

1/3/90



THE PAPER RACE

KRRC NEWSLETTER
P.O. BOX 339
BOURBONNAIS, IL 60914



Memphis Odyssey

DATELINE: INTERSTATE 57, SOUTHBOUND
Friday afternoon, December 1st, 1989

Seven hours of male bonding with Matt Gubbins and Dan Gould. Behave John, these two guys can put you behind bars.

DATELINE: MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
Saturday, December 2nd, 1989

Something Dan Gould said tonight had me a little worried. Just before he turned off the lights he looked across the room at me and said, "Shoup, we're dead meat." Dan worries about little things. The temperature outdoors was below freezing and the wind was blowing at about 18 miles per hour. I told Dan, "Hey man, tomorrow will be a great day for ice fishing." When the Judge asked me if I saw any bait or fishing equipment in the room, I realized he had tricked me. He had signed me up for the Memphis Marathon without my knowledge. Jail seemed like a pretty good option.

DATELINE: MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
ROOM 202 AT THE RADISON
Sunday, December 3rd, 1989

When the alarm went off at 6:30 on the morning of December 3rd, it was cold. It was so cold that the sun was frozen in place in the southeastern sky. Dan was crying in the bathroom. Matt Gubbins, who came along to drive us back home after the race, was laughing hysterically. He looked out of our hotel room window and told us the bums were frozen to the bus stop benches across the street. Dan began to cry harder. By race time at 8:00 o'clock, Dan had calmed down and was toeing the starting line next to me. We shook hands, wished each other luck and were off with the start. The Judge and I were Boston bound!

I went through the first mile in 6:45, exactly the pace I wanted. At mile five I was told I was 33:45 into the race, still exactly at 6:45 pace. I began to run in that state of trance we runners enjoy so much. I noticed how beautiful Memphis was on such a sunny morning. There was Matt at the eighth mile shouting encouragement and taking pictures. I realized how nice it was and how important it was to have good support during a marathon.

I approached the half-marathon point in 1:29:46 and once again Matt was waiting to help me along. I felt great! People going by in cars gave me more inspiration with their waves and cheers. I was going to need inspiration shortly because I was about to turn north into a 20 m.p.h. wind. The wind chill factor would be in the single digits and four monster hills were about to scare me to death. Where's Matt? Is the heater working in the van? Do they sell beer here before 10:00 a.m.? Oh well, keep going.

Between the sixteenth and twentieth miles I was flying. The hills were long and I laughed at them. In fact, between the eighteenth and nineteenth miles I gave them a 6:10 laugh. By the twentieth mile, which I reached in 2:18:20, I couldn't believe how good I felt. It was like a dream come true. That dream was about to turn into a nightmare. In two more miles I would reach THE HILL!!!

Let me tell you about THE HILL. It's the longest hill I've ever seen. It's the steepest gradual hill I've ever seen. I've had cars that couldn't make it to the top of THE HILL. Who put that "Welcome to Vail" sign at the base of THE HILL? And who are those people on the ski lift laughing at me? I told myself to put my head down, lean forward, and shorten my stride. Halfway up THE HILL, in what seemed like an hour later, I looked up my right and noticed mountain goats grazing along the road. A few minutes later I hit tundra. I saw hundreds of corpses with numbers from last year's race scattered about. I was so close to the sun that it singed my hat. "Now this," I said to myself, "is a hill!"

When I hit the twenty-fourth mile my sense of reality had diminished drastically. I wanted to stop, yet I wanted to speed up. My running form looked like that of a man in need of burial. And then I saw HIM! I think it was him anyway. He was overweight and there was a little gray in his coal black hair but it sure looked like Elvis. Knowing that nobody in Memphis pronounces the letter "L," I called at him, "Evis, Evis, where's the finish?" "You're runnin' like a hound dog," he said. I told him not to be cruel because I was all shook up lookin' for the end of this lonely street I was on. He pointed toward the Mississippi River and told me I was two miles from the finish. I asked him to cheer Dan on for me when he came by and he said he would. He's the King.

Coming down the last of the four hundred hills I counted on the course, I could see the finish. There seemed to be a good turnout of fans at the finish line and I was grateful for all the support from the police and volunteers along the marathon route. I finished in 3:06:19, closely followed by the Judge's stunning 3:14:35. We had qualified for Boston. The Judge ran his final 10K in 45 minutes, four minutes faster than my 49 minute last leg. He was reeling me in but just ran out of road.

On the way home we stopped at every McDonald's we could find. Matt drove most of the way, much to Dan's and my delight. We basked in our effort, proud to have completed the toughest marathon in the whole world. So, if you want to prove what you're made of, travel to Memphis next December and race. It'll make you appreciate our flat prairie land and it'll make you marvel at what tough men Dan and I are.

Thru The Chute

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3

Springfield Snowflake 10-Miler - Bill Linn 62:45

Memphis Marathon - John Shoup 3:06:19; Dan Gould 3:14:35

Ottawa 10-Miler - Pat Koerner (probably another PR); Jo Boudreau

Notice

DUES ARE DUE! DUES ARE DUE! DUES ARE DUE!
PLEASE COMPLETE THE ENCLOSED APPLICATION AND MAIL OR BRING WITH YOU!

From The President

As I was running on a remarkably warm Christmas night, chasing someone's footprints in the newly fallen snow, my mind wandered and I reflected on the decade coming to a close and what running has done for me.

I started running, like most of us, to lose weight, get back in shape, and to relieve the stress of everyday life. Running fulfilled these goals and as the years passed my life changed with new and larger goals to accomplish. A biathlon to try, then a triathlon, maybe one more biathlon? But as each running-related goal was accomplished I found that running had become a part of my life, much like brushing my teeth, and running was a major constant in my busy life.

I found that after a very trying day at work I would come home ranting and raving and Anna would shag me out of the house, insisting I take my time and run a long one and I would always come back feeling refreshed. (Who says non-runners aren't smart!)

Most of the races I run give me great satisfaction. The majority were run with other club runners such as Dan Gould, Dave Hedlin, and up to 2 years ago, Pat Koerner. We held great races within races and no matter who won we had a good time after the race explaining to each other why we didn't run our best. My mainstay is always too busy to train, and a rough Friday night. Racing and the competition gives to me an inner strength and confidence that I'm not sure I would have if I chose not to run.

The running club in the area has given my family many new friends that I think will last a lifetime. We runners share an unspoken commitment that only other runners fully understand. For example, who else do you know but a runner who would get up at 5:30 on July 4th to go to Watseka, or Homewood, or God forbid, LeMont, to run a race on a hot, humid morning?

The 1980's have been pretty good to me and my family. I feel they have been better because of running. I hope that everyone feels the same and that the next ten years are even better. As president of the running club, I hope the club continues to grow like it has in the past 2 years, and that all of us help support our local races. So we say goodbye to the 1980's and welcome the 90's and hope the wind changes so it's always at our backs.

Female and Male Runners of the Year

Once again Jo Boudreau has risen to the top of the women's division to grab the Female Runner of the Year award. Jo is an outstanding runner who works hard in training and during her races. I greatly admire her determination and dedication. Not only that, but she's a charming individual with impeccable character. Congratulations Jo, and good luck in 1990.

This year, our Male Runner of the Year is the one-and-only Pat Koerner, a fleet-footed farmer from Cabery, now residing in Bourbonnais. It seems that Pat sets personal best times at each race he enters. He's won many races overall this year and can now run with the best of them at any race. Points were taken off Pat's overall score because he was beaten at a race this year by a former world record holder who is now out of shape and afflicted with an alcohol problem, but hey, I beat him a few times last year under the same conditions. So congratulations Pat and best of luck in the New Year.

On The Run

"You're not going to run, are you?" my wife asked. I was prepared for the question, although after eight winters she should have known better. Of course I was going to run—that is what runners do! I knew there was snow and ice on the road, it was fifteen degrees below zero, and the wind chill was . . . I didn't know and I didn't care about the wind chill. I would bare no skin to winter's frigid blast.

"I'll be a very rich widow!" she replied to my simple "Yes." I was tempted to suggest that for someone whose primary exercise is jumping to conclusions she would not live long enough to enjoy it. Mere mortals will never understand how committed we are. They only believe we should be committed.

Why was I running this day? For the same reasons I run the rest of the year—fitness of body and mind. I want to keep the muscles toned for racing, burn those calories, and tranquilize my psyche. Cold weather or not, I need my exercise!

Is there no other reason? Well, I suppose so. Just as you bathe in the awe and admiration of non-runners when you run a 5K or marathon, running in this type of weather is also good for some, "Can you believe this. . ." conversation by and with the non-runners. In short, it is a bit of an ego trip.

"Reflections '89," as advertised in the November and December issues, was supposed to fill these pages with our members' memories of their running year. The response was underwhelming, but a few responded.

Pat Baldwin — I really enjoyed the Cross Country Championship at Camp Shaw-waw-nas-see. It was something different. Next year I'll remember to bring the bug spray.

Pat Koerner — I won my first race in 1969 (Momens 10K). You only win for the first time once.

Charlie Grotevant — I ran 44 races from one mile to marathon and set PR's at every distance except 10K (missed by 1 sec.!).

Jeff Lonergan — I improved my 5K times from 21 to the mid 19's by training harder and concentrating.

Jack Dorn — This was my first full year as a road racer, a year filled with firsts and PR's.

Henry Shelly — I enjoyed coming back after not running seriously for 3 or 4 years. I ran a PR at the Plainfield 10K and came close to my 5K PR. It was fun to get together with the gang to go to the races.

John Clausen — I ran many of the local races for the first time. I especially liked the Illinois Cross Country Open at Camp Shaw-waw-nas-see for the challenging course.

Wishing You A Happy And Prosperous New Year!

— Dan Gould

Notice

THE ANNUAL ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING OF THE KANKAKEE RIVER RUNNING CLUB WILL BE HELD JANUARY 13, 1990, AT 6:30 P.M. AT JO BOUDREAU'S, 735 JONETTE, BRADLEY. ELECTION OF OFFICERS WILL BE HELD AT THAT TIME.

Notice

A CLUB SOCIAL WILL BE HELD AT THE ABOVE TIME, DATE, AND PLACE UPON COMPLETION OF THE BUSINESS MEETING. ALL THOSE ATTENDING THE SOCIAL ARE ASKED TO BRING A COVERED DISH. THE CLUB WILL PROVIDE LIQUID REFRESHMENT AND MEAT.