



## Bond Lake Athletic Club

2008 was another milestone year for Bond Lake runners. We have welcomed new people into our Bond Lake family; rookies just starting their running careers, or getting back into running after a long layoff. Journeymen who want to get stronger and experience longer distances. Veterans looking for others who just enjoy running. Unique personalities from diverse backgrounds; they seem to fit well into this eclectic group of athletes. It is great to have the walkers out there on Saturday mornings and at the races with us; participating in the physical activities that we all enjoy!

While some of us celebrated personal records, others suffered personal setbacks. Running your first marathon, returning to form in the Ironman Wisconsin, Can Lake-50 mile ultra runners, three more marathons and the Niagara Ultra added to 'The List', taking another shot at the Olympic trials, making the cut and going to the World Championships in Hawaii...and on and on!

Layoffs due to injury; surgery to repair damaged bodies. Slower times due to illness and aches and pains and (dare I say) age. Going out too fast and burning up or bonking; having bad days on the roads and trails.

As members of Bond Lake we share the joys and sorrows that the athletic life brings to each of us. At breakfasts and cookouts, holiday parties and dinners, on runs and at races; we share our lives with each other.





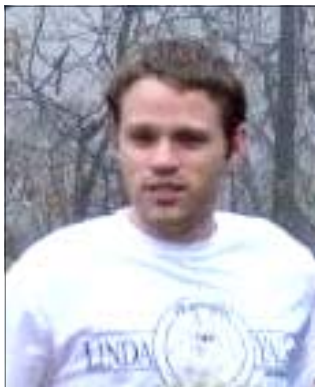








## **Introducing our newest members**



Dave Schnittker



Sean Scarisbrick



Bob Ryan



Judy Lemmon



Joelle Reuttimann



Russ Trippe



Derek Dunstan





## THE CAN LAKE-50

by Steve Patterson

The beginning of this story harkens back to 1981 when my brother, Scott, and Jim Elliott ran a 50-mile race together in Delaware Park. This was at a time when the running boom was in full swing, but relatively few souls ran fifty-mile races. The race was actually the North American 50-mile Championship Race, and if there is anyone out there who has not heard about that day (or seen a photograph of it), just ask Scott and I am sure he can pull out the photo and tell you all about it. If you dare, be sure to inquire about how Jim and Scott trained for that particular adventure, as in my opinion, that is where the true story lies.

I was 15 when they ran their fifty mile race. As anyone acquainted with Scott and I, or who has a sibling of their own knows, that day pretty much sealed my fate. Someday I would have to run fifty miles. While I took up running in Junior and Senior High School, I took a little hiatus from about 1985 until 2002. Sibling rivalry when you're the younger one means that you have to try to do everything your older siblings have done, only better. To date, Scott has run every distance faster than I. However, he did his best running in his mid twenties, and I have done mine in my early forties, so direct comparisons are somewhat muddled. That's my position and I'm sticking to it.

Fast forward to 2008; my first official ultra marathon was the BPAC 6-hour race in April. I ran 37.95 miles which was good for 7<sup>th</sup> place overall. The real story in that race, however, was my friend Jake. He normally runs three to five miles at a time. His longest run prior to the race was a 10-miler the previous fall. I dragged him out on it because he needed convincing that he could run farther than five miles if he slowed his pace a little. At 27 years old, with only one distant 10-miler under his belt, Jake ran 32.5 miles.

In September, I knew the eight consecutive 40-mile weeks I had under my belt would not bring me the sub-3 hour marathon I had spent the last 3 years chasing. But it would allow me to attempt a 50-miler, and I chose one that made a big loop around Lake Canandaigua. The evening before the Can Lake-50, Scott and I met up for dinner with Clyde Ferguson and his wife Carol. Clyde's stated goal was to run around 11 hours, and I was hoping for about 8 ½ hours if all went extremely well, and 9 ½ hours if not. I had ran a couple 30 mile training runs using the 5 minute run, 1 minute walk ratio that Clyde had suggested to Scott that I try. I felt comfortable that the first forty miles would pose no serious problem, but I was concerned about the last ten miles and the hills.

The plan was for Carol and Scott to drive along the course as our handlers. That evening I meticulously assembled six drop bags with a banana and a couple of GU packets in each one. I put these items in a paper lunch bag labeled with my name and the name of the aid station, then sealed these bags in plastic freezer type bags. Scott was threatening to be absent from most of the course until the last ten miles or so, and I wanted to be prepared for anything.

At 6:30 a.m. we met at the packet pick up and grabbed some breakfast and proceeded to get ready for what was sure to be a long day on the road. Scott had brought a water bottle and belt for me to try, but unfortunately I had forgotten to try it on the night before. So, just as we were being told to assemble outside on the starting line, I found myself breaking the cardinal rule of not trying anything new and untested by strapping on the water bottle belt, with no time to even fill the bottle with water before the start.

At 7:00 a.m. the race began just as the sun was starting to rise. It was about 45 degrees and clear out. I seemed to be the only one around me doing a strict run/walk program, but I stuck with it knowing that it would be a long day. By five miles I was frustrated with trying to adjust the empty water belt, and handed it off to Scott with a "Thanks, but no thanks." The first ten miles were pretty flat; the sun shone on the placid lake and back lit the beautiful waterfront properties and boat houses. At the ten mile aid station Scott and Carol were there as they would be at nearly every aid stop the entire way. I decided to take advantage of the first of only two actual bathroom stops (despite having a wad of toilet paper in a plastic bag pinned to the inside of the back of my singlet), and the volunteers directed me to a building down by the lake, which added about an extra quarter mile to my race. Apparently when you are running fifty miles, a little extra is a "no sweat" item.

Between mile 10 and 14 there were some moderately steep grades, and most of us chose to walk the better part of the uphill portions. Just shy of the 15 mile mark was the "locally renowned Bopple Hill". Listed officially as a 600 foot climb in eight tenths of a mile, it looked more like a road leading directly to Heaven, and to the legs felt like the road to Hell. Running it was unthinkable and even walking it was a challenge. Just shy of the crest of the hill lies a little country cemetery. How very fitting! I took a few moments to turn around about halfway up, and again at the top, being rewarded with an absolutely breathtaking (literally and figuratively) view of the lake and surrounding autumn foliage in full splendor.

The next six miles were along the "high road" above the lake which offered a great panoramic view of the south end of the lake until a 700 foot descent beginning at about the 22 mile mark brought us back to lake level. I passed the marathon mark in 4 hours 20 minutes, and noticed that while my overall energy level was good, my legs no longer felt as fresh as they had just a few miles back. At about 27 miles, I asked Scott for my own water bottle I had brought. I would carry it, switching from hand to hand every mile or so, for the rest of the day. Miles 27 through 31 were mostly gently rolling to flat along a country road through a mostly wooded area. I ran this stretch of road without seeing another runner ahead or behind.



After the 50K mark in Middlesex, the road climbed steeply for more than a mile, and I chose to walk the better part of this hill to save energy for the last part of the course which was supposed to contain easier running. Around 33 miles the road dropped down into Vine Valley where there was a short out and back section marked by a lone traffic cone placed in the middle of a country lane. At the cone I caught up with another runner, who I ran with for a short stretch until my watch beeped to signal a one minute walk break. He explained that he would keep running, "otherwise I will just seize up." I figured I would catch him a few miles down the road. I was wrong.

At the Vine Valley aid station around 36 miles, Scott and Carol were waiting for me. Clyde, I was told, had been 20 minutes behind me at the 50K point. He was well ahead of his stated goal pace, and I was a little worried that he would crash. At the aid station I suddenly remembered my drop bags and inquired about them. Apparently, I had already passed all the locations where my drop bags had been placed! Scott and Carol were doing such a great job of meeting me at every aid station, that between the GU packets Scott handed me and the race supplied goodies, I had never even thought about them. Just out of Vine Valley there was a wickedly steep hairpin turn, then a short rolling section before the road made another long, fairly steep climb. Again, I walked almost all this climb to save my legs for the easier running that was supposed to come in the last section of the course.

Around 40 miles there was an aid station where the enthusiastic volunteers proclaimed, "Turn right here and go straight up the hill –it's the last up hill on the course!" I can't begin to tell you how sick I was getting of seeing hills, even little ones! It seemed like the easier running was always just one more hill away. Scott told me that Clyde was doing real well and was only 10 minutes behind me. This was the part of the course that was supposed to be more gentle, the part that I had been saving myself for, planning for a strong finish with little or no walking. While my energy level was good, and my legs felt great, to my horror I discovered that every running step brought stabbing pain just under the bottom of my ribs. Race walking was fine, but every time I tried to get running again, it was like I was being stabbed under the ribs with a knife at every foot fall.

Miles 41 through 47 were gently rolling to flat. The temperature had risen to about 70 degrees. There was not a cloud in the sky, and I don't remember feeling even a breeze. To me, though, it felt like a beautiful day for a run. Though I was doing more walking than I had hoped, I was still able to make a pretty good pace for a walk. At about 46 miles, I passed the last aid station, and Scott told me that Clyde was only about 4 minutes behind me. It was a straight stretch of road and I



could see two runners in the distance, one in red, which meant the other runner must be Clyde.

I was torn. On one hand, part of me wanted to wait until Clyde caught me then run it in with him. On the other hand, I was afraid I might not be able to keep up with him when he caught me. I finally decided that it was really not my decision to make. All each of us out there could do was run our own race, the best way we could. So at 47 miles I figured there was no reason to save anything anymore as I had finally started running out of real estate between myself and the finish. I dug deep, pushed through the pain under my ribs and ran the whole mile. Surprisingly, the pain subsided after about a half mile of steady running.

At 48 miles I switched back to a run/walk program, and it looked like the two runners behind me were starting to gain on me again. The last mile meant time to run, and I ran down the steep grassy slope to the college campus at a pretty good clip. I had run so long by myself that I did not want to be passed by anyone at the very end. At one point on the college road, I was afraid I might have made a wrong turn until some people sitting on the grass shouted out my name and some words of encouragement, something like, "only 100 yards to go!" The last stretch was a curve on a short uphill to the finish (truly the last hill!). I threw my water bottle off into the grass and started an all-out sprint to the finish, not caring too much if I should pull something in the process.

I crossed the line in 9 hours, 18 minutes, and 20 seconds (a bronze metal finish for my age group) and switched from runner to spectator. In a minute or two, a runner came up the hill to the finish but it was not Clyde. Then about a minute or so later Clyde came into view powering up the hill and finishing in 9 hours, 22 minutes, and 32 seconds. The race director handed Clyde his silver medal and a canister of protein powder (I think), for taking fourth in his age group. Carol took pictures of us as we posed together (someone needs to get Clyde a Bond Lake A.C. shirt), then we hobbled into the basement of the college to eat, shower, and talk about the events of the day.

I remember Clyde swearing, "Never again!" when I asked him about doing the race again next year. I remember thinking how beautiful and scenic the course was if you could get past the sadistic number of hills and "gentle grades" that comprised the course. That night I lay in bed waiting for the giant, muscle ripping cramps to come. Thankfully, they never did. For the first time in my life, I was too tired to sleep.

Time heals trashed quads and puts everything into perspective. I think Clyde may do it again someday. I know I am already thinking about how a little more hill training, more mileage and having first hand knowledge of the course could take not just minutes, but maybe an hour off my time. I keep thinking about the runner I caught at Vine Valley who just shuffled up the long grade away from me while I conserved my legs. I think about tactics. I think about spending the better part of a day doing something I enjoy so much. I think about the possibilities...

## Canandaigua Lake 50 Mile Ultra

Steve Patterson  
9:18:20

Clyde Ferguson  
9:22:32



*"Run only if you must. If running is an imperative that comes from inside you and not from your doctor. Otherwise, heed the inner calling to your own Play. Listen if you can to the person you were and are and can be. Then do what you do best and feel best at. Something you would do for nothing. Something that gives you security and self-acceptance and a feeling of completion;"*

—Dr. George Sheehan *from his book, Running & Being*

### **Some of what we've done in 2008**

Tom Appenheimer: Boston Marathon, Niagara Fallsview Casino International Marathon.

Tiffany Breniser: Around the Bay 30K, Sulphur Springs 50K, Lockport Y-10.

Jeanne Chiarmonite: GBTC Half Marathon, Buffalo Half Marathon.

Rich Clark: Richmond Marathon.

Derek Dunstan: GBTC Half Marathon, Buffalo Marathon, Run for the Grapes Half Marathon.

Bob Eberhardt: Lockport Y-10.

Jim Elliott: Jamie LaBarbera Memorial 5K.

Karen Ernst: Jamie LaBarbera Memorial 5K.

Ray Ernst: Buffalo Half Marathon, Niagara Ultra 50K, Wineglass Marathon.

Carol Ferguson: Jamie LaBarbera Memorial 5K, Niagara Ultra Half Marathon.

Clyde Ferguson: BPAC 6-Hour Distance Classic, Around The Lake Ultra, Akron Marathon, Canandaigua Lake 50.

Tony Garrow: Indianapolis Half Marathon, Musselman Triathlon, Ironman Wisconsin.

Allen James: US Olympic Trials-20K Race Walk, Balloons Over Niagara 5K.

Jan Jezioro: Lockport Y-10, Shamrock Run 8K, YMCA Turkey Trot 8K.

Judy Lemmon: Lockport Y-10, Shamrock Run 8K Utica Boilermaker 15K.

Pam London: Boston Marathon, Buffalo Marathon, Ironman Kentucky.

Chuck Miller: Buffalo Half Marathon, Musselman Triathlon.

Roger Nieth: Around The Lake Ultra.

Scott Patterson: Lockport Y-10, Jamie LaBarbera Memorial 5K.

Steve Patterson: BPAC 6-Hour Distance Classic, Canandaigua Lake 50.

Pat Roach: Juneteenth 10K, Depew Lancaster 10K, Tuscarora Nation 10K, Niagara Fallsview Casino International Marathon.

Joelle Ruettimann: Lockport Y-10, Marine Corps Marathon, YMCA Turkey Trot 8K.

Marc Ruettimann: Utica Boilermaker 15K, Marine Corps Marathon, Half Marathon of Palm Beaches.

Diane Sardes: Ironman Kentucky, Ironman World Championships, YMCA Turkey Trot 8K.

Sean Scarisbrick: Woods Walk 10.5 Mile, Presque Isle Half Marathon, Wellsville 14 Mile Ridge Run.

Mike Schiavone: Buffalo Marathon, Niagara Ultra 50K, Wineglass Marathon, Niagara Fallsview Casino International Marathon.

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## Some of what we've done in 2008 ...cont.

Dave Schnittker: Linda Yalem Safety Run 5K.

Nancy Sheehan: *Buffalo Half Marathon, Niagara Ultra 50K, Marine Corps Marathon, Half Marathon of Palm Beaches.*

Tom Somerville: Lockport Y-10, Canisius College Shoes for the Shelter 5K.

Jeff Tracy: *Buffalo Half Marathon, Niagara Sprint Tri, Ironman Wisconsin.*

Russell Trippe: GBTC Half Marathon, Marine Corps Historic Half Marathon, Ultra 10-Mile Trail Run.

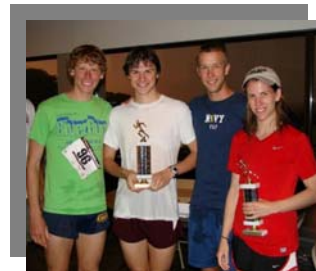
Rob Vanderwerf: *Chris Griswold Memorial 5K, Bond Lake RUT Race.*

Susan Watkins: Lockport Y-10, Jamie LaBarbera Memorial 5K.

## ***RUT RACE***

The 12th annual RUT Race changed course in 2008; the move necessitated by the removal of some fruit orchards along the original course. Clyde, Jan and Ray, along with the help and advice of others, mapped out a new course which was dubbed 'The Niagara Escarpment Challenge.'

The verdict on the move? Most of the feedback was positive; many runners saying it was tough but fun. The steep down hills at the start catching many by surprise, and the gradual climbs putting pressure on their quads and hammies. With enough flat ground for recovery before once again climbing hills to the finish, the runners seemed happy they met the challenge. The spectators enjoyed being able to watch more of the race than they used to. The view from the top of the hill makes the RUT the most scenic race in Western New York! And the light rain at the end of the race didn't seem to dampen anyone's spirits. Thanks again to Rich, Jeff and Bill, **Score This**, and to all the club members who helped make this race another success!



## My Homing Thoughts 1-10 – November 2008...I RUN THIS COUNTRY

I'm at the point where I'm bugged if I care *who* wins on November 4.

The economic turmoil that began on Wall Street has spread across the globe like a particularly nasty cancer. It has me even less inclined than ever to look to *any* seat of government for guidance, which is saying something, given my usual disdain for the 'salvific power of government'.

What does this mess leave me in control over?

Me. I can control me. Perhaps this maelstrom of BS is why I've found the inner fortitude to finally do what I've been wanting to do for a good long while now – and that is getting into a regular routine of running each and every day.

That's one thing I can control, God willing.

Grabbing control in this discrete area is a lovely idea, but it's not been as easy as simply pulling on a pair of shoes and heading out the door. Running has demonstrated how the highs and lows of life can come so close upon each other at times that it seems as if my running dreams and my running reality are locked in a fender-bender, leaving me pinioned in the middle.



Disdainful of the middle ground, Jim Morrison of The Doors once famously (and disastrously), said "I think the highest and lowest points are the important ones. Anything else is just...in between. I want the freedom to try everything".

The highs and the lows – in a spare 24 hours this summer, running helped me sample both ends of Morrison's spectrum.

The joys of my natural high came by accident. We were in Moab, Utah, and I was out by myself, searching for a trailhead that was supposed to lead me to a desert canyon, carved out red rock by the Colorado River. The American edition of *Runner's World* had a gorgeous picture of it, which was part of the reason we were actually in Moab. I never found the trailhead I was after, and instead had to settle for a one mile run up the gorgeously named Moonflower Canyon. The run itself was rough on the legs – fine red sand underfoot for much of the distance – but my reward at the furthest point was a towering natural bowl carved out of the rock. The curved rock face rose two hundred feet high around me. A couple of involuntary sneezes sent out a cacophony of booming echoes. Such tender violence.

At the very end of the canyon was a pool which was waist deep in places. Eight am, and no-one around: I went skinny-dipping.

From a runner's point of view, the next day was quiet different. From a Dad's point of view it started out brilliantly: my girls and I hiked the hoodoo-haunted depths of Bryce Canyon, and when we got back to the top at ten am I felt triumphant. It was a tough hike for a young family.

Later that day at the gift shop (with my little gang of Dantes) I discovered that at nine am, right as we were treading the furthest depths below the canyon rim, the annual Bryce Canyon 5k Run was held directly above us. Hours of internet research failed me, and I was denied what would have been the most memorable of touring races.

Don't get me wrong – I'd *never* trade that hike with Laura and the girls. But we could have done it later, and I'd still have had the chance to run the race of a lifetime.

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I love running. It has, quite literally, stopped me from getting fat. When I'm running regularly I breathe minute / With sixty seconds' worth of distance run".

Beyond the act of running itself, I think, however, I'm also in love with the *idea* of running, and where it can literally and metaphorically take me.

I run this country.

I also run Canada. I've had three memorable runs there. Two of those were early this summer on Manitoulin Island – the largest freshwater island in the world (it's on Lake Huron – one of the five Great Lakes). The third one was actually the second half of a twenty-miler I was doing prior to a marathon a few years back. I ran from our house here in the US to the border. Canadian Immigration were very cool about it – even though pedestrians are officially not allowed on the bridge – and they didn't charge me the three buck bridge toll. Which was nice. From the bridge I ran back along the Canadian side to the village of Niagara-on-the-Lake, which I can see across the river from my front verandah.

Try and imagine my wonder – you just can't pull those kind of stunts in Australia. Speaking of which:

I run Australia, too.

In June's installment I mentioned my dusk run up Rocky Hill in Goulburn to the War Memorial. What a special moment that was: alone in my own country for once, tasting the acrid bitterness of the Australian Bush on my tongue with my gasps of cool dusk air, and then feeling the schoolyard-familiar pong of sweet, damp asphalt as the mist descended, drawing a shroud around the tower.

There's a postcard behind my desk at work of that very site. In my imagination the steel grey clouds and floodlit stonework have joined with the actual run itself. Those images bring back the fondest of memories.

As good as running over here is, I ran my country for 45 minutes in April, and if I had the opportunity I'd do it again. In a New York minute.

In a heartbeat.

Written by **SEAN SCARISBRICK** for the **KANGAROO VALLEY VOICE**



## Shoes For The Shelter



I will be running the Canisius College Shoes for the Shelter 5K on Sunday, March 29th. As is my usual practice, I would be happy to collect your old shoes if you can't make the race. Last year I turned in **24** pairs of shoes from Bond Lake AC. You can also drop off your shoes at John Maddock's office in the Koessler Athletic Center on Main St. at Delevan Ave. **2,483** pairs of shoes were brought to the race last year, and since 2001, **8,056** pairs of shoes have been donated.

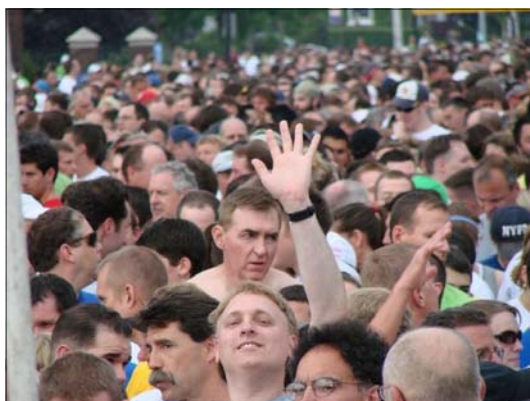
I really appreciate all the shoes from Bond Lake members, but I would rather see you guys at the race. We practice every Saturday on the Niagara Escarpment, so the hills of Forest Lawn should be a walk in the park. Come out and join me; let's show people what separates Bond Lakers from the rest!

—Tom Somerville



# The Bond Lake AC 2008 Scratch Race Winners

1st place...Jeff Tracy  
2nd place...Jan Jezioro  
3rd place...Allen James



Does anyone have to use the  
bathroom before we begin?

Most Photos in this publication are  
courtesy of Diane Sardes and Joan  
Crouse.

The rest were stolen from un-named sources.

Brat! Brat!



You never see John  
Beishline shoveling  
this crap!



Where does Tom disap-  
pear to during the RUT  
Race?