



# Mile Markers



*We Give You the Run-Around*

March 1995  
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P.O. Box 1818, Santa Fe, N.M. 87504

**JUST FIVE MORE BLOCKS...JUST FOUR MORE...JUST THREE...**

(Editor's note: Danica Tutush Girard began running when she was 16 and lettered in high school in the 800. But by her senior year in college she had stopped running--and gained 15 pounds. At age 22, she promised herself she would lose the weight and run a marathon before she turned 30. She was as good as her word,

and the marathon she chose was at St. George, Utah, last Oct. 1.)

My husband and I flew into Las Vegas on Friday afternoon and drove to St. George. The small town was geared up for the 3,500 runners. We checked into our hotel room, which was a total disappointment. It was advertised as having a Jacuzzi and a pool. Neither actually existed and we only had a standing shower in the room. I was really looking forward to a relaxing post-race soak.

## **RUN-AROUND BACK ON PLAZA?**

The annual Santa Fe Run-Around, moved from the Plaza to Rabbit Road several years ago to escape the city fees for police assistance, is tentatively set to move back to the Plaza.

Danica Tutush Girard, this year's director of the race, and John Pollak, president of the Striders, met with city officials, who in no time at all got a positive response from City Manager Isaac Pino about a Striders' proposal to move the popular race back to the center of Santa Fe.

Details of a cooperative arrangement between the Striders and City Hall, which would include some sort of partnership to sponsor the race, remain to be worked out. So far, however, the chances of an agreement satisfactory to both sides seem good.

The current plans call for both a 5K and a 10K at the Run-Around.

We then went to the pre-race spaghetti dinner, ate, got race information, and freebies. Then it was time for bed.

I knew sleep was important but I couldn't sleep. The buses would start to take people over between 4-5:30 a.m. I was afraid that I would oversleep. I finally fell asleep around 10 p.m., and I woke up at 4:35. We were out of the hotel by 5, and I was on the bus by 5:10 a.m.

It took about 35 minutes to get to the start. I immediately got in line for the bathrooms, and the wait took forever. I chatted with people in line. One of the runners volunteered to gather our drop-off bags and take them to the truck for the finish. By the time I reached the bathroom, it was three minutes until the start. I got out with one minute to spare and found my spot in the crowd. The gun went off at 6:45 a.m. I →

Inside: Snowshoeing with Diana Hardy; Ode to Jerry Dorbin; and MUCH, MUCH MORE (well, pretty much more, anyway)

actually crossed the starting line about a minute and a half later.

It was still dark, and I ran my first mile too fast, but I felt too good. I was excited. I continued to run faster than I should have for the next two miles. The sun rose, and the chill started to dissipate. By Mile Three, I pitched my gloves because I was too warm.

Miles Four through Seven were fast for me. I was taking in the sights. I remember trying to keep up with a woman ahead of me who had long black hair to her waist. I remember seeing all the homemade signs for runners--"Go Nicki, go! You can do it." I remember looking out into the red, lunar-like landscape of St. George. And before I knew it I was running up a killer hill. I remember climbing and climbing, thinking it would never end. Then I realized that I had run too fast at the beginning. I would pay the price for it.

I slowed down during Miles Nine through Thirteen, but I was still running well. At Mile 13, nature called. I stopped for a bathroom.

At the half way point, I still felt good, and I actually saw a familiar face--Jon Foyt. I didn't expect to see anyone I knew from Santa Fe. You know you live in a small town when you run into someone you didn't expect even 800 miles away!

Miles 13 through 16 weren't too bad, except that I started to feel a pinching in my toes on my left foot. I decided to ignore it. By the time I reached Mile 17, I was really having trouble with it. After I reached Mile 18, I decided to walk for a little bit. It was hard to get started again when I wanted to run. I made myself run until Mile 20.

I had asked my husband to be at Mile 20. He couldn't be there because they won't let spectators onto the course. After a steep downhill stretch, I walked again. Now it was getting REALLY hard to start running. I started to alternate between walking and running. I would get inspired each time I saw a mile marker within sight, and tried to run as long as I could. I could feel my survival shuffle kicking in--it wasn't pretty.

I finally saw my husband at Mile 23, and seeing him, the crowds, and approaching the town gave my spirit a boost. I continued to walk/run, managing the most running I could. Although the temperature was probably in the low 40s when we started, it was in the high 70s near the end. I remember running through sprays of water, trying to cool down. Miles 24 and 25 seemed to drag on FOREVER. Then finally I was at the LAST mile. Now I was running no matter how slow I was.

"Just another half mile," someone in the crowd yelled. I hung onto those words. Finally, I turned the last corner. "How much longer?" I asked someone. He told me it was five blocks. I started to count the blocks. Five...one down and I could now see the finish. Four...not too much more. Three...if I could just finish THREE more blocks without dying I would be so happy. Two...I'm almost there. One...I'm going to cross the finish line. FINALLY I crossed the finish line and walked through a tunnel of water. I was exhausted but exhilarated.

I received my finisher's medal and looked for Jim, but he wasn't there. I continued to walk around. I got water and →

food. I signed up for a massage, but the wait was FOREVER. I continued to walk and look for him. I collected my post-race bag. Then I finally found Jim, after about 40 minutes. I decided to forego the massage because the wait was another hour and a half. But to my surprise, Jim had switched hotels while I was at the race. There was a Jacuzzi and a bottle of champagne waiting for me at the end!

After five years of aspirations, it took me 4 hours, 30 minutes and 11 seconds to complete. It was worth it. Next time I'm going to do even better.

--Danica Tutush Girard

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OH NO! NOT THAT!

For Striders who haven't sent in their 1995 dues, this will be the last newsletter we'll be able to send. If you haven't renewed your membership, please mail in the \$15 dues and waiver form in this newsletter. Don't forget to sign the waiver; the Road Runners Club of America--or, more likely, its insurance lawyers--require it.

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## NEAR-MISS IN MARATHON

Tacoma (Washington) runner Stan Grochowski, a former Santa Fe resident who has been a faithful Striders member for many years, just missed his goal of breaking 3 hours in the marathon. At the Portland Marathon, he posted a time of 3:01:02. Stan thought for most of the race that he'd meet his goal but then struggled in the 23d and 24th mile. He set a PR.

He also ran a marathon in Seattle, on what he described as a cold, gray, windy day, and finished in 3:08:27. The last four miles were a death march, Stan reports. He's decided to regroup in his quest for a sub-3 marathon and may try again this spring.

## MARCH MEETING

The next Striders meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 14, at the home of Elaine Coleman, 899 Zia Rd. The potluck will start at 7 p.m., and the business meeting will follow. Everyone is welcome.

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## Duking it out with Life

Let's lace the leather up and slug it out with all that life serves up to us today.

Let's pull the laces tight and Duke it out with hot asphalt and heat along the way.

Let's end the race the way we started out today, with grit, and guts, and glory all

along the glory way; and neither ignore the pain, the sore, the agony, nor

the rest that is in store for us today.

--Michael G. Sutin



## 1995 Started Out With A STOMP

A snowshoe stomp, that is. One...no, make it two, snowshoe events to commence the year. The first event was the 1st annual 5K Snow Shoe Race hosted by Team New Mexico, held at Black Canyon campgrounds on January 14. This event can be described as, "a class of its own"; more explanation on this later. The second event was the 2nd annual 4.5 mile Snowshoe Classic hosted by Craig Heacock, held near the Borrego Trail trailhead on January 28.

The Snowshoe Classic was an exemplary event! The day was sunny with clear weather conditions and fresh snow had fallen a few days before. More participants arrived this year than last year including: Tom and Melissa Sobal, a couple from Leadville, CO.; Lesley White, a nationally ranked biathlon (run and shoot) athlete; and more faces from the local areas of Santa Fe, Los Alamos, and Albuquerque. A competitive spirit was definitely present prior to the race.

The course itself was ideal, no complaints! Admittedly, if this event was your first time snowshoeing and on this trail, then the course could be hard. The overall course followed a counter-clockwise triangle. The first part, from the RV park to the Borrego trailhead, was narrow with all the people packed together; bushwhack, like Craig described! Yet we had spread out some when we arrived at the Borrego Trail. The course meandered downhill for about a mile, bearing to the right of a fork. It then went gradually uphill to crest a saddle. Switch backs led down, past a stream crossing, where it turned left. It then went downhill through a meadow, through more woods, along

side the stream. Eventually, it turned left again and re-crossed the stream. There was more downhill for about 1/4 mile until finally you reach the mile plus uphill portion back to the finish. To get back, you can either do a walk/run; or if you have the mindset: put yourself in automatic pilot, set a comfortable pace, and shuffle your way back. Eventually, the course combines with the path leading out, with about a 1K left to go. Soon the trailhead appears; then the trailhead parking lot. Turn right and hop up the embankment to the bushwhack trail, keep going past the porta potties...YOU'RE DONE!

The finish times were quite impressive! New course records reduced last year's times. For the men, Tom Sobal set a new time of 36:11 compared to 41:46. For the women, Lesley White beat last year's time of 57:16 with her astounding time of 43:01. Most of the people I spoke with afterwards improved their times including: Dale, Jim W., Lyle, Craig, Carl, June, and myself. Some tidbits: Jim W. had to retrieve his snowshoe, and congratulations to Tove Shere for winning the snowshoe door prize. Next year's race will be an occasion to anticipate with even more improvements in the finish times! I, for one, was still exhausted from the 5K Snow Shoe Race done two weeks prior.

The Snow Shoe Race was an outstanding event too! The day was sunny and the weather great. In comparison, the day was warmer. The crowd of fifty participants for the 5K were all from the local areas.

The overall course was the Black Canyon loop, counter-clockwise, with an out and back adventure to the summit of

## 1995 Started Out With A STOMP

a nearby hill. The race started close to the entrance of the Black Canyon park. The course went gradually uphill through the picnic area, bearing to the right, up some gradual switch backs. In less than a mile, the course turned left to tread the slope sideways. Eventually we met a course marshal who warned us of a big hill approaching. "Did anyone run this part?" After trudging up this hill about 1/2 to 3/4 mile, we reached the saddle. The course turned left and followed along the ridge line to another hill. "What?!" Now to huff and puff up to the summit. At the top, we met a friendly face who had water for us. "Thank you!" Going back down was the fun part. For the top hill, most of us could run a step, slide, run another step, slide, etc., until we reached the saddle. Then we reached the lower hill. The protocol here was to: run a step, slide, fall down, use your hands as momentum to slide until your snowshoe claw caught the ground, get up, run another step, slide, fall down, etc., all the way down. "Wheeeee!" Soon we befriended the first course marshal who was laughing; he told us to turn right to get back onto the loop. The course followed downhill along side the canyon, until we reached the picnic area. To finish: reach down within yourself and surge!

Congratulations to the overall winners of Craig Heacock with his time of 34:22; and to Lefty Folkman of Cedar Crest with her time of 49:30. This race was indeed an initiation to the snowshoe sport! The only complaint about the course is that the same path was used going up and down both hills. We had to proceed cautiously with the uphill runners yielding to the downhill runners.

See You Next Year!

-- *Lions Hardy*

## WELCOME ABOARD

New Striders members this year include Jessica L. Sutin, Ron Pomeroy, Nancy Everist, John Polk, John F. Jennings, Virginia LaForme, Micheline Devaurs, Elaine Flower, John Rives, Michael G. Sutin, Jon M. Brown, John Vestal, John J. Maloney and Robert Mihalek.

All members are welcome at our monthly meetings, which include some business and lots of good potluck dishes.

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### SENIOR POWER

The winning coed team in the 60-64 age group at the first Pajarito Winter Quadrathlon, held Feb. 5, was "The Mature Victors," consisting of Striders Michael G. Sutin and Saul Cohen with Anne-Lise Cohen.

### MT. TAYLOR RESULTS

Carl Gable turned in a time of 4:39 at the Mt. Taylor Quadrathlon. He was 22d in the 30-39 age group. (Carl also ran an impressive 1:24:43 at the Tucson 1/2 marathon on Jan. 8, for a place of 20th overall and 6 of 22 in the 35-39 group.)

At Mt. Taylor, Strider member Kim Bear teamed up with Todd Kurth to take third place in the mixed category with a time of 4:38:27.

### TELEPHONE MENU

Thanks to a new Striders communications system, you may now access club officials in the following manner:

For John Pollak, president, press 983-2144.

For Elaine Coleman, vice president, press 983-9747.

For Graydon Anderson, treasurer, press 989-1633.

For Tom Day, newsletter editor, press 473-3159.

## Ode to jbd

by Graydon Anderson

Ere pen on parchment first left its mark,  
one spoke in rhyme of universal themes...  
The quest of man to know himself.  
Or, deeper still, to speak to gods,  
and know the stuff of dreams.

Now Homer's fame is bound in ink.  
His words revered, for he the human plight  
reveals.  
Our never-ending odysseys, our fatal flaws...  
(the very sinews of our heels).

Will Shakespeare graced another stage,  
became the Bard,  
and bard as a word was lost to posterity.  
Who ere or since so touched the heart of  
man?  
(The muses' gift s'valued for its rarity).

How can modern man's dim bulb be seen  
amid antiquity's great lights?  
Essayed I,  
"The race's the thing,"  
"O that these too-tired legs would melt,"  
"Alas, poor Nikes, they're shot to hell..."  
This doesn't work... The poet's a jerk  
who'd pen such fetid doggerel!  
(Notice that the rhyme scheme gets a little  
ragged here)

Despairing, I searched for sage so able as  
to unfold the wordsmith's art for me.  
Then, perusing my daily mail,  
Eureka! Found him! -jbd.

Grandiosity's not where it's at, his words  
implied.  
A poem could be found wherever one  
looked.  
Like in choosing pousse-cafe or juice, say,  
or that, in cooking a goose, one's goose is  
cooked!

Think not that I mock, 'tis not my intent.  
I speak of a friend as perfect as a friend can  
be.  
Please let me close with this comment...  
I think that I shall never see  
A poet whose rhyme and meter are as good  
as those of jbd.

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### UPCOMING RACES

March 18, Pecos Valley  
Stampede, 1/2 marathon, 5K and  
10K, Roswell, 624-0257.

March 25, Run Old Mesilla, 5  
and 10K, 5K walk, Las Cruces,  
Dan Shepan, 524-7824.

April 2, TV-I run, 5 and 10K,  
2-mile walk, Ed Green, 246-  
8175.

April 9, Run for Recovery, 5  
and 10K, 2-mile walk, Gil's,  
268-6300.



(Stolen from Master Runners Unltd.,  
which used it without permission.)

## NEW COURSE, NICE WEATHER MAKE FOR A PLEASANT CORRIDA

Another successful, though lately misnamed, Corrida de Los Locos was held on a warm, sunny day in early February. The course was as well-designed as the Tom's Sports T-shirts that have become a high point of the annual race. The course began down a tree-lined entrance to the Downs and then followed a sort of Jeep trail onto a nice paved downhill. It eventually turned on to a cul de sac and then came back to the paved road, past the stables, up a steep hill and down a bit to the finish.

As one runner remarked after the race, the course, even though it ended where it started, seemed to have more downhill than uphill.

The course was officially described as 4.1 miles long, but another measurement put it at 4.4. Some runners' times indicated that course was closer to the former than the latter.

Runners received doughnuts and other post-race training food from the Italian Kitchen Fresh Bakery. The Old Mexico Grill provided gift certificates that were raffled off.

Before the race got under way, race director Dave Sneesby apologized for the nice weather. There were no major glitches, although there has been a suggestion that more traffic control is needed at the point near the end of the race where runners turned into the stables.

Sneesby did report that a runner told him after the race that some runners cut the course by failing to run the dirt cul de sac.

Among the Striders helping out with the race were Graydon Anderson, who with his daughter, Maggie, hosted the pre-race packet-stuffing and pizza-eating

party; Elaine Coleman, who handled the task of getting publicity for the race; Mike Guttman, in charge of the flyers; the Pollaks, John, Nancy and Justin, finish-line managers par excellence; Dale and Kenny Goering, who helped with the course; and Diana Hardy and Jim Westmoreland, in charge of post-race refreshments. To anyone who has been left out, thanks as well.

Financially, according to Graydon Anderson, the Striders' treasurer, the club roughly broke even on the race.

Adam Brasel led the men's field with a time of 24:23, and J. Edwards led the women in 27:38. Age group award-winners were:



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### PUT IT ON PAPER

Contributions from members make a runners' newsletter worth reading. The thoughts you have about our sport will be of interest to other runners. Send your stories, poems or other contributions by the 25th of the

month to Tom Day, 2260 Calle de Arce, Santa Fe, NM 87505. Call me at 473-3159 if you have any questions.



Women

14 and under: Kim Romero, 33:42; Laura Addessio, 34:57; Tiffany Schofield, 36:10; Maggie Anderson, 41:24; Siri Kuiper, 43:37; Jennifer Foster (no time available). 15-19: Emily Schultz, 35:50; Anna Morzinsky, 35:53; Beth Jagnow, 36:14. 20-29: Mary Uhl, 28:49; Mary Smith, 29:55; Danica Tutush Girard, 35:12. 30-39: Noelle Stenger, 27:59; Amy Anderson, 29:56; Diana Hardy, 30:16; Carolyn Lee, 39:25; Elizabeth Lee, 39:57. 40-49: Kathy Kirsling, 34:18; Barbara Severs, 34:41; Elaine Flower, 34:49; Brenda De Rosier, 35:05; Lucy Fox, 36:11. 50-59: Elaine Coleman, 44:22; Pat Boring, 44:25; Emmy Hopson, 45:12; Barbara Addessio, 48:41; Elaine Ells, 50:50. 60+: Carmen Montoya, 43:53; Mary Kirsling (no time available).

Men

14 and under: Cameron Stark, 47:08. 15-19: Scott Gerliach, 26:38; Nick Reeves, 28:06; Paul Morrison, 28:53; Donald Maloy, 34:31. 20-29: Paul Rochford, 26:05; Mathew Desmond, 28:51. 30-39: Peter Fant, 25:24; David Sandoval, 25:28; Duncan Hammon, 25:38; Dan Anaya, 27:56; Richard Curry, 28:12. 40-49: Lyle Amer, 25:49; Jim Westmoreland, 25:57; Ron Valdez, 26:51; Tom Williams, 26:56; Ernest Casados, 27:55. 50-59: Sean McCormick, 27:49; David Giles, 28:57; Robert Werner, 29:19; Tom Day, 31:52; Stan Kosiewicz, 32:11. 60+: Dale Goering, 29:33; John Polk, 31:17; Jerry Dorbin, 42:55. Among others competing were Phil Pannabecker, 28:45; Sal De Bari, 28:47; Paul Maudlin, 29:12; George Croshaw, 29:28; Stephen Seitz, 31:26; Jim Hannan, 31:36; Mike Guttman, 34:32; Chester Rail, 35:30; Mary Platts, 36:36; Donna Berg, 36:40; Graydon Anderson, 36:51.

**THE REVENGE OF THE WORDS**

I have this friend who's spastic,  
Who has trouble with heavy meals  
And with matters enterogastric  
And, betweentimes, Pacific eels.

He belches in public meetings.  
He sometimes berps in charch.  
He's been victim of countless beatings  
At the hands--or the fins--of perch.

His complex carbo diet is incompletely browned  
And he rolls his eyes at steaks.  
You wouldn't want to be around  
To hear the sounds his stomach makes.

So let's make certain he's sent to cloisters  
Before the whole darned room is gassed,  
And then we'll fight to remain on oysters  
Until the last white wine is passed.



### CLUB MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION 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 or carelessness on the part of the persons named in this waiver.

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SIGNATURE

DATE

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PARENTS' SIGNATURE if under 18 yrs. DATE

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State : \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose \$15.00 for annual membership fees. 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 P.O. Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504.