

USATF National Masters 8K Races at Van Cortlandt Park

Ray Petit

USATF, the NYC Parks Department and NYRRC put on a first class event on February 18 at Van Cortlandt Park in Da Bronx.

It took us about 45 minutes from Grove 2 in Johnson Park to get to Van Cortlandt. At 8:30 am, parking was a breeze on Broadway.

It worked out well that we weren't allowed to set up our own tents. They would have been no match for the bitter cold we encountered on the open fields in the park. We had use of a huge tent for ath-

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Dorothy Little on Her Way to Winning a Division Title at Van Cortlandt
—Van Cortlandt Photos by Janice Reid

RVRR Annual Awards Banquet

Alberto Artasanchez

The RVRR Annual Awards Banquet, held on Saturday February 5th, was an unqualified success.

In my opinion, every as-

pect and little detail was accounted for in a spectacular way. Food was plentiful. The beer kept on flowing and the DJ was fantastic. Cheryl Scher, Cathy Glamkowski, Dave Hoch, Lois

Brown Klein, Doug Brown, Janice Reid, Steve Kornstein, Dana Gross and Paul Krentar did a wonderful job organizing the event. We had a few additional

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Upcoming Events

- **Wednesdays**—Group Run, Highland Park High School, 6:30 PM
- **Saturdays**—Group Towpath Run, Johnson Park near zoo, 9 AM
- **March 19**—Columbia Trail Adventure Run, 9 AM. Contact willow333@patmedia.net
- **March 26**—Ocean Drive Marathon/10 Miler/5k. Contact dragonladyrvrr@yahoo.com
- **Wednesday March 29**—General Membership Meeting
- **Saturday April 15**—Trip to Mt. Penn Mudfest. Contact dragonladyrvrr@yahoo.com

President's Message

Gene Gugliotta

The most important thing for you to do, as a member of RVRR, is participate in our events. You joined RVRR, so take advantage our club activities. The board is sincerely trying to get as many running and social events as possible onto our club calendar. I believe if we offer more events, then they are more likely to fit somewhere into your busy schedule. Most of you hear from me on an almost weekly basis

now via email. Since I can't force you to come to our events, my goal is to keep you informed - and maybe even get you excited about them. I want to put the dates "in your face," and I also want to create a pipeline for you to communicate to us about the kinds of events you want. Please give us feedback about what is right about our events and activities, and what is wrong. The entire membership is our steering

committee.

Members are always welcome to take on volunteer leadership roles in club activities. If you have ideas for events, discuss them with us. Consider that most of our events exist because one key person had an idea that he or she brought to fruition. Since participation is a cornerstone of this club, you should come to our General Membership

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The Tale of the Loons

Trink Poytner

It has been a long time coming, my friends, but herein lies a story that must be told. Before I begin, special thanks to Ray Schick for supplying information from the other traveling group. The only other thing I have to say before I start is that everything in this story is true to the best of my memory. You just can't make this stuff up.

It was early autumn, 1998, and a group of RVRR runners decided to enter, for the second year in a row, the Men's Masters' Division of the Lake Winnepesaukee Relay Race. This New Hampshire race invites around 200 teams to compete, with 40 in the Men's Masters' Division alone. In other words, with about 1600 runners, a Big Race! The only problem was, this year they were short one man, so in desperation, they asked me to run a leg. Other than obviously slow down their overall finishing time, the fact that I

was a 42 year-old woman didn't seem to disqualify in any way their team entry. So it was decided that the team, consisting of Doug Brown, Roger Price, John Nowatkowski, Dave Hoch, Larry Graham, Rick Boyle, Ray Schick and myself would participate in this race, driving the seven hours up to Lake Winnepesaukee on Friday and returning on Sunday.

Because I didn't want to skip a day of work, and Dave insisted on getting an early start that Friday morning, we decided to travel in two groups. The first group (Dave, Larry, Rick and Ray) would leave bright and early and get where we were staying all set up, scope out the race course, and then wait for the second group (Doug, Roger, John and me) to show up later that evening. A great plan.

PART ONE: Driving to Lake Winnepesaukee

Departure time: 10 AM, Friday.

Where's Dave?

Ray received a call from Dave who said that he'd be a little late, because while on the way to Ray's house, he realized that he had forgotten his van's back seat and had to go back to get it.

11 AM. Dave showed up, and then, in turn, collected Ray, Rick, and Larry, who lives in Jersey City. From there they studied the map, aware that the route they had originally planned would be a traffic nightmare since they were now starting out at a later time. Ray sat in the back and deferred to the group's new travel plan.

They decided to take a short cut that would cross the Tappan Zee Bridge. Off they went. A couple hours later, having sat in traffic that was a virtual parking lot (read: not

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Saturdays in the Park with RVR

Ed Levy

It is no secret that when it comes to eating out after a run, some of us would rather skip the run and head straight to breakfast.

Mind you, I did not say all, but for this runner, at times, that is exactly WHAT I WOULD DO.

So, the board of directors decided to act and let all the people who come to our Saturday morning runs at the towpath be treated courtesy of RVR to a free

breakfast at Neubies in New Brunswick on the last Saturday of January and February.

The only thing that needed to be done was that in order to get that breakfast, you had to show up at each Saturday run. It didn't matter

whether you ran 1 mile or 20, just show up for all four runs and breakfast was on us.

Of course, during the winter it is easy, especially on a cold or snowy or rainy day, to look outside and say, "Forget it, I will sleep in." But that is exactly what we did not want to happen.

We are a running club concerned with fitness, and by throwing that "bone" up there in the runners' faces, we figured that maybe their growling stomachs or light pocketbooks, or the promise of a meal with friends, would get them out of the house. And that is exactly what happened.

The last few weeks, mild winter weather and the promise of a free breakfast brought around 40+ runners to the towpath on Saturday. On one Saturday, the rain

"As Spook likes to remind us, January was the warmest January ever, so braving ice storms was not an issue."



held off long enough, even for the runners do ran 15+ miles.

Of course I should point out here that for most of January, the weather was warmer than usual so more runners came out. As Spook likes to remind us, January was the warmest January ever, so braving ice storms was not an issue.

We continue to see new runners who have been running for years, but are new to running with RVR.

We are regularly filling the Grove 2 parking lot, even after we make a center row of cars. The winners who

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On The Run

As some of you know, RVR masters star Doug Brown has the goal of running a marathon a month this year AND placing in the top three of his age group in each one. Well, he's right on track:

January 21: Orlando Xtreme Marathon, Orlando, FL 3:42:12 AG1

February 25: Cow town Marathon, Ft. Worth, TX 3:28:18 AG1

Nice job Doug. ONLY ten to go! My goal is to not let a guy who runs

a marathon a month beat me in any other races....;)

—Chris Lehman

You all were very courageous to participate in the Nationals last week and I want to congratulate everyone for their efforts.

Sherrie did a fantastic job of organizing the teams and motivating everyone to attend this race.

When I watched it on ESPN2 I was impressed. They said it was only 14

degrees that morning! I was hoping to see some familiar faces but they only showed the Open runners.

W40's Team 3rd: Cheryl Scher, Kathy Higgins, Rosanne Lemon-gello, Rose Hoskins, Sherrie Felton.

W50's Team 2nd: Dorothy Little, Joann Coffee, Lorraine McPhillips, Patricia O'Hanlon.

Well done EVERYONE!!!! :)

—Chris Lehman

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RVRR Annual Awards Banquet

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folks volunteer to come in early and stay late to help with the set up and clean up.

Steve Kornstein as always performed his duties as M.C. flawlessly, and he looked very dapper with his tuxedo.

Doug Brown and Janice *The Devil* Reid hosted a section of the ceremonies that was quite entertaining.

Doug brought a projector and set it up to cycle through images from various 2005 events and occasions, allowing folks to reminisce about their accomplishments and disappointments during the last year.

After the awards were presented, people danced the night away to the wonderful music provided by DJ Ed Wong.

To follow is a list of the awards and winners:

Lollipop Winners

(for placing first in a race in 2005)

Mike Anis - EBRR 5k

Sergio Cano - Run for Brian 10k

Jen Davis - Palos Verdes Marathon & Turkey Swamp 50k

Cathy Glamkowski - Mountain Top 10k

Kathy Rocker - Eden Family 5k

Cheryl Scher - LPD for HCMA 5k

Jen Serra - Labor Day Run 5k

John Taylor - Winters End

Martina Hoppe - RVRR Summer Series

Ken Vercammen - Indian Trail 3M, East Stroudsburg 5k

Tom Yakowenko - Equinox 20k

Comeback of the Year: **Chris Lehman**

Multi/Ultra Sport Athlete of the Year: **Jennifer Davis**

Most Improved Runner: **Sergio Cano Jr.**

Outstanding Club Member: **Cheryl Scher**

President's Citation: **Alberto Artasanchez**

Volunteer Recognition: **Doug Brown, Cathy Glamkowski**

Dana Gross, Ed Levy, Ken Mangin, Ray Petit, Janice Reid, Mark Strawn, Rosemarie Strawn, Allen Paul

Club Spirit: **John Grieco**

Allen Paul Award:

Lois Brown-Klein

Lew Gibb Award:

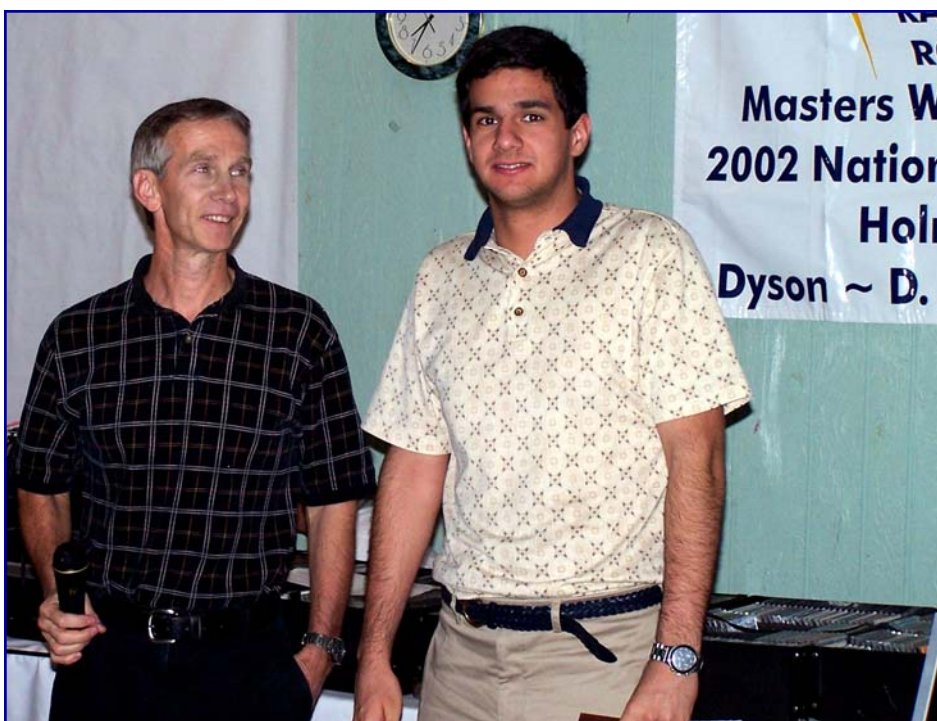
Andrew Boyajian

Musical Talent Lifetime Achievement Award: **Pat Cosgrove**

And, on the lighter side....

Stupidest Thing I Ever Did to Win an Award Award: **Ken Vercammen**

Award for the Longest Detailed Informational Electronic Mail for the Purpose of Enlightening or Educating Team Captains, Race Directors, Committee Chairs, the Board of Directors, the General Membership and Others Who Might Be Reading Trivial Things: **Rolf Arrands**



Dave Hoch presents Most Improved Runner Award to Sergio Cano Jr.—

Photo by Janice Reid

Race Review—Asbury Park Polar Bear 5 Mile

Ken Vercammen

One of the longest running races in New Jersey is the Asbury Park Polar Bear 5 mile. This event is directed by Track legend and Olympian Elliot Denman.

The Polar Bear this year was held on the last Saturday of the year on the famous Boardwalk. Runners traverse the landmark Convention Hall, with RRCA rep Dave DeMonico playing Christmas songs

on the trumpet. This is a multi-lap race, so runners get to see the front runners and cheer on their friends.

Hot soup is supplied in the warm Howard Johnson restaurant. Following the race, there is the traditional "polar plunge" in the Atlantic Ocean. Last December over two dozen brave souls went for a quick swim. I enjoyed the run plus swim. I hope to be able to participate again next year.

I have been road running competitively in New Jersey for the past twenty years. We all appreciate running events with sufficient course marshals, water stops and post race refreshments.

The organizers and sponsors of this race should be commended on the excellent set-up. I encourage other runners to support local running events that raise money for charity and non-profit groups. Tentative race date for 2006 is December 30.

Saturdays in the Park with RVRR

(Continued from page 3)

received a free breakfast courtesy of RVRR for being at all 4 Saturday tow path runs were:



Mike Ferinden
Ken Mangin
Tara Zimlik
Jody Stevens
John Grieco
Ray Petit
Ron Petit
Elizabeth Edelman
Keith Weber
Ed Levy

In February the contest continues. The first Saturday in February we had a record breaking crowd of approximately 45 runners for the 9 am start. Although it was kind of cold at the start, the day warmed up nicely, which encouraged many

runners to go past the DeMott and log 7 to 10 miles.

We had returning veterans like Cathy Glamkowski and Doug Brown, as well as six or so runners who had never run with us before.

Now all this is great except it brings up another issue, our regular breakfast hangout, Neubies.

The poor lone waitress at Neubies has been overwhelmed with our crowd of almost 30 hungry runners. And in addition, I think there is only one chef preparing meals for us.

But the bright side is that we get to spend even more time with each other, schmoozing and catching up.

The food is good and the restaurant is fairly warm, so who can complain except as Alberto would likely point out—ME.

Now as I write this article, it has gotten cold again, returning to true winter temperatures and there is a forecast for snow. Will that put a crimp in our plans to get runners out of the house on Saturday? Will we see the record number of runners we saw in January? Stay tuned and we will see if all the fair weather runners show up in February, a month that is typically cold and frigid.

I have no doubt that this trend will continue. What is better than running with friends on the towpath? And nothing is better than having a guilt-free breakfast at one of New Brunswick's new "hot spots" where the "in crowd" goes.

See you all on Saturday.

Ed's postscript: The trend continued throughout the month of February with more runners earning a well deserved breakfast on the club.

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letes, with side panels, a wooden floor and heat generating machines.

I knew this was an important race when Janice gave me my packet and it has two chips it in, a number for the front of your shirt, one for the back of your shirt and one for each leg.

The four looped course was in good condition, with mud in only one section. I was lapped on the second loop, but I didn't care. I didn't even care that a 70 year old guy out sprinted me at the finish line. He had a number on his back with his age on it as if to taunt me to do something about it.

I had fun reminiscing about my high school "glory days" on the same course. We hung around for several hours after our event, but it was really too cold to enjoy the Open Championship races that began immediately after the Men's Masters 8K. When we finally went across the street to enjoy a couple of cold ones at a local Irish pub, I was more than ready.

I don't like missing the Saturday morning towpath run, but this was worth it.

Thanks to the RVRRR organizers and team captains for organizing the trip to Van Cortlandt.

Above: Ray Petit. Below: 60's Team National Champions



On The Run

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2005 Women Masters of the Year*
(Ranked by 5-year Age Division)

Imme Dyson
3rd Place

Dorothy Little
Honorable Mention

**Running Times*, April 2006.

Editor's Note: The *RT* article based on data provided by the local associations to USATF National.

The Tale of the Loons

(Continued from page 2)

a short cut), they again consulted the map, and proposed an alternative route.

More dead traffic. More reroutes. Ray asked, "Are we there yet?" 3 PM. My school day was finally over, and I, an elementary school teacher in Orange, jumped into my car to rendezvous with Doug, Roger and John at The Sneaker Factory in Millburn, after which we would then head up to Lake Winnepesaukee. I got as far as two blocks from my school, when my little red Mitsubishi stalled at an intersection. The engine refused to start.

Luckily, behind me was a tow truck. How fortunate! They hooked up my car, right then and there, and began to tow me through town to a repair garage in Orange. The front of my car was hitched up high, and I, still sitting in my driver's seat, waved my hand to all the cheering children who recognized me as they walked home from school. I felt like I was a celebrity in a ticker tape parade. Is it legal to tow a car with the driver still sitting at the wheel? I called Doug on my cell phone and told him there was a problem; I would be a bit late and I wasn't sure yet where I was heading.

The tow truck brought me to a repair garage in a remote area of Orange. You need to understand something about this part of town at that time. While not as tough as some blocks in Harlem or Newark, this wasn't no walk in the park.

Where I suddenly found myself was not a good place to be after dark...and dusk was settling in. Well, I couldn't possibly tell you today where this repair garage was, which was also a problem at the time, because my directions to Doug were, at best, limited. I repeated the vague directions I was given and went outside and read the street sign to him. In short, I told Doug that I was somewhere in the town of Orange, and the repair required an auto part that the garage didn't have, so there would be a bit of a delay.

Doug's group decided to go get me and just leave my broken car behind. They jumped into his van, and made their way toward Orange, about 12 miles away.

4:30 PM Dave and company finally decided to pull off the road and find a place to eat. After hearing there would be a long wait to be served, they took off to find another restaurant. They decided on a Mexican restaurant where their order was taken right away.

At the repair garage, I became acquainted with a large, VERY large (well over 300 lbs.), affable guy who called himself, "Big Al," who happened to be visiting his friends at the garage. Big Al immediately warmed to me, and suggested that he could help by driving me to Pep Boys, which was only a few minutes away, to get the missing auto part. I climbed into his big old rusted, dented Cadillac, entering from the driver's side because the passenger

door couldn't open. Big Al drove through Orange like a battering ram. A few people sauntered across the street like they owned the universe, defying drivers to get them to move quickly. I white-knuckled the dashboard and door handle as Big Al plowed the streets.

Dave's group still sat at the Mexican restaurant. Where was the food? Dave started to fret because he needed to be at Lake Winnepesaukee by a certain time to get the key to the condo we had rented for the weekend. They finally received their food, after which they piled into Dave's van, and consulted the map again. This time they had a surefire quick route to NH. Off they went.

At this point, Doug, Roger and John decided they had found the location of the repair garage I had described. It was now dark and they approached a large garage in a seedy, rundown area. They politely knocked on the door and got no reply. Suddenly fearful I had possibly been taken hostage inside, they began to shout and bang on the door, demanding to be let in.

Meanwhile, the great new short cut was proving elusive, as Dave's group found itself on yet another gridlocked road. Ray asked, "Are we there yet?" Map, please.

Big Al and I arrived at Pep Boys, found the part, and stood in line to pay for it. I started worrying be-

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The Tale of the Loons

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cause I figured Doug and company would be arriving at the garage at any moment, and there I was, at Pep Boys. As I approached the counter, the young cashier abruptly turned to the woman clerk behind her, and suddenly the two engaged in an all-out cat fight regarding who should be working what shift.

Meanwhile, Dave's group turned onto yet another log-jammed highway. Ray pleaded, "Are we there yet?"

Doug and company finally abandoned the garage and found a fast-food place, where they got some dinner and new directions to the garage I had described.

I found Doug at the garage when I returned with Big Al, and they scooped me into their van. We agreed that my car, after being repaired, would be towed to Big Al's home, a gated veterans' facility in Orange, where I'd pick it up upon my return from the race.

Meanwhile, drive, stop, map out, Ray: "Are we there yet?"

6 PM. We were so far behind our originally scheduled departure time, that we were sure that Dave's group had police bulletins issued in search of us. We drove the remainder of the trip without further incident.

11:30 PM. We arrived at the condo, and found the key Dave had set out for us. The place was dark, so we

tiptoed in; Dave and company were sound asleep. Or so they would have us believe. Turns out they had arrived only a half hour earlier, despite their "early start," and just pretended to sleep. We all got a good laugh, and turned in for the night.

PART TWO: The Winnepesaukee Relay Race

The next morning we rose very early and drove the race course together. I bewailed the madness of the hour as the guys made copious mental notes about each turn, straight-away and hill.

We were given a fluorescent pink (yes...pink) baton to signify the Men's Masters' Division, and off we went. When the baton was handed to me, all that I can tell you is, I ran with everything I had. I knew we didn't stand a chance to win because of me, but at least there would be no egg on my face.

I have never been one to recite distances and times, but I do remember being told that I ran only 30 seconds slower than the guy who had run my leg the year before. The guys were proud.

I handed off the baton, and jumped into the smelly, gear-packed van, loaded with my sweaty teammates who had finished their legs, and John, who nervously waited his turn next to compete.

The baton had been handed to Doug, the second to last runner on our team. The van pulled ahead to

get in position for the last handoff.

At the beginning of the next leg, we all stood around, straining our eyes, waiting for the runners to start filing in. I gasped and screamed. There was Doug! Was I sure? Yes, the baton was pink! There was Doug, the pink baton, and no other runners!

Doug later related his thoughts as he approached our group with the baton. "I kept hearing, 'First Masters! First Masters!' And I kept thinking, 'It can't be! I didn't pass anyone!'" Turns out, our guys' copious mental notes paid off. Everyone (about seven to nine teams) between us and the race leaders had gone off course. But not Doug! We were ecstatic!

Doug handed the baton to John, who took off like there was no tomorrow for the last leg of the race. We drove ahead, and parked about half a mile from the finish. There were a series of high, rolling hills. Very steep, one after another, right to the finish line. As John approached the hills, we could see the runners behind him, now back on course, rapidly closing in.

I couldn't take my eyes off John and will never forget his struggle. He had nothing left but the will to win. The look of pain and determination on his face; his heaving, strained breath; and the tight grip on that baton were riveting. We urged him on, pushing him to finish.

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The Tale of the Loons

(Continued from page 8)

And, to our incredulous astonishment, our team won the Men's Masters' Division! We were informed at our after-race awards dinner that never before in the history of the race had a men's team won with a woman on it. Our "trophy" was a tiny hand-painted wooden Loon glued to a blue block of wood. Considering all that had transpired, a "loon" seemed downright symbolic of this whole race adventure.

That night, as we sat around the quiet, peaceful, moonlit lake in giant wood-slatted lawn chairs, we reflected on the day's events. I also patiently explained to the guys that the tiny "stick" that they saw out in the middle of Lake Winnepesaukee, was really a periscope from a Communist submarine, left over from the Cold War, sent there to spy on us. I know, you're probably as surprised to hear about it as they were. But, trust me, I'm a teacher, and I know everything.

PART THREE, The Ride Back from the Race

You may wonder at this point, what else could there possibly be to this story? This true story. Well, our ride home was largely uneventful, until we arrived in Orange.

By this time it was again, quite dark. As we approached an intersection with a traffic light, Doug suddenly jammed on the brakes, catapulting us against our seat

belts. When asked why he had braked so abruptly, he told us to look out the window.

We saw nothing until we looked down. Right in front of us, dimly visible in the center of the deserted, dark street, was a man in dark clothes, lying prone, not moving. We all got out of the van, and stood around him, not sure what to do. Finally he opened his eyes, roused himself, slowly stumbled to his feet, and staggered off. How in God's name Doug saw that guy and didn't run over him with the van, I will never, never know. He was virtually invisible.

I picked up my car at Big Al's veterans' facility and thanked him. I never saw him again, but he did drop off some nice danish for the teachers at school once. And Val, John's wife, painted us all rocks that John had gathered from Lake Winnepesaukee to commemorate the event, which I have proudly displayed for years.

And that, my friends, is the story of the Lake Winnepesaukee Relay Race, the Tale of the Loons that just had to be told.

President's Message

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Meeting on March 29th. It is a great opportunity to mingle with other members, learn new things that may help your running, and really feel a part of the great things we have happening around here.

New Members

Sarah Spilman
Terry Delph
David Pirrotta
Thomas Hall
Jerome Convery
Thomas Yakowenko
Holly Rapport
Amanda Sun
Rose Hoskins
Bill Krempa
Robyn Corington
Terry Delph
Carl Williamson
Alicia Williamson
Scott Penick
Rachel Penick

RVRR Birthdays

January

Scott Brenner 1/1
Maryanne Moxie 1/5
Jeffrey German 1/6
Lester Helfman 1/8
Barbara Chabner 1/8
Leigh Walker 1/10
Peter Bilton 1/14
Susan Wilson 1/17
Henry B. John-Alder 1/18
Sergio A. Cano 1/21
Rosemarie Kiser 1/24
Ron Petit ** 1/28
David Williams 1/29

February

Joe Lanzalotto 2/1
Tara Zimlik 2/2
Mark Rogalski 2/4
Charles Gromer 2/5
Dave Musolf 2/9
Sarah Spilman 2/9

****New Age Group**

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You Don't Mess Around with Mike

Spook Handy

These lyrics © Spook Handy 2006

Sung to the tune of *You Don't Mess Around with Jim*.

At the north end of the Towpath
 Out down by Landing Lane
 You can see folks running each Saturday morning in
 the heat and snow and rain.

Most runners run together
 But ahead of the whole pack
 A man named Ferinden is breaking the head wind, he
 don't like to see your back.

You can try to sprint right by him
 Try to pass him on a bike
 But no matter how fast, you just can't pass the man
 named "Ultra Mike".
 (He won't let you get by.)

(chorus)

*You don't run in worn out shoes
 You don't dis the people you like
 You don't try to talk sense to a right wing voter
 And you don't mess around with Mike*

He don't do bad things on purpose
 How they happen he don't know
 Some woman tried to pass him on a country road and
 both of her tires blowed.

He was climbing up Mt. Rushmore
 When a man close to the top
 Came tumbling down with the rope in his hand, some-
 thing happened to the knot.

At the Stop and Shop food market
 At the soup and salad bar
 A grey haired lady reached for the lettuce and landed in
 the pickle jar.
 (And Michael don't know how.)

(chorus)

It was cold one winter morning
 Ray yelled, "Let's get to work"
 The team started running having all kinds of fun when
 Mike's body started to jerk.

You know Bruce Wayne turns to Batman
 You know like Clark Kent he can fly
 Well Michael Ferinden turns into a Penguin when peo-
 ple try to pass him by

That's when Chris pulled up beside him
 And said, "Good morning, Pal"
 Then Chris went splash, he was taking a bath in the
 D&R Canal.
 (And you know it was cold.)

(chorus)

*Ed. Note: Look for Spook's "Me and Julian" in the next
 issue of the RVRR newsletter.*

RVRR Birthdays

(Continued from page 9)

Hugh Sweeny 2/13
 Tom O'Neil 2/14
 Craig Voorhees ** 2/14
 John Evans ** 2/15
 Allen Paul ** 2/16
 Kenneth Ellis ** 2/16
 Roger Price 2/17
 Marc Giguere 2/17
 Charles Schneekloth 2/18

Ron York ** 2/23
 Jorge Rivera 2/24
 John Taylor ** 2/24
 Julie Gromer ** 2/25
 Dana Gross ** 2/28

March

Gail Paul 3/4
 Robert Fitzgerald 3/7
 Ray Petit 3/8
 Rosanne Lemongello 3/11
 Dave Hoch 3/12

Christopher B. Lehman 3/13
 Rodrigo Caceres ** 3/15
 Patti Piscetelli 3/17
 Shelley Sazenski 3/17
 Sandra Kusulas 3/18
 Peter J. Fama ** 3/19
 Jennifer Davis 3/19
 Robert Townley ** 3/27

****New Age Group**

Running Chicago for Gene Powell

Alix Garzero

On October 9th, 2005, I ran my third Chicago marathon. Why run this race three times? I have family in Chicago, so I can also visit with cousins, and it is an organized and friendly event. My PR is 4:12, so I'm not setting any speed records, although my goal is 4 or less.

Each time, I have been one of a group of cousins running. This year, I ran with my cousin Richard, a firefighter who trained for the race between his shifts as a firefighter. We finished in 4:52.

I am happy with that finish time for two reasons. One, since we did not push ourselves, we had the easiest recovery imaginable. No killer colds, no lingering injuries, no funny walks two weeks post-race. The other reason I am so happy with my race is that Richard and I stayed together for the whole thing. He is a delightful guy. We had long stretches of silence, but we also chatted and laughed and urged each other on. Our most-loved ones, my sweetie, Richard's wife and his brother, waited for us at mile 17, which was great. At the finish line, we reunited with the 19 family members, 2 aunts and 17 cousins, who had schlepped from near and far—Texas, Connecticut, South Carolina and Michigan to watch us run. It was warm and welcoming and fabulous.

I ran this year in honor of a dear friend, Gene Powell.

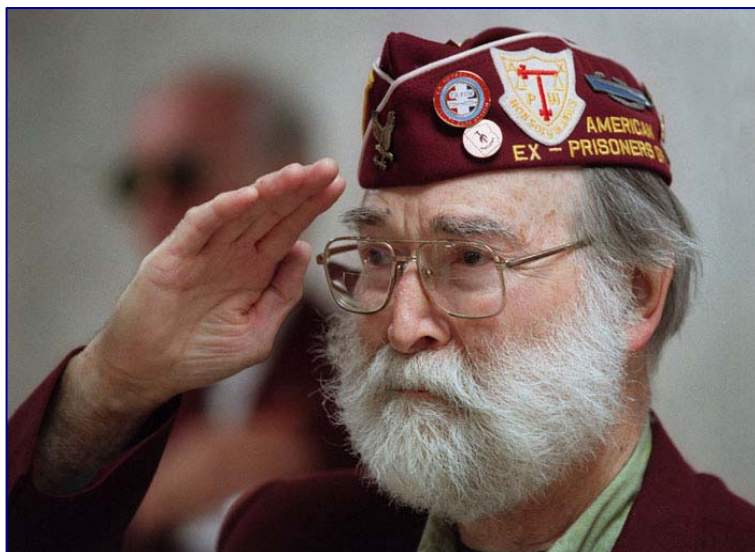
Around the time I started training, Gene was diagnosed with lung cancer. Gene has overcome more obstacles than the rest of us could dream of. I simply wanted to do my part to raise his spirits and to show him my love and respect. Doing so meant either dropping off casseroles or running a marathon. I don't live close enough for the former, so 26.2 miles seemed like the answer.

I know Gene Powell as an intelligent, patient, and compassionate man. He is a retired scenic artist who plays the dulcimer and is given to phoning children at Christmas in the guise of Santa Claus. Gene is many things besides: husband, father, grandfather, punster, painter, and ice cream connoisseur. He is also a former WWII Prisoner of War. Captured on the third day of the Battle of the Bulge, he was held in Stalag 9B at Bad Orb for almost four months. He strives to make this traumatic experience meaningful, and is a National Service Officer in the American Ex-Prisoners of War Organization.

At Gene's suggestion, I raised money for the American Indian College Fund in conjunction with running the marathon.

AICF raises funds for students at tribal colleges and universities, which are beacons of hope for social and economic change in Native communities. In fact, most American Indians in higher education today attend tribal colleges. Education at a tribal college all but guarantees a higher quality of life—91% of tribal college graduates secure employment or continue their education at a four-year college or graduate school. AICF is not only a worthy charity, they are also well-run. AICF meets the Standards for Charity Accountability of the Better Business Bureau's Wise Giving Alliance, was recently named the "Best Educational Charity" by *Reader's Digest*, and received an "A" Rating from the American Institute of Philanthropy.

With Gene's help and his mailing list, we raised more than \$5,000 for this great organization.



Alix's Friend & WWII Veteran Gene Powell



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About RVRR

The Raritan Valley Road Runners is New Jersey's best running club!

Though we are involved in many races and events, we are not only a group of racers. We strive to promote the sport of running and its healthy lifestyle.

We also have fun at parties and other social events!

We won the overall USATF-NJ Club Grand Prix from the

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award's inception in 2001 through 2004 and we are planning to get that title back in 2006!

Our "**Wednesday Night Run**" in Highland Park is one of the nation's longest running regularly scheduled group runs. We have not missed a Wednesday Night Run since 1983! In June 2005 we celebrated a 22 year "streak" of organized club runs! Every Saturday we have a **Towpath Run** from the zoo parking lot in Johnson Park, Piscataway.