



Mile Markers

We Give You the Run-Around

February 2003 Volume 25, No. 2.

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

Feature Event - Mt Taylor Winter Quad

The Mt Taylor Winter Quadrathlon is scheduled for Saturday, February 15th in Grants, NM. For information, visit <http://mттaylorquad.org/> or call 800-748-2142.

Corrida de los Locos

by Dale Goering

The Locos run is history. 98 finishers enjoyed a nice winter day. A slight mixup on the course, but the distance was the same, so everything worked out. I would like to thank Tom Day and John Pollack, the co-directors and all the volunteers who helped out. The personnel at the Rec. complex were very cooperative and I thank them as well. Keep running.

Thanks! Dale

Snowshow Classic

by Kris Kern

The Santa Fe Snowshoe Classic was revived 11 January, after a several year hiatus. 51 Snowshoers were greeted with a light snow shower at the Norski Trail near the Santa Fe ski basin. The race was put on in cooperation with Norski Trails de Santa Fe, who will use any proceeds from the race to maintain the trails. Bike and Sport helped sponsor the event, with additional support from Redfeather and Aroma Coffee. Results are shown below.

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

On the 11th at 7:00p, the Striders monthly meeting will be hosted by **Kenny & Dale Goering** at **34 Ute Circle**. Their number is **954-4384**.

Writ on the Wind

We'll miss Mike Sutin's thoughts on running.
They're often lofty and sometimes stunning,
But he's a lawyer, and presumably needs
To get to defending his client's deeds.

As those, for example, who are hurt in a fall
Or the guy who is hit by a batted ball.
He could file a motion that claimed he ducked,
Then work in misprision or usufruct.

a. non

Who Sang This?

Jog-on, jog-on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

answer on last page

Dear Mom

Ironman Canada was wonderful . Although I was faster (11h 17m) than last year (11h 38m), I still have a way to go to qualify for the big dance in Kona.

In Penticton, British Columbia, Canada, on a sunny day, over 2000 athletes took the plunge. A sign of my swim practice came out with a nice, low heartrate (135b/m) throughout the swim (1h 35m). As you know, I've focused on the bike and my time dropped by nearly half an hour (5h 50m). As a runner, I look forward to the marathon, even after 2.4M swimming and 112M biking! This time, food and hydration were in check and no nausea came about. I played it safe with a 8:40 pace. At mile 23, I pulled the plug and drained the tank, dropping the pace into the mid 7's and covering the last 5K in 22m & change to close out the marathon (3h 50m).

It's still kinda funny, how I'm relatively slow in the swim, then pass some on the bike, then pass alot on the run. So much happens in the last hour, sorta like fast-forwarding past the field. Will I do it Again? You bet! I'm in training for the St Criox 1/2 IM in the Spring and the full MashieMan in Germany this summer.

Love,
Your Son



The Santa Fe Striders, Rotary Club, and the City of Santa Fe
present the

25th Annual Santa Fe Run-Around

On the Plaza
Saturday, May 31, 2003
5K & 10K at 8:00a
Kids 1K at 9:30a

Registration is open for the 2003 Santa Fe Run-Around online at http://active.com/event_detail.cfm?event_id=1042325. Proceeds from the event will go to Partners in Education and the Children's Vaccination Program. Once again, the event will be festive, with entertainment for kids and adults, and a T-shirt designed by kids. T-shirts are guaranteed to the first 300 adults and 300 children. SF Striders, Rotarians, city employees, youths under 18, and volunteers can enter the 5K or 10K for \$12. General public fee is \$15. Paper entry forms will be available in Spring.

Due to the growth of the event, this year's event will feature professional timing by Stephen Pino and his team (The Athlete's Edge, Albuquerque) using the ChampionChip (<http://www.championchipus.com/>).

Don't wait until the last minute to register. Enter today at http://active.com/event_detail.cfm?event_id=1042325. For more information, contact the directors Mick Kappler (5K & 10K, <mick@daylight.com>, 438-4463) or Ted Freedman (Kids 1K, palmerlorted@aol.com, 466-3955), or visit the SF Strider website at <http://www.daylight.com/~striders/>.

Mick Kappler
Santa Fe Strider
2003 Run-Around Director

Hello From Virginia

Date: Tue, 14 Jan 2003 15:55:02 -0500
From: Virginia Ann Seamster <vas6f@cms.mail.virginia.edu>
To: Michael A. Kappler <mick@daylight.com>
Subject: Re: Hello from Virginia

Thank you for the update and the advice ;) I do find it somewhat hard to stay focused on my schoolwork at times but I really do want to get both an undergraduate and a graduate degree. I just need to keep going and keep focused on my long term goals. That may help me get through the hard parts of college.

I would say that, overall, I'm liking college. So far, I've liked my professors and the majority of my classes. I have some good friends and feel more comfortable now that I recognize more people in my classes. I still really enjoy running and have been

running some races- both 10ks and 5Ks. This past semester I joined the running club here at UVA and started leading a morning run- it's not super popular because college students don't really like to get up in the morning. However, I tend to get at least one other person and it's nice to have that company and added incentive to keep running. There's a 10 miler coming up in April that I want to train for (I ran it last year- it was SO MUCH FUN!). Maybe someday I'll run a marathon- I don't think that's in the near future though and I definitely want to run it at a lower altitude and in a neat location (I figure some new and interesting scenery would distract me from the fact that I have a really long way to run :)

I'm still interested in biology and am still planning to work up in Los Alamos this coming summer. Anyway- I look forward to seeing you this summer and, as I said before, would definitely like to help out with the planning and what not for the striders' fall events.

Take care- keep in touch- I'll let you know if I get a chance to write something for the newsletter.

Ginny :)

Hi Ginny,

Well, it looks like you just wrote that newsletter article! Stay with school and we look forward to see you next time you're in Santa Fe.

Cheers,
Mick

--On Tuesday, January 14, 2003 9:49 AM -0700 "Michael A. Kappler" <mick@daylight.com> wrote:

Hi Ginny,

Nice to hear from you. Tell me about college and how it is going for you. Not too many years ago I was in your shoes, and I recall it was a challenge, full of ups & downs, successes & failures, rags & riches. Once you have your degree (I'm convinced you will earn it), especially after your first job or entry into graduate school (if you choose that route) none *really* cares much on how well you did, just the fact that you earned degree carries alot of weight. If you're like me, be steadfast towards your degree -- if you not like me -- ignore what I've said and have fun. ;-)

Thanks for your offer to help with Strider events. The Run-Around was taken to a new level last year (500 entrants!) and the club made a first-ever donation to charity (\$800 to Partners in Education). This year we're aiming higher and have teamed up with the local Rotary club, which has business men & women who have taken over the financial side of the event. The club will focus on the logistics. We hope to donate \$1000 to PiE and the remainder to the local children's vaccination program.

Looking way ahead, I suppose we could use some effort towards advertising for the BigT and Fowl Day. Each year, I hear things like "...only if I knew...". Anyway, that's way ahead into 2003 and we won't really think much about it until after the Run-Around. If you're itching to contribute to the club, consider writing another article for the Mile Markers newsletter. Perhaps add something about how you're doing so the club members can hear about your journey as you make your way through the university experience.

Cheers,
Mick

On Tue, 14 Jan 2003, Virginia Ann Seamster wrote:

Hi Mick!

It's Ginny here. I just wanted to check in with you and see how things are going both with you and with the striders. I was home for about a month for winter break but, unfortunately, my break didn't overlap with either the December or January meetings- otherwise I should very much have liked to have come and seen you all. It looks like I won't be back in time for the SF run around either- I guess I'm going to be missing out on all of the fun :((I won't be getting back until the 6th of June)

Anyway- I hope all is well with you and all of the other striders. I hope to do the track workouts at SFHS again this coming summer- so hopefully I'll get to see you all there and maybe at any meetings that you have in June/July/August as well. I really wish I could help out with the run around- that was a lot of fun last summer. Let me know if there is anything I can do over the summer- say help with the newsletter or whatever- maybe do some early prep for the Big T or Fowl Day or something. I don't know :) Take care-

Ginny :)

Ferrous Carol's Day Off

by Carol Richardson

The world can be divided into two groups. Show both groups footage of the historic Julie Moss 1982 Ironman meltdown only yards from the finish. One group, the larger, undoubtedly saner one, will react with pity, sorrow, even horror. A smaller group will watch the same human carnage and say, "where do I sign up?" Fast forward twenty years where inflation now has that second group forking over \$400 for the privilege of the Julie Moss experience, in my case Ironman Florida.

As always, the day of reckoning inexorably arrives, and the night terrors of the past two weeks have now become a waking terror. The pre-race activities only serve to intensify the certainty of my doom. Instead of stashing my gear alongside my bike on a fluffy towel as with most triathlons, I'm issued bags. Lots of bags. A swim-to- bike bag. A bike-to-run bag. A special needs bike bag. A special needs run bag. A dry clothes bag. Bags that will be secreted away and only brought to me as needed. Every bag represents an opportunity to forget something vital likely, to deposit them in the wrong bag. The odds of my screwing up has now increased by a magnitude of five, which, I believe approaches mathematical certainty.

Nevertheless, I hand over my filled bags to the official sorters, and a kind of fatalistic peace descends upon me. If I've forgotten anything, it's too late now. I head for the official merchandise booth and proceed to buy one of everything with Ironman Florida written on it, only momentarily considering the shame factor of having a suitcase full of souvenirs from a race I could not complete.

On race morning, I wander into the transition area to visit my bike one last time before heading to the sand where the mass swim start will begin. It's resting, as usual, on the very last rack female competitors feeling that this is a race intended for 30-year old men with zero percent body fat and really cool sunglasses. It doesn't help when the official bike pump guy mocks my request for 120psi in my tires. He fills it to 100psi, telling me that's all I need. "You're the boss," I tell him with that special mixture of sarcasm and resignation I've developed for most of my dealings with bike store personnel, who tend to give a 50-yr old woman the same regard in asking for a 650cc tubular tire as she would get if she stepped onto the first tee at Augusta.

Hell and High Water

I drift onto the sand behind the hotel where the holding pen for all 1800 neoprene-clad competitors has been erected. I see Paula Newby-Fraser struggling with her wetsuit zipper, so I give her a hand. I calculate whether it's statistically possible that she will lap me on this two-loop course. I think I can hold her off; that is, I think I can finish my first lap before she finishes both. I consider positioning myself so that the man with the starting gun might have the best chance of shooting me, an irreproachable excuse for calling it a day in my book. No such luck. It's an airhorn, and its melancholy bellow sends all 1800 of us into the Gulf of Mexico, which up until this morning was dead calm, but which has gotten increasingly choppy with the winds of an oncoming storm.

I'd seen the chum-like frenzy of mass starts on television, and I'd admired the high-elbow form of the swimmers, whom I had imagined to be fearless in the face of such apparent chaos. I seed myself with those swimmers, who like me, hope to be of some use later in the race, perhaps in picking up the buoys as we sweep the course. Bringing up the rear also helped to minimize the high-elbow trauma the aforementioned good swimmers habitually bestow on their slower counterparts.

The first loop goes quickly and easily, and soon I am in a conga line of wetsuits heading to the electronic chip timing carpets, only to wade slowly, slump-shouldered, back in for the second loop. By now the chop was cresting over my head, making the buoys hard to see. Suppressing mental images of the devastating swim at Ironman Utah where a freak storm blew the buoys off course, drowning one racer, I just keep swimming. I come upon a swimmer doing the backstroke, a demoralizing reminder that my warp speed freestyle is another man's recovery stroke. Another swimmer keeps grabbing my ankle. I answer with an authoritative kick if only to discourage other swimmers from grabbing on to what they may see as a stationary object on which they may repose. At last, the sandy bottom of the sea appears, and I make my way toward the bicycle transition, but not before the sisters of merciful wetsuit stripping lay me down and peel off my wetsuit. Tales abound of triathletes naked under their wetsuits who forget about the wetsuit strippers until it is too late, and who must now add streaking to their day's events.

I enter the changing tent and the first of my many bags is brought to me and emptied at my feet. Ah, everything I need is there! I even have two pairs of sunglasses to choose between lenses for sunny conditions. The day is partly sunny, so I opt for the dark lenses, which I later regret as the day turns cloudy. I run to get my bike, which is always easy to ID, forlorn on the nearly empty rack, another benefit to being a slow swimmer. I wave to my family who, knowing how to spot me have camped by the porta-pots, and I'm off, only slightly disappointed that the promised angels of SPF 30 do not slather my shoulders as I begin the longest part of my day.

Secrets and Lies

The first few miles of the bike course finds the winds at my back, which can only mean one thing: six or seven hours from now, energy spent, I will be fighting a headwind back into town. I try to enjoy the easy push the wind provides, and even try to make a case to myself that I really can go 20 mph with no effort ride, I make a right turn and the illusion of the five-hour ride ends abruptly with a crosswind spanking.

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The crosswind soon turns into a headwind as I make another right into a landscape right out of Crocodile Hunter vines. As a veteran of the wind tunnel that's New Mexico, I find the Floridian onshore flow only a minor annoyance. A more urgent matter is my increasing awareness that my well-planned menu of the day is losing its appeal, and rapidly. This is the great lie of all the racing advice in all of the magazines you will ever read: No matter what you eat on your long training rides, no matter how you've planned and practiced downing your bananas or salted potatoes or PBJ sandwiches, it will not matter on race day. Nothing will work. And for the simplest of reasons down on race day. All the food has been sent to your legs, leaving your stomach unable to process your carefully planned menu. By mile 50 it becomes clear that I won't be needing my special needs bag because I won't be eating any of it. I resort to my backup energy gels, and that gets me through the ride.

My family has set out lawn chairs in front of our motel, about two miles from the bike finish. They know about what time to expect me, and they dutifully cheer and wave as I roll by. No sooner do I give them my triumphant thumbs-up than I hear an ominous "Pssssss" coming from my rear tire. I have flattened at mile 111 of the 112-mile course. I quickly calculate that a sew-up tire probably won't be rolling off the rim, so I press on to T2, thankful once again that I did not succumb to the anti-tubular pillory I have come to expect from my local bike store.

Running On Empty

Once again, into the changing tent, and another bag is brought to me training flats dilemma, and opted to go for the ballerina slippers instead of the army boots. This morning it made sense runner and had delusions of pulling a Lori Bowden after a lackluster swim and so-so bike. But now, I'm in full coyote mode, ready to chew my feet off at the ankles if it will keep me from a 26 mile run. I have a two minute pity party for myself, wondering if ever an athlete lived whose feet hurt as much as mine. Then I look at my watch--I have over eight hours in which to do the marathon. Okay, so I can walk it if I have to. As I head out, I hear the announcer calling in Chris Leigh, the third place male finisher another blow to my bloodied ego.

After nearly seven hours on the bike I'm a bit wobbly, but I manage to approximate the gait of what I recollect I used to do as a runner. And I'm surprised that this simple act of moving forward has me passing people who look far more scarred than I. I calculate that for every minute I can run, I can save a minute of walking. By mile thirteen, this has translated into an hour.

The gastric insurrection I experienced at mile 50 on the bike has turned into a complete mutiny. Every aid station is an endurance athlete's banquet turns out to be the one thing my stomach will accept, hot chicken broth. Even so, I do the Bob Kempainen hurl at mile nine. Despite nauseating everyone around me, I suddenly feel much better. Still, it's soup and ice chips for the remainder of the evening.

Yes, evening. Darkness falls around mile eight for me, and I'm handed a neon light stick, a not-so-subtle prop that, while admittedly a safety device, feels like a Hester Prynne-style symbol of "loser."

The cruelest element of the run is that it is two loops, meaning that at mile 13, I am at the finish line and must turn around and head out again for another 13. By then, I have my running legs, and people around me are cheering me in with hearty "Bring it on in!" and "Finish strong!" My evil angel (hey, she's tired!) lures me with the temptation of Rosie Ruiz, but my better (and reality-based) angel reminds me that my chip would bust me in the time it took someone to realize that I probably didn't run a 1:45 marathon. It's with a heavy heart and a leaden stomach that I make the turn to begin the second loop.

The mystery is that I feel better the second time around, perhaps because I know I could crawl the rest of the way and still make it by midnight. I also am a Schadenfruede runner, who draws strength from those withering around me. During the run, I'll pass about 400 runners, and finish feeling better than I did at the end of the bike. My marathon time is 4:29, and my finish time is 13:09. I actually sprint to the finish, passing a young man who is savoring his finish, Natasha Badmann style, high-fiving spectators and punching the air in victory. My own finish photo, to my chagrin, has me face down, pushing the buttons on my watch.

Several of my family members are at the finish cheering me at the end, but quickly lose sight of me in the post-race crowd. My loving fiancé cries "Head to the medical tent!" where I assume he expected to see me prostrate and covered with IV tubes. Only my mother knows where I really am. "She's probably over where her bike is, getting ready to leave." And so I am. Stunned that I did it, and, equally surprised that I feel pretty good, considering. I've felt far worse after marathons. I put it to my natural languor in triathlon

I had pledged to my fiancé that one Ironman would surely be enough, the training being more wearing on the one at home than on the athlete. It was a quest I had to get out of my system. Alas, the finish line tape was not even on the ground when I was scheming on how soon I might dare to do another one. I had forgotten the misery of the six-hour training rides, though I'm sure Don had not forgotten the many weekends alone, wondering if I'd been hit by a car, wondering why this event had such a hold on me, wondering why my sport couldn't have been the 50-meter dash. So I'm lying low this year. Maybe a couple of half IMs at the most. But I'm making sure they're Hawaii qualifiers. Just in case.

Carol Richardson is a freelance writer who lives and trains in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Results of the Sante Fe Snowshoe Classic Results
January 11, 2003

Age Group Results of the 2003 Corrida de Los Locos
January 18, 2003

Male		Female	
Overall		Overall	
Angelo Baca	27:23	Erica Larson	29:20
Up to 13			
1 Nathan Romero	30:22	1 Krista Gray	47:33
2 Rudy Salazar	39:46	2 Kathleen Coriz	47:42
3 Spencer Toll	39:46.7		
14-19			
1 William Smallwood	27:39	1 Jessica Hammon	37:36
2 Tim Finnegan	28:47	2 Tanya Musgrave	38:33
3 Cedric Coochyamptewa	29:07	3 Ani Pickrell	43:27
20-29			
1 Solomon Gonzales	29:39	1 Jordan Vaughn	29:27
2 Nat Chakeres	31:41	2 Almea Matanock	32:24
		3 Erica Seitz	36:16
30-39			
1 Will Dunbar	28:32	1 Kelly Dunbar	29:45
2 Eric Peters	28:47	2 Mary Uhl	31:51
3 Mike Schneider	31:04	3 Darla Thompson	35:50
40-49			
1 Paul Fyfe	30:02	1 Victoria McCabe	41:47
2 David Finnegan	30:05	2 Beth Davenport	44:04
3 Duncan Hamman	30:12	3 Colleen Chick	44:32
50-59			
1 Wayne Chick	28:32	1 Carol Richardson	36:11
2 Jim Hannan	34:09	2 Jermance Chalouy	37:44
3 John Vovruska	34:37	3 Margaret Alexander	45:11
60-69			
1 Robert Werner	36:28		
2 Geary Radcliffe	39:17		
3 Roy Cope	44:27		
70+			
1 Aaron Goldman	43:21	1 Inez Ross	1:05:19

5K Results:

Place	Name	Time	Age Group	Age Place
1	Greg Long	24:48	M <40	1
2	Jim Westmoreland	26:58	M <40	1
3	Justine Fox-Young	27:16	F <40	1
4	Lee Brannon	27:25	M <40	2
5	Ray Eldridge	27:28	M <40	2
6	Monica Babicke	29:26	F <40	3
7	David Lovelady	29:57	M <40	3
8	Carole Roybal	31:02	F <40	3
9	Kevin Bernadt	31:09	M <40	3
10	Diana Hardy	33:20	F <40	1
11	Jim Girard	37:52	M <40	4
12	Margaret Alexander	42:05	F <40	2
13	Michael Pease	42:40	M <40	4
14	Deb Gage	42:54	F <40	4
15	June Dickinson	48:15	F <40	3
16	Stephanie Woods	50:19	F <40	5
17	Karen Woods	50:26	F <40	6

10K Results:

Place	Name	Time	Age Group	Age Place
1	Eric Peters	47:33	M <40	1
2	Lyle Amer	48:40	M <40	1
3	Elliott Wright	48:40(?)	M <40	2
4	Tobin Oldach	50:04	M <40	3
5	David Schoenwald	50:34	M <40	4
6	Chuck Farrar	50:39	M <40	2
7	Jody LaFevers	51:14	M <40	5
8	Bill Blankenship	52:18	M <40	3
9	Mark Seaton	52:43	M <40	4
10	Sean Cunniff	53:18	M <40	6
11	Jan Bear	56:24	M <40	5
12	Patricia Newell	56:56	F <40	1
13	Ries Robinson	57:42	M <40	7
14	Pete Kern	59:07	M <40	8
15	Tove Shere	59:16	F <40	1
16	Matthew Ennis	59:41	M <40	9
17	Dave Hirman	1:00:09	M <40	6
18	Larry Feise	1:00:14	M <40	7
19	Jim Beig	1:00:42	M <40	8
20	Michael Milone	1:00:43	M <40	9
21	Patrick Morrissey	1:02:22	M <40	10
22	Steven Strohl	1:02:47	M <40	10
23	Ellis McMath	1:05:59	M <40	11
24	Suzanne DeVore	1:06:09	F <40	2
25	Dale Goering	1:08:02	M <40	12
26	Paula Higgins	1:08:31	F <40	2
27	Kristen Peterson	1:09:19	F <40	3
28	Jerry Shere	1:11:26	M <40	13
29	Paul Ormerob	1:11:54	M <40	14
30	Jill Janov	1:16:08	F <40	3
31	Michelle Wykoff	1:19:42	F <40	4
32	Sandy Morrissey	1:19:46	F <40	4
33	May Marchese	1:20:00	F <40	5
34	Laurie Hinman	1:34:08	F <40	6

Overall Results of the 2003 Corrida de Los Locos
January 18, 2003

1 Angelo Baca	24	27:23	56 Lee Levin	52	40:15
2 William Smallwood	18	27:39	57 Ray Roybal	39	40:17
3 Wayne Chick	50	28:05	58 Holland Shepherd	49	40:19
4 Will Dunbar	30	28:32	59 Burrola Octavio	38	40:26
5 Eric Peters	33	28:47	60 Craig Rasmussen	49	40:53
6 Tim Finnegan	17	28:47	61 Mike Baca	33	41:03
7 Cedric Coochyamptewa	19	29:07	62 Victoria McCabe	45	41:41
8 Henry Valdez	16	29:15	63 Jill Janov	36	42:07
9 Erica Larson	31	29:20	64 Lyle Kerstiens	52	42:53
10 Jordan Vaughn	24	29:27	65 Aaron Goldman	70	43:21
11 Solomon Gonzales	28	29:39	66 Ani Pickrell	14	43:27
12 Kelly Dunbar	31	29:43	67 Ernest Rocha	58	43:29
13 Paul Fyfe	47	30:02	68 Eric Mas	35	43:45
14 David Finnegan	46	30:05	69 Lewis Terr	56	43:42
15 Duncan Hamman	47	30:12	70 Beth Davenport	42	44:04
16 Chris Chavez	43	30:26	71 John Bounds	44	44:10
17 Nathan Romero	13	20:27	72 Mick Kappler	37	44:11
18 Michael Small	41	31:03	73 Roy Cope	63	44:27
19 Mike Schneider	36	31:04	74 Colleen Chick	49	44:32
20 Nat Chakeres	22	31:41	75 George Gray	48	44:41
21 Mary Uhl	37	31:51	76 Andy Shreve	41	44:46
22 Jason Strauch	39	32:16	77 Margaret Alexander	54	45:11
23 Almea Matanock	22	32:24	78 Deborah Gaynor	52	46:17
24 David Telles	41	32:50	79 Gary Richards	45	47:20
25 Jim Hannan	52	34:09	80 Robert Aragon	45	47:20
26 John Vavruska	51	34:37	81 Krista Gray	13	47:33
27 David Lovelady	54	34:50	82 Kathleen Coriz	8	47:42
28 Darla Thompson	37	35:50	83 Sherry Garcia	47	47:45
29 Pete Romero	48	36:01	84 Janet Wise	49	48:15
30 Carol Richardson	51	36:11	85 Jake Garcia	47	48:53
31 Erica Seitz	26	36:16	86 Darin Romero	15	48:59
32 Robert Werner	62	36:28	87 Michelle Egnor	44	49:27
33 Paul Maudlin	50	36:34	88 Bryan Breen	56	49:28
34 Phil Pannabecker	55	37:02	89 Ted Williams	55	49:50
35 Nick Toll	19	37:22	90 Geraldine Romero	47	50:11
36 Jessica Hammon	17	37:36	91 Dana Konno	50	50:14
37 Jermance Chalouy	51	37:44	92 Richard Thompson	62	50:26
38 Wolky Toll	53	37:46	93 Victoria Graham	40	57:33
39 Stephen Lucero	47	38:15	94 Judy Leyba	47	58:15
40 Steven Desgeorges	50	38:16	95 Mike Sutin	68	59:24
41 Gilbert Chavez	43	38:29	96 Eveline Baier	47	1:01
42 Carlos Kinsey	35	38:33	97 Diane Grogen	41	1:04
43 Tanya Musgrave	17	38:33	98 Inez Ross	72	1:05
44 Philip Romero	49	38:46			
45 Maurice McAlister	33	38:48			
46 David Mitlin	30	39:05			
47 Cecil Stark Jr.	56	39:11			
48 Geary Radcliffe	63	39:17			
49 Ed Moreno	48	39:18			
50 Joy Lee	25	39:31			
51 Scott Hicks	45	39:32			
52 Rudy Salazar	9	39:46			
53 Spencer Toll	13	39:46.7			
54 Eric Hoover	58	40:09			
55 McCray Allistair	18	40:13			

PGR&W Fund

To: Paul Wainwright, Esq.
Second successor trustee: Property Group Running and Walking Fund

My old friend Frank Shorter (the once-upon-a-time darling of the American marathon running community) in a speech especially prepared for the coin-collecting segment of a group of "British" long distance runners said: "Mind your pennies and quarters; the nickels and dimes will soon fill in between." This, of course, was the derivation of the expression "mind your p's and q's." As old as he is now, Frank won races at a time when half dollars and Susan B. Anthony's were not prevalent, and they still aren't. I have never found either one while out hurting my knees. In 2002, I did find an 1892 penny on a plod down West Alameda toward Camino Alire, and have yet to figure out how it got there. I hit for the cycle on the same route (quarter, dime, nickel, penny -- actually 12 pennies) and hit for the cycle on Paseo de Peralta (thanks to Warehouse 21). Only one wheat leaf penny was found during 2002. "Where have all the wheat-leaf pennies gone," was the question posed in one of the great running poems of all time entitled "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

The following contributors participated in the 2002 totals: Margaret Werner, Esther Sutin, Zak Leonard, Ian Macdonald, Ben Leonard, Sam Macdonald, Brian Sutin, John Leonard, Ellen Macdonald, Jennifer Leonard, Paul Macdonald and Rose Sutin.

The 2002 totals for the PGR&WF are:

Pennies: 815
Nickels: 49
Dimes: 105
Quarters: 44
Other: \$1.00 bill
 \$5.00 bill
 1 Mexican \$100 coin
 1 Italian L. 50
 1 Canadian \$.25
 8 tokens of various mystical
significance

Respectfully submitted: Mike Sutin

Who Sang This?

from riddle on first page

It was Autolicus, of course, in Act IV, Scene 3, of The Winter's Tale.

>>> Race Calendar <<<

2/15 Mt Taylor Quadrathlon
Grants
<http://mttaylorquad.org/>
800-748-2142

5/31 25th Annual 2003 Santa Fe Run-Around
5K & 10K 8:00a, Kids 1K 9:30a
<http://www.daylight.com/~striders>
Adults: 438-4463 (Mick, mick@daylight.com)
Kids: 466-3955 (Ted, palmerlorted@aol.com)

Membership Renewal Time

Don't miss an issue of *Mile Markers*, poetic running in motion. Renew your Santa Fe Striders membership now. A membership form is on the back cover.

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 Group 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. Also, track workouts (April-October) begin at **6pm** on **Tuesdays** at the **Santa Fe High School**. Everyone is welcome. Group runs are happening on the weekends. Course and distance vary. Contact Joslyn Garcia for more info - joslynbob@earthlink.net

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.

2003 Strider Officers

Kris Kern, President, 983-8944
kernkt@cybermesa.com
Kris Peterson, Vice President, 820-6247
krisp@newmexico.com
Diana Hardy, Treasurer, 438-8602
hardy_diana@seo.state.nm.us
Mick Kappler, newsletter editor, 438-4463
mick@daylight.com

Santa Fe Striders Club Membership Application and Waiver



Name: _____

- Renewal
 New member

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: _____

Email: _____

Annual dues for the Santa Fe Striders club are \$15. A \$1.25 is for a subscription to the RRCA's quarterly magazine, *footnotes* for one year. Annual fees are due in January and membership runs through December. If you are paying in July or later, the dues 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 of 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

