

---

# Race Report

## JFK 50-Miler

November 23

by Kevin Shelton-Smith

*The* 51<sup>st</sup> running of the

JFK 50 is the most prestigious such race in the US and attracts the best, with entries given in priority to faster runners. My race prep began with an evening of heavy eating and a short night's sleep followed by a good breakfast (virtually a midnight feast) and departure for the Maryland/West Virginia border at 1.15a.m.

A hotel would have been nice but assumes I got out of work at midday and not 8 p.m. I arrived at Boonesville HS an hour ahead of the 7a.m. start with plenty of time for check-in and bathroom breaks but always with the feeling that more time was needed since my pig-out session.

A thousand happy runners laughed and chatted as we set off up the Main St and road that climbed two miles to the Appalachian Trail that would take us along a narrow rocky path to Mile 15, where the unused C&O canal runs alongside the Potomac River.

Portajohns were suitably placed as we hit the trail, but I declined a need to stop to avoid

hundreds of slower runners getting ahead on a path where passing was an ankle twisting accident, trip or fall waiting to happen. I began to regret my decision, but somehow held on for 6 miles and made it to the next aid station, and relief. However, let's just say that more drama than substance left me sitting in keen anticipation for more, while minutes and runners passed by.

Digestion was clearly a work in progress. Anxiously, I darted back onto the trail and passed familiar faces over the next few miles before my excessive carb loading came to the foreground once more for a disappointing repeat experience. Departing my second stop at great speed, those same familiar faces wondered if I was doing the whole 50 miles as a fartlek effort.

Most people tripped along the technically difficult but very runnable trail. Eventually my turn came but without too much harm. I rushed on and down the switch backs as we descended to the Potomac. Aid stations, became frequent and as with most ultras, were full of snack food you would normally

avoid. On the C&O canal I looked forward to 26 miles of smooth flat tow-path. Time to pick up the pace. It wasn't to be though. I wasn't feeling strong or rhythmic. Much too much effort seemed to be needed. At 23 miles I suddenly developed sharp stabbing pains at the base of my calves on both legs. My hopes of an age group place were in tatters. I stretched to no avail. I ran the best I could, hoping the legs would ease up. I tried running backwards, sideways - anything. The finish was too far to press on with something that could become much worse, so I had to do something to fix it. Hopes of a good time were over and I decided to walk for a mile and a half and give the calves time to recover. Dozens of sympathetic runners passed me by. No benefit came from walking and any endorphins would soon wear off as I cooled in the chill headwind. I wasn't dressed for 7 more hours of walking either, so I took two ibuprofen tabs, a slug of water and forced myself to run.

The pain wouldn't go away so I ignored it - for 25 miles. I focused on those ahead. The two-legged limp seemed, at least, to become less pronounced. I caught up to those who had passed me and I started doing the math on my finishing time. Ten hours was good if I kept some running up - I felt stiff and heavy though. (continued page 10)



As I passed Harper's Ferry, 9 hours began to look plausible if I kept running and then 8 so long as I didn't have a leg fail on me completely. Mind over matter – 7 hours 45 minutes could be done and was looking increasingly likely. By Mile 40, 7 hours 30 minutes might just be possible if I could run sub-7 minutes 30 seconds per mile to the end. I had to climb a steep hill up from the Potomac to gently rolling country roads as I left the tow path. The road and I had one last WC-stop to get in. I didn't hang about in the loo this time but I had to walk the hill. I couldn't be sure of the exact distance to go until I saw count-down markers on the road. 7 miles to go, pushing hard but controlled. 6 to go. I was needing to run sub 7 mins 15s/ mile. Not easy. I stuck to the task. 5 to go. It was cold and the head wind was now fierce. Miles were coming by nicely with a few sub-7s. I focused on runners ahead. I ran through aid stations and hammered on. 4 to go. I was chasing a leading female with little progress - then suddenly she stopped to walk - I closed her down before she could recover. 3 to go. I flew by any and all competition to move up the overall order and in case they

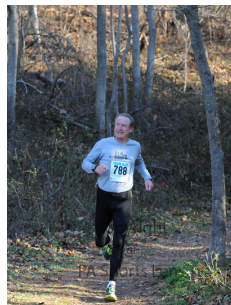


shared my age group. I passed Will Cooper of CA - definitely my age group.

2 to go.

Just one man visible way ahead. One mile to go. I asked a supporter if the man ahead looked my age - he smiled and cheered me on – he'd misheard. I wasn't taking any chances though. I chased hard. Mile 50 was at 6.30 pace but this race was 50.2 and my rabbit was still 100m ahead. I really kicked the last quarter - who knows how fast but guys at the finish said they were impressed. I caught my target and blew past with all I had, over-riding every signal of sanity coming from my weary but obedient body and legs, with 100m to go. I glanced side-ways at my quarry. He was soooo much younger - 28 as it happened.

As for the revised goal time? I finished in 7.26.23, good for 35th overall and 4th out of 142 in my age group and just 9 minutes off 2<sup>nd</sup> place. Full credit to the over-50s winner though who smashed our course record and crossed the line over an hour ahead of me. I rued the 9 plus minutes I'd spent sitting stretching and walking but with awards only for winners - it seemed I'd missed nothing but I'd



gained some applause and a good helping of self-respect for my second half. Time to drive back, while my calves expressed their opinion of the day. #

## Houston Marathon

January 19, 2014

by Kyle Macy Hall

*It* was sunny and about 63 degrees. My dad and I left Houston's Museum District and headed downtown. I still needed to pick up my race packet for tomorrow's Houston Marathon from the gigantic George R. Brown Convention Center. We arrived there to find thousands of other runners in an expo rivaling Boston's or New York's in its vibrancy and size. Organization and logistics for the event were solid. If a runner wanted to get in and get out quickly, organizers made it easy to do so. If folks wanted to hang out for a while, there was more than plenty to do. I guess that's something that happens when a race gets to its 42nd year.

After showing my driver's license and official confirmation paper to a race employee, I was handed the largest racing bib ever created. Later, I even folded the bottom part of it up so that it would not interfere with my new fuel belt. It still covered the "Van Cortlandt" on (continued page 11) my purple and white racing singlet. The most unique thing

about the bib for me, however, was that my name — “K y l e Macy” (middle name, for those who were unaware)—was printed above my number, 1064. This was the first race I’d ever run with my name printed on the bib.

Having already walked around the museum, we did not want to stay at the expo too long. We walked the aisles, glancing at many vendors promoting upcoming races and energy gels, fluids, and running devices of all shapes and sizes—most of them marketed to newer runners who feel they may need to buy them all to improve performance. In reality, blood and sweat is the only tried and true way to peak performance. With that

said, I do endorse The Stick and Triggerpoint’s foam roller.

Suddenly I look ahead and see a group of petite women in tiny red shorts. I am not going to lie—this caught my eye. They were putting clothes on hurriedly over their shorts. An awning above them read “Houston Rockets.” I marched on over and found out these were the dancers who perform at Rockets basketball games. A stack of booklets with their autographed pictures sat on a table. I picked it up as a burly security guy blocked a path between the ladies and me.

“Oh, maybe I should’ve asked,” I said. “You can have it,” he said.

“Can I get a quick picture with you, ladies, to give me good luck before the marathon tomorrow?” I

asked the dancers. Although rushed, they consented. The burly man stood back and my dad experimented with his new smartphone camera. Inexplicably, I spent more time fumbling around trying to hold up the autographed booklet than I did actually paying attention to the six super-fit women surrounding me, arms around me on both sides. At one point the booklet began slipping from my hands and I wasted yet more time with it. Afterwards I asked my father, “Why was I even holding that up? These were the women in that booklet!”

Sitting behind a table near the exit sat Meb Keflezighi signing copies of (continued page 12) his new book: Run to Overcome.

## HUNTE LAW GROUP, P.C.

ADRIAN C. HUNTE, ESQ.

P. O. Box 97  
Mohegan Lake, New York 10547

Telephone: (914) 526-1000; Fax: (914) 526-3106

E-mail: [info@huntelaw.com](mailto:info@huntelaw.com)

Website: <http://www.huntelaw.com>

Hunte Law Group, P.C., represents individuals, and also provides corporate, administrative and regulatory legal services to the beverage alcohol and hospitality industries. The firm represents wineries, breweries, distilleries, restaurants, wine and spirits stores, delis, gas stations, golf courses, hotels, manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers. Adrian C. Hunte, founder of the firm, with over twenty years of experience, is a former General Counsel to the New York State Liquor Authority.

- State and Federal Alcohol Licensing/Industry Compliance
- Trademarks/Intellectual Property
- Zoning/Land Use/Environmental Law
- Real Estate Leasing, Purchase, or Sale
- Commercial Litigation
- Violation of the ABC Law Criminal/Administrative Charges
- Business Transactions/Starting, Buying or Selling a Business
- Estate Planning/Wills, Trusts/Succession Agreements/Special Needs
- Personal Injury

***We Accept Credit Cards and Payments On-line***

---

Three books remained. Determined in the new year to read as much about running as possible anyway, I saw this as an ideal moment to meet an Olympic hero, as well as gain more insights into how a pro trains. I jumped into the line, after paying one of his Houston Marathon VIP handlers of course, and was soon shaking hands with an Eritrean-American legend:

"Meb-- Kyle, nice to meet you."

I placed my racing bib and the book in front of him.

"Excellent job in London. We were all real proud of you."

Meb said, "Thanks. It was tough, that Wednesday they took me through the airport in a wheelchair."

"You've got to do what you've got to do," I said.

"You've got to do it. Especially when that USA is on your chest," he replied.

I then thought I heard him asking me, "What do you want to do tomorrow?" I responded, "2:45, in the marathon."

In hindsight, he may very well have been asking me for my last name. Either way, I possibly embarrassed myself yet again in public. But I did get this written in the book's inside cover: "To: Kyle, Thank you for all your support. Best wishes & Run to Win Meb"

I think the same message had just been written for the two

women ahead of me in line, but soon I had personalized time with my new friend Meb.

"Any advice for me in the marathon tomorrow?" I inquired.

"Be patient. Run even pace. If anything, go slower in the first half."

"Then move up in the second half?" I asked. "That's what I did (in London Olympics)...just kept moving up later."

"So, be patient," I confirmed.

"Be patient," Meb said.

We stood up behind the table for a picture. I asked him about tomorrow. He said he was running the half and "then Boston." Our handshake became a focused one, like in Africa where men may hold hands for an extended period of time, not releasing until the conversation ends.

"I'll be in Boston, too," I told him.

"You'll be there? It's going to be special this year," he said. "I know. The whole atmosphere... it's going to be bigger than what you or I do," I stated.

"I'll see you in Boston... Have a great race tomorrow," I told Meb. Our hands released.

[Meb went on the next morning to win the US National Half Marathon Championship, which began five minutes before the start of the marathon race.]

After the expo we drove to a neighborhood in the vicinity of the 12th mile marker I would be passing in just fifteen hours from

now. Just behind Joel Osteen's Lakewood Church, the largest in the country, we arrived at the pre-race meal destination: Pepper Tree. I was determined to eat more before this race than I did before the Boston Marathon last year, when changed travel plans altered anticipated routines. An all-you-can-eat vegan buffet awaited us: four types of tofu (the firm curry tofu with vegetables was best); steamed kale with sesame seeds; a variety of salad ingredients; stir-fry rice with vegetables; several types of sushi rolls; remarkable sesame-chocolate balls for dessert. Little oil, not too much salt, wonderful taste. A fulfilling dinner indeed.

Maybe one day I'll be able to get eight hours of sleep the night before a marathon, but this was not that day. I was up peeing four or five times. I was rolling over, waking up every hour. The night before a big race is a waiting game, pure and simple. All I want to do by that point is have the time disappear so I can get to the starting line. I thought as positively as I could about it, knowing I had many nights of good rest in the weeks leading up to that point.

At 4:07 a.m., I was out of my Hampton Inn bed, going through my pre-race rituals, which included eating my last bits of solid food at least two hours out from the (continued page 13) race: two kiwis and a banana. Then, an organic baby food with

---



---

banana and kiwi. Two Clif Shot Bloks. Some chocolate chips. About 16 ounces of coconut water. I would eat my final food within 45 minutes of the race start—a Vega endurance gel and my water with Vega pre-workout energizer. This was had while in the convention center.

Race organizers had set things up expertly so no one would have to wait outside in the pre-dawn darkness. We had a huge space complete with port o' potties (I'd never before seen those indoors); a special "men's urinal" section; even hand sanitizer and extra toilet paper was at the ready. I was able to drop by a crowd capacity Catholic Mass and carved out a space in the back to lie down and then do my stretching routine. It was a warm, relaxed place perfect for the approximately 20,000 runners on hand for today's events (an open half marathon in addition to the half marathon championships and marathon).

By 6:40, we were lined up in Corral A on a major thoroughfare next to Minute Maid Park. Just as the sun was rising, the starting gun sent us off at 7:00, followed by a cannon's blast. As Lao Tzu said, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step." For weeks, I'd been rehearsing my mantras—"Believe." "1:23/1:22" "I'm going to work to make it a pure guts race in the end, and if it is, then I am the

only one who can win it (Pre)." "Trust-Hope-Faith." The latter would be the one I repeated most.

There was a lot of traffic in the first ½ mile. I felt I must've been going 7:00 pace. I'm not going to worry about it, though, I thought. There's plenty of time. Shockingly, 6:25 was my first mile split. A rising tide truly does lift all boats. Just three seconds off my goal average for the first half marathon.

As we made our way out of downtown proper, spectators lined the streets on both sides. Around mile two, I saw the lady from the Citizens for Animal Protection group who my father and I had spoken with at the expo. She cheered me on. Soon, my name began popping up all over the streets of Houston. "Go Kyle!" Wow, having a name on my race bib really is nice, I thought.

"Go, Random Stranger, Go!" one sign read. A guy in a Central Park Track Club shirt stood at the sidelines. "Central Park! I run for Van Cortlandt." "Nice work," he yelled back. "Run now, poop later" read a sign held by a young woman. Cruising, I took it all in. My overarching objective in that first half was to relax and I was enjoying myself.

Past shopping centers we ran. We came up on and then past the thirteen year old girl with perfect form who, remarkably, was running the marathon (I don't

know who gave permission for that one but she ended up running 3:13). Past the giant armadillo sculpture in front of a bar/restaurant. Rock bands played. A group of singers sang. Little kids stood side by side with their parents cheering us on. "I thought this was an f---ng 5k!" read a man's sign.

The fatigued spots in my hamstrings from the past week were no more. The soreness in my right deltoid was gone. I was becoming a machine. "Faith," I told myself as I continued driving ahead, picking guys off but ever aware that my pace should not be faster than 6:22 per mile for the first half marathon. That was the plan and I was determined to execute the plan. So far, the first 5k: 6:24. Between 5k and 10k: 6:20 average.

Beautiful neighborhoods. Massive homes. Really massive. Some of them looked like apartment buildings, literally. Around mile 9 we passed under ancient looking trees forming a canopy over the road. Rice University's football stadium was on our left. I caught up to a guy from Pennsylvania and we ran together for a mile or two. His goal was to run about 2:50 while mine was 2:45 so I knew I couldn't use him as a reference point. However, our pace was (continued page 14) right on. "6:21 pace!" officials shouted from the mile marker.

---

---

Every mile had a sign, a clock and officials giving overall average mile pace for that point in the race, based off when the race had begun. Just before these checkpoints, one found signs announcing the kilometer distance. I had plenty of time to relax. All systems were good. I kept popping my strawberry Clif Shot Bloks. About four per hour, while getting water every 1.5-3 miles and lemon-lime Gatorade intermittently. I ended up taking more Gatorade earlier than originally planned, even beginning within the first hour, but it was already approaching 60 degrees by about 8:00 a.m. so I had to think ahead. I would've rather gotten a little nauseated from the sugar than to have gotten dehydrated or, worse yet according to my own marathon race history, gone into glycogen deficit.

I looked forward to seeing my dad somewhere in the vicinity of miles 11 and 12. He'd been waiting there for hours, since dropping me off downtown at 5:20. He was going to have a pack of Shot Bloks, a gel, and a bottle of coconut water in hand. I was already making plans to ask him for the water alone. We wound around some corners, onto different white hard concrete streets, which for some reason are the norm around Houston. I began looking for my dad. "Kyle!" He was on the right. "The water!" I shouted. "The

water!" He handed it off to me. "Right on pace. I'm going to do it!" I informed him before dashing off to the left, up towards our most significant climb, over a bridge to the halfway point.

The first half marathon was complete. The marathon was 50% over. Between the 10k and 15k marks I had averaged 6:15 pace. A bit fast. However, my half marathon time was 1:23:08. Only about 20 seconds faster than anticipated over the course of the first 13.1 miles. I still had 3 miles to go until my pace came down. I was determined to make this a 10 mile race.

I caught another guy while descending the bridge. A guy I passed earlier came back on me and we would race head to head for a bit before I moved ahead around mile 15 and never saw him again. Between 13.1 and 15.5 miles: 6:23 pace. All systems still were in check. I consumed my Bloks and relaxed, even as I felt my new, lightweight, never before raced in—though worn during several longer runs—fuel belt chafing the crap out of my stomach. I'd planned for it to remain on the outside of my singlet. That lasted for all of about a mile. Since then, it had proceeded to chafe me to the point that a splashing of Gatorade down my singlet caused a burning. "I don't care about that. That's not going to bother me," I instructed myself. I

was confident about everything in this race.

In the recesses of my mind, though, in places I refused to go to, there were still these thoughts: Hartford Marathon 2010—overheated feelings began at mile 17 leading to an eventual great collapse; New York 2011—great to mile 20, when feelings began...I was in the medical tent for an hour and a half after a death march through Central Park; Boston 2013—dream race to mile 22, when a switch suddenly flipped off and it was tunnel vision to Boylston Street. My best ever final mile there and it was still about 7:45 pace.

How would things end up today? I knew in my heart of hearts it could be different. Now I was determined more than ever to actualize my goal. We were at Chimney Rock and I knew this was the point around miles 17-18 when we would do two things: 1. Pass by President George Bush, Sr.'s neighborhood, where he usually sits outside cheering on the marathoners. 2., and more importantly, turn to head back toward the finish line downtown. Between miles 15.5 and 18.6, I ran 6:14 pace. But the dreaded Wall would not come until around miles 20-21. I still had to be cognizant of my fluid intake. My glycogen. That damned chafing continued. "Trust-Hope-Faith." (continued page 15)

"I want to be in the light, as You are in the light...that's

---

---

where I want to be. That's right where I want to be." All systems go, but I found myself in between. I'd passed a bunch of guys but the next ones were in the distance ahead and I was running alone for several miles. Memorial Park just ahead. Only about 10k left, but I was entering the most fragile part of the race. The place where so many marathoners' dreams have crashed and burned. Then I heard it: "Dn-dn-dn-dn-dn-dn-dn-dn-dn!" The famous keyboard riff. An arch rose over the roadway. Crowds of spectators on both sides. "Jump! Go ahead and jump!" Adrenaline surged as I pumped my fist in the air between miles 20 and 21. For a few fleeting moments, I was David Lee Roth. I was on stage live at Madison Square Garden, women's undergarments thrown at my feet. Every pump of my fist brought louder cheers. I was a rock star.

My glasses were now getting fogged over with sweat. I didn't want to wipe them as that may have caused smearing that would make it even more difficult to see. I then stepped off a grossly uneven segment in the middle of the road, nearly twisting my ankle. We veered slightly left and I knew at some point soon I would see the towers of the skyline rising in the distance. But where in the heck were they? Miles 18.6-21.7 were my fastest. A true breakthrough I felt but

didn't realize at the moment, time-wise. 6:11 pace. I had smashed the Wall. It was history.

The craziest thing about running a marathon is that running just a couple of miles in the end becomes such a dreaded act. Normally, a couple of miles would be a walk in the park; hardly a run at all. I still felt good but was getting a bit uncomfortable; and definitely searching for the finish line. Miles clicked by faster than they ever had for me by that point in a marathon but not as quickly as I would've liked. There were also far more ups and downs than I'd anticipated. I'd been told about some underpasses late in the game, but there were more than a few.

Thankfully, we then met up with the half marathoners again, running parallel to them in those last couple of miles back into downtown. There was always plenty of support on the sidelines and I knew I could make this happen. "For all those who are not here. We carry them with us." I told myself this and all types of things..."Hope." "Trust." "For Dayanna and Charlie." "For Hercules." I kept my wits about me for once nearing the end of a 42 kilometer distance, however, and knew I still had the glycogen in me to finish this thing right. My right quad was tiring, though, and my left was fatigued to a lesser degree. I could push through, though. Miles 21.7-24.8

were slower, but far better than I'd ever run for that distance: 6:32 average. I'd felt the pace drop off some but hadn't been checking splits or hardly even looking up at a clock for several miles by the time I got to mile 25.

Only 1.2 miles to go. It was going to be rough, I felt. Crowds packed in as we wound through the final turns. I strained to see an archway ahead or to hear the music of the finish line. Where is it? I saw a few runners up ahead of me and noticed them turning left. Man, another turn?! My dad was there on the right. "Go, Kyle! Pick it up!" I felt so much slower but not nearly as slow as it felt. In the past, especially in Hartford, this would have been 8-9 minute pace by that point. As it turns out, I was still moving along at 6:53 in the final 1.2 miles.

As I neared the line, seeing the bleachers of spectators on both sides, I even had a tiny little kick as I heard the announcer call out: "Kyle Hall." I glanced up at the clock, seeing "2:46..." I raised an arm toward the sky and pointed. Officially, it ended up as 2:46:46. I'd dismantled my old personal record from April 2013 by 4 minutes and 35 seconds. 4th in my age division. 57th overall. #

---

# Bronxville Running Company

52 Pondfield Rd  
Bronxville, N.Y.

Apparel sale/last year's shoe models:  
20-50% off

VCTC discount on non-sale items

[www.run.com](http://www.run.com)

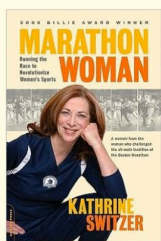
## VCTC 2014 RACE DATES

March 9: RMHA 5K  
April 13: 10K UEC  
May 22: 5K XC Summer Series  
June 1: 10K Ramble in the Park  
June 5: 5K XC Summer Series  
June 19: 5K XC Summer Series  
July 3: 2x2 XC Summer Series Relay (Big Brothers/Big Sisters)  
July 17: 5K XC Summer Series  
July 31: 5K XC Summer Series  
August 14: 5K XC Summer Series  
September 1: 5K/10K Bramble (Run for the Trail)  
June(TBA): Intra-club 5 event

## Inspiring Reads for Runners

Kick Off Your Trainers and Enjoy!

### Kathrine Switzer



Inspiring story of the woman who broke through gender barriers to get the women's marathon into the Olympic games.

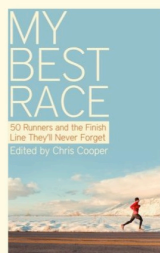


Easy to follow running and walking programs from beginner to advanced.

*Updated Edition!*  
EBook available on January 15, 2014.

<http://kathrineswitzer.com/>

### Chris Cooper



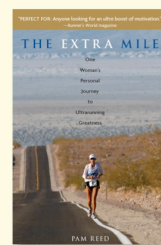
In this inspirational collection, 50 runners, from Olympians and World Champions, to courageous disabled athletes and middle-of-the-packers, share their personal accounts of what they consider the best race they ever ran...and why.



Learn about must-run places, can't miss races, and get tips, tricks, and words of encouragement and advice from some of the top runners today.

<http://www.ccooper.typepad.com/>

### Pam Reed



The story of the woman who shocked the running world when she won the sport's most grueling race—the Badwater Ultramarathon.

<http://www.pamreed2013.com>

### Ed Ayres



One of America's most experienced runners meditates on how the skills and mindset needed to complete an ultramarathon are also essential to endure as humans.

[www.ed-ayres.com](http://www.ed-ayres.com)



# VCTC Membership

by Gene Westling

For the past year and a half, I've had the pleasure of being VCTC's co-membership director. Rick and I shared the duties, with my half of the job focused on keeping a record of who was paid-up, communicating with new members to help "orient" them into the goings on at the club, and one of my favorite parts, producing charts and statistics about VCTC membership. This being a volunteer job, I decided that I wanted to do something else with my volunteer hours this year, so I decided to pass the torch. The last thing I want to do is share some of the things I've learned about VCTC during my time in this role.

VCTC hit another membership milestone in 2013, passing the 400 member mark right at the end of the year. We had 138 new members in 2013 while losing only 53 of our 2012 members. Our "attrition rate" has remained steady at around 16-17% during the same time that we've added 35-45% new members over the past three years, actually dating back to 2007 with the exception 2008 and 2010.

Calendar Year	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013
Total Members	148	144	181	205	262	316	401
New Members	54	34	59	47	91	95	124
% Growth in Membership	48%	23%	41%	26%	44%	36%	39%
Members that didn't renew	19	38	22	23	34	41	53
% Membership Attrition Rate	17%	26%	15%	13%	17%	16%	17%
% Yr/Yr Net Growth in Membership	31%	-3%	26%	13%	28%	21%	27%

Subtracting members who didn't renew [% attrition] from new members produces the green line on the graph. This is VCTC's net overall growth rate, which was 27% in 2013.

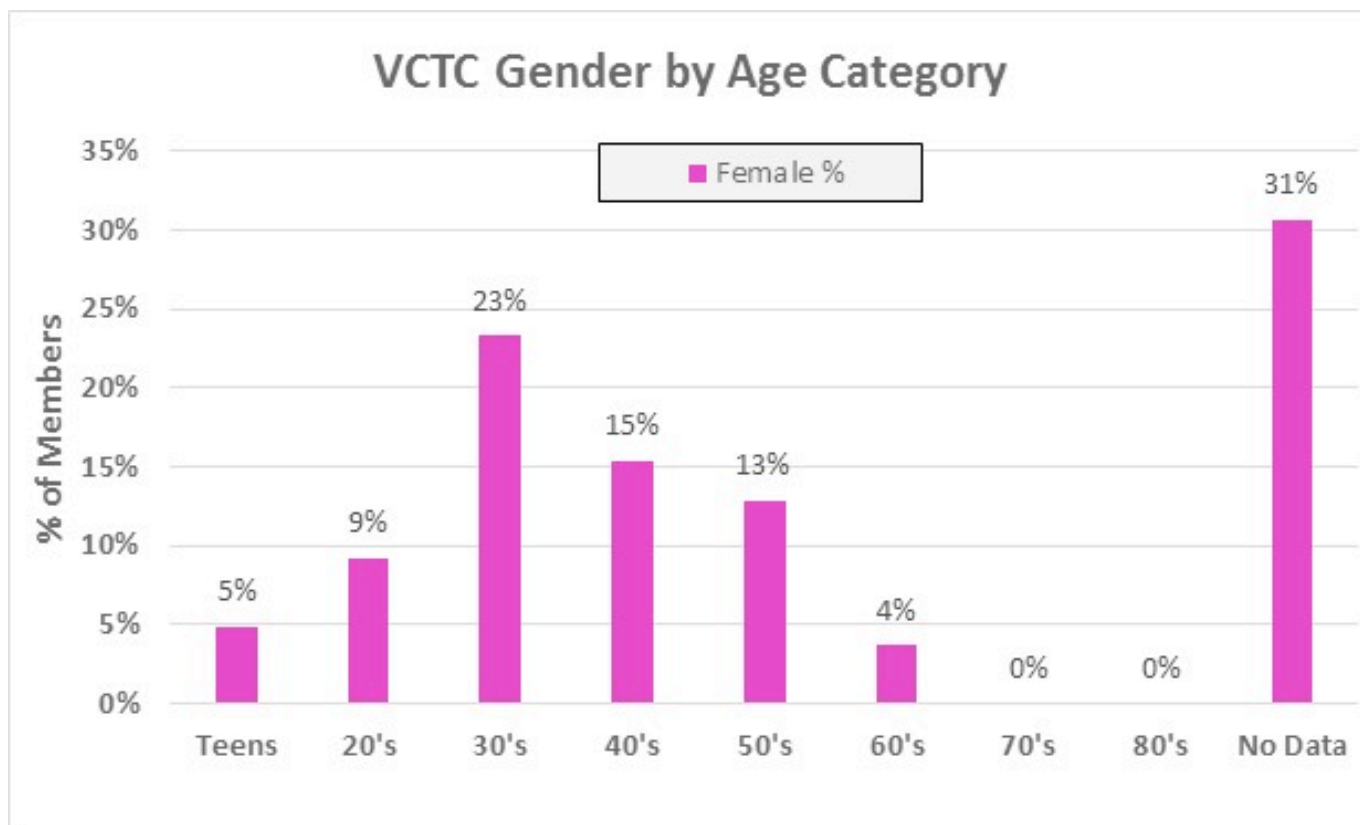


The dotted lines on the graph are linear regression trend lines that help forecast where the club is headed in the future. Like they say in company financial statements “past events don’t necessarily predict future performance”. However, short of a new report that says running is bad for your health, I can’t think of anything that will stop these trends going forward. Applying our metrics to the spreadsheet produces the following 3 year forecast:

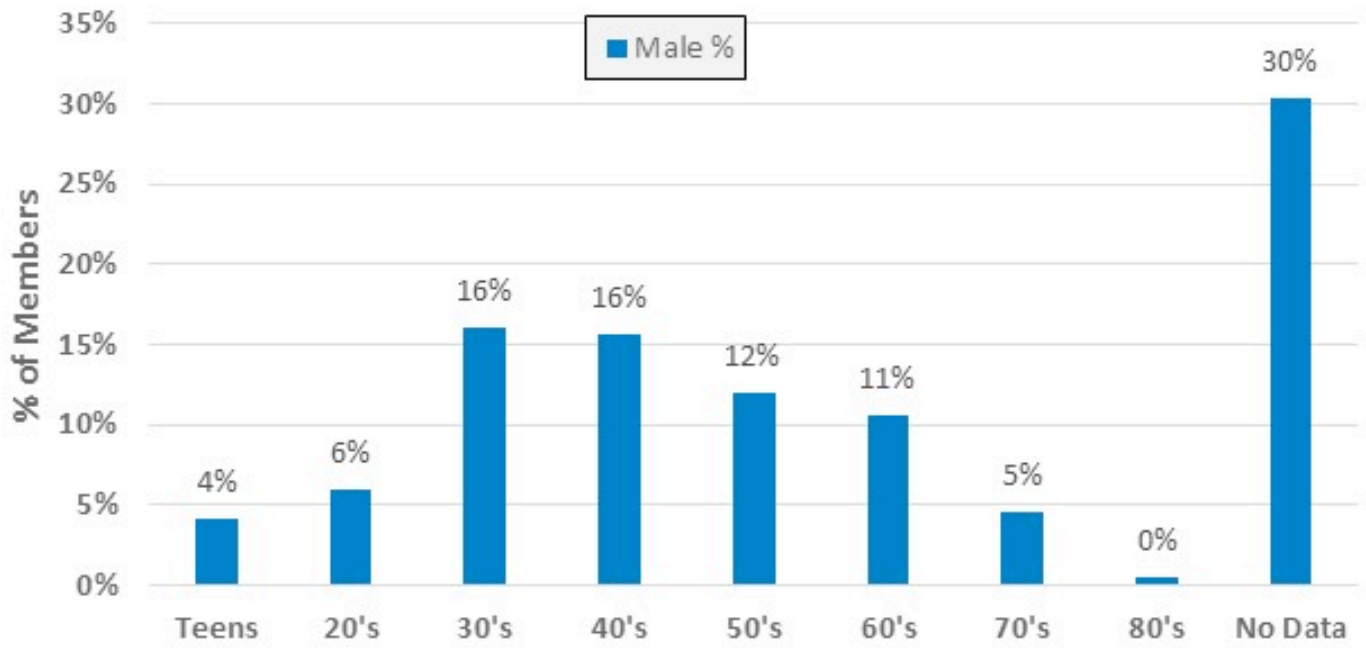
Calender Year	2013	2014 est	2015 est	2016 est
Total Members	401	483	581	699

Taking a closer look at the demographics of VCTC helps understand the dynamics behind this growth.

When new members sign up, we gather information on age, gender, address, phone # and e-mail. About one-third of VCTC members don’t provide us with their age [and yes Susan, we don’t know how old you really are!]. Because we only have partial information on age, the graphs below are a “sampling” of VCTC members, covering about 70% of all club members. Consistent with the population of runners in general, VCTC age demographics have a positive skew, meaning the highest percentage age category is younger than the overall average age. For VCTC, this has changed over the past couple years as more and more of the new members that join the club are in their 30’s. On average, VCTC is still a club of 40 and 50 year old runners, but the average age is lower today than it was 5 years ago because of all the new members.

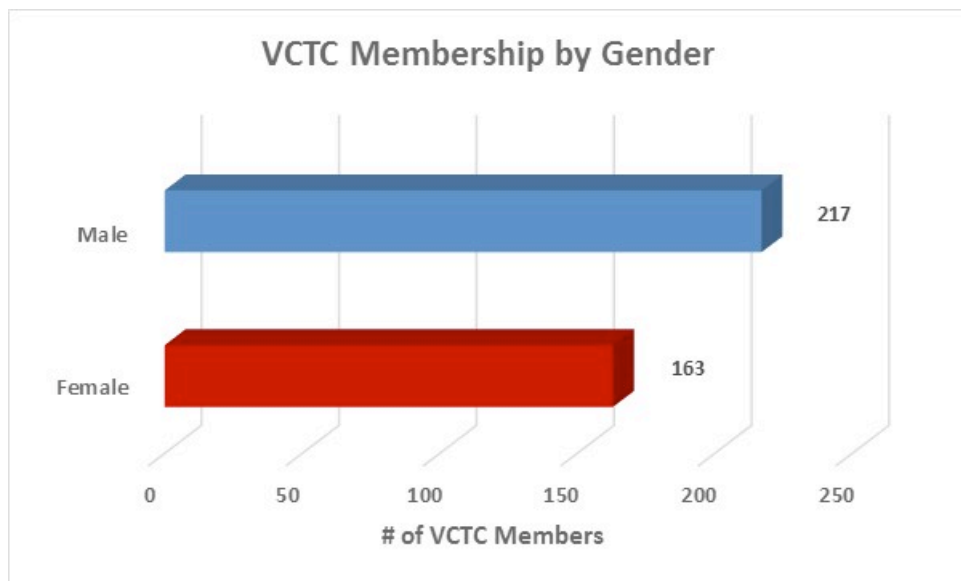


## VCTC Gender by Age Category

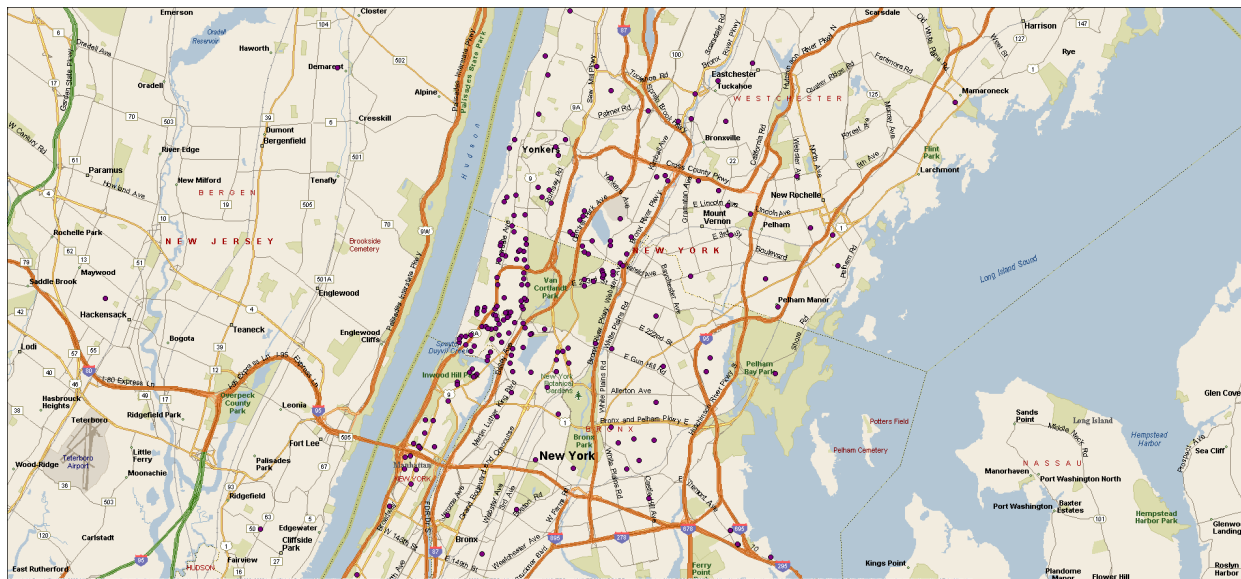


The following graph shows gender, and the numbers don't add up to 401 because this was done in early December.

## VCTC Membership by Gender



I wanted to see where VCTC members live, so created a dot density map. Not surprising, VCTC membership clusters around Van Cortlandt Park. This is a “no-brainer”, but when I combine this map with the fact that VCTC’s rapid growth is in large part due to runners in their 30’s, I started looking around at bus stops and subway stops in Riverdale. And sure enough, the early morning 7 am bus stop crowd is mainly young professionals now, not people in their 50’s like me. Maybe the Van Cortlandt Park area is attracting more than its share of young professionals who like to run, and they choose Riverdale because of the park??



Some of our new members learn about VCTC through a friend in their building. Others see us on the track, or out on the flats with our flashy VCTC gear. Lots and lots of runners in the area google running clubs and discover VCTC.org. They check us out, discover that we have what they need to be a better runner, and/or run the NY Marathon. Whatever the reason may be, they join VCTC...and we meet their needs. The more the merrier! Happy Trails!###

# Please renew your membership for 2014 if you haven't already done so.

Single membership: \$25

Family membership: \$40

[www.vctc.org](http://www.vctc.org)



---

## **CLUB NEWS**

**Membership:** *Please renew your membership which is due 1/1/14* (If you haven't already). Membership rates are: single-\$25; family-\$40. New members add \$15 to pay for team singlet; additional singlets cost \$15. Please send checks payable to VCTC to: VCTC P.O. Box 341, Bronx, N.Y. 10471. Applications are online at [www.vctc.org](http://www.vctc.org) Please e-mail Gene Westling or Rick Bloomer with any changes of address, phone, email and whether you would like to be added to the group email.

**Meetings/Workouts:** For 2014: Team meetings are held on the 2nd Saturday of the month at 10 a.m.

*Club workouts are Tuesdays at 7 p.m. at the Van Cortlandt Stadium track at 242nd St and Broadway, Thursday evening tempo runs meeting at 7 p.m. at the Tortoise and Hare Statue/X-country finish line, Saturdays at 8 a.m. (we meet at handball courts at 242nd St and Broadway)*

**Newsletter stories:** The newsletter is published bi-monthly. We welcome all contributions. Deadline for the March/April issue is February 25, 2014. Maximum length is 600 words. Please e-mail [kingkvd@optonline.net](mailto:kingkvd@optonline.net) and/or [ogard777@yahoo.com](mailto:ogard777@yahoo.com) and try to include a photo.

**Race times:** Remember to send race times to Peter Coy [petercoy@verizon.net](mailto:petercoy@verizon.net) or 52 Stelfox St., Demarest, N.J. 07627. Please include name of race, date, location, finishing time, your name, age. Optional: place, age-group, personal best.

**Website:** Visit us on our website: [www.vctc.org](http://www.vctc.org)

---

*Van Cortlandt Track Club*

*P.O. Box 341*

*Bronx, N.Y. 10471*