

VINCENT J. CARNEVALE, 1916–2006

Vince Carnevale, who won state cross-country championships as a teenager and set national road-racing records for his age six decades later, died on Feb 7 at the Job Haines Home in Bloomfield, a short run from his longtime home in Newark. He was 89 and had been a member of the Essex Running Club for 18 years.

Vince was a standout runner at Central High School in Newark in the 1930s and won three state cross-country championships while running for the Irish American Club—a neat trick for an Italian American and an affiliation he joked about years later. But those accomplishments helped him earn a scholarship to Georgetown University, where he competed in track and ran what he called the “best race I ever ran in my life” while finishing second to Leslie MacMitchell, who never lost a collegiate race. In 1937, at the age of 21, he was seventh in the American Athletic Union Junior Cross-Country Championships, a national meet, and 19th in the Senior Championships three weeks later.

Still, it was while running in his 60s and 70s that Vince became a nationally recognized competitor who often set the standard for his age. He broke the national record for 70-year-olds at 30K, and at 72 he set three national records for his age—at 20K, the half-marathon (twice, taking it below 1:40), and 20 miles. He held the New York City Marathon record for age 73, at 3:54:10, until November 2005. *Running Times* ranked him third in the country in his age group for the 1987 road-racing season, and five times he was named New York City Road Runners Club runner of the year for the 70–79 age group. He is in the Newark Athletic Hall of Fame and the Essex Running Club Hall of Fame.

In a 2002 interview in his photo- and plaque-lined home on Cutler Street in Newark, not far from the Cathedral Basilica of the Sacred Heart and his frequent training grounds in Branch Brook Park, Vince said that running had made it possible for him to earn a college degree; he was the eldest of nine children, and he and his parents could not afford college otherwise. He majored in history at Georgetown, then served in World War II in the Coast Guard, for which he also ran. After his discharge, he returned to his mother’s house and went to work.

His late-in-life running epiphany came in 1972 while watching Frank Shorter win the Olympic gold medal in the marathon—a race Vince had never run. He had just turned 56 but soon returned to running. When he retired from the printing business in 1981 at the age of 65, he returned to serious running.

But not yet the marathon, “because I thought everyone who ran a marathon was crazy. I didn’t want to be crazy. But I became an idiot at 70.”

It was actually in his late 60s, and he trained hard for his first marathon—too hard. A 20-mile-plus training race just days earlier left him hobbled, but he still ran the Atlantic City Marathon in 3:52:11. Years later he laughed as he recalled telling Tom Fleming—a two-time New York City Marathon winner with a reputation for high mileage—what he had done. Fleming, Vince said, told him that even he didn’t train that foolishly.

Neither did Vince after that, and about three months before he turned 70 he ran the New Jersey Waterfront Marathon in 3:38:42. For perspective: that would now qualify a 55-year-old for the Boston Marathon.

“He had the running capabilities of the best mid-50s men in America at age 70,” said Larry Rawson, a television analyst and a member of the advisory board of the National Distance Running Hall of Fame.

Vince’s streak of running New York was halted abruptly, however, in 1990, when he collapsed after a race in Belleville that October; his brother Jerry recalled that medical personnel at the scene pronounced him dead. A fellow Essex Running Club member, Jill Booth, helped resuscitate him—“She saved me,” Vince said—and he soon had an angioplasty. Yet three months later he was racing again, in the Frostbite 10-Mile in Central Park, averaging 8:20 miles. That year he completed 51 races, including the New York marathon for the final time as a runner.

He continued to be a regular competitor. By Memorial Day he had run 22 races in 1992, but then his running—and his life—was changed by the death of his brother Peter, who had lived with him for years. In the neatly printed ledger of races that Vince kept, beginning at age 70, is a very simple entry: “EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE 5-25-92 to 9-29-95.” Peter’s death left him so depressed, Vince said years later, that “I couldn’t make myself get out the door.”

His bond with Peter was not unusual. Vince came from a large, close-knit family, and his special fondness for Peter and his sister Rose was evident in the stories he told about them in his mid-80s. He also said he was devoted to his mother, Rocchina. He dedicated his 200th race after turning 70 to his mother and father (who had died in his early 50s) and, barely a month after Vince had resumed running, his 300th to Peter.

Although he had competed in many races during his second running career, Vince began tracking his races compulsively when he turned 70. In a spiral notebook, he recorded each event—date, name, and distance, as well as his place in his age group and, occasionally, prize money won (including \$500 at the 1989 New Jersey Waterfront Marathon, when he ran 3:41:03 at age 72). He noted without further comment some of the rivals he beat, including Dr. George Sheehan—although he laughed heartily years later about how much he had enjoyed that.

On Thanksgiving in 2002, Vince reached a long-held goal of competing in his 500th race after turning 70, although he wrote in his logbook that it came with a triple whammy of “cold day 22 degrees, the flu, and old age.” It was his 25th race of the year.

Despite his age, he continued to enter races before completing his final one on Nov 19, 2005, in the inaugural Goodwill 5000 in Montclair. But he viewed that 500th race as one of his biggest accomplishments in running.

“I received 3 highs in my lifetime running,” he wrote in his logbook. “Georgetown scholarship, marathon time age 70 (3:38:42), and top it off with Ashenfelter 8K Classic 500 race since turning 70 in 1986. As the Irish would say, ‘This puts the cork in the bottle.’”

—Phil Coffin

REMEMBRANCES

In Loving Memory

Vincent J. Carnevale, 1916–2006. Between those two years is a dash, but just what occurred in between is an interesting, varied, and remarkable life. Yes, running is a metaphor for Vinnie's life. He began with track at Central High School in Newark, and then he ran with the Irish American Club, which led to a full athletic scholarship from Georgetown University. From 1938 to 1942, he competed in the mile and half-mile for Georgetown in the Millrose Games. Less known is that Vinnie was an artist and was art editor of his college yearbook in 1942. Nonetheless, running was in the forefront when he served his 1942–1945 stint in the Coast Guard during World War II, and he won accolades for his prowess in the sport. Fast-forward to the 1970s, and Vinnie was running the roads—he loved it, and he knew how to enjoy the moment. Now affiliated with the New York Road Runners Club, Vinnie the Renaissance man and I began running the New York series of races together. We were dubbed the *Trevira Twosome* because we were always seen together at these events.

Articles on the sports pages of the *New York Times* and the *Star-Ledger* began telling the story of a remarkable man who dearly loved the sport of running and whose achievements in the sport are extraordinary. Vinnie most likely leads any other person in the history of the world in two areas—namely, most miles run and participation in most running events.

The Essex Running Club has honored Vinnie's athletic achievements with several awards, which he proudly accepted:

- 1991 Best Performance: 5 Mile, 10K, Half- & Full Marathon
- 1995 Essex Running Club Hall of Fame
- 1996 Walker of the Year
- 2002 Lifetime Achievement Award
- 2003 3K Age Award

**“Vincent J. Carnevale, Marathoner,
Set NYC Record for Age Group, 89”
(*Star-Ledger*, Feb 9, 2006)**

A Mass for Vincent J. Carnevale, 89, a lifelong resident of Newark, will be at 10:45 a.m. tomorrow in St. Lucy's Church, Newark, after the funeral from the S.W. Brown and Son Funeral Home, 267 Centre St., Nutley.

Mr. Carnevale, who died Tuesday in the Job Haines Home in Bloomfield, worked in the printing industry for many years before retiring in 1981.

He earned a bachelors degree from Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., and served in the Coast Guard during World War II.

A runner since high school, Mr. Carnevale placed 19th in the Amateur Athletic Senior Cross-Country championship in 1937.

He ran his first marathon at age 70 in Atlantic City and, in 1989, set the New York City Marathon record for a 73-year-old. At age 86, Mr. Carnevale competed in his 500th race since turning 70 at the Ashenfelter 8K Classic in Glen Ridge. He was a member of the Essex Running Club.

Surviving are sisters, Rose Sopranzi, Stella Maffei and Catherine, and a brother, Jerry.

I have secured Vinnie's plaques for these awards and placed them in the hands of Essex Running Club member Tom Kelly. The special awards, trophies, medals, and plaques that Vinnie garnered boosted his morale—and didn't he ever boost ours! He was a running friend to so many of us over all the years and all the miles. In our hearts he placed a dream that we may all continue running with the passion that he had. In the end, his friends, not his trophies, were his life rewards. Vinnie, you've come a long way. Thanks for taking us with you.

—Melva Paine Murray

Ciao!

Melva Murray gave me the sad news that Vince had passed away this morning at about 8:20 am. Being the dear friend she had been to Vince for so many years, she had gone back to visit him again today. She had a chance to speak with the center's director, and he said that Vince had blessedly passed in his sleep. She asked that I call her later this evening. Obviously we have lost a great friend, and Vince's spirit, spunk, and wit will be sorely missed.

At the appropriate time, we can all pay our respects individually and collectively to Vince and his immediate family. While I am saddened by the news, I am comforted in that his final suffering came quickly, and I will remember fondly all his proud accomplishments and achievements. Vince's last "Ashcan Runner" installment, captioned *Kids Are Funny*, is how I will choose to remember him best. He always let the kid in him shine through and made running a fun thing to do.

Ciao to you, Vince! And thanks.

—Tom Kelly

Pictures of a Life

When Tom and I visited Vinnie, we noticed someone had taken a great deal of time and effort to hang up all his photos, awards, and certificates of achievement on the walls of his room. No sections of wall were left uncovered. This was a lifetime of accolades.

There were pictures of a handsome young Vinnie, looking dapper in a suit. There were photos of the warrior athlete at various races throughout his long running career, including the Millrose Games. There were plaques, medals, and trophies going back decades, adorning the walls and every available surface in his apartment. It was truly a celebration of a life lived to its fullest.

It was hard to believe that this was the same man lying in bed before us.

Tom mentions the kid in Vinnie. That's one of the things I loved about him, too. The phrase "young at heart" must have been coined especially for him. He always had a smile on his face and a silly joke for us, at which I always laughed, not to humor Vinnie, but because it was genuinely funny. Vinnie knew how to laugh at the world. Maybe that's why he lived such a long life.

Vinnie was also one of the very first people I met through the club who was an inspiration to me. When I first met him back in 2002, he was still running, in all kinds of weather. On days when I would much rather go back to bed instead of go out for a run, the thought of Vinnie getting out there in the heat, the rain, the cold, whatever, got me motivated.

I still can't believe he's gone. I said to Tom the other night that Vinnie seemed invincible to me. Since I've known him, he always had one health issue or another, but he always seemed to bounce back from them, ready to hit the road for his next race. I thought he'd be around for another 10 years or so.

He will be greatly missed.

—Martta Rose

The Fallen Runner Rises

I knew Vince for most of my 30 years in New Jersey. In the late 1970s and 1980s, I ran a race every other week and, being competitive, lined up near the front, at the starting line. Quite often, this older fellow lined up ahead of me, and we began to talk to keep the tension low before the gun went off. One thing he told me was that, though he was older than 70, he often won a trophy for the 60s age group. Yes, Vince was a phenomenal runner when he was a young 70-plus!

In October 1990, Vince and I ran a five-miler in Belleville. As usual, he lined up at the starting line in the front, white gloves and all (the weather was cool), and chatted with me. We both finished in not much over 30 minutes, but when I looked back I saw Vince lying on the ground, all blood drained from his face—he looked like a corpse (I am a pathologist, so I know how they look). At the time, I was talking to a club member, Jill Booth, an RN, and she pounced on Vince and started resuscitation before I could move. She kept him going until the ambulance squad took over, and as you know Vince recovered after a time, though for a while he did not run. He learned and then gave me the most useful advice: “When you are 60, you do not run like you are 50. When you are 70, you do not run like you are 60.” I try to keep that in mind and think of Vince when I race.

Afterward, we made it a yearly custom to drive with Tom Kelly to the Sheehan 5-miler, which fell on or near Vince’s birthday. Vince knew Dr. George Sheehan well. When as ERC president I invited George to a club meeting, Vince and George got together and reminisced about their college-day rivalries. Both men were great for the sport of running, but even more they were perfect gentlemen. Ironically, both succumbed to the same disease, though George at a much earlier age. Nevertheless, as Desmond so eloquently wrote in the March issue of *Keeping Track*, they never wavered in their joy for life and road running. They are great examples to follow. —George Studzinski

Goodwill

Vince ran the Goodwill 5000 in November, and Tom and I were probably the only people still out there to cheer him to the finish line. Vince just kept going. After the race, he told me how excited he was about running it again in 2006, when he would be in a new age group. (Of course, he won his age group in November—not too many 89-year-olds with his energy!) —Aubrey Blanda

Running Alongside Friends ...

I’m sure we all have our Vince stories. What a character! I’m laughing now as I remember our first race together. We were on the starting line, awaiting the gun, and Vince was letting us all know his opinion of a race director who would make an old guy wilt under the rising sun. It didn’t take much before Vince had the whole pack chanting for the start. As with so many races, I don’t remember my time or position at the end, but I remember my friends who made it an adventure.

After reading about the recent cross-country race in Van Cortlandt Park, I decided to check out the results online. I know a pretty wide range of runners, and I usually scout results pretty fully, from top to bottom, including all ages. I wonder how many more times I’ll be looking to see how Vinnie did in a race before I remember. I also wonder if Vinnie’s mad that he couldn’t bring home the beautiful New York Road Runners Club trophy from Van Cortlandt this time. —Randy Miller

From “Vincent Carnevale, 89, Marathon Man”**

- “[Vince] was so proud of his accomplishment, he really had a pride in running,” said Vincent Frantantoni of Belleville, his nephew by marriage.
 - “Running for him was like breathing, like life itself,” another nephew, Anthony Terrezza of Surprise, Ariz., said.
 - He was also fond, in recent decades, of writing one-sentence letters to the editor, mostly to *The Star-Ledger*.
 - The oldest of nine siblings—three boys and six girls—Mr. Carnevale never married. His father died when Mr. Carnevale was a boy, and he helped raise the family. His adult home, for most of his life, was next door to the house in which he grew up.
 - “When I get tired, I slow down and walk,” [Vince] told *The Star-Ledger* in May 1998, when he was 81. “The people at the finish line can’t believe it when I come flying in at the end. ... My legs are really strong.”
- **Star-Ledger*, Feb 10, 2006.

... And Family

I didn’t know Vinnie very well, but I think everyone in the club who was around him remembered his signature phrase: “When you join Essex, you join family.” How true it is. That’ll always be his legacy to me. —Mark Frankel

“If That’s All There Is, My Friends, ...”

Vince was a model citizen in so many respects. His legacy will live on for many years. For those of you who didn’t get a chance to go to Vince’s room at Job Haines, it was like walking into a hall of fame for runners. Every inch of wall space was occupied by photographs, awards, and so forth. On a table, there was a pile of medals. I was particularly taken by a photo of Vince and Larry Hollander taken in the late 1980s or early 1990s. I wonder now what will become of the memorabilia.

During my last conversation with Vince, in late January, he reminded me of a song about life. I can’t remember the title right now or I would share it, but for you old-timers the song ended with a question, “Is that all there is [to life]?”** Those were Vince’s parting words to me that day. His room reminded me of a picture of his life, a life that was well lived. —Carl Sturcke

*In 1969, Peggy Lee had a hit with “Is That All There Is?” The song, written by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, “is an uncredited musical version of a Thomas Mann story, ‘Disillusionment’” (*New York Daily News*, 1970). Lyrics at <http://tinyurl.com/8hvc3>.

“... Then Let’s Keep Dancing”

It is a beautiful early-summer Sunday. Awards are being given out at the Montclair YMCA 10K, with the appropriate polite applause after the announcements of age-group winners. It is now time for the 80-and-over men’s award. Vince dances up to stronger applause and bigger grins from the remaining group of runners, and he keeps on dancing all around the awards area (with any female within reach), delighting in his award as if it were his first ever.

Vince: the man who overcame some tough times, who loved life, who danced when he won his many race awards, who danced through life to the applause and admiration of us all.

—Laura Messina

To Run or Not to Run

Vince Carnevale meant so much to me as a public official, fellow ERC member, and longtime friend that I really feel his loss.

In 2003, Vince encouraged me to run for a second term as Montclair mayor, knowing I had doubts about winning, as no one had ever been reelected from the time Montclair began directly voting for its mayors in 1988. Vince sent me a \$20 check and an inspiring note telling me to “go for it” and make history. He was the first to contribute to my 2004 campaign. In a race contested among four people, I lost by a few hundred votes. Later, Vince said he wanted me to try for a comeback in 2008, much as he had returned to racing after his health struggles. I am now considering a return to politics because of Vince’s inspirational notes and talks comparing running for office with running a marathon.

Vince sent me numerous photos of himself competing with younger runners and even a photo showing him receiving an award from former Montclair Mayor Mary Mochary. He sent me articles too, and he invited me to see all his artifacts at his home on Cutler Street in Newark. I regret I didn’t get to visit him there, but I will never forget the notes and photos and contributions he sent me in my races for public office. Thank you, Vince, for all the inspiration to keep running!
—Bob Russo

Conversations With Vince

I formed an instant connection with Vince Carnevale when I learned of his running history. I had seen him at New York Road Runners Club (NYRRC) events years earlier but didn’t meet him until I joined the Essex Running Club. Then I learned he had run for Central High in Newark and had been a track star at the same time my Uncle Mike had run for Dickinson High in Jersey City. Vince, like my uncle, had received a running scholarship.

Vince told me stories. He reminisced about his cross-country duels, notably at Van Cortlandt Park. After a victory, Vince became famous on campus and “suddenly wasn’t homesick anymore.”

He fondly recalled Fred Lebow, the late, great NYRRC founder. Fred had transformed the New York marathon from a Central Park race to a five-borough extravaganza. Vince, five-time NYRRC runner of the year, admired Fred’s vision.

Vince also spoke fondly of Dr. George Sheehan, runner, philosopher, and author of a 1970s bestseller, *Running and Being*, a “must have” for runners. Of course, I had read that book.

Vince admired all the greats who brought the sport to the forefront. He was fond of tradition and of the history behind the Asbury Park 10K, later moved to Red Bank, Sheehan’s hometown. The Sheehan race was always marked off on Vince’s calendar.

In recent years, Vince became friends with another local running hero, Horace Ashenfelter. The Ashenfelter 8K Classic, run on Thanksgiving Day in Glen Ridge, is named after Horace for his historic victory in the steeplechase at the 1952 Olympics.

Out of respect and admiration for Horace, Vince decided to run the Ashenfelter 8K as his 500th race since turning 70. This race was the pinnacle of Vince’s illustrious career. Vince was very proud! The club and the community came together that great day.

Vince began visiting us at Fleet Feet Sports in Montclair after the closing of his previous hangout, Tom Fleming’s Running Room in Bloomfield. He befriended the entire Fleet Feet staff: John, Elsie (John’s mother), Marquis and Nicole Bussey, Amy Barberia, Sal Ulto, Jamie Tripp, Tony Utitus, and me.

Vince traveled from Newark to Fleet Feet first on foot and then in his blue Mustang. He talked about races and the club and shmoozed with customers young and old—occasionally boasting,

always encouraging. His enthusiasm was inspirational. We looked forward to his almost daily visits and lingered over coffee with him. We worried when he didn’t show up for a few days (once we called the police to knock on his door to make sure he was okay). John’s kids—Chelsea, Madeline, and Amelia—hung around and danced with Vince at races. Everyone knew Vince!

Vince was a warm person, and he developed close relationships with all of us at Fleet Feet. Perhaps it was his warm nature that encouraged the relationships of Jamie and Tony, and Amy and Sal—both leading to marriage! All these people were in the club, and all worked at Fleet Feet. Vince often said that the Essex Running Club was his family, and I believe it to be true.

Vince was a man of great passion. He loved running. He loved what it stood for, how it made people feel, what people became because of it, and where it could take us all.

Vince was an old school traditionalist. “Run, do squats,” and, most important, “keep it going!”
—Anne Chesny

“You’ve Gotta Love It!”

Sunday, Mar 6, 2005. I run my longest race, the Newark Distance Classic 20K, and meet Vince Carnevale for the first time, during a postrace carpool home. The next day, wearing my race T-shirt, I hop on a bus headed for Penn Station in Newark, en route to volunteer work in Jersey City. I pass some time reading a book, *Long Quiet Highway* (an excerpt appeared in the Jan 2006 issue of *Keeping Track*). I underline a few sentences:

— Americans see writing as a way to break through their own inertia and become awake, to connect with their deepest selves.

— Yes, writing can do this for us, but becoming awake is not easy. One must be persistent under all circumstances and it is not always exciting. It is hard. It is a long quiet highway.

— To love is to wake up. How do we wake up without becoming a marathon monk on Mount Hiei? Well, some of us will have to go to Mount Hiei. There is no other way. The rest of us must work as tellers in banks, drive our children to school, wash the kitchen floor, buy groceries. The marathon monks go all the way to the edge of death, so they may come back and be alive, so they can know gratitude for this moment. We need to wake up when we buy groceries, push the cart down the aisle, see labels, count out change, feel our step on the floor tile. Every moment is enormous, and it is all we have.

“To love is to wake up.” That sentence brings tears to my eyes, and I feel I’m going to weep in front of the other passengers.

Minutes later, Vince boards the bus and takes the seat in front of me. He doesn’t see me, so I say hello, and soon we are talking about running. I remember hearing he’s been depressed about growing old and not being able to do what he once could, so I try to cheer him up by telling him he’s been an inspiration. I also tell him about my father, a year younger but never nearly as active as Vince. Vince says, “You’ve got to do it because you love it.” I see a tear on his cheek, and he wipes it away.

When Vinnie moves to get off at his stop, we say so long. I continue reading and underlining: “We must all go on down that highway. Our life is the path of learning, to wake up before we die.” And then: “I told the kids [in the school] ... to trust in what they loved, that you don’t know where it will lead you. ‘The important thing is to love something. ... Let yourself love it completely.’”

At Penn Station, I switch to a PATH train. In Jersey City, I get off at Exchange Place, a station far below street level, and head straight for the stairs. Up I run, up 120 steps, until I reach the top—legs wobbly, lungs heaving, and not an ounce of energy left.

—Chris Jaworski

Magical Moments

Vinnie had an uncanny way of making me feel good about my running and myself. He made me feel young again.

I knew him from my earliest days as an ERC member, almost nine years ago, when I was more of a jogger, without any real knowledge about running. I enjoyed the camaraderie of the club but was too busy raising children to put a lot of time into running.

I was awed by Vinnie's accomplishments, yet he never waved them over me. He always had time to talk at races and club events. I remember when I walked into Fleet Feet, where Vince stood at the counter talking to one club member or another. He yelled, "Look at this beautiful young girl!" I froze in my tracks as everyone turned around (Vinnie could be loud). The next moment, I wanted to throw my arms around him for making me feel 18 again.

Most times, we all had great fun at the races. Only once was the fun taken out, and that was at the George Sheehan Classic a few years ago. I fell about a quarter-mile from the finish. After I crossed the line, Martta Rose came to me in the medical tent. "I can't find Vinnie," she said. I jumped up, with broken nose and bandages, and said, "Let's go. We've gotta find him!" Finally, a course marshal told us an older man had been taken to the hospital. There we found Vinnie, down with pneumonia. We breathed easier when he was released the following week.

I used to visit Vinnie at the Job Haines Home in Bloomfield. He loved nothing better than to see his running family, and we really perked him up. Most of the time, we went in small groups (Tom, Martta, me), but once I went spur of the moment on Halloween. I wore my French maid costume—I thought he'd get a kick out of it. As I walked in, he gave me a whistle—always the single ladies man—and said, "Wow, lookin' good! Hey, you're gettin' faster too. Had some talent ya didn't know about, huh?" I laughed. "I can't get faster, Vinnie, I'm too old!" He looked me right in the eye. "You can always get faster. Stick with it. Ya gotta coach, right? Stick with it. You're good. Remember that!" I gave him the captain's nod. "Yes, Sir!" I was back at Fleet Feet, 18 again. We laughed and talked for about an hour after that. I walked out feeling like I'd won a national championship!

I intended to visit Vinnie within a few days of Tom Kelly's e-mail in early February. I didn't realize how bad things had gotten. Before I knew it, Vinnie was gone. When I knelt to say a prayer over him at his wake, I realized that the last time I had seen him was at the Goodwill run. "Have a good race, Vin!" I called out. "I'll give it my best!" he called back. And that he did—both in running and in life. In retrospect, I'm glad that the last time I saw him, he was lining up at the start—because that was the real Vinnie. I'll never forget him. —Lynne Mortimer

"It's for the Kids!"

The day Vince died, I told my daughters about his passing. Michaela (age 9), Jodi (6), and Erica (3) are all quite familiar with Vince. As with many children of club members, they had enjoyed reading his jokes and cheering him in when he was finishing a race.

Once, for a "community bedtime story," Michaela, Jodi, and I took turns reading Vince's jokes from an issue of *Keeping Track*. Jodi in particular took great pride in reading and provided an addictive giggle after each punch line. A few days later, before bed, she asked if she could take the issue to school for show-and-tell. She also asked for a photo of Vince so she could tell her classmates about the "guy who writes the jokes." (What a kid she is!)

Vince always was the first to submit his newsletter contribution each month. Once he sent me copies of news clippings from his

earlier running days. I assumed that info from these clippings was to replace his jokes. Right after that month's issue appeared, Vince called to tell me *always* to put the jokes in first. "It's for the kids!"

Well, while Vince's funeral was being held, a wonderful six-year-old girl was reading his jokes for show-and-tell at Lincoln School in Caldwell. Vince would have been quite pleased!

—Paul Maloney

Vince Is Funny!

What did the Pacific Ocean say to the Atlantic Ocean?

It didn't say anything—it just waved!

Knock, knock. Who's there? Quack. Quack who?

Quack another joke like that, and I'm out of here!

Knock, knock. Who's there? Ketchup. Ketchup who?

I'll ketchup with you later!

—Michaela Maloney

Knock, knock. Who's there? Boo. Boo hoo? Don't cry—it's just a joke!

What did the knife say to the other knife? You're looking pretty sharp!

Knock, knock. Who's there? Little old lady. Little old lady who?

I didn't know you could yodel "Little Old Lady Who!" —Jodi Maloney

Knock, knock. Who's there? Bonanza. Bonanza who?

Bonanza on the video!

—Erica Maloney

Why did the turtle cross the road?

To get to the Shell station!

—Marissa Peters

"Was It Your Father or Uncle?"

At the New Age 10K in Central Park, who came into view but our Vinny Carnevale—and he was running hard. I jumped into the race and shouted out as I tried to catch up to him, "Vinny, did your father run cross-country in the 1930s?" "Whaddaya mean, kid? Did you just get off the boat?" (I didn't get it.) I yelled, "Are you related to V. Carnevale? Was it your father or uncle?" Vinny answered, "Get outta here, kid. It's me, the same guy. It's me—the same." Incredible, the mind did not grasp it at first, but the V. Carnevale listed in the 1937 record books was the same Vinny Carnevale running with me, in Central Park, in 1998. He was before my eyes—the same. This was real, really real.

"You are incredible," I said. Vinny turned his head, moved ahead, smiled at me, and said, "Ciao, baby," before running off into the record books. www.millroseaa.org/mlartcar.html

Farewell, Essex!

I was married to running, and my best friend was God.

—Vince Carnevale

Carnevale

New York Times on XX Olympic Winter Games, Turin:

- It goes without saying that speed is a building block of almost any Olympic success. But if you're Italian, so are passion, energy and style.

- Plans for the Olympics' closing ceremony on Feb. 26—staged by the theater director Daniele Finzi Pasca—are tinged with nostalgia. Coinciding with Italy's Carnevale weekend, in which revelers don masks specific to their cities, sad-faced harlequins dressed in the original costumes from Federico Fellini's 1971 film "The Clowns" will bid farewell as the Olympic flag is passed to representatives from Vancouver.

- The closing ceremony will be "infused ... with the Italian zest for living."

