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In keeping with tradition, we've put another pretty face on the March cover. Last year it was Kim Beaulieu and in '80 it was Bruce Freme (well, two out of three ain't bad!). This year it's Bangor's Carol Roy.

Carol has been racing competitively for five seasons now and is finally ready to break the three hour barrier this year. Perhaps Boston will do it for her. She ranked third in the state in Maine Running's Runner of the Year awards and is due for a super season.

Deke is back this month with more of the "Shoemaker's Tale". This may end up being a novel! Let's hope. Ed Rice wrote a nice piece on the 1980 racing season that I'm finally able to get in. It brought back a lot of memories to me to read his account of some of the state's best road races. Skip has marathoning on his mind and Rick Krause has some thoughts about Hank Pfeifle. Larry managed to dig out a few things to write about in the last throes of winter.

Welcome to Maine Running's third year of publication!

Bob

Maine Running is published monthly in Bangor

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March

THE CALENDAR

ICEBERG MARATHON Holiday Health & Racquet Club, Bangor. 11:00 a.m. start. Contact: Maine Running PO Box 259, E. Holden, Me. 04429 843-6262 ST. PATRICK'S DAY 2 MILER Harbor House, SW Harbor 14 1:00 p.m. start. Contact: Marty Lyons 244-3713 KERRYMEN'S PUB 4 MILER Saco - Contact Marathon 14 Sports Running Club, 8 Colonial Drive, Saco, Me. 04072 BOB RICE MEMORIAL 10K University of Southern Maine 21 Gym, Portland - Contact co-director, John Keller 772-0069 KENNEBUNK 10K ROAD RACE Kennebunk, Me. - Contact: 28 Marathon Sports Running Club, 8 Colonial Drive, Saco Maine 04072 HUSSON COLLEGE REC MAJORS 19K 1:00 p.m. at Newman Gym. \$3.50 pre and \$4 post registration. T-shirts to first 50 to register. See flyer. ROMA RUN in Portland. See a Rowdy. CHINA 10K CLASSIC 10:30 a.m. Contact: Kevin Purcell. 10 Super field! Come and run fast. See flyer. PORTLAND BOYS CLUB 5 mile. 53rd year. Cumberland 19 Ave., Portland. Contact: Dave Paul 774-4089 GOLDSMITH'S RUNNERS CLASSIC They're working on it now. Dave says they may shorten the course in order to attract more runners. See April issue for further details.

NEW ADVERTISERS

We at Maine Running would like to take this opportunity to welcome the people at Goldsmith's Sporting Goods as monthly advertisers in the magazine. Goldsmith's started one of the first big races in Eastern Maine back in 1977. They now have stores in Rockland, Bangor, Lewiston, Old Town and Presque Isle to serve their customers throughout the state. Stop in and say hi.

Next month Peter Webber's of Waterville will be joining the rest of the fine stores that advertise in Maine Running. You Central Maine Striders can now buy Maine Running at the Main Street store. Stop in and say hi to Bill Croce and the others at Peter Webber's. Remember, it's Peter's Sugarloaf Inn that sponsors the great Kingfield 10k.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED RICE OF A SEASON

Looking through some photographs
I found inside a drawer
I was taken by a photograph of you
There were one or two I know that you
Would have liked a little more
But they didn't show your spirit quite as true.

Jackson Browne ("Fountain of Sorrow")

Being injured is a bitch. Not much to do but sing odes (or curses) to the muse of running in hopes that the affliction will soon pass...and press the wounded area again in the belief that somehow, this time, the twinge won't be there. But it always is. Even in a public place, unable to resist the urge to reach down and probe the villainous calf muscle. ("Honey, why is that guy over there feeling up his leg?")

No, not much to do at all, except, perhaps, be warmed by pictured, earlier times running. Ones the Nikon didn't get. The best ones. Recapturing a spirit no camera can do justice to. Glowing, once again, in photographic images that the mind's eye has shot.

Some favorite snaps from a personal "album" follow, a collage of people and races from the 1980 Maine summer road race season, with love and gratitude for them all.

First, some scattered early "shots". (You can't tell much about where you're going to... until you've seen where you've been)

A grade school youth racing the short distance to the police lady at the crosswalk, after the final bell of the day..."Wow, aren't you fast! You're the first one today. Just like every day!" she gushes...the boy beams.

A high school cross country meet: the fleet, way up ahead; properly dispairing hopefuls for a school letter, jock-sniffers and various others from the varsity-sport-damned clique plan weekend dates, well behind...alone...floating in a vacuous middle...the team manager shouts: "They're just ahead. Go get 'em!"....You go get them, fatso. Why, oh why, am I doing this to myself. This is it. This is my last race. Just let me get through this one and that's it...until the finish line, and coach's announcement of an improved time.

A two-day stint with the North-eastern University cross country team. (These shots are blurred, for obvious reasons)...coach cleaned out the locker...off the team already...It's fall, that's cross country season, now what do I do?...new idea...climbing the long stairway to the school newspaper office.

A letter, the young woman says the oneness is no longer there, and can never be again...tearfully, out looking for the original half, on the run.

A one-mile run, Army Basic Training, Fort Dix, New Jersey: joyously free from the badgering Drill
Sergeant's voice, doing the first
natural thing to do in days...
lapping more than two-thirds of
the platoon..."winning" my first
group run ever. Some weeks later,
one behind in the last lap of the
mile, about to give up the chase...
standing out on the back stretch a

'psyching' buddy says he doesn't like quitters...finding something extra, something I never knew was there...holding a sprint, passing the laboring frontrunner a few yards before the finish...hand-clasps and smiles...then an assisting Drill Sergeant rushes up, protests that we have one more lap to do...fortunately, he's yelled down.

yo

A Lewiston newspaper staff's teasing...for second straight finish in local road races behind "a girl"..."Some'girl' beat you!"...Aaaah, the good 'ol dark ages of humanity.

A snowcapped Professor Bill Barker enters the Bowdoin College faculty-staff locker room following a noontime run in a blizzard, bundled up and covered with enough snow to pass as a reasonable facsimile of the Abominable Snowman...and smiling broadly. I have just returned from push-and-shove squabbling on the basketball floor...intense, angry, scowling. A few days later, basketball put aside, off running with Bill... eagerly awaiting my first blizzard!

(The summer of 1980 was my first genuine road race season, from Brunswick up to Presque Isle, from July 12th to Sept. 27th, I ran a road race each and every weekend except one. These "pictures" vividly remain...)

COOK'S CORNER (Brunswick, five-miler, 7/12/80) -- first serious attempt to break 30 minutes...17:44 at 3...thrill to see Bill Rodgers, Greg Meyer, et al, at my shoulder (errrr, going the other way, I should add, on a turnaround point on the course!)...friend Bill Barker has his rocking, merry-go-round horsie (he has a distinctive, bounding up-and-down gait) smoking, passes me in the middle of the last mile,

my ass to get here"...beats me easily to the finish...I miss by 21 seconds of magic 30-minute mark.

HANCOCK LOBSTER CLASSIC (10.2 Miler, 7/26/80) -- fittingly it's "broiling", very humid. Out quickly with daily running companions Oscar Feichtinger and Steve Palley, pressing on when both stop for first water stand, trying to chase down a thin, spindly-legged youngster with a handsome shock of blond hair.

He is 14-year-old Kyle Rankin, a young man whose gears are uncharacteristically clogged this day...the heat is rough. how I sustain 6:30's for the first eight but then it's slow-motion time. I'm like an out-of-gas, ocean-going craft just floating helplessly on the waters, waiting ...waiting for the irrepressible Oscar to come gliding up. He sidles in. "I've been expecting you" I gasp. "C'mon, let's go in together" he offers. Woeful shake of the head: "Not today Oscar, you're looking at flat out." Off goes Oscar. Still, I get 15th place, in 1:06:07, a P.R.

In conversation Kyle Rankin turns out to be as precocious a person as he is a runner. Unaffected by what is for him a poor performance he laughs it off. I predict, correctly as it turns out, that I won't beat him again. I initiate a teasing game we'll share the rest of the summer: "You sure you aren't a midget...or just someone disguised as a 14-year-old? What a setup...just grabbing up those 14-and-under trophies...How many years do you plan on staying 14?" etc. Kyle's mom and running dad are there too. Easy to become enamoured with this family.

My wife Cher and I don't have any kids...shortly after this race I remarked to her that if kids can turn out like Kyle, the idea warrants more thought!

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SPUDLAND (Presque Isle, 13.1 miler, 8/3/80) -- Torrential thunderstorms greeted we distant travelers. Nervously made us wonder if this weren't, indeed really "God's Country" and if, somehow, our intrusion was not being looked upon favorably! The pre-race banquet was nearly, literally, washed out by flooding waters.

Bangor Daily News reporter
Bob Haskell and I did get a
rather interesting welcome when
we arrived at the in-town hotel..
a couple of very buxom black
young ladies, "performers" (?!)
with the traveling fair, were in
the lounge as we walked in for a
couple of beers. "Whew-weeee,
look at the legs on that white
boy!" one of them loudly proclaimed. After that the race
was anti-climactic!

Conrad Walton, the Musterds and the rest of the Northern Maine running contingent made our stay most pleasurable. I was dismayed when one very good and very popular Southern Maine runner was slighted, when distinguished runners at the banquet were introduced, by a fiercely competitive Northern Maine runner. This gifted runner was the only one at the elite runners' table not to be introduced. Such regional pride is fun to a point but this display was most inappropriate.

Race day I had the pleasure of meeting Ray Cooper and his wife...
Ray is a hard-working member of the Maine Track Club and a rapid-ly improving runner. When he turned out to be as much of a film buff as I am the two of us wound up "squandering" running talk time to lengthy film dissections. For me it mattered little... I was doomed to a poor race on this arduous course.

A nasty side stitch plagued throughout, stopping me eight

or nine times. I almost wound up doing intervals for the last half of the race, alternately running and walking my way to a 1:29:31... After sucking so much air, I was happy to see the finish line at the fairgrounds and immediately began on a record-setting pace for sucking orange slices and then swilling beer.

SCHWEPPES-RONDO TRACK MEET (Bangor, "Media Mile", 8/8/80) --A lovely concept for a wonderful cause...a benefit, night tract meet for the Special Olympics. My friend and self-appointed (graciously accepted) coaching mentor Steve Norton, the "Silver Fox", had me primed for an exciting moment...a chance to win a race. This contrivance, which would, in normal circumstances, extend the powers of the gods at Mount Olympus beyond even their capabilities, came about as the result of a so-called "Media Mile" a race for members of the area press. It was a smart idea...ah, the idea for a media race, that is, because that got the meet itself a goodly amount of publicity. One well-known Bangor tv sports commentator was openly proclaiming that the race was as good as his.

I had originally attended the meet to substitute for Steve who, unfortunately, was battling a crippling foot injury incurred at the Bunyan. Steve had created a mixed, four-way mile relay team that included fellow UMO professor Oscar Feichtinger and two of Maine's best women runners, Robin Emery and Carol Roy. I felt honored to be teamed in such lofty company and the race promised to be fun. Yet when we learned the meet promoters scheduled the event for 11 p.m. all four of us determined that we didn't want to hang around to that late hour. Oscar immediately began to look around for some Masters categories he could clean up in (he did, as usual) ... and I wandered over to one of the promoters and inquired as to whether

a member of MPBN might be welcomed into the media run. Told yes, I joined the field...and immediately began praying that Lloyd Ferris, Dave Silverbrand or some other talented media runner wouldn't pull a "deus ex machina" and suddenly popout of the skies to spoil what seemed to be my dream arrangement.

At 8:30 the press "celebrities" were individually introduced to the now sparse crowd at Garland Street Field. Introduced last, as Ed "I-Love Sesame Street" Rice, I lined up as the eighth member of the field on the very outside lane. Having watched me grow more and more nervous as the event drew near, Steve had kidded me that Ferris "just showed up" and then counseled me on strategy, suggesting that 80-second quarter intervals should easily do the trick... I kept this in mind as the gun went off. But I also had it in mind to win the race in the first 100 yards. I slipped on the gravel-covered, far-extremity of the track, but quickly righted myself and blew out. Just a handful of steps later I easily slid over into the inside lane, and pressed on. Behind me I could hear an incredulous voice: "What's he doing?"...I felt a smile I'd never known before.

Only half way around in the first lap I knew the race was mine, an intriguing sensation for a backof-the-pack sort, such as I am. I began to imagine various ways I could blow it ... falling down, running myself out, suddenly getting injured. Such thoughts brought the butterflies back. Then I began thinking back on my inept days as a high school runner, plodding hopelessly behind the leaders on this same track. What a great poetic reversal a victory, even a contrived one, would be for a 33-year-old child. I began to think of boyhood heroes, like Gerry Lindgren, Tom O'Hara and Jim

Ryan, and allowed myself to feed on fantasies. The first lap went by in 73 seconds, and I felt like I was coasting...whoaa, watch that rampaging adrenalin, I thought.

I was tempted to look back, to see how much of a lead I had, but the race monitor in my head adamantly refused me this luxury. As I reached the far side of the track, on this second lap, I suddenly ascended into a world of sounds.

My entire being became the personification of incredibly amplified rhythmic breathing and the gentle slapping of shoes on the track. I enjoyed that feeling I sometimes get when it seems like my running body is locked into some kind of poetical mechanization, an ability to almost sense each muscle that I concentrate upon at work, and at the same time feel the smooth functioning of the sum of the parts.

Entering the homestretch curve of this second lap I allowed myself to scan the grandstand. It was as if I were looking through a telephoto lens that made things smaller and more distant than the opposite. In the Army the third lap had always been the killer ... couldn't sustain the pace; but now I was drawing on an invigorating resource -- people I could lap. On the far side of the track a couple walked hand-in-hand towards me on the grassy area immediately adjacent. The boy looked at me and smiled: "Relax, there's no one near you." I returned the smile.

On the back stretch of the fourth trip around, too, there were a couple more principals to be lapped. I poured it on in the homestretch...and threw my hands up to hit an imaginary tape! "How about that, coach, missed 80's by just one second (covering the mile in 5:21)...is that sticking to the game plan?" Steve smiled. The

next competitor, the boasting tv broadcaster, finished in just under six minutes. What a treat! ... say, where's that dwarf and the guy who talks about "fine Corinthian leather"... this has got to be Fantasy Island!

GRAND WILLEY (Ellsworth, 10K 8/9/80) -- Less than 12 hours later it's back to reality, in scorching heat.

Robin Emery and I take turns passing each other on various portions of the course. In her accustomed place as the lead woman runner, Robin becomes a focal priority for most of the photographers on the course ... accompanying her in some of those shots will be the newlycrowned "Media Mile" champion looking more, in this instance, like the flattened coyote at the end of the Roadrunner cartoons. Robin runs in confident bounding strides, as graceful as they are powerful...and she has the heart of a champion. In the last 100 yards I beat her to the finish, and then feel somewhat remorseful about the grandstand final kick ... I apologize to her. But the happy-go-lucky Robin quickly shrugs it off ... "I'd only be bothered if a woman did that to me." Very few can.

Friend David Cunio, quiet as ever and more deeply tanned, serves notice at Ellsworth that I'm going to be very fortunate to even see glimpses of his backside from here on out. I barely beat him at Hancock ... Paul Simon's lyrics "preserve your memories, they're all that's left you" is appropo now. Ex-Marine David will go to the D.C. Marine Corps Marathon in the fall and shatter the three-hour barrier. Hmmm, maybe I should get a third-shift job ... is that the secret, David?!

MAD WITCH (Brewer, 15.2 miler, 8/16/80) -- Brewer's favorite son

Vaughn Holyoke, the wizardly masters runner with the driving-for-home pumping arm, likes to say that at his hometown race you have to earn your t-shirt... only people that finish the race get them. And 'The Witch' course definitely makes you earn it.

My legs and my mind quickly locked into a Laurel and Hardy comedy routine I'll cherish forever.

I began the run with editor Bob Booker and Gary Coyne, who methodically clocked each mile and were working a steady progression from 7's per mile down to 6:50's and ultimately, if I remember correctly, a goal of around 6:45's. I was looking to "leech" on two very steady runners who, under normal circumstances, I'd be thrilled to stay the entire route with. this wasn't to be any kind of "normal" run...for suddenly on a long upgrade I found myself leaving them.

The course then veered off from this long, winding country road and abruptly shot onto bumpy, up-and-down gravel terrain...yet I was speeding up.

My mind began to run wild: Hey, what the hell are you doin'... keep this up and you'll be walking. Jeeesus, that's Skip Howard... okay, just pull alongside and see how long you can stay with him... heeey, you just passed him, idio5... you've got no business passing Skip Howard ever...now what are you doin'?...Aaaah, there's Oscar, fine...get there, stay there... (passing Oscar) Oh my God, somebody better give you the last rites...I wash my hands of you.

My legs had only one message: Shut up, sucker, and enjoy the ride...which I did. On the long return run in to the Brewer Auditorium, on the Bar Harbor road, a small shower proved perfectly refreshing and stopped just when I would have flicked it off. In my college English classes I learned that such a happening is called a 'pathetic fallacy' (Nature moving in accordance with our mood or will)...it ain't supposed to work like that, but this day it did. I annihilated my 15-mile p.r., doing the distance at around 6:32's. My 'Witch' t-shirt will always be a very special one to me.

GOOD SPORTS (Brunswick, 10 miler, 8/24/80) -- The race I, disappointedly, promised Cher I wouldn't run. Because my Mom and Dad were flying in from Baltimore to visit us in Bangor for the weekend...but I couldn't resist slyly suggesting to Dad that there was this race and...he didn't disappoint me...he immediately asked what time we had to be up!

It was like a homecoming. I proudly wear a Good Sports Running Club tank top because it's these folks who really helped put running back into my bloodstream for good. Great runners and great people, like Rock Green (who once asked me if I'd like to join him on a training run...sure Rock, as soon as I can get someone to lend me a motorcycle); the swift 'Thin Man' Mike Daly; the easy gliding Steve Jordan; the fleetest husband and wife team I know -- Dale and Nancy Dorr; the club's most amiable leader Rob Jarrett; the lawyer who'll always be able to out run his tongue (he won't need to!) -- John Moncure; my lightning fast friend John Leeming -- who wears sox on his feet and his hands (no, he doesn't go on all fours...he uses them instead of gloves); and my very dear friends, Bill and Betsy Barker. It was great to see them all and, hopefully, show them my new act. I was seeing so many of my Southern Maine friends, for the first time in a long time, that I got registered only moments before the deadline.

Now came the fun part...what time to predict to Dad that I'd finish in. The previous year it had been a disastrous 76-plus minutes. This time, as pumped up as I was, I calculated around 65.

Dad looked at me very suspiciously ...you see he's gotten used to me striking out four times at Little League games, shooting 2-for-19 in a YMCA basketball game, etc...he's earned the right to expect little more than total mediocrity, at best...total disaster, most probably.

My lunacy tactic this time, solely dictated by my legs was just a little over 6's per mile... I was knocking off p.r.'s at each distance from mile-four on. The lovely, scenic run-to-thecoast route has a turnaround point... I was shocked at the faces I saw coming up while I was on my way back... I was just floating on emotion. At eight I began to waver... I stopped to take in some sips of water. A friend I made at the Maranacook race in the spring, Russ Connors, came up, said "C'mon Ed, let's go!" and gently ushered me by the elbow forward. Russ has deservedly been recognized by his group, the Maine Track Club, as their most improved runner... and that he most truly is ... and an equally good human being. I hung on to Russ, and on the impetus provided by him and John Moncure pushed across the finish line in 62:07. I'm not sure who was more stunned, my Dad or me. I knocked over 14 minutes off last year's time! The beer never tasted better ...

BANGOR LABOR DAY (5.2 miler, 9/1/80) -- Of course I was due for a crash. Here it came. He who goes out in 5:25 for first mile, with tired legs, is asking to be walking up the hilly 14th Street extension...which I was. Bangor buddy Ted Wallace spotted me walking ahead and hollered to me to "get your ass moving." He must have sounded like my old drill sergeant because I did start

running again! The torried heat and two hills in the third mile did much to convince me to dog it, though.

It was just like the old days...
all sizes, all shapes, all sexes
(?), getting passed by everybody...
saying "Hi" and muttering "Bye" as
many I knew went beyond. I suddenly began to really appreciate
all the previous weeks' accomplishments...it took the sting out of
my last mile survival shufflin'...

BLUE OX CO-OP (Bangor, 5 miler, 9/6/80) -- Back to being spunky again. How about a sub-30 shot again?...Not on Dr. John Frachella's grueling little up-hiller you don't! Good to see Skip Howard back on his game here (and because of that saw very little of him indeed!)...I didn't do badly, 43 seconds over 30, and an 11th place finish. Me 11th! I always thought I'd have to find a race only ten other people knew about for that to happen. 'Fun' thing here was waiting for Cliff Hatfield to pass me in the final mile... I knew I couldn't outlast him and had tried to build up a big enough lead. I didn't. When he came up I surprised him for, while he was still behind me, I kept looking straight ahead and said: "Hi Cliff, been expecting ya'". Friendly, tough competitor Cliff laughed, and pulled on ahead.

PEOPLES BANK (Lewiston, 10K, 9/14/80) -- Still trying to figure out how, in such a relatively short rac-, with so many people entered, I managed to run so slow and so alone. The fun person to watch here was Robin Emery...she knew first prize was a large gift certificate for L.L. Bean's. She was so psyched up the promoters might just as well have given her the prize beforehand... the women's competition was clinched. In the middle of the second mile Robin lit out of the pack we were in almost as if it

were the Olympic finals for the 100-yard dash. Bye, bye Robin!

After this race the promoters gave out so many trophies even slow pokes like me got one. Figures, one of my least memorable races and I nab a trophy. Mike Westphal (he of the handsome blue-eyes, blond-hair, California beach boy good looks and superlative running ability -- in my next life I want to come back as him!) playfully teases me as I return from the trophy presentation: "Well, there's two!" Yup, just doubled my trophy output for the year...wonder if there's room for it at home!

BAR HARBOR (13 miler, 9/20/80) Supposedly I'm not going fast today, supposedly I'm going to enjoy the carriage paths and one of my all-time favorite national parks. Supposedly...so there I am tagging along with a just-forming corporation comprised of two swift masochists named Mark Violette and Al Banfield (they pulled this same stunt of egging each other on at Casco Bay and finished together, just missing the three-hour barrier).

Says Mr. Violette to Mr. Ban-field: "Would you like to cut back a little?"

"No" responds Mr. Banfield.

Then Mr. Violette asks: "Are you Catholic?"

A flabbergasted Mr. Banfield doesn't see the connection.

Mr. Violette answers that it's well known that Catholics share a proclivity for seeking and enduring pain, and so...!

In the meantime I've cut back and let these jack-rabbits motor on ahead, yet I'm still caught up in their impetus. I move on past masters runner Carlton Mendell with a courteous hello for a man

I greatly admire. Now I'm starting to catch up to Robin Emery.

A Bangor Daily News columnist had written a column condemning the break from the traditional starting time for the Bangor Labor Day race; I had written a rebuttal column suggesting, tongue-in-cheek, that maybe the race should also sontinue all of its other traditions ...like no women, and offered the idea that maybe Robin Emery could find some knitting to do instead!

As I passed Robin she blurts out: "Knit, knit, knit."

Suddenly I find myself in the company of a legend...Deke Talbot!

The reason he's back here is due to the fact that he's just coming off an outstanding marathon at Prince Edward Island. So what we've got is me, thinking I'm deserving of a pilot's license for this flying I'm doing, and Deke, taking it real easy...and we're both running together! With two rather "dignified" writing types, of course the conversation took a rather ribald turn: some kind of less than socio-anthropological determinations on the blessed value of active sexual interpersonal relationships, as regards that species of human that races on roads...conclusions arrived at in less than technical terms! We're sort of jesting back and forth in yells and whippeting by some people who must have been shaking their heads in utter disbelief.

Circling beautiful Echo Lake
I mistakenly got the idea that
Deke knew the course (prankster
that he is, he was more than happy to have it this way). I kept
insisting that the course must
level, he'd nod, and then, exasperating to me, we'd be climbing again. Finally he couldn't
suppress his laughter, admitted
all, and I found myself giggling
and gasping at the same time.
Only one mile plus from the finish I found my gas tank on empty.

I chased Deke away, grateful for the wonderful camraderie... and what for me was essentially a push around this gorgeous but tough course.

I finished the run in 1:24:03, a very pleasing p.r.; that Banfield-Violette tandem had me by two minutes. Al's been working on some rather strange training habits, not the least of which include ferociously-fast but erratically-spaced training runs, and a theory on "sleep depletion" which dictates he gets little to no sleep (following his nights as assistant city desk editor at the Bangor Daily News with later evening visits to all-night diners and romantic interludes). All of this, he says, is contributing to his success. Move over Dr. Sheehan, we've got a new running guru!...for as long as we last!

KINGFIELD (10K, 9/27/80) --Cher has been kind and very patient to put up with all this racing this summer...but one weekend she wasn't at all disturbed over was this one: a full runner's weekend package up at Sugarloaf, a lovely arrangement of meals and accommodations at a reduced rate in this beautiful region. And the reputed "very flat" course had me hoping that I could find a new 10K p.r. in the 37's that would provide a glorious end to an extraordinary first racing season.

In spite of the frigid chill at the start, the race began with a loop around the captivating little town which stirred the juices... and all engines were running at full-tilt boogie as we headed out on the out-and-back course. I knew immediately the times were, indeed, going to be fast. When I passed by the timekeeper at the five-mile point he called out 29:44...I felt like stopping, cheering...I just wobbled about in a joyous stupor, something I would continue to do through the

afternoon, aided by an abundance of beer!

This is a very special opportunity for runners to congregate for a weekend in lush autumnal surroundings, and I heartily endorse this package deal and hope Chip Carey puts it on again next year.

And so the album closes, wonderful pictures for me of races and people I'll never forget. Running is an individual pursuit that comes from within, but so often the inspiration for it is supremely abetted by wonderful people who are close to you. I've mentioned Cher, my Mom and Dad and the Good Sports Running Club friends, but I particularly am grateful to a University of Maine at Orono contingent that meets daily at noontime to train, trade jibes and inspire one another. They really helped me to be the best athlete I'd ever been in my life this summer and there really aren't words to express how much I've enjoyed their friendship. They are Steve Norton, Oscar Feichtinger, Sam Schuman, Vaughn Holyoke, Dave Torrey, John Field, Steve Palley and Frank Roberts. Each is at least a sub 3:10 marathoner. This connection of truly fine Northern Maine runners, combining with those I've been fortunate to know from Southern Maine, encompass me like a very special parenthetical phrase, reassuring me that I'll never lose running again.

That Tiny Speck on Yonder Hill

by Rick Krause

On Aug. 18, 1974, I traveled to Rangeley for a 4.5-mile road race. Apparently this was its first running because I'd never known about it in years past.

It was a kind of wild looking country up there with pine tree studded hills and lakes spread out to the horizon. I pulled into town and located the starting point at a small park just off the main street.

I didn't take much notice of who was there, as usually is the case.

I just wanted to race and do well. I didn't have a watch and maybe this is one time I could have used one. As I signed up for the race in a small building, someone politely let me know that the race had already begun.

Finding the door, I walked outside to see the field galloping off. They were about 200 yards into the race. I pinned on my number, trying to compose myself, and started out after them. I figured that I had traveled all this way, so what the hell.

I tried to use my best judgement in this situation because in the back of my mind I still wanted to do well. Rather than do some frantic sprinting, I applied my senses and just ran like I always do.

We rounded a few corners in town and I found myself passing people. At the half-mile, we turned onto a logging road (one of thoselong-since used types with the fuzz in the middle and a dirt strip on each side). Each "lane" was lined with runners. Having grown up in the sticks, the scene fortunately looked familiar and I only hoped that, like my old stomping grounds, the cows were not allowed to run loose. I high-stepped it along the mid strip, manageing to pass a good many runners, negotiating two mud holes in the process.

When the course hit tar at about 2 miles out, there was no one else in front of me. I started churning, with my ego already at the finish line, until . . . far off in the distance, I noticed a little dark speck. It was on the road. It was moving. It had two legs.

"Well," I said to myself, "whoever it is, is fast, but after that kind of start, second place isn't so bad."

I ran relaxed now and watched the speck disappear around one corner then the next. It seemed like a very long two miles to the finish, but finally I was there.

I figured that I would find out who that runner was at the awards ceremony, so I waited around to see. In the meantime I notice this young stringbeam among the crowd. Scooting here and there, carrying one thing then another, It appeared that he was in charge of the race.

As it turned out, I was right, and he presented himself with the first place trophy. It was Hank Pfiefle.

Just as an additional note about Hank, in 1976, aside from the "official" results of the Portland Boys Club 5-Miler, Hank was easily the winner. The only foul-up was that he could not register for the race when he arrived in Portland that day because post-entries were not accepted. Jim Doane and I watched Hank disappear around the bends of the bay loop as we eventually finished 1st and 2nd.

Wishing you many congratulations, Hank, on your Runner of the Year selection.

Running on...

by Skip Howard

Marathon....the word has come into our daily language in adjectival form so that any effort of endurance is now labeled as a "marathon" session, or "marathon" dance benefit! I have this ongoing dispute with John Frachella this winter on the relative exhaustion levels inherent in crosscountry skiing and running. Experience has shown me that I would have to ski three times as far as a marathon to reach the same levels of physical output. (Actually, Barney Klecker, ultramarathoner and ultra-distance snowshoer, says nothing gives one the workout that snowshoeing does!). Naturally, the ability to recover from a marathon-distance ski, as opposed to a run, has much to do with the surfaces (forgiving snow vs. unrelenting pavement) and equipment (skis with proper camber spring you after footplant, while running shees only cushion, and often then only in the first few

hundred miles). Also, of course, poles help enormously, and the upper body plays a much more active role in skiing. So even though cross-country skiing may be a more complete body workout than a similar distance running, there the similarity ends. Marathons on both are quite different.

Marathons on the road, however, will soon proliferate again, with the grand-daddy (or grand-mommy) Boston Athletic Association heading the field. The BAA 26-er is held on the third Monday in April, Patriot's Day, from Hopkinton to Boston, Massachusetts. It is the only marathon in the world that requires a starting time qualification, i.e., currently, males under 40 must have run a marathon within the previous year, including Boston, under 2 hours, 50 minutes; men over age forty 3 hours, 10 minutes, women 3:20. That single factor has probably created more healthy hearts and lungs and more serious leg injuries than any other single

factor in the history of American life. Just when millions of runners were realizing that, properly trained, a marathon was not out of the question even for formerly overweight heart-attack victims, our goal-oriented sages in Boston slap us with an arbitrary measure of ability, simply to limit the number of people wanting to urinate in the tulips and crocuses of Hopkinton flower beds! If that sounds a tad bitter, you might have guessed that I was once (and hope to be again, never say die) one of the borderline three-hour marathoners who were crushed when Will Cloney decided that 1980 was a beautiful year to drop the qualifying time by ten minutes for all us aspiring daffodil-waterers.

How to train for a marathon? There are reams of theories and dozens of answers, but leave them all to the various running magazines, coaches and selfappointed mystics of the marathon. But, why to train for a marathon? Now, there's something a dog can sink his teeth in! There is in all of us a molecular-based instinct for more and better; if you're on the road doing your five or ten or twenty for that day, you wonder (don't you) what it would be like to go on further, or faster? Lift yourself at any given time from any point in your life and ask yourself truly what you want in your future at that given moment, and sure as you sweat, when the question of running pops up, there'll be little said for the status quo. Ayuh. There's joy in that pain, there's beauty in that Ben-Gay, there's a mystical sense of accomplishment when you push on and achieve another small, personal victory, before or after the inevitable setback. It's been said by many, not only Scott and Helen Nearing, that the end result is not the important thing, it's the struggle. In a recent reading of Colman McCarthy's column in Running Times magazine, I noticed his mention of Clarence DeMar's running (ostensibly) autobiography, entitled simply Marathon. Mc-Carthy mentioned that it had long been out of print, with only 3,000 published in 1937, by the Stephen Daye Press of Brattleboro, Vermont. Curiosity piqued, I callethe Bangor Public Library, and sure enough, that fine and venerable institution had a copy extant.

Clarence DeMar wrote as he ran: somewhat awkwardly (by his own admission), but with style, perseverance and a wry humor. A printer by trade, DeMar amassed seven BAA Marathon victories over a twenty-year period from 1911-30! Although he never mentions his exact winning times, his fastest BAA was "just under 2:30" in 1928, the first year the course was the established Olympic distance of 26.2 miles. A member of the 1912 and 1924 Olympic marathon teams, he captured a bronze medal in Paris in 1924. Interestingly, DeMar gives us an aloof view at times, yet always mentions where he was and what he was doing on April

Also on the 1912 Olympic team was Old Town Indian, Andrew Sockalexis, who finished fourth. DeMar mentions Sockalexis sparingly but with esteem, and there is one photograph of DeMar, Sockalexis and several other runners in Old Town in 1912. Sockalexis is wearing a shirt with the initials BHS; was this Bangor High School? I believe there were more races held in Old Town than DeMar alludes to, anyway.

An educated and religious man, DeMar's views on amateurism, war, coaches and training, diet, unionism and especially of dreams of victory preceding several marathons, all make for delightful reading. McCarthy's suggestion that Stephen Daye Press or someone re-publish Marathon is well-taken. A recent visit to Bill Rodgers Running Center in Cleveland Circle found it on the shelf with a fancy blue and white cover. Is the cover only a reprint, or has the book been re-published? A hasty glance revealed it to be (seemingly) different from the one I found in Bangor, but I couldn't be sure. Nonetheless, Marathon by Clarence DeMar is well worth it.

THE MAINE LINE

by Larry Allen

A column devoted to keeping track of those Maine runners who venture to various races around the U.S. and world.

Spring! It has to come some time! I hope soon. It's been a long winter of snow, bad roads, wind, close calls with cars, not to mention 3 layers of clothes every day. Winter is what Maine runners are made of. Tough!

January Bermuda 10K

A much smaller and less competitive field of Maine runners were in Bermuda this year for the 10K and marathon. Perhaps due to the economy.

The only performances reported so far were from Karen McCann and her husband Dennis of Mercer. Karen ran a good 40:05 for 160th place overall, 12th woman and she won her age group. Dennis ran 40 minutes for 157th place.

Feb 5 Toronto Indoor Games

The Toronto Games are a traditional stop on the indoor circuit. Many runners use this meet to prepare for the big meets in NYC which are but a few weeks away.

Bruce Bickford got his serious season underway with a very good 13:49 5K for 3rd place.

Remember the Bunyan!

Remember the Paul Bunyan Marathon last summer? Mark Whalley and Stu Jenkins, teammates from Principia College in Illinois tied in 2:22:00 to win Maine's oldest marathon. Did you ever wonder what they've been up to since? Probably not.

Despite that they've been running very well, Mark Whalley is
still at Principia College and he
won the NCAA Div III X-C Title
last fall! His ex-teammate is
running well also. Stu Jenkins
ran a good 2:25 marathon at the
Fiesta Bowl Marathon in Arizona
this winter.

Feb 12 NYC Millrose Games

The indoor track meet. The most traditional. The best competition. The best crowds.

It's no wonder the 5,000 meter was so loaded. The 10 man field featured the likes of Alberto Salazar, Suleiman Nyambui, Nick Rose, Doug Padilla, etc. It was a great race. Salazar was 4th. Doug Padilla set an American record, and narrowly missed the world record of 13:20. It's a shame that Bruce Bickford had such a bad race. He said that he felt awful at 1 mile and that he knew it was going to be a long race. He finished 10th in 13:47. We have no information on Brian Pettingill's performance at 1,000 yards.

Running Shoes in Maine

Maine is rapidly becoming the running shoe capital of America. Currently, Nike is in Saco, Etonic is in Lewiston, New Balanc- has moved into Skowhegan and apparently is about to move into Norridgewock. What's next? Hyde Shoe, owner of Saucony, and Wolverine Shoe, the new owner of Brooks are both manufacturing non-running shoes in Bangor and one has to wonder if running shoes are next!

Virginia Beach Update

It's almost time for Virginia Beach again. March 20th will mark the 4th year that a group of Maine runners have made the trek south for the Shamrock Marathon.

Last year there were 17 Maine runners and a team placed 2nd overall out of 20 teams. Individually, Steve Carle was 11th, Phil Stuart was 2nd in his age group and Barbara Hamaluk was 2nd in her age group.

This years group may do better!
Andy Palmer and Kurt Lauenstein
are confirmed entries, as are
O.J. Logue III, Larry Allen,
Barbara Hamaluk and Bob Booker.
There may be others going from
southern Maine - Let us know
if you're going.

Feb 20 Downeast Striders 2 mile

The 1st annual Downeast Striders invitational 2 mile in Orono was a mixed success. There were numerous last minute cancellations because of injuries, illness, changing committments, snow, etc.

Hank Pfeifle made it up to the race and he won easily in 8:54.9.

Kurt Lauenstein was in bed all week with the flu and still managed to run 9:13.1, Jamie Goodberlet ran a PR 9:13.5, Peter Millard ran 9:18.9, O.J. Logue III ran 9:21 and Mark Dorion 10:11.

Bits and Pieces

Miscellaneous news keeps coming our way without complete back-up information. We'll present it as we've received it.

Paul Oparowski ran a 8:52 2 mile at BU in February. Greg Hale from Madawaska and a URI freshman ran a good 9:01 2 mile in a collegiate meet at BU in February.

The day after the Millrose Games, Bruce Bickford ran another race. This time a 1 mile at BU. He felt a lot better! His time? A 4:01 PR.

Feb 6 Sri Chinmoy Marathon, Hampton New Hampshire

A few Maine runners joined 300 others to run this mid-winter race on a day which could have been a lot worse considering the weather this winter. It was in the mid 20's and slightly breezy.

Rock Green ran 2:33, Dan Paul 2:31:21, Tom Leonard 2:38 and Bill Pike ran 2:41, Mark Dorion ran 2:39, 1 week after another 2:39 at the Garden City Marathon in Newton, Mass., and only 3 weeks after a 2:40 in Savannah, Georgia and he plans to run the Iceberg in Bangor on March 6.

Upcoming Events

The China 10K is likely to be a competitive race on April 10th. Among those competing will be Bruce Bickford, Kevin Ryan, Hank Pfeifle, Kim Wettlaufer and Marge Podgajny.

Next Month:

Virginia Beach results. Spring should be upon us, along with a new season of road racing. Anyone planning to run Boston should send the following information to me: Name, address, PR, estimated time at Boston (below 60° and above 60°), age, number of marathons run. We will try to run a complete list of you in the April issue of Maine Running with statistics.

Anyone having information about, collegiate, high school, or open runners from Maine who have run a race (elite or otherwise) outside our borders, please contact me at 24 Parkview Ave., Bangor, Me. 04401 or call 207-942-4297.

At the Races

KATAHDIN TRUST COMPANY'S 1ST ANNUAL SNOW RUN

In the middle of the woods in the middle of the winter, who could want more than 46 hardy souls on a crisp and sunny Saturday morning ready and eager to do battle with the Katahdin Trust Company's 1st Annual Snow Run. By rural, small community standards it was a great turnout and was due, in part, to the number of local people taking part in their first road race after some dedicated winter training. The large number of veteran racers that were present also only served to show that we need more winter races!!

Out of complete desperation, yours truly and a few of the local trapper-runners talked about holding a race even if we couldn't take part in it. After a fashion the talk turned to action and at 11

o'clock on the 13th, Barry's old twelve gauge cut loose to signal the start as 46 runners headed down route 11 amidst log trucks, skidders, pick-ups, three beagles and a police cruiser, not necessarily in that order!!

As the unusually heavy traffic sorted itself out four runners took to the front and continued in a small pack until the final half mile when Rusty Taylor of Hodgdon pulled away to win by six seconds over Mickey Lackey of Bangor.

With plenty of refreshments (straight from the kitchens of Ritchie's lovely wife) and a generous helping of trophies, soft music and an informal atmosphere, the apres race environment was one of good humor, race-talk and in general, just nice things and stuff! One of the unique features of the race may have been the busing of the runners from Katahdin High School to the starting line in Patten. Pre-race information was given on the bus and also gave an opportunity for the local directors to experiment with different brands of local humor. It was the conclusion of those present that these ya-hoos could very well have been left behind. All in allit was a landmark event in our small area and succeeded only because of the Katahdin faculty members, three great senior girls on the registration table and of course, all those who took part, especially Polly Stone, who carted home three trophies: overall woman, first in age group and youngest finisher.

Loren Ritchie

* * *

MID-WINTER CLASSIC

On Sunday, Feb. 7, 1982 52 brave runners faced the elements to run this 10 miler at SMVTI, put on by

"THE PACK"

BROOKS INSURANCE 10 M	ILER	18.	Ken Curtis	66:00	14.	Bill LoPotro	31:20
SMVTI Ja	n 17th	19.	Harvey Rohde	66:17		Alan Stevens	31:30
		20.	Frank Ferland	66:42	16	Ted Allen	32:48
		21.	Bill Leschey	66:52	17	Paul Lapoint	32:57
1. Rock Green	58:38	22.	Roland Moulin	66:52	10	Paula Stone*	33:03
2 Sam Sleeper	1:02:51	2.2	B/- W/11/b	67.02	10.	Mike Doore	
2. Sam Sleeper 3. Sean Keough	1:03:49	24.	Ray Shevenell Jim Moore	67:06	20	Mike Doore	33:27
4. Bob Coughlin	1:04:56	25.	Jim Moore	67:33		Preston Hood III	
5 Armio Clark	1:06:03	26	Mike Worden			Brenda LoPotro*	33:37
5. Arnie Clark 6. Doug Moody	1:07:19	27			22.	Arthur Fraser	33:39
7 Vie Boaulieus	1.07.22	28	Andy Rosen	69:14	23.	Doug Swallow	34:09
7. Kim beautied	1.07.22	20.	Carlton Mandell	69:30	24.	Wendell Porter	34:37
6. Doug Moody 7. Kim Beaulieu* 8. Barry Howgate 9. Lee Nicely 10. Bill Leschey 11. Dave Silverbrand 12. Jim Swan	1.07.36	30	Puggell Martin	69:56	25.	Dean Shea	34:40
9. Lee Nicely	1.07.30	31	O F Delogu	70:15	26.	Larry Mangus Carter Hall	34:42
10. Bill Leschey	1:09:22	32.	Pob Toborgo	70:39	27.	Carter Hall	
II. Dave Silverbrand	1:09:30	22.	Dodoor Crith	71.37	28.	Jeff Robinson	36:20
12. Jim Swan	1:09:31	27.	Tony Harrigan	72.52	29.	Jerry Michaud	36:26
13. Joel Titcomb 14. Bob Quintin	1:12:11	34.	lony Harrigan	72:33	30.	Kim Damion*	36:27
14. Bob Quintin	1:12:12	33.	Mark Danyla	73:34	31.	Lisa Rush*	36:36
13. Joel Titcomb 14. Bob Quintin 15. Joe Trueworthy 16. Frank Morong	1:12:17	36.	Miks Harrigan	73:38	32.	Pat Blake	36:50
16. Frank Morong 17. Herb Strom	1:12:55	37.	Roger Beaulieu	74:05	33.	Brian Roach	38:03
17. Herb Strom	1:13:36	38.	Barbara Coughlin*				
17. Herb Strom 18. Art Greif	1:14:28	39.	Lioya Cook	74:58	35.	Louise Ellis* Susan Adams*	39:22
				76:08	36.	Susan Adams*	39:26
20. Mike Worden 21. Don Wilson	1:15:34	41.	Andrew Hascam	,0.1,	37.	Benita Qualev*	39:39
21. Don Wilson	1:15:36	42.	Bernard Ross	76:52	38.	Martena McAvoy* Ellen McLaughlin*	39:52
22. Don Berthiaume 23. Dave Trussell 24. Barbara Coughlin 25. Denise Coburn*	1:16:20	43.	Jerie Bugbee*	78:23	39.	Ellen McLaughlin*	39:52
23. Dave Trussell	1:19:54	44.	Dick Manthorne	78:47	40.	Becky Baltzer*	40:10
24. Barbara Coughlin	*1:20:12	45.	Steve Hyde	78:53	41.	Vicki Richardson*	41:14
25. Denise Coburn*	1:31:01	46.	Brian Gillespie	80:25	42.	Chet McNally Ola Tucker Diane Tucker*	41:52
					43.	Ola Tucker	43:30
27 Sally Patersen*	1:34:23	48.	Marion Leschey*	82:35	44.	Diane Tucker*	43:32
28. Sue Yandell*	1:35:35	49.	Dennis Morrill	03:33	1.5	Manar Allart	44:39
		5.0	John Doherty	84:15	46.	David Pratt	45:03
Race results courtesy	of	51.	Barbara Nelson*	93:40		24114 11411	45.05
Race results courtesy Grace Amoroso, MTC		52.	Marianne Doherty*	94:22	Resi	ilts courtesy of Lor	en Ritchie
							e Director
* * * * * * * * * * *	* * * *	New	course record.			* * * * * * * * * *	
MID-WINTER 10 MILE CI	LASSIC	Res	alts courtesy of Gra	ce Amoroso			
SMVTI	Feb 7th	В	ob Payne - Race Dire	ctor	AUGU	STA SNOFEST 5 MILE	
		* *	* * * * * * * * *	* * * *		Fe	
1. Werner Pobatschr	nig						
	53:02	1ST	ANNUAL KATAHDIN TRU	ST SNOW	1.	Steve Russell	27:51
2. John Keller	53:55	Pat	ten Run 4.8 Mile	s Feb 13th	2.	Rick Krause	28:12
3. Jim Babb	56:02				3.		28:15
4. Sean Keough	58:31					Don McAllaster	
	59:23	1.	Rusty Taylor	25:31			28:20
 Dick McFaul Mark Hoffmaster Bob Coughlin 	60:03	2.	Mickey Lackey	25:37	6	D/11 T/	00 05
7. Bob Coughlin	60:32	3.	Rick Shelton	25:49	7	David Baird	28.30
8 Kent MacDonald	61:05	4.	Conrad Walton	25:57	9	Store Helmharker	20:39
9. Mike Towle	61:59	5.	David Mangus	28:00	0.	Steve Holmbraker Roger Foster	29:03
10 Russ Connors	63:14	6.	David Alley	28:36	10	Jeffery Crocker	
11. Barry Howeate	63:38	7.	Fred Putnam	28:42	11	I loud Forming	29:19
12 Vim Regulious	63:47	8.	Robert Farmer	29:00	12	Lloyd Ferriss Doug Craib Gene Roy	29:33
13 Fric Filte	63:48	9	Eugene Farmer	29:00	12.	Come Par	29:44
1/ David Allow	64.32	10	Brent Worthing	29:37	13.	Gene Koy	30:15
15 Bal O	64.52	11	Peter Filis	30:10	14.	George Liming	30:41
15. Bob Quentin	65.02	12	Pohert Dunray	30.58	15.	George Liming Gary Blaschke Dale, Pelleitier	31:22
7. Bob Coughlin 8. Kent MacDonald 9. Mike Towle 10. Russ Connors 11. Barry Howgate 12. Kim Beaulieu* 13. Eric Ellis 14. David Alley 15. Bob Quentin 16. Lennie Hatch 17. Jim Toulouse	65:02	12.	Wayne Cameron	31:09	16.	Dale, Pelleitier	31:23
1/. Jim Toulouse	63:07	13.	wayne cameron	31.03	17.	James Engle	31:35

18.	Paul Pelletier	31:47
19.	Dan Williams	32:13
20.	Doug Ludewig	32:21
21.	Gary Grady	32:28
22.	Andy Abrams	32:37
23.	Dennis Hayes	32:54
24'.		33:23
25.	John Schwerdel	33:48
26.		33:23
27.		34:08
	Carlton Mendell	34:15
1	Fred Merian	34:37
30.		34:45
31.		35:27
	Robert Day	35:59
	John Edmondson	36:17
0.7	Martin Schiff	36:26
35.		36:26
36.		36:54
37.		36:59
38.	Jeannie Lewis*	37:10
	Don Abrams	37:20
40.	Gerald Hoff	37:24
41.		
	Mike Hagerman	37:43
43.	Margie Williams*	37:55
44.	Mary Jane Day*	38:57
45.	Margaret Clapper-	
	Bickford	39:49
46.	James Chick	41:18
47.	Peter White	43:09
48.	Luanne Aslam	49:24
49.	SnoFest Jester	49:24
	(Cliff Fletch	er)

Results courtesy of Ray Giglio Race Director

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STATE CHAMPIONSHIP HIGH SCHOOL INDOOR TRACK

Class B Boys

Lawrence (65); Orono (65); Ellsworth (59.5); Scarborough (38); Bucksport (33.5); Old Town (30); Mattanawcook (20); Hampden (19.5); MDI (13); Mt. Ararat (10); Kennebunk (6); Wells (6); Winslow (3); Kennebunk Christian (2); Forest Hills; Greely; Greenville, John Bapst; Marshwood; Old Orchard (0).

Hurdles: Atherton (Bucks); Brutsaert (Or); Letourneau (Law); Clapper (MA); Jentost (Ken); Liberty (Law); 8.4

60: Cairnie (Law); Nelson (Scar); Herrick (Buck); Hayes (MA); Annett (Law); Parker (Law); 6.6

300: Delano (Scar); Parker (Law); Quirk (Hamp); Farragin (Wells); Letourneau (Law) Norman (E11s); 34.5

Long Jump: Gurney (Law); White (OT); Hesseltine (OT); Herrick (Bruns); LaBarnes (Scar); St. Peter (Or); 20'

2 Mile: Berlew (Ells); Holt (Ells); Everett (Ells); Marquis (OT); Hawes (Hamp); St. Clair (MDI); 9:52.8

High Jump: Atherton (Bucks); Leonard (MA); Colombo (Mar); Whelton (Ken); Colley (Ells); Joslyn (Hamp); 6'1"

Mile: Berlew (Ells); Russ (Or); Curtis (OT); Hawes (Hamp); Hewitt (Ken); Theriault (FH); 4:31.9

Pole Vault: Brutsaert (Or); Clark (or); Beamis (Scar); Albee (MDI); Tupper (Ells); Nadeau (Scar); 12'

600: Colley (Ells); Wood (Or); Goodwin (Scar); Coulumbe (Mar); Dexter (Law); Johnson (Ells); 1:18.1

Shot Put: Trafton (Or); Gurney (Law); Darling (W); Norden (Scar); Grandmaison (Law); Burgess (Bucks); 45

1,000: Everett (811s); MacDonald (MDI); Curtis (OT); Russ (Or); Young (Law); Dorr (Law); 2:24.7

Relay: Lawrence (Cairnie, Leary, Annett, Gurney); Orono, Hampden, Mattanawcook, Bucksport, Greenville 1:39.2

Class A Boys Cheverus (87); Brewer (57); Portland (43); Westbrook (37); Brunswick (30); S. Portland (27.5); Thornton (22); Deering (21.5); Edward Little (10); Lewiston (9); Banger (3); Biddeford (2); Skowhegan; Gardiner

Long Jump: Bogdanovich (Port); Elkin (Br); McIlwain (Port); Crossman (Bruns); Talley (Bang); Roberts (Br); 20°2%"

Shot Put: Bogdanovich (Port); Lombard (Thorn); Caminittf (Deer) Coyne (S. Port); Dean (Deer); Farrington (Chev); 56'5"

Hurdles: Mileson (S. Port); Crossman (Bruns); Hight (Deer); Paradis (Chev); Rombolski (Chev) Lavalle (Chev); 8.1

Elkin (Br); McIlwain (Port); Fogg (Thorn); Bog-danovich (Port); Hurley (Bruns); LaPierre (Deer); 6.6

England (Chev); Briggs Mile: (Chev); Kein (Chev); Swope (EL); Lambert (Br); Bethley (Westb); 4:26.8

600: Anderson (Chev); LaRose (S. Port); Pinkham (Br); Thorn-ton (Bruns); Kelly (Chev); Stillings (Bang); 1:16.7

1,000: England (Chev); Kenn6 (Westb); Moran (Westb); LaRose (S. Port); St. John (Chev); Egler (Chev); 2:20.7

300; Elkin (Br); Ames (Br); Fogg (Thorn); Rowe (Deer); Curit (Bidd); Dunning (Port)

2 Mile: Briggs (Chev); Lynch (Chev); Backus (EL); Kein (Chev); LeVasseur (Br); Emerson (Thorn); 9:54.2

(Westb); Heard (Bruns); Hemphill (Westb); Carr (S. Port); Hight (Deer); 6'1"

Relay: Westbrook; Cheverus; Brunswick; Portland; Thornton; S. Portland; 1:37.4

Class A Girls Brewer(98); Skowhegan (54); Deering (44); Portland (36); Thornton (31); Bangor (20); Biddeford (16); Westbrook (14); Gardiner (10); Brunswick (7); S. Portland (5); Oxford Hills (5); Lewiston (0)

Long Jump: Boody (Port); Cole (Deer); Grodin (West); McCauley (Port); Angell (S. Port); Libby (Br); 16'2 3/4"

Shot Put: Hayden (Skow); Pallas (Deer); Faulkner (Br);

Goodwin (Br); Bersani (Skow); Hamilton (Bruns); 39'2"

Burdles: Dineen (Gard): Bacon (Skow); Peckham (Bang); Eustis (Deer); Brody (Br); Fallon (0x): 8.7

60: Boody (Port); Magelin (Bang); Williams (Port); Solomon (Bang); O'Leary (Deer); Libby (Br); 7.1

Mile: Whitten (Thorn); Cyr (Br); Cowette (Skow); Loiselle (Br); Adams (Br); LaRose (S. Port); 5:33.8

600: McCauley (Deer); Docket (Thorn); McAuliffe (Thorn); Fraser (Br); Rosenberg (Br); Beal (Br); 1:31.5

1,000: Fritz (Bidd); Lawlor (Br); Cowette (Skow); Williams (Br); Whittier (Thorn); Pennell (Thorn); 2:52.4

300: Boody (Port); Fraser (Br); Gifford (Skow); Fallon (Ox); McAuliffe (Thorn); Fuller (Skow); 36.0 300:

2 Mile: Lawler (Br); Cyr (Br); Fritz (Bidd); Loiselle (Br); Desjardins (Thorn); Morong (S. Port); 11:58.2

High Jump: Revello (Br); Kilbride (Deer); Wood (Br); Theorin (Skow); Slaughter (Bruns); 4'8"

Relay: Skowhegan; Westbrook, Brewer, Brunswick, Bangor, S. Portland; 1:55.8

Class B Girls Mount Desert Island 56; Mt. Ararat 50; Old Town and Kennebunk 48; Orono 41; Bucksport 16; Scarborough 15: Hampden Ac. and Mt. Abram 14; Lawrence and Mattanawcook 10; Ellsworth 9; Telstar 5; Greely and Greenville 2; Old Orchard Beach and Winslow O

Long Jump: O'Connell (MDI): Wolfe (K); Gibson (MDI); Porter (H); Richards (G); Andrews (S); 16'3"

Lewis (Mt. A); Winn (OT) Clapper (B); Homola (Or); Mahan (G1); Maguire (E); 5:26.2

600: McHatton (Mt. A); Blanchard (OT); McCormack (Or); Duff (K); Ocana (M); Kenny (Mt. A); 1:31.6

1,000: Perkins (K); Winn High Jump: Holyoke (Br); Kenny (OT); Hoskins (Mt. A); Maguire estb); Heard (Bruns); Hemphill (E); Bell (S); Bernier (Mt. A); 2:47.4 meet record*

> Lewis (MDI); Smith (OT); O'Connell (MDI); McHatton (Mt. A); Andrews (S); Farring-ton (L); 39.2 meet record*

2 Mile: Lewis (Mt.A); Homola (Or); Clapper (B); Stratton (E); Wood (MDI); Gousse (L); 11:39.7 (meet record)

Shot Put: LeClair (Or); Targett (Mt. Ab); Seger (OT); Mishou (S); Kocur (Or); Bar-teaux (H); 38'8"

High Jump: McEnroe (MDI);
McHatton (Mt. A); Soule (Or);
Fleet (T); Neil (Mt. Ab);
Portex (H); 5'1"

60 Low Hurdles: O'Connell (MDI); Christy (K); Andrews (S); Brown (Mt. Ab); Soule

(Or); Meryweather (MDI); 8.5 meet record*

60: Smith (OT); Gauthier (K); Badger (H); Beckwith (B); Sutherland (M); 7.4

880 Relay: Kennebunk (Deteso, Duff, Perkins, Christy); Lawrence; Mattanawcook; Orono; Hampden; Mount Desert Island 1:55.2

The state championships in indoor track were decided on February 13th at Colby College in Waterville and the Universtiy of Maine at Orono.

In Waterville the Cheverus Stags won their third straight state crown by thirty points over runner-up Brewer. Mike England of Belfast won the mile and the 1,000 for the victors while his teammates, Tom Briggs and Lenny Anderson chipped in with wins in the 2 mile and 600.

In the girls meet seniors
Theresa Lawlor and Mary Lynn
Cyr led the Brewer Witches
to their second consecutive
state crown aided by Erica
Revello's victory in the
high jump. Brewer's 44
point cushion over Skowhegan shows just how well
balanced Coach Jefferie's
girls team is.

In Orono the home town team managed to tie the Lawrence Bulldogs in the boy's championship led by pole vaulter Tom Brutsaert and shot putter Tony Trafton. Steve Gurney and Dave Cairnie were stand-outs for Lawrence.

In B action for the girls, MDI once again took home the laurels. Cathy O'Connell and Caskie Lewis paced the Trojans with state records in the 60 low hurdles and 300.

Wendy McEnroe won the high jump to pad the victory margin.

Once again the eastern Maine teams showed their strength in indoor action largely because of the facility at UMO. The westerners will be ready for competition if the snow ever melts.

Bob Booker

* * *

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19-20 Jeff Crocker Band

21-23 Searsmont Street Band

24-26 the Drones

27-29 Lindsay/Abbott Band

30-31 Dr. Hicklick's Cucumber Band



the Maine Track Club. The temp-erature at the start was about 20° with a southwest wind. The course ran through South Port-land, and Cape. When it was all over the first two finishers, Werner Pobatschnig in 53:02 and John Keller 53:55 had broken the old record held by Bob Winn (54:01). The first female, Kim Beaulieu, 63:47, had a fine run as always. All 52 finished.

Charles Scribner

* * *

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