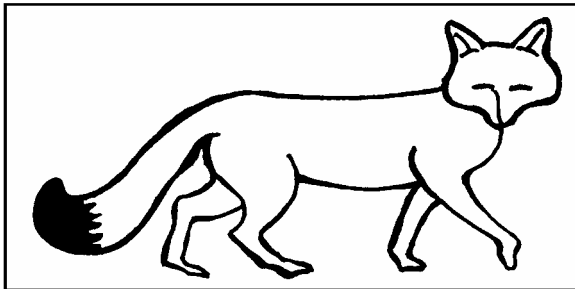


# FOXTALES

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE FOX RIVER TRAIL RUNNERS

Volume 11, issue 4

APRIL 2006



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### TIME TO RENEW ?

*Check your mailing label for your membership renewal date.  
Keep your membership current !*

Greeting Fox River Trail Runners,

I'm sorry that I am tardy getting my part of the newsletter in to Dave this month. This has been a real hectic month and it won't get much better until after the Great Western. And, speaking of the Great Western, the response has been overwhelming again this year. As you know the race was highly rated last year with 560 finishers, so we raised the registration limit to an anticipated 750 finishers, and still had to close registration more than a month prior to race day. The unfortunate side of that is we have a lot of disappointed runners out there who missed out. Short of widening the Great Western Trail, I don't think it will handle any more runners, without bumping each other off of the trail. The CARA evaluations will hopefully give us some guidance for next year.

We have about 50 FRTR members signed up to run the GW, and I want to wish each and every one of you a personal best, or at least the most fun you have had in a half marathon in 2006. Bring your family, a blanket and your vocal cords to cheer and inspire the runners. Even if no one in your family is running, you are welcome to attend and enjoy the refreshments and atmosphere at Leroy Oakes Forest Preserve. See you on May 7<sup>th</sup>.

Winston

# FRTR RESULTS PAGE: Cary 1/2 Marathon March 19, 2006

FR CARY 2006		Half Marathon					
Race Age	Year Age					Achieve	Finish
Group	Group	Age	Name	Mins	Secs	%	Position
F25-29	F25-29	28	Hegele, Rachel	100	50	65.26	6
F30-34	F30-34	31	Drexler, Cara	103	50	63.37	17
F30-34	F30-34	34	Seffrood, Mary	104	3	63.24	18
F30-34	F30-34	34	Stock, Jennifer	104	16	63.11	19
F40-44	F45-49	46	Shemyakin, Elena	92	13	77.70	2
F40-44	F40-44	43	Dudman, Angie	108	5	64.63	20
F40-44	F40-44	44	Potaczek, Donna	118	10	59.61	42
F45-49	F50-54	52	Maeshima, Kaori	104	40	72.28	3
F45-49	F45-49	48	Krause, Mary	102	34	71.11	5
F45-49	F45-49	47	Zuri, Jennifer	110	21	65.50	15
F45-49	F45-49	46	Bentley, Victoria	121	1	59.21	30
F55-59	F55-59	58	Metz, Isola	107	1	75.05	3
M35-39	M35-39	39	Mike Shanahan	86	10	70.5	11
M35-39	M35-39	36	Ahern, Brian	85	24	69.85	10
M35-39	M35-39	39	Ginsberg, David	88	7	68.94	13
M35-39	M35-39	39	Faivre, Bryan	104	49	57.96	50
M35-39	M35-39	37	Atkins, Thomas	109	5	54.93	62
M35-39	M35-39	37	McMahon, Dan	113	7	52.97	77
M40-44	M40-44	44	Wenzel, Hans	91	44	68.64	18
M40-44	M40-44	41	Slepikas, Mike	96	1	64.17	26
M40-44	M40-44	44	Bentley, Bryan	122	24	51.44	97
M45-49	M45-49	47	Wedow, Eric	86	8	74.77	5
M45-49	M45-49	45	Drendel, Mark	85	34	74.13	3
M45-49	M45-49	47	Roder, Daniel	86	54	74.11	9
M45-49	M45-49	46	Gilmore, Bill	87	18	73.21	10
M45-49	M45-49	49	Basak, David	91	12	71.71	19
M45-49	M45-49	45	Stock, Greg	96	52	65.49	36
M45-49	M45-49	46	Shemyakin, Alexander	97	54	65.29	39
M45-49	M45-49	46	Sullivan, Jeff	102	5	62.61	52
M45-49	M45-49	47	Seigle, Mike	118	10	54.50	96
M50-54	M50-54	52	Frumppkin, Michael	94	34	70.85	6
M50-54	M50-54	54	Marcec, Jerry	96	34	70.54	8
M50-54	M50-54	50	Tecuanhuey, Ernesto	97	1	67.94	12
M50-54	M50-54	50	Hettinger, George	105	19	62.59	46
M50-54	M50-54	51	Ebbesen, Jay	110	2	60.39	46
M55-59	M55-59	57	Johnson, Karl	126	41	55.19	24
M60-64	M60-64	64	Cesario, Anthony	108	57	68.59	7

# Windmill Whirl 5K Run

Presented by



Saturday, July 8, 2006

Starting time: 8:30 am

Race day registration begins at 7:30 am

Earlybird registration: \$15 if registered online by 7/01

Race day registration: \$20

Windmill City



Prizes for Age Divisions, Complimentary Massages, Refreshments & More!

Batavia Riverwalk, 151 North Island Avenue, Batavia (by the Peg Bond Center's main stage)

Register online at [www.bataviaparks.org](http://www.bataviaparks.org)

For more information call 630-879-5235

Don't forget to check out the Windmill City Festival

Friday, July 7 from 9 am - 11:00 pm

Saturday, July 8 from 7:30 am - 11:00 pm

achieve new balance®



## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS:

Ann Brady from St. Charles  
Donald Cheval from Aurora  
Renate Klbecka from Geneva  
Alexandra Martyn from North Aurora  
Catherine Martyn from North Aurora  
Ann Parkin from North Aurora  
Tina Prince from Elgin  
Nick Schneigert from Algonquin  
Tom Spadafora from Aurora  
Victor Valdez from Wheaton

We're glad to have you!

## April Birthdays

1 Mary Seffrood	17 Catherine Hanson, Carlos Viramontes
3 Benjamin Draper, Grace Ginsberg	18 Donald Jones, Shela O'Donovan
4 Willy Neuman	21 Kaori Maeshima, John Waynick
7 Libby Ferrandi, Jeanne Raynett	22 Anna Derylo, Jeannie, Folk
9 Winston Rasmussen	25 Melissa Piwowar
12 Rick Brodine	26 Wayne Gilmore
13 Jay Ebbesen	27 Jared Dittmann
16 Rachael Johnson, Tom Jurgens	29 Joe "Stat Man" Arnold, Raymond Gelhaus

## Running the Dong-A Ilbo Seoul International Marathon

By Chuck Evans

On March 12, 2006, I ran in the Dong-A Ilbo Seoul International Marathon in Seoul, Korea. It was an interesting experience for a couple of reasons: running a marathon in a foreign country was fascinating and my preparation for this race was quite unique. Generally, my participation in this race should be considered nothing less than pure insanity and another story of the seriously disturbed.

First things first, let's talk about my preparation for running the 42.195 Kilometers of the Seoul International Marathon. There wasn't any.

Once I'd scheduled the business trip, which was the primary reason for being in Korea, I contacted Chong Pin Pak, a chemist for the US Army who is the webmaster for SmileRun Running Club in Seoul. Checking in with him is a sure way to find a race as he keeps his website very up to date but doesn't post every event. The only event posted on the site was the Dong-A Ilbo Seoul International Marathon. Hoping that there might be a half, or a 10K associated with the Marathon, or that there was some other race, I sent him an email suggesting that I hadn't trained for a marathon and would like to find a moderate distance. At first glance his response indicated that there might be a shorter distance to run associated with the Seoul Marathon, so I told him to sign me up... still having the uneasy feeling that I was perhaps getting myself in over my head. In Asia, I've learned that most races can be referred to as a "marathon". I've run 5K "marathons" in Tokyo and had many conversations with Asian runners referring to my five previous marathons only to be asked "So how long was the marathon...". Again, it's a language issue where in many of these conversations the word "marathon" equates to "race". Officially, in the world of running, a marathon is 26.2 miles and no amount of linguistic misinterpretations will alter that fact.

Secondly, there was the venue. Seoul, Korea is a modern city about 20 kilometers south of the 38<sup>th</sup> parallel which is sometimes referred to affectionately as the "DMZ". Less than an hour away is one of the planets most hostile nuclear powers. You would never know this in Seoul. It is a busy city of commerce and technology. Traffic jams the streets during the day as I've never experienced in a US city. The race would start at Senjong-Ro intersection in front of Seoul city hall and end up in the Seoul Jamsil Olympic stadium. The race would conclude in the same stadium where Edwin Moses, Carl Lewis, Jackie Joyner-Kersey, Florence Griffith Joyner and Evelyn Ashford competed for the US Olympic Track Team and stunned the world with incredible performances. The race would end with a turn on the same track that marathoner Rosa Mota concluded her 1988 gold medal marathon.

There is yet another more potent Olympic connection which this marathon celebrates. At the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, the gold medal for the marathon went to a Korean, Sir Son. He broke the world record for that era by finishing with a time of 2:39.19.2. While he had every reason to be proud of his accomplishment, he took his gold medal, head bowed, as reported by the Korean national newspaper and current marathon sponsor, the Dong-A Ilbo. Korea was now part of the Japanese Empire and this made Sir Son a subject of Japan. He could only run wearing the Nippon team singlet, although he refused it in practice and also refused to sign his name in Japanese characters to the documents required by the Olympics. When the Dong-A Ilbo published news of Sir Son's victory, they edited out the Japanese flag which sent eight editors to prison and shut the paper down for nine months.



The race began like most major metropolitan marathons. Helicopters flew over head, music was blaring and there were endless lines at the porta-potties. The temperature was right around freezing which made it uncomfortable standing around, but would be greatly appreciated as the race progressed. The pre-race warm ups included an interesting group "back rub" where everyone was expected to massage the person in front of him and then, on command, turn around and do the same to those behind them. This flipping around was one of the first moments when my minority status in this race was greeted with smiles and enthusiasm. While I might have been a foreigner to Korea, I was seemingly not a foreigner to this group of marathoners. At the start and all through the race, I have never felt more welcomed and cheered.

*(Continued on page 5)*

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Before going into the race details, this would be a good time to talk about my condition prior to the race. I had been working all week in Korea and was still slightly jet-lagged. I had had little control over my diet and hydration before the race. I'd gone out for a couple of moderate 5K runs during the week, but the idea that I was "tapering" was crazy as I'd not done any training other than my normal running. I'd not run anything longer than eleven miles in the last six months. So let's imagine there was this little buff jock "devil" sitting on one shoulder saying "Man, you can do it... go ahead, run a full marathon... get the medal!!" Then there was the more angelic voice on the opposing shoulder stating "You will hurt yourself, land in a hospital in Korea, you'll ruin your mobility for the remainders of the trip... don't be crazy". After considering many options, I finally decided that the way to proceed would be to run to the half way point and then take myself off the course. Still, the "devil" urged me to take a few extra gels and not to forget my water bottle...

The race started with fireworks and the release of balloons that drifted through the cold air on a beautiful clear morning. The streets of Seoul were cleared of traffic which during the week seemed impossible. Twenty four thousand runners would take over the metro area for the next five hours (the course limit). The water stations were set up at 5K intervals and I hit the first one in 26:32. That was faster pace than I would normally run in a marathon, but I was still thinking that I'd be running a half.

The cold was numbing my hands and at one water station where water had been spilling on the street, there was a sheet of ice. That was a hazard I'd never encountered before during a marathon. The wind was whipping up a little as we passed a temple in the heart of Seoul and the traditional Korean music composed for drums and cymbals created an energetic cadence for the run. By the time I reached 10K, I was still running my average time for the distance and feeling quite good. It was at this point that I took a gel... oh; there were still three more left in my pockets.

When I reached the half marathon point at twenty-one kilometers and some change, I began rethinking my plan. I was feeling good. I had hydrated well at each of the 5K water stations so far and had supplemented with the water I was carrying. Oh so mysteriously, I still had three more gels with me and my water bottle was still four-fifths full.

Then there was a little puff of smoke just over my left shoulder...

"Well," said my "little devil" as he looked at his digital watch "Maybe you should just run a little longer..."

So with his opposite shaking his haloed head, I proceeded on. I would remain aware of how I was feeling and would watch for tell-tale signs of injury or some other potential disaster.

The interesting thing about a race in a foreign country is that the distances marked in kilometers seem to go by rather quickly. Before too long, I found myself at thirty kilometers, the length of the old Great Western. I was feeling better in Seoul than I ever had running that race. More Korean drums and cymbals provided encouragement to go on and the cool morning air was nothing but help. It was at this point that I supplemented my gels with some bananas being handed out. I would use everything I could find to improve my chances of making it to the finish line.

My revised plan had me using a gel every 10K, but when I got the banana, I delayed my next gel and planned to use one at 32K, if I made it that far. It was rethinking and adjusting my race plan that was the key to this race. I was thinking my way through the race now, using my head and making careful decisions. While I was undoubtedly crazy, I would not be stupid. I wasn't looking at my watch anymore and was thinking that I could easily beat the five hour course limit even if I walked parts of the course. I'd already been walking through water stations and making sure that I not only got water but also Gatorade, defending against dehydration and hyponatremia.

The 32K mark was the point at which I realized that I was finishing another marathon. At that point I was over twenty miles and still feeling good. If there was a "wall" in this race, I hadn't seen it yet and actually never would. The cool morning, hydration and reduced pace were going to pay off.

It was at this point that I ran into a very nice Korean gentleman who spoke very little English who began engaging me in conversation. He wanted to know where I was from and we carried on a rather nice, yet awkward conversation. I lost him for awhile, and then he would catch me again. In the last six kilometers of the race, I decided to walk some and this man also stopped running with me to continue our odd conversation. The next time we started running, he went ahead and I never saw him again.

Within two kilometers of the finish, another man offered me a drink of something from his water bottle. "Honey water" he said. I respectfully declined as anything new during a marathon is not a good thing, especially if it's some unknown concoction. I really didn't need anything

At the 40K point I had a mere 2.195 kilometers left to go. I generally felt okay although I had a good case of tendonitis starting up in my left leg. No cramps, no breakdown and no wall. The cool climate and smart hydration was making this happen. The 40K marker showed that I would not do a sub-four hour marathon, but I really didn't care. I could walk to the

*(Continued on page 6)*

*(Continued from page 5)*

finish line and earn a Seoul Marathon medal.

The final turn in the Jamsil Olympic Stadium was inspiring. Having watched the 1988 Olympics, I recognized the locale. A giant "Dyna-vision" display showed every runner crossing the finish line and sure enough, I looked up to see myself finishing the race.

I was handed a medal and walked on through the crowd. Looking at the medal, I counted one more marathon completed with an un-official time of 4:10:13. The race was over and it had been an interesting experience. As there were still runners finishing up as I exited the stadium, I had to walk several blocks to get to a populated taxi stand. Climbing into a warm taxi and heading back to my hotel felt great. As my business trip was not finished and I would be leaving for Tokyo that evening, I had very little time to relax but would make the most of a warm taxi, followed by a hot shower and a sandwich at the hotel coffee shop.

When my business partner, Mr. Kyongsik Kim, met me later to take me to the airport, I reached into my pocket and pulled out the medal. The medal had Korean text on it as well as English and he knew immediately that I had run the entire marathon. So, as we pulled out of the hotel, heading for Incheon Airport, Kyongsik looked at me and summed up my day.

"You're crazy..."

***One of the neatest races in Illinois and one of the most scenic is the 80 mile team race at the southern tip of the state called River to River Relay.***

***An 8 person team starts early in the morning on the western side of the state and by the end of the run they can step onto the shores of the Ohio river on the eastern side of the state. Each runner does a "leg" of between 2 and 4 miles over rural roads cutting through several state forests and small towns. It all leads to Galconda, IL and a fun post race party in the town square. Get your entry form online and return it fast because this is one popular event!***

***Go to <http://rrr.olm.net> for more information.***



**Good Luck to all  
FRTR runners going to the  
RIVER to RIVER**

Young Connor Slepikas describes his first Shamrock race experience. He does an excellent job in the race and provides us with an eleven year old perspective of being one in 25,000 runners! Thank you for your article Connor.

## **Shuffle to a Goal in 2006**

**By Connor Slepikas**

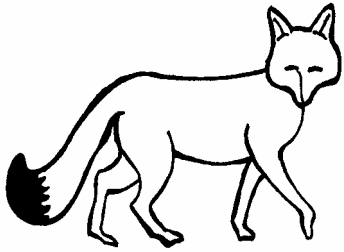
Setting a goal is important at any age, even when your eleven years old. I have always enjoyed running in sports like football and baseball. I was seven years old when I ran my first running race at the Geneva Swedish Days Rookie Run. Wow! It was a  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile long and I felt out of breath at the end, but was ready [to] run each year after in the next age group. After four years and a new long distance milestone of 1 mile I was ready for a true timed race.

My early races had got me interested in running and my dad asked me if I would like to join him on Thanksgiving morning for a race. Many Fox River Trail Runners know this race as the Fox and the Turkey one mile and the four-mile predictor. I placed fifth in the mile with an overall with a time of 7:17. Shortly after, on a summer day in June I ran the Walter Payton 5k with my dad. I found out that a one-mile race is a lot different than a three- mile race because after two miles I got bad side aches and had to walk a bit. In less than a minute and a quick water station, I had recovered and finished strong.

I prepared for the 2005 Shamrock Shuffle by training with my dad for many months and we were both excited about running together in such a large event in downtown Chicago. Unfortunately, I broke my ankle while playing with friends and wasn't able to run in the race. It was a huge disappointment and I sort of stopped running and kept busy in football, baseball and basketball.

When 2006 came along and my dad said the Shamrock Shuffle is coming up. He asked me if I would like to run in it with him but under a couple of conditions before he signed us up. I had to train with a 5-mile distance goal in mind, stay healthy and try not to get hurt in all my kid activities (that is tougher than most kids realize). So we set out to train for the next two months at different distances from one and 4.5 miles. I really did not enjoy training for this race because I got aches and pains also I had to run on snow some of the time. One thing my dad always told me during these runs was not to run too fast and that I could run fast on race day.

Now the day of the Shuffle was finally here and I felt I would be ready for a non-stop five-mile race with a goal of 45minutes. My family and I traveled to downtown on a cool Sunday morning as we prepared to go to the starting gates. I was cold because I had on shorts and a single shirt and found out the chill would be gone shortly after we got started. I wasn't the only runner chilled to the bone, so was 25,000 other runners. When the gun went off my dad and I shuffled to the starting line (that must be why they call it the shuffle I thought) and headed towards the first mile marker not knowing how fast we were going but found a good pace. The first three miles seemed pretty easy and we were more than a minute and half ahead of the goal. Then it was time to get serious and pick it up for the next two miles. My splits were faster and faster and I wanted to finish strong the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile so I didn't go all out we got close to the final turns. Things got blurry as I approached the final bridge, but we were so close and I knew I could kick at the end and pass the unsuspecting runners as we approached the finish. In addition, I didn't want to let my dad beat me to the line, so I dodged into traffic like I would in a football game weaving around my opponents. My dad struggled to keep up with me through the crowd. Yes, I beat him by a full second and seven runners. My personnel best and personnel record was in the books at 41:16. On to the next goal...!



# FOXTALES

**FOX RIVER TRAIL RUNNERS**  
P.O. Box 371, Geneva, IL 60134



“The Running Authority for the Great Western Suburbs”

**WEATHER FACTS:** 4/1/06 sunrise 5:36 AM sunset 6:19 PM avg low 32(F) avg high 53(F)  
4/30/06 sunrise 5:51 AM sunset 7:51 PM avg low 41(F) avg high 65(F)

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Contact us at [frtrnews@sbcglobal.net](mailto:frtrnews@sbcglobal.net) for rate inform.

Snail Mail to: FRTR News, PO Box 371, Geneva, IL 60134

## 2005 Fox River Trail Runners - Runners Council

<b>PRESIDENT:</b>	Winston Rasmussen	(630) 393-4952	<a href="mailto:w.rasmussen@comcast.net">w.rasmussen@comcast.net</a>
<b>VICE PRESIDENT:</b>	R.C. Fagan	(815) 790-5641	<a href="mailto:rfaganclu@juno.com">rfaganclu@juno.com</a>
<b>SECRETARY</b>	OPEN		
<b>TREASURER:</b>	Dave Gurnik	(630) 355-8306	<a href="mailto:dgurnik@sbcglobal.net">dgurnik@sbcglobal.net</a>
<b>DIRECTORS:</b>	Tom Jurgens	(630) 879-6924	<a href="mailto:gozymt5304@sbcglobal.net">gozymt5304@sbcglobal.net</a>
	Joe Arnold	(630) 323-2776	<a href="mailto:jarnold29@comcast.net">jarnold29@comcast.net</a>
	Gary Moss	(630) 513-6269	<a href="mailto:team Moss@sbcglobal.net">team Moss@sbcglobal.net</a>
	Al Edgecombe	(630) 389-9930	<a href="mailto:alan_1_edgecombe@yahoo.com">alan_1_edgecombe@yahoo.com</a>

**FOXTALES:** is the official newsletter of the Fox River Trail Runners, a non-profit running organization dedicated to promoting running for fun and lifetime fitness. Membership in FRTR is open to all individuals regardless of age or ability. The Fox River Trail runners are proud to be a member of the Road Runners Club of America. We invite your letters, articles, photos and ideas. Please submit your information by the 15th of each month to [frtrnews@sbcglobal.net](mailto:frtrnews@sbcglobal.net)