



Finger Lakes Runners Club Newsletter ~ December 2005



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

In This Issue...

FLRC Ballot for Elected Officers for 2006
Hartshorne Volunteer of the Year: David Jones—D. Sherrer, T. Ingall, J. Chely
Becky Harman: Ultra Runner of the Year—T. Perry
FLRC Indoor Track Series—T. Ingall, D. Sherrer
Party Time—L. & D. Tily
Trilogy of Insanity—C. Reynolds
What Has That Guy Been Up To?—A. Engst
Marine Corps Marathon—S. Aigen, D. Yates, K. Nelson
New York City Marathon—M. Dracup
X-C, Super-Vets Style—H. Engman
Hairy Gorillas and Squirrels—N. Kleinrock & S. Shaum, J. Fickbohm
Steeple Chasing in Interlaken—L. Voorhees, J. Juran, B. Talda

Results and Calendar (no applications included in this issue)

Quote of the Month:

Training Tips for Hairy Gorilla and Squirrely Six—as (slightly) modified from the Albany Running Exchange website:

1. Be sure to run between now and the event.
2. Be sure to run on trails between now and the event.
3. Wear good trail shoes that offer mucho stability.
4. Come to ARE (or FLRC!) group runs.
5. If you live far away, fly to ARE (FLRC) group runs.
6. Join a yoga class.
7. Become spiritual.
8. Get in touch with your inner gorilla. Maybe cows, turkeys, deer, and monsters, too.
9. And the squirrel.
10. Enjoy life!

David Jones: Hartshorne Memorial Volunteer of the Year 2005 (see last month's issue for a tribute to and profile of his co-winner, Karen Grover)

Tribute to Dave—Diane Sherrer

Dave Jones has been the Finger Lakes Runners Club's perennial bridesmaid for two or three years. That's minus the ugly satin dress with the puffy sleeves and big bad bow stuck on the back. Dave's got better fashion sense than that!

Dave says he can't understand why he's been selected as the Hartshorne Memorial Co-Volunteer of the Year. Everyone who shares the trails, roads, and even the track venues with Dave has him pegged as a workhorse in our running community.

But each year, when volunteer-of-the-year votes were tallied, he came up just a couple of points shy of victory. But not this year. Dave can now claim two titles of fame from his affiliation with FLRC: Stonehead and Valued Volunteer.

I've been rooting for Dave from the sidelines to win for a long time. I'm the bean (vote) counter, I'm often the person giving Dave his marching orders, and I often work side-by-side with him on assignments. We've shared lots of laughs and projects together.

To put his contributions to words of a poetic kind, you might say Dave has preferred his good works to remain in silent glory.

FLRC Ballot of Elected Officers for 2006

Please refer all votes to current FLRC secretary, Jim Bisogni, at jjb2@cornell.edu or by post to Jim Bisogni, 104 White Park Place, Ithaca, NY 14850, no later than Dec 15, 2005.

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Co-President: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Nancy Kleinrock—Steve Shaum |
| Executive VP: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Alan Lockett |
| Treasurer: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Chris Irving |
| Secretary: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Mark Thompson |
| VP of Track: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Tim Ingall |
| VP of Trails: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Joe Reynolds |
| VP of Roads: | <input type="checkbox"/> | Jim Minor |

Members at Large (vote for four):

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Don Tily |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bob Talda |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | John Dailey, Jr. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tomas Larsson |

Write-in votes are also accepted, but please predetermine that any write-in candidate will accept the specified position if elected.

Fun Times and Fast Times are in the Winter Forecast
December 17 brings the Highland Forest Last-Chance Trail Run and Pancake Breakfast. See www.syracusechargers.org/lastch for all the tasty details.

See pages 4 and 5 for the scoop on the FLRC indoor track season as well as the Hartshorne Memorial Masters Mile. Come participate and/or watch the sizzling action.

News and Upcoming Events

Always a quiet and gracious presence, Dave is the Perfect Volunteer.

Most people would rather run a race than work a race. Or stay home when something is happening that's not particularly interesting. Or be more focused on an individual performance than the needs of others. Or quit when the going gets tough. Or remain quiet when a shout for help is heard.

But here's the path of perfection Dave follows: Roll up your sleeves. Show up two hours early to help a skeleton crew set up for an event. Set the alarm clock and drive in from out of town (let's say, Interlaken!) on a weekend, regardless of the weather. Give up preparation or warm ups for a race because a race director needs last-minute help. Stay late, long after everyone else has departed. Keep commitments.

That's what Dave has been doing for you.

It's no secret Dave's real passion is trail running. That's his favorite, and he can't wait for the trail series to kick-off (except maybe that snowshoe thingie?). Dave claimed the Stonehead title a few times, and didn't even get a rock to mount on his mantle. He outranked the mighty Alan Evans, winner of all things, just by doing more races and doing them very well.

Road racing? Hmm. It's okay with Dave. You might see him enjoying a good race with Audrey or Jim Chely in the Skunk Cabbage Half or the 5&10. Track season? Not so much. But Dave shows up at Barton Hall in the winter and some high school track in the summer just to help out those who do enjoy track. It's his way of saying thanks to the trail run volunteers who enjoy a good mile race or 100-meter sprint. Dave notices you and appreciates the way you helped at the trail runs.

Dave helps set up the tables, direct registration traffic, times runners, and counts lap after lap. When Skunk Cabbage packets need to be stuffed, he's there to fold shirts, paste on labels, sort chips, and put it all in order A to Z.

When everyone descends on the 5&10 registration desk, all demanding attention, Dave handles everyone with patience, focus, and kindness.

During trail season, Dave comes to the race site early to assist in duties, then after he races he remains at the site to help with additional chores. He even transports equipment to remote spots, all heavy lifting and grunt work. Or takes time out in the field (literally) to work an aid station near some cow pasture.

Dave also has been a wonderful ambassador for our club at other regional trail runs. He's traveled to Rochester, Syracuse, and Elmira to spread the trail-running gospel. He knows all those out-of-town runners when they come here. He remembers faces, invites others to join us, and offers encouraging words to everyone.

And for all the "damsels in distress," or those in need of a compassionate running partner, or even those old-time "man runs" with the guys on Sundays, just dial up 1-800-Dave. He's ready to go. Dave took a dog bite for Shelly, kept Pam and Sue Aigen from getting lost, told the cows to get out of the way for the frightened NYC ultra gals, and stayed by Karen's side during the infamous and freezing Highland Forest Pancake Breakfast Run & Search-and-Rescue-a-Shoe winter adventure. When

Dave says he'll do a run-through or training run with you, you can be certain he'll stay by your side until the finish.

Dave calls the Finger Lakes Runners Club "family." I can certainly relate to that description and the feelings he has for all of us. Years ago, John Stiner recommended to Dave that if he joined our club and participated in our runs, he would find great fun and good friends. It all came true.

Dave discovered a warm place of comfort and kinship, with a big serving of robust competition (Maddogs & One Englishman, for example), and exercise options that never end. We all found in Dave a treasured friend and help-mate, whose many silent contributions to this FLRC "family" finally have not fallen on deaf ears. Congratulations Dave! And thank you!

Tribute to Dave—Tim Ingall

Dave 'Stonehead' Jones, as he is affectionately known, has earned his name through hard work and continual dedication to the club.

As the title suggests, this guy is 'solid.' Not necessarily in body mass, but in his constant reliable presence at virtually every FLRC event that takes place.

As VP for Track, I know him well! He's one of those individuals that I just know will be there when he's needed—always, through rain and snow he is always there. And we all know he's a 'must have' in any race director's little book.

It's even more remarkable how he manages to do all he does when you consider that ever since I have been associated with this club he's had the Stonehead title close at hand. Not only has it been achieved by running so consistently well at our races, but also because he insists on showing up to just about every one of them! Hey Dave, give someone else a chance once in a while!

His friendly smile always greets the track runners as they learn how to fill our event cards under his direction. With his quiet demeanor and congratulatory ways towards his fellow competitors, you would never believe he is as competitive on the trails as I know he can be, especially on the downhills!

I've been nominating Dave for way too long for this award, and it's long overdue. Finally I'll have to think of someone new! There are no finer two people than Karen and Dave to represent this club so well in the future, and I thank them both for all they have done in the past.

I remember only a year or so ago a story from when he was running the Xmas pancake breakfast run at Highland Forest. In absolutely horrible bitterly cold conditions he rescued another FLRC runner's shoe from the depth of a snow hole where it was to be lost forever. Thanks to Dave, that person has gone on to greater glory within the club, even to the point of having a certain trail move named after her, "Monica" could tell you more.

I'm very happy to see Dave finally be rewarded a little for what he has done for so long for all of us without a sec-

News and Upcoming Events

ond thought.

Thanks a lot Dave, I'll see you on the trails and at the track meets!

Tribute to Dave—Jim Chely

I just want to throw in my congratulations to Dave Jones.

Although I know both of the recipients, Dave was one of the first people I met when I started running trails.

I find him to be a sincere, kind, humble, and helpful person. To this day, I always look forward to his friendly hello at all of the races. It was Dave who taught me to be fearless on the descents. Hence Dave's Descent at the Tanglewood Trail Run.

Again, congratulations to Dave and Karen.

Profile of Dave

Explain the work you've done for the Finger Lakes Runners Club: Not much. I don't deserve this award. I just try to help out any time I'm able to; so many others are always giving of their time while I'm racing trails.

Name: David F. Jones

Present age and date of birth: 47; June 5, 1958

Hometown (where you live now): Interlaken, NY

Job(s): Automotive technician

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 140

Shoe size: 8

Best feature (physical): Oh, jeez. Hair.

Worst feature: Feet (they're a mess).

Educational background: Trumansburg High School

Books I like: *Pillars of the Earth; A Prayer for Owen Meany; The Lovely Bones; The Bean Trees*

Favorite magazine: *Trail Runner* (Diane will say "Ew! That rag!")

Favorite TV show: *Seinfeld* or *SG1*

Favorite actor/actress: Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman

Favorite music: 1970s country rock

Favorite musical performer: Grateful Dead, New Riders of the Purple Sage

Hobbies: Is running a hobby?

Collections: music, books, FLRC newsletters since I joined the club

Make of vehicle you drive: Nissan, of course

Make of vehicle you'd like to drive: I don't have any desire to drive another make. But a newer one would be nice.

Favorite spectator sport: College basketball

Favorite nonrunning leisure activity: Can't print that!

Favorite vacation destination: I've never been on one.

Favorite item of clothing you own: My Garmin.

Most prized possession: My music, as much as anything.

Political affiliation: Liberal

Favorite famous quote: "It's all good, brothah."—John Russell

Personal philosophy: Be nice

Short-term goal: To be able to run

Long-term goal: To continue to run

Achievements of which you are most proud: Raising my three children: Chris, Ben, and Becky.

Favorite subject in school: Science and history

Least-liked subject: Math

Pets: Shelly's cats

Pet peeve: Hummers (gas guzzlers) and drivers talking on cell phones

Greatest fear: One of my fears is that a permanent injury would make me unable to run.

Happiest memory:

Secret ambition/fantasy: (raised eyebrow)

Personal strengths: Persistence. Is that a strength?

Personal weaknesses: These are the hardest questions! RUNNING—

Years running: 11

PR's (in last 10 years):

mile: never ran one

5K: Moravia about 5 years ago

10K: RecWay, somewhere in the 40s.

PR's at other distances (20K, half marathon, etc.):

50K: 4:56 at the Finger Lakes 50s, 2001

20 mi: 2:57 at Highland Forest, 2005

30K: 2:57 or 2:58 at Virgil Mountain Madness, 2005

25K: 2:10:30 at Finger Lakes 50s, 2005

half marathon: 1:37? at Skunk Cabbage, 2005

Best running performance: It turns out that every trail race this year was a PR.

Most memorable running performance and why: Running the 50K at the Finger Lakes 50s. I was having a good season, and I did really well.

Typical training week a month or so before a major race: Training? I just run the courses. And run them. And run them.

Injuries: Currently: bad ankle. A while back: injured foot, very painful; plantar fasciitis; ITB trouble.

Favorite race and why: Well, I'd like to say the Danby Down 'n' Dirty. I just like the terrain, the woods, the time of year. And Sue does such a wonderful job. I also love the Muddy Sneaker.

Favorite running shoes:

Favorite place(s) to train: The Finger Lakes Trail, Abbott Loop, Hector, Virgil

Favorite type of running surface: Trails!!

Running idol: There are just so many (in the local scene)! I couldn't pick just one.

Local people (friends/training partners...) who have had an influence on your running and why: John Stiner, who introduced me to trail running; our old Sunday group on the trails (Joe Dabes, John McMurray, Michael Turback, John Ives, Joe Daley); Jim Chely, because he makes me laugh and run faster.

What's a little known fact about you most people don't know?: If I tell, then everybody will know, and then I won't have one!

Why do you run?: I run to maintain fitness and to manage stress, and I like to be outside.

Any advice for other runners?: I would advise people not to run to the point of injury. Don't overdo it (like I have).

News and Upcoming Events

Comment on your selection as the Hartshorne Volunteer of the Year: Are you sure there's not somebody more qualified? But I would say, "Thank you!"

Any other comments?: It's a great club that we have, and a lot of great people. In a way, the club is like family to me.



Photo by Lorrie Tilly

Becky Harman Chosen 2005 Western New York Ultra Runner of the Year—Tom Perry

The directors of the five races in the [Western New York Ultra Series](#) have unanimously recognized Rebecca Harman as the 2005 Western New York Ultra Runner of the Year. Harman set new race records at the *Highland Forest 1-2-3*, the *Mendon Trail Run 50K* and in the nonscoring 50K at the *Finger Lakes Fifties*. In each of those races (see partial results below), she led all women start to finish and was competitive for the overall win with the fastest open men.

Harman's 2005 *Highland Forest* record is faster than the time for the winning man for 6 of the past 8 years. Her 2005 *Mendon Trail* record is faster than that of the winning man for 4 of the past 6 years. It is only a matter of time before she joins the ranks of the elite women who have won an ultra outright.

In addition to three ultra wins in Western New York, Harman finished 11th overall and first-place woman at the [Hinte-Anderson Trail Run](#) (HAT Run) in Harford County, Maryland. She also had a 5:17:06 finish in the 2005 [Tupper Lake Tinman Triathlon](#) (half Ironman). Harman is a very active member of the [Finger Lakes Runners Club](#) and is the Race Director of the renowned [Monster Marathon Trail Runs](#).

May 22, 2005 Highland Forest 1-2-3 (30 miles)
Trails—Highland Forest Park near Fabius, NY

Mark Driscoll, Race Director

- 1 Todd Baum Fayetteville M 47 4:21:48
- 2 Andrew Starowicz Syracuse M 32 4:40:13
- 3 [Rebecca Harman](#) Willseyville F 35 4:43:04*

*Faster than open winner 1998, 1999, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004; old record: Barbara Bellows 4:45:18, 1999.

July 2, 2005 Finger Lakes Fifties (50K)

Trails—Finger Lakes National Forest, near Hector, NY

Joe Reynolds, Race Director

- 1 Courtney Campbell Virginia M 40 4:13:17
- 2 Sean Andrish Virginia M 35 4:22:15
- 3 [Rebecca Harman](#) Willseyville F 35 4:37:13**

**Faster than 2000 open winner; old record: Rebecca

Harman 4:54:12, 2003

November 5, 2005 Mendon Trail Runs 50K

Trails—Mendon Ponds Park, near Rochester, NY

Larry Zygo, Race Director

- 1 Koch Ranier Germany M20 4:13:12



At Mendon Trail Runs—Photos by Deb Wyspianski

- 2 Ed Housel Rochester M40 4:41:39
- 3 [Rebecca Harman](#) Willseyville F30 4:42:30***

***Faster than open winner 1999, 2000, 2002, 2003; old record: Rebecca Harman 4:51:52, 2004

2006 Finger Lakes Runners Club All-Comer Winter Indoor Track Meets—Tim Ingall, Diane Sherrer

It's almost that much-anticipated and thrilling time of year again, the FLRC Indoor Track Season! And this winter it's shaping up to be one of the most exciting ever. With lots of new blood around town this year, from the very young to the not so young, plenty of action-packed events will no doubt unfold. The schedule is set and Barton Hall is reserved, so bring your family and run, see your friends, help out when you can, and run some PRs, too! You can run with people of similar ability and push yourself as hard or as easy as you'd like. This is all about *having fun*, so come cheer and smile and enjoy some winter running

News and Upcoming Events

time inside out of the ice and snow!

I'm always looking for volunteers in many different capacities on the day, so please contact me at any time if you can help out, no experience necessary!

Site: Barton Hall, Cornell University campus.

Footnote: There will be no December indoor meet this season. FLRC has added an extra meet in March to create a four-meet series.

Cost: Free for all FLRC members; free for all kids ages 6-under; \$1 students (nonmembers); \$3 adults (nonmembers). Team discounts or FLRC memberships may be discussed with Tim Ingall.

Registration: No preregistration. Sign up at each meet, beginning at 8:15 am; meet-day registration closes 15 minutes prior to start of each meet. All meets will be held on Sunday except for the Hartshorne Memorial Masters Mile.

Designated "Featured Race": Participation awards for younger athletes who choose this event.

Check it out: www.fingerlakesrunners.org. Please verify updated information prior to each meet. Results will be posted following each meet.

Contact: Track meet director Tim Ingall: timingall@hotmail.com, (607)351-6778.

Additional upstate New York winter track meets: Visit www.gvh.net; www.syracusechargers.org; www.masterstrack.com (complete calendar). Also contact Niagara or Adirondack USATF Associations.

And now for the schedule—drum roll, please:

Jan. 15

Doors open at 8 am; registration begins at 8:15 am; meet takes place 9:00–noon.

Order of events:

- 2 miles
- 55 meters (featured event)
- 1500 meters (including one race walk heat)
- 800 meters
- 4 × 400-meter relay

Jan. 21 (Saturday)—The Hartshorne Memorial Masters Mile.

Time to be announced.

This meet, which is not an official event on the FLRC winter track series, is open to masters men ages 40-over, and to submasters (30–39) and masters (40-over) women. There are several sectional heats, including the elite invitational mile for men and women. This meet is held at Barton Hall in conjunction with a Cornell University Invitational. To request a Hartshorne Mile application, contact meet director Rick Hoebeke (erh2@cornell.edu). Elite runners should call elite coordinator Tom Hartshorne at (607)266-8222.

Feb. 5

Doors open at 8 am; registration begins at 8:15 am; meet takes place 9:00–noon.

Order of events:

- 5000 meters—begins promptly at 9 am. Register early for this event (8:15–8:45 am).

100 meters (featured event)

one mile

200 meters

2 × 800-meter Valentine's Day relay

March 12: Family Fun Day & "Serious Events"—one mile and 400 meters

Doors open at 8 am; registration begins at 8:15 am for serious event races, and at 9 am to start of individual events for Family Fun Day participants.

All runners may participate in both Family Fun Day and serious events for a single fee. One mile and 400-m heats begin at 9 am. Family Fun Day events follow serious event races. "Fun" events to be announced, but expect some new games to be added, including the mysterious "MAGRs."

March 19

Doors open at 8 am; registration begins at 8:15 am; meet takes place 9:00–noon.

Order of events:

- 3000 meters
- 60 meters (featured event)
- 1500 meters (incl. race walk heat)
- 800 meters
- medley relay: 400-200-200-800 meters.

Lorrie and Don Tily's Annual Holiday Open House—Lorrie Tily

Please join us Saturday December 17, 4–9 pm, for our fourth (or fifth?) annual running community holiday open house. Bring good cheer, a dish to pass, and your favorite beverage. We will have lots of home-baked goodies, some wine, beer, and soda, along with smiles and laughter for all. We always enjoy sharing the holidays with our running family. For directions to our home in Locke, see the November 2005 issue of the newsletter.

Finger Lakes Runners Club

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Race Reports

TRILOGY OF INSANITY: A Tale of Two Marathons and One Ultra—Chris Reynolds

9-25-05 Adirondack Marathon—"I want to finish in the top three"

For the last six years my fall marathon has been the Wineglass Marathon. This year I decided to try something new: a new marathon and a new, loftier goal. Such is what led me to the Adirondack Marathon. I looked at past years' results and thought that it seemed doable that I could finish in the top three and bring home one of the coveted hand-carved wood bears. I *really* wanted a bear. So I trained harder than I ever have and felt confident that I could run a good time. I rested, I hydrated, I slept well, and on race morning I did not feel nervous. My recent running nemesis has been gastric reflux, so I loaded up (maybe overloaded) on Zantac, Gas-Ex, and Roloids. I was going to make sure that my gut didn't ruin this race for me.

Adirondack is a rather small marathon with only a few hundred runners, so there is no chip timing. I did not want to lose any time, so I started right at the starting line. The first half of this marathon is quite hilly, so I went out conservatively. I felt very comfortable, crossing the half in around 1:38. I had been running in third, and around mile 15 I came up on the second female and ran with her until around mile 18. That's when it hit. The Honey Stinger Gel and Ultima sports drink that I had been drinking revolted on me, repeatedly coming back up and then turning my gut into knots. I stayed in third until mile 21, when I just couldn't take the GI distress anymore and gave in to the runner coming up on me. Finally, the finish line. I finished fourth female in 3:24:27. One place out of the bears. I just cried. My time was respectable, but I did not meet my goal. And I did not like the disappointment that I felt inside. I had planned to run the Wineglass Marathon one(!) week later as a training run for my 50-miler. I felt so down that I immediately told Katie "there is no way I am going to put myself through another 26 miles of hell." [Editor's note: Katie Danner, finishing fourth overall, won the women's title and broke the course record with her 1:24:59 finish.]

10-2-05 Wineglass Marathon—"How tough are you?"

By the morning after Adirondack I told Joe that I would do Wineglass. "I'll just go easy; how hard can it be?" Seven days after my disappointing finish I lined up at the starting line at the Wineglass Marathon. Today's goal: go easy, don't get sucked into the race, and just make it to the finish with no injuries. I knew that it was going to be a hot day, so I stashed drink bottles every three miles throughout the course. This time I switched to Cytomax tropical fruit flavor. The thought of Ultima and Honey Stinger gels still nauseated me.

I went out easy; mile one in 7:49. Perfect. I maintained a sub-eight minute/mile pace through mile 10 and then started to feel mentally tired. So I slowed up; it was a nice feeling to know that I was not letting myself down by running slower than my usual pace. I recouped, but by mile 17 I started to get a little mental again and alternated between walking and running. What was I thinking? I'd had enough; did I really need to do the whole thing? All I could hear was IronMan announcer Al

Trautwig's voice repeating "How tough are you?" and "everyone has a story to tell." My story: I had never run two marathons this close before, and I wanted to be tough enough to complete them both. I'm sure that the other runners found me annoying as I walked, smiling to myself, cheering them on. This was their day; I was only out for a long training run. Almost to mile 22 I passed a cat who was lying in the shade on the sidewalk watching the runners go by. He looked quite content and I am sure he was smiling—actually, I think he was laughing at me. Now I had to finish. I made it in 3:36:54. Okay, I was tough enough. Now for the final test.

10-15-05 Tussey Mountainback 50-Miler "I am not insane; I am this tough"

The disappointment of Adirondack, the calmness of Wineglass—it was all leading up to the big one. I was excited to find out just what I was made of over 50 miles. Then, just eight days before the race, I learned that my mother was going to have a cardiac catheterization on the day before the race. My overwhelming excitement about the event quickly turned to uncertainty. Obviously, I was going to be with my mother while she was in the hospital and hopefully all would go well. If something went wrong, there was no way I would be leaving her side. So, Friday, October 14, came and my mother underwent her cardiac cath and subsequent angioplasty. All went well, and Joe and I left the hospital in Elmira and headed for State College, PA, where we would spend the night with Joe's daughter. Now I could again get excited about the ultra again, although at this point I was feeling pretty mentally drained.

I woke at 4 am on Saturday, full of naïve energy. I really did not know what to expect except that I would be running all day. Joe would be my support crew, driving to eleven transition stations along the course, with my food and drink and dry clothes. I felt quite calm as we arrived at the starting area at Tussey Mountain. No pressure; it just felt good to know that I had no expectations of myself, other than to finish, and that I wasn't *racing*. I was just going for a very long run. I was going to run happy. I could do that.

The crew vehicles took off at about 6:50 am, and at 7 am, after prerace photos, we (40-some runners) started our journey into the darkness up Tussey Mountain.

START to 3.2 miles: Mostly gently climbing, switchbacks, with some steep ascents. "This isn't so bad." I started out easy, crossing the first mile in around 9:30. This was different to start out at this pace. I watched one other woman accelerate after the first mile, working her way up to the front-runners. How cool; I had no desire to even try that. I chatted with a couple of other runners and finally reached Joe in 31.01 minutes. The darkness was just starting to lift.

3.2 to 7.2 miles: Downhill to level on gravel road. I continued to drink and chat with other runners. Several people asked if that was my husband on the crew, and

Race Reports

when I said yes and who he was, I found that they were familiar with him and the Finger Lakes Fifties. I took this opportunity to promote our ultra. I hooked up with a guy who had run Tussey last year and had done quite a few ultras, and he kept me distracted from the running with his stories. However, I soon decided that I just wanted to be alone and take in this experience. I picked up the pace and reached Joe at 1:03:41.

7.2 to 11 miles: Fairly flat; gravel road finishing on paved road. The adventure was well underway. The sun was out, and I could take in the beauty of the trees and clear skies. By now the runners were few and far between. I was still running easy, but for some reason I started to feel a pain in the back of my right ribs, which would ultimately haunt me for the rest of the run (and, of course, disappear when I finished!). By now I had left my running partner, as he had a clear idea of the pace he was going to evenly maintain for the entire race. I had decided to run as to how the topography would allow. I saw the mile-10 marker. There was a camera crew in the road filming oncoming runners. A race volunteer sat quietly in a chair. As I got caught-up in the lime-light of the camera, I lost sight of the signs directing to the transition zone and just kept running straight. When I saw the mile 12 marker I realized that I had missed mile 11. I asked another runner, who asked if I had hit transition zone #3. *Shit*; I missed it and had to turn around and run back (adding about mile extra to my total distance). Time now 1:41:30. I had to use the restroom, and as I went to leave there was no handle to pull the door open. I screamed to Joe, "I'm locked in the (insert expletive) bathroom. Come open this (insert expletive) door!" Joe appeared and pulled the door open. No wonder there was no handle inside; it was a *push* door. Oh well; we (and everyone who heard me screaming) had a good laugh. Reasons for lost time make for a good story.

11 to 17.2 miles: Gently rolling with several long hills. No kidding. My running partner from earlier had passed me during my "lost time," but I caught up to him and passed him in the hills. The small steps that the steep hills required were starting to take their toll on my hips. Finally I gave in and power-hiked the final stretch of the last uphill. What a relief to stretch my legs. I got to Joe at 2:48:01.

17.2 to 20.6 miles: All downhill or flat. Here I leap-frogged with some of the earlier runners and started noticing relay runners and their crews coming through. What a charge as the people in the crew vehicles cheered me on when they passed. I reached Joe at 3:20:00, still smiling and feeling relatively pain-free.

20.6 to 25.9 miles: Gently rolling with some moderate climbs. Ha! Moderate climbs, yes, but they went on *forever*. I plugged along at a steady pace until the muscles in my groin started feeling a little tight so that I had to do some power hiking to stretch them out. I reached Joe at 4:19:01, thinking that if this was a marathon I could almost be done.

25.9 to 30.8 miles: Uphill, flat, then gently rolling. Again, ha! Correct on the uphill, but the gently rolling was more like drastic downhills. I took the opportunity to try to stride-out and stretch me legs. My mental status was still good, and I reached Joe and his cowbell at 5:14:03. I was about to cry,

realizing that I was about to reach a point of running further than I ever had before.

30.8 to 33.6 miles: Gently rolling, some flat. Guess what I learned how to do? At some point during a run this long with all that fluid intake, nature will call. Squatting seemed to be too much of a chore; it is amazing what you can learn to master when it is necessary. I met Joe at 5:43:55. Unbelievable—I was still happy and feeling strong. Somehow knowing that the mileage left was under 20 just seemed very doable.

33.6 to 36.5 miles: Begins uphill, then gently rolling and downhill. I almost stepped on a huge snake sunning itself (immediately checked the tail for a rattle), had to dodge falling acorns, and the blowing pine needles were like a snowstorm at times. It was so surreal. I reached Joe at 6:15:55. "Wow," I thought. "I'm almost done." What a fool I was.

36.5 to 41.8 miles: Heading into serious ups and downs—topographically and mentally. The long hills went on and on, and just drained me mentally. I ran mostly alone here, and this was the first point that my mind started to go. I just kept drinking my Accelerade and hoped that I would make it to Joe and the food. I got to Joe at 7:21:41 and sat and recouped and posed for a picture with my honey. Joe would wait for me at this transition zone, as I would head into an out-and-back section, returning to him.

41.8 to 45.8 miles: Long ups and downs. Here a woman told me "only eight miles to go." That sounded good, but, really, after 42 miles, eight miles still seems like an eternity. I power-hiked the ups, tried to stride out on the downs. The caffeine, sugar, and salt boost that I got at the last station was wearing-off quickly. Mr. IronMan, who I had been leap-frogging with, was suffering worse than I was on the downhills. At least I wasn't alone in this misery. By the time I reached Joe again after only four miles I was ready to refuel. I just kept telling myself this is it; time to head home. I was going to finish.

45.8 to 50 miles: Its all downhill from here. No kidding—it was all downhill. What a cruel way to finish after all those long miles. The outside of my right knee was hurting, which made it hard to stride out. Dull knives stabbed both groin muscles. When I got to the sign reading "mile to finish" and saw that sub-9 hours was possible, I sucked-up all of the pain and ran as hard as I could (which was probably not that fast to anyone watching) and made it to the finish. 8 hours, 58 minutes, 34 seconds. I did it and I felt pretty good. Wow, I just ran 50 miles, I felt good, and I *had fun*. I felt a huge rush come over me.

This ultra was such a powerful experience. It truly made me find out just how tough I am. I learned so much in finding inner strength to overcome the physical and mental tough times. The protein from the lemon-lime Accelerade kept my muscles well-fueled; however, it was the Pepsi, Pringles, potato chips (thanks Becky for introducing those to me at Monster), M&Ms, and Fig Newtons that

Race Reports

really kept my sugar up. And Joe was the *most awesome* support crew, ringing his cowbell and having the crowds cheer my name as I came through every transition zone. I can't put into words the energy that this gave me; I couldn't help but smile the whole way. Despite my finishing place, I won. I had conquered something that I never thought I would. This was definitely a great way to introduce myself to the world of ultrarunning. I think I could get used to this.

What I learned during this day of running:

- Start slow and then taper off
- Gas-Ex is the ultimate best thing to take before running to help digestion (I had no GI distress)
- A dry bra and a dry shirt can make a world of improvement in your attitude (I changed twice)
- Peeing standing up is easier on the quads (no need to practice; you learn quickly out of necessity)
- Flat Pepsi, Pringles potato chips, M&Ms, and Fig Newtons can work magic

Exposing Long-Hidden Thoughts—Adam Engst

I've been remiss in sending race reports of late—apologies. A quick recap. The week of Skunk Cabbage in April, I started having some gluteus pain that moved around a bit and, after the Duck race later that month, settled down in my hips. I tried taking time off, running easy, stretching more, getting occasional chiropractic help from Gerrit van Loon, and various other things to no effect. Finally, in June, Gerrit and I decided to get serious about fixing my hips, and after a few more visits in close succession, along with a stretching and hamstring strengthening regime, I improved, and by the middle of July I was running mostly free of pain. By the middle of August, I felt ready to race, and tested things out at a track meet with a 5:08 mile, then at Mountain Madness a week or so later. That went well, and I was training well again, too, so I thought I might be able to do okay at Pud's Run. But, I just didn't have the conditioning, and I didn't have a good race overall, finishing in 17:34 and feeling quite lousy.

Next up was the Groton Labor Day 5K. I'd won it the prior two years (thank goodness for small local races), but Andris Goncharovs was running it too, and he'd beaten me by 15 seconds at Pud's. Still, it's a course I like and know well by this time, and I was feeling stronger than the week before. Andris and I went out fairly conservatively, so much so that Andri, his father, put on a burst of speed to try and push us through the half-mile a bit faster. But we stuck to the 5:30 pace through the first mile, which is just after the crest of the main hill. I was hoping to pass Andris on the downhill, as I'd done the previous year when he was only 12, but whenever I challenged him, he put on a burst of speed and I was never able to get by. After the downhill, we turned onto the dirt railroad bed and I settled in behind him since it wasn't a good spot for passing. That continued through 2 miles, and in the third mile, he managed to put a little distance on me, maybe 10–15 meters. The race ends through the school parking lot and with 300 meters on the track, so as we kicked through the parking lot, I decided I'd go after him on the track, hopefully being able to put my

longer stride length to good use. I was gaining as we hit the track, and I gained the entire 300 meters, so much so that I was merely feet behind him at the finish, but he was able to kick it in enough to hold me off. He won in 17:26, I was second in 17:27.

The following weekend was supposed to be a double-header for me—the Ellis Hollow Fair's Pie Run on Saturday, followed by the Ithaca 5&10 on Sunday. The Pie Run is one of my favorite races, not the least because it's the smallest one I run, and has the best prizes (pie!). But, sad to say, it was cancelled this year, a fact I didn't learn until the night before when I called the organizer to see when the start time was, given that I couldn't find any mention of it on the Web or in the Ellis Hollow Gazette. I might help organize the race next year, just to keep the pie fix coming.

But with Lorrie Tily in charge, there was no worry about the 5&10 being cancelled, and the weather was absolutely ideal—cool and sunny. Well, relatively cool for this year, anyway. Andris was in the race again, and again we went out fairly conservatively with me leading the first mile in 5:31. In the second mile, he and three other guys passed me, and we ran together as a group for a bit, before I started to fall off. My split for 2 miles wasn't terrible, nonetheless, and I went through 3 miles in what seemed like a comparable time to the previous weekend's 5K, though still dropping. By this time, the lead three had dropped Andris too, but he still had an easy 50 meters on me, and that lengthened to 75 or so through the fourth mile that's mostly in Stewart Park. But somehow, coming out of the fourth mile, I found some additional energy and managed to increase my stride rate a bit, such that once we were back on Cayuga Street and headed toward the High School, I was clearly closing on Andris. I'm best in pursuit (which is why I so love the age-graded starts at the Triennial), and buoyed by the sight of him coming ever closer, I increased speed again. By the time we were at the tennis courts, I was within striking distance. I knew that Andris had plenty of speed, so I figured my only chance was a sneak attack, so I intentionally stayed 10 meters behind him, thinking I'd go all out on the turn into the High School and surprise him just before the line. The best laid plans—and these weren't laid at all well—I was a little too close, and Andris heard my footsteps and glanced back to see me just as I started my sprint. Warned, he kicked too, and since I'd been working a lot harder than he had for the last mile, I was no match for him: he finished fourth in 28:55, and I was fifth in 28:57.

I wasn't planning on racing again until Triennial, but there was a nice lady handing out forms for a new 5K in Newfield on September 17. She was talking it up, saying it was a downhill course on a dirt road, and of course they'd have pies for prizes. I'm a sucker for pie, and I figured that as a new 5K, it was likely to be pretty small, so I had a pretty good chance at some pie.

Saturday the 17th rolled around and found me driving

Race Reports

to Newfield in the—get this—rain. We had hardly any rain all summer, so prospect of running in the rain was quite astonishing; the last time had been at Virgil Mountain Madness. The weather was in fact fairly similar, humid and threatening even after the sprinkling stopped. I warmed up with John Saylor and Karen Grover, and John Hylas and his girlfriend Denise showed up, as did Jeffrey Juran and his daughter Sara. Since this was a point-to-point downhill course, we all piled onto a pair of school buses for the trip up to the top of the hill. The feeling of being on a school bus immediately provoked childish behavior in all of us, despite the fact that as adults, we could barely squeeze into the seats. The hill was daunting, and we were worried about running back down the way we'd come up, but the road was paved, and indeed, it turned out that we were going down the other side of the hill.

With no Andris, and no one else I recognized as a local speedster, I was pretty happy about my chances, and I wanted to try a new strategy, since going out at a conservative 5:30 pace hadn't worked too well. So when the race started, I went out hard, taking advantage of the downhill grade, and went through the first mile in 5:18. Not bad, but I was a little surprised that it wasn't faster. Then again, after the first half mile, no one was with me, other than the lead bike. There were a few uphill, but we'd been warned about them—they totaled 41 feet of horizontal distance, I believe, and were so piddly as to be almost laughable. More difficult was the footing, which was fine for a dirt road, but because it turned and twisted, running the tangents meant crossing the rocky and gravelled middle over and over again. That, and the fact that I didn't have anyone to key off is the best reason I can think why my second mile was 5:33, and the third 5:39 (the last three-quarters of a mile into the finish was mostly flat, rather than downhill, which didn't help). I came in hard, but I could see the clock from a ways away, and could tell I wasn't going to break 17:00—I crossed the line in 17:02, which is still a 15-second career PR and a course record (gotta love new races!). Jeffrey Juran followed me in in 17:31, and as everyone else trickled in, the general consensus was that running downhill was great, but that the footing slowed things down such that no one ran quite as fast as they would have liked.

Eventually, we piled back onto the bus and went back to the Newfield school, where they handed out the prizes. I had high hopes, since a family was all wearing shirts they'd had made up saying "Pie or Die!" But when I got a look at my prize, it was a basket of some of the most oddly assorted goodies you can imagine—and no pie. There was a homemade loaf of pumpkin bread that was very tasty; a bag of cinnamon almonds that didn't last long; a bag of plain old peanuts in their shells from the Buffalo BBQ that was, well, just nuts; a little packet of Keebler graham cracker snacks that I didn't eat because of the partially hydrogenated crud in them; a small jar of homemade peach jam that was quite good; a tiny jar of local maple syrup (enough for the next

day's pancake breakfast); a honey bear with local honey; and, to top it all off, a little bag containing two samples of guy perfume from Avon (the female winners received a little assortment of lipstick samples). Very unusual, and way better than little plastic trophies, but personally, I'd still take a nice cherry pie instead.

With these last few races, capped by a good leg at Triennial, I'm pretty happy about going into the last three cross-country races. I had some left ankle problems after Triennial, but Gerrit was able to fix them quickly, and in this stunning fall weather I've been happily running 9+ mile long runs on Sunday and feeling great both during and afterwards, which is such a relief after the months of hip pain earlier in the year.

Marine Corps Marathon: "I did it my way"—Sue Aigen

Running this marathon (my tenth) was unlike any other that I've done. Typically my mind set is to race the marathon at a pace that seems realistic, which for me has typically been around a 9-minute pace. This past year my training has gone well and I've set PRs at most of my races at other distances, so my expectation for Marine Corps was to run a sub-four-hour marathon.

All that changed three weeks ago when I received a phone call on a Sunday afternoon from my doctor. He called to tell me that I should not plan on running the marathon at all. My twin sister had recently been diagnosed with HCM (hypertrophic cardiomyopathy—a genetic heart defect). Even though I felt that I was not experiencing any symptoms, I thought that it would be prudent for me to get checked out. So I scheduled an EEG and the results were not good. My doctor advised me that I shouldn't race at any distance and not to run the marathon at all as I would be at risk for sudden death. Needless to say, I felt devastated.

Running brings me such joy, and I really do enjoy going to races, the camaraderie of friends, the ambience of high energy events.

And for the past few years I've really gotten into the racing element, mostly because of Diane Sherrer's words of encouragement/threats: "Sue we're at a race, this isn't a walk in the park. You need to cough up blood." So now to be told not to go at all really tore me apart. After some reflection, I decided that I would go to D.C. and do it in a way that felt comfortable to me.

So I bought a heart rate monitor and decided to run at a "moderate" pace. My doctor could not give me any clue as to what this meant. So it was trial and error over the first few miles. Thank goodness my technosavvy running partner was there to help me figure it out. I had some anxiety about not knowing whether I would push myself too hard, but thankfully Diane Yates insisted on keeping me in check and running with me at a slower than slow pace. Whenever I wanted to bump it up a notch, my H.R. indicated that it was best to slow down. There were moments that I just wanted to get going, to finish strong, but then I remembered that it was more important to finish, to just enjoy the minutes and hours of this last marathon run side by side with my good friend, and to be

Race Reports

alive to tell about it.

Before the race started, I called Chris Irving, and she gave me some words of encouragement: "Just go out and have fun!" Diane and I enjoyed the scenic tour of the capitol, the monuments, the Smithsonian, Georgetown, and other parts of D.C. The day was partly sunny and breezy. Temps started out in the low 40s and ended in the mid-60s. We crossed the finish line together at a time of 4:41 and got our medals. This was Diane's first marathon and my last. We finished 8915 and 8917 out of a field of 20,072 starters.

Next, MCM from Diane's Perspective—Diane Yates

Marine Corp Marathon, Washington, DC

Sunday, October 30, 2005

30,000 Runners

Course: Loop around the monuments with start and finish at the Iwa Jima Memorial

My first marathon experience was pretty cliché. I trained. The beginning felt easy; the last few miles were hard. I was glad to finish.

Noncliché aspect: The pavement hurt. My hips were really screaming during the race.

In hindsight: Not enough training on pavement and more carbs prerace would have been helpful.

The group of us who signed up to run Marine Corp together disbanded about a week before the race due to various reasons. Therefore, Sue Aigen and I made the trip together. One truly learns more about oneself during a stressful situation and, it goes without saying, more about their friends. This marathon was no exception. I learned that I don't particularly like pain (no childbirth for me either, thank you); while someone like Sue considers it a testament to how hard your body is working and a mental feat to conquer. I knew something was different by the time we hit miles 19–25. Sue was warming up, whereas I was done and feeling that the miles were rather pointless. The sweet Sue we all know turned Marine and began reminding me that this was a marathon and, "The faster you go, the sooner we'll be done!" (Note: I was walking at this point.) She had made up her mind to make the most of this bipedal tour of the nation's capital. When I felt like crying because my hips were aching, she retorted, "Cry at the finish line, let's get going!" and literally grabbed my hand like an excited guide pulling me along to the next site. :-)

As Sue mentioned, this race was symbolic in that it was my first marathon and Sue's last. And even though we (okay, okay, I) dragged it out, there was much to enjoy—the sunny/mild weather, the scenic course, the music, the organization, and what 20,000 runners looked and smelled like (that may not have been a plus). Most importantly, we finished alive and well and with smiles.

And Finally a View of MCM from the Front—Kait Nelson

For my first marathon, I've learned four key lessons that I felt need to be passed on to all of you.

First Lesson: Don't leave your chip at home, then have to run back and forth two times from the starting line to the finish line (about 3 miles total) to figure out how to get a replacement chip. All within 45 minutes of *scheduled* start time.

So at the time it didn't seem like it was a huge deal. Heck, I got in a great warm up I hadn't really planned on. Honestly, with the amount of mileage I was putting in to train for the darn race, I don't think it really hurt me to run a few extra miles. What hurt me was that they made me change from running in the "Scarlet Heat" to the "Gold Heat."

Second Lesson: Don't start in a heat that begins a half hour after the first heat, for runners with predicted finishing times that are over one hour longer than your own.

Now it wasn't like I had to go to the back of the crowd and have to walk for the first two miles before my race actually started. One of the coolest parts of being in the second heat was that I got to run the first couple of miles with *no one* ahead of me and only a few guys behind me that I passed in the first few minutes. But then I caught up with the first heat stragglers, and the weaving began. Much sooner in fact than I would have thought.

Third Lesson: Don't try to set a 5K PR between miles 3 and 6 of the marathon.

So I got a little excited. And a little concerned that I would be weaving a lot later on and having to slow down a lot when I reached the main pack of the first heat. But by mile 13, I knew I'd be having serious problems reaching my goal time. I think I ran 1.5 to 2 minutes slower than originally intended in the last two miles of the race!

Fourth Lesson: Be sure to have a #1 fan that will fight for your right to correctly reported race results.

I guess the timing officials or whatever the heck you call them didn't believe that a "Gold Heat" female runner had finished in 5th overall. So they calculated my finishing time as if I had started with the first heat of runners—which wasn't that bad of a bad time, I was okay with it. I mean, it wasn't like I was losing prize money or anything. However, my sister back in Omaha, NE, decided to raise some hell. She reportedly called about 20 people last Sunday evening to figure out how to get the timing dudes to go back, look at official race photos, and figure out where they'd gone wrong.

So there's my race report, essentially—and, shoot, I gotta say I'm hooked on marathon running. But I have to revert back to being a grad student for the time being, unfortunately (hence the writing of this race report at 10 pm on a Friday night—I'm such a nerd)

Thanks for all of your support from afar. I look forward to hopefully having a stress-minimized last semester in my grad program next spring to be able to come out for lots of noon-time runs!

The New York City Experience, Mile by Mile—Maureen Dracup

Prerace—I got into NYC late Friday night, visited with my sister and her family, and got to bed around midnight. I fell into a deep sleep and slept straight through to 9 am. Ah, it was going to be a good weekend. That night sleep was more important than all other sleeps (or so I am told!).

In my sister's apartment, which is a block from Central Park, I got dressed and went for a prerace run with my brother-in-law, Tom, and quickly got caught up in the swarms of runners. As you can imagine, the full range was there. I

Race Reports

joked with Tom that this would be good practice for calmly but methodically dodging around runners until I was able to comfortably run my pace. He (more than once) warned me to be calm that first couple of miles—to not waste energy early in the race.

After the run and a quick shower, I headed out for the expo. I couldn't wait to go! I got my subway map, but felt a panic before heading down the subway stairs. I decided to take a cab. I like to run and can follow course signs, but any other task requiring navigational skills, well, it's not pretty. And although it was going to cost me a lot more to take cabs, I decided that that was just part of the whole experience. Thank goodness I made a second stop to the ATM before I left Ithaca!

The Expo—The expo was so efficiently run that I had my bib info within minutes, and it was off to the other side to see what loot I could pick up! I sat for a while and listened to some inspirational runners; their training cycles, what type of runs they do and don't do during taper, their diets. This was my fourth marathon, but my first expo by myself. I decided to make it all about me and what I wanted to do. I then went over and sat with a bunch of other runners and watched that video where you see the course. I was beginning to get really excited (as well as the reality of what I was about to do). I then spent way too much time looking through all the gear for sale, debating whether to join a pace group (decided not to). I could come up with lots of reasons why I spent too much time there even though I knew I shouldn't, but I did. I went out to get a cab to go over to Times Square, but decided to head back to my sister's apartment. I was feeling anxious about how much time I had spent on my feet! I got there and everyone was at the park. Score! I lied down for a while and felt so much better.

I ended up making it an early night. We had a big pre-race dinner at Carmine's on the west side; good family-friendly Italian restaurant. I couldn't fit one more penne in my mouth. I was full. My husband and I then went over to check into the Marriott New York East Side. I probably should have just stayed at my sister's apartment, because I don't think I slept very much. But I was calm and relaxed, so no real damage was done.

Race Day—I woke early and at 5:30 am headed to the Public Library to catch the bus to Staten Island. I'm so glad I listened to other runners and the volunteers at the expo who warned me to get there early. I was on the bus well before 6 am; no traffic, no stress. Runners who waited to get on the bus had waits of over an hour and a half. I can't imagine the stress that caused them.

So, dressed in my throw-away clothes, I head off for the Orange area. We had a lot of hours to kill before the 10:10 am start, but I wouldn't dare complain. I was in a special area for the couple of thousand women that were estimated to finish in the front. It certainly didn't seem like that many in there. We had more port-a-johns than seemed necessary, especially considering the deep lines in all the other areas.

I had a lot of time to meet and chat with other women that had goals similar to mine. None of us had run the NYC Marathon, so that variable (the course) was a big unknown.

Race Time—Fast forward a few hours, and its time to line up. That's when I got to see Karen LaFace. She spotted me and, I have to tell you, that hug and short chat was so great! It was great to see her happy self and have that hometown connection.

Lining up right behind the elite men was a thrill, but it would have been an even bigger thrill if I was a couple inches taller! The woman next to me offered to pick me up, but I thought her throwing her back out at this point would be a risk she shouldn't take. I got to see Meb and Paul, so that was cool!

One of the funniest experiences at the start was the singing of the national anthem. With how precise everything had been up to this point, it was amazing to watch this woman so poorly fake that she was singing it. If I were further back or watching on television, I would have been deceived. It certainly kept us women relaxed with all the giggling. Other than dodging all of the last minute emptying of bladders, the start was uneventful.

Miles 1–9—I had such a good starting spot for settling into my pace, that my race was never an issue. Although it didn't hurt, running that first mile uphill was actually my first clue that this wasn't going to be an easy marathon. With all the warnings ahead of time, I was in a bit of denial because I live in Ithaca. Hills are everywhere. After the third mile, I was still maintaining just shy of a 7-min/mile pace; I decided to hold it there because it felt great.

Crowds were amazing, bands were perfectly timed. Volunteers were so kind. Only a couple of dumb spectator things were said; at mile 4, someone actually yelled, "Almost there!"

Miles 10–14—I kept my pace, but now that the sun was really strong, I started planning out the strategy for the rest of the race. I made up my mind that if the clouds didn't help shade us, I was going to pull back the pace at the halfway mark. I wanted to run the full first half at a sub-3 pace.

Miles 15–16—That 59th Street bridge was not fun. I held steady at about a 7:30 pace and tried hard to not look at all the people that came to an abrupt stop. I kept words like *strong*, *fight*, and *push on* running through my head. Remembering Becky tell me that she thought I was strong and to run my own race. Remembering Lorrie's comment about moving out of my comfort zone. Those things got me up that bridge! It still wasn't fun, but I persevered. I also thought *what doesn't kill me, makes me stronger* had a lot of validity!

Miles 17–19—This was a critical time. This is usually the time I wonder why I like this distance. I started to feel strong and happy as I reminded myself that my kids, my husband, my sister and her family, and my parents would be there cheering for me at mile 18. The crowds were so deep that I started feeling a little dizzy trying to find them, so I decided that they would have to find me. All of a sudden I hear, "It's her; Maureen!" I turned and saw my brother-in-law filming,

Race Reports

and I was so happy. I know it was early still, but I knew that I was going to make it and I was going to finish with a time I should be pleased with.

Miles 20–21—I worried that these miles would be hard because of fewer crowds in the Bronx, but the NYC people did not let us down. I hit mile 20 and I said to this woman that was running near me, "This is what we've been training for. I hadn't talked with anyone the entire event (except for the homeless man that almost crashed his grocery cart into me in Brooklyn!), and it felt good to say something (even though she only grunted back!)."

Miles 22–23—These were long, but the crowds were getting deeper. Although it seemed like they were playing a trick on me as to when we were actually going to get into Central Park, I was feeling good. I slowed down a bit at the start of each of these miles to encourage that female runner that had been keeping my pace for much of the run. Just when I thought she was going to stick with me, a runner with an Australian accent said, your friend slowed down again; you need to just go.

Miles 24–26—My kids; I dedicated each of these last three miles to my kids. I started with my 10-year-old Shannon, and for that entire 24th mile, I thought of all the things that make her special, all of the fun things we've done, what I'd like to do with her, and on and on. I did the same for 8-year-old Daniel on mile 25, and then 4-year-old Erin on mile 26. Amazing how that worked, but glad I didn't have any more miles (or kids!).

Another dumb comment was made by a spectator at mile 25. I could've clobbered him. As I start to pick up my pace again, he yells out, "Only 5 more miles. Uh, just kidding!" Not sure if he'd ever figure out that there wasn't an iota of a chance of that ever being funny, so I just ran by him (instead of kicking him like I felt tempted to do).

Home Stretch—When we left the park for the last time, I knew this was it. I was very appreciative of the numerous countdown signs to let you know exactly how many yards were left. There were three women that I could have sprinted past, but chose not to. I decided to cherish the moment and come in feeling good. I also wanted a chance at a good photo finish.

I stopped just past the mat and immediately felt the intense pain of severe blisters on my right foot. It felt like torture to have to walk as far as we had to for chip removal, food, and family reunion area, but those medical people that had to constantly remind me to keep moving know what they're doing.

I finished with a 3:11.52 chip time (3:12.04 gun); 17th AG placement, 96th female, 1177th overall. If the weather had been a little kinder, I could have gotten closer to a 3 hour finish. But the weather is what it is. That's the cool thing about marathons. They're all different. The NYC marathon is not an easy course, but one that I would highly recommend! So organized with possibly the best volunteers I have ever come across. I feel good about my run. I wouldn't have done it any differently. Thanks to all the support from Becky, Karen G., Mark, Bob T., Mike, Lorrie, and everyone else that met up with us from time to time on our runs! I thought of all of you on that run. (I even heard Mark yell at his computer screen for me to slow down!)

Time to heal these blisters and plan for the next one!! Happy Running everyone.

Cross-Country: That Amazing Super Vets Team—Herb Engman

More so than trail running, road racing, and even track, cross-country is often a great team experience. "Taking one for the team" was never more evident than at the championship finale to the 2005 Upstate Cross-Country Series.

Joe Reynolds was told by his doctor that the pain he had experienced in every X-C race this season was from a broken foot, just revealed by an X-ray. She prescribed a walking soft cast to allow the foot to heal. "Thanks," said Joe, "I'll use it right after the next race." When the doctor expressed how crazy that was, Joe said he was on a team and had to run. Cross-country runners would immediately understand. Like Bob Datolla, who gave up competitive running for the more exotic sport of triathlons many years ago. Yet, he showed up for the final race (as well as others), because he was needed by the Super-Vets (60 and over) team.

Needed, because we ended up with the minimum three runners. That meant every one of us had to complete the race to win the series championship. That ended up being a challenge, because the 4-mile course at Mendon Ponds was one none of us had ever seen and didn't have time to run completely beforehand, and also because the fallen leaves had covered treacherous underfooting—many ankle-twisting rocks and deep mud. The temperature was also an issue, rising to around 70°F at race time, highly unusual for November 6 in Upstate New York. Not only did we three survive, but we ended up 1-2-3 in the team scoring to win the race and the team championship.

Heading the Super-Vet team call during the season were a number of other runners, all of whom played crucial roles in one or more of the five races: Jim Bisogni, Cory Byard, Don Farley, Bob Kern, and Chuck Collins.

Next cross-country season, maybe additional High Noon Athletic Club and Finger Lakes Runners Club members will experience the bonding and gratitude and fun that comes from a team running experience.

Cross-Country 10K National Championship—Herb Engman

As the saying goes, "Save your worst for last." Oh, wait, that's save your *best*, isn't it? I must have been confused at the last meet of the season, the National 10K X-C Championship, because I ran my personal worst for a 10K. I'm going to blame "running depression," which I define as the physical and mental fatigue that a racer gets after reaching (or not) the major running goal for the year. For me, that was the conclusion of the Upstate X-C Series two weeks before.

As in the National 5K Championship, the unattached (nonteam) runners got the prime corral at the start, with a straight shot to the first turn. With me were several 60-year-olds, evident from the age-group tags on the back of our shirts. I figured I would just stick with them for awhile until things sorted out. That took only a few steps, as I had no lift, no energy, and no competitive instinct. I went through the mile in a pedestrian 6:42 and was just exhausted. I seriously considered dropping out, but I figured I had beaten some of

Race Reports

the other runners in the past and they deserved a shot at me. Besides, with the \$30 entry fee, I figured I might as well get my long run in for the weekend.

Jerry Smith, who had badgered me to run the championship, went by after the first mile (clever, that guy—setting me up for a beating). Already ahead of me were people like Dave Blake and Mike Reif, neither of whom had threatened me in the X-C Series. Jerry eventually got about 50 yards on me. The lead pack (all male masters ran together) lapped me on the 2K oval at 8K (6K for me). After about 7K I noticed Jerry coming back, and I put on a little push to try to salvage something from the race. I caught him at 8K, and he fell back about 30 seconds in the last loop.

Despite my personal misery, the championship turned out to be much more impressive and fun than I anticipated. The much-maligned Genesee Valley Park 2K course was a spectator's delight. It was impressive to see 300 open race male runners stream across the open field and then sort out at the first turn. There were almost 300 in the male master's race, nearly 100 in the women's masters, and over 200 in the women's open. Standing by the fence protecting the course, the ground shook as the runners thundered by in a big group. The announcer gave a running account of each race. So, even while plodding along in my race I could hear what was happening at the head of the pack. Peter McGill and Scott Bagley traded the lead all the way with Carl Pope and others, with McGill edging Bagley at the tape, both with the same time, and others another second behind. Hot soup and cider were wonderful after a race in the high 30s with a stiff wind.

Just for the record, my time was 43:51, good for 9th place. In the never-ending quest to find something good from a bad race, I noted that I was the first New Yorker. What the heck is wrong with NYS running these days!

Hairy Gorilla Half Marathon Trail Race—Nancy Kleinrock and Steve Shaum

We saw people in gorilla suits, but no actual gorilla; we saw someone in a squirrel suit, but no squirrel; we froze our butts off camping in snow-sprinkled Partridge Run Wildlife Management Area, but saw no partridge; however we did see a camel (on Rt 206 between Greene and Coventryville). Oh, and we ran a race, too.

The inaugural Hairy Gorilla Half Marathon and Squirrely Six Miler races at John Boyd Thacher State Park near Albany were impeccably put on by roughly 80(!) volunteers from the Albany Running Exchange and drew a crazy big crowd of runners (107 in the half and 81 in the six)—some in costume, like the woman in the tutu and witch's hat, the faux-big-breasted guy in drag, and the man with a dangling fake arm who ran the entire half marathon with his real arm tucked into his shirt. For him, it was a good thing that the trails were as tame as they were, although we would have preferred a bit more of what we're used to around here: ups, downs, rocks, roots—stuff like that. Granted, there were some. Two hills to be exact. The one that was within the first six miles was primarily on a road (part paved, part dirt), but the one that only the Gorilla runners encountered was on a lovely piece of trail, part pleasantly challenging (although short) and part slippery muddy and also

short—but fun—particularly since we encountered it in both upwardly and downwardly directions. The remaining logistical challenges of the course came down to navigating huge puddles, sometimes in somewhat rooty sections of trail, but more often in rutted-by-ATVs sections. Both the first six miles and the remainder of the course contained significant run-in-the-mown-grass segments, one over a mile long. Now, we have nothing against running on grass, but more than three miles of the half marathon course amounted to a trot in the park—with half of that distance spent struggling into a strong head wind, but with the remainder enabling some good pickup, particularly when nearing the finish line (which was not an entirely bad thing).

To be fair, it could be that race director Josh hadn't initially planned it this way. Just a couple of weeks before the event, the race was booted out of its original locale (Pine Bush Preserve) and reconstituted in John Boyd Thacher State Park (both near Albany). To create two new accurately measured courses—the six and the half—under such circumstances receives high kudos, even if the distances were rounded out by adding lengthy stretches of grass. And get this: there were mile markers on the trail (yup, 13 of them) that accompanied the flagging that was placed every few feet. How anyone could have gotten off course was rather amazing, because *almost* every junction had one or two costumed people to point the way—it was the day before Halloween, after all. We emphasize the “almost,” because there was indeed one unchaperoned corner, and it was here that Steve followed an errant runner off course for a total of about 400 m—not too far off the amount of time that Nancy finished in front of him. Hmm.

The upshot was that Nancy finished second female in 1:45:55 (that's an 8:05 pace in a half-marathon trail race, which echoes the ease of the course), and Steve clocked 1:48:29. The postrace refreshments were plentiful: lots of cookies and cake, beautiful bread, apples, bananas, hamburgers and hotdogs for the carnivores, and peanut butter for those who aren't. Nancy even nabbed the final cup of apple cider (which the six-milers must have snarfed down with abandon), because she was off again to repeat six of the final seven miles (the loop with the muddy hill) to log a long run for the day, during which Steve collected her winnings in her stead: a gorilla-shaped sugar cookie and little purple stuffed gorilla.

It should be mentioned that this race included lots of fun quirks, some of which we'll list here:

- The race announcements were presented in musical form—a song sung by the Phantom of the Opera, self-accompanied on a keyboard, who was masquerading as the race director.
- The costumed gorillas and squirrel, as well as a maniacal chainsaw-wielding madman, menacingly spurred us on our way.
- The first stretch of grassy field, which runners traversed twice within the opening half mile, was adorned with cardboard tombstones of Jane Goodall and others, along with signs warning us of our potential imminent demise if we

Race Reports

chose to continue on our way.

- Half marathoners were encouraged to collect copious quantities of the bananas that were strewn a half mile from the finish line and present them as an offering to the race gods, thereby garnering a special prize to s/he who crossed the line most laden. The victor in this category toted an astounding 40 bananas!
- Half marathoners were also encouraged to cross the line doing a gorilla impression. The best both of us could manage was a half-hearted ooh-ooh-ooh. Hardly winning efforts. The victor among the four standout performances was determined by the crowd assembled at the award ceremony by an impromptu applause-o-meter.



More on Gorillas and Squirrels—Jill Fickbohm

Gorillas were simply everywhere, above in the trees and running around taunting us, a banana was doing the registrations, and squirrels and phantoms and a pretty bat (the mammal) cavorted. A very hairy and large woman who I am sure "he" won't mind me saying so, ran the trail, passed us up and left us laughing, up a mile stretch of hill, blonde curls and other things bouncing. Gorillas guarded the path across the bridge, gave encouragement and directions throughout, to the (my 6-mile) end hopping up and down in that gorilla way. Not enough of the runners were in costume, me included, but I will next year.

The haunted run was at John Boyd Thacher Park, I don't know who he is at all, but plan to look in to that. Hills, mud, one runner buzzing by me on a particularly slimy downhill commented on it being a "black diamond," I agreed. Not the hills at Danby at all, in fact I bested my time at the Squirrely by over 20 minutes less than Danby, which is actually a little embarrassing.

The entire theme was *fun*—have fun, run, more fun, eat well at the finish. An ogre of some sort was flipping hotdogs when I got in, there was a tent full of long tables of cookies and drinks, pumped-up music to bring the runners home on blasting—I heard it before the five mile mark. I was not able to stick around for any festivities after and am sorry for that. Again, next year I will plan on it. This was more a curiosity fix for me, to check it out for future reference. The park is gor-

geous though a little tricky to find the first time out.

Albany Running Exchange put some time in on this, what an incredible combination of talent they have there. If anyone were ever able to, it would be a shame to not check this out given the opportunity. A bring-the-family event.

Triennial Run of the Interlaken Steeple Chase 5K—Laura Voorhees, race director, aka Underdoggie

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue: A perfect marriage of people and weather!

Something old—The spires used for mile markers. They are made of aluminum, and were removed before they had a chance to fall off and create a human shish-kabob.

Something new—The snazzy finish line apparatus! The banner was created by the Interlaken Reformed Church's banner committee. The poles and bases were made by Scott Voorhees.

Something borrowed—Over a dozen crock pots, brimming with yummy soups!

Something blue—Gorgeous, picture-perfect skies. (This also qualifies as something *new* for the Steeple Chase!)

The first thing everyone has said about this year's Interlaken Steeple Chase 5K is, "You just couldn't have more perfect weather!" So true! When you schedule a race for November, you are pretty much accepting that it is likely to be cold, wet, and gray. This year, it was *none* of those things! It was the most beautiful, blue-skied day, with such a comfortable temperature, that many runners lingered outside on the lawn for fellowship and to cheer participants crossing the finish line. All the while, Race Director Laura Voorhees's 7-year-old son was tolling the church bell as competitors crossed the finish line. Austin Voorhees is a relative of Jacob Voorhees; one of the founding members of the Interlaken Reformed Church, which is celebrating its 175th anniversary this year.

Now that we have successfully completed our third running of the ISC 5K, our reputation of good eats is truly taking hold. When I discovered that our preregistration numbers had equaled that of our previous year's total number of entries, I started to get very excited and a little nervous. What if we couldn't make good on our promise of soup for everyone? Not to worry: there was *plenty*. If there is one thing my church family does well, its *feed people!*

I thought that it would be a good idea to have an American flag available at the start line, because I have been to few races where the runners are not within sight of a flag, and its hard to know which way to turn to salute one. So, I brought our large flag from the sanctuary to the start line. I got my cross training in for the day! Since I couldn't remove the flag from the pedestal, I just took the whole thing. It was *heavy!* Thankfully, Steve Patsos, chair of the Steeple Repair Committee gave me a hand. We were led in prayer by the Interlaken Reformed Church's new pastor, Rev. Derek VandSlunt. We were again treated to Dave Unland (Ovid resident, Professor of Tuba at Ithaca College's School of Music) providing the national anthem and First Call, which got almost all 106 finishers pawing their feet at the start line.

And they were off!

Race Reports

17 minutes 12 seconds later, Don Miller (age 35) of Auburn crossed the finish line, setting a new course record, and garnering one of the hand-crafted steeple-shaped trophies made by Al Ganoung. This year, the trophies were made of handsome walnut wood, with gold-toned plaques. Rounding out the top men's category were Max Staneva (age 13) of Binghamton (18:05) and Jeffrey Juran (age 49) of Ithaca (18:21). Top women's finishers included Katie Danner (age 32) of Alpine (19:27) (who now has a gorgeous steeple on both ends of her mantle), new-to-our-race Rebecca Harman (age 36) of Willseyville (19:51) (who is an Ironman competitor), and Ann Brewer (age 31) of Trumansburg won her third consecutive steeple trophy with a time of 21:21.

Other top finishers include first masters male John Hylas (age 48) of Ithaca (19:17) and first masters female KC Bennett (age 46) of Ithaca (22:33). First Interlaken finisher was last year's first male finisher, David Jones (age 47), with a time of 20:42. David won a gift certificate for an oil change at NR Bryce Ford! (Who couldn't use an oil change?)

Back at the church, folks were enjoying the hospitality provided by church members, with many runners going out for another round (no, not of beer—sorry!) around the course while the weather was so pleasant.

It seems that everyone had a great time enjoying the perfect weather, good company, and lavish refreshments.

I've compared organizing the Steeple Chase to planning a wedding: no matter how much planning you do, sometimes glitches occur. Well, one did. I had made cookies in the shape of the number 3 to give to people who had participated in all three years of the Steeple Chase. Unfortunately, the cookies made their way down to the refreshment table, where they disappeared! (And I suspect that perhaps some of them may have ended up in my son's tummy!)

But, that aside, I just couldn't be more pleased with the community response of sponsorship, the dedication demonstrated by the church's slew of cheerful volunteers, and by the hearty appreciation runners have communicated to me in the short time since our race ended.

Were looking forward to our quadrennial! Hope you are, too!

One Steeple Chaser's Positive Impression—Jeffrey Juran

A wonderful morning for foot racing! As I approached the church, I saw a sign pointing out parking on the left. For a small-time race, I saw this as a good sign of thoughtful preparation to make things easier and more friendly. After signing in, I ran for about almost twenty minutes for warm-up. Wearing my sunglasses for the first time in weeks, I didn't see very well to recognize people until after I passed them, so it was nice to hear so many friendly voices greeting me. This was definitely a feel-good event.

The RD gave us a few—maybe someone else can elaborate here—would you call it prerace instructions? Maybe I wasn't listening. I asked if there were mile markers and was told "yes." Were there ever—one of the treats of this race. A couple of other treats were the scenery and the long straight course with few turns. Then, aside from these that had to do with the actual race, was the playing of our national anthem. It was a

slow, soulful, and very musical rendition—played on the tuba! More about that later.

The first mile was gradually downhill. I went easy off the line, accelerated with minimal effort, and ran my projected race pace. About a half dozen ran ahead, but I was sure most of them were going hard and would slow up. That happened sooner than I expected, and the remaining two seemed to be more experienced runners. The first I figured to finish well ahead, but about the second I was less sure. He was youthful and even smaller than me, but, anyway, I was just going to run my own race and... we'll see. They both gradually pulled ahead and spaced themselves apart during the second mile, which was mostly level with some rolling hills, parallel with the lake shore. Then we turned left to run up the hill, a little steeper than the first mile. I worked pretty evenly, was definitely wheezing some (I had been coughing up phlegm the past few days), and was closing the gap with Max in second. The road leveled before turning left for the final kilometer along Rt. 96. Max pulled away more, and that was that.

It felt good to run hard and even. Not too hard! Splits were approx. 5:21, 5:51, 6:29, 0:41 for a total of 18:22 or so. Going downhill was a great assist in moving me along, and the flip side of that was as one would expect. Not a great race by any means, about a minute slower than the flat, warm races I was running a few summers ago when I was running well, but, many things considered, I felt good about the race itself. And the scenery, the still air, the sunshine, and the good company were all very uplifting.

I ran the course once backwards for a cooldown. I forgot to bring my camera with me, which is the reason why I brought it, but on the way home I stopped off at Taughannock and took 50–60 shots with my digital toy. There were very many people there!

Downstairs in the church, which is celebrating its 170th anniversary of existence (wow!), were tables and chairs and in excess of a than a dozen pots of chilies and soups, as well as fruit and cookies and breads. The food was delicious, comparable to that at Hartford—perhaps better, but obviously less variety. No beer either. But definitely one of the features that should entice anyone with the kind of taste that often accompanies a decent pair of legs—and most people are far more tasteful—to run this race. I could see how this race would not work so well if the weather was nasty, which John H tells me happened its first year, but it was a real winner this morning.

Serenading us during the feast was the tuba player. After I was done with my third soup (good!), I spoke with him, initially congratulating him on his fine musicianship. I quickly figured out he was (and remains) Dave Unland, Professor of Music at Ithaca College. I met him four years ago through his mom, when she was a resident at the Reconstruction Home and I worked there. He remembered me, and we had a long conversation. It was great reconnecting with him. And that is why I was late to the awards ceremony, which took place in the sanctuary. But I did eventually get there. And then to Taughannock, etc.

And Another's—Bob Talda

I just wanted to thank Laura Voorhees and the members

Race Reports

of her church for putting on such a fun (and tasty!) race. The weather was so great, and the air so clear—even the [motorcycle] ride up and back was a plus. There was no missing the distinctive mile markers, and not one but two aid stations, along the way. And of course, the postrace feast; I think I counted 20 crock pots, and also as many types of breads and platters of cookies. *Yum!*

(And in all honesty, the tuba player wasn't bad; I've shivered through *much* worse than that!)

Well, as to my race:

- Didn't warm up well (arrived to late to prerun course).
- Took full advantage of long legs and downhill start to probably set a mile PR while running with Becky Harman.
- Almost catching David Jones on the last little downhill!
- Getting coaching from Becky midrace (much appreciated!).
- Watching Becky's electric blue shorts (for some reason, probably to do with lighting, the neon colors were glowing) slowly and steadily pull away up the hill.
- It's the 2 mile mark, and I can still see both Johns (Whitman and Hylas)! (It was clear air, and long straight stretches.)
- Getting passed by a younger runner going full tilt up the hill, only to see him come to a full stop to recover at the top, giving me a chance to catch him (the tortoise passes the hare!).
- Thinking I was catching David, only to rediscover the hill effect: as soon as the course flattened out, the true distance between became apparent, and then grew as David turned on the jets.
- Having a moment of panic on the last stretch when the wood smoke triggered my asthma—but it wasn't serious and soon passed.
- Managing to, well, not kick, but not slow down the last stretch.
- And, well, after the race, hearing my name announced as an age group winner—I don't know why I stayed for the awards ceremony; I think I was amused by the church setting. I've never won any age group at any race before, so that was fun, too!

And I noticed all the baby strollers and joggers out there, so I'll be back, with family, next year!

Race Results

Philadelphia Marathon and 8K

Nov. 20

Marathon

Local runners: Boris Dzikovski, Ithaca, 2:42:35 (5th M40); Fred Merwarth, Montour Falls, 2:44:17; Jay Hubisz, Ithaca, 3:03:57; Lori Kingsley, Wysox, 3:08:50 (5th F35); James Wellington, Elmira, 3:09:20; Becky Harman, Willseyville, 3:10:21; Christa Winslow, 3:13:17; William Juan, Big Flats, 3:14:48; Dylan Kuckes, Ithaca, 3:15:54; Nancy Kleinrock, Trumansburg, 3:17:50 (5th F45); Maressa Tosto Merwarth, Montour Falls, 3:19:39; Michael Smith, Ithaca, 3:25:31; Jeff Guido, Ithaca, 3:30:16; Donald Wightman, Wellsville, 3:34:55; Theodore Petkov, Freeville, 3:37:16; Steve Shaum, Trumansburg, 3:45:00; Abigail Hills, Ithaca, 3:54:30; Dave Weiss, 4:00:45; Geri Bakaar-Lake, Ithaca, 4:07:39; Colin Hinkely, Ithaca, 4:22:41; Cecilia Campbell, Ithaca, 4:25:32; Marne Einarson, Ithaca, 4:48:48; Rob Gilbert, Ithaca, 4:48:51; Joseph Bacigalupi, Cortland, 5:18:33; Laurie Tortorelli, Ithaca, 5:56:10.

Race Results

8K

Local runners: Jeffrey Juran, Ithaca, 29:44 (5th M45); Scott Bickham, Corning, 30:12; Karen Grover, Alpine, 35:04 (5th F35); Dan Graybeal, Ithaca, 36:04; Lorrie Tily, Locke, 37:54; Stephanie Devlin, Ithaca, 44:07; Sarah Baker, Waverly, 1:16:20.

Richmond Marathon

Richmond, VA, Nov. 12

Local runners: John Kramer, Ithaca, 3:28:50; Sonia Hizi, Ithaca, 3:43:24; Sarah Thompson, Groton, 3:52:29; Laurie Cuomo, Ithaca, 3:57:58; Valerie Forker, Ithaca, 4:13:27; Kristine Chou, Ithaca, 4:25:16; Mary Wenck, 4:29:39; Sabrina Clark, Cortland, 4:32:54; Mark Clark, Cortland, 4:32:57; Cathy Troisi, 5:48:25.

The 30th annual Stockade-athon 15K

Schenectady, Nov. 13

Overall winners: Kevin Collins, 47:22; and Jessica Manzer, 56:19.

Top age-graded performance: Canandian Ed Whitlock, age 73, 59:43.

Local runners: Andrew Chadeayne, Ithaca, 1:02:54; Daniel MacCracken, Ithaca, 1:06:17; Sally Rusby, 1:43:11 (first F65); Diane Sherrer, Trumansburg, 1:43:11.

Mendon Trail Runs

Mendon Pond Park, Rochester, Nov. 5

50K

Local runners: Becky Harman, Willseyville, 4:42:30; Katie Stettler, Ithaca, 5:20:40; Charlie Leonard, Freeville, 6:02:48.

20K

Local runner: Dave Jones, Interlaken, 1:44:35.

10K

Local runner: Shelly Marino, Ithaca, 61:52.

The 36th annual ING New York City Marathon

Nov. 6

(Note: Individual searches are impossible without names. If you ran it, please e-mail dyshearer@hotmail.com with your results.)

Local runners: Maureen Dracup, Ithaca, 3:11:52; Andrew Getzin, Ithaca, 3:33:11; Karen LaFace, Ithaca, 3:43:20; Jacqueline Tremi-Gottlieb, Trumansburg, 5:17:09; Janice Johnson, Trumansburg, 5:38:16; Joyleen Gaustad, Trumansburg, 5:47:21.

The 25th annual Red Baron Half Marathon

Corning, Nov. 6

Overall winners: John Copp, Tully, 1:14:08; Katie Danner, Mecklenburg, 1:24:57.

(Results incomplete)

Local male runners: Jim Chely, 1:27:24; David Rote, Waverly, 1F:36:14; Larry Brewster, Newfield, 1:37:56.

Local female runners: Simone Meertens, Ithaca, 1:34:55 (2nd female overall); Ann Brewer, Trumansburg, 1:36:01 (3rd female overall); Karen Grover, Alpine, 1:42:28; Sandy Fitterer, Ithaca, 1:46:17; Marie Fitzsimmons, Hector, 1:53:04; Sophie Peters, Hector, 1:54:22; Sarahjane Harrigan, Burdett, 2:03:38.

Upstate New York Cross Country Series—Championship Day: 4 miles

Mendon Ponds, Nov. 6

Local runners: Joshua Cross, 23:36; Eric Davis, 24:55; Geoff Hutchison, 25:08; Adam Engst, 25:09; Tom Hartshorne, 25:59; Tim Ingall, 26:14; Jeff Naylor, 26:56; John Hylas, 27:16; Jordan Atlas, 27:30; Herb Engman, 28:59; Jennifer Bennett, 29:47; Jennifer Yantachk, 32:09; Joe Reynolds, 32:21; Bob Dattola, 32:37; Ralph Josephson, 34:58; Michelle Giron, 36:51; Lennie Tucker, 38:28.

Final Team Standings:

Open Men's: High Noon, 2nd place.

Super Vets (60+): FLRC/High Noon, 1st place.

Individual Series Titles: Super Vet Champion—Herb Engman, Ithaca.

Results

Grunt Run 5K and 10K

Geddes, Nov. 6

Local runner: Jason Clark of Cortland won the 10K (36:05) and was third in the 5K (17:23).

Marine Corps Marathon

Washington, DC, Oct. 30

Top local finisher: Kaitlin Nelson, Ithaca, 2:56:06 (5th female overall).

Local runners (listed alphabetically, not by time): Suzanne Aigen, 4:41:28; Hope Bandler, 4:00:35; Harland Bigelow, 6:39:37; Doake Brown, 3:38:43; James Brown, 5:06:13; Kermit Cadrette, 4:42:48; Tony Ciccone, 4:21:53; Lauren Ciminello, 5:05:53; Sharon Clark, 5:14:44; Claire Cohen, 4:16:42; Bonnie Comella, 4:54:17; Michael Comella, 4:11:07; Rob Covert, 5:37:06; Jessica Daily, 4:57:13; Doug Dziedzic, 4:48:46; Mary Hicks, 4:50:36; Ron Hulslander, 3:51:32; Mary Hutchens, 5:38:51; Gerald Keene, 3:44:09; Lucas Mann, 4:57:12; Sally Manning, 5:28:20; Bill McGovern, 3:16:27; Diane McGuire, 3:53:58; Jim Miner, 5:28:39; Elizabeth Minor, 4:35:04; Liesl Moheimani, 5:06:13; Larry Newman, 5:50:53; Susan Newman, 5:30:54; Robert Oswald, 4:50:20; PJ Peterman, 5:28:29; Kathy Rohrer, 6:16:32; David Rote, 3:50:01; Paul Strobe, 4:10:39; ; Edward Ungvasky, 4:39:35; Kristopher Ungvasky, 4:20:58; Amy Voorhees, 4:00:17; Laura Voorhees, 5:42:19; Peter Voorhees, 4:40:31; Scott Voorhees, 4:40:31; Megan Wagenet, 4:57:12; Tim Watts, 5:31:33; Maureen White, 5:09:31; Diane Yates, 4:41:28.

Cape Cod Marathon

Oct. 30

Local runner: Sara Novesky, Ithaca, 3:54:00.

Hairy Gorilla Half Marathon and Squirrelly Six Trail Runs

Albany, Oct. 30

Gorilla Half Marathon

Local runners: Nancy Kleinrock, Trumansburg, 1:45:55 (2nd female overall); Steve Shaum, Trumansburg, 1:48:29; Paul Kearney, Ithaca, 1:53:45; Laura Clark, 2:32:43.

Squirrelly Six (miles)

Local runners: Jill (Marie) Fickbohm, Onasco, 57:55; Jill Rotondo, Ithaca, 1:02:03.

Upstate New York Cross Country Series—Race No. 4: Watkins Glen State Park 5K, Oct. 29

Local runners: Joshua Cross, 17:30; Randy McDermott, 17:38; Eric Davis, 18:12; Andris Goncarovs, 18:18; Geoffrey Hutchison, 19:12; Tom Hartshorne, 19:47; Jeff Naylor, 19:54; Jordan Atlas, 20:43; Wyatt Rice Narush, 20:35; Fred Miller, 20:41; Andri Goncarovs, 21:08; Becky Harman, 21:15; Herb Engman, 21:27; Jim Bisogni, 21:48; John Fausold, 22:45; Bob Kern, 23:27; Chach Donnelly, 23:28; Karen Grover, 23:30; Charity McNanaman, 23:37; Joe Reynolds, 25:26; Sasra Hauck, 25:33; Cory Byard, 26:04; Chalerm Sirimart, 29:24; Barb Esposito, 34:05.

Nike Women's Marathon

San Francisco, Oct. 23

Local runners: Jennifer Tegan, Ithaca, 4:47:54; Deborah Redman, Newfield, 5:20:41.

Nike Half Marathon

Local runner: Sarah Pedlow, Ithaca, 2:31:24.

Cortland Leaf Peeper Half Marathon

Oct. 15

Local runners (only award winners provided in results):

Overall winners: Sahun Horan, 1:21:35; Christa Winslow, 1:32:24.

Local age-group winners: Boris Dzikovski, Ithaca, 1:21:55 (first M40); Audrey Balander, Cortland, 1:38:57 (first F40); KC Bennett, Ithaca, 1:44:43 (2nd F40); Louise Mahar, Cortland, 1:48:40 (3rd F40); Deb Yelverton, Ithaca, 2:01:57 (first F50).

Old Mulkey 4-H Marathon

Kentucky, Oct. 23

Local runner: Cathy Troisi, 5:42:31

December Calendar

Dec 1: World AIDS Day 5K Group Run (not a race), Ithaca, 4:00 pm. Gimme! Coffee at Cayuga and Cascadilla Sts. Contact Ann Carter 272-4098 if you plan to run; no fee, but bring a organic/natural nonperishable food item; warm drinks will follow the run.

Dec 3: Pathfinder Bank Reindeer 5K, Oswego, 9:30 am. www.syracusechargers.org; www.oswegoymca.org.

Dec 4: The 22nd annual Nittany Valley Half Marathon, State College, PA, 10 am. Contact Dave Egglar: egglar@geosc.psu.edu. www.nvrn.com.

Dec 4: Tucson Marathon and Half Marathon, 7 am. www.tucsonmarathon.com.

Dec 4: California International Marathon, 7 am. www.runcim.org.

Dec 4: Marathon of the Palm Beaches, Palm Beach, FL. www.marathonofthepalmbeaches.org.

Dec 4: The New Las Vegas Marathon. Contact: elvis@newlasvegasmarathon.com. www.lvmarathon.com.

Dec 10: The 29th annual Huntsville Times Rocket City Marathon, AL, 8 am. www.huntsvilletrackclub.org.

Dec 10: Foot Locker High School Cross Country Championships, San Diego, CA.

Dec 10: USATF Junior Olympics Cross-Country Championships, Smithfield, RI.

Dec. 11: Syracuse Chargers All-Comers Indoor Track and Field Meet, Manley Field House, Syracuse University, 7:30 am. Contact Tom Schafer: shafun@att.net. www.syracusechargers.org.

Dec 11: The 25th Frostbite 5-Miler, Duboistown, PA. Contact Anne Pratt, 2135 Reeder Rd., Montoursville, PA 17754.

Dec 11: Dallas White Rock Marathon. www.runtherock.com.

Dec 17: Last Chance Trail Run & Breakfast, Highland Forest, Fabius, 8:00–9:30 am—staggered starts; low-key fun run. Contact Ed Stabler, Anvil Dr., Camillus, NY 13031; or Mark Driscoll (315)449–9615. www.syracusechargers.org. Please register by Dec. 12.

Dec 18: Jacksonville Bank Marathon and Half Marathon. www.1stplacesports.com.

Dec 31: Upstate Holiday Classic VII (track and field meet), 9:30 am. www.gvh.net. This is the Niagara Association Championship. Location to be announced.

Dec 31: Resolution Run 5K, Otsiningo Park, Binghamton, 1 pm. Contact Broome County YMCA 772–0560.

Dec 31: Albany's First Night Last Run 5K, 6:30 pm. www.albanyevents.org.

Dec 31: First Night Resolution 5K, State College, PA, 6:30 pm. Contact David Egglar, 386 Gregory Lane, Bellefonte, PA 16823; (814)863–0014; egglar@geosc.psu.edu.

Dec 31: Emerald Nuts Midnight Run 4-miler, midnight. Central Park, New York City. Contact NYRRC, 9 East 89th St., New York, NY 10128; (212)860–4455; www.nyrrc.org.

Dec 31: First Night 5K, Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, 5:30 pm. www.ymcasaratoga.org. Limited to 1000 runners.

Dec 31: Post-Christmas Blues 5K, Canandaigua Methodist Church, 9:30 am. Contact Rob Wink (585)393–0375.

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**This is your club and your newsletter. Get involved in ways that extend beyond running: volunteer (contact president Lorrie Tily ljm2@cornell.edu or relevant race director) and/or submit race reports (email them to Nancy Klei-
rock nk33@cornell.edu).**

Tired of recycling yet another sheath of paper? Want to save a tree? Want to save some postage for the FLRC?

You can do your part by opting out of receiving the monthly *FLRC Newsletter* in hard-copy and instead accessing it online at www.fingerlakesrunners.org (click on *Latest Newsletter* or *Newsletter Archives* from the menu at the bottom of the home page; race applications appear elsewhere on the website). To effect this change, contact membership chair Steve Shaum at sls243@cornell.edu.

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You'll find our membership forms, race applications, FLRC news items, photos...

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