

ALLEGHENY MOUNTAIN / GREATER PITTSBURGH ROAD RUNNERS CLUB  
NEWSLETTER Spring 1988

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The Pittsburgh Marathon May 1st - The following club members finished this year's marathon in fine fashion:

Jim Lacey (54)	3:20:46	Dick Haggerty (61)	4:08:25
Bill Hoon (42)	3:29:45	Rege Iovino (42)	4:12:47
Bob McCarthy (41)	3:37:17	Andy Gero (40)	4:22:57
Lee Keller (38)	3:44:12	Amos Selavan (52)	4:29:11
Monty Miller (49)	3:45:56	Bruce McGlothlin (41)	4:33:12
Harry Holland (51)	3:55:40	Al Epphimer (40)	4:53:35
Keiko McDonald	3:56:43	Bob Epphimer (18)	4:53:35

Ron Hannan did an excellent job helping to organize the 20.8 mile water stop!

Boston Marathon - Georgette Lacey finished in 3:47:18 and Jim Lacey finished in 3:19:51. Of course, the usual terrible start slowed their times.

Former club stalwart John Graham says hello from Richland Washington. John edits an excellent club newsletter for the "3 Rivers Road Runners".

Club name - A few (3) club members have mentioned that they would like to change the club's name back to the "Greater Pittsburgh Road Runners", which is just the old name for one of our merged clubs. Any thoughts?

Steve Faloon Memorial Run - Do not forget the annual 3 mile memorial run benefitting the Central Blood of Pgh. Steve was a past member of our road runners club, CMU and CCAC who died at the age of 23 from aplastic anemia. This year's run is scheduled for Sunday August 7th, starting at Flagstaff Hill, Schenley Park at 10 a.m.

River Country Half-Marathon April 2nd - A few club members participated in this beautiful Cook Forest race. Jim Lacey finished in 1:25:09, Georgette Lacey finished in 1:43:12, and Andy Gero in 1:44:48. Jim Enright recorded a time of 13:08 in the 2 mile cross-country fun run. Mary Brown took pictures and enjoyed the fine scenery. The editor recommends this race as one of the tops in Pennsylvania. The virgin white pines and hemlock trees provide super hiking and breathtaking scenery. Join us next year!

Pgh. Sports Massage Team - Free massages will be provided by this group at the October 16th run in Highland Park. Don't miss it.

Darwin's Dog Days of Summer - Entries are piling in from all over the world for the 4th annual July ultra. Remember - July 17th at the Schenley Park Oval, starting at 5:30 a.m. for the 6 hour run-walk! Also don't forget that the awards are as tasty as ever - pies!!

Annual Picnic Run - Sunday August 14th is our club's annual picnic immediately after the 10k run, in South Park. Just bring a covered dish, a dessert, fruit or vegies, or some munchies and the club will provide the drinks and utensils.

Butler 10k - Saturday, June 25th is the 13th annual Butler 10k. This 10k is the most competitive race in Western PA. Don't miss it!! It is a fair but challenging course that is very well run.

Spring Winds Half-Marathon

March 20, 1988

Snowy, windy, cold

Race Director: Bruce McGlothlin

Helpers: Dick Haggerty, Jack Wise, Rollin Geddes, Dan Holland, Mary Brown

13.1 Mile

1.	Paul Marrassini	45	1:25:48
2.	Paul Hartman	28	1:27:01
3.	David Gault	31	1:27:16
4.	Ray English	52	1:27:43
5.	Reggie Matias	28	1:29:18
6.	Gary Buchan	30	1:29:28
7.	Jim Lacey	53	1:30:35
8.	Jim Rohm	41	1:31:02
9.	John Clark	29	1:31:43
10.	Harry Niemeyer	40	1:32:12
11.	Fred Church	35	1:33:28
12.	Ron Russell	31	1:33:59
tie	Rob Ross	37	1:33:59
14.	Richard St. John	35	1:35:26
15.	Ben Church	26	1:36:22
16.	Ed Ritter	36	1:37:10
17.	Bill Hoon	42	1:37:52
18.	Dave Crevar	35	1:38:36
19.	Bob Kamenic	35	1:38:38
20.	Tom Henry	46	1:38:42
21.	Cynthia Sanccas <u>M</u>	33	1:42:00
tie	Don Smith	35	1:42:00
23.	Terry Campbell	37	1:42:10
24.	Tom Mal	39	1:42:20
tie	Jim Ehrman	41	1:42:20
26.	Lee Keller & Attila	33	1:42:44
27.	Georgette Lacey <u>F</u>	50	1:43:00
28.	Roland Jefferson	42	1:44:17
29.	Janice Boyko <u>F</u>	36	1:45:07
30.	Monty Miller	49	1:46:47
31.	Keiko McDonald <u>F</u>	48	1:47:29
32.	Norm Conway	32	1:48:16
33.	Rege Iovino	42	1:49:20
34.	Amos Selavan	51	1:49:54
35.	Jerry Tuite	32	1:50:35
36.	Don Fox	40	1:51:00
37.	John Nevbert	42	1:51:15
38.	Jim Ruffins	49	1:51:25
39.	Tony Licate	44	1:51:42
40.	David Cambert	44	1:51:54
41.	Dewayne Adams	31	1:52:02
42.	Ernie Cimaroli	30	1:53:18
43.	Rocky Leonhardt	42	1:53:20
tie	Mickey Engstler	30	1:53:20
45.	Al Stanish	47	1:54:07
46.	Jack Smart	50	1:54:11
47.	Kenneth DeLong	24	1:54:26
48.	Andy Gero	40	1:55:29
49.	Rick Heinz	40	1:57:07
50.	Ervin Roszner	45	1:57:43

13.1 mile cont.

51.	Al Eppihimer	40	1:58:03
52.	Mark Mansfield	28	1:59:17
53.	George Watzlaf	20	1:59:21
54.	Mike Hornyak	29	1:59:38
tie	John Hornyak	35	1:59:38
56.	Harry Holland	50	2:00:16
57.	Jeff Campbell	31	2:00:29
58.	Doug Jefferson	29	2:01:08
59.	Tony Suppa	51	2:01:16
60.	Luanne Cuarney <u>F</u>	32	2:01:18
61.	Ron Dvursma	30	2:03:25
62.	Claire Henderson <u>F</u>	48	2:07:40
tie	Jane Bean <u>F</u>	38	2:07:40
64.	Lisa Leonhardt <u>F</u>	22	2:13:52
65.	Don Jones	29	2:16:25

2 Mile

1.	Jim Enright	35	13:44
tie	Dan Holland	18	13:44
3.	Rollin Geddes	49	19:02
4.	Mary Brown <u>F</u>	43	34:12
5.	Pat Kamenic	62	34:15

The morning of the Spring Winds Half-Marathon was cold and overcast, with a strong possibility of snow. An hour before the race, a blizzard hit. It was difficult to see beyond 10 or 20 feet ahead!

Our race crew assumed that 10-12 runners might show up. Well, there were close to 75 runners that showed up, plus spectators. It made the police a little anxious since they were expecting 20-25 runners. This just goes to prove that runners will run in any kind of weather or conditions. Besides, it was the only half-marathon in town and everybody was gradually preparing for the marathon.

The race went well. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. All runners who finished had the opportunity to draw for prizes such as kites, coke, cookies, wine, wine cooler, puzzles, etc.

One of the neatest things that happened was that Don Jones, who finished last, won one of the biggest prizes - a four pack of wine cooler. I saw Don drive away in his black sports car with a big smile on his face. He worked hard for his reward and I'm sure that he enjoyed it to the last drop!!

\* Bruce McGlothlin \*

PHINEAS T. BLUSTER ULTRA RUN

Library PA (South Park Fairgrounds)

0.487m cinder track

April 10, 1988

Race Director: Bruce McGlothlin

50 km

1.	Greg Helbig	32	3:43
2.	David Crevar	35	4:35
3.	Roland Jefferson	42	5:06
4.	Bruce McGlothlin	41	5:07
5.	Joe Morgovich	28	5:27
6.	Bill Beck	50	5:33
7.	David Kampert	44	5:39
8.	Georgia Pambianco <u>F</u>	37	5:56

15 starters

## Phineas T. Bluster

There seemed to be two general questions about this race before it even started: (1) who was Phineas T. Bluster? and (2) where is the hotel in Library? Once these critical questions were answered, all runners could concentrate on the race.

Everybody seemed to be relaxed and low-keyed. The primary reasons for the race were being a good work-out and offering a chance to complete a ultra. Greg Helbig went out at his usual smooth, but quick pace. He finished in an excellent time of 3:43.

There seemed to be a large number of first time ultra runners in this race. Unfortunately, about half of the field dropped out. Many were using this as a tune-up for the Pittsburgh Marathon, on May 1st. It was assumed they didn't want to use too many reserves in running the full distance. Some dropped out because of illness or injury. The weather was never a factor.

Most runners enjoyed the run on the soft track and the friendships that were established. It provided a great deal of enjoyment to all those who participated. Phineas T. Bluster would have been proud!

\* Bruce McGlothlin \*

## Boathouse Burner

May 15, 1988

North Park

Sunny, mid 60's

Race Director: Ed Hall

### 5 Mile

1.	Paul Kepple	21	28:30
2.	Jim Elsenheimer	25	29:47
tie	Richard McMonigal	24	29:47
4.	Ed Motosicky	33	32:06
5.	Chris Kroll	26	32:46
6.	Don Kocudak	44	34:45
7.	Jim Enright	36	34:59.999
8.	Tom Mal	39	36:17
9.	Ron Hannan	37	37:28
10.	Bill Hoon	42	37:59
11.	Don Fox Sr.	41	39:15
12.	Bill McKim	41	39:26
13.	Tom McKim	34	39:26
14.	Gail Fox <u>F</u>	39	41:27
15.	Dick Haggerty	61	44:23
16.	Andy Gero	40	44:23
17.	Mike Bayster	11	45:22
18.	Jim Bayster	42	49:25
19.	Peggy Hoburg <u>F</u>	40	51:51
20.	Don Fox Jr.	10	52:59

### 2 Mile

1.	Jim Caskey	41	14:04
2.	Ed Motosicky	12	14:20
3.	Bruce McGlothlin	41	14:30
4.	Vivian Kucherer <u>F</u>	59	22:56
5.	Cliff Ham	64	25:45
6.	Mary Brown <u>F</u>	44	28:58
7.	John Fox	6	31:00
8.	Harvey Kucherer	20+	33:20
?	Mike Fox	8	??

## EARLY WELSH DAYS

We ran because it was quicker than walking. We were always in a hurry — to get there or to get away.

I remember playing with friends on a haystack — tied over with cord by which we pulled ourselves up. We could have been playing at ships, or cowboys, or men from space, but reality intervened. The farmer who owned the haystack was running down the field towards us. There was no impression of speed, just a whirlwind of arms. He had on the usual blue working clothes of a Welsh farmer. We tumbled off the stack and I fell face first into a stand of stinging nettles — three feet high of penalty — before I could scramble through the fence to run away. Along the road, down the drive past my house and we hid behind the wall to count heads. One was missing. We waited to discover that the farmer had caught him by his retreating leg at the fence. There was no enduring punishment but my arms and face showed the white rash of nettle stings for a day or so.

Other times we ran towards things — even school, if the lessons were favorable, and anyway, because we were usually late. We dawdled and investigated en route, and then there was always a mad sprint to make it on time.

In retrospect, I suppose, when we ran away it was a person to person

contest, and when we ran towards something the clock was the usual competitor.

I went to a small school so that everyone took part in the school sports day. We were divided into four 'houses' — named after Welsh saints. Cybi was mine, and we were green. Somehow that was much more acceptable than red, or yellow, or blue — green was Welsh. Sixth form students in a house, since there were so few of us, took part in everything. I ran the 100

yards, the 220 yards, the 440 yards, the 880 yards, and the mile — jumped high and long and even threw a few things from the cricket ball to the javelin. I was never much good at anything but I do remember that the longer the distance, the poorer were the

### ... speaking only to the dogs and cows ..

other runners. I 'specialized' in the half mile — on a grass track of the recreation field, loaned to the school for the day.

There were other sporting occasions in Wales in those days. Some of them would have been an anathema to the AAU or AAA or TAC. Each August, each village had its own sports day in a meadow carefully marked out by the village elders. Sprints, sack races, bicycle races, obstacle courses were the order of the day. My Father was particularly adept at

the egg-and-spoon race. He taught us how to encroach on the egg to hold it in place with the thumb! All these races had prizes — cash prizes. By picking our events we could win 5 shillings, or seven-and-six in an afternoon and by going to other villages over the holiday week-ends we could pick up £2 or £3 to make us unbelievably rich. To the TAC we were then professionals, but I shan't tell them if you won't!

I was, and am, poorly coordinated. I never could reach a ball, and catch or kick it at the right time. The physical training master had a favorite shout for me — "Come on Rhinoceros ... get off your knees and run!" Only I knew that I was running quite hard on an evasion path. The trick was to be nowhere near the ball when action was called for. Later, I had a better idea. I got permission to run on my own — on the roads no less — for as long as the others played cricket or soccer. The master was glad to get rid of me. I ran anonymous

miles, speaking only to the dogs and the cows en route. There was no training involved. No school, that I knew of, ran cross-country. I doubt that I ever knew that anyone ran away from the track until I reached college. In those days I just ran — away — from organized ball games. In my last year there were a few others who followed my example.

On my entry into College — all new students were wooed by the clubs,

and I discovered the 'Harriers' at the University of Wales. They were a small group of enthusiasts with a regular schedule against army and other college teams, but they lacked the power of numbers (and funds), which the rugby, soccer, and cricket teams could command. On away-meets we were the seven 'players' who 'made-up' the coach load with the Rugby club. Whether we liked it or not we became experts at Rugby songs — a bit out of character in our open country and fresh sport.

I didn't make the first string the first year. I never did regularly. I always lead the seconds or filled for the first. However, I did make secretary and treasurer in the first year, since no one else wanted the job. Then, since I graduated to the same job for the whole University Athletic Board, I probably managed to do quite a lot for the Harriers club. Their allocation of student funds certainly rose!

Still, running was the thing. We trained and raced hard, but on our own. Other clubs had coaches. We didn't. Since we had no fans, our results didn't seem to affect anything. As a minor sport, no one expected major results.

In the first term, to December, we raced courses of 3 miles, training at 5. Then in the second term, to Easter, we upped the training to 7

miles at a trot since the races also became longer. They were then 5 miles. This over-training must have been the original Long-Slow-Distance, though it was fairly random. We stayed away from race courses and ran conversationally, without ever bothering why. We trained only a few days a week and then because it was our club 'thing' to do. There was no thought of fitness, 'running for being', or runners' highs. There wasn't even a running magazine!

Our particular college was sited on a hill, on one side of a fairly steep and narrow valley. Our college park climbed a steep path to the main college building. For our most competitive races, we staged our home course to finish up this incline. The home runners could be many yards behind before this climb and still pull through for the extra points, as the visitors encountered this final cruel and unusual punishment. We did know a little about 'gamesmanship'!

At the end of one year, my final one, we decided to run an exceptionally long run just for the hell of it. We thought we needed aid, and since none of us owned a car the designated aid had to travel by bus! We ran along the main road and he would descend ahead of us with water and a towel. Then after seeing to our needs, he waited for the next bus, overtook us and then got off again to repeat the

operation. Fortunately buses were reasonably frequent on that road in those days. The eventual distance, I found out many years later was about 13 miles. None of us knew that was half a marathon.

While we ran cross-country and graduated to track for the third summer term, none of us thought of running on the roads more than was needed to connect the country paths and trails. Neither did we think of marathon runs. We knew about Jim Peters and others, but we never thought of emulating them. They must be a special kind of person. We simply did not suppose that we might be made of the same stuff.

Then I left college, and, as was natural in those days, I stopped running. Now was the time for the serious matter of a career.

Editor's Note: Thanks to old club member John Graham for letting us use this article!!

Those were very early days ....

ON RUNNING by Bruce McGlothlin

Everytime I think of the Pittsburgh Marathon, I always think of Joanne Woodward! You probably are wondering why I would think about her and the marathon. Right?

Several years ago, there was a television show about a woman who was preparing for her first marathon. It took her through the long and arduous training sessions, buying shoes, and running the race. The star was, of course, Joanne Woodward.

Now, I watch every show I can about running, as well as read everything I can get my hands on. Most of the movies and television shows are unbelievably bad. Mostly boring and uneventful! Even with Bruce Dern - my hero! Oh, well!

But getting back to the Joanne Woodward movie, it was the only movie that ever made an emotional impact on my psyche. Most of the movie evolved around her training and preparation, but it was the race that brought about the climactic finale.

Most of us 4-5 hour marathoners can appreciate this. Her family is anxiously awaiting her finish, but after hours and hours of waiting, she still is not coming. It becaomes dark. The stands are being dismantled. The clock is taken down. There are no water stops.

She finally is in view and in the last hundred yards of the final struggle. Her family is cheering, but she falls on the pavement. She begins to crawl. The tears are streaming down her face from the emotional release of a struggle about to end. She is able to finally get to her feet. Muscles are so cramped she can barely stand.

Her family rushes to help her up! "Don't touch me!" Her struggle has taken her this far; it is her constitution that will take her by herself to the finish.

Somehow, she manages to get herself up and cross the finish line and finish tape her family has erected in her honor. She then collapses in the arms of her family.

This actually brought me to such an emotional pitch, I cried. Many of us have known that pain and frustrations that will be endured to cross the finish line. People just stared in awe at her tenacity and strong desire to finish. Only a marathoner can know that feeling!

Congratulations to all the runners who participated in the Pittsburgh Marathon! Whether you finished or not, you can say that you gave it the best you had on that day!

Good running!

Two questions Bruce: (1) who remembers Phineas T. Bluster from Howdy Doody days?? (2) are there really any hotels in Library??