

**Running Strong Since 1977**

**Retro Section**

## West Side Runners Form New Club

*Editor's Note: This article first appeared on p. 1 of the club's first newsletter, Making Tracks, in April 1977.*

Early this year, a group of dedicated west side runners met to plan the formation of a running club devoted to serving a wide range of interests and fun, health and needs in the community. The CLEVELAND-WEST ROAD RUNNERS CLUB will emphasize sociability through running and club participation. The president of CWRRC, Steve Gladis, has outline the club aims and objectives in our lead editorial as follows:

"There is a growing concern in this country for health and physical fitness. Jogging or running seems to fit the American need for being the fastest, easiest, cheapest, most efficient means of getting in shape and staying in shape. Interest in the sport is mushrooming and the new club will help fill this need.

"The CLEVELAND-WEST ROAD RUNNERS CLUB is a congenial group of runners of all ages and abilities, shapes and sizes, from beginners to veteran marathoners. Our members all share an interest in physical fitness through running and our purpose is to teach people how to run and help them run better. Our club includes cross country and track coaches, physical education teachers, exercise physiologists, podiatrists, doctors, and a core of seasoned runners with years of training and racing experience who are eager to share their knowledge."

The club meets every Saturday morning at 9 a.m. in MetroParks - Rocky River Reservation at the bottom of the hill from the Detroit Road, Lakewood entrance (near the boat launch area). Meetings start with a short informal clinic on training tips, medical advice, stretching exercises, diet, and a wide variety of topics. Then members break into smaller groups according to ability and go for easy, comfortable runs through the park while exchanging ideas, advice, encouragement, and philosophy. Experienced runners usually accompany groups of beginners to help them get a good start. At the far end of the spectrum is a dedicated group of experienced runners that go 10 to 15 miles or more every Saturday.



At least once a month, the club holds informal, noncompetitive "Run-for-Fun" races at distances from ¼ mile to five miles. These events provide good incentive and a good measure of improvement. The club holds occasional social events, picnics and an annual banquet. They publish a quarterly newsletter. The most important benefit of club membership is finding new friends that share your interests and that enjoy the energy and zest for life that comes from being physically fit.

"The CLEVELAND-WEST ROAD RUNNERS CLUB is a community service organization and we are looking for new members. Families are especially encouraged and the meeting area has plenty of protected play area for little ones. Whether you formally join our club or not, you are most cordially invited to participate in our Saturday morning activities. Naturally we hope you like us and will become a member of Cleveland's newest runners club."

## Cleveland West Road Runners Group Running Schedule

**Saturdays:** 7:30 a.m.

Rocky River Metroparks, Scenic Park at the foot of the Detroit Road park entrance

**Sundays:** 8 a.m. Rocky River Metroparks, Little Met Golf Course

**CWRRC Web Page:**  
[www.clewestrunningclub.org](http://www.clewestrunningclub.org)

**For more info email:**  
[Clewestrunningclub@gmail.com](mailto:Clewestrunningclub@gmail.com)

## CWRRC Membership Benefits

- Discounts on preregistered entry fees for all club road races.
- Cleveland West Road Runners Tech Shirt.
- 15% discounts at Second Sole and Vertical Runner.
- A bi-monthly newsletter which provides race results, upcoming events, humor and a chance to offer your opinion.
- Access to the club library; a resource of running-related material.
- Opportunities to meet other people who share a commitment for running, from the recreational to the serious.

## 2021 CWRRC Officers

**President:** Mark Brinich

**Vice-President:** Heather Kuch

**Secretary/Treasurer:** Michael Fry

## Committees & Coordinators

**Membership Coordinator:** Mark Brinich

**New Member Coordinators:**

Joyce Prohaska / Kathy Dugan

**Race Committee Chair:** Bob Budzilek

**Spring Race Director:** Joanna Brell

**Bay Days Race Director:** Rich Oldrieve

**Fall Classic Race Director:** Mark Breudigam

**Equipment Managers Logistics:**

Bob Budzilek, Mark Shelton

**RRCA Liaison:** Tim Furey

**Race Trophies:** Maureen Scullin

**Race Volunteer Coordinator:** Andrew Mangels

**Race Results Coordinator:** Mark Brinich

**Communication & Social Media Chair:**

Open

**Web Master:** Open

**Newsletter Editor:** Cathy Leonard

**Newsletter Graphic Designer:** Chip Cooper

## A Note From The President

### Moving Forward Despite Setbacks

2021 should be interesting. Usually when I write my bi-monthly column, I like to look back at the previous year's version of the newsletter for ideas, and/or try not to repeat what I said the previous year. Unfortunately, not much is going on, and now that 2020's pandemic has expanded into January 2021 (and beyond?), I'm not sure what to say, but here goes anyway.

COVID-19 continues to impact what we can do as a club this year. We have three races planned as usual, but at this point we cannot ascertain if they'll be virtual or real (plan for the worst and hope for the best?). If Bay Days is a go, it will take place on July 3rd instead of July 4th. (See the Bay Days article in this issue for details.) As things constantly change, however, we will keep you updated via newsletter, web site and email. If races take place in-person, there could be minimal - if any - swag, and numbers may be limited.

Aside from our socially distanced and masked weekend runs, we don't have solidified plans for any other in-person events at this time. We did hold a fairly impromptu club outing on Saturday, January 16th, to Merwin's Wharf in Rivergate Park to partake in Cleveland's outdoor Winter RiverFest. About a dozen club members attended. We also continue to hold post-run Zoom coffee hour meetings at 9:30 a.m. on Saturday mornings during winter.

We start the year with about \$17k in the bank. That amount is down from last year, but still good enough for now. Even without any races, the club incurred about \$3,000 in expenses in 2020 (\$950 for insurance, \$1,200 for equipment storage, and \$900 for race deposits). We also drastically cut our donations, from about \$17k in 2019 to \$5,000 in 2020. We'll have the same expenses this year, although the race deposits will be transferrable to 2022 if we don't race in 2021. So, I'll put in one last pitch for renewing your membership for 2021. You can mail in the membership form in this newsletter, or do everything online at our web site: <https://clewestrunningclub.org>.

Just for fun, here's what I put in for my last year's resolutions and their results.

1. More consistent and regular training, and to stay injury-free. I failed miserably on this but at least my injury (detached retina) was not running related, so cut me some slack!
2. Warm, sunny weather for both the Spring in the Park and Fall Classic races. Bay Days is always hot, so I wasn't going to hope for the impossible. So, we had good weather for the SITP virtual race, but Fall Classic virtual race day (for some club members) was miserable and cold. So, on average, we did okay.
3. A politics-free Summer Olympics. Hope springs eternal.
4. Free beer after more races. I just want more physical races (and the beer wouldn't hurt either).
5. Continued support and input from all members. Please remember that the officers of the club work for the club's members. You can always reach out to any of us in person, or use the catch-all email address: [clewestrunningclub@gmail.com](mailto:clewestrunningclub@gmail.com) if you have any suggestions/complaints. I'm all for this.

Stay safe, wear a mask, and if still appropriate: Go Browns!



# Welcome New Member!

Deb Weaver

## Out And About

*Nature shots courtesy  
of Mark Eberling.*



*Red breasted nuthatch,  
seen on January 12<sup>th</sup>, 2019.*

*Black capped  
chickadee at Rocky  
River Reservation,  
January 5<sup>th</sup>, 2019.*



*Cedar waxwing,  
January 8<sup>th</sup>, 2021.*



## Thanks For The Memories...Part II

*By Kathy Dugan*

In the November/December issue of FootNotes, we ran a short note to remember CWRRRC family and friends who have "gone on to the big race in the sky." I asked if anyone was missing from the list for members to forward that information for the newsletter. Below is the whole list, with the addition of Don Robeson.

Don & Pat Ashmun  
Jess Bell  
Jim Chillemi  
Hugh Danaceau  
Sarah Davis  
Joe Eisenberg  
Carolyn Farrell  
Evan Golder  
Bob "Curly" Kaiden  
George Klier  
Bob Kuebler  
Ross Larson  
Cindi Lee  
Hamilton Lewis  
Bob Locy  
Dave Logue  
Mike Malloy  
Arthur W. Moore  
Nancy Noonan  
Matt Norris  
Tom Nowak  
Walter Nummela  
Tom Prue  
Al Reese  
John Regan  
Don Robeson  
George Simmerly  
Lynne Bestor Spencer  
Paul & Karen Tepley  
Colleen Theusch  
Bill Weinacht

... and Bob Hope, who wasn't a club member but has also left us, both literally and with the mantra: "Thanks for the memories!"

We are all the richer for having known you.

## Sunshine Corner

Please keep the following CWRRRC members  
in your thoughts and prayers:

Bob & Christa Blum, Dave Clinton, Cathy Fischer, Cindy Gaptor, Deborah Golder, The entire family of Leo Lightner



# Happy Birthday

## January

Harold Babbit  
Renee Bodden  
Mary Brewer  
Danielle Brown  
Nancy Danisek  
Frederick Davis III  
Tatsiana DeMarco  
Keith Douglas  
Jeff Eldridge  
Kathy English  
Tet Graham  
Dave Gregory  
Elaine Gregory  
Dave Gretick  
Jennifer Kahler  
Beth Kalapos  
Michele Keane  
Tom Keeper  
Lynn Keryna  
Heather Kuch  
Marianne Nemeth  
Mary Pool  
Eleanor Royko  
Cathy Rusnak  
Steve Scheer  
Crystal Sherlock  
Bridget Smith  
Diane Stout  
Vanessa Van Doren  
Jeff Vennetti  
Melanie Whiting  
Jim Wilhelm  
Dean Willmer

## February

Christopher Banas  
Donna Bernazzoli  
Joanna Brell  
Dylan Carr  
Joann Clark  
Gale Connor  
Anthony DeMarco  
Bob Dlouhy  
Charlie Farrell  
Dawn Galang  
Frank M. Hamman  
Mitchell Haynes  
Paul Jamieson-Petonic  
Chris Kaylor  
Mike Kubb  
Paul Lombardi  
Christine Mangels  
Patty Mayer  
Sheri McDonald  
Jo-Ann McFearin  
Susan Mulhern  
Rich Oldrieve  
Sean O'Malley  
Eric Patterson  
Antoniette Piscitello  
Daniel Sreptock  
Maureen Scullin  
Les Tolt  
Deborah Wolk

Please email any corrections or missing birthdays to [leonardc5711@yahoo.com](mailto:leonardc5711@yahoo.com).

# Planning Ahead

*Due to the COVID-19 pandemic, many of our events have been cancelled or postponed. We are still doing some limited group runs.*

## February Business Meeting (tentative)

Date: Monday, February 8th

Time: 6:30 p.m.

Where: Virtual Zoom Meeting

## Weekly Year-Round Group Runs

### Sunday Morning Group Run

Dates: Every Sunday throughout the year

Time: 8 a.m.

Where: Metroparks, Little Met Golf Course parking lot, down the hill from Fairview Hospital

### Tuesday and Thursday Morning "Oatmealers"

**(temporarily suspended)**

Dates: Every Tuesday and Thursday throughout the year. Leisure walk, run or bike.

Time: 8 a.m.

Where: Metroparks, Rocky River Reservation, Scenic Park Pavilion

### Thursday Night Group Run

**(temporarily suspended)**

Dates: Every Thursday throughout the year

Time: 6 p.m.

Where: Spring/ summer/ fall - Metroparks, Rocky River Reservation, Nature Center, overflow parking lot.

(During Daylight Savings Time)

Where: Winter - Lakewood Park. (During Standard Time)

### Saturday Morning Group Run

Dates: Every Saturday throughout the year

Time: 7:30 a.m.

Where: Metroparks, Rocky River Reservation, Scenic Park Pavilion  
Virtual Zoom Meeting coffee hour at 9:30 after run.





## Fall Classic Remains A Hit!

By Rich Oldrieve

Due to Covid-19 restrictions, a “Fat Ass” (FA) or virtual version of the Fall Classic was held from Thanksgiving Day to Sunday, November 22<sup>nd</sup>. With only their own snacks, drinks, stop-watch and honesty, about 30 runners chose to run on Saturday, November 21<sup>st</sup>. In lieu of a Parkway course, several Thursday Night Running Club members’ helped measure a simple-to-understand parallel course that stayed on the asphalt All-Purpose Trail and consisted of two out-and-back laps from Pearl Road to Royalton Road and back.

Defined start, finish and turnaround points eliminated a major frustration of virtual runs that are dependent upon GPS watches where two people, running side by side, might finish a couple hundred meters from each other. Furthermore, the FA setup fit a “we’re all in this together” spirit because you could wave at the same person or pod coming toward you three or four times. Since I chose to start at 7:37, I got a chance to wave at walkers, joggers and runners who started 30 to 90 minutes before me, and others who started at the traditional 9 a.m. time.

## Changes to Bay Days 5-Mile Open & Kids Run

By Rich Oldrieve

Barring Covid-19 in-person race restrictions, the 2021 Bay Days Races will be run on **Saturday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, at 8:30 a.m.**, and possibly start and finish at Bay Middle School. The reason for the change in date and potential change in location is because a new building is being constructed at the south end of Bay High’ stadium. The new building will include restrooms, locker rooms and a concession stand. In the future all three features will benefit our Bay Days race, but this summer the construction vehicles and materials will undoubtedly eliminate track access and possibly block usage of the exit driveway and/or parking lot.

The date change was a result of possibly needing to use Bay Middle School. That is because Bay’s Cahoon Park may NOT host organized activities on Sundays. As a result, I had modified our 2015 course map so that it would start and finish behind the Middle School, instead of in Cahoon Park. Nonetheless, I knew that due to Cahoon Park rules, this year’s Bay Days Festival hosted by Bay Kiwanis was ending on Saturday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, and the fireworks were going off on Saturday night. Consequently, as the rest of the CWRRC team suspected, and I feared, Bay Village Police Dept.’s Chief Kathleen Leasure and Lt. Mark Palmer felt their officers would prefer to work one long day on Saturday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, and then have the Fourth of July to spend with their families and friends.

Thus, during our Zoom call on Monday, December 21<sup>st</sup>, the CWRRC’s President Mark Brinnich, VP Mike Fry, Fall Classic race director Mark Breudigam, Photographer/Tech Guru Dan Straitiff, and I agreed with the police department recommendation to hold our Bay Days Races on July 3<sup>rd</sup>. In turn, Chief Leasure and Lt. Palmer tentatively approved both potential race maps.



## Art Moore FA Run Tradition Continues

By Rich Oldrieve

Setting up the Art Moore FA 25K & 50K has become a labor of love. Art Moore, who passed on to the big race in the sky several years ago, was CWRRC’s pre-eminent ultra-marathoner who finished more than 800 events at marathon distance or longer. Art was a regular at the Oatmealers breakfast; in fact, he’d cook a pot of homemade oatmeal several times a year up near the Stinchcomb Memorial.

A small crew put an FA Art Moore race together at the last minute four years ago, in the wake of, and continuing the tradition of, Art putting on the race for many years. The race grew in 2020 to 35 to 40 runners showing up at South Mastick Park. With Covid-19 this year, the turnout shrank considerably.

However, Art’s kids participated. One of them posted a touching note afterward: “My sibs and I started at Scenic Park, hiked 10K including Stinchcomb, of course! Thank you for continuing to honor our father’s memory with the thing he loved most (after his family).”

# Long Training Runs Cement Enduring Friendships

By Rich Oldrieve

Shortly after finishing the CWRRC's virtual New York City Marathon on Halloween morning, 2020, Paulina (A Lara Gutiérrez) Williamson thanked everyone standing around the finish line for being such good friends. There were many people there to thank.

First, Mike Fry who served as our 3.5-, 10-, 17-, and 23-mile water stop volunteer while sporting his official NYC Marathon water-stop hat and rain/wind-proof blanket-jacket. He is owed double thanks since for the spring virtual running season, Mike would run with me as I warmed up for two to four miles before my assortment of 5K, 5-mile, 10K, and half marathons. And then, during the late summer and early fall training runs leading up to the NYC Marathon, Mike would start the first four to eight miles of training runs with Paulina and me, keeping things cheerful and light. Finally, he sacrificed a glorious fall morning of running on October 31st to serve as our water-stop host, only to be greeted the next day for a wind-, cold- and sleet-filled solo run!

Second to be thanked was Kimberly Roach, who helped plan the event and kept a positive attitude even after she became too injured to take part. (One week after the race, Kimberly revealed she had a transverse fracture of her fibula and not a soft tissue injury or stress fracture). On the day of the marathon Kimberly set the tone by playing a tape of the traditional NYC Marathon start music of Frank Sinatra's version of "New York, New York." Then later she and Ashlee Ginter could be seen taking pictures of the beautiful scenery between the Big Met hill and the Puritas Avenue turnaround.

Next to be thanked was a slew of CWRRC members who stayed through breakfast and the coldest morning yet of the fall Saturday breakfasts, to cheer five club members and a sixth from the Thursday Night Run Club through the half-way turnaround.

Also to be thanked was Rick who was introduced as a potential new member of the club, but who then promptly disappeared from view at the beginning and end of the race. Rick was only seen by participants, spectators and Water Stop Mike when he came blazing through the course in first place. He deserves thanks for reminding us of the beauty of running well, as opposed to a critique of my bag-lady style (a comment on my running clothes fashion) of running moderately well). On the first U-turn I recognized Rick from helping me measure a virtual Fall Classic Half-Marathon course. He finished the NYC virtual race and left before Bob Ashmun and I finished ours. Bob and I tied for second and third in 3:36:36.

Then, there was Heather Kuch's entourage of her mom, her coach Lindsey, and her coach's boyfriend, Danny. They cheered, they smiled, and I'm pretty sure Lindsey and Danny completed

the marathon as a workout of sorts. (So I guess that makes eight runners who completed.)

Finally, there is a mutual thanks among the five of us from CWRRC who trained and planned for the run. Mike Schipper and Heather trained in one pod, with Heather a little stronger on



training runs and in the virtual race itself. Heather was aiming for a faster virtual run and left Mike, Lindsey and Danny after the first mile. Heather's training runs and encouragement from the club helped her to her third fastest marathon of 3:49. She looked strong at the finish and was pleased with her effort.

Mike looked like he had caught a final wind heading south between the Little Met and Big Met hills, but he reported that he just as quickly lost it again on the way back north the final time as he first climbed the Big Met hill and then the Little Met hill. In August, Mike ran an in-person Michigan marathon, where he qualified for Boston 2021 with a 3:48 finish time. In this race, he did not finish with the same gusto.

Bob and I had Paulina's enthusiasm to thank for making sure we made it to the starting line prepared to run in our own training pod. Throughout the past year, despite the pandemic, Bob returned to Cleveland to visit family and attend to business. On most of his returns Bob would run with Paulina and me. During the race itself, in the early miles of chattering, Bob even had the wherewithal to ask Paulina how her allergy shots were going, and how long it would take for them to help her acclimatize enough to purchase a dog. During the first 15 miles of the



“race,” I myself laid back verbally and physically in the slip stream of the talkative duo.

### Enough Gratitude. Let's Talk Race Strategy

My positioning was purposeful, because Paulina had trusted me to put together a Saturday morning schedule/pattern of mileage leading up to the marathon. Back in mid-August I suggested that we first had to acclimatize to running 13 miles at her goal pace of 3:45. First, we planned to run three straight 13-milers to get used to running “distance.” After that, we completed a patterned, every-other-week escalation of distances starting at Scenic Park: 16, 19 and 21, with a 13-miler in between the longer runs. Part of my pattern was to run at whatever pace Paulina wanted on all of our runs together. But then on our off weeks, I would run faster elsewhere.

For example, for one of my individual 13-milers I traveled to Pennsylvania to run a live half marathon in 1:38. Then, between the 16- and 19-milers, I ran a faster half with Thursday Night Club runners Mike, Kim and NYC virtual marathon winner (of our group) Rick. These three helped me measure out the start and finish line for the virtual Fall Classic Half Marathon. Then, between the 19- and 21-milers, I ran a solo virtual Staten Island Half Marathon on the Fall Classic course.

Thus, I let Paulina set the training pace for her attempt at 3:45, while I tried to get ready for a potential attempt at 3:30. All along, there was that 15-minute gap between the two times that created the quantum physics question: “How could I help Paulina on race day while also running a 3:30?”

As we did our every-other-week runs together: 13, 13, 13, 16, 19, 21, it became clear to me there was a potential answer. I noticed that Paulina would always set the pace right at, or even under, a 3:45 marathon pace. She would then slow down when we did a second pass on our two-loop long runs at the roller coaster hill section from Little Met to Big Met, to the Puritas Avenue turnaround, back to Big Met, and then Little Met. I also noticed that when we came off Little Met hill for the last time, she would pick up the pace, so that our last mile would often be our fastest mile.

Thus, there was part of me that thought that Paulina would keep this exact same pattern in the marathon itself. I figured she'd keep a 3:45 pace through to mile 17 and our third rendezvous with Water Stop Mike, and then I would pick up speed to a 3:30 pace of eight minutes a mile. In the process, I wouldn't actually



run a 3:30, but I could feel good about finishing with nine straight eight-minute miles. Meanwhile, Paulina would work her own way to and through the hills, and finish strong with a respectable finishing time.

As Paulina set the pace at the start, I noticed that we were actually running faster than we had in training. I thought that Paulina might pay big time for going out too fast, so that's why I stayed back in third. Nonetheless, Paulina kept churning along at a slightly faster clip through the first section of four hills. In the middle of that first set, Paulina and Bob's conversation gave me an opportunity to broach my plan for possibly breaking free as we started the hill section the second time. After we zoomed through the first half marathon split in what Paulina reported was 1:40 (i.e. 3:40 full marathon pace), I expected that the hills might lead Paulina to a death march finish. Though in retrospect, 1:40 is only a 2 ½-minute faster overall pace than she had planned and we had trained at, so it wasn't as ridiculously fast as it could have been.

But then Paulina expressed her sense that our splits were too fast. She reported her watch said our mile 14 split had been something like 7:58. I said we hadn't picked up the pace that much, especially since all three of us had stopped at my car at the halfway point for either a bottle of water or Gatorade. Nonetheless, after she made her comment I did notice that Bob had a clear half-stride lead on Paulina - which I had explained to Paulina on our training runs is always when I knew I had a race won: “If the person who had been ostensibly setting the pace was suddenly letting me set the pace, first by me being able to edge up when he was slowing his pace and getting him to subconsciously pick the pace up so he could keep his half-stride lead. Next, if he didn't pick up the pace, I would become even more confident of winning if he let me run beside him. At that point, it was merely choosing what angle of wind and/or hills would allow me to make a move to break free.”

Thus, instead of me rehashing the signs that I interpreted were indicating I might need to break free before we got to Little Met, I spent the next mile explaining a more important lesson pertaining to pace I had learned during the year of training and racing that led up to me running 2:25:13 at the 1988 Boston Marathon. “Too fast” isn't based on what a split between mile markers or a split on a GPS watch will say, because both can have errors - but rather on whether your “feel” says that you can't sustain the exact pace you are on through to the finish line.

As I explained in my August *FootNotes* article, this pace is based more on cadence and stride length than on how fast you are running relative to the ground. At the moment you realize you can't sustain your pace through to the end, you need to make the decision: “It's time for me to back off this pace to one I think I can maintain to the finish.” Again, this decision should be based on your own internal feel more than what the GPS watch says.

As I explained this principle, I could feel Paulina adjust her pace slightly downward. Then, after about a half mile of silence, as she approached mile 15, she said, “Yes, this pace is too fast, I've



got to slow down.” I then said something that seemed to me to be somewhat comforting before I took off, accelerating to my own “felt” pace that turned out to be eight minutes a mile.

What seemed like only a few miles later, but was really five miles and 40 minutes later, when I had done my final U-turn at Puritas Avenue, I saw Bob coming alone toward me— nowhere near as far back as I had expected. I said “hi.”

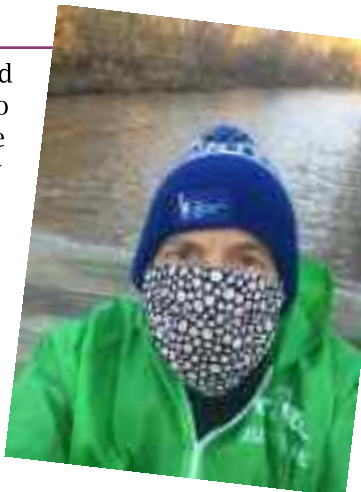
He said, “Paulina told me to go on alone,” and so I let him go to the turnaround while I ran on toward a recycling bin where I could toss a water bottle. In those 150 meters, I realized Bob had to have been running faster than me and that for the first time in three marathons (I beat him in Cleveland with a 3:37, and he beat me at Rehoboth when he ran under 3:30), we had a chance to finish together. So, I turned around to meet and rejoin him for the final six miles.

We ran through the final Big Met and Little Met hills like a slinky (much like we did for the first nine miles of Cleveland); he would pull slightly ahead on certain grades of up and down hills, and I’d pull even and/or ahead on the shallow to almost imperceptible slight downgrades. After passing Water Stop Mike for the final time I announced our last mile split, and Bob responded, “That’s fast; maybe we should slow down.” I then repeated my “talk” I had given Paulina seven miles earlier, but this time for the opposite reason. I explained that I had been averaging just about eight minutes per mile since I had accelerated away from Paulina. And since he (Bob) had “caught” me after accelerating away from her two miles later than I did, then he had to have been averaging faster than eight minutes a mile, and so it wasn’t too fast. We had it within us to finish with an eight-minute pace; we just had to concentrate. And so we both shut up, and finished averaging 8:01 minutes per mile for the last 11 miles. Hence, if there is a live Boston Marathon in the fall of 2021, and God and the Coronavirus be willing, we should be able to run pretty close to 3:30 like we had attempted to do at Cleveland in May of 2019, where God and the heat were unwilling.

### Epilogue.

Paulina had said runners make good friends. It certainly was great getting to know her as we trained this past year. Intriguingly, Bob Ashmun, Mike Fry and our occasional fourth, Mark Oster, have similar stride lengths, forms and sense of pace so that we can end up running stride for stride. Meanwhile, Paulina motors along with a faster and asynchronous stride cycle. I foresee that this core group of five, and whichever young women Paulina, Heather, and others can draw into the club, could be running together for the next 10 to 15 years as we age and slow at similar paces.

Overall, the CWRRC has been a source of good friends since 1992 when I officially joined the club. During that time, I’ve served as the finish-line timer of the Mohican 100 for 10 years,



and made a slightly different set of friends on the ultra marathoning circuit – which is why I took over the Art Moore FA 25 & 50K. I’ve been race director of the Bay Days 5-miler, where the club leadership and I have had a sort of love/hate relationship, as my vision of Bay Days has always been slightly different than most of the leadership. But I also remember that when my father died in January of 2001, Kathy Dugan, John Delzani, and several others showed up to his calling hours.

Similarly, at Bay High School, I developed great friends on the track and cross country teams. With my teammates we finished fifth, third and first in the state large-school

division of cross country, and we still go to the funerals of our teammates’ parents and get together at least every two years to play golf and spend the Bay High Hall of Fame weekend together. My Cornell cross country team was also a great source of friends, yet I distanced myself from the older guys. Partly because they were better runners than I. Where else can you have a year-long, round robin email conversation where one of them was a two-time Olympic marathoner and five of the others on the list serve could beat my best Boston time of 2:25?

So, I want to thank everyone who supported our virtual NYC marathon band of LSD (long slow distance) runners. Maybe next time we can run it, or another race, in person!



# Holiday Races: Saying Goodbye To 2020!

By Bill Robb

## Run Santa Run 5K Westlake

On December 13th I ran the Run Santa Run 5K Westlake race hosted (as were all these races) by Greater Cleveland XC. This was one heck of a way to get into the festive season with a Santa-themed 5K run / walk. The flat, out-and-back race took place at Crocker Park on a 43-degree day. A total of 249 runners finished. I landed in the 80<sup>th</sup> slot, with a time of 25:32. This was three days after coming out of COVID-19 quarantine, and it was only my second post-COVID run.



The Top three male finishers were: Sean Kane, M24, 17:04; Nicholas Priban, M41, 17:22; and William Hershberger, M41, 17:44. The top three female finishers: Liz Weiler, F27, 17:54; Emily Ambrose, F25, 17:54; and Sydney Meyers, F23, 18:07.

## Run Santa Run 5K Mentor

One week later, on December 20th, I ran the Run Santa Run 5K Mentor race on a flat, loop course. Clouds clung in the air, and the temperature hovered around 39 degrees. I finished 73<sup>rd</sup> out of 381 runners in 24:04. The Run Santa Run series is a great event for the entire family to enjoy a festive holiday run together.

The top three men were: Bryce Weber, M16, 16:24; Sean Uhran, M16, 16:31; and Andrew Ye, M19, 16:31. The top three women: Felicia Pasadyn, F18, 17:53; Selena Pasadyn, F25, 17:53; and Cheyenne Durda, F17, 19:16.

## Hasta la Vista 2020 5K, Mentor

Happy New Year CWRRC and Hasta la Vista 2020 is the way I started my 2021 race season. Held on January 3<sup>rd</sup> on a 38-degree day, this race started and finished at the Eleanor B. Garfield Park in Mentor. The first two miles were flat, with the third mile heading downhill in the beginning and uphill in the last stretch. The race captured a total of 160 finishers. My friend Don Wymer and I attended the race together. Don ran a 20:12 and finished eighth overall. I ran a 23:36 and finished 22<sup>nd</sup> overall,

The top three men were: Rick Cimino, M19, 18:43; Nate Hansen, M28, 19:10; and Brad Gallagher, M39, 19:45. The top three women: Cheyenne Durda, F17, 19:17; Stephanie Nivellini, F14, 19:21; and Melissa Good, F51, 23:13.



# Ode To Fall Classic

By Mark Brinich

As the date of when the Fall Classic would have been last fall approached, a few of us emailed back and forth what we were thinking

about the race that wasn't. For example, Joe Nainiger emailed on that day: "I think we should go out there today and just stand around for three hours and reminisce and share stories about past Fall Classics! My favorite is when it was so cold (How cold was it?) that a layer of ice formed on top of the half-filled water cups and we had to "pinch" the cups to break up the ice." Kathy Dugan's response? "I just called Mark Breudigam to ask what time the award ceremony starts!"

As Bob (Bubba) Budzilek stated, we were making lemonade out of lemons. Here's a list of things I missed about the Fall Classic.

1. Manually inputting data into my laptop while trying to keep my fingers from freezing, and hoping the battery didn't die (I'm doing this from the front seat of my car).
2. Trying to read the entry slips because it's so cold that people are shivering while trying to fill out the forms with pens that are barely functional because it's so cold. Additionally, trying to figure out what to tell the runners that complained that their results were not inputted improperly because we couldn't read their entry form.
3. Trying to figure out what to do with the entry forms that don't have a bib number on them.
4. Running the race.
5. Standing around at the finish line waiting for the last runners. After 2.5 to 3 hours you really begin to wonder, but you stay and cheer them on when they finish because they worked at it and, they finished.
6. The fortified hot chocolate.
7. Watching runners cheering on other runners and family members as they cross the finish line.
8. Saying 50,000 times "men to the right, women to the left" at the finish line (or maybe it was the other way around).
9. Trying to figure out what to do with all the extra food at the end of the race.
10. Being with all the great people that put the race together year after year, despite all the problems.





# Leo Francis Lightner

September 16th, 1928 – December 17th, 2020

*(Reprinted with the permission of Leo's daughter, Brenda Spicer.)*

Leo F. Lightner passed away peacefully at the age of 92 on Thursday evening, December 17th, 2020.

Leo was a humble, kind man who was an inspiration to many throughout his lifetime. For Leo's daughter Brenda (Robert), son David "Ty" (Huiyuan), granddaughters Gina (Jacob) and Morgan, and so many friends, what set Leo apart was his ability to go after and accomplish his many goals and ambitions, at every stage of his life, with joy and optimism.

When his boyhood love of flying model airplanes led Leo to earn enough money to take flying lessons as a teen, adventure and learning became a way of life. Leo soon took his first solo flight in a bright yellow Piper Cub! Leo left high school early, lied about his age, and joined the Air Force at age 17.

As a weather observer in Trinidad he began to see the breadth and scope of the larger world through travel on leave, classical singing and piano lessons with a local island teacher, and during President Truman's stop at his air base. Being in the service allowed Leo the opportunity to finish high school and begin college upon leaving the Air Force; however, adventure soon took hold once again and he enlisted in the Army.

After attending the Basic Airborne Course, Leo could not get enough of jumping out of airplanes! Following his honorable discharge as a sergeant first class, Leo enrolled at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Leo had little money, but loved the study of geology. With his undergraduate degree in hand, he spent one year as a teaching assistant at MIT in Massachusetts. He soon found that his students' knowledge far exceeded what he could teach them.

Miami University welcomed him back and he began graduate courses in geology. Before he could complete his degree, he met his wife of more than 30 years, Charlotte. They had the honor of serving as maid of honor and best man at their friends' wedding held in Miami's Sesquicentennial Chapel. This was just one year before Leo's own "Miami Merger" was made when he married Charlotte in the same chapel.

Leo and Charlotte began their life together in Cleveland's West Park neighborhood. Leo started a job at Ferro Corp. Three years later they welcomed daughter, Brenda, and after another three years son, David. Ferro offered Leo the opportunity to earn a Master of Science in statistics from Case Western Reserve University. Leo loved every minute of his more than 40 years with Ferro, especially designing experiments and analyzing data to help improve processes for the company.

In 1967, Leo was selected to receive Ferro's Bob Weaver Award



for his work developing an improved computer program for color matching. After becoming a member of Ferro's Pioneer Club in 1985, he volunteered on the planning committee for their annual dinner celebration for many years.

It was during a conference, while working for Ferro, when Leo took an afternoon sailboat ride with friends. He was hooked! He came home and told his family that they were getting a sailboat! His first boat, an Aquarius (similar to a Sunfish), was soon replaced by an 11-foot Mirror Dinghy that Leo built from a kit himself over the winter in his basement and garage.

Leo and his wife became U.S. Mirror sailing champions in 1976. An annual highlight for Leo was sailing in the Frostbite Regatta on Lake Erie each New Year's Day! Mirror sailing also led Leo and his family to San Diego to sail in the 1978 Mirror Nationals and to Wales to sail in the 1983 Mirror Worlds. Leo enjoyed serving as president of the U.S. Mirror Class Association and was made an honorary member for his enthusiastic leadership and contributions to the advancement of the Mirror Class. His love of sailing grew into a partnership of four Mirror sailors who bought and restored a wooden 24-foot, Shaw 24 sailboat that they christened "Pshaw."

Leo took navigation courses through the Rocky River Power Squadron, learning how to navigate on the water using a sextant. The co-owners raced the Pshaw, as well as the group's second boat, a Pearson 30 named Whistler, out of Edgewater Yacht Club for many years. Leo also took his family on sailing trips aboard the Pshaw to the Lake Erie islands. He and co-boat owner, Wes, especially enjoyed a retirement sailing adventure on Whistler from Cleveland to the North Channel and back.

During the height of Leo's sailing career, his friend Curtis from Miami (for whom he served as best man) introduced him to jogging. Leo was inspired! First, to run a bit to get into better shape for sailing, and then to train and compete in road races.

Leo found that he loved the feeling he got while running. He



discovered the Cleveland West Road Runners Club, and as many of his running friends know ... the rest is history. First Leo ran short races like Bay Days and then came training for his first marathon. After many marathons, including qualifying and running in the Boston Marathon in 1992, he was introduced to ultra running. His passion, dedication to training, and friendships grew and expanded.

In his ultra running career Leo completed more than 70 ultra runs, beginning in 1990 and concluding in 2014. His first 100-mile run was the 1992 Mohican Trail 100. He holds two records for running while in his 80s. These are goals he accomplished with the assistance of a professional trainer. The first was for the fastest finish by an octogenarian (80 and over) in the 2008 John F. Kennedy 50 Mile ultramarathon, and the second was earning a national and world record after running 62 miles in the NorthCoast 24-Hour Endurance Run in 2013 at age 85. Over the years, he was featured in numerous newspaper and magazine articles, and even had a local TV interview go national.

Leo was honored by members of the Cleveland West Road Runners Club in 2019 when he was presented with the Joe Eisenberg Award for Service to the Trail Running Community, in recognition of his extraordinary running career and years of service to running clubs, races, runners, and volunteers. Award presenters Mark and Roy told Leo that the award was from everyone who knew, met or had heard of Leo Lightner. Leo

touched so many runners with his running knowledge and common-sense wisdom over the years.

Leo loved learning, traveling and helping others. Following his retirement from Ferro Corp. at age 71, he attended the International Culinary Arts & Sciences Institute and attained a culinary arts advanced techniques diploma and a pastry arts certificate. With his degree in hand, he began volunteering once a week in the Rocky River Senior Center kitchen. He loved making salads and sandwiches for the many seniors and community members who enjoyed lunch at the senior center.

Leo studied German, French and Spanish (with German being his favorite) for many years during his retirement. It was also during these years that he traveled to Germany to attend German language school; Italy for cooking seminars, food tastings and tours; and to Scotland, France, Peru, Alaska, and more distant places with friends or on a Rick Steves tour.

He also indulged in his lifelong love of the arts during his retirement by taking painting and drawing classes, memoir writing classes, and through displaying his art in the senior center's annual art show. He enjoyed his membership in the Westlake-Westshore Arts Council and performances given by students of the Cleveland Institute of Music both through the club and at operas staged at CIM.

Leo enjoyed seeing The Cleveland Orchestra at Severance Hall and Blossom Music Center with his daughter, son-in-law and granddaughter, and visits and time spent cooking together with his son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter in Cleveland and during a trip to their home outside of Boston.

He was most grateful for his many years of good health. He very much enjoyed celebrating his 90th birthday with his family and friends, good food, and fun stories. He will be missed by his family, friends, former co-workers, and co-volunteers.

Leo was preceded in death by his niece Ginny, sister Elanor, mother Virginia, Aunt Jewel, and Uncle Faye. His family would like to thank the staff from Arden Courts of Westlake and Cypress Hospice for their love and care of Leo, especially during this most difficult time. Everyone at Arden Courts made life a little extra special during this time, and his wonderful and kind hospice nurse and aides wrapped him in comfort in his final days. We are grateful for their kindness toward Leo.

Leo will be laid to rest at Lake View Cemetery in the spring or summer of 2021, alongside his mother and grandparents, Ernest and Effie Weaver. Leo's family will be hosting a celebration of Leo's life for his many friends and caregivers when it is a safe and appropriate time to gather to share in a good meal and many stories of Leo's zest for life.

One of Leo's great joys was listening to classical music on WCLV. From the day he discovered Cleveland's classical music station more than 50 years ago, he was a dedicated listener and supporter. Listening to WCLV provided him with even more comfort during his final two years. Tribute gifts in honor of Leo Lightner can be made in his name to WCLV (Attn: Tribute Gifts WCLV, 1375 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, OH 44115-1835).



# Hot To Trot; Hot For Home

By Mike Twigg

[Editor's Note: This article first ran in the August 2010 issue of FootNotes.]

Well, hello there, Civilians! Greetings from hot, hot, Iraq. Ah, July in the Middle East. Not the place you'd expect to find a decent 10K. But give this place a chance and it'll surprise you. In late June, my First Sergeant approached me. "Twigg, you like to run. There's a combat medic 10K coming up in Baghdad on 1 July. Want to do it?"

"(Heck) (sic) yeah! But how do I get there?" I asked. "No problem!" said Top (Military parlance for a First Sergeant). "I want to go, too. I'll call flight ops and spin up a bird." Oh goodie, Blackhawks! Sure it's miserable here. But flights in Blackhawk helicopters are always a treat. The next day we were flight manifested and off to the race. It might have been the only time I chartered a helicopter to fly to a race, ran the race, and then chartered out that same night. I assure you, your tax dollars were well spent. Besides, we're worth it!

Our mid-day flight approached Baghdad from the east, as desert gave way to the city. And, just like in the movies, we zig-zagged, in case the enemy got any silly ideas. We crossed the Tigris River and touched down in the Green Zone. This is the Iraq visiting dignitaries see, not the one I've been rolling around in for nine months. We were shown to our accommodations and we prepared for the race like George Klier: We took a long nap!



## All About Ambiance

We arose at 04:30 the next day for the 06:00 race start. The flat course was two laps around one of Sadaam Hussein's lakes. In this part of the world, if you have fresh water, you're rich. So, of course Hussein's palaces were surrounded with manmade lakes.

In this race, water stops greeted us at every mile. Good thing; the temperature had reached more than 100 degrees at the start, and climbed from there, as usual. Similar to at the June half marathon that I ran, I poured more water on myself than I drank. Had to stay cool. As one of about 300 finishers, I finished the race in under an hour. Except for the Apache gunships hovering overhead, calls to prayer from local minarets, and rattle from a nearby live fire range, it was just like home.

On July 4th, we ran a 5K back at our base. I'd have rather been at Bay High School. Rich Oldrieve reports it was hot and humid as usual at Bay Days. I must admit, I have zero sympathy this time for those runners!

At our 5K, the Ugandans who staff the guard towers led out and dominated the field of about 50. They're nice guys, and I enjoyed conversing with them while I could. I sure was glad this race was only 5K though; I don't ever want to run one and a half laps around the FOB Hammer for a half marathon!

## Signing Off From The Middle East

And that should be the end of my organized running here. This is my final dispatch from the desert; it's time to come home. Don't know when that will be, but I'm excited to be closing down FootNotes' Middle Eastern Bureau. I'm done with mud rain, larger sized running shoes to accommodate my heat-swollen feet, blistering heat and nowhere to run to, no where to hide (from the heat)! I also could do without the poor air quality from the factories on Baghdad's eastern outskirts. I had to run one more two-mile dash as part of a physical training (PT) test in choking fog from that brick plant I've spoken about. I was 33 seconds off from the previous test, but I still passed. Book the result and let's get on the plane.

The balance of my time here will be spent indoors doing hour-long treadmill runs at the gym. While running on that infernal contraption, I'm mentally transported to places like the Cleveland Metroparks; Flathead Lake, MT; Boulder, CO; Hawai'i Kai; One Tree Hill Park, New Zealand; and the Adirondack foothills. I try to think of all the cool (or better yet, chilly) places I've run, but each time I finish, I'm still in Iraq.

I'd like to give a special shout out and thanks to Remy Leonard for her generous offer to come out here and be a guard dog. But since we're leaving soon, it would not be practical. Besides, you're kind of low to the ground. And during the summers, there are a lot more

creepy crawlies around here, like snakes, camel spiders and biting ants. I'm not so sure our docs would be able to help treat doggie bug bites. Besides, we're 7,000 miles away from the nearest hip pet store. So, instead, let's go trail running in the Metroparks. Afterward, you can enjoy a treat from the hip pet store and I'll enjoy a treat from the Great Lakes Brewing Co. For sure, that will be a great day for running!



# Foods That Fuel Your Ticker

By Amy Jamieson-Petonic

[Editor's Note: This article originally appeared in the March/April 2015 issue of FootNotes.]

As February is heart month, now is the perfect time to talk about a few foods that will keep your heart healthy now and in the future. Some of my clients think that heart disease is no longer a problem due to the overwhelming amount of information available in reducing risk factors. However, cardiovascular disease is still a problem in our country. Approximately 1 million people pass each year from the disease, and it is still the number one cause of mortality for men and women. I know this may seem rather bold, but it's true.

Want to add a few heart-healthy foods to your diet this year to keep that ticker humming? Read on ...

- 1) **Beta-glucan** - This powerhouse is a type of fiber found in oatmeal. It binds with bile acids and cholesterol in the bloodstream to reduce the incidence of inflammation and blockages within the blood vessels. Choose: The slow-cook, old-fashioned oatmeal. I am here to tell you that you are worth the few extra minutes to prepare this less-processed type of food for you and your family.
- 2) **Blueberries** - These little blue wonders are high in antioxidants called anthocyanins that reduce inflammation inside the blood vessel walls. As well, they have been studied for their ability to improve memory. Extra credit and double bonus points for eating these. Choose: Frozen blueberries for a snack or smoothie, or fresh for Greek yogurt. YUMMY!
- 3) **Walnuts** - These heart healthy snacks are high in omega-3 fatty acids, and have been shown to have a role in reducing LDL (that's that bad cholesterol) levels in the body. When LDL levels are elevated, this tends to lead to more inflammation and less good healthy blood flow to the heart. Choose: A small handful before a meal to reduce appetite and increase satiety levels.
- 4) **Whole grains** - Foods that are high in 100-percent whole grains, such as breads, cereals, rice, pasta and legumes are higher in the B Vitamin known as folate. Folate has been shown to help promote cardiovascular health in a number of research studies. In fact, it has also been shown to reduce an inflammation marker called C-Reactive Protein that is elevated when cardiovascular disease is present. Choose: 100% whole grain cereals fortified with folate, plus low-fat milk fortified with Vitamin D, another heart-healthy choice.



- 5) **Resveratrol** - This is the superstar antioxidant associated with the "French paradox," a term used to explain the phenomenon by which certain populations, such as the French and Greeks, have a low incidence of coronary artery disease, despite a diet relatively high in saturated fat. It has been suggested that regular consumption of red wine may explain this phenomenon. Researchers have looked at how the skin on red grapes and red wine may improve cardiovascular health and blood flow. The recommendation is about one handful of red grapes or one glass of wine for women or two glasses per day for men. Choose: Red grapes, and low-fat cheese for a healthy snack instead of potato chips.

There you have it: Your heart healthy shopping list. Add these foods to your diet and keep your ticker tuned. If you have any nutrition questions, you can reach me at [amyjtoday@gmail.com](mailto:amyjtoday@gmail.com).



# What Really Happened?

*[Editor's Note: This article originally ran in the January/February 2014 FootNotes issue. It was titled: "Post-Holiday Party Run."]*

Have you ever attended an event, then sat with others around a table discussing it, and in listening, thought, "Were we even at the same place?" Four fellow club members met to run the Sunday morning after the club holiday party. There's talk some of them were going to skip the run and head straight to Einstein Bros. Bagels in Rocky River. But did they? You decide what really went down.

## Chivalry Thwarts Manly Marathon

**By Chip Cooper**

The morning after the club's holiday party, I drove to Little Met for the Sunday group run. Usually there are about 30 people at this run, but because it was bitterly cold and we all had a late night, we had a small turnout - Joe Nainiger and myself.

As Joe and I waited in our cars, we rolled down the windows to talk. We decided that this morning was a good day for a long run despite the snow and slippery conditions. Next, Mark Breudigam arrived and we shared our plan. Mark suggested, why do just a long run? Let's race each other for 26.2 miles. No water stops, no aid, just a hard, manly challenge.

We were just about ready to leave when Cathy Leonard drove up. She listened to us, but did not want to participate. Well, none of us wanted to leave Cathy behind, because of the harsh conditions. We were concerned about her safety, so we gave up the idea of a manly race to run with Cathy.

It was tough going with the snow. It must have been three-feet deep in some places, and the wind chill was brutal, but we ran on. At some point, Joe and I got separated from Mark and Cathy. With the white-out blizzard conditions, we had no idea what happened to them. Joe and I got back to the parking lot first and debated waiting or going back out to see if they were okay, but decided to go to coffee instead.

## How Cathy Leonard Made An Honest Runner Out Of Me!

**By Joe Nainiger**

It was a cold, windy, snowy Sunday morning in early December as I drove to the usual Sunday morning CWRR club run at Little Met. The run, which is advertised as starting at 8 a.m., usually doesn't actually commence until 8:10 or 8:15, as those of you who are Sunday morning regulars know.

Anyhow, I arrived at a few minutes before 8 a.m., and was the only one there. I was sitting in my car a few minutes, wondering if anyone else would show, when I saw Chip Cooper's car coming down the Fairview Hospital hill. Chip parked next to me and motioned for me to lower my window. It looked like it was just the two of us, and he suggested that we could just go to

Einstein's and get coffee and bagels. I looked at the swirling snow, sitting in my nice warm car, and in my mind I could smell the coffee and taste the bagels. Really, who would know if we played hooky from our run and just went to breakfast? It was just the two of us - a conspiracy of two. I wouldn't tell if he didn't - and I was sure Chip wasn't about to tell.

So we were almost ready to leave to go to Einstein's when another familiar car came down the hill - it was Marky Mark (Breudigam). He parked on the other side of my car. I motioned for him to lower his window and started to sell him on the idea of playing running hooky and going directly to Einstein's. He wavered a moment, but then (really without too much cajoling) he agreed. It was now a conspiracy of three - still manageable - but no one else needed to know.

Just as we all agreed, another car appeared - it was Cathy Leonard! I started to get an uneasy feeling about our plan. Could we convince her to come in with us on our conspiracy? Would this work? Would she go along with it? And would she keep quiet about it?? The conspiracy was now getting bigger, and those of you who are into conspiracies know that they can unravel very quickly the more people that are involved.

So Cathy parks next to Mark. We motion for her to roll her window down. And yes, we propose our evil plan of skipping the run and going directly to breakfast!! She hears us out, and then promptly tells us - she REALLY wants to run, but we could do as we want!

REALLY?? We can do what WE WANT?? NO!! We can't do what we want now!! We can't let her run by herself while we go off to enjoy coffee and bagels!! Mark breaks first and tells Cathy that if she runs, he will run with her. Well, I said if you two run, I guess I'll run too (though I can still smell the coffee and taste the bagels in my mind!!). Chip then caves and says he will run too.

So we ran in the cold and the wind and the snow (Damn that Cathy Leonard!!!) But, the coffee and the bagels did taste better after the run - at least I think they did!! Thank you Cathy!!

## We Only Went 12 Miles

**By Mark Breudigam**

When I arrived at Little Met parking lot, Joe and Chip were still in their cars discussing what to do. No one else showed up for the run, so why not do something different than the usual five-mile run? For some reason, over the years, the Sunday morning run has evolved into a five-mile jog. Nothing less, nothing more. Some Sundays, 50 to 80 of us start out together at exactly 8 a.m., never later, and run as a group 2.5 miles. Then turn and return. Same routine each week.

Well, I had an idea. Since there were only the three of us this morning, let's go longer and faster. I wanted to ramp up my mileage and do some longer runs, so why not start today? Sure it was cold and snowy, but Carpe Diem. Joe and Chip thought about it and decided to give it a go.

Then Cathy arrived, late! Normally we would have started by then, but the snow and talking about our plans delayed our

start. I wanted to stick with the plan for a long run, but Joe insisted we run with Cathy. She had to work on Saturday, went to the club holiday party and then went to an after-party. One tough lady, but running on very little sleep. Surprisingly, Cathy took off at a quick pace. I did not think we could run a 5:35 pace in all that snow, but we did.

We took turns leading, running single file to block the wind. At some point, Joe and Chip got separated from us. At the end when we returned and checked our watches, we only went about 12 miles. Much shorter than the original plan. Our pace slowed to about 5:37 in the deep snow, but we did it. Coffee always tastes better after a good run. Next Sunday, maybe we will try even a different path or speed.

This is how I recall the Sunday morning run after the club holiday party.

## How Bad Could It Be?

*By Cathy Leonard*

As I passed over the bridge and pulled into Little Met Golf Course lot that wintry, overcast December morning, I could already detect something was amiss. The gray, gloomy skies cast a barely-past-dawn light over the frosty, seemingly barren lot. I approached, panning the scene as if in slow motion out my right, passenger-side window.

The obvious tell-tale signs of a Sunday morning club run were, to me, glaringly absent. No runners loitered in a sort-of semi-circle behind their cars, enjoying conversation and banter before the run. More remarkable, not a single car dotted the river side of the lot, facing the river.

Almost as an afterthought, I noticed four cars lined up on the river side of the lot, but facing the golf course! It seems like every Sunday most runners park facing the river, so for some reason, when I saw the few cars lined up, I wondered if something had occurred the night before to put a snafu in our running plans. Did something occur during the night-time snowfall that would prevent us from running, I wondered? Were there runners in those vehicles, discussing whether or not to run? I queued with the cars to see what was up.

Once even with the row, I looked left, and the passenger-side window of the car next to me slowly lowered. Was this a scene from *The Godfather*? I lowered my own window, slightly amused, slightly concerned. Mark Breudigam sat behind the wheel. Beyond him, his driver side window was lowered, and I could make out Joe Nainiger in the car next to him. It seemed some sort of discussion was flowing between the cars. I could not immediately tell who was next in the queue, but learned from Mark that Chip Cooper was farthest down in the runner-occupied cars. Whoever was in the final car remained a mystery. Definitely not a runner.

After I rolled down my window, Mark surprised me by saying that Chip and Joe had talked about NOT running, and just going straight to coffee, that he was going along with them, and it was up to me if I wanted to run or not.

WHAT? That was it? No doom? With barely any hesitation, I told

Mark I planned to run. I had dragged my arse out of bed by 7:15 – after not getting to bed til after 2 a.m. – walked the dogs and driven to the park. And I hadn't run or worked out since the previous weekend. H, E, double-hockey-sticks no, was I NOT going to run. How bad could it be?

Mark surprised me again by saying he would run with me and would let Joe and Chip know our plans. Conversation flowed down the line, like the old “telephone” game. Back came the message: we were all going to run.

So we rolled up our windows and piled out of the cars. From Chip Cooper came the angriest mock-stern look I've ever received. I retreated behind Mark B., thinking to myself, “This might not end well for me. How long would it take for someone to find my body buried under a snowdrift?” Joe played it cool, like he was indifferent to the change of plans. But I could still sense a hesitation.

We walked toward the bridge and started at a slow trot toward Valley Parkway. The footing was touch and go. Once we got off the bridge, we had to maneuver around a snowdrift to even get on the walkway. The path was not plowed in that section so, for about a mile or so south, we navigated through roughly four to six inches of rough-hewn ridges and cross patterns of snow. It was somewhat like running through really deep sand – a potential pain in the patootie, if you're not expecting it.

“Whose idea was this?” I asked out loud, to no one in particular. A deafening silence ensued. I quickened my pace, for safety sake. Mark and I pulled ahead, and talked about everyday things. I joked to Mark that Joe and Chip might be purposely lagging to allow themselves enough space to comfortably turn around early to head to the coffee shop. Mark said something to Chip and Joe, and they caught up with us. Mark and I pulled away again, and shortly, Joe and Chip announced they were going to turn around early. Mark and I decided that even getting in three-plus-something miles in the deep snow would be like running four or five on a clear day. Well, it turned out the path was plowed farther down, so footing was easier. Still, we turned at Puritas Road.

We got back to the lot and Joe and Chip were already gone. I arrived at the coffee meeting place, now the new Einstein's in Rocky River. Joe and Chip looked like they had already been sitting awhile, toasty warm, half-empty coffee mugs in hand. What came from the conversation that flowed at the coffee shop table was that a female had shamed the men into running. But the funniest thing was at least two of them were like kids in a candy store who had gotten caught with their hands in a few of the jars.

If I had not come along to thwart their secret plan to nix the run and head straight to coffee, you would not be reading this story, and their concoction about running endless miles the morning after the holiday party might have been sold. As it stands, I know the true story. That's what I remember about the Sunday morning, post-holiday party run.



## Please Note

Articles for the March/April *FootNotes* must be submitted by Friday, February 26th.

Material received after February 26th may be published in the following issue.

Anyone wishing to contribute articles, photos and/or race results, please send them to Cathy Leonard at [leonardc5711@yahoo.com](mailto:leonardc5711@yahoo.com).

## Join Us

We are a group of runners, joggers, walkers and racers who enjoy getting moving in the great outdoors. All ages and abilities are welcome. Join us at a group run (see schedule on page 2). For more info: [www.clewestrunningclub.org](http://www.clewestrunningclub.org).

### 2021 Membership Application

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Shirt size:  Small  Medium  Large  Extra Large

Newsletter will be sent via Email unless noted here: \_\_\_\_\_

Type of membership:  New  Renewal

Individual \$20.00  Family \$30.00  Full-Time Students \$15.00

Please list all names and birthdays of family members living at the above address, if applying for a family membership.

\_\_\_\_\_  
*Mail to:* Cleveland West Road Runners Club  
Attn: Membership Chairperson  
P.O. Box 771011, Lakewood, Ohio 44107-0044

I know that running and volunteering to work in club races are potentially hazardous activities. I shouldn't enter and run in club activities unless I am medically able and properly trained. I agree to abide by any decisions of a race official relative to my ability to safely complete the run. I assume all risks associated with running and volunteering to work in club races including, but not limited to, falls on the course, all such risks being known and appreciated by me. Having read this waiver and knowing these facts and in consideration of your acceptance of my application for membership, I for myself and anyone entitled to act in my behalf, waive and release the Road Runners Club of America, Cleveland West Road Runners Club and all sponsors, their representatives and successors from all claims and liabilities of any kind arising out of my participation in these club activities, even though that liability may arise out of negligence or carelessness on the persons named in this waiver.



Cleveland West Road Runners Club  
P.O. Box 771011  
Lakewood, Ohio 44107-0044