

Making Tracks



WFYRC Website :
www.wfyrc.com

If you have a quick update, you can call, text or email the editor at 727-455-9384, or patsy-tillsdjs@msn.com We want to hear about your race goals, family race plans, age group results, birthdays and celebrations, and events to watch for.



Above: Under Pier 60, Clearwater Beach, 2011 Sunsets at Pier 60 begins. Summer running doesn't get any better than this: white sand, blue water and some of the best runners and best running (or is that beach?) attire to be found.

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Ultra Racing in Tally

by Cameron Wheeler

This past December I participated in the Tallahassee Ultra Distance Classic at Wakulla Springs State Park. I have participated in this event twice before, when I was 14, and the second, two years later when I was 16. When I was 14 I ran the race simply to finish and completed the course in about 6 hours and 10 minutes. Two years later, I

decided to treat it more as a race and set out with the goal of breaking the under-18 age group record. However, at this race, I not only missed the record by a heart-breaking minute and thirty seconds but I also came in second overall by 12 seconds.

This year the build up to the race was much different than last year. As a result of an elongated Cross Country season (I actually made it to regionals this year) and more focus on the Turkey Trot 10K, I ended

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Annual WFYR Club Events

Max Bayne 10 Miler	January
Pier 60 Beach Series	Summer
St. Petersburg Times	
Turkey Trot	Thanksgiving

Other: scholarship awards, celebrations, holiday party. *Race results and additional information available on the website.*

Board Meetings are held the first Wednesday of the month, 6PM, at Gallery Pizza & Seafood, 1600 Virginia St. Dunedin. **Members welcome—no commitment necessary.** Please let Skip know if you are interested in attending so that he can save you a seat.

GROUP RUNS

TUESDAY Mornings: Track workout, 4:50 AM Clearwater High School stadium. Track-coach: Albert Wieringa, wieringa.usa@gmail.com 727-754 0439

SATURDAY Mornings:

- Group run at John Chestnut, 7AM, start s at Shelter #2
- Long run (8, 12, 13 typically) around the beach and bridges. The "loop" starts at Clearwater City Hall at 6:00 AM. Contact: Kathleen Roach at kathleenxyz@hotmail.com

SUNDAY Mornings: Same Clearwater Beach loop as Saturday—6:00AM



Above: Tuesday morning track workouts begin with a walk through the parking lot at Clearwater High. All ages, beginner and advanced individuals welcome. Below: Speed and endurance workouts are tailored for all distance goals (such as 5K or marathon).



Advertise in Making Tracks!

Item	1 Month	12 months
Business Card	\$20	\$180
1/4 Page	\$50	\$450
1/2 Page	\$75	\$675
Full Page	\$125	\$1125
Race Flyer	\$100	NA

President's Message *by Skip Rogers*



If you are looking for something to do on a rainy day try some instructional films. 'Jack Daniels The Art and Science of Running' is from a 2006 clinic. It covers the principles of training physiology of training, the five ingredients of success. "Bill Dellinger's Track & Field Fundamentals-Middle Distance and Distance'. This 12-part series has four tapes dedicated to improving running performance. Coach Bill Dellinger shares his experience as both a coach and Olympic medalist in the 5000 meters and focuses on five primary principles: moderation, progression, adaptation, variation, and callusing. See you at Pier 60.



Above: Annual Scholarship Awards Banquet, May 2, 2011.

WANTED!

Your Photos

Send race photos for the WFYRC website or the Making Tracks newsletter to webmaster@wfyrc.com or PatsyStillsDJS@msn.com



Last race of the series scheduled for August 12th at 7 PM

Family Running By Patsy Stills



Recently, it seems that we the Stills family is running together a lot. My husband, Jed, and our two daughters, Madalyn and Caroline, all like to run and compete in local races. Our son, Wesley, hurt his knee a few years ago, so his running is usually limited to the annual Turkey Trot, in which the entire extended Stills family participates. In this picture, Maddy and I are running a race, and I can't even remember which one this was, we run so many. I used to think that our family running was unique, but I recently found out that is not. Recently, my daughter Caroline and I entered the mother-daughter division of the Iron Girl 5K in Clearwater. Proudly, there were 131 mother-daughter teams of all ages and abilities and some great competition. We proudly came in 6th, yet I felt I let her down in that if I were a GREAT runner, we might have placed in the top 3. Maybe next year. Maddy ran the 1/2 marathon that same day and came in 2nd in her age group.



Ultra Continued from page 1

up with only two weeks to really prepare for the race. The first week was an 80 mile week with every run under 7 min pace and most under 6:40 pace in order to be as comfortable as possible at that pace. In addition my only real long run preparation was a 23 miler. This was one of the worst runs I have ever done, starting out strong with 10 miles left I started to fall apart. By the time I finally got home I literally collapsed on the floor of my room. Needless to say... I did not end up with a sub 7 min pace for this run. However, I would like to think that the suffering endured on that run prepared me for the 50K.

In the week before the race, I also attempted a 12 mile rhythm run (starting at 7min pace and working down to 6 min pace) two days after the 23 miler. However, I barely completed more than half of the workout before I had a frightening pain in my right knee that stopped it short. The next few days I averaged about 4 miles and did them at a jogging pace. Between my knee problems and numerous coaches telling me that racing the 50k would hinder my mile ability: I was a runner with an alibi.

I must also mention something that occurred between my mother and I leading up to the race (mostly on the way to Tallahassee). There seemed to be an eerie, unspoken understanding between us that something special was possible at the race regardless of my knee worries and other excuses. There are two people in the world who know what I'm capable of: My mother and I.

I also feel that I must mention my friend, Savannah's role in this ordeal. As is the custom between friends before a race, she told me good luck about 18 times the day before the race. However none of these really had much of an affect on me until the last text message that she sent me later that day, before the race. As one of the nations top junior triathletes, she more than understands the nature of competitive/elite athletics. I don't

really think she'll ever understand how inspiring her words were for me on that day. To paraphrase, she told me that she had indeed seen my demons, and told me to call upon them in the race the next day (this may seem like a silly anecdote if you haven't read *Once a Runner*). However, as *Once a Runner* is my favorite book (my mother and I were actually listening to it in the car on the drive to Tally) this was exactly the inspiration that I needed. When I didn't reply with a normal 'thanks' to the text it was simply because I didn't feel I could adequately explain my appreciation.

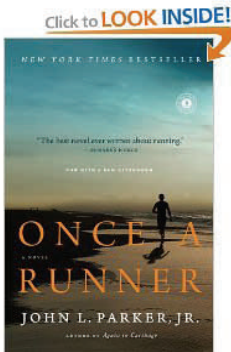
After my ritual overeating the night before the race, I woke up feeling eerily strong. At the start line, the temperature was 28 degrees F according to John Wilson's nifty temperature gage. Before the race my mom and dad had done some research about who was going to be at the race and found that there would be a man that had run a 2:40 marathon about a month before the race so naturally I spent the entirety of the morning preparations trying to figure out who this guy was. I never did see anyone who I thought might be the guy until about 2 minutes before the start when we were all on the line. A man in very good shape was the only other person actually standing on the line with me (everyone else mulling around behind us). When he leaned over and asks me what I was planning on running I humbly told him that I was hoping for about 3:40 and asked him how fast he was planning on running. When he told me that he was planning on running 39-40 minute 10k's it didn't quite register how much faster that was than what I was planning on running and when I realized this I said "wait, that's a lot fast" "-yeah it's like 3:20" he cut me off in a slightly condescending but still fairly pleasant tone. So I figured I would just stick with him as long as I could and hope that he would die later on in the race like I did the year before. However, when the starter said 'go' he took off like a bat out of heck like he was running a 10k and I don't know if I could have stayed with him even if I tried.

So I jogged off the starting line, a little disheartened, but still full of adrenaline. After about a half mile I heard a small group approaching and when one of them asked if that guy way ahead was in the 50k I absentmindedly said "chyeah" in my most disbelieving tone. When the group finally caught up I very quickly recognized that the person who had asked the question was the head female coach of FSU, Karen Harvey. So I jogged along with her and two other men who I presumed were from the university as well only making the most minimal acquaintance with them. They were running about 7 min pace, however they weren't in the race but rather using the course for a 22 mile long run. So I decided to run with them for as long as I could or as long as they continued running. Unfortunately they took a bathroom break after about 4 miles so I was left alone again.

I feel as though I must explain the way that I got my second wind because it's rather interesting I think. In the beginning of the race I very quickly regretted only wearing a singlet, thin gloves, and an ear-warmer. After the first couple of miles all of my digits felt frozen and even my forearms were painfully cold (which was a sensation that I had never experienced). In fact my biggest regret was actually not wearing another layer of pants as my manhood painfully burned in the cold temperatures and lack of warm clothing. I went through the first 18 miles of the race in pain, not from the running (though I wasn't exactly having an easy time at that either) but from how painfully cold my body was. However, after three laps of the 10k loop I decided to get some food at about 18.5 miles. In a hurry I honestly had no idea what to grab when I got in front of the food and ended up with a vanilla wafer and a chocolate chip cookie, both were incredibly difficult to eat and dried my mouth out as is normal in a race like this. In addition,

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"After 1.5 miles of the last lap, I ran past my mother and Gordon Cherr. They both told me how slow the man ahead was moving and that he was only about 4 minutes ahead of me."

Another Impressive Finish for Cameron Wheeler

Harvey's 5K Run

St. Petersburg, FL, May 21, 2011

Male Age Group: Overall

16:46 Cameron Wheeler

as I started out on this second-to-last lap, I also noticed that my digits and manhood were thawing out a little.

Finally, as I began to feel less frozen and also had metabolized the cookies into energy I gained my second wind. In fact I felt so good after about 2 miles of this race that I noticed I was going a bit too fast (about 6:30's). I knew I had to relax and keep calm for the last lap because it was in those last 6 miles that everything had fallen apart last year. By the end of the 4th lap I was feeling oddly strong and saw on the clock that I was WELL under my planned pace for the age group record. With a bite of a Balance Bar and swig of a Red Bull, I was off on the last 10k.

I failed to mention in the previous paragraph what had been the general theme of the hooting and hollering that I received when I finished the fourth lap. Multiple people at the finish line were telling me that the guy in front of me was slowing down and that I could catch him, giving me vague amounts of time that he was now ahead of me from 4 to 9 minutes. Someone even told me that he was walking. But you get the idea... I could catch him.

With this new information, as well as the caffeine and calorie boost that I receive I began the 5th lap on a mission. In addition, Savannah's inspirational message came back to me and I adapted a mantra in my head: befriend your demons and unleash them on your enemies. Granted, the message she had sent me hadn't been quite that violent but that was the general idea that I had adapted to.

After 1.5 miles of the last lap, I ran past my mother and Gordon Cherr. They both told me how slow the man ahead was moving and that he was only about 4 minutes

ahead of me. This gave me another shot of adrenaline and I kicked the pace down another 10-20 seconds per mile. As I approached the first turnaround of what I call the "fat T" that made up the 10k loop I saw the man that was ahead of me coming the other direction. I must admit he did look like he was struggling. I probably should not admit this to the world but I was thinking about more than just befriend my demons. After I passed the man I decided there was no way that he had a bigger army of demons than me and I used language in my mind that I would never dream of using out loud to describe what exactly it was my demons would do to his.

As I passed the first turnaround, the people working the aid station here once again told me how much he was hurting and told me how much faster I was moving than him. Once again, another shot of adrenaline ran through me. Since the start of the last lap I slowly realized that I actually COULD win and when I saw him no more than a half-mile ahead of me I knew I had it. Regardless, I pushed as hard as I could, cursing at this man the whole way for reasons that I knew even then were silly. He ended up being on the opposite side of the road that I chose based on the tangents so I didn't quite have to directly pass him, but rather move by relatively unnoticed. From his attitude at the start line and how bad he was looking now I expected him to look up and give me an awful glare, however what he did still surprises me to think about. He actually said something along the lines of 'good job' 'keep it up'. I was absolutely amazed. I fancy myself a very classy runner in terms of respecting my opponents but I would never think of congratulating someone as they passed me during a race. Maybe it was the fact that he had already known that I would take it and had accepted

the thought or maybe it was something else. Regardless I was more than impressed.

As I was passing him I happened to look down at my GPS watch, which showed me my real-time pace. I was a bit scared because when I looked down I saw 5:50. Granted the real-time pace on those things doesn't have a good reputation but I think it's safe to say I was moving...

After I got past him, more for my own mental state than anything else, I continued to view the man I had passed as an enemy even though he had showed me such kindness as I passed him. With this state of mind I told myself essentially to 'beat him into the ground' and 'make him lose all hope'. While these things may sound mean spirited and pretty harsh, you must understand that after passing, I physically lost all of my inspiration for pushing hard and I had to do something to keep me going, seeing how I did still have about 2.5 miles left.

These last couple miles should have probably been more grueling but with the combination of my mean-spirited self-talk and the pure bliss of knowing that I had won, I felt almost invincible. That is why instead of slowing down at the finish to savor the last few strides of victory, I sprinted my heart out all the way through the tape, trying (and failing) to smile as I threw my hands into the air in victory. My last 10k ended up being 39:02.

Immediately after the race I reverted back to that all-to-familiar hands-on-knees position that all runners take after a race. Only, unlike at a cross country race where people are ignorantly telling you to stand up straight, everyone simple let me do my thing.

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July Birthdays

2	Sweeney	Cynthia
6	Van Aken	Franklin
7	Scott	Brian
8	Doheny	Aaron
9	Lyons	Gary
10	Deeley	Shane
10	Scavelli	Andrew
12	Kreloff	Ben
12	Linkovich	Vicki
16	Courchane	Mark
18	DeBolt	Patricia
18	Vannette	Greg
19	Ellison	Heather
19	Winn	Marilyn
22	Smith	Sally
22	Stiglitz	Avery
23	Boyle	Becky
23	Wheeler	Cameron
27	Weiss	Ellen
29	Courchane	Ann
31	Stills	Caroline

August Birthdays

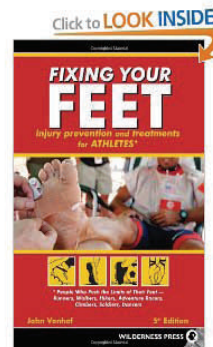
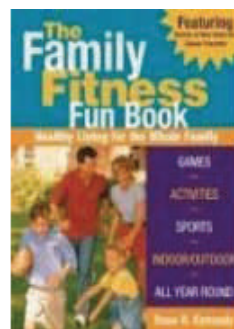
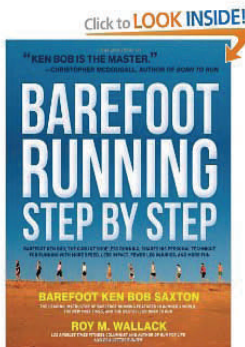
1	Stewart-Wong	Mary
5	Dorrie	Ric
5	Nessler	Donna
6	Pulaski	Mary
7	Farnell	Crockett
7	Geigle	Sarah
7	Reeves	Margaret
8	McDowell	Everett
8	Theall	Dave
10	Alidina	Suzanne
10	Hethershaw	Sissi
11	Pray	Bill
12	Simmons	Austin
13	Wong	Amelia
16	Farnham	Karen
16	Franklin	Leeanne
17	Sheridan	Jan
18	Burton	Rebecca Jo
18	Elmer	Kurt
18	McClellan	Dorothy
20	Farnell	Dee Anna
21	Killian	Katie
23	Stills	Jed
24	Rymsza	Jessica
26	Kasztejna	Benjamin
26	Repp	Bob
28	Deeley	Michael
28	Rupert	Lenore
30	Hoge	Ryan
30	Simmons	Megan
31	Rogers	Skip

There is a list of Top marathon



If you are a member and you do not see your birthday listed, please contact Membership Chair, Ric Dorrie at: ricdoor@hotmail.com

Books that you might be interested in



West Florida Y Runners Club, Inc.

1005 S. Highland Ave.
Clearwater, FL 33756



Making Tracks

Because “runners run” and every runner has a story to tell.

a right way and a wrong way to train for a marathon. Below is a
o 10 Rookie Mistakes commonly made when training for a first
n or half marathon.

Ultra
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Rookie Blues?

Are you training for a marathon?

Let us know your plans. Mean-while, if you are interested in find- ing out what Marathonrookie.com lists as the 10 most common mis- takes people make when preparing for a marathon, go to:

<http://www.marathonrookie.com/top-10-rookie-mistakes.html>

Run Smart! Besides hydrating properly, keep yourself safe in these ways:

1. Plan your run, run your plan, and make sure someone knows the plan.
2. Carry some sort of identifica- tion with you. I recommend Road ID, specifically designed for athletes.
3. If you can, carry \$2 with you so that if you really need to, you can buy a drink along the way.

My mother was actually just finishing up one of her laps as I was finishing my race, though I was much faster obviously and ended up getting to the finish about 1 minute before her. Someone once told me that there is something about mothers that make their children cry. This, fortunately or unfortunately, was the case for me. As I passed her, about 330 yards away from the finish, I had to hold back the tears when she let out one of her famous “WHAHHOOHOO”s. However, I was not so strong after I crossed the finish. When I crossed the line I broke into tears as everyone came up to pat me on the back or tell me congratulations. However, through all of these congratulations, there was only one person that I wanted to see, and she knew it. When my mom came and took me by the shoulder under the little shelter that is near the finish line, I began to bawl even harder, for what reason, I still have no idea. It took me about 5 minutes to gather myself again and settle down. With an almost irritating understanding, my mother didn’t even need to say anything, she knows me just as well, if not better than I know myself and knew exactly what I was going through and what I needed.

After everything was calmed down again, my mother went out and continued her race (she still had two laps to go in the 50k) and I went through the regular post race rituals: getting a massage, shaking hands of people who are in awe of my presence (just kidding, I’m not really that conceited) and the general hullabaloo of winning a race, which is much sweeter where everyone knows you, and seemed to be rooting for you.

The rest of the day was spent hanging out with my mom including a dip in the icy springs and dinner at a classic southern restaurant.

I did end up talking to the man who I had chased down during the race and found out that his name was Tom Dever and that he was a master anyway so he wasn’t upset about not winning the race overall even though he was clearly a bit disappointed in having fallen apart at the end of the race. I must admit I was pleasantly surprised by how nice and down to earth he ended up being based on my original impression of him at the start line.

In conclusion I must give a shout-out to the many inspirational people at this race since I am too inept at writing to figure out how to include them in the paragraphs above. My coach Joe Burgasser lowered his American age group record and continued to amaze and inspire me and everyone around with his longevity and running ability. I must mention Jeff Bryan for having helped me through my first 50k, a few years ago, and being there at this one again to congratulate me on my performance. In addition, I must give a hand to Amy Costa and Susan Lance who I still consider to be my major heroes in the ultra running community. Gordy Hawkins never ceases to impress me with his determination and his inspirational “atta boy” every time I pass. Finally, though it seems a bit unnecessary I must conclude by thanking my best friend and greatest inspiration, Kathleen Wheeler.

- The End -