



NEWSLETTER

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1982

MESSAGES FROM THE PRESIDENT - DICK WITHROW

The response to our question of whether or not to change the Rochester Marathon from Labor Day to a later date was not exactly overwhelming. I received a total of 5 phone calls and 8 letters. Besides this I spoke to maybe 25 or 30 other runners during social runs, races and meetings. The reactions were as varied as our membership. Two phone callers were adamantly opposed and the other two thought it was a good idea. Five of the letters opposed the change, two letters were from the same person, though. Two former winners contacted me, one was opposed - one for. The general consensus was split also. The following reasons were forwarded most often to keep the race on Labor Day:

1. Tradition.
2. Allows one to run both Rochester and Skylon.
3. Race is advertised - "Tougher than Boston".
4. Less traffic on Labor Day.
5. Nothing else happening that weekend so the race gets good publicity.
6. Need for less volunteers since traffic is low.
7. Good crowd support.

The main reasons supporting the change have been:

1. The possibility of a cooler day "cooler is safer".
2. Many runners and their families are away on holiday weekends.
3. Humidity would not be a factor on a cooler day.
4. The race could be started later in the morning allowing more volunteers and fans to be available.
5. On a cooler day we should get more runners. The more runners the better the visibility and the less chance of a traffic accident.
6. Perhaps a larger race could draw more national attention to the Rochester Marathon.

There are undoubtedly reasons which are not listed but the conclusion right now is - reactions are divided approximately 50/50 and we can't commit the GRTC to making the change yet.

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The deadline for the March issue of the Newsletter is February 15. Please submit local race calendar information (as soon as possible before the event) and road race applications including \$50/8 1/2 x 11 page fee at least 2 weeks prior to Newsletter deadling to Ross Rider, 19 Brighton St., Rochester 14607 (ph 442-7762 evenings before 10:00 pm).

Race results, information on out-of-town events, and other miscellaneous information to Sue Gwynn, 101 Wyndham Rd., Rochester 14612 (663-5367).

Articles and columns (at least 2 weeks before Newsletter deadline) to Rick Guido, 3 Whippletree Rd., Fairport 14450 (377-0158).

Advertising from commercial sources will be accepted at the rate of \$25 per half page of camera ready copy. Classified ads and personals are accepted at a rate of 10¢/word. Submit to Dick Withrow, 24 Green Ridge Crescent, Hamlin, NY 14464 (964-2226).

GRTC's booklet of revised and expanded Road Race Guidelines is available to road race directors from: Ross Rider, 19 Brighton St., Rochester 14607, 442-7762 and Pat Martin, Box 8310, Rochester, 14618. The cost is \$1 for postage and handling. Checks should be made payable to GRTC.

NOTICE TO ALL RACE DIRECTORS

If you have not booked your race for 1982 yet, please call Ross or Uta at 442-7762.

HELP NEEDED FOR FREEZER RACES

If you wouldn't mind freezing your tootsies for one race of the year standing at the finish line, please call Jane Iaculli, 334-1060.

Well excuse me!!!

At the October 31st "Trick or Treat Trot" at Mendon Ponds Park there was a mix-up in the 3 mile split. An unknown race director (whose initials are B.Q. and who finished 29th) made an error in marking off the 3 mile marker. The course was a measured 5 miles with all other mile markers correct. The 3 mile marker was one thousand feet too long. Which made the 3rd mile of the race about 333 yds. too long and the fourth mile 333 yds. too short. This would mean a deduction of about one minute from your 3 mile split and an addition of about one minute to your time for the fourth mile. The error was corrected in time for the R.T. Turkey run when the same challenging 5 mile course was used. Sorry about that.

Upcoming Dates

August 6,7,8 1982 Witchita,Kansas TAC National Seniors/Masters Track & Field Meet
August 12-15 1982 Philadelphia, PA. National Masters Sports Festival

Anyone interested in training and competing for the GRTC Seniors (30+) Indoor Track Team contact Mike Van Auker at 131 Beacon Hills Dr. S. Penfield, NY 14526 or phone 671-0662 after 6 pm. The Seniors team will be travelling to several meets this winter including the Nationals at Harvards Track (fastest in the USA).

Chuck Eldred
RUNNING

(716) 342 6728
4840 ST. PAUL BLVD,

* We also handle a very good line of heating equipment
We install & do service under the trade name E & H Heating

WINTERFEST FIVE

A five mile run sponsored by the Rochester Parks and Recreation Department and the Greater Rochester Track Club as part of the Cobbs Hill Winter Festival.

WHEN: February 6, 1982, 10:00 a.m.

WHERE: Cobb's Hill Park, Culver Road

ENTRY FEE: \$3.00 pre and post entry

AWARDS: Trophies to the top male and female finisher.

No age groups

Patches to everyone

Coffee or hot chocolate and a doughnut after race

Name (print) _____

Address _____

Sex _____ Age _____

Fee: \$3.00. Checks payable to Greater Rochester Track Club.

Send entries to: Sue Gwynn, 101 Wyndham Rd., Rochester, NY 14612

In consideration of this entry being accepted, I, intending to be legally bound, for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators, waive and release any and all claims for injuries I may suffer as a result of my participation in this event against the Rochester Parks and Recreation Department, Greater Rochester Track Club and race organizers. I further hereby certify that I am physically fit to participate in this race.

Contestant's Signature _____

Parent or Guardian signature (if under 18) _____

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 26, 1981

Dear Mr. McNelly:

You and your teammates have my heartiest congratulations on the successful 200-mile, 24-hour run you recently completed at the University of Rochester. This would be an admirable feat for younger athletes, and it is highly commendable that ten men of mature years made this run and set a record. All of you are obviously in excellent physical condition. Keep up the good work!

With best wishes for continued success,

Sincerely,

Ronald Reagan

Mr. Don McNelly
615 Pinegrove Avenue
Rochester, New York 14617

The following short story by Ed Cohn will be presented in several parts:

ONE SUMMER DAY IN MOSCOW Edward Lee Cohn

My grandfather died today. He was eighty-nine years old, but his eyes betrayed his age when they danced with childlike wonder. He was the last of the generation of old folks who still enjoyed walking through the parks.

Until a couple of years ago, Grandpa used to run three miles a day. Actually, it was more like a shuffle. My friends used to laugh at the sight of him staggering along the bicycle trails in the park. It made me so embarrassed because the old man seemed impervious to the stares and comments of those he passed.

I'll never forget the day of his last run. I greeted him as he returned to the front steps of my parents' home. His face was red and beaded with droplets of sweat. He was panting and gasping for air.

"How was your run, Grandpa?" I asked for I knew running was the central part of his day.

"This is it for me, P.R.," he said. "With each step I take, I run smack into a wall. My running days are over."

I remember him sobbing and wiping the sweat, or were they tears, from his eyes as he hobbled away. He never talked too much from that day on. His days consisted of a stroll through the park where he collapsed onto a park bench and fed bread to the squirrels and birds. Those little creatures are going to miss the old man and their daily feeding. It was amazing to watch those little park inhabitants gather around the old man and feed from his hands. They trusted and befriended him as they did no other person.

Grandpa did not belong in the twenty-first century. I mean, he never watched satellite television nor went for helium air rides. Nobody walks or runs in our society, not when he can strap air tanks to his back and fly from place to place like birds. There is no need to walk. He didn't like the processed food of our society. He always complained of the poison, chemicals and plastics in the food we ate. He actually ate raw fruits and vegetables.

My parents told me many stories about Grandpa when he was a young man. I'm afraid I was never too interested in stories about the old days. But, I do remember them telling me that Grandpa was one of the world's best long distance runners and actually represented the United States in the Summer Olympic Games in Moscow, Russia.

The Olympic Games do not exist today so it is understandable no one is really impressed that Grandpa competed in them sixty-five years ago. He never spoke about it; except, I vaguely recall one summer day when I was ten years old.

I was sitting under the weeping willow in my parents' back yard, digging a hole with a toy shovel, hoping to discover the depth of the roots of the tree. I saw Grandpa approaching, dressed in his baggy nylon shorts, T-shirt and his battered running shoes. He had just returned from his daily run and showered, looking bright and cheerful. His agile and brisk pace made his appearance seem youthful. He waved as he approached, crouched down and looked into the hole I had dug.

"Find China yet, P.R.?" he laughed.

I never understood why he called me P.R. He had been calling me that for so long and I never questioned it. Besides, I liked the sound of P.R.

"How far down do these roots go, Grandpa?" I asked, knowing that Grandpa's reply would be long with an extensive story added on. Everything was a mystery to him and I loved it when he shared secrets of the unexplained with me.

"The roots go on forever, P.R. Roots and love are the most powerful forces on earth." He stared directly into my eyes. For the first time in my young life Grandpa did not appear as a bald, skinny old man, but rather a lean, proud survivor of a forgotten age. Before my eyes his harmless wrinkles of old age changed into a weathered landscape of an uncharted territory. His kind eyes became intense and sharp. This was the Grandpa I had never known.

"I'm going to tell you a story, I hope you'll never forget and some day when you grow up tell it to your children." He spoke in a firm but soft voice.

I nodded and put down my shovel. Grandpa sat erect. I noticed the muscles which knotted around his shoulders and throughout his arms. He crossed his legs and sat in an Indian fashion. He leaned forward and our eyes met until I became fully absorbed in his story.

"Many years ago, the World Olympic Games were held in Moscow of the Soviet Union. The games were held once every four years in a different country and attracted worldwide attention because every country or kingdom, no matter how small, was represented. Each country sent its best athletes, men and women, to play all the sports of international competition. Most of the events were dominated by the Soviets, the Americans or East Germans but there was always room for upsets and surprises when a small and unknown country would win a gold medal and global acclaim.

"The Olympic Games were the only times when countries of opposing politics and philosophies would set aside their petty differences and work them out on the playing fields, the track and in the swimming pools. It was an opportunity for the people of planet earth to respect and admire the hard work and training of athletes around the world. It was a showcase for the world's elite. Each country was proud of its athletes regardless of their chance of winning."

Grandpa closed his eyes and sat quietly. I remember listening as two birds chirped back and forth. For the first time in my life I became aware of the differences in the sounds of the birds. It seemed to me as if they were violently arguing, perhaps over a nesting spot. When their screeching quieted down, Grandpa opened his eyes and continued his story.

"These Olympic Games were going to be a spectacular cavalcade. The Soviet Union wanted to show the world the splendor and the wealth of communism. They had prepared for these games for many years, building beautiful, spacious stadiums, gymnasiums and swimming pools. A city of apartments and hotels was built for the athletes and the media people of the newspapers and television networks.

"The government ordered that Moscow, which was the capital city, was to be spotlessly clean of litter and people who might tarnish the shining image of Communism in front of the television cameras of the western world. And of course, the Russians had all intentions of winning each and every event. Here was their chance to prove their supremacy to the world. And the events they didn't win, well, they wanted to be absolutely sure some other Communist country would.

"See, these weren't just simple games, P.R. There were heavy political overtones. It was going to be a world war on the playing fields. And, you know, the whole world was up and ready for it. But, there was one big problem. The United States was threatening to boycott the Olympic Games. Do you know what boycott means, P.R.?" He had seen the puzzled look on my face.

I shook my head, "No."

"A boycott is when a person, a group or even a whole country refuses to go along with the plan because they feel something is mighty unfair. In this case, the United States threatened to boycott the Olympics unless the Soviets pulled their military out of a poor backward country called Afghanistan." He closed his eyes and whispered that word again, "Afghanistan."

"Well, the Soviet Union was a super powerful country and wasn't going to be pushed around by anybody, including another superpower, which the United States is. The two countries argued back and forth until the games were about to be cancelled.

"And that would have been awful, P.R., because without the United States in the Olympics, the games wouldn't be worth too much. For if the Americans stayed home, so would the allied countries, friends of the United States. That meant Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, most of the European and African countries would not play in the games. Those countries had some of the finest athletes in the world. No, the Olympic games of the twentieth century were struggling for its life.

"Without the involvement of the United States, the Olympics would go broke as well. Television networks from the United States had promised to invest millions, even billions, of dollars into the Russian economy. The American clothing industry, food industry, automobiles, everything American was going to penetrate into the Soviet society and that meant big money for the Russian government. And if the United States backed down, the Russians were going to be mighty angry. Any friendly relations between the two countries would sour and freeze up forever. That's called the cold war. P.R."

He closed his eyes and shook his head. He was slightly out of breath and agitated. I had to act quickly to lighten his attitude.

"Grandpa?" I asked in my most innocent childish voice, "were you really in the Olympic Games?"

He opened his eyes and smiled. "Yes sir! Your skinny, bald, old Grandpa was actually a member of the United States Olympic team."

We both laughed. I was relieved my question had brought levity into Grandpa's voice. His anger had vanished.

"The marathon trials started in Buffalo and finished in Niagara Falls. The fastest marathoners in the country were shooting for the top three spots in order to go to Moscow -- Rogers, Shorter, Sandoval, Wells, Kardong, Holm ..."

As Grandpa reeled off those faceless names, I thought about the time I had visited Niagara Falls with my parents and Grandpa. Grandpa acted strangely that day. He was more excited than I was to see the Falls. At times like this, I thought of Grandpa as a child in an old man's body. I remember him grabbing mom and dad by the wrists and pulling them like children in front of a merry-go-round.

"This is where the finish line was!" he screamed and began running in place, raising his arms to the sky as he crossed the imaginary finish line. I remember how people gathered round the four of us, laughing at Grandpa's antics. I never understood how important Niagara Falls was to him.

As my memories vanished, Grandpa was still talking.

"Everyone expected Rogers, Fleming, Wells or Sandoval to win it. That's why it was such a great upset when I finished second, behind Sandoval and an unknown runner from Montana finished third. We shook the running world. 'Who are these guys?' Everyone was asking, meaning me and the farm boy.

"It was the fiercest marathon I'd ever raced. Over two hundred of the best toed the line in Delaware Park in Buffalo. We were fine-tuned after months of serious training. No fooling around nor small talk before the gun went off. The runners were quiet, preparing themselves for the biggest moment of their lives.

"I ran the first ten miles in a pack of fifteen runners. There were several groups of runners ahead of us and my goal was to keep the leader within eyesight. I was feeling strong, waiting for the right moment to surge ahead of the others.

"The marathon course was flat and colorful. We crossed a bridge into Canada and ran along a Parkway shaded with trees. The breeze from the lake was refreshing and often at our backs, allowing us to run faster. I knew most of the other runners from previous races or from photographs in magazines. But, I didn't recognize the fellow running on my right. In fact I noticed him before the marathon, sitting alone on the hillside while all the other runners were milling around in groups. He was a loner, that was sure.

"We passed the halfway mark in 1:05. Our pack had dwindled to five runners and passed two smaller groups on the way. P.R., we were hauling ass. I had never passed the halfway point that fast, about three minutes ahead of my usual pace. Thing was, I was strong, even holding back, saving my strength for the last five miles.

"Faster and faster our small group ran, passing several runners along the way; a few others had dropped out along the roadside. An official at the eighteen mile mark told us we were running in fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth places. I was amazed! Here I was running my heart out amongst the top runners, vying for three places that would represent the U.S.A. in Moscow. That is, if we went to the games.

"The sandy-haired fellow in my right glanced at me and said, 'Are you ready to blow 'em away?' The defiant look in his eyes inspired me to make a courageous decision. The time to break it open and go for the roses was here and now.

"Let's go for it," I hissed.

"My vision was blurred from the sweat dripping into my eyes. My lungs felt like bursting from the fire inside. I could feel the blood coursing through my body. 'It's our fate to finish second and third, my friend. We are going to Moscow, you and I, for we have a purpose. Now stay with me,' he commanded.

"I was left with no alternative. I followed. I tried to make sense out of his words. Fate and purpose, he said, but I didn't understand. It was his confidence and the matter-of-fact manner in his voice.

'We're in this together', I shouted. 'Let's go!'

"Suddenly he moved ahead and I followed. We went through twenty miles in 1:39 and passed four runners whom I recognized -- Wells, Fleming, Hodge and Thomas.

"Did you see who we just passed?" I yelled.

"Onward, brother!" he replied.

"He began chanting words I couldn't understand. I'm sure it wasn't English. Sounded like a foreign tongue. All I know is that we went faster and I gave chase. Crowds of spectators along the parkway cheered us on. "Catch them, catch them, you're fourth and fifth place!" they yelled.

"I couldn't believe this was happening, P.R. I had many dreams of being among the leaders, but here it was actually happening. I saw two runners in the distance maybe 250 yards ahead. They were running together at a steady pace. They must have been tasting the finish line, only two and a half miles away. I still felt strong, though my legs were tiring.

"We've got to catch them, don't let up." My companion ordered me. "I've got to go to Russia."

"As we sprinted I wondered about this young man. There was more at stake for him than just representing the United States in the Olympics. His urgency was beyond obsession, it was life or death. I had a faint glimpse of a higher power controlling the outcome of this marathon.

"We passed the twenty-five mile mark, closing in on those two runners ahead of us. One of them turned around and slowed down after seeing us. I realized they must be as fatigued; no, even more fatigued than we were. I was hungry and assured. The crowds were cheering. The finish line was in sight.

"Faster, harder!" I yelled.

"The two of us caught and passed the second place runner. We advanced through the twenty-six mile mark and galloped for the finish line.

"My running partner slowed down a bit when he realized we were going to be second and third. I'll never forget it, P.R., the feeling when I crossed that finish line! I raised my arms in the air, sunk to my knees and began to cry. The crowd was wild. My running mate embraced me and whispered, "Moscow, brother, we're going to Moscow to beat the Russians."

"Not only had I finished second in the Olympic trials, but my time of 2:10 was eight minutes faster than my previous best marathon time. The months of hard training and living like a monk had rewarded me. But I realized that without the friendship and help from the unknown farm boy from Montana, none of this would have ever happened. He instilled a spark of life within me which brought out my full potential as a runner that day.

"There was plenty of hoopla and commotion following the marathon. Your old Grandpa was a national hero, at least to the running world. Newspapers and magazine interviews, travel to different races for guest speaking engagements and business deals from the running shoe companies. That was every runner's dream back then, P.R., to be sponsored by a major shoe company. And, they talked big money -- five, even six figures!. All I had to do was wear their shoes and represent them at different marathons. I even began writing a column in a running magazine; giving advice on training, diet and injuries. Oh, P.R., I was riding high.

"Funny thing, I was receiving all this glory and the fellow from Montana, Alex was his name, faded into oblivion. Tony Sandoval, who won the trials and deserved most of the attention went back to medical school in Colorado and was out of touch with the media.

"Alex wrote inviting me to visit him in northern Montana, where we could run and train together on the hilly country roads in preparation for the Olympics. I accepted and immediately flew to Montana. Alex met me at the airport and we drove for two hours through the night to his home.

"I was glad to see him again. I looked forward to running with him and hoped our friendship would grow. He was a unique person, quiet yet powerful. Within him was a mysterious source which I thought was tension towards the upcoming Olympics. During the drive through the night, I told Alex how hard I was training and about the many opportunities opening up to me since finishing second in the marathon trials. He remained quiet, but listened. All he said was he was training harder than ever so he could prove his purpose in Moscow.

"We ran along a sparsely traveled road which passed through a forest of towering pines. We charged up and down several steep hills which left me winded and fatigued. As we approached a roadside park, Alex announced we had covered a total of fifteen miles and we would replenish our energy from the water fountain, rest in the shade of a pine grove, then run another fifteen, at an easy pace, back to the house. Hot, thirsty and tired, I agreed.

"We jogged the first miles of the return trip in silence, listening to the pounding of our footsteps on the asphalt road and the squawking of the redwing blackbirds overhead. I tried to urge Alex into talking about the Olympic Trial Marathon we had just run and how he felt about the upcoming Olympic Games in Moscow.

"The day before I arrived in Montana, the President announced to the world his decision to allow the United States to participate in the Moscow Olympics. It seems the President was a part time jogger and understood the extreme importance of maintaining the Olympic tradition. It was a wise decision, P.R., because the U.S. Olympic team was fired up to do its utmost to whip the Russians.

"As we ran down a long hill, Alex looked at me and said, 'Do you know why it is so important for me to go to Moscow?'

"With my eyes fixed on the road before me, I said, 'You really want to win the Olympic Marathon, don't you? I think you can do it!'

"Alex put his forearm across my chest and we both slowed down to a walk.

"It's not that at all." His face was inches from mine and I thought he was going to kiss me. Alex wiped the sweat from his eyes and continued. "My brother is in Moscow. I'm going to find him and bring him back with me. You must help me." He spoke slowly and put his hands on my shoulders, which were sweating profusely. The sun beat down upon us and I felt dizzy. Dumbfounded, I stared at him, for I didn't know how to respond to his statement.

"What ... what is your brother doing in Moscow?" I stammered.

"I was born in Russia." He stared directly into my eyes waiting for his words to penetrate. He spoke with the same defiance in his voice as when he commanded me to run with him at the marathon trials.

"My father, my mother and I were exiled from the Soviet Union. My older brother, Stephan, remained with my grandparents. Later,

I was told, they were sent to the far northeast. In Siberia."

"I shook my head, stared at the ground, unbelieving. Why should Alex create such a story, I wondered.

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"Eighteen years ago. My brother was eight and I was six years old at the time. My parents were accused by the Communist Party of distributing western literature within Russia and sending out the works of dissident writers in Moscow to the free world. Whether this was true or not, I do not know. To this day, my father and mother refuse to speak about the incident. And it remains unimportant to me. The only thing that matters is the whereabouts of my brother, Stephan." Alex closed his eyes and his lips trembled.

"But why did your brother have to remain in Russia?" I asked still curious about the validity of his story.

"Punishment!" he yelled, then spit on the road. "The separation of a family is severe punishment in Russian tradition. A long and endless way to suffer, don't you think?"

I nodded. "Geez, it must have been awful. But how do you know your brother is in Moscow? And how would you ever find him in such a large city? I've read that police security will be strict and at a maximum. No way will they permit any defection or terrorist action there. We're only going to be in Moscow for a week and probably confined to the Olympic grounds." My interrogation made Alex smile. His face became animated.

"Come on, Comrade." he laughed. "Let's run. We do our best thinking when we are running together."

"As we ran, I thought about the Olympic Trial Marathon in Niagara Falls, how Alex chose me, amongst two hundred top runners, to run with and led me to a glorious second place finish. Without his drive and encouragement the marathon would have been an uneventful event for me. No doubt, I would have finished in the middle of the pack.

"I observed Alex running on the hilly roads amongst the Montana pine forest. He was slender, yet muscular. His stride was not graceful like most world class runners. He ran like a man possessed, his body tense and stark. His eyes were sunken deep, half closed, yet an icy blue light erupted with each breath. Like a warrior charging alien enemies, he was completely transformed from his normal personality.

"I imagined Alex roaming the streets of Moscow with hopes of recognizing his lost brother. Didn't he realize that his chances of finding his were almost nil? What if the brother, Stephan, was a happy communist citizen and didn't remember Alex? After all, they were separated for over eighteen years. P.R., I had a deep feeling there was going to be trouble brewing for Alex and me in Moscow.

"My wandering thoughts seeped through my lips. 'Alex, what makes you think you will find your brother in Moscow? You said he was sent to Siberia.' I shuddered at the thought.

"Alex looked at me and began running faster. Immediately I shifted into high gear, trying to keep pace. Alex was intent on speedwork.

"Believe me, friend, I know. I have been in contact with a group of Russian dissidents. I have been told that Stephan is in Moscow.

Friends in Moscow have known Stephan's whereabouts since our separation. I have faith in their words. I must."

"Alex slowed his pace. I was thankful. 'Do you speak Russian?' I asked.

"Yes. That is my native language. My parents and I still communicate in Russian when we are alone. And, I minored in Russian language in college."

"Incredible," I whispered.

"Now the word is that Stephan is in Moscow," Alex continued, "and there is a great possibility that he is a member of the Soviet Olympic team. Competing in what event, I do not know; though, I have heard he is excellent in running. He had been training with the Soviet National Track and field team. So it is my hope he will participate in the Olympic games.

"Alex, how can you be sure of all this ..." I was abruptly interrupted.

"That is not important now. One day I will tell you everything."

"But if your brother was living in Siberia, which I thought was so remote from civilization, how could he ever become a participant in athletics, much less a member of the Soviet Olympic team?" I hoped I had found a snag in Alex's story.

"I will tell you everything I have learned over the years, but you must promise to hold your tongue, never to repeat this to anyone." He shook his index finger at me, implying the seriousness of his request.

"You must be a mindreader, Alex, for as you are telling me this story, I am thinking, 'Why does he tell me this story? Why not tell the story to the newspapers. This will raise international attention. The Soviets would be under pressure to reveal the truth of your situation and release your brother or at least give him the choice of where he would live.' I was hoping I had convinced Alex and he would agree with my reasoning. I felt this story was far too powerful to be kept secret.

"That is exactly what I do not want!" he shouted and picked up the pace once again. The sun was overhead and had sapped every ounce of energy from my body, but it was imperative that I keep up with Alex. I had to prove my trustworthiness. His words rang in my ears, "That is what I do not want!"

"You do not understand the power of the Soviet Communist Party," he continued. "Had they any idea we were brothers, they would take immediate and dramatic action. Stephan's name would be eliminated from the Soviet registry. Perhaps, even worse." Our eyes met.

"It is not the Soviet's intention to hold a family reunion."

"Go on with your story, then," I said. "I'm sorry for interrupting. I promise your words will remain with me forever, if that is your wish. But, can we slow the pace down just a bit, the heat and impact of your story has done me in." My thighs were like wet cement and my throat was parched. I wondered how far we were from Alex's home.

"We'll be at my house within three miles," he said pointing toward a row of trailer homes scattered along the town limits. "We'll run slowly, then shower and I'll continue my story over a few beers. My mother has prepared an authentic Russian feast for us tonight."

.....To be continued.....

LOCAL EVENTS CALENDAR

Jan. 1 11:00 am Freezeroo #3, New Year's Resolution Run, 7.3 Miles, Mendon Ponds Park - Beach Parking Lot. Jane Iaculli, 334-1060. \$2 on race day.

Jan. 3 3:00 pm Social Run. Bill Blank, 124 Long Meadow (off Ridge Rd.), Irondequoit, 342-1542.

Jan. 10 3:00 pm Social Run. Mike & Mindy Higgins, 234 Elmcroft Rd. (off N. Winton Rd.), 482-7794.

Jan. 17 11:00 am Freezeroo #4. Xerox 6 Mile, Xerox Recreation Bldg., off Phillips Rd., Webster. Jane Iaculli, 334-1060. \$2 on race day.

Jan. 17 3:00 pm Social Run. Laurie Clements, 211 Berkeley Rd., (off Park Ave.), Roch. 14607, 244-4184.

Jan. 24 3:00 pm Social Run. Mel Levinson & Margie Tomczak, 985 Harvard St., Roch. 14610, 473-5318 or 359-2083.

Jan. 31 3:00 pm Social Run. Jay Kornguth, 5 E. Squire Dr., Apt. 8 (Rustic Village), Parking Lot #3, 342-6439.

Feb. 6 10:00 am Winter Fest 5 Mile, City Recreation Bureau & GRTC, Cobbs Hill Park (Park Ave. Race Course). Sue Gwynn, 663-5367 or Paul Anastasi, 442-9304.

Feb. 7 11:00 am Freezeroo #5. 6 Miler, North Chili Community Center, Buffalo Rd., one block past Union. Jane Iaculli, 334-1060. \$2 on race day.

Feb. 7 1:00 pm Post-race Chili Feed & Social Run (Tom Schryver, Randy Johnson & Marilyn Pettit). Location to be announced at race. \$1 donation and dish to pass. Social runners call for location: Randy 594-8201, Marilyn 594-0094.

Feb. 14 3:00 pm Social Run. Don Wise, 20 Werner Pk. (near Monroe & Culver) Roch. 14620, 442-5498.

Feb. 20 11:00 am Freezeroo #6. Greece Arcadia High School B Mile, Island Cottage Rd. Jane Iaculli, 334-1060. \$2 on race day.

Feb. 21 3:00 pm Run/Cross Country Ski/Sauna. Sherman & Ruth Craig, 3 Park Bluff Way (off Park Rd. near Powder Mill Park), Pittsford, 381-7207.

Feb. 28 3:00 pm Ross Rider & Uta Allers, 19 Brighton St. (off S. Goodman), Roch. 14607, 442-7762.

Mar. 7 11:00 am Freezeroo #7. Mendon Ponds Park 5 Mile, Beach Parking Lot. Jane Iaculli, 334-1060. \$2 on race day.

Mar. 7 3:00 pm Social Run. Beryl & Jim Skelton (Beryl's, Uta's & Vince Terziani's Birthday Run), 281 Mason Rd., (off Rte. 31), Fairport, 223-4927.

Mar. 14 2:00 pm Fellowship of Lutheran Young People 5k, St. Paul's Church, Hilton. Dorothy Wright, 392-8521. Pre \$3, post \$5.

Mar. 14 3:00 pm Social Run. Cisllyn Lightbourn, 190 St. Stanislaus (off Hudson Ave. or Carter St.), Roch. 14621, 338-3486.

Mar. 21 11:00 am Freezeroo #8. Mendon Ponds Park 10 Mile. Jane Iaculli, 334-1060. \$2 on race day.

Mar. 28 Brockport 5k & 10k Kick, Phys. Ed. Bldg. on Campus. Jan Milner, 70 Sweden Hill Rd., Brockport. 14420. \$4 pre, \$5 post.

Apr. 3 St. Boniface 5 Mile, Gregory St., Roch. 14620. Joe Gagne, 473-4532.

Apr. 25 The Human Race 10k, United Way & Jewish Community Center. Dick Withrow.

May 1 No Jean Mitchell Memorial Race this year as per Don McWilliams.

May 8 Clifton Springs Hospital Run, 4.4 Miles. Craig Holm, 275-3965.

May 16 Lilac Festival 10k, Highland Park. Bill Quinlisk, 568-6059.

May 28 6:30 pm Park Avenue 5 Mile, Cobbs Hill Park.

June 5 6:45 pm St. Christopher 5 Mile. Mike Snyder, 293-1354.

June 6 8:00 am Lake Ontario Marathon, Greece Arcadia H.S. Tim McAvinney.

June 12 Kidney Foundation of Upper N.Y. State 10k. Trish Smith.

June 19 9:00 am Rochester Association for Multiple Sclerosis (RAMS) 10k, Al Sigl Center, Elmwood Ave. Pam Bartemus, 442-4100 X288.

June 19 10:15 am RAMS 1 Mile & 2.7 Mile Fitness Runs. As above.

July 3 9:00 am Irondequoit Knights of Columbus 10k, Irondequoit Town Hall. Dave Heeks, 266-6474 or Gene Osborn, 223-4857.

July 4 Brighton 10k, Brighton H.S. Bill Kehoe, 654-8991.

July 11 Corn Hill 10k. Bob Epstein, 546-8324.

Aug. 27 6:00 pm Swan Run, 5 & 10k, Albion. Bob Ord.

Sept 18 11:00 am Palmyra Canal Town Days 15k. Jamie Hemmings, 315-597-5585.

Sept 19 World's Biggest 10k. Bill Kehoe, 654-8991.

Oct. 2 McQuaid Invitational 3 Mile Open Race, Genesee Valley Park. Bill Quinlisk, 586-6059.

Oct. 10 Columbus 1 Mile Invitational & 10k. Monroe County Fairgrounds. Bill Kehoe 654-8991.

OUT-OF-TOWN EVENTS

Jan. 24 2:00 pm Snow Flake Run, 6.6 Miles, Meridale, N.Y. Send stamped address envelope to Delaware County Runners, 36½ Main St., Delhi, NY 13753.

Feb. 21 2:00 pm Scotch Frost Run, 8 Miles, Stamford, N.Y. Contact same as above.

Feb. 27 9:00 am Cowtown Marathon and 10k Run, Jim Gilliland, P.O. Box 662, Fort Worth, Texas 76101.

MISCELLANEOUS RESULTS

Congratulations, Don McNelly, our 60 year old Marathon Man, for all the following races:

Laurel, Pa., 50 Miler, Aug. 28, 1981 9:51:59
Montreal Marathon, Sept. 13 4:16:14
Columbus Marathon, Ohio, Oct. 11 4:11:32
50k at the U of R Track, Nov. 1 5:07:41

(National single age record for 60 year old men on track. See also President Reagan's letter of congratulations for the 24 hour run completed by Don's team of 60 year olds, elsewhere in this Newsletter.) The U of R 50k was Don's 96th marathon.

Skylon Marathon, Buffalo, Oct. 17, 1981.
(in addition to the 80 finishers listed in the Nov. Newsletter)

Dave Mortellaro 2:45
Greg Carter 3:07
Tom Clement 3:15
Ron Kless 3:25
Mike Feligno 3:36
Sherman Craig 3:47
Dave Heeks 3:50
Elaine Spaul 3:51
Margaret Emmert 3:55
Herb (Bud) Berry 4:14
Morrey Goldman 4:41
Bruce Wyner 4:45

50k on the U of R Track, Nov. 1

Norm Frank 4:50
Beryl Skelton 4:54

Marine Corps Marathon, Washington, D.C., Nov. 1

Craig Holm 2:22:22 3rd overall
Bob Collichio 2:40:40
Nicholas Forbes 2:46
Walt Gronski 3:04
Bill Spinder 3:06

Harrisburg Marathon, Pa., Nov. 8

Mike Carnahan 2:51
Mel Levinson 2:53
Gerry Sullivan 2:55
Rodney Shaw 3:08
Norm Frank 3:50
Bob Titus 3:53
Cislyn Lightbourn 4:10

Nickle City 50 Miler, Buffalo, Nov. 18 (National Championship)

Ed Cohn 5:40 3rd overall
Norm Frank 8:34
Don McNelly 9:40 2nd in age group

East Lyme Conn. Marathon, Sept. 26

Walt Gronski 3:06

Jersey Shore Marathon, Asbury Park, N.J., Dec. 6/81

Kare Cossaboon-Holm 2:53:03 1st woman, Congratulations, Kare!
Gerry Sullivan 2:58
Bob Epstein 3:23
Bob Titus 3:45

Labatts Toronto Marathon, Oct. 4

Chuck Osborne 3:40

Bonne Bell 10k National Championship, Boston, Oct. 12

Barb Bergeron 46:20 920/5657

NYC Marathon

Michael Mellone 2:53

Baltimore City Marathon, Nov. 29

Ray Jacques 3:29
Jackie Hardesty 4:05

Philadelphia Independence Marathon, Nov. 29

Mitch Mergenthaler 2:41 100/4700

R.1. TURKEY RUN
5 Mile Course

November 28, 1981
Mendon Ponds Park
35 degrees, 20-30 mph winds, flurries

262 entries
243 finishers

1. Scott Bagley	25:12J**	New Course record, Old record 25:24 by Paul Stemmer in 1980.
2. Derck Frechette	26:44S*	
3. Dave Winn	27:01S	
4. Howie Reitz	27:25C*	
5. Chuck Allen	27:29O	41. Bob Balbick 32:42S
6. Joe Kubek	27:44J	42. Jim Edd Jones :44M
7. Craig Hayward	28:16S	43. Tom Mee :46O
8. Dave Faso	28:44J	44. Chris Nothnagle :50J
9. Ross Tider	28:49M*	45. R. Goldman :55S
10. G. Chellman	28:55O	46. Charlie Lowe :56O
11. R. Trost	29:03S	47. Tom Ferguson :59S
12. Mike Hasenauer	:34O	48. Mike Hornak 33:04O
13. R. Telarico	:36M	49. P. Haley :08M
14. Mike Nemergut	:39J	50. D. Weiss :15S
15. Gerry Sullivan	:43S	51. L. Noble :22S
16. Mike Halter	:49J	52. Sue Ball :32JW*
17. Steve Mack	:52J	53. Jerry Phillips :35S
18. Dan Dimpfl	:54S	
19. Kare Cossaboon-Holm	29:55WO**	New Course record, Old record 31:02 by Irish Smith 1980
20. Charlie Reller	30:07O	
21. Eugene Rivera	:26J	
22. Rich Franklin	:30J	54. John Swanger 33:36S
23. Fred Gillen	:43J	55. Amy Edwards :37JW
24. Paul Dodd	:48J	56. M. Stoessel :45O
25. Matt Degma	:51O	57. D. Hassett :53M
26. Bob Dattola	:53S	58. K. Jonnson 34:04M
27. Dan McGlynn	:55J	59. Jim Palmieri :06S
28. Leslie Brody	:58S	60. Tom Ball :08J
29. Bill Pixley	31:14S	61. Mike Rice :11M
30. John Jeffery	:26S	62. R. Kless :13M
31. L. Slaski	:33S	63. R. Bolte :14S
32. G. Martin	:39S	64. Tom Rauscher :16S
33. Pete Clark	:40S	65. MaryBeth Glavin :16OW
34. Greg Sloan	:47S	66. Jim DeLong :19O
35. Joe Amoroso	:55J	67. R. Buchanan :23M
36. George Daniels	32:03M	68. Frank Greco :25S
37. Steve Kissel	:17J	69. D. Foley :27M
38. Paul Fischer	:32J	70. Bruce Schwendy :34M
39. Sam Gugliardo	:35J	
40. R. Huettemann	:38J	

71. J. Dennis	34:39S	131. T. Deyla	38:32S
72. John Wehnnberg	:46M	132. J. Lodder	:48S
73. D. Ross	:58S	133. L. Zacher	:55S
74. A. Yetler	:59J	134. E. Rose	:56O
75. Don Powell	35:00O	135. C. Deyla	:57SW
76. J. Houwers	:01S	136. Dick Allen	39:01M
77. J. Davenport	:10S	137. Wes Powell	:12J
78. G. Smith	:13M	138. Bert Noyes	:17J
79. P. Fischette	:18O	139. Pam Anderson	:25JW
80. A. Matzan	:23O	140. S. Boltan	:28S
81. Mary Terziani	:27OW	141. Ed Allen	:30M
82. Bernie Jarvis	:29J	142. Bob Bagley	:34S
83. Jackie Nemergut	:30JW	143. Sue Michel	:36OW
84. J. Connelly	:42M	144. Gary Mason	:39S
85. D. Hart	:47S	145. Tom Shields	:40J
86. A. S. Yetter	:51M	146. D. Peel	:46M
87. Ron Zimarino	:52S	147. J. Hynd	:48V
88. C. Tanck	:55S	148. L. Hotchkiss	:48MW*
89. Ron Allman	:56M	149. S. Stern	:49S
90. G. Kissel	:57J	150. S. Mayo	:56M
91. M. Buchanan	36:05J	151. D. Pullyblank	:58M
92. T. Schryver	:06M	152. C. Grimm	40:01M
93. Tim Hayes	:11O	153. Dean Kruppenbacker	:02S
94. Jeff Stead	:15S	154. P. Gutacker	:02JW
95. J. Ward	:24M	155. Jim Gutacker	:06O
96. K. Staffen	:28O	156. N. Baum	:07OW
97. G. Schell	:38J	157. S. J. Gabriel	:15SW
98. K. Fallon	:40JW	158. Art Cosgrove	:17S
99. T. Engel	:42JW	159. Pete Reed	:20J
100. Steve Willard	:43S	160. S. Briggs	:22OW
101. Rick Wright	:44O	161. E. Maruggi	:24O
102. J. Decory	:44S	162. R. Marianetti	:34M
103. Charley Brown	:50S	163. Tom Gastel	:36J
104. R. J. Vanalmerker	:55S	164. D. Poland	:39M
105. Jim Horkheimer	37:01M	165. Erin Leck	:47J
106. G. Pino	:07S	166. Al Leck	:50S
107. Charles Ball	:14V	167. Ed Stabbins	:51V
108. Jim McGlynn	:21J	168. Jim Wilson	:54S
109. Herb Lettau	:25M	169. M. Ranney	41:08OW
110. A. Terzioglu	:34J	170. Mark Peet	:09J
111. R. Macomber	:35O	171. M. Petit	:18SW
112. N. Radovich	:36S	172. R. Sandholzer	:22S
113. B. Cuttenden	:50S	173. Chuck Eldred	:25M
114. J. Gilman	:54O	174. L. Trippodo	:26S
115. Ray Swider	:57J	175. Gary Adamson	:32S
116. Tom Uhl	:59S	176. Chris Ranney	:39J
117. Iph Mathes	38:00S	177. K. McGlynn	:40JW
118. R. Forte	:01M	178. Terry Skelly	:45S
119. J. Kornguth	:02M	179. K. Armagost	:47S
120. Craig Miller	:02S	180. T. Carr	:50J
121. John Carty	:04S	181. Kathryn King	:55OW
122. Nancy Nowak	:06SW*	182. T. Carr	:56S
123. Howie Stark	:12M	183. J. Newlander	:57S
124. P. Bourcy	:13SW	184. Joan Archer	:58MW
125. K. McBride	:15J	185. J. Armstrong	42:04O
126. M. Caffney	:21J	186. R. Kogut	:12OW
127. S. Marker	:24J	187. R. Beach	:15O
128. Jim Myers	:24O	188. Ron Sorrentino	:17M
129. Sara Gillen	:27OW		
130. Eugene Bruce	:30S		

*-denotes Age Group winners.
**-denotes over-all winners

Divisions: J- Junior Men under 20 JW- Junior Women under 20
O- Open Men 20-29 OW- Open Women 20-29
S- Senior Men 30-39 SW- Senior Women 30-39
M- Master Men 40-49 MW- Master Women 40+
V- Veteran Men 50+

FREEZEROD #1, Churchville, Dec. 6, 10K
Series Results

189. M. Nothnagle	42:19J	214. Karen Morris	45:02SW
190. Julie Webster	:200J	215. Pete Torpey	:030
191. Fred Goodnow	:23M	216. J. Hurlbut	:12M
192. M. Mairano	:260	217. I. Sherwood	:14SW
193. Marty Shepes	:33S	218. Fred Churchill	:15S
194. J. Boone	:37S	219. Jane Iaculli	:18SW
195. Bob Carpenter	:38S	220. M. Park	:30SW
196. G. Holzwasser	:40V	221. Don Webster	46:01M
197. M. Emmert	:44SW	222. P. Nothnagle	:40M
198. John Wennberg	:52M	223. E. Lakis	:430W
199. Jerry Pavelski	43:21S	224. R. Johnson	:53MW
200. E. Maruggi	:35V	225. V. Gaspar	47:01M
201. J. Schell	:37J	226. J. Vanalmerck	:02J
202. Ellen Shopes	:450W	227. K. Wright	:080W
203. Oliver Loewen	:450	228. S. McBride	:163W
204. L. Holzwasser	:550W	229. Beth Goldberg	:160W
205. C. Sheldon	44:05JW	230. S. Jeffers	:260W
206. R. Weathers	:080	231. D. Sroessel	:340
207. Sally Cunningham	:26MW	232. Doug Powell	:15J
208. R. McMahon	:27S	233. Mike Briggs	:47S
209. S. Maruggi	:330	234. Val Grib	:500W
210. J. Noble	:47SW	235. H. Petrone	50:23M
211. H. A. Shapiro	:480J	236. Matt Bruce	:38J
212. J. Park	:57S	237. B. Cotton	:470W
213. M. Goldman	:59S	238. Nina Lockwood	52:31MW
		239. Roy Lookwood	N.T.M

Position	Men 17 & Under	Time	Position	Men 35-39 (cont)	Time
19	Chris May	36:51	108	Jim Sanders	45:01
22	Brett Vost	37:03	117	Gary Pino	46:15
54	Greg West	40:06	136	James Lodder	47:49
55	Kyle Vost	40:07	149	Gerry Vaccarella	50:24
66	A. J. Fedor	41:10	150	John Newlander	50:29
109	Charles Eldred	45:03	160	Bruce Wynar	54:24
120	Thomas Carr	46:27			
	<u>Men 18-29</u>			<u>Men 40-49</u>	
4	Turi Gibson	33:35	7	Ross Rider	34:31
6	Craig Coon	33:45	36	Bill Kehoe	39:02
8	Bruce Quimby	34:40	40	Jim Jones	39:21
9	Caleb Strong	35:24	43	Rodney Shaw	39:35
10	David Mortelaro	35:29	48	David Breckenridge	39:49
17	Phil Tschorke	36:36	53	Phil Haley	40:05
18	Bob Birecree	36:43	70	Ed Johnson	41:31
20	Michael Hasenauer	36:52	71	Roscoe Hastings	41:32
23	Gary Chellman	37:14	74	William Hossler	41:44
24	Charlie Reller	37:25	75	Paul Scholz	41:45
29	Matt Degma	37:44	77	Dick Foley	41:53
33	Richard Puffer	38:28	85	David Hassett	42:33
56	Michael Hornak	40:07	86	Bruce Schwendy	42:44
63	Michael Stasko	40:55	91	Jim Connelly	43:36
78	Vincent DeCarlo	41:54	93	Tom Schryver	43:47
83	James DeLong	42:24	95	Bill Ferrari	43:51
134	Jack Birecree	47:40	97	Dave Heeks	43:52
135	Dick Birecree	47:44	98	David Eckels	43:55
157	Gene Eldred	53:05	116	Dick Allen	46:14
			121	Jay Kornguth	46:32
			127	Bill Staples	47:22
	<u>Men 30-34</u>		131	Ronald Marionetti	47:34
4	Rod Williams	33:35	138	Ed Allen	47:51
15	Dave Kemp	36:22	142	Skip Mayo	48:44
27	Randy Johnson	37:38	155	Charles Eldred	51:37
44	Tom Wallenhorst	39:39	164	Victor Gaspar	56:14
73	Peter Clark	41:43	166	Harold Petrone	58:37
80	John Nenni	42:17			
87	Charles Tanck	43:09		<u>Men 50-59</u>	
89	John Dennis	43:26	114	Charles Ball	45:41
101	Richard Vanalmerck	44:18	132	Richard Satran	47:34
103	David T. Hill	44:23	140	Ed Stabins	48:39
154	Robert Beach	51:25	152	Jim Boomer	51:22
158	Jerry Pavelsky	53:10			
				<u>Men 60+</u>	
	<u>Men 35-39</u>		129	Don McNelly	47:26
11	Nick Forbes	35:31			
12	Jim Hopkins	35:49		<u>Women 18-29</u>	
25	Gerry Stoll	37:28	61	Julia Ogden	40:33
28	Darrel Champion	37:41	65	Mary Beth Glavin	41:09
35	Ivan Lennon	38:45	94	Donna Breiner	43:48
38	Ted Imswiler	39:14		Mary Terziani	45:13
45	Tom Hoppough	39:40	141	Liz Baltus Herbert	48:39
52	David Weiss	40:04			
60	Jack Alexander	40:28	69	<u>Women 30-34</u>	
62	Nyhl Austin	40:53	92	Sue Rowley	41:27
82	Jan Houwers	42:22	105	Nancy Oshier	43:39
90	David Davenport	43:30	128	Gee Gee Fritz	44:46
96	John DeCory	43:51		Cislyn Lightbourn	47:23
104	Thomas Carr	44:38			
107	Peter Artz	44:48			

1981 R.T. Turkey Run Race Synopsis

Two new course records were the highlight of the 1981 version of the R.T. Turkey Run over the traditional 5 mile course at Mendon. Scott Bagley, home from Auburn University for the holidays, ran away with the Mens race right from the opening gun. Going past one mile in a blazing 4:36 Scott was never headed. His 25:12 beats Paul Stemmer's 1980 winning time by 12 seconds. Considering the windy and cold conditions and the solo running, his race is a major accomplishment in his first area race since his Labor Day Marathon win. Kara Cossaboon-Holm blasted Irish Smith's Women's course mark be over one minute with her 29:55 19th place finish. Amazing!!! Top Senior stars Derck Frechette and Dave Winn duelled it out for the Turkey in the 30-39 category with Frechette holding off a hard charging Winn by 17 seconds. Ross Rider proved to be the class of the Masters with a top 10 finish. 50 and over winner was Charlie Ball whose daughter Sue won the under 20 Women's title. Nancy Nowak topped the 30-39 Women and Lois Hotchkiss took the 40+ ladies title.

Scott and Kara went home with the Paul Gesell Awards honoring our great former Secretary and Track worker. A permanent plaque listing the top Male and Female runners in the race from each of the previous years was instituted this year in honor of Paul and will highlight the future Awards ceremonies for the annual R.T. race.

