



Washington Running Club Newsletter

Volume 32, Number 6

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June 2013

New Members

Last month's derecho of new club members has tapered to a gentler trickle. Newbies include **Lauren Gabler** and **Susan Emerson**. Renewing or returning WRC alumni included **Will Turanchik**.

Lauren Gabler, 29, has been running through the streets of Washington, DC for the past seven years and is excited to share some of those miles with WRC. She started running 15 years ago in her hometown of Toms River, NJ and has been in love with the sport ever since. Lauren has competed at the high school and collegiate level at James Madison University, and is currently training for the 2013 Marine Corps Marathon.

We sincerely and warmly welcome everyone!

Occupy Shelter Island (ode to a small town 10 K)

by Carla Freyvogel

Back in the days, when women wore tennis skirts to run and chip timing was a guy named Chip with a stopwatch around his neck, small towns around the northeast held summer road races, often in the evening.

Our calendars were marked well ahead of time, as these were annual events: New London, Falmouth, Warren. The races were considered a big deal and communities would gather, sitting in lawn chairs, to cheer us on. The race director was usually some old timer, with a cigar (unlit) clamped in his mouth. He would wheel the course, spray painting arrows on the black top. Total participants numbered around 68, maybe 75. The fee was \$1 and did NOT include a technical tee shirt.

In those days, finishers were divided roughly like this: elite runners (Bill Rodgers et al) made up the first 5 finishers. Regional dynamos were the next 15 runners across the line. Then there was a solid core of strong runners. Then, 5 good women, a couple of masters women and then Johnny Kelley.

Note, this was before recreational runners filled the ranks and long before the "disease runners" came to be. (I will not tell my source for that moniker!)

My team, Sugarloaf Mountain Athletic Club, would show up. We would pile in a variety of cars and make the drive from Amherst MA. Someone usually had parents with a summer place nearby. We pitched tents in their yard and spent the night after our race.



So, it seems almost 40 years later, this tradition continues. Only now I am one of the parents, hosting a tent city for the Shelter Island 10 K. And, the Shelter Island 10 K retains the feel of those races long ago: local, small scale and earnest, with just the right amount of festivity thrown in.

My daughter Grace had coaxed her team, the South Brooklyn Running Club, into

running the race. She told them they could spend the night at our family's place the night after the race. They arrived, set up tents, changed into bathing suits and ran off the dock into the water for a swim.

An evening race posed a challenge for my menu planning but being resourceful and creative, I chose Fluffernutter sandwiches for the main dish, followed by fresh fruit. There were cases of bottled water.

However, after swimming and lounging in the sun, the South Brooklyn gang started in on the stash of beer meant for our POST race hydration. I was completely shocked. Beyond belief actually! Beer? Before a race...? Well, a couple of them were coming off a marathon and not ready to really kick it and the others were, you know, just relaxed about it. And, as my husband pointed out, they are 20-something.

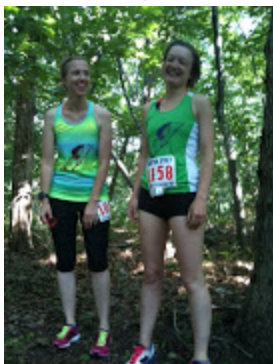


I was not the only one shocked, however. Joanie Samuelson stopped in for lunch. I am not sure that she has EVER had a Fluffernutter. I think maybe she is more organic peanut butter and blueberry jam, but she seemed happy enough. Until she realized these kids were drinking beer. Beer? Before a race....? She gave them a hard time.

There was more swimming and some wine and cheese (!). At the rate they were going I was sure that they had forgotten there was a race at all. But, at 4:30, racing flats came out, hair was clipped back, South Brooklyn Running Club singlets were tucked in, numbers pinned and they did a nice pre-race jog from the house to the starting line.

The Shelter Island 10K attracts about 1000 runners. Like the summer races of yore, there is a solid group of elite runners, but now most of them East African men and women, based in New York City. The race organizers always bring in a couple of old time favorites and as usual, that meant that Bill Rodgers was there as well as Joanie. There were lots of good runners from all over Long Island. Additionally, Shelter Island, this tiny enclave with a high school graduating class of about 12, has a tradition of accomplished distance runners, so they filled out the ranks.

The race was dedicated to the memory of the Boston Marathon this year, as a sign of solidarity and support. And, as in the past 2 years, the last mile was decorated with flags to honor a local hero, Lt. Joseph Theinart, who died while serving our country in Afghanistan.



There were inspirational send off speeches from Bill Rodgers and from Joanie and then, our national anthem. A sweet young girl from Shelter Island sang. She might have been 12, maybe 13. Completely adorable and I admired her calm as she sang unaccompanied to those of us gathered. We all stood, hands planted on hearts, thinking our thoughts and... she lost her place. Completely. She stopped singing. There was silence and she turned bright red. Missing only 2 beats or so, the assembled field of runners surged with the remaining lyrics. It was really lovely. We were all in this together.

The horn sounded and we were off. The race charged through the center of town and then down the roads in the center of the island where the local residents live. There is a church, a plant nursery, a propane tank refill station. Folks sat in plastic lawn chairs, drinks in hand, cheering us on. There were plenty of Shelter Islanders in the pack of runners; students, moms, firemen, waitresses, contractors. Just after the mile mark we were at the top of an impressive hill that swoops down into the harbor. The wind wafted up the hill and the view was magnificent. As we got to the bottom the demographics of the spectators changed. Now it was summer people. Popped collars, Nantucket reds, wine glasses, Lily prints. But all were equally enthused by the surge of runners.

We hit the 5 k mark in the fanciest part of the island. So fancy, in fact, that no one seemed to inhabit it. We were a bit strung out at this point and it seemed lonely.

Then, the last mile, Joey's Mile, announced with a huge banner. 1,000 American flags lined the road. At this point

the 10 K race overlaps with the 5 K and we all, runners, walkers and strollers alike were all in it for Joey. We ran by his parents home and it was very moving.

The finish is on a field. The first step onto that field is at precisely 6 miles and between the grass and the fatigue, it felt like you had come to a complete stop. Well, I felt that way. But, not the top runners and not Joanie Samuelson, who was clocking along to break 40. According to my husband, in her finishing kick, she came upon 2 elementary school students, struggling to finish the 5 K. She ran alongside them, she ran backwards in front of them, she grapevined next to them, she yelled, she cajoled until they all finished together in a blaze of glory.

South Brooklyn ran as a pack, impressing the field with their numbers but not their prowess. Their lead runner was passed by Samuelson at mile 4 with a surge and a quip about beer before a race.

I needed a ride home after the race, finishing in a nice chubby 5th place. The South Brooklyn kids ran back, silly and happy. We all took a nice dip, splashing around only coming up only to drain the remaining beer.

Shelter Island hosts a cookout after the race and I think that perhaps there is a requirement all residents to attend. Your WRC representative was there, husband in tow, and joined by the South Brooklyn Running Club. We dined on charred burgers and rubber hot dogs and chatted with Bill Rodgers. The kids were impressed with his stories about winning Amsterdam, Tokyo, New York. And, after finding out that his daughter runs AND lives in Brooklyn, we all went in to heavy recruitment mode.

At the end of the night, tired from my weak performance but happy with my sweet community of runners, I drifted off to sleep to the sounds of singing, another round of swimming and lots of conversation.

So, I think the mantle (or is it a baton?) has been passed.

Dad and Boston

Run. Work. Eat. Sleep. — by Christine Hackman

I sat on the curb of Hopkinton High School, wanting to be anywhere but there. My dad was dying: he'd told me on my last visit two weeks ago that I wouldn't see him again. I'd tried to quit the race a few days later, having returned home, but then my parents wouldn't let me, my dad (that traitor!) protesting, "Nobody knows when they're going to die." And my mom chiming in, "And you've trained so hard for this!"



But, I hadn't. I'd gone through the motions. I'd done all the long runs through Snowmeggedon, and yes, I'd run 5ks to improve my leg speed, and I guess yes, I'd finally made it through the four-month training lead-in with no hitches (third time's a charm)... but still, I had really thought Dad would die that spring, and I'd told everybody, "If Dad dies before Boston, I'm not running."

Well, Dad didn't get the memo. What I'd said to no one, though, is that I'd secretly hoped he'd die beforehand, because then I wouldn't have to go through with it.

You see, I'd left my heart out on the playing field the previous year. Despite missing most of January, I'd gone to Boston, sensed a good day to be had, and run my guts out, improving my "modern-day" PR to 3:37, leaving all of the toenails of my left foot and even some feces on Commonwealth Avenue.



The last miles had been tough. But I'd kept wanting that PR. I'd run a 3:38 at Frederick Marathon two years earlier, and I'd kept reminding myself that PR opportunities (even

"modern-day" ones) were hard to come by. And so I'd ground my way to that 3:37.

And then I'd limped back to my hotel in bloody, shit-stained triumph. And then I'd called Mom and Dad to report. And then after congratulating me, they'd told me that they weren't going to do chemo any more, because it was no longer working. And that they would be contacting Hospice, because that is what you do when you stop cancer treatment.

I'd wandered around Boston that night in a fog. Ate burgers/fries/beer at the bar of my hotel's pub, the Elephant and Castle. Watched the Celtics play somebody in the NBA tournament.

And then gone home.

You can see why I thought he'd be gone by now, right? Who lives a year after giving up on chemo? I should say, what 78 year old man who was never in very good health to start with, ever, keeps on living for a whole year after that?



Well, I guess my dad, aided and abetted by Mom, who had decided that he would live and then die at home no matter what.

So, here I was, not wanting to run. And I wouldn't have. Except I'd told **Madeline Harms** that I'd run with her. She'd never been under 3:30. I had, long ago, and in fact had lied to everybody that I'd hoped to run under 3:30 this day. So we'd agreed to run together.

Maybe she wouldn't show up. If she didn't, I was outta there, riding the bus back into town. Or, maybe she wouldn't find me.

But she did. So we ran. The pace felt harder than it should have. I stayed with her through 13.1, hitting it exactly on target, and then let her go. She ran 3:28. I ran 3:35 – not what I'd theoretically hoped for, but good enough. Workmanlike.

I went back to my hotel room and called Mom. "Do I still have a Dad?" "Yes. He's sleeping peacefully." It had been that close. Mom had promised she'd call me in Boston if he died while I was there. I hadn't really known if she would.

My spirits lifted. I still had a Dad. I'd done my duty as a runner. I went to a different Irish pub and had the beer/burger/fries. I wasn't quite triumphant – it stuck in my craw a little that I hadn't manned up enough to run sub-3:30 - but this was good enough. Went to the post-race party; saw Madeline, Elyse, a few others. Started thinking about deferring in 2011 and then having another go in 2012.

But they did away with deferments for 2011. I haven't been back. But never say never.

And Dad died just after midnight the following Sunday/Monday.

(photo captions (from top): *Hackman Sr, and I driving my "new" car west from KY to CO; 1989. I'd let him pick it out for me to buy, sight unseen, from the family Ford business. Dad in my grad school apartment at the end of the trip. Mom, Dad and I en route to Rocky Mountain National Park (CO).*)

Corr Waxes on Her Brazilian Summer

My Five Questions — by Kit Wells

I chatted with WRC's **Michaela Corr** on May 22nd, a week before she jetted off to a summer internship in the Olympic city of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, as part of her graduate curriculum at Georgetown's SFS. Unaware that our National Security Agency (NSA) had secretly, legally granted us free "recording + transcription + metadata" lifetime upgrade packages to our regular mobile phone plans, I scribbled some very scattered notes. The meager result of my labors is the following, which may *or may not* reflect Michaela's intended response to my five questions.

Why are you leaving me and this sweaty, boring DC for an über sexy and sporty-spectacular Rio?

Michaela's internship is with an organization called IBISS (<http://ibiss.info>), which was formed to promote health and social services. What they basically do is go into [favelas](#) (very large, populous, and dangerous shanty towns in Brazil) to establish trust and rapport with the community.

Some of their programs involve recruiting former drug traffickers as mentors for youth (to stay out of drug trade). The mentors can promote alternative (to favela) lifestyles, by serving as advocates and coaches. Some information on that program is here: <http://www.ibiss.info/english/ibiss-projects/favela-street/>

Are you ready for the intellectual and environmental challenges that await you?

Michaela can see the problems facing Brazil in general, and favelas in particular, from both a security and a development perspective. For her, the experience is going to be not unlike what she did while working in Pohnpei (Micronesia). She feels prepared for the confrontation of Rio's lush verdant hillsides and broad sandy beaches.

Does Rio in 2013 have a particular appeal to you, as it's preparing for the Olympics right now?

Yes. A big question is, "What is to happen to the favelas during the Olympic preparations?" Studies show that big sports event (e.g. World Cup, Olympic Games) often do more harm than good for the host. The most obvious recent example of this is South Africa. (There have been huge Brazilian protests on this point in late June 2013)

There isn't enough employment or infrastructure of those games for the surrounding community. Hiring locally is a problem. How to provide the badly needed transit and stable power for the favelas? Her understanding is that they are really trying to do this right in Rio. But there are reasons to be skeptical about prospects for long term growth and sharing in the benefits by much of the surrounding community.

How do IBISS's activities tie into your own interests?

Michaela's is interested in how to take her sport to have positive impact on community and youth. She (an ultra-runner) feels self driven, and can bring an intensity to what's an already intense experience. The last intern at IBISS was a newbie, had not worked abroad via Peace Corps, embassies or consulates, and so lots of things didn't get done. Michaela feels that despite still getting up to speed on her Portuguese, she will need less time to acclimate, and already has a contact or two with the local Olympic Organizing Committee.

Last and most important question: how will this trip affect your running?

She will be linking up with a Canadian yoga instructor in Rio's art district. The city is covered with stairs galore, or so she hears. Michaela will probably will do more oceanside running than on the trails. Rio is a very outdoorsy city. Being a competent soccer player also gives her a head start (this is uncommon among Brazilian women, she said); so she's traveling with her soccer cleats! (Update: By June, Michaela had found expatriate Pacers and WRC runners, visiting or living in Rio)

So, good luck Michaela on your big summer adventure! Here's hoping that she will meet my personal hero, Olympic bronze marathoner, and Pierre de Coubertin medalist, Vanderlei de Lima! And in the meantime, my F.O.I.A. request to the NSA for our followup conversation is already in the pipeline. A real labor saver.

Grand Prix Update (through June)

by David Pittman

Christine Hackman slightly extended her lead in a tight battle with **Julia Taylor** in the inaugural WRC Grand Prix racing series.

Hackman maintains a slim 1 percentage-point lead over Taylor in the age-grade scoring system.

Hackman ran a 46:35 in last month's Capitol Hill Classic 10K while Taylor zoomed to a 44:25 at the Lawyers Have Heart 10K a few weeks ago. Because of the age-grade scoring, Hackman's score was better (73.53%) than Taylor's (71.23%).

The Grand Prix counts the best five races from a predetermined list of races of varying distances throughout the year. Runners are allowed one "elective" race from outside the selected races.

On the men's side, **Kirk Masterson** continues to hold a lead (79.32%) despite not racing a Grand Prix event since April's GW Parkway Classic.

However, **Ben Stutts** (74.94%) and **Jay Wind** (76.49%) are sneaking up on the WRC president.

Stutts ran a 35:38 at the Lawyers Have Heart 10K where Wind clocked a 44:13.

The next race is the Go Fourth 8K in Vienna, Va. on July 4.

Recent Race Results

*Did we miss something? Please report your results to newsletter@washrun.org, and **especially** important, report your **Grand Prix** results to grandprix@washrun.org.*

Alexandria Running Festival - Half Marathon

May 26, 2013, Alexandria, VA

10 Julia Taylor 1:36:14 (2013 Virginia State Half Marathon Female Masters Champion!)

The North Face Endurance Challenge 50K

June 1, 2013, Sterling, VA

10 Rachel Clattenburg 5:05:05 9:50 Female 1

Comrades Marathon (86.96K)

June 2, 2014, Pietermaritzburg, RSA

80 Daniel Yi 6:48:18 77th male, 1st American

Lawyers Have Heart 10K

June 8, 2013, Washington, D.C.

22	Ben Stutts	35:38	20th male, 3rd M20-24
154	Hillary Tipton	42:18	26th female, 4th F20-24
243	Jay Jacob Wind	44:13	201st male, 2nd M60-64
252	Julia Taylor	44:25	45th female, 6th F40-44

Roll Call

Here's our count of the WRC membership and the newsletter email list. June 27, 2013

Most Recent Active WRC Membership	Invited to {wrc-members}	Joined {wrc-members}	Total
pre-2011	95	15	110
2011	2	2	4
2012	9	5	14
2013	16	37	53
Recruit	0	1	1
Grand Total	122	60	182

If you know someone who should be an active member of WRC in good standing, please encourage them to [renew their membership](#) for 2013. And likewise, if you know of a current member who isn't receiving the newsletter, encourage them to register by writing to <wrc-members-subscribe@yahoogroups.com>.

Membership Renewal for 2013

Join the club for 2013 by [renewing your membership](#). The goals of this online initiative are to provide new members with key club information immediately upon joining, for all members to receive confirmation that their dues were received, and to reduce transaction costs for those wishing to renew online.

Annual Dues

Individual Membership: \$20 per year

Family Membership: \$30 per year

Current Members

2012 Memberships expired on January 31, 2013. For the four dozen souls who already renewed either at the Annual Meeting and Party, mailed in their dues, or did it online, THANK YOU!

New Members

If you joined on or after September 1, 2012, your membership will be good for all of 2013! If you're not sure, please contact the [Membership Officer](#), who will let you know when you joined WRC.

Non-Member Newsletter Subscribers

We'd like to encourage the **23 non-member subscribers** to this monthly newsletter to show their ongoing support by renewing their membership with WRC. In case you don't know whether this means you, please check with the membership coordinator by writing to membership@washrun.org.

Membership dues pay for the club's operational costs, events, and fund member benefits. The ultimate financial management and control of WRC is under the direction of a sometimes-foolish WRC President, who is elected by the always wise general membership. So be wise—join WRC today!

Financial Instagram

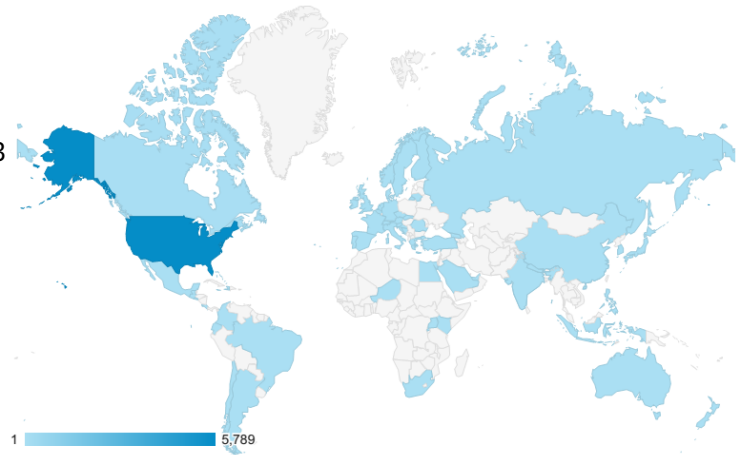
The most recent available snapshot of the club's war chest, as of April 30th, was reported in the May newsletter.

Website Update

Between February and June, washrun.org has received over 6,000 visits, and shared more than 14,000 page views. We have enjoyed visitors in 63 Nations and 49 U.S. States.

Yo, Wyoming; waaaazaaaaap?

You can help add to the voice of your club by contributing to website's blog! It's super simple. To request an account for making contributions, please write at webmaster@washrun.org, and we will hook you up!



Current Board Members, 2013

[President](#): Kirk Masterson

[Vice President](#): Carla Freyvogel

[Treasurer](#): James Scarborough

[Membership Officer](#): David Pittman

[Chief Information Officer](#): Kit Wells

[Outreach and Community Events Officer](#): Michaela Corr

Vacant offices, for which we need club members to volunteer and fill:

[Secretary](#): Selection in Progress

[Race Team Manager](#): Selection in Progress

Track Coordinator: Selection in Progress

Other essential club functions:

[Grand Prix Coordinator](#): David Pittman

[Newsletter Editor](#): Kit Wells

Nota bene:

WRC is [registered](#) as [USATF-Potomac Valley](#) club member # **10-0102**.

Our **Hotline** for voicemail and SMS text messages is **(571) 384-8972**. Free—when you call from work!

Our general email address is now information@washrun.org. Direct your [complaints](#) to dev.null@washrun.org.

To contribute or suggest corrections to this newsletter, please write to: newsletter@washrun.org.

To contribute to the club's website, please write to: webmaster@washrun.org.



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