



Empire Runners Newsletter

Volume XXXI, Number 11, November 2006

PA Cross Country

Empire Senior Men Dominate Presidio Challenge

Despite missing injured team captain **Jerry Lyman**, the Empire Runners Senior Men's team put on show of power at the Presidio Challenge cross country meet in San Francisco on October 7. The team finished with 23 points to runner-up Tamalpa's 37 for the win. With the consistency of top runner **Chris Cole**, who finished 2nd for the 3rd time in 4 races, and the resurgence of **Brian Purcell**, just 5 seconds behind Chris in 3rd place, the team now has a 1-2 punch that has them looking unbeatable.

Terry Goetzel, in 8th place, is making his typical mid-season move towards the top and a trio of runners helped make up for the loss of Jerry by taking 19th (**John Harmon**), 20th (**Parker Mills**) and 21st (**Paul Berg**). **Jon Hermstad**, making his season debut, was not far back in 24th.

The ER Senior Women's team snuck

out of town with a victory when no other clubs could field a full team. **Debbie DeCarli** led the way with her 3rd-place finish and teammates **Shirley Fee** (2nd Super Senior), **Anette Niewald** (6th) and **Patty Sanders** (7th) capped the victory.

Two of our teams took 3rd-place finishes, the Masters Women, led by a weary **Nuvit Foster** in 11th. Nuvit just returned from Germany after competing in the Berlin Marathon. The Super Senior Men claimed 3rd with **Brendan Hutchinson** taking 7th in the division. **Dan Tuohy** won the Veteran Men's division (70+) for his 5th-straight victory on the season.

The ER Open Women were without top runner **Trina Cox** but claimed 4th place in the standings on the day. **Melanie Lovrin** returned strong from an extended illness to take 8th in her age group.

Our Open Men recruited masters runner **Don Stewart** at the last minute to fill out their team and he led the way with his 42nd-place finish as the team took 9th.

\$200 up for grabs!

Come to the November ER Club meeting on November 16 to be eligible for our monthly random drawing.

Presidio Challenge Results (3.55 miles)

Open Women: 8. Melanie Lovrin, 25:06; 16. English Olney, 25:45; 20. Sara Jakel, 26:30; 28. Debra Murray, 29:11; 33. Carolina Gonzalez-Prats, 34:15; 34. Susan Kelleher, 36:43.

Masters Women: 11. Nuvit Foster, 27:51; 15. Shelly Lydon, 28:52; 20. Twyla Robert, 30:02; 24. Laura Mills, 35:15.

Seniors Women: 3. Debbie DeCarli, 30:13; 6. Anette Niewald, 33:13; 7. Patty Sanders, 33:21.

Super Seniors Women: 2. Shirley Fee, 32:28.

Open Men: 42. Don Stewart, 22:14; 47. Josh Skillman, 22:58, 48. James Devine, 22:59; 51. Mark James, 23:12; 58. Andrew Furlong, 24:04.

Seniors Men: 2. Chris Cole, 22:12; 3. Brian Purcell, 22:17; 8. Terry Goetzel, 23:51; 19. John Harmon, 25:54; 20. Parker Mills, 26:12; 21. Paul Berg, 26:17; 24. Jon Hermstad, 27:34.

Super Seniors Men: 7. Brendan Hutchinson, 27:38; 11. Dale Trowbridge, 30:48.

Veteran Men: 1. Dan Tuohy, 30:34



Dan Tuohy remains undefeated in the PA cross country Veteran's Division after 5 races.



Trina Cox Wins Garin Park Challenge

Empire Runner **Trina Cox** made it 2-for-2 in PA cross country races this fall by winning the Garin Park Challenge in Hayward on September 30. She covered the hilly 5K course in 18:28, a sub-6-minute pace. Teammate **Sara Jakel** took 30th in the Open Women's division.

The Empire Runners had only one full team at this meet, the Super Seniors Men, who finished 4th in the standings. **Brendan Hutchinson** continues to lead that team, running 23:01 for 7th place. **Bob Holland** was close behind in 9th with his 23:25. Veteran **Dan Tuohy** remained undefeated in the 70+ division, running 24:18. **Ernst Bohn** (13th, 25:54), **Martin Jones** (14th, 25:56) and **Dale Trowbridge** (15th, 26:12) completed the team.



Brush Creek: Our Adopted Stream Is Feeling A Bit Abandoned

It's a sign of the times, I guess. We're all very busy and over scheduled and caring for a creek, while certainly a wonderful concept, doesn't rank very high our personal priority lists -- quite understandable. At the most recent clean-up day of our adopted stretch of Brush Creek, only five Empire Runners showed up to help. That's down from six last time, 12 the time before and 15 for the inaugural event...not a favorable trend.

For the first time, we didn't come close to completing all the tasks that had been planned for the morning (mostly non-native plant removal) and the city workers who were there to help us were a bit dismayed and disappointed at our recent meager turn-outs.

Perhaps I haven't advertised these work days adequately. More likely, we all just have too much on our plates already. Our weekend time is indeed very precious. In any case, I am hesitant to schedule another clean-up day (next one would be in April) unless I get strong feedback from club members that the creek stewardship program is actually something we truly want to support, not just conceptually but with

real live weed-pulling, trash-picking participation. It's no disaster if we pull out of the program (it'd be disappointing, indeed) but we need to do it right or not do it at all.

So, let me know over the next month what you think and I'll let the city know if we're on or not for an April clean-up day. And to those of you who have been helping thus far, thank you! We've done some meaningful, good work thus far and a lot of walkers, runners, cyclists, fish, turtles, dragon flies, possums and racoons are grateful.

- Doc Isabeau



It's 1979 and I'm Goin' to Boston! (Not!)

by Larry Meredith

The year was 1979. The goal: Qualify for the Boston Marathon. I was 21 years old and swept up by the Running Boom of the late 70's. My training partner, **Randy Hansard**, and I had put in our requisite 20-miler in January around Prairie Creek Reservoir near our homes in northeastern Indiana. What I remember about that day is 8 inches of fresh snow and 25-mile-per-hour winds blowing it into drifts across the road. And I remember going hypoglycemic at 17 miles, suffering greatly the last 3 and downing a pair of 16-oz. bottles (glass, back then) of Coca-Cola at Randy's house after I finally staggered through the door. No drink, before or since, has ever been that satisfying.

Two weeks later we headed for St. Louis, site of the 1904 Olympic Marathon, for our first try at the 26.2-mile distance. February in St. Louis is a risky proposition and it remains unclear to me why we picked that particular race for our debut. Back then you could easily find a marathon within driving distance on any weekend of the year.

Early on race morning we peered out of our hotel window down at the street far below. There was some commotion at the hotel entrance and it took a few minutes before we figured out that one of the lobby doors had been ripped from its hinges by the wind and lay shattered on the sidewalk. An ominous sign, to say the least. A quick check on the weather report revealed that it was 18 degrees and the wind chill factor was minus 10. We looked at the bright side -- at least the streets were free of snow.

At the starting line we each wore a long-sleeved shirt, a short-sleeved short, gloves and shorts. The shirts and gloves were cotton, of course, polypropylene being a material of the future. We were shooting for the Boston Marathon qualifying standard of 3 hours, a pace of 6:52-per-mile.

We started slow – too slow – crossing the mile around 7:15. We picked up the pace and cruised along, helping each other out in the wind, feeling pretty good for 17 miles. That's when I started feeling lousy and started to doubt that I could finish. Randy, who had no trouble with our wintry 20-miler, was still going strong but he backed off the pace to help pull me along for a while.

At 20 miles I suddenly felt good again and took over the pacing duties for the next mile-and-a-half. That's when Randy said he had to walk for a bit and told me to go on. From 22 miles to the finish I felt like I had no energy to draw from yet I settled into a zombie-like pace from which I could neither speed up nor slow down. Even after I crossed the finish my legs were on autopilot and I had trouble convincing them to stop. The clock read 2:58:42. I had qualified for Boston!

When I reached the hotel room I was shocked to find Randy soaking in the bathtub. He completely shut down at mile 22 and had to be driven back to the hotel.

Our marathon wasn't over just yet. We started back on our 289-mile drive that afternoon and ran into a monster snow storm in Indiana. When we were about 20 miles from home I was surprised to find a stop sign right there on the Interstate Highway. Since I couldn't see the highway lanes or exit signs I was just following the taillights ahead of me. I was led right off the freeway without knowing it.

I could have raced Boston that April but I didn't want to go without my buddy so I decided to wait another year. How was I to know that the qualifying standard would be lowered to 2:50 for the 1980 race? Or that I would be sidelined for a couple of years with an injury?

I turned 22 a few months later and had ratcheted up my mileage from 7 miles-per-day to 11. I was ready for my Boston qualifier. A drug store chain was sponsoring a marathon in Fort Wayne, Indiana in July and the entry was free. Well, at least the weather would be different than my first marathon.

Was it ever! About 80 degrees at the 6 a.m. start and the humidity was above 80 percent. No wind, though! I rolled along pretty well at 6:30 pace for most of the way, requesting to be hosed right in the kisser by all the folks standing out in their yards, ready to fire away. I felt pretty good the entire distance but the heat eventually slowed me to a 2:52:48 at the finish. Not good enough for Boston.

Randall and I planned our final assault on the



The day before the 1979 Skylon Marathon and my training partner Randy (right) was ready to run. I was ready for a haircut.

2:50 barrier for October in the Skylon International Marathon that ran from Buffalo, New York to the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. This was a preview of the course for the 1980 U.S. Olympic Trials to be held 7 months later. Just before my Fort Wayne marathon I had soreness creeping into the arch of one of my feet. It would be the first of many occurrences of plantar fasciitis for me. By October I was barely running 3 times a week and was always in pain.

Skylon's weather was not like either of my two previous marathons, which should have been a good thing except that 40 degrees and a strong headwind most of the way is yet another horrible way to run 26 miles. Not that I managed to run it all. At 15 miles the foot pain was so intense that I started walking. I considered jumping into one of the sag wagons until I saw the condition of the poor saps who really needed rides. So I walked for 6 miles then jogged 5 more, crossing the line in 3:33.

My pal Randall had the race of his life, hitting a 2:46. He then went on to run 2:43 at the 1980 Boston Marathon. I, on the other hand, retired from marathoning for 27 years.



It's 2006 and I'm Goin' to Boston!

(Knock on wood.)

by *Larry Meredith*

So this question came up a couple of years ago. Am I ever going to get around to running the Boston Marathon? Why not give it a try in 2008 at age 50? My longest race since 1979 was a single 30K (18.6 miles) in 1988. My hip started aching later that year and hasn't stopped since. Along the way there were injured hamstrings and plantar fascias and knees and glutes and ribs and neuromas and ankles that stunted my running mileage on a regular basis. At this spring's Loop-de-Loop 14-mile trail race the ol' hip just locked up on me with 4 miles to go and I hobbled to the finish. What makes me think I can finish a marathon, let alone train for one properly?

Well I made the mistake of announcing my intentions and before long I had an entourage, including my wife, **Tori**, willing to join me in the effort. There was no backing out.

Since we could qualify for the 2008 Boston Marathon beginning in late September of this year, I decided to get the qualifier out of the way as soon as possible and, if necessary, give myself plenty of time for another attempt in case things went wrong. Despite my 1979 experience at Niagara Falls, I knew that October would be the best bet for good marathon weather so I narrowed down my list to a trio of historically fast races: Chicago, Twin Cities (Minnesota) and Portland. **Dale Peterson** lobbied hard for Portland and I could see that it made sense. Excellent chance for great weather, short travel time, large field (8000 starters in 2005) and a friendly course. The date was set for October 1.

My plan was to do the minimum amount of marathon training that would allow me to complete the event without breaking down during either the training or the race itself. So, other than the Loop-de-Loop – which almost convinced me to drop the marathon idea -- I dilly-dallied all through the spring and well into the summer, promising my friends that I would come up with a training plan soon. It took until mid-July when many of us jumped in the Carneros Half-Marathon and used it as the starting point. I was pleased with my time of 1:29 but a bit concerned about how exhausted I was in the last 2 miles of the race.

For the first time in many years I followed a training plan with very little deviation. Besides **Tori**, **Dale** and me, our group grew to include **Bob Rogers**, **Steve Cleal**, **Bob Finlay**, **Megan Johnson** and **Val Sell**. **Jerry Lyman**, **English Olney** and **Mike Winters** joined us for some of the runs, although they

were not planning to race this one.

Bob Finlay realized he was too injured and too tired from his house-building project in Middletown to continue so he wisely dropped out before putting in the long runs. Val, who impulsively announced she was joining us for the marathon in mid-August, just as quickly pulled out after a nagging foot injury kept her from covering the necessary mileage. Speaking of impulsive, **Bill Browne** stunned us all when he e-mailed us in late August that he had entered Portland and would start training for it post-haste.

We knocked off runs of 12, 14 and 15 miles, the latter coming on some hilly roads between Valley Ford and the coast. We became familiar with the flat, quiet streets of Oakmont on our 18-miler. And finally we ran to Graton and back for our 20-miler on Labor Day, 4 weeks before Portland. Steve turned ill and missed that one as well as the next week of running, but Bob Rogers, Megan, Tori and I were feeling strong and confident as we geared down our training. Dale was doing most of the long runs alone, covering longer distances than us, mostly in the hills of Annadel. With a marathon best of 3:38 (twice) and a qualifying target of 3:35, he was the guy we were all rooting for.

Exactly one week before the marathon I woke up with seriously congested lungs. For the next 5 days I would launch into a fit of coughing every time I tried to breathe deep. By Friday I was wrung out but feeling less congested. I never seriously considered dropping out but was expecting to make a big change in my race strategy.

Tori and I arrived in Portland late on a Friday night and were surprised to de-plane into a warm breeze. The temperature had been in the mid-80s all week but we soon learned that a cooling trend was on

the way. Right on schedule.

We met Dale Saturday morning and went on a jogging re-con mission of the last mile or so of the course. I was feeling pretty good and the air was cool. Things were looking up. The whole gang made it to town on time and we got together for our pre-race dinner. The waiter tried to stab Bob with a steak knife and Bill was predicting his own demise but, in general, the mood was upbeat. Steve was so unconcerned that he topped off the meal with a big hot fudge sundae and a mini-keg of Heineken. He later reported that he did not sleep well that night, even though he had a king-sized bed to himself. Megan, opting to sleep on the floor, claimed to be well-rested in the morning.

Tori and I arose on race morning and jogged the few blocks to meet with the others at the race headquarters hotel lobby. It was dark and cool with a slight breeze. When we made it to the starting area we found a sea of humanity jammed into 3 blocks of downtown streets. Steve and Megan split off to find an open Port-O-Let and the rest of us migrated slowly towards the starting banner, looking for our race pace markers. We would not see Steve and Megan again until well into the race.

Bob and I, who had trained side-by-side for so many miles the previous 2 months, practically clung to each other near the 3:10 marker. This was my stretch goal, assuming everything went right. My realistic goal was 3:16 and I was having doubts about that after racking my lungs all week. Nevertheless, I still planned to try for a 7:15 pace in the early miles and I convinced Bob that this was the best strategy for him, too.

The countdown began and we were on our way, rumbling under a dim, pre-dawn sky to the accompanying beat of a raucous drum corps. There was plenty of room for us to run and we cruised through the downhill first mile at what I presumed was a very slow pace. 6:57! Well, it was downhill so we should expect to be going a bit faster than planned.

Mile 2 was flat and the mile mark was obviously off. (That was not an 8:02!) Miles 3 and 4 completed a looping section of downtown Portland and included some steady uphill. At the 4-mile mark we were averaging just under 7:10. One hill down, two to go. The next would be during the 12th mile. Mile 5 with a nice downhill,



The Last Supper: 15 hours before the start of the '06 Portland Marathon. From left, Megan, Larry, Bob, Bill (barely), Tori, Dale and Steve.

6:44. A flat mile 6 in 6:58. Bob spotted some Port-O-Lets and raced ahead for a pit stop. At the last minute I could see there were open stalls so I gave up on my resolution to suffer with a nagging bladder for 26 miles and darted into one. Within 30 seconds I was back on the street, wondering if Bob was ahead of me or still making his offering to the marathon gods. I guess I could have asked **Robin Stovall**, our one-woman cheering squad who was stationed just after the 10K mark.

At about 7.5 miles I had my answer when Bob pulled up from behind. This was a dead flat out-and-back section along warehouses and factories. The sun was on our backs now but the air was still cool. Despite the stop we averaged 7:03 for miles 7 and 8. After the turn-around we began running past all those runners that trailed us. We searched for our friends, squinting into the sun, but they found us first. There was Dale and then a couple minutes later, Tori. Both sounded pretty chipper. Bill went by next and we wondered where the heck Steve was. By the time we saw him we figured that we must be at least a mile ahead of him. That must have been some heavy duty traffic he got stuck in! I worried that he would throw in a big surge to try to catch us, like he does so easily in all of our workouts, and then struggle later in the race. Megan was not far behind Steve and looking gazelle-like.

We averaged under 7 minutes for the next 3 miles and by Mile 11 had our overall pace down to 7:01 per mile. Then we turned uphill, away from the river, slowing our pace to 7:10 for 2 miles. It was in an old residential section of north Portland and there were a lot of people lining the streets urging us on. I had chosen the name Bubba to have printed on my number, in honor of our friends back home. Bob chose B Rogers for his bib. By the time I heard the first "Go Rogers!" I had collected a dozen "Yeah! Bubba!"s and was fired up by it.

Bob and I crossed the half-marathon point on pace to run a 3:04 and then added 7:05 and 6:59 for miles 14 and 15. That's when the ball of my left foot started aching and I instantly regretted ignoring all that advice against wearing racing flats. Funny, how it suddenly dawned on me that it was absurd to be wearing these shoes for 26 miles. And that advice about eating and drinking throughout the early miles? Yup, I blocked that out too, waiting until mile 16 to take a half-cup of energy drink. I wasn't at all hungry and not really that thirsty. After all, I'd eaten 7 pieces of dried apricot for breakfast and it had carried me through a 20-mile training run with no problems.

The approach to the majestic St. John's bridge, which we could see for many miles, included the toughest climb on the course. It slowed us to 7:24, 7:21 and 8:02, the latter at 18 miles on the far side of the span. By now my left Achilles tendon was staging

a revolt, demanding that I stop the insanity. But no, I stuck with Bob and we covered the next 3 miles, a rolling residential section, averaging between 7:15 and 7:30. At 21 miles or so, I had another half cup of energy drink but found it to be way too sweet.

Bob surged ahead of me -- O.K., I did a reverse surge on Bob -- but then I briefly regained some momentum and rejoined him at 22 miles. We were now running 8-minute pace. Photos taken of me from this point on showed me hanging my head, each time a little lower until I'm basically staring at the pavement near my feet. The race had changed from counting the miles to counting the inches.

At 22.5 miles the designated 3:10 pacer rolled right on by with an entourage of a dozen or so of the faithful. We were now on the 2-mile-long downhill that I had been waiting the whole race for and I was cursing the toes of my left foot for blistering at the worst possible time. It seems my left shoe has a feature that causes it to shrink a half-inch after 20 miles of continuous running. And I was still cursing my Achilles for never complaining over 49 years but betraying me in my moment of need.

Bob valiantly, if briefly, gave it one more try to hang on to the 3:10 pace and suddenly my race was over and my struggle was just beginning. I literally blistered that downhill 23rd mile in 7:35 as Bob faded from view. My hamstrings and glutes were turning to stone.

At mile 24 I turned down free beer for the first time in my life, yet did not feel ashamed until many hours later. People who had more sense were passing me as if I were a signpost and those few who had less sense -- well, I just found it hard to believe I could be passing any moving object at my pace but I actually blew by some of them!

I stopped to drink 2 cups of water and then trudged across the long bridge with my fellow refugees. 8:45 and 8:29 for miles 24 and 25. The water must have kicked in by the time I reached the far side of the river and mile mark 25. My split of 3:03 there inspired me to think I could possibly reach my secondary goal of 3:16 so I dug down deep and started going after people who were suffering at least as much as me. I was hearing "Kick it in, Bubba!" and "You got it, Bubba!" every few yards and at one point I actually raised both arms a few inches with clenched fists in response to my fans' urgent cries. Mile 26 was covered in an astounding 7:47.

The last quarter-mile was uphill and I was determined to get sub-3:14. I made the final turn and saw the clock still in the 3:12 range with a block-and-a-half left. Although it was probably about 6:30 pace, it felt like an all-out sprint to the finish as I caught one final loser just before the line. 3:12:48. Sweet.

I soon spotted Bob, who looked pretty darn fresh, and then limped through the food chute,

becoming stiffer with every step. Only the oranges looked good to me so I greedily smeared a half-dozen onto my face. Once out of the controlled area, which took me about 10 minutes, I began shuffling uphill towards the hotel. My hams and glutes were in flames and my toe blisters were, well, doing what blisters do best when subjected to 150 pounds of stress. At least my rebel Achilles was now happy.

A tent with comfortable massage tables appeared and friendly folks asked if I needed some help. They gave me a cup of cat pee and assigned a care-giver to me. Wayne gently stroked my upper body as I lay immobilized in a near-coma, explaining that he was channeling the pain. "When will he start digging into those rigormortis-afflicted hams?," I wondered. After a few minutes my pal Bob was escorted to the table next to mine. It was a few more minutes of suffering before we both realized we were in the wrong tent. These Church of Scientology devotees were channeling the evil spirits out of our bodies at an excruciatingly slow rate. I figured I'd be good as new in a week or two. So we both thanked them and assured them that we were doing much better now. I practically crawled out of the tent.

Two blocks and 10 minutes later I was stretching out the pain on a couch in the hotel lobby. My original plans to return to the course and jog the last part in with Tori seem so naïve now. Robin brought me 2 bottles of water and I wondered if I would ever get up again.

I did eventually get up after a half-hour or so and headed out to find my teammates. Just as I exited the lobby Tori was there with Megan and Dale and Bob. They were happy about qualifying for Boston and Tori was very proud of me. Life was suddenly worth living again. On to Beantown, 2008!

Tori followed all of the good advice for marathoners, carrying energy food and stopping at a dozen aid stations for liquids and power snacks. She slowed over the 2nd-half but never hit the wall and finished in 3:55, a comfortable 10 minutes under her qualifying mark.

Dale started strong and became conservative over the final miles before getting a bit nervous about the clock near the end. He reached the line with 2 minutes to spare. Megan, our 21-year-old bundle of energy, seemed to have no problem in her marathon debut. She finished strong, passing Steve with a few miles left, and looked as if she could go out and run it again. We were all impressed with her 3:25 finish.

Steve was running his first 26-miler, too. He had run with Megan for the early miles, surged in the middle of the race and discovered the Great Wall around 22 miles, just before Megan breezed by him. He kept moving and made it to the line in 3:30, a five-minute cushion on the qualifying time. Bill suffered the most, taking 2:37 to run the 2nd half of the race

after rolling through the half-marathon in 1:51. His brief marathon preparation strategy may have been a factor.

The weekend was capped off with a gallon of beer, 2 large pizzas and a Chicago Bear victory on Sunday Night Football. Sweet.



Portland is for Runners

by Tori Meredith

A couple of years ago, while sipping beer in the parking lot at Howarth Park after a long work out, a few Empire Runners including **Dale Petersen, Bob Finlay, Bob Rodgers, Larry** and myself discussed the idea of trying to qualify for the 2008 Boston Marathon when we turned fifty. This idea continued to surface in conversations and finally Larry, Dale and I decided to run a marathon in early October of 2006 knowing that if we didn't qualify we still had 18 months to run another marathon and try to get our goal. Well, Portland ended up being the marathon that we decided to do. Once we started training then others also decided to join in on the marathon adventure. My trip to Portland was definitely an experience.

Two months prior to the marathon I was very nervous about running. At that time I just started running again after having gum surgery. Prior to the surgery, I was still experiencing difficulties from whiplash that I got in May. As a result of the whiplash my running was inconsistent, averaging about 20 miles a week with the longest run at about 8 miles. Needless to say, I was not looking forward to the marathon training and I was nervous about getting injured.

My first long run was the Carneros Half Marathon on July 16th. My goal at the start was to run 9-minute miles. I knew that for Boston I had to run at least a 9:20 pace to accomplish the 4:05 qualifying time. I was surprised to finish my half marathon averaging 8:33 pace. This gave me some confidence in my training and some hope for my ability to train and run a marathon.

As the weeks clicked on and the training runs increased in miles, I started feeling more and more confident. It was also nice to start each run with the other runners that were training for Portland. Somehow this made the long runs not as difficult knowing that my friends were out there experiencing the same thing. I also incorporated running in the

water twice a week to keep my legs fresh and reduce the chance of injury. The run that really helped me to gain the greatest confidence was the 20-mile route that I ran with **English Olney** which took us 2 hours and 47 minutes. What a confidence booster that was! I made it my goal to try to hit the same time at the 20-mile mark in Portland which would give me a large cushion of time for the last 10k. Even if I ran my last 10K in over an hour I would still qualify for Boston.

On the weekend of the race, Dale and **Robin Stovall** flew to Portland on Thursday and Larry and I followed on Friday evening. After a two hour drive to the Oakland Airport and with bags in hand, Larry and I were standing at the check-in. Larry pulled out his driver's license while I searched for my license. When I packed, I pulled out my credit card; mistaking it for my license and placed it into my coin purse, therefore I did not have my license. I was so embarrassed. All I could think was Larry would have to go without me and I would have to drive home and take a different flight to Portland and meet him later.

Luckily the person let me through because he saw I had a picture on my credit card. He warned me, though, that I would have a difficult time getting home because Portland would be a lot more strict about my lack of I.D. I took my chances and went with Larry. I had to go through the special line where they asked me questions and had to search all my bags and pat me down to see if I was carrying anything explosive.

After being treated like I was a terrorist, I made a call to **Val Sell**. I knew that Bob Rogers, **Megan Johnson** and **Steve Cleal** were leaving early the next morning for Portland so I had Val break into our house, find my license and get it to Bob before he took off the next morning. Saturday morning Larry, Dale and I ran the last mile of the race course to help us find landmarks for the finish of the race. By that afternoon all of us marathoners were together along with my license and a great story about how I got it.

On race day morning everyone gathered in the lobby of Dale and Robin's hotel and walked to the start. It was a perfect day. Clear skies but chilly. It couldn't have been better weather. The streets were filled with thousands of excited runners jumping around and setting their watches and GPS devices. **Bill Browne** and I settled in at the start where the 3:50 hopefuls were. We said our good-byes to the faster runners and waited for the race to start.

At the expo the day before I bought a pair of running shorts that had pockets in the back so I could have easy access to my goodies. That night I packed my shorts with Cliff Shot Blocks, 10 apricots and a bag of Sport Jelly Bellies. I wasn't prepared for the

McGuire's Breakfast Run

When: Sunday, November 26th

Location: Hidden Valley School (Adjacent to Hidden Valley Park on Bonita Vista Lane, just off of Chanate Road)

Courses: A flat 3K and very hilly "10K"

Time: 3K @ 8:00am and 10K @ about 8:30am (following completion of the 3K)

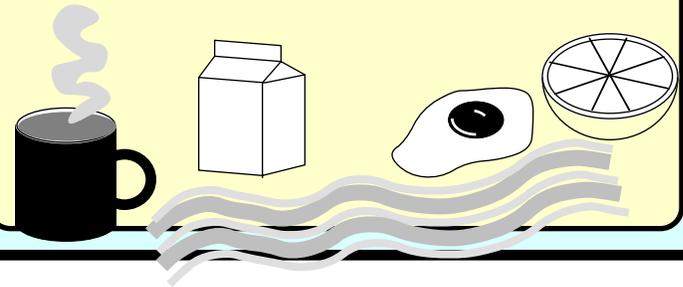
Registration: Race day only

Entry fee: less than \$5

Breakfast: YES! Please bring food to share for the potluck breakfast that will follow the completion of the races.

Invited: All Empire Runners

More Information: Mike McGuire @ 542-6687



extra weight I was carrying and it gave me the feeling that I was going to lose my shorts. During the wait I checked my pockets and reshifted items to make sure nothing would fall out. I have to say this was the first race where I was not nervous.

At the start of the race Bill and I moved over the starting line carpet about 2 minutes after the gun went off. As we ran through the streets we could hear the sound of drums pounding and echoing off the buildings. It was the most awesome experience. I felt the drums pound through me and I found myself getting carried away at a pace that matched the rhythm of the drums. At that moment I was hoping that the drummers would be there at the end of the race to help me finish.

Bill and I ran together and kept up a good easy pace for the first part of the race. A couple of miles into the race Steve passed Bill and me. I was surprised to see him come by and didn't realize that Steve and Megan both never made it up to their respective starting places after their bathroom stop. Shortly after Steve left us I lost Bill in the race as well.

Around mile 6 we came upon an area that was out-and-back through an industrial area. Megan came

up to me at this point and she looked fresh and was in great spirits. We talked for a minute and then she disappeared into the crowd. I was able to see the top runners coming back from the turn around. It was amazing watching them run. It looked as if they were running at a brisk 10k pace with ease.

Larry and Bob were running together and looked good. Robin stood on the side of the road and cheered us on. It was great to have that support. Not too far behind Larry and Bob was Dale talking to Steve while they crossed over the 15K timing carpet. I cheered them on but they were so engrossed with their conversation that they did not seem to hear me. After the turn-around I spotted Bill. He looked good and that was the last I saw him until the end of the race.

Throughout the race I ran at a very comfortable pace. My IT band and sore foot problems that I experienced during my training runs did not appear. There were people on the sidewalks cheering the runners on and different forms of entertainment from belly dancers and cheerleaders to bands and solo artists, all doing their thing to help keep our spirits up. With all this I found the miles clicked by very quickly.

At each water stop, I walked while I drank one cup of water and a glucose drink. Then I would eat something from my short pockets to keep up my energy. My half-marathon time was great! At 1:47:42, it was faster than my time in the Carneros Half Marathon. This made me excited and gave me hope that I would do well. At mile 16 I remember talking to a person that wore a GPS device and asked him if he knew our pace. He told me that we were running at a 3:33 pace for the marathon. This got me really fired up and I decided to try to hold that pace.

At mile 17, the marathon gained elevation due to the St. John's Bridge that crossed over the Willamette River. My legs felt a little fatigued but I felt pretty good while passing many people on my climb up the hill to the bridge. I was looking forward to this part of the run because I knew that the course on the other side of the river would be downhill and slightly rolling. I thought that this would also help propel me to the finish at a good pace.

That turned out not to be the case. On the downhill from the bridge my IT band started to hurt just above the knee. I had to back off my running and find a good pace that would be comfortable. I still was not worried about my time because I was still way under the Boston qualifying time of 4:05. At this point in the marathon, I wished I would have recorded each mile time on my watch. I only hoped that I was still on track.

At mile 20 I realized that I was a little off on my target time, crossing in 2:52:36. I was still happy about my progress and not too worried about the qualifying time. I was running slowly but somehow lost that IT band pain and was able to click off the

miles. At one point I noticed that I was getting a little irritable because I missed getting the glucose drink and had to settle for only a cup of water.

Advice from **Jenny Surprise** quickly floated through my mind, something about being agitated during the race. This would be a good time to snack on something that will replenish electrolytes. So I took out some jellybeans and chewed them up. It was amazing how a little sugar helped me feel better! I was more focused and I was able to look around and enjoy the music coming out of the stereo speakers from the cute little houses that looked over the Willamette River.

I was surprised at how much I enjoyed the race and how the whole community came out to support and spectate the race. It made it so much easier to go through the miles with lots of distractions and people around. I remember running by the college and the students were passing out Red Bull and bananas to the runners. I took the bananas but the Red Bull smelled really disgusting at the time so I decided to pass on that. Close to the last bridge, around mile 24, there was a group of people who were passing out Pabst Blue Ribbon beer as well. I heard about this from **Shirley Fee**, who ran here last year, but again the smell of their beer was not appealing to me so I passed. Truthfully, I have to admit that I AM a beer snob and I will only drink micro-brewed beers.

After crossing the bridge with 1.2 miles left in the race I started to recognize the landmarks that we looked at the day before. My pace was slow but my mind was focused and I continued to click off a steady pace. At this time I knew that almost everyone else in our group had already finished their races. I was confident that everyone qualified for Boston and I especially hoped that Dale qualified since he'd raced more marathons lately and had been within minutes each time.

When I reached a half-mile to go I started looking for a distinctive fountain that signified where I needed to turn to go to the finish. I knew that I had to go uphill a little bit for about two blocks and at that time decided to pick up my pace the best I could to get in a good finish. I'm not sure if I really picked up my pace but in my mind I did. I remember looking at my watch: 3:53. I was in reach of a qualifying time.

As I made the last turn and saw the finish banner ahead, I felt my face get warm and my emotions well up inside of me. I finished! I felt good and I qualified for Boston. What a great feeling!

I was corralled to a place to have someone cut off the timing chip on my shoe, get my finish medal and take my final race picture. I looked around for my friends thinking that if I came across a massage table before spotting people I was going for the massage. Well, someone spotted me walking very slowly through the masses and asked if I would like a

massage. I (of course) said that 'I would love one' so I proceeded to walk with the person.

I mentioned that my IT band was sore. To my surprise the person who was going to give me a massage said, "What is that?" A little worry came over me and at that moment I wondered what I got myself into. I found out later that I wandered into the Church of Scientology tent and their massages were a gentle brushing of the hands down the arms, legs and back. I was told that this would help get the stress and bad energy out of my muscles. Well, laying down for a few minutes did help me feel better but I did not see any results from the gentle brushing.

Once I left the tent and received my rose I spotted Dale, Megan and Robin standing at our meeting place. What a wonderful sight!

If I had to do the marathon again, I would only change one thing. I would make sure I recorded all my mile times during the race so I knew what my average mile times were throughout the race. I was thrilled to have run the race and have enjoyed it as much as I did. The experience was great.



Portland: One Marathon, Four Views

Dale Peterson:

I ran my first marathon at CIM in 1997. Three years later I did another, also at CIM just to prove it was not a fluke the first time. Since then I have been hooked, running six more marathons. For a very long time now I have been working to qualify for Boston. After running 3:38:11 at Chicago two years ago I realized that my best chance to reach Boston was to hope for continued improvement while waiting for the opportunity to qualify as a fifty year-old.

My only real concern going into my training for Portland was that I had run three marathons in three years, all with virtually the same time: 3:38 and change. I needed to try and find a way to get under 3:35. I felt that my overall endurance was very good but that I needed to shake things up a bit. I determined that I would work on leg-speed figuring that the faster I could run the easier it would be to pick

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up my marathon pace just enough to knock a few minutes off of my previous PR. So I dedicated myself to doing as many of **Larry Meredith's** Tuesday and Thursday night workouts as I could handle. Also I decided to run a couple of tough training races, namely the Double-Dipsea and the Carneros Half-Marathon. In addition, I felt that it would be important to focus exclusively on the marathon until after Portland, forsaking cross-country in hopes of avoiding injury and additional fatigue.

Training went well for me and I pretty much stuck to my original plan. The only variation really was that in the last four weeks of hard training I tried to do a lot of mile and half-mile repeats as opposed to what was on the regular Tuesday night schedule.

In the weeks before the race, when asked what my strategy was, I would invariably reply that I intended to run even splits. I repeated this so often it was like a mantra. It was also a lie. The truth was that I had decided to fly or die. I wanted either to qualify for Boston or suffer a major bonk. My biggest fear was to run a PR but not qualify.

Things could not have gone better for me on race day. The weather was mild, I stayed hydrated and with about six miles to go I actually backed off the pace on purpose knowing I could run very conservatively at that point and still qualify for Boston. I ended up running 3:33:06, qualifying as a fifty-year old for the 2008 Boston Marathon. For several days I still could not quite believe it. Robin kept assuring me that it had truly happened.

Maybe if I actually run even splits next time I can go even faster!

Bob Rogers:

After my first marathon eight years ago, a very rainy CIM, I said I would never do another. Due to the fact that several of my fellow Empire Runners and myself are turning 50 between now and 2008, the idea of running Boston in 2008 was thrown on the table. The idea of suffering together through training and completing the marathon sounded better than going it alone, so I was drawn in to run The Portland 2006 Marathon as a Boston 2008 qualifier. I felt I was capable of the 3:35 qualifying time, but in a marathon anything can happen. I trained with a few others, pretty much by Coach's (**Larry Meredith**) calendar, which made it nice on those long runs.

Megan Johnson, Steve Cleal and I ended up traveling and rooming together; both of them being very easy-going people made the trip pleasurable for me. Poor young Megan with two old dudes, she was a trooper and had an awesome race! It was fun.

Larry, Steve and I thought we would run the race together, but because of a nature call at the last minute, only Larry and I started together. Our goal was to run a 7:15 pace although to qualify for Boston

we only had to run around an 8:10 pace. At the halfway point we were on a 7:02 pace and that included a bathroom break. I started feeling like it might be a little fast, but we carried on anyway.

By 19 miles the pace had gone to a 7:10 overall. I was definitely feeling it. It was during the next three miles that things really started coming apart. Somewhere around 22 miles I started getting quad cramps and dizziness. At the aid station between 23 and 24 miles while slowing for a drink my left hamstring cramped up. Larry had fallen a few seconds behind me, but I was in survival mode and didn't wait. The struggle through the last few miles brought me through the finish line at 3:12:00 (7:20-per-mile pace) and with a lot of good memories now that I can walk normal again. Boston anyone?

Bill Browne:

My marathon experience was a little different than the rest of my fellow runners. First, I entered at the last moment. I was browsing the Portland race website and saw there were only 679 entries still available. So I hit "Register Now," and later wondered what I had done. This was September 28th and I rationalized that I hadn't had any nagging injuries in awhile (unusual if you're racing in your mid-fifties), was in fairly good shape after the track series and the Empire Open cross country race, and had to redeem myself from my '93 disaster (4:40) at Portland.

Anyway I realized I had to get some long runs in so I ran 2 hours the next day, 2-1/2 the following week and 3 hours the week after that with no real complaints. Then I tapered for 10 days and was feeling good.

So I flew to Portland, met the crew for pre-race dinner and had a great time. Let's get this race over with.

Race day weather was good -- no rain. **Tori Meredith** and I started the race together and ran together for about 3 or 4 miles until she eased out in front. I was feeling great, with a plan of finishing between 3:50 and 4:00, around 9-minute pace, and was 1:23:30 at 10 miles (1-1/2 minutes faster than my best expectations).

Tori had warned me, along with everyone else, to start off stupidly slow. She should have said "start off slow, STUPID" so I would understand. After 10 miles I just focused on 3-mile segments, shooting for 27-30 minutes each, and was still strong at 13 miles (1:51 -- an 8:30 pace). The next 3-mile segment got me near the bridge. Then up and over to mid-bridge, the last real uphill. I was feeling my legs tighten some but hoped with mostly downhill left that they would loosen and I could just cruise.

At 18 miles I knew I had to slow to survive, even thinking I had 10 miles left and was in trouble, until I redid the math. "Eight miles to go. If I can

make it to 20 miles I'll only have 10k left. I've done hundreds of 10k's. I can do one more somehow."

My legs were both on the verge of cramping, tight. I've never had cramps in any race I've ever run so I was trying the old survival shuffle, now reduced to 12-minute miles, just gritting my teeth and enduring. Each downhill stride rattled my quads, another first. I felt like I had that flesh-eating bacteria in my legs. Even the walkers were almost as fast as me.

I felt bad knowing the rest of the team was waiting and I didn't want to keep them waiting any longer than necessary, but I also didn't want to let them down. The 4-hour pacer passed somewhere around mile 23 and I realized, not only was I not going to do 4 hours, it might be 4:15 or slower. Yikes! Finally mile 22, 4 to go (just Channel Drive) then mile 24 (9 laps to go). Unfortunately these weren't 2-minute laps, these were 3-plus-minute laps. Where the heck is the mile marker? Then mile 26 and I was done.

Well I'm glad I did it, had a blast, but I'm just not smart enough to run an intelligent marathon (in denial about my fading running prowess, I guess). But at least my streak of never having a DNF (did not finish) in 30 years of racing is still intact. Sorry I ruined the Boston Tea Party, but I had fun anyway. My finish time was 4:29.

Robin Stovall:

I was privileged to travel to Portland with the "real runners." I, being a non-marathoner (in 1984 I ran Napa and discovered what an IT band was and have sworn to never suffer such misery again), was going along to cheer them on and see the sights of Portland. While they were holed up in their hotel rooms chanting and visualizing the day before the race, I was traipsing through the rose garden in Washington Park with not a care in the world.

We all met up for an early dinner and the pasta pig-fest was on. **Coach Meredith** asked everyone to write down their predicted time on their placemat (OK, we weren't eating at one of those fancy joints with linen table cloths). I confidently predicted my time to be 2:50. Since I wasn't really running, there was no way I was going to be wrong! Also the people at the next table were totally impressed. There was a lot of talk throughout dinner of being too nervous to sleep that night. I knew I would sleep like a baby.

The next morning I ran out to about the 7 mile mark. This is where they do an out-and-back loop and I would get to see them again at 11 miles. Larry and Bobby were together and then came Dale, Steve, Megan and Tori. They were easy to spot in their blue Empire singlets. I never saw **Bill Browne** at all. He chose not to follow the dress code and I am not totally sure, but he may have been wearing the Tamalpa colors. (This aspect is still under investigation and he should be considered innocent until proven guilty.)

I ran to the 26-mile mark to cheer them on. Somehow I missed Bobby but saw Larry come in. Next was Megan. She gave me a big smile. I was thinking to myself that everyone looked pretty good and a lot of people seemed happy. And then I caught a glimpse of Steve. I yelled for him and he sort of looked my way. From the look on his face, the word happy didn't exist in his world. More like misery, despair, pain and suffering. It only confirmed my feelings about running 26.2 miles.

Dale came in and he seemed very close to the time he needed to run to qualify for Boston. Not knowing how long it was going to take him to run the 0.2 miles I did what any other significant other would have done. I screamed at him to pick it up and that he had to go now or never. All I could think of was if he did not qualify now, he would have to repeat this again in December at Cal International and I had a lot of yard work lined up between now and then. Tori came in and I knew she was going to make her goal. Again I missed Bill but you all know why.

We all met up at our designated meeting spot and they all hobbled back to the hotel.

All in all it was a lot of fun watching others run this monstrous distance and I am proud of you all. I can't wait for Boston and I will gladly be your sweats mom again.



New Club Members

Welcome, New Club Members!

If you have joined the club in the past year and we didn't get your introduction into the Empire Runner Newsletter, please e-mail a note about yourself to thirstyboy1@sbcglobal.net. Here are some of the club members who have joined our ranks recently.

Bradley Saul, Age 28

Bradley is relatively new to running. He is a former professional bicycle racer who likes the simplicity of putting on some shoes and running out the door for a workout. Though he's been consistently running for under a year, Bradley has run a 19:10 5K, 42:41 10K (Kenwood), and a 3:58 marathon. In 2003, Bradley founded OrganicAthlete, a nonprofit that educates athletes about the benefits of plant-based nutrition. Bradley is currently training to get back in top shape to lead an elite vegan cycling team. He still plans on strapping on his running shoes on occasion, as he would like to enter duathlons. Bradley lives in Sebastopol with his soon-to-be-wife Charity.

Trina Cox, Santa Rosa

Trina started running with the Santa Rosa Express Youth Track & Field program in 1992. In 1997 while competing for Santa Rosa High School she won the California High School State Cross Country Championship and later finished 6th in the Footlocker National Championships to earn All-America honors. Trina is also a state champion at the junior college level, winning the California meet for Santa Rosa Junior College. She went on to compete for Abilene Christian College in Texas where she earned multiple All-America honors and a NCAA Division II National Championship in her current favorite event, the 3000-meter steeplechase. Recently Trina finished fourth in the USATF National Championship Meet in that event. When she returned to Santa Rosa she took part in one of the Empire Runners Summer Track Series meets, winning the mile run outright in a fast 4:48.



Take Note! Winter Schedule Changes!

- **Thursday workouts** - The club workouts on Thursdays (Howarth Park) will shift to **4:30 p.m.** on November 2.
- **Club meetings for November and December** - The holidays cause the club meetings to be held on the third Thursday during these months. November's meeting will be on the **16th**; December's meeting will happen on the **21st**.
- **Newsletter deadlines** - The early meetings mean that the newsletter deadline is also a week earlier than usual. Get articles for December's newsletter in by the 9th of November; January's articles are due on the December 14th.
- **Winter club meetings** - Throughout the winter, the club meeting time shifts to **6:30 p.m.** Meetings are held at the Montgomery Village Round Table Pizza unless announced otherwise.
- **Officer nominations** - Nominations for club officers will take place at the November meeting. Club elections are scheduled for the December meeting.



Empire Runners September 2006 Club Meeting

President **Val Sell** called the September 2006 meeting of the Empire Runners to order at 7:30pm on September 28th, 2006.

Secretary's Report:

Secretary **Lars Andersen** read the minutes from the August 2006 club meeting. They were approved as read. Thank you to **Lisa Isabeau** for taking and typing the August minutes.

Treasurer's Report:

Treasurer **Dan Preston** reported on the club's finances. Starting balance \$20,088. Ending balance \$18,694.

Recent Events:

Viking Opener: See the newsletter.

Upcoming Events:

World Run Day: November 5th. **John Royston** reported that clubs put on local running events to raise funds for feeding hungry children worldwide.

Portland Marathon: October 1st.

Movie Night: October 13th.

Creek Clean-up: October 14th.

Skating: October 20th.

Hypnotherapy: Oct 27th.

Old Business:

Val Sell reported that **Bob Shor** is unable to help with timing for Race to be Cool on October 21st. The club does not have a policy for loaning out equipment, and no one else is interested in helping. Val will tell Bradley Saul that the club cannot assist with timing.

Val Sell reported that the vote about the venue for the club party was 78-3 in favor of Luther Burbank Arts and Garden Center in Santa Rosa over Masonic Hall in Sebastopol. Val has made the reservation and is waiting for a contract. To offset the increased rental fee (\$450 vs. \$75), we will drop the DJ/band (\$750) and let **Mike Winters** take care of the music.

Val Sell reported that she attended the AMGEN Tour of California symposium in San Jose. She proposed that the club arrange a mile running race in downtown Santa Rosa while spectators are lined up waiting for the bike racers to arrive. This would be on February 19th, 2007 (Presidents Day). We could make it a local race, we could expand the scope to be a PA race, or we could try to attract national or even international talent. A committee co-chaired by Val and **John Harmon** and also consisting of **Bob Shor**, **Jerry Lyman** and **Larry Meredith** has been formed to look into the logistics. They will be doing intensive planning in the month of October and will have a project plan ready for the October meeting. There will be plenty of opportunities for all club members to get

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involved very soon. **Ron Jacobs** and **Rhonda Roman** from Fleet Feet have already pledged their support.

New Business:

Officer nominations for 2007:

- President: Val Sell, Dave DeSelle, Bob Finlay.
- Vice president: Val Sell, Dave DeSelle, Bob Finlay.
- Treasurer: Dan Preston, John Harmon.
- Secretary: Lars Andersen, Gregg Jennings.

Officer nominations will continue at the October meeting. Final nominations will be published in the December newsletter. Elections will be at the December meeting.

Jerry Lyman proposed that the president should be responsible for forming an officer nominating committee. This committee would be responsible for nominating a set of officers. Nominations from the general membership would still be allowed. The motion carried.

Jerry Lyman proposed that we form a bylaw compliance review committee consisting of the club officers and members appointed by the president. The committee would evaluate the extent to which we are compliant with our bylaws, and make recommendations as to how to proceed. We could adjust how we run the club to be compliant with our bylaws, we could change the bylaws to match how we actually operate, we could eliminate ambiguous/inaccurate language, or we could do nothing. The motion carried. **Val Sell** will appoint the committee by the next meeting.

Guest Speaker:

Tanya Narath gave an informative pitch for the SMART train (Measure R). The club does not endorse a position on Measure R.

Raffle/Drawing:

Raffle: **Tanya Narath** (\$19).

Drawing: **Jim Gade** (\$200, not present). Next month's drawing is for **\$200**.

Newsletter:

The October 2006 newsletter was already folded, stapled and stamped by **Dan Preston**. Thank you!

Attendance:

Lars Andersen, Owl-Ekk Izzubo, Bob Rogers, Super G, Runnerliz Sinna, Bob Shor, Dave DeSelle, Dale Trowbridge, Larry & Tori Meredith, Mojo, 409, Bob Finlay, Pappy, Don Stewart, Stephen Starkweather, John Harmon, Jill Harmon, Gregg Jennings, Larkin Jennings, Susan Kelleher, Prez Val, Tanya Narath.

Respectfully submitted,
Lars Andersen



Empire Runner's Partners in Fitness

There is a lot more to fitness than just running. Now granted, there probably is not a better activity for basic fitness than running, but at the end of the run you are still lacking in upper body work, core strength and flexibility. There are many options to choose from and Empire Runners is now working with local business to bring a little more balance to life. These businesses are sponsoring Empire Runners bulletin boards in their places of business to make their clients/members aware of Empire Runners. In return we are running advertising in our newsletter to acquaint our membership of the opportunities that are available to improve their overall fitness level. This is a win-win scenario with the three Partners in Fitness that we currently have and other businesses have expressed an interest.

We invite you to get a crazy kind of high in the vertical world of Vertex Climbing Center. Also check out the great facilities at Stan Bennett's Fitness Center and experience the friendly, professional staff at Fleet Feet Sports



Vertex offers weekly introduction classes as well as instruction in Safety Skills, Lead Climbing, Technique & Movement and Private Instruction. Vertex is kid friendly with many opportunities for children including: After School Program, Camp Vertical, Scout Night and birthday parties. You will also find outdoor climbing programs and climbing programs for and by women. In addition to climbing and climbing instruction, Vertex has a weight room and offers Wednesday and Saturday morning yoga classes. Day passes and equipment rentals are available. Visit their website at www.vertexclimbing.com Or call (707) 573-1608
Open: Mon – Fri @ 11:30am -10:00pm
Sat & Sun @ 10:00am - 6:00pm
Vertex is located in the Pine Creek Business Center at:
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FITNESS
HOTLINE: **579-9500**

FLEET FEET Sports

Fleet Feet Sports Santa Rosa is a unique specialty store catering to the individual needs of runners, joggers and walkers. Locally owned and operated by Ron Jacobs & Rhonda Roman since 1997. Fleet Feet Santa Rosa offers the best in technical and performance footwear, apparel and accessories.

Fleet Feet has built its national reputation on superior customer service and extensive knowledge of fitness products. Our qualified staff will continue this tradition by focusing on your specific needs – whether you are running a marathon or walking for weight loss or pleasure.

Whether you are a serious athlete, or just beginning a walking or running program, Fleet Feet Santa Rosa can help you reach and maintain your fitness and lifestyle goals. Our store is a place where everyone will feel welcome and comfortable, never intimidated. We look forward to serving you!

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Or call 569-1494

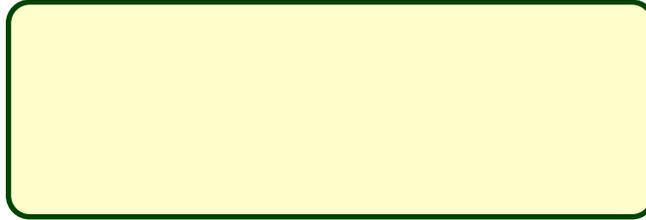
<http://www.fleetfeet.com/storeprofile/43/>

November 2006

| Sun | Mon | Tue | Wed | Thu | Fri | Sat |
|--|---|---|--|---|--|---|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| <p>Key: M=miles, m=meters, K=kilometers, G.P.=goal pace Group I (>45M/wk): run as written; Group II (30-45M/wk): 3/4 of workout; Group III (20-30M/wk): 2/3 of workout; Group IV (<20M/wk): 1/2 of workout</p> | | | <p>4M at comfortable pace 5:30p Fleet Feet shoe store, 3rd St., SR</p> | <p>5M with 1.5M at strong pace 4:30p Howarth Park</p> | <p>3M at comfortable pace or off</p> | <p>Race: Fleet Feet 6K XC 8:30a Training Run, Railroad Square, SR</p> |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| <p>8M at medium pace 8:30a Cobblestone Trailhead on Channel Drive</p> | <p>3M at comfortable pace or off 7:00p 1932 Yolo Court, SR: 6.5M at 7:30 pace</p> | <p>6M with 6 x 2 min. at 3M G.P. 5:30p 3390 Princeton Drive, SR</p> | <p>6M at comfortable pace 5:30p Fleet Feet shoe store, 3rd St., SR</p> | <p>7M with 3 x 4 min. at strong pace Newsletter Deadline: Dale Peterson, Editor 4:30p Howarth Park</p> | <p>3M at comfortable pace or off 7:00p ER Movie Night, Rialto Theater on Summerfield</p> | <p>8 x 60 sec. at 1M G.P. 8:30a Training Run, Railroad Square, SR</p> |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| <p>13M at medium pace 8:30a Lawndale Trailhead off Lawndale Road in Kenwood</p> | <p>6M at comfortable pace 7:00p 1932 Yolo Court, SR: 6.5M at 7:30 pace</p> | <p>12x400m@2M G.P. 5:30p 3390 Princeton Drive, SR</p> | <p>5M at comfortable pace 5:30p Fleet Feet shoe store, 3rd St., SR</p> | <p>5M with 12 x 20 sec. at 3M G.P. 4:30p Howarth Park 6:30p Club Meeting, MV RT Pizza</p> | <p>4M at comfortable pace or off</p> | <p>4M at comfortable pace and 4M at medium-strong pace 8:30a Training Run, Railroad Square, SR</p> |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| <p>PA Championships XC 8:30a Cobblestone Trailhead on Channel Drive</p> | <p>5M at comfortable pace 7:00p 1932 Yolo Court, SR: 6.5M at 7:30 pace</p> | <p>6M with 12 x 60 sec. at 3M G.P. 5:30p 3390 Princeton Drive, SR</p> | <p>7M at comfortable pace 5:30p Fleet Feet shoe store, 3rd St., SR</p> | <p>9M at medium pace 8:30a Channel Drive: Wild Turkey Ramble training run</p> | <p>3M at comfortable pace or off</p> | <p>Race: Turkey Trot 5K & 10K, Davis 8M at medium pace 8:30a Training Run, Railroad Square, SR</p> |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 1 | 2 |
| <p>Race: 8:00a - McGuire's Breakfast Run, Santa Rosa</p> | <p>3M at comfortable pace or off 7:00p 1932 Yolo Court, SR: 6.5M at 7:30 pace</p> | <p>6M with 20 x 30 sec. at 3M G.P. 5:30p 3390 Princeton Drive, SR</p> | <p>6M at comfortable pace 5:30p Fleet Feet shoe store, 3rd St., SR</p> | <p>6M at medium pace 4:30p Howarth Park</p> | <p>3M at comfortable pace or off</p> | <p>8M with 3 sets of 10x30 sec. w/30-sec. jog 8:30a Training Run, Railroad Square, SR</p> |

Empire Runners Club

P.O. Box 4241
Santa Rosa, CA 95402



Mark Your Calendar

- **Thursday, November 16:** Club meeting, 6:30 p.m., Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village.
- **Thursday, November 23:** Wild Turkey Ramble Training Run, 8:30 a.m. on Channel Drive near Cobblestone Trail.
- **Sunday, November 26:** McGuire's Breakfast Run 3K & 10K, 8:00 a.m., Hldden Valley School in Santa Rosa. See details within this newsletter.
- **Saturday, December 9:** USATF Club Cross Country National Championships, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco
- **Saturday, December 16:** Last 10K and Final 2-Mile, 9:00 a.m., Howarth Park. Race info at www.empirerunners.org
- **Thursday, December 21:** Club meeting, 6:30 p.m., Round Table Pizza, Montgomery Village. Elections for club officers.
- **Monday, January 1:** Resolution Run 5K, 10:00 a.m., Montgomery HS.

2006 Club Officers

President

Val Sell
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