

## Chattanooga Track Club

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## JOGGING AROUND

A newsletter published four times per year
by the Chattanooga Track club

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Chattanooga Track Club Mission Statement
The Chattanooga Track Club is a nonprofit organization with the goal to stimulate interest in running and fitness for all
ages and to promote wellness through these activities. ages and to promote wellness through these activities. The
club encourages anyone with similar interests to become a club encourages anyone with similar interests to become a
member and support our goal. member and support our goal.
No special qualifications, other walking and fitiness, are required. Members can choose their own level of involvement. participants cal choose their own level of involvement: participant, volunteer, or
sponsor. Everyone from serious competitor to casual walker is welcome.
www.cha about the Chattanooga Track Club visit: www.chattanoogatrackclub.org

## IN THIS ISSUE...

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Race Results: Missionas
CTC Upcoming Events
CTC Upcoming
Bulletin Board.


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## FRONT RUNNER

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## Powerame



Jogging Around Ad Rates

| Ad Size: | Single Run | 3 Issue Run | Year Run |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| Full Page | \$90/issue | \$85/issue | \$70/issue |
| Half Page | \$55/issue | \$49/issue | \$44/issue |
| Qtr Page | \$40/issue | \$36/issue | \$32/issue |
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| Inserts are $\$ 60 /$ issue | Advertising Info: For current ad information, please contact vpcommunications@chattanoogatrackclub.org |  |  |



It was the last miles of my very first marathon and everything hurt. For all my methodical preparation, despite the compute spreadsheet where I tracked workouts and meals, and in spite f all the water and energy gels strapped to my waist, I'd made typical, excited, first-timer mistakes. Instead of helping seemed to multiply the force of gravity, dragging at my feet until finishing the race seemed almost impossible.
At the finish line, fifteen minutes after I'd promised to cross triumphantly beneath the Chattanooga Track Club arch, my family was starting to worry. A friend who'd driven from Atlanta
to surprise me decided to go looking and found me more than a mile away from the finish. His unexpected appearance and words of encouragement accomplished what no walking break
or aid station could, I found my wind, picked up the pace and or aid station could, I found my wind, picked up the pace and was still running when I crossed the finish line.
Beginning on page 6 of this issue, Lynda Webber writes about distance alone weren't grueling
each year in the middle of the southern summer. For all the wonderful details included, most of her story had to be left out due to limited space. While working on putting this issue of the magazine together, I read and re-read Lynda's article as she and I distilled it down to the size you'll read here. At its heart, it's a story about friendship and I hope we've done a good enough job as editors to keep that message intact. At the heart of the Chattanooga Track Club are countless friendships, some spanning decades, forged over miles of pavement. In truth, we're all more different than we are similar but the simple things we have in common are
enough. They're enough to build life-long friendships, enough to join together and serve our community, and enough to take on the planning for a year-long calendar
of race events. Thank you for being part of the CTC family. of race events. Thank you for being part of the CTC family In the next few months, we'll select new board members
and officers to lead the track club in 2016. Please consider how you can help as we look forward to another year of friendships.

## THE LONG RUN

The Long Run is the endowment fund of the Chattanooga Track Club. The fund was established in 2005 to create a perpetual investment and financial resource to support the mission of the Chattanooga Track Club. The Club is committed to being a good steward of this fund and appreciates your generosity in helping build this legacy for our community. To contribute to The Long Run, please contact the Chattanooga Track Club.



Special for Chattanooga Track Club Members ONLY
Use coupon code: CTC 300 FF to save $30 \%$
Coupon good for Full and Half Distance ONLY. Only one coupon code valid per entry.


New This Year! Relays with 10K legs.
Awards will be given to the fastest women's team, fastest men's team, and fastest mixed team.
Put together your relay team for these fun events now! Join Us Sunday, October 18, 2015.

Disclamer: 7 Bridges Marathon is NOT a CTC event.
 SUPPORT OUR COMMUNITY WHILE HAVING FUN

## Jennifer Heinzel

Wow! What a year it has been so far! Everyone on the membership committee has been working hard to find membership numbers continue to grow! Not only is it hard work to attract new members, but retaining all members is ust as hard of work.
Fortunately we have done a lot of "events" this year to see what attracted people and what didn't; one event was just a to the Smokev Mountains for their members. We had s'mores (both regular AND vegan), water balloons, great food on the srill, morning yoga class by Hillary Libby, team games, and we me....". This definitely will happen again next year!
Not only does the CTC embrace their members, but we also embrace the people of our community. What better way to to those who are out walking, cycling, or running in the heat! Everyone we handed water to thought there was a race going n....it was great just to be able to keep those people hydrated

THAT'S what the Chattanooga Track Club is all about -
THAT'S what the Chattanooga Track Club is all about member, or not and continue to applaud their efforts in improving their health and well-being.
ennifer is the crc Vice-president of Mem
VPmembership@chattanoogatrackcclub.org



CTC MEMBERSHIP DISCOUNTS The following merchants offer a discount to Club members. Just show your cTC
membership card before making your purchase. And don't forget to thank these membership card before making your purchase. And don
businesses for supporting the Chattanooga Track Club!

PETITE NATION SCENIC CITY HANDYMAN SPEEDY'S OIL \& AUTO POPCORN PANTRY NUDO'S FAMILY HAIR \& SKIN CARE the local juicery TRUE LIFE CHIROPRACTIC TRUE LIFE CHI
KABOBSTER CADENCE COffee BUD'S SPORTS BAR
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(CLUB MEMBER, NATHAN KLLE 423-994-
fast break athletics RRONT RUNNER ATHLETICS NEW BALANCE CHATTANOOGA NATURAL BODY SPA - DOWNTOWN NATURAL BODY SPA - DOWNTOWN
MOVEMENT ARTS COLLECTIVE MOVEMENT ARTS COLLECTIVE INSPIRE CHIROPRACTIC FITNESS COACH KELIY SUMMERSETT THE CAMP HOUSE
 (bnaual body




Or: How I Learned To Stop Whining and Love the Road
Lynda Webber
Previously, Sal Coll and Richard Westrook were the only CTC
members crazy enough to take uo the Vol Stare challenge each members crazy enough to take ul the Vol State challenge, each is contagious. 1 nnew that "IronBenty" Holder was intrigued by their intrenidity, but as soon as flyund out that she had signed just flew out my ears and 1 plugged in my credit card number and hit "enter"" befor el could come tom ty senses. The only
thing to which 1 can attribute such a lapse is that i must not thing to which $h$ can attribute such a lapse is that i must not group. Sergio was infected in June. He signed up the day atter over Monteagle Mountain, and there is just no excuse for that.
To make a long story short by a few thousand words, the three To make along story short by a tew thousand words, the three
of sumden together in crazinss and decided to run Vol state
as an unofficial Theam."
Rather than run each day until we dropped in a ditch somewhere from sheer exhaustion, Betty suggested that we
create a daily mileage strategy that would not only allow us to sleep in a hotel each night, but tof finish by mid-afternoon on Saturday of Day Ten (actual deadline for finishing was $7: 30$ a.m.
on Sunday). However, we were all aware that anything could on Sunday). However, we were all aware that anything could
happen out there on the Long Road, despite our careful pre-race happening.
plat
Wednesday, July 8, 2015 - the Bus Ride We meet with all our gear near the finish line in Castle Rock,
Georgia (about 30 miles from Chattanooga) where buses are waiting to take all Vol State participants to the hotel in Union
 off the next morring at the starting line in nearby Hickman
Kentucky. We are all signed up in the "uncrewed" or selfKentuck. We are all signed up in the "uncrewed" or selfo
supported division which, in Volspeak is salso referred too
sche
 they carry with them. Sergio is really readed tosterst thind race, and
takes pride in the fact that absolutely everything he is wearing tares crying is used, borrowed, donated, or bought at a garagge
or cale. He is also the only competitor who is carrying a second pair of shoes. The pair he is wearing- his favorites -ares slip-ons so
ancient that he has super-giued extra sheets of rubber to the ancient that he has supe
soles to make them last.
We board the bus and begin the ride to Union City, striking up
conversations and friendships with the other particicipants who conversations and friendships with the other participants who
have come from all over the .is. to participate in this event,
indudind incuad ing seeveral from canada, a couple from Great Britain,
and even a fellow from Sweden. The buses drive the actual vol
State
 they're in for (namely, the long stretches of nothing between
towns), and we make a couple of stops along the way to stretch
our legs. One of the stops is at a tiny market in Glendale, Tennesse, trom the Vol state starting line in Hickman, Kentucky. There is a red
bench in front of the ster bence sitting on that 5 tore where several runners over the years, the bench was named bench, gave up on the race and called it it. Thus,
gench of Despair" by our esteemed Race Director, Laz Cantrel. The buses arrivive in Union City, Tennessee, and drop us off at the
hotel. After the mandatory pre-race meeting at dinner ""The last Supper"), those of us sequiring last-minute supplies are shuttled over to Walmart. We're instructed to to ereadd to ob ooard the buses to the
starting line the oflowing morning at $6: 15$ a.m. starting line the following morning at 6.15 a.m.
Thursday Thursday dawns clear, hot and humid, and the buses drive us down At almost $8: 00$ a.m. Central Time Laz lights his traditional cigarette to sisnify the start of the race, and here we go, headingoff to the fininh
line at The Rock 314 miles away, like a herd of horses going back to the barn .
The sun iready hot and well into the sky by the time we start,
running. Fellow cTC members sal Coll and pichard Westbrook, running. Fellow cTC members Sal Coll and Richard Westbrook,
seasoned VVo State veterans, have gone on ahead. Betty, Serge and I seasoned vo state
form a little team.
According to our plan, we need to get in 42 miles today. Some locals
drive by as we are running and kindly hand us bottles of ice cold According our we are running and kindoly hand us bottles of fice cold
drive
water.... an amazing litte gesture of human kindness which happens water.. an amazing little gestur
at random all during the race.
We arrive at our destination, the city of Dresten, $\tau \mathrm{N}$, around $10: 30$
 hotel. 'Im concerned about Betty who, despite her nine lronman ininhes, seems to have been affected more than expected by the
felentes haeat and oes not look will al check-in. After a long
shower however,
Friday, July 10, 2015 - Day Two: Dresden, TN to Parkers Crossroad,
TN (40 MILLSS) Due to the lateness of our arrival the night before and our need for sleep and recovery, Betty and leave our room at the relatively late
hour of $5: 30 \mathrm{a} . \mathrm{m}$. CDT. Even at that hour, it is hot and humid. We
 who has gotten very little sleep the night before. According to him,
one of tho other runners
fiad mad maoned and puked for hours before one of the other runners had moaned and put.
The plan for this morning is to run the six miles into the town of Geason, eat breakfast somewhere, then continue on until we reach
ahotel in our destination town of Parkers Scossroad that evening
-a ahote in our destination town of Parkers crossroad that evening-
40-mile day. Betty is still having difificulty and, in Gleason, elects to check in to a hotet for additional rest before attemptitis, to run again
in the cooler evening hours. Alocal resident has kindly offered to in the cooler evening hours. A A ocal resident has kindly offered to
crew for her until Betty's usband can arrive tomorrow to support her for the rest of the race. Despite our concern, we know Betty has
extensive experience as an endurance athlete and respect her wish extensive experience a
for us to continue on.
The long stretch of mostly uninhabited four-lane country highway
going into Parkers Crossroads offers no shade whatsoever and is


hellishly hot. Later that evening, I receive a text message from ace. I am totally bummed. Serge and I arrive at the interstate own of Parkers Curossroad around 11:00 p.m. Friday night. We are completely wasted but, despite our exhaustion, get only
ifful rest. We hit the road again around 5:30 a.m. the next morning.
Saturday, July 11, 2015 - Day Three: Parkers Crossroads, TN to Somewhere Between Parsons and Linden ( 33 MILES)
The terrain starts to look a little prettier and a little more rolling
as we enter the town of Lexington, Tennessee ten miles later it eing Saturday there are a few garage sales along the route it eing saturday, there are a few garage sales along the route and
sergio has to rummage through each one just in case there is a good buy.
go on ahead to wait for him at a convenience store. Sergio's
efforts cost him an additional three miles and about a gallon of sweat after he takes a wrong turn on the way to join me, but at least he finds a cap to replace the one he forgot to bring! Shortly afterwards we encounter the Meat Wagon, driven by
the lovely Jan Walker, a 2013 Vol State finisher. Jan drives up and
 exhausted or dispirited to carry on. Sergio rips off his pack and
hands it to Jan saying "Can you please take this? I am just sick of hands it to Jan saying "Can you please take this? I am just sick of
t. It is too heavy." Jan is dubious since once taken, Sergio won't it. It is too heavy. Jan is dubious since once tanen, sergio wort'
have his pack, or its contents, returned until the end of the race but Sergio is insistent. He continues on with only his jacket tied
around his waist over a belt holding two small whiskey bottles around his waist over a belt holding two small whiskey bottles
filled with water and a smaller, plastic boottle. His spare shoes
are slipped inside the jacket sleeves with the ends of the eslever are slipped inside the jacket sleeves with the ends of the sleeves
knotted. Sergio is elated to be rid of the pack and I wish I could ditch mine, but so far I've used everything I'm carrying.
We arrive in Parsons at 7:30 p.m., 17 miles short of tonight's
goal. At a Hardees restaurant, while Serge is snoring on the table, my random conversation with an older couple somehow
turns into phone calls and an offer to stay the night with hospitable strangers just seven more miles up the road. A bit of unplanned sociailizing at "Little Josh's" Italian Restaurant along he way (where we come away with two $t$-shirts and anoth
cap), together with the combination of darkness, unclear directions, and our own exhaustion makes the seven-mile journey take almost three hours. It's around 11:00 p.m. when
we arrive at the house and meet the family who will be our hosts for the night. The house is small and simple but they share he limited space generously. I am dog-tired, but my adrenal is still turned on "high" and I can't sleep
nother long day ahead of us tomorrow.
Sunday, July 12, 2015 - Day Four: Somewhere Between
Parsons and Linden, TN, to Hohenwald (29 MILES)
Despite having regularly applied sun screen, my legs bubble up with large, angry-looking sun blisters and the backs of my upper sms are a fiect-looking red. If our destination were simply might be a real problem. But Hohenwald is not just any little town. It's a town with a Walmart, and there I purchase a cheap

Monday, July 13, 2015 - Day Five: Hohenwald to Columbia After leaving Hohenwald on Monday morning, Serge and I catch After leaving Hohenwald on Monday morning, Serge and I catch
up to a few of the other runners at a water stop, including our friends Giil and Remy-the-Swede from the bus. They laugh at my
scrubs and call me "Nurse Lynda." We troop along with them for a while, enjoying the camaraderie
and stop in a little café along the way for a long lunch in the AC, where Remy shows me how to tape up my toes, feet, and the blisters that are beginning to pope up. Apparently, , you are
supposed to do "preventative taping" on a multi-day event. The mid-afternoon heat and humidity are affecting all of us The mid-afternoon heat and humidity are affecting all of us
and we walk for some time. But Sergio- a freak of nature who appears to be impervious to heat and requires very little
sustenance $i$ s gettin frustrated with the pace I tell him to sustenance - is getting rrustrated with the pace. I tell him to
go on ahead to columbia, and wait for me at the first obvious place by the intersection. He gallops off ahead. Eventually, Itoo,
leave Gil and Remy behind and try to catch up with Sargio No leave Gil and Remy behind and try to catch up with Sergio. Nea
Columbia, I telephone the hotel, and am happy to hear that on of the runners has left his room (a double) early and instructed management to hold it for any other vol State runner(s) in neeed The sheets will be a little mussed, but who cares about cooties and provide us with free towels, so Itelephone Sergio, give him
the location of the hotel, and then slog down the remainder of the location of the hotel, and then slog down the remainder of
the highway into town. At the hotel, I doctor my blisters as best the highway into town. At the hotel, I Ioctor my blisters as best
can and retape my feet (a huge, time-wasting chore), then crash
around 12.30 a m . Serge is already snoring in the other bed. car and retape my feet a huge, time-wasting chore), then cra
around 12:30 a.m. Serge is already shoring in the other bed. Tuesday, July 14, 2015 - Day Six-and-then-some: Columbia to
Shelbyville ( 44 Miles) We head down the long highway out of Columbia after grabbing
biscuits at a convenience store, and after about five miles round a curve to come upon... the Bench of Despair!! Approximately
182 miles into the race, and we're not despairing yet! 182 miles into the race, and we're not despairing yet! We stop to take some photos and ham it up, and the owner write our names on the bench along with all the other Vol State runners who have passed through.
At a little cafe in Culleoka we strike up a conversation with a person would do what we are doing yet they are friendly and encouraging. They eat and leave before us, and the waitress tells
A few hours later, we stop at a little general store somewhere
in the middle of nowhere just to suck up some AC. The genera store has a fine sandwich counter, and I ask the lady making the sandwiches to please just pile everything on. She does, and presents this beautiful sandwich to me free of charge, telling
me she knows all about vol state and wishing me luck on my me she
On the outskirts of Lewisburg Serge and I wait out a storm under the overhang of a shopping center. Sergio wants to push on to
Shelbyville tonight but that's another 16 miles with nothing in between except farmland, and while I don't mind traveling through the night, I am afraid of getting hit by another storm
while in the middle of nowhere. I try to explain to Serge that yes,
we can get hypothermia on a summer night. Betty has texted we can get hypothermia on a summer night. Betty has texted
to check on us and offers to do some storm tracking. With her to check on us and offers to do somes storm tracking. With her
assurance that the storm has moved on we decide to go ahead and continue on to Shelbyville.
The sidewalk soon gives way to the longest stretch of two-lane
highway we will encounter. There really is nothing out here but forest and a few farms. It is very dark, and there is no traffic. We stop in front of a small shop and attempt to rest for maybe an hour beneath the overhang, but I get so cold in the humid air that my teeth are actually chattering, despite the temperature being in
the seventies. Sergio is too cold to rest as well, and we decide to the seventies. torgio is to cold to
keep moving towards Shelbyville.
We are talking as we pass another little dark shop of some sort,
just trying to keep each other awake, when a voice calls out to us. just trying to keep each other awake, when a voice calls out to us. yo! Vor the awning, waving at us. It turns out to be Paul, anothe hapless screwed runner. He tells us he's quit the race due to
painful tibial tendinitis and that the Meat Wagon will pick him up painful tibial t.
after sunrise.
We express our dismay over Paul's injury and socialize for a couple We express our dismay over Paul's injury and socialize for a couple a night's rest has done Paul some good, and he has "unquit" and at Vol State.
We reach Shelbyville at 9:00 a.m. I am brain-dead and ravenous, so we stop at a Waffle House on the course for about a half
hour to chow down. We then decide to crash at the hotel across the street for a couple hours and plan to cover Wednesday's the street for a couple hours and plan to cover Wednesday's
designated
miles from Shelbyville to Manchester during the latter half of the day.
Wednesday, July 15, 2015 - Day Seven: Shelbyville to Wartrace (9 MILES)
I badly want to sleep but only manage a dazed stupor for about an hour and a-half. I get up at 11:30 a.m. and am still taping my feet
when Serge wakes. He has some bad blisters too, yet he only slaps a Band-aid on each one and in a few minutes is ready to go. Sergio is tracking 75 -year-
old Dallas Smith , who is somewhere ahead of us. Earlier this year Dallas beat Serge by one minute at a Tennessee State Park race and won the age group. Serge, at 223 miles into a 314 mile race, is
obviously just itching to rectify that upset. He is totally nuts. Up to this point we've made a good team with menavigating and Up to this point, we've made a good team with me navigating and
making the decisions but I am still messing with my feet and ust not ready to hit the road yet. Serge has towed me alone in his
wake for the past six days and he finally deserves to be freed; so wake for the past six days and he finally deserves to be freed; so
I shake his hand, give him a hug, and say "May the Force Be With I shake his hand, give him a hug, and say "May the Force Be With
You." He limps out the door on his own blistered feet and I don't see him again
I don't get back out on the road until $2: 30$ p.m. There is no shade anywhere as I make my way through town, and I feel like I am
frying in a cast iron skillet. My pack, which was quite bearable at the start of the race, is now a monkey on my back. The blisters on
the
the bottom of my feet are terribly uncomfortable and it is dificult the bottoms of my feet are terribly uncomfortable and it is difficult
for me to maintain any kind of a walk/run pace. I shamble along in a stupor and figure that, by this point, I'd make a pretty good extra a
I think about that long stretch of country road ahead of me
between Wartrace and Manchester, about doing it in the dark by between Wartrace and Manchester, about doing it in the dark by
myself) and about all the time I have already lost today. As I trudge along the highway I am overcome by despair (where is that bench when you really need it??), and actually run through a version of
the "four stages of grieft before deciding I have no choice but to
hang hang up my shoes in Wartrace and go home.
I get to the tiny town of Wartrace at $7: 30 \mathrm{p}$.m. and melt into one
of the chairs sitting outside a small café. I text Carl, the assistant of the chairs sitting outside a small cafe. I text Carl, the assistan
race director, to let him know I m quitting and that he doesn't
need to send the Meat Wagon because my husband will pick nee. Do send the Meat Wagon because my husband will pick me
no Despite his encouragement I can't walk another step I am up. Despite his encouragement I can't walk another step. I am
done. Next I call my husband, Walt, to tell him I've had it and to done. Next call my husband, Walt, to tell $h i m$ 've had it and to
ask him to pick me up in Wartrace. He tells me he is on his way, and then I post a sad-sack item to Facebook from my phone, informing all who might care to know that I am a loser who is
defecting.
Finally, I call Betty because she deserves to hear from my own Finally, I call Betty because she deserves to hear from my own
soryy self that I am quitting, and not from Facebook. I am
surprised
noooo, Lynda, you can't quit... you're so close! I tell you what, I was supposed to be on vacation this week anyway, so 1 'll come out and crew you. I can take my laptop and work from the SUV while you're
running." I tell her I can't possibly impose on her that way and besides. I've made up my mind. As we say our good-byes, I can tell he is dismayed
I am still sitting in front of the café, feeling dazed and confused, when Walt drives up. He gets out of the car to grab my pack, peers,
at my sweaty, burned husk, and said "Jeez. You don't look so good." "Yeah, well, I guess I'm a little tired right now, Walt. I just need
a little sleep." I schlep myself into the car like an aged crone and a little sleep," I schlep myself into the car like an age id crone and
buckle up, but as we start to drive off 1 say, "Walt... can youu... uh....
stop for iust a second? 0 . Betty just offered to crew for me. What stop for just a second? Ok. Betty just offered to crew for me. What stinkin' pack a and can sleep in in a hotel each night and l Imight just
survive. Would you mind? You came all the way out here to get sut if we just get a hotel in Manchester tonight maybe Betty can pick me up from there in the morning - if she still wants to crew - and
drop me back here in Wartrace so I can pick up where I left off." "I don't mind at all," Walt replies. "Whatever you want to do is fine So I call Betty to see if she is still available. She certainly is, and says
she will pick me up at the hotel at $6: 30$ the next morning and get $m$
back on the course in Wartrace in time for my daily $7: 30$ a.m. call-in. I text Carl to see if I can come back in as "crewed", and he replies, "Great to have you back!" Finally, I send a message to my Facebook stating I am back in the game.
Thursday, July 16, 2015 - Day Eight: Wartrace to 12 Miles Beyond
Manchester (Approx. 32 MILES) Manchester (Approx. 32 MILES)
I sleep better that night than any of the previous six nights, and
when Betty drops me back on the course in Wartrace the next morning l actually feel energized. My only problem at this point is that my Hokas are trashed because I've cut the toes out, and my feet
are swollen so the spare Asics I'd left in Betty's car at the beginning are swoollen so the spare Asics I'd left in Betty's car at the beginning
of the race will no longer even slide onto my feet. However, of the race wiwno longer even slide onto my feet. However,
IronBetty ALWHS comes prepared, and she brought her Hoka Kailua
road shoes with her. They are half a size larger than mine and fit my road shoes with her. They are half, a size larger than mine and fit my
feet just fine. I can just feel all the stars aligning in my favor! Plus
except for a handheld water bottle, all my stuff is now in the back of

her SUV and I am FREE! No more monkey riding my back! My blisters are still there, but the weight off my back - and
knowing I have a friend up the road who is looking out for me - makes a huge difference. 'lve literally bounced from dhis morning, even passing a a couple of other grim Walkers
strugling along with their packs. truggling alo
have been looking forward to eating lunch in Manchester,
and as I run through the business district I see Betty and as Irun through the business district I see Betty parked up fiend and CTC photographer extraordinaire - directly down
he sidewalk in front of me with her trusty camera S he told me she would be waiting for me in Manchester, and I am overjoyed to have two such kind and caring friends out on the
course to support me when just the previous day l had hit rock course to support me when just the previous day I had hit rock
bottom. As weary as I am after 250 miles, I don't have to fake a bottom. As weary as am after 2 grin for Catherine's camera.
Not only were Betty and Catherine there for me as I made
my way into Manchester, but so was the Manchester Chief my way into Manchester, but so was Manchester Chief of Police! He, too, is a ru.
hand! It made my day.
Icomplete at least 32 miles that day sometime before 8:00 rom the foot of Monteagle Mountain. Had I still been screwed and carrying a pack, I would have had to pop my new blisters
by flashlight and sleep outside in a field, as all the hotels were ack in Manchester. The advantage to being crewed, howeve is that your crew can pluck you out the course wherever
you stop for the night to take you to a hotel, with the only you stop for the night to take you to a hotel, with the only ourse the next day in exactly the same place at which you
Friday, July 17, 2015 - Day Nine: 12 Miles Beyond
Friday, July 17, 2015 - Day Nine: 12 Miles Beyond
Manchester over Monteagle Mountain to Jasper (Approx 32 MILES)
l jog at an easy pace to the foot of Monteagle Mountain before
the sun fully comes up. Monteagle Mountain itself is a three mile ascent, so I slow down and just enjoy the hike. Betty is waiting for me at the top and I get there just in time for
breakfast at Mountain Goat Betty's Café (of course we had to eat there).
While I rather enjoyed hiking up Monteagle Mountain earlier in the day, and am able to keep a pretty decent pace across
he top of the mountain after breakfast, the $3+$ mile descent is the absolute worst part of the entire 314 -mile route. It little mincing steps all the way to the bottom, and it takes forever. I finally arrive at the base of the mountain in Jasper
close to sundown, and Betty informs me that if l just slog two cose to sundown, and Betty informs me that i f just slog two Id my Walking Dead schtick to the center of town, then hop
in Betty's SUV and treat us to a very comfortable night at the in Betty's SUV and treat
Kimball Hampton Inn.
Saturday, July 18, 2015 - Day Ten: Jasper to The Rock

## Approx 18 MILES)

I'm feelin' it this morning. My body is sluggish, and I'm little right tibial tendinitis.
hike West along the shoulder of Highway 72 through Jasper and past the busy Interstate 24 intersection which, a few weeks ago, might have made me somewhat leery, but now I
just want to git er done. My body is somewhat tired. It's had
a lot of exercise over the past nie ders a lot of exercise over the past nine days and endured high humidity and daily temps in the nineties. But except for the
previous Wednesday where a demoralized me would have previous Wednesday where a demoralized me would have
crashed and burned had it not been for Betty, 'lve managed crashed and burned had in not been for Betty, 've managed realize that unless I am run over by a truck today, I can walk
he rest of the way and still absolutely make our projected the rest of the way a
mid-day finish time.
Although the road up Monteagle Mountain is longer, the road
up Sand Mountain is steeper sol liust put my head down and upend Mountain is steeper so just put my head down and keep putting one foot in front of the other. Once at the top, it's
only about another mile to the turnoff at county Road 132/
Castle Rock Road. Betty meets me there for a final HOO-YAH,
and then drives off to the finish area It's at least another half hour before I get there, as I still have
nearly a mile of road left to walk and must then hit the only trai on the course to hike approximately half a mile through field
and forest. It is the Longest Half Mile Ever. Just when Istart to get tired of slapping at horse flies, the trail dumps out into a little clearing where there is a party going on, and there it is.
The Rock. Signifying the official finish. Official time. Nine Days,
Four The Rock. Signifying the official finish. Official time: Nine Days,
Four Hours, and 58 minutes, or somewhere around $1: 00$ p.m.
Central Time on Saturday July 18 which is exactly what my Central Time on Saturday, July 18 , which is exactly what my goa
Cene
time was goins into this thing The clock stops ticking and the time was going into
adventure is over!
I could never have done it without Betty - the best crew ever Sergio, that indomitable little Italian, completed almost two
days ahead of me with a finishing time of Seven Days, Sixteen Hours, and Forty-Six Minutes, or sometime after midnight on
Thursday, July 16. Once we parted ways in Shelbyville he never Thupped, 1 unning ( (except for a brief snooze at a $\$ 25-a-$-ight
stant
Manchester floop house) even after he tracked down and passed Manchester flop house), even after he tracked down and passed his age-group "co
Park racing score. Vol State Veteran Sal Coll, the only other CTC member to finish
the race, completed his four year streak with a time of Six Days,
Eight Hours and Four Minutes. He tells me this is his favorite Eight Hours, and Four Minutes. He tells me this is his favorit
race. Ever. And now I know for certain he is totally cracked. For those who have considered participating in Vol State, go for
it. Not only is it a physical journey that will test you, it is also an nner journey that will forever change you. It may not always be doesn't kill you makes you stronger.



Chickamauga Battlefield National Military Park - Fort Oglethorpe, GA


WWWWbattulefield dmarathon.com


CTC RACE TEAM CONTINUES
TO SHINE IN 2015

The Chattanooga Track Club Race Team was created in 2013 to recognize and support club athletes who excel in distance running as well as track and field.
This year, the 23 members of the CTC Race Team have renresented the flub regional and national competitions. Distinctive locally in their unique, orange, CTC singlets, the team is managed by Hugh Enicks.
Here's a look at some of our Race Team members' recent accomplishments. Interested in joining the 2016 CTC Race Team? Watch the "news" section of the cic.
Club.




Chickamauga Marathon Set for Saturday, November 11th
$\mathbf{T}_{\text {sece'tl }}$ be some familiar sighs and some not so familiar sights at the 10th some not so familiar sights at the 10
annual rutning of the Chatanooga Newne-Free Press Chickamauga Bews-Field Marathon on Saturday November 11. Even if you don't plan 10 Novener H. Eve is you don' tplan to run--uy to make ir ou and cill be
those Cricipating ${ }^{7}$ who

You may also want to come out for another reason. A 5 K race has been for miother reason. A SK race has been am. at Gordon Lee High School in Chickamauga, Gcorgia.
For the marathon, race director Louis Priddy has once again assembled strong collection of volunteers, which typically equal the number of rumers.

Last year 150 runners crossed the finish leff Richard in a time of 2.37 .45 and Deanna Campbell in 3:05:36. As was the case last ycar, the marathon counts for 15 points in the CTC Runner of the for 1.5 points in the CTC Runner of the Year standings.

Chickamauga and cheer your fellow CTC rumers on!

## 4\%

JOGGING AROUND
A PUBLICATION OF THE CHATTANOOGA TRACK CLUB

## MARATHON ISSUE!

- Recovery Tips
- Carbo Loading
- Massages
- Stretching
plus
Race Results, Photos and a whole
bunch more


## PHOTOFINISH



highlighted text indicates a tennessee state record

| OVERALL FEMALE 1 Kathryn Vradenb | 12:12 |
| :---: | :---: |
| overall male |  |
| 1 John Gilpin | 9:52 |
| FEMALE MASTERS 1 Lisa Logan | 13:54 |
| MALE MASTERS 1 Ryan Shrum | 10:50 |
| FEMALE GRAND MAS 1 Corinne Henderso | $\begin{aligned} & \text { STERS } \\ & \text { so16:32 } \end{aligned}$ |
| MALE GRAND MAST 1 Tim Ensign | $\begin{aligned} & \text { ERS } \\ & \text { 10:57 } \end{aligned}$ |
| female senior gra 1 Connie Regal | ND MASTERS |
| male senior grand 1 Curt Zacharias | $\begin{gathered} \text { D MASTERS } \\ \text { 13:02 } \end{gathered}$ |
| Female age group: |  |
| 1 Taylor Warren |  |
| ${ }_{3}^{2}$ H Nannahan faudi | 14:12 |
| 4 Grace Allen | 34:18 |
| MALE AGE GROUP: 1 | 14 \& UND |
| ${ }_{2}^{1}$ Chase Faudi | 11:36 |
| ${ }_{3}$ Aerrit Bortekoe | 12:16 |
| 4 Jimmy Blanton | 15:4 |
| 5 Wesley Allen | 27:43 |



TECHNOLOGYPROJECTS
Web Application Design \& Development


WEB-BASED APPS


STRATEGY \& PLANNING

database architecture



R O A D R A C
MRRR RESULTS, CONT'D
 YMCA OF METROPOLITAN CHATTANOOGA CTC QUARTERLY ymcachattanooga.org

## GROWING STRONGER EVERY DAY

Playing outside has become a rarity. All kids deserve the opportunity to discover who they are and what they can achieve. Under the guidance of caring adults, who believe in their potential, we see every interaction with young people as an opportunity for learning and development - all grounded in the Y's core values of caring, honesty, respect and responsibility. But where today's pace of life falls short, the $Y$ steps in. Because, after 160 years of serving communities, the $Y$ knows what we need to be our best selves. So, it gives us a place to play, to learn, to be healthy, to eat well and give back. t gives parents child care, young adults job traini and children a safe place to go. Everything the
$Y$ does is in service of making us better. For a better you. For a better community. For a better country. For a better us.

The Y." For a better us.


female age group $50-54$ ${ }_{2}^{1}$ Caririne Henders
 MALE AGE GROUP: $50-54$ ${ }_{2}^{1}$ Henniario Mender standey

 | 4 Terry Guilien |
| :---: |
| 5 Ray Kellum |

 | 7 Damon Raines |
| :---: |
| 8 Thoman manshall |
| Tho | 97 hom mas Marsh

10 oovid Autry 10 David Autry
11
steve tompkins
 13 Steve Smalling
14 Alex Rhoton
female age group: $55-59$
 3 Cathy Messier 1 1:00:05
4 annice Wycherevy $1: 0: 566$ MalE AGE GROUP: 55 - 5 ${ }_{2}^{1}$ Jefifithtraussbenher





female age group: 60 - 64 Renale AGGGR
1 IJan webid
2 Marr Reid
Male Age group: 60 - 64 1 Mike Usher
2 Moe Watson



7 DRuvid Mann
8 Rifh Merer
gavid Jones

female age group: 65 1 Sue Anne Brown

 MAIE AGE GRROUP: 70 \& OVER ${ }_{1}^{1 \text { Sergio Bianchini }}$
 4 Genv eilirecth
5 David Wycherley
20



## SEPTEMBER

7 FCA 5K and 10K
3,10 CTC Elementary Cross
Country \#1, \#2
17,24 CTC Elementary Cross
Country \#3, \#4
26 Raccoon Mtn. 5K and 10K

## OCTOBER

10 JMHC Pumpkin Run
24 Signal Mtn. Pie Run


## NOVEMBER

14 Battlefield Marathon, Half \& 5 K
26 Sports Barn Turkey Trot

## DECEMBER

19 Wauhatchie Trail Run


