Mike Lyons	26:32
114. Al Butler	26:37
115. Thomas McDonough	26:45
116. Jack Reagan	26:49



117. Wally McDonald	26:50
118. Lewis McDonald	27:01
119. Steve Grannell	27:04
120. Larry Frank	27:10
121. Conrad Welzel	27:18
122. Howard N. Harvey	27:23
123.	
124. David Boothby	27:26
125. Paul Dame	27:27
126. Mary Helen Hugell	27:29*
127. Julie Fritz	27:30*
128. Ronald Gaskell	27:31
129. James B. Chase	27:32
130. Gary Plamondon	27:33
131. Richard Pierce	27:34
132. Mike Lacroix	27:37
133. Stephen Randolph	27:42
134. Gilbert Cote	27:46
135. John Pineau	27:51
136. Fred Poulin	27:55
137. Kathy Reinertsen	27:57*
138. Nathan Dingle	27:59
139. Geoff Wagner	27:59
140. Thomas Burns	28:03
141. Jane Dolley	28:04*
142. Bob Cushman	28:21
143.	
144. Michael Hayden	28:24
145. Ted Saad	28:25
146. Richard Pinnette	28:25
147. Warren Wilson	28:26
148. Stephen Crockett	28:28
149. Barry Murphy	28:30
150. John Ouillette	28:32
151. Dan O'Shea	28:34
152. Cheryl Pennel	28:42*
153. Dana Waterhouse	28:43
154. Richard Heath	28:44
155. Donald Berthiaume	28:51
156. Jean Smith	28:54
157.	
158. Denis Fortin	28:55
159. Andrew Haslam	29:07
160. Kenneth Smith	29:07
161. Donald Croteau	29:08
162. Robert Hancock	29:09
163. Blair Dwyer	29:13
164. Carolyn Kidder	29:16
165. Frank Hemphill	29:18
166. Walter Ashley	29:21
167. James Eastman	29:21
168. Denise Harlow	29:22*
169. Marguerite Comerford	29:27*
170. Gretel Cyr	29:29*
171. Doug Bird	29:31
172. Donna San Antonio	29:36*
173. Lucian Smith	29:44*
174. Shaw Tilton	29:44
175. Dawn Baston	29:46
176. Lee Labonte	29:48
177. Norman Leclerc	29:49
178. William Davenney	29:50
179. Paul Marcinuk	29:55
180. Peter Kenniston	29:57
181. Mike Davis	29:58
182. Mary King	30:00*
183. Jeanne Steinmetz	30:10*
184. Dennis Morrill	30:28
185. Ed Doughty Jr.	30:30
186. Daniel Ouellette	30:38
187. Carolyn Goyton	30:51
188. Steve Maloney	30:55
189. Greg Henaire	31:02
190.	
191. Randy Power	31:04
192. Denise Bouchard	31:05*
193. Leo Bourgeault	31:08
194. Gary Fontaine	31:10
195. Pete O'Donnell	31:14
196. Robert G. Dillon	31:14
197. Bertrand Gendron	31:18
198. Andre Levesque	31:19
199. Lyn Lacombe	31:20*
200. Cindy Knute	31:23*
201. Chris Twombly	31:24
202. Nancy Whitcomb	31:34*
203. Doug Doherty	31:38
204. Linda Maloy	31:49*
205. Mickey Beaulieu	32:00
206. Pam Twombly	32:05*
207. Bill Trefethen	32:09
	32:00*

211.	
212. Ray Laranger	32:25
213. Lucile Hutchinson	32:26*
214. Ann Dillon	32:27*
215. Dick Cervizzi	32:30
216. Nancy Singer	32:37*
217. George Wood	32:45
218. Pearl Bolduc	32:49*
219. David Sheverell	32:53
220. Jammy Carter	33:01
221. Judy Elliott	33:12*
222. Jodie Alle	33:19*
223. Debbie Tefft	33:22*
224. Roger Borduas	33:23
225. Paula Fontaine	33:30*
226. Jeannette Strickland	33:38*
227. Ted Seymour	33:52
228. Al Brunnelle	33:58
229. Geri Grannell	34:08
230. Randy Smith	34:14
231. Liz Dunkerley	34:15*
232. Stephen Fogg	34:22
233. John Guiss	34:40
234. Nancy Tonneson	34:41*
235. Joe Comerford	34:46
236. Cush Hayward	34:47
237. Art Quint	34:51
238. Shirley Jones	34:58*
239. James McGovern	34:58
240. James Grant	34:59
241. Lawrence Wilson	35:12
242. Debra Sherrer	35:17*
243. Brenda Cushman	35:30*
244. Holley Pulver	35:39*
245. Louise Smith	35:43*
246. Patricia Schiro	35:44*
247. Fran Currier	35:54*
248. Denise Coburn	36:00*
249. Jeanne Berthiaudet	36:00*
250. Jaylene Summers	36:12*
251. Paula Mass	36:16*
252.	
253. Ed Woodin	36:45
254. Tammy Butler	36:50*
255. Mame Langan	37:04*
256. Diane Dery	37:05*
257. Renee Gendron	37:27*
258. Lee Bourgeois	37:35
259. Judith Kelly	37:42*
260. Charles Scribner	38:59
261. Diane Rossi	39:05*
262. Rene Roy	39:19*
263. Lynn Jones	39:19*
264. Patricia Flanders	39:25*
265. Christi Greene	39:54*
266. Lisa Jahn-Clough	40:18*
267. Shawn Green	40:43
268.	
269. Robin Taxeras	43:06*
270. Paul Bellavance	43:07
271. Anthony Gordon	43:07
272. Michele LeLaud	43:48*
273. Sheree Rizzard	44:06*
274. Debbie Charles	47:37*

Results courtesy of Don Wilson  
Race Director

\*\*\*\*\*

#### SOUTH OF THE BORDER by Steve Vaitones

Eastern Collegiate Championships March 4-5 at Harvard U. In the 1000 yard run trials (3 heats, 3 qualify from each) Ann England of UMO set a school record with a 2:42.8 good for fourth in her heat. In the shot put, Maine's Barbara Lukacs finished 8th with a throw of 42'10½"

Steve also saw where Bob Winn finished 3rd in a Cambridge 10K on March 20th in an impressive 30:44.

### RACE DIRECTORS & COACHES

WE OFFER CUSTOM WORK: ILLUSTRATED CERTIFICATES, SPECIAL AWARDS, NOTECARDS, POSTERS, LOGOS FOR YOUR RACES, MEETS, & CLUBS AT REASONABLE RATES.

### FREE INFORMATION

WRITE TO:  
WING & WING  
Box 501 M  
NORTH HAVEN, ME 04853



Track & Field  
Championships

Eugene, Oregon

### **MARYLAND MARATHON**



ALL DESIGNS © 1983 • H. PARSONS