

NEW JERSEY MARATHON MAY 2ND 2010 AND MY 50TH BIRTHDAY May 1ST

NOTE SUPER LONG BETTER HAVE A LOT OF TIME TO READ! OR DELETE NOW!!!!!!

Last year a good marathon buddy scheduled the completion of his 50 State Marathon Quest for May 2nd 2010 New Jersey Marathon in Long Branch, NJ. It didn't take me long to realize this would also be the day after my 50th birthday and what could be better than celebrating two milestones in one weekend?

I left home Friday and flew into Philly to meet my Maniac Buddy from Nashville, Diane Bolton, we had timed our flights to arrive within 5 minutes of each other. Even though the weather was good Diane's plane took off from Nashville shortly AFTER I had arrived in Philly. I didn't care as Philly is a decent airport and I had a nice lunch and caught up on lots of reading in a comfy chair by a sunny window. Diane and I arrived in Monmouth, NJ only a few hours behind schedule and drove over to our friend Peggy's place in Neptune, NJ. She had red wine and chocolate waiting on the balcony for us. We drove over to her parent's house in Eatontown, and met up with another Marathon Maniac/50 State friend Lis Cooper from Portland, OR and Peggy's sister Terry. The next morning, my birthday was hot and sunny and beautiful, a perfect day to be at the New Jersey Shore. Our plans for the day included grabbing coffees, and porkroll from Bagel Master, then Expo, 50 State Meeting and a dinner for all the 50stater and Marathon Maniacs in town. However we got off to a very slow and interesting start. On our way for coffee, Diane and I spot a garage sale, always on the lookout for bargains, we persuaded Peggy to stop. Diane scored some great designer clothes, lots with the price tags still on and we debated a big 25cent purchase of the Alaska Travel Companion paperback version.

As we all
have AK
race this
year we
needed this
book.





Bargains
for this
savvy
shopper!

After spending a little too much time snooping through the deals Peggy reminded us we had to get over to Bagel Masters to take part in a New Jersey tradition...the pork roll! However, I had noticed on the drive, Ft Monmouth, a military installation due to close in 2012 and wanted a quick photo, I persuaded Peggy to pull over into a large driveway marked "Do not Enter" directly opposite the Fort. I dashed across the street, Iphone in hand to click off a quick picture of the sign on the wall outside the fort. No sooner had I taken my picture then the Military Police, about 50 feet up the road at the guardhouse summoned me. Naively thinking he was probably going to offer me a map etc. I walked over and was asked if I had taken a photo, of course this good Catholic girl could not tell a lie. I said yes, just one of the sign. I was told that was illegal and it would need to be called in and a base commandant, aka Sgt Schultz would have to delete the photo! I had to wait about 30 minutes, while the army guys looked through my pics. I thought I had better act nice and we spent time chatting about marathons as well as watching rolling video of my dogs all the while thinking how I was going to stay out of the brig and preserve my son's ROTC scholarship! The sergeant asked if my car was the one across the road, I replied in the affirmative and said my friends were over there waiting for me, he asked do they have phones. I answered, "who doesn't", he asked are they taking pictures? I assured him they weren't. oops bad lie! I was allowed to return to Peggy's car and produce my id and the officer would be over to fill out some paperwork. I got to Peggy's car, she was somewhat distraught as the pork rolls experience was waiting and Diane was sitting in the front street Facebooking the whole episode. A picture of the Ft and me was already in Cyberspace, I quickly warned her to hide the phone and Officer Friendly finished, while jokingly? trying to collect a \$200 fine but knocking it down to \$50 due to my birthday! Finally we were allowed to leave, a quick stop to meet friends at Starbucks down some caffeine to sooth are already frazzeled nerves and read the comments that Diane's Facebook picture had already started to generate, all the while wondering when the MP would be coming to arrest us! Pork rolls are overrated! Basically a piece of lunchmeat, with an egg, cheese and ketchup sandwiched between an oversize bagel. But even that purchase included drama! Bagel Master's was jammed packed, it was almost noon and the line was long and unruly, with little to guide our purchase we out of towners asked too many dumb questions and took pictures of the event, much to the disgust of the rather youngish crowd waiting for their artery clogging delicacy. Lis had to discuss religion with one young man who rather rudely invoked the

name of God because we stupidly did not get out of his way quick enough.



Back to the McKean homestead and a chance to meet Emmitt. Emmitt is the neighbor cat, who heads over every single morning across the yard to partake in a home cooked breakfast of chicken prepared especially for him by Peggy's mom. He's cutie and was only somewhat stunned to find the kitchen filled with porkroll and 5 additional pairs of feet in running shoes. We managed not to step on Emmitt and enjoyed our brunch with



him.

Next order of business, pile into the McKean van and off to Pier Village, shopping, dining, hotels and the reason for our visit, packet pickup and the 50 State reunion meeting on the Long Branch, NJ boardwalk. Traffic was unbelievable, I guess sunny and high 80 degree temps was bringing everyone out to the beach, the McKean's had a secret parking spot and we were quickly into the Marathon Expo. It was a good one, filled with lots of different vendors and the always-friendly Diane Bolton was quickly recruited as an online video spokesperson for Inspiration Sleeves on what inspired her to begin the quest.



Diane
recording
debut for
Inspiration
Sleeves

The McKean's could not believe how much time we spent at the expo but we were really only there a short hour. I scored a cute rhinestone encrusted heart shaped gewgaw, meant to be threaded through a shoelace. It said New Jersey Marathon 26.2 with the date and a very cute long sleeve race tech shirt with a colorful map of the course on the back which would come in handy the next night over dinner while we

relived our race experiences and we could easily point out where things took place. Of course by now we were hungry again and could not resist Cake Bake and Roll. The shop that sold pastries and ice cream was too cute. Inside the most glamorous pastries were displayed under beautiful art glass light fixtures, the ice cream was in a revolving circular ‘Wheel of Fortune’ type contraption all color coordinated by flavor. We all went outside to eat and while charging my phone and enjoying the sun, I noticed the landscaper changing out the flowerbeds. The tulips were being yanked from the ground and tossed into his trash barrel. Well I was in the Garden state, I considered my self an avid Gardener so I did what any frugal self respecting Gardener would do? I asked if I could have some of the castoffs. Mrs. McKean got into the action too and together we salvaged a few dozen bulbs for our own gardens. Call it recycling, call it weird, much to the amusement of our friends we still had fun. A quick photo op outside the famous Stone Pony was next (the boss Bruce Springsteen played there) Next stop, liquor store. The dinner spots for after the 50 State Meeting was BYOB and we needed to stock up. Interestingly enough we were traveling with Lis Cooper (OR) a total wine connoisseur and we hit wine tasting at the local wine shop, while Lis and the sommelier talked shop, we shopped for that evening’s refreshments. Well stocked we headed back to Pier Village, chased down another parking spot and arrived at the end of the meeting. Our buddy Tim (IL) and his family had just arrived, only slightly frazzled from a long car ride in from Chicago with family whom we were all well acquainted with. Over to Atillioes for dinner, about 30 plus of us gathered to celebrate with Tim on the eve of the completion of his 50 states the next morning. Diana Burton, one of the two lovely Liberty Ladies produced the silver sharpie and a bottle of bubbly for everyone to sign, before she presented it to Tim and unbeknownst to me had gotten a bottle for me too to commemorate my 50th birthday. Dinner was fun, even though the lone waitress and 30 plus single checks put her over the edge. Even Dave Bell (CO)helped bring out plates, not sure how much of the tip she shared with him.



A Carvel cake brought back memories of working in my uncle’s store in Chicago. I made the Flying Saucers!



Tim giving credit to Lois Berkowitz for giving him the incentive to follow his passion and run a marathon EVERYWHERE! (Meow!)



My birthday champagne bottled signed by the group! Thanks Diana Burton! You are too sweet.

Finally back to Peggy's, the alarms are set and we are asleep but not before checking the weather, yup the unprecedented heat wave at the NJ Shore would continue. We quickly eliminated half the stuff we packed and hoped there would be plenty of water on the course. Our VA friend, Jackie Ong and her husband arrived around 7 am. They had driven in that morning from VA. Jackie's husband Alfonso is an architect and was thrilled to put his sketchpad and hours of free time to use sketching some of the beautiful buildings along the course. The RD had changed the start time this year to a leisurely 9am start, which would pose additional problems as the day, warmed up.



Marathon Man” looking calm and collected before the



start Peggy, me, Jackie Ong, Tim and Diane at the start how long before we shed the extra layers

We found our friends the Boones and discussed strategy: pretty much the consensus was take it SLOW. It took several minutes to get to the start line and I ran with Maricar Korff (Liberty Lady) and Paula Boone (head honcho 50 States Club) and David Williams, we had some lively X rated conversation much to the amusement of the other overheated marathoners. New buddy, David Williams (TX) ran about 7 miles with us, he had recently completed his round of all the states. He wisely decided it would be a good idea to get lunch and cheer us on from the sidelines. All the taunts, Maricar and I could come up with did little to change David’s mind, so we carried on alone. It was time to be introduced to the “Ice Chest”. Awhile back during another especially hot marathon Diana Burton (Liberty Lady) had shown Maricar that if she stuffed her sports bra with ice she could easily cool off and continue the race. Marciar explained the fine art to me and even though I wondered how I would explain the freezer burned body parts to the husband I had left behind at home

I was hooked. Nothing like jingling down the streets to the shocked reactions of the male runners who wondered where the noise was coming from! It was great fun seeing all our friends on the course and on the sidelines. The McKean’s manned mile 18 and we took time to pose for photos, Tracey Newenhouse (Maniac friend from NJ who had just flown in from her race in NM the day before) saved us twice with her secret cooler of ice and water bottles. Alfonso cheered us on and took pictures too. Hopefully we still looked presentable. Not a lot of food on the course like other years per Maricar, though Lis did manage to attend a roof top party at a house on each loop, where she enjoyed champagne and snacks. Lis is a gas to marathon with always finding excitement. The sun was

beating down on us the whole day and the heat was oppressive until we hit the almost two mile section along the boardwalk where the wind off the ocean was SO COLD, we had goose bumps and seriously wondered if we were dehydrated. The local residents were wonderful and set up hoses, tubs of water, with buckets to dump on ourselves, sponges and more.



Meeting friend, Jeff Venable (TX) dressed to celebrate!



Hotter at mile 18 Oceanport, NJ

The race ends on the boardwalk, a welcome reprieve to the hard asphalt of the last 20 plus miles but it proved a challenge in itself, as it was full of pedestrians heading to the beach, strolling, tumbling out of bars, etc. We dodged strollers, multiple large and small leashed animals, colorful shopping bags, walkers, canes and even a wheelchair but Maricar, the local had a commanding presence and announced our arrival “**MARATHONERS COMING THROUGH!**” to those blocking the way and we easily sprinted the last mile in what seemed like a 4-minute mile pace! I was first announced as the second half of the leading ladies, (The race director in NJ is always certain to see

Maricar and Diana together in their matching Statue of Liberty crowns)but after a double check the announcer quickly corrected himself and my claim to fame was over and I was only Annette Wulffe of IL AGAIN!



No way could we have finished this w/o each other!

The finish was freezing cold: the wind off the ocean was intense and we were dripping wet from all the hoses we had run under and no space blankets were offered. I found that if I squatted in front of the open side hatch of a nearby-parked ambulance, that the heat blasting forth from the exhaust pipe might actually dry a layer of my clothes if it didn't asphyxiate me first!



!st medal w/ a white ribbon 1/43

Maricar and David Williams dashed off for food, I found Lis and Peggy who had cleaned up as she had run the half and Diane Bolton as well as Tim's family. The

youngest Marquardt ran alongside the finishers and probably put in several miles himself while waiting for dad to come along. We all waiting for Tim who appeared out of nowhere in a dramatic finish. It seems the official wanted to divert him and have him DNF even though he wasn't even close to DFL! He told him where to go and finished his 50th state to rounds of huge hugs from the family and cheers from his friends. We enjoyed Tim's giant cake at the hotel, then back to cleanup and party number two. Peggy arranged to have dinner at a nice place on the water, Sallee Tees. They held our table even though we were almost an hour late. Food was good, and we had too much fun reliving the day. Back to Peggy's, only to find her air conditioning had given up and our hot day continued into the night. We managed to rest and woke early ready for our last day of touring the NJ shore, we gathered for a wonderful breakfast in historic Ocean Grove. I was surprised with yet another gift, this time from Mary Ann McKeans neighbor. Donna has a beautiful garden surrounding her house and as I had wondered over to meet her on Saturday enticed by the garden she had graciously sent along a clipping from her Carolina Spice tree!

We then saw some more sights. In season people inhabit these rather ornate tents. Since 1870 tenting is a treasured way of life here, today there are 114 tents nestled around the Great Auditorium and tents are passed on generation to generation.



Most are charmingly customized. Even our NJ friend Tracey has one handed down to her from family!

Next to tent city we toured the Great Auditorium, (originally called the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association) with our tour guides Big Al and Mary Ann. They persuaded a nice man working around the building to allowed us to enter and even turned on the lights for us. The Great Auditorium is almost the size of a football field. It continues to be used for Sunday services during the summer and serves as a showcase for the world's great preachers and evangelists. Billy Sunday, Billy Graham, Gypsy Smith and Norman Vincent Peale are among the well-known personalities who have addressed the congregation. In 1908 it was extended to make room for the Hope Jones pipe organ one of the largest in the world. Everything is wood and the altar still has the old padded communion rail and kneelers. Of course Annette and Diane could not resist striking a pose recalling our own first communion days!

Around the corner were the burnt out remains of the famous Manchester Hotel, which caught on fire March 13, several homes were destroyed but the cute little car is still parked outside the fenced off area, amazing how it remained unscathed!



Manchester
Inn, notice
the car!
Before fire



The same
car, 1969
Austin
Mini Mark
II May
2010



This sign is
posted
outside the
burnt out
area

Our NJ weekend was drawing to a close, Diane and I drove back to Philly to fly home, suitcases bulging, even my tree made it through the TSA inspection, I guess Agricultural

Terrorists were not on the watch list. We made our plans to meet the next week at Ohare and drive to Lake Geneva to run their hilly challenging marathon. It would be state 45 for Diane, as she is soon to finish her quest in HI! in June. I think more parties and trips are in order!