

September/October 2013 | Vol.39 No.5

ULTRA PANEL EVENT - THE TOWN CENTER 10.15.13



THE
STARTING LINE
NEWSLETTER

ISSUE **400**

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JTCRunning Board Member
Franz Lerch



Wow, what a club! It seemed like a lot, with our JTC Running triple whammy: The December first, Guana Back To Nature Trail Races, then the Christmas Gala on December 7th, followed closely by our classic cross-country event, The Last Gasp, on December 21st. That, it would seem, surely was enough; but no, our great club has now added two new events to the calendar.

'Run Safely' is the name of a new clinic hosted by 5-time Gate River Run champion, Todd Williams. Since hanging up his racing shoes, Todd has become very involved in the martial arts and self-defense. Face it, a lot of things can happen to you out there on the road as you are running along, especially if you are a woman. Would you be able to defend yourself?

Whatever your answer may be, you owe it to yourself to attend this important JTC Running sponsored clinic. It takes place at the 1st Place Sports store in the Town Center Mall on Thursday, November 7. You can join in a group run at 6:00PM, then take in the clinic at 7.

Also featured will be bicycling safety advocate, Chris Burns, who will speak on cycling safely and learning to coexist with all those deadly automobiles. In light of all that has happened lately, this is going to be a very important message.

On Tuesday, October 15, JTC Running sponsors another Ultra running symposium. If you were at last year's ultra clinic then you know how great it was and this one promises to be just as good. Seven local runners are soon traveling to Brazil to compete in the Brazilian version of the famous Badwater Ultra. You can hear their stories and ask them questions.

This panel discussion will also take place at the 1st Place Sports in the Town Center Mall. It starts at 7:00PM.

Both clinics will feature free food and drink, free camaraderie and a night to remember. Don't miss them.

Board Member, Jane Alred, has been highly involved in the organizing of the two new events. No wonder that the Jacksonville Business Journal recently honored her as one of Jacksonville's 'Most Influential Women'. I think after all these years we could have told them that. She has certainly been one of the most influential women in our club for more years than I care to recall.

In any case, way to go, Jane! You deserve it and I am sure that we all thank you for being so influential in our city and moreover, in our

club. Thanks for all you do and have done.

All goes very well with JTC Running's next race, or should I say races? The Guana Back To Nature Trail Races are progressing a pace. The world's most hyper race director, Mark Ryan, is doing great work for the event. He has lined up sponsors and arranged chip timing. Mizuno has come on board as the official equipment sponsor. Up his sleeve is the super fine post-race party due to take place at the snazzy, beachfront restaurant, The Reef. Get your entry in now for either the 50k Ultra, the 2x25k Relay or the 12k. The race is approaching its limit. There is an entry form in this issue; send it in right away.

Brian Bartosik is a club member from long ago, he was even one of our most accomplished team racers. It is sad to learn of the passing of his wife, Kitty. They were married 42 years; she died on September 23rd. All our best wishes go out to our old pal, Brian and his family.

While digging through our club's archives I happened upon something that I think you will find interesting. As a runner yourself, it might make you feel quite superior.

Huge news! We've got Jay! Yes, Jay Birmingham is back. Not only has one of the world's most famous ultra runners rejoined our club but he will also be writing for our acclaimed newsletter. We will all enjoy and learn from Jay's writings and, what's more, it all begins with this issue. Thanks, Jay.

Jay will be the official starter of the Guana races as he was last year. If you attend the race, you could get lucky and Jay might autograph your race bib.

Our pal, Gary Ledman, has written a nice piece all about the joys of cross-country and trail running. When you read it just remember, he really does enjoy running on Mother Nature's mattress, he just has trouble picking his feet up.

Our 49th annual, Summer Beach Run, was, as always, a big success. Board Member, Doug Tillett, was on hand to run it and chronicle the moment for prosperity's sake.

What will we do next year to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Florida's Oldest Beach Race? Phenomenal to think that one of our races will hit the half-century mark. I don't know about you, but I find it hard to believe that a race could be 50-years old. We must go all out to make the most of that landmark. If I know this club, we will. I'm even thinking Miley Cyrus for the post-race concert; complete with foam finger. Imagine, Miley, on-stage, twerking Lamar Strother? Wow, like I said, phenomenal!



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Greetings!

November is National Running Safety Month. Our Club is observing this by hosting a safe running and cycling clinic at 1st Place Sports Town Center Store on November 7. Details are in this newsletter, on our website, and on our Facebook page. In addition, I thought I would offer some safety tips of my own that I have accumulated over the years of running both at home and abroad:

WHAT TO WEAR- It starts with having good running shoes. More important than how much you spend is getting a shoe that fits properly and works for your size, weight, and stride. That is best accomplished by purchasing them in a running store such as 1st Place Sports where experienced staff get you fitted into the right shoe. Big box sporting goods stores may have lower prices but you are fitting yourself.

Some type of reflective material on your body is a must if you run before the sunrise or after sunset, but a good idea no matter what time of day. Anything that improves the ability of drivers to see you is a real plus. I'm sure the screaming lime green and yellow of my newest pair of shoes can be seen from outer space!

A high SPF sunscreen and a hat are critical in Florida, especially in summer. Younger runners in particular are prone to saying sunscreen takes too much time and a hat doesn't look cool, but for those who don't, skin cancer is only a

matter of when, not if. My advice is don't wait for your first Mohs procedure to make you a believer.

Headphones are dangerous when you can't hear approaching traffic but having a cell phone in your back pocket for emergencies is a good idea. Some form of identification and emergency medical information just makes sense.

WHERE TO RUN- Anywhere away from vehicle traffic is best. Jacksonville doesn't have enough parks and running paths but there are some--- the North and South Bank river walks downtown; the trails at UNF; the rail-to-trail on the Westside, etc. Next best is on a sidewalk. Yes, concrete is harder than asphalt, but a car fender going 40 mph is worse.

TIPS FOR MANAGING TRAFFIC- If you cross to the other side of a busy street to maintain the sidewalk, use the pedestrian crossing lanes and lights. Remember: a green light without hitting the pedestrian crossing button won't stay green long enough for you to make it safely across. That was documented by a pedestrian stroller fatality in Mandarin a couple of years ago. When running on sidewalks along San Jose Blvd for instance, you will approach side streets with one or more cars or trucks waiting to pull out onto San Jose. Regardless of which way they are turning, NEVER cross in front of the vehicle. The driver, if not on a cell phone, is looking for a gap in the traffic, not for you. Cross behind the first car waiting, looking carefully for traffic turning onto the side street from the main road. Those drivers won't see you either.

Never assume that a vehicle with a turn signal on is going to actually turn. Period.



Larry Roberts, President



THE **STARTING LINE** NEWSLETTER
ISSUE 400
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Mark your Calendar!



6 Local Ultra Runners Take
 On Brazil's Version of Badwater.
 See and Hear Them Live at a Special Clinic.

1st Place Sports, Town Center
Thursday, October 15, 2013



Richard Allen
Deidra Bennett
Jay Birmingham
Susan Branley
Jeff Carson
Edwin Clarke
Michael DelCharco
Barbara Dennis
Lauren Diaz
Allan Dickens
Brenda Drake
Rhonda Fosser
Joe Gilbert

Michael Gruber
Leslie Hague
Jim Hanson
E Andrus Healy
Jocelyn Heaney
Barbara Jaffe
Gary Jones
Michael Leweke
John & Denise Metzgar
Walt Mitchell
Robert Nagel
Lindsey Oldham
Raymond Owens
Brooke Peters
Blair Putz
Donna Rettini

Steve Richey
Kate Sitrler
Christine Small
Justin Smith
Lisa Stewart
James Sylvester
Jan Taylor
Nadine Thomas
Cathy Trcalek
Richard Tyndall
Richard van Brederode
Michelle Voss
Cynthia Wallace
Michael Warratay
George White

Mark your Calendar!



JTC Running's
37th Annual Cross-Country Classic
The Last Gasp 5k and
Kids' Gasp, Free 1-Mile
Saturday, December 21, 2013

Mark your Calendar!



Be Natural, Go Natural!
JTC Running's
Back To Nature Trail Races
50k Ultra, 2x25k Relay, 12k
Guana State Reserve
Sunday, December 1, 2013



Running on trails, for this shuffler, can either be a treat or result in a need for treatment. Too often the latter, it seems. You'd think I'd learn. Maybe I finally have.

Before recounting my own clumsy missteps, I want to say to the coordinated majority of runners that although you can't run faster off the road, you probably can run farther and definitely enjoy it more if you stay on course and watch for rocks and roots.

I'm not sure that's my problem, but it's not a wild exaggeration to say that trail runs have been my downfall.

On a torrid mid-August Wednesday, with a few extra hours to find someplace to survive a little run, I decided to drive to the North Campus of Florida State College at Jacksonville and run the cross-country course on which Larry Monts held weekly summer fun runs when the college had a cross-country program and he was the coach. Nothing really challenging -- just an off-road path around the perimeter with some of the pine needles still there after all these years.

Nearly ready to call it a nice little outing, I approached the track, once a top-notch oval, now weathered and worn by years of neglect. I remembered that the course also included the trail at Bethesda Park, a city park just to the north of the track. So I headed over there ... and just kept going until the dead end forced me to turn around. With no plan to extend my 3-miler, and no expectation that I could, I did.

So four days later, with another few hours to spare, I headed for the University of North Florida trails, another off-road refuge. Careful to step over roots and remain upright, I thought I was nearly finished with another delightful jaunt when I found myself stumbling and pitching forward into the sand. My right hand and arm took the brunt of the fall, leaving a hole in my palm and ugly-looking scrapes on the forearm.

Turns out I wasn't done -- just done for -- and by the time I reached my car, I managed to alarm one or two people and accept some water to wash off sand and blood. A little skin and a little dignity lost, but nothing to lose sleep over.

"You know what you did? ... You fell!" the chiropractor says five days later, when I visit his office, desperate for some relief from an onset of sciatica but oblivious to how I've brought it on myself.

And then it occurs to me: These falls are not

just artistic flops. With every face plant comes a risk of injury. The pain isn't always immediate, but it can be acute.

At the 2007 Last Gasp, one of the last before Jacksonville University began a campus conversion, I slipped on just about the only muddy patch on the old JU golf course and took a nasty fall. Remarkably, I stood up, finished, enjoyed the postrace party and was well into 2008 when, suddenly, my neck and shoulder were killing me and I couldn't hold my right arm up. By the end of February, I was undergoing surgery for a herniated disk and missing the Gate River Run.

Coincidence? In retrospect, probably not. But the answer may not be to give up cross-country; just stop falling. Or as Mom would say: Pick up your feet.

The first time I saw my stride on video, I was shocked at how little I lifted my feet. A classic distance runner's shuffle. Every so often, one foot or the other catches on the ground instead of gliding across it. Most of the time it's no big deal, a squeaky sneaker or a sliding sole on flooring. In the middle of a run, however, maybe a stumble, maybe worse.

There might be at least one other tumble to blame for a sciatica attack, and that time it happened on a sidewalk. We're told there's less "give" on concrete than asphalt, and I can tell you that all this sidewalk gave me was a couple of skinned-up knees. About six weeks later, some far greater pain.

So will I stop running on trails? That seems extreme. I just won't go out of my way to find one.

On a recent trip to Ohio, I ran with two high school classmates along a paved rail trail near my hometown. A few days later as I sought out another bike trail, I discovered that the park also had a 1.2-mile gravel trail around a lake. I opted for that. Virtually flat and nothing more treacherous underfoot than a few twigs and leaves. I remained upright through several loops. That, I decided, should probably be trail running for me.

Do we have anything like that around here? I guess we do.

It's called the beach.



Letter to the Editor

I used to love getting those “wicking”, “technical” t-shirts way back when. I thought, “well, this saves me from buying a running shirt in the store, and that’s good.” I was glad to get away from the old cotton tee. I could run in these techs, the cotton ones were a bunch of sweat bags. I had a closet full of cotton tees and I finally took the opportunity to rid myself of some of them and throw them away.

But now my happiness has ended and I’m in the same shape with the tech tees. I have a mountain of them and guess what? The tech tees never wear out; they never go away. I’m stuck with a pile of polyester. This is a relationship without end.

I never agreed to this: I want a divorce!

I want to throw them out, but I hate filling up the landfill for the next thousand years. At least the old cotton race shirts had the dignity to become threadbare, thin and worn out. They had the common decency to go away when their time was up. For a while they could do some time washing my car; when that was over they could go quietly into that good night. They were falling apart, after all, and it was easy to say goodbye.

There is nothing dignified about the tech tee; they won’t die. They refuse to go away. They remind me of what could happen to our Medicare system if the Old Fogies refuse to bow out on cue: The whole thing might go bankrupt.

Science could keep that cranky old codger alive and we can’t even wrap him in a bunch of tech race tees and push him into the mighty St. Johns. How about an amendment to the famous Florida Stand Your Ground law to include how to wipeout old fogies?

Tech tees are impractical; as casual wear they are not anywhere near as good as a cotton tee. They are not as good for doing yard work. They do not make good rags. They can’t wash cars or windows as well as good old, from the earth, cotton.

That’s another thing; whatever happened to Mother Earth? Tech tees are synthetic (made out of oil!) cotton tees come from the earth. Cotton comes from the South, oil comes from the sandy place, the Middle, well, you know.

So I say, bring back the much maligned cotton t-shirt. We will all be much better for it. If you search your soul you’ll know I’m right.

Bruce Bettinger
Cotton tee advocate

NOVEMBER IS NATIONAL RUNNING SAFETY MONTH

Join JTCRunning for a Free Special Event

Thursday, November 7, 2013

1st Place Sports Town Center Store

6pm - Group Run - Try out some Nathan reflective & safety gear

Followed by special demonstrations:

Todd Williams, Olympian, 5-time Gate River Run Champion and founder of RunSafer
"How to Stay Safe on Your Runs"

Chris G. Burns

"Why Should We Care About Bicyclists & Pedestrians?"

Group run and discussions open to everyone! Refreshments will be served

Don't miss this very special event, it could save your life!!





37th ANNUAL THE LAST GASP



3.1 MILE CROSS COUNTRY RACE

Saturday, December 21st, 2013

**FREE KIDS CROSS COUNTRY RUN AT 1:30 PM
AT JACKSONVILLE UNIVERSITY**

ENTRIES: Early registration \$15 (JTC Members \$13) race day \$20 for all. Mail your entry to: The Last Gasp, 439 Osprey Key, Atlantic Beach, FL 32233. Make checks payable to: JTC Running. Entries accepted at the starting line (baseball stadium) on race day between 12:30 and 1:45 PM.

COURSE: The course consists of two laps over grass, dirt, hills and golf course. Spikes may be worn.

AWARDS: Trophies to first open and master male and female. Special awards to top 10 men, and top 5 women finishers overall. Awards to top 3 in each of the following age groups: 13 and under, 14-19, 20-24, 25-29, 30-34, 35-39, 40-44, 45-49, 50-54, 55-59, 60-64, 65-69, 70 and over.

TEAM COMPETITION: 5 to run (max), 4 to score. Usual cross-country scoring. All team members must be registered individually. Awards to overall teams in 2 categories; men's open, women's open. Team registration day of race.

SWEAT SHIRTS: A High Quality, Colorful, Sweat-shirt will be given to the first 80 registrants. Shirts are guaranteed on race day if registration has been received by 12/06/13

POST RACE PARTY: A party will be held in conjunction with the awards presentation from 3:30 until 6:30 p.m. at The Scoreboard Sports Bar & Grill at 6051 Merrill Road.



Herb Taskett, Race Director - for further information call: 372-0509



THE LAST GASP ENTRY FORM

Name _____ Age (on race day) _____ Sex _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is \$ _____, JTC Member Number _____ Shirt size; **M L XL**

Do you want us to send you a membership description and an application to the JTC Running Club? Yes No
In case of unforeseen circumstances, the race may be postponed or cancelled at the race director's discretion. No entry fees will be refunded.

WAIVER (please read carefully): in consideration of the acceptance of this entry. I hereby, for myself, my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, and anyone entitled to act in my behalf, release and discharge the JTC RUNNING CLUB, JACKSONVILLE UNIVERSITY, plus sponsors, their representatives and successors, promoters, managers, directors, officials, agents, employees and volunteers of the road race named in the above entry form from any and all claims of injury or liabilities of any kind, illness or damages suffered by me, as a result of my participation in, or traveling to or from this event. I know that running a road race is a potentially hazardous activity. I should not enter unless I am medically able and properly trained. I agree to abide by the decision of a race official relative to my ability to safely compete in the run.

I assume all risk associated with running in this event, including, but not limited to, falls, contact with other participants, the effects of weather (including high heat or humidity), conditions of the course, all such risk being known and appreciated by me. I realize that this is a strenuous event which requires proper physical conditioning. I hereby certify that I am in such physical condition and good health. I also give permission for the free use of my name and picture in any written account, broadcast or telecast of this event for any legitimate purpose.

SIGNATURE (SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN, IF UNDER 18)

DATE





Stacey Hendry and her father Paul Smith

They come running up fast. Officers. Officers in droves; fists pumping, faces red with urgency, their khaki camouflage uniforms make them appear immortal. There must be dozens of them on each side of this athlete, ferociously barking orders as if they are blind to his condition. They treat him like a soldier, not like a wheelchair athlete or anything other than an able-bodied, regular person. “Soldier, you will push yourself up this hill and you will finish this race! You do not quit! You do not stop! Push that chair, soldier! Hooah!”

I’ve done my share of marathons and had no plans to do another anytime soon. My father and I previously qualified for and completed the Boston Marathon under the “older, easier” qualification standards. It was my father who decided we should both attempt to qualify again under the revised, more difficult standards. When Rich, my fiancé and a former Marine, decided he wanted to do his first marathon, he called my father, a seventy-year-old retired Navy officer and runner. “Mr. Smith, how would you like to run the Marine Corps Marathon in Washington, D.C. with me?” Oh, brother. He’s a smart guy, my fiancé. I’m daddy’s girl. Rich knew I’d commit if my daddy agreed to participate. And here we are.

The day before the race is always fun. Runners attend an expo where we pick up our bib numbers and official t-shirt emblazoned with a race date, name and event logo. Everyone is alive and buzzing with anticipation. The expo is a perfect location to reunite with running friends and stroll through aisles of vendors selling popular running garb and distributing free samples of food and drinks. There’s a good bit of trepidation among the competitors at the expo

this year. We’re not anxious about the upcoming race. We’re anxious about the weather. Currently, it’s snowing.

Race morning arrives. The only flakes in sight are those of us preparing to run the marathon. Granted, the snow is gone but the chill that’s left behind is ridiculous, even by runner’s standards. 39 degrees is just cold no matter what you’re doing.

There is a good bit of logistical stress involved in getting to the starting line of the Marine Corps Marathon. Most races don’t require participants to take trains to drop-off locations, debark over a half mile away from the physical starting line, and pass through security checkpoints before ever seeing a porta-potty. For us out-of-towners staying in DC hotels, we get up around 4:30 a.m., head to the Metro rail station, and hop on the Blue Line which, of course, has standing room only. This morning, I don’t mind the crowded tram. It’s warm. We arrive at Pentagon Station. The official walk to the starting line begins here. It’s cold, windy, and dark. The roads are still wet from the fluke snowfall the night before. My shoes find sporadic patches of ice to slide over. I catch myself wondering if I’ll find more of those patches on the course. Note to self, “Run cautiously.”

Dad and I are on our own for the train ride and the march to the starting line. Rich decided to sleep in and miss the “crowds.” I have no idea where he is at this point. Dad and I begin the race together. As we run under a bridge of balloons designating the true starting line, we pass over a mat containing a sensor that recognizes our timing chips. “Beeeeeep!” Game on. I run next to dad for a moment. It’s so hard to leave him. He’s 70, but he defies his age. “Love you, Dad.” “Love you, Daughter.” A moment of hesitation results in his permission. “Go!” He laughs.

My goal today is to have a great time and feel good for the whole race. I have no plan to try to run Boston qualifying pace today, but Dad is all about it. Boston is the most prestigious race for a marathon runner. It’s the only marathon that requires runners to earn a spot on the starting line. Not “just anybody” gets to race in Boston. Even at his age, dad refuses to consider running Boston via a charity entry, not that there’s anything wrong with taking charity spots. Many runners want the badge of



honor, the right to say we qualified, and that overwhelming feeling of accomplishment that comes from proving to ourselves we can meet the qualification standard.

The Marine Corps Marathon is big. 30,000 runners are on course at this time. Bodies are spread across every inch of blacktop. From above, we must look like a school of fish ebbing and flowing on a current through the city streets. I maneuver the crowd, exercising patience while striving to find rhythm for my stride. "Run happy. Better slow now than slow later." I tell myself.

The first six miles of the marathon unfold into gentle, rolling hills. Around mile five, we encounter one of several wheelchair athletes who started fifteen minutes ahead of the runners. It is here that the magic of the Marine Corps Marathon reveals itself. Runners approach the base of a small, steep bridge covered in patches of black ice. My shoe hits the ice. Every muscle in my body reacts to prevent the impending fall. I stay upright, while others do not. "Ice on the bridge! Watch your step!" Volunteers and runners broadcast warnings. A wheelchair athlete sits sideways in the middle of the bridge; the front wheel of his chair rests in the gutter. He looks defeated. Any attempt to turn the chair results in an uncontrolled backwards slide. Helping him get up the bridge is against the rules, so volunteers surround him and egg him on. "Just try. Go at an angle... just try!" His day will be a thousand times harder than mine. All I can do is join in the verbal persuasion with the rest of the runners. This is his battle, but it is a gift that I am present to witness. I tell myself, "Run thankfully. Thank you for two arms, two legs, soldiers who gave me my freedom to be here." There are no reasons left for making excuses now, and my brain refuses to acknowledge any pain, ache or feeling of wear in my own body.

The overall attitude among the competitors is what creates the magic today. Or maybe it's my endorphins? A combination of both? I don't know. The athletes have an air about them. It's contagious, infecting everyone involved in the event from volunteers going out of their way to make sure no runner is missed at water stations, to the runners who spout endless words of encouragement to each other. As I begin descending another hill, I hear noise from far behind me. What is that? It's growing, louder and

louder. What is that? It's people yelling. What are they saying? I look back. I see it. "Chair in the middle! Chair in the middle! Coming through!" The crowd splits down the middle for one of the wheelchair athletes we passed earlier. He's flying! The chair screams past me, its driver in full aero position. He doesn't have to say a thing. The crowd does the work. "Chair in the middle!" It's like watching people at a football game do the wave with their arms, except we're doing it with our voices. As the chair zooms by, the sea of runners ahead parts just in time, one group after another after another, swallowing up the racer in perfect succession.

At mile twenty I literally run into the back of my fiancé. He did make it to the race! I'm surprised to have found him in the massive crowd. "Grasshopper! Go, Grasshopper!" is all I can muster. He keeps pace with me for a mile, then drops back. We're close enough to the finish. I know he'll finish. The crowd of supporters is thick. Just a 10K left, I tell myself. "I can run a 10K in my sleep. Run happy. Run proud. Run thankfully." I catch more wheelchair athletes and run past a guy dressed in his camos, a full rucksack on his back. He's bounding confidently from side-to-side to accommodate a prosthetic leg. Runners to my right wear shirts clad with pictures of loved ones killed in the line of duty. Some runners carry signs, "Thank you for my freedom", or "God bless our soldiers." Every step I take is one more reason for me to appreciate my life, this race, today. I don't hurt. I won't hurt! I have a phenomenal life. And at this moment, with a 10K to go, I'm aware that I'm on pace to qualify for Boston.

The final miles of a marathon aren't always pretty. The body gets tired and does things that aren't "normal", if you will. One minute, all systems are fully functioning; the next minute knees and hips struggle to remain steady. Muscles cramp unexpectedly, joints stiffen momentarily. As quickly as the body-quirks come, they go. Or sometimes, not.

The last 4 miles of the race are lost to me. I try to recall them, but they're gone. I believe I was in "the Zone." It's an awesome place when you're in it. Like a dream. Surreal. Everything happens on autopilot. The body performs at its highest potential without feeling the effort. The brain accompanies the body. There is no more thinking. There is only doing.



What I will never forget is the “wall.” In the last 200 yards of the race, the course makes a sharp left turn. The stretch up to the finish line is so steep that it surprises me. That’s not a hill. That’s a wall! Only the Marines would do something like this. I want to slow to a walk. But I can’t. I will not. There’s a wheelchair athlete to my right. He has no legs. He has to push himself up this wall. His chair is quite the set-up, with his body packed tight and low, in-between two large rear wheels that are angled slightly inward, fitting snug under the armpit of the driver who is suspended inches from the ground in a small seat. The front of the chair juts straight forward like an arrow with a wheel fastened to the tip. This contraption that normally reeks of speed now appears distressed. I’ve heard of runners exerting so much energy during a race that they begin to hallucinate. I’m officially there, loopy from 26 miles of running in 42 degree temperatures, and from battling wind gusts that have been whipping between the buildings and monuments of this nation’s capital. In my mind’s eye I see the situation. I see myself trying to run up this wall and I see the guy in the wheelchair trying to push up this wall. I’m hearing things now. An argument between the wheelchair athlete and his machine. “What the hell, buddy? You really think I’ll roll up this? You think I won’t flip over on you? I will. I’m ready. Come on. I dare ya. Just sit up a little...bit...higher and I’ll throw my front end right over the top or you!”

Out of nowhere they appear, surrounding the athlete, their brother. The fact that he has no legs means nothing. Marines make no excuses. Failure has no place here. Quitting is not an option here. “Soldier, you will push yourself up this hill and you will finish this race! You do not quit! You do not stop! Push that chair, soldier! Hooah!”

Sweat pours off his chin. As I pass, he looks up at me with big, brown eyes, wide open and full of focus. His teeth are clenched into a grimace that could pass for a smile. His dark brown hair, high and tight as his job requires, is sopping wet from his effort. He’s 22. Maybe 23 years old. The sight of this soldier and his comrades coaxing him to the finish-line generates a surge of adrenaline so potent in my tired body that I can taste it in my mouth. It tastes like metal. Goosebumps sting my cold, wet skin. Every part of me is aware that soon, very soon, I can stop. And so can he.

The finish line is incredible; as we cross it, Officers greet us and drape medals around our necks. One even opens a bottle of water for me as my frozen hands are too numb to do it myself. The wheelchair athlete rolls up behind me. I bend down to hug him. He is my hero today. I’m crying while I hug him. He’s trying hard to be tough, but it doesn’t work. We exchange smiles, shaking our heads. No words are spoken. Just one long glance filled with acknowledgment, mutual admiration and respect.

The finish chute is long and leads runners to the photo area located appropriately at the base of the Iwo Jima memorial. I wait for my fiancé and my father to finish the race. Rich finishes a mere ten minutes behind me. Dad comes in a half hour after Rich. The crowd is deafening as my dad crossed the finish line. He manages to finish the race in the company of Drew Carey. Yes, that Drew Carey. Dad laughs as he tells the story. “I thought the TV cameras and cheering were for me!” Dad didn’t run fast enough to qualify for Boston, but he didn’t care. What he found on the Marine Corps Marathon race course was that same magic I found. Today, life is good. Today, thousands of people woke up and rose to the occasion by running and rolling 26.2 miles together, celebrating life, freedom, the will to overcome the odds. Tomorrow, Dad will go back to Florida. Rich and I will go back to Georgia. When my work day seems too long, my job seems too stressful, and my commute is hitting the two hour mark, one phrase will get me through it all, just like those thousands of voices did by chanting “chair in the middle” on one magnificent day in October, 2011. Hooah!

According to Google:

“Hooah” is ubiquitous in the life of a U.S. Army soldier. In informal situations, a soldier can reply with “hooah” in place of “Yes, (military rank)” such as “Yes, Sergeant.” This can be useful when the rank of the superior officer is unknown, similar to using simply “Yes, Sir/Ma’am” without the honorific. “Hooah” can also be used as a question, usually as a tag question, as in “We’re going to win this war, hooah?” The most appropriate response to the question “hooah?” is the exclamation “hooah!”



Here is a good one from 1983 that comes to us in a rather roundabout way. First printed in the Florida Times-Union and Jacksonville Journal (anyone remember that one? It was our daily afternoon newspaper that went out of print many moons ago.) The segment was titled "Our Remarkable Sport" and the story was To Run A Three-Hour Marathon, by Wini Ryder.

It discussed job applications and what the author, Wini Ryder, found in one young female's resume for "Goals". She simply wrote: "to run a three-hour marathon."

Years later, this was found by a contributor to the Huntsville (Alabama) Track Club's newsletter and it was printed in the club's May/June 2013 issue. Then the piece fell to me. Phew, anyway, I think you will like it.

To Run A Three-Hour Marathon

"My first reaction was that this was an odd thing to put on a job application resume. But after thinking about it for a while I realized that this one small statement probably told the reader more about the person than anything else on the two pages. The immediate indication: Here was a young woman, a runner, who was aiming to run 26 miles, 385 yards in 180 minutes at a speed of more than 8-miles per hour. But what it really said about her was far more: As she is in a perpetual state of training, it said that she is disciplined. She is healthy; fit enough to do it. She is in control of her

weight. She is not overeating, smoking, heavy drinking or using drugs. She possesses self-control. She is self-aware; perhaps a touch selfish, since the only person who benefits from running is the person who runs. She is ambitious. She seeks self-improvement. Since runners train by themselves, she is independent. She is capable of sacrifice: runners must give up a lot to run. She is motivated. She has a system by which to expend stress. She enjoys accomplishment.

Yes, this is an interesting and different job resume goal, but it says a lot more than the usual, 'I want to be with people.' 'I want to be boss.' 'I want a six-figure salary.'

One would think that the kid got the job and I hope she broke the three-hour barrier as well. I guess we will never know. But I think it does go to show something that we have suspected all along: Runners are a notch or two above the common multitude, no doubt about it.

Or as the Huntsville contributor wrote: "This suggests to me that we runners are indeed remarkable people and possess characteristics well above the norm, making it an outstanding sport for the development of our youth."

Yes, exactly, I think that's what I meant.

Mark your Calendar!



Santa says, "Once a Year Only, So Don't Miss It."
JTC Running's

Holiday Social

1st Place Sports, San Marco
Saturday, December 7, 2013



On The Starting Line—Again

When the Jacksonville Track Club began in the mid-1970s, I found myself in an unexpected position—at the tender age of 29, I was experienced about running clubs. For ten years, I'd been a member of the Ohio Valley Track Club. In graduate school, I started the Mid-Michigan Track Club in Lansing. And returning to Ohio, I'd served as president of the Ohio River RRC.

While in Ohio this past August for my 50th HS reunion, I visited an old friend, Steve Price. Steve founded the Kettering Striders, an all-girls team, in the mid-1960s. He conducted a Metric Road Race Series on country roads near Monroe, Ohio, midway between Cincinnati and Dayton.

So, I brought to the JTC founders meeting at the Riverside YMCA three things: Knowledge of the metric system, how to put on races, and insight into what held successful clubs together: In a word—a newsletter.

Before our second meeting, The Starting Line was born. Early editors were Norman Fernee, Butch and Diane Hornung, and myself. Race reports were the backbone, coming events were the ribs, biographies the flesh, and first-person accounts of running experiences were the heart. All you need, I said, is everyone's address, and a copying machine. Send out something every month, and the club will thrive. And it has.

Now called JTC Running, the club is alive and well, and The Starting Line is still the lifeblood. Bob Fernee is editor and passion for our sport is both his motivation and compensation.

On a recent visit to the Orange Park 1st Place Sports store, Bob and I chatted about the “old days”, how we once were fast, the road trips we used to take with fellow club runners, and those early years of the JTC. Before I left, I'd re-enlisted in the club and agreed to compose an article or two for the newsletter. It feels like a new beginning.

Visiting those old friends in Ohio, and they are OLD friends, I drew renewed pleasure in my fitness, maintained now into my 56th year in the sport. All the passion for running, and the pleasures of moving through the environment under my own power, seems not to have ebbed. My leg speed (never much, even at its zenith) is gone. But the excitement to get out the door and run is not gone.

I ran on my old high school track, even pretending to run a hard mile. I drove to Lake Cowan and trotted over my favorite four-mile course, pushing the half-dozen steep hills. I ran a few hill repeats, finishing with a swim in the lake, reliving the past. Could have been 1963 or 2013—same fun.

So I am back to the starting line again, starting a new school year, a new racing season. Being a runner is about being a beginner. Goethe said “beginning has magic in it,” and every runner I know appreciates that last month's race is history and irrelevant. The real excitement lies ahead with the next goal. It may not be lofty, but it's personal and important.

Run long, run happy—it's great to be back in the JTC!
JB

Don't Lose Your Club Race Discount!
Click **jtc2** in the 1st Place Sports Laptops
To Get Your \$2 discount For Gate River Run,
Winter Beach Run and Summer Beach Run



Sunday, December 1, 2013



**The Guana Reserve
Back to Nature Trail Runs
50K Ultra, 50K Relay, 12K Race**

50k and 50k Relay at 8:00 AM
12k Trail Race at 1:00 PM

Guana Tolomato Matanzas
Estuarine Research Reserve

505 Guana River Road, off A1A in South Ponte Vedra
Beach, FL (9.5 miles south of Mickler's Landing)
Sponsored by Mizuno Footwear and Gu in association
with 1st Place Sports

The Course

Consists of winding, wooded trails in the Reserve. No cement, no asphalt, a true back to nature experience. The 50k Ultra and 2x25k Relay will begin at 8:00 AM. The 12k shall begin at 1:00 PM (in order that the majority of the runners will finish together.)

Awards

Finishers of the 50k Ultra will receive medallions. All runners will receive a commemorative technical t-shirt. Awards, three deep in 13 age groups in the 50k and 12k races. Awards also to the top 5 teams overall in the 50k Relay.

Mizuno shoes will be awarded to the first male and female overall in the 50k and 12k and first Masters male and female in both races. Mizuno shoes also to the first team in the relay.

Refreshments and Post Race Party

Snacks and Drinks will be provided. Gu is the official supplement.

Post-race party/awards presentation will take place at The Reef Restaurant, 4100 Coastal Hwy., just north of Vilano Beach (on A1A). 3:00 PM.

Entry Fees

50k Ultra - \$35 (\$31 JTC Running members), until September 15th. \$45 (\$41 club members), Sept. 16th-Nov. 30th. Race day entry \$60 (no discounts).

50k (2x25k) Relay - \$60 per team, until Sept. 15th. \$70, Sept. 16th-Nov. 30th. Race day entry \$90.

12k - \$25 (JTCR members \$21), until Sept. 15th. \$30 (\$26 JTCR), Sept. 16th-Nov. 30th. Race day entry \$40,

no discounts.

Limited Participation

Due to the Environmental Sensitivity of the Guana Reserve this event is limited to 125 participants per event. Enter as early as possible; there may not be space on race day.

Parking

Parking in the park is \$3.00 per vehicle. Use southern most entrance, just north of the Gate Station.

Proceeds Benefit

Proceeds benefit: Friends of the Guana Research Reserve.

Packet Pickup

Race Packet Pickup Day of Race Only.

For More Information

For more information contact: Mark Ryan, Race Director 50K, at Markryan@watsonrealtycorp.com, or (904) 338-3230. Bob Fernee, Race Director 12K, at Bob@1stplacesports.com or (904) 342-2699.

Mizuno Footwear

Mizuno footwear and apparel can be purchased at 1st Place Sports.



SPONSORS



BECOME A JTC RUNNING MEMBER

Founded in October 1975, JTC Running is Northeast Florida's preeminent promoter of healthy lifestyles through running, fitness, and fellowship. It is both a social club with several varying events per year and a philanthropic organization that seeks to benefit runners of all types.

THE VALUE OF MEMBERSHIP

JTC Running membership includes:

- A subscription to "The Starting Line" - our bimonthly newsletter about the club, events, and running information.
- Discounted entry fees at most JTC Running events (Gate River Run, Summer & Winter Beaches, etc.)
- JTC Running apparel at a nice price.
- Social events - A couple times a year we have non-running casual get togethers.
- Local training runs - many of which have running mentors.
- Discounts on merchandise at many sports stores and other stores in Jacksonville area - see website for complete list: www.jtcrunning.com

Back to Nature Trail Runs										Official Use Only											
Official Entry Form December 1, 2013																					
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<small>I know that running a road race is a potentially hazardous activity which could cause injury or death. I should not enter and participate unless I am medically able and properly trained, and by my signature, I certify that I am medically able to perform this event, am in good health, and am properly trained. I agree to abide by any decision of a race official relative to any aspect of my participation in this event, including the right of any official to deny or suspend my participation for any reason whatsoever. I assume all risks associated with running in this event, including but not limited to: falls, contact with other participants, the effects of the weather, including high heat and/or humidity, traffic and the conditions of the road, all such risks being known and appreciated by me. I understand that bicycles, skateboards, baby joggers, roller skates or blades, animals and radio headsets are not allowed in the race. I also understand that I must return the ChampionChip transponder, if requested or I will be billed \$30.00 as replacement cost. I also understand that if this event is canceled or rescheduled for any reason beyond the control of race management that my entry fee will not be refunded. I grant permission for this event's organizers to take pictures of me during this event and agree for this event to use any photos of me that may be taken during my participation. I will abide by these guidelines. Having read this waiver and knowing these facts and in consideration of your accepting my entry, I, for myself and anyone entitled to act on my behalf, waive and release the Organizers of this event and all sponsors, their representatives and successors from all claims or liabilities of any kind arising out of my participation in this event, even though that liability may arise out of negligence or carelessness on the part of the persons named in this waiver.</small>																					
Please sign here. (Parent must sign if participant is under 18 years of age)										Date Signed											



**Woman's SBR Winner Kim Pawelek-Brantly
and 3rd Overall Michelle Krueger**

The Tijuana Flats Summer Beach Run is the most fun race that we get to run every year. Everybody is having the best time as we're all standing around on the beach, waiting for the starter to yell "go" and begin our race on the sand. Most everybody seems pretty happy when they talk about running the race after it's over. Indeed, just look at the photos that Speedy Banana took of the race and you'll see how happy everybody looks, beforehand and afterward. And some of the runners even look happy while they're racing. The part that is really the best is the post-race party at the SeaWalk Pavilion, overflowing with happy runners and running supporters. (Ha, ha: running supporters.) Tijuana Flats is there serving us our favorite beverage and making their bodacious tacos for everybody. The band plays, we eat tacos and drink beer in the cool of the after-race on the grass at the SeaWalk Pavilion down at the beach. Groovy and far out.

This year's race was on Saturday evening, August 24th. The conditions were excellent. While it was very warm, that is to be expected on the beach in Florida in the middle of August. But it was a good warm, not super-duper hot like it is sometimes, when the wind is coming from the west. Instead, there was a nice breeze coming in directly off the ocean, which is good because it provided some cooling both on the way out and on the way back.

And the beach itself was wide and firm. With the start of the race at 6 o'clock, it was within a half hour of the low tide mark shown on the charts. That's just excellent,

and even though there were a few areas on the way out where the sand was still a bit wet on top from where the tidal pools had just recently been absorbed, the footing was still good. Not far down the course, the sand firmed up even more. The field spread out but drafting wasn't necessary because the breeze was just cooling – not strong enough to push against you.

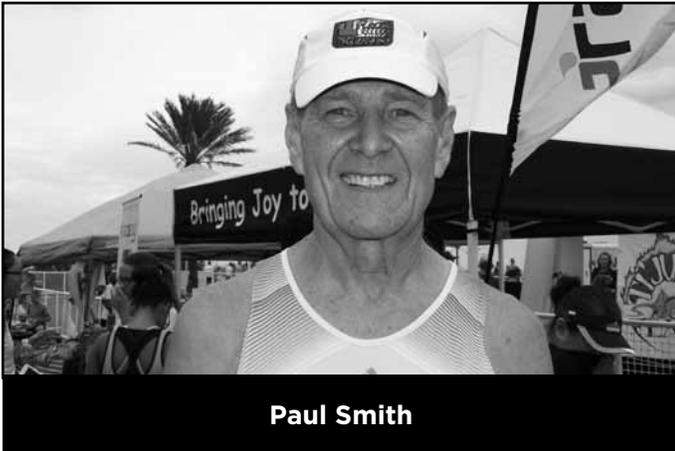
Another plus of the Tijuana Flats SBR is that there are spectators the entire length of the out-and-back course. Many of the spectators are very attractive, young people attired in beachwear, tanned and supple individuals standing nearby displaying their rippling muscles and voluptuous curves, hollering at us runners to go faster. It's hard not to fall over your anaerobic threshold, looking at the "fans" watching us race.

Professional race directing was provided by long-time JTC Running directors Doug and Jane Alred, assisted by their staff from 1st Place Race Management. The entire event was handled expertly. Split times were prominent at every mile. There were water stops at every mile, with the watering duties handled by local high school runners who know how to hold a water cup just the right way so you can get it easily as you race by. And there were lots of porta potties so that the wait in line wasn't too long as you were getting ready before the race. The race course was set out very well and every turn (one turn) was well marked and could not be missed regardless of anything. There were no runners who couldn't follow the course correctly the whole way.



Tom Zicafoose





Paul Smith

There was another new thing this year with timing and that was the addition of RaceJoy, who had a tent at the SeaWalk Pavilion. You would walk up and they'd enter your race number in their iPad and, Poof! – instantly it would give you your time and place in the race. No crowding around a printout taped to the trailer, no mystery about how you placed in your age group – just the facts, right then and there. They even have a smartphone app so you can do it yourself at the race.



**Ray Ramos, Doug Tillett,
Erika Bjork, and Traci Akers**



Steve Beard and Barbara Beard

Really cool.

After everybody had finished their race and eaten their Tijuana Flats taco and had their cups of Tijuana Flats beer and listened to the great jazz band playing, the race director took the microphone to present the awards. They are the best awards for a beach race: they are beach towels. Brilliant! Plus there was cash and trophies for the few at the very front. And along with the beach towel you could get hug from Jane if you were pushy like me and also have your picture taken by Speedy Banana. Love it.

We stayed until the very end because it was such a good race. It had gotten dark and it was time to go home and take a shower and go to bed. And dream. We would dream of the way we glided over the beach that night, our glistening bodies speeding just above the sand. And dream of how we will be even better at the Tijuana Flats Summer Beach Run next summer.



**Frank Frazier, JTCRunning race
team member, and lifetime runner.**



Kathy Murray and Margaret Barton



Ultra Panel Event on Tuesday 10/15/2013 - 7pm at 1st Place Sports at St. Johns Town Center

The Jacksonville area has a lot of good runners. In the past three years it has also gotten the reputation of having a very strong ultra running community. One of the facts that speaks to this is that six area ultra runners will be competing in the world famous Brazil 135 next January. (Yes that's 135 miles on brutal terrain in summer in Brazil)

To celebrate this accomplishment all of these runners will participate in an ultra panel discussion, which will be held at the 1st Place Sports Store at St. Johns Town Center. The event will start at 7pm and there will be refreshments and snacks served so get there a little early. Come and meet these fine ultra runners and ask them questions you may have about ultra running. Here's the list of panelists and some of their accomplishments:

Amy Costa

- Most recent accomplishment completing Badwater 135 this summer
- Has won several 100 mile events
- Started running ultra in 1999
- In 2008 ran the third fastest 100 mile in U.S.

David Green

- Has completed 16 Ironman races
- Badwater 135 in summer of 2012
- Brazil 135 this past January
- The Donna 110 this past February

Kevin Marasco

- Ironman Arizona
- Donna 110 in 2012 (helped raise \$110k)
- Keys 100 in May of 2013
- Crewed for David Green at Badwater 2012

Chris Roman

- First 100 was Leadville in 2007
- Badwater 135 in 2011 and 2012
- Brazil 135 in 2012 and 2013 (included the entire Camino da Fe route 340+ miles)
- Ran length of the Eire Canal in 2011 (344 miles in 6 days)

Kellie Smirnoff

- 5 Ironman finishes
- Tarawera 100k in New Zealand
- Ultraman Canada (6.2 mile swim, 260 mile bike and 52.4 mile run)
- Won EPICMAN (7.2 mile swim, 336 mile bike and 78.6 mile run)

Andy Woods

- First marathon in 1996; over 20 since
- 4 Ironman finishes
- First ultra was 2010 Wolfson Children's 55 mile
- Entered and completed two 100 mile races



Yeah, Yeah, we know; you gripe and complain all the time about how Jacksonville has no trails, no off-road running, and how you're sick and tired of pounding yourself half to death on the roads and sidewalks. But guess what? When you get the chance to do it, you don't take it. You need to put your feet where your mouth is, Roadrunner.

This track club lays it down and you ought to pick it up. No excuses.

On Sunday, December the first, JTC Running presents one of the most unique events all year, the Guana Back To Nature Trail Races. Yes, I said trail, and I mean trail. These trails are the real thing. You are out in a Florida State Preserve; it's wild, it's raw. It is as it should be. Civilization, though not too far away, is all but forgotten. There's no point in crying to your Mommy; this isn't your Mommy's trail race.

It is pure back to nature and that is why we call it the Back To Nature Trail Races.

The one-of-kind event features three races in one: a 50k (31-mile) Trail Ultra, a 2x25k (15.5-mile) Trail Relay and a 12k (7.5-mile) Trail Race.

As we used to say in the '60's, "The vibes don't lie." And the vibes, the camaraderie of the Ultraists and this event, are first class. You'll love it and you'll never forget it.

But this event is not just for "nutters", like Ultraists (sorry, guys, but you do know you're kind of crazy, don't you?), it is for all runners (walkers, too!). The Trail Relay, at 15.5-miles each, is a good challenge for any couple. The 12k, that seems easy compared to the other two races, is still a challenging jaunt. Seven and a half miles, sure nearly anyone can do it, but that is the beauty of the Guana, there is something for everyone.

On top of it all, the post-race awards presentation/party is going to be as enjoyable as it will be unforgettable. You don't want to miss this once-a-year colossal event.

Peg Lawson Obituary

Peg Lawson of Ponte Vedra, FL and Potomac, MD, joined the party on May 5, 1931 in Asheville, NC and passed away on August 19, 2013. Peg's best love was her darling husband, Harry with whom she produced two nearly perfect daughters, Sharon & Ginger. Luckily, they married well and brought home her perfect sons, Kevin & Larry. Her yellow labs were her favorite children and she always thought they were well behaved, no matter how bad they were. Heidi was the last of her labs and the best. Peg loved to laugh and hated rules – regularly flaunting them to the annoyance of many people. She was a conservationist and spent the best days of her life outdoors: hiking, paddling, skiing, golfing & riding horses. She took up marathons at age 65 and completed several, including the "Peggy Lawson Marathon" on her first day of training when she ran 29 miles. She had a great time - the dog did not. Her many friends brought joy to her life, especially her lifelong friend Grace. We'll miss her. At her command, there will not be a funeral service.

Memorial contributions can be made to:

Lab Rescue of Florida c/o
Horowitz & Knoch, 481 E. Hillsboro Blvd, Suite 100A, Deerfield Beach,
FL 33441 or Friends of Acadia, P.O. Box 45,
Bar Harbor, Maine 04609



When it comes to sports shoes, adidas is about as old as you can get. Fame? There is hardly a corporate logo more iconic than the familiar ‘three stripes’. The world’s biggest sport, football (okay, to some, soccer), has always been dominated by adidas. The company could live very well just off its global football sales.

The company was started in 1924 by brothers Adolf “Adi” and Rudolf Dassler in Bavaria, Germany under the name, Gebruder Dassler Schuhfabrik (Dassler Brothers Shoe Factory). Odd how empires start so humbly, it all began in their mother’s laundry.

In 1936, the Olympics were held in Germany and Adi packed a suitcase full of his track spikes, pulled onto the autobahn (the world’s first superhighway system, designed by Hitler and later imitated by Eisenhower). Once he arrived at the Olympic Village he talked the American sprinter, Jesse Owens, into wearing his shoes. It was the first-ever sports sponsorship of a black athlete. Once Owens scooped up his four gold medals he did the fledgling brand a lot of good and business boomed for the Dasslers. Before the Second World War broke out they were selling 200,000 pairs of shoes a year.

In 1947, the brothers, who never got along so wonderfully to begin with, split up. Rudolf started his own sports shoe company, Rudi. It didn’t take him long to realize that was a pretty lame name and, in a Madonna-like reinventing move, rebranded it Puma. Adi, meanwhile, went on to call his company adidas. Some said it was an anagram that meant, all day I dream about soccer. More lusty types said it was really, all day I dream about sex. But no, Adi would never have it so; he claimed it was a composite of his own name-Adi, his given name, and das, short for Dassler. Yet, he spelled the whole thing in the lower case (and it remains so even to this day).

Mom and Dad must have hated it, but the Dassler boys went on to compete against each other intensely, almost as intensely as they hated one another. Business runs thicker than blood it seems. Their animosity lasted to their graves.

Oddly enough, Germany was once again the setting as another American, Frank Shorter, came romping into the Munich Olympic Stadium to win the marathon in 1972, ushering in what later became known as the “Running Boom”. Back in America, Puma and adidas were both on hand to sell their wares to an unwary American public. Puma had its Easy Rider, a heavy clunk fest if there ever was one; its ride was never easy. adidas didn’t offer much better with a line of rock hard shoes. Not too surprisingly, the running shoe buying population in this hemisphere was not too happy with either company’s offerings and soon turned to upstarts New Balance, Etonic, Saucony and one called Nike, who, if I am not mistaken, is the ancient Greek Goddess of marketing.

In the US, Puma’s appeal dropped rapidly among runners and never came back. The brand is now more of a casual wear line. adidas went up and down for decades. At one point, during the late 1990’s I believe it was; the three stripes were very popular with the school kids. More than likely, someone said, “yes it really does mean ‘all day I dream about sex’,” and that was all it took to get the kids to buy.

The running community has blown hot and cold for adidas. Many runners loved the long-time model, the Supernova, that later became the Supernova Classic. But the company did away with it, leaving some loyal followers stranded and alone. It was a cold shot, far as they were concerned.

Lately, with a market share consistently below 5%, the landscape for adidas has been pretty frigid. If there was ever a brand that needed a boost it is adidas. Maybe it is no coincidence that they call their new technology Boost.

What exactly is Boost and what makes it different?

As we know, the life and soul of a running shoe is its midsole, that thick eva (ethyl vinyl acetate) “foam” that cushions and supports the feet and makes all the difference to the shoe’s “ride”. The adidas Boost midsole is like no other. Instead of being a continuous slab of eva it is composed of little beads of plastic molded together, “energy capsules”, as they like to call them. The result is a lighter, springier material. They could have called it the



Bounce, for that is the sensation one gets.

Some runners I know say that the Boost has actually made them run faster and that their times are dropping. It is not hard to believe it, for when a shoe helps you pick your feet up it makes running more effortless and that translates into faster times. As I have said before, there are fast shoes and there are slow shoes and adidas Boost technology is definitely of the former.

Are there drawbacks to such a soft, springy midsole?

Yes, it can make the shoe unstable, so a person who over pronates could be in big trouble and likely to get injured. The same could be said for a supinator, one who runs on the lateral (outside) edge of the foot. A super soft midsole allows the foot to do what it wants to do and sometimes that is not good. The biomechanically efficient runner will be the best off with the Boost midsole.

The first Boost shoe is the Energy Boost that debuted at the beginning of this year. It is very light and, as I said, very bouncy. It also has a stretch fit upper that really hugs the foot and fits like the proverbial glove. That said, the shoes fit quite small and tight, so most runners will need to move up by at least half a size and in some cases (those with wide feet) a full size. The Energy Boost is not cheap, 150 bucks, but the midsole holds its cushion and spring for a long time and most consumers say the high cost is worth it.

A couple of months ago, adidas released a second Boost shoe model, the adistar Boost. This shoe, that features a little less Boost material in order to increase

its stability, is designed for the mild to moderate over pronator. It is a little heavier than the Energy but also a good deal more supportive and stabile. The shoe has a medial post. That means more support to the inside (arch side) of the foot. It could be considered more of an “everyman’s” shoe than the Energy. It sells for \$170, not exactly everyman’s price.

Soon adidas will release what could be the most important of all the Boost shoes: The adizero Adios Boost. The adizero Adios has been a best-selling racing shoe for adidas for many years. Haile Gebreselassie used it to run his many marathon world records, so you can just imagine what could happen when the midsole of those fast racers becomes even faster. Is the sub-two hour marathon now seriously on the cards? Could be; and you can be quite sure that man will be wearing the adizero Adios Boost.

He will probably get his for free; you get to pay \$170.

Next year, adidas will change all of its shoes over to the Boost technology. Thankfully, they will not all be as expensive as those now on the market. The next Supernova Glide, for example, will be \$120. That’s not a bad price, (wow, I said it, “120 bucks is not a bad price”. The marketing boys have finally gotten to my head. I can still remember when the adidas Oregon cost \$29.99.)

Ultimately though, I think the new adidas Boost technology is something quite revolutionary. For once, a shoe company has said it has a new, better midsole and produced it. Check out the adidas Boost line of shoes. I think you will be in for a surprise.

Mark your Calendar!



Run Defensively, Protect Yourself

JTC Running's
Clinic Run Safer, by Todd Williams
1st Place Sports, Town Center
Thursday, November 7, 2013



From The Archives

Our old pal, Jay Birmingham, has been running for a long time and his knowledge on the subject is nothing short of encyclopedic. He is also a very fine writer, an inspiration to me I can tell you. Here is one of his best, from the February 1990 edition of The Starting Line.

With racing season now in full swing and so many people beefing up their mileage for marathons and half-marathons, I think there is no better time to read, or reread, it.

Training Perspectives, by Jay Birmingham

Most of my friends consider themselves “serious runners.” Serious means that competition is as important to these athletes as physical fitness. Preparing for competition is the primary purpose of their daily training stints.

I’ve observed two general classes of serious runners, based on their approaches to training. I call them Random Planners and Blueprint Runners. Random Planners put in the miles necessary to go the distance but frequently just show up to run with their buddies. A strong personality in the group sets the day’s agenda. Blueprint Runners follow more formal plans with a weekly mileage target. They may include some hill work; perhaps a speed session at a track; or time trials.

Both approaches can produce good results. The random tack appeals to intuitive types who sense what feels right on the day, or conversely, those who choose to conform to the will of a group. The blueprint followers like a schedule. Guesswork is eliminated. A plan is constructed which leads inexorably upward. Follow the blueprint, do the requisite work, and presto-success is assured.

I oversimplify. But perhaps you can identify.

Regardless of approach (many runners are hybrids) I’ve seen a majority of runners make serious mistakes from the standpoints of smart coaching and sound exercise physiology. Mistakes not on race day alone (a whole ‘nother subject), but principally in their approach to, and

expectations from, training.

Please consider these principles and puzzle them out. Perhaps there is an applicable point for you.

Principle A-Training is not racing: Or at least it shouldn’t be. To bash most workouts at maximum effort is unsound physiologically and leaves the runner emotionally spent on race day. Biological adaptation is optimal under moderate stress loads. As former national roadrace champ Tom Osler observed, “Hitting yourself with a hammer every day does not make you stronger.”

Principle B-Simulation: Prepare for the duration, prepare for the topography, prepare for the effort. But don’t overlook Principle A. Oregon Coach Bill Dellinger teaches “callousing”: performing workouts which simulate race effort (not necessarily race pace). If there is a Hart Bridge in your goal event, train for uphill running. But simulate the real race situation. If the bridge appears at 7-1/2 miles, then do your serious hill work 45 minutes into your training session; not at the beginning when you’re fresh.

Principle C-Good Judgement: Any plan, even a random one, requires modification at times. You planned a 20-miler for December 24th. The roads were covered with ice. Ask yourself, “will slipping through the workout in 3-1/2 hours serve the purpose I had in mind?” If the answer is no, change the training. A misjudgment hurts far more than a modification.

Principle D-Confidence: “I have to convince myself in training that my racing goals are reachable,” asserts the serious runner. Verily, confidence is essential. But since training isn’t racing, the runner must learn to believe on the basis of partial evidence. A well-kept running journal helps in this regard, permitting you to track your progress. Choose a few key workouts, repeat them over time, and use them to guide your training. “Do I need more speed work or more endurance?” Are your long runs becoming more comfortable (or too comfortable)? Are your fartlek surges improving from month-to-month? Do you have a reference course which ‘lets you know’ that you are ready? If not, establish one.

Principle E-Training is Unrested: This principle is so



obvious that few see it! Before a race you rest up; you wear racing shoes; you warm up thoroughly; you rehearse the event in your mind. But, runners practice few of these routines for a training effort. So, logically, you cannot expect race speeds to emanate from a tired body, in training shoes, on an unspecial day. Be content with race effort when doing speed work and time trials. And trust in Principle F.

Principle F-Racing is Magic: In competition, expect good things. Most runners find that they can run 5 to 10% faster in a race than on any training day. Adrenaline, competitive drive, the crowd-who knows what fuels

improvement? Realizing that a mile time was run in training, they leave their races on Mandarin Road, then journey then journey to the big marathons only to come home wondering what happened. Those athletes have disregarded Principle A.

A signed entry form, says George Sheehan, is what makes the athlete. The commitment to challenge oneself through competition puts you on par with Keith Brantly, Grete Waitz, and the top guy in your age division. Through sensible training, everyone can get the most from this sport. All it takes is the proper perspective.

THE GUANA 50K AND 12K IS FILLING UP RACES ARE SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1ST, 2013

If you're a seasoned trail runner or have never done a trail race the Guana 50k and 12k Back to Nature Trail Races are for you. Run on the beautiful trails of the Guana Research Reserve which offers minimum elevation change and few tree roots (a trail runner's worst enemy) and spectacular views of the Intracoastal Waterway.

An added bonus for this year is that all contestants are invited to a post race celebration at The Reef Restaurant. The Reef is an ocean front restaurant about three miles south of The Guana Reserve on A1A. If you exit the Guana lot and take a right you can't miss it. The celebration will start at 3pm. The Reef will offer free beer, wine and soft drinks until our pre arranged limit is met and then there will be normal charges for them. We encourage you and your guests to stay for dinner at The Reef.

Because the Guana Research Reserve is a state park there are participant limits. We can only accommodate 125 50k entrants and 125 12k entrants. Due to this, both events are filling up rapidly, so if you are interested

you can fill out the entry form in this addition of The Starting Line and mail it to the address provided. You can also download a form from the JTC Running website or 1st Place Sports website. We do not have on-line registration this year, but hope to have it for next year's event. As a reminder, there are three categories of competition; the 50k individual, the 50k relay (2 x 25k) and the family friendly 12k. The 50k events begin at 8am and the 12k goes off at 1pm.

There is no pre race day packet pick up. Pick up your race numbers, timing chip and race shirts on day of race. Yes, this year the race will be electronically timed so results will be instantaneous. This is a big improvement over last year. Jay Birmingham, a globally famous ultra runner and Jacksonville resident who was our official starter last year has agreed to do the honors again this year.



Editor: Bob Fernee
Designer: Amanda Mason

Submit Articles to: The Starting Line, c/o JTC Running, PO Box 24667, Jacksonville, FL 32241 OR bobfernee@aol.com

Deadline for inclusion in Sept/Oct 2013 issue is Nov. 10.
No Exceptions!

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Weekly Training Runs

Sunday, 6:30 am, Atlantic Beach: Atlantic Blvd. & 1st Street, 5-10 miles.
Contact: Linda White at (H) 246-2137 (C) 662-4928

Sunday, 6:30 am, Mandarin: Various locations and distance.
Contact: Stef at stefgriff@aol.com or 268-1503.

Sunday, 6:30 am, Orange Park: Sun Tire, 346, Blanding Blvd., 6-20 miles.
Contact: Dave at 545-4538.

Sunday, 7:00AM, Jacksonville Running Company, All Levels, 3+ Miles,
Contact: bobby@jacksonvillerunningcompany.com

Monday, 6:30PM, World of Beer group run, 2+Miles,
Contact: chris@jacksonvillerunningcompany.com

Monday, 5:30 pm, South Bank Downtown: River City Brewing Co., 2-6 miles (includes bridges).
Contact: Danny at 287-5496.

Tuesday, 5:45 am, San Marco: Southside Methodist Church, 5-6 Miles, 7-8:30 pace.
Contact: JC at 803-8758.

Tuesday, 6:00 pm, 1st Place Sports on Baymeadows: 3 to 6 miles, all abilities.

Tuesday 6:30PM, St. Vincent's Southside, Belfort Rd., formerly St. Luke's Hospital. Good Beginners run.
Contact: Loretta@jacksonvillerunningcompany.com

Wednesday, 6:30 pm, San Marco: 1st Place Sports, 3-6 miles, 399-8880

Wednesday, 5:30 am, San Jose: The Bolles School (JTC Running members) track intervals (all abilities).
Contact JC at 803-8758.

Wednesday, 5:30 pm, San Jose: The Bolles School (JTC Running members) track intervals (all abilities).
Contact: Danny at 287-5496.

Wednesday 6:30PM, Jax Beach, 1st Place Sports, Various runs intended to make you improve. Contact: Simon@1stplacesports.com

Thursday, 6:15 pm, Orange Park: 1st Place Sports, 2186 Park Av., 3-6 miles, runners/walkers.
Contact: Denise Metzgar at 264-3767.

Thursday, 6:30PM, St. Vincent's Riverside Run/Walk, great for Beginners, Riverwalk and King St.
Contact: Loretta@jacksonvillerunningcompany.com

Thursday, 6:30 pm, San Marco: Corner of Largo/Naldo (JTC Running members), 4-7 miles.
Contact: Doug at 728-3711.

Thursday, 6:00 pm, Town Center Mall, 3-6 miles, 1st Place Sports, 620-9991

Friday, 5:40 am, Beauclerc, Mandarin: Forest Cir., 7.5 miles.
Contact: Stef at stefgriff@aol.com or 268-1503.

Visit JTCRunning.com for more information.