



The Paper Race

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Spring Mileage Challenge

First and foremost, I want to extend my heartfelt thanks to all the participants of our Spring Mileage Challenge. Your unwavering dedication and commitment to this event have been truly inspiring, and it's been incredible to witness the collective effort of our KRRC community.

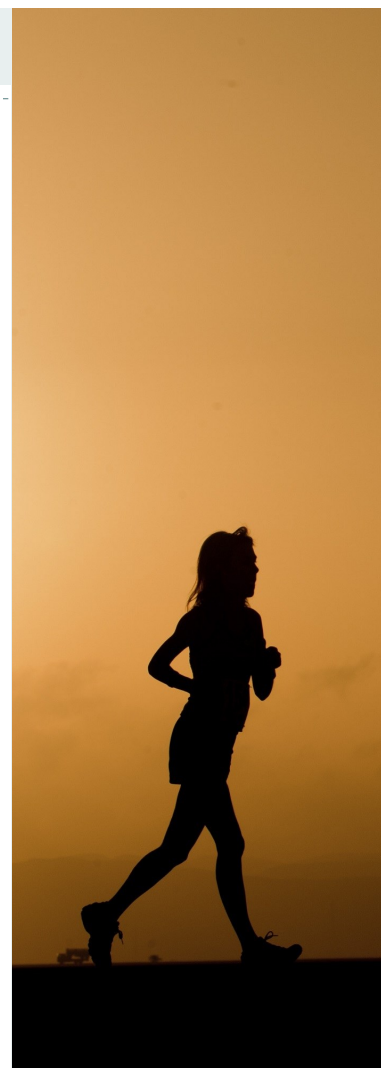
We once again did the challenge through the Strava App which you can download for free through Google Play or the App Store. This go around, we decided to add a twist to the challenge by dividing our participants into two groups: "I Don't Know any Better" (ages 53 and under) and "I Should Know Better" (ages 54 plus). The division was based on the median age of our members at the start of the challenge, a fun way to inject some friendly competition and camaraderie into the mix.

In the "I Don't Know any Better" group, our younger members logged an impressive total of 969.1 miles. Their energy, enthusiasm, and drive were truly commendable, and they set a high bar for the rest of us to strive for. Meanwhile, the "I Should Know Better" group, comprised of our seasoned veterans aged 54 and above, logged a remarkable total of 1,031.6 miles. Their experience, wisdom, and sheer determination served as a shining example to us all.

Together, as a club, we logged a grand total of 2,000.7 miles – a testament to the collective strength and unity of our community. This is up from the 1,565.61 miles logged for the Fall Mileage Challenge back in October. Our achievements extend beyond mere mileage. For every mile logged, we pledged to donate \$0.25 to support our local schools. With 2,000.7 miles under our belts, we're proud to announce that we'll be donating a total of \$500.18 to area schools, making a tangible difference in the lives of students in our community.

As we reflect on the Spring Mileage Challenge and celebrate our accomplishments, let's remember the spirit of camaraderie, support, and determination that propelled us forward. Whether you're a seasoned veteran or a newcomer to the sport, your contributions have made a meaningful impact, both on the roads and in the lives of others.

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Thank you once again to all the participants, volunteers, and supporters who made this event possible. Your passion for running and commitment to our community are what make our club truly special.

If you haven't already, be sure to join the Kankakee River Running Club group on the Strava App.

Keep running strong!

Khirstin Schneider
Kankakee River Running Club
President

Funny Runs...



Happy Birthday!

- 5/1 Phil Newberry 62
- 5/3 Debbie Dye 52
- 5/16 Leslie Williams 56
- 5/19 Theresa Golwitzer 62
- 5/23 Jennifer Clary 44





ON DAN'S RUN

Running Farmers

by Dan Gould

DANSRUN@AOL.COM

Runners come from all walks of life and running farmers have been part of the Kankakee River Running Club for most of its existence and for all my running years. The Kempton Kountry Kanter 10K in September of 1982 was one of my first races and Leon and Shirley Malone, Kempton area farmers, were there. I didn't know them at the time, but they along with Charlie Grotevant, Pat Koerner, and Bob and John Pool would become running buddies with whom I shared starting lines.

A couple months ago I wrote a profile of Charlie Grotevant for the newsletter and shared it with Phil Angelo, a former runner and KRRC member who remains part of our running world as Race Director for the Arthritis Foundation's Kankakee Jingle Bell 5K. Phil has been doing that for over 30 years. Phil is also a retired editor for the Daily Journal, but is still cranking out some great pieces.

Phil contacted me about doing a piece on Charlie for the DJ and it evolved into an article on running farmers for the annual Farm Edition in March featuring Charlie, Pat Koerner, Jason O'Connor, and Leon Malone. It was not, however, in the online edition and neither Charlie nor I saw it. I contacted Phil and he emailed me the article. I wanted to share it with the KRRC members and it appears below. The DJ article did not have photos and they have been added.

Here is Phil's article. Don't forget to run for your life!

Running farmers

Tending to the land while keeping fit,

The story of the area's running farmers

The sun comes up. The farmer gets up. The farmer runs down the road. It's a Kankakee County tradition. The community has a long history of running farmers. They cover miles and miles over years and years, keeping in shape while thinking of the day ahead in local agriculture.

Among these storied in-shape local farmers are Leon Malone, Pat Koerner, Charlie Grotevant and Jason O'Connor. All have different tales to tell, but a common theme that running helps them be better stewards of the land.

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Gould, continued

Pat Koerner

“It works out pretty well,” says Koerner. Running, he says, is a good stress release. As he covers the miles, he does his planning for the day. “There’s so much of farming,” he says, “that you can’t control.”

Koerner farms 400 acres of corn and soybeans in Northern Ford and Southern Kankakee County. He started farming at age 18 and is still going strong at 62. He took up running at age 20. He was working out at a local health club and answered up the challenge to run a 10-kilometer race that was part of the Herscher Centennial.

Once he conquered that, there was no turning back. Typically running five days a week, he also bicycles and exercises at the Kankakee Area YMCA. He estimates that he has covered 80,000 miles in his life. He’s entered 1,100 races and has won 116 or 117.

“I will never have to buy another T-shirt again,” he jokes. Shirts are regularly given out to runners in local races. He’s turned some into quilts, given away some at Goodwill, but has held on to quite a few.

He runs most of his races within a two-hour drive of home. Local races interest him more than big city crowds. He’s entered some local races 20 times or more. In 2023, he ran in 39 races and won his age group 30 times. He’s covered every distance from a mile to a marathon. ‘My goal is to not have anyone older than me, beat me,’ Koerner says.

When he runs or bikes, he doesn’t listen to any music, preferring to enjoy the birds and the ducks, particularly along the trails at the Kankakee River State Park. “I think it helps (my health) a lot,” he says. His resting heart rate is in the 40s. In his younger days, he had more than 200 sub-17 minute 5-kilometer races. Nowadays, he covers that distance in 21 minutes, he says, and doesn’t recover quite as quickly as he once did.

But he still loves the running. “It’s an addiction, but a positive addiction,” he says.

Jason O’Connor

Jason O’Connor started running to keep his daughter Kelly company. She began running as a sixth grader and is now a sophomore at Herscher High. Now younger daughter Kendall is a runner too. Herscher has a strong tradition of cross country participation and excellence among girls. O’Connor is in his 24th season as a farmer, bringing in corn, soybeans and wheat on 2,000 acres in Limestone and Pilot Township.

O’Connor runs six days a week and enters a handful of local races. In 2023 he won the Dwight Harvest Days event. “We try to stay off the roads,” he says of the O’Connor training regimen. They use the Kankakee River State Park, Perry Farm, Kankakee Community College and the Limestone Park.

Running in the morning, he says, helps to clear his mind for the day.



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Do you have comments? Questions? Something for the newsletter? Please send all submissions to KRRClub@gmail.com

Find race registrations and results at https://kankakeeriverrunningclub.com/krrc/2024_Race_Calendar.html

Gould, continued

From the agricultural markets to the weather, there's always something on his mind as the miles pass by. While it's neat to do a marathon, he says, it takes more time to train.

He even runs while on vacation, trying to make a race part of the time-off plan. In the Black Hills of South Dakota, he participated in the Rattler 5, a trail run, the first time he had attempted that kind of race. He now has a closet full of running shirts. He wears them a lot and quips that it seems they are all he has to wear. He draws inspiration from others, like Pat Koerner and Charlie Grotevant. "If they can do it, I can do it, too," he says.

Leon Malone

Leon Malone may be the grand old man of Kankakee area running. Malone, now 93, lives at Westwood Oaks. He partially retired from farming at age 67 but kept helping out until 75. In agriculture, he farmed as many as 1,300 acres of corn and soybeans in Kempton and Cabery. He's also brought in some wheat and, in younger years, beef cattle, chickens, sheep and hogs.

He kept up, in part, with wife Shirley, 92, who has run the Chicago Marathon. His son Steve challenged Shirley to become a running grandmother. He got her a personalized running grandmother shirt when she covered her first two miles. Leon took up running in 1978, trying to hold his weight at 195 or less. He eventually did the 5-kilometer Friendship Festival Run in Bourbonnais.

But he wasn't a complete neophyte. He had run in high school for Kempton-Cabery-Cullom and for 10 years held the conference record for the fastest half-mile. He would cover three or four miles four or five times a week staying in shape as an adult. When his training took up too much time, a supportive brother, Paul, would just do a bit more of the work on the family farm.

Leon's knees were replaced at 65 and he wasn't supposed to run any more, but he did so anyway. In his 80s, he was still winning his age group. Leon kept active by riding a bicycle at 92, but a bad turn took him into a ditch. His hip is still in the process of recovering. He's gone from a wheelchair to a walker to a cane. No more outdoor cycling, he says, which is helping his wife's peace of mind.



Shirley & Leon Malone 2021

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Charlie Grotevant

If anyone, farmer or otherwise, can testify to the health benefits of running, it has to be Charlie Grotevant. Grotevant, 82, once farmed as many as 1,300 acres in Herscher, putting in corn, soybeans and some wheat. In Cabery, he also raised beef cattle, chickens, cows and pigs. Noticeably active in farming, he was vice president of the Kankakee County Farm Bureau Board, heading up the governmental affairs committee that organized an annual event where farmers got to meet their local elected representatives.

In the mid-1990s he and his wife Joyce adopted an inner city class in Chicago, teaching them about agriculture. Alas, the rising cost of bus transportation killed the project. Grotevant eased out of farming in 2011 and now lives in Pontiac.

Grotevant got involved with running after being diagnosed with ulcerative colitis. He would have flare ups and remissions. Ultimately, he had ostomy surgery at Carle Hospital. His digestive system ends with the small intestine, which then empties into a plastic pouch. Not a whole lot of people want to talk about it, Grotevant says. He, however, got involved with Ostomy Association Support Groups. Time has winnowed down the number of people attending the support groups, but Grotevant is still going and still inspiring.

He sends out a positive message of hope and support. He's spoken in Chicago and served on the national board for the Ostomy Association. He gets calls from hospitals to give emotional support to new patients who have an ostomy. He doesn't get as many these days, because HIPAA privacy regulations have tended to make the medical profession more secretive about medical treatment.

A mother called him about her 10-year-old daughter who had the operation. Would Charlie come over? He did. The child, at that young age, had already had 100 surgical procedures.

After Grotevant's own procedure, his nurse and daughter had advised him to "be active." Let's just say he way overdid it. A natural overachiever. So he ran. When he hit six miles, his doctor told him, don't ever do more than that. Then came 10 miles. Then came half-marathons. He found that he tremendously enjoyed the camaraderie and friendship among runners.

"It's a self-renewing compulsion," he says of running. He's done 1,600 races, covering 60 trail races and 16 full marathons, including Boston. From 1991 to 2011 he had the faster known marathon time in the world for anyone with a total colectomy.

He pedals an indoor bicycle three days a week now and still run-walks three days a week outdoors. He's a bit more conscious now of "thinking where his foot goes down." "I've had so many memories around the state," he sums up. He always advises folks to quit feeling sorry and get on with the "todays and tomorrows of the rest of their life."

Illinois Marathon Weekend

By Lorrie Simington

The Christi Clinic Illinois Marathon weekend was epic this year. The theme was “Reunited” since the 26.2 was back after being on hiatus since Covid. Thursday evening my family went to packet pickup at the Expo. I took three pairs of used tennis shoes for their shoe recycling to local youth in need. I saw Kathleen Jensen and the McGinnisses while there. I know other KRRC members were there that evening but I missed them somehow. The one mile race was that evening.

Friday’s 5k was cancelled due to the Pro Palestinian protests. The 5k route was right by the protest site so the university and police deemed it unsafe to proceed. There must have been a very late or possibly all night meeting between the race director, Champaign/Urbana police, state police and Governor JB Pritzker, because at 11:00 pm Friday night an email was sent to all race participants giving the go ahead for all festivities on Saturday. YIPPEE!!!! My oldest daughter was thrilled because she had been training for her first 26.2 for 4 months.

Rachel and I left home at 5:45 am on Saturday morning to race. It was epic!! The wheelchair participants were released first, then the marathon corrals — all starting at 7:00 am. Then the half marathon participants and 10k racers. Rachel and I finished the 10k. It was our first 10k in five years, so we were thrilled to do it no matter the time. Pizza, bananas, granola bars, cookies, beer, and alcoholic ciders were provided for the finishers. What a wonderful weekend!



Christie Clinic Illinois Marathon

By Jasmine Simington-Oakley

I read somewhere that running is 90% mental. I decided to train for my first marathon in December of 2023. I chose the Christie Clinic marathon due to it being a flat course, the time of year that it was held, and the distance to get to it on race day from where I live. The swag was also appealing. There was one thing that I overlooked when signing up and that was the race cut off time. If you're thinking about the Christie Clinic, the cutoff time for the marathon is six hours.



I followed a plan that had me running Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. I chose to run as much as I could outside. I ran in the snow, sleet, rain, high winds and heat towards the end of training. I was lucky with my training because I only was inside for a full week on the treadmill and one day I ran 13 miles at the indoor track at Eastern Illinois University. I lost track of laps that day. I definitely was using all of the 90% that day.

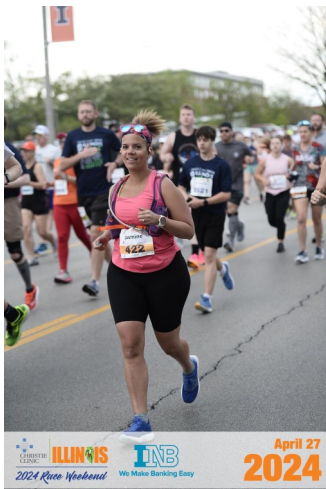
The reason I bring all of this up is that training for a marathon takes discipline and not waiting for the perfect conditions to go for a run. I always ran first thing in the morning because that's what worked for me. I ran on days I didn't want to and fit in long runs before going on two trips just to get them in.

When it came to race day, it was warm and windy. My corral took off a little after 7:44 AM. I loved that there was enough room to spread out. I'm not a fan of the races where you cross the start line and are literally walking for the first few minutes.

What also made this race special was having my family and friends there. My mom, Lorrie, and my sister, Rachel, walked the 10k. I also had friends from another running group participating as well. Running is an individual sport but we come together at events like this and that makes it so special.

The crowd along the way was awesome! The volunteers did a great job of making sure that we were all feeling ok due to the heat. At the end of the race, you finish in the Memorial Stadium. The medals are

sweet and you also get a souvenir fleece blanket if you run the marathon. It's also worth noting that the race is a Boston Qualifier. For those wondering, I didn't make the time for Boston but I did finish in under 6:00.



If you want to run a race that has room to spread out on the course, is flat, you're surrounded by friendly supporters, and you get awesome swag, I would suggest the Christie Clinic Marathon. Anyone can run a marathon, it's 90% in your head.

Illinois Half Marathon
By Judy Mae McCullough Bingman

Board member Dan Gerber ran the half marathon in April. He submitted this write up from a friend who also ran the race.

Not going to lie, Saturday was hard, as are most things when you haven't properly prepared for them. Beyond the physical test, Saturday's race was emotionally tough. I fought demons the whole race. As I crossed Lincoln Avenue, I missed my regular mini-cheering crowd (the Stephen Wald family) who was always faithfully waiting for me to run by their street corner. Gosh I miss them. I listened to all the people chitchatting with a running buddy or waving to friends along the path and realized how alone I felt. Jenny Mae always begins in the front of the race pack with the leaders. I'm always at the end with the, well, the not-leaders. I usually try to thank the volunteers, but today, I kept my head down and tried to keep out the demons. I looked for Tom Ward volunteering on his bike, but couldn't find him. That boy always makes me smile. At mile 6, I scolded myself for not dropping to the 10K race (pride kept me from dropping to the 6 mile race... at which point I would have been DONE instead of only half way through.) Both calves were tight and my ankles were bearing the brunt of the repeated motion. At mile 8 I started talking to myself aloud. I hate mile 8... all park... all wind ...At mile 9 I yelled at myself to just get up the damn hill. Yes, people stared. And then, right before mile 10, as I'm walking (yep, walking) up the final hill of the park, this couple, certainly in their 80s, was standing alone. All the other runners disappeared as I heard them say (just to me) "You're almost to the crest of the hill ... it's right there.... and then you're almost home." It's as if they looked inside my soul and knew I doubted myself. Home... it's right over the hill. Home ... where Jenny is waiting. Home ... where you'll look back and realize you beat those demons, you conquered that hill and those lonely streets, Out of the park and I could see the mile 10 flag. And at that point I walked. I didn't have to prove anything to anyone. It didn't matter if my time was 2:45 or 3:01. It didn't matter if I finished in the middle of my age bracket or the end. It was time to just stop fretting and start enjoying. It was time to start looking up. At mile 11 I stopped to dance with some frat house boys (giggle... did you expect me to pass that up?) 12 was just a necessary evil to get to Mile 13. And waiting at the finish line was my girl, smiling that famous Jenny Mae smile. It was hard, but I did it, like every other hard thing I've done in my life. But just over the crest have always been the people who love me.
#illinoismarathon



Love to Hate Your Mistakes
By Alan Toronjo

Greetings again from your Club VP! I'm happy to announce that I have reached the end of my "injury" (see March 2024 newsletter) and have gotten back into basics putting shoes to pavement. If you were able to take part in our Club's Manteno Springfest race, I, along with my better half Amelia, were there assisting in traffic while cheering participants on just before Legacy Park. I hope to be an active competitor with our Friendship Festival 5K – keep an eye out for details and clear your running schedule for the morning of June 29.

If I was able to keep you engaged while reading about my mishaps leading to a torn hamstring, then I expect you to enjoy reading about another blunder with a much less serious outcome. This happened about a year and a half ago and I was reminded about it when clearing out my e-mail; this was something I had written in to ROAD iD about in response to an open invite to share mistake-learning. I think we're all drawn to hear about running, athletic, and race "war" stories (think blisters, black nails, and energy consumption gone bad to name a few) just as much as hearing about personal accomplishments and "bests." I sometimes remember, usually with a smile, these "mistakes" with more fondness than actual race finishes; yet I think it will definitely take some time to smile about my damaged muscle. I may hate the mistake in the moment but I learn to love the learning from the outcome. Here goes for a humorous running error:

I'm sure you've all heard the disclaimer: "Don't try anything new on race day!"

Now "anything new" could encompass nutrition, sportswear, or any number of variables you could encounter during the activity. My "mistake" involved some looser-fit athletic shorts paired with a key fob (bigger size "switch-blade" key) for a new vehicle we had purchased. I'm mostly a recreational runner that also has taken part in many 5 and 10K races, a handful of half marathons, one full marathon (Chicago in 2016) and one 50K, so I am well aware of the "anything new" warning. Heeding other well-known advice in the running community, I've kept to the approximately 10% increase in total weekly mileage along with matching clothing to weather (think extreme Midwest winters and boiling Illinois summers). I did go a little overboard with sampling energy snacks and gels at the Expo for the aforementioned Chicago 26.2 which caused some stomach issues that night but nothing that turned the marathon experience into a nightmare.

I had been looking forward to getting some time in for trail running at Rock Creek (part of Kankakee River State Park) back in October. I had everything ready to go: broken-in trail shoes, two energy gels as I planned on being out for at least an hour and a half, running hat for the sun and wicking moisture away from my noggin, and my ROAD iD (this was my shameless shoutout to the company in my e-mail) wristband. Hydration was kept in the car as I like to run with the bare minimum which for that day's run included the gels, my still thriving later-generation iPod nano for tunes, and the key fob. The shorts I had on weren't new and weren't new for either indoor or outdoor running. However, they were loose-fitting to me hanging at about the knees with baggier pockets. Little did I know that this would be the recipe for a little bit of calamity while out and about for 90 minutes.

Left-side pocket had the key fob; right-side had the iPod and gels. The sun had just started to rise accentuating fall's brilliance over the flora surrounding the trail. You couldn't have asked for a more perfect morning until, "whop, whop, whop" started to happen against my lower left thigh. I was waiting for instrumental crescendos and accentuated cartoon word-balloon sounds (think Batman TV series -- BOOM KAPOW!!!) as this beat, beat, beating was matching my stride turnover. (I'm just now thinking how most of my body beat-ups always occur on

Toronjo, continued

my left side!) This new key fob, having a small yet unrelenting mass to it, was pounding against my leg. At first, I was able to ignore the persistent annoyance (long-distance athletics has a way of teaching you about "pain caves"). My senses dulled the incessant rhythmic beating but my irritation came to a head when during inclines (when the baggy shorts began to rise up my upper leg), I could actually see the bottom of the pocket slapping against my skin like an angry misfit jack-in-the-box toy trying to escape from a mesh enclosure. Being stubborn but also following logic, I thought that if I switched pockets, I would only move the beating to the right leg. So, I proceeded to finish the last remaining few miles with the key fob in my hands, changing from left to right every few minutes. I did end up switching the iPod over to the left pocket after downing both gels and tried the last bit of trail with the fob in the right pocket to have it not wallop me at all. I'm going to blame it on finishing up the run tired and having shorter strides. I only slightly bruised my ego, and received a slight physical bruise on my left thigh in an almost perfect oval key fob shape.

Lesson learned about "new" stuff, or combinations thereof, even on just a training run. These shorts will still be in the running inventory, but maybe will be allotted only for the treadmill, when the pockets will be empty, and the only abuse I will take will depend on how fast I set the treadmill's speed and incline.



Club president Khirastin Schneider served as a course marshall at the Manteno Springfest race in April!

The Crazy World of Ultra Running, All Are Welcome
By Melissa Lux

I'm not sure how it is with other runners, but for me the next level of distance always seemed unattainable or crazy. Then the curiosity and competitiveness would win, and the next thing I was signing up. I only ever ran 5Ks, so that first half marathon was scary, and I would never do a full (3 years later completed first full). The marathon is so hard, I'm not crazy enough to run more than that (1 year later meet new running friends who randomly run 50+ miles in the Grand Canyon for fun). Now I'm all in for a 50 miler in a year.

So what is it that makes these crazy ultra distances so appealing? The answer is the atmosphere.

I love road racing, the challenge of lining up against other people, and more so, the challenge of bettering myself and reaching that new PR (personal record). Ultras and trail racing are a completely different beast. Roads are all about the time, ultras are all about the grit. Roads don't have roots to trip on, fallen trees to crawl over, and steep inclines to climb, those would definitely hurt the pace!

I experienced my first ultra trail race as a spectator at the Potawatomi Trail Runs April 4th through April 7th of this year. Steve Anderson and Kevin Dockemeyer were running the 50 miler. Runners could choose any distance in miles from 10, 30, 50, 100, 150, or 200 (yes, those numbers are real). It is a 10 mile loop the runners repeat until they've reached their goal. Each loop had roughly 1500 feet of elevation gain, countless hills where running was impossible (one hill needed a rope to ascend), and a creek that had to be waded through twice. The camp and the finish line came into view, and on the last lap, they rang the bell letting everyone know they did it!

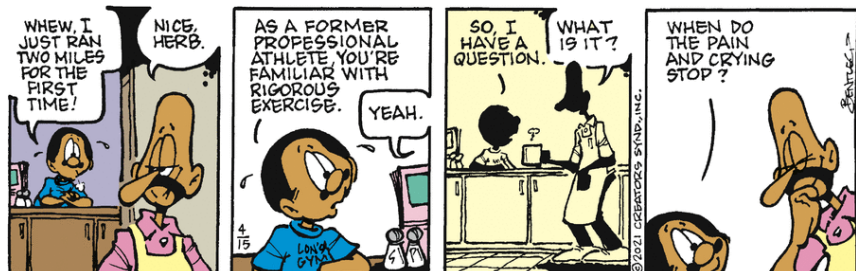
What makes these races unique is the runners were not the only ones experiencing this awesome weekend. Most of the people present were not racing, and I bet for each runner there were 1 to 4 (probably more) spectators to cheer and/or "crew." Crewing is why I was there, to help Kevin and Steve in between loops as they ran their 50 mile race. It was the job of Kyle (Kevin's brother) and me to make sure they had what they needed to refuel with water, electrolytes, and food, and tape up random blistered toes. I was also able to run with (aka pace) Steve on his 4th 10 mile loop of 5. Each runner's crew, whether they assisted at camp or paced on the course, played an important part in their runner's success.

Our runners' success:

- Kevin - 4th overall finisher
- Steve - beat his time from 2023 by 4 hours

You don't have to run crazy miles to experience ultra trail racing. Just being there makes you part of that community

Editor's note: This Funny Run, submitted by Dan Gould, seems to fit here well. Just substitute the mileage of your choice!



Bourbonnais
**Friendship
Festival**



5K Run or 1.5 Mile Fitness Walk

Saturday June 29th, 2024, 7:30am Race start (Packet pickup and onsite registration from 6:30-7:15)

The Bourbonnais Friendship Festival and the Kankakee River Running Club will be hosting the 2024 Friendship Festival 5K Run/1.5 Mile Fitness Walk. The race start/finish will be near the intersection of William Latham Drive and Stratford Drive East in Bourbonnais. Water on course and 1st mile split timer provided, post race refreshments also will be available before and during awards

Event: 5K run _____ or 1.5 Mile Walk _____ Please fill out or check all registration items.

Name: _____ Age on 6/29/24: _____ Gender Male _____ or Female _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____

Zip Code: _____ Phone # _____ Email: _____

Shirt Size: SM _____ MED _____ LRG _____ XL _____ 2XL* _____ (Add \$2 for 2XL) 3XL* _____ (Add \$3 for 3XL)

Register online at: <http://www.racerpal.com/races/FF5K.html>

Please make check payable to: **Kankakee River Running Club** For race information email KRRCLUB@Gmail.com

Pre-registration mail to **KRRC, 202 Tiverton Rd, Kankakee IL 60901** (mailed prior to 6/12) \$2 discount for all Running Club members

_____ Dry Fit tech Shirt Option and 5K Run or 1.5 mile walk \$30.00 available up until 6/17 at noon

_____ No shirt Option and 5K Run or 1.5 mile walk \$20.00 up until 6/23. Increases to \$25 on 6/29

All entries from Noon on 6/17 through 4:00 PM on 6/28 will cost \$20 and **NO** shirt will be included, Race day (6/29) fee increases to \$25. You may also register at the festival grounds on 6/28 from 5:00 PM-7:00 PM.

In consideration of your accepting this entry, I, the undersigned, intending to be legally bound, hereby for myself, my heirs, my executors, and administrators, waive and release any and all rights and claims for any damages, loss, liabilities, claims, demands, costs and expenses, which I may now or in the future have against the Bourbonnais Friendship Festival, the Village of Bourbonnais, the County of Kankakee, Kankakee River Running Club, the Race Directors, and any and all sponsors. I attest and verify that I am physically fit and have sufficiently trained for the completion of this event. Further, I hereby grant full permission to any and all of the foregoing to use any photograph, video, recording or any other record of this event for any purpose whatsoever.

Signature (Parent or Guardian, if entrant is under 18) _____ Date _____ / _____ / _____

1-14, then 5 year age groups awards up to age 69, then 70-99. Male and Female classes.

1st, 2nd, & 3rd Overall Male and Female, Masters Male and Female

One Entry form per person, (you may copy this form), No rollerblades, skates, or bandit runners on course.