

Making Tracks
January –March, 2012

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Making Tracks



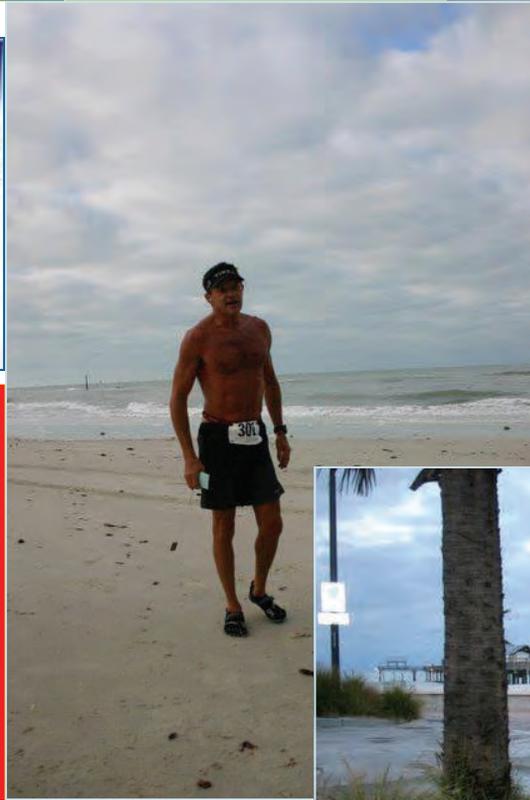
WFYRC Website :
www.wfyrc.com

Can you name any of these runners?

Can you name the race?

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One Month, One Time and All
Year

Contact Editor for details

Annual WFYR Club Events

St. Petersburg Times Turkey Trot	Thanksgiving
Holiday Cocktail Party	December 16, 2011
Discover Caladesi Island (10M)	January 28, 2012
Max Bayne	TBD
Pier 60 Beach Series	Summer 2012 (4 races)

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.

MEMBERS 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, starts 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

President's Message

by Skip Rogers



Thank you, members, volunteer board members and event supporters. Each WFYRC year just keeps getting better and better, and we couldn't do it without you.

Great job, Mike Patterson and everyone who helped make the **Discover Caladesi Island** race a huge success.

We are still working on when and where we can bring the Max Bayne race back into the schedule. Let us know your thoughts.



January Birthdays			February Birthdays		
2	Doran	Jim	1	Alidina	Arif
3	Skinner	Denise	6	Verel	John
5	Young	Bob	8	Farnham	Jim
7	Glacet	Laurence	11	Spicer	Ryan
7	Underhill	Elisa	13	Dallmann	Patrick
10	Porter	Sue	15	Byron	Dennis
12	Fann	Greg	15	Stephens	Christa
16	Underhill	Daniel	17	Wong	Hannah
21	Theall	Bonnie	19	Patton	Jim
27	Calhoun	Diana	19	Williams	Steven
28	Abbey	Matt	22	Calhoun	Colleen
30	Lewis	Parker	27	Ingram	Diane
			28	Alidina	Janeen
			28	Alidina	Jasim

March Birthdays

1	Sellers	Katharine
4	Philippon	Laurie
4	Spicer	Diane
6	Kasztejna	Shannon
7	Repp	Terry
9	Patton	Kathi
10	Murtaugh	Tom
11	Geigle	Jake
11	Roach	Kathleen
11	Tankel	Judith
12	Edwards	Ward
12	Hoover	Ray
13	Repp	Ryan
13	Solomon	Mindy
15	Hamilton	Millie
17	Sawayda	Daniel
17	Sweeney	Patrick
17	Underhill	Chris
	<i>Continued</i>	<i>to the right...</i>



March Birthdays continued...

18	Wright	Ben
20	Rogers	Kelly
21	Whitten	Jordan
22	Rossi	Michael
24	Thacher	Brett
25	Bryant	Yvonne
28	Doheny	Seth
29	Lyons	Kevin
29	Sawayda	Keith
29	Scholl	Wolf
30	Dermody	Win

THE LAST AMERICAN

by Chuck Keating

After Ryan Hall's superb performance in the 115th Boston Marathon in 2011, a few more American runners may be thinking to themselves maybe, just maybe, I can compete for the laurel wreath at Boston. A generation ago lots of American runners entertained such thoughts - but it hasn't been that way for many years. From 1973 through the mid-1980s American men and women dominated at Boston, but since 1985 no American has worn the laurel wreath. It has been twenty-six years and counting.

In my view, there were two primary reasons why American men and women once ruled at Boston. The 1968 win by Amby Burfoot ignited a fire under American male runners, including such greats as Frank Shorter, 1972 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Bill Rodgers, four-time Boston Marathon winner. *And* it was in this period that female runners demanded a place on the Boston scene. Roberta Gibb, Kathrine Switzer and Sara Mae Berman changed Boston forever with their unofficial runs between 1966 and 1971. America's greatest long-distance decade started in 1972 when Nina Kuscsik achieved the first *official* Boston win for women in 3:10:26. A year later Jon Anderson kept the ball rolling for American men with a win in 2:16:03. After Jon's victory, American men claimed victory in seven of the next ten races culminating with Greg Meyer's win in 1983, and the 1972 win by Kuscsik was the first of nine American women's victories in roughly the same period.



But to me the big story of this decade was not the men's victories - which were largely expected - or even the women's victories but the lasting effect produced by the women pioneers who broke the ground for women runners in America and in the world. Let's take a minute to remember and salute these women and the enduring impact they made on our sport. Right up until the late 1960s the BAA maintained that long distance running was dangerous and unhealthy for women. Women had to break that myth by running as "bandits." In 1966 Roberta Gibb, a woman in her mid-twenties who grew up in the Boston area, started the race in Hopkinton with her identity concealed but soon she shed her sweatshirt. Word spread among the runners and the cheering crowds that there was a woman in the race. "Bobbi" Gibb completed the race in 3:21:40, besting 290 of the 415 male starters. She is recognized today as the first woman to have run the entire Boston Marathon.

The next year, 1967, Kathrine Switzer joined the protest by running the marathon wearing an official number issued to "K. V. Switzer." It hadn't occurred to the BAA to confirm that "K. V." was a man. After the race had begun, the press truck discovered that a woman was running with an official number! The press notified Jock Semple, the Race Director, who attempted to remove Switzer's number as she ran through Framingham. Kathrine's boyfriend, who was running with her, pushed Jock aside allowing Kathrine to go on and finish in 4:20. Roberta Gibb, without a number, finished in 3:27:17. Switzer achieved her best time at Boston a number of years later finishing in 2:51:37, proving that she was a serious athlete, not a headline hunter.

With the 1967 race the gauntlet had been thrown down - women wanted into this male-only race. In response to K. V. Switzer's challenge, the AAU barred all women from participating in men's events but over the next few years the BAA became more open-minded and took up the issue of allowing women to run Boston officially. It took until 1972 to achieve the goal, but in the intervening years women were allowed to run unofficially. Roberta Gibb won for a third time in 1968 and Sara Mae Berman, a Cambridge native and mother of three, achieved victories in '69, '70 and '71.

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The Last American

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These three women – Roberta Gibb, Kathrine Switzer, and Sara Mae Berman - were true pioneers of the women's movement at Boston. Their athletic achievements and their determination set the stage for Nina Kuscsik's first laurel wreath at Boston and for the great runs of Joan Benoit a few years later. When I ask my many running friends who was the last American to win at Boston most guess incorrectly. The majority guess either Greg Meyer or Bill Rodgers. They fail to consider that it could have been, and was, a woman. And those few who do name a woman guess Maine's Joan Benoit who in 1983 at Boston set a world record of 2:22:43. She won her first Boston in 1979 setting a women's course record of 2:35:15. (Joan also won the women's Olympic Marathon in 1984 in a time of 2:24:52.)

But it was none of the above. It was Lisa Larsen Weidenbach (now Lisa Larsen Rainsberger) who in 1985 became the last American to win at Boston. So our cheers and accolades to Lisa and to all our women runners! What strides they have made and what a transformation they have brought to the sport. One would have thought that with such dominance during the period 1972-1985 Americans would have continued to excel at Boston, but no, it has been twenty-six years and we are still awaiting our next American winner. Even with record participation in road races, trail runs, triathlons and ultra-marathons we continue to come up empty. Maybe next time!



Rocky Raccoon

"... Perhaps the genius of ultra-running is its supreme lack of utility. It makes no sense in a world of space ships and supercomputers to run vast distances on foot. There is no money in it and no fame, frequently not even the approval of peers. But as poets, apostles and philosophers have insisted from the dawn of time, there is more to life than logic and common sense. The ultra runners know this instinctively. And they know something else that is lost on the sedentary. They understand, perhaps better than anyone that the doors to the spirit will swing open with physical effort. In running such long and taxing distances they answer a call from the deepest realms of their being -- a call that asks who they are ..."

- David Blaikie

I ran the Rocky Raccoon (RR) 50 mile, finished in 13:06:14, a 15:57 pace and had a great time. In most races, this is way beyond the course cutoff, but I got it done here, since we had 29 hours. The bottom line is I'm not very good at the ultra distance (not that I'm good at any other distance) but I finished.

We went to RR so Michael P. could run his first 100. Andy B. joined us because this race is a qualifier race for the Le Blanc Ultra and he needed the points to qualify. Andy is one of those gifted runners and his goal was sub 20 hours. He has done that before. Why are runners named Andy always so fast? Michael's sister, Cristina, came to crew for him and proved to be a godsend. We would not have had the weekend we did without her help. She followed Michael's race, met him at the three aid stations she had access to and kept him running. This left me to do what I needed to do without worry.

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Before I got to Texas, I was so intimidated by this course. RR has a reputation of being very rooted, to the extreme, where it is often referred to as Rooty Raccoon. So I envisioned a tough, root filled course and trained accordingly. On Saturday, when we went arrived at the park for packet pick up and the runners meeting, we checked out a few miles of the course. I was pleasantly surprised to find it easier than Croom where we train. I slept well the night before the race without root anxiety. Little did I know we'd have mud to worry about later.

The night before the race, rain moved in about midnight. Mind you, Texas has been in a drought for about a year. Why end your drought now? Couldn't they wait just a few more days? Guess not. Race morning and it is pouring. We drive to the race start and have to go down this one street with the water up to our bumpers. I could just see the car stalling and missing our start because the car is literally dead in the drink. We got lucky and made it through. This word is so over used, but it was surreal. It was like being in a Hollywood stunt. There was a river of waist deep water churning down the road with these big whirlpools over the drains. I'm still amazed we made it. Arrived at the start, parked and stayed in the car for awhile, hoping the rain might slow. It didn't.

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With the rain and mud, I carried no electronics, except for the Garmin 305, which ran the entire 13+ hours. Aid stations were anywhere from 2.6 to 4.4 miles apart. Close enough that one carry bottle was adequate. I still started with the fanny bag, so I could carry an extra poncho, electrolyte caps, two lights, extra batteries and a few other personal items. We started in the dark and used the lights for the first 30 minutes or so. Then they got stashed in the pack. I wore the calf compression sleeves to help with the mud and keep the legs fresh. I took my only fall tripping on a root around mile 6. No injury, but it did put a big hole in the toe of the left shoe. My toe kept sticking out of it and at times this became very annoying. But the mud pits were so big that there was no going around without losing too much time. So I ran the entire race with no shoe or sock changes and plowed through the slime. I ran most of the first loop with a little Iron Lady named Erin. We shared stories, played in the mud and had a good time. I had hoped to run the entire day with her, but we lost track of each other at the end of loop one and I didn't see her again.

For the 50 miler, we had a 3 (16.4 mile) loop course, so we got back to the start area twice, where we could leave drop bags with extra gear. This is good and bad. It was good, because it gave me a place to leave stuff and grab fresh drink bottles or a Boost drink. It was bad because I spent way too much time there. So the end of loop one, I got rid of the long sleeve shirt and left the fanny pack. I took off the shoes and literally dug mud out of the inside, wrung out the socks, cleaned the feet and lathered them down with Body Glide before putting it all back on. Went out with one bottle and the electrolyte caps. I could easily survive on the aid stations.



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West Florida Y Runners
Club, Inc.

Making Tracks

1005 S. Highland Ave.
Clearwater, FL 33756

*Because "runners run" and every runner
has a story to tell.*



RR continued...

They refilled the bottle and gave me necessary nutrition. I ate PB&J's, cheese quesadillas, and noodle soup. During this loop the rain came back and I was without the poncho in the pack. I got not only wet but cold, with the temperatures only in the 50's. But the real excitement was at mile 20 when this giant tree fell across the trail right in front of me. Well, I was about 200 feet away from it and there was one other runner in front of me, but it was so scary. We had no warning, just this loud cracking noise and over it came with a terrific thud as it hit the ground across the trail. There was 3 of us there and we just stopped in shock for a few moments then climbed over it to continue our quest. A very cool moment.

At the end of loop 2, Michael was at the aid station, so we had time to talk. He looked fresh and was running strong. His loops shared our course, with a few extra miles added in an area called Damnation. Each of their loops were 20 miles long, so he was at mile 40 of his long day. He left before me, so I wouldn't see him again until I finished. I put the long sleeve shirt back on, grabbed the fanny pack, lights, batteries, and gloves. So far each lap was run at four hours. I was proud of the consistent pace. I left feeling so energized, running what I felt was my victory lap. I ran with several different runners during this lap.

Determination will make us push to the extreme. At damnation, where the 50 mile turns off and the 100 mile continues, I was the only 50 mile out there. Everyone else went straight and I went down that path wondering if I was the only 50 miler left out here. Later in the race, during an out and back section, I started checking for 50 mile bibs and counting runners so I knew I wasn't DFL. Half of this lap, about 3 hours was run in the dark. It's a real challenge if you've not done this, and it slows the pace way down.

I finished and wandered around the aid station somewhat confused. Sat down and Cristina found me. We went to the car for clean cloths and towels. I went to the campground to use the shower and clean up. My shoes, socks and gaiters were so disgusting that I threw them in the trash. Returned to the car, cranked up the heat and took a couple hour nap. Cristina woke me with a double cheese burger, fries and a Coke. After enjoying what seemed like the best feast I've ever enjoyed, we went to Park Rd Aid Station to wait on Michael. The plan is for me to go out with Michael on his last lap. Unfortunately his feet were blistered from the mud. It gets in your shoes and works on your feet like sand paper. He put off his decision to continue until he got back to the finish area. We waited there and saw Andy B. finish in 22 hours and 19 minutes. Michael arrived a bit later and decided he couldn't go on. Even though he was 80 miles into his race and 2 hours ahead of the cutoff, his feet hurt too much. We cleaned up and called it a day after almost 24 hours out there.

In summary, this is one of the best run races I'd ever run. Great organization, energetic volunteers, well stocked aid stations and some of the best marked trails I'd ever seen. I cannot say enough good things about this race. Cristina was a God send and our guardian angel. We were so blessed to have her there and could have never run this race without her help. Michael may have DNF'd but I'm still so proud of him. 80 miles in the mud and muck was nothing short of brutal. As for my race, I recovered well, with the legs feeling like they only ran a marathon. I could have done the last lap if Michael needed me, but I wasn't looking forward to going back out. I'd had my fill of the cold and slime. It was an exciting four days and if Michael wants to go back there to beat this course, I'll go with. Not to run 100, but I'll do the 50 again and pace his last lap. Stay with a good plan. I know who I am – Bill, slow twin.

Huntsville Texas - 2 Feb 2013

100mi : 6am Sat - (30hr limit) - 12-Noon Sun

50mi : 7am Sat - (29hr limit) - 12-Noon Sun