

THE PAPER RACE

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE KANKAKEE RIVER RUNNING CLUB SINCE 1979



JANUARY 2000 KRRC NEWSLETTER, P.O. BOX 534, BOURBONNAIS, IL 60914 ISSUE 143

YEAR 2000 MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE DUE—PLEASE USE ENCLOSED RENEWAL FORM

(If you became a member after 8-1-1999 you need not renew until 1-2001)

Phil's Files



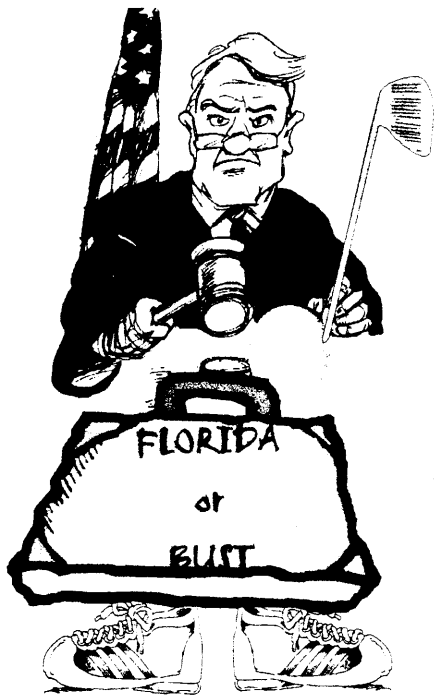
On Thanksgiving Day, I drove up to New Lenox to do the Pilcher Park Poultry Predictor. This race has become part of my holiday tradition. This year was the 7th time I've run it in the last eight years. The first year that I did this race it was a low-key operation. There were probably 50 to 60 participants. These were the years Rich Olmstead, John Brinkman, Mike Hickey and family, Dan Gould, Randy Riegel, Jeff Lonergan, Scott Kelson and others would drive up from the Kankakee area to do this race. That's how the tradition began. The race has grown to over 150 participants with Randy Riegel and I carrying on the tradition.

It was a beautiful day for a race. Race temperature was approximately 35° and the course was dry. I started out trailing John Davis, a Prairie State club member, by probably five seconds or so. He was running with a high school age runner. The lead they had over me stayed about the same until the two mile mark, where I caught the high school kid and passed him. The kid was tough and passed me back but I caught him again and passed him back. John Davis was still ahead of me. I'm starting to think I'm never going to catch this guy. Then I hear the kid behind me swear and I wonder what his problem is. About 10 seconds later a different kid goes flying past me. Then the kid catches John Davis and runs with him a while before blowing his doors. Finally, I passed John at about the three-mile mark. Did I mention that this was a four mile race?...details, details. The last half-mile is downhill and I kicked hard. With a hundred yards to go I realized I was catching the kid. I sprinted past the kid and finished with a time of 23:28, good for 6th overall and my best performance of the year. I predicted 23:40, which was good enough to win a turkey.

On December 12th I did the Jingle Bell 5K in Kankakee. This race has become a successful race with 190 runners finishing. There were also many walkers who participated. Race conditions were good for December. The temperature was in the upper 30's and the sky was cloudy. The streets were wet which made them a little slippery. I finished the race with a time of 18:11, which was good for seventh overall and a first in age group award. Jeff Lonergan also won a first in age group award. Jeff turned 45 the day before the race. Evidently Rich Olmstead wasn't aware of this because he let Jeff pass him without a fight.

The post-race refreshments were delicious Chicago Dough Pizza, which was plentiful, and pop. The plaques for first in age group were neat because a picture of Santa Claus was on them. (P.S. Don't tell Phil that Santa isn't a real person. Marcia) The race was pretty much the same as in the past years but I enjoyed it more this year.

I'd like to thank Dan Gould and Ken Klipp for calling club members to let them know that they were meeting at 9:00 at the park on Sunday, December 19th. Ken heard that some club members that periodically show up weren't sure what time to meet. Thank you Ken for not giving me a hard time about my, "What Time Do the Sunday Group Runs Meet" article. Ken is a class act. PHIL NEWBERRY



Dan Gould Retires, Joining PGA

(The facts in this article are not actually supported by Dan Gould and in fact, are not all facts, some of it is made up by someone with nothing else better to do, possibly Marcia Lonergan.)

Did you ever wonder what judges wear underneath those long, black robes? Well, it's no secret that for the past few months Judge Gould (better known to us as Dan) has been sporting running clothes or golfing attire under the protective cover of his robe. The anticipation of his retirement was too much for him to endure and rumor has it that on his last day he forgot to wear anything under his robe. All I heard was that a big gust of wind gave his predicament away as he was leaving the courthouse for lunch, but that's a story for another time... Anyway, now the wait is over and all the visions that have been dancing in his head will become reality. Dan is headed to the Gulf Coast of Florida or should I spell that "Golf Coast"? There he will spend hours upon hours basking in the sun on lush, green golf courses swinging to his little heart's content. His golf club that is.

He also has big plans to train heavily for the racing circuit by increasing his running miles and weight training. So all you runners that have been ahead of Dan at the races better prepare for his return in April 2000 when we hope to see him in top form and running PR's!

After spending just one month short of 26 years on the bench, Dan is ready to live in the fast lane among the finest of Florida's silver foxes and isn't wasting any time getting to Bradenton, which is an hour south of Tampa. He will be living somewhat close to KRRC club members John and Erma Hickey of Port Charlotte, FL and is sure to be seeing a lot of them at the races. We are confident that John and Erma will take Dan under their wing and keep an eye on him for us. Actually, we're hoping they'll report back a bunch of trash on him so we can publish it in the newsletter! Better behave Dan!

On a more serious note, we are going to miss Dan while he is away on his excursion to Florida. Dan has played a big role in keeping the KRRC alive. He held the club together as newsletter editor for 11 years and has always been a friendly face at local races. Also, we can't forget all the wedding ceremonies he has performed for club members and their families. (Rumor has it that John Shoup has asked to be the first in line upon Dan's return!) Dan has done much to bring people together and is an all around great guy.

We wish Dan the very best in his retirement and hope that he enjoys his days in the warm, Florida sun running, golfing, and contemplating any future career choices.

Happy Retirement Dan!

(P.S. Don't forget to send in your race results!)

A Rocky Mountain High at the Bolder Boulder Run

by Nancy Ruda

Just imagine 42,343 people in the same place at the same time.

That's 84,686 feet striking the ground wearing an average of \$3,175,725 worth of shoes, the majority of which are tied in double knots. There's at least 27,000 pair of sunglasses, 15,000 baseball caps, and who knows how many sticks of gum being chomped.

And, don't forget the safety pins. There's at least 84,686 of them pinched, pulled and poked on the 42,343 pair of shorts that deck out every size, shape, and stature of body imaginable.

Sound like a stampede waiting to happen? A victory celebration at Wrigley Field? A rock concert in the making? Answer "yes" to all three, and you're right. Well, kind of, sort of.

This is the ominous starting line of the "Bolder Boulder 21st Memorial Day 10K Road Run." And, with all of that energy toeing the mark, it smacks of stampede of humanity, albeit an extremely organized and excited one, just waiting to burst forth.

The enthusiasm and joviality resounding from the front row of runners all the w-a-a-a-y back to the last wave resonates with as much calamity as any hometown fans can muster. And, the throngs of revelers set to surge down the myriad streets of Boulder will bound to the most diverse 6.2 mile concert of bluegrass, rock, rap, hip-hop, and country music... as well as entertainment from belly dancers, Dancing Grandmas, and twisters from the fifties.

This is not a typical Monday morning in Boulder, CO but it is a typical red-white-and-blue Memorial Day morning in this high-pitched Rocky Mountain town. Because the annual Bolder to Boulder Run is as much a tradition for the fleet of feet as it is for those who meet on the street to cheer.

So, what are two lone souls from Kankakee— one a credit union manager, the other a writer; both noncompetitive runners—doing in this sea of feet, sweat bands, Gatorade, commotion, and altitude? Well, they're looking around... and smiling, waving, talking, grinning, laughing, joking, strutting, and jumping up and down just like the 42,341 recreational athletes around them!

That's the picture my husband, Ron, and I struck as we melted into the pot of race day participants on a slightly cloudy, cool morning in downtown Boulder on May 31. In spite of the immensity of the event and the flurry of people ahead, beside, and behind us, we weren't jittered by our usual unsettling "What am I doing here?" angst. Rather, we were overcome with the infectious "This is going to be a blast!" feeling that was sweeping the field.

As "fun" runners, Ron and I log our miles each week for the sheer pleasure (and occasional pain!) of keeping our waistlines on tow and our stress levels low. Although we participate in nearly all of the local road races and are active members of the Kankakee River Running Club, we tend to shy away from events that draw hundreds, let alone thousands, of entrants.

But, here we were... smack dab in the middle of the fourth largest in the U.S. and the tenth largest in the world. What madcaps had influenced us to part so far from our comfort zone? What meddling forces had jump-started our sweat socks? Simply put, the hard-pressed enthusiasm of three other runners!

One of my sisters, Kathy Leszcynski, lives in Lafayette, CO just outside of Boulder. She and another sister, Susan Ruda of Crestwood, IL, and our niece, Sarah Leszcynski of Denver, have run the Bolder Boulder for at least the past 10 years. (Each one seems to have a different recollection of the exact year the tradition began!) All three are also "fun" runners, who road race occasionally in small local events.

After each Bolder Boulder, they raved how much fun it was and how Ron and I should join them. Although the thought intrigued us, the magnitude of this race left us leery and out of the pack each year. Until we had no more excuses and decided to break out and try a new adventure and challenge. That's how we found our way on the road to Bolder Boulder!

Luckily, we had the wisdom and the veteran's past experience with this race to guide us. These ravens have their race day itinerary nailed down to a science, from where to park their car to exactly where to meet after the event. Wake-up calls resounded promptly at 4:50 a.m. The race vehicle pulled out of the driveway right on schedule at precisely 6:00 a.m. And, it wasn't long before we—and thousands of other participants—were casually strolling to our designated spots for the 7:30 a.m. start of the race.

Due to the size of this feat, a "wave start" is used. When runners register for the Bolder Boulder, they indicate what their anticipated finish time will be. Then, each runner is placed in a wave with those of comparable ability. There are 50 waves in the Bolder Boulder, stretching from "A to ZZ." Each wave begins 2.5 minutes apart. This type of start reduces crowding on the course and eases congestion at the finish line. With the pop of a gun and the wave of a flag, the "A's" lurched forward. The 6.2 miles of sheer fun had begun!

This year we were set to ride the "I" wave. From A's on down, each wave ahead of us flowed like clockwork, and before we knew it, the official race starter set us and 200 other "I's" off on our adventure, all amid a flurry of music and merry mayhem.

Since Ron and I train with each other whenever we can, our race strategy was simply to run together as neither one of us was familiar with the course. Our fleet-of-feet niece was at the head of the pack, while our

sisters were pounding the pavement a bit behind us. We reasoned that it was a good plan, but by the first mile turn, with our adrenaline pumping, we broke apart by chance, separated in the bobbing ribbon of humanity.

The sport of running is seldom equated with the word "fun." But, there's no other word to describe the Bolder Boulder. In fact, running this race was so much fun, we were undaunted by the hills, altitude, and throngs of athletes around us. And, along the way, it was almost hard to tell who was having more fun—the racers or the bystanders.

The entire race route was wrapped not only with lines of well-wishers and cheerleaders of all ages but also with a vast array of entertainment—47 kinds, to be exact! There was music for every taste with live bands interspersed along the way—on lawns, in parking lots, and on street corners. We were treated to high-strutting tunes from Fleetwood Mac to The Rolling Stones to "Roll Out the Barrel" by a two-piece accordion and tuba combo. Many homes chimed in with blaring music from speakers in their front doors.

But, there was much more to this race than met the "ear"! The eyes were also stimulated by the sparkling tops and shimmering skirts of belly dancers and the high-stepping cowgirl antics of the "Dancing Grandmas." Not to be left out, the sense of smell was whiffed into action by onlookers who heartily offer coffee and bagels to any racers who want to stop!

The well-marked course begins in downtown Boulder at an altitude of 5,430 feet. All along the way, easily-spotted volunteers flank the route at intersections, aid stations, and water stops. After winding through several retail areas, the race eases into a variety of residential neighborhoods along gently rolling inclines. Runners hit the highest point at 5,455 feet, just before the four-mile mark. The fun climaxes at the finish line in Folsom Field Stadium at the University of Colorado at 5,442 feet.

The Bolder Boulder was launched in 1979 with a contingency of 2,700 participants. Within two years, the field had ballooned to 9,000 runners. Last year, the unmatched event drew 40,145 runners, walkers, and wheelchair racers. The race has four full-time employees, operates a retail store, and is regularly contacted by committees from around the world for assistance in organizing their own road races.

Each year, profits from the event benefit a number of Boulder's worthy causes and charitable organizations. This year's race enlisted 2,400 volunteers, whose jobs ranged from stuffing race packets to passing out sunscreen to working the four water stations.

The beauty of Bolder Boulder is that it has never lost sight of the goal of its founders: to be a race for the "citizens" of the regular folk. In spite of the huge number of participants, it is truly an unintimidating event for the amateur, recreational, and weekend athlete.

Without a doubt, this race is all about the average person—from eight to 80—who "fits" physical fitness into his or her daily life, along with a full-time job, school, kids, PTA, and housework. They're not paid to train or backed by multi-billion Dollar deals from flashy shoe companies. For most, there's no hardware or purse at the end of the line. Rather, these "ordinary" gals and guys are out there sweating for the sheer heart and pleasure of the physical challenge.

And, nowhere is this thrill, pride, and exhilaration felt more strongly than at the finish line of the Bolder Boulder. This is the culmination of all those hours spent training at all times of the day and in all kinds of weather!

After a rising hill, runners pass a statue of Olympic medalist, running legend, and race co-founder, Frank Shorter, and enter the stadium, which is packed to the rafters with thousands of fans cheering and screaming as participants pound out the final yards.

It can only be described as the most awesome, incredibly uplifting feeling one could ever experience. Any discomfort disappears. Any second thoughts about why you run or entered this race are banished. Your heart pounds with excitement, your ears are flooded with thunderous roars, and your eyes can't drink in enough of this once-in-a-lifetime finish.

True to its superb organization, finishers are streamlined through 10 chutes and directed to water stations and refreshments. My husband, sisters, niece, and I each finished in different times but somehow managed to find each other in crowds after the race. Like everyone around us, we were all smiles as we congratulated and hugged each other, swapped stories, and marveled at how "fantastic" the finish was.

Our reverie was momentarily interrupted when a platoon of Marines entered the stadium. Every year, they run the race in formation (in the "M" wave, of course!), wearing their boots and fatigues. Not to break with their tradition, the whole platoon dropped to the ground and did 10 push-ups before they crossed the finish line. The crowd went absolutely wild!

After a spot of relaxation, we made our way out of the stadium, as more and more finishers continued to stream in. The ride home bubbled with conversation and laughter. The Bolder Boulder was truly an epic moment in the running footsteps of these two joggers from Illinois. Now, we know the real meaning of a "Rocky Mountain High"!



Happy Birthday!!



BIRTHDAYS

Name	Birthday	Age
David Cagle	1/26/67	33
Raymond Feeley	1/27/47	53
Dan Gerbet	1/05/59	41
Linda Grace	1/26/62	38
Joyce Grotevant	1/28/42	58
Kevin Gum	1/09/75	25
Erma Hickey	1/24/28	72
Rae Hillebrand	1/05/93	7
Paul Hillebrand	1/05/95	5
Peter Kershaw	1/20/56	44
Breit Linn	1/26/82	18
James Martell	1/25/55	45
Don McCarty	1/29/71	29
Gabriel Noffke	1/30/88	12
Samantha Rahrig	1/26/85	15
John Shoup	1/23/50	50
Karol Spencer	1/21/57	43
Dianne Strufe	1/29/40	60

KRRC OFFICERS

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V-President,	Bill Linn	935-0815
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KRRC WEBSITE

www.keynet.net/~krrc

Fast-N-Fit Foods

by Janet Shelly

99999



1 LB. ground meat (beef, turkey or chicken)

1 large onion chopped

1/2 green pepper chopped

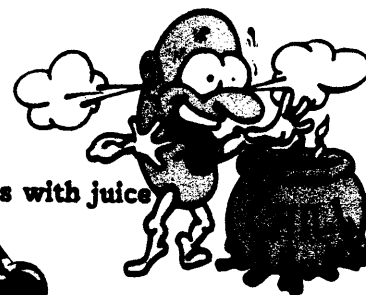
2 cloves of garlic-crushed

1 large can of chopped tomatoes with juice

1 large can tomato juice

1 can Brooks chili beans

season with salt, pepper, parsley, & chili powder to taste



Brown meat, drain well. Add onion, green pepper & garlic to drained meat. Cook until vegetables are soft. Add remainder of ingredients except beans. Simmer 1 hour. Add beans, stir well & cook until heated through. Serve topped with shredded cheddar cheese, sour cream (light, of course) and sliced green onions. Delicious served with corn bread. This is a great winter meal. It also freezes well.

99999!



Don't Forget

CHRISTMAS PARTY

GUARANTEED A GREAT TIME!

R.S.V.P. A.S.A.P. !!

(815) 937-4668 Dave & Chris Barrett
6:00 p.m.- Saturday, January 22nd

Bird Park Field House

Free to members - \$5 non-members

FOOD, DRINKS, GAMES & \$5 GIFT EXCHANGE

YOU MUST R.S.V.P. TO ATTEND!

THE FINISH LINE

Dec. 4th, Lansbrook Lakefront Classic 5K,

Palm Harbor, FL

Erma Hickey 28:01 1AG

John Hickey 25:56 1AG

Dec. 11th, Hidden River Classic 5K

Erma Hickey 28:17 1AG

John Hickey 25:38 5AG

Dec 12th, Jingle Bell 5K, Kankakee, IL

Charlie Grotevant 20:47 1AG 55+

December 19th

Erma Hickey 28:35 1AG

John Hickey 25:35 2AG

Dec. 31st, Hardcore Run 5K, Kewanee, IL

Charlie Grotevant 20:44 2AG 55-59



THE STARTING LINE

Jan. 22nd -Chilly Chili Millenium Mash 4.5 Miler - 1:00p.m.

- Bloomington, IL Deb(309)663-3195

Feb. 6th-The Winterfest Wellness 5K -

1:00 p.m. - Small Memorial Park,

Kankakee, IL (815)949-1551 \$13/\$16

Feb. 13th-The Frosty Five Miler - 1:00 p.m. - Chanahon

Middle School, Chanahon, IL (815)467-7275 \$14/\$16

Feb. 20th- Caribbean Cruise 5K - 9:00 a.m. - Keeling

Center, Park Forest, IL (708)747-3684 \$10/\$13

Jan.22nd - KRRC CHRISTMAS

PARTY - 6:00-? - Birdpark Fieldhouse -

R.S.V.P. Dave Barrett (815)937-4668

Membership Dues

We will be collecting membership dues for the year 2000 at the Christmas Party.

Please bring the enclosed membership form and a check to the party.

Single memberships are \$12/yr

&

Family memberships are \$17/yr

Thank you for supporting the

KRRC!!

(If you became a member after 8/1/99 you need not renew until 1/1/2001)



R.S.V.P.

A.S.A.P.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

The Batkiewicz Family

**Bill, Kate, Sara, Erica, & Jason
of Bourbonnais**

