
Keeping Contact

Issue 13

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January 1997



Dear DELCO members, just a short note thanking you for allowing me to serve as President this past year. Delco RRC is a great club and always a pleasure to volunteer time for. I hope you will join me in supporting the new club officers-**Byron Mundy** President, **Tom Midwood** Vice President, **Bob Huey** Treasurer and **Paul Isaac** Secretary-as they take us into 1997.

Happy New Year, and I wish you many good running miles in 1997.

Ron Grace

Running on the Road

Part I: Goshen Pass
by **Tim Wade**

This past summer and fall I had the good fortune to travel widely to various places at home and abroad where I was able to succumb to the pleasures of itinerant running. It is one of the sins of our addiction that we yearn for opportunities to bolt from our more frequented footfalls and partake the sensation of treading virgin paths. Though I regret to leave loved ones behind, the thought of impending voyages arouses a guilty secret thrill that my routine morning jaunts will be transformed to some higher astral plane where exotic adventures await around every curve and corner. Here what happened...

In June, the scene was the wilds of the Virginia mountains where I led (i.e., accompanied, chaperoned, goaded and badgered) a troop of young hooligans on a Boy Scouts of America "High Adventure" backpacking trip. Each day consisted of hiking for miles with all our gear along beautiful Shenandoah trails to a series of outposts where we rock climbed, rode horses, blacksmithed iron and spelunked. We

lived in cramped tents and cooked freeze-dried food. We splashed in frigid creeks and swatted at vampire mosquitoes. It was designed so that the boys would learn to become men, but the man learned more and became a boy again. The times were good and the running was exquisite.

Each morning I would rise at dawn (which isn't hard when you're sleeping on protruding roots) and go for a trail run before the boys burned breakfast. I had splurged and bought a pair of Adidas Trail Response running shoes just for this purpose. These loyal companions served me well as I went dashing over hill and dale. I would recommend their surefootedness and durability to anyone looking for a trail running or very light hiking shoe. Herds of white-tailed deer were my constant companions as they bounded away from this strange interloper. The same deer were never present when our boisterous mob passed the same byways. I gathered innumerable spider webs and hitchhiking burrs as I stumbled and bumbled along the trails fresh with spring growth thickets.

This joyous hour was also used as a secret recognizance of trails that we were to hike later in the day. One of the goals of the "High Adventure" is to teach orienteering and map reading skills. The leaders were instructed to let the boys set their own course between outposts and only intervene in dangerous situations. I considered any extended detour while I was carrying my pack as hazardous. While I don't mind running nearly naked for hours over mountains, a forty-pound pack cuts my range to the shortest distance between two points. I fancy that I embody more the spirit of the wolf than the soul of a mule. Early each day, for an hour, I ran the trail to and from our next outpost that would take us several hours to cover later that day. Since the adult leaders were told to always bring up the rear, I would wait patiently at intersections where the boys took the wrong path until they realized I was missing and return to course. There was one place on our meandering that would take us within a few miles of a notable gorge. "Backpacker" magazine had designated Goshen Pass as one of the Top Ten Most Scenic Places in the United States. I had mentally planned a run through the pass for several weeks, and I grew more excited as we hiked nearer each day. Throughout the week, we were climbing peaks with descriptive names: the Knob, Viewing Rock and Jump Rock.

One evening after descending a peak named Forge Mountain, and just before the morning I had allocated for my Goshen Pass pass, the boys discovered that our water purification filter was missing. It was the one piece of

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equipment that the troop had borrowed. It was not only expensive, but also crucial for our endeavor. After much discussion and finger pointing, it was deduced that the filter kit had been left at the summit of the mountain during a break. Half the boys volunteered to set out in the pitch dark, but I refused to grant permission. We would have to climb the peak in the morning and probably miss our chance to go horseback riding at the next outpost.

After the glum resignation had settled into the troop, my son, John, approached me sheepishly. "Dad, are you going running tomorrow morning?" he asked coyly. "Do you think you could run up and get it?" I didn't answer quickly. It had taken us a couple of hours without backpacks to walk the climb earlier although we had stopped several times for breaks along the way. It wasn't too steep, but it was a couple of miles along an ascending ridge line. I wasn't certain that I'd be able to run to the top, and I didn't relish the thought of the long return plunge downhill. I also knew that if I agreed to try then my run through Goshen Pass would never happen. The boys deserved to learn some sort of lesson for their carelessness, but I wanted to go horseback riding too and I was going out for a run anyway. I committed with a firm "Maybe" and went off to sleep.

The following morning barely arrived due to a dense fog that had settled overnight. Beyond our small circle of tents little was visible. I decided that I would run and retrace our steps up the mountain for a half hour or until I had to stop and walk the second time, whichever came first. Then I would return to camp, successful or not. But somewhere during the time I was tying my shoes and listening to the boys' snores, that madness which usually only takes over at the beginning of races began to flicker in my brain. This was going to be a grand competition: muscle versus mountain. Could my steel sinews conquer the granite colossus? Would I be the hammer on the Forge or the hammered?

I settled into my usual race strategy: start out too fast and prolong your death if possible. After ten minutes of running uphill, I felt totally winded, but kept moving. By twenty my thighs began to burn on each push off. I tripped on roots and fell twice. I slowed, but didn't stop. I cursed the mountain for challenging me, but fought to meet it. Every trite mantra I could think of I used to keep going: One step at a time, Just do it, Dig down deep. For thirty minutes I gritted the uphill run until my countdown alarm went off. Then, nearly at the summit, I changed the rules and kept going up. Thirty-three minutes from when I started I arrived at the summit. The filter was lying on the large rock where we had sat. I don't know how it could have been missed.

The run up had been unpleasantly arduous but the run down was likely to be dangerous if taken too lightly. Trail running requires greater concentration than I usually allot, so I'm no stranger to turned ankles and scraped knees. Before the descent I decided to catch my breath at a nearby overlook. I

was now high above the clouds in bright sunlight. I could look down on the top of the fog nestled in the pass between the ridges. Large waves slowly undulated across the upper layer. At the edges in smaller canyons, rippling eddies swirled and churned in the mist. It was like a giant witch's caldron brewing beneath my feet. It was one of the most breathtaking views I have ever seen.

Awed by the dreamlike sight, I suddenly realized that I was looking down into Goshen Pass. If I had run through on the road, I'd have seen nothing but the nearest tree trunks in the dense fog. Now I could take in most of its expanse and see it in a way I had never imagined. The ethereal nature of the scene was so unique that I can still recall almost every haunting detail. The mountain hadn't challenged me. It had called to me, beckoned me to its summit for a special showing. "If you want to see the beauty of Goshen Pass this morning, the best view is up here." Of course I was too dense to hear the invitation on its own and had to blunder my way upon it in my moronic macho way. Though I was coveting victory, the mountain remained the champion.

When I returned to camp, only my son had yet stirred from the tents. I tossed him the filter. He loudly awakened all his sleeping buddies. "My Dad ran up and got the water filter! He ran up all the way and got it!" Even if serendipity had not provided such a wondrous view, the trip would have been worth the tone of wonder and pride in my son's proclamation.

Koerner's Thanksgiving Day Volkswanderung _____ Caring to Share '96

Another cold day at the park for the '96 Volkswanderung, but approx. 100 people came to share. We had a total of 135 people donate \$650 in cash and \$900 worth of food. We would like to thank **Paula and Bob Koerner, Kathi Clatterbaugh and all the good people of Delco RRC** who made this event an success for the sixth year.



All donations were delivered to the Central Delaware County Action Food Center on Friday Nov. 29th. We received a thank letter and I am including it in this newsletter.

Well! Delco members and friends, be proud, you've done well this Thanksgiving by helping a lot of folks in need.

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Limping Towards Ecstasy or A Tale of Two Crutches

by John Greenstine

A word of advice: Don't try to use crutches in the dark. Especially that "pajamas black" on the way to the bathroom. It looks easy in daylight. It actually can be easy in daylight, on level ground, no ice or snow, with a tailwind. But never, ever, assume that you've got it made on crutches, or any other time, for that matter. All I had was a sore ankle and I managed to learn that much.

Chapter 1: Dr. Lee Techner, D.P.M., took about half an hour. Listened to my story, looked at the X-rays, moved my foot every which way, then sat down and talked with me. Eventually he said he A.) knew what it was and B.) knew how it could be fixed. Basically, like most of us, I'd been spraining my ankles all my running life and the last one was a doozy, a real black-and-blue sweller that forced me to ice and compress and elevate and stay off the damn thing for weeks. But even after it turned pink and the swelling went down, it still hurt. Scar tissue, he said, at the point of injury to the ligament, impinging on the joint. Surgery was required because at that point, months later, I'd rehabbed it as well as possible and it was still painful and weak. Going up steps was always thrilling, with the possibility of the ankle just folding under a constant possibility. So, after several months of half-hobbling through the summer, I gave in and scheduled the cut. The fun was just about to begin.

Chapter 2: Several medical mysteries that now occur to me: Why does your "hinder" have to hang naked out of your gown when you're just getting two tiny incisions in your ankle? Little kids went running out of my ward at Haverford after seeing me post-op. Secondly, what's the deal with spinal anesthetics? Felt great, no pain, just floating along. But why don't they wear off on runners? The hospital won't release you until your mechanical and plumbing systems start to function, and my legs- - indeed everything south of the border- - wasn't about to wake up anytime soon. Then the nurse warned me about rubbing my thighs to get feeling back. She assured me I could have a blood clot or embolism break free, rush to my brain and stroke or kill me. What about all those massages I've gotten after races, I countered? I could see an AMA SWAT team busting up the med tents at Boston! She speculated it was all due to my runner's slow heart rate (brachycardia, for those of you taking notes.) The fact that my heart moves more fluid per beat than the average person's didn't seem to move her off her medical high ground. Hours later I faked my recovery and was released to the world as a three legged animal, and we all know how many of those flourish in nature.

Chapter 3: The new Corestates Center is beautiful, or is it? Sure, it's got escalators to get to the upper tiers, but once you get onto the steps you better not need a handrail.

Crutches? Get outta here! My buddy took me to dinner and a Flyers game. Beautiful stadium club, friendly bloats to hold the handicap-impossible door to the gents room, but the last few steps up from the seats just cannot be done on crutches. I stopped, looking and feeling about as middle-aged as I've ever been, until a teenage look-alike for Juliet Lewis said "I'll help you!" and held my arm as I hopped up the final flight. God bless that kid, but I aged at least 10 years that night.

Chapter 4: Now, I'm at the end of the tunnel. The last week of physical therapy, applied heartily by two cheerful sado-therapists, both named Maureen, at Mercy Haverford. My personal hells are the balance board, the mini-trampoline and the Cybex. The Cybex is a strap-in and sweat affair that hums loudly while you ankle-fight it for mobility. I'd buy one if it didn't cost a zillion dollars and require an engineering degree to set up. But the tramp and the balance beam, both low-cost and low-tech devices you could assemble with a hammer, hold the real meaning for me. Proprioceptive. A big medical word for a sense of self, particularly balance. There are my friends the balance-builders, laying on the floor at rehab, waiting for me to apply them to myself. Where were they when I was waking up every Sunday for the fun run, regardless of whether I had the time or energy? Where were they when I went out running two weeks after surgery, risking the good work of my surgeon and his PT team? And how about while my wife waited on me, my leg cast on the sofa, watching football? "Honneeeyy would you bring me...."

The Moral: See, I just didn't get the message that the PT girls have been primarily teaching me to balance myself on my new foot, that running and going up steps, getting up in the night and living my life are all part of a new routine that's not easily skipped over or ignored. Hopefully, it's sinking in now. Today, I'm up to five miles each run, and the time away from the roads was a revelation. I don't recommend the discomfort or humiliation, but everyone can probably use a refresher course on crutches and how to put them aside.

People News

Don't you just love holiday traditions? The cold. The dark. The runners. The lights. The food. What? Doesn't sound familiar? Then you've been missing the "Run To The Lights," an annual Delco RRC event. After starting the usual weekday run in Springfield, most runners head to Drexel Hill to see Pflaumer's extravaganza: moving reindeer, Santa's workshop, and ALL THOSE LIGHTS! In recent years, a splinter group has been doing a shorter jog, enjoying the lights around the local area. The evening ends in a party; for the past few years, **Kathi and Mark Clatterbaugh** have been gracious enough to offer their home and hospitality. I don't know about anyone

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else, but this is one of the few holiday traditions I really treasure. Especially the catering by Mark's brother-in-law, **Clements Mayer**. (You may remember his cooking from previous Delco events like the Mid-winter Mixer.) Somehow, we managed to eat "the whole thing" this year. No small feat, even for runners.

This year's RTTL party (see above) brought out **Paula Koerner**, with husband **Bob**. Paula merits mention just for her outfit. You couldn't walk by her without wanting to put your hands all over her. *Let me explain!* She was wearing a green crushed velvet pants suit that she had made just to elicit that reaction. As Paula says, she wanted an outfit that would encourage her grandson **David Limburg** to crawl into her lap. The only problem was, everyone else wanted to do that, too!

Reports are that **Phil Kline** was beaten at Brian's Run by A PRESENT! That's right. Someone dressed in a box, who probably couldn't even see clearly, just blew by poor Phil. He's still fuming about it.

Who knew? There are people in this country...in this state...in this very running club who are SERIOUS about metric. After my little tongue-in-cheek article bashing metric races, I was set straight by **Gene Martenson** who, by the way, says that "with all the volumes of reading I have to do I always seem to find time to enjoy *Keeping Contact*." Gene explained that metric races benefit our athletes who run in international competitions. He explained that, as a nation, our absence of metric products affects our trade deficit and our nation's future security. Gene invites everyone to become better informed on this subject by joining the American National Metric Council, 4330 East West Highway, Suite 1117, Bethesda, MD 20814-4408. By the way, Gene's letter was written on stationery that proclaimed "Metric is our future!" and reminded the reader that 1 centimeter=.3937 inches. (There WILL be a quiz.)

Speaking of metric-stones, oops, I mean milestones, there are a few coming up for our members. **Beth Fellona** and **Tom Hirsch** not only celebrated a matrimonial milestone by tying the knot, they're both hitting new age groups. (I'll let you guess which ones.) Also passing into new age groups are **Mary Lou Bogdash** and **Mary Metague**.

Greg Mitchell has an interest in getting together with other runners to share the travel to races near and far. He's even talking about renting a vehicle, depending on the level of interest. He refers to it as a "Delco RRC Road Trip." He will be working with this idea and hopes to get to the next meeting to discuss it. If you're interested, track him down and let him know.

I've been meeting **Lu Sanner** in a special place, and not even my husband knows where and when we do it. I'm talking about e-mail in cyberspace. Seems Lu is quite the computer whiz on AOL. For those of you who are "connected," you can reach Lu at LSanner@aol.com.

Elaine Williams extends her "heartfelt appreciation" to the Delco RRC water stop gang at the Philadelphia Marathon.

"Your shouts of encouragement raised my spirits even higher than they already were and made me feel like 'Rocky'!", she writes. Seems she's getting quicker these days. At the New York City Marathon this year, she took 50 minutes off her previous marathon time (NYC '93); she took an additional 20 minutes off in the Philadelphia run. She says: "I know this is slow to a lot of you, but for me to finish in 4:40 including 10 'bladder pitstops' is a thrill beyond compare! Thanks for helping me to realize yet another running dream!"

--Amy Binder

Never Seen That Before On The Run... Byron Mundy can see again! In mid-conversation on a recent Saturday run, Byron's eyeglass lens popped out, hit the ground, rolled straight and true 15 feet, right into a storm sewer. Yours truly and Byron spent 10 minutes fishing by hand, without success. Later in the day, after some major drain clearing, Byron found that pesky lens. Sorry, I still wouldn't believe it if I hadn't been there!

Phyllis Botson is truly awesome. She's been in the weight room and on the roads with various running partners and the results are fantastic. She doubled at the Turkey Trot in Wilmington on Thanksgiving Day. She won the women's 10K in under 42 minutes and minutes later ran the 5K in 20:33. After that, she really deserved that second piece of pie!

Mark Oleynick received an unusual birthday gift, he thought. His wife gave him a home beer brewing kit. Mark never dreamed of such a thing. A new tool, or some running or cycling gear, but a beer kit? Little did he know that he'd get hooked on the whole thing. His private label is **Running Dog Ale** (after his Indian Guides tribal name and, of course, his four legged running partner **Luna**). Ask for it by name at your favorite distributor. Mark's been swimming each morning and reducing his running mileage to take advantage of the no-impact training.

Congratulations are due to **Mike Touhey** for his long-sought qualifier for the Boston Marathon. When his son **Mike Jr.** qualified at Hartford in the fall with a 3:02, Big Mike knew the time had come for a serious run at the necessary 3:30. On November 24, at the Philadelphia Marathon, Mike got his 3:27 and as it always happens, felt great before, during and afterwards. Look for father and son (cool Fu Manchu on Gen-X Mike) on Commonwealth Avenue in April.

Dean Dennis is in his second year of residency and will soon be specializing in internal medicine, hopefully with a practice in this area. I told him I want to sign up as his first patient. Don't know about you, but I'm eager to find a physician who really understands the effects of sustained high-effort exercise and can diagnose and treat with that in mind. Plus, he's really a great running partner and fast, too.

Why was **Nick Sacchetti** wearing a sweatshirt with the Juvenile Detention Center logo on it? I've heard of pride in

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alma mater, but that's nuts...of course, Nick works in county administration. **Steve Whitmore** explained that his company is installing the new security doors in the Detention Center and that things would be much safer after they finished.

Paradoxically, I hope so, seeing as how popular cross country running has become on that campus!

--John Greenstine

So what's with you? Drop a line to Binder/Greenstine @ 340 Kirk Lane, Media, PA 19063 or e-mail abinder@herc.com.

A Losing Battle

by Amy Binder

Sometimes I wish the weight of the world were upon my shoulders. Too often, it feels like it's around my waist or my hips.

I'm not one of those people who is obsessed with weight, but the holiday season just passed certainly hasn't helped matters any.

I signed on to a program at work called "Weigh to Go," with the goal being to maintain your weight, within two pounds, from Thanksgiving through New Year's. Talk about corporate stretch goals.

You would think that running would make attaining that goal--excuse the expression--a piece of cake. Think again, oh sweaty one. Running just makes me hungrier. It makes me feel more deserving of home fries with breakfast or dessert after dinner. Maybe it's just that the more I run with the Delco Road Runners Club, the more opportunities there are for group breakfasts and dinners.

I'm not convinced that exercise is the answer anyway.

I have a friend. I'll call her Helen...because that's really her name. This fall, Helen rode in the Multiple Sclerosis "Bike to the Bay," a 150-mile two-day event. She probably worked harder than anyone, considering she rode an old fashioned bicycle with two speeds: stop and go. Since it had been years since Helen had biked anything close to that distance, this was a real accomplishment. Disappointment, however, was what she expressed when I congratulated her a few days later. "All those miles, and I didn't lose one pound!"

My strategy for getting through the holidays was one of avoidance and denial. "Those cookies can't possibly taste as good as they look." "I don't see any shrimp in puff pastry." "That cherry tomato really was filling."

A benefit of working as a corporate speechwriter, a job also known as "spin doctor," is the ability I have developed of putting things in perspective. Notice I didn't say the *proper* perspective. Just *a* perspective. My new perspective on

generous gifts of holiday edibles was: "There is no such thing as a free lunch." While I may not pay money for that sweet potato pie, I certainly will pay for over indulgence with guilt, more miles to jog, and--if I really go overboard--higher credit card bills for the new (and bigger) wardrobe I will need.

Clothing is actually a perfect reason to maintain a stable weight. Basically, I want to fit into the things I already own. If I'm successful, I won't have to spend countless hours and dollars buying "up" for size. I also want to avoid the in-between dilemma. That's where you gain just a few pounds--too few to fit a larger size, but definitely too many to be comfortable sitting down in what you're currently wearing.

Now that the holidays are behind us, there's only one thing left for me to do. Jump on the scale at work for my final weigh-in. Did I maintain? Did I gain? I'm not sure I want to know. I'm not even sure I trust the scale. I think I was successful. My perception is that I'm basically the same old me I was before the holidays. I haven't strained any seams lately. So why not just leave it at that. Why fixate on the scale. As my running buddy Jimmy would ask: "Does 'anal retentive' have a hyphen?"

Minutes of the Delco RRC meeting. December 30, 1996

In attendance: **Ron Grace, Byron Mundy, Bill Schultz, Terry Adamson, Beth Fellona, Bob Huey and Tom Hirsch**

The meeting convened at 8:00 PM.

Motion to accept minutes of last meeting, Bill Schultz, passed

Membership Report: ~~Kathi Clatterbaugh~~, N/P

Treasurer Report: **Bob Huey**, We received \$1.00 per runner for insurance from the Water Run, a total of \$427.00.

Expenditures for the month were: RRCA dues \$221.00, insurance \$675.00, for a total of \$896.00. Balance in checking is \$12450.00. Media has received their funds.

Public Relations Report: **Tom Midwood**, N/P

Team Coordinator Report: **Larry Filtz**, N/P

Newsletter Report: **Tom Hirsch**, Keep the articles coming and the deadline is still the 20th of each month. Anyone interested in coordinating car pools to races, let me know, I'll list your name and number in the newsletter.

Old Business:

Run to the Lights: Approx. 20 people joined the run to the lights crew. The party at the **Clatterbaugh's** was a huge success. Many thanks to **Kathi and Mark** for all the food and fun time.

Volkswanderung: Weather cold, approx. 100 people came to

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the park and a total 135 people donated. We collected \$650.00 in cash and \$900.00 worth of goods. The folks at the Delaware County Action Food Center were very grateful.

Paula and Bob Koerner, thank you for your support.

Election Results: Terry Adamson reported 96 club members voted. The 1997 club officers are **Byron Mundy** president, **Tom Midwood** vice president, **Bob Huey** treasurer and **Paul Isaac** secretary. Congratulations to all and thanks to Kathy and Terry Adamson, the election committee. We received some very good comments with the ballots. We will list them in upcoming newsletters and also work on implementing the suggestions. Thank you for your response.

Dawn to Dusk: Bill Schultz reports the 50k will be Delco RRC Championship and will be held the 1st weekend in May.

Call **Bill Schultz (610) 534-2979** for more information or race fliers.

New Business:

March for Parks: Ron Grace reports this event will be held between April 18-22, 1997. This is America's largest Earth Day event. More than 1,000 events are expected to be organized to help celebrate Earth Day on April 22, 1997, raising awareness of park problems and funds for park projects across the country. March for Parks allows local volunteers to "adopt" a national, state, or city park or public open space. If funds are raised, one hundred percent of net proceeds stay at local level. All Delco members are invited to share their thoughts and/or time on this project to support our local parks, please call **Ron Grace (610) 623-3069**.

Winter Social: Byron Mundy made a motion to support a winter social with \$600.00 and an option for additional funds if needed. Motion passed. A chairperson and committee are needed. Contact **Byron Mundy (610) 534-2833**.

Tyler Trail Run: Tom Hirsch reported he applied to the RRCA to designate Tyler as the state 10k trail championship. Joanne Smith, RRCA PA State Rep, responded that our bid form looks great and a formal letter of approval will be coming shortly. All club members are invited to help make Tyler the best in the state.

Thanks To Ron Grace, Tom Hirsch, Bob Huey, and George Jacques for serving as club officers in 1996.

The next club meeting will be Tuesday January 28th at the Springfield Library, lower community room at 7:00 PM. Monthly club meetings are open to all club members.

Try to attend, we need your input.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:15 PM.
Minutes submitted by **Beth Fellona**.

Race Results

by Phil Kline

The results are only for the participants we have heard from. If we have missed anyone, sorry. Please call (610) 449-4958 and leave a recorded message with your race, time and short description of race.

Nov. 3rd. **A to Z Run** (NJ State Aquarium to Phila. Zoo)

Phil Kline 43:23

Diane McManus 47:20

Nov 9th. **Haddonfield 5-Miler**, Haddonfield, NJ

Phyllis Botson 32:10 2nd age group award

Phil Kline 34:32

Chris Verrica 37:01

Pete Belfi 38:09

(The 5:20 Library Tue-Thur group, push ups were not required after the race)

Nov.17th. **Radical Run at Healthplex**, Springfield, PA.

George Jacques 16:21 3rd Overall

Phyllis Botson 18:21 1st Female

Nick Sacchetti 19:30 1st 45-49 age group

Phil Kline 20:20 2nd 45-49 age group

Mike Belasaro 21:31

Diane McMannis 23:00

Nov 24th **Phila Marathon & 8K**, Phila, PA

Mike Tuohey Jr. 3:07

Phil Kline 3:24

Mike Tuohey Sr. 3:26

Bill Schultz 3:28

*George Jacques 28:14 8K

*Chris Verrica 38:07 8K

Nov 28th **Run/Walk for M.S. 10k/5k**, Wilmington, DE

Phyllis Botson 41:55 1st Female 10k

Phil Kline 44:02 10k

Pete Belfi 48:11 10k

*Phyllis Botson 20:30 6th Female 5K

*Phil Kline 23:00 5k

Dec 8th **Brians' Run**, West Chester, PA

Byron Mundy 40:10

Phil Kline 48:38

Dec 31st, **Race against Time**, Wilmington, DE

Richard Webb 17:00 1st in age group

Phyllis Botson

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Beth Fellona 23:18 1st in age group

Jan 1, 1997, **New Year's Day 5k**, Phila, PA

Bill Morgan 24:40 3rd in age group

Paul Isaac 29:12

Delco members, call or send your race times in, we'll print them in the newsletter. **Car Pools!** Want to be part of car pools to races? Send your phone numbers and what races you are going to, and we'll print it in the newsletter.

UPCOMING EVENTS

CLUB MEETING:

January 28, 1997

Location: **Springfield Library**

70 Powell Rd.

Springfield, PA 19064

The library is in William's Park between the tennis courts and the township building. The meeting will begin at **7:00 PM** in the lower community room. The fun run is at **6:30 PM**, so you can run, make the meeting for refreshments and share your views of the club now and in the future.

Club meetings are open to all Delco RRC members. Try to attend and express your ideas. This is your club and how it is run is how you want it. See you at the next club meeting on January 28, 1997.

Ladies and Gentlemen of Delco RRC

You are cordially invited to join in the production of club events. Your suggestions and support are always greatly appreciated. We look forward to hearing from you.



4-5-97 Tyler Arboretum Trail Run

Tom Hirsch, (610) 544-2280

Winter Social

Byron Mundy, (610) 534-2833

6-97 Junior Development Track Meet

6-97 Media 5 Miler

Rita Jordan, (610) 565-1416

Please don't hesitate to call, one more volunteer is always needed.

DELCO CLASSIFIED

HELP WANTED:

Assistant Coach for a high school track team. Experience not needed but some previous coaching would benefit this position.

Only needed a few afternoons a week and some nights when indoor track meets are scheduled. **This position is primarily for coaching distance runners.** Track distance runners compete in the mile (1600 meters), 2 mile (3200 meters) and 800 meters.

Please contact **John Ashton, (610) 544-7094.**

FOR SALE:

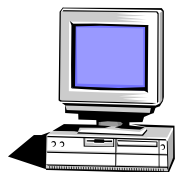
PC for Sale! \$500.00 !!!

Compudyne 486/33c with:
4 MB Ram / Exp 64 MB...64K Cache Exp 256K Super VGA Monitor...DOS 5.0, Windows 3.1 Fax / Modem with Winfax...Mouse

If interested, or for more information, contact **Mary Lou Bogdash** at work (215) 209-7423 or home (610) 623-8264. Or see Mary Lou at the fun runs.

Injured but will be Back T

Meg Nilan is recovering from an operation but she will be back in the spring. Her rehab is swimming. Get well soon, Meg and we'll see you in the spring.



RACE CALENDAR:**JANUARY**

12 **ITALIAN LAKE THREE MILER**, Harrisburg, PA; Contact Mary Ann Parmer (717) 652-2521

19 **20th ANNUAL TEN MILE ICICLE RUN** and 5k walk, Wilmington, DE; Contact Marathon Sports, PO Box 398, Wilmington, DE 19899; (302) 654-6400

25 **WINTER DISTANCE FESTIVAL TEN MILER**, Grove City, PA; Contact S. Mark Courtney, PO Box 474, Mercer, PA 16137 (412) 458-4435

FROZEN FOOT 5K, Elizabethtown, PA; Contact Dave Salmon, Elizabethtown College, Wellness Run, One Alpha Drive, Elizabethtown, PA 17022; (717) 361-1157

26 **POST PROM 5K**, Linwood, NJ, Contact Patti Jordan, Mainland Regional High School, 1301 Oak Ave, Linwood, NJ 08221

BOTTLECAPS SUPER BOWL 5K, Wilmington, DE; Contact Marathon Sports, PO Box 398, Wilmington, DE 19899; (302)654-6400 i

FEBRUARY JN

1 **ATHLETES' CLOSET WINTER SERIES 5K**, West Chester, PA; Contact Athletes' Closet, 11 N. Five Points Rd, West Chester, PA 19380; (610) 692-4922

2 **14th ANNUAL SNOWBALL FIVE MILE RUN/WALK** and one mile fun run Wilmington, DE; Contact JCC, 101 Garden of Eden RD, Wilmington, DE 19803; Attn. Scott Katz; (302) 478-5660

SHIVER BY THE RIVER # 3, 5K /10K, Reading, PA; Contact Ron Horn, 112 W. 36th St, Reading, PA 19606; (610) 779-2668

16 **36th ANNUAL WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY MARATHON and MARATHON RELAY** (RRCA MD State Championship), Greenbelt, MD; Contact GWBM, c/o Jack McMahon, 5412 Marlin St. Rockville, Md 20853

23 **18th ANNUAL ANHEUSER-BUSH COLONIAL HALF MARATHON and**

5K, Williamsburg, VA; Contact Bonita Flesher, Colonial Half Marathon, PO Box 399, Williamsburg, VA 23187; (757) 221-3362

MARCH

1 **ATHLETES CLOSET WINTER SERIES 5 MILE**, West Chester, PA; Contact Athletes Closet, 11 N. Five Points Rd, West Chester, PA 19380; (610) 692-4922

2 **15th ANNUAL NERRC WINTER 10K**, Kelly Drive, Phila, PA; Contact NERRC, 517 Oreland Mill Rd, Oreland, PA 19075; (215) 245-1849

SHIVER BY THE RIVER # 4, 5K/ 10K, Reading, PA; Contact Ron Horn, 112 W. 36th St, Reading, PA 19606; (610) 779-2668

8 **CATOCTIN TRAIL RUN, 35 km & 50 km**, Frederick, MD; Limited to first 100 entries; Contact Rick & Nancy Hamilton, 8307 Mountain Laurel Road, Boonsboro, MD 21713 (301) 733-7814 (h)

16 **CAESAR RODNEY HALF MARATHON**, Wilmington, DE; Contact Wayne S. Kursh, Marathon Sports, PO Box 398, Wilmington, DE 19899; (302) 654-6400

14th ANNUAL CITY of ALLENTOWN RODALE PRESS HALF MARATHON and Three Person Relay- 5 miles, 5k, 5 miles, Allentown, PA (William Allen High School); Contact Half Marathon, LVRR-RG, PO Box 592, Allentown, PA 18105; (610) 433-9362

22 **16th ANNUAL BANCROFT RACE 5k**, one mile, one mile fun run/walk and 40 yard dash for children five and under; Haddonfield, NJ; Contact (800) 966-0096

29 **6th ANNUAL SHAMROCK FOUR MILER**, Mt. Holly, NJ; Contact Buzz's Tavern, 100 Rancocas Rd, Mt. Holly, NJ 08060; (609) 265-8344

29 **HINTE-ANDERSON TRAIL RUN 50 km**, Susquehanna State Park, MD; Contact Jeff Hinte, 521 Windermere Drive, Aberdeen, MD 21001; (410) 272-4775 (h)

(410) 671-2901 (w), or Phil Anderson (410) 879-7679 (h)

MUDFEST 15K TRAIL RUN, Reading, PA; RRCA State Trail Championship. Contact Ron Horn, 112 W. 36th St, Reading, PA 19606; (610) 779-2668

APRIL

5 **TYLER ARBORETUM TRAIL RUN, 10K**, Media, PA; RRCA State Trail 10k Championship. Contact Tom Hirsch, 97 Powell Rd, Springfield, PA 19064; (610) 544-2280; DELCO RRC Event.

16 **MILLVILLE SPRING THAW RUN 10K/ 5K** and two mile run/walk, Millville, NJ; Contact Bruce Willson or Kathleen Campion, c/o Center for Health and Fitness, 1430 W Sherman Ave, Vineland, NJ 08360; (609) 696-3924

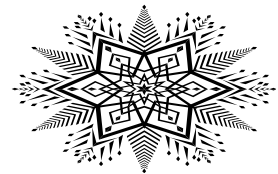
ORIENTEERING**JANUARY**

19 **EVANSBURG STATE PARK**, Montgomery County, PA; Contact Ann Fitch (215) 646-4568

MARCH

8 **NOLDE FOREST ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION CENTER**, Berks County, PA; South of Reading on Rt. 625, White course on trails. Indoor classroom instruction begin at 10:00 AM. Outdoor program begins at 11:00 AM. Program instructor Mary Frank (610) 792-0502. 5 Color Map, 1:7:500. A great place to introduce friends to orienteering.

15 **DANIEL BOONE HOMESTEAD**, Berks County, PA; Instructional Courses W, Y, From PA 422, 8 miles west of Pottstown, go north at Baumstown on Daniel Boone Road. Follow "O"- signs from Rt 422. Event director Ed Scott (610) 582-2128. 5 Color Map, 1:10,000



<p>DELCO RRC Officers: President Byron Mundy (610) 534-2833 Vice President Tom Midwood (610) 358-2052 Treasurer Bob Huey (610) 544-2849 Secretary Paul Isaac (610) 352-5308 Membership Kathi Clatterbaugh (610) 328-4987 Public Relations Tom Midwood (610) 358-2052 Team Coordinator Larry Filtz (610) 565-6957</p>	<p>DELCO RRC FUN RUN/WALK SCHEDULE (subject to change without notice) SUNDAY * SPRINGFIELD * Library, Powell Road * 9:00 a.m. MONDAY * ALDAN * Police Station, Clifton Ave. & Providence Rd. * 6:30 p.m. TUESDAY * SPRINGFIELD * Library, Powell Road * 6:30 p.m. WEDNESDAY: * SWARTHMORE * Swarthmore Presbyterian Church parking lot, Harvard Ave. near Rt. 320. * 6:30 p.m. THURSDAY * SPRINGFIELD * Same as Tuesday FRIDAY * MEDIA, during Daylight Savings Time * Ridley Creek State Park, Bishop Hollow and Barren Road parking lot * 6:30 p.m. SATURDAY * COLLINGDALE * Harris Elementary School, Sharon & Bartram Aves. 9:00 a.m.</p> <p>Delco RRC Keeping Contact NEXT DEADLINE: January 20, 1997 NEXT MAILING DATE: February 7, 1997 Articles, race report, letters, calendar listings, and photographs are welcome; material sent on disks (IBM, Microsoft Word, etc; please enclose printed copy also) is especially welcome. 97 Powell Rd. Springfield, PA. 19064</p>
<p>Newsletter Staff: Publisher: Tom Hirsch 97 Powell Rd. Springfield, PA. 19064 (610) 544-2280</p>	
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Keeping Contact

DELCO RRC
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Springfield, PA. 19064

Run For Fun And Fitness....

