



Finger Lakes Runners Club Newsletter ~ May 2003



Trail Running Stoneheads, Road Running Pavement Pounders, and Track Smacking Maniacs

Quote of the Month

"I am beginning to realize how important the right frame of mind is for these mile races. You just have to go for it, and be willing to suffer a bit in the way. I remember how elated you looked as you left Barton Hall that day. I had the same feeling this weekend." — Gill Sharp, who won the National Masters Championship F40-44 individual mile title with a career-best 5:14! Gill was responding to a congratulations email from Tim Ingall, who posted his first sub-5 minute mile in March.

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New England Mountain Running and Grand Tree Calendars En-closed

FLRC Summer Track Meet Series — Ingall En-closed

The Great Logo War is Done. We Have a Winner!

Although no one was killed in the ongoing warfare, the wounded were airlifted to Germany for rehabilitation and recovery.

The FLRC executive board voted to choose the logo created by Kira Sholeen Wagner. The logo was designed in the early to mid-90s, and has been semi-utilized on various projects. The logo is currently on display on our club banner, and on our newsletter letterhead, including this one and the online version. It will be fully used in the future on our apps, publicity materials and T-shirts.

Kira Wagner, the eldest daughter of longtime and active FLRC members Dorothy and John Sholeen, graduated from Drexel University, Philadelphia, with a degree in graphic design. Kira worked at two coops during her educational period, and at McGraw Hill Publishing Co., where she designed covers for textbooks; and then at the Drexel U. magazine, doing set up for four publications.

After graduation, Kira was employed by a small graphics design firm in York, Pa., where she designed brochures and advertising materials.

Kira now has three children: Nathan, 7; Hayden, 5; and Diana 3. Her husband Jan is an architectural engineer in York, Pa., where they make their home. Kira's hobbies include making dolls, scrapbooking and crafts.

Kira received a prize stipend of \$100 from the FLRC executive board.

Diane and Lorrie,

Thank you for putting my Fingers Lakes Runner Club logo in the competition. It was exciting that after 8 years it's still around. I am honored that the club has made it official. It's great to have a little piece of me still in the Ithaca area. I know that the logo will provide you with the versatility you wanted. Thank you for the monetary reward. I appreciate the acknowledgement and recognition. Keep Running!

Fondly,
Kira Wagner

Final Four, Frozen Four and Gillian

Another championship season for Central New York athletes.

The Frozen Four for the Cornell University hockey team; the Final Four — and a National Championship! — for the Syracuse University basketball team; and a national masters championship individual track title for Gillian Sharp.

Sharp, a lieutenant in the Ithaca Fire Department, won the women's 40-44 age-group title in the mile Saturday at the National Masters Indoor Track and Field Championships, at the Reggie Lewis Center in Boston. The 41-year-old mother of two finished the mile in 5:14.43 -- a career-best performance.

No stranger to elite-level competition, Sharp won the 1993 national summer biathlon (shoot and run) individual title; and in the 1990s, almost qualified in the ski/shoot biathlon for the winter Olympics. At the age of 40, Sharp qualified for the 2001 world summer biathlon team, but the competition was canceled due to the September 11 tragedy. She also is a member of the Finger Lakes Runners Club masters squad which won the national masters 8K cross country team title twice; and was the anchor for the 4 x 1600-meter relay team which set a pending American and world masters record in December.

Congratulations to Gill!

Coming Up...

May 4: Tri for the Y Triathlon	Ithaca YMCA	Ithaca	7:30 a.m.
May 11: Tom Bugliosi 13K and 26K Trail Runs	Hammond Hill St. Forest	Dryden	10:00 a.m.
May 18: Twin Tiers Race for the Cure	Downtown Elmira	Elmira	9:00 a.m.
May 18: Highland 1-2-3 Trail Runs	Highland Forest	Fabius	8:30 a.m.
May 24: RecWay 10K	South Hill Recreation Trail	Ithaca	9:00 a.m.
May 31: 25th Freihofers Run for Women National Championship 5K		Albany	10:15 a.m.
June 7: Tortoise & Hare Trail 10K & FR	Lower Buttermilk St. Park	Ithaca	9:00 a.m.

Congratulations...

Baby Showers

Congrats to local (and Boston transplants) runners...

Rick Cleary and Ann Trenk, the proud parents of Edward Samuel Trenk, born March 24 at 6:44 p.m. Stats: 6 pounds, 13 ounces; 19 inches.

Yvette de Boer, proud mother of new daughter Ayla, born April 13, 11:15 p.m. Stats: 6 pounds, and extra ounces; 17 inches. Also, Congrats to Tob and Joan de Boer, grandparents.

Odyssey of the Mind

Congrats to the Moravia School District Odyssey of the Mind team, with student member Jacob Marnell -- and advised by Lorrie Marnell. The team placed first in regional competition, 2nd in the NYS competition, and qualified for the World Championships, to be held May 28-31 in Iowa. The team will compete against squads from all 50 states and other countries. The team is trying to raise travel expenses by selling Krispy Creme donuts and via other fund raising projects. For info on how to help, call Lorrie at 255-0202.

In the News

Margret Betz of Conklin, who won (at age 66) the women's masters title at our Skunk Cabbage Half Marathon (time: 1:45), is featured in the Age Group Ace article in the May issue of Running Times Magazine.

Ithaca Festival Parade—Calling all FLRC members!

The Ithaca Festival Parade is Thursday, May 29. Line up is 6 p.m. It would be great for FLRC to be part of the parade, to show its presence and project a positive image to the local community. We want to announce who we are and what we do - that we are a valuable part of the community. We want to show that we are regular people who welcome everyone in Ithaca to come aboard (to be part of next year's parade). However, this is never going to fly unless we have a substantial number of people present. 20? 30? I am sure that under ten is way insubstantial and will only give a negative image! This is what I hope will be a last call. Some commitments please! Who would like to be a part of this fun, entertaining event? Don't feel that you need to be an old-timer FLRC'er, appear to be able to run like an antelope (or Kenyan) or even be or want to be competitive. That's not what FLRC is about. All newcomers and old-timers, and in-between; young, old and in-between, ALL welcome.

But we gotta know that we can do this, and to plan what it is we will do. Firstly: who would like to be part of the parade? Who wants to project pride in being a part of something important (I mean the running community, not the Festival)?

Once we can count on having paraders, we can begin to plan what we will do, and again, we will have to decide on a date and time in the near future most convenient for those who wish to be part of that. Please respond ASAP on this list-serve (have to go for that bandwagon effect), directly to me, or even by phone, like if you have questions or want more encouragement. My number is 273 9685. —Jeffrey Juran

2nd Annual Seamus Bisogni Memorial St. Patty's Day 4 M—John Whitman

This was the race declared “best race ever” by a beaming Seamus Bisogni, cup of beer in one hand, chocolate donut in the other, after its inaugural running last year.

It has been a long winter. Temps were predicted to be in the 50s. They serve free beer. Great donuts. All for 8 bucks. This year, the race is the first in a “Saint's Series” organized around Southern Tier area churches.

The 2nd annual field was just under 400 runners. The race also features a fire and police dept competition, won this year by the Cortland FD. Repeating the ritual established by SB last year, Terry, Jason and I jogged the course first on our way to a 12 mile day. The usual TCRC notables loomed at the start, including Gary Fancher (second overall), Bob Pulz (10th), and Ron Hulslander.

The course starts at St. Patrick's on Leroy St, crosses the river on Main St., and thereafter largely follows the Chris Thater course. The first mile is downhill, the second two mostly uphill, and the last mile downhill back to the front steps of St. Pat's.

At the start Tim was up front close to Pulz and Fancher; Jeff's first mile was 5:29, mine 5:39, and Terry 5:45. I felt moderately lousy going into the race because of heavy mileage this week, but the first mile time was encouraging, because my experience last

year was that marathon training worked to my advantage over the next two uphill miles. At about a mile and a half I caught Eric Maki, who won the Hudson Mohawk Marathon two weeks ago in 2:58, besting a stalwart field of 60 runners in heavy rain and dropping temperatures. My two mile split was 11:29. Around two miles I settled behind a small pack made up of Ron, Jeff J., and a young'un named Jeff Felice. I passed them at about two and three quarters, but Jeff J. (Brooklyn 1/2 marathon last week) came with me. Three mile split was 17:33.

Heading back toward Leroy St. Jeff surged several times and passed me at least once. I tried to hold him off in the last half mile, but he dropped me with authority near the conspicuous twin package stores about three blocks from the church. Another wussy finish, still, the effort resulted in a 5:44 last mile and a 23:17 finish, 45 seconds faster than last year. Tim (third master) was in sight but 15 seconds ahead. Jeff claimed the \$10 prize for age group winner.

Gill Sharpe was second woman and first master, but needs to find more studs for the Ithaca FD team. Suzy Myette had no mercy on the 15 year old running closest to her, to finish third woman and second master. Jim Miner finished the entire course in his back brace, trophy of his recent vertebrae shattering X Games accident.

Back in the St. Patty's gym, Terry, Jason, Jeff and I raised a cup (or beer; Jeff did not produce the noxious-looking oaty brew he drank last year) to the memory of Seamus before setting out on the prescribed four mile cooldown, which we completed at 9 minute pace. Maybe I had two beers before we started. Terry started to complain that it didn't feel so good after three miles, so maybe he had two too.

Other notable moments: Harlan Bigelow being cut off in the beer line by the parish council when he came back asking for triple refills...chocolate donuts with chocolate frosting...a guy that was a dead ringer for Derek Dean (blue kerchief), maybe his sister too...the story about Derek's sister and John Hylas...those cheesy light blue uniform jackets worn by the Binghamton PD (auxiliary?), look like a cross between Car 54 Where Are You and the Maytag Man. JBW

Racing, Fun and Fairytales— Tim Ingall

I've been asked to write a report of this past season's indoor track meets. Unlike my predecessor, the irreplaceable and witty Rick C. I lack his ability to keep the reader entertained throughout a story. So I'll be reasonably brief and try and do my best with what I have. When I start including individual names I more often than not forget someone whom I shouldn't have so from now on I will intentionally leave names out of this report.

As I remember from a year ago...(in the past few months my reading eyesight has become noticeably worse and unfortunately the memory went a long time ago...) the 2001/2 track season was unbelievably well received. That was my first season putting it together and kind of a daunting task. I gained what knowledge I could from several people around the club who helped me try and understand what my job was supposed to be. I was told it was really pretty simple. "You put on 4 track meets, one each month at Barton Hall with a variety of events and try and make it appealing to all ages and abilities". Simple, yeah right! What about equipment and forms and dealing with Cornell and snowstorms and the gun and flyers and volunteers and tables and chairs and pens and pencils and numbers and pins and kids and adults and where events start and timers and clocks and food and awards and... HELP!

But it did happen back in 2001 and it was nice to see that (the vast majority of) my fears were totally unfounded. People came out from the woodwork to help and everyone responded to my appeals for volunteers month after month. Large numbers of athletes also came and often became athletes and timers just a few minutes apart. One of my big pushes has been to try and get people involved with doing both. I find it really satisfying to be a small part of someone running beyond what they thought their abilities were. It has also been fun to see more of the younger generation coming to this past winter's meets than I've seen in previous years.

So on to 2002/3. I came up with the idea (ok, so it really wasn't me but I'm writing this so I'll take the credit) of a special relay at the end of a meet to bring everyone together more. 3 person relays were born and seemed to go down well. The rules were simple, at least one of each gender and 2 legs to run per athlete. Next season we may even have one 'featured event' during each meet where more attention is put on that event in some way. Maybe some big prize money or a free flight to the Caribbean in February or give away a PT Cruiser. (But probably more likely to be an extra dollop of cream cheese on you bagel if you're very lucky!).

And the athletes came out. The December and January meet numbers were up again and I think we registered an incredible 170 plus people in February. I never expected crowds like that, it was like hosting a high school meet. Even a minibus came from out Buffalo way and a regular smaller group came from that same direction to every meet. Several people came up from the Southern Tier as well as from the Syracuse direction. We had some fantastic heats and close finishes, and I think most important is that people had some good times.

I tried to mix them up, longer distances and medley relays, short sprints and of course the chaotic as ever Family Fun Day. I know one day I'll figure out the best way to do registration at this meet. In the mean time I'll certainly take all your suggestions and throw them around for a year. Then I'll probably think I've got it all worked out perfectly - until the first person walks in the door and it all suddenly falls apart! Luckily by then I'll be hiding behind the bleachers hoping that nobody will find me for the next hour or so. After every FFD I think I know I can make it go so much better next time and then come race day all hell breaks lose and I'm left thinking about it again for next time! I guess that's why it's a challenge.

Do I have any regrets now the indoor season is done? Sure, that it's now over for another year, it was a blast! There is also one other small thing. My Dad inspired the idea of having the Family Fun Day and it would be nice for me to have him there one day.

With any luck there's always next year. For myself, if I may be allowed a line or so of self indulgence, I know it's going to be hard to ever repeat everything that happened in that unforgettable heat of the mile on March 9th 2003. Lacking less than 3 seconds at Hartshorne and then missing by just half a second at Manley in Syracuse 3 weeks before made it so much sweeter to do it at Barton and the family meet. Thank you to everyone who was there for all your support, I couldn't have done it without you.

If you're willing to put the hard work in then fairytales do happen with these people around, I've seen it first hand. And I also learned then that with this incredible support group of the FLRC and High Noon behind you that anything is possible. Stick with it, set realistic but challenging goals for yourself and bring out your friends to have fun with us too. Soon some of them may be joining us regularly at many of our events. A big thank you to all the volunteers at all the meets, it wouldn't be possible to do any of this without you. You make me look so good but it's you that deserve all the credit.

So now we move back outside. By the time you read this you'll probably have forgotten all about the bitter cold winter that we've just had. I'm working on plans for another summer track series this year. There are numerous road running events around the area and I personally can't wait to regularly get back out onto the trails. I think it's always good to try and keep your fitness program varied. That way you exercise different muscles and don't get burned out from doing just one thing. Try something new and different this year. Challenge yourself to a triathlon or a trail race, a 10k, race-walk or a half marathon. Try and get your friends out there with you too. But no matter what you do have fun while you're doing it. Happy trails and I hope to see you out there soon, Tim

Hinte Anderson 50K Trail Run—Lorrie Marnell

What a great weekend for race performances. Because of Jon McMurray and Joe Dabes persuading Don and I headed South for the Hinte Anderson 50K trail run. Joe said it would be a great last long run before Boston.

Thanks to Jim Miner, Don and I had a roomat race headquarters. It poured all day Friday on our drive to Maryland. I had some serious concerns that the trail would be a mud bath, not that I mind a little mud but I knew the second loop could be tortuous after 300 plus pairs of feet traveled over it. Saturday morning arrived overcast and warm with 58 degree temps. I managed to run into Joe Dabes before we began just in time to give him a hug and have him ask me if my goal was to be the first old lady? Joe also mentioned that his Florida running had been going great until this past week when he blew out his knee. He had planned on running one loop only to see how it felt.

Although at times it felt very warm it was a great day for an ultra. I ran through fields, mud, dirt road, paved road, trails, streams, rain and even some sun. The HAT Run is held in the Susquehanna Park. It is a beautiful place for a race. The run is well organized, has full aid stations and good post race chili. The volunteers were the best, eager to fill up your water bottle or offer you anything you could need. This race consists of two loops the first being 16 miles, that included a little out and back section to make up the mile, the second loop was a repeat of the first minus the out and back. I had planned on running anywhere between 5 and 5 1/2 hours. I ran a 2:32 first loop. I took about 5 minutes to make a pit stop, fill my water bottle, and put some Vaseline on a hot spot on one of my feet. I had a glorious time running the second loop almost completely alone. The mud was a little slicker but I was in heaven. I felt much stronger than I had hoped with miles 10 - 25 being the best. I past four women and several man during the last five miles of the race. I finished in a strong 5:09:11, Fourth women overall and first Masters.

Even though I finished 30 minutes slower that I did the only other time I ran this race which was back in 1999 I am totally thrilled with my run. I feel confident and ready for a strong Boston. This was a great way to get in your last long run. Maybe I will be able to talk a few more Boston bound to join me next year.

Lorrie

Hamilton, Ontario Around the Bay 30K Race Report — March 30, 2003—John Whitman

It was a great weekend for local runners -- Gillian Sharpe winning her age group at the nationals, Erik Maki running a fine 15K in the snow at Forks, and Lorrie beating the elements at the race that I always confuse with Dinty Moore Beef Stew.

Boris Dzikovski, Terry Delaney and I traveled north to run the Around the Bay 30K in Hamilton, Ontario. We crossed the border without mishap and arrive in Niagara Falls, Ont. in time to catch the light show at the falls and dinner at a fine Cantonese vegetarian restaurant called Xin Vego (antonym: Vin Diesel). Highly recommended! Would be particularly good after a spin at the House of Dracula and the Guinness Book of World Records show or, for high rollers, a fling at the crap tables (speaking of which, you'll have to ask Boris and Terry about the effects of vegetarian Ma Bo Dofu on the GI system; I eat this stuff all the time).

After dinner we checked in at the Niagara Falls youth hostel. Kind of grim, a cockroach on my coverlet, but B & T kindly took the upper bunks, and we had a moment of levity when Boris set off the burglar alarm trying to find the bathroom.

Next morning was cold (28F?), although dry unlike south of the lake. The Hamilton event lists itself as the oldest race in North America (started 1894), and is a major affair in Canada, with 3300 entrants this year. The entire race setup is well organized and professional, featuring chip timing, a nice staging area in a (heated) convention area downtown and close to the start and finish, good volunteers, well trained in handing cups, and pretty good crowd support for a cold day. Boris and I decided to go with shorts; other-

wise it is hard to describe Boris' attire, but I wore a long sleeved polypro shirt and gloves. Despite the size of the field it wasn't hard to get close to the starting line; I crossed about 4 seconds after the gun, with Terry ahead but in sight, and Boris soon out of sight.

For all of us this was a Boston training run. I wanted to run under two hours (a bit faster than marathon pace, but what the hey, it's a famous race). The race had markers at each K mark and splits every 5K - very nice for faster feedback than what you get with mile markers. 1K was 4 min., right on pace given the congestion at the start.

The 30K course runs literally around the bay - Hamilton Bay is an enclosed inlet off of Lake Ontario with a few bridged outlets to allow ore tankers in to supply the city's still thriving (well, government-protected) steel mills. The bay shore is the industrial landscape of any rust belt city, except that smoke is still coming out of the smokestacks. The race starts out going west on Hamilton's Main St., then heads south at 5K through a strip-type area toward lake Ontario. Shortly after 10K it passes under the QEW and turns northeast along the lake shore. One is never actually on the shore of lake or bay, so the course is somewhat sheltered.

Nevertheless, there was a substantial headwind until the course turned west at about 17K. Terry was running with a sizeable pack clustered around a guy wearing a pair of rabbit ears labeled "2 hours". I caught up to this pack around 5K (19:35) and joined Terry drafting behind the taller members (actually, Terry was one of the taller members, but it would have been obnoxious to draft behind him, my fellow HNACer, although he was a popular choice regardless the previous night's dinner). At 10K (39:30) the course crossed a small overpass just before reaching the lakeshore, and I took advantage of the downhill to pull ahead of the 2hr. pack. During the next 5K up Beach Boulevard I realized that we had been benefiting from the overall downhill in the course as it moved toward the lake. My kilometer splits stayed in the 4 min range, sometimes a little bit slower. 15K was 59:26. At that point another runner broke from the pack and passed me over the steel bridge crossing the Welland Canal. This provided some inspiration to pick it up a little bit. At 17K we turned out of the wind into the hills of the residential district to the west of the bay, overlooking downtown.

This section provides good Boston training: rolling hills, comparable to the Ashland-Framingham segments of Boston. I caught up with the breakaway guy, turned out to be from Toronto, and we had a conversation about war. Our 20K split was 1:19:06, an encouraging mark since overall the 17-20K section was uphill. Just before 25K, Rabbit Ears caught up with me again. 26-27K proceed through a city park through a steep downhill followed by a nasty climb, almost a kilometer, up Valley Inn Rd. to York Boulevard, a major thoroughfare back into downtown on a gradual downhill. I was able to pass a number of runners here. Just before 28K I saw somebody walking, turned to shout encouragement, and saw that it was Ron Herreid (I still shouted encouragement, though). Ron revealed later in the beer line that he felt dizzy around 25K. The Hamilton finish is one of those perfect arrangements where you can see the chute a kilometer away. I finished in 1:58:39, comfortably under my target. Boris (1:53:09) came back to meet me in the chute, and we both met up with Terry (2:06:49).

Boris's time was good for 24th place overall, 23rd in his age group, and just one place behind the woman's winner, country-woman Ludmilla Kortchagiuna in 1:52:50.0. This reveals a chivalrous side to Boris that we have only been able to guess at. Kortchagiuna and the gaggle of Kenyans at the top were running for pretty reasonable prize money - \$2,500 (yeah, Canadian) for the men and women's winners. My time turned out to be good for 57th overall and 3rd in the 45-49 age group (309 runners), one of my better showings in a big race Terry was 141st and 12th in the age group, all in all a pretty good showing for HNAC, and one that got us safely in the beer (first one free) and food (cream of broccoli, anything warm tasted good in that weather) lines before the crowds arrived.

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The Martin Luther King Day Epic [Or how I lost an ear] — Phyllis Radke

Diane Sherrer runs a tough love training camp all year long for has-beens and wanna-bees. I'm her pet project. Last year she mercifully enlisted me for yet another comeback "for my own good". We entered a couple of trail runs. I am sure there were parts of those races that I hated. But overall, I was left mentally unscarred and still willing to participate in Sherrer's camp. Late last fall, Diane let me know that I needed to start buckling down.

For Christmas I received a beautiful pair of Redfeather Sport Trek snowshoes. General Sherrer was delighted. Now she could see what I really could do. After that, I was outside lots of mornings with Diane, snowshoeing before the sky turned light. On those bitter cold mornings I'd whine to Diane that my hands were freezing. "It's so beautiful outside," she'd reply, looking past me.

One day, the General informed me that we would be doing the fun run at the Finger Lakes Snowshoe race in Hector. "Great," I said. I envisioned the two of us well ahead of the pack, striding over the finish line. No one had to know that I had been practicing the last month on my new snowshoes. Who cares that the fun runners were trying out snowshoes for the first time? Was that my fault? But, woe to those who are heartless.

Scroll back to January 16, Martin Luther King Day. We had planned a trial run in the Finger Lakes National Forest. But suddenly, General Sherrer informed me that we would be doing the full 7.6 miles at the snowshoe race.

"Hey, Phyl, guess what? I think we'll do the whole 7.6. By the way, we're snowshoeing with Sally and Pam on Monday, and we're going to do the entire course. Aren't you excited?"

I covered my gasp. "Ohh, nooo," I thought. I love running with Sally. She's almost 20 years older than I am and I can often keep up with her. Commander Carlucci, on the other hand, was an entirely different story.

Monday morning, Pam picked me up, and Diane and Sally were already in the car. Jack, Pam's Labrador retriever, hogged the front seat next to her. I pushed myself into the remaining space in the back while snowshoes, food and Sally's ski poles took up the cargo area. As soon as the car stopped in the parking area of the Potomac campground all four doors burst open simultaneously. Jack immediately bounded over a snowbank and disappeared from sight.

As I stood up, my eyes first caught Commander Carlucci already putting on her second shoe. She looked perfect as usual in her carefully coordinated outfit. Soft blue jacket and matching slacks empirically highlighted with white stripes. Pam was raring to go.

I went over to sit on the tailgate next to Diane to put on my snowshoes. The wind had started to pick up. It was colder than usual. "Aren't you excited Phyl?" Diane exclaimed. "I'm so happy were doing this." I smiled weakly back at her. Sally walked over to the car. She had a half-eaten orange in one hand. In the other, she was holding up a plastic bag of unidentifiable brown and black objects. Her jacket was unzipped and her hat askew. "Hey Phyl, I got the GORP." Sally started shoving a bag of GORP in my pocket and was trying to dispense another bag of it on Diane and Pam. "What?" I said. Diane started to laugh. Carlucci was already getting impatient. "Sally, you don't even have your shoes on."

It took Sally another five minutes to strap on her snowshoes over what looked like bowling shoes. The process of straining foot into binder was punctuated with her chatter about colds, diary princesses, and grandchildren. Carlucci scuffed the snow with her shoes while Diane rubbed her hand up and down her arms. I wondered where Jack was. "Here Jack" I called. "He's on the other side of the snowbank," Pam said nonplussed. "Grrrr, grrr." Snow was flying in the air as Jack frantically pawed the earth. Suddenly he looked up and wagged his tail. Jack found a prize: a deer leg dangled from his mouth, while a clump of snow balanced on his nose.

Commander Carlucci broke for the wild ponds first. General Sherrer was hot on her tail. I brought up the rear behind Sally. Within five minutes I was groaning to myself, "Oh, man, they're going too fast; we will never be able to keep up." Diane yelled, "We're on an epic adventure...." The rest of her words were drowned out by the wind. Sally stopped a minute to check her shoes, which had fallen off her feet into the snow. She hadn't stopped talking since we started out. I couldn't make out what she was saying, so I occasionally answered "yes, no, or really". In the meantime, the gap between Diane and Sally was increasing.

Diane and Pam stood on the top of the Backbone hill, their arms akimbo waiting for Sally and I to make up the 50 feet that was between us. Apparently words were exchanged because I was told to lead and Pam dropped back behind Sally. We were going to take turns leading.

"You know Di, I don't want to leave Sally behind". I said, my voice falling flat in the cold. "I like it back there." What I meant to say was that I really was a sniveling weenie hiding behind Sally. I was afraid trying to keep up with Pam and Diane would kill me. "Quit worrying about Sally and get up front. Sally is a warrior and she'll be fine. We need to pick up the pace; and we need to keep moving," the General responded in predictable tough love fashion. "You and Sally WILL finish this and be happy you did.!"

I worked hard running towards the horse camp. It was downhill. I was starting to feel better and was almost happy. Diane ran beside me. It was pretty. In the meantime, Pam and Sally fell further and further behind. We stopped, when the trail turned sharply south, to drink Gatorade and wait for our friends. Diane slammed a tube of glucose tablets on a tree to unfreeze the clump of sugar tablets inside. They wouldn't budge.

Pam sprinted towards us. "Listen, listen," she whispered. "Whatever you do, stop talking. All this chatter is slowing us way down." I wanted to protest. Talking is Sally's MO. No one can stop her from talking. "Did you hear that?" Diane barked at me. "Stop talking and start running!"

Diane took the lead and I followed. Within five minutes, I had worked my way back to Sally. Meanwhile, snow was sifting through the tree limbs and stinging our exposed flesh.

"Drink Phyl," said Sally as pointed a long clear tube towards me with a rubber mouthpiece. She was checking out the new no-freeze, winter proof Camelbak she got for Christmas. She pulled the hose back to her own lips and started sucking rapidly. "Shit," she laughed. "It's froze up. It's not supposed to freeze. Hey, Phyl what does this remind you of?" I thought she was talking about the camel hose, but she was already on another subject.

"Remember that time we were running in that snowstorm and you started hitchhiking?" she asked. Now I laughed, " Yeah, the only time worse was when we were running across that golf course, and my hands nearly fell off." Up ahead Pam had stopped in her tracks. We trudged past her. I glanced up as her black eyes drilled a hole in my head " Stop talking", she ordered. I looked sheepishly down. Jack raced ahead. He was laughing.

It was time to turn east and head up a big hill. The temperature continued to drop. "Sally," Diane schemed. "You get up front and lead. You always have a good second wind. "

The new plot unfolded. Sally was moving quickly and easily. My quads felt the strain as we pushed upwards. There was no talking. I was grateful for the quiet as I needed to catch my breath. Blissfully, the only sounds were falling snow, heavy breathing and the dampened swooshing of our snowshoes.

"Yodle-Lae- Hee-Hoo" Sally belted out as she attacked the inclines. The serenity was broken. "Traitor," I thought. "I can 't believe it" Carlucci growled. "Diane tell her to stop yodeling." Oblivious to the insurrection behind her, Sally yodeled again and again then turned around and grinned at me. "You do this in Colorado, Phyl, while your flying down hill, WHeeee!"

On a wide turn, Diane and Pam sprinted past Sally and me to take the lead. At the open gateway to the pastures, Pam gathered us around for one final directive. We were facing open fields, with faint markers blown sideways by the driving snow and wind.

"We'll run across this field, hit a road, turn left and enter another field," Pam shouted over the gale winds. "Run as fast as you can across both fields. Ready, set, go!" Pam and Diane took off on a dead sprint.

We had entered the flat, barren and frozen land of Siberia. The snow was now blowing sideways, pelting our ears and cheeks. I felt for my balaclava around my neck, which I had unwisely removed. I vainly tried to cover my ears in another layer of wool. It was no good. The balaclava was a frozen lump that couldn't be pulled back in shape. Way ahead in the horizon I could make out Jack, Diane, and Pam. It was everybody for her or himself. Sally and I struggled forward. I was trying to run and shield my ear. I wondered if the tips would turn white. Could I mail my ear to someone? Would anyone really care?

"The road is runnable. Hurry up!" Diane shouted across the field to Sally and me. We managed to make it across the barren plain. Ahead was a road running east to west that would take us to another stretch across the plains and then back to the Potomac Camp site. I knew exactly where I was. The road would turn right up ahead, but if I kept going straight for two miles I would end up at my house in Reynoldsville. My mind started to drift as Sally and I staggered on. "Sally and I are barbarian captives, and Diane and Pam are Centurions", my mind began blubbering dramatic prose.

"One of the captives saw an opportunity to escape. The weather had reached whiteout conditions. If she bolted now she could make it down the hill into the trees. Maybe the centurions would not give chase and let her die on her own. A second later the moment was gone.

"Hey you, move!" One of the centurions jabbed a staff into the barbarian's side. She dropped to one knee before struggling to her feet and continuing to trudge across a path she could not see."

"Who has the GORP" asked Sally, as wer emerged from the Burnt Hill Trail.. Diane and Pam looked blank. "GORP? What's GORP?" I thought. Then Diane remembered I had the GORP in my pocket. My fingers moved slowly at my pocket zipper. My brain, mouth, and hands were frozen.

"Whatch's GORP mean?" I slurred. "Everyone knows that; it's Camping 101," Diane said. "Granola, oats, raisins and peanuts." Little did I know I was carrying something I would never dream of eating. Finally I pulled the bag out of my pocket. Sally hungrily grabbed the food before passing it to Pam. It came back to me and I offered it to Diane. "Are you crazy?" she asked. "That crap will break your teeth!" I hadn't thought of it, but the peanuts and M&M's and raisins were frozen solid and looked menacing.

Now that we were across Picnic Area Road, there were only about two more miles in the training exercise. My feet were aching, and I could feel a blister developing on my right heel.

"Come on you guys, just two more miles," Diane shouted. "Yahoo" responded Sally. "Oh shut up all of you," I thought bitterly. Then I felt guilty. Even though it always hurts to play with them, these were my friends and they were trying hard to get me back in shape. "Quit being an asshole," I told myself.

"It's not much further," said Diane, acting as a demented cheerleader. I could tell she was getting tired. She seemed strained as if she could intuitively smell the ungrateful rat in her midst.

We started running downhill. Sally was yodeling again. Pam was increasing her distance, and the laughing Labrador was a black dot. "It's the road, it's the road," Diane and Sally shouted in unison. "It's a mirage," I thought. We moved further and further downhill but no road appeared. Sally moved ahead of me and pushed a branch out of her path. It snapped back and hit my cheek. "Owww," I cried, despite knowing the slap was well deserved. "It is the road!", Diane triumphantly shouted. Only one hill separated us from Pam's car.

It was now well below zero and gale winds bent the mighty pines down to their knees. Branches eerily scraped together moaning before they snapped off. The two centurions and their guard dog were pulling their bedraggled captives up the mountain pass. Dirty and smelling the two barbarians were ill clad. One was missing an ear and had a deep scar across her face. The other, shorter and older, would not stop talking in her strange tongue. Suddenly the smaller centurion whirled around and clubbed the talking slave.

The guard dog growled at the captives. "Let's kill them," said the other Centurion."

Pam had already taken off her snowshoes and started up the car by the time Diane, Sally and I had reached the car. Meanwhile, Jack had dragged out the forgotten deer leg and began violently shaking it from side to side.

"That was fun," Commander Carlucci said. "Now get in." We all agreed it was fun. None of us had ever run 7.6 miles on snowshoes.

Our snowshoes were stripped off quickly and we clambered, tired and frozen, into the car. Jack jumped in with the deer leg before Pam could throw it out.

We started back in silence, shivering in our wet clothes. Jack had fallen asleep in his seat. His legs were twitching. "Wasn't that great, Phyl," Diane asked, plucking ice out of her hair.

I watched Jack. He was dreaming that he was running through Siberia with Pam hunting deer. They were going faster and faster. Black, then blue, now white all blending together before disappearing in the horizon. Diane broke my reverie.

"What do you think Phyl? Are you going to be able to do again this next week." "No, sweat," I said. And for the moment, I really believed it myself.

The Squirrel Played Opossum — Chris Beach

The weather has finally changed and with it so have the clothes that I get to run in; shorts and short sleeves are back making my protective armor less. The new season also brings a change in the perils that I encounter during my runs. Looking out for ice patches that will slip me up now changes to watching the ground for road kill.

Call me paranoid, but I think the wildlife is out to get me. I hear the birds laughing at me as they fly effortlessly overhead and I heave and struggle up the long, steep hills. Maybe I'm crazy, but I enjoy running uphill. Anyone who enjoys the masochism of uphill running must be introduced (if not already familiar with) Cass Hill in Watkins Glen. This marks the peak of one of my favorite road runs. Last week Joe and I went out confident that we would conquer the hill. As we ascended "Cass Cardiac" (as Joe affectionately calls it), we noticed a squirrel on the side of the road who was not fortunate enough to make it across the road, let alone up the hill. At least there is someone I would beat up this hill. At the top of Cass there is just under a mile of mild upgrade running before being able to relax mind and body with the gravity-pull down Jolly Road. After moving at only a shuffling gate during the climb, it was such a relief to finally get to Jolly and head down the hill, now getting to stride out and move much faster. Looking ahead of me I saw another squirrel laying on its side near the edge of the road. Here is where a good run goes bad. Now many of you have probably seen that GEICO car insurance commercial where the squirrels run out in the road making the car swerve and crash and the squirrels high-five each other. Well, this came to my mind and I remember thinking "this is the GEICO commercial gone wrong". Little did I suspect that it would be me that was going to go wrong. As we got closer to the road kill, I started to veer right. Joe chose to run up closer to it before veering left. As Joe got closer his footsteps woke the dazed squirrel, which made him (Joe, not the squirrel) scream. The noise and the movement of the squirrel startled me; it was *supposed to be* dead. The squirrel lunged toward me as I veered right. I was watching the squirrel, sure it was going straight for my jugular. I lost my balance and crashed. Not one of my more graceful moments. As I got up, my knee and elbow scraped up and full of dirt, I was sure I had just encountered the squirrel from the commercial, only he was practicing on me (probably after an unsuccessful attempt with a car). And he just stood there on the side of the road watching Joe help me hobble away. I'm sure that once our backs were to him one of his squirrel-friends came out and they high-fived each other.

So now I watch the road kill a little more closely. And I think there is a moral to this story: be aware and beware of road kill. Don't assume it is just another dead squirrel. I now know that squirrels play opossum. And they are out to get us.

Race Results

National Masters Indoor Track & Field Championships

Mar. 28-30, Boston

Local runners, notable Central New Yorkers and Hartshorne Mile alums (medals and age-group noted):

Mile

Gillian Sharp, Ithaca, 5:14.43 (gold F40); Kathy Martin, 5:24.44 (gold F50); Carolyn Smith Hanna, 5:34.66 (silver F50); Coreen Steinbach, 5:46.27 (bronze F50); Diane Sardes, 5:56.12 (4th F50); Mike Platt, 4:32.08 (4th M40); Mark Rybinski, 4:46.07 (6th M45); Gary Radford, 4:53.58 (12th M45); Tim McMullen, 4:52.93 (2nd M50); Joe Daley, Ithaca, 5:06.53 (6th M50); Spider Rossiter, Ithaca, 5:11.75 (7th M50).

3,000 meters: Joan Benoit Samuelson, 10:02.55 (gold medal F45; pending indoor American age-group record); Kathy Martin, 10:42.45 (gold medal F50); Tom Dalton, 8:47.89 (silver medal M40); Gary Radford, 9:51.75 (9th M45); Tim McMullen, 9:53.28 (silver medal M50); Bill Rodgers, 10:03.57 (bronze M55); John Hurley, 14:34.49 (6th M65).

800 meters: Spider Rossiter, Ithaca, 2:21.74 (7th M50); Mark Rybinski, 2:10.49 (4th M45); Dave Carroll, 2:07.51 (5th M40); Mike Platt, 2:09.99 (7th M50); Kathy Martin, 2:29.78 (gold F50); Carolyn Smith Hanna, 2:33.40 (silver F50); Coreen Steinbach, 2:34.90 (bronze F50); Diane Sardes, 2:44.22 (6th F50).

400 meters: Carolyn Smith Hanna, 1:07.85 (bronze F50).

Pentathlon: Irene Thompson, gold medal F45, 3,151 points. Irene also won a bronze in the 60 meters (8.65), and the 200 meters (28.60).

The 30th annual Forks XV (15K)

Chenango Forks, Mar. 30

Overall winners: Tom Gudas, Binghamton, 52:32; and Suzy Myette, Endicott, 1:02:05.

Overall masters: Gary Fancher, Windsor, 54:18; and Margret Betz, Conklin, 1:12:58.

Local runners: 6. Eric Maki, Cortland, 56:56; 11. Ron Hulslander, Cortland, 59:25; 30. Kevin Pasterchik, 1:06:03; 42. Dennis Uhlig, 1:09:39; 52. Harland Bigelow, 1:11:08; 54. Joe Reynolds, 1:11:26; 57. Doug Dziedzic, 1:12:07; 59. Chris Beach, 1:21:24; 69. Jake Bigelow, 1:13:59; 75. Jim Hoch, 1:15:53; 102. Lennie Tucker, 1:22:20; 105. Rich Crean, 1:23:04; 130. Carol Hart, 2:03:11.

Around the Bay 30K

Hamilton, Ontario, March 30

Local runners: 24. Boris Dzikovski, Ithaca, 1:53:09; 57. John Whitman, Ithaca, 1:58:39; 141. Terry Delaney, Ithaca, 2:06:49.

The 15th annual HAT Run 50K Trail Run

Susquehanna State Park, Md., Mar 29

Local runners: 36. Lorrie Marnell, Locke, 5:09:14 (4th female; first masters); 161. Joe Dabes, Dryden, 6:28:04; 206. Dave Weiss, FLRC, 7:01:14.

Hogeye Marathon

Fayetteville, Ark., Mar. 30

Local runner: Cathy Troisi, 4:55.

Run for the Sun -- 36 miles straight up a volcano/mountain

Hawaii, Mar. 23

Local runner: John Hylas, Ithaca, 8 hours.

The second annual St. Patrick's Day 4-Miler

Binghamton, March 15

Overall winners: Steve Cammisa, Vestal, 21:34; and Murphee Hayes Falls, Marathon, 24:19.

Local runners: 11. Tim Ingall, Lansing, 23:02 (3rd masters); 12. Jeffrey Juran, Ithaca, 23:15; 13. John Whitman, Ithaca, 23:17; 15. Ron Hulslander, Cortland, 23:24; 16. Christian Thompson, Candor, 23:27; 17. Eric Maki, Cortland, 23:34; 28. Terry Delaney, Ithaca, 24:22; 35. Gillian Sharp, Ithaca, 25:00 (first masters/2nd female overall; 2nd firefighter overall); 36. Michael Leonard, Freeville, 25:11; 39. Suzanne Myette, FLRC, 25:22 (2nd masters); 41. Jason Piccard, Ithaca, 25:39; 55. Rebecca Harman, Willseyville, 26:34; 56. Kevin Pasterchik, FLRC, 26:46; 59. Scotty Buchanan, Cortland, 27:00; 64. Nathan Krause, Cortland, 27:17; 79. Andri Goncarovs, Trumansburg, 28:08; 82. James Wavle, Cortland, 28:16; 89. Harland Bigelow, FLRC, 28:24; 91. Chris Beach, Interlaken,

28:30; 103. Jake Bigelow, FLRC, 28:52; 105. Joe Reynolds, Interlaken, 29:00; 109. Bob Thompson, Candor, 29:07; 124. Les Buchanan, Groton, 29:33; 129. Diane Sherrer, Trumansburg, 29:38; 146. Amy Voorhees, Dryden, 30:06; 155. Peter Voorhees, Dryden, 30:23; 161. Tony Ciccone, Locke, 30:33; 162. Brian Cummins, Cortland, 30:34; 166. Michael Myers, Waverly, 30:43; 179. Kevin Lantry, FLRC, 31:27; 207. Andrea Turner, Ithaca, 32:55; 208. Suzanne Aigen, Ithaca, 32:56; 217. Jason Moore, Waverly, 33:26; 221. Heidi Moore, Waverly, 33: 37; 227. Aimee Roberts, Cortland, 33:42; 229. Peggy Eck, Dryden, 33:44; 231. Laurie Bitting, Spencer, 33:48; 237. Robert Miesner, Candor, 34:09; 246. Jenn Alford, Ithaca, 34:24; 254. Allen MacKenzie, Ithaca, 34:43; 321. Lorraine Tracy, Cortland, 39:27; 332. Sally Rusby, Horseheads, 40:23; 337. Patricia Leonard, Freeville, 40:50; 341. Sarah West, Homer, 41:03; 348. Carole Crean, FLRC, 41:54; 359. Denise Wavle, Cortland, 43:34; 363. Janice Johnson, Ithaca, 43:57; 367. PJ Peterman, FLRC, 46:29; Jim Miner, Dryden, 46:30; Carol Hart, 47:38.

Wearin' of the Green 5-Miler

Rochester, March 15

Local runners: 159. Brian Olmstead, Ithaca, 33:50; 605. James McClung, Ithaca, 41:13.

Full Skunk Cabbage Results are enclosed after page 11.

May Running Calendar

May 3

The 25th annual Mountain Goat 10-Miler and 5K, Clinton Square, Syracuse. Web: www.mountaingoatrun.com.

Artsfest 5K, Athens Area High School, 9 a.m. Contact Dale Jarvis, Athens High School, 401 West Frederick St., Athens, Pa. 18810; call (570) 888-7766 (work).

The inaugural Operation Frontline 5K Run and Walk, Wegman's Plaza, Elmira, 9:15 a.m. Contact Brit Holmberg at bholmberg@secondharvest.org. Benefits Southern Tier Food Bank.

Addison Race Fest: one mile fun run, 5K, 10K, Biathlon, Canoe Race, Bike Race, 9 a.m. Contact Oakley Hayes, Jr. at 359-4016, or write Addison Triathlon, P.O. Box 13, Addison, N.Y. 14801.

Ontario Shore Marathon and Half Marathon, Hamlin, N.Y., 8:30 a.m. Contact Beth Pucket, Arthritis Foundation, Upstate New York Chapter, 3300 Monroe Ave., Ste 319, Rochester, N.Y. 14518; call (716) 264-1480; Web: www.ontarioshoremarathon.com.

May 4

The 29th annual Cherry Blossom 5-Miler and 3-mile walk, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 10 a.m. Contact Vince Wojnar, 295 S. Mountain Blvd., Mountaintop, Pa. 18707; email: VDDL Vince@aol.com.

The 15th annual Tri-For-The-Y Triathlon: 400-yard pool swim, 15.7-mile bike, 4.7-mile run, Ithaca YMCA, 7:30 a.m. Contact Ithaca YMCA at 257-0101. Individual and team competition.

Danielle 5K, MacArthur Track, Binghamton, 9 a.m. Contact Dave Cody, City Hall, Third Floor, Binghamton, N.Y. 13901; 772-7017.

Addidas 7 Sisters 12-Mile Trail Race, Amherst, Mass., 9 a.m. Web: www.7sisterstrailrace.com. E-mail Fred Pilon at rd@7sisterstrailrace.com.

Fairport 5K, Perinton Park, Fairport, 9 a.m. Contact Fairport 5K, 1255 University Ave., Suite 140, Rochester, N.Y. 14607; email Bill Kehoe at willopus@aol.com.

The 41st Walter Childs Memorial Race of Champions Marathon, 8 a.m., Holyoke, Mass. Contact Peter Stasz, 235 Elm St., West Springfield, Mass. 01089. Web: www.harriers.org.

UPMC Health System/City of Pittsburgh Marathon, 5K and Team Relay. Web: www.pittsburghmarathon.org.

Flying Pig Marathon, Cincinnati, Ohio. Web: www.flyingpigmarathon.com.

Long Island Marathon and Half Marathon, 8 a.m., East Meadow, N.Y. Contact Patti Kemler, Sports Unit, Eisenhower Park, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

The 24th annual Broad Street 10-Miler, Philadelphia, Pa., 8:30 a.m. Web: www.broadstreet.com.

Runner's World Half Marathon, Allentown, Pa. Web: www.runnersworld.com.

May 7

Triple Cities Runners Club Weekly Running Series, 6 p.m., Maine-Endwell High School. Format: track events -- 400 through 3,000 meters. Web: www.triplecitiesrunnersclub.org. Series runs each Wednesday evening through Aug. 27.

May 9

Entry deadline for Empire State Senior Games, June 10-15, in Cortland. Must be age 50-over. Web: www.empirestategames.org, or call (315) 492-9654,

May 10

The 19th annual Guthrie Gallop: 5K Run/Walk and 10K, Sayre, Pa., 9 a.m. Contact Susan Hernandez, Guthrie Healthcare System, Resource Development Office, Sayre, Pa. 18840, or call Guthrie Sports Medicine at (570) 882-4808.

Central New York Race for the Cure 5K -- men and women, Cole Muffler Court, New York State Fairgrounds, Syracuse. Web: www.komencny.org.

Run for the Young 5K, Rochester, 9:30 a.m. Contact Diocese of Rochester, Michael Theisen, 1150 Buffalo Rd., Rochester, N. Y. 14624. E-mail: theisen@dor.org. Benefits Diocese of Rochester youth programs.

Keuka College 5K, Penn Yan, 8 a.m. E-mail: Joe Ajmerich: jaymerk@mail.keuka.edu.

Massanutten Mountain Trials 100 Miler, Front Royal, Va., 5 a.m. Contact Ed Demoney at (703) 524-1320; mts2run@erols.com.

May 10-11

National Capital Race Weekend: Marathon, Half Marathon 10K, 5K, Ottawa, Canada. Web: www.ncm.ca; email: ncm@storom.ca.

May 11

Tom Bugliosi Trail Runs -- 13K& 26K Hammond Hill State Forest, Dryden, 10 a.m. Contact Tessa DuMont, P.O. Box 393, Freeville, N.Y. 13068; vlb2@cornell.edu.

The 12th annual Spring Trail Run 5-Miler, Frances Slocum State Park, Kingston Township, Pa., 1 p.m. Contact Vince Wojnar, 295 S. Mountain Blvd., Mountaintop, Pa. 18707; VDDLVINCE@aol.com.

Heart & Sole Women's 6K, St. John Fischer College, 9 a.m. Contact Debra Bonsignore: inf@bccr.org. Benefits Breast Cancer Coalition of Rochester.

Forest City Marathon, London, Ontario. Web: www.forestcityroadrace.com.

Women's Half Marathon, Central Park, New York City. Web: www.nyrrc.org.

May 16

Apple Blossom 10K, Williamson, 6:45 p.m. Contact Jim and Carol May, 7304 Stoney Lonesome Rd., Williamson, N.Y. 14589.

May 17

Long Island Greenbelt Trail 50K, Plainview, 8 a.m. Web: www.newyorkultrarunning.org.

May 18

B-Mets Home Run 5K, Binghamton Municipal Stadium, 9 a.m. Contact Dave Cody at 772-7017.

Highland 1-2-3 Trail Runs: 10 miles, 20 miles, 30 miles on loop courses, Highland Forest, Fabius, 8:30 a.m. Contact Syracuse Charger Mark Driscoll, 1112 Meadowbrook Dr., Syracuse, N.Y. 13224, or call (315) 449-9615 after 7 p.m.; or (315) 470-6848 days, or email: mdriscoll@mailbox.syr.edu. Web: www.syracusechargers.org.

Twin Tiers Race for the Cure 5K & One-Mile Fun Walk -- for both men and women. New location: Chemung Canal Trust Company, downtown Elmira, 9 a.m. Contact Race for the Cure, Arnot Ogden Medical Center, 600 Roe Ave., Elmira, N.Y. 14905; call 1-800-952-2662, or 737-4499. Web: www.komen.org, or www.twintiersrace.org.

National Distance Running Hall of Fame Half Marathon, Relay and 5K, Utica, 8 a.m. Web: www.uticaroadrunners.org.

Lilac 10K, Highland Park, Rochester, 9 a.m. Contact Lilac Race, 171 Reservoir Ave., Rochester, N.Y. 14620; e-mail Deb Schram: office@lilacfestival.com.

Sugarloaf/USA Marathon, 15K and Relay Maine. Contact Sue Foster, R.R. 1, Box 5000, Carrabassett Valley, Me 04947.

Soapstone Mountain Trail Run 14.5 Miles, Stafford Springs, Conn. E-mail: deb@horstengineering.com.

May 24

Rec-Way Ten K (10K) and Fun Run, South Hill Recreation Way, 9 a.m. Ithaca. Contact Jeffrey Juran at jefjuran@lightlink.com; call 273-9685.

Fayetteville 10K Classic, Towne Center, Syracuse, 9 a.m.. Contact Dave Oja at (315) 446-2685. Web: www.syracusechargers.org.

Jamesville Memorial Day 5K, 9 a.m. Call (315) 487-3600.

May 25

Key Bank Vermont City Marathon & Relays, Burlington, Vt., 8:05 a.m. Contact Vermont City Marathon, P.O. Box 152, Burlington, Vt. 05402-0152, or e-mail: info@vcm.org. Web: www.vcm.org.

Charlie Horse 20K Trail Run, Plowville, Pa., 10 a.m. Contact Charlie Crowell, 151 Alleghenyville Rd., Mohnton, Pa. or call (610) 856-5091; or KJCROWELL@aol.com; or www.SOPBC.org.

Rochester Spring Classic Duathlon: 2-mile run, 10-mile bike, one-mile run, 10-mile bike, 2-mile run, 8:30 a.m. Mendon Ponds Park, Rochester. Contact Dave Boutillier: yellowjacketracing@hotmail.com.

Nissan Buffalo Marathon, Buffalo, 8 a.m. Web: www.buffalomarathon.com.

May 26

The third annual Bob Bridgman 5K Memorial Run, Mansfield University track, 8:30 a.m. Contact Roger Learn at (570) 297-3271 or email: rogerlearn@mail.cyber-quest.com. Web: www.geocities.com/bridgman5K/home

Veteran's Memorial Day 5K, 9:28 a.m., Ca millus. Contact Camillus Recreation Department at (315) 487-3600

May 27-June 9: Summer National Senior Games/Senior Olympics, hampton Roads, Va. Web: www.nationalseniorgames.org.

May 31

The 25th annual Freihofer's Run for Women 5K -- USATF National Open & Masters Championship, Albany, 10 a.m. Contact George Regan, 233 Fourth St., Troy, N.Y. 12180; Web: www.freihofersrun.com. No race day registration.

Billy Goat Trail 10K, Harriet Hollister Park, Candice, 9 a.m. Web: www.nordicextreme.com.

Paiges' Butterfly 5K, Baldwinsville. Call Greg Morgans at (315) 635-2646.

Visit Our Website!

Where you can find our membership form,
race applications, and FLRC news items:

www.cce.cornell.edu/~flrc/flrc.html

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Details on Page 2

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