



In this picture Kevin's running for speed at the Jay's Hope 5K. He set a p.r. of 19:45. Photo by Sam Martinez

300 Miles, 7 Days

by Kevin Hatfield

This was the most difficult running challenge I've done. Unlike an ultra, even a 100 miler, in which you suffer and then it is done, this seemed to have no end. Each day brought more injury, worry about finishing, and less running ability. As the week drew on, the stress of the 300 mile goal was always in my thoughts, a fear that I wouldn't make it that soured everything, spoiling sleep and meals. Shaving, showers...

nothing mattered after awhile. At the end of the day I could be found in a recliner, the same pair of band-aid nipple guards from the day before having left an x-pattern on my chest, zip-lock bags of ice on my ankles. I would type up a long, rambling e-mail about the weather, injuries, thanks for pacing efforts, and an account of the mileage. Many friends tracked my progress and offered encouragement. I dreaded sending out the 'I quit' e-mail and that helped me to finish. I composed that e-mail many times though while struggling to get the miles done, noting injuries and making excuses. I lived in Coolmax shirts and singlets, Wal-Mart spandex undershorts size XL, the outer shell of Race-Ready's size L, Smartwool socks, and five new pair of Saucony's, at first opening a new pair twice a day. Lots of BagBalm, scented Vaseline were my deodorant. The later part of the week foodstuffs were: HEED, Gatorade, gels, toast, peanut butter, and Pringles' chips. I found early on in the adventure that regular food had too much fiber. Most of the miles were at the Macon Track Club's triangle route; a nice area to run as it has two aid stations. 64 miles were on treadmills, and 14 were in downtown Macon. There was cold weather at week start,

and other days brought wind and rain, plenty of foul weather. The mornings when it rained were the worst, as starting off in the wet was demoralizing.

Summary of the 300:

Sun 12-21: 50 miles
Mon 12-22: 40 miles
Tue 12-23: 15 miles
Wed 12-24: 50 miles
Thu 12-25: 50 miles
Fri 12-26: 46 miles
Sat 12-27: 49 miles

Sat 12-20 Day before week start

Ran the triangle loop once with Leora and Monika as a warm-up, helped Monika with a tree-planting. I should have spent the day buying groceries and washing running clothes. This thing wasn't well planned.

Sun 12-21 Day 1

Ran from apartment 3.7 to triangle start. The club was there for a group run. I hold back and everyone leaves me. Rudy gets a late start and we chat a little but I don't try to keep up with him. I make it to the 2nd water stop, turning around and make it back to the apartment for a little over 25 before noon. I always round down the mileage, just in case my legs break at mile 298. The winds are heavy but the early morning was the worst of the rains. Monika meets me at the loop start and paces a fast 9 miles. With her help I get done with the 50 before 5pm. At 50, 250 miles to go.

Mon 12-22 Day 2

Knock off work early to get some miles done at the Wellness Center's treadmills. Have a tough time with having eaten cereal yesterday, all day, and it's good to be near a restroom. I haven't run much on treadmills before, and am in a race against time before the gym closes at 9 pm. I get 40 miles done in small increments of 3, 5, and 7 miles. Some miles are at a 6 minute pace but most at 7, way too fast. At 90, 210 miles to go.

Tue 12-23 Day 3

Felt wiped out from yesterday. Knock off work to get in 15 miles at the Mercer U's treadmills. After finding myself out of breath walking up the stairs from the locker room, decide to go home and sleep. I am not sure about this 300 mile business. At 105, 195 miles to go.

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Running Club News:

I'm not sure if this newsletter will reach your mailbox before the annual meeting on January 19th, but if it does, please plan to attend. It will be at Piedmont Sports Medicine, 4660 Riverside Park Blvd., at 6:30 p.m. There will be pizza, prizes, and good cheer!

It's hard to believe another year's gone by already! As my term as Macon Tracks president comes to a close, I want to thank everyone for your support. With so many cheerful volunteers always ready to lend a hand, it's been a joy to lead the club this past year. Some things I'm thankful for:

- ◆ We have a healthy bank balance and a professional at the helm to keep track of it. Her name is Amy Tarpley née Galeazzo.
- ◆ The Macon Tracks Piedmont Sports Medicine Race Series will begin its 2nd year with 19 races participating. We even have a fabulous computer program written by Andi Berger to keep track of all the points, making record keeping more accurate and saving hours of work each time.
- ◆ We currently have 205 memberships, up from 138 a year ago. 8 newsletters were published this year. The website and, in particular the forum, continues to be a popular destination and a great way to communicate with each other. The new photo gallery is much more user-friendly.
- ◆ Attendance at the Macon Labor Day Road Race was up 9% from the previous year and we were able to donate over \$8,000 to other charitable organizations.
- ◆ Attendance at the Tuesday night track workout and Sunday loop run is steady. We have a lockbox at the first water stop thanks to David Tinkey. Chris Woodgeard is doing a great job as drink coordinator for the Sunday run. We even have new mile markers painted on the loop thanks to FM Barron and Sam Martinez.
- ◆ There were some very fun social events this past year hosted by Neel & Renate Dickey, Tom & Elizabeth Jones, Monika Bubacz, and The Wrights.

In short, it's been a great year and I'm very pleased to have wonderful successors on the slate for election at the annual meeting. Sam Martinez has been an excellent vice president this past year and will slide into the role of president with ease. It's fun to see him running with and encouraging the youngsters on the loop every Sunday morning. Of course, they're the only ones who can keep up with him anymore! Monika Bubacz has bravely volunteered to serve as vice president. She's the only person who ran every single race of the Macon Tracks Piedmont Sports Medicine Race Series last year. Her dedication will be a great asset to the club. She and Sam are both relative newcomers to the sport of running and will do a good job of encouraging newbies to join in the fun. Amy T. will be our CPA/treasurer—other running clubs should be so fortunate! I will continue my job as webmaster/secretary. Board members Andrew Strickland, Deb Botkin, Neel Dickey, Steve Corkery, Jim Baldwin, and FM Barron have all agreed to stay on for a second term. Please let us know if you'd like to be more involved in the club's inner workings. Many hands keep people from getting burned out.

The next big club event on the calendar is the Al Toll Memorial 5K & Masters 15K on February 21st. Thanks to Steve Corkery, the race is now in its 25th year! Online registration is now open and we will need lots of volunteers. Despite the hills, I love running this race every year and hope to see everyone there. Many thanks to our race sponsors **Run Fit Sports**, **Gateway Fitness Studio**, the **Georgia NeuroCenter**, **Heartworks**, and **IKON**.

If you haven't come to a group run yet, make a resolution to pencil one in on your schedule. Who knows, it might be the start of something big!

Kerry ☺



Bob & Anne Wright enjoy hot chocolate on the Christmas Eve Loop run (as does Phil in the background).

New York City Marathon

by Steve Corkery

Dateline: November 2, 2008

Wow, as with anyone who makes the trip to the Big Apple, the New York City Marathon becomes their life's sports experience. From the front, or from the back, the experience is overwhelming. After my knee surgery in June, I went into this event with a laid-back plan, complete with cell phone and camera, and a whole lot of anxiety. As I had shared at work, I felt like a country bumpkin going to the big city, praying that I wouldn't slip and call Central Park, "Central City Park."



This was also the year of our 25th wedding anniversary, and Laura had said that she wanted an NYC trip to mark the occasion, so, hey, why not hit both in one trip! We saw three shows in 24 hours, that's the main anniversary part of the trip (i.e., Laura!!), did some sightseeing, and had that little race on Sunday! Looking back, it's amazing how much we did pack into those few days. As for the race and its accompanying events, the expo was huge. I did get the autograph of Mebrahtom ("Meb") Keflezighi, our US marathoner who won silver in the 2004 marathon. Laura & I had our picture taken in the expo and 'texted in' to have it appear on a digital billboard at the corner of 44th and Broadway in Times Square twice on Saturday. Talk about hitting the big time ☺. Saturday night, I was feeding my anxiety fearing all the walking we had done and my already hurting knee, and the combined effect during the race.

The alarm rang at 4:45 and I was riding down the elevator at 5:45 with two runners from Italy. After trying to get on the subway in the wrong direction, I walked the three blocks to head south on the subway to jump on the ferry. A group of Japanese runners rode the same train, along with a homeless man asleep beside me. The ferry brought us right beside Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty on our way to Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island. We departed the ferry, wormed our way out of the station and were loaded on buses for the short ride to the staging area. A slew of porta-johns greeted us when we arrived. Signage was wonderful, leading us to our wave assignments, open grass (already crowded by the time I arrived at 7:15 AM), many more porta-johns, and the line of 54 UPS trucks where our warm-ups, etc. had to be turned in by 9:30. I was in the 'everyman' third wave that began at 10:20, or actually 10:18, leading to a 38 minute subtraction for me at each mile marker clock.

The NBC winner of *America's Got Talent* sang our anthem

and other patriotic songs to start each race, followed by twin howitzers, and then the unmistakable voice of Frank Sinatra, singing "Start spreadin' the news... New York, New York!" as we started up the Verrazano Narrows Bridge leading to Brooklyn. A small taste of the crowds we would encounter greeted us at the end of the bridge. Families of runners and residents of the homes yelled,

cheered and waved signs as we passed. Many had their arms outstretched to give us high-fives. I did count to 300 the folks I high-fived, big and small, old and young, just in the borough of Brooklyn. (I told you I was there for the experience!) I was struck by the ethnic communities, the languages, churches, and customs. There were times when I couldn't read the signs because of the language barrier. As runners passed who shared a common heritage, cheers would become louder. Just a really awesome experience! I took a few pictures with my camera, but more with my eyes.

I concentrated on completing 5-K's in this marathon, which was helped by the fact that each one was marked by separate timing from the regular mile marks. I had originally planned on running nine minutes, walking one, especially since it was only Labor Day when I decided to give it a shot. That only left me time for one twenty miler in training. Sure enough, I had a major cramp hit me right after taking a picture of the 20 mile mark as we crossed into the Bronx. Okay, purists, it serves me right! Anyway, a little stretching, and a lot of soul-searching got me going quickly (relatively speaking, of course) again. Before I knew it, I was back in Manhattan and entering Central Park. It was very scenic and the crowds kept us going again. Cramps hit again and I headed to the first medical station to get salt. The volunteer pulled out packets from her pocket and I continued on. A few walk periods were shuffled in to help vary the muscles being used and ensure I was able to stretch the cramps out.

There is a little stretch that goes outside the park, but then you make the final right turn to re-enter Central Park and head for the finish line. I knew I had it at that point and felt I could continue running, especially passing

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the 26 mile mark. They have countdown signs for the last 400 yards, by hundreds. The finish looms ahead as you pass the spectator stands and head for the balloons. It was the best I had ever felt crossing the finish line in many of my recent marathons with cramps under control. I had a runner from France take my picture at the photo section. I kept my emotions in check as I got my medal, Mylar blanket, and food/water bag. (I probably should have ingested more of the latter's contents, as I did have some light-headed moments in the march past the UPS trucks.) We were finally allowed out of the park at 77th Street.

I thought Laura would have finished her bus tour in time to meet me, but she ended up being back at our motel. The nearest subway stop was only 3-4 blocks down, although the steps to get to the trains kept me quite humble! I looked like Festus from the old Gunsmoke show heading down them. It took a couple of trains to fit in, then did my same trick of going the wrong way once I got up to the street level. Even the four or five block walk was exciting as I had several folks congratulate me as I made my way back to the hotel room.

A little time to recover and we went out to eat, followed by a several block walk to the post race party. We had a good time with the music, libations, and checking results, and then headed back to the hotel. The flights both ways were uneventful and pleasant. What an extended weekend, 25th anniversary, and retiring marathon! After putting this race off for two years, it was well worth the wait, and well worth *anyone's* time and effort in which to participate. My hat's off to the New York Road Runners and the thousands of volunteers, to the dream and achievement of Fred Lebow, race founder and inspiration to many, to Grete Waitz,

battling cancer right now and honored on the back of the medal, and to Paula Radcliffe, who defended her championship. And now, for the grand finale, hit it Frank ... "New York, New York!"



Laura & Steve Corkery the day after the NY Marathon.

MTRC Members Win Walk Georgia Competition

by FM Barron

Two teams led by MTRC members finished first and third in Bibb County in the fall 2008 Walk Georgia competition. Finishing first was the "Mercer Marchers" made up of Kevin Hatfield, Michael LeDoyen, Krista Wieters, and F.M. Barron. The third place team, "Mercer MUSES", was lead by Monika Bubacz. The two teams also took home the "Georgia Cup" for teams placing the highest from an institution, Mercer University. These top two Mercer teams logged



Kevin Hatfield, Monika Bubacz, FM Barron, & Michael LeDoyen bring home the hardware!

more than 5,400 miles between September and November beating out other Bibb County organizations for the title of most active institution. The Mercer Marchers logged 3078 "miles", combining all activity during the competition period.

Walk Georgia is a state-wide program sponsored by the University of Georgia Cooperative Extension designed to encourage Georgia residents to become more physically active. For each mile or minute of walking, running, cycling, fitness classes, yoga, weight training, etc, the competitors receive credit for miles based upon a pre-determined weighting factor. Each four person team's goal is to complete 60 miles per week for a total of 480 miles during the eight week competition.

The program is not intended just for individuals who can tally 3,000 miles, however. It created an environment of competitiveness that all participants enjoyed.

Each day we logged our activity on the Walk Georgia website allowing everyone to track their competitors' accomplishments. As the end of the competition neared, we increased our training schedules to maintain our position in the standings.

Perhaps the most interesting note for the Mercer Marchers was that Kevin started the competition with broken ribs from an accident where he was hit by an automobile while on his bicycle. With that handicap, he still managed to finish a close second in the individual standings.

The next Walk Georgia competition begins in March with some possible rule changes that would hold separate competitions for beginners and advanced participants. Information will later be available at www.walkgeorgia.org. Now is a good time to start forming teams and preparing for an exciting rivalry with your family and friends.

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Wed 12-24 Day 4

Run from apartment to triangle start, meeting Monika and other club members for Christmas Eve loop run. Monika paces for a fast 9, wishes me a Merry Christmas. I realize I haven't even thought about it being Christmas, or what day of the month it is. The only thing in my thoughts is the 300. The weather was warmer and I ran out of water around mile 47 for the day's 50. I was once very disappointed to step over a discarded Visine bottle when I realized it was empty, would have drank from a dog's dish that evening. Running 50 gave me some much needed confidence. At 155, 145 to go.

Thu 12-25 Day 5

F.M. paces me for 9, William runs with us for 4. I change routes, running only to 1st water stop and back since I can no longer run the triangle's hills. A hot spot starts on a left toe, put many layers of liquid skin on it at lunch. Realize I can't get my shoes back on, feet too swollen. I add toe socks, switch to trail shoes and running on the road's shoulder. I wish I had a size larger shoes but the trail shoes are the roomiest pair I have. FM, Troy, and Scott are on bicycles and find me sitting at the first water stop. I'm wiped out and not even sure I could walk back home. I'm about to call it quits when they miraculously show up. They get me to eat some, get me running again and the pace improves. Their conversation helps distract me. The bicycles form an escort, allowing me to run on the right side of the road, quite a relief to my left leg. FM has candy corn, Troy has a thermos of Amy's homemade chicken soup. Chris, who lives on the triangle loop, runs with us for 9, helping me pick up the pace, even to a sub eight fury to close the day. Having done 100 in two days has taken its toll, but I'm getting excited now, thinking "Maybe this is possible?" Lots of Advil and ice. At 205, 95 miles to go.

Fri 12-26 Day 6

Get a late start as am wiped out from yesterday. Monika, Kerry run ahead in the afternoon but just having someone encourage me is a help to my spirits. Dave with Sophie in her running-stroller pace me for 4.5 or so, Dave noting a 7:39 mile near Bolingbroke. I run some repeat out and back's to mile 2, mile 2.5 and such as they are easier. I work out of the truck as an aid station today, since the stop required to work the 1st water stop's locks is too painful. An old man on a bicycle, a fixture in the area, harasses me all week. He's particularly agitated, I've worn out my welcome, he's exhausted his alcohol. I mentioned to Dave if anyone questions my mileage that the fellow could certify them for me. It gets dark with only 37 miles done at the triangle. I finish an additional 9 at the Wellness Center, a painful 8.4 mph pace in 3-mile increments. I was determined the last day would not require 50, too intimidating. First day of significant knee swelling. At 251, 49 miles to go.

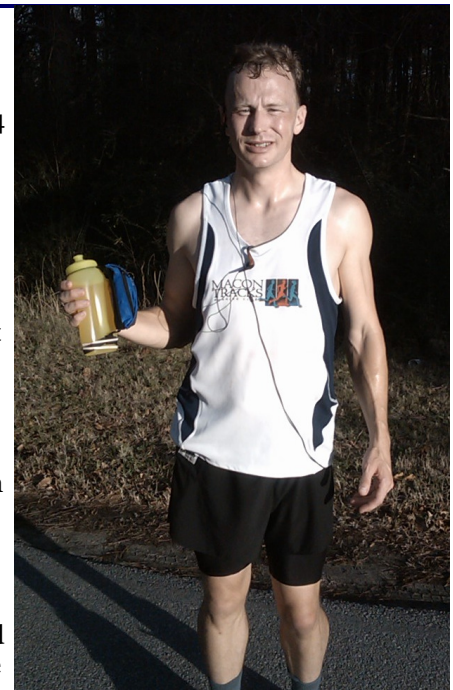
Sat 12-27 Day 7

Both Achilles are like knife cuts with each footfall. I run 14 downtown in the morning, thinking about how many miles I could walk before midnight. I drive to the triangle start and get going. It hurts so much, I just don't think I can do it. Troy finds me walking. He gets me some pain meds from the first water stop. He has some cookies Amy baked, and some candied almonds. The food and conversation help; he keeps me talking, distracted. Eventually a 13 minute pace

is achieved. Troy carries my extra bottle of HEED on the bicycle as even that is a heavy burden now. I take some Advil liquid caps when I get back to the triangle start. He takes some photos and a video using his cell; it lifts my spirits. We get some miles done, keep moving despite the pain. Amy comes by as it gets dark and has some much needed encouragement, a humorous call to "Follow the white line", and reflective gear for Troy. Troy mentions she's sent out an e-mail noting that we are in the final miles and I have a 10 minute pace. I know I'll finish, spirits are high, have swallowed my last Hammer-gel for a long time. Before starting the final 4 miles I notice Steve G. is at the start, a finish line welcoming party is assembling. Troy runs that last 4 with me, the last half mile letting me speed ahead as fast as I could. I jump as high as I can a few times at the triangle's railroad tracks with Steve announcing the finish on his bullhorn. A cheering Amy, Steve, Tim, Mandie and their son greet me as I finish. Steve offers me a chair and an IV. After sitting awhile I can no longer walk, feet and knees real swollen, legs barely moveable. Steve and Troy lift me up, help me to my truck. Tim drives me home and helps me inside. That night I don't sleep much because of the pain, and have to crawl on all fours.

Thank you everyone. I couldn't have done this without so much help and support. Thank you!


Note: The original plan was even crazier: run 96 laps around a track near the Jacksonville marathon start as a way to start the 300, and finish at the Luna Chicks 50 mile trail race near Tampa having flown down Saturday morning. The trail race was a sandy, difficult way to run 50 miles even with fresh legs. I'm glad I didn't attempt it; this was tough enough on fairly flat terrain with pacers!



Kevin at mile 282.5.

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Macon Tracksters celebrated New Year's Day in style at the historic home of Michael & Bridget Wright on College Street. We went for a run then came back for a pancake breakfast. It was fun to see pictures of previous years' New



Photo by Jason Hall

Year's Day breakfasts dating back to the 80's. Many thanks to the Wrights. Let the tradition continue!