



Mile Markers



We Give You the Run-Around

July 2001 Volume 23, No. 7.

P.O. Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504

Run-Around Appreciation

I would like to thank the **Santa Fe Striders** for hosting the 23rd Santa Fe Run-Around. It was a great race! Thanks to all the volunteers who helped keep us on course, cheered us on, and hydrated us along the way. The thing that made this Run-Around special was the inclusion of a **Kid's "K" Fun Run**. It was truly an incredible sight to see all those kids, ranging in **age from 4 to 12**, lined up on the start line that morning. Here were **150 kids**, all of them winners, all of them getting a feel for the sport we all love. Their parents were winners too for being involved in such a positive community event. I am so thankful to the striders, especially **Richard Curry** who was so supportive in his efforts to accomodate a Fun Run. Thanks to **Eric Peters** for going along with no script, and **Tove Shere** who was so helpful before, during and after the Fun Run. Tove apparently doesn't need a script. Tove made sure every kid recieved a medal for participating in the Fun Run. I think it is important to introduce our sport t

Ted Freedman, lorted@prodigy.net

Editors note: Ted is an elementary school teacher in Eldorado and is recognized for his efforts in bringing many children to the event.

Santa Fe Strider wins Division

Congratulations to **Elaine Coleman** (long-time Strider member) on her Santa Fe Strider Run-Around victory! Thanks to Mr. Libby, who identified himself as a male incorrectly catagorized in the female age group, Elaine has once again demonstrated her ability as a timeless athlete. Way to go Elaine!

Come One, Come All! Club Meetings Held on Second Tuesday of Each Month at 7pm

On the 10th, the Striders Meeting will be graciously hosted by **an unknown Strider members** at **an unknow place**. Contact Eric Peters at **466-2460** or **RunAdventr@aol.com** for information.

You Can't Roller Skate in a Buffalo Herd, But You Can Swin in a Buffalo Spring

by Carol Richardson

It happens every time. The 4 a.m. hotel wake-up call comes after a fitful night of non-sleep and I ask myself, as I do before every pre-dawn call to marathon or triathlon: *"Why am I doing this?"*

This, in this instance, is the Buffalo Springs Lake Half Ironman, the **1.2 mi swim**, **56 mile bike** and **13.1 mile run** put on in Lubbock, Texas. As a recent transplant from the "June Gloom" world of Southern California, I naively assumed that June was a temperate month in most parts of the world. I also had heard that Texas was flat. Great, I thought, a flat course in cool weather, *"What could be better?"*

As a race strategy, racing in Texas in June had all the cunning of a **George Custer** battle plan. So here I am, sweat already dripping off me as I perform, in the dark, my pre-race ablutions --petroleum jelly under the arms, non-stick cooking aerosol on my legs and neck-- standard lubricating strategies used to spring me from my skin tight wetsuit as I run out of the water to the bicycle transition.

As a runner, I have no business jumping into a lake: my legs are muscled and my upper body is puny. In water, my body immediately assumes the dead man's float-- legs down, head up--fine for drowning, not so fine for fluid, aqueous propulsion. I am the only person I know whom **Eric the Eel**, the hapless African swimmer at the Sydney Olympics, could have beaten.

This is not to say that I haven't tried. I've been coached, taken seminars, and live a good portion of any week immersed in chlorine, fresh, or salt water. All I'm saying is that, four years and hundreds of thousands of yards later, I have merely risen from shark bait to buoy pick-up patrol.

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My wave, all of us in possession of AARP cards, is the first to go after the pros. This means that, in a matter of minutes, we, the slow and infirm, will not merely be passed by the younger, sleeker, and more able-bodied. We will be pummeled, our goggles kicked, our bodies unceremoniously flogged and swum over by wave after wave of broad-shouldered, wake-pounding athletes, until we arrive, sputtering to shore, like traumatized tunas, eyes glazed, gasping for breath.

As I run up the shore to the bicycle transition, I ask an official, doubtfully, "*am I done?*" She assures me that, not counting a 56-mile bike ride and a half marathon, I am indeed done. I scramble across the soggy carpets that lead to the bikes. I'm out of my wetsuit in seconds, owing to its neck-to-ankle zippers. I bought this wetsuit, my third, out of frustration with more conventional swimming wetsuits, which I could never exit without an embarrassing, time-consuming struggle in which the neoprene clearly had the advantage. If the buoyancy of the wetsuit saved me, say, three minutes in the swim, I squandered those minutes and more wrestling with it afterwards.

Apparently another competitor is quite taken with my easy-off wetsuit. While strapping on my bike helmet, I feel a sandy tap on my shoulder. "*Excuse me, I know you're in a rush, but can you tell me where you got your wetsuit?*" The query seems so bizarre given the intense mid-race atmosphere, that my mind, so focused on shoving my wobbly legs into my bike shoes, simply goes blank. "*Uhh, back of the magazine web site*" I sputter as I grab my bike, my cleats clack-clacking up to the bike mount line, and I'm off.

A Fish with a Bicycle

A sharp, short rise connects the lakeside to the street that leads out to the main road. I have learned from that dear school, experience, to put the bike in an easy gear for just such an exit. One only has to tumble to the ground once while choking on large chain ring out of T[ransition] 1 to remember to check your gears before racking your bike.

I was smart enough to drive the course the day before, so I could anticipate the terrain. What being in the car failed to inform me was the phenomenon that, while in defiance of most physical laws, is nevertheless a truism of bicycle racing: there would be a dispiriting headwind for the entire distance of the race, no matter what direction you were heading.

As I stretch out on my elongated handlebars and settle into a comfortable pace, I watch the pros and younger men whisk by on their way back to T[ransition] 2 already: lean, hairless bodies, Greek gods in Speedos atop carbon or titanium chariots, aggressively outfitted bicycles, them-

selves works of aerodynamic art, each one approaching the cost of a nice Hyundai. As I watch the cyclists the vagueness of my early morning dread becomes distinct. There's not a fat tire, baggy pant, or tennis shoe on the course. This is hard-core. And even though I have been doing half a dozen short course triathlons every year for the past 5 years, stepping up to this distance feels audacious, brazen, half-assed.

There are aid stations every 10 miles or so, with volunteers handing out bottles filled with ice water, fluid replacement drinks, and energy bars. Ordinarily an energy bar tastes like a tootsie roll and sawdust lovechild, but after hours of continuous exertion, it tastes like manna, the gift of heaven. I notice that some riders have chosen more conventional bills of fare. One girl has unwrapped a sandwich she had stashed in her fanny pack, munching as she rode. Decades of marathoning has taught me that while my body may benefit from some kind of nutrition during a multi-hour event, my stomach is in no mood for anything more complicated than a series of C's H's and O's in a chemical formula. Water and sugar, that's about it: easy to absorb, easily converted to energy.

I have trained more on the bike this year than I ever have, and I manage to get over the Spiral Staircase, a sadistic corkscrew of a climb, made even more treacherous by being lined by barbed wire, without much whimpering. I'm on my way back, and I'm feeling strong. At T2, I slip out of my race shoes while still on the bike (a little pro trick I've been working on for much longer than I care to admit), dismount, fling my handlebars over the top bar of my assigned spot, toss my helmet, throw on my racing flats, doff a baseball-type cap, and I'm off.

Running on Empty

Standing in line at the port-a-pots before the swim a few of us began chatting about our relative strengths and weaknesses in triathlon. Two women behind me were strong swimmers who were frankly dreading the run portion of the race. They asked me what my longest training "brick" had been, "brick" being tri-speak for a combination bike/run workout. I suddenly felt like a triathlon imposter, for I hadn't done one true brick. I would usually throw on my running shoes after a long bike ride and run for a mile or so, just to get used to the wobbly sensation that accompanies that bike to run transition. For the truth was, I wasn't worried about the run. That's my strongest event. And here I was, arriving at last to the one portion of triathlon where I shine. Here is where I typically pass all the fishes who die on dry land. Bring it on.

Rolling my bike into T2, however, the thought of running

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13 miles after 4 hours of continuous exertion had no appeal. It was hot, somewhere in the 90's. How was I going to do it? My first mile was brisk, somewhere in the 7:40 range. By then, I REALLY knew I couldn't keep up that pace. I had pretty much kept my head down for that first mile, trying to grind out what I thought was an acceptable pace. Then I looked up, and noticed that virtually everyone in sight was WALKING.

This seemed eminently sensible to me. It didn't seem like cheating, it seemed like a simple survival strategy. And so I began walking. I began making deals with myself: walk to the shade, run through the shade. Walk to the mile marker, run through the water stop. It was slow going, but even with this adjustment, I was passing people and rarely getting passed myself.

About mile 3 into the run portion, I saw Missy Lestrangle finishing up. She's won my age group for the last 12 or 13 years at Hawaii. She had me by at least an hour. Well, O.K, I thought, I guess I'm not going to win my age group. But I had also passed two women in my age group, so at least I wasn't going to be last.

By the time I made it to the halfway turnaround, during a pitiless stretch drolly named "Energy Lab II" after the sizzling lava bed section of the run in Kona, I knew I would finish. This sensation gave me an extra boost, and the walk portions became shorter and less frequent. By the last mile, I was running again, close to an 8 minute pace. By the time I spied the finish line, I sucked up whatever pain I was feeling and finished with a brisk sprint.

When I finished Vineman last year, my first words, after crossing the finish, minus the expletives, were "I am never going to do anything like this again." Those sentiments, as anyone who has run a marathon or had a baby knows, last about as long as it takes the initial pain to subside. The torment on the hills, the misery in the heat, all of it has a way of dissolving as the satisfaction and pride of accomplishment washes over you.

And unlike Vineman, this year at Buffalo Springs, I never suffered. I felt strong the entire way. And though I finished 12 minutes slower than last year (almost all of that yielded on the windy bike portion) I am still pleased with my time (6:14), considering I am also in the last month of my age group. I finished plum in the middle, 6th out of 13.

So it's back to the pool, back to the wind tunnels of Rancho Viejo, Eldorado, and Las Campanas, and back to the hilly roads of Tesuque. I'll be back next year for another stab at it. Because I'm a year older than Missy, and she won't be in my age group next year.

Editors note: Carol and her partner Don recently relocated from Southern California. They enjoy writing professionally and are modest, inspirational, and dedicated athletes.

>>> Race Calendar <<<

7/15 On The Run Productions La Luz Prep Run 7M
345-4274 (Charles)

8/4 Canmore Challenge 12K, 6K & 1K
Canadian Rockies
Kelvin.Broad@nau.edu (Kelvin)
<http://www.mountainrunning.com>

8/26 Ironman Canada
Penticton, BC
<http://www.ironmanca.com>

9/15 7th Annual Eldorado 5K Run/Walk and One Mile Fun Run
466-6443 Pajojaka@aol.com (Trish)

10/13 9a Big Tesuque
(ca. 11.6M up/down Aspen Vista/Summit)
466-3837 pgkfant@aol.com (Peter)

11/17 Fowl Day 5K
Salvation Army Donation Drive
Fort Marcy Park
438-4463 mick@daylight.com (Mick)
<http://www.daylight.com/~jj/striders>

7th Annual Eldorado 5K/1M

The 7th Annual Eldorado 5K Run/Walk and One Mile Fun Run is scheduled for Sept. 15 this year. Applications will be available in early July. This year, an overall winner award is new and the one mile adult sprint has been discontinued.

Local Results (send additions, oversights, or imaginary performances to the editor)

Bandelier (<http://internet.cybermesa.com/~kernkt/bandy2001.htm>)

Erica Larson, 3:15:32 (CR)
Jim Westmoreland, 3:23:22
Chris Chavez, 3:33:23
Michael Kappler, 4:00:49
(the incredible) Kathy Mastoras, 4:05:25
Patty Danforth, 4:09:26

Los Alamos Mini's 5K & 20K (<http://internet.cybermesa.com/~kernkt/20KM2001.htm>)

Robert Lucker - 23:50.0
Tove & Jerry Shere 24:57.0/58.8
Danica Tutush - 27:27.7
Mathew Fant (age 13) - 29:17.8

Eric Peters - 1:14:52.1
Erica Larsen - 1:26:33.5
(Mr. Modest) Jim Westmorland - 1:27:09.6
Chris Chavez - 1:28:16.7
Michael Kappler - 1:29:57.1
(the age group winner) Diana Hardy - 1:40:36.3
(the energizer) Patty Danforth - 1:41:39.3
(the newsletter unstoppable) Kathy Mastoras - 1:43:09.1
(the timeless) Dale Goering - 1:47:21.4
Dick Danforth - 2:15:51.4

Note So Rosey Billboard



Concatination Whoops!



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Kansas,
Can't you get anything right? Try 3: 25-26
Whitey

Whitey,
It is very difficult to get theology right when the theologian is all screwed up.
And the King said, "Kansas, cut the dang weaving in half and give half to Whitey." And Kansas, whose bowels yearned for his blankie, said, "Give the whole dang thang to Whitey so he will quit crying." Then Whitey said, "No, No, cut the dang thang in half." Then the King said, "Kansas gets the whole dang thang." There it is!
Kansas

Kansas
You are slow, but you are sure.
Whitey

Toughing It Out

by Mike Sutin

Where do they go,
when my legs are all gone?
I am hanging them up,
instead of getting it on.

What should I do
when the fiber won't twitch
and my old running shoe
has athletic sock itch?

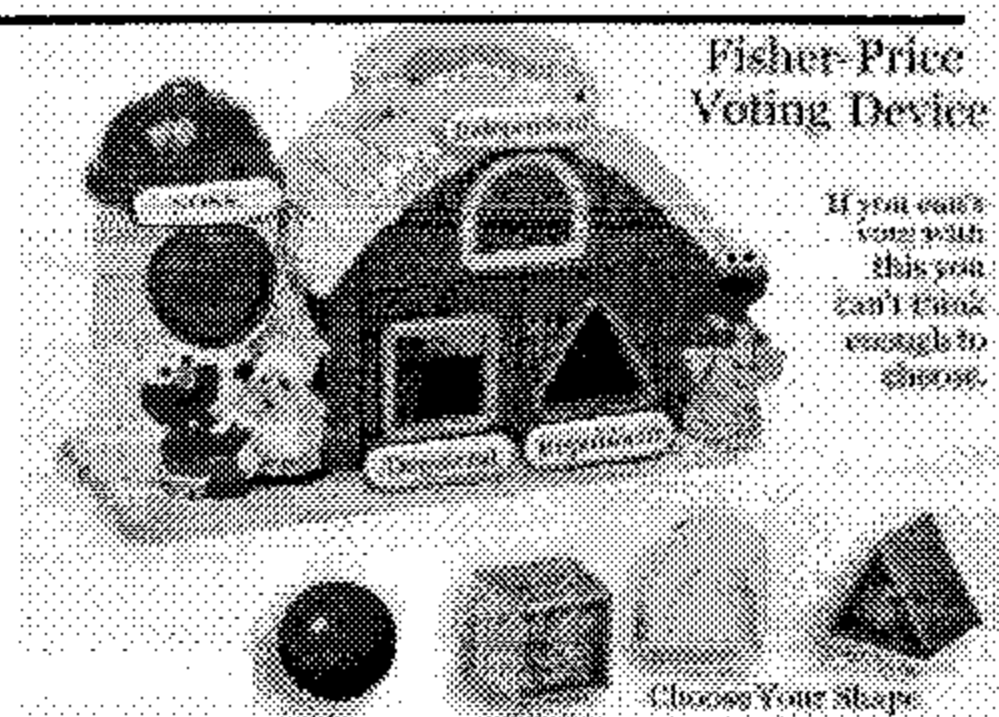
The answer my friends,
bloweth not in the wind,
but in making our amends
to the gods who are tough-skinned.

New Words

by Jerry Dorbin

adville - agency town
tantric - in the modd for a snit
epidemia - unhealthy climate
fibration - a tissue of lies
omenclature - classification of forebodings
legiscide - "first, kill all the laywers"
antepodean - putting your best foot forward
versier - peot
predictabaloney - politically correct b*ll sh*t
transubstantiation - proving your business travel deductions to the IRS
assteroids - hemorrhoids in Texas
interregnum - location of assteroids

Government Device Available for Public Use (Strider Election)



Modern Day "Wedgy"



Cyber Information

Looking for running information on-line? See our website at <http://www.daylight.com/~jj/striders> or <http://www.racegate.com> for all kinds of goodies.

Weekly Workouts

Striders, guests, and other random runners meet at **6pm** on **Wednesdays** at Lincoln and Palace, across from the **Plaza clock**, for a 5-mile or so run. Everyone is welcome.

Express Yourself!

Please submit articles, race results, running tips, poetry, cartoons, photos, worst-run stories, best-run stories, letters, race schedule information, recipes, blueprints, X-rays, medical records, or almost anything printable to the Mile Markers editorial offices, c/o Mick Kappler, at 441 Greg Ave., Santa Fe, NM 87501, or email mick@daylight.com.

2001 Striders Officers

Eric Peters, President, 466-2460

RunAdventr@aol.com

Kris Kern, Vice President, 661-6293

kernkt@gat.com

Diana Hardy & Jim Westmoreland, Treasurers, 438-8602

hardy_diana@seo.state.nm.us

Mick Kappler, newsletter editor, 438-4463

mick@daylight.com

Santa Fe Run-Around - Or How Two Cool Guys Destroy a Friendship

Jay Pierson

About a month before the Santa Fe Run-around, two 1953 graduates of Highland High School, Albuquerque, made an agreement to run the 10K for fun, sans competition, and do all in their power to tie for last place among male entrants. Having achieved that goal, they went away from the finish happy to have shared the long conversational run, satisfied that neither had qualified for any award. However, one was to discover at the awards ceremony that one of them had actually finished third in the 65-69 age group. Hereafter referred to as Whitey Pistachio and Kansas Jezebel, their high school nicknames, the following exchange of emails occurred.

Whitey,

As you know, I was never a fast learner and had particular difficulty with higher math. But, having lost considerable sleep, I am now willing to sacrifice my facade of wisdom and seek higher truth. How is it, if we finished tied for last, that I turned up third? Does that mean you came in second? And, if we tied for last, how come I wasn't second and you third. You are holding out on me, right? However, if I truly was third, how come you weren't third since we tied. This has been terribly perplexing and due to my lack of sleep over the issue it has cut severely into my running time. Could you, as a former sports writer, cast somelight on this difficult conundrum. It is simply far to copious for my diminutive comprehension capability. Thank you in advance for your enlightened response.

Kansas

Kansas,

Oh you are too erudite, you educator, you Kansas flash. It worked something like this: Bob Werner, 1st; Roy Cope, 2nd; Kansas Jezebel, 3rd; Whitey Pistachio, next to last also ran; you are the big blanket guy; and I a pitiful specimen; and we both deserved what we got.

Whitey

Whitey,

Actually I happened to turn around as we flashed by the finish and the guy tore my number off first. Had you turned around, he would have ripped your number tag and you would have, as should have been the case, won third place and the blanket. Don't you think it would make a fine wall hanging for your office? Or, maybe a great cover for your heating pad. Or, even yet, it could make a coaster for a large coffee cup. I am going to carry guilt over this for life.

Kansas

Kansas:

As I recall, you pushed me out of the way at the finish,

ripped off your number, and handed it to the race official with a request that it immediately be entered, while I was picking myself up off the ground. I am not going to hold that against you, however. You are so much more of a competitor that I am. However, just be careful about inviting me to play with you again. You play too rough. Anyway, I think light purple is your color. If the weaving were pink, I might want it. I will remember this episode. Don't you forget it--

Whitey

Whitey,

Glad your recall is so thorough. I usually repress all memory of my violent episodes. I will see my shrink right away and work through this. The weaving will be returned to the race officials to be presented to you at an appropriate time.

Kansas

Kansas,

I don't think there is anything you can do that will deter me from asking the Santa Fe Striders to drop your membership. Perhaps a public confession in the Mile Markers will help--

Pistachio

Whitey,

I will gladly submit a public confession to Mile Markers provided there is any space left after your regular poetry contributions and accounting columns.

Kansas

Kansas,

It is possible to conclude that the race sponsors are at fault for allowing someone to be entered in the run (certainly not a race) who came in behind us-- last-- that's why were so flustered at the finish line. That might explain your congenitally evil disposition.

Whitey

Whitey,

Yes, we were entitled to last place. It was unfair of anyone to cheat us out of it. I'm suing the Striders. Know a good lawyer?

Kansas

Kansas,

In closing, and with respect to that tattered and torn victory symbol that has caused you so much grief (oh, long may it wave!) I refer you to First Kings 5: 25, 26.

Whitey

Whitey,

Please quote First Kings 5:26-27 for me. First Kings 5 ends at verse 18.

Kansas

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Santa Fe Striders Club Membership Application and Waiver



Name: _____

- Renewal
 New member
 Jersey

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: _____

Email: _____

Enclose \$15.00 for annual membership fees. Add \$10 for the Santa Fe Striders new race jersey (Women and Men sizes S, M, L and XL). 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 PO Box 1818, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

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

Parent's Signature if under 18 yrs.

Date

Mile Markers

Santa Fe Striders

PO Box 1818

Santa Fe, NM 87504

