

A publication of the Winner's Circle Running Club - a trusted source of club news prior to this issue

# THE RAG



Kristen Broderick  
Santa's Toy Trot



John Wile  
Turkey Trot

Tot Trot and Turkey Trot big successes!



Hey! We're on the web: [www.runthecircle.com](http://www.runthecircle.com)

Prez Speaks pg 1

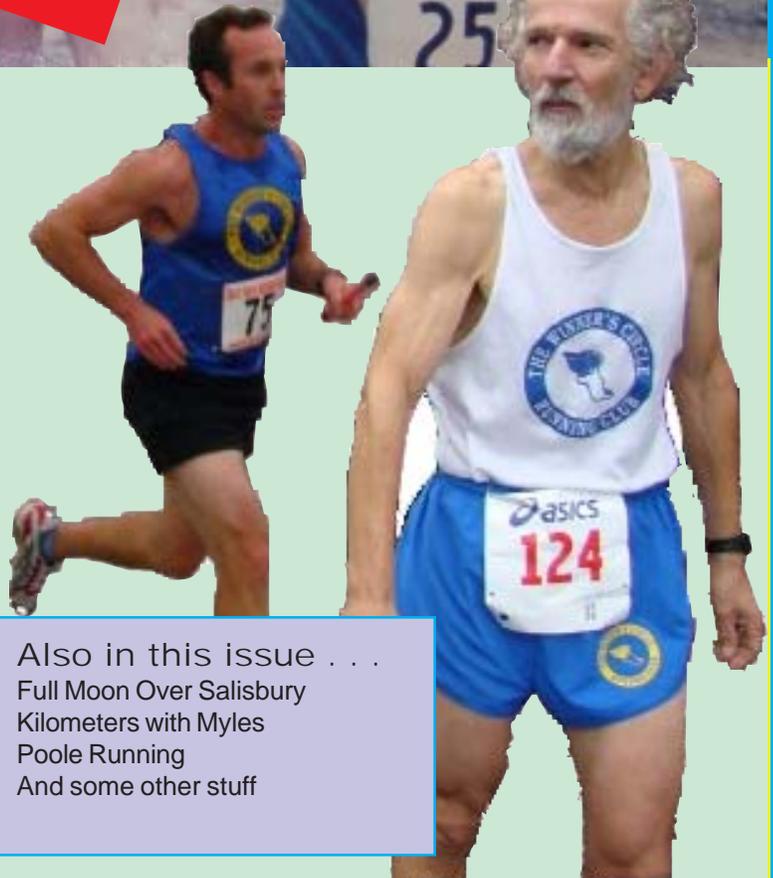


- Ted Jones makes sixty!
- Out kicks John Boyle
- Buys hair piece

## RANDALL'S SCANDAL. CHEATER EXPOSED!



USATF demands return of all previously won trophies -- both of them!



Also in this issue . . .  
Full Moon Over Salisbury  
Kilometers with Myles  
Poole Running  
And some other stuff

# President's Lap

Chris Kealey

Age is a funny thing, especially when it comes to running.

Having turned 40 in September I have realized that life on the other side of the 4th decade is not so different after all (at least not yet).



Whenever you look at runners who are older than you and are still churning out big miles and fast times in the back of your mind you say "I can only hope to be running like when I am 40, 50, 60 and so on."

Then all of sudden you become that older runner of your youth. And you can either be the runner you want to be or you can subscribe to the mentality that you should slow down and be happy about it because that is just the way it is.

It is true that miles come a bit harder, the workouts a bit more tough, and the recoveries are, well, a bit longer.

What it takes now is a little TLC on the old body and mind. Stretching, forced rest, and running off road are now part of the game plan. Banging out 10 -15 hard miles on the road takes its toll. There is a lot more ice these days and it ain't in my margaritas. But if the formula is right you can still be the runner you want to be.

Well here we are in the clutches of late fall. Terrific running weather. You can not beat a good trail run in October in New England. I was down in Miami in October and what a boring place to be a runner. We are truly lucky to live in such a beautiful place. With the fall comes the many Circle activities to prepare for.

Our 2 biggest races, the Turkey Trot & the Hangover, are just around the corner. Mill Cities is the first weekend in December and we need all hands on deck if we want to kick MVS out of the top spot. There is no reason we should not be able to do this. We have the depth, experience, and speed to beat them. So if you can commit to a few hours on Sunday December 2nd please let Vicki Miller and Derek Dorval know.

The other big activities are Toys for Tots in Merrimac, the Christmas party and the club's 30th Anniversary. We are tentatively planning a gala event for late March to be held at the Circle. So get the word out. And we need volunteers for the party committee. I am hoping we can do some sort of a guess your time event or something along those lines before the party starts. If anybody has some fun ideas let me know.

Thanks to all of you out there donating your time and energy to working & timing our races, showing up for mailings, writing articles for the RAG and supporting youth running.

"May your glass be ever full.

May the roof over your head be always strong.  
And may you be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you're dead."

Chris

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## Welcome New Members

Jarrold Clement Southboro, MA  
Colt Forythe Andover, MA  
Cliff Coates Salisbury, MA  
Tara Gurry Newburyport, MA  
Joey Gallant Rochester, NH  
Taylor Roberts Newburyport, MA  
Jacob Letiza Merrimac, MA  
Aaron Brooks Newburyport, MA  
Jason Downey Raymond, NH  
Abby Jackson Newmarket, NH  
Adrea Evans Newburyport, MA  
Brian Enger Bidderford, ME

**Want to get your newsletter before the information is history?**

**Want to save a tree, prevent global warming and thus save the earth?**

**If the answer is YES then why not have the Rag sent to you via email?**

**If you are interested, please contact Tom Miller at [wrcr@xenial.unh.edu](mailto:wrcr@xenial.unh.edu) and we'll put you on the environmentally safe mailing list.**



# Kilometers with Myles

Quebec City - Sophomore  
Marathon in the Summer  
Heat.

## Myles Wilson

The euphoria that comes from finishing one's first marathon, especially if that marathon is the hilly & formidable Big Sur, can lead you to become a tad overconfident. At least that was my conclusion after struggling to finish the "Marathons des Deux Rives" at Quebec City this past August. The pre-race rationale was: hey, the course looks reasonably flat, and we're so far north that it can't be that hot. How hard could it be? Very, Very hard as it turned out.

Everything to do with the first half of this race was easy: with an 8:30 am start, there was no need to wake up in the dark and huddle in the cold, and by start time it was already warmish, in the high 60s. It didn't occur to me that if it was already comfortable running weather, that it was apt to get terribly uncomfortable before too long. The first 7 miles featured lots of downhill sections as the course followed an S shape down to the river bank. Great crowd support too (Allez!, Vas-y! Bravo!). Though it was getting warm, there was a nice breeze, some cloud cover and partly shaded streets. The only daunting moment early on was about 1 hr into the race when you look down the river and see how very far away the bridge is that you're running to. Anyway, just after the 1/2 way pt., as we approached the ascent to the bridge, I started feeling way less optimistic about my goal of doing a sub-3:50 or even a sub-4 time.

By 10:30 am, it was starting to get noticeably warmer, into the mid-70s, and the spike in heat coincided with the sharp climb with 20K to go. By the time I was on the bridge, running into a head wind, I started to feel seriously fatigued....No biggie I thought...there was some downhill ahead - I could recover there, and it was pretty much flat to the finish. Besides, I could find a 2nd wind and fight thru the fatigue.

That downhill turned out to offer little relief. All I perceived is that it was getting hotter..and as we descended, we fell into a wind shadow at the base of the valley. The cloud cover was now gone, & the sun beat down on us relentlessly. The last 12K was straight up the north bank of the river, and is mostly flat. As the sun started to take its toll, I tried to talk myself thru this, but unlike in Big Sur, my body didn't want to respond.

When I slowed down for Galloway-type walking breaks & at water stops, it took Herculean spurts of intensity to resume running. It seemed like the heat was melting away my will



Don Hennigar is as solid as bedrock at this year's Bobby Bell 5

power. By the time I reached the 10K remaining pt, I realized a sub-4 hour time was beyond my grasp — to do it, I'd have to finish in 58 mins, and at that point I was having trouble running at even a slow jog.

From 10K to 3K, my mind descended into a sort of twilight zone stupor. And my body... well, there must be a special place in hell reserved for those who are ill-prepared for a warm weather marathon. All my joints were sore, my feet were swollen, there were friction burns in unexpected places, & I was overwhelmingly thirsty, w/ parched throat. There had been little crowd support since the bridge, and just a couple bands along this final part of course: one was doing Pink Floyd's, 'Another Brick in the Wall' (uh, since when is Floyd motivational running music?) and a high school band playing a cheesy instrumental version of 'Eye of the Tiger'. ("just a man & his will to survive")

My final last ditch goal was to at least better my Big Sur time of 4:17:54. To do this, I resolved to run the final 3K w/ no walking breaks...the longest frickin 3K of my life. Managed to beat Big Sur by about 2 minutes, and even upped the pace for the final 200 m to pass a few guys. As I came to the line, the race announcer hollered out my name to the crowd, and with

cont. on page 7

# Full Moon Four Miler

Brian Marionapolis

**Editor Note:** The names in this story have been change to protect the innocent and to keep you guessing.

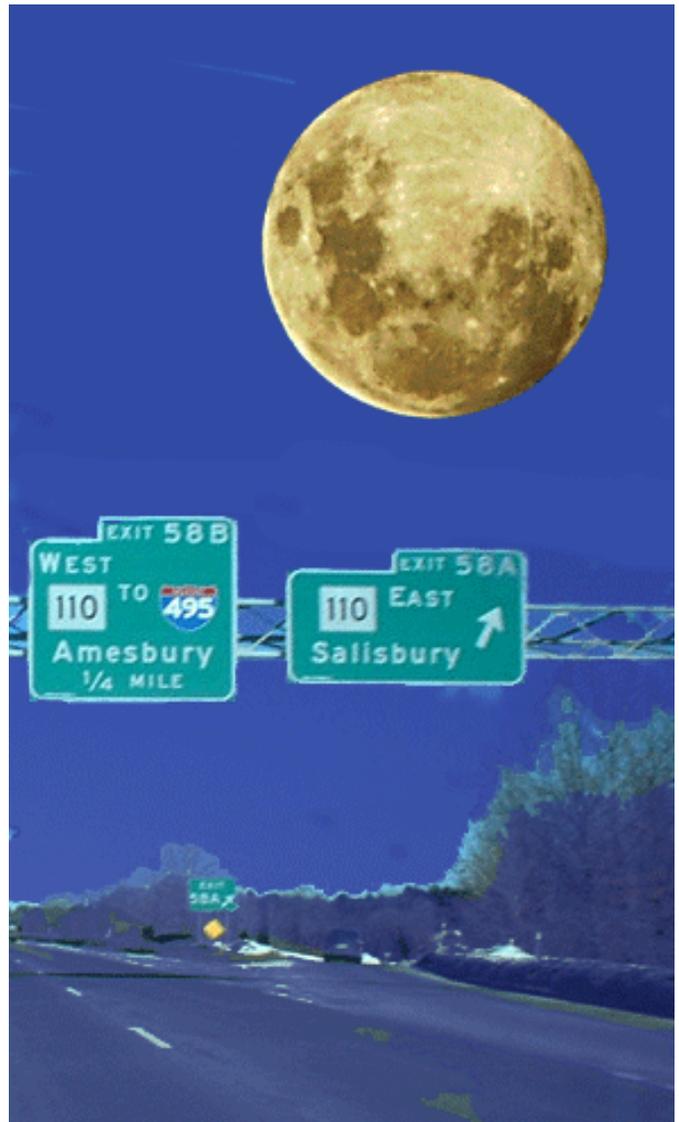
The full September moon rose over the ocean on the warm, humid evening of September 27, as seven stalwart and stiff runners prepared to embark on the first “Full Moon Four Miler and Flexibility Seminar” from Stacy Jane’s on Hampton Beach to the finish at Ten’s Show Club in Salisbury. Organized by Dan Ryebay with help from some of the runners from the Monday nights at Saunders group, this men’s only race was designed to challenge the ability of the participants to predict their time and to enhance their flexibility.

At precisely 6:30 p.m., the pack of seven set off on the flat course with duct tape concealing the displays on their watches. Tommy Lake, a previous winner of the pre-Thanksgiving “predict your time 5k” put on by the Winner’s Circle, shot ahead in the lead, with Brian Marianopolis, a two-time “predict your time 5k” winner at mid-pack, and race organizer Dan Saunders cagily bringing up the rear along with Skip Brody.

As the gap between the front and rear of the pack increased and the distance to the finish gradually decreased, I recalled my wife’s parting words to me before the race: “have fun”! My spirits buoyed by the good cheer displayed by my life partner of 40 years, I looked forward to the finish line, a cold beer or two, and the anticipated relief of the “flexibility seminar” that Dan promised would be our reward. I felt confident that the lessons that I brought back from Ten’s could only enhance our already mutually pleasurable relationship.

After we all finished, within a few minutes of one another, we took the tape from our watches in unison and discovered that the race “winner” was none other than yours truly, who had predicted a time of 34 minutes flat, and who came in at 33:51. Glad to be done, we all washed off with the wet towels that Dan had so graciously provided and refreshed ourselves further with cold water and Gatorade. The modest \$20 entry fee was designed to take care of the Ten’s cover charge, a beer or two, and a “special prize” for the winner, presumably one that would enhance his flexibility.

After we all discarded our sweaty running gear for drier, more presentable attire, we entered Ten’s to begin our evening of entertainment and instruction. As various dancers demonstrated poses guaranteed to increase flexibility and enjoyment, we all took mental notes so that we could share these valuable lessons with our chosen partners. Meanwhile, other well kept staff members from Ten’s circulated among us, offering back rubs, beers, and bracing private dances.



At last, it was time for me to claim my prize, and a statuesque young dancer led me away, the oldest among the seven, to stimulate my senses. Attired (for a while) in a blue Winner’s Circle singlet and little else, my instructor helped me to relax and regain flexibility to my stiff joints. Dan was right: this was indeed a useful exercise in providing runners with the tools that they needed to achieve more success on the roads!

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# Pumkinman Sprint Triathlon

*Deb Merrill*

Spring Hill, So. Berwick ME - September 9th July of 2006.

I got myself involved on the other side of racing by committing myself to a co-race director position for my triathlon teams' first annual Sprint triathlon. I figured after many years of road racing and about 5 years of racing tri's that I'd be able to "backward engineer" and handle what went on behind the scenes. I also figured that since the event was more than a year away, there was plenty of time for all of the work to get done. I was still telling myself this up until a few hours from the race. I spent the next 14 months paying careful attention to details at every race I attended, and beefed up my knowledge by volunteering when I could.

I would love to know the number of cell phone minutes I burned up discussing race minutia. Do we buy buoys or rent them? How many porta-potties do we need (Duh. apparently, there are never enough)? How many bikes can fit on a rack? What if our water test fails (it didn't; it tested out as clean enough to drink!)? Why is snow fencing so expensive? Does spray chalk come off skin?

One month before the race date, two key things happened at once: we sold out, exceeding our expectations beyond our wildest dreams, and were contacted by a 3<sup>rd</sup> party on behalf of Joan Benoit Samuelson for a race entry. The other race director and I had previously agreed that once we hit our cap, that out of fairness we wouldn't let anyone else in, unless it was God calling (or a particular famous movie star). We quickly amended that rule to include God, and Joan Benoit Samuelson.

For those of you too young to know, or too new to racing to realize it, she is the first woman to have won an Olympic gold medal in the marathon. She is a pioneer of women's marathoning and she has inspired countless number of people to run and has given back to the running community tenfold.



*Deb and Jim*

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I've also learned firsthand that she is incredibly gracious and humble and, of course, can still run really damn fast!

Ms. Samuelson relayed that she was extremely nervous about the event as it was her first one and that she'd let us know for sure if she'd be racing. We spent the next 10 days on pins and needles, referring to Project JBS only in secret, not wanting to jinx it.

The Friday night before the race, the call finally came and she said she would love to do our race. Of course, we summarily panic, and then told everyone we knew that an incredible famous Olympian was coming to do our little race in So. Berwick ME!!!! OMG!!

The weeks before the race were spent obsessing over the project plan, lining up last minute volunteers, answering questions, and repeatedly saying "Sorry, no more entries". We were totally jazzed up over the response to the race while also second guessing ourselves on our race cap (could we have done 500?). We stuck firm to our desire to put on a first class event for a smaller number of athletes. There would be room to grow into bigger shoes next year. We also checked the weather about 14 times a day and asked everyone if they knew what the prediction was to be. (I even considered purchasing StormBolt, a \$500 device that predicts how far away a thunderstorm is. Then I started thinking about how many pairs of shoes I could buy with that much money and cancelled the thought. StormBolt won't go with jeans like a cute pair of slingbacks).

A race director's nightmare in a triathlon is extreme heat (predicted for Friday and Saturday and maybe Sunday if the winds didn't shift) or thunderstorms (predicted for Saturday and Sunday) that impact the swim portion of the race. Our

worst thoughts came true on Saturday night when the storms hit and blew over the stakes in the swim and run courses that we spent all day Saturday putting up. No matter, plenty of hands on deck race day to “do over”. I read and re-read our Inclement Weather Plan like it was my last will and testament.

Race Day, September 9<sup>th</sup>: Once the triathlon machine starts, ain’t nothin’ stoppin’ it. With about 90 minutes of sleep, Jimmy and I headed to the site for the 4:00 a.m. site setup (weddings at the site the day before prevented us from doing much in advance; given the storms we had during the night, it was probably a blessing in disguise.)

We arrived to a beehive of activity, key volunteers already setting up tents, putting together bike racks, and of course downing coffee left and right. I had forgotten to eat in my rush to leave the house, and scrounged up some food. It was going to be a long day.

We had published a list of tasks for the race captains so everyone already knew what to do. Vicki and Tom Miller roared in on their Honda CRV and rain gear at the crack of dawn. Early for their assignments and ready to roll. It was comforting to have familiar faces as the volunteers: Curt Lintvedt, Adam Nisson, Nancy Leigh Oeser, Kristen Broderick, Christine, and other friends were there too. I was reminded again and again throughout the day that no race takes place without a tremendous amount of effort on the behalf of volunteers. I was humbled by the hard work and upbeat spirits I saw that day, some of it in the pouring rain and cold. Sue Talon, my Riptide Tri teammate and good friend, was also there at the crack of dawn. She spent the day in a shivering contest with me despite that we both wearing 4 layers of clothing. Neither one of us was made for the cold.

Things were going like clockwork. Transition opened at 6:00, and my friend Jeff Parsons was the first athlete to finish. He spent the next 3 hours wishing he had slept in a little more and riding his bike around and around the parking lot. It was his second triathlon and he was nervous. Many friends were appearing as expected: Diane Casselberry (WCRC), fresh off a tough Timberman Sprint race, was competing in her third triathlon. Other WCRC members Linda Long and Chip Cody were attempting their first (congrats Linda, on a 2<sup>nd</sup> place age group finish to none other than Joan Benoit Samuelson! What an honor! And congrats Chip, 2<sup>nd</sup> in his age group!). Chip and Diane had been swimming and riding the course for months, so they were totally prepared. At 6:45 and then again at 7:15 I was looking at the number of bikes in transition and wondering where all the athletes were. I had to remind myself that 9:00 a.m. is a late start and it wasn’t because the wrong directions had been posted on the web site. Perhaps the biggest excitement of the day though, was the arrival of our special guest; our idol and superior athlete (who incidentally requested absolutely no special treatment and wanted to be treated just like everyone else so would probably cringe at these words). I’ll never forget meeting her again (I actually had met her at a running camp once) and then later on when she thanked me for having her at our race and wouldn’t accept that it was our honor instead.



*Olympic Gold Medalist Joan Benoit-Samuelson and Winners Circle member Linda Long.*

Right before the mandatory athlete meeting, there was some momentary angst over the line of 15 people still at the porta-potties. They still had to go back to transition and get their wetsuits. (Here’s a race tip for you: most triathletes just pee in their wetsuits at the swim start. Gross, I know, but it warms you up.) We conferred with our timing guy and decided there would be no delay. We got through the pre-race announcements and National Anthem (Whitney Houston or LeAnn Rhimes? Andy Schachat says to me), and countdown started. I had butterfly’s going, but probably not as many as the folks with their toe on the line. The gun went off, and Wave 1 took the plunge. I took a couple of seconds to jump up and down with excitement and then settled in for the next round of race director activities.

The next several hours were spent watching the athletes trudge up “The Hill” from the swim to the transition area (we debated long and hard about this feature of our course, knowing full well there would be lots of kvetching afterwards about how steep and long it was. We weren’t disappointed on that count. It’s staying in the race plan though, because it makes our race unique and besides, everyone else has to get up the damn hill too and there really aren’t any other alternatives!). For the most part, everything went off like clockwork and the few minor incidents that could have been large incidents were squashed like a bug by our capable volunteers.

Before I knew it the first athlete was crossing the line. We had some spectacular local athletes there, pro triathlete Mike Caizzo (1:09:08) who won overall and Mary Miller first female (1:18:21), who has my respect for quitting her job and moving to Boulder to train for the Olympics in 2010 under Siri Lindley. And of course Joan Benoit Samuelson, who by all accounts got off her bike and put on running sneakers and took off like a bullet. She ran to win her age group, and posted the fastest women’s run split in 18:10. I couldn’t resist pulling my camera out for that finish, knowing that history was in the

making for her completing her first triathlon. I know pride is not the best of emotions, but I can't describe feeling much other than that and happiness that I helped created that little bit of history.

During the awards ceremony and raffle (pouring rain by now, freezing, and when I looked up, I was amazed at the number of people –including volunteers—who hung around. Not for my radiant personality, but for all the great raffle prizes that we had. Plus they were blocked in until the last athlete finished the race anyway. Talk about a captive audience!) a number of slower athletes were coming down the chute. The only time I got choked up all day was watching the smiles on their faces, the crazy loud cheering and hugs from their families, as they finished. The entire audience was clapping and cheering for them, making their race that much more special. This is the reason I love this sport. I will always be inspired by this, perhaps more so than by the exceptional finishes at the top of the list. I especially loved watching the first-timers. The joy from them is so real and reminds me of my own from my first race.

All good things must come to an end, and within an hour and a half the site was completely empty of everything we had brought in (again, volunteers are everything and in particular the ones who stay until the last piece of equipment is taken away).

Post race, I am overwhelmed by the positive e-mails, phone calls and comments coming from athletes, and volunteers alike. It's really something for volunteers to tell you they had a blast, have ideas for improvements for next year, and can't wait to do it again. They didn't pay for the privilege to be there or get paid, didn't get a goody bag or massages in the massage tent post race.

A special note of thanks to the love of my life, Jimmy Banyas, for putting up with 14 months of incessant race chatter from me. Oh, and he was one of those inspiring volunteers I mentioned. :-)

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### *Myles continued from page 3*

french accent, said, “from New.....uuryport” (where dat?). It turned out that the temp in the final hour had only been about 77 F, and that the winner had nailed the 2nd fastest time ever for the event. Had never imagined that 77 F would pose such a huge challenge. It all seemed to hinge on how a temp like that was perceived by the body after already running 20 miles..It felt like running a 10K in 95F.

Despite getting so beat up by the heat, I will definitely return to this race someday , & recommend this event to anyone interested in a summer marathon that is tough but still within reach of an amateur. The Quebec City area is a beautiful race venue and the event had all the advantages of a large 1st class marathon but w/o the disadvantages of a mega-event. The race organizers really rolled out the red carpet: You never felt crowded or had to weave around people along the route with always 2 or 3 lanes

open; the water stops were well placed and they had cold sponges as well. The water stop volunteers in the last 10K would even get after you to fight on...They were shouting: Courage! courage! Ne Marche Pas! (loosely translated: No wimping out...Stop walking and get a move on!). All told, this was a very challenging and well organized race, but it was still an August marathon and woe be to those who underestimate it !

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*Myles Willson at the finish of the Quebec Marathon*

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## **WCRC clothing guaranteed to reduce your time or your money back!**

Extensive studies have proven that clothing with the WCRC logo will reduce your time by 20-seconds per mile on average. We have a good variety of club clothing available. If you are interested in purchasing any of these items, contact Dave LaBrose, the WCRC uniform and equipment coordinator or just show up at any of the WCRC monthly meetings, he always has a supply on hand. You can reach Dave via email at [ickylabrose@verizon.net](mailto:ickylabrose@verizon.net).

# Poole Running

## Timmy Poole

On memorial day weekend several WCRC members ran the Pineland Farms 25k And 50k. Timmy Poole, Kate Wheeler, Craig Wilson, Rich Collins and Adam Nissan ran the 50. Banyas, Lisa Dressel and Gary Rhor ran the 25. I apologize for any names I didn't mention. This race was held in New Glouster ME. This is a challenging course with great support. I would suggest this race to any one looking to go beyond a marathon distance.



Jim

On September 9 Kate and myself ran the Skagit Flats Marathon in Burlington WA. The name says it all. Flat. The only hill was an overpass before mile 1. It was an out and back course. The weather was sunny and 80's. So much for rainy Seattle. This was a small marathon put on by the local running club. The scenery was farms and mountains in the distance. At least there was something to occupy your mind.

On October 7 Kate and I ran the Mohawk-Hudson Marathon in Albany NY. This was a point to point marathon put on by the local running club also. The aide on the course was great and about 18-20 miles was on a paved bike path with almost no camber. The weather was in the high 50's unlike Chicago the

same day. This is a marathon to consider as a Boston Qualifier as it is only 3-3.5 hours away. Timmy Poole  
Can you wait until Kate reads this? I'll have her look at it and add any thing I forgot

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Winners Circle Running Club  
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Salisbury, MA 01952



### Upcoming Events

- Frigid Fiver - February 5
- April Fool's 4-Miler - March 29
- Run to the Beach 30K - March 16
- Boston Marathon Bus - April 21
- WCRC 30th Anniversary Party - check website

Weekly runs from the Circle Thursdays at 5:00 PM  
[www.runthecircle.com](http://www.runthecircle.com)