



Mile Markers



We Give You the Run-Around

Sept. 1995 Vol. 17, No. 7

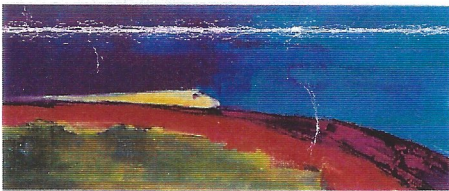
P.O. Box 1818, Santa Fe, N.M. 87504

SANTA FE MOUNTAIN RUNNING--IN FICTION AND IN FACT

An excerpt from Striders' Jon and Lois Foyt's swift-paced first novel

-Sam, a history professor from New Mexico, who earlier participated in the annual race to the radio towers, has just learned of the death in Switzerland of his billionaire step-father, Trevor Thomson-

LAST TRAIN FROM MENDRISIO



Jon and Lois Foyt

CHAPTER SIX

Sam took off the white viewing gloves required to handle historic documents and returned the primary-source letters to the librarian. Leaving the Palace of the Governors, he donned his Stetson and walked along the building's portico, where the Indians squatted on blankets presenting their silver and turquoise jewelry to tourists.

Penny's phone call with news of Trevor's death and her prediction his life was about to change had shocked him into thinking about his future. His senses were already hyperventilating from the stimulus of his

BIG TESUQUE RUN SEPT. 17

The easiest way to get to the top of the mountain, in the Big Tesuque Run, is to catch a ride with Dale and Kenny Goering, who drive up. At the halfway point of the race--12,000 feet up--they offer water and split times to runners.

The next best way may be Diana Hardy's. Instead of thinking of the race as one big mountain to climb, Diana breaks the run into sections. It helps her mentally, since she can say, as she finishes the sections, "I made it this far...I made it this far...I made it this far."

The first, and in Diana's mind the hardest, section is the first mile and a half--to the runaround point of the 5K. The section, which has some steep hills, is also tough on the way down.

The next section ends after the aid station, when the road veers sharply left up a very steep hill. The third section takes you to the end of a tree area.

Then there's a clear space, which includes a "false peak." Following that is a short, rocky section.

Next to last is another area with trees, followed by the final climb to the true peak.

The total climb is 2,200 feet in 5.8 miles. Then you run down the way you came.

An entry form for the race, scheduled at 9 a.m. Sunday, Sept. 17, is included in this newsletter.

Striders won both the women's and the men's overall races at the Eldorado Run for the Gold, held Aug. 26.

The first-ever event, a fund-raiser for a track at Eldorado Elementary School, seemed to have as many generous sponsors as the New York City Marathon.

Runners who placed in each age group in the 5K run received dinners for two. For the kids--who turned out in force for a 1-mile run--there were Nambe ware medals equivalent to those traditionally awarded at the Old Santa Fe Trail Run.

Then there were random prizes and, of course, t-shirts for all participants.

Some of the extremely fast 5K times may be traced

to the fact that due to one of those mixups, runners were kindly allowed to cross the finish line after about 2.9 miles.

Craig Heacock was the first male finisher, with a time of 15:15. Diana Hardy was the first female finisher, in 18:19.

Other results were:

Women: Tish Hamilton, second place, 30-39, 20:20; Patricia Shain, third place, 30-39, 21:03; Barbara Severs, first, 40-49, 21:35; Elaine Coleman, first, 50-59, 27:30.

Men: Eric Erb, first, 40-49, 15:55; Jim Westmoreland, second, 40-49, 16:48; Jim Gay, third, 50-59, 26:38; Dale Goering, first, 60 and over, 19:47.

THE CORKSCREW COURSE

I think I intended a personal best
But ran into trouble at once.
At 5K, innocuous pain in my chest,
By seven, bad weather confronts.

No matter which corner I turn the force
Of headwind is full in my face.
Regardless how roundly I loop the course
It's uphill the whole goddamn race.

(anon.)

Mid-week Runs

Wednesday night runs begin at 6 p.m. summer and winter. Runners meet at the Palace of the Governors across the street from the Spitz clock on the Plaza. Everyone is invited, and runners cover the 5- to 7-mile runs at a variety of paces.



Dale's Peak

Dale Goering broke the Pike's Peak record in the 65 and over age group with a time of 3:23:25. The old record was 3:24:15.

The 13.4-mile course climbs a total of 7,500 feet. More than 2,000 feet of that comes in the last three, extremely tough miles.

With those three miles to go, Dale figured out that he could break the record if he got to the finish line in another 1:06. He managed it, which won't surprise those familiar with his determination.

Dale did OK at La Luz, too, winning the 65 and over age group with a time of 1:59:45. He's done the mountain run eight or nine times and won his age group several times in the last few years.

At the New Mexico Senior Olympics, held at Las Cruces in August, Dale took first place in the 65 and over age group 5K with a time of 21:15.

He qualified for the Las Cruces race by posting the best time in his age group in time trials at the Santa Fe High School track in June. When Dale showed up at the Santa Fe High School track, he found that the other runners had run the day before. So he ran by himself to get the winning time and qualify for the statewide meet.

+++++

Stories, Results Wanted

Articles, poems and other contributions to Mile Markers should be sent to Tom Day, 2260 Calle de Arce, Santa Fe 87505. You'll be amazed at the response you get when your work is printed in Mile Markers.

Also, race results are always welcome. Don't be modest.

The deadline for contributions is the 25th of each month. Call me at 473-3159 if you have any questions.

+++++

PULLIAM RUN RESULTS

Strider women won both the 5K and the 10K races at the Aug. 6 Sylvia M. Pulliam Memorial Run.

Dagny Scott took the 10K for the third year in a row, posting a time of 41:01. Shirley Van Slooten won the 5K in 19:58.

Other Pulliam runners were, in the 10K:

--Paul Scott, fifth man overall, with a time of 41:27.6. He was third in his 30-39 age group.

--Jon Foyt, third in the 60 and over age group, 1:01:50.

--Patricia Shain, third overall woman and first in the 30-39 age group, 49:21.

Other runners in the 5K were:

--Danica Girard, sixth woman overall, first in the 20-29 age group, 25:52.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

another newsletter

^^

Give 'Em A Call

Striders president, John Pollak, 983-2144

Vice president, Elaine Coleman, 983-9747

Treasurer, Graydon Anderson, 438-1872

Newsletter editor, Tom Day, 473-3159.

^^

arduous mountain race. He needed an aid station, or better, he needed the comfort of a family.

Most people belonged to families with mothers and fathers, but he was a stepchild who never saw his real father, could recollect only a few years of his mother, and never knew his stepfather.

He crossed Palace Avenue, dodging the cars, and entered the Plaza. He chose a bench beside the weather-worn American Civil War monument. The Confederate flag had flown here for two weeks in 1862.

The spectre of Spanish conquistadores riding into the Plaza four hundred years earlier danced across his mind. He envisioned their banners trailing in the wind and their horses snorting at the Indians, the strange unfamiliar beasts frightening the Native Americans half to death.

Oh, Sam pined, to be transported by a time machine. To travel back, and observe the first intrepid colonists as their oxen arrived from Mexico pulling their crude wooden *carreras* laden with essentials to begin their new colony.

Yes, Sam thought, he and Trevor did have something in common. Each of them would have ridden with those early explorers, Trevor to exploit, seeking gold, scheming to siphon it off from its lawful destination---the Spanish king and his royal court. And he, Sam, to learn the story of what actually took place when European civilization first confronted the culture of these American prehistory peoples.

Sam recalled an earlier visit to the city when he and Judith sat on the same bench in the Plaza and decided to return to live in Santa Fe, their childhood home. Perhaps the lure was the mud houses, or maybe it was the absurdity of the dirt streets. But for Judith it was the music, the art, the prestige of it all. For her it was a belonging, a warmth they had been without during their parentless upbringing.

His reminiscing was interrupted by the distinctive music of the *mariachi* street band, the melodious sound from its brass instruments and guitars filling the Plaza.

Too noisy here to telephone, so he crossed the Old Santa Fe Trail and bounded up the stairs to the roof garden of the La Fonda, the inn at the end of the trail. From there he could see the still snow-capped Sangre de Cristo Mountains looking down on the Cathedral of St Francis, protecting Bishop Lamy's nineteenth-century architectural concoction.

His mind floated back again. He was a little boy and Trevor was standing over him, speaking. A smaller Judith, her blonde hair tumbling over her shoulders, was clutching his hand as she stood crying by his side. It was autumn in Santa Fe and the white-barked aspen up on the mountains were as golden as Trevor's wedding ring flashing from the bright sunlight as his hand passed in front of Sam's face. Trevor's hand rested on Sam's little shoulder, unremovable, squeezing too hard and too unfatherly.

From overhead Trevor's deep voice reverberated down. "Samuel, my boy, your dear mother has gone to her reward in heaven. Before she left she asked me to take care of you and Judith...financially."

Sam hadn't known what "financially" meant, but he knew it didn't mean playing football, or taking walks in the snow together, or picking apples from one of the orchards along the Rio Grande in late summer. And Sam had begun to cry, returning the lonely squeeze from Judith's hand. He remembered feeling lost. He had no mother, no father, and now there was a strange man whom he had seldom seen and barely knew grasping his shoulder. He wanted to die, to take Judith with him, to travel with his mother to this "final reward" place, to see her again, to laugh with her and feel her love. In the peace of a faraway and serene place he might find his real father. And there Judith could grow to become as beautiful as her mother.

After his mother's funeral and with only a strange stepfather who had promptly left, Sam realized he and Judith would be emotionally on their own. Afterwards they only heard from Trevor when there was a change of governesses. So Sam vowed he would always look after Judith. And he had. And Judith had grown up to be as pretty as he remembered their mother.

Sam often wondered how his mother had managed to trick old Trevor, not telling him she had two little children, and later presenting them as darling little surprise wedding presents. Perhaps Trevor had always wanted children, and Lillian had an intuitive feeling he would accept her children.

Sam punched out Judith's mobile number. She promptly answered, readily volunteering without waiting to find out who was calling, "I'm in my red Range Rover, driving to La Tierra."

Sam laughed, amused at his sister. In her mid-thirties, she had had no enduring relationships with men. Material possessions and the impressions they

broadcast were important: imported cars, an adobe home on ten acres in a chic new development, its interiors furnished in Santa Fe style and adorned with Acoma Pueblo pottery and contemporary art from the right local galleries. Outward expressions of culture and wealth announced the social heights to which she had risen, reinforcing her self-esteem, difficult enough to nurture when a woman has grown up an orphan.

(Continued on Page 5)

LAST TRAIN FROM MENDRISIO

(CONTINUED)

Likely, he thought, she'd spread the news of Trevor's death and her inheritance to her Opera Guild circles. Given the size of her half of the estate, she'd be invited to sit on the prestigious board of the School of American Research, joining select others of the world-class rich.

+++

Strider members Jon and Lois Foyt collaborate on their novels, expressing viewpoints of both genders.

Published earlier this year in England, Last Train From Mendrisio is now available in local bookstores. Strider member Greg Ohlsen of Garcia Street Books has stocked a limited supply of autographed copies.

Jon and Lois' second novel, Postage Due, a story also set partly in Santa Fe, has just been released and is also available locally.

Their third novel, Marathon, My Marathon, chronicling a most unique cross-border marathon that celebrates the 100th anniversary of the re-birth of the modern Olympic Games, set in, of all places, Marathon, Texas and Boquillas, Coahuila, is to be published in California in early 1996.

)))))))))((((((((((((((((

September Meeting

The Striders haven't done a consistent job over the years in recognizing the sponsors that back our races. Ways to improve this recognition will be discussed at the September meeting.

The meeting will be at Kenny and Dale Goering's house on Tuesday, Sept. 12. To get to their place, go out the Old Las Vegas Highway. Three miles past the intersection with Rodeo Road, turn left on Ute Circle, which is across from Nine-Mile Road. Theirs is the second driveway on the left. If you get lost call them at 983-6616.

The potluck will be at 7 p.m. and the business meeting at 8.

Race Against Cancer

Jim Westmoreland took first place in the 40-49 age category at the 10K Making Strides Against Women's Cancer run, with a time of 38:29.8. In the 5K, for women only, Shirley Van Slooten was the overall winner with a time of 20:08.

Other Striders and their times were, in the 5K:

Diana Hardy, second woman overall, 21:02; Barb Dutrow, fifth overall, first in the 30-39 group, 22:25; Tish Hamilton, 23:55; Lynn Pickard, second, 40-49, 24:34; Micheline DeVours, 24:41; Catherine Morlock, 29:46; Kenny Goering, first, 60-69, 32:42; Elaine Coleman, third, 50-59, 34:57.

Other Striders in the mixed 10K race were Jered Sneesby, 39:50; Paul Scott, 39:53.4; Carl Gable, 40:25.1; Jim Hannan, 47:56.3; Dave Sneesby, 48:36; Mike Guttman, 49:24.4; John Jennings, 49:32; Micheline DeVours, 50:53.

The race, on a tough course at Las Campanas, was held Aug. 12.

UPCOMING RACES

Sept. 17, Big Tesuque Run, 11.6 miles, Jim Fisher, 455-0259

Oct. 1, Duke City marathon, half-marathon, 20K walk, 5K run/walk, 890-1018.

Oct. 8, Corrida de Taos, 5K, 10K, 2 mile walk, Gil's, 268-6300.

Oct. 15, 25 mile, 5-person relay, Gil's, 268-6300.

Oct. 22, Corrales Harvest Festival, 5K run, walk, Gil's, 268-6300.

Oct. 22, Albuquerque AIDS 10K walk, Jerry Small, 242-7508.

Oct. 29, Carrie Tingley 5 and 10 K, 5K walk, James Buckles, 243-6625.

On Ultra Running

What's it like to run an ultra? Well, I seem to have forgotten one of the attributes of ultrarunners, short term memory. It's only been a year now since I last ran more than 8 hours, and I didn't correctly remember what it was like. Maybe that's why we keep doing these things. Anyhow, here's the tidbits that I had written down before my brain cells turned to mush.

A typical mountain trail ultra consists of a mixture of physical hardships, physical hazards, navigating, incredible scenery, and that endless internal dialogue. The physical accounts for only about 5% - 10%. During an ultra, even a mere 50 miler, you will go thru some of the most incredible highest highs a person can experience. You will also go into some of the darkest black holes a person can dig for themselves. All of this is absolutely voluntary, something you set out for yourself to do.

At the start of an ultra, there tends to be a lot of bravado and joking. You run along through the miles, an excellent running machine, totally out there in the world. Then reality sets in after a few hours as to where you are and what you are doing. I absolutely freaked when we reversed directions after 2 hours at the Durango 24 hour track run. Two hours done, but that means that I have to be out here **22 MORE HOURS!** It took me the next 22 miles to crawl out of the hole I dug for myself. I finally got into the groove, started enjoying the running in the cool night air and even picked up the challenge.

By mid ultra, most runners have no great expectations and enjoy simple pleasures. Usually all the runners expect is to get to the next aid station by the cut-off time and to enjoy the pleasures of a chocolate bar or piece of fresh fruit. We focus on short term goals and try to stay in the here and now. If you let your mind wander too much, you can find yourself face down in the rocks somewhere.

Toward the end of longer ultras for most of us, our legs have long since given up and said we don't want to do this crap no more. The body and mind have turned to mush. Emotions are like raw hamburger. Attitude and expectations become the biggest factors. If you have set overly ambitious goals for yourself, out of line with your physical capabilities, then your expectations can eat you alive at the end of an ultra. Your own expectations can be far worse than the trail or the physical hardships, and can suck you of any pleasure you may have gotten from the event. If you develop a bad attitude, you can talk yourself into a DNF real easily. Except in the case of physical injury, you don't start calculating the cost/benefit ratio of finishing. You try to stop the internal dialogue from turning to whining, and God help you if it turns to whimpering. You can laugh, cry, cuss, or freak out. A sense of humor helps cut down on the cussing and freaking out. One rule to remember that helps is; it never always gets worse, it sometimes will get better. Runners are permitted to mumble to themselves and mutter out loud and frequently do. Singing is definitely encouraged.

Sleep deprivation: A few ultrarunners are susceptible to problems with sleep deprivation and I have heard some real good stories from other runners about hallucinations. I don't seem to have much trouble, at least on courses that are always new and different. I do remember sitting down on a rock and nodding off from boredom at 11000 feet in the snow zone at 3 AM my third time up Pikes Peak. I had to struggle to tell myself that snow drifts were not supposed to be used as pillows. At the end of this same 100 miler after 39&1/2 hours I came in, sat down, and rapped very coherently with the run director for the next 2 hours. He was tired and wanted to go take a nap so I had to go find my tent and go to sleep. I'm convinced that our bodies can manufacture their own natural versions of amphetamines.

Continued on Page 7)

On Ultra Running Continued

With mountain trail ultras there comes the BEAUTY. You don't need to stop and play tourist. As the hours and days go by, the grandeur and the miniature both impress themselves upon you. Mighty mountains, roaring water falls, tiny creeks, fields of flowers, bird calls, all sink deep into your bones. Mother Nature is a powerful artist, as one of her many talents. There is an incredible world out there, that you a mere puny human are traversing thru.

The BEAUTY and the SIMPLE PLEASURES sometimes make the entire trip, the hard work and effort worth it. To see sunrise the second morning from top of Handies Peak or Pikes Peak just makes you smile. To be coming back into town at Leadville as the morning sun in the east lights up the fresh snow on Mt Massive, and to know that you were back there in the midst of it a few hours earlier is hard to believe. To be a 3 year old kid again and do a 3000 foot butt slide down the side of Pikes Peak; most people would pay big money for such a privilege.

Teamwork and support: Usually ultras have aid stations every several hours. I have found the volunteers there are friendly, helpful, and do every thing they can to help you get on down the road. You are all part of one big happy team and yours is to do the running part. Yours is the glory part. No one really cares how long it takes you, within reason, they just want you to finish. If you don't finish you sort of let the whole team down.

Some ultras permit crews, handlers, or pacers. As the runner you become captain, dictator, and small helpless child of a team. The crew becomes servants waiting on your every wish and your pacer becomes a human donkey. They do all the work, you get all the credit. Crew and pacers are permitted and/or expected to lavish all manner of physical and emotional support on the runner; EXCEPT they can not be obligated to make the decision to drop out. The

responsibility for finishing or a DNF is exclusively that of the runner and can not be delegated.

ULTRA RUNS MAKE US MORE HUMAN.

In an ultra you become more aware of your own frailness as well as your strengths. If you have done many ultras at all, you develop a sense of compassion for your fellow runners and the volunteers. When you have rubbed elbows for 25 hours, day and night, over 60 miles with another runner, you know how they think, what they feel, and where they hurt. Even though there may have been few spoken words. When you have walked in each others' foot steps for 2 days and most of 2 nights, the level of bonding and mutual support you develop is closer than some husbands and wives ever reach.

Then comes the bitter sweetness of the awards ceremony and concluding gathering. The people you have been on the trail with are your friends. Ultrarunners are a close knit community, but scattered all over the country. You don't know if you will ever see these people again in your life. While nowhere near the level of pain which could be brought on by the parting of Vietnam buddies who had been on many missions together, the parting of ultrarunners after the awards gathering brings on a deep sense of loss and separation. I don't know of many other modern day equivalents, that I really care to go thru, that can bring on this deep heartfelt sense of pain and loneliness.

Well, I need to go run and get ready for the next one.

Run Long And Have Fun
Jim Fisher

BIG TESUQUE RUN FOURTH ANNUAL

Sponsored In Part By
San Francisco Street Bar & Grill
Santa Fe Screenprinters
Santa Fe Striders
Jim Fisher, Quarks Unlimited

Special Thanks To
USDA Forest Service
Wild Oats Community Markets
La Forme Enterprises

LOCATION: Start/finish in the Santa Fe National Forest at Aspen Vista overlook about 1&1/2 miles below the Santa Fe ski basin on SR475 (the Santa Fe ski basin road, also Hyde State Park road).
Allow 30 min driving time from Santa Fe to the event site.
Course: 4X4 dirt/rock road Elevation: 9800 - 12000

DATE & TIME: Sunday September 17, 1995 9AM
Round Trip - 11.6 Miles

Age Categories: Under 18, 18-29, 30-39, 40-49, 50-59, 60+
Cutoff times 1&1/2 hours for ascent, 2&1/2 hours for finish.

RECORDS: Open Women Sue Ashman-Smith (32) 1:32:35 1992
Men Craig Heacock (27) 1:19:01 1994
Masters Women Jody Visalli (46) 1:37:55 1992
Men Jim Westmoreland (41) 1:25:48 1992

Refreshments afterwards by **WILD OATS COMMUNITY MARKETS.**

Entry Till September 2: Members \$10 Nonmembers \$12
After September 2: Members \$15 Nonmembers \$17
Race day entry closes at 8:45 SHARP. Info: Jim Fisher 455-0259
Two doz medium, 3 doz large, 5 doz xl T-shirts are allocated for early entrants. Some 1994 t-shirts are available after that.
Send entry to: Jim Fisher; Rt11 Box 210X #130, Santa Fe, 87501

Name: _____ Sex _____
Address: _____ Age _____
City: _____ State _____ Zip: _____ Tag# _____
Santa Fe Strider Member _____ T-shirt M _____ L _____ XL _____ Paid _____

Waiver: I realize that this event involves high altitude athletic activities with potential medical hazards, such as edema, which could lead to incapacitation and death. I realize that mountain running involves hazards which can easily lead to broken bones, wrenched backs, concussions, paralysis, and death. I realize that I do not know all the potential hazards associated with an event of this nature and that the run organizers might not bring unknown hazards to my attention. I am aware that there may not be any medical personnel at the run site and to locate such persons and to bring them to the site will involve a long time delay. I am aware that should I need to be evacuated from the site, this will involve considerable time delay and great expense. I understand that the run management makes no guarantees of being able to account for all the participants and that should I become lost, ill, or injured, the run organizers may never even become aware of my condition. Knowing these things, I still voluntarily of my own free will and at my own risk am entering this event.

Knowing these things, I hereby for myself, my family, my friends, relatives, heirs, attorneys, agents, etcetera do release the organizers, volunteers, sponsors, other participants of this event, and the USDA Forest Service from any and all liability for anything undesirable which may occur to me as a result of my participation in this event. I further hereby authorize the organizers of this event, at their judgment and my expense, to obtain medical personnel for me and/or to transport me to a medical facility as might appear to be necessary. Finally, I know that entering this event is a stupid thing to do but I am going to do it anyway.

Signature _____ Date _____
Parent/Guardian _____



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.

SIGNATURE

DATE

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.

LOS ALAMOS TRIATHLON

Five Striders took part in the 21st annual Los Alamos Triathlon, held on Aug. 19. The race consisted of a 20K bike ride, 400 meter swim and 5K run.

Diana Hardy took first place among women in the 35-39 age group. Her times were 41:57 on the bike, 8:42 for the swim and 23:38 for the run for a total time of 1:14:17.57.

Donna Berg won the women's 50-54 age category. Her times were 46:19 on the bike, 12:21 for the swim and 28:01 for the run for a total time of 1:26:41.83.

In the men's 35-39 group, Paul Scott took second. His times were 35:18 on the bike, 8:26 for the swim and 22:32 for the run for a total time of 1:06:18.06.

Also in the men's 35-39, Jeremy Yang took 8th place. His times were 35:27 on the bike, 12:38 for the swim and 24:11 for the run for a total time of 1:12:16.92.

Kim Bear took second among women in the Clydesdale category, with times of 44:20 for the bike ride, 8:52 for the swim and 29:01 for the run, for a total time of 1:22:14.36.

Mile Markers

Santa Fe Striders
Post Office Box 1818
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87504



HARDY/ WESTMORELAND
2363 CAMINO CARLOS REY
SANTA FE NM 87505