



# Mile Markers



*We Give You the Run-Around*

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

October 1996 Vol. 18, No. 10

## RUNNING THE WAY IT OUGHTA BE

Two low-key events, featuring just enough competition to get the juices flowing but not enough to really mean anything, are on the calendar this fall.

On Sunday, Oct. 20, Dale Goering's Run & Ride, combining running and biking, will be held. The 11.2-mile course is along the railroad tracks.

On Saturday, Nov. 23., the

Striders, with City Hall as co-sponsor, will host the annual Have a Fowl Day Run. Jim Hannan is race director.

The cross-country-course, which measures 5 kilometers, so it is claimed, is a pre-Thanksgiving benefit for the Salvation Army.

Both events are more fully described on inside pages.

## Another First

by

Michael Guttman

It was still dark when the shrill beeps of our small travel alarm clock disturbed my sleep. I automatically reached for the source of the sound, grabbed the clock in my hands and flipped the switch to "off". Since it had only been a little over four hours ago that I had turned the lights off, closed my eyes and drifted off to dreamland, my body was not keen on the idea of getting out of bed just now, but my mind knew better. I lay there for a few moments more almost falling back to sleep, and then struggled to lift my body up from its prone position. As I sat on the edge of the small twin-sized bed, I looked out the east-facing screen door and saw Venus, the planet symbolizing love and the feminine, glowing brightly in the pre-dawn sky. To the west I imagined that the nearly full moon and Jupiter, which I had observed in the heavens spectacularly rising where Venus was now only a few short hours ago, were by now setting. At first I was greatly pained at the thought of getting up at 5 AM to take Ariel to catch her 6 AM bus. She was off to Patras where she would catch the ferry boat to Ithaca, Ulysses' island, with her tattered copy of *The Odyssey* in hand. But then I realized that this was just what I needed to get me out of bed for an early morning run, my first run in over 31/2 months, and my first since we had been on our around-the-world journey.

(continued on page 2)



Oh, I had my excuses for not running in so long. First, it was the injury to my leg: a 2" cut from barbed wire about 6" above my ankle that required 5 stitches, became infected, and was slow to heal. Then, when my leg finally did heal, we were in Greece, where the unbearable heat and humidity of the Greek summer made the thought of running seem like torture. And, of course, I wasn't keen on encountering those territorial dogs that accompany the goat herds that would sometimes appear out of nowhere, barking their fool heads off with threatening looks on their faces. This morning, however, would be different. My leg wound was healed, I could run on a road where I knew the shepherd dogs would not be, and the early morning was the coolest time of the day. I would finally hit the road running, or more correctly as I would soon find out, at a slow jog.

I got out of bed, got dressed and had some coffee to help clear the cobwebs from my head. I helped Ariel finish her final packing, and by then, it was time to leave. As we left our studio apartment, it was already getting light and the air was calm. We made the short 1.5 km drive to Galaxidi's central square, where Ariel was to catch her bus, and as we waved good-bye, I proceeded toward the port. I was surprised that some of the town's older men were already out having Greek coffee at their favorite morning hangout. And several of the older women were also out in their black dresses sitting on their porches or having an early morning stroll. I guessed, like me, they were just trying to beat the heat, which would make itself felt in a very short time.

Galaxidi is a coastal town located on the northern shore of the Gulf of Corinth, and the place I had decided to run was on the road along the town's main harbor opposite from where the small fishing boats and tourist boats docked and many of the town's *tavernas* were located. This road, which Ariel and I often use for late night strolls following a delicious feast at one of these water-front restaurants, follows the curvaceous shoreline and eventually winds its way through a small forest of trees, overlooking the water the entire way.

I parked the car and when I got out, the almost heavy, moist smell of the sea immediately engulfed me. I automatically switched my Timex/Ironman watch to *Chrono* mode, hit the start button and began jogging. The first 100 meters or so felt easy, and I looked around at the scene before me on the port waters. Several of the town's fishermen were either in their boats preparing to get underway, or they were cruising out to collect the harvest in the nets they had laid the night before. The morning light on the water casting the reflections of all the boats could have been the scene one sees on any postcard at the many *kiosks* lining the port in small coastal villages like this. Without my camera, however, I was left to remember the picture in my mind. And the tourist boats were still all neatly docked, but the throngs of onlookers which had been viewing them all the night before were now absent, and the waterfront was relatively quiet.





I continued jogging up a small incline and through the trees. With this small incline behind me, I could feel my heart and breathing rates increase substantially, and sweat began to cover my entire body. As I ran further, the morning sky continued its show with various shades of pink and orange reflecting in the waters, and at this point in my run I noticed a couple in a small dinghy. The woman was paddling while the man relaxed, enjoying the view!! I looked again to see if that was really what I had seen, and then I wondered how he had arranged that sort of deal. A bit further on and a real hill now was before me as I neared the turnaround point of the morning's run. My legs were beginning to feel weak as I started up, and about 3/4 of the way up I knew I was sadly out of shape as my legs had that jello feeling one gets when overextended. But I was grateful for one thing—even though my lungs were burning this was sea level and there was a seemingly overabundance of air to breathe.

At the turnaround I looked briefly at my watch and noticed the time to be between 13 and 14 minutes. I now got to run down the hill I had just climbed, but as I ran it certainly did not feel as easy as I had hoped it would. I tried to maintain a comfortable pace for the remainder of the run, but my legs were definitely feeling out of it by now after taking off from running for so long. As I ran along I noticed a few more fishing boats heading out to sea, and the sun was just beginning to emerge up over Mount Parnassos which sits above the town of Delphi, clearly visible in the distance from my vantage point here in Galaxidi.

I was beginning to feel relaxed knowing that I was nearing the finish of my intended course when suddenly fear caused a knot to form in the pit of my stomach. As I looked ahead a short distance down the road I spotted two sizable dogs approaching me. I panicked briefly, knowing how excited they sometimes get, especially at runners. But my panic quickly vanished when I observed one of the dogs having a sneezing fit; this dog was so preoccupied with sneezing it barely noticed me. And the other dog also seemed too busy just strolling down the road to pay any attention to me.

It was funny, but I felt some strange energy enter my body as I was about 100 meters from the finish—almost like the surge one feels as one sprints towards the finish line in a race. So I picked up the pace a little in those last 100 meters and tried to look strong and victorious as I imagined a crowd of spectators cheering me on to the finish, keeping the memory clearly alive of having just a few weeks earlier been to Olympia where the stadium for the very first Olympic games held over 2700 years ago is located, and where the spirits of the long vanished athletes still linger.

My watch read 27:34 as I "crossed the finish line" so I figured that at the pace I was going, it must have been close to a 5K run that I just completed. I strolled along the water front trying to cool down, in search of a breeze that never came or a spot of shade that was hard to locate. Even at this early hour, the sun already felt hot. As I strolled past the tourist boats I noticed a few "sailors" already up enjoying a cup of coffee in the early morning calm

while reading their books or newspapers. It felt good now that I had gotten this first run under my belt, and even though I was tired and a little sore, it was the good sort of tired and sore one gets after a good workout. I knew that my subsequent runs here would get easier as I built back my strength and conditioning.

(My wife Ariel and I are currently on a 10-month journey which will take us round the world. We have been to England and Scotland and are now in Greece until the beginning of November. We are staying in touch with people mostly by e-mail, so if any of you feel inclined to drop us a note, we would love to hear from you and get some news from back home. What's happening in Santa Fe this summer? Our e-mail address is: arielmike@aol.com.)

Run & Ride

Run & Ride

#### RUN & RIDE TEAM COMPETITION

Sunday-October 20 8:30 AM

Check In-Release of liability form to be signed between 8-8:15 AM

No pre-event sign up necessary.

No entry fee-no prizes (low key event)

Start-Rabbit Road & the Railroad tracks 8:30 AM

Finish-Highway 285 & the Railroad tracks (approximately 11.2 miles)

Entire course follows the path along the railroad tracks. Course will be rough, at times steep and rocky.

#### GENERAL RULES

A team consists of two participants & one Mountain bike. One participant runs while the other rides. Team members plan their own strategy. Team members reverse their roles as often as they like-or not at all. The object is to get both participants & the bike across the line as fast as possible. Times will be recorded as soon as the last person or bike crosses the finish line.

Transportation back to the start line will be provided. If anyone can assist with transportation-please volunteer.

Water will be provided at the start, at Vista Grande in Eldorado and at the finish line.

Anyone wishing to run the entire course (or parts of the course) solo or ride the course solo is welcome to do so.

In case of inclement weather the event will be held October 27.

CONTACT PERSON\_ DALE GOERING 983-6616



Runners : mark your calendar for the 16th Annual **Fowl Day Run**, a benefit for the **Salvation Army**.

Starting Time: 9:00 A.M. Saturday, November 23rd

No pre-registration. Race day registration from 8:15 A.M. to 8:55 A.M.

The course consists of road running and cross country / arroyo running and it will start and finish in Ft. Marcy Park. There will be a 5k run and a fun walk of one to two miles.

Entry fee consists of a donation of non-perishable food (suggested amount is food worth at least \$10)

A random drawing for prizes will be held after the race.

Refreshments will be served.

#### Tuesday Track Wrapup

Back in April Paul Scott announced in 'Mile Markers' a track workout on Tuesday afternoon at SF High School. And so we met every week at 5:30 through the summer to encourage and harass one another through a speed workout.

There were usually about 5-8 people. Some of the regulars were: Diana Hardy, Carl Gable, Kathy Mastoras, Eric Erb, Dale Goering, Chris Chavez, Sean McCormick, Richard Curry, Paul Scott, and Jeremy Yang.

The workouts varied but mostly consisted of some assortment of 400's, 600's, 800's, etc., with half the distance jog in between, plus the obligatory gasping, groaning, whining and spirited cursing.

Personally, I'm very grateful for this group, since I have nowhere near enough discipline to run track by myself. But the group made it fun.

The awards committee has decided on the following end of season awards:

- Carl Gable: "Most Obscure Workout" (Fibonacci sequence - see your algebra book)
- Diana Hardy: "Most Polite" ("May I pass you now?")
- Paul Scott: "King of Pain" (He keeps going and going...)
- Richard Curry: "Best Excuse for Missing a Workout" (got married)
- Dale Goering: "400m-time Nearest His Age"
- Kathy Mastoras: "Rookie of the Year"

Till Next Year!

-Jeremy Yang.

#### OCTOBER MEETING

The Striders will meet on Tuesday, Oct. 8, at Danica Tutush Girard's home. The potluck will be at 7 p.m. and the business meeting at 8.

Among items on the agenda will be a suggestion made at the September meeting to have caps for finishers at the Fowl Day Run. The Fowl Day Run used to be known for its nifty and unique shirts. But then sponsors for the race became hard to come by, so the Striders, who sponsor the race, nixed the shirts.

To get to Danica's house, take Hyde Park Road for about a 5K from Washington Avenue. Turn right on to a dirt road marked by a sign for Hyde Park Estates. (If you've hit 10,000 Waves, you've gone too far.) Turn right at the T and go to Paseo Monte, which goes off to your left opposite a Santa Fe Properties For Sale sign. Stay on Paseo Monte, avoiding the side streets, to lot C-3 and a two-story house with a steep shingle roof. You're there. If you're not, call Danica at 989-1819.

Santa Fe Striders Membership List - 1996

Jon Alexander	Graydon Anderson	Al Barker
Kim Bear	Gregg Bemis	Donna Berg
Thomas Berkes	Jon Brown	Robert Brown
Andrea Buzzard	Kristi Carlson	Elaine Coleman
George Croshaw	Richard Curry	Saul Cohen
Tom Day	Salvatore De Bari	Micheline Devaurs
June Dickinson	Barb Dutrow	Jary Earl
Eric Erb	Jim Fisher	Bob French
Carl Gable	Danica Girard	Gaines Godfrey
Dale & Kenny Goering	Aaron Goldman	Michael Guttman
Suzanne Guynes	Diana Hardy	Tish Hamilton
Jim Hannan	Donit & Derwyn Harris	Craig Heacock
David & Kathy Howe	Michael Hurlocker	Chalony Jermance
Ginny La Forme	Mike Lawrence	Jack Lippincott
Christian Lytle	John Maloney	Jackie Marr
Clint Marshall	Paul Maudlin	Cathy Morlock
John Moses	Greg Ohlsen	Phil Pannabecker
Lynn Pickard	John Polk	John Pollak
Richardo Pong	Chester Rail	Carl Reiterman
Robi Robichaud	Patrick Rodriguez	Paul Scott
Stephen Seitz	Barbara Severs	Patricia Shain
Dave Sneesby	Ellen Stelling	Michael Sutin
Reece Tatum	Sissell Trondseth	Shirley Van Slooten
Alfred von Bachmayr	Mike Ward	Gwen Wardwell
Robert Werner	Jim Westmoreland	Terri Wildermuth
Andy & Judy Winnegar	Michael Wood	Jeremy Yang

Some households are  
represented by just one name.

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NOTHING NEW HERE

Strider officers are  
Danica Tutush Girard,  
president, 989-1819  
John Pollak, vice president,  
983-2144  
Jim Hannan. treasurer, 986-  
0218  
Tom Day, newsletter editor,  
473-3159

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MID-WEEK RUNS

Wednesday night runs from the  
Plaza--across Lincoln Avenue  
from the Plaza clock--are held  
each week at 6 p.m. Courses  
range from 5 to 7 miles, and  
everyone is welcome. Runners  
go at a variety of paces.

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