

Running Briefs
c/o Tracey Martinson
1716 Reed Circle
Fairbanks, AK 99709

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SPECIAL INSERT:
Running Briefs to go

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Running Briefs

Running the Muir Woods

By Sandy Kimbrell

Rick & Shirley Winther and Keith & Sandy Kimbrell enjoyed a unique but Equinox-like race in Stinson Beach, California (in Marin County north of San Francisco) on the 24th of April. The race was the Muir Woods Marathon, 25 K, and 7 mile Run.

Runners started on Stinson Beach and quickly entered the trails of Mt. Tamalpais State Park and Muir Woods National Monument. The three races follow the same route for the first three miles up Dipsea Trail and Ravine Trail including a 10 foot wooden ladder climb beside a waterfall and many, many, many stone steps (that stair stepper training this winter really came in handy). This was an 1,800 foot climb that came out to the access parking lot for many other trails of both systems and a well deserved water stop. The 7 mile run then crossed over on the Pan Toll Trail and accessed the Matt Davis Trail which descended back to Stinson Beach with beautiful vistas of the beach and more shaded woodland along the way. The 25 K and marathon entered the Muir Woods trail system, to enjoy very scenic views of huge redwoods, lush undergrowth, and babbling streams (that is if you were brave enough to look up while running over roots, rocks, and ducking under low hanging trees). The 7 milers didn't miss out too much as they enjoyed similar scenery on the way up, but the trees are big-

ger in Muir Woods. The 25K and marathon returned to the parking lot for a water break and to pick up the trails back to Stinson Beach. The marathoners took an extra out & back on the Mt. Tamalpais trail system. Overall, the 25 K ascended 3,300 feet and the marathon ascended 4,400 feet. The trails were wide and very well groomed, by Alaska standards.

We had excellent weather. It cleared just prior to our arrival and stayed in the 70s with a lot of sunshine. The race was well organized and well marked. There were some who took a wrong turn, probably because they were watching their foot placement rather than looking out for the pink tags. The hikers on the trail systems were generally polite but added to the obstacles to avoid. We did a reconnaissance of the trails the day before the race, and we were

glad of the opportunity to really see the beauty of Muir Woods without the pace of a race. We had time to take a lot of pictures during our hike. The Stinson Beach community was friendly and the restaurants served excellent food. We recommend staying in Sausalito (an easy drive to Stinson Beach), so you can access more attractions if interested. The Panoramic Highway is a scenic inland route to Stinson Beach, but Shoreline Highway provides great ocean vistas for those not susceptible to motion sickness (beware of winding curves with drop-offs).

Though we had all planned on running the 25 K, only Keith followed through. The rest of us opted for the 7 miler due to nagging injuries or lack of training. We were very glad of our choice in the end as the 25 K runners had to contend with more heat and only two water stops on the route. Most runners carried water. Our times weren't too shabby for such a grueling course this early in the season. Keith finished the 25 K in 2:39:00.0 (a 3rd place for his age group and 30th overall). Sandy finished the 7 miler in 1:27:59.9 (a 2nd place in her age group and 32nd overall) with Shirley and Rick close behind in 1:30:29.9 (4th place for both in their age groups and 46th and 47th overall).

Anyone interested in the Muir Woods Run can check it out at www.envirosports.com.



The Kimbrells and the Winthers check out some BIG trees in the Muir Woods.

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Running Briefs is published bi-monthly. Unlike two former editors, who write entertaining columns for real newspapers, Tracey writes marginal material for obscure scientific journals. So, please, if you have any exciting news that you would like to see here, write it up and send it to Tracey at 1716 Reed Circle, Fairbanks AK 99709, or email at fntam@uaf.edu.

Advertising

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Thank you track volunteers!

A big thank you goes out to the following people for volunteering their time at the high school track and field meets this season:

Steve Bainbridge, Ken Larimore, Dan Callahan, Darrel Eversman, Tracey Martinson, Bad Bob Baker, Sharon Baker, Danny Baker, Gina Baker, Davya Baker, Bev Weis, Ron Johnson, Carol Johnson, Katie

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You guys are awesome!

The exotic and unique:

From minefields to the steppes of Western Siberia

Editor's note: These are the second and third (of 3) responses to the Running Briefs Poll published in the February 2004 edition. It's still not too late to send in your very own contribution.

By Larry Hallstrom

The most unique place I ever ran was through a mine field while deployed to Bosnia in 1999. Our camp was located on an old Yugoslavian air base and the running trail that was made for soldiers to

run on was put in right through a mine-field that was used for perimeter defense during the Balkans War. Because not all of the mines could be found, (there were lots) they cleared a trail for us and let us run through it.

By Michelle Mitchell

The most exotic place I ever ran ... I would have to say Nikolo-Berezovsky, a TINY little village on the Kama River in Bashkor-

tostan. It is accessible by a ferry that transports vehicles from the Udmurt Republic (Russia) to Bashkortostan (an historically Islamic republic on the steppes of Western Siberia). I ran a 10 K race there on a blazing hot July day. I was the first American to show up (not to mention race) in this obscure location, where livestock outnumber humans. The sunsets on the Kama River at midnight are gorgeous.

Thanks to RCN

By Olivia Moreton

Thanks to all of Running Club North. My membership has expired before I do—that's what counts!

I have loved being a part of this unique running community in Fairbanks. There is always so much excitement for even the smallest event. I have appreciated the casual approach that has helped me develop a more realistic relation-

ship with my running and to embrace jogging.

My first contact with RCN was with Steve, when I requested an entry form for the Equinox. I was getting excellent service right from the start!

When I came to Fairbanks five years ago, who thought I would have stayed so long? I came up in competitive mode. I was in fast racing shape with

plans to do well in my last official marathon. It was my 13th so I had some concerns. But I enjoyed every step I took and my time was good enough.

As I leave Fairbanks, I accept and give my body and soul a break from competition in all areas of my life. I set off with a goal to "jog" at least one official 5K and do yoga in every state I visit.

Happy trails!

On the marathon trail

By Bob Hildebrandt

Back in February, my son Dietrich and I traveled to Birmingham, Alabama. On Saturday, Feb. 7th, we watched as 86 runners competed in the U.S. Men's Olympic Marathon trials. The weather was cold for Birmingham—27°F along with some snow. It was great to watch.

On Sunday it was our turn to run. It was still cool, but there was less wind. And, despite what the race organizers claimed, the course was quite hilly. At Mile 26 I developed a bad leg cramp, but I wasn't going to stop. With a few cuss words and vigorous rubbing, I was able to finish marathon number 70. It was a fun marathon, and once again, I had quite the buzz going from caffeinated Clif Shot.

On March 7th, Dietrich and I traveled to Los Angeles for the L.A. Marathon. I have run this one six times, and Dietrich wanted to give it a try.

He was able to get seeded toward the front, while ol' Dad got to run with the crowd of 25,000. The temperatures were in the 90s, and neither of us were ready for it. By Mile 18 I was shot, but I was working on a fabulous tan. It was Marathon #71 for me, and as usual, was a learning experience.

In April, I traveled to St. Louis, Missouri to watch the U.S. Women's Olympic Marathon trials and run Marathon #72. It was great to watch the women's race on April 3rd, and I was surprised to meet up with John and Charlotte Berdahl from Fairbanks.

On the 4th, the weather was good. But alas, I developed "Whine on Wednesday": the course was too hilly ... there was poor traffic control (in some cases, none at all) ... there were few spectators ... whine, whine, whine ... I think I was still a little upset about not getting to run Boston this year, and was lacking in the

motivation department. I was running with a runner who was complaining even more than I. When we ran across the timing mat at Mile 18, however, the other runner surprised me. He ripped off his bib, gave it to the guy standing there, and said "I quit!" That really got my brain working. I wanted to finish. I did not want to be a quitter. I shifted into another gear and picked it up. So while it wasn't my best effort, I finished, and notched up my 37th state. On the plus side, I got to meet with Dean Radenmaker, the founder of the 50 state group, and with Jerry Ashley, the new 50 state leader.

The crowded highways, the crummy hotels, the long hours on planes and at airports take their toll on me, but I am not ready to pack it in. Every marathon is different, and each one is a learning experience. And I've got #73 slated for May (*Ed. note: Bob ran the Delaware Marathon on May 16th*).

Running Away from Home

Delaware Marathon, Wilmington, DE, May 16, 2004

Bob Hildebrandt 5:41:10

Cincinnati Flying Pig Marathon, Cincinnati, OH, May 2, 2004

Chris Davis 5:04:27

Boston Marathon, Boston, MA, April 19, 2004

Mike Kramer 2:55:40

Andy Holland 3:22:34

Susan Faulkner 3:24:43

Joe Trubacz 3:35:44

Tri-State Marathon, St. George, UT, March 27, 2004

Jim Madonna 3:58:12

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Musings on high school track...

By Tracey Martinson

School's out and another exciting season of Region VI Track and Field has come to a close. And I get my Saturdays back.

Now don't get me wrong. I enjoy volunteering as a track official. As Clerk of the Course, I get to know some of the talented high-school runners in our region. It should be noted, however, that with the Clerk's tent being located way over in the boondocks, we clerks don't get to see much in the way of real action. This year we had high hopes for the North Pole track, because the

Clerk's tent is located a mere 50 m from the finish line. But alas, John Estle's timing van obscured it all, even the clock.

No witnessing the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat for us. Nope. Our time is spent on the mundane task of getting the athletes ready to run—making sure they take their earrings out and have the right uniform on. Hey—we'll be darned if the athletes can blame us for getting DQed! But, while it sounds like a pretty dull way to spend entire Saturdays, we are privy to some rather unique perspectives on the trials and tribulations of running. These can be

quite baffling to an adult who never runs less than 3 miles at a time, and runs at least one marathon a year.

Take, for example, the sprinters for whom the 800m run holds all the mystique of an ultramarathon. Yes, it's true. I discovered the existence of such creatures when I inadvertently asked two of them if they were coming to check in for the 800m run. They immediately clutched their stomachs and began to hyperventilate. "Oh no!" they gasped. "We're SPRINTERS!" After laughing at them ever so briefly, I regained my composure and assured them that if

they just slowed down a bit, they were sure to finish.

Then there was the girl who was sprawled on the bench at the Clerk's table, not sure whether she could muster the energy to run her last event of the day, the 4x100m relay. "Oh, you can do it!" I said, trying to be encouraging. Then I suddenly remembered the revelation that occurs when you reach the Mile 25 mark in a marathon—when you realize that you only have 1.2 miles of pain left to endure. "Hey, enough of that, babycakes. It's only a hundred meters! Now get out there!"

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Is your membership ready to EXPIRE?

Don't let the unthinkable happen to you!

Don't ignore your renewal notice when it comes in the mail!

Running can add years to your life!

By Ron "Rip Van Winkle" Smith

There are several reasons I run. One is to get a real feeling of accomplishment when I achieve a personal goal. Another is the fellowship before and after races. Until very recently, I thought that an excellent reason to run was to maintain cardio-vascular fitness and "add years to my life." After the Chena River Run, I'm rethinking this last one. I started the race that cool Saturday morning knowing that, as usual, I hadn't gotten in enough training runs. I also knew that there were several new inductees into the 60-69 year old age category. Typical for me, I went out too fast.

My wife, Marsha, tells me that I get in some kind of

zone during a race and am not really aware of my surroundings. I thought it had something to do with oxygen deprivation in the brain but now I just don't know. I distinctly remember the start and the finish but there is some "missing time" in the middle. My friend, Ed Rouleau, told me I passed him about mile 1 but I have no recollection of it. More disturbing, when I read the sports section of the Sunday paper I discovered that I was 80 years old! Is this a case of running adding years to my life? During that 5K race I aged at least 19 years!

I called up my buddy Art Bell during his "Coast to Coast AM" radio talk show the other night and reported this strange phenomenon. We noodled it around and pretty much eliminated

"cattle mutilation," "crop circles" and "channeling" as potential causes. Alien abduction is still out there but the most likely possibility is that, somewhere in the first mile of the course, I ran through a "temporal anomaly" sometimes referred to as a "spatial-temporal portal." You may have heard about these things on "Star Trek, the Next Generation." Anyway, it seems that the portal must have been moving and I ran through it a second time and, in the process, returned to my starting timeframe. Unfortunately, my body was gone 19 years. And my mind may be gone permanently.

Art thinks I should share this story with the Fairbanks running community because other participants in the Chena River

Run may have inadvertently passed through the portal too. So, if you aged inexplicably during the Chena River Run, give me a call. Or, alternatively, if you ended up with my 19 years, I want them back! The whole thing has me concerned. If I pass through a similar anomaly during this year's Midnight Sun Run, I could finish when I'm 118 years old.

Seriously, I really appreciate all the organizers, water station helpers, street crossing guards and timers that show up for running events in Fairbanks. Sometimes it is hard to read the scribbles on entry forms. I'm hoping that is really what happened here. But, if you see a shriveled old guy lying on the bike path the evening of June 19th...please call my wife...and Art Bell.