

DELCO RRC MEMBERSHIP MEETING

MONDAY AUGUST 29, 1994

PRESENT

STEVE WHITMORE	PRESIDENT
RON GRACE	VICE PRESIDENT
BOB HUEY	TREASURER
BOB HUGGINS	NEWSLETTER EDITOR
	TEAM COORDINATOR
KATHI CLATTERBAUGH	MEMBERSHIP
DAVE ANDERSON	TOM HIRSCH
JOHN GREENSTEIN	AMY BINDER
RITA JORDAN	BILL KRIEDER
PEGGY BOBECK	

MEETING WAS CALLED TO ORDER AT 7:49 PM BY PRESIDENT STEVE WHITMORE.

MINUTES FROM THE LAST MEETING WERE READ AND ACCEPTED AS READ. BOB HUGGINS/ SECONDED JOHN GREENSTEIN. JOHN THANKED RITA JORDAN FOR TAKING THE MINUTES FROM THE LAST MEETING.

SPECIAL GUEST WERE ALSO PRESENT ROB AND STEHPANIE O'BRIEN
STEVE INVITED ROB TO SPEAK.
ROB & STEPHANIE TAKE KM A MULTI MINERAL, NATURAL HERBS &
ENZYME SUPPLEMENT . IT HAS HELPED THEM AND THEY WOULD
LIKE TO MAKE KNOWN TO RUNNERS, BIKERS, SWIMMERS, ANYONE
WHO IS ATHLETIC HOW MUCH BETTER THEY FEEL AFTER TAKING KM
AND OTHER MATOLA PRODUCTS. ROB DESCRIBED THE MATOLA
PRODUCTS THAT ARE AVAILABLE KM, IS AVAILABLE IN LIQUID
OR TABLET FORM. THEY ALSO MAKE POWERZONE BARS AND DRINK.
MEAL REPLACEMENT SHAKES AND BARS
AS WELL AS ANTI OXIDANTS. ROB DESCRIBED EACH PRODUCT AND
HOW IT WILL BE OF BENEFIT TO RUNNERS. FOR MORE
INFORMATION ON MATOLA PRODUCTS CONTACT:
ROB OR STEPHANIE O'BRIEN
938 EDWARDS DRIVE
SPRINGFIELD, PA 19064
610 543 4150

DELCO RRC MEMBERSHIP MEETING

FOR SALE

SINGLETs AND SWEAT SHIRTS W/ DELCO LOGO. CONTACT BOB HUGGINS 610 583 0160 OR JOHN GREENSTEIN.

TREASURER - BOB HUEY

MELLON/PSFS ACCOUNT \$9300. WE HAVE NOT SPLIT WITH MEDIA BORO THE PROFIT MADE ON THE MEDIA RACE.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR - BOB HUGGINS

WE HAVE LOST OUR PUBLISHER RITA SENDEROFF. RITA SENT STEVE HER RESIGNATION. PLENTY OF ARTICLES - NEED TYPIST!! STEVE WHITMORE HAS STATED THAT MARIDEL WHITMORE WILL DO TYPING.

WE REGRET THAT RITA SENDEROFF HAS RESIGNED. RITA AND FRED SENDEROFF HAVE WORKED MANY HOURS AND FOR MANY YEARS TO HELP DELCO RRC. THANK YOU FOR ALL THE MANY YEARS OF WORK AND HELP YOU HAVE GIVEN DELCO RRC. THANK YOU AGAIN RITA AND FRED.

TEAM COORDINATOR - BOB HUGGINS

PHILADELPHIA DISTANCE RACE ON SEPT. 18TH WIL HAVE ONLY ONE DELCO TEAM A MEN'S MASTER TEAM.

MEMBERSHIP - KATHI CLATTERBAUGH

NEW POST OFFICE BOX 206 IN SPRINGFIELD. RRCA LIST DUE FOR INSURANCE AND DUES BY SEPTEMBER 25TH. ANYONE NOT REISTERED BEFORE THIS DATE WILL BE DROPPED.

OLD BUSINESS

WOMEN'S DISTANCE FESTIVAL SEPTEMBER 24TH AT RIDLEY CREEK STATE PARK 9:30 AM 5k RACE
EVERYTHING IS MOVING ALONG. SHIRTS ARE IN. WOMEN SEND IN YOUR ENTRY FORM AND MEN VOLUNTEER TO HELP.

DELCO RRC MEMBERSHIP MEETING

SUMMER SERIES AUGUST 16TH ROSE TREE PARK
SIXTY ONE RUNNERS COMPETED

1ST MAN - FRANK NESBIT 16:24

1ST WOMAN - FRANCES DAGEL 19:45

A PROFIT OF \$27 WAS DECLARED BY STEVE WHITMORE.

PHILADELPHIA MARATHON WATER STOP TO VOLUNTEER CALL RON
GRACE AT 610 623 3069.

PROPOSED ADMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION TABLED FORM LAST
MEETING WAS WITHDRAWN BY AMY BINDER.

WE WILL TRY A QUARTERLY FINANCIAL REPORT FOR NOW.

ANY SUGESSTIONS FOR THE GESTTNER MACHINE??????????
DONATE TO ORGANIZATION?? SELL?? JUST DISCARD??

NEW BUSINESS

DELCO CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

OCTOBER 8TH ROSE TREE PARK

TOM HIRSCH STATED WE NEED NEW PENNANTS FOR THE FINISH
LINE AND WHITE CHALK TO MARK COURSE. IT WOULD ALSO BE
A GOOD IDEA TO PURCHASE A MEASURING WHEEL. DISCUSSION
FOLLOWED.

RON GRACE MOTIONED TO ALLOCATE #300 FOR DELCO CROSS
COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP ITEMS TOM HIRSCH WILL PURCHASE
SECONDED KATHI CLATTERBAUGH, PASSED
MARTIN DEENEY WILL DO REGISTRATION. VOLUNTEERS NEEDED
CALL STEVE WHITMORE 610 544 3864.

A DISCLAIMER WILL BE PUT ON ALL DELCO RRC RACE FORMS
IN THE FUTURE.

MOTION WAS MADE BY BOB HUGGINS TO ADJOURN AT 9:16 PM
SECONDED BY DAVE ANDERSON.

NEXT MEETING SEPTEMBER 26TH SPRINGFIELD H. S. COMMUNITY
ROOM 7:30 PM.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

Cecy Gabick

Editor's Note: The following unsubstantiated report comes from Tim Wade who was supposed to be on a scientific research expedition for Drexel University on the island of Kiritimati, Republic of Kiribati. While Tim's description of the island, 1200 miles south of Honolulu on the equator, seems accurate, his reputed strong placing in the Fun Run makes the entire story suspect...

The Bank of Kiribati, Ltd. - Fun Run
by Tim Wade

During a sightseeing tour of the town of London (population 1066) on the island called Kiritimati, formerly Christmas Island, I came upon a group of notices tacked onto the side of a one room store. The posted bills were announcing festivities planned to honor the 15th Anniversary of Independence from Great Britain for the nation of Kiribati. The Kiribati language, like many Oceanic languages, has only about a dozen consonants but makes up for this shortage by melodically repeating many short syllables (think of Waikiki in Honolulu). On the agenda for the day, I could barely decipher the opening celebration which I had just attended. Actually I could only translate the date, time and "soccer" field where the event was held. The rest of the day must have been full of wonderful events but I could only make out the times for the soccer playoffs among the Island's four villages. But then "What to my wondering eyes should appear" on the next day's agenda but, in English yet, "The Bank of Kiribati, Ltd. Fun Run" at 9:30 a.m.

Under the English subtitle, however, all the pertinent information was once again in Kiribati. Now motivated, I became an expert translator. I decoded that the route would start in London and proceed down the road, the only road on the island I cleverly assumed, to the village of Tabakea (pop. 740) and finish at the "transmitter" there. There was a list of 53 men ("mane") and 14 women ("aine") who had already entered. I recognized one of the "mane" listed --John Bryden-- the local entrepreneur from whom we'd been contracting various services like construction and truck rental. John is a personable red-haired Scotsman whose business attire always consisted of a pair of Saucony Jazz 3000's.

Back at the research site, I tried to drum up interest among our little group of scholars and scientists but was met with the usual blank stares and quick denials that nonrunners return on such occasions. Finally, a New Zealander of the bunch, David Wylie, joined in that he'd be "game for a little go round with the local boys." For those of you not familiar with the Kiwi mutation of the English language: Dave said he'd run too. Now I have to take a moment to mention that Dave is a dead ringer for the actor Mel Gibson. At 29, and single, Dave looks like the young Mel of early Mad Max fame. With only Dave and me running from the research group, first American seemed like a lock.

We checked later that night with John Bryden and found out that he had not signed up but that his wife, Anna, had entered him. John backed out due to a knee injury...even in paradise these things happen! Luckily Anna was running and one of their sons was planning to do the kid's portion for his home school, Banana (pop.666), one of four schools competing in three age brackets for cash prizes. The top three places in the road race would also get cash prizes: 50, 30 and 100 dollars Australian, plus a tee shirt. Everyone else got a certificate of participation and there was no fee to enter. I tried to explain our system where you pay to enter and everybody gets a tee shirt but that seemed backward to them. Likewise backward was my translation of the direction of the course, we were starting in Tabakea and running into London!

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Creggy Babcock

The next morning, Dave and I arrived early with the intention of leaving our truck at the finish of the race and walking back to the start. We measured the route with the truck speedometer since the estimates we'd been given ranged from 2 to 5 miles. It looks like it was exactly a 5K race. The finish line, the Bank in the commercial district, was deserted and, while we were standing there wondering if we were in the right place, not that there are many other places in London, Kevin Anderson pulled up in his Dive Kiribati truck.

Kevin, an ex-Californian runs a scuba/snorkling boat and shop for the few tourists here. He had spotted our obvious befuddlement at no prerace activity. The whole business end of town was empty on this the second of the three day holiday. He gave us a ride back to the start and stated the obvious for us neophyte islanders: "It's going to be hot, you know." This was half a warning and half a certification of our madness. Though still only around 9:00 a.m. the equatorial sun was already high overhead firing down all those deadly UVA and UVB rays.

The start of the race was the transmitter at Tabakea. Actually it was where the transmitter "used to be" according to Anna. This reminded me of giving instructions in Upper Darby "Go down Marshall Road and turn left where the big tank used to be." There was no one at the starting area either. Dave and I noticed a sign proudly pointing to a "Seven Headed Coconut Tree" but we couldn't find that either. Standing in the middle of the road we noticed its textures. It had been constructed years ago when the British and Americans had nuclear bomb test bases here and the upper layer had worn off long ago. Only a very rough underlayer of aggregate coral pebbles, the size of golf balls, remained.

I mention the road surface because when the local runners started to arrive the first thing we noticed was that almost no one was wearing shoes! Most of the people go barefoot their entire lives here. The human foot spreads out naturally without constraints. The local competition would only fit in New Balance triple E's if running footwear was available here, which it isn't. Dave and I were nattily attired in Sauconys and Air Skylons, running shorts and singlets. I was proudly flying Delco blue and white far afield! We had sun glasses and hats, no one else did. Most of the men and women wore soccer shorts and a wide variety of tee shirts from "Chicago Bulls" to "Kona Warrior."

The Kiribati people are Polynesian, brown skinned with straight jet-black hair. They were very friendly and quick to smile at us. For those of you paying high dental bills, I add that their teeth are brilliantly white and all seem in perfect condition. The local diet is rice, coconut, fish and breadfruit. So get your kids off Snickers and Coke if you want to save some money. Their teeth are straight too. An orthodontist would starve here.

We sized up the other runners and thought they were coolly judging the foreign competition. If only we'd been Kenyans, they'd have had more to worry about. There were now a few dozen runners milling about waiting. Nine-thirty, ten, ten-thirty passed. No sign of any official starters. By now two of the men had come over and were practicing their English on us, quite well in fact. They were typical runners before a race. "Well I haven't been running much lately... My leg's been hurting a little..." They did inform us that this was the first time a road race was being run on the island and that events here never start when they are supposed to.

Dave and I were wilting now in the bright sunlight. We had left our meager supply of "safe" drinking water in the truck at the start. The other runners, we finally noticed, had the common sense to sit in the shade of the palm trees all about. The two beige guys were imitating "mad dogs and Englishmen." To quench their thirsts the islanders were climbing the palms for coconuts. They

would grasp either side of the vertical trunks and just walk up. Their splayed toes gripped like another set of hands. The looming battle between high tech sneakers and low tech feet was beginning to look a podiatry Vietnam.

Eventually, closer to eleven, the local president of the Bank of Kiribati showed up in his station wagon with the police escort motorcycle. He apologized for the late start which had something to do with the children's races. Then it was time for roll call! He called out the name of everyone who'd signed up. Acknowledgments were made and excuses presented for those absent. After the roll call, the banker, clad in his business attire, a flowered shirt, shorts and flip-flops, addressed Dave and me in perfect English telling us the route and thanking us for coming.

The start was the same as road races everywhere: last minute self seeding, nervous glances, butterflies, then the horn. Everybody went flying out like it was a 100 yard dash. I decided my only strategy was going to be beating Dave. He had given me his camera about one minute before the start and asked me to carry it in my belly pack. He'd also downplayed his ability as a runner and protested he was out of shape. Now he had a twenty yard lead ten seconds into the race. This was beginning to look like serious work instead of a romp in paradise. I sprinted up to Dave. He sped up. I caught up again and he went ahead a second time. I decided to hang back about five yards.

The rest of the contestants began to fall into their true paces. Like many novice road racers, and some veterans who will go unmentioned, they were metamorphosizing from rabbits into turtles. A couple of soccer players though were pulling away from the pack easily. Where do these fleet feet types come from? Another gang of about a half dozen were between the front runners and the two pasty foreigners. Dave was setting a hell of a pace. I was trying to remember what my personal best was for a 5K. In my sun stroked exertion I was having trouble accessing those files. I sprinted again and caught up to Dave whereupon he matter-of-factly stated, "I'm going to walk a bit now." And he did. I looked at my stop watch: 5:38. I figured we were one mile into the race... Stop laughing please. My foolish strategy garnished with some dormant nationalism and the ever popular machismo had left me burnt, inside and out, with two thirds of the race to go. I cursed Dave, New Zealand, the whole British Commonwealth, Diane and Charles, the Queen and her mother who wears those horrible outfits. I was blaming everybody but myself. I can't help it, I'm a man.

Quickly I rallied with three thoughts in mind. First, this is what running is all about: undertrain for weeks then push beyond your limits. Secondly, as the designated representative of the self-proclaimed greatest civilization on the planet I had to prove that first worlders hadn't all gone soft and mushy living in luxury. Thirdly, there was water in our truck at the finish line. The real reason I wanted to beat Dave was so I could drink all the water before he got there. This last thought took over my mind. It was now about two hours since my last drink. I could hear the breakers of the Pacific Ocean about a hundred yards to my right but "not a drop to drink." No water stops on a 5K is not unusual but it seemed like torture here.

The course was a scene from a Cezanne painting and/or Gilligan's Island, depending on your cultural background. After leaving Tabakea, the road was flanked by palm trees which were not waving in a breeze. The atoll's lagoon could be seen through occasional breaks on the left while the ocean could only be heard on the right where it was hidden by a dense, impenetrable mass of salt bushes. We passed the Tennessee Primary School, built by volunteers from the Volunteer State, and the newly painted storage tank of the Kiribati Oil Company. These two installations appeared suddenly from the coconut groves and were just as quickly swallowed by more palms. A few abandoned trucks could be seen periodically rusting quickly away in the salty air.

Finally the outskirts of London were visible. The majority of homes here are "government houses," prefabricated two or three room single story rectangles with corrugated metal roofs that have a gutter system which drains into large round tanks sitting adjacent to each house. These cisterns collect all of the drinking water for the residents. The ground water here is too brackish to drink but is used for laundry and cooking. This is a desert isle with very little rainfall for most of the year. The residents of the villages here cook on open fires in their yards. The fuel is coconut husks which burn with a smoldering, sooty fire. With hundreds of these fires burning there was a smoggy haze to greet the runners. I was choking but the throngs of villagers clapping and calling out as we passed helped improve the "atmosphere." They had the good sense to be clumped on porches or under trees in the shade. There were more spectators than at most U.S. Road Races. Of course, this was the only show in town.

Keeping a steady pace due to my mantra, wa-ter, wa-ter, I had pulled up to fourth place. Experience does win over enthusiasm on death marches. Third place, who was wearing basketball shoes, was fading fast. Diplomatically and happily, I hung back from him about five yards until we reached the middle of London when I drew up alongside. As he faltered, I encouraged him with "Come on, we're almost there." He was about seventeen or eighteen, not in age group, so I could afford to be magnanimous. His country men began yelling something that I took to mean "Beat that old man." He surged and I followed. We sprinted the last quarter mile. The people were shouting louder and we gave them a good show. He kicked with one hundred yards to go. I ate the coral dust he left in his wake.

They handed out numbers on squares of cardboard as you crossed the finish. There was no clock and no timers but about a hundred school kids cheered every racer. I clutched my precious 4 and fumbled for the camera to capture Dave as he finished. He also lost a late sprint with a local and was ninth. We quickly consumed our "safe" water and, dysentery be damned, graciously downed the water that was offered. We took our numbers over to the bank where letter-by-letter we spelled our foreign names which were typed on certificates. Our names are much shorter than theirs and the lady looked up at me after my final "e" and said, in English, "That's all?"

Award ceremonies everywhere take too long so there was time to look around. About fifty of the boys had doffed their clothes and were now skinny-dipping off the nearby wharf. As they dove off the piers into the crystal water not a tan line was to be seen. There's no untapped Speedo market here. The school sat on the porch of the bank, which looked much like the homes except for a sign and two inch Masters padlocks which secured the valuables inside. The girls played jacks with old tennis balls and stones or else rhythmically clapped and sang in small circles. Sometimes a brave scout would come over to Dave and I and then run back giggling to report on our strangeness.

At last the awards were presented. A fourth village, Poland (pop. unknown) took most of the kids' age brackets. The road race winners were loudly applauded although the winner's father accepted for his son who was swimming. Dave and I were warmly cheered as all the certificates were individually presented. Mine will get framed to hang proudly beside the Boston Marathons. Two great lessons I'll take from the run. First, runners and road races are the same everywhere. Secondly, with first and second place going to barefoot runners, no matter how much Nike and Reebok spend on advertising, "It's not the shoes."

LOST AND FOUND

LOST - Tee Shirt from the 1992 Sea Isle Run. Last seen (worn) at the July 24th Springfield run. Any one having information is asked to contact Bob McElhenney, 623-7075.

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You can tell a runner by the number of tee shirts in his or her dresser drawer. Most runners, like myself, are not naturally gifted with the speed or endurance to actually win trophies or prizes at local races. Nor do we, for the most part, have the time or inclination to hone our limited skills into award winning talents. Most of us have families and jobs and pets and homes and responsibilities. Running is not the essence of our life but it is the elixir which makes the essentials more enjoyable and often more bearable. So for us, the race reward is the participation in the event and the tee shirt which commemorates it.

This then explains why runners are so reluctant to throw away any tee shirt which bears the name and date of a race. To discard the shirt is to throw away a memory. Like many runners, my bedroom drawers represent a colorful monument to just about every race I've ever run. Some of these memories are old and faded, like the shirts, but most are vivid and new(-ish).

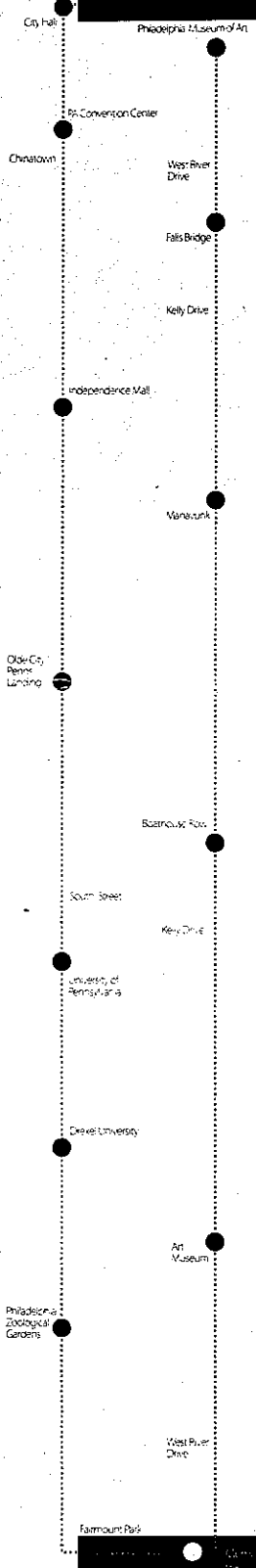
My 1992 Sea Isle is an example of this. The race itself was uneventful, i.e., I didn't win anything (which would have made it very eventful) but the evening was gorgeous with cool sea breezes and low humidity. There was the crowded start, the uniquely Sea Isle combination of boardwalk-soft-sand-hard-sand-soft-sand-boardwalk-soft-sand-hard-sand and the traditional post-race boardwalk party. None of this was exceptional nor memorable. This was just the Sea Isle Run. My memory within the tee shirt was the cheering section. In the group was my wife, Diane, and our 1 year old son, Sean. Everyone has heard about the difficult "toddler years" but what most people fail to understand is that during stage children begin to "see" things for themselves not the way that we see them for them. In fact, we begin to see things "for the first time" again through their eyes. For Sean, it was during the Sea Isle Run that he discovered the ocean. He had never "seen" or "experienced" the ocean before. On this day, he felt the breathtaking exhilaration as the waves swept across his feet and the magical and frightening way the reclaimed water tried to draw him into itself. He experienced the giddy feeling one gets when our toes begin to sink beneath the wet sand. And then, of course, he felt the bigness. At age forty-three, I had been impressed by the large number of runners and spectators. All that Sean could see was the water. I had become jaded by my own familiarity with my surroundings. By contrast, Sean's pure view was correct - the ocean is heart-poundingly large; the runners are merely there for the color.

My memory of the 1992 Sea Isle Run is of me rediscovering my world through my son. It is exciting and it is magic, just like he is.

On Sunday morning, July 23, during a routine (but very hot) run at Springfield my 1992 Sea Isle tee shirt was left on the park table which serves as the gathering point for the runners. When I returned, it was missing. Hopefully, this shirt was inadvertently pick^{ed} up by another runner.

So, if you happen to be rummaging through your memories and discover a Sea Isle memory that isn't yours, please return it to me. ~~If not, it sure has been fun writing this article anyway.~~

1650 Arch Street - 19th Fl.
 Philadelphia, PA 19103
 215-686-5606



It's official - the city of Philadelphia is behind Marathon 94. Sunday, November 20th. at 8:30 am meet at the art museum. For those who do not want to beat themselves up over 26 miles 385 yards there is going to be the Parkway 8K at 9 am. If you're not interested in either, but want to support your fellow runners there is going to be...The Delco Waterstop. At some point along Kelly Drive Delco RRC will once again be setting up the famed Delco Waterstop. The marathon runners will pass us twice after the 13 mile point.

Call Tom Hirsch at (610)544-2280 or Ron Grace at (610)623-3069 to volunteer, and once again make it a water stop the runners won't forget. The more the merrier, (there is no such thing as too many volunteers). Beside handing out water we may be asked to marshall the center line keeping runners going out apart from the runners coming in.

If you're going to run - good training and good luck. If not then call Tom or Ron and sign up for the fun at The Delco Waterstop.

Honorary Chairmen
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 John F. Street
 President, City Council

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