



Mile Markers



We Give You the Run-Around

This Month 2001 Volume 23, No. 11.

P.O. Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504

Feature Event: Fowl Day Sat. Nov. 17th 9a

It's time to drive up the supply of the **Salvation Army Food Bank**. Once again, the Santa Fe Striders will be at **Fort Marcy** (Bishops Lodge and Artist Rd) to gather non-perishables and/or clothing for participants in lieu of entry fee for a 5K cross country run.

You can help. Come to Fowl Day and a put your donation of canned goods on the truck. Take the one-page announcement out of this issue and post it somewhere for people to read. For more information visit the Strider website at <http://www.daylight.com/~jj/striders> or call Mick at 954-3295 (W) or 438-4463 (H).

Los Angeles Crest 100

by Aaron Goldman

The Los Angeles Crest 100 Mile Run turned out to be a 96 miler much to my frustration. AC is tougher than Leadville with roughly 23,000 feet of total elevation gain and 26,000 drop in the point-to-point course. As usual I barely made the cut-offs but at Mile 83.75 I was on schedule with 5.75 hours to go.

Then came a stupid blunder. The next aid station was 5.5 miles and I was feeling strong, confident that I could make it. The course was well-marked up to about 85 miles and not seeing any yellow ribbon for over 2 miles was a cause for concern. So I started to run back to see where I had missed a turn. After wasting some 25 minutes, it became obvious that I was indeed right and when I missed the 96 mile cut-off by 10 minutes, my needless cause for concern cost me dearly.

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Come One, Come All! Club Meetings Held on Second Tuesday of Each Month at 7pm

On the 13th, the Striders Meeting will be graciously hosted by **Kris Kern** at 120 Alamo Dr. His is 983-8944.

Getting Into High (Tech) Gear: or, When You Are Over the Hill, Don't Forget Your Trail

Shoes

by Carol Richardson

I'm a Luddite at heart, I swear. Heck, I didn't even own an electric clock until I got married. My husband, the gadget-geek, insisted, assuring me that, on the cusp of the 21st century, electricity was considered reliable enough to depend on. Like humorist James Thurber's grandmother, who believed electricity seeped out of unplugged sockets, I was skeptical of the technology, dreading the chance midnight outage that might make me late for work, or worse, my early morning running workout. As far as I was concerned, nothing beat a good, cheap, wind-up travel clock.

My anti-technology instincts insinuated themselves into my athletic life as well. I would privately smirk at my cycling friends, who, in addition to the monumental expense of a bicycle, seemed to be perpetually polyester-deep in shorts, jerseys, gloves, helmets, fancy clip-on pedal systems, and bike racks. Not to mention the endless yadda-yadda of the virtues of natural vs. synthetic chamois, clincher vs. sew-ups, titanium vs. carbon fiber, and Italian vs. Japanese componentry.

Nevertheless, at their urging, I relented and bought a bike, a pretty basic \$300 10-speed. Nothing fancy. A helmet and bike short (synthetic chamois) later, I was in business. I even joined my cycling friends on a San Francisco to Santa Barbara trek down the California coast on my cheapie Univega. Twice.

But my true love remained running, simplest and purest of sports. For nineteen of the twenty years I'd been running, all I needed was a pair of shoes, shorts, and a plain old cotton T-shirt. It could be mid-summer, and you'd find me running with no sunglasses, no hat, no sunscreen. Nothing would come between me and the heat wobbling off the

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LA Crest 100

The weather was hot with temperatures in the canyons exceeding 90 degrees. Packages of ice under my hat successfully thwarted the heat evidenced by a loss of only 2 pounds. I had no trouble with Mt. Baden Powell, which ascends 2500' in 3.77 miles or Mt. Williamson (1380' in 1.6m), or even Mt. Wilson (3100' in 6m). My biggest problem was picking it up going down hills and getting off course on two occasions (lost a total of about 15 minutes).

It is a beautiful trail in the mountains north of LA with spectacular views of LA at night as well as the mountain scenery with altitudes ranging from sea level to 9300'. The time limit for the 100 is 33 hours and I got bumped at 32:30. All-in-all there were more pluses than minuses and I felt mostly good vibes about the whole thing. I shall return either in 2002 or 2003 if age doesn't get me first.

Aaron Goldman, age 69, is a long-time Strider and timeless athlete. You will find him at local events through the year.

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Trail Shoes

asphalt but my humbly shod feet.

In winter, I'd throw on a knit cap and socks for gloves, except for the coldest January mornings. Sweatpants were too bulky, and got wet, heavy, and cold, like running in a soggy beach towel. In those icy, pre-running tight days, I had my own budget concoction of leotards worn under shorts, and ballet leg warmers pulled up high over my knees. That was it.

Oh, sure, when Carl Lewis showed up at the 1984 Olympics, quadriceps rippling under running tights, I was moved to buy a pair. Leg warmers required continuous attention as they had the tendency to pool around the ankles after a minute or two of running. Tights were sleek, warm, and simple. But Lycra was as far as Dupont or Monsanto, Dow, or any other saboteurs of the natural would invade my running life. Gortex was for sissies. And rich sissies at that. I was determined to defend the borders of the simplicity and economy of the sport.

And as for racing replenishment, I was strictly a water woman. No sticky fluid replacement drinks, and nothing to eat while racing: no oranges or bagels, and certainly not some ersatz candy bar with all the flavor of a Tootsie Roll dipped in sawdust.

Then, about a year ago, something happened. And it happened so fast, I'm not even sure what precipitated it, though my husband was a likely suspect. I should have

seen it coming. Even in the early days of courtship, I'd find him in the garage, suspiciously bent over my trusty Univega. A wheel change here, a pedal change there, and my bike was suddenly four pounds lighter. And, I had to admit, easier to ride as a result.

Okay, I'd let him mess with my bike, but running was still best, I believed, in its primitive state. Until he wormed his way into my heart -- a heart monitor he bought for my birthday. Soon I was chatting knowingly about perceived effort, BPMs, and VO2 Max. I, who couldn't manage to change my old Casio from daylight to standard time, began duly calculating race splits and programming target zones. Then all hell broke loose.

Suddenly Supplex. Coolmax. Polartec. Microfiber. It is a very short leap from high-tech gizmos to high-end running gear. And, unless you do the wash every day, one new "technical" shirt is never enough. Thanks to these new fibers, I'm running so dry, I just can't stop wicking. Now my cotton T-shirts huddle in the bottom of my dresser drawer, unused trophies from bygone races.

And it's not just winter that has me in its warm, fuzzy clutches. In summer, I've finally learned (so I'm a little slow) that sunglasses and a mesh hat go a long way in staving off fatigue caused by asphalt glare. Now, in addition to my every day running shoes, I've got trail shoes, and, God help me, racing flats. And races themselves have become high-tech moveable feasts. Race day finds me gobbling bars, goos, gels, sports drinks, and most anything else that dangles before me the foil-wrapped hope of better performance.

Oh, sure, some might say that this conversion from technophobe to early adopter is nothing more than the efforts of a past-her-prime runner to stave off the inevitable, permanent hamstring pull of middle age; that hats and gels are external replacements for once fast-twitch, now slow-jerk, muscles.

And maybe there is some truth to that. After all, it's the mid-life crisis male that, by and large, looks to the gleaming red Porsche to level the playing field he sees filled with twenty-something hard bodies. If a little jolt of gel can postpone glycogen meltdown for even a few minutes, this AARP-ready body is positively grateful for any advantage, real or perceived, that it can provide.

But psychological alibis aside, there is no mystery to why this sudden fondness for gear. In this year of experimentation, I have set my master's PRs in the marathon and 5K, with my marathon times approaching, even besting, times I posted 17 years ago. More importantly, the bone-deep fatigue and nearly disabling dread that haunted me

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Trail Shoes

through my earlier races has disappeared. Hydrated and fleeced, I have felt great. No blisters, no hypothermia, no wall. Can all this improvement be chalked up to technology? As they say, the proof of the goo is in the eating.

Carol Richardson lives and runs in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Since she wrote this article she has become a hard-core triathlete and has upgraded her bike to a 650cc Kestrel with Dura-Ace componentry and tubular Nimble wheels.

From: WingsAmer@aol.com
Date: Wed, 17 Oct 2001 16:23:31 EDT
Subject: Wings of America to sponsor runners

Wings of America is offering sponsorship to the Regional Footlocker Races to eligible junior or high school American Indian cross country runners. The sponsorship consists of the reimbursement of allowable expenses up to \$250. Runners are responsible for their own travel and lodging arrangements and race registration. The nomination form is available (contact information is below). If you would like to nominate a runner (or yourself) please download and print the nomination form. Forms are to be completed by the athlete, parents/guardians and the cross country coach and are due in the Wings office on November 9, 2001.

On the same form, a runner may indicate their interest in applying for the 2002 Wings Cross Country Teams (junior men or junior women—cannot turn age 20 in year 2002) which will compete at the USA National X-C Championship in Vancouver, WA, February 9-10 (qualifier for World Championships). Separate application forms will be available soon for those interested in applying just for USA Nationals.

Wings of America is an American Indian youth development program operated by the nonprofit corporation, The Earth Circle Foundation.

Please contact the Wings office for more information.

Anne Wheelock Gonzales
Associate Director
Wings of America
1601 Cerrillos Road
Santa Fe, NM 87505
Phone: 505-982-6761
Fax: 505-989-8995

DeVargas and the Canyon Road

by Mike Sutin

I did not run your race this year.
Where I should be seemed fairly clear.
My legs won't churn at racing pace
and produce results like: last in place.
Instead, I turned to mountain trail
to earn release from urban jail.
To celebrate conquest of clans
is not a spot for also-rans,
but needs a festive taste to win,
all honor to the victor's kin.
The force of youth enjoys such play,
while aging seeks another day.
The solitude of silent hills
supplants the pavement's asphalt frills,
and slow move up on one's own legs
is laurel's phase on life's late stage.

>>> Race Calendar <<<

11/11 NM USATF Junior Olympics and Open &
Masters Championships
Rio Rancho HS
865-8612 (Kathy)

11/17 Fowl Day 5K
Salvation Army Donation Drive
Fort Marcy Park
438-4463 mick@daylight.com (Mick)
<http://www.daylight.com/~jj/striders>

11/22 Albuquerque Turkey 5K & 10K, 2M Walk
268-6300 (Gil's)

11/22 TCR Thanksgiving Day 5K Run/Walk, 1K
Kids
256-3625 (<http://www.tgrande.com>)

12/9 Tucson Marathon
<http://www.tucsonmarathon.com>

Cyber Information

Looking for running information on-line? See our
website at <http://www.daylight.com/~jj/striders> or
<http://www.racegate.com> for all kinds of goodies.

Weekly Workouts

Striders, guests, and other random runners meet at 6pm on
Wednesdays at Lincoln and Palace, across from the Plaza
clock, for a 5-mile or so run. Also, track workouts begin at
6pm on Tuesdays at the Santa Fe High School. Everyone
is welcome.

Express Yourself!

Please submit articles, race results, running tips, poetry, car-
toons, photos, worst-run stories, best-run stories, letters, race
schedule information, recipes, blueprints, X-rays, medical
records, or almost anything printable to the Mile Markers
editorial offices, c/o Mick Kappler, at 441 Greg Ave., Santa
Fe, NM 87501, or email mick@daylight.com.

2001 Striders Officers

Eric Peters, President, 466-2460
RunAdventr@aol.com

Kris Kern, Vice President, 661-6293
kernkt@gat.com

Diana Hardy & Jim Westmoreland, Treasurers, 438-8602
hardy_diana@seo.state.nm.us

Mick Kappler, newsletter editor, 438-4463
mick@daylight.com

Calling all walkers, joggers, and runners!

You're invited to the

21st Annual Fowl Day

Community Event to Benefit the Salvation Army Food Bank

Saturday, November 17, 2001, 9am, Ft. Marcy

Run against hunger! Participate in the Santa Fe Striders food drive.

5K cross-country course -- walk, jog, or run any length

No pre-entry -- join the community next to Ft. Marcy sports building on event day

In lieu of an entry fee, donate \$10 worth of non-perishable food or warm clothing

The Salvation Army will be on hand to accept your donation

Gifts from local merchants

Refreshments

If you have any questions about Fowl Day or the Santa Fe Striders, feel free to call the Event Director, Mick Kappler (438-4463) or the Strider President, Eric Peters (466-2460).

Calling all walkers, joggers, and runners!

You're invited to the

21st Annual Fowl Day

Community Event to Benefit the Salvation Army Food Bank

Saturday, November 17, 2001, 9am, Ft. Marcy

Fight Hunger! Participate in the Santa Fe Striders' Fowl Day run against hunger. Enjoy a scenic 5K cross-country course beginning and ending on Ft. Marcy grounds. No pre-registration is needed -- simply join the community next to the Ft. Marcy sports building on event day.

No money is required to participate -- this is a food drive, so we encourage you to make a **donation of nonperishable food** of approximately \$10 in lieu of an entry fee. The Salvation Army will be on hand to take food for needy families, which will be distributed during the holiday season. In addition to the entry donation of food, warm coats and sweaters will also be accepted. Gifts and refreshments will be provided.

If you have any questions about Fowl Day or the Santa Fe Striders, feel free to call the Event Director, Mick Kappler (438-4463) or the Strider President, Eric Peters (466-2460).

Santa Fe Striders Club Membership Application and Waiver



Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: _____

Email: _____

- Renewal
- New member
- Jersey

Enclose \$15.00 for annual membership fees. Add \$10 for the Santa Fe Striders new race jersey (Women and Men sizes S, M, L and XL). Annual fees are due in January of each year, and membership runs through the end of December. If you are paying after July 1, the membership fees are \$7.50. Make checks payable to Santa Fe Striders and mail to PO Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

WAIVER: I know that running and volunteering to work in club races are potentially hazardous activities. I should not enter and run in club activities unless I am medically able and properly trained. I agree to abide by any decision of a race official relative to my ability to safely complete the run. I assume all risks associated with running and volunteering to work in club races including, but not limited to, falls, contact with other participants, the effects of the weather, including high heat and/or humidity, the conditions of the road and traffic on the course, all such risks being known and appreciated by me. Having read this waiver and knowing these facts, and in consideration of your acceptance of my application for membership, I, for myself and anyone entitled to act on my behalf, waive and release the Road Runners Club of America, the SANTA FE STRIDERS Road Runners Club and all sponsors, their representatives and successors from all claims or liabilities of any kind arising out of my participation in these club activities even though that liability may arise out of negligence of carelessness on the part of the persons named in this waiver.

Signature

Date

Parent's Signature if under 18 yrs.

Date

Mile Markers

Santa Fe Striders

PO Box 1818

Santa Fe, NM 87504

