

My name is Jose Castro. I've been running around here for 26 years. I read the old dead race column and agree on the topics.

Lots of old memories. Back in the 80's my friend Juan and I went to that Torturous 20 with the intention to win. Juan took off and said he'd win no matter what. I just went out at a 6.10 pace and hoped I'd catch him later. I was in third and thought that was the end of it. I'm thinking shoot! Juan did win it and figured he was good on his word. It was a very, very cold morning. As I was approaching the finish area by the school, about two blocks from the finish, here goes a pickup truck with Juan wrapped up in blankets on the back. That was memorable. Another time we went to a 5K by the Stockyards and after about half a mile a dog came running from a house and jumped on Juan. He veered off a bit and said the dog bit him. I thought he was kidding but when we finished, he showed me teeth marks on his left butt. I have lots of stories to tell but just wanted to share those special moments with you.

Also, like Chris says, back in the day I'd run the Equinox 15k in 51 and change and wouldn't even get a trophy in my age group.

Running has been diluted so much and has become a business.