



MILE MARKERS



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We Give You the run-around

PO Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504

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"Things done well and with a care exempt themselves from fear . . ." Henry VIII

August Meeting

The meeting will be on Tuesday, August 11, and will be a "Pot Luck" event to be held at the John Arnold home at 203 E. Coronado Rd. Coronado Rd. is a short street between Old Pecos Trail & Don Gaspar. The Pot Luck will be a 7 PM.. This meeting will be mostly social - if there is any business at all it will be conducted at 8 PM. Bring your speciality and enjoy a fun evening. We would especially like to invite some of our new members and also encourage some of our members that we never see except on the mailing lists. We would like to meet you and encourage you to become an active part of our organization.

I wish to thank Dave Boyer for doing a fine job of directing the Run-Around in June. We thank you Dave and we thank all the many people who spent so much time making this a great success.

Remember - Wednesday night runs from the Plaza a 6 PM. We are having some good numbers and are seeing some new faces.. Hope to see you!

Dale

Lake Catherine Run-Hike

A semi-organized trek to Lake Catherine on the Windsor trail via Spirit lake will take place on Sunday, August 16. We've done this several years 'running' and it is a pleasant, as exercise goes, experience. The trip takes from 4 1/2 to 6 hours including time spent at Lake Catherine and a fair amount of walking. It is about a 15 mile loop. Everyone is invited to take part. Call 988-2091 and we will settle the specifics of transportation, food, leaving time, etc.

1988 Road Runners Convention

It is never too soon to plan for something like the Road Runners Club of America annual convention, which will be in Indianapolis in May, 1988.

The convention dates are May 5-8, and the Road Runners Club has scheduled a weekend full of workshops pertinent to running club administration, plus fun runs, the annual business meeting and awards banquet, picnics, and a major RRCA championship race - the inaugural Hall of Fame 8-kilometer.

The Striders do not send anyone to the convention, but members are welcome to go and if you'd like more information about it, write: Convention, Indy Runners, 1411 West 86th Street, Indianapolis, Indiana 46260

Runner's World 1988 Calendars Available

Runner's World Magazine has a 28-page, full-color calendar for 1988 that can be used as a fund raiser for clubs. A letter from their promotions says the 9-inch by 12-inch calendar contains numerous photographs, a weekly running tip plus monthly notes of historic moments in running.

The calendar retails for \$8.95, and if the club orders them before August 31, we'll get them for half price. An order of a dozen calendars brings a free one, and this may be a way to raise some money and get a nice calendar at the same time.

John Arnold is trying to get a copy of the calendar so we can decide if we want to order some for sales to members and others.

Three Faces of the San Francisco Marathon

"Ebullience, Exasperation, Humility"

One of the greatest rewards of running a marathon is that it typifies the impossible becoming the possible. A few years ago I would never have thought I could do it. Now I've done 2 and it makes me think, as an outrageous example, that maybe the Ironman Triathlon isn't "impossible" after all. More importantly, it can extend outside the realm of sports and make me realize anything's possible in my life, given a little focus, dedication and sweat.

So . . . how to describe the San Francisco Marathon . . . Technically, it was extremely well-organized. Pace times and encouragement were called out every mile; musicians were scattered along the route (prompting me to leave my ever-present headsets at home!); water and the sweet sound of crunching cups underfoot awaited us every 2 1/2 miles the first half -- then every mile. I kept my promise to myself and looked up (and around) once in a while -- it was worth it. San Francisco is my old home town, so there were touches of nostalgia in running through the old neighborhoods and out to the marina almost to the Golden Gate Bridge, especially since nothing seems to have changed much in 20+ years. The ethnic diversity overpowered the senses -- even the garbage was decidedly not American fast-food garbage -- and the food aromas were unfamiliar, though still somewhat nauseous while running. Native San Franciscans were divided in their warmth and hospitality, from boosting us with blasting stereos and synchronized barking dogs, to

Lined up well ahead of my 'pace group' (no one knows me here!) I make my last flip remark to my soon to be former training partner. She declines the wager and as usual seems slightly annoyed at this petty last minute intrusion into her concentration.

Clang - (cable car bell) and we are off. Nice San Francisco day, cool with no wind, no excuses and here I am in yet another footrace. I know I am not going to win, or place, or achieve any recognition from the people that measure performance and the chances of being randomly photographed for the media are remote with 6000 others vying for coverage. So with this motivating conviction firmly in mind I run like hell. I want to retire from marathoning and make this first, and I am claiming final, effort suffice as my "peak" experience.

At the tenth mile or so (in spite of the bands, crowds, and general hoopla) it is all over for me. The legs just aren't enthused and no amount of self discussion seems to be having any effect. I don't get what is happening but it is clear that it is not fitting the vision. In the back of my mind I start hearing a faint - "you went out to fast- told ya so, told ya so" and the torturous last 2 1/2 hours listening to my slightly delirious inner dialogue has begun. Lots of time to reflect on how the 6 month training program has been spent so quickly and how embarrassing to see what I bought with it. It is not possible to describe just how long 2 1/2 hours can be in this condition. A whole different plane of existence. Of course my friends

THE HIGH PRICE OF OXYGEN

or

An expensive training run in
San Francisco

No matter how well-trained we think we are, the fact remains that the marathon has its own mysterious and indomitable character . . . it is LONG, and it always will be. The marathon remains the one race for which most runners never use "over-distance" training, and the last four miles usually have an otherworldly quality to them . . . "nether-worldly" if you prefer.

This is one reason I find the marathon so exciting and challenging. As long as I remember to respect the distance and run with that in mind I stand a good chance of finishing the darned thing, but when I forget, even momentarily, and try to "own" the race and run a specific pace or goal, I get in deep trouble sooner or later.

So, experience is expensive. (I ate well!) The altitude-trained marathoner runs another risk when going to lower elevations with an advantage in the cardio-pulmonary department. We who can handle 22 miles at 7,000 feet have the hearts and lungs of superman and the muscles of mediocre-man. I found it deceptively easy and yes, intoxicating, to run a 6:30 pace for 15 miles in San Francisco. I was setting PR's at every distance from 10 miles to 19. I used up my "go" muscles at that point and no amount of positive thinking or "resting on the run" could put them together again. I hadn't realized until it was too late that the reason my hips and hamstrings were a little sore so soon

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ignoring us completely in Chinatown, to motorists who truly would have chosen hospitalization over hospitality.

Somehow, even amongst 6,000 fellow-runners, the marathon is you ALONE out there with just your body and mind and a little water. It strips you of all other cares and inessentials. Despite the clock and pace times, I lost track of time. I no longer had any concept of an hour, or two or three. Only at the end, realizing it was almost over, did I start to ache, as if psychologically I was being forced back to reality. If it had been 50 miles and 8 hours, would I have only hurt towards the end? Why do 10 mile training runs often seem tougher than the marathon? Is it my state of mind? Good day vs. bad day? How far can a healthy body travel under its own power? Anyone for a 50-miler?

Jody Visalli

that came to spectate positioned themselves in the last few miles to catch me in my finest moment.

So what the hell is it for anyway? Surely it is not just for fitness? Clearly this constitutes a few precarious steps into excess - perhaps a necessity for the real athletes. But it is a fluke really that puts the serious non-athlete in this environment only to re-affirm the "non-ness" with direct contrast with that subspecies that find talk of five minute pace comes up in normal conversation. After years of claiming Marathons were excessive and stupid and probably destructive to the body I can't explain why I did this.

And worse:

Because I didn't do well at all, I now seem to have a motivation to do another one. If you approach a performance that is somewhat in line with your expectations and predicted times, then people will say congratulations and the conversation will be relatively short. But if you flubbed it you will find that everyone; runners, non-runners, fat people, and the mole men from planet X, - have a theory! And they think that you (since your method produced this heroic flub) are no doubt burning to hear what it is. Although it is clear that some modification in my approach is appropriate I think that not having to dwell in the land of "theories of failure" alone, might push this non-athlete back into the ring.

I have always found the spectators comments in races curious. Even though 3,000 people have just passed me and death sounds like a viable alternative, there is the perineal "looking good, looking strong, good job, etc. The marathon, in the end, added some new ones: Are you OK? Do you need help?

Greg Ohlsen

into the race (10 miles) was because I had too much hi-test fuel and they were burning out while the rest of me felt very comfortable.

I took a rest (on a porta-potty) at mile 20 and walked 10 minutes and was able to finish the run at a 7:48 pace and still qualify for Boston with a 3:25, but, oh, I guess I'll never forget the one that got away. . .

(Maybe if I do 75-mile weeks and two or three 30-milers next time!)

Mary Nichols

Editors Note

Thank you for your contributions.

Everyone: Send me notification of your experiences, fun runs, or anything that might even vaguely benefit from exposure.

Notes from Kenny

Pikes Peak

Well folks I plan to do something I have said I never would do - run the Pikes Peak ascent. The mythical "they" say I must do this race.

My legs say OK; but my mind says why torture yourself?! I have sought advice from many who have done this race, so for other novice runners I will pass on these tidbits.

First thing I did was ask Carl Miller to fix my work-outs for this race. Big mistake! His standard response to any change of program is to up the reps and weights. We persons in the ladies locker room decided you have been with Carl too long when you realize it is your thighs that hold up your jeans, not your waist.

You must bear in mind there will be three different climates during this run. I have been advised to take along an elegant designer trash bag - in my size of course. Also a polypro long sleeved shirt, in a coordinated color I presume.

I was advised to run up Wheeler Peak and La Luz. I have decided to keep to the hills of home instead. We fortunately live close to Overlook and Aspen Vista so I have included these minor peaks in my runs. Plus a few of the mountain runs in Santa Fe National Forest. These are nice as they are cooler these hot summer days. Afternoon rain storms must be kept in mind though.

Water is a major need for your training runs and people have said the mid-run Pikes ascent water has too much chlorine. Better chlorine than Giardia. Some folks advised me to take a bottle of water with me.

My ever present billed flower cap will also be needed.

I have been told the race committee has your warm dry clothes ready for you at the finish. Of course you must plan what to give them to deliver for you. I have heard it is cold after you finish. Hope they are still around when I finally make it to the top. Will a fur coat be too pretentious? - it goes so well with champagne.

Everyone emphasized the danger of the first time runners believing they are close to the end when they still have the three toughest miles to run. Because of the mountain air, the music and voices can be clearly heard far from the end. I have also been told these will be at least 20 to 30 minute miles. So take heart. This last part is also rocky so wear your more stable shoes.

I have been told there is a special pasta dinner the night before the run for women only. We also get a peak busters T-shirt. I understand there is a T-shirt exchange with the other women if you wish. I certainly hope to attend.

When I was a much younger person I pulled a tooth that was loose and buried it in a snow bank on top of Pikes Peak. I hope I don't have to join that buried tooth, in my peak busters shirt, but at least it is at the top!

Good luck to all and I hope to join the others at the finish line in four and a half hours. Next month's column will possibly be written from "the home".

Kenny

Fun Runs now begin at 6:00 pm on the plaza every Wednesday!

Pass this membership application around !

Enclose \$10 annual dues. Make checks
payable to Santa Fe Striders and mail to
PO Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504

Name _____
Address _____
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1987 Membership Application

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