

Orange County Track Club

May 2004

www.octrackclub.comVol. 43, No. 5

DON'T RAIN ON OUR PARADE!

By Stephanie Goley

There were high hopes set for the **Sue Rudolph** fundraising garage sale; little did we know that April 17th would be a WASH OUT! With literally hundreds of donated items priced, tagged, and sorted the garage sale crew was ready to sell! A dedicated group loaded **Phil Wingard's** truck up on Friday evening, with barely enough space left for his dollies!

Saturday morning at 6:15 am, several die-hard OCTC members were unloading the piles of goods into the "parking space" at the OCC Swap Meet. Luckily, we had enough foresight to get two spaces (although not connected to each other), due to the amount of items donated. By 6:30 other vendors were pulling boxes off of our truck so they could sift through the items! A few individuals added greatly to our daily profit-although we saw their purchases in other spots later that day!

By 9 am it started sprinkling on our well-organized (thanks to **Jamie Bolduc**) tables of collectibles. The strong members persevered through the worst of the weather, but felt helpless as the canopy cover blew off and the books became soaked. By 11:30, all of the vendors around us had gone and we decided to pack it up as well.

Unfortunately, we did not break any records for fundraising at a garage sale, and would have been much more profitable had it been sunny. In the end, The Salvation Army received a truck-load's worth of donations and the Sue Rudolph Fund received \$410.

I would like to thank all of the people who donated items to our cause- we had more than we had bargained for! Also there are a few individuals who deserve more than a simple "thanks" for the amount of time they put into helping:

Andy and Jeri Bailey- As usual you two came through for us and sat at the storage bin waiting for donations and priced items, not to mention Jeri's creativity and organizational skills in planning for the event!

Veronica Burkhalter- Of course, you put in more time than anyone pricing, loading, unloading, selling, organizing, and standing in the rain!

Phil Wingard- You didn't know you'd get stuck sticking around the swap meet all day (and in the rain), but you stayed positive even when your shirt was soaked and even made deliveries of big items after the sale!

Bob Sullivan- Thanks so much for coordinating with the people at OCC- without you we might have not known what to do! Thanks also for help moving things and setting up!

Steve Burkhalter- I'm sure there were more exciting places you would have rather been, but your help at the storage bin and Sat. morning were invaluable. Thanks also to the following people for help loading the truck on Friday: **Brad Calvin, Robert Donald, Art Hernandez, and Rob Goley** (of course, you didn't have much of a choice☺).

Thank you to these people for coming to stand in the rain on Saturday: **Jamie Bolduc** (and for coming early☺), **Tere Ross, Joaquin Perez, and Ken Lilly** (sorry we missed you!).

I hope I didn't miss anyone! Thanks again!

***Editor's note: Stephanie** –the only person you forgot is you! If it weren't for your determination and leadership planning this event, we wouldn't have had a garage sale at all! Thank YOU for stepping up for the team!*

~~ IMPORTANT NOTICE ABOUT ~~

~~ NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS ~~

The deadline for submissions to the OCTC Newsletter is always on the 15th of the month. It will help your editor tremendously if you ***DO NOT format your article in any way.*** Plain text, full paragraphs, Word format, Times New Roman or any standard font preferred. Thank you! Email your submissions to octceditor@hotmail.com.

MAY CLUB RACES

Project Cuddle 5K

Saturday, May 15

Mile Square Park, Fountain Valley

Captain: Wil Sanchez

www.projectcuddle.org

Saddleback Memorial 5K

& Half-Marathon

Monday, May 31

Saddleback Medical Center, Laguna Hills

Captain: Andy Bailey

www.memorialhalfmarathon.com

***Even if you can't run,
come support your team!***

CLUB WORKOUTS

Tuesday Nights

Speed and interval workouts on the track with Coach Charlie Appell every week at 6:15 p.m. Rain or shine!

Weekend Runs

- ⇒ **NEW!** Sat, 8 a.m., location changes weekly. Training runs for R'n'R Marathon on June 6. Contact Veronica Burkhalter (714) 549-0374
- ⇒ Sun, 7 a.m., Carbon Canyon Hills off the 57, 7-9 mi. Contact Emil Coy at (909) 279-7126 or Willie Guevara at (714) 996-6431.
- ⇒ Sun, 7 a.m., Coco's, Corona Del Mar, 16 m. Contact Oscar Fricke at (949) 586-4906.
- ⇒ Sun, 8 a.m., Huntington Beach Pier, 8-14 mi. Contact Brad Calvin at (714) 969-3775

MAY Club Meeting

and Potluck

Monday, May 3 @ 6:30 p.m.
At the Home of Steve Schechter

18868 Santa Isadora, Fountain Valley

(714) 963-6490

6:30 p.m.

Exit the 405 at Brookhurst St. South.
Turn Right on Talbert, Left on Magnolia
Right on Ellis, Left on Santa Isadora.

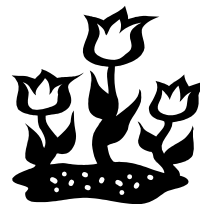
Please bring a dish, beverage or dessert
to share in the potluck.

Future Meetings:

June 7 with Bill Fritzsche

July 5 with Steve Bloch

- 1 RickDana
- 5 Frank Alvarez
- 6 Robert Donald
- 12 Kathy Klingaman
- 15 Tony Cannon
- 20 RobertArnold
- Robert Berry
- 24 Jeff Katz
- 30 Charlie Appell
- Humberto Rojas
- 31 Lisa Calvin



**Happy Birthday
May Flowers!**

OCTC OFFICERS

Coach	Charlie Appell	714-540-2368
	estanciaxc@hotmail.com	
President	Robert Donald	714-641-0610
	robertd65@prodigy.net	
Vice President	Rob Corl	714-545-5150
	Rcorl@filenet.com	
Treasurer	Rena Beyale	
Secretary/Editor	Jamie Bolduc	949-422-1753
	Octceditor@hotmail.com	
Membership	Stephanie Goley	949-764-9212
	scmisu@aol.com	
Co-Chair:	Steve Bloch	949-249-7797
	sab_acsc@yahoo.com	
Activities	Laura Knight	714-979-5753
	chickrunner@attbi.com	
Postmaster	Wil Sanchez	714-641-1160
	Wil2run@yahoo.com	
	Club voicemail: (949) 863-6166	

SEAL BEACH 5 & 10K

By Paula Fell

Our second April club run was the Seal Beach Run on April 3rd. Many thanks to **Bill Fritzsche** and **Robert Donald** for ensuring that there was a place for the canopy, and to **Jamie Bolduc** for rescuing me from my spot at the start area. Thankfully it was much less windy than last year, and everyone seemed to have an enjoyable and successful race.

With Snails taking their club race to Santa Anita, OCTC took full advantage of their absence and finished with five awards. Bill Fritzsche placed third in his division, tapering for his Boston Marathon with some fast speed work! There seems to be quite a rivalry brewing between **Jon Barkman** (2nd AG) and **Andy Bailey** (3rd AG). Andy wasn't at all happy that Jon finished 20 seconds ahead of him. Maybe it's time to get out those running spikes Andy! **Oscar Fricke** also placed third in age group in 42:35. **Sue Zihlman** placed 2nd AG in just over 41 minutes..

Steve Bloch ran a different 10K to everyone else. His 10K started at the start, finished at the finish, but took a strange detour somewhere in the middle. We're glad you found your way home Steve! Kudos Maximus goes to Jamie Bolduc who beat her PR by a whopping 6 minutes. Awesome job Jamie! Is this a club record?

Andy Bailey's Pancake Race picture montage drew a lot of attention at the canopy, as did the mini-muffins. Paula and Robert were kept very busy answering questions and handing out tri-folds and newsletters. The expo was pretty good, and many OCTCers enjoyed some R&R on the massage table.

5K Results	Div. Place	Time	Comments
Bill Fritzsche	3rd	20:50	Getting Better
Jon Barkman	2 nd	23:35	
Andy Bailey	3rd	23:54	

10K Results

Sue Zihlman	2nd	41:09	
Oscar Fricke	2nd	42:37	
Pete Rennard		45:57	Thanks Bill
Steve Bloch		48:20	Where am I?
Jamie Bolduc		49:00	PR - Fun course!
Anna Maria Basile		1:02:11	

Paula Fell	Support
Robert Donald	Support

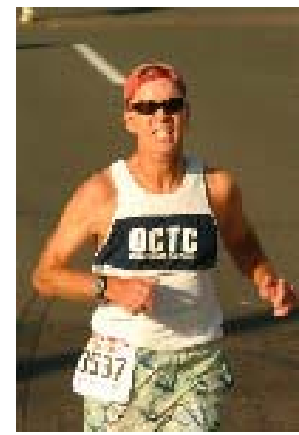
CARLSBAD 5000

March 28, 2004

Results

Last Name	First Name	Place	Div Place	Time
Corl	Rob			
Baker	James	228	30	20:16
Fritzsche	William	273	96	20:54
Noer	Richard	434	68	22:43
Hunt	Harry	506	13	23:21
Bailey	Andrew	544	7	23:40
Sanchez	Wil	870	104	26:47
Quick	Curtis	1219	79	38:34
Burkhalter	Steve	3304	50	19:54
Knight	Laura	29	5	18:50
Fell	Paula	217	44	24:15
Burkhalter	Veronica	315	19	27:56

Manly Men: Steve Burkhalter and Bill Fritzsche wearing game faces near the finish of the Carlsbad 5K.



Marathon Women

By Allen St. John, Staff Reporter
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

April 16, 2004



"Don't look back, something might be gaining on you." For the first time ever, the elite male runners in Monday's Boston Marathon can ignore that sage advice from Satchel Paige.

That's not because marathoning's gender gap isn't closing -- far from it -- but because, for the first time, the elite women will be ahead of the pack, given a 29-minute head start. Because of this, the women's winner should cross the line well ahead of the men's champion.

While partly a concession to traffic problems that crop up on Boston's tight course, the change also acknowledges how far women marathoners have come -- and how important fast times are to race organizers.

Welcome to marathoning's incredible shrinking gender gap. In 1972, the first year that women were officially allowed to run in Boston, Nina Kuscsik finished the race 410th overall. Last year, women's winner Svetlana Zakharova finished 16th overall. And in the world of marathoning as a whole, women's times have tumbled. The chart below shows that in 1974, the gap between the men's and women's world mark was more than 35 minutes. Today, it's 10:30.

Over those years, the men shaved less than four minutes off the record, while the women's mark plunged by almost half an hour.

Broken Records

A driving force behind this drop is England's Paula Radcliffe. Ms. Radcliffe, who's preparing for a shot at Olympic gold in Athens, won't be running in Boston on Monday -- or in Sunday's London Marathon. But in the last year and a half she has delivered two astounding performances. In the Chicago Marathon of October 2002 she broke Kenyan Catherine Ndereba's world best by 88 seconds (Ms. Ndereba is a favorite in Boston). In April 2003 at the London Marathon, Ms. Radcliffe took another minute and 53 seconds off the mark.

That combined improvement of 3 minutes 21 seconds is just 18 seconds short of the last 30 years of progress on the men's side. To put this into terms that recreational runners can identify with, Ms. Radcliffe is averaging 5:09 per mile, just 24 seconds off Paul Tergat's men's record pace of 4:45 a mile. In 1974, the women's record pace trailed the men's by a full minute and 20 seconds per mile.

Why the sudden explosion? First, more gifted track runners such as Ms. Radcliffe are hitting the road. But just as importantly, conditions are becoming increasingly favorable for fast times for women. In an effort to snag a world record and the resulting attention, London organizers last year included some carefully selected male racers in what had been an all-women's start since 1991. The job of those male pacesetters is to keep up a record pace and convey split-time information to the female runners.

Mixed Signals

Of course, these changes have stirred controversy. "What are they going to do next, put a car in front of someone?" wondered Istvan Gyulai, general secretary of the International Association of Athletics Federations, upon hearing about London's plans. Indeed the IAAF, the official sanctioning body of track and field, threatened not to recognize records set in this kind of "mixed" women's race, but reached a compromise with the organizers. How much did the pace-setters help improve times? In 2002, when Ms. Radcliffe won an all-women's race in London, her time was 3:31 slower than her 2003 record.

So what will happen on Patriots' Day in Boston without Ms. Radcliffe? Ms. Ndereba, a two-time Boston winner, could break Margaret Okayo's 2002 course mark of 2:20:43 and earn a \$25,000 bonus. Ms. Okayo will be in London, taking aim at Ms. Radcliffe's world mark and a \$125,000 bonus.

As for the men? If they think that something is gaining on them, they're probably right.

Write to Allen St. John at allen.stjohn@wsj.com

What I Left in San Francisco

By Robert Donald

This coming month a dozen of us are heading up to San Francisco for the Bay to Breakers road race. As this will be my 12th year in a row running Bay to Breakers, I thought I might share my first experience with those among us doing, or thinking about doing their first.

It was 1993 and I was still in my 20's when a couple of guys I played basketball with regularly asked if I'd be interested in running this race with them in San Francisco. Bay to Breakers was heralded as the largest participatory sporting event in the world with more than 100,000 people taking part some years, so I had heard of the race, and said I would love to go. In spite of the fact that I had been doing no running what so ever, I fully intended to beat all my friends, and told them so in no uncertain terms. Now three of the guys didn't appear to pose a threat. Joe, Carl, and Brad were all between 6'3" and 6'5", and weighed in excess of 230 pounds. Kit and Drew however, were a different story. While they were ten years older than me, Kit was running 6 - 8 miles a day, five days a week, and Drew was running 60 miles a week having just finished the Catalina Marathon. In an effort to close this cavernous training gap I started running four miles every other day for about four weeks leading up the race.

We all met at the airport on Friday night after work to fly up to San Francisco, and while waiting in the airport lounge, watching a basketball game, the guys knocked back a couple of beers. On the flight everybody, save yours truly, enjoyed the company of Jack Daniels. Upon landing the six of us piled into our rented, lime green Lincoln Towncar, and headed straight to Ghirardelli Square; where in a Mexican bar & grill on the top floor, we found Jose Cuervo waiting to greet us. No one seemed happy with the fact that I was not making friends with Jose until it was decided at midnight, that it was about time to get the party started. At that point everyone seemed happy that a sober pair of eyes were behind the wheel as we headed to Julie's Supper Club.

At Julie's we found a live band playing with limited skill and boundless enthusiasm and a girl named Chris who seemed to know a couple of the guys already. It was discovered that alcohol came in many more colors than the shades of amber that my friends had up to now been consuming. Sometime after two in the morning the lights began to dim on our party and we loaded everybody, including Chris, into the Lincoln, and found our way to the hotel. Yes, for those of you doing the math that was seven of us in the car; Chris lay across the laps of the three guys in the back seat.

Saturday arrived early and unwelcome. I can only imagine how it must have felt to the others. Undeterred, we were at the race expo for 8:00 a.m. to pick up our race packet and check out the vendors. By 10 we were on our way to the wine country. A tour of one winery revealed how champagne is made, and after my friends had sampled every available vintage, I was given the keys and instructions to get us to lunch at Mustards in Napa. I highly recommend Mustards if you're ever in Napa, but you do have to make a reservation at least a week in advance so plan ahead. After lunch the goal became to visit as many different wineries, and sample as many different wines as possible. To facilitate this

effort I, as the only sober member of the group, was placed behind the wheel. Joe, in the back seat, was given a large foldout map of the wine country. Next to Joe, Kit held a book that listed all the wineries, what varieties they produced, and when they closed. As these two shouted directions from the back seat, Drew sitting next to me, continued to urge me to drive more aggressively, and assured me that I was driving a Lincoln, and that I did indeed own the road. Meanwhile Carl's knowledge of wine seemed to grow exponentially with every glass he consumed. By five o'clock, the last of the wineries had closed and we headed back to the city. Despite the hectic nature of the trip, the Napa Valley is beautiful, and the afternoon drive was quite pleasant.

After a quick nap, a shower, and a change of cloths it was dinnertime. We had reservations at the Stinkin' Rose, a well-known San Francisco eatery famous for its use of garlic. On the way there, Drew was extolling the virtues of garlic to anyone who would listen. Garlic it would seem helps lower your cholesterol, prevent all manner of disease, and in general will cure what ails you. Kit in particular was taking Drew's words to heart, ordering extra garlic, and covering everything with garlic-butter. The guys also discovered that while I didn't drink, I had no such compunctions about desert foods. Recognizing this as a potential weakness, they made certain I had all the pie, ice cream, and chocolate cake I could handle.

Following dinner we got the evening started at Harry Denton's, an upscale club in what was at the time a downscale neighborhood. I've never seen so much gold lame in one place in my life. The band played an eclectic mix of dance tunes while I found a spot on the wall to lean against while I sipped my 7-Up. Brad, standing next to me, asked if this was how I normally "worked a room." When I replied it was, he asked how often this method worked for me. My response was, "Just often enough that I don't give up on it." Around 1:00 a.m. the guys who were getting nowhere convinced the guys who thought they were making eye contact that there were greener pastures, and more available women elsewhere in the city. So, with no particular plan we left Harry Denton's.

Having dropped the car off at the hotel, we made our way through the city on foot. Soon however, we had lost Joe, Drew, and Chris. It was rumored that Joe had been seen with a girl just before his disappearance, but I was never sure Joe himself did not start that rumor. The remaining four of us found our way down to pier 47, and a blues club called Lou's Blues. It was apparently the anniversary of Lou's opening, six years earlier. The second group we saw there was fronted by a black man, with a baldhead, wearing two gold hoop earrings, and a bright purple pinstriped suit. Now there aren't many people, who can carry off a look like that, but it was working for this guy, and his group was tight. Even more impressive than the music however, was the clientele. Two girls actually bought us a round of drinks. Susie was a petite blonde with an overbite from Seattle, and her friend Danya was a tall curly-haired brunette with a dark exotic look about her. We made arrangements to see them after the race the next morning at the

Buena Vista. Around three in the morning, with the pace of alcohol consumption never having slowed since the trip started, we crawled into bed.

Remarkably, at 7:00 a.m. that same morning everyone was in the hotel lobby ready to run. We dropped the car near the start of the race and walked around to a street running parallel to Howard where the race begins. Running up this parallel street we cut over to Howard at the Moscone Center and joined the race behind the seeded runners. This allowed us to run a competitive race without slogging through tens of thousands of people for the first couple of miles. However, we did miss the party at the start, where sixty thousand people in various states of dress, and undress, toss tortillas, and bounce beach balls. As expected we dropped the three big guys immediately, and it was just Drew, Kit, and myself waging our own little war in the midst of a seven and a half mile long block party. After the first mile I removed the old sweatshirt I'd worn to keep warm and dropped it at the side of the road. The plan was to let the other two carry the pace as long as possible, and use my only asset, youth, to beat them at the end.

Just before the two-mile mark you cut across to Hayes Street where you get your first look at the infamous Hayes Street Hill. Beginning at the two and a half mile point, what San Franciscans euphemistically call a *hill* rises like a giant Mayan Pyramid in five steps, for almost half a mile. Half way up the hill on the left a person who must have been 6'4" in his/her bare feet, was strutting atop six-inch stiletto heels along the sidewalk, wearing a sequined Tina Turner miniskirt with matching hair, with a three cubic foot boom box perched atop his/her twenty-inch bicep. There's something you don't see every day. Now I'd been told that the sight looking back from the top of Hayes Street, of people literally filling a four-lane street for more than a mile was spectacular, but I was too involved in our competition to remember to turn and take a look. I had run the hill as efficiently as possible, and was feeling pretty good as we neared the summit. Although this was earlier than I had planned to make a move the crest of a hill is always a good place to make a move, because even some of your better hill runners relax at the top of a hill. Also, there was a steep downhill just over the top, and I still thought of myself as a good downhill runner. Most importantly however, I felt good, and whether I went for it now or not, in another five minutes I was not likely to feel this good. So I made my move, and took off.

The move was successful, and I quickly opened up a sizable gap on Drew and Kit. As it turned out, the massive amount of garlic Kit ate at the Stinkin' Rose the night before was starting to have a less than healthy impact on Kit's bowels. The fourth mile, which is a gradual incline, was draining me of my energy as I continued to maintain a sub seven minute pace. My four mile, half hour training runs had trained me well...to run for half an hour. A little bit after the four-mile mark, almost exactly at half an hour, my body told me it was time to stop. While I forced myself to go on, the pace slowed markedly. As we ran through Golden Gate Park my head was on a swivel, not wanting to let Drew pass me unobserved in the crowd. It was at this point in the race that the first naked runner passed me. Watching this guy run by me was disturbing on so many levels that it sent my race into a further downward spiral. As if that wasn't depressing enough, just before

the five-mile mark, they announced that the winners were finishing, two and a half miles in front of me. The only good news was that from the five-mile mark to the finish it would be pretty much all down hill.

With about a mile to go, just as I was thinking I might make it, Drew caught me. As I suspected he tried to pass me on the opposite side of the street unobserved. The downhill helped me latch onto him, and we ran stride for stride all the way to the beach. We took the final left turn together and saw the finish line 200 meters away. I could hear in my head, Drew running his mouth all year long on the basketball court if I let him beat me. This was what I wanted, I told myself, the race was now reduced to who was faster over 200 meters. So, I picked up my knees and cadence, and did my best to become a sprinter. It worked, and Drew fell back in my wake. Despite finishing 563rd overall, there was a brief moment of victorious euphoria as the finish line approached. That moment ended abruptly as soon as I crossed the line when every muscle in my body from the waist down seized up at once.

Now the toughest part of the day's event started. No one had informed me that the meeting place, food court, and post race festivities all took place in the polo grounds; a walk of more than a mile up hill from the finish back into Golden Gate Park. I had no idea how I was going to make it there. I had pains in places, that an hour ago I didn't even know I had places. It would take nearly half an hour for me to make it to the polo grounds, and two full weeks before I felt normal again.

Once our whole group met in the polo grounds, we headed back to the start, and our car, via the BART. After showering, and checking out of our hotel we met the girls at the Buena Vista where I am assured they serve the worlds finest Irish coffee. We spent as much time as possible eating, drinking, and enjoying the company of our new lady friends and by the time I was given the keys once more we were half an hour behind schedule to make our flight home.

Along with the keys I was given a lecture on the virtues of assertive driving, and detailed, if sometimes contradictory, directions as to our best route out of the city. After following all directions as best I could, we found ourselves grid locked at a three-way intersection. Instructions were still flying at me from all directions when Brad pointed off to our right at a freeway onramp, and said that is where we need to be. So checking all directions for the local constabulary, I put two wheels up on the sidewalk to get around the car in front of us. Then made a right hand U-turn onto a one-way road (not the one way we were going). Finally cutting across three lanes of traffic to make it to our onramp. The silence in the car was deafening, and I didn't get one more driving lesson the rest of the way to the airport, where we made our flight with moments to spare.

Although I still have not recovered all the pieces of myself I left strewn on the course that day, and I spent far more than I expected, this trip remains one of my favorite weekends. I hope all that join us this year will similarly enjoy themselves.

SCUTTLEBUTT

By Rob Corl, Brad Calvin, & Veronica Burkhalter

The April 3rd Angel's Run appealed to the angelic nature in many OCTC members. It was a 24-hour charity jog/walk/run around Corona del Mar track organized by **Doug Hansen**, a member of Cal Coast Track Club, to help children like his baby daughter, Angel, who was born with severe birth defects. **Bob Sullivan** ran on "angel's wings" to accomplish 12 solid hours on the track or about 60 miles and raising hundreds of dollars from generous sponsors. He called it a spiritual journey that was so challenging that he had to pull deep within himself to stay the course. **Ken Lilly** put in 16 challenging miles. **Robert Donald** helped Doug Hansen during the most difficult hours beginning at 2:00 a.m. **Andy Bailey, Jim Baker, Bill Fritzsche, Lisa Calvin, Rob Corl, Wil Sanchez, Veronica Burkhalter** were among other members who supported this charitable event. The Runner's World magazine ran an article announcing the event. It drew a soldier who flew in from New York. He walked the entire 24 hours. Another man flew in from Boston, ran several miles, and flew back. A father, accompanied by several church members, drove down from San Francisco and walked the 24 hours for his severely disabled son. **Bob Sullivan** summed up the experience by observing that "there is a great deal of care and love in this world."

On that note, let's make this year's OCTC Pancake 5K fundraiser for Estancia High School cross country and track teams the best ever by having **100% of our membership** sign up to walk/run or just enjoy pancakes with families and friends at beautiful Fairview Park. **130 OCTC race entries at \$20 each would add up to \$2,600!!** Come on! Let's do it for Charlie's kids!

Former OCTC President, **Harry Hunt**, visiting from his home in Wisconsin, mingled with his former running mates and met all of the new faces of OCTC at the recent Carlsbad 5K. Harry provided significant leadership to the club in the 1990's (including the inaugural Pancake 5K) and is resuming his running career after some much

deserved time off. His 23:21 5K time at Carlsbad certainly looks like a good start to return to his former domination in his age group.

Former OCTC member, newsletter editor, and 5K speedster, **Greg Doud**, was married to Michelle Kozak in Maui, Hawaii, on April 14. Their romance blossomed at work where they are both loan officers. Greg is getting back to running with his buddy, **Brad Calvin**, who will bug him until he rejoins our club. Michelle, who enjoys walking, will find walking friends among us.

Kevin and Lisa McCarthy and family, now living in Pleasanton, CA, are busy training for the San Francisco Marathon. They are also active in coaching the track team at their daughter Madison's school. She recently ran a 6:06 mile, and her brother, Connor, also just broke the 7-minute barrier! Grandma **Tere Ross** must have passed down those competitive running genes.

Chris and Wil Sanchez threw a delightful barbeque at their home after the Carlsbad 5000 inviting not only those who raced that day, but also members from OCTC and Snail's Pace.

Zsuzsi Burkhalter competed in the Ralphs ½ Ironman held in Oceanside on April 3. She finished the 1.2-mile swim in 29:54; the 56-mile bike race in 3:00; and the 13.1-mile run in 1:49 for a finishing time of 5 hrs. 26 min., placing 25 out of 125 finishers in her 30-34 age group.

Humberto Rojas led the men's field to win the 800, 1500, and 3000 meter events at the April 3rd three-team conference meet pitting Riverside, Fullerton, and Orange Coast College track teams.

Wanna see **Grandpa Coach Charlie** in action? Come on out to track Tuesday nights while his daughter, **Carrie**, gets in some speed work and Grandpa and grandson, **Santiago**, exchange coos and baby talk on the sidelines. Too cute for words.

The Orange County Track Club
PO Box 1307
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

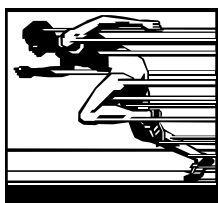


Laura Knight was the fastest OCTC runner at the 2004 Carlsbad 5000 and placed 5th in her division with a time of 18:50. See the smoke?!

OCTC Designated Club Races

January	So Cal ½ Marathon
	Pacific Shoreline
March	The Spirit Run 5&10K
	Carlsbad 5000
May	Saddleback 5K & ½M
June	OCTC Pancake 5K
July	Surf City 5K
August	HB Distance Derby 5&10 mi.
September	Race for the Cure
November	OC ½M & 5K
	Dana Point Turkey Trot 5&10K

OCTC typically has a presence at two local races per month, including the ones shown here. Others may be selected by vote at monthly club meetings.



MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Renewals due this month:

Beth Baumhardt
Jamie Bolduc
Jack & Nancy
Closson
Sherry Hom
Nan Kappeler
Michelle Palmer
Tere Ross
Steven Schechter
Charles Sharkey
Matt & Janell Tuttle
Mike Whelan
Susanne Zihlmann

Your renewal date is on your mailing label. If you are 2 months late in renewing, your membership will be cancelled.

Mail your check, made out to OCTC, along with any updated information (name, address, phone number, email address) to:

OCTC Membership
P.O. BOX 1307
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Membership

Fees:

Single \$35
Family \$45

Annual Dues:

\$25
\$35

STAY CONNECTED!

Subscribe to Wil Sanchez's email notification for all the latest OCTC news and events. Send an email to Wil2run@yahoo.com if you are not already on the list.