

# The Van Cortlandt Track Club

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BRONX, NEW YORK

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November/December 2006



## Marathon Issue

- Rozsa and Jill Run Their First Marathons
- Dave King Looks Back on his Running Career
- Eddie Crawford Represents New York at the Major Taylor Bike Race

# VAN<sup>2</sup>CORTLANDT TRACK CLUB

## 2006 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

# IN THE LOOP

President: Dennis Burns

Vice Presidents: Yuen Na Chun, Diana Cecil

Secretary: Gary Spalter

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### 2005 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Social Director: Katherine Callan

Newsletter Editor: Naomi Marcus

Controllers: Jim, Mike, and Pat Hudick

Membership Director: Tony Thoman,

Athletic Director: Ken Rolston, Firdaus  
Dotiwala

Public Relations: Arnie Gore

VCTC membership meetings are held on the second Saturday of every month at 10:30 am. Club workouts are Tuesdays at 7:00 pm (track), Thursdays at 7:00 pm (trails), and Saturdays at 8:00 am (roads/trails).

The VCTC newsletter is published bimonthly. For changes of address or missed copies, please notify us at 212 795-6460. We welcome all contributions.

Call race times to Jim Hudick:

201 816-8359 or e-mail:to

jhudick@optonline.net or use snail mail,  
U. S. Postal Service. When submitting times,  
please let us know the date, name, distance, and  
location of the race; your time; age group award  
(if any); and other club members who ran.

Articles and times for the next newsletter are  
due November 1. E-mail to  
neshama44@msn.com.

By Dennis Burns

Autumn is a wonderful time of year. So brief, but so spectacular, the time when transition takes place. The green of summer changes to the spectacular colors of red and orange. The trails are covered with the mosaic of the colored leaves.

This is a time for transition in the Van Cortlandt Track Club also. I remember last November, talking about transition, and how VCTC needs new energy and ideas, but last year, I was rather unsure if this transition would come to pass.

VCTC was like a relay race, I explained. Though we had new members in the club, I was unsure if they would step up and become active Club Officers.

And so, I felt like the relay runner, who approached the hand-off, only to see nobody there to take the baton, and so had to complete yet another lap.

However, to my great delight, we are experiencing a resurgence of active participation in the Club.

**Jill Staats** started the ball rolling, by taking over the Race Directorship of the Urban Environmental Challenge. Despite being a "rookie" at this position, Jill is full of ambition, and is a very well organized person. I'm sure the Challenge will prosper under her directorship.

Then **Katherine Callan** volunteered as Social Coordinator, and promptly put together an outstanding Post X-C Race Party. Her energy and enthusiasm are contagious, as Sarah Baglio signed on as co-Coordinator. They both have some very good ideas about the Awards Dinner.

And just when we were about to dismantle the Riverdale Ramble for the scrap heap, due to lack of a Race Director, Dave King came to the rescue. Though Dave has admittedly little experience in the field, he does possess the most important attribute, which is enthusiasm. Dave had one word to describe his new position - HELP!!! I'm sure we will all rally around Dave and offer our help and suggestions, especially those of us who have worked the Ramble before

Continued on next page

## Coaches' Corner, November 2006

By Ken Rolston

In the Loop cont'd

Two members have also volunteered to run for positions in the Board of Directors. **Ken Rolston**, who has an excellent relationship with the competitive contingent, and **Gary Spalter**, who has a history in VCTC going back even before my time. I know they will both make excellent contributions to VCTC.

Elections are coming up for Executive Committee positions. If you serve 2 years on the Executive Committee, you are eligible to run for a position on the Board of Directors. Executive Committee positions include: Membership, Social, Clothing, Race Directorship, Athletic Coordinator, and Public Relations. We will have nominations for the Executive Committee positions at our December Club Meeting, and we will vote for those positions at the Awards Dinner.

As you read this article, my tenure as President of VCTC will be drawing to a close. I will be resigning effective Dec. 31<sup>st</sup> 2006. I have tried to bring many new ideas into the club, and most of them, have been successful. I'm very confident that whoever takes the Presidency will be an outstanding leader, and backed by an excellent Board and Executive Committee, will continue the success of the Van Cortlandt Track Club.

I am proud to be a VCTC member...

So you've run a big fall race whether it be the NY Marathon, Marine Corps or one of the local half- marathons. Now what? Well there's now a golden opportunity to make use of all that endurance in a more reasonable race like the McArdle 15K at month end or the cross-country champs this weekend. In December the winter series will get underway in Central Park, with races like the Joe Kleinerman 10 K or the Hot Chocolate 15 K. Or you may want to try the Couples relay in Peekskill. Or you may just want to take a nice nap.

Check out the amazing performances by male American runners at The Chicago Marathon :

One runner cracked 2.09. Yet another broke 2.11, a 4.59 pace. Twenty more broke 2.20. An additional twenty eight broke 2.23. A total of 94 U.S. runners broke the 2.30 barrier! Many of the runners were attempting to qualify for the Olympic Marathon Trials -- a sub 2:22 time is required -- which will be held in Central Park next November the day before The NYC Marathon. It's a tough rolling course as many of you know. As a spectator you can't ask for much better since this becomes a criterion type course. We'll have the opportunity to cheer on the runners from multiple sites. It's also the site of the original NY Marathon which was held in the park from 1970-1975. The women's marathon trials will take place in Boston 2008, the day before the Boston Marathon.

Thanks to Firdaus, Dave King and Neil Liebowitz who have stepped in to help supervise workouts during my numerous absences. It's

Continued—

### Coach's Corner cont'd

been rewarding to watch the progression of the marathon training group. Most notable was the completion of an all-time killer workout 8 x 800. But I'll certainly have to reconsider the wisdom of Yasso. I'm not so sure about this theory anymore. Congrats to all who survived Marine Corps and New York. To Jill, Kate, Katherine, Margaret, Rosza and Yuen thanks for making the Tuesday night workouts so much fun. It was inspiring to watch you work toward a common goal. And best of luck to Neil in Philadelphia.

Next up will be a return to hill work at Manhattan College. We won't have access to the Manhattan College indoor track until late January so we will be starting hill workouts after Thanksgiving. For some reason cold weather and hills seem to go hand-in-hand, especially when I'm not running them! We meet outside the Manhattan College gym and then run the 2-mile loop as an extended warm-up before doing the hill repeats.

If you're interested in more coverage of the NY Marathon try the Chasing Kimbia web-site which chronicled the lives of Kenyan runners who trained in Colorado for the past 2 months. The group had a bad day in Chicago but their two remaining runners ran well in New York, including 2<sup>nd</sup> for Stephen Kiadora. It also solves the question of why nobody chased the lead runner when he made his break. The South African, Ramaala, missed his water bottle and circled back to get it and the pack more or less waited for him to rejoin.

So while the group waited, Dos Santos surged. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Kimbia runner dropped and then kicked his water bottle in a dark patch on the 59<sup>th</sup> St bridge. I guess he wasn't feeling groovy!

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# WANTED

## Editor for This Newsletter

### Requirements:

- Enjoys reading and writing,
- Modest computer skills (Word and Publisher or other publishing software)
- Curiosity about the activities of other club members,
- Willingness to set and meet deadlines.

### Advantages:

- A great way to be in touch with everything that's going on in VCTC
- A chance to highlight the accomplishments of the club members
- Each issue represents a tangible accomplishment.

Intensive work required before January, March, May, July, September, and November meetings.

## Go the Distance—Addenda

By David King

I know all you VCTC Saturday morning regulars have lost hours of sleep not knowing exactly how far the McLean Ave version of the shorter Aqueduct run is. Rumors have been circulating that it's 6-1/2 miles. Well thanks to a nice fall day and my trusty road bike, you'll be able to sleep soundly again. (This measurement takes into account all the fallen trees covering the Aqueduct. I'm such a purist that I projected the measurement to the time when the path is once again free of obstructions).

Starting at the tennis courts around the flats clockwise to the turn off to the railroad tracks: 1.61 miles. Up to the start of the Aqueduct: another 0.82 miles. Aqueduct start to left turn on road just before McLean Ave: 1.14 miles. Left turn down to Mclean back up into VCP rabbit run/x-country course to McArde tortoise/hare finish line: exactly 2.0 miles. Tortoise/hare to tennis courts: 0.45 miles. The total comes to: 6.02 miles. Okay, 6 miles (just start 35 yards past our usual point of departure).

Just goes to show you, we're all running slower than we think we are for a distance we think we're running based on time running it! (sounds like a Yogi Berra-AFLAC commercial). That said, I dispute Pirandello's "Right You



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## TWO First-time Marathon Stories

### My First Marathon

by Jill Staats

**W**

hat an adventure!

It began with Ken driving Fridaus, Rosza, Joann, Sarah and myself over to Staten Island where the marathon starts. That Verrazano is one big bridge! There were bodies all over waiting for the race to start; free coffee, donuts, and bagels; and plenty of lines. Rosza went off to get her free massage, Joann and Sarah went to find Team for Kids and Fridaus showed me where to check my stuff.

We lined up, all 38,000 of us. It was hard to take it all in. The start was very exciting -- helicopters and cameras. I started out slowly as I have heard to do many times. I began with Joann and Sarah and they were running with a 12:00 pacer. I pulled ahead at Mile 2. At that point, I realized that I had a decision to make. Should I try and kill myself doing a good time or relax and enjoy the party? I went for the party.

I was not expecting all the people who came out to watch this event. That is when I realized that this is one party that New Yorkers love. There were bands and music playing almost all the way through Brooklyn. I saw a friend of mine handing out water and got so excited because I had seen someone I knew. Brooklyn flew by so fast that I didn't even know when we got into Queens. At the halfway point, I was still feeling good. I didn't look at my watch that much.

Then came the experience of the 59<sup>th</sup> Street bridge. As you come to the other side of the bridge, you can hear it -- the roar of the crowd. As you come off the bridge, you turn

### The Contender

by Rozsa Gaston

**T**

he key to effectively training to run one's first marathon is simple - give yourself a new nickname. If your previous nickname reflected your previous running ability and now you're in a new category - or just want to be in a new category - you have to visualize yourself there first.

I was always the turtle. Then all of a sudden in late September 2006 at the Tuesday night track workouts it was as if a switch flipped and I was no longer a turtle. I was -- the contender.

The great thing about training for my very first marathon this year has been to realize a new goal in my life at age 48. This success prepares me mentally to realize another new goal in the near future - publishing my first novel. Stay tuned for that milestone to come.

Van Cortlandt Track Club is a great club for me because at my age I'm squarely in the middle of my peer group. I'm neither the oldest nor the youngest. Okay, so maybe I'm a little on the older side, but so is everyone else in the club.

It's fun to feel like a teenager. When I watch Margaret Nolan run, which I do every Tuesday evening as she's always ahead of me in our track workouts, I feel like we're two fourteen year old girls, moving like gazelles over the pampas.

A second important point in training effectively to run my first marathon was being unemployed.

I had spent years of my adult life unhappily fully employed. My professional life consisted of staring at a computer screen in a  
Continued -



### Jill's First Marathon cont'd

and there it is -- a solid wall of people, all cheering. Onward I ran to First Avenue. At 84<sup>th</sup> and First, I saw a good friend, but I missed seeing my husband at 96<sup>th</sup> and First. At this point, I began to notice that I was running on concrete. Ouch!!!!!!! My left knee started to bother me. I had the will, but the body was starting to rebel.

I could not wait to get to the VCTC club table at the Willis Avenue Bridge. My knee was now feeling like it would buckle, but I pushed on. Then I saw VCTC and I was so happy. Katherine yelled "How are you doing?" With a big happy smile on my face, I replied "I am dying." Bette asked if I needed her to run with me and I wasn't going to turn that down. She was great. She stayed with me right to the end, got me water, and wouldn't let me walk. At one point she said, "Don't you feel like they moved the mile markers?" That made me laugh. It sure did feel like they were getting further and further apart. They didn't even throw Bette out at the entrance going back into the park to the finish line.

My connections with my family didn't work out. I missed my brother (he came in from California for the marathon) and brother-in-law at the entrance to Fifth Ave., I counted off the blocks until 96<sup>th</sup> Street because my husband was supposed to be there, but I missed him too. I was sad that I wasn't seeing any of my family, but I was way too pre-occupied with getting to the end to let it bother me. Then I saw my boys. That was exciting. I ran over and hugged them. I missed my mom and sister. My sister in California was tracking me and had to call my sister in NY to let her know I had finished.

It was a great experience. It is a lot to digest, and I am still processing it. The last 6 miles did me in -- there truly are two parts to the marathon: the first 20 miles and the last 6 miles.

And there is always next year. Meanwhile, I have time to evaluate what I did and look at what to do for the next time. The dress rehearsal is over. Next time, it's the real thing.

### Rozsa, the Contender continued

windowless office year after year. It got old. I got out. 2006 ended up being my golden year of unemployment - and I've loved every minute of it.

You need time to train for a marathon and to rest. This year, I had both. I also had a great team around me to support my effort: Thank you Coach Cutie (you know who you are) for being my head coach and constant support and for running me from mile 21 to 23, just when I needed to put on some speed to make my goal of finishing in under four and a half hours; Coach Ken Rolston for the careful training at our Tuesday night workouts and for driving us to Staten Island on race day so we could show up in style, rested and without having to wait too long for the 10:10 am start; my long-time running buddy Vera King, who forced me to pick up my pace for the last hour of my final four and a half hour training run and gave me lots of marathon tips; and my friend, Nicole Reynolds, who showed up in Central Park at mile 24 and ran alongside me on the other side of the barricade, yelling my name and getting me revved up for my final sprint to the finish. There is no support greater than good friends (including the one I'm married to).

Race day weather this year was spectacular: cool and dry, around 52 degrees.

Lance and I both just barely achieved our goals for running our first marathons. I left a message on his hotel room phone letting him know that we were in exactly the same boat yesterday. He came in just under the wire, at 2:59:36, when he was trying to come in under

-Continued

Rozsa, the Contender continued

three hours, and I came in at 4:29:52 to beat my goal of 4:30 by a mere eight seconds. I'll let you know what his response was as soon as I hear back from him.

By the time Coach Cutie (you know who he is) and I hit Fifth Avenue at mile 21, my mind and my body had separated completely. Mentally, I was ready to fly - I wanted to beat my goal finish time more than I wanted anything else in life at that particular moment. But my body was saying "Ouch - lady - I've already outperformed for you today, what more do you want from me?"

This is where Lance and I are again in total agreement. Joan Benoit Samuelson, Lance's pacer from mile ten, is quoted in the *New York Times* the day after the race as saying of Lance: "I think the marathon is a mental game, and he's got that down pretty well." I just called his hotel room again and left an-



other message letting him know that I agree completely - it's all mental, especially after mile 18. I'll let you know what he said when he calls back, in the next newsletter.

So there we were on Fifth Avenue, Coach Cutie and I, flying down the road. My coach was pointing to free spots in front of us where I could move ahead of all the sluggards and walkers who at this point were clearly in the race just to finish.

I wasn't. I was in the race to achieve my goal of finishing in under four and a half hours. Summoning an inner aggression I heretofore didn't know I had, I started screaming "Coming through!" to the right and left, scattering runners out of my path. Even Coach Cutie looked shocked. I guess he hadn't realized I had it in me, but now he does. I'm a contender.

Coach Cutie dumped me at Fifth Avenue and 103<sup>rd</sup> Street to return to the real cutie of the family: Ava, age 6, who was back in the Bronx, wondering why her parents had just run off and left her behind at the VCTC table at mile 21.

As soon as my support left, I began to slow down. My mind was in a huge fight with my body, screaming at it to speed up. This was my absolute last chance to achieve my goal finishing time. I knew there was no more time to make it up, and God knows I wasn't going to do my final two miles in an under ten minute a mile pace. It had been all I could do to keep up a ten minute a mile pace for the first half of the race and during the second half, I'd slipped a little. Now it was time to literally summon super human strength and force my body to do something it was telling me it couldn't do.

Muttering "Jesus help me," under my breath, I turned into the park at 91<sup>st</sup> street and again I started passing runners. I think my energy surge had something to do with the fact that



Rozsa, the Contender continued

Coach Cutie and I had spent the majority of our courtship hanging out in Central Park around this area doing one of our favorite activities together - RUNNING! (I knew you'd guess that correctly, and if you didn't - you have a filthy mind.)

But after passing the mile 24 marker, I could feel my body begin to slow down again. I was just at the point of rationalizing my finish time, telling myself that to come in anywhere around my 4:30 finish goal would be a major accomplishment. This was not a good thing, so God had to step in and do something. He delivered a *deus ex machina* in the form of my red-haired girlfriend, Nicole Reynolds.

All of a sudden, to my right behind the barricade, there she was. She had a huge smile on her face, was screaming out my name, and wore a really silly looking red hat with a tassel that made me smile. She was running like crazy, pacing me on the other side of the fence. When I saw that glorious sight, I was on fire. There was my girlfriend, going to all this effort to position herself right where I needed

She looked ridiculous and was making a fool of herself - all for my sake. If she could make that kind of effort, then the least I could do. Once my friend Nicole got me started on my final sprint, I never stopped. It was a surreal final fifteen minutes. My mind kept telling me I could do it and my body kept telling me I couldn't. I knew I could hurt myself if I kept pushing my body beyond its limits. For many years I've been a naturally conservative, not much of a risk-taker kind of person, but that's about to change. For those final fifteen minutes, I truly transcended my own nature by allowing my mind to trump my body. I finished the race on top of the world in just under four and a half hours.

At the finish line I was rewarded by a big smile and hug from Kate Donovan, who was looking for Italian runners to direct. My limited Italian failed me at that moment, so we just hugged each other while I accepted all her compliments about how I looked great, finished so strong, was glowing, etc. Thank you, Kate! It was all true, but my body was ready to kill me. In fact it's now killing me as I'm sitting here at my computer twenty four hours later.

The only real difference I see between Lance's race and my own is the way we finished. Apparently he was practically walking by the time he crossed the finish line. Can you believe it? I was killing myself; grunting, groaning and knocking slower runners out of my path in my bloodthirst to make my goal. I guess I won't mention our respective finishes when he calls back, because I wouldn't want to make him feel bad. I want to leave that tiny chance

open that he'll accept my invitation to join us at the VCTC Awards Dinner in January - not as my date of course, I've already got Coach Cutie lined up, but maybe he would enjoy meeting some of the club members (Kate Donovan?) and swapping marathon stories with us.

You can be sure I'll be running another marathon again. It was an unforgettable experience. And for someone like myself, who hasn't spent a lot of time pushing myself to the limit, this was a milestone that changed me permanently. I wasn't much of a risk taker before. Now I am. I'm no longer a turtle. I'M A CONTENDER!!

## And Representing New York Is ...

By Eddie Crawford

**O**n July 23, 2006, I was the only New Yorker to compete in the Major Taylor, George Street Bike Race in Worcester, Mass.

So who was Major Taylor and why name a bike race after him? Marshall W. "Major" Taylor (1878-1932) was the world's first black sports superstar. Known as "the Worcester Whirlwind" and "the colored cyclone," he was the world cycling champion in 1899, American sprint champion in 1900, and broke numerous track cycling records at a time

baseball. He was the second black world champion in any sport (after bantamweight boxer George Dixon in 1891). He had to fight Jim Crow prejudice to get on the starting line and faced closed doors and open hostility with dignity. The Major Taylor Association of today is dedicated to honoring his athletic achievements and strength of character, as well as his concern for the less fortunate and his personal struggle for equality. The current officers of the association also organize and stage various bike races throughout the U.S.

Continued on Page 17



### Adrian C. Hunte

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**3-Sep Sunday, 11:30 AM**  
**Henry Isola XC Classic**  
**4.0 Miles, 6.4 Kilometers**  
**Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx, NYC**

24:24	Kyle Hall	M28	
24:43	Chris Ekstrom	M40	<b>2nd 40-45</b>
30:03	Firdaus Dotiwala	M37	
33:45	Edward James	M60	
36:51	Jill Staats	F54	<b>2nd 50-54</b>

**10-Sep Sunday, AM**  
**Nyack 10 Miler**  
**10.0 Miles, 16 Kilometers**  
**Nyack, NY**

1:21:06	Hector Santiago	M68	<b>2nd 65-69</b>
1:32:18	Arnold L Gore	M65	
1:47:47	Susan R Epstein	F63	<b>2nd 60-64</b>

**3-Sep Sunday, AM**  
**New Haven 20K**  
**12.2 Miles, 20.0 Kilometers**  
**New Haven, CT**

1:40:29	Hector Santiago	M68	
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**17-Sep Sunday, AM**  
**Harlem Renaissance 5Miler**  
**5.0 Miles, 8.0 Kilometers**  
**Harlem, NYC**

40:10	Arnold L Gore	M65	<b>2nd 60-69</b>
51:10	Susan R Epstein	F63	<b>1st 60-69</b>

**9-Sep Saturday, 8:30 AM**  
**Fitness Games 4M - Men**  
**4.0 Miles, 6.4 Kilometers**  
**Central Park, NYC**

25:03	Ivan S Mills	M50	<b>3rd 50-54</b>
26:47	Michael P Hudick	M61	<b>2nd 60-64</b>
28:26	Paulino Santana	M45	
30:59	Edward James	M60	
31:33	Ramon Ruiz	M66	
33:52	Ivan Ragoonanan	M61	
34:11	Carl Morrishow	M50	
38:53	Ira A. Weiner	M47	

**17-Sep Sunday, AM**  
**Joel Spector 10K**  
**6.2 Miles, 10.0 Kilometers**  
**Washington Township, NJ**

37:46	Peter Coy	M48	<b>2nd 45-49</b>
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**9-Sep Saturday, 9:30 AM**  
**Fitness Games 4M - Women**  
**4.0 Miles, 6.4 Kilometers**  
**Central Park, NYC**

36:24	Edith Jones	F66	<b>2nd 65-69</b>
40:07	Gilda L Serrano	F57	
42:56	Marysol Ruiz-Zapata	F40	

**17-Sep Sunday, AM**  
**Christopher Hoban 5 Miler**  
**5.0 Miles, 8.0 Kilometers**  
**Brooklyn, NY**

39:20	Hector Santiago	M68	<b>2nd 60-69</b>
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**30-Sep Saturday, 9:00 AM**  
**Fifth Avenue Mile**  
**1.0 Mile, 1.6 Kilometers**  
**Fifth Avenue, NYC**

5:44	Firdaus Dotiwala	M37	
7:08	Ivan Ragoonanan	M61	

# R A C E R E S U L T S 2 0 0 6

**1-Oct Sunday, 10:00 AM**  
**Grete's Great Gallop**  
**13.1 Miles, 21.1 Kilometers**  
**Central Park, NYC**

1:28:21	Neil Leibowitz	M31	
1:42:21	Ramon Minaya	M66	<b>2nd 65-69</b>
1:56:54	Edward James	M60	
1:57:46	Ivan Ragoonanan	M61	
1:59:33	Katherine Callan	F44	
2:04:38	Rozsa Gaston	F48	
2:04:58	Margaret R Nolan	F46	
2:03:39	Jill Staats	F55	
2:06:07	John Arbucci	M48	
2:13:43	Bill Smith	M62	
2:09:16	Edith Jones	F67	
2:23:39	Gilda L Serrano	F58	
2:20:13	Lisa E Fleischmann	F43	
2:24:44	Ira A. Weiner	M47	

**1-Oct Sunday, 11:30 AM**  
**NYRR Harry Murphy Cross Country**  
**3.1 Miles, 5.0 Kilometers**  
**Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx, NYC**

29:50	Jean Harkins	F35	
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**1-Oct Sunday, AM**  
**Hackensack 5K**  
**3.1 Miles, 5.0 Kilometers**  
**Hackensack, NJ**

18:29	Peter Coy	48M	<b>5th OV</b>
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**1-Oct Sunday, AM**  
**Pit Run**  
**3.1 Miles, 5.0 Kilometers**  
**Oneonta, NY**

20:10	Dave King	56M	<b>1st 55-59</b>
30:23	Kevin King	10M	

**8-Oct Sunday, 9:30 AM**  
**Bedford Stuyvesant 10K**  
**6.2 Miles, 10.0 Kilometers**  
**Brooklyn, NY**

51:45	Arnold L Gore	M65	<b>1st 65-69</b>
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**8-Oct Sunday, 9:30 AM**  
**ING New York City Marathon Tune-Up**  
**18.0 Miles, 28.9 Kilometers**  
**Central Park, NYC**

2:04:31	Ivan S Mills	M50	
2:19:18	Neil Leibowitz	M31	
2:26:17	Blas Abadia Jr	M51	
2:39:15	Paulino Santana	M45	
2:39:28	Edward James	M60	
2:48:13	Jose D Cooper	M57	
2:54:03	Frank J Lindsay	M49	
2:55:45	Ivan Ragoonanan	M61	
3:02:08	Edith Jones	F67	<b>2nd 65-69</b>
3:02:07	Ramon Ruiz	M66	
3:06:41	John Arbucci	M48	
3:09:46	Carl Morrishow	M50	
3:24:55	Gilda L Serrano	F58	
3:30:58	Rozsa Gaston	F48	
3:33:53	Lisa E Fleischmann	F43	
3:31:54	Sarah Baglio	F34	
3:31:54	Jo Ann Pate	F32	
4:15:34	Ramon Minaya	M66	

**15-Oct Sunday, 9:40 AM**  
**Staten Island Half Marathon**  
**13.1 Miles, 21.1 Kilometers**  
**Staten Island, NY**

1:38:18	Paulino Santana	M45	
1:38:33	Danielle Rosario-Mullen	F25	
1:39:23	Firdaus Dotiwala	M37	
1:52:09	Edward James	M60	
1:53:51	Ramon Ruiz	M66	<b>3rd 65-69</b>
1:55:15	Jose D Cooper	M57	
1:59:25	Jill Staats	F55	
0:00:00	Edith Jones	F67	<b>1st 65-69</b>
2:02:15	Margaret R Nolan	F46	
2:01:30	Ivan Ragoonanan	M61	
2:23:12	Gilda L Serrano	F58	

**21-Oct Saturday, AM**  
**Norwood 5K**  
**3.1 Miles, 5.0 Kilometers**  
**Norwood, NJ**

18:14	Peter Coy	48M	<b>1st 45-49</b> <b>5TH Overall</b>
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**21-Oct Saturday, 7:00 AM**  
**Hawaii Ironman Triathlon**  
**2.4 mi swim, 112 mi bike, 26.2 mi run**  
**Kailua-Kona, HI**

9:43:30 Michael Arnstein 29M  
 1:15:08 2.4 mile swim  
 5:00:51 112.0 mile bike  
 3:21:52 26.1 mile run

**22-Oct Sunday, 11:30 AM**  
**NYRR Kurt Steiner Cross Country 5K**  
**3.1 Miles, 5.0 Kilometers**  
**Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx, NYC**

23:05 Paulino Santana M45  
 35:58 Ken Rolston M54  
 24:59 Arnold L Gore M65 **2nd 65-69**  
 26:44 Bette Clark F51 **3rd 50-54**  
 28:39 Jean Harkius F35

**29-Oct Sunday, 9:00 AM**  
**Poland Spring Marathon Kickoff**  
**5.0 Miles, 8.0 Kilometers**  
**Central Park, NYC**

36:35 Neil Ghezzer M35  
 37:16 Danielle Rosario-Mullen F25  
 39:46 Ramon Ruiz M66 **3rd 65-69**  
 39:29 Edward James M60  
 40:44 Jose D Cooper M57  
 36:29 Paulino Santana M45  
 43:41 Edith Jones F67 **2nd 65-69**  
 42:24 Ivan Ragoonanan M61  
 44:57 John Arbucci M49  
 49:12 Luis Colon M52  
 47:52 Dennis J Brooks M54  
 52:09 Gilda L Serrano F58  
 49:32 Ira A. Weiner M47  
 49:05 Lisa E Fleischmann F43  
 49:37 Jo Ann Pate F32  
 49:38 Sarah Baglio F34  
 53:52 Ramon Minaya M66

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**29-Oct Sunday, AM**  
**NYC Agency 5K**  
**3.1 Miles, 5.0 Kilometers**  
**Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx, NYC**

27:45 Blas Abadia 51M **2nd Overall**

**6-Nov Sunday, 10:00 AM**  
**ING NYC MARATHON**  
**26.2 Miles, 42.2 Kilometers**  
**Staten Island to Central Park, NYC**

2:46:05 Michael Arnstein 29M  
 3:49:06 Blas Abadia 51M  
 3:54:27 Firdaus Dotiwala 37M  
 4:20:34 Darryl Williams 37M  
 4:23:44 Edward James 60M  
 4:27:25 Ivan Ragoonanan 61M  
 4:32:15 Zafar Shahbaz 49M  
 4:30:21 Ramon Ciprian 42M  
 4:29:52 Gaston Rozsa 48F  
 4:41:58 Frank Lindsay 49M  
 4:41:46 John Arbucci 49M  
 4:44:08 Tami Luhby 36F  
 4:51:00 Jill Staats 55F  
 4:56:54 Margaret Nolan 46F  
 4:53:18 Edith Jones 67F  
 5:08:41 Gilda Serrano 58F  
 5:09:29 Carl Morrishow 50M  
 5:14:38 Lisa Fleischmann 43F  
 5:13:10 Luis Colon 52M  
 5:40:21 Sarah Baglio 34F  
 5:40:20 Joann Pate 32F  
 6:20:34 Ramon Minaya 66M



## A Runner's Anthology

By David King

**A**s everyone goes through life, he/she encounters events that are good, bad, funny, sad, etc. Many of my life's experiences have come via my involvement with the sport of running. I have some fond memories of the past and some not so fond. So, based on these experiences over the past four decades, I have found running to be:

**Frustrating:** April 1979. At a half-marathon in Rockland County, I was cruising along in third place through eleven miles. First place was 150 meters in the distance, second place 100 meters ahead of me, fourth place 200 meters behind. At this point, I heard the unnerving sound of a train whistle behind me. There's no way this racecourse could have crossed railroad tracks. But it did! The first two runners made it through the intersection, but just **before I crossed**, the train came by: a freight train of 4 engines and 125 cars. By the time the train passed, six or seven minutes I guess, seven other runners and I were backed up, waiting to go. In spite of the rest time, I couldn't get the legs going again at my original pace and ended up finishing behind every runner that had gotten stuck with me. The winner ran 1:10:30; second place was 1:11:20. I finished in 1:19:12 in tenth place, about a minute behind third place. So "do the math". Not surprisingly, 1979 was the only year this race was run.

**Time-stopping:** Queens Half-Marathon 1999. Wife Vera was running the race, son Kevin (3-1/2 years old) and I were standing at the finish line waiting for mom to come in. As I stretched my neck to the right looking at the stream of finishers, Kevin slipped away

from me. Suddenly I heard an adult let out a loud scream at the finish line. Kevin, being an inquisitive little guy interested in switches and buttons, had **turned off the finish line race clock!** As I whisked Kevin away, I gave the race director a terse "whose kid is this anyway?" But I don't think he bought it. Luckily, someone had backed up the official clock and all was set straight again.

**Profitable:** Central Park, spring of 2000. A beautiful spring day and I was running on my lunch hour. There were hundreds, no, thousands of people in the park that day. As I ran south on the park drive just past Tavern On The Green, I noticed what looked like money lying on the ground, invisible, I guess, to the masses. I swooped it up without stopping, to find two \$20 bills neatly wrapped together. Who said one can't make a living by running?

**Lucrative:** Bailey Avenue, the Bronx, 1981. While running south on Bailey Ave to meet running partner Glen Shane at the Fordham Hill condos, I noticed a "wad" of what looked like paper money. I picked it up and sure enough it was a roll of bills! I stopped and counted: eight \$20's, three \$10's and three \$5's. \$205. And yes, the statute of limitations has expired; so don't try to claim the money!

**A Crime Deterrent:** McLean Avenue, winter of 1980. I was running alone at 10 p.m. on a windy, bitter-cold February night. I was running in the street, going as fast as I could to keep warm, downhill toward the Saw Mill

River Parkway, when I came upon a young punk on his knees, breaking into the driver's side door of a parked car. I came upon him so  
Continued

### Runner's Anthology cont'd

quickly, I scared the e. coli out of him. He jumped up, turned and ran, faster than Bob Hayes' 4x100 anchor leg in the Tokyo Olympics. I wasn't about to chase him.

**Slippery:** Mohansic State Park, 1979. January through March of 1979 was an extremely cold period. The temperature rarely made it above freezing levels for the three months. In the middle of February, I was running a 10k race, which looped around a very icy parking lot. As I came toward the finish line, another runner came up on my heels and we kicked it in to the end. Five yards from the finish, he hit a patch of ice and slid headfirst across the line; ahead of me. The officials gave him the win. Somehow I felt a bit cheated that day. Of course these days he'd have to slide feet-first, with a chip on his shoe, to beat me!

**Dangerous:** VCP X-Country course, 1966. While running in a high school "cattle meet" (several hundred kids in one race), I saw two runners run right off the cliff at that sharp, 90 degree left turn on the downhill part of the back hills (this was long before the Parks Dept rebuilt the fence along this part of the course). As far as I know, neither was hurt too badly.

**Annoying:** Cherry Hill 10-miler, May 1988. I was running a good, fast pace when the heat and humidity started wearing me down. About a mile from the finish line, as I was starting to falter a bit, this "clown" who was letting out a loud moan on every single breath came up on me. Uhhhhhhhh (breath) uhhhhhhhh (breath) uhhhhhhhh (breath) and so on. I thought for a second that he was giving birth or something. It was **the** most annoying thing I can ever remember in a race. And, to add insult to injury, he ended up beating me. If I could have found that guy after the race, I

might still be in jail.

**Satisfying:** Macomb's Dam track June 1986. Glen Shane and I were doing a lunchtime speed session at the track just north of Yankee Stadium. On our first 400 (we were fast back then), we came upon a grossly overweight woman walking slowly in the first lane. We politely asked her to move to the outside. She refused vociferously. Unfortunately this happens all too often with people who don't know how to use the track and is **almost** as annoying as Mr. Annoying above. On our next 400, we were coming off the final turn, Glen out in front, me just behind him. As Glen came up on the woman, he yelled at her to move and he went to her inside. I moved outside into lane 2 to pass her. As Glen passed by, he brushed her. She jumped into lane 2 directly in front of me, and as she turned to see me, I ran full speed into her. I hit her hard (I didn't do it on purpose, honest). Knocked her clean on her fat butt. Glen and I kept going. Next 400 she was in lane 5. How satisfying it would be if that were to happen every time.

**Mathematical:** Soundview 4 miler, 1991(?). VCTC had the following finishers: Paul Willis, 20:20; Andy McConnell, 21:21; me, 22:22; James Simmons, 23:23; Ramon Minaya, 24:24 and I think Fernando Ruiz, 25:25. There were other VCTC finishers, but none so eloquently sequential.

**Playtime:** Alley Pond Park, Queens, 1968. Barry Geisler, well-known at the time for forcing his four young children to run races (his second child Eric was at one time the youngest person to have completed a marathon, at 9 years old), began panicking when his two younger ones (aged 3 and 5) failed to show up at the finish line of a mile out-and-back course. Where were they? Had they been kidnapped? No, they had seen swings in a playground from the racecourse and set off to do something they really wanted to do. They

- Continued

## Runner's Anthology cont'd

didn't get into trouble with a somewhat relieved dad.

**Sickening:** Aqueduct, summer 1967. Less than a month after I had been introduced to the Old Croton Aqueduct trail (see last issue of newsletter), I was running alone there on a hot Sunday morning. Up ahead of me, I realized, was a couple walking naked in the same direction I was going. As I got closer, they turned around startled and disappeared into the heavy underbrush. I did get close enough, however, to see that they were both probably in their 60's, and not exactly in good shape (an understatement). I continued my run despite a sudden onset of nausea.

**Freezing:** Poughkeepsie, November 1967. Pressured by my AAU team coach, I reluctantly entered the Metropolitan AAU 20 KM championship race on Thanksgiving Day. Conditions at race time: Drizzle with strong gusting winds and 33 degree temperatures. This was before polypro and all the other fancy clothing were invented to keep one warm. It was cotton shorts, cotton singlet and flimsy shoes in those days. This was my worst racing experience ever (worse than, again, Mr. Annoying above). But I did have something to be thankful for: I finished. It took me 20 minutes in a hot shower post-race before I even began to warm up. Never again!

**Sub-freezing:** Oneonta, NY Christmas Day 1980. While driving on Christmas Eve to visit my folks in upstate NY, it began snowing. Twenty-five inches fell that night. The next morning I prepared for my usual run (I was routinely doing 50 miles a week in those days). I knew it was cold, but I didn't realize how cold it was until I saw the bank time/temperature display. It was minus 25 degrees at the start of my run. The roads had been cleared (upstate people know how to handle any amount of snow, unlike we downstaters), So off I went on a 13

miler. I saw no one else during the entire run.

It was one of the most beautiful runs I have ever done. Looking across the valley as I ran up a nearby mountain, I felt as though I were in a surreal world because the air was so dry and clear. My feet were cold for the first mile, but after that I was quite warm. The main differences between this run and "freezing" above: this wasn't a race, I had done it voluntarily and I was dressed properly.

**A high:** Winter 1979. While running the old Ramble course late one night (alone), I got my first bona fide runner's high. It was a cold (yes, I did a lot of running on cold nights), clear night. All of a sudden I felt as though I were running in the clouds, so to speak. I had not a worry in the world. I knew all that was to be known. I had no aches, no pains. It's quite difficult for one to relate to, unless one has experienced it. The feeling lasted about 20 minutes, but, unfortunately, when it subsided so went the wisdom with it. All I can say is that it was amazing and I remember it to this day.

So these are some of the tales that have kept me on the trails for all these years. With good health and fortune, there will be many more to come.

### And Representing New York Is—Cont'd

The race was a time-trial race with a total distance of 500 feet, all uphill (average grade of 18%).

How does one prepare for this type of race? Obviously, you need to do hill work-outs along with flat leveled warm-ups and cool-downs. So pick your time and sites and go for it! Living in Hastings-on-Hudson, I was not without hills on which to practice. For the flat, level ground, there was the Putnam, Rails-to-Trails loop. With a couple of months of preparation in my legs, I was off to Worcester.

The day before my race, I drove the 3 hours to Worcester and was fortunate to stay with a local biker, Paul Colman, and his family. Sunday, July 23 (race day) we loaded our bikes into our vans and drove to George Street.

The race was to begin at 10 a.m. and we

could hear the voice of the PA telling bikers where to go and what to do. One of the things he reminded us to check was to make sure our cleats were securely fitted. Other than suiting up and making sure I had my tires inflated to 120 psi, I knew I was ready to go.

A few warm-ups on an adjacent hill, I thought, would get the legs and mind set. About half way up the hill on my first warm-up, the unexpected happened - my left shoe-cleat slipped out of the pedal. Fortunately, I did not fall. I dismounted and then tried to figure out what was the problem. Having checked the cleat, shoe, and pedal, everything seemed to be secured. No problems, I thought, but I did not want to take any chances, so I walked with the bike up the  
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### And Representing New York Is—Cont'd

second half of the hill and then mounted the bike on level ground. Testing the security of my cleats (especially the left cleat) while pedaling, I proceeded to the starting area without any noticeable problem.

My registered number was 27, meaning that I was the twenty-seventh biker to go up George Street. Each cyclist was directed to the starting line in numerical order. I hear the announcer say "Next number is 26." Number 26 was, believe it or not, a tandem of three (3) cyclists. When the horn sounded for them to go, they got no further than about 25 feet when the lead cyclist's left cleat slipped out of his pedal. He was able to brace himself quickly with his freed right leg as the bike leaned and nearly fell to the right. Was this my second bad omen? Would I encounter the same misfortune as those on bike number 26?

Since they were temporarily out of the race (they would get a second chance), I was next in line, ready to go. How was I feeling? The answer to that question was in one word - NERVOUS. With my left foot clipped into my pedal of the bike, I inched my way, pushing from the ground toward the starting line with my right foot. Once the front tire touched the starting- line, a bike handler held the rear portion of my bike seat with both hands to balance my bike so that I was able to clip into my right pedal. I had my gear ratio set at 39:19 which is one setting above my lowest.

Everyone within a two-block radius heard the announcement: "Biker twenty-seven is Eddie Crawford from Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York. He has traveled the furthest to be here today. Are you ready?" I nodded affirmatively in his direction. The next thing I heard him say was, "ready, set." Within the very next second, the loud horn sounded

and the handler let go of my seat. I stood high in the saddle and began to pedal as hard and as fast as I could up George Street. People lined both sides of the street. I could hear them shout, "Go Eddie!" Still feeling a bit nervous, I climbed rapidly, trying to maintain a consistent cadence that would take me to the finish line. At one point during my race I heard the announcer say, "There he goes -- Eddie from New York. I wonder if he's a Yankee fan?" Upon hearing that, I yelled back, "No, I'm a Mets fan!" but I doubted that he could hear me now that I was more than half-way up the hill. As I pedaled harder and began to take deeper breaths, I sensed that my nervousness had subsided. The cheering crowd boosted my spirits and their encouraging remarks willed me to the crest of the hill, where I crossed the finish line.

Some eighty-odd bikers who would follow my eventful time-trial race and it was interesting to watch the other competitors and the different types of bikes that they used. There were fixed-chain (messenger type) bikes, hybrids, mountain bikes, and road bikes aplenty; small trick bikes, tandems and a triple completed the field. Obviously, some went up the hill faster than others. Those youngsters (twenty-something) on the small trick bikes seemed to fly up the hill. Some cyclists had a spill when they first started out and were given second chances. One cyclist was so disgusted with himself after he fell that he took his helmet off, picked up his bike, walked back a little bit beyond to where the starting line was (everyone thinking he would re-start), and threw his bike and helmet on the ground. He felt so embarrassed and psychologically bruised about falling that he decided to withdraw from the competition.

Ninety-eight percent of those who signed up for the Major Taylor race finished it. Surprisingly, the winner of the entire race was Continued



### And Representing New York Is—Cont'd

a youngster, all of twenty years old; covering the distance of 500 ft. in a little over 23 seconds on a trick bike. As in all bike races, a combination of good technique, physical conditioning, and of course the bike itself contributed to the cyclist's final time.

Relatively speaking, I was very pleased with my performance. In previous years, no one of my age (62 years) had competed in the Major Taylor race. This year,

and over. In fact, the race officials had to establish a new age grouping for us right on the spot. As a result of doing so, I was declared the winner with a time of 46.57 seconds, beating my closest competitor by 0.34 seconds. Wow that was close!

It was a memorable race in honor of a more than memorable person, Marshall W. "Major" Taylor. I was fortunate enough to enjoy such an occasion as the only cyclist from New York.



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