

The Maine Quality of

Running



The best of Maine
Runners, Running
and Races

Dick Goodie

About This Book

Mainers were running and racing many years before jogging and running became a national pastime. Fact is, running in Maine was a cherished tradition for decades before marathon races became so fashionable.

Finally, a long time and long distance runner, Dick Goodie, has assembled the story of Maine running, runners and races in this lively book.

From the earliest runners, through family running traditions, from early races attended by only a few hardy competitors, to modern Maine races with a thousand competitors, this book covers the Maine running scene, past and present.

You'll meet some of the earliest and best runners. You'll discover Maine trend setters and pace setters. You'll relive some of the tightly fought road races, and enjoy the descriptions of the participants that the author knows so well. You'll find a detailed listing of race winners through the years.

And, the author's personal story of and about Maine's Joan Benoit, from her early years to Olympic gold.

From historic documents and race results, to present day world class runners, you'll enjoy new excitement in this book and with your sport, so aptly described in the title, *The Maine Quality of Running*.

Whether you run for fun, for health, for sport or for stretched out competitive pursuit, this book captures the facts, the fun and the flavor of Maine running.

The Maine Quality of
Running

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The Maine Quality of *Running*

Dick Goodie



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In our time . . . a doctor develops a heart transplant device that prolongs a single life for 112 days. He will be nominated for the Nobel Prize.

Conversely, during the '40s, '50s and '60s a few pioneer distance runners were out in the streets, taking the insults, setting the example, perhaps helping prolong five million lives for fifty years. They are never mentioned.

It is to those pioneer distance runners I dedicate this book of essays.

DG



*“I know of no more encouraging fact
than the unquestionable ability of man
to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor.”*

Henry Thoreau

FOREWORD

Dick Goodie's mother enjoyed getting letters from her son who was away at war. "She loved the way I described the battles," Goodie recalls. "She told me once that anyone who had unusual experiences and didn't share them with other people by writing was selfish."

Mary Goodie's son took that notion to heart. A runner for 40 years, and race director for ten, Dick Goodie has long been in the frontlines of the running revolution.,

And here is his offering. Run through the village of Lamoine with him and Robin Emery, a pioneer among the state's women runners, and visit Charlotte Gilbert with them. Train with Goodie along Baxter Boulevard. Race with him against Carlton Mendell in the "age group" races he helped make popular. And read about how he "beat" the legendary Ralph Thomas.

Join him as he talks with colorful Sam Ouellet and hears about the February, 1984 race in which Sam skied 62 miles in two days. "I didn't beat too many people," Sam says. "But I think it was because of a bad toe. The one next to the big toe. It hurt my concentration all through the race and cost me many places. A week later I had it amputated at Augusta. Next year, I'll go back to that same race and see if I improve my time. I will be 80 years old then..."

Dick Goodie, like Sam, doesn't go in for all the trappings that surround running today. He doesn't buy \$179.95 running suits and \$89.95 running shoes. He wears regular old sweats on cold days. And he'll tell you the secret he has learned to keeping them clean.

But the fact he isn't caught up in the glitter is not to imply Goodie doesn't take his running seriously. Consider: He owns six pair of running shoes and two pair of dress shoes. And how

about this: “For my 6 a.m. run, if it’s 43 and no wind I’ll go barelegged in shorts. If it’s 43 or below, I’ll wear sweats.”

Dick Goodie brings that same preciseness, seriousness, and most importantly, an untainted enthusiasm to “The Maine Quality of Running.” He has loved and lived the sport as runner, racer, race director and writer through the years.

From Andrew Sockalexis, fourth in the 1912 Olympic Marathon, to superstar Joan Benoit, Maine has had a long and proud running heritage. Come along as Dick Goodie—like his mother recommended—shares his version of it.

Allen Lessels



AUTHOR’S NOTE

I first became interested in distance running during World War II. Stationed in England during the months prior to the Normandy invasion, our battalion ran five miles every morning at five o’clock, wearing combat boots that must have weighed five pounds.

And we won the war, didn’t we?

After the war I decided to adopt distance running as a lifelong habit.

DG

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A RUN AROUND EAGLE LAKE—ACADIA

Two distance runners,
a man and woman, moved
along the shore of the lake.
It was raining.

Out on the smooth surface of the
lake they could see the pock marks
and small concentric circles the rain
made.

Up the hill, away from the lake, the runners
could see the thick-stemmed pine trees and
gray, flat-faced ledges—like ominous fortifica-
tions commanding the road and lake—and it was as
if they were running through the pages of some time-
less war novel.

Running now out along the back of the lake, the
earthen road crested into a crown of jagged
cliffs, then dropped for long miles through
a tunnel of October leaves—shining green
and red and golden in the rain.

Over the hill now, in perfect lockstep,
the two runners smoothed their pace
into a rhythmical, downhill power
glide; each separately pleased
with the other's company; and
each also pleased they were
the only sign of life out in
the wet afternoon run-
ning under the trees
along the lake.



Andrew Sockalexis, Indian marathon runner from Old Town, was fourth in the 1912 Olympics at Stockholm. Born in 1892, Sockalexis died at age 27 of tuberculosis. He was second cousin to Louis Sockalexis, Cleveland Indian baseball great. To the end, "Soc" believed he could have won at Stockholm if "the team had not been overtrained," and he was allowed "to run my own race. I did not get word to start my sprint until three miles from the finish," he lamented, "and the lead secured by the two South Africans was too great to overcome. I finished in fine shape and that night attended a reception and banquet." Soc's time over Stockholm's 54-hill course was 2:42:07. He finished second in the Boston Marathon twice, 1912 and 1913. Sockalexis was Maine's first notable runner.

Running in Maine an Overview

Back in the '60s perhaps only ten or twenty runners were training on the streets of Portland. On any given day, they were *that* scarce. What is worse, all were viewed with genuine suspicion by the general population, like the occasional moose that wandered across the city limits and was thought to be disoriented by parasites. This was especially true with the older person who liked to run.

During the winter of '68, I was on an easy seven-miler with Dave Galli (a record-breaking miler of that decade). We were running along Portland's Warren Avenue in a light snow, the flakes the size of a quarter. Visibility was fifty feet. Quite suddenly, a pick-up truck appeared and from its passenger side we heard two words delivered with dramatic feeling: "Dumb Bastards!"

In instant reaction, Dave and I reviewed our parental backgrounds and concluded our accusers were guilty only of using an oath of convenience, and we laughed at the sincere spontaneity of the moment.

Our critics were certain our activity was foolhardy. Their feelings were reflective of most observers of those early years.

Ken Flanders tells of a bottle flung from a passing car that passed his head by inches; another friend, running past tall buildings in Bramhall Square, was nearly hit by a flower pot that crashed at his feet.

In Maine during those early years I could direct a road race out of the trunk of my car. I would purchase a few trophies, bring a couple of stop watches, finish line sheets, and about 30 race numbers for runners who traveled from Connecticut in one



During the early '70s, pack density at the start of a race resembled that of the finish line of one of today's races. The event above was at Old Orchard Beach.

direction and Machias from the other for a Portland six-miler.

But along about '72, an Olympic year, runners began coming to the races in great numbers. Two or three years later large insurance companies, banks and other companies of conservation tradition began sponsoring the street races.

Lifeline came into existence during this period of cardiovascular enlightenment.

It has been my firm belief that many doubters, and institutions that later adopted distance running, looked upon the early runners as laboratory experiments. People finally became aware that runners were lean, healthy animals (with resting heart rates of 45-55 beats per minute) who shattered all expectations in physical examinations.

Today many prestigious companies sponsor full distance marathons; and many believe that running has truly become a new national pastime.

The question is often asked: "why are there so many good runners in Maine?"

The high school and collegiate running programs in the state—some that date back to very early years—come immediately to mind.

While viewing over 50 years of microfilms in three libraries in preparation of this book, that belief proved to be correct.

One need only mention Dave and Bruno Mazzeo, Bob Hillgrove and Don Sanborn from Rockland; Frank Lutick, Jack Lufkin and Randy Easter from Rumford; Fred Judkins from Fryeburg; Rollie Dyer and Bruce Bickford from the Waterville area; Dave Farley from Brewer; O. J. Logue of Orono; Sheldon Booze of Ellsworth; and from the Portland area, an early mecca for runners, came Ed Shepard, Kippy Richardson, Tommy Martin, Brian Gillespie, Dave Galli, Ken Flanders, Jerry Crommett, Larry Greer, Joan Benoit, Harvey Barlow, Mike Towle, Danny Paul, Gene Coffin, Joe Beylea, Jimmy Doane, Brian Pettingill, and many more.

For years the Bucksport area, for example, was a drought spot for running. A distance runner was as common as a cheetah on the moon. As in most self-sufficient mill towns, all that counted in Bucksport was basketball, football and baseball. But in the '60s a program of running was adopted at the high school and along came Anne Norton, who not only intensified the program, but introduced the first major road race in the area—a ten-miler around Silver Lake.

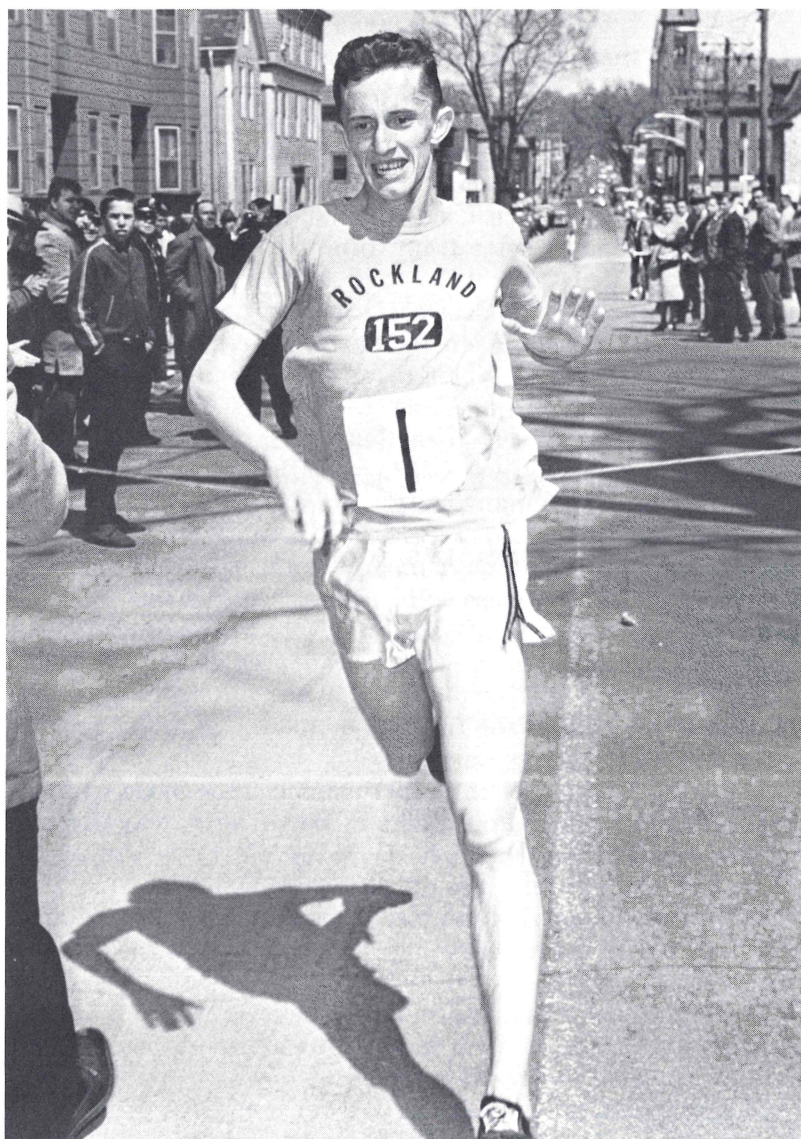
As a result of this running exposure, the name Gerry Clapper (star of the Clapper Family Runners) began appearing in newspapers and running magazines. Today, Gerry is one of the state's top young runners.

After high school, the state's colleges developed most of these runners. All of them at one point in time ran at the front in Maine road races.

Of course some runners developed their careers in a natural way—training and racing in their own bare-bones fashion. Ralph Thomas is the model example.

During the early '70s, when he was in his mid-30s, Thomas defeated every high school and collegiate star in the state. Frank Sabastianski, long-time Bowdoin track coach, once told me that Thomas was the only runner he ever invited on campus to train with his runners and the only one he ever thanked for doing so.

The influence that the Boston Marathon, (inaugurated in 1897), and the Portland Boys' Club race, (1930), have had on



Bob Hillgrove, King of The Roads during the '60s. Following the Glory Road of two other Rockland greats, Bruno and Dave Mazzeo, Bob knew he was "good enough" when, during his senior year, he lowered Bruno's 27-year-old school record in the mile from 4:42 to 4:39. That was in '63. Bob won at Portland Boys' Club eight times, his last victory in '74. He has also won the Bangor Labor Day 5-miler seven times; 15 shining victories, seemingly secure from all future challenges. Above, he is shown winning his third Portland Boys' Club 5-miler in '65.

Maine running is incalculable. They are thought to be the nation's two oldest races.

In addition, the AAU summer track and field program must be mentioned when explaining the development of Maine running, as must the most democratic of all sporting events—the gutsy Maine road races, open to all ages . . . men and women.

Long may they prevail.

As the Maine road racing program continues to proliferate, so do certain records at certain distances continue to be broken. Each time this happens, I, for one, am greatly impressed. Those records were set by gifted athletes . . . yet, along will come a Roland Davide, Sam Pelletier, Mike Gaige, Greg Meyer, Andy Palmer or Joan Benoit to establish new standards of excellence.

And when will it end?

Just when one is certain a course record can not possibly be lowered, a high school coach will appear, waving his arms in ecstatic celebration, announcing to all: “I have a youngster who one day will run better than Hillgrove, or Flanders, or Benoit, or Emery.” And on it goes.

Isn't that what it's all about?

I think it's great.

Distance running in Maine will be around for some time.



In '72 Robin Emery was the first woman to cross the finish line at Portland Boys' Club in 43 years of male only runs.

—Photo by Mark Beede

A Visit With Charlotte Gilbert

Two runners moved down the road, past the tall-steepled white church, the nearby graveyard, then along in front of the bright-colored, well-spaced rural homes.

It was early Sunday morning. Out across Frenchman Bay, we could see Cadillac Mountain, where, it is said, the sun first touches this continent. In the clean spring air we moved easily through the sleeping Maine village, the only sound our footfalls on the black road. Following the road where it turned to parallel the ocean shoreline, we ran far out into the country.

"What is your secret strength—food for running?" the slender, attractive woman asked me.

"Birdseed on breakfast pancakes," I answered.

Early Sunday mornings, runners laugh easily.

I was training with Maine's leading woman middle distance runner, Robin Emery. Our families had joined forces for the weekend to climb Cadillac and two satellite mountains—a planned trek of 13 miles—but first I needed an interview with Emery. (It would appear later in *Runner's World* magazine).

Distance runners first, mountaineers second, we agreed to get in a solid nine-miler before the day's activities.

On other travels I had trained over the hills of Silverton, Colorado, and along the flats of eastern Texas. But Robin's village, Lamoine, besides having a rural setting conducive to distance running, had both hills and flats.

There was no life stirring around the houses as we passed; no sounds. It was the first time I had run through a sleeping New England village at seven in the morning.

Robin said, "we will visit Charlotte Gilbert on the backturn if you would like."

"Charlotte Gilbert? At this hour? In running shorts? Does she understand runners?"

"Oh, I believe so." The smooth-striding school teacher was looking straight up the road. We were moving well into the country.

Pointing to a dark, ominous stand of trees alongside the road, Robin said: "One morning a large black bear stood there watching me."

"You were frightened?"

"I never glanced back."

As we ran, each striding a comfortable pace in separate lanes, I noticed the rich green fields, the square, stoutly-built Cape Cods; but mostly the fields and woods bordering the road, the trees sprouting leaves now the size of a cat's ear.

Overhead, heavy gray clouds of night were giving way to the lifting sun, leaving a morning sky of springtime blue. All around, I could feel things awakening and growing, prelude to a season of turning, with all the hues and fragrance of spring's timeless promise.

We ran a pace commensurate to conversation—in 1974 known as a jabbering pace.

Leaving the pavement we followed a wagon-rutted road up through evergreens and tall-stemmed birches. It was an old logging road, a horse path worn through its mossy middle. We soon could see the wide, blue ocean out over the trees.

"In winter," Robin said, "they haul logs down this road."

"Horses' legs must get tight and lame from the high snow and crust," I said.

"In spring," she said, "I've seen the loggers walk their horses in the ocean's waves."

"Nature's original whirlpool," I said.

Every two miles the course changed topographical features and scenery—physically and aesthetically gentle to the body and mind. We ran into a grove of tall, dark-green pines. A faint breeze, coming toward us, stirred the dried needles on the forest floor.

Suddenly, there was the feeling of a mysterious, invisible fog, fleecing and forcing before it all scent from the land—a moving force, heady with the rich fragrance of spring pitch, evergreen and last autumn's dried needles and leaves on the forest floor.

We followed the earth-packed road down through the trees, crossed a brook and could feel the coolness of bottom land on our bare legs and could hear the brook tumbling off to one side.

After we cleared the log bridge, a startled blue jay sprang skyward like an exploded missile, flying the open lane over the road, shining brilliant blue when reaching a sun-splash above the dark trees.

In an uncommon moment, there was a realization that this run was no longer a routine spring workout, rather some timely communion with nature in change—felt in the fields and woods and seen in the brightening hues of the omnipresent ocean, which we would see again from the next hilltop.

Accustomed to running through Portland's bad-smelling traffic, I thought of this country run as a stroll through some pastoral starfield.

We had been running for eight miles and had not encountered a single car or another human. I thought this no longer possible.

"Maybe we should pass up visiting Charlotte Gilbert," I suggested. "I'm sweating bad and will smell like Hogan's goat."

"Charlotte won't mind," Robin persisted.

Running out of the woods, we entered a large, barren blueberry field, recently burnt over.

On the earthen road there was the track of a small deer, perfectly cast in the thin film of green mud, rimming a drying puddle. Moments earlier the deer had come down the hill and crossed the field.

A stone wall along the road spun time back more than a hundred years. In an instant we went back to the Civil War.

"The Sixteenth Maine Blanket Brigade," I said, remembering an impression I had read, "jogged and marched 36 miles in one day, with guns and equipment, to get on the line at Gettysburg in time."

"Our forerunners," she said, "but how could they run and carry things?"

"Brave effort, born of necessity."

"Too soon forgotten," she said.

"The man Lincoln enshrined their battle in man's perfect speech."

Robin said, "old stone walls should be restored."

Forced oxygen stimulates strange subjects.

We ran out of the blueberry field, through a gray and white hardwood stand and finally got on the black road. At the crest of



Robin Emery, 1982, checking in for her eighth win in the Bangor Labor Day 5-miler. She has also won the Portland Boys' Club 5-miler eight times. Both records appear to be untouchable.

a steep slope, she said, “we climb up here for Charlotte Gilbert.”

We stopped running and climbed a sand embankment, up through sumacs and stunted birches, to a headstone on the flat of the hill. I saw moss and lichen embossed on the gray stone, standing straight and nearly hidden by wildgrowth.

Overhead, a tall pine tree formed a cathedral-like rotunda. I read the chiseled words:

“Charlotte Gilbert—Died 1845
Age 26—Farewell dear friends
I bid adieu
To this vain world likewise to you
My time was short and blest is he
Who called me to eternity.”

“This spot is sacred,” I nearly whispered.

“I discovered this while ski touring,” Robin said.

“She was a realist,” I said, “and a loner to be buried up here. The world was fouled up then, too.”

“She was just my age,” Robin said. “I often wonder what she was like.”

“She was born before Maine was a state,” I said.

“I put wild flowers up here.”

“That’s decent. She could have had a son in the Civil War.”

“I’ve often wondered what she died from?”

“Childbirth. Infected throat. Hard to say in those days.”

“She was disappointed with life,” Robin said.

“And also very lonely, which can kill.”

After awhile we went back down the hill. On the run again, I said, “but old Charlotte had a mind of her own.”

“I knew you’d enjoy her.”

We ran up the black road.

Splits and Stitches

The reason I don't believe in attending or hosting a party for runners the evening before an important race is because there always seems to be a fanatic who would talk the next day's event away, draining himself and those forced to listen of necessary mental and physical energy needed for the race.

I learned this from experience.

One evening before an important race which I was to direct, as well as enter, I was trapped into listening to a two-hour monologue of splits and stitches. I was force-fed every stitch and every mile split one fellow experienced in his seven years of running.

A race director doesn't sleep well "the night before" anyway . . . not with 100 items that he mustn't forget neatly stacked in his head.

It seems cruel and abusive to capture his polite interest, then overpower him with splits and stitches for two hours.

I've always found it best during the "night before" for racers and directors to lie low and relax only with those willing to speak of subjects foreign to running.

This plan always worked very well for me.

Arriving At Race Site With Only One Shoe

Those who knew Ralph Thomas during his summit years would agree, he always was well-organized when he came to the races; it was a vital part of his race plan—he was conscientious that way.

So it was a shock to the runners, more of a concussion to Thomas, when it was learned he had come to a six-miler at Yarmouth in '75 with only one running shoe.

There was no time to return to Gardiner for the other shoe. What to do?

Thomas was preparing to run barefoot rather than being reduced to a spectator, when Gene Coffin, a race favorite, came to his aid.

Coffin had an extra pair of racers in his car, size 8½. Thomas' size was 9. How could a man run six miles with bent toes? Coffin loaned him the shoes. It was doubtful he could win the race, anyway; he was well into his '40s.

Finishing the race badly blistered, Thomas not only blew the doors off the young, talented field, but defeated Coffin, who had loaned him the shoes, by 45 seconds to boot.



Here the author presents Brian Gillespie an award in recognition of his promoting the '72, 24-hour relay in Portland Stadium. "Ziggy" was a top race director and was responsible for many memorable races for thousands of runners.

Playing Russian Roulette With Freight Trains On Race Day

Casco Bay Marathon officials originally toyed with the idea of running their race from Portland, to Cape Elizabeth and ending it back in Portland. I had already learned, the hard way, of course, that it wouldn't be a very good idea.

One of the first road races I directed was a Maine Masters' six-miler that began at Falmouth High School. It was scheduled for the first Sunday of November.

The weather was gloomy, and wet, slippery, autumn leaves sprinkled the course; but that year the state's top runners came to Falmouth—perhaps they had a need to settle a score before the season's end.

The course ran southerly on Woodville Road, then it was all right turns over Falmouth, Wind, and Field roads back onto Woodville Road to complete the six miles.

That day I was to learn that two details runners demand, are: a good course, and an accurate time. That November Sunday, the majority of racers received neither.

At about mile five, after the 40-man field had established position in the race, a slow-moving 20-unit freight train sliced the pack into two segments.

Only about a dozen runners cleared the tracks. The remainder of the pack (myself included), like a disjointed snake, withered and died at the crossing.

Immobile, we waited for the caboose, then started racing again. But those who had held a lead over others, had to start from scratch.

After the race, no one came up to give me the customary thanks for an enjoyable afternoon. Most showered hastily, got into their cars and left the disaster area.

A couple of friends who knew me well enough, admonished me for speaking too long before the pack.

"Had your instructions been brief," they complained, "we could have beaten the freight train."

The event was ruined; no one but the race director was at fault. I should have checked the train schedule prior to the run.

The following year I changed the course, so, after Woodville Road it turned left, then followed Route 9 where there would be no railroad crossings.

The Portland 13-mile Midi-marathon, which was inaugurated in '70, had a similar problem. At about a mile-and-a-quarter on the course, just beyond Westgate Shopping area, the course went over a grade crossing. But I had learned my lesson at Falmouth.

The Midi had a noon start. At 11 each year I phoned the chief dispatcher at the railroad to inquire how it would be at the crossing at noon.

For years the friendly dispatcher and I played Russian roulette with a train that came from Westbrook on Sunday mornings. Not once in ten years did it slice through the race.

For the Casco Bay Marathon to run over to Cape Elizabeth then back to Portland, someone would have had to deal with ships crossing under a draw bridge—a project more difficult, I suspect, than plotting the time of freight trains.

Advice to neophyte race directors: When laying out a course avoid railroad crossings, draw bridges and heavily-traveled intersections.

Ralph Thomas' Theory

It is funny about runners, before the race, how conditions never are ideal for them.

Perhaps it is pre-race jitters or even rationalism, but when the course is flat, they prefer hills—they can beat people on hills; if hilly, they lament the course isn't flat—they can't get a rhythm going. If the course is over tar, they always run better on grass; if on grass, it is too bad it isn't on tar—there would be better footing.

If the day is warm, they'd rather have it cold; if cold, it is a shame it isn't warm. If the day is bright and sunny, they complain it isn't overcast and raining—they could burn one were it down and dirty.

Ralph Thomas, who worked 70 hours a week at manual labor, developed the best philosophy of all. He felt he could handle the worse conditions easier than others, and anything less than ideal gave him a natural edge and hurt others more.

This attitude worked well for Thomas through the '70s and won him many races.

A letter from a friend:

478 Rear Belmont St

Watertown, Mass.

02172

9-7-51

Hi Dick

I guess you can count on me running
the race on Sun Oct 10 - Paper was wrong!

Tell me of a nice, modern motel
not too far from the Expo - where I can get
an early breakfast as you have a 12 Noon start

For your information, I recently spent 5
days in the Hospital, with an infected knee
a bottle broke + glass got in after I wh +
for a while it was touch + go - Next week
I shall start to run again as its still stiff +
sne -

I'm glad the Elks have taken over, they
do things right. I'll get rid of the blanket
don't worry -

I feel awful, awful bad about our
-boy Roland Dyer - Its a damn shame!

I won Boston in 1935 + 1945 - 7 times
second - 19 times in the first 10 - I ran
1,144 road races - 96 full distance marathons
40 of them in Boston

Let me hear from you, soon
I hope my knee will be O.K. soon

"Johnny" Kelley

Please let me hear from you
I should like to know how you
are -

1-617-92-3-9033

92
WA-3-9033

Before The Race . . . The Early Years

The rain started at dawn on the morning of the race. By 9 a.m. it was flowing in steady rivulets down the gutters in front of the Portland Exposition Building and forming small pools in low spots along the road.

The Elks-sponsored Midi-marathon was set for noon that chilly October day of 1971.

Runners were coming from as far away as Connecticut for the 13-mile road race.

At 10 a.m. a runner phoned to inquire if the race would be canceled. He was reminded that road races are never canceled.

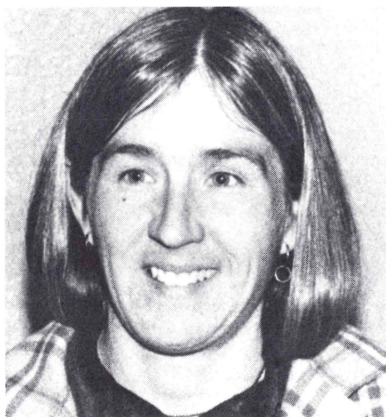
At 11 a.m. Johnny Kelley, then 64, stepped from his car onto the Expo sidewalk. Like a Field General examining battlefield conditions, he glanced toward the turbulent heavens, the rain spotting his lean, marathoner's face, then said to a welcoming group: "This is ideal running weather."

With two Boston Marathon victories along with 1,144 road races to his credit, nobody felt qualified to argue.

Kelley walked across the sidewalk, anxious to get on with it. The excitement of the day was building. With Johnny Kelley in town, we had visiting royalty.

On the way to the locker room, Roland Wirths, a local sports reporter, began an interview with Johnny—master of the macadam. The group started down the sidewalk, seeking shelter from the rain.

In the hallway, Phil Purington, of the Elks, and Charlie Malia, Cheverus High track coach, were signing in contestants. Down the stairs in the locker room over 60 runners had the small area filled with race talk.



The pioneers—Glamour became an additional attraction of road racing beginning with the '70s, and could well have been one natural factor that caused the running explosion. Two school teachers, Diane Fournier (left), and Robin Emery, showed the way for women in the state.

In one corner Bill Tribou, 50, from Connecticut, was wrapping a bad left foot. This day he would take first in the 50-up group. As a collegiate runner, Tribou held National records and had never been able to get away from running. In another corner, Wirths was chatting with Kelley, jotting down notes for a column that came off very well the following morning.

Wirths got his story, then Maine's top over-60 runner, Jim Carroll, began comparing training methods with Kelley. Influenced by Kelley, Carroll had begun his running career at age 59. At 60 he ran the Boston Marathon in just over four hours.

At Kelley's suggestion, the two elders went up on the Expo court to begin trotting.

Maine's two pioneer, female runners, Diane Fournier and Robin Emery, entered and signed the starters' roster. They would be the only women in this race.

They were the only women in most races during the early '70s. A year earlier, in 1970, Diane had run Boston and managed to avoid the steel claws of Jock Semple. Robin ran her first race at Hollis in '71, and a year later would be the first woman to cross the finish line at Portland Boys' Club in 43 years of all male runs.

The Maine Masters' Track Club, which invited the ladies,

warmly welcomed them in out of the rain and showed them to their private change-up room. Robin would defeat several male runners this day, scoring in 38th place for the 13 miles; Diane, not far behind.

Race time was now 30 minutes away. The men's change-up room was still crackling with talk, some of it nervous energy being offered in barter, to impress, which, if convincingly executed, could gain a thin measure of additional confidence for those in need.

Mental diversion games are played at any age.

Sitting on the change-up bench, a 50-year-old lawyer from Massachusetts was telling another older plodder that he runs every evening before supper—to relieve courtroom tensions.

Just then Ralph Thomas walked in carrying his race bag. Everyone looked over. Some spoke to him. Everyone in the room knew him. He spoke a few quiet greetings then dropped his bag at an empty slot along the change-up bench.

Thomas was cleverly evasive to the pre-race mental traps. Characteristically quiet, he would tell, when asked, something of his training; or he would relate something unusual he saw, for example, along the highway coming down from Gardiner.

His race plan, essentially, was uncomplicated; his performance commensurable to how he felt. If he felt well the top runners in the state were put down by his break-a-way, go-for-broke style at the longer distances.

If there is any single lesson he has passed on to younger runners, it would have to be mental toughness.

As Dan Paul once said of him: "Ralph just hangs on at your shoulder and looks like he's asking, 'when are you going to break?'"

This day Thomas would capture his first of four consecutive Midi-Marathon wins; (a year later he set the course record).

It was fifteen minutes to racetime. A late arrival said the rain was worsening and slanting in from the ocean. Now there would be a wind factor. The runners were not talking as much, but became introspective, reviewing last minute race plans, thinking of proper clothing against the brutal weather. The locker room was a study of harnessed energy about to erupt any moment upon the wet road. You could feel it clearly in the room.

Last call was finally announced. The runners filed slowly toward the starting line. In the steady rain the police and a race official were huddled over a course map. Soon the pistol sounded

and the runners, clustered now, started down the road behind the police cruiser, its light shining a clean, bright blue in the wetness. The runners would all feel better now that they were under way. This is what they came to do. Soon the last runner passed under the black-iron railroad bridge at the bottom of the hill and was lost from view.

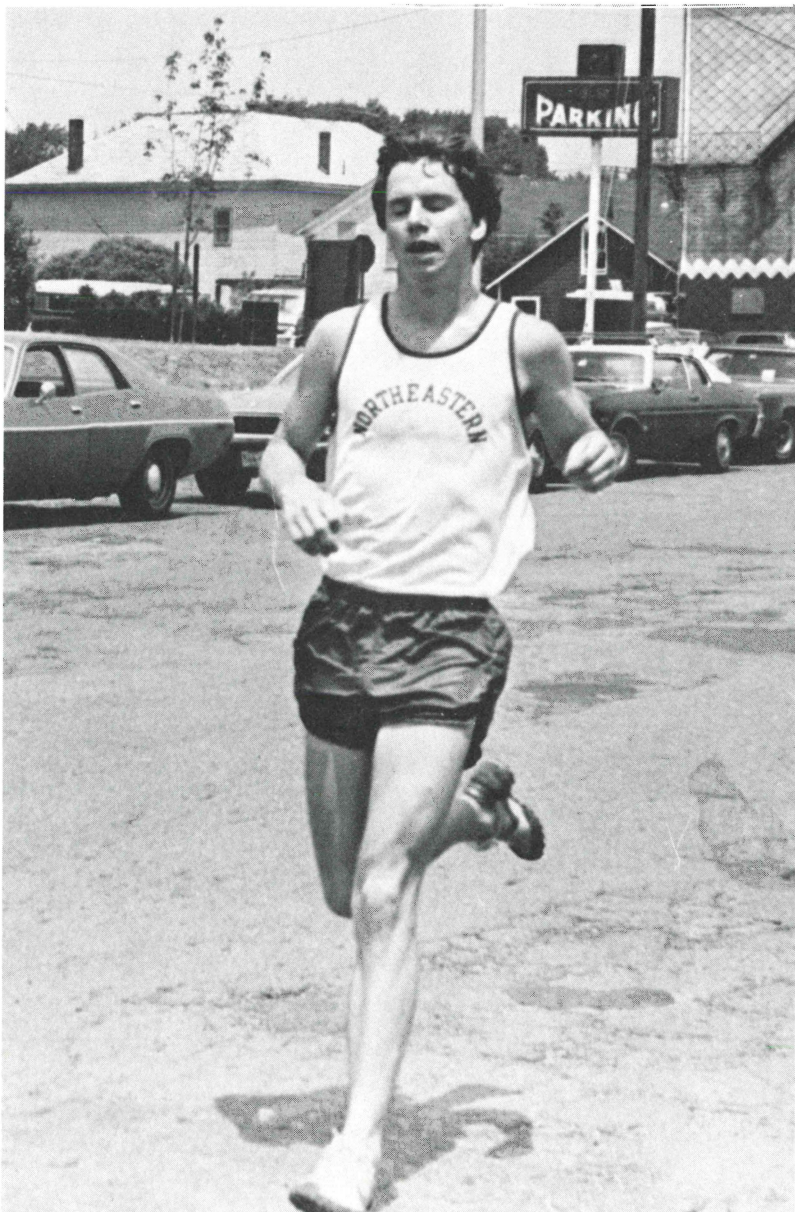


Feeling Rotten

Dan Paul is one of Maine's bright, young runners. He once said in an interview: "It's an odd thing about runners. They'll tell you before a race how much they hate running. They'll tell you they feel rotten. But there is something so rotten about running that makes it good."

Dan's comment after recovering from an injury: "I gained 20 pounds. Everyone said I looked great because for the first time in my life I didn't look emaciated. They said, 'see, you must feel great.'

"You know how I felt? Rotten."



Dan Paul—As a teenager, Dan developed as a distance runner while scoring well for Portland high school's cross country teams. His natural progression was toward the hometown road races. For several years, he has been one of the state's brilliant young runners.



Ralph Thomas, winning his first Portland Elks' Club Midi-marathon in a torrential downpour ('71). He also won this event the following three years. Through the '70s, Thomas was the driving point of a steel wedge. Mental toughness was the lesson he passed on to younger runners.

Sometimes It's Not The Winning So Much As Chasing A Winner

On the morning of the race Ralph Thomas stood looking out across the lake to where the black road lifted through the trees toward Readfield. Some runners were out in the street going through their stiff-legged, ballet-like warmups. Others were scattered among the concession stands, near the beach, doing situps.

A crowd was already gathering to see how many of the runners could finish the 14.3-mile run around Lake Maranacook, in '71, Maine's longest road race.

"That's a pretty good hill over there," Ralph said quietly, pointing across the lake.

"Better to get over them early," I said.

We looked up toward the head of the lake and could see other hills, purpled by distance, where Route 41 would circle in toward Readfield, nine miles into the run.

"What's your competition, Ralph? Is Rowley here?" I asked as we suited up in the Legion Hall.

"No. Rick's running in New York. But Paul Thompson is here."

"Thompson?" I didn't recognize the name.

"A young intern," Thomas said. "He took a good place in the Boston Marathon this year. I don't think I can take him."

This was Thomas' distance, I mentioned, anything over 10 miles. He'd won nearly every road race in Maine during 1971 and took third in the hilly Syracuse Marathon.

"Even so, this fellow is good," the little 35-year-old distance

runner noted in his appraisal of Paul Thompson.

Thomas' running career had begun only three years earlier, when he was 32.

Plagued by inactivity during his non-working hours, he began jogging at the urging of a minister friend, Reverend John Nofle, a distance runner who competed in the AAU road races. The two of them worked out on a regular program around Gardiner, their hometown.

Reverend Nofle soon introduced Ralph to road racing. The Thomas story then took on new dimensions.

During the summer of '71, he won 13 straight races against the best distance men Maine could field, won Maine's major road race—the Portland Midi-marathon, 13 miles in 1:07:31, eight thin seconds short of Olympian Pat McMahon's course record—and a week later won the Vermont Marathon over a tough Green Mountain course.

"Thank you for the trophy," became a frequent phrase in Thomas' vocabulary.

Thomas was modest about his race success. When you encouraged conversation about his race times, he took on the expression of a man who had swallowed a waxed grape. He still prefers to have his race followers discuss his times.

We re-checked the strings on our racing shoes and went out to the starting line. The runners were beginning to form a pack. An official of the sponsoring Winthrop Lions Club fired the pistol and the runners started around the lower side of the lake at an easy pace.

Before the pack had reached the main highway, we could see Ralph and Paul, both wearing white, running together in perfect lockstep up the far hill Ralph and I had been studying earlier.

The two runners, slender of build, about 130 pounds, moved evenly behind the pace car, its light flashing brilliant blue against the dark green of the upper hills.

"Take a look, boys," someone in the group yelled. "We won't see those two the rest of the morning."

It was nearing 10 a.m. on a clear, August, Sunday morning—a perfect day for running. We knew Rick Rowley held the course record in 1:18:15.

The advantages of running with the age groups on long jaunts were, essentially, you could set your own comfortable pace and get in on some good conversation. We referred to ourselves as the

friendly age groups. Our ages ranged from 40 to 75.

There was no concern, among most of us, for professional considerations such as oxygen-debt; nor did we request three stop watches to bracket our times to a micro-second.

We plodded somewhere between the point of a race and the dogmeat bringing up the rear. The pressure at our level was not nearly so intense as it was up front. Up there it was pure combat.

I ran with Phil Harmon and George Maxim. We talked about bad-tempered dogs, raising kids, and cross country skiing. Then Phil and I compared memories on our adventures in the Battle of Normandy. All of this was interspersed with things of interest we saw in the farmyards along the course.

At the five-mile mark we came onto Frank Cook of our Maine Masters Track Club. After he gave us our times, he told us Ralph had a half-mile lead on the intern, Thompson.

"Ralph wouldn't open a half-mile gap so soon in a long race," I said, "unless he knows what he's doing."

"He's after Rowley's record," Harmon said.

"It'll be tough without someone prodding him," I said.

The finely-conditioned little athlete was moving well over the rolling back country.

The day was growing warm. Harmon and I were running together coming up to Readfield Corner. He was moving alongside smoothly, seeming to share the gentle surge of power that comes off the legs when the stride is working well. We found it helpful to match stride at this point in the run. Harmon was 50, nearly two years older than I.

Thirty years earlier he had done very well on the Dartmouth cross country team. He told me his father had held one of the best mile times in the country.

We came up to the corner where race guides from the Winthrop Lions offered us cups of water, soaked sponges and slices of oranges.

Being cautious of stomach cramps, Harmon and I only took water in cupped hands to relieve mouth dryness. Going away, the guides told us Ralph was flying low. We turned right and ran along the stores and beyond to where the country became flat with few trees and the sun, now dead ahead, laid heavy hands on our shoulders. It was the first time the sun was a factor and for two miles we ran straight into it.

Finally, we crossed the railroad tracks before Readfield

Depot, then turned right and climbed a steep hill where spotters told us Ralph was a little over 45 minutes for nine miles and had a good lead on Paul Thompson.

"Five-minute miles," Harmon pointed out.

"With the hills that's excellent time," I said. "He might get Rowley's record yet."

"It's doubtful without anyone to push him," Harmon replied.

Harmon decided to go after Maxim, who had been running rhythmically 300 yards ahead. I was content with my pace and told Harmon I'd see him at the finish line. He stepped it up. We went on that way for a mile. The road made slow turns. Occasionally, I could see Harmon's orange jersey flashing through the trees. I didn't see him again.

I had to slow my pace for a steep climb and at the crest wondered why people get into road races—for the agony of the steep hills; or the ecstasy of finishing long runs?

I decided not to explore the thought in depth, since Irving Stone had already done quite well with the theme.

At mile 11 I ran up to Frank Cook. He gave me my time. "Ralph Thomas broke the course record," he said. "I just came from the finish line."

"He must have flown."

"He finished powerfully."

At mile 13 I was surprised to see Ralph. He was driving toward me in his red sports car. He'd been in a long time. He leaned out the car window. "Hold on, Dick! About a mile left!"

I thought it was decent of him to come on course. He looked as fresh as if he had just risen from a night's sleep.

A tired runner values this encouragement—especially from the race winner. Frugally, I reset the cadence of my pace—trying to save something for a good finish.

The crowd at the finish line soon came into view and I could see the lane they made that I had to run through.

The flashbulbs had been used on the stars and were well-cooled in the trash cans; but the applause was warming as I crossed the finish line.

I saw Ralph under a shade tree. He was holding his young, pretty daughter.

The crowd was still milling around the finish line, staring up the road for other finishers. Someone handed me two cups of water with small ice cubes floating on top. It was the cleanest taste I can remember.

One runner told me Ralph's trophy was so large someone had to help hold it for the victory picture.

Another said his record time was 1:17:37, more than half a minute faster than Rowley's record. The same fellow asked Ralph if he didn't think his time was world-class—considering the hills.

Ralph squirmed, glanced out at the lake, and said, "I think I have a rock in my shoe."

The message was clear for those who ran with Thomas in '71. He had many more miles to go and clocks to beat, keeping pace with civilization's most ancient game, distance running. He understands the axiom—as it is meant for birds to fly; so it is for man to run.

That year, as others, in Maine we ran the low roads in summer because of the cool air along the ocean inlets and lakes. In autumn we ran the upland dirt roads along woodlands, stone walls and apple orchards. In winter we ran where there was bare road—and bundled warmly.

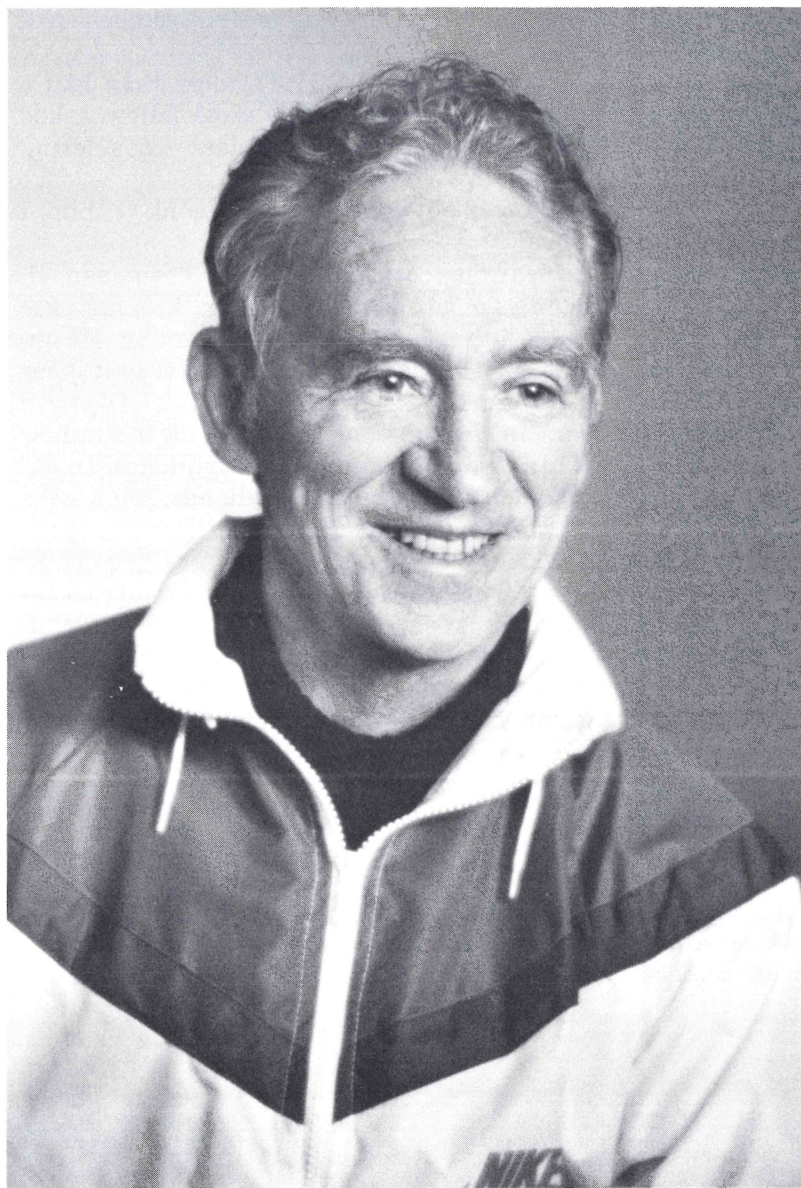
Runners of all ages started to come and sign into road races—many advanced in years but conditioned and determined to follow after the pack was well thinned, simply because they began to understand the meaning and pure joy of running.

And there was Ralph Thomas, gifted with innate ability, who defeated most men in the state over the longer distances, and who quite often sipped from the sweet cup of victory.

Perhaps when Thomas reaches 50, he may give up competing in the youthful, open-division and run with the "friendly" age groups.

If so, many veteran plodders will shudder with concern.

After all, who in his advancing years enjoys being wiped out in a distance race Sunday after Sunday?



Dick Goodie, 1983.

How I ‘Defeated’ Ralph Thomas

If your dreams are vivid and positive as mine happen to be, then you will understand how a routine snooze can pluck you from the ranks of obscurity and place you on the lofty prominence of a hero’s pedestal—even though, often, there is a harsh price to pay.

In my best dream I was edging Ralph Thomas in a full distance marathon. We were finishing through a great throng of spectators that roared in single voice: “YOU’VE GOT HIM, DICK!”

Thrashing in mighty, subconscious strides, I kicked my wife out of her slumber, but landed on the floor myself; caught between the bed and bureau.

True, it was a most awkward finish to the marathon, but what the hell . . . I finally defeated Ralph Thomas.

The Day I Became An 'Also Ran'... It Will Happen To You Someday

I knew I had arrived at Jerry and Phoebe Levine's farm when I began seeing the cars. About a hundred of them were pulled off the black road in a long line beside an old stone wall, parked along the dirt road that led into the farm and even stacked behind Jerry's barn and on their frozen front lawn.

We were having an open December in '77 and there was only an inch of ice-plated snow on the ground at North Bridgton. There were still a lot of open brown spots in the fields. Along the dirt road, beyond the farm, the naked, gray, hardwood tree branches were like a million upturned spider legs pointing toward a heavy, gloomy winter sky.

Some runners were out on the road warming up, and a few were running up into the woods to relieve themselves behind the trees, soon to reappear and continue jogging down the narrow road.

I had arrived about an hour before racetime.

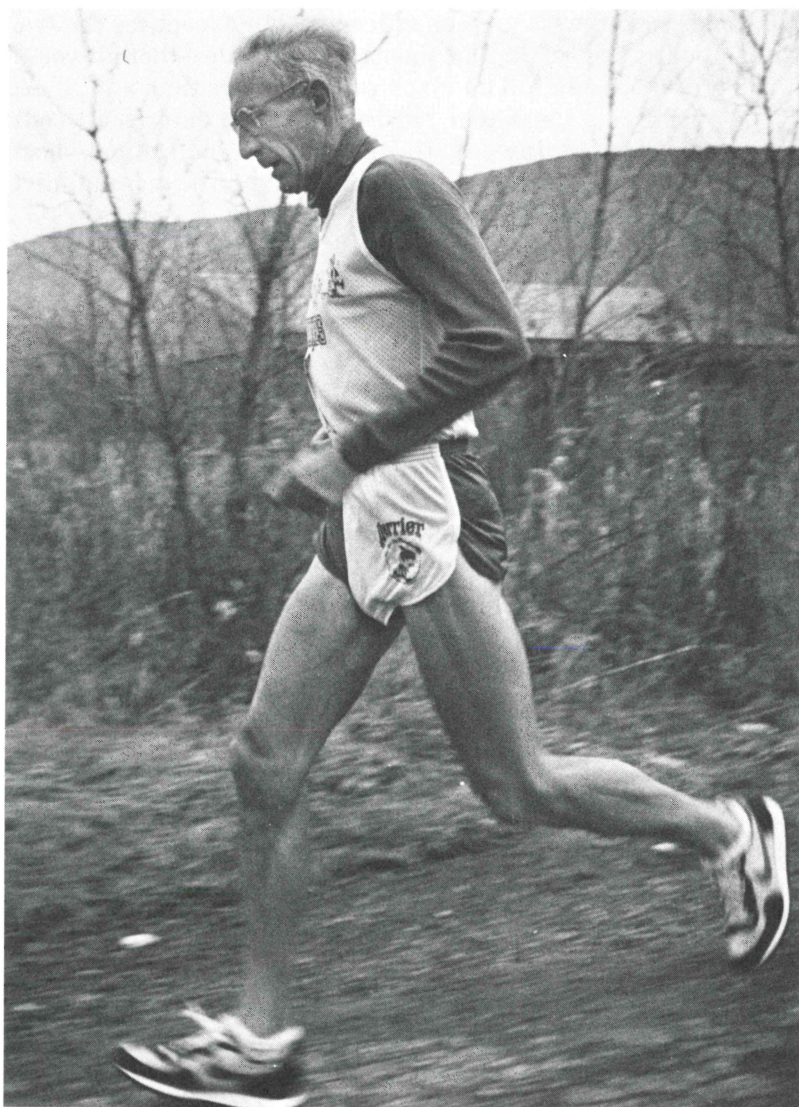
Most runners wore knitted hats and mittens or gloves, and several sported pajama bottoms or longjohns under their bright-colored running shorts.

A few racers were barelegged.

Many had traveled from the Portland area, about an hour's drive, to the Levine's farm in the hills of North Bridgton.

After parking the car behind the barn, I picked up my race number; then I went to work at once, asking what the course was like.

I learned the first mile of the course would be out the narrow



Carlton Mendell—During WW II Carlton was a lead navigator with the 8th Air Force based in England. While he was engaged in leading flying fortresses on precision, daylight flights into the heartland of Germany, I was below as a squad leader with the Third Armored Division, knocking on the backdoor of Hitler's homeland. Then, Carlton and I were in our early 20s. I had never met him until the mid-'70s—at the Maine road races. He had forgotten very little about flying. Today, nobody in the state, age 60 or over, can defeat him in the marathon, or any other distance.

dirt road packed with an inch of iced snow—except for the two paths about a foot wide that the cars had made—then it would turn right up a long hill on black road for more than a mile. At about mile three, I was told, the course would enter the woods over a logging road. It would finish through a field, onto a short stretch of blacktop, and then come back onto the original dirt road to complete the four-mile circle.

An extremely interesting course, I had thought, very tough with limited breakaway space over the first mile of narrow road. The hill and the piece through the woods followed—very tough. I liked the course. It took some imagination, I remember thinking, to lay this one out.

In '77 I liked four-milers over imaginative courses and I still do. I would run my familiar pattern for four-milers: the first mile I would go out so fast that my oxygen debt would rise to bump under my chin. There would be no letup the second mile. Then, as usual, my body would accept the torment, knowing from experience there would be little it could do about it: so it would shift into a nice rhythm, and only then could I begin to enjoy the chase.

At about mile three I would “level off” in preparation for the final mile which, hopefully, would be executed to match the time of mile two.

That would be my race plan.

It was 30 minutes before racetime when I trotted down the road to get a line on my competition in the 50s age group. I waved at Dr. Tom Miller, caught up and ran along with Ted Perry, then spotted Carlton Mendell loosening up, going in the opposite direction. His expression looked routine enough—no revealing signals of inspiration or unusual expectations bubbling over. As he passed, his eyes were lowered to guide his foot placements on the icy road nearly six feet beneath his gaze.

“Hi, Carl. How’s it going?”

“Good, Dick, good.”

This will be another Sunday fun run for him, I thought. Another third or fourth place finish in our 50-and-up division.

Perry turned to run along with Carlton. I ran up into the woods, stopping behind a big tree. It was 10 minutes to racetime.

This will be an interesting day, I thought while standing behind the tree; with 111 runners scrambling for space along the narrow first mile; with the steep hill ushering in mile two; not to

mention the honest competition present.

I expected a good challenge from Miller and Perry, but wrote off Mendell since he had just started racing seriously. In previous races I had charted his times and order of finish; so in this race I had him prepositioned in a slot well behind my own.

Then, too, during that summer and autumn of '77 I happened to raise pretty good dust at the races. In my division I was enjoying a three-year win streak. I don't write this to impress or to appear boastful. Who among us needs that hollow drumbeat?

But as background for this story, it must be stated that at age 52 I ran a four-miler at Winslow in 24:09. That same year I scored 31:49 in the Portland Boys' Club flat five-miler that won the over-50 age division. I also took that division the following three years. A year later at Bucksport, I ran Anne Norton's 10-miler over a hilly course in 66:44.

Often, during those good years, I had wondered from whom the challenge would come.

I found out that December afternoon in the hills of North Bridgton.

Soon the pistol sounded and the pack sprang alive and clawed along the crusty, narrow road, sounding like a dozen raccoons being chased through a culvert.

Nobody had a good first mile except the leaders, and it was difficult getting by the Sunday strollers. But soon we got onto black road and began climbing the long hill.

Before the hill crested at about mile two, Carlton passed me. I couldn't believe my eyes. He wasn't supposed to be up here. I'd never seen his back before. What went wrong? Then he opened up ten yards on me, still climbing. He was running bare-legged with mittens and knitted cap, its tassel bouncing from side to side.

Instantly, alternate race plans would need reviewing. I will let him go, I decided. The hill will weaken him and I'll save something to knock him off in the woods at about mile three-and-a-half.

We went on that way up the hill and entered the woods running over the logging road.

Soon I spotted an opening ahead of Carlton and made my charge, just before leaving the woods with a half-mile to go in the race.

Quickly, I shot past Carlton and opened up 15 yards, thinking that the hill had taken what fuel he would need to retaliate.

But I didn't read him well enough. Out of the woods now and into the small field with a quarter-mile to go, he not only regained the lead but opened up a 30-yard gap on me before he left the field.

This fellow is made of iron, I thought. But surely that last burst has done him in. Surely he cannot withstand one final challenge the last 200 yards.

I poured out every last ounce of speed I could muster, but, wisely, Carlton anticipated my move and when I surged, he did also, keeping the interval between us intact.

We went over the finish line that way. I was the first one to congratulate him. We both had run a hard, honest race with nothing left at the finish. He had beaten me in style, withstanding my best shots in the woods, in the field and at the finish. His winning time over the tough four miles was 24:24. My three-year win streak had ended.

The runners were still finishing. Carlton and I put on our sweats and went into the farmhouse with the other finishers. Most were drinking beer or cider. It was comfortable inside, out of the chilly afternoon. I took a glass of cider and stood near the airtight woodstove and told Jerry and Phoebe what a fine race they had conducted.

The runners sitting around the room went on about the race, telling how it went for them. I stood near the stove and drank the cider, feeling quite comfortable now. I wasn't disappointed with the way I had run that afternoon.

Lost

The summer of '71 was extremely hot so the race pack wisely retreated to the woods where racing would be cooler. One such race was at Buxton where the scheduled four-miler would follow a series of woods trails and logging roads.

The runners parked their cars up a dirt road and in an abandoned sand pit. All 61 racers were curious about the course and all tried to decipher the prepared map, following the blue arrows that showed where one logging road would turn into another. It was very difficult to follow the arrows on paper and to get the distances for each segment fixed in mind—especially for those who expected to run point. The rest of us wouldn't have it so badly, since we would have pack contact.

One of the racers was Rick Rowley from Wayne. He had traveled 70 miles to run four miles in 90-degree heat. Rick was running very well in '71 and followed the race circuit that summer. He wasn't very tall but ran with the intensity of a deer being chased by dogs.

He ran very well in the woods that day, in front of such talent as Ralph Thomas, Steve Jaynes, Mike Towle, Larry Greer and Ziggy Gillespie.

The fact is, he had the race put away until he made a wrong turn with a quarter-mile to go. All alone, he ran like a wildman off into the woods.

Everyone liked Rick because of his pleasant attitude and easy-going ways; but I was told he was a raging bull that day, disgusted with himself for blowing a win.

When I crossed the finish line they told me what had happened. I tried to find Rick to possibly help relieve his anguish at getting lost; but he had already jumped into his Volvo and left, obviously in no mood for any form of conversation or empathy.

A year or so after the Buxton run I experienced, personally, the mental shock of becoming lost in a race. I had entered a five-miler over the University of Maine at Gorham campus, the course following many turns, doubling behind buildings in concentric circles, and spilling out onto the highway at two points.

After the first leg, running down Route 114, I followed a wedge of runners heading toward Sebago Lake. Other runners behind, thinking I was on course, were chasing as if an Olympic medal awaited the victor.

A couple of miles down the road, we began stopping and turning and saw the water tower on the campus far back over the trees. Then we realized—everyone thought the other guy knew the course when in fact none of us did. Disgustedly, we jogged back. When we arrived back at the gym, everyone had showered and was heading for home.

The following week I received a small compass in the mail from one of the runners.



It could have been that same year when another “lost incident” happened during our Maine Masters’ Falmouth 5.8-miler, which was always scheduled the first Sunday of November.

That year we had signed in a 210-pound fellow who was not very fast but ran with the endurance of a bull...from one horizon to another.

On the circuitous course, running out Route 9, he missed a sharp left onto the Woods Road and went out to Cumberland Center. By car, two hours later, we caught him near the Cumberland Fair grounds, heading north toward Canada, which he probably would have reached by Wednesday, had we not found him.

A Winter Morning On Baxter Boulevard

Thanks to modern technology, this story is being “written” on the run. It’s 6:15 on a cold, dark February morning and I’m running north on the two-mile esplanade along Baxter Boulevard in Portland.

Beneath my chin I have strapped a small recorder so sensitive it catches my heartbeat and breathing. Too often I’ve lost productive thoughts while on the run, but not this morning. Later, I will wring out these impressions through my typewriter.

The temperature was 11 degrees when I left home. It’s difficult starting out on a cold winter morning. I arose at 5:50, downed a glass of V8 juice, a One-A-Day vitamin, got dressed, and was out on the road by 6:06.

Running in these temperatures, one is wide awake before the first half-mile.

We are having an open winter and the dirt esplanade following the Bay is like hard, brown concrete.

There is the danger of tripping on frozen footprints, ridged and frequent, left by some thoughtless runner who trained in the mud during the heat of the day.

At this moment I’m at the first half-mile coming up to Dartmouth Street.

Out across the black span of water the eastern sky is a suffusion of spangled reds and pinks, shaped in a lofty V, the point of which touches the southern slope of Munjoy Hill. If only the slumberers would rise and come witness this eastern sky. In an hour it will all be washed by the bright reality of the new day.

In any season an early morning run along Baxter is freedom, inspiration and health. During winter, it is all of these and

more. It can rekindle one's hopes, often held inactive by the duties of ordinary living.

The landscape is less harsh now, the colors in the sky softening. But it is still very cold; the winter air, coming across the water, is sharp on my face.

Some mornings the temperature reads in the single numbers; then I wear a wool cloth over my mouth, which forms a pocket of warm air to breathe.

I've been running the Boulevard since 1969. Prior to that I ran in Evergreen Cemetery off Stevens Avenue. During those early years runners felt like exhibitionists when running in the streets. Beginning with the '70s, however, thousands began running in the streets. It was then I left the cemetery.

Now I am nearing the Vannah Avenue junction. Ten yards to my right a flock of black ducks are disturbed and swim slowly away, fishtailing as they go. I give them an imitative series of quacks, but this morning they don't answer. They are getting used to me.

I haven't seen a single runner. This (1983) is the first winter I have been able to run the Boulevard into February. Usually it is buried with snow by December.

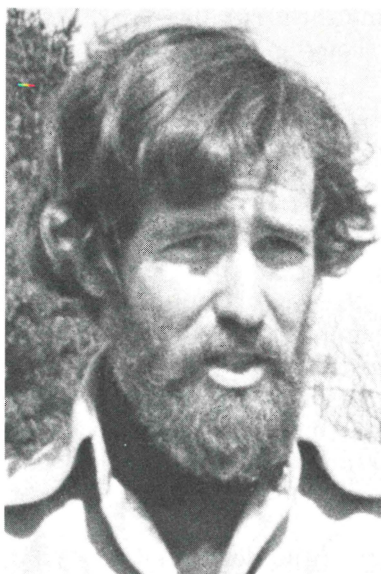
Baxter Boulevard is a priceless gift to the generations. The Baxter people bequeathed Maine other monumental gifts, and were also responsible for the realization of this aesthetic two-mile strip. The Payson family gave Portland an enclosed art gallery in 1983; the Baxters inspired completion of this outdoor art center in 1916.

This area is a gathering place for runners, walkers and for any others who appreciate nature.

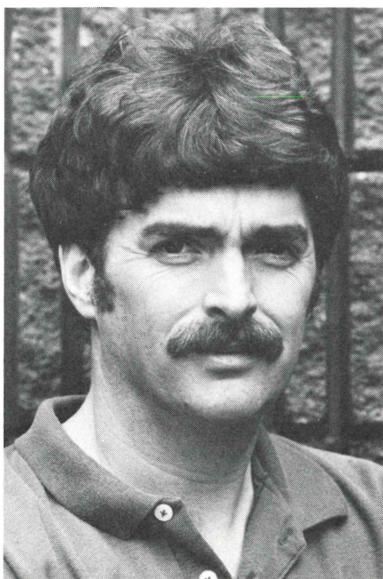
At full tide there is a study of intriguing contrast between the restlessness of the ocean and the rigidity of the land. Here, the great basin accepts the final, gentle thrusts of the ocean and, in so doing, forms an immense pool, smooth and dark, that blends in perfect harmony with the surrounding landscape.

All along the west shore, near the tree-lined running path, I can see thick marsh grass where the wildlife nests.

The first runner this morning, a young lady, is now moving toward me. I recognize her. She wears a reflector vest, and as she glides by, her long, black hair caught in winter's breeze, we wave. Once, during a wet snow, we chanced to pace a few miles together. She trains at a very fast pace and last year ran a creditable Casco Bay Marathon. She trains every morning



The magazine publishers—Rick Bayko (above). His *YANKEE RUNNER* was around through most of the '70s. Rick Krause (above right), published the *MAINE RUNNER* during '78 and '79. Bob Booker (right) began his *MAINE RUNNING* magazine in '80 when the other two became extinct. All three publications made an outstanding contribution to distance running by publishing race schedules, results and profiles of the runners.



regardless of weather. This morning she is running at a relaxed pace, and I wonder what private thoughts entertain her as she runs.

In this area the women are very dedicated: all winter they have outnumbered the men by about two-to-one.



On the subject of marathons; it's good that Maine now has four or five. The Maine Masters' Track Club set one up in '70, running out of Portland to either Gorham or Yarmouth and back, but only a few were ready for a marathon then, so we settled for the Midi-marathon and got ten good years out of it before the Casco Bay run put us out of business. But it was, perhaps, a time for progression, and the Midi course was dangerous. One year, at the five-mile mark, I watched Joan Benoit barely leap clear of the path of an irate motorist.

Marathons in Maine are generously sponsored and all would be perfect marathons if a couple of them would officially invite the advanced age groups, men and women, by recognizing their age brackets in their awards formula—instead of offering only token recognition.

For ten years the Masters' Club raised hell over this issue, reasoning that all age groups up through age 70, men and women, put in the same training and dedication as did the hot dogs. It wasn't a trophy they needed, but only recognition after a good day's work and result. We finally encouraged other directors to set up two awards slots for every five contestants in *all* age groups.

No one ever yelled "discrimination" at the Masters. I'm kinda proud of that.



Out of the dark the second young lady is running toward me. She runs with her dog on a leash. I see her nearly every morning but she runs in the opposite direction, so I never have been able to interview her. Holding the leash, she runs unnaturally, her arm action arrested.



There is the Boys' Club across the bay. What a remarkable five-miler it has. It will remain the most prominent race in

Maine history, since it had a 33-year start on all others. Someone should chisel Bart Peverada's image in granite for guiding that one since 1930.

In the spring of '72 Bart phoned me for an opinion on allowing women in his race. I told Bart I'd had them in my runs for over a year, and felt overly protective of them since Jock Semple literally dragged them out of the Boston Marathon. For the life of



Beginning with the '70s the Maine Masters' Track Club recognized top performers in *all* age groups—men and women. Above, Steve Mulhern and Wendy Sayres are called to the awards table.

me, I could find no fault in allowing a little glamour in a road race.

"Could he provide a separate change-up room?" I asked. He could. "Let them run, Bart. The time has come." And he did.

Robin Emery, Diane Fournier and Sheila Dodge were the first women to run that race in 43 years.

Like the blade of a snowplow, Diane and Robin have done a lot for female athletes in Maine. They cleared the path for others to follow and no one can ever take that from them. It was great fun to have them come to the races.

It was funny at times. Before the race at the Boys' Club, in the old days, all runners were asked to line up before the city health doctor; who proceeded to probe their chests with his stethoscope. In the line, Robin Emery wasn't sure what to do, so, jokingly, she began lifting her shirt for the doctor. At that instant the practice was dropped forever. No one could ever figure out what the doctor was listening for, anyway.

Robin always had a way of turning a moment of solemnity into humor.

Bob Hillgrove won at Boys' Club eight times, his last victory recorded in '74. He got the jump on a lot of runners, along with Sam Ouellet and Johnny Kelley.

Bob also won the Bangor Labor Day 5-miler seven times. Win streaks like that aren't soon forgotten...or surpassed.



Now I'm nearing Payson Park. Waite Maclin, a morning regular, is running toward me. He has been running down here for 13 years. He runs with his dog, who now follows. Years ago the dog ran ahead of Waite, but now, growing older, has to play catch-up.

The dog ignores me each morning when I say, "pour it on, boy."



Running is very popular these days. Some maverick doctors are having a helluva time trying to dream up something wrong with it. It's curious, those who want to take the credit for the running boom. My thought is, if a person experiences some kind



Vern Putney, of the Guy Gannett papers in Portland, receives a plaque of appreciation from the author. At right is Bob Haskell of the Bangor Daily News. Both journalists made a significant contribution to help popularize distance running.



of elation by telling another he started the whole thing, then let him. What's the harm?

A lot of people laid the original building blocks that made running popular. Years afterwards, using others' missionary labors, the late Jim Fixx came along and reaped the huge paycheck. His timing was perfect. In writer's parlance, Fixx rode in on the crest of a wave. He must have made a million from his book.

I always have believed that the two overlooked Americans who influenced distance running most were Bob Schul and Billy Mills. They won the 5,000 and 10,000 meter runs, respectively, in the '64 Tokyo Olympics. It was the first time in Olympic history that Americans won these longer events. Then, bam! bam!—both victories in the same Games.

It was television's finest hour.

Schul and Mills, I believe, ushered in a new era of distance running for Americans.

Eight years later in '72, Frank Shorter was the first American in 64 years to win the Olympic marathon.

Not by coincidence, about this same year, jogging Americans were tripping over each other to get out into the streets; and a sparkling new equipment industry was spawned in the country.

As a race director for ten years, part of the job involved dealing with the press and television. After a six-mile race a young runner often would come up to me with pride spilled all over his face. "Will my name and time be in the paper, Mister?" he would ask.

I'd answer, "I'll do my best, kid." And I did.

Usually I had good luck, and the next morning the kid saw his name on the same page with Arnold Palmer and the ballplayers. On the evening sports show, he would try to find himself in the pack.

The sports reporters were congenial fellows to work with, and most used the race results as interesting local copy.

About '73 the newspaper and TV stations dispatched reporters and cameramen to my more important races. Other times I would write the story in about 400 words and they would give me a byline and a check.

Three fellows for whom I have a great deal of respect are Rick Bayko, Publisher of *Yankee Runner*, which was around through most of the '70s; Rick Krause, Publisher of *Maine Runner*, which appeared the final two years of the '70s; and Bob Booker,



Kim Beaulieu, Maine's personable running nurse. Kim began running in '75 and is the perfect example of Johnny Kelley's belief that it takes six years to make a distance runner. Right on time, Kim won the Maine Coast Marathon in '81. She repeated that win the following year. In '82 she was first woman home in the Casco Bay Marathon.

Publisher of *Maine Running*, which picked up where the other two left off.

These three magazines are extensions of the sincere beliefs their creators hold for distance running. For the most part in a labor of love, these three fellows, from their earnings, never could dine in the same exclusive restaurants, perhaps, that Fixx frequented. But they are equal components of glue that hold distance running intact, allowing it to sustain itself as an organized sport.

Two career sports writers, Vern Putney of the *Guy Gannett* papers in Portland, and Bob Haskell of the *Bangor Daily News* have done a great deal over the years to proliferate the sport. The thousands of words each wrote about the races and the runners, went beyond just getting out a column. Each held an honest affection for distance running. It was easy to interpret that in their articles.



I'm at my turn-around point now, the approach lane to Tukey's Bridge. My watch shows 6:28. Right on time. Walking some and clearing my nose—Norwegian honk style, by blocking one nostril—I can see the cars tooling over the bridge. Starting to run back down the Boulevard, why would I begin thinking about ultra-marathons?

Runner's thoughts, induced by forced oxygen, can impregnate the mind. Non-runners would reject that truism as fiction. But all of this *is* true.

Someday I'll find a runner who can make me understand why people run ultras. It could be I'm envious because I had a knee peppered with shrapnel in The Big One and it could not carry me 50 or 100 miles. Then, too, I notice the ultra people have injury-free, straight legs, whereas I'm one of those who would have difficulty stopping a Purina dogcart.

Many women run the ultras. I've yet to see a bow-legged woman. Women survive the ultras nicely. Vivacious Kim Beau-lieu is a rare talent in this killer event.

In '77 I ran a 24-hour relay with nine others in Portland Stadium. I'd never do that again—all those left turns—having to run a mile every hour for 24 hours.

Two days after the relay, while out training on the road, I



Reporter to Robin Emery: "Today you won an important road race."
Robin: "Yes, and what a beautiful feeling."

found myself automatically running onto people's front lawns. It took a month to retool my body.

Brian Gillespie did a good job in arranging that relay. He even talked someone into setting up a huge tent for us inside the stadium. "Ziggy" ran a lot of class races through the '70s with well-heeled sponsors. He even enticed Bill Rodgers to run in Maine. The late Rollie Dyer would have been proud of Ziggy.

Nearing Payson Park now, I see Nancy Bruce, bundled warmly, running toward me. She has been out all winter. She runs 6.6 miles out of the YWCA. She is studying to be a beautician. She is brave and highly-motivated to be running out here alone at this hour.

Her turn-around-point is Payson Park, and frequently I run back along the esplanade with her, as I am doing now. We are talking about how good it is to be out here running along the bay when almost everyone else is still in bed.

Often, I run with young people. They have a certain relaxed abandonment I've come to appreciate. They never complain of overdue bills or boast of worldly possessions because they aren't old enough to have acquired many.

Younger people have more confidence in the future than most older acquaintances I know. Those who disagree with this observation either have not taken the time to be friendly toward them or, simply consider all young people contemptible.

Young people don't speak of the future that much, but they have a way of convincing you that it is going all right for them.

Running alongside, Nancy's stride is as rhythmically on time as a metronome. She seems capable of going on all day. She tells me she was the youngest finisher in the '81 Casco Bay Marathon.

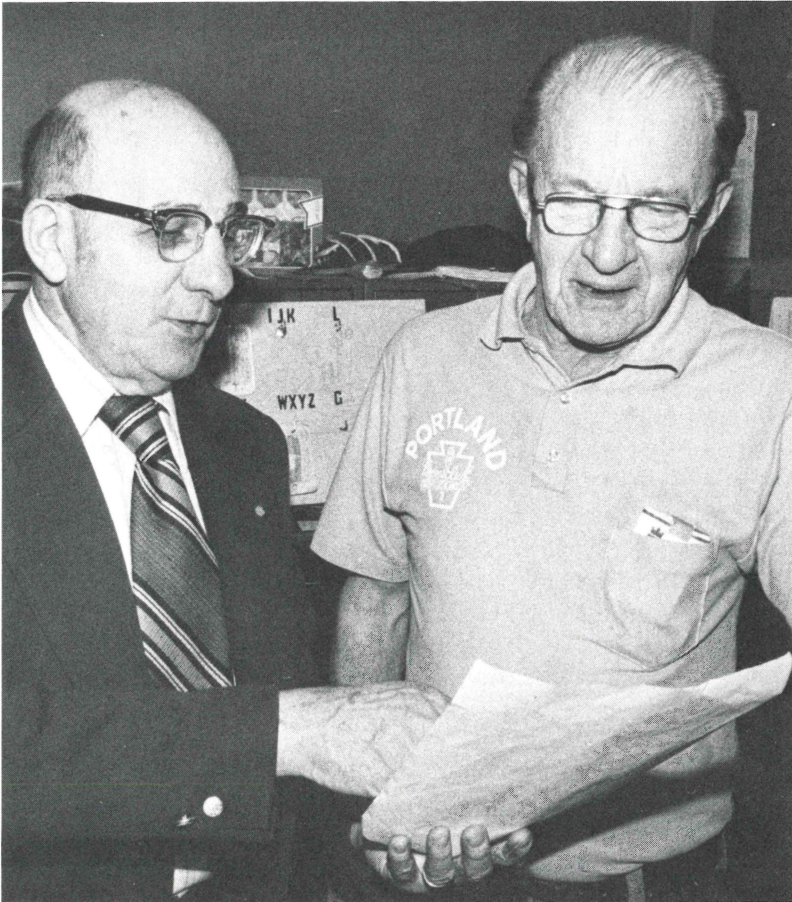
Out across the black span of water, the city is beginning to come alive. We can see the lights of the cars pouring in on the highway. In an hour it will be bustling with activity.

We can feel a chill wind quartering in off the water. For the first time I'm looking through the small icicles that hang from my brow. I'll let them grow. It was my labor and sweat that formed them; I will think twice before destroying anything that grows naturally. When they bother my vision, I'll brush them away.

The eastern sky is even pinker now, and we can see the square tops of the buildings toward Congress Street. The tallest building on the skyline, falling behind us now, is the high-rise apartment atop Munjoy Hill.

I mentioned to Nancy that a man who had traveled the entire Eastern seaboard, including South America, once told me that Baxter Boulevard got his vote as being most picturesque. She said she could believe it. I certainly do.

Coming toward us is another morning regular, City Manager Tim Honey. We pass in opposite directions several times a week. He strides effortlessly as though he comes from a good athletic



A couple of reasons why the Portland Boys' Club five-miler has been a smash for over a half century are Bart Peverada (left), long time Race Director, and Bill Loyne, Club staff member.

background. He is always pleasant as he passes. Some day when we chance to run in the same direction, I shall suggest that with his name, Honey, and mine, Goodie, we should find a man named Sweet, and the three of us go into the bakery business as a sideline. Honey, Goodie & Sweet, Inc.

We are now passing Cheverus High School to our right. Above the school is a strikingly large full moon. The huge yellow disc seems perched on top of the building as though it is part of the architecture. It is so unusually large that it slows us to a trot in

our effort to comprehend what we are really seeing. It is more like a stage prop for some upcoming school carnival.

The late morning slumberers never would believe this phenomenon. Possibly we have caught creation's two most talked about satellites in a moment of secret flirtation. They were that close.

Continuing on, to our left, we stir a flock of black-and-white patched buffleheads, only yards away. They fishtail away from us and we pick up the pace.

At the end of the Boulevard my watch reads 6:47. Nancy thanks me for the run and splits up Bedford Street, I turn right on Forest Avenue. I'm pleased she came along; running with another is much easier. She started up the hill. She is very young, I thought, to understand a secret that most never learn—that attractiveness comes from vigorous exercise and not cosmetics or grooming.

I discover the ice on my temples is a quarter-inch thick, and I have to brush the icicles off my brows, now, in order to see. But wintertime runners know all about the icing.

In a few minutes I'll be home. Often, runners speak of the finish of a race as a celebration. But this winter morning, after one more mile, my celebration will be a hot shower.

Winter Sweats

During the warm months I can manage with only four pieces of running equipment—including sweatband.

During the single-numbered temperature days of winter, however, I need a dozen pieces of clothing—including hat with mask and mittens.

I do not prefer the modern, lightweight space suits.

With 12 pieces of clothing needed on a daily basis, there is, of course, the chore of keeping them laundered and dried—without the additional expense of using a machine or a spin dryer. After all, one's closets and drawers will accommodate only limited sets of 12 pieces.

Over the years I have developed a system whereby I can use the same set of clothing on repetitive days—without the help of machine or dryer.

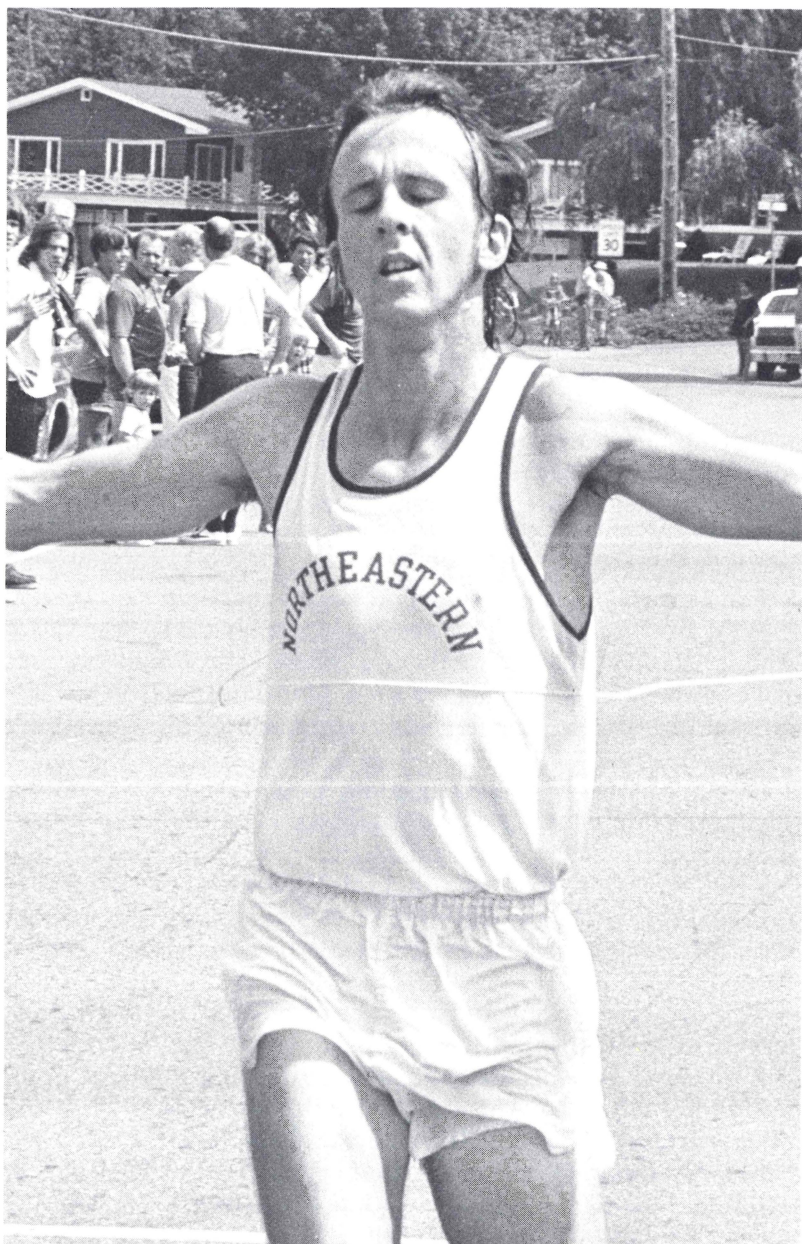
After my 6 a.m., six-mile run, I toss the 12 vital pieces into the tub, and while showering, agitate them in a circular motion with my left leg. Then I hang them to dry near the basement furnace.

This idea works well, and it wasn't long before I was aware of a surprising side benefit.

For years I have been plagued by an annoying cartilage problem in my left knee. This daily, circular exercise of agitating sweats in the tub has actually helped cure my knee.

I am not qualified to suggest that this particular leg exercise enhances healing; for all I know, it may be better therapy for the liver. I am, however, aware that since I have been using this method of washing winter sweats, my left leg has become stronger.

With minor adjustments for balance, I'm sure it could help with right leg problems as well.



Larry Greer, fresh out of high school in '72, defeated Ken Flanders and Ralph Thomas in four major road races. He was on his way to the top when injury struck him down.

The Larry Greer Story

In Spain during the summer of 1959, two of that country's greatest matadors were performing concurrently—a rare happening during one generation.

To decide a champion, a series of bullfights was arranged. These fierce combats were known as *mano a manos*. The winner could then possibly be mentioned in the same breath with Spain's most revered matador—Manolete.

Here in Maine during the summer of 1972, a similar two-man competition occurred. In a drama fitting to an equally primitive sport, two of the state's finest distance runners were conducting their own *mano a manos*.

The two stylists, Ken Flanders, 19, of Portland, and Ralph Thomas, 36, of Gardiner, for the second straight year provided uncommon moments of wonderment to those who followed distance running combats.

Statewide, the two established records with a consistency never before equaled.

Flanders was most difficult in five to seven-mile runs; while Thomas was the driving point of a steel wedge over the 13 to 26-mile range.

That spring Flanders lowered the record in the 43rd running of the Portland Boys' Club 5-miler to 24:48. In the autumn Thomas ran the Portland Elks Club 13-mile Midi-marathon in 1:07:16, wiping out a mark set by Pat McMahon, a 1970 touring Olympic marathoner.

Interestingly, however, there was a spoiler who, in bold fashion, upset the balance of Maine's two-man duels.

Larry Greer, fresh out of Cape Elizabeth High School, signed into this solid competition and defeated Flanders and Thomas in four major races. Veteran distance men took sudden notice;

rookies were not supposed to do this. That summer's distance running program promised to be a corker.

After he had won the Budweiser 10-miler, someone said, "Larry, you did just great!"

"Thanks," he answered, "but Ken is never peaked during August."

After he had won Winthrop's 14.3-miler around Lake Maranacook, a runner said, "Larry, you won yourself the big one!"

"Thank you, but Ralph really wasn't up to it today after winning the Portsmouth 10-miler yesterday."

Besides his precocious talent of running well on the roads, and the fact he was an honor student, the kid's genuine, old-shoe modesty was the reason he was respected among the runners.

No Clydesdale show-horse, at 18 and tall and lean, Larry Greer glided over hills as if oblivious to their presence.

Using a natural, power-smooth stride to best advantage, he often lurked just behind the point until the last half-mile, then called on remaining fuel or inertia to pull out a win.

Like most youth, Larry's running interest developed normally, just running for fun, in his case through Cape Elizabeth's fields and along woodpaths in summer's ocean-cooled breezes.

When of age he ran on the Cape cross country team. He soon learned that the sport that he chose—an individual, gut-rending type—called for many lonely training hours and dedication similar to that of a missionary preparing for a career in the New Guinea rain forest.

But he had found his sport.

At once he liked running in organized groups led by coach Paul Jackson, a veteran road runner.

A secret dream Larry held during his freshman year was to beat the coach, no small task, but one accomplished during his junior year. Now coach and pupil ran side-by-side and the orders flew like pointed barbs: "Never jog off the crest of a hill! Sprint off'n it!"

This tutorial system could well have been the polishing the kid needed to get him across the finish line first in the state cross country championships his senior year.

At graduation the scholar distance runner was awarded a \$500 scholarship, underwritten by Sprague Corporation. Next came a track scholarship from Northeastern University.

Jackson, through his vocation, experienced a moment of fine satisfaction. With Jackson's blessing, Larry turned to the local

road races—a testing ground for college-bound runners.

That summer Larry studied the competition. Two superb athletes, Ralph Thomas and Ken Flanders, were sweeping the streets with every runner in sight. Between them they owned nearly every record in the state from three to 14.3 miles.

He found them to be congenial fellows, interesting, extremely race-wise, keen of wit, very friendly—except just before pistol time when they became strangely impersonal.

During that moment, Larry, along with others, became non-descripts with numbers pinned to their shirts, numbers they intended to carry over a defined course before Thomas and Flanders.

Larry knew he was caught up in an adventure a little more intriguing than a spring hike for mayflowers or pussywillows. He was going up against Thomas and Flanders in gutsy Maine road races and he would have to be awfully good to pull it off.

But the rookie did pull it off . . . four times during that summer of '72. You don't wrap up Monday's meal scraps in sports copy like that. You clip it and place it in a file, labeled: People To Watch.

That autumn Larry reported to Northeastern's training camp where he quickly made known his intentions.

Running at Franklin Park, in a championship 5-miler that colleges use to rank their runners, he placed sixth against New England's finest and was the first Northeastern runner, ahead of his gifted teammate, Ken Flanders.

Suddenly, after this race, his career came into clearer focus. His confidence soared when he realized he was talented enough to run with the best.

He was on his way to a promising collegiate career; his childhood dreams were coming to reality. Larry dared now to even think Olympics. After Franklin Park the kid was the happiest person in the Commonwealth.

But, quite unexpectedly, Fate, in its inexplicable system of selection, picked Larry and dealt him a vicious blow.

One afternoon after a session at training camp, he felt pain in the lower left leg. He thought it would pass. Maybe he got a twist in rough terrain. Young runners don't stay injured long, especially if they are on a full scholarship. He said nothing.

The following day he ran against Harvard, and the other side of the same lower leg pained. For the first time in his life he was forced to walk during a race.

That evening he was on crutches with a bad case of torn muscles, with the trainer's words nagging at him discouragingly: "Forget autumn competition!"

Ignoring expert advice, he secretly tried jogging short distances, but it was hopeless. Caught in the torment of injury, he gave up the early winter indoor campaigns.

That November of '72, I saw Larry at Cape Elizabeth High School before the Masters Turkey Trot. He stood with the runners' wives and their children, looking strangely subdued, watching the runners enter and sign in for the race.

Seeing the injured kid, I remembered something I had heard about him. I had learned of his private, pre-race thoughts from another. (Going against Thomas and Flanders, everyone had private thoughts).

"If I'm strong today I'll win; if not I'll have competed honestly."

Just then Ralph Thomas sauntered through the door carrying his race bag, his other hand sunk in his pocket. He spotted Larry and went over. "How's the old leg, Larry?" He asked in his sincere, direct way.

"Coming fine."

"Be back with us soon?"

"You bet I will, Ralph."

The veteran Thomas whacked his shoulder, and, watching, you could tell what running meant to both. Several runners came in and went over to Larry.

That day Larry followed the race by car and watched Flanders set yet another record over the six-mile course, Thomas taking second at a distance he does not favor.

Larry had been waiting all autumn for the Turkey Trot. He knew Flanders runs very well during November, but the course was his private training ground. He never had a go at it that year and the race fans were the big losers.

Larry's injury was not chronic—but the timing, the natural progression, of his career had been thrown off and he never did reach his promising potential.

Running With Ken Flanders

Few will argue that Ken Flanders has been one of the more successful middle-distance runners Maine has ever produced. A running sensation as a lad of 17, one would be close to the mark in stating nobody has won more Maine road races the past 15 years.

Flanders' threefold gift is a storybook gait, an agile, piston-driven body that stays the course, and a mental toughness that few can match.

When Flanders trains on the streets of Portland, at a glance, one can tell he is a breed apart. Runners have told me they have pulled their cars to the curb when he passes to study for a moment the runner's perfect stride—his front leg straight as a 2x4, landing squarely on pointed heel, his arms in perfect tune with his pace.

During all the years I've been running in packs pointed by Flanders, I have witnessed only one race in which he has suffered.

It was the Bangor Labor Day 5-miler, 1973. The road temperature was in the 90s. Before mile two there is a hill suitable for Big Horn sheep. Ken doesn't run well over steep hills in extremely humid weather.

That day, once over the hill and onto the level, I thought I was suffering from hallucinations when I saw Flanders jogging just ahead on the black road. Soon I realized he had been knocked out of the race and was just jogging in.

Wanting to experience the sensation of passing Flanders in a road race, a feat that only a select few have known, I closed in



Ken Flanders—A middle distance superstar through the '70s. Still winning in the '80s, he is shown being greeted by the granddaddy of all road race directors, Bart Peverada.

from my mid-pack position and got across the finish line just before he did.

When he came in I went over and wisecracked, "That puts me one up, Ken."

"You're right, Dick," he answered.

A week later we both ran the Gorham Corn Festival 4-miler over an old rail bed and along a woods trail. That day Ken broke the course record. I finished in my usual mid-pack position.

In the locker room after the race I said, "Well, Ken, that makes us one apiece."

"You're right again, Dick," he said. "We'll settle the score at the Turkey Trot."

Some fellow, Flanders; Some runner.



How easy to cope with life's dizzying pace, after miles alone in nature's frozen solitude.

Benoit and Flanders

During my ten years on the circuit, Ken Flanders and Joan Benoit not only provided exciting, up-front action, but brought a great deal of dignity to road racing.

They still are among the best-conditioned athletes in the state. They must train a minimum of 70 miles a week to compete with the "top-of-the-crop."

It is a lonely sport they chose, but they must churn out the training miles if they are to exist in it.

Unlike team-type athletes who can leave a sickbed one day and perform the next, this is impossible with distance runners. They must be superbly-conditioned to compete. They have no others for comfort or support.

Flanders and Benoit are more than running machines. During the 1977, 24-hour relay in which 10 of us kept a baton moving around the Portland Stadium track, it began raining after midnight, adding discomfort to a stressful situation.

Every 55 minutes a runner had to leave his or her warm bedroll in the huge tent to run their mile turn.

Character was under scrutiny; to become testy was obviously a lurking luxury. None gave into it. As I recall, however, it was Flanders and Benoit who kept the night alive.

Even though earlier in the evening Senator Bill Cohen, actor Gary Merrill, patriarch musician Don Doane, *Maine Sunday Telegram* sports columnist Vern Putney and many others visited our tent and left us in better spirits than they found us, it was Flanders and Benoit who turned the longest night into a what-the-hell-let's-enjoy-it atmosphere with their spontaneous, humorous banter.

But, then, most champions, like combat infantry leaders, tend to give more of themselves.



Rollie Dyer—An artist's drawing

Homage To Rollie Dyer

During the years I have been associated with distance running, I have never met anyone who was so well thought of among the runners as Roland J. Dyer of Winslow.

Rollie was state chairman of the distance running program during most of the '60s, but you rarely read that fact in the papers. He pursued his belief quietly, his motives based on a sincere logic—"run to stay fit and have fun."

He signed his letters that way.

A fun-loving young man, he was also a natural leader. He liked to run long distances more than anything else, unless it was encouraging others to run.

A youthful iconoclast who rejected the belief of his day that a pampered heart was a healthy heart, marathoner Dyer was hard-selling distance running in Maine years before cardiovascular experts, psychiatrists and Dr. Kenneth Cooper, author of *Aerobics*, announced to the world in the late '60s that a daily program of running not only improved physical conditioning and mental attitude, but upgraded the quality of existence as well.

Rollie knew this all along.

Barely out of his teens and unhampered by the restrictions of advanced academic theories, he understood the intrinsic good feelings of a distance run and was "selling" road races to sponsoring service clubs long before Cooper completed the first draft of his book.

Dyer had a gentle persuasiveness about him that made the runners and sponsors do whatever he suggested. His only reward would be the realization of a big, friendly pack on race day, so everyone could find someone on his own level with whom to thrash it out.

A Maine Master nearing 50, said, "He encouraged me to run longer distances. Now my Eisenhower jacket fits and I could pass a physical with teenagers."

Bob Hillgrove, then Maine's top star, said: "He's done more for the sport than anyone."

Under his leadership, road races in Maine progressed from 12 in '66 to 47 in '71.

On Sunday, May 16, 1971, I was doing pre-race stretches on a dirt road that ran under tall pines at Hollis, preparing for a 13-miler, when someone came across the parking lot and said he had heard over his car radio that Rollie had been killed in a freak bicycle accident.

We had wondered why Rollie was late.

In a changing second you could sense the runners becoming uneasy. They left the starting line and formed small groups as if to seek some bit of conflicting evidence that would disprove the disturbing news.

But it was useless. They began speaking about Rollie.

A young runner said, "He was the best guy I ever knew." An older runner said, "he knew more about running than a computer."

Everyone knew that since the early '60s he had given the program more than 20 hours of his time a week.

A tall, bearded, scholarly-type runner said, "God damn it to hell. We'll miss him. He sure knew how to keep things light."

Rollie was one of those rare types who could draw laughter in the face of disaster; maybe even from a group of solemn soldiers, huddled in a landing craft, about to storm an enemy beach. And he would never offend anyone in the process.

There was talk of cancelling the 13-miler that day. Suddenly the dirt road through the pines had lost its challenge. Then, too, it began raining.

But no one dared to cancel a race on Rollie's schedule.

Steve Ross, state president of the AAU, came across the parking lot onto the dirt road. Someone went over and told him about Rollie. He stopped in his tracks and looked over toward the woods and fields coming green now from the spring sun and rain. Then Ross looked down at the road. All the while he did not utter a sound.

Ross didn't run that day.

Finally Ross gathered the runners and fired the pistol. As the pack moved out under the tall pines, the runners were silent, the

usual cracks about tripping the hot dogs, or hoping they'd blister badly before mile seven were absent.

That day the 13-mile course ran very long. Some runners with full marathon experience didn't finish. Others dropped out because of leg cramps or poor rhythm, no doubt triggered by diverted concentration.

Those who did finish were more fatigued than usual. Times were off.

Perhaps they were not accustomed to seeing the empty space in the pack that once framed Rollie Dyer, joshing those near him, striding ever-so-smoothly, about to make his move on the race leaders.

On Expletives

To a dedicated, committed-for-life runner who has just completed a 100-mile training week over hilly terrain in preparation for the annual Mt. Washington race: What would be your spontaneous expletive, when, unexpectedly, on the very last mile of your training, you happened to spot a bumper sticker that read: THIS CAR CLIMBED MT. WASHINGTON?

My expletive would not be fit to print here.



The Ouellet Family Runners from Ashland—from left, Aurele, Sam, Eddie and Paul. The Ouellets made an impact on influencing endurance sports in Maine. Running for distance since before WWI, Sam was also an ironman on cross-country skis. In 1936 he finished at the front of a 3-day, 184-mile ski race from Bangor to Caribou. During the late '50s I watched Sam win a Masters' mile at Portland's Exposition Building. At the conclusion of that event, it was announced that Sam had won a 15-kilometer cross-country ski race that morning in New York. Spontaneous applause nearly lifted the Expo roof. Years later I mentioned that evening to Sam. He still was puzzled why "everyone went crazy at the Expo." Sam was only spending the day doing what he liked best.

Sam Ouellet . . . Maine's Original Ironman

For this interview Sam met me halfway. Accompanied by his son Aurele, on a storm-threatening, March day, they came from Ashland where Sam owns and runs a ski touring center. We met at Bill and Brenda LoPetro's home at Winterport. I drove from Portland. Sam came well prepared. As soon as I placed my tape recorder between us, Sam generously began sharing his amazing, athletic life.

SAM SAYS . . .

"I began skiing when I was three years old and running when five in a small town in the Province of Quebec where I was born October 5, 1904. We came to Van Buren in 1914. It was there I started making my own cross country skis. I had four brothers and two sisters so we had to make most of our things.

I started working in the woods in 1914, cutting wood with ax and crosscut saw. Most of my life I've been a lumberjack. My height is five-foot-five and my weight 124 pounds.

The only influence I ever got to enter endurance events came from my mother. When they had the ski marathon from Bangor to Caribou in 1936, she said, 'why don't you enter?' and I did. I'd run the Boston Marathon many times before that, but that was my first big ski race.

When I was young in Canada I got cedar poisoning and lost the use of my legs. The only way I could move was by sitting on the edge of one of those old-fashioned wash tubs and roll it. And



Clarence DeMar (left) of New Hampshire and Ed Shepard of Gorham after completion of the Presque Isle Potato Blossom Marathon in '50. Shepard, an early force in selling running in Maine, held many records throughout New England. Ed won the Portland Boys' Club 5-miler in '40 and again in '48, lowering the record each time. His '48 time was 25:48. Also in '48 he won the Boston to Worcester 44-miler against a class field. His productive running years ranged from '36 to '63.

then I used to go up in the attic to watch the kids run down the street, you see we were living on the ridge. Finally, I said the hell with the washtub, so I fell out of it and kept moving a little at a time until I could use my legs, but, you see, by then the poison went out.

When we were kids the only foot races they had were in Edmundston, but when we moved to Van Buren we didn't run anymore. We skied. I was ten then. In 1919 we moved to Howland and I started playing basketball. I also played baseball, hockey and all of them. I didn't like school so didn't go past the seventh grade.

The longest ski race I ever ran was the 4-day Bangor to Caribou 184-miler in 1936. I was 32. The race was set up by a fellow from Sweden name of Bob Johnson as part of the Winter Carnival. Thirteen skiers entered the first year, 20 the second, but only five of us ever finished. They couldn't stand the gaff. The first day we skied from Bangor to Lincoln, 50 miles; the second day, from Lincoln to Haynesville, 50 miles; the third day, 54 miles to Mars Hill; then the fourth day from Mars Hill to Caribou, 30 miles. So that made four marathons in four days. We slept some at each town and everyone would start out the next morning at seven. The Governor, Lowell Thomas and Pathe News cameras were at the finish line.

People think they are doing something when they run the Boston Marathon. That's only one marathon in one day.

Later they changed this ski race to what they called the International Ski Marathon from Riviere du Loup, Canada to Caribou, 136 miles. I won both of them.

For food in these races we'd eat anything the neighbors gave us along the way. All those fellows who write those articles about special diets make me laugh. When they come to talk to me, they walk off. I have proved them a liar a hundred times. If you want energy, you've got to eat sugar. You saw where Salazar flopped in his last 10k. You know why? He lost his blood-sugar content. It dropped the last mile. The only things that keep you going at the end are sugar and fat . . . the only foods that have staying energy. The great Glen Cunningham used to lose all his races the last few yards. They couldn't figure out what happened. Then he started eating cube sugar and he went right back winning again. Over 70 percent of my food is sugar. That's why I don't gain weight.

See. I don't get tired or hungry. I was a guinea pig once for the



Bruno Mazzeo from Rockland ran the Boston Marathon seven times during the late '30s and early '40s. In '44 he placed seventh in 2:49. In '42, however, after finishing 13th at Boston (that year it was on Sunday), the following day he won the Portland Boys' Club 5-miler (in the winner's circle above) in 26.40. Bruno trained on Route 1 between Rockland and Belfast.

Harvard Fatigue Laboratory. We started doing some marathons. Myself and others who finished with a high blood-sugar count finished like nothing had happened, while others were fainting, flopping around and throwing up all over the place.

I don't eat much meat. The only way to eat steak is to fry it crisp; if you leave blood in a piece of meat you can catch the disease of the animal. See?

Baked beans is good food. Potatoes and dried milk are good. Fish, chicken and vegetables are good. I raised nine children on canned milk and never had over \$100 in doctors' bills when raising them. My wife would dilute the milk with water.

Drink whole milk, some say, when you have an ulcer. Well, if whole milk has the power as an antacid to cure an ulcer, what will it do in a stomach when there is nothing to cure?

Yes, I guess I've influenced many who are now into endurance sports. Rollie Dyer used to come to Boston with my boys and me to run the marathon. He was a fine boy. When Tom Miller was the doctor in Ashland in the '40s, he started to get into skiing and running. He ran some good marathons when in his 60s. Tom had a camp in Ashland. I built him a wharf, cribbed in with rock—it's still there. He had a boat and big motor and I made a surf board to pull behind the boat. You know the back of a board is square, well I rounded the corners and Holy Moses, you talk about spills. You lose your balance a little and that damn surf board would slip out 20 feet one way and you'd fly the other.

Once I went to Tom's camp all dressed up. 'Aw come on,' Tom said, 'get on the board, Sam.' Well, I did and rode the thing around the lake with my tie not even getting wet. And the rascal when he saw he couldn't throw me, he stopped the boat just before the wharf and in no time I was up to my chin in water.

The last time I saw Tom I was skiing up the Wildcat trail in New Hampshire with one of my sons, and I saw Tom ripping down through the big trees. He turned and we went up the trail together. He lives in Arizona now.

All these years I was running, too. But you had to travel out-of-state for the races. I ran the Boston Marathon 35 times, my first in '28. I guess my best run was around 2:27. Once I missed the bus to the starting line and the press bus gave me a lift. Arthur Duffy of the *Boston Post* was on the bus. Now the Post and Duffy were my favorites. Duffy was talking about some pre-race story in the paper, and just kidding, I said 'who reads the Post anyway' . . . and you know he got mad. He said, 'you win this race

today, Sam, and you won't see your name in the *Post*.' You know what I said? 'If I win this race today I don't give a damn if my name gets in any paper.' All the rest on the bus laughed.

In the '20s Clarence DeMar was a tough guy to beat. He came to Maine to run. He would run with his money tucked in his shoe so nobody would steal it. The last time I ran with DeMar was in



Jack Magee (left), longtime Bowdoin coach, and Clarence DeMar, who won his first Boston Marathon in 1911. By 1930 DeMar had triumphed at Boston six additional times for an unequaled record in that event. He is shown above in his last road race, a 15-kilometer AAU championship run from Brunswick to Bath in August of 1957. DeMar died of cancer the following June.

'57 when he came for the Brunswick-to-Bath run. He had these white trunks all torn on one side and he had pins in them and it made me sorry to see him this way after all he'd done. He was dying of cancer. But I'd run a lot of marathons with him.

That year when DeMar came, the Ashland A.C. won the team prize.

Old Johnny Kelley, John Lafferty, Tony Sapienza and Al Confalone came to Maine a lot to run. And I'll tell you about Confalone. Me and my three sons went to Franklin Park in Boston for the National 10 kilometers. Lafferty and Kelley and many others were standing in a group before the race and one of them passed the remark that there were a lot of athletes that day for the race. You know what Confalone said? He said, 'there's only one bunch of athletes here—the Ouellets, they ski, bike race, skate, canoe. The rest of us are only specialists. We specialize in running.'

Bruno Mazzeo of Rockland was a good runner. He plans to run the Kelley race this year with his grandson. Ed Shepard was a helluva strong runner, winning big in New England. Paul Firlotte of Ellsworth was a hell of a good runner. He was a young friend of mine. I helped him a lot, as I did Roland Dyer. The other night I was thinking and can't believe Roland is not around. He came up home a lot. I knew all his family. He got killed on a bike in front of some shopping center in Brunswick.

In '50 they talked me into running the Presque Isle Potato Blossom Marathon. I hadn't run a step since Boston in April, but they put this race on and naturally I had to go. Clarence DeMar came up, so did Johnny Kelley, Ed Shepard (he beat me for first Maine prize), John Lafferty, Gerard Cote and others. Now I'll tell you what happened. Lafferty and I ran together, all the way, clear to Caribou. His brother, Eddie, was ahead of us but we passed him at the nine-mile mark. He was just a kid still in school.

Now, before the race I told Kelley about a hell of a hill. You think you have a hill in Boston? I knew what the hill was because we used to ski it. Near the finish Kelley and Cote were fighting it out. They had passed me and I could see them. We crossed the bridge and Lafferty went after them and beat them both. But after the race Kelley said, 'it's a good thing you told me about that hill Sam, or I wouldn't even got second.' Cote was third that day.

People ask why I didn't go to the Olympics. Well, you can't go



Al Confalone, a "touring pro" from Massachusetts all alone at finish of an AAU 15-kilometer run at Bath in the late '50s.

too far when you have to cut pulpwood and sell it for two or three dollars a cord. Who would feed my brood?

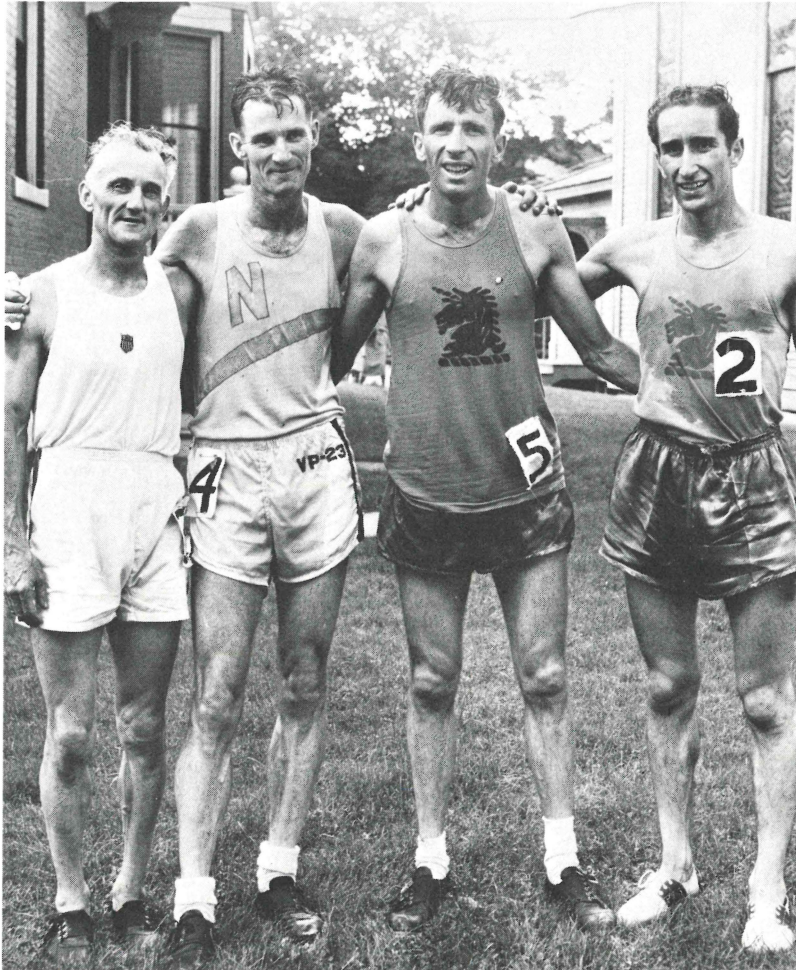
I guess knees are the runner's weak spot. I've had a bad knee since 1928. But I'll tell you about knees. Don't let anyone touch them. No matter how much they hurt, you keep running. Just like two stones on the shore of the ocean, they rub together and they become smoother than anyone can make them. Well, bone is the same way. If it doesn't fit perfect, keep running and it will. Take aspirin. I take about seven five-grain aspirins a day. They wanted to put my knee in a cast for six months. Well, what the hell. Who would have fed my nine kids? I've worked in the snow in the woods when my knee was swollen like a grapefruit.

Bobby Orr had his knee fixed because he couldn't skate. Well, I played hockey for 40 years and I could skate circles around Bobby Orr. Not that I'm bragging, but with bad knee and all, at an exhibition once I had my wife and seven of my children lay on the ice and I jumped over them with skates on. Don't give in to bad knees.

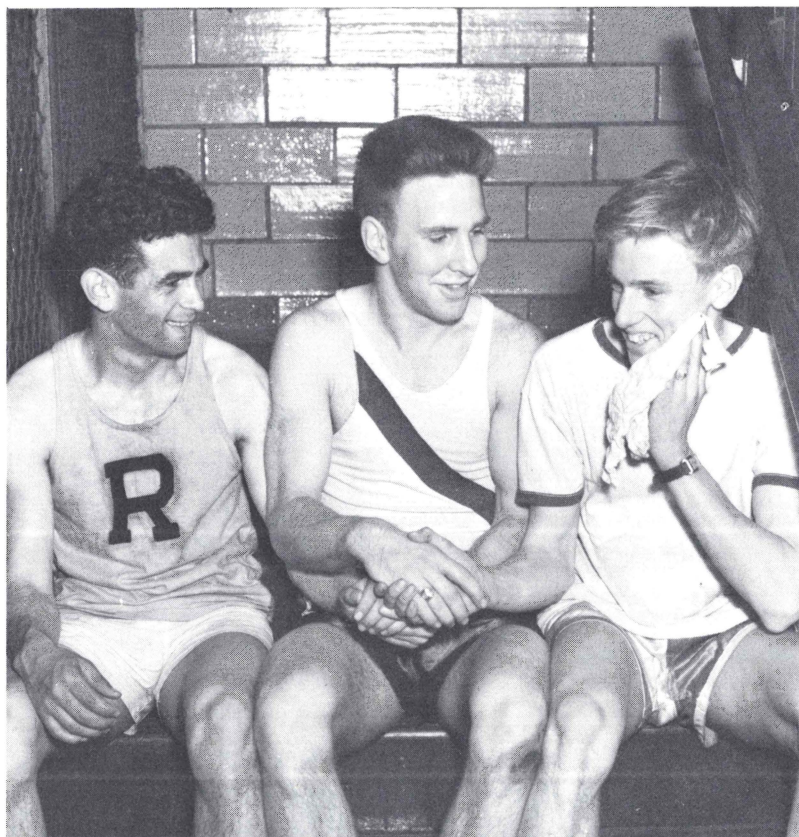
People should not run in the wintertime; they should ski. It's not natural to run in the winter. But when they ski, they should

race. When people bike they should try a race. But they are afraid of falling on a bike. I've fallen hundreds of times, but I'm still here. The longest bike race I've entered was 1,080 miles in eight days. Sure, I fell some, but I raced 100 miles a day. That was in Quebec.

When you want to compete in an endurance event, you don't let fear of injury stop you. Once, I took three of my sons up to



Winning big in Massachusetts during the '40s, '50s and '60s, these "touring pros" also did well in Maine before the Hillgrove, Flanders and Thomas era. From left, Johnny Kelley, John Lafferty, Tony Sapienza and Al Confalone.



Ed Shepard (center) of Gorham receives congratulations from two other top runners of the day after his '40 Portland Boys' Club victory. Dave Mazzeo (left) of Rockland won the event in '41. Maurice Toothaker (right) from Phillips, was the '39 winner.

Canada to enter a race across St. John Lake. That day it was 22 below zero and there was a 30 mile-an-hour wind. I froze my face completely. After 12 miles they stopped me. They wouldn't let me go the other 12. Eddie and Eugene were so frozen after 12 miles they had to soak them for hours in hot water to thaw them out.

People have asked what motivates us to get into these killer events. It's not the challenge; it's just something different. People who stay in their homes all the time are always complaining.



Paul Firlotte—The “Ellsworth Express” won schoolboy state title honors from '49 through '51. He won at Portland Boys' Club in '55 and '56 as shown above.

You don't know what a home is unless you leave it. People stay home so damn much and do nothing they get so they hate it and each other.

We're gone a lot and go back to the same race each year. For years I went to my old home town in Canada. It was a 300-mile bike race, and I was 58 years old the first time I entered. They gave me the whole town. When I quit going they cancelled the race.

But the women are the big news these days. They've only been running the marathon for ten or twelve years and are ahead of the men's pace who have been running it for 100 years. I will predict it will be a woman who will run the first two-hour marathon. Man has run his limit. Now they say a woman is not strong enough. Well, you perhaps don't remember, but I do, in Canada years ago an Indian buck would start out and run 50 miles in one day, and the squaw would come behind with two papoose on her back and be with him that night. Who is the strongest?

That 2:22:43 time the Benoit girl ran in Boston would have won a lot of men's marathons in my time. They would have been even further along if Jock Semple and others had helped them, instead of dragging them out of races.

Once in a ski race I fell on a slag pile and drove a stone splinter into my hip. So now I have a plastic hip, but it doesn't keep me from competing. This February ('84) I completed a 62-mile ski race in Canada over two days. I didn't beat too many people, but I think it was because of a bad toe. The one next to the big toe. It hurt my concentration all through the race and cost me many places. A week later I had it amputated at Augusta.

Next year, I'll go back to that same race and see if I improve my time. I will be 80 years old then, but I don't think I'll be the last one to finish. Even if I am, I will complete the course, and in any race that is the best victory of all."

The Chute People

There is an expression, well known among runners, often uttered rhapsodically, that compares the finish line to “a celebration.”

While, at times, I could identify with that elation, I can testify that the finish line also can become a mean-spirited, two-faced monster which can leave those who must work it shell-shocked for days.

Most runners do not fully understand finish line travails. Only a very few work the line and chute; those few blessed with rare character traits—sheer guts, raw nerve and blissful ignorance.

I believe that people who volunteer for end-of-the-race duties have inherited a unique tolerance for extreme mental anguish.

Somewhere in their background there is a fountainhead of trust supporting, irrevocably, their belief that no matter how bad the situation, in the end, things will fall into some sort of acceptable form.

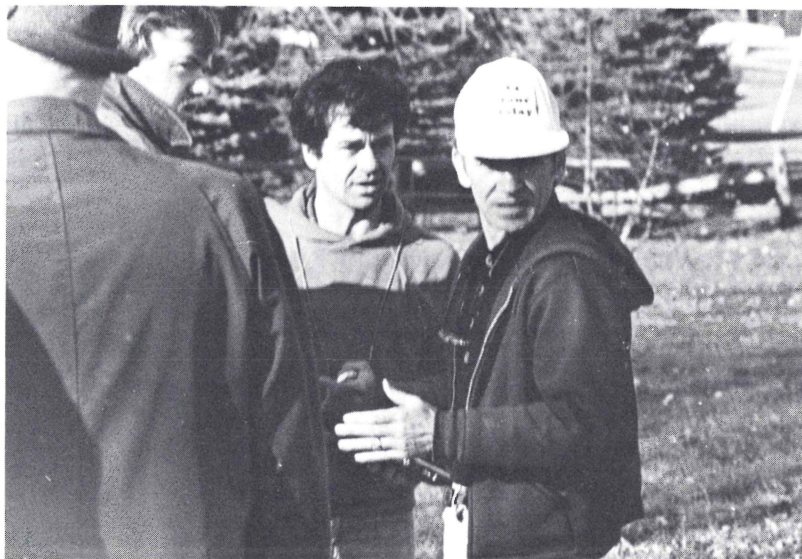
And always the same few returned for chute duty.

To understand this phenomenon fully, one must give serious thought to the possibility that the reason they returned to the chute was, perhaps, to convince themselves that the last nightmare truly could not have been *that* bad.

During the late '60s and early '70s, working the finish line was easy. No chute was needed. Since we knew everyone in the 20-man fields, we simply recorded their names and finishing times in sequential order as they crossed the finish line.

Even into the early '70s, officials of the famous Portland Boys' Club race recorded the finishers from the second floor window of the Club.

But then along toward '72 and '73, like newborn turtles rushing to the sea, runners came to the races in great flocks.



Seconds before the stampede of runners hit the chute in the Masters' '78 Turkey Trot. Dave Paul (left) chute overseer. Dave Galli (center) timer and finish line boss, and the author (white hat) Race Director.

It was only then that the nightmares began.

At first we passed out numbered tongue depressors, but some runners took them home as race souvenirs, so there would be lots of blank spaces on the order-of-finish sheets. We gave up the tongue depressor idea and got into the cattle chute scheme.

I believe the Maine Masters' built the first chute in the state for road runners, but the trouble was we built it only about 30-feet long, nowhere near the length required to contain the stampede of runners.

Like most economic experts of the day, we overlooked the great population density of war babies, then aged around 29 or 30 (depending on what year their daddies got a furlough during WW II), and that age group overflowed our chutes race after race.

So we got into the double chute, side-by-side. That didn't work because the runners would enter the wrong chute.

Next, someone suggested we adhere numbered decals to race numbers when the runners were filing through the chute. That system was awkward with the women now involved.

We then tried using race numbers with detachable strips, noting name and age, and ran them over to the timers' table; but the messengers would bump into each other and that idea never got going well.

Before each race, back then, someone would come up with a new idea that was "certain to freeze" the runners at the finish line, guaranteeing all age groups, men and women to age 70, bona fide times and proper order of finish.



In 1969, 21 runners ran the Cape Elizabeth Turkey Trot. In 1978, my final race as director, 388 runners participated. They are shown descending Scot Dyer Hill.

So we would try it. But nothing seemed to work perfectly.

It took years to learn—never give anything to a runner, such as a tongue depressor or decal, that is needed later for quick tabulation.

About all success I realized as race director was attributable to the excellent team that worked the finish line.

I assured Ruthie Gillespie, my teenaged daughter Liz, Dave Paul and Dave Galli that we were sure to give a lot of runners a touch of high adventure if we did a good job on the charts and in the chute.

They agreed, and we did, and what a team that was.

The five of us worked many memorable Turkey Trots, Midimarathons and other races through the '70s.

When one speaks of grace under pressure, I will submit the members of this team as prototypes.

Dave Galli, who bossed many finish line teams for me, was, like a cake of ice, cool and efficient.

Ruthie always was emotionally composed. Dave Paul, persuasive enough to direct spent, disoriented finishers, and big enough to discourage any argument, was the best chute organizer, I've seen. And if allowed this single instance to boast of relatives, I could best describe daughter Liz and nephew Dave Galli in a scenario where someone would run up to them screaming: "The Russians are attacking two blocks away!"

One or the other would answer: "Well, they'll have to keep their tanks and infantry off this road until the race is over."

Today, most runners catch their own times with personal digital wrist watches. But official race results must always be calculated.

Nearly all big races today are controlled electronically with sophisticated equipment. It must be that way.

Imagine trying to hand out, then recover, 18,000 tongue depressors at the finish line of the New York City Marathon! Even with ultra-modern equipment, I understand the Big Apple race still suffers foul ups.

I'm convinced that no matter how sophisticated finishing line equipment becomes, 100 percent efficiency rarely will be realized in a large race.

Just when some race director announces he is concrete-positive he will conduct the world's first perfect race, someone will surely cross the finish line with his race number pinned to the back of his shirt.

Moderation

Not long ago I read in the newspaper an account of a minister, who, after seeing the motion picture "Chariots of Fire," decided to abandon his ministry and devote his life to running.

Really, now!

Who will pay the family bills?

This switch of careers might work only if there existed a guarantee one could defeat the current world's champion in at least every two-out-of-three outings.

Some will use running as a means to liberate themselves from what they consider an imprisonment of responsibilities; rather than using it for enjoyment, or as a tranquilizer to ease life's frustrations.

Over the years I have known runners with larger-than-life egos which have caused terrible imbalances of vital priorities; some who, because of running, got a divorce, stayed single, quit their jobs or never took one, used a sabbatical, or allowed those for whom they are responsible to suffer.

What an astonishingly unwise shuffling of priorities.

Frank Shorter once said: "One should sort of back into running and live the rest of his life as normally as possible."

I say: You don't have to read Johann Wyss' *Swiss Family Robinson* to understand that moderation in all things is beautiful.



Joan Benoit's first road race was the Maine Masters' '74 Rollie Dyer Memorial 3.1-mile outing over Portland's Riverside Industrial Park triangle. Photographed at age 16 (above) by the author, she toured the one-bad-hill course in 21:00 flat, a time she'd do today carrying a pail of sand in each hand.

‘I Think I Have Done The Best I Can With The Body God Gave Me’ —Joan Benoit

A month before the Los Angeles Olympic Marathon I asked Paul Jackson, Cape Elizabeth High School cross country track coach, for his recollections of Joan Benoit's running "roots."

He answered: "We had a meet against Bonny Eagle and Freeport and learned that Bonny Eagle was running a girl. We were one runner short so substituted Joan. That day she defeated half the male opposition."

Even though Benoit had been a physically active person since age four when her father introduced her to cross country skiing, that early run for Jackson could well have been the initial impetus she needed to develop a raw talent that in '83 would place her in the record books as the fastest woman in the world over a 26.2-mile course—she won the Boston Marathon in 2:22:43; and in '84 would lead to her remarkable marathon wins, in first, the Olympic Trials, and, then, the Olympic Marathon.

But in those early years at the Cape, for the most part, she was only running the dashes. Most thought it cruel and abusive to permit girls to run the distances. But not Jackson.

After high school Joan joined her first running club—Ron Thompson's Buckfield Country Runners, for girls only.

"She was the only city girl on our team," Thompson says, "but she mixed in easily with my country girls and I'd pile them in my Opel and take them to meets as far away as New Jersey. Joan worked hard and was very determined."

After Benoit's historic, Olympic win, her father, Andre, in a moment of reflection with a Boston Globe reporter, said: "I used to try to discourage her. She was in this running club and every week she would be taking these interminable bus trips to compete.

"They'd go out of state someplace for a race on Saturday, then come back on Sunday. Every weekend I'd say, 'What are you doing? You're losing all your weekends with this. By the time you're back, the weekend is shot.' I'd say, 'Have some fun.'

"She'd say, 'But this is fun. I love it.'"

After the Country Runners, she continued her development years under the guidance of Scarborough Coach Ron Kelly, who transported her to AAU meets around the East where she gained additional experience in the mile and two-mile.

"Sometimes," Kelly recalled, "when we had to drive to New Jersey, I'd pick Joan up at three in the morning. Those times she'd resume her sleep on the back seat of my '65 Dodge Dart. Often we'd return home well after midnight."

Kelly remembers Benoit as, "very modest. She always downplayed her feats, is highly self-motivated, and for the most part self-coached, although she accepts advice to supplement her ideas."

Today, at Scarborough High, Kelly uses Benoit during team lectures as an example to follow; "the girls look up to her as an idol," he asserts.

When Jackson, Thompson and Kelly read about Benoit winning a national or world event, they experience quiet satisfaction in that they had some input in the making of a champion.

Beginning with the '74 Rollie Dyer Memorial 3.1-miler over Portland's Riverside Industrial Parkway, Joan began entering the street races as a way to measure her progress against a mixed group of the state's quality runners.

A few weeks before the Olympic Trials, in a letter, I noted her time for that Memorial 3.1-miler was 21 minutes flat and asked what her time would be today over the same course. "Probably between 15:30 and 16:00," she wrote.

During the autumn of '76, coach Jackson and Brian Gillespie, both veteran road racers since the mid-'60s, encouraged her to run the Maine Masters Cape Elizabeth Turkey Trot. The trio ran together for most of the 5.8 miles, but she crossed the finish line first. After that outing, she learned she had wiped 19 seconds from the women's course record and at post race ceremo-

nies was elected Maine's female Runner Of The Year.

All of this happened to her after running on the roads for only two years.

But Benoit couldn't have come along at a more opportune time. Women felt more relaxed now racing in what a few years earlier had been all-male packs.

She credits Diane Fournier and Robin Emery for opening doors in Maine during the early '70s for other female runners to step through.

And after her Olympic victory lap carrying the American flag around the Coliseum track, she was ushered to the waiting microphones, and said: "If it hadn't been for the work of countless women pioneers in the sport, we wouldn't be here today. Let's hope in 1988 we can also run the 5 and 10K (kilometer), because we showed today women can be very competitive at distances."

With her "basic training" behind, into her third and fourth years, Benoit entered many prestigious out-of-state races and won most of them.

Like a trade wind to the mainsail, performance, performance and only performance became the sextant that charted her direction toward the bigtime.

Of course, after winning the women's marathon in the XXIIIrd Olympiad, she is internationally recognized. If you doubt that fact, at your next Trivial Pursuit party throw out the following combination of numbers to your guests: 5 feet, 3 inches tall; 105 pounds; and 2 hours 24 minutes and 52 seconds.

Many, perhaps even some members from the Fourth World (non-runners), will recognize Benoit's height, weight and winning Olympic marathon time.

Benoit's climb to the top of the world has not been trouble free. In December of '81, between her victories at Boston, she underwent surgery on both Achilles tendons.

On April 25, 1984, only 17 days prior to the Olympic Trials, she had arthroscopic surgery performed on her painful right knee to remove annoying tissue.

Many think her doctor, Stan James, worked a miracle.

"To this day," Benoit told a post-Olympic battery of reporters, "I still don't know how I managed to qualify for the Olympic team."

Needing to finish among the first three to qualify, she won the marathon in 2:31:04—one of sports memorable achievements.

With that victory, Benoit earned the distinction of being the second Mainer to run an Olympic distance event. In 1912, Andrew Sockalexis of Old Town finished fourth in the marathon at Stockholm.

It is obvious to serious students of competitive sport that Benoit, like Soc, is endowed with the three important ingredients that make a champion: extraordinary talent; competitive intelligence; and the self-powered, mental attitude that "keys in" at precisely the exact moment on the "right" day.

Wearing no watch in the marathon, she allows her body to adapt to the rhythm of the first few miles or until such time when the mental and physical fuels blend as one. Then, for the rest of the race, one is witnessing world class artistry—an intriguing portrait of competitive perfection that appears on the scene all too infrequently—like a Joe DiMaggio was to baseball or Bobby Orr was to hockey.

How does one explain a superior talent? Joan, herself, is puzzled and does not know the answer. Raised in a family of four, she was in constant competition with three older brothers, all of whom were excellent distance runners. Her father, Andre, still finishes well in his age bracket in Maine road races.

Perhaps the most notable athlete in the clan, before Joan, was her great uncle, Henri A. Benoit, who at 186 pounds was an all-Massachusetts tackle for three years at Malden High School. He also was a skilled wrestler, often giving exhibitions.

Statistics, however, dictate that superior talent derives from a self-developed interest and on-going determination to excel rather than from ancestral genes.

Many of us were witness to Benoit's development on the track, in Maine road races and events like the 24-hour relay.

Along with Benoit, I was part of a 10-member team that ran a 24-hour relay over Portland's Stadium track. The run was a fund-raiser for cancer and personal best times were not encouraged. However, running a mile leg about every 55 minutes, Benoit ran 23 of them that averaged 5:36. Then, she was only 19 and had been running seriously for only three years.

Since that event many of us have become avid Benoit watchers. She did not fail us.

At age 21 in '79 she broke the course record for women in the Boston Marathon in 2:35:15.

In '82 she ran a 10-miler in Michigan in 53 minutes flat; in '83 she ran the 3,000 meters at Indianapolis in 8:53; the mile run at



Benoit at Boston—Nine years after her baptism on the roads, at age 25, she won her second Boston Marathon ('83) in the incredible time of 2:22:43, a world's record with minutes to spare. Joan's star will shine brightest of all in the galaxy of Maine superstars.

—photo courtesy Portland Press Herald

Harvard in 4:36; a 13.1-miler at Philadelphia in 1:09:10 (American record); and a 10K (6.2 miles) in the Boston Bonne Bell in 31:43 (American record).

And that same year she made Grete Waitz and the world's best marathoners take notice when she ran the Boston Marathon in 2:22:43 for a world record.

Fundamentally, she continued developing her body and technique into a near-perfect running machine. Her coach, Bob Sevene of Athletics West, says she is the toughest athlete he ever coached.

Before the Olympic Marathon, I, along with the rest of the country, watched the 50 women toe the starting line at Santa Monica City College track. The TV cameramen showed excellent closeups.

There was Benoit in a white painter's cap, introspective, glancing down at the track, stoic as a soldier about to experience mortal combat.

Standing near was Norway's Waitz, a head taller, much bigger, poised, appearing relaxed, controlled, and very capable in her role as "race favorite."

The pistol sounded, the women moved around the track at an easy pace, and Olympic history unfolded.

It was perhaps the most complete, up-front TV coverage of any marathon. For many, it was a cut above an emotional experience; it was a modern-day Shakespearean drama being played out live. After the race friends told me they welcomed the occasional commercial breaks to relieve, if only for a minute or two, the overpowering tension in their living rooms.

When Benoit broke away from the pack at about mile 2¾ and skipped the three-mile watering station, three friends immediately called me on the phone.

"Does she know what she is doing?" each asked.

To each I answered, emphatically: "In a race Benoit *always* knows what she is doing."

Who needs water in a marathon at mile three anyway? And in breaking away, Benoit was only using a popular road racing technique: if you feel really strong on race day, win the race early rather than playing cat and mouse near the end when fatigue dictates pace.

Besides, Waitz is usually very strong over the final few miles of a marathon.

Benoit told reporters after the run: "I decided two months ago

to run my own race. I felt very good. The pace was very slow. (18:13:35 at the 5K mark). I picked it up. I was running comfortably. I took the race from there and I was never challenged.

"I was surprised how quickly I pulled away. I kept waiting for the pack. My pace didn't fall off all that much and I didn't think they could make up that much. I just maintained. When I took the final lap and I saw Grete just coming into the Coliseum, I knew then I had it won.

"I don't want to sound cocky, but it was a very easy run for me today. I was in control all the way. I was surprised I wasn't challenged. I didn't have any second thoughts after I broke away because I was in complete control. I didn't want to take the lead by myself but I said to myself 'if it comes naturally, I'll take it.'

"When I entered the Coliseum," Benoit continued, "it was something special. It was something I've dreamed about."

The other competitors were impressed by Benoit's win in 2:24:52. New Zealand's Lorraine Moller, who finished fourth in 2:28:34, said: "It was the toughest marathon I've ever run in, in terms of conditions."

"The first time I realized she was so far in front was at 10 kilometers," observed Waitz, who finished second in 2:26:18. "We started to increase our pace but she was too far ahead."

And Benoit ran alone for nearly 24 miles of the race. "I run most of the time by myself," she said. "So I was very comfortable out there by myself. I basically just space out when I run. So I really wasn't thinking about anything. I just kind of followed the yellow brick road, so to speak."

But at about mile 13, her hard-boiled composure softened into a smile at something she saw among the throngs lining the route. Later she explained: "I saw a Bowdoin College banner and it made me smile." She graduated from the Maine college in 1979 with a degree in biology.

And Benoit tipped her painter's cap in victory to the great crowd.

Watching on TV as Benoit entered the stadium to the tumultuous roar of "the 70,000," many of us experienced a spinning back through time and space, to antiquity, another Colosseum, another age, perhaps to the occasion of a triumphant gladiator playing up to an adoring multitude.

The only difference was this time around the "gladiator" was a woman, a Maine woman, winning the world's first Olympic marathon.



Individually, Bill Rodgers and Joan Benoit unlocked the secrets of the Boston Marathon. Their superb performances in that classic event, made each internationally prominent. They are shown above at a Cook's Corner run, Brunswick, in the early 80s.

Those who witnessed the drama will not soon forget.

In two hours, twenty-four minutes and fifty-two seconds, Benoit managed to established herself as a shaper of an international tradition—a prototype in a new era of women's marathoning.

And the world stood and applauded.

After the Olympics, sitting at a press conference table, Benoit was asked, "What's next?"

"The blueberries are late this year in Maine," she answered. "If you want to find me in the next week, find a blueberry patch in Maine, 'cause that's where I'm going to be."



Joan Benoit, winning the women's marathon in the XXIIIrd Olympiad. She was the second Mainer to run an Olympic distance event since 1912 when Andrew Sockalexis of Old Town finished fourth in the marathon at Stockholm.

And she tried in earnest to slip back to Maine, unnoticed. But it was difficult. Three communities planned elaborate celebrations as a well-intended show-of-affection for what she had accomplished. She agreed to certain toned-down versions of welcoming.

Governor Brennan offered to set his table and give Benoit a dinner.

Eat your heart out Red Buttons, but you, Sir, never won an Olympic marathon against the best competitors the world could come up with, and, so, must remain dinnerless with the rest of us.

Many of us who know Benoit and remember when she joined the road packs at age 16, will testify her modesty and reticence is real.

Just before the Olympics, I asked: "Joan, are you basically a shy, introverted person?" And she answered: "Most of my running is done by myself because I like to concentrate fully on what I am doing. Because a great deal of my time is taken up with training, I value my time with close friends. I enjoy sharing my life with friends, but I hesitate to open my life to the public."

History is spiced with prominent megalomaniacs, from Generals Custer and Patton to athletes Muhammad Ali and Carl Lewis, along with many other minor actors, perhaps overly concerned with their image or place in history: but Benoit could never make this list of glory seekers. Her genuine modesty and dislike in drawing attention to herself disqualify her.

Her talent and accomplishments need no showy assists to secure her place in sports history.

"I let my legs do the talking," she says.

After her historic run in Los Angeles, running friends commented that had Grete Waitz followed Benoit at mile three, perhaps a 2:20 marathon would have materialized.

I was reminded of Benoit's comments on her development a few weeks before the marathon. She wrote: "I think I have done the best I can with the body God gave me. I will continue to work hard. Hopefully, I still have room for improvement."

In our age when military heroes have left the scene and Americans in their need have turned to TV anchormen, soap opera stars and a variety of singers, just perhaps in Joan Benoit, at last, we have found a heroine who possesses honest-to-God credentials.

Reflections

At the '78 Cape Elizabeth Turkey Trot, I announced I was retiring as director of road races. After ten years, I reasoned it was somebody else's turn.

Joan Benoit and others dropped me terrific little notes, thanking me for what I had done for the sport and expressing regrets over my leaving.

Those notes are among my favorite souvenirs, but I felt there were many good people around to direct road races. And on my private scroll of indispensables, only two names are written: Christ of Nazareth and Ludwig Beethoven, and there is no way that you can measure the Cape Turkey Trot against Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with choral.

I got into promoting distance running quite by chance—at the beginning of the revolution.

It was the first Riverside ten kilos in 1969. Dr. Jim Henick set up the run but at the last instant was called to the hospital. He asked me to direct.

We could only muster about 18 male runners for that inaugural event.

Through the early '70s I directed five annual races for the Maine Masters Track Club. Eventually, three were passed off to other directors—I kept the Midi-marathon in October and the Turkey Trot the following month.

But let's go back to a point in time just after World War II, and search for clues that triggered the current running boom.

During the late '40s and through the '50s, people were little concerned about physical fitness. Soldiers and all others were trying to get their lives back to normal—with lots of living and loving—a hedonistic lifestyle that matched the Gay Nineties.

Until the enlightening '60s, Americans were unbelievably

naive about cardiovascular energy—the very wellspring of the human system.

While most members of the prestigious medical community silently observed, seemingly more interested in heart transplants than the cause of attacks, Americans were dropping from clogged arteries in record numbers.

It is my belief, in a larger sense, that the cause can be traced to a culture emanating from the Industrial Revolution and influenced further by the invention of the internal combustion engine, which instantly was commissioned to do our work and play.

Ah, yes, the internal combustion engine.

Poets have delved into strange territories to find new ways to extol man's genius. They need not look beyond the gasoline engine.

The perfect flowering of man's imagination bloomed when he extracted ore and petroleum from the womb of the earth and conceived the internal combustion engine. It forever stilled the "higher order of animal" arguments.

Overnight, the horse and buggy and hundreds of other contrivances that begat serfdom were sent to museums to intrigue unborn generations.

In recent years, poets and free-thinkers have stumbled over each other inventing expressions to convince man, for his own good, that he should get back to the earth. They are saying we should not use the gasoline engine when we play.

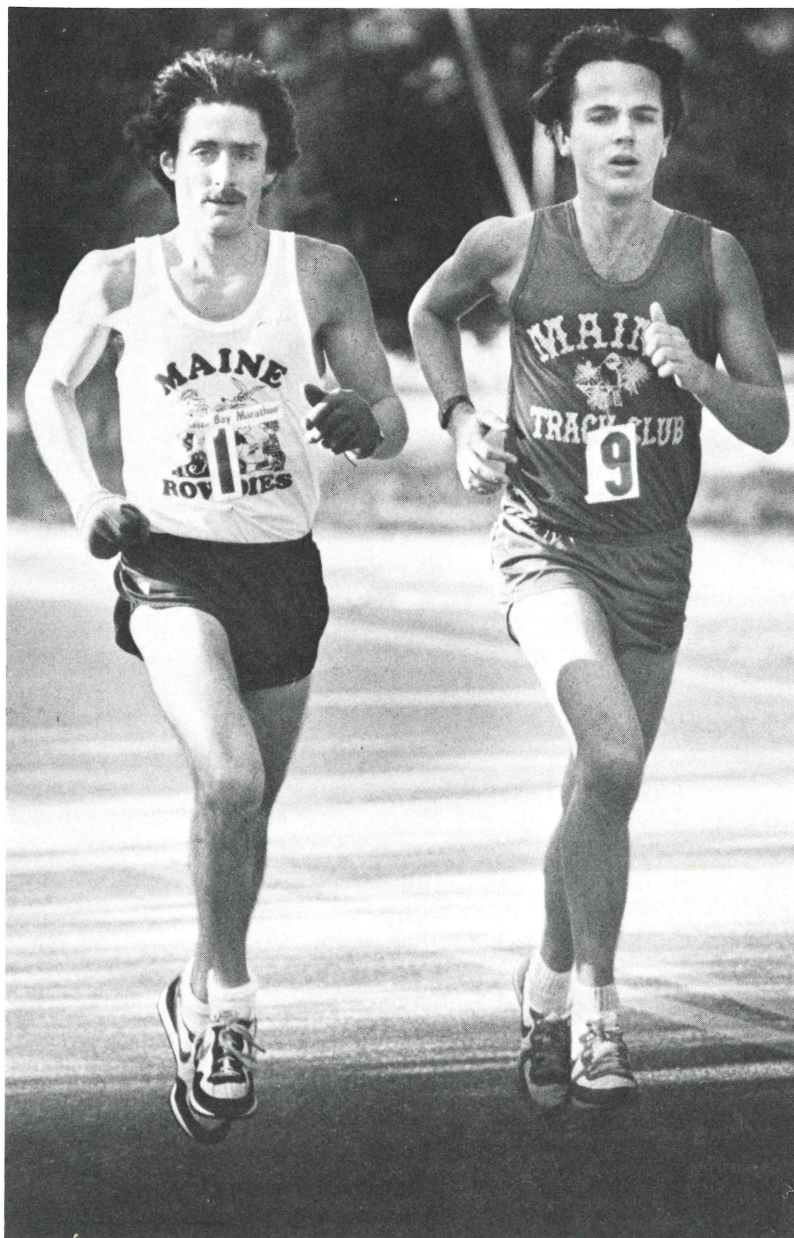
Their contemporary targets have been the snowmobile and trail bikes. The mentality of that pushbutton age of affluence nurtured a cluster of quasi-status symbols.

It was a status symbol to carry 40 extra pounds on a rotund physique. That was thought to be a mark of success.

It is still a status symbol (for many) that sits on a snowmobile, cigarette cocked in hand and locked in studied pose after a run through Marlboro Country. The tobacco companies still get away with that abject naivete.

To many it is a status symbol to avoid overexertion, not to overload the heart, but to rest in hammocks pulled taut under summer's shade trees.

On the other hand, there are those who still walk to the corner market; who cross country ski through winter's deep freeze, reveling in secret realization that any crystal silence they may find is a direct link to the dawn of age, and they understand



Rob Spaulding (left) and John Keller cruising along Route 88 in Falmouth in the '83 Casco Bay Marathon. Spaulding finished second in the event behind Rock Green.

more clearly, between thunderous interruptions of passing snowmobiles, the purpose of the universe.

Before the running revolution, those who were lean and gaunt were looked upon as undernourished, underpaid, underprivileged, undersexed and under any other curse you'd care to list.

Then, during the pivotal '60s, something happened. Discerning people wondered about the high heart failure statistics. They began questioning the easy life, our fatty diets, the overweight problem and lack of strenuous exercise.

My grandmother was an activist against obesity. With the exception of those with a glandular malfunction, she felt anyone carrying 40 or 50 extra pounds was taking more than their fair share of the earth's bounty.

Many never bought this Gershwin, living-is-easy philosophy in the first instance and were out running on the roads during those early years. But, of course, most Americans looked upon us as out-patients from Augusta—our bubbles a little off-center. Yet, four out of five of our critics couldn't pass a routine physical examination.

But as long as we didn't annoy anyone, we kept it up, I suppose, making silent mockery of those who pursued the affluent lifestyle.



Those of us who soldiered during WW II saw close up what a perfect conditioner for mind and body distance running truly is. Some of the most powerful infantry divisions the world had ever seen were conditioned by running.

Through the pastoral English countryside before the Normandy invasion, our battalion ran at five every morning for five miles wearing combat boots that must have weighed five pounds.

And we won the war, didn't we?

Eighty-one years earlier, during the Civil War, the 16th Maine Infantry Regiment, carrying guns and equipment, jogged 36 miles in a day to get on the line at Gettysburg. They made it in time, but many were barefoot when they got into position.

Finally, toward the mid-'70s, the American medical community endorsed distance running as a beneficial form of exercise.

But, empirically, I've often wondered about the early apathy



Pack action through early morning fog. Maine Coast Marathon.

in the area of preventive medicine—forgetting the conditioning lessons of the military, looking upon the pioneer distance runners as “experiments”—the runners equated with such attention-seeking egocentrics as flagpole sitters.

But today an incredible 40 million Americans are running. During the test tube years, however, a Race Director was fortunate to scrape up 20 people for six miles of showdown.



I have known those who have compared running to religion with a fetish belief. I’ve run with others who have considered running the mainstay of their daily programming and existence, idealistically exact in their belief that running causes a physiological and psychological cleansing of body and mind.

Writers on the run crystallize beautifully flowing paragraphs, the words forming in clear vision, tumbling into perfect slots—but the trick is to remember it all until you get home.

Others, with the assistance of forced oxygen, unravel near-impossible personal problems. Still others run to keep a handle on their physical condition—to always to be able to run down the road for a few miles.

If a distance runner, what are your reasons?

Chances are they are either: social, tranquil, competitive or health . . . or, possibly, all four.

Social

I suppose a psychiatrist would agree that socializing is a necessary nourishment for the human psyche. I believe that is true. Service Clubs like the Elks and Lions foster this thought to successful degrees.

Socializing in running is realized through the sharing of a violent combat—the gutsy Maine road race.

Because of that common bond, I find that runners are hesitant to defile other combatants.

Although, I clearly remember when Phil Harmon passed me the last mile of an important nine-miler at Auburn during the autumn of '77, I muttered a silent oath at his ancestors of which I'm still ashamed.

We were in our mid-50s then. We have been battling in the packs since '69 and had a fine race in the '82 Turkey Trot. I barely held him off for the win.

Races of that type are remembered the longest. Phil and I have had our share the past 15 years.

Tranquil

If running is euphoria to some, to others it is a safety valve to exit economic stress.

After a tangled day at work, it is pure tranquility to lace on the trainers and go out to feel the sun and wind and look at the trees.

About the best thing that happened to racing was when the women started to compete in the early '70s.

Even if their reasons were cosmetic (running keeps their bodies trim, their complexions rosy and their movements gracefully athletic), their inclusions into the runs was like a brilliant light in a mine shaft after years of bowed legs and ugly knees.

The legendary Walt Stack, over '70, once was training with a group of beauties along a San Francisco woods trail. Unmindful of the aesthetic features of the landscape because he was mesmerized by the flowing charm of his young ladies, he didn't no-

tice a low-hanging limb which dropped him as though he were hit with a woodsman's peavey handle.

As in any sport, there are definite hazards.

Competitive

In 1970 during a discussion with Johnny Kelley, he mentioned: "It takes six years to make a distance runner."

At first, I thought that comment hyperbole. But, after years of observing, I consider Johnny's statement exactly right.

Consider the improvement of the following runners who came into full stride toward the mid-'70s: Joan Benoit, Kim Beaulieu, Carlton Mendell, Bruce Bickford, Gene Coffin, Gerry Clapper, Hank Pfeifle, Wayne Clark, Dr. Al Weiner, Bob Booker, Leo LaChance, Paul Oparowski, Jim Doane, Ed Rice, Skip Howard, Dr. Bob Sholl, Detmar Schnitker, Dick Gallant, Tom Keating, Ken Newsome, Charlie Porter, Frank Morong, Phil Soule, Sam Butcher, Lloyd Ferriss, John Applin, Steve Norton, Wendy Sayres, Dr. Dick McDonald and Eldon Collins, to list a very few.

Some still believe the "race action" is found only in the front wedge of a race.

Not so. Torrid race action in the age group levels became evident in the early '70s—if not sooner.

Dennis Morrill, for example, trained faithfully for a race. Given the choice of a spanking new Volvo or defeating age-level competition at the Portland Boys' Club race, he'd likely take Boys' Club. But he never ran Bart Peverada's fierce five-miler very fast.

Denny knew all the tricks of the course; to run the inside circle all the way around, and to shoot the diagonals on Baxter Boulevard to save up to 30 seconds. He would get himself up 100 percent physically, but something about the run or the raw spring weather denied him top performance—with the exception of the '78 run.

Jeff Marshall, Dave Paul, Wayne Clark and myself, who happened to run at his level, always caught Denny, in the earlier years, at about mile two, Vannah Avenue on the Boulevard. But that year we didn't even see his back. His time of 30:59 for a 37-year-old was inexplicable—the rest of us coming in around 32 minutes.

We guessed his remarkable secret was hill training. That night I phoned his wife, but she was sworn to secrecy.



Joe Dahl, a power-runner during the '60s. Midway in the '71 Elks Midim Marathon (above), he is chasing Ralph Thomas.

After a week of coaxing, he announced his secret: a pre-race enema.

When I dispatched this news to the others, they were impressed, but all agreed it was a subterfuge, a sophisticated attempt at psyche-out; not one of us would touch that one before the April Amble, set for the following week.

Months later we learned his real secret from an unsuspecting witness: he trained on loose beach sand and booked one of the best age group times of 1978.

Others went to equally imaginative lengths to gain a thin edge over another.

I've never known a runner who, at one time, didn't have a bad knee. Since man should be a four-legged animal, the knee is his weak area. After any lengthy period between runs, one never greeted another runner by inquiring how his family had been over the winter. You asked how his knee was.

Dave Paul used the bad-knee routine as a standard psyche-out, and it worked for him when another passed him in a race. In a disarming, low-keyed voice that could wreck a neophyte and many who knew him, he would ask: "How's your knee?"

After passing, the fellow would reflect: "Now how in hell does he know I have a bad knee?" And then he would begin thinking about it.

With his concentration, a vital force in distance running, damaged, Dave then had a chance to overtake him.

The fiercest competitor I knew during my ten-year tenure as race director was my friend Ralph Thomas. When Ralph came to your run, you had a class field.

For several years he held the world's record for 39-year-old runners in the marathon, 2:23:30, set in 1975 at Boston. My favorite Thomas story happened at the 1970, March Riverside 6.2-miler (now known as the Rollie Dyer Memorial).

I had called Vern Putney earlier in the week and had Ralph installed as the favorite. I "used" Ralph a lot as a magnet, to draw others to the runs; but champions expect that and it doesn't bother them one bit.

Going down the wind chute on the Parkway road, Rollie Dyer, a remarkable fellow, and I were side-by-side at the 1/2-mile mark. We couldn't see Ralph up at the point. "Where the hell is Ralph?" Rollie asked, laughing. We both had talked to Ralph earlier.

At the 3/4-mile mark Ralph slipped past us, on his way to the



Twenty-three miles to go. Casco Bay Marathon.

front. After the race we learned he had been behind the blue building, tending to a last call to nature, a runner's ritual in which the more meticulous partake, when the pistol sounded a good distance away.

He spotted the pack a half mile that day and placed second behind Walt Renaud.

Thomas is a phenomenon. He still runs with the kids. At age 43, in 1978, he won the Bar Harbor 13-miler against an excellent field.

I once said in an interview: "Others come on the scene and fade, but Thomas (because of his accomplishments) will remain a fixed star."

People ask on occasion: "What was your most memorable race?"

Several come to mind, but the one in which I tried hardest to win was against Howie Richards, Mt. Desert track coach, in March of '76 over the Riverside triangle in Portland.

Howie loved the sting of combat so much that he thought no-

thing of traveling 160 miles for a 6.2-miler. One considered himself fortunate to have a fellow that competitive in his same pack level.

We had swapped a few wins the season before, so we were ready . . . mentally and physically.

We greeted each other casually.

"Hi, Dick. How is your knee? You look terrible. Will you be all right to run?"

We got ourselves into a real duel. At mile four we were in dead lockstep when quite suddenly the elastic broke on Howie's running shorts and they began falling off. He had to hold them up, and I saw his pace becoming erratic, and I sensed his concentration was badly damaged with his natural arm swing interrupted.

"Howie, you rascal, I've got you," and I pulled back purposely, thinking, when we got on Riverside Street, the final mile, I'd assault with a 6:30 pace, and get up under the Turnpike bridge before he did, then breeze to the finish line, 200 yards beyond.

It never happened. Howie flew past the golf course at what must have been a 6:00 pace. He simply left me, and all the time holding his shorts up with one hand.

That race did nothing to enhance my reputation as a runner; but I suspect Howie got the race for which he had traveled 160 miles.

Health

Little need to trumpet here the many health benefits derived from distance running. Millions of words have been written, explaining how running gives protection against heart failure by conditioning against two major causes: obesity and high blood pressure.

Psychiatrists, understanding useful advantages of a runner's high, finally are prescribing the slow endurance exercise of running to help cure mild depression in their patients, and noticing improvements in their self-esteem. "How can they worry about their job or other such mundane pursuits," one doctor observed, "when their bodies are in total agony."

While many run for their health, others for recreation, and many of us for competitive outlet, there are those who run to save themselves from destruction—their systems, chemically, cannot absorb alcohol in any form.

Two of my friends saw absolute chaos close-up, until they dis-



Hank Pfeifle cruising at a sub five-minute pace. 1984 Portland Boys' Club race.

covered distance running. Like drowning men, clinging to a rubber raft, running is their therapeutic redeemer from which their very discipline begins.

And so in Maine today, distance running is flourishing. Runners from age seven to over 70 flock to the road races by the hundreds. As long as they do, it is the responsibility of the running clubs, the communities and police departments to supervise this healthful outlet.

Americans are finally whipping themselves into shape, realizing, perhaps, it is a proud feeling to be a "fit athlete."

At the '78 Turkey Trot, my final race as director, I can remember as in a kaleidoscope the parade of trim athletes passing by the awards table, their running jerseys, brightly-lettered, denoting club identity, while some flashed humorous messages.

The shirt of one balding Master runner read: "I Love Mom."

Four members of the Flanders' running family passed by. Their shirts read: "Here comes Ken Flanders' sister, Joyce." Her husband's read: "Here comes Ken Flanders' brother-in-law, Lloyd (Cook)." The third shirt read: "Here comes Ken Flanders' brother, Brian."

When Ken came to the awards table to collect his turkey as top prize in the race, the lettering on his shirt read simply: "Who the hell is Ken Flanders?"

Such unabashed, virtuous modesty has to be a touch of hometown genius when weighed against the nauseous conceit of big-money sports figures.

Picture Muhammad Ali wearing a similar shirt.

At the Turkey Trot microphone, my friend Jim Carroll wondered: "Why would anyone want to spend ten years on a running program?"

There were two reasons, Jim. First, I hate to run alone. And, second . . . how to explain it?

During the French Revolution much time and energy was spent cutting down the tall, valuable trees along the boulevards to construct barricades in the streets. Then came the waiting and wondering if the outcome of the Revolution would justify the cutting of the trees.

In my case, as in distance running, I'd cut the trees again.

It was a great ten years working for and running with splendid athletes.

And to use an expression, I'm glad they didn't start the Revolution without me.



Autumn marathoning in Maine. Rock Green, winner of the '83 Casco Bay event, duels with Danny Paul through Falmouth.

THE EARLY "BATTLEGROUND," THE FIRST THREE
FINISHERS, MEN AND WOMEN, AND THE
WINNING TIMES

THE PORTLAND BOYS' CLUB 5-MILER — MEN

- 1930 Alvin Messer 26:30; John Witthee; Howard Lyons.
 1931 Russell Jellison 26:24; Harvey Johnson; not available.
 1932 Russell Jellison 26:05; Alvin Messer; Dom Mallay.
 1933 Ernest Black 25:07; Dave Hilton; Al Taber.
 1934 Herb DeVerber 26:51; Don Christie; Van Amberg.
 1935 Herb DeVerber 25:45; Ray Morton; Perley Richardson.
 1936 Cliff Versey 23:42; Willard Earle; Lloyd McIntosh.
 (Last race over short course)
 1937 Wm. Glenn 27:54; Emery Berube; Weston Portas.
 (First race over full 5 miles)
 1938 Clarence Portas 27:14; Tom Packard; Alvin Messer.
 1939 Maurice Toothaker 26:48; Tom Packard; Nate Cohen.
 1940 Ed Shepard 26:09; Ken Low; Dave Mazzeo.
 1941 Dave Mazzeo 27:59; Phil Plante; Ken Low.
 1942 Bruno Mazzeo 26:40; Dick Cleveland; Ed Shepard.
 1943 Dana Robinson 26:00; Dick Cleveland; Ray Emery.
 1944 Geo. Ulman 29:18; Irving Smith; Roland Richardson.
 1945 Clifford Richardson 28:05; Roland Richardson;
 Ray Emery.
 1946 Geo. Disnard 27:15; Ed Shepard; Geo. Bishop.
 1947 Arthur Berry 26:40; Ed Shepard; Clifford Richardson.
 1948 Ed Shepard 25:48; Bruno Mazzeo; Norm Crisp.
 1949 Dana Robinson 26:09; Ed Connolly; Harland Harnden.
 1950 Richard Packard 27:27; Rene Doiron; Ed Shepard.
 1951 John Dempsey 27:05; Francis O'Neill; Bob Caterina
 and Ed Connolly (tie).
 1952 Carleton MacLean 26:40; Malcolm Osborn; Norm
 LeVasseur.
 1953 Ed O'Connell 25:37; Paul Hanson; Richard Hooper.
 1954 Ed O'Connell 25:00; Paul Firlotte; Tony Sapienza.
 1955 Paul Firlotte 25:01; Tony Sapienza; Rayfield Payne.
 1956 Paul Firlotte 25:47; Peter Farr; Dale Bessey.
 1957 Gordon Cunningham 26:31; Myron McLaughlin; Matt
 Budzko.
 1958 Wm. Gay 27:19; Tom Martin; Matt Budzko.
 1959 Tom Martin 26:34; Brian Flanders; Brent Johnson.



Dave Paul, my chute boss during the mid-70s. Today, Dave directs two major races.

- 1960 Mike Kimball 26:36; Tom Delaney; Chas. Pettee.
- 1961 Dan Rearick 27:23; Jerry Crommett; Eric Silverberg.
- 1962 Bob Hillgrove 27:25; Jerry Crommett; Dan Rearick.
- 1963 Mike Kimball 25:46; Jerry Crommett; Bob Hillgrove.
- 1964 Bob Hillgrove 26:57; Don Sanborn; Gary Rees.
- 1965 Bob Hillgrove 27:05; John Moffat; Ed Flanders.
- 1966 Bob Hillgrove 25:55; Chas. Farwell; Don Sanborn.
- 1967 Bob Hillgrove 26:07; Tony Sapienza; Paul Liming.
- 1968 Bob Hillgrove 26:08; Joe Dahl; Fred Judkins.
- 1969 Bob Hillgrove 25:03; Don Sanborn; Fred Judkins.
- 1970 Ken Flanders 25:57; Don Sanborn; Tony Sapienza.
- 1971 Dan Rearick 25:33; Ken Flanders; Ralph Thomas.
- 1972 Ken Flanders 24:48; Steve Jaynes; Pete Gleason.
- 1973 Steve Jaynes 25:33; Howard Scribner; Pete Gleason.
- 1974 Bob Hillgrove 26:03; Dan Paul; Ralph Thomas.
- 1975 Ken Flanders 24:48; Dan Paul; Jim Doane.
- 1976 Jim Doane 25:55; Rick Krause; Bob Hillgrove.
- 1977 Ken Flanders 24:49; Fred Judkins; Rick Krause.
- 1978 Mike Buckley 23:58; Ken Flanders; Hank Pfeifle.
- 1979 Ken Flanders 24:19; Hank Pfeifle; Jamie Gildard.
- 1980 Ken Flanders 24:26; Jamie Goodberlet; Colin Peddie.
- 1981 Ken Flanders 24:04; Bob Winn; Colin Peddie.
- 1982 Hank Pfeifle 23:37; Ken Flanders; Jamie Goodberlet.
- 1983 Sam Pelletier 23:40; Andy Palmer; Ken Flanders.
- 1984 Sam Pelletier 23:33; Hank Pfeifle; Rick Garcia.



THE PORTLAND BOYS' CLUB 5-MILER — WOMEN

- 1972 Robin (Emery) Voelker 33:04; Diane Fournier; Sheila Dodge.
(First women to enter this event)
- 1973 Robin Emery 32:02; Brook Merrow; not available.
- 1974 Robin Emery 31:08; Diane Fournier; Joan Benoit.
- 1975 Robin Emery 29:10; Joan Benoit; not available.
- 1976 Joan Benoit 28:19; Robin Emery; Christy Burns.
- 1977 Lynn Jennings 28:20; Joan Benoit; Robin Emery.
- 1978 Marsha Giglio 34:01; Christina Burns; Connie Veilleux.
- 1979 Robin Estey 30:53; Maria Dibiase; Marsha Giglio.
- 1980 Robin Emery 29:41; Virginia Connors; Jamie Dunn.
- 1981 Robin Emery 29:06; Carol Bickford; Bethany Heslam.



Spring marathoning in Maine. Maine Coast Marathon '83.

- 1982 Robin Emery 29:39; Bethany Heslam; Lynda Dunn.
 1983 Robin Emery 29:19; Bethany Heslam; Julie Fritz.
 1984 Leslie Walls 29:50; Robin Emery; Kelly Bennett.



WESTBROOK ROTARY CLUBS' PATRIOTS' DAY INTERSCHOLASTIC RUN — 2¼ MILES

BOYS

- 1948 Phil Berry 13:09; Lloyd Fox; Calvin Libby.
 1949 Phil Berry 13:00; Bob McHardy; Dean Evans.
 1950 Phil Berry 13:12; Paul Merryfield; Clair Aldrich.
 1951 Ernie Guimond 11:28; Tony Wedge; Jim Reece.
 1952 Ernie Guimond 11:00; Gaylord Richards; Al Dalton.
 1953 Gaylord Richards 11:02; Jim Reece; Wm. Hodgkins.
 1954 Stan Mikkelsen 11:23; Jim Reece; Peter Grant.

- 1955 Gerald Morang 10:58; Gil Robinson; Peter Grant.
- 1956 Tom Delaney 11:12; Steve True; Ted Sack.
- 1957 Ted Sack 11:29; Wayne Cochrane; Albert Whitmore.
- 1958 Dick Roy 11:04; Ray Shevenell; Bob Consalvo.
- 1959 Bob Consalvo 11:02; Al Veilleux; Dick Roy.
- 1960 Wayne Fitzgerald 11:25; Don Verrill; Dick Ouellette.
- 1961 Sam Burgess 11:11; Jim Howell; Rock Lavasseur.
- 1962 Sam Burgess 11:08; Jim Howell; Mike Doore.
- 1963 Don Center 10:51; Jeff Bannister; Dave Galli.
- 1964 Gene Corbell 10:37; Jeff Bannister; Claude Caswell.
- 1965 Rick Hanson 10:50; Chuck Farwell; Phil Stultz.
- 1966 Al McCann 10:53; Pete Dinan; Glen Huston.
- 1967 Pete Dinan 10:55; Wayne Larrivee; Ken Flanders.
- 1968 Ken Flanders 10:25; Mike LaRoche; Wayne Larrivee.
- 1969 Ken Flanders 10:23; Reggie Mains; Steve Jaynes.
- 1970 Ken Flanders 10:13; Dave McDonald; Steve Jaynes.
- 1971 Steve Jaynes 10:25; Dave McDonald; Larry Greer.
- 1972 Larry Greer 10:32; Don Doane; Pete Benoit.
- 1973 Harvey Barlow 10:25; Leo LaChance; Don Doane.
- 1974 Bruce Bickford 10:21; Jim Doane; Steve Googoo.
- 1975 Leo LaChance 10:31; Joe Belyea; Gene Coffin.
- 1976 Jim Doane 10:02; Joe Belyea; Tom Cloutier.
- 1977 Joe Belyea 10:06; Joe Thornton; Paul Hammond.
- 1978 Todd Coffin 10:12; Paul Hammond; Joe Esposito.
- 1979 Todd Coffin 10:21; Matt Kersey; Scott Richards.
- 1980 Brian Pettingill 10:13; Jim Howard; Steve Brooks.
- 1981 Tom Briggs 10:31; Joe Larose; Bruce Madore.
- 1982 Marty Moran 10:54; Mike Hersom; John Kennie.
- 1983 Chris Kein 10:42; Marty Moran; Chet Pomroy.

GIRLS

- 1976 Leslie Bancroft; Sheila Doucette; Only girls entered.
(First girls to enter event. Winning time unknown.)
- 1977 Nancy Stevens (Other finishers and winning time unknown.)
- 1978 (No record of finishers available.)
- 1979 Julie Runnells; Pam Moulton; Liz Rand.
(Winning time unknown.)
- 1980 Julie Runnells 13:42; Krista Burrill; Cathy Gurney.
- 1981 Krista Burrill 12:59; Amy Bragdon; Barbara Lutick.
- 1982 Therese Doucette 13:18; Krista Burrill; Ann LaRose.
- 1983 Kim Hastings 14:01; Chris Bradbury; Sue Chayer.



In '81 Mike Gaige ran the Bangor Labor Day 5-miler in 25:05, wiping out records set over the bad-hill course by such middle distance greats as Dave Farley, Bob Hillgrove, Walt Renaud and Ralph Thomas.

Studying Stats

The Bangor 5-mile Labor Day road race began in 1963. Dave Farley won that inaugural outing in 26:55. Rockland's Bob Hillgrove won it from 1965 through 1969. In '68 he lowered Farley's record to 26:44. In '70, Walt Renaud, a University of Maine at Orono professor, dropped the standard to 25:58. The following year Ralph Thomas lowered it again: 25:43.

That record held until '74, when, in an exceptional lesson of determination, Hillgrove set a new mark at 25:24.

Hillgrove, clearly, left younger runners a perfect example of competitive achievement.

Even though Hillgrove made his mark, in the natural progression of Maine road running, Mike Gaige in '81 set a new record of 25:05 and in so doing offered new challenge to that Down East classic.



THE BANGOR LABOR DAY 5-MILER

MEN

1963	Dave Farley 26:55; Ben Heinrich; Don Sanborn.
1964	Dave Farley 28:40; Bob Hillgrove; Ben Heinrich.
1965	Bob Hillgrove 28:36; Fred Judkins; Ben Heinrich.
1966	Bob Hillgrove 26:54; Steve Turner; Joe Dahl.
1967	Bob Hillgrove 27:17; Fred Judkins; Tom Maynard.
1968	Bob Hillgrove 26:44; Dave Farley; Fred Judkins.
1969	Bob Hillgrove 27:20; Walt Renaud; Ken Flanders.
1970	Walt Renaud 25:58; Dave Farley; Rick Rowley.
1971	Ralph Thomas 25:43; Walt Renaud; Joe Dahl.
1972	Larry Greer 26:33; Ken Flanders; Neill Miner.

- 1973 Larry Greer 27:13; Carl Warner; Ralph Thomas.
- 1974 Bob Hillgrove 26:29; Ralph Thomas; Jeff Sanborn.
- 1975 Ralph Thomas 26:10; Bill Deering; Darrell Seekins.
- 1976 Mike Roddin 26:42; Rick Krause; Darrell Seekins.
- 1977 Bob Hillgrove 25:24; Fred Judkins; Todd Hews.
- 1978 Peter Weith 25:54; Fred Judkins; Jon Howland.
- 1979 Peter Weith 25:41; Bruce Freme; Todd Hews.
- 1980 Mike Westphal 25:53; Kurt Lauenstein; Jeff Crawford.
- 1981 Mike Gaige 25:05; Phil St. Pierre; Steve Hawes.
- 1982 Mike Gaige 25:09; Henri Bouchard; Steve Russell.
- 1983 James Newett 26:15; Peter Chrune; Mike Westphal.

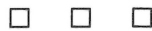
WOMEN

- 1972 Robin (Emery) Voelker 33:21; (First and only woman to enter this event.)
- 1973 Robin Emery 34:46.



Hank Pfeifle and Robin Emery bask in a sweet moment of victory after their wins in the '82 Portland Boys' Club run. Each has been at the top as: *Maine Runner of the Year*.

- 1974 Robin Emery 31:41; Joan Westphal.
- 1975 Robin Emery 32:26; Audrey Roberts; Lauren Noether.
- 1976 Joan Westphal 30:48; Anne Norton; Lori Stratton.
- 1977 Robin Emery 30:42; Barbara Hamaluk; Susie Hayes.
- 1978 Robin Emery 30:31; Kim Herlan; Terry Bell.
- 1979 Jamie Dunn 34:10; Carol Roy; Robin Emery.
- 1980 Robin Emery 31:48; 2nd and 3rd place finishers not available.
- 1981 Robin Emery 30:20; 2nd and 3rd place finishers not available.
- 1982 Robin Emery 30:38; Jeannie Lewis; Jo Comeau.
- 1983 Robin Emery 31:11; Cynthia Lynch; Ann Blumer.



LEWISTON RECREATION DEPARTMENT 3-MILER

MEN

- 1964 Fred Judkins 14:21; 2nd and 3rd places not available.
- 1965 Bob Hillgrove 14:14; Ed Flanders; Bob Plumb.
- 1966 Bob Hillgrove 13:49; Frank Lutick; Don Sanborn.
- 1967 Bob Hillgrove 13:39:08; Fred Judkins; Jeff Larsen.
- 1968 Ken Flanders 14:06; Al McCann; Fred Judkins.
- 1969 Ken Flanders 13:40; Fred Judkins; Bill Wilson.
- 1970 Ken Flanders 13:48; Bill Wilson; Ralph Thomas.
- 1971 Ken Flanders 13:39:04; Bill Wilson; Dave McDonald.
- 1972 Larry Greer 13:47; Ralph Thomas; Pete Millard.
- 1973 Ralph Thomas 13:50; Leo LaChance; Mark Beede.
- 1974 Leo LaChance 13:53; Ralph Thomas; Norm Graf.
- 1975 Gene Coffin 13:52; Leo LaChance; Ralph Thomas.
- 1976 Ralph Thomas 13:53; Rick Krause; John Dudley.
- 1977 Dave O'Donnell 14:08; Jerry Crommett; Walt Crocket.
- 1978 Todd Coffin 13:53; Gerry Clapper; Gene Coffin.
(Last race short course.)
- 1979* Todd Coffin 16:26; Rick Lavoie; Steve Ridley.
- 1980 Art Feeney & Jesse Leeman tie 16:38; Andy Schmitt;
Matt Isham.
- 1981 Pete Lenardson 16:47; Jamey Caron; Brian Warren.
- 1982 Jamey Caron 16:45; Matt Herron; Don Terrien.
- 1983 Seamus O'Sullivan 16:24; 2nd and 3rd places not available.



Diane Fournier, and friend, stretching before the '79 Casco Bay Marathon. Diane ran the Boston Marathon in '70. That same year she was the only woman in the 13-mile, Sesquicentennial celebration run in Portland.

WOMEN

- 1972 Diane Fournier 18:50; (First woman to enter this event.)
- 1973 None entered.
- 1974 Diane Fournier 17:01; Joan Benoit; Karen Goodberlet.
- 1975 Kathy Gustin 21:17; Chris Kate; Margaret Clark.
- 1976 Leslie Bancroft 16:58; Barbara Trafton; Wendy Sayres.
- 1977 Anne Goldstein 17:41; Nancy Stevens; Angels Castonguay.

- 1978 Jan Hall 19:22; Wendy Sayres; Rose Ann Damon.
(Last race short course.)
- 1979* Kim McDonald 18:28; Julie Reynolds; Sue Flynn.
- 1980 Darcey Finley 22:00; Charlotte Sayres; Karen
Crommett.
- 1981 Theresa Lewis 19:50; Pam Duplissis; Jenny Beauliers.
- 1982 Kelly Hoskins 19:48; Tracy Mchatton; Not available.
- 1983 Theresa Lewis 19:53; Maddy Butcher; Not available.

*First race long course. Beginning of sponsorship by
Lamey-Wellehan Shoes.



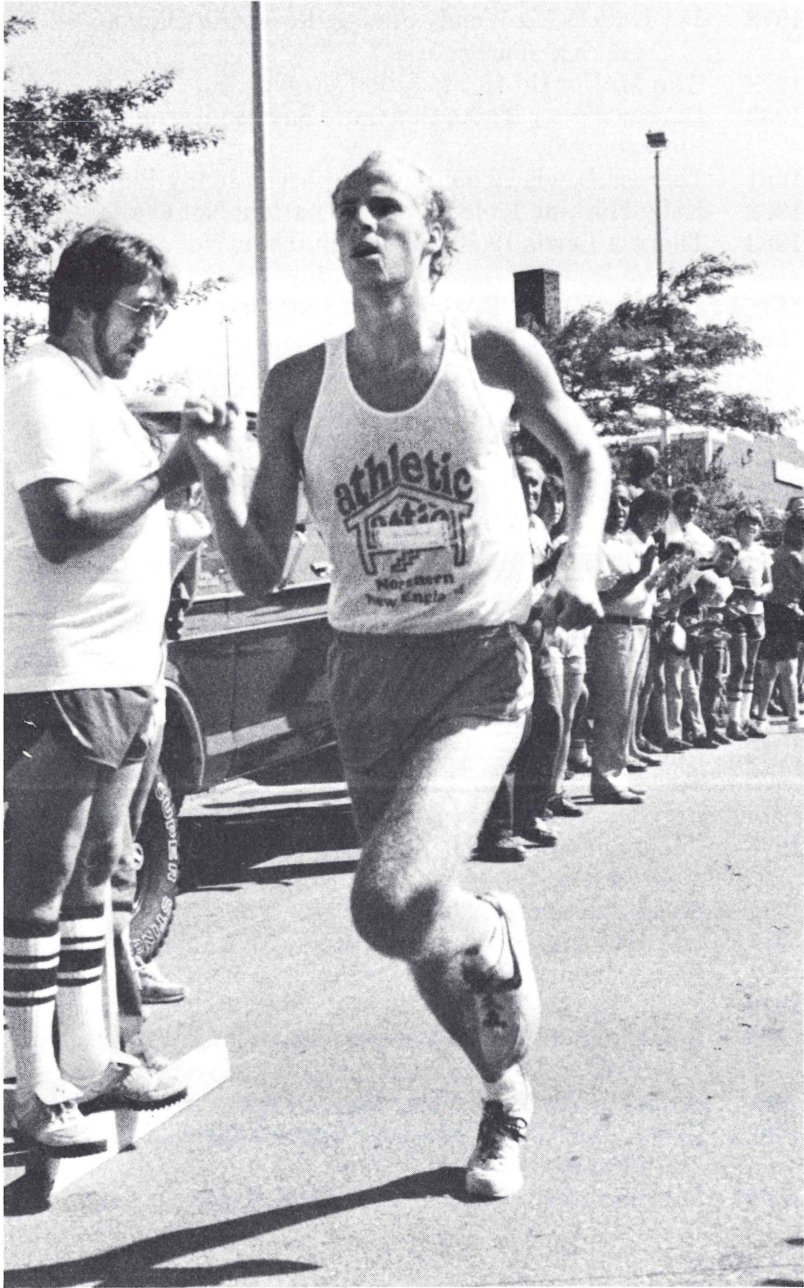
THE MAINE MASTERS' CAPE ELIZABETH TURKEY TROT — 5.8 MILES

MEN

- 1969 Ken Flanders 30:59; Steve Jaynes; Jerry Crommett.
- 1970 Ralph Thomas 31:16; Bob Hillgrove; Larry Greer.
(The 19-man field ran in heavy, wet snowstorm.)
- 1971 Ken Flanders 28:52; Ralph Thomas; Jim Howell.
- 1972 Ken Flanders 28:24; Ralph Thomas; Joel Cox.
- 1973 Steve Hamel 29:15; Ralph Thomas; Dan Paul.
- 1974 Ralph Thomas 29:11; Dan Paul; Chris Chambers.
- 1975 Chris Chambers 29:03; Ralph Thomas; Bob
Rindfleisch.
- 1976 Chris Chambers 29:38; Dan Paul; Mike Brust.
- 1977 Mike Buckley 27:51; Bruce Bickford; Paul Oparowski.
- 1978 Ken Flanders 29:00 Ken Graham; Jamie Gildard.
- 1979 Paul Oparowski 28:30; Bruce Freme; Frank Carroll.
- 1980 Ken Flanders 28:52; Werner Pobatsching; Frank
Carroll.
- 1981 Hank Pfeifle 28:18; Steve Podgajny; Peter Brigham.
- 1982 Larry Greer 29:40; Werner Pobatschnig; Leo
LaChance.
- 1983* Bob Winn 28:16; Chris Bovie; Rock Green.

WOMEN

- 1972 Diane Fournier 38:47; (First and only woman to enter.)
- 1973 None entered.



Paul Hammond began scoring big during the mid-80s.

- 1974 Cookie Kalloch 50:16; (Only woman entered.)
- 1975 Robin Emery 35:46; Cookie Kalloch.
- 1976 Joan Benoit 34:55; Phoebe Levine; Debbie Chase.
- 1977 Robin Emery 36:57; Evelyn Hewson; Christie Blake.
- 1978 Robin Emery 34:24; Jane Petrick; Robin Estey.
- 1979 Joan Benoit 31:17; Ellen Petrick; Kim Beaulieu.
- 1980 Joan Benoit 32:26; Jane Petrick; Evelyn Hewson.
- 1981 Joan Benoit 34:05; Jane Petrick; Not available.
- 1982 Robin Emery 34:24; Laurie Munson; Not available.
- 1983 Virginia Connors 34:54; Marge Podgajny; Grace Smith.

*Maine Track Club assumes sponsorship of race.



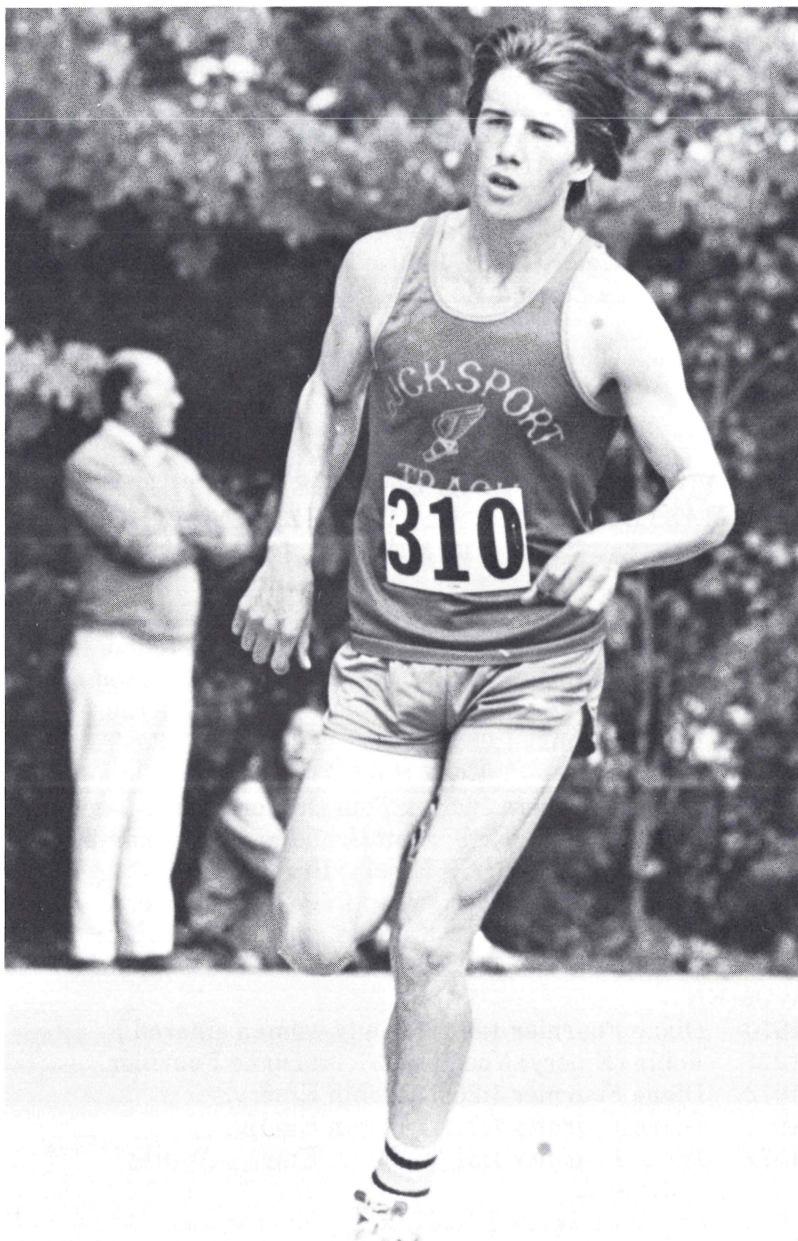
THE PORTLAND LODGE OF ELKS AND THE MAINE MASTERS TRACK CLUB'S MIDI-MARATHON 13 MILES

MEN

- 1970* Pat McMahon 1:07:23; Rick Rowley; Walt Renaud.
- 1971 Ralph Thomas 1:07:31; Joe Dahl; Paul Thompson.
- 1972 Ralph Thomas 1:07:16; Will Deering; Rick Krause.
- 1973 Ralph Thomas 1:06:39; Terry Gallagher; Mike Towle.
- 1974 Ralph Thomas 1:06:11; Hank Pfeifle; Chris Chambers.
- 1975 Chris Chambers 1:05:54; Tom Derderian; Bill Deering.
- 1976 Bill Rodgers 1:04:16; Scott Graham; Chris Chambers.
- 1977 Dan Paul 1:09:47; Gil Emery; Brad Page.
- 1978 Ken Flanders 1:06:17; Brad Page; Dan Barker.
- 1979 Pete Millard 1:07:34; Ken Flanders; Gene Coffin.

WOMEN

- 1970 Diane Fournier 1:35:30; (Only woman entered.)
- 1971 Robin (Emery) Voelker 1:37:14; Diane Fournier.
- 1972 Diane Fournier 1:26:54; Robin Emery.
- 1973 Diane Fournier 1:27:47; Robin Emery.
- 1974 Diane Fournier 1:31:39; Robin Emery; Audrey
Roberts.
- 1975 Charlotte Lettis 1:18:07; Robin Emery; Joan Benoit.
- 1976 Joan Benoit 1:19:25; Robin Emery; Christine Lelito.
- 1977 Robin Estey 1:29:25; Marie Bauman; Sheila Colby.
- 1978 Robin Emery 1:22:26; Robin Estey; Nancy Laferriere.



Gerry Clapper, Bucksport, encouraged by family runners and impressive wins as a teenager in Maine road races, later broke every record over a mile at the University of Maine, Orono.

- 1979 Robin Emery 1:24:58; Diane Fournier; Marie Bauman.
Race discontinued.

*The initial run was sponsored by the Maine Sesquicentennial Committee in conjunction with the Maine Masters Track Club. The Portland Lodge of Elks took over the event in 1971. The Masters continued as advisors.



ANDROSCOGGIN RUNNING CLUB'S LOST VALLEY RUN 9.2 MILES

MEN

- 1971 Ralph Thomas 48:42; Pete Davis; Lloyd Geggatt.
1972 Ralph Thomas 48:28; Neil Miner; Billy Wilson.
1973 Ralph Thomas 48:02; Bruce Merrill; Mike Towle.
1974 Ralph Thomas 48:34; Chris Chambers; Bruce Merrill.
1975 Bill Deering 49:02; Bob Hillgrove; Jerry Crommett.
1976 Leo LaChance 48:43; Joe Grube; Ralph Thomas.
1977 Jon Howland 51:47; Larry Greer; Kim Wettlaufer.
(First race over 15k course.)
1978 Ken Flanders 49:51; Dan Barker; Rick Krause.
1979 Kim Wettlaufer 50:14; Ralph Fletcher; Kevin McDonald.
1980 Ralph Fletcher 50:46; Tom Clarke; Jerry Crommett.
1981 Kim Wettlaufer 49:32; Leo LaChance; Chris Bovie.
1982 Kim Wettlaufer 49:29; Paul Hammond; Leo LaChance.
1983 Paul Hammond 50:31; Jerry Crommett; Kevin McDonald.

WOMEN

- 1973 Diane Fournier 66:14; (First and only woman to enter race).
1974 Cookie Kalloch; (Only woman entered. No time available.)
1975 Christine Lelito 71:48; (Only woman entered.)
1976 No women entered.
1977 Wendy Sayres 75:40; Barbara Trafton; Sally Trafton.
1978 Connie Veilleux 68:41; Wendy Sayres; Faye Gagnon.
1979 Joan Benoit 54:27; Carolyn Court; Sue Collins.
1980 Pam Fessenden 64:27; Pauline Vachon; Evelyn King.

- 1981 Carolyn Court 64:07; Liz Meiklejohn; Wendy Sayres.
 1982 Jerri Bushey 74:19; Margaret Swanson; no others
 entered.
 1983 Kelly Bennett 67:00; Jane Waddle; Margaret Craven.

□ □ □



Perhaps the most notable of young talents who burst onto the scene during the early '80s was Sammy Pelletier (above leading Andy Palmer across Tukey's bridge in the '83 Portland's Boys' Club race which he went on to win). The following year, the 55th annual run, Sam lowered the course record to 23:33.

The Pioneers

Those who were running along Maine roads before the sport became fashionable: Andrew Sockalexis, the Sam Ouellet family runners, the Mazzeo brothers, Bruno and Dave, the Toothaker twins, Maurice and Malcolm, Ed Shepard, Emery Plourde, Paul Firlotte, Cliff Richardson, Tom Martin, Bob Hillgrove, Rollie Dyer, Mike Kimball, Nate Cohen, Ralph Thomas, Brian Gillespie, Dave Galli, Dale Lincoln, Joe Dahl, Mike Towle, Rick Krause, George Towle, Steve Ross, Joe Rundin, Walt Renaud, Rick Rowley, Dennis Morrill, Ken Rosen, Tom Allen, Steve Jaynes, Paul Jackson, Lloyd Slocum, Ken Flanders, Don Sanborn, Fred Judkins, Jeff Sanborn, Pete Davis, George Maxim, Dave Roy, Bill Deering, Ron Gervais, Skip Yeaton, Bill Wilson, Joel Cox, Frank Roberts, Roger Young, Tom Doyle, Dave Corson, Deke Talbot, Howie Richards, and Marty Callahan.

And more, Jim Carroll, Phil Harmon, Leo Richards, Sheldon Booze, Mark Beede, Frank Cook, Al Wormwood, Larry Greer, Paul Conley, Bill Pierce, Ray Heffelfinger, Randy Easter, Al McCann, John Killinger, Alan Taplin, John Noyes, Ralph Grant, Andre Benoit, Charlie Ault, Bill Zroika, Harry Trask, Reggie Knapp, Mike Kazilionis, Danny Paul, Jim Dempsey, Mark DiPierro, Ray Shevenell, Bill Sayres, John Moody, Brian Manza, Mike Laroche, Dan Barker, Pete Millard, Jerry Crommett, Wayne Audette, Dave Farley, Maine's two grand ladies, Diane Fournier and Robin Emery, and three maverick physicians, Jim Henick, Tom Miller and Dick Wright.

The foresight of those listed (in addition to the few inevitably overlooked) is to be admired. Many as middle-aged street runners, in those days, gambled with the credibility of their professions.



Bruce Bickford—a brilliant middle-distance specialist from Fairfield, set a number of records in Maine and New England. He barely missed qualifying for the 5 and 10k in the XIIIrd Olympiad.

THE ROLAND DYER MEMORIAL 5k AND 10k RACES AT
PORTLAND'S RIVERSIDE INDUSTRIAL PARKWAY. A
MAINE MASTERS' TRACK CLUB EVENT.

MEN

1970

5k Bob Hillgrove 14:52; Al McCann; Jerry
Crommett.

10k Ken Flanders 31:07; Steve Jaynes; Don Sanborn.

1971

5k Bob Hillgrove 16:06; Larry Greer; John Gallant.

10k Walt Renaud 32:07; Ralph Thomas; Mike Towle.

1972*

5k Larry Greer 15:28; Steve Jaynes; Mark Beede.

10k Ken Flanders 31:10; Paul Thompson; Pete
Gleason.

1973

5k Howie Scribner 16:23; Harvey Barlow; Jerry
Crommett.

10k Ken Flanders 31:12; Larry Greer; Dan Paul.

1974

5k Bruce Bickford 15:50; Gene Coffin; Brian
Gillespie.

10k Larry Greer 31:49; Jim Doane; Stan Moulton.

1975

5k Gene Coffin 15:41; James Cooper; Joe Grube.

10k Ken Flanders 30:59; Bruce Merrill; Pete
Gleason.

1976

5k Leo LaChance 15:27; Bob Chasen; Rick Krause.

10k Paul Oparowski 31:47; Ralph Thomas; Larry
Reed.

1977

5k Ken Flanders 15:32; Jim Doane; Mark
Soderstrom.

10k Paul Oparowski 31:26; Bruce Freme; Kim
Wettlaufer.

1978

5k Jim Doane 15:02; Joe Belyea; Jon Howard.

10k Greg Peters 31:31; Fred Judkins; Mike
Westphal.

1979

- 5k discontinued.
- 10k Ken Flanders 30:46; Andy Palmer; Mike Westphal.
Race discontinued.

WOMEN

1972

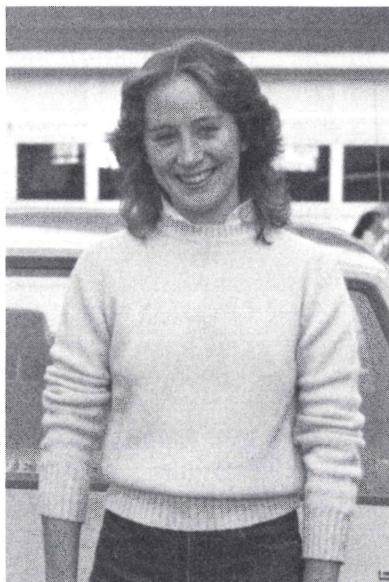
- 5k No women entered.
- 10k Robin Emery 42:48; Diane Fournier.
(First women to enter this event.)

1973

- 5k No women entered.
- 10k Robin Emery 41:27; Diane Fournier.

1974

- 5k Joan Benoit 21:00; (Only woman entered.)
- 10k Robin Emery 40:31; 2nd and 3rd place finishers not available.



When one speaks of grace under pressure, I will submit Ruthie Gillespie (left) and Liz Goodie (right) as prototypes. They worked many sign-in and order-of-finish sheets for me through the '70s.

1975

- 5k Joan Benoit 19:20; Sue Gearhart; Debbie Cook.
- 10k Robin Emery 37:51; Diane Fournier; Kathy Gustin.

1976

- 5k Carol Aucoin 20:16; Barbara Hodgins.
- 10k Robin Emery 37:26; Joan Benoit; Joan Westphal.

1977

- 5k Carol Aucoin 20:58; Stacey Rowe; Pam Montgomery.
- 10k Lori Stratton 40:46; Christie Balanger; Jackie Trefethan.

1978

- 5k Robin Emery 18:55; Kim McDonald; Margaret Clapper.
- 10k Lori Stratton 40:31; Ann Cullenburg; Kim Beaulieu.

1979

- 5k discontinued.
- 10k Joan Benoit 35:14; Robin Emery; Margaret Clapper.
Race discontinued.

*In 1972, this event became known as The Roland Dyer Memorial.

The races recorded in this text were chosen not only because they proved popular and representative, but also because of: an early appearance on the Maine running scene; annual succession; and, availability of race results. No marathons are listed because they became popular during the mid-70s, well after the initial development of Maine distance running.





Sammy Pelletier (left) and Andy Palmer running point along Baxter Boulevard in the '83 Portland Boys' Club race. Pelletier went on to claim his first win in the event.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my daughter, Liz, and Shirley Emery for their encouragement after reading my first draft; also Bob Hillgrove and Robin Emery for their convictions that this type of book is "overdue" with 50,000 runners in Maine today.

I wish to thank Lloyd Ferriss, Vern Putney, Bob Haskell, Rick Krause, Bob Booker, Steve Ross, Ed Shepard, Bart Peverada, Dave Paul, Dave Galli, Danny Paul, Dennis Morrill and Tom Swan for either pictures, information or helpful suggestions.

I wish to single out the Portland and Auburn Public libraries, and the Raymond Fogler Library at the University of Maine at Orono. The services these libraries offer Maine citizens are of incalculable value.

I am especially grateful to the Guy Gannett Library photo files, and to editor Allen Lessels who not only suggested certain final improvements, but kept me interested and persuaded me to write four additional essays after I'd hit the literary wall.

Finally, and perhaps more importantly, I am indebted to my wife, Joyce, for spending weekends alone through the winter of '82-'83 while I accepted the isolation of a Trappist monk in order to complete the third and final draft of this book.



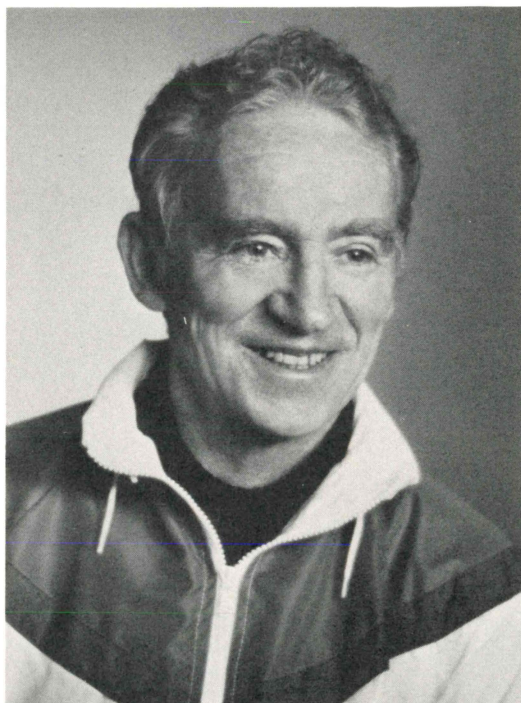


Training is only scribbled notes; racing is the finished essay.

MY RUNNING AND RACE LOG

MY RUNNING AND RACE LOG

About The Author



Dick Goodie has been on the move since childhood. Born in Bangor, his family moved to Bucksport when he was 9. At 19, he joined the Army, and during WW II landed on Omaha Beach with the Third Armored Division. In five major campaigns across France, Belgium and into Central Germany, he was wounded once.

After the conflict, he completed his education at the University of Denver, where he became interested in the essay and short story form. He was graduated in 1951.

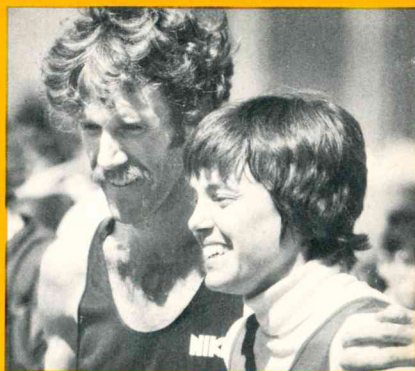
Traveling extensively, he lived for lengthy periods in North Carolina, Texas, Louisiana, Connecticut, Colorado and California. Since 1954, Portland has been home base.

During the late 1960's he became interested in Maine's distance running program, and for 10 years served as Director of the Maine Masters' Track Club. In 1970 and 1972 he was cited for making outstanding contributions to road running in Maine. It is from the experiences of those years that this book was developed.

Goodie's short stories have been published in national magazines and newspapers, and often in the Maine Sunday Telegram. The final essay in this book, Reflections, was chosen First Place sports feature of 1979 by the Maine Press Association.

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Running in Maine



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