



Mile Markers



We Give You the Run-Around

April 1996

Vol. 18, No. 4

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

"I FELT LIGHTHEADED, DIZZY, TOTALLY DEPLETED..."

(This month's Personal Worst is dedicated to local runners who have entered this year's historic Boston Marathon. Have fun.)

The Worst Boston

Of the ten Boston marathons I've run, the first one, in 1973, had to be the worst. It was my second marathon; I was thirty-nine years old, and had been running for two years. My début marathon, which qualified me for Boston, had been in Framingham (Massachusetts) the previous November. The weather then had been ideal for runners, which of course means miserable for spectators: about 55 degrees, with a light drizzle. Perfect. I ran 3:08 and finished strong. Piece o' cake. What's so hard about marathons?

(Continued on page 2)

FREE SPEED

Paul Scott, a Strider member, and a bunch of his pals are inviting everyone interested in picking up the pace to join them for Tuesday afternoon speedwork.

The pals include Janine Aiello, John Brown and Jeremy Yang. The place is Santa Fe High School, and the time is 5:30 p.m.

These sessions are designed for triathletes and for folks who just like to run. The sessions began in March, and the organizers are hoping that Strider members and others will feel free to join them.

Paul's number is 983-7816.



At Boston the next April the weather was ideal for spectators; this is, miserable for runners. At the traditional starting time of high noon, the temperature was in the 80's, and the sky was cloudless. There would be no shade on the course at any point during the race. Lovely day. But what did I know?

My goal was to break three hours. I started fast, and felt good. Halfway into the race I was right on target, with a time of 1:27. Still on target at the top of Heartbreak Hill, about 6:45 pace per mile. Six miles to go now, mostly downhill or flat. No problem.

Then things began to fall apart. With five miles to go I began to learn about marathoning. I had been running far too fast for the conditions, and my mistake was about to catch up with me. Marathons do not forgive the foolishness of inexperience. Like an engine running without oil, I began to seize up and slow down. The system was in rebellion. Stumbling like a drunk, I lurched and staggered down Commonwealth Avenue.

I have no memory of those last miles; I did not see or hear the crowds. Every little gray cell was focused inward, monitoring the body and trying to keep it going. I remember only looking ahead to the next utility pole or bulletin board and thinking, "I'll go that far—and then we'll see...."

Somehow I finished, and immediately on reaching the Prudential Center I hit the floor, and there I stayed for two full hours. I felt light-headed, dizzy, totally depleted. Whenever I tried to get up, my head would spin and I would fall back to the floor. Friends who had finished the race came and poured liquids into me, over me. I felt like death. Finally, I gathered the strength to stand up and move on.

My time? Same as Framingham, 3:08, good for 334th place. But the experience of the race was something else. This one *hurt*. I had been properly chastened. Marathoning was going to be more difficult than I had thought.

Bob French

(Get that Personal Worst out of your system by writing it down and sending it to Mile Markers, 2260 Calle de Arce, Santa Fe 87505.)

IT'S FLAT ON TOP

June Dickinson's annual run up La Bajada will be held this year on Sunday, April 28.

After a climb up a rough road from a park near the village of La Bajada, participants emerge onto the plateau that includes Santa Fe.

Some runners head back down the hill on a nearby road for a loop that totals 5.6 miles. Others take advantage of the easy running atop the plateau before heading back down.

This is a low-key affair to beat all low-key affairs. There are no numbers, times, places, awards or entry fees, and there is only enough organization to make sure everyone has a pleasant outing. After the run there is a picnic.

A map, with pictures and more information, is included in this newsletter.

APRIL MEETING

The Striders' monthly meeting and potluck will be held on Tuesday, April 9, at the home of Dale and Kenny Goering. The potluck begins at 7 p.m., and the meeting starts at 8 p.m.

To get to their house, 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. Their phone number is 983-6616.

UPCOMING RACES

April 14, Run for Recovery 5K and 10K, Albuquerque, 268-6300.

April 15, Boston Marathon.

April 20, Corrida de Espanola, 5K and 10K, 5K walk, 1-mile run/walk, 753-6064, 685-4646.

April 27, United Indian Runners 5K and 10K, SIPI, Albuquerque, 831-7214.

April 28, La Bajada fun run, 10 a.m., June Dickinson, 988-3428.

April 28, Turquoise Trail half-marathon, 5K, 20K relay, Albuquerque, 345-4274.

May 4, Shiprock Marathon, 327-5595.

May 4, Bandelier marathon, ultramarathon and eight-person marathon relay, White Rock, 6:30 a.m. Rene J. LeClaire Jr., 662-5215.

May 5, Run for the Zoo 5K and 10K, Albuquerque, 343-8552.

May 19, Cerrillos Devil's Throne 5K and 15K, 268-6300.

June 1, Santa Fe Run-Around, Santa Fe, 989-1819.

July 28, Las Vegas (N.M.) Triathlon, 9 a.m., Storrie Lake. 1.5K swim, 40K bike race, 10K run. First annual. David Lovelady, 425-7545.

WEDNESDAY RUNS

Wednesday night runs from the Plaza start at 6 p.m. The meeting place is at the Palace of the Governors, across from the Plaza clock.

Runners cover the 5-mile or so distance at a variety of paces, and everyone is welcome.

IT WAS STILL A P.R., DAMMIT THE SEQUEL

Bill and I shook hands the morning of the Reindeer Run 10km in Roswell, NM one year and three days after his vasectomy and a year after I narrowly beat him while setting a P.R. It went unspoken, but each of us knew that we would be tested by the other without benefit of excuses. Owing to knee problems my son wasn't running, but he came along as a spectator and hoped to see me set a new P.R. Although he rarely spoke of my few and modest running successes I knew that he was proud of me, for few youngsters of his acquaintance had fathers who stayed fit.

The first mile was a confusion of bodies with runners jockeying for position while other speeders who were running the two mile race which was being held simultaneously were adding to the confusion. After these latter runners turned back to finish their race the rest of us could see the competition and our relative positions. Bill and I were fairly close and ahead of us were two aggressive runners who were pulling away. Since it was too early to make radical adjustments I ignored them all and concentrated on staying smooth, swift, and on the edge of discomfort. Bill seemed comfortable with my pace, and we ran abreast while the two front runners continued to pull slowly away. Whatever was happening behind us was irrelevant because we were doing what we could do, and through miles two and three matters remained unchanged, except for the unexpected euphoria.

At certain times there is real pleasure in running with, even racing against, others of equal ability, for the singleness of purpose looms larger than individual intent and produces synchronized movement in stride, footfall, and breathing, as if one animating agency governs two distinct bodies, thus making them move gracefully, almost effortlessly, in unison. The sensation is one of

glorious well-being, even of beauty. But the balance of conditions required to maintain this magic is fragile, and it did not last.

After mile three Bill made the first move to establish dominance. Our course entered an arroyo and when going down it he picked-up his pace and bolted up the other side ahead of me while I remained steady, but like some flatland runners he failed to use the top of a hill to his advantage. He increased his exertions enough to move ahead of me going through the arroyo, but then he lowered them to recover his breath upon reaching the crest while I continued to exert the same energy throughout this obstacle, the result being that after this maneuver our positions on the other side of the arroyo were only insignificantly altered and easily made up. Now it was my turn. Did he lose something by that move? Concentrating on each breath and step I very deliberately and slowly increased my pace and moved ahead of him. Now my task was to hold this faster pace, and for a minute or more I could no longer hear him. My challenge seemed to have worked, but to his credit Bill did not panic and with obvious concentration adjusted his running to come abreast again, although with a more strained face than before I was pleased to notice from the corner of my eye. Alright, Bill was strong enough to make this an interesting race, and the first one to flinch was going to lose, but it was going to be a tough finish.

We both clearly suffered from the effort of our challenges. Gone were the euphoria and beauty of two miles ago, and in their place were inelegant hard running and wheezing. Each of us was afraid to back-off from fear that the other wouldn't and so open an irrecoverable lead. It was not pretty. I desperately needed something, anything, to support my efforts, and then a diversion presented itself. One of the two front runners had fallen behind and looked vulnerable about a hundred yards before us. With genuine self-interest and not insincere fellow-feeling

I grunted to Bill, "Let's give him a scare." We now had a goal more immediate and concrete than the unseen and abstract finish line somewhere beyond us to sustain and measure our exertions, and it worked. Regaining something of our former smoothness together we closed the gap, and although we didn't catch him we caused him quite a jolt when he turned a corner and saw us bearing down. No matter, for the finish was our next concern.

About a quarter of a mile distant the finish line appeared. Through only meaningful glances and hand gestures and not a word exchanged we both understood that our race was to be had for the taking. Yet neither of us seemed able or willing to make a decisive move. All the while the finish loomed. For my part a thought had been forming, to wit, "Maybe Bill deserves to win this one." Call it a lack of the killer instinct or a crippling doubt about my ability to step-up the pace another notch masquerading as generosity or call it something else, but my defeat was sealed. Bill stepped in front of me and beat me by one second. I crossed the line in 37:17, and at that instant my son's crestfallen face in the crowd came into focus. In a contest to the wire his desire for me to win had been greater than my own, and for some time after that I would have willingly exchanged my new P.R. for a slower time and a different outcome.

JCP

MOTLEY CREW

Strider officers are

Danica Tutush Girard,
president, 989-1819

John Pollak, president, vice
president, 983-2144

Jim Hannan, treasurer, 986-0218

Tom Day, newsletter editor,
473-3159

SUE US--WE'RE INSURED

At a recent monthly meeting of the Striders, there was much discussion about whether the club is insured in the event of a mishap, or worse, during a Wednesday night fun run. These runs are open to everyone--members, non-members, tourists and others--but are organized, although loosely, through the Striders.

The discussion brought forth many astute comments by members. There was one lawyer present, and although she did not openly comment on the learnedness of the discussion, it was evident, as they say in legal circles, that she was mightily impressed.

Following this discussion, Danica Tutush Girard, the Striders' president, decided it might be helpful to obtain some information about this issue. She phoned the Road Runners Clubs of America (RRCA), to which the Striders belong. The RRCA told her that our insurance covers the Wednesday night runs.

FREE LODGING

Phil Pannabecker writes from Tucson that he's moved there "most of the time," although his family plans to remain in Santa Fe possibly through May 1997, as his daughter is in high school. He has a large house with 2 spare bedrooms and 3 twin mattresses if any Striders need run-related accommodations. "Furnishings are spare," he writes, "but the price is right--right?"

The address is 6212 E. 17th St., Tucson 85711. His home number is 520-512-0890, and his work phone is 520-721-1887, ext. 23.

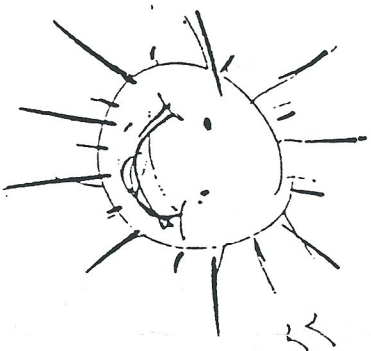
21th ANNUAL LA BAJADA RIII

Sunday, April 28 10:00 am

YES, it's on again!

Meet at LA BAJADA at 10:00 a.m.
 Its easy to find -- just take
 the Cochiti Exit, drive 3.6
 miles and turn right towards La
 Bajada Village (and Tetilla
 Peak). Continue for 1 mile and
 take a dirt road for 1½ miles
 and cross over the Santa Fe
 River. Just beyond the river go
 right and park. Bring a pic-nic,
 lots of water, warm clothes as
 it can be windy on top of the
 mesa. Walkers, bikers, dogs are
 all welcome.

For more information call June
 at 988-3428.



COME JOIN THE
 GOOD TIME AT
 LA BAJADA.

April 28

at 10:00 AM.

Te Santa Fe



Plus
 I made it!

loop is
 5.6 mi

It's a lot
 you think

It's so
 bad

via?

This is great

COCHITI

PARK
 HERE

LA BAJADA

Do the 5.6 mi. loop or keep
 running 'til you get to Santa Fe!

CORRIDA DE ESPAÑOLA

10K * 5K RUN/WALK * 1 MILE RUN/WALK

Race Day: April 20, 1996

Money Raised Will Be Used to Fund McCurdy Baseball & Softball

\$10.00 REGISTRATION FEE: INCLUDES T-SHIRT, REFRESHMENTS, DOOR PRIZES.

Do not mail checks after 4/05/1996. Make check payable to: Corrida de Espanola.

JOIN IN ESPANOLA'S FIRST RUN ON MAINSTREET!!!!

BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY - 1 MILE RUN/WALK PERFECT FOR CHILDREN AND FIRST TIME RUNNERS. STROLLERS AND WHEELCHAIRS WELCOME. PLEASE NO BICYCLES, ROLLER SKATES/BLADES, OR DOGS.

T-SHIRTS, REFRESHMENTS, PRIZES AND AWARDS!

Pre-Registration: Before April 10, 1996 **Registration on Race Day:** Starts at: 6:00AM
10K Race: 7:00AM
5K Race: 8:15AM
5K Walk: 8:15AM
1 Mile: 9:00AM

AWARDS AND PRIZES : 10:00 AM

- * START AND FINISH AT ESPANOLA PLAZA - RUN WILL BE ON CITY STREETS
- * WATER AND POWERADE AT BEGINNING, TURNAROUND, AND END
- * FIRST AID AT START AND FINISH * REFRESHMENTS AT FINISH
- * RAFFLE PRIZES: SPORTS EQUIPMENT, NAMBE WARE, AND MUCH MUCH MORE
- * DOOR PRIZES: MUST BE PRESENT TO WIN
- * AWARDS: RUNNING SHOES, GIFT CERTIFICATES, RESTAURANT MEALS, MEDALS AND RIBBONS
- * FOR INFORMATION CALL: Beverly Schutz 753-6064 or Ann McDaniel 685-4646

I will participate in the: 10K RUN _____ 5K RUN _____ 5K WALK _____ 1MILE _____
STROLLER _____ WHEELCHAIR _____

Age on race day: _____ Sex: M _____ F _____

Last Name: _____ First Name: _____ Middle Initial: _____
Address: _____ Phone Number: _____

Medical Problems: _____

T-SHIRT SIZE: (circle one) Child Adult (over)

HELPING MCCURDY GET TO FIRST BASE

The Corrida de Espanola described in this flier is a benefit for high school softball and baseball at McCurdy School. McCurdy is a private kindergarten-through-grade-12 institution.

This year's girls' softball and boys' baseball seasons began in March. It was the first time in 32 years that the school has had softball and baseball. The baseball team, by the way, has one female player this year.

The softball and baseball teams came about because of the work of the McCurdy Parent Teacher Organization. Money from the Corrida de Espanola will be added to the \$7,000 that the PTO raised last year with a golf tournament and will help pay for uniforms, work on the field and coaches' salaries.

The generosity of businesses and other institutions in donating to the race is enough to make most race directors cry. A total of \$3,750 had been raised by late March from Sunwest Bank, Valley National Bank, Block-Salazar Mortuary, Cook's Home Center, Espanola Transit Mix, Valley Abstract and Abiquiu Realty. In addition, Los Alamos Medical Center is buying the snazzy T-shirts, and St. Vincent Hospital is buying medals for children in the races. Protection Technologies of Los Alamos is also helping out. Other institutions presumably have made this list of sponsors an incomplete one by now.

--Mile Markers

Please return to: CORRIDA DE ESPANOLA
915 N. Riverside Drive
Espanola, NM 87532

WAIVER: I UNDERSTAND AND ASSUME FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INJURY OR ACCIDENT WHICH MAY OCCUR DURING MY PARTICIPATION IN THE CORRIDA DE ESPANOLA. BY MY SIGNATURE, I HEREBY WAIVE AND RELEASE ALL ORGANIZATIONS AND/OR SPONSORS FOR THE CORRIDA DE ESPANOLA, BECAUSE OF MY PARTICIPATION IN THE ABOVE SAID EVENT.

SIGNATURE: _____ DATE: _____
PARENT'S SIGNATURE, IF UNDER 18: _____ DATE: _____



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.