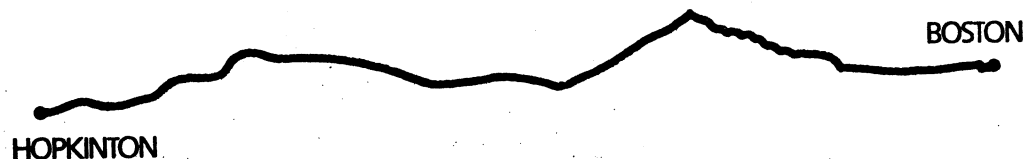


A TALE OF TWO CITIES



AND TWO YEARS

April 19, 1982

Good trainings Jan. and Feb. Overtrained in March. Injured left leg end of March. Almost no trainings in April.

Personal support crew: wife(Thea) from Minn., son(Philip) from Ill., daughter(Lisa) from Calif., niece(Nancy) from DC all present in Boston with 2 cars and lots of cameras

Hope to complete marathon in three and a half hours which will make me an official finisher.

Race number X972. Lined up in last "pen" with friend Phyllis from Mpls. Sunny, warm, wind at our backs. Running baretop.

Still in mob. Walked across starting line 2 min. 50 sec. after race started.

Some walk, some jog. Took about 9:20. Pretty well sorted by end. About 4 min. 10 sec. behind pace.

Running slightly faster than pace. Slight pain in left leg and new twinges in right thigh. Both are ignorable. Lose Phyllis. I think I'm ahead of her.

Spot Philip in crowd. He runs with me a quarter mile. Spot Thea, Lisa, and Nancy, all with clicking cameras. Great boost for spirit.

Before
the day

Support

The plan

Before
Noon
Hopkinton

Starting
line

First
mile

Hopkinton
to Fram-
insham
Miles 2-6

Framinsham
Mile 7

April 18, 1983

Good trainings Jan., Feb., and early March. Bad cold in March. Slightly undertrained in April.

Free trip to Boston as result of winning age group and lottery in Twin Cities Marathon. Thea in Boston. Four other 60+ year-olds from Mpls. area entered in race.

Hope for 3:30 at finish, which is an 8:00 per mile average.

Race number X375. Lined up in next-to-last "pen"(better qualifying time). Phyllis and 60+ friends all behind me. Cloudy, cool, wind at our backs. T-shirt and gloves.

Still in mob. Walked across starting line 2:30 after race started.

Some walk, some jog. Time for mile 9:12. Well sorted by end. 3:42 behind pace.

Running about 7:40 per mile. Feeling great. Carlyle and John (two of the 60+ from Mpls.) pass me.

No friends this year. But great boost remembering last year.

6

Screamins mass of youns women line the route. Screamins is a boost, but pressins in of crowd irritates me. Sian I'm settins tired.	Wellesley Mile 13	Even more screamins. Whole scene exhilarates me. This is fun.
Only about a minute behind pace now. But no feelins of reserve. Crowd with radios report Salazar has beaten Beardsley by 2 seconds. Tough. Beardsley is from Mpls.--in fact he sold me my racins shoes.	Mile 16	Right on pace now. I've picked up the whole loss at start. Meyer won easily this year. Beardsley didn't run.
Halfway up hill I'm gasping. Switch to a walk. Start runnings again at top, but slower. End of plan for 3:30 finish.	First hill Mile 17	Hill no problem. Less glad of chance of motion. Maintain 8:00 pace.
Whole crew there. Phil and Lisa both run with me. Tirins rapidly. Now hope for about 3:50.	Mile 18.5	Nobody there (that I know--several thousand that I don't). I feel so much better this year. Still gainins slightly on pace.
Start up infamous Newton Hills. I walk and Jos, alternately. More walk than Jos.	Mile 20	Keep pace up hills. Phyllis passes me when I set water--I pass her back when she does.
No question about this one. I walk all the way up it. And at top. I discover I can't run at all. So, I set off at a brisk walk. Goal now 4 hours.	Heartbreak Hill Mile 22	Chug up hill at 8:00 pace. Great boost from crowds at top. From now on I know its all downhill. Can't help goins too fast down hill. Look for Thea in crowd, but it's ten deep on each side and I don't see her. I'm about a minute ahead of pace.
Walk is settins slower. Take water and orange slices every chance I get. I hurt everywhere. Crowd very supportive so I stasser on. Phyllis passes me at a slow Jos. Even my walk is settins slow. Try two steps Jossins and almost fall down.	Beacon St. Miles 23-25	This must be what they call the wall. I'm workins harder but goins slower. Run a mile with Dianne. She's from Mpls. and her shirt proclaims it. Crowd cheers "Come on Minneapolis"; I pretend they're cheerins me. I'm runnings about 8:15's which should just do it.
One more mile. Lord, if you'll pick up my feet, I'll put 'em down.	Common- wealth Av Mile 25	Last mile. I keep my steady pace. Pass lots of walkers, but most runners pass me.
Old John Kelly (70+, 50th Boston) passes me. I plod on.	Mile 26	Turn last corner. See clock at finish line turn 3:29. Piece-of-cake. I smile and wave at crowd. No need to see if I can sprint.
At 4:03 I lurch across. Nobody takes my number. Phil finds me with water. cheer. I finish, even if not officially. Physically miserable, but emotionally elated.	Finish Line	3:29:47. Two seconds over an 8:00 pace--13 seconds under my goal. My number is taken. I'm given a medal. I did it. I feel great.
Gulp yogurt, coke, branola bar, water. Put on sweatshirt. Don't dare mess with long pants. Last half-mile to hotel takes at least 30 minutes. Everyone there to feed me, massage me, fuss over me. I'm a lucky guy.	Rest area	Gulp refreshment. Change into dry clothes. Start brisk walk to hotel. See Thea first thins. She runs to me. I'm a lucky guy.
Leg hurts. Doctor eventually diagnoses a stress fracture. No runnings for six weeks. Then a long, slow, but complete recovery.	Epilogue	A week later I get postcard with OFFICIAL results: 4488 out of 4828 official finishers (about 7000 starters--all those 4-hour slow pokes aren't official finishers!) and 23 out of 49 in the 60+ category. In next month I set pr's at 15K and 16.2 miles.