HOWARD COUNTY STRIDERS NEWSLETTER

Vol. 8 No. 1 Spring 1988

Some Main Courses

By Linda Andes-Georges

Although the motivation for seeking out the Perfect Running Route varies tremendously from one individual to another in this club, almost everyone, when pressed, is willing to admit that they have a favorite route which the feet will follow on automatic pilot when active exploration is not the goal. The definition of one's favorite circuit may depend on its freedom from insect pests (or canine ones), its vehicle-free quality, its sun, its shade, its lack of hills (or abundance of them), its solitude, or . . . its attractive chicks and dudes. With this variety of objectives in mind, we offer a selection of possible training runs with certain aspects emphasized. We submit this edition's *menu de la saison* for your consideration (all mileages are approximate).

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Howard County Striders Officers and Directors

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Howard County Striders Newsletter Staff

Paul Goldenberg, Editor; Jim Carbary, Linda Andes-Georges, Judy Tripp, Nadia Wasserman, Tom Bowmaster, Bob Burns, Ken Fowler, Gerry Clapper, Jill Anderson.

Statement of Strider Philosophy

The Howard County Striders, Inc. is a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting and educating people on the physical and mental health benefits of long distance running. Through its major focus on participation in a running program, the club supports a wide range of competitive, non-competitive and educational events and seminars. The club is an accredited chapter of the Road Runners Club of America (RRCA). Membership in the HCS is open to the public, and automatically includes membership in the RRCA. Membership in the HCS also entitles individuals to reduced fees in all weekly race programs, and eligibility for a number of grants and programs. For further information on membership, contact Tom Webb, 10749 Cordage Walk, Columbia, MD 21044 (992-9842), or visit Feet First, the club's unofficial headquarters, in the Wilde Lake Village Green in Columbia. Feet First has membership forms as well as a selection of club T-shirts, tank tops and patches, all on sale at cost.

Striders, let us know what you're up to! Helpmake your newsletter the best. We need writers, photographers, and your suggestions. If you would like to contribute or if you just want to let us know what you think of the newsletter, call Paul Goldenberg at 730-3566.

The deadline for the next newsletter is July 10.

Letter To The Editor

March 1, 1988

Dear Newsletter Editor:

I would like to open my remarks (pertaining to the Winter '88 article by Jim Carbary on "Running with Dogs") by defending my need to remain anonymous. In matters of great controversy, such as those touching on abortion, personal drug use, and runners vs. dogs, it is best to be as discreet as possible. There are caninophiles everywhere, many of them quite open and vocal.

However it is not my intention to offend anyone, including dog owners. Some of my best friends own dogs. I even sometimes run with one, and find her good company. Her owner is nice too.

As was the case with the technical article on baseball caps, I feel some balance and moderation must be brought to bear on Mr. Carbary's hasty assessment of the dog question. He has in fact been very harsh in generalizing about dogs (here I join the "enemy" camp), but what is worse, he has given us some questionable advice concerning the runner/dog encounters which frequently occur. In particular, he recommends that when threatened, the runner should be more aggressive than the dog. This method is not as fool proof as Mr. C. would have us believe. Although moving away "incrementally" while facing the creature may be fairly effective, let us not forget that (1) dogs are excited by moving objects, and (2) adopting a non-submissive attitude is a challenge to territory-defenders. (Submissive attitudes include crawling belly-to-earth, drawing in tail or butt, whining, etc., all of which the runner could try if the situation is hopeless or if the dog owner is present and not being helpful.)

May I point out that in 50% of the cases where I have applied the confrontation principle (without coming to blows) the dog has succumbed to my charm and followed me home. For miles. Then I have had to load the beast in my car and transport him back to the approximate place of pick-up. A dreadful nuisance.

Perhaps my lack of success with this method is due to the fact that I am much smaller than Mr. C. No doubt an imposing physical presence and authoritative manner could be more effective than the resources I can muster.

I would like to suggest that the Striders consider setting up a workshop for the purpose of demonstrating various techniques that have been proven successful. This promises the opportunity for some interesting role-playing, and I will look forward to attending it.

Yours faithfully,

a marginal Strider and friend

WOMEN STRIDERS ROUND UP

By Nadia Wasserman

The Women's Committee sponsored two outstanding seminars. More than forty runners braved a freak snowstorm to hear Earl Lauer discuss interval training. The highly successful coach of Atholton High School, Earl stressed the need to elevate pulse rate rather than merely running fast during interval sessions.

The second seminar featured Ellen Howland's informative discussion of running injuries. Using live models, Ellen illustrated (literally in the case of her husband Jon) how injuries result from muscle imbalances. She demonstrated a series of simple exercises to correct some common imbalance problems.

Inspired by Earl Lauer's talk, a group of women have begun regular interval sessions at Oakland Mills High School. If you are interested in setting some new PR's this just might be what it takes. For information call me at 381-6385.

Mark your calendar now—the Women's Distance Festival 5K is scheduled for July 15. Once again we are planning on the largest turnout in the state as the midnight madness continues. This year we are considering a two tier race fee: $2 without a shirt and $7 with a shirt. We need random awards. If you are interested in working on the race committee call Nadia Wasserman at 381-6385.

Speed Work Pays Off!
Strider Women 3rd Place Open Team at Bonne Bell.

Running With Runners

By Brutus

Recent articles in this and other publications have been directed at runners and joggers, giving them advice on how to avoid their four legged friends and enemies. As a member of the canine species (*doggus familiarius*), I think some equal time is in order. In fact, since we dogs have four legs, perhaps we should get twice as much ink—runners, with only two legs, are only half fast!

In years of chasing runners, I have developed certain philosophies and techniques, which are worth sharing with my furry friends.

1) Always remember—it's not how fast you run, it's who you bite that counts. Emotion and competitiveness matter far more in our sport than do logic, reason, and statistics. Recently, I had a runner attempt to convince me, with the aid of charts and regression equations, that given his performance in recent races, I couldn't catch him before he reached his house. Now *that's* a gluteus I'll always remember biting!

2) I recommend going to the track for interval training at least once a week. The runners come round and round, so you can intersperse short bursts of activity with a rest while they go around again. This recommendation is not intended for greyhounds, who are liable to run around the track themselves, instead of waiting for the runners to come to them.

3) It is important to pay attention to your diet. Although meat is an important part of any dog's diet, we have to be careful of the percentage of fat we include in our daily meals and snacks. Just because those chubby pedestrians are the easiest to catch is no reason to subsist on a fatty, high cholesterol diet—the skinny, gristly ones (if you can catch them) are not as tasty but are far healthier and preferred in any concientious program of health maintenance.

While it may be harder to catch those skinny ones, it is possible through trickery. One easy technique is this: While out walking on the leash (or perhaps your owner is kind enough to let you trail your leash, instead of holding onto the end) you will often be approached by runners from either direction. Everyone knows that *all* dogs have incredibly acute senses of smell and hearing, and therefor you'll know of the approach of these potential victims before they're within 1/4 mile. Nonetheless, your owner is probably stupid, so ignore those pounding feet and aromas of sweaty meat on the hoof. Instead, pretend to fixate your attention on a nearby tree or dung pile. Your owner will be unaware of the approach of your target, and that is the key to this trick.

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Strider Shorts

Out of sight but not out of mind.

Jerry Andrews, who moved to California last fall, ran a 3:08 in the LA Marathon on an eight week average of 43 miles with a 14 mile long run. Just think what a few more long runs would do.

The Howard County Striders At Americas Ekiden

TOM BOWMASTER (8K LEG) WRITES:

First of all, I would like to say that I don't see the need for this article. After all, the Ekiden was shown live from New York in its entirely during some of my favorite TV viewing hours—7 to 9:30 am on Saturday April 9. I certainly would have been glued to my set if I hadn't been busy racing, but our newsletter editor seems to think some of you weren't (glued), hence, an article.

For those of you who don't know what an Ekiden is, let alone how to pronounce it, (ek'.ē.den seems to be most popular), it is a traditional Japanese relay race run with a sash worn over the shoulder in place of a baton. Ekidens can cover almost any distance and involve lots of runners. For instance, one Ekiden, the Kyushu Corporation Ekiden covers 1064 kilometers with teams of 71 runners each. In sort of a bizarre role reversal America took this oversized Japanese creation and scaled it down, streamlining it and making it nice and efficient in the process. The result was the ASICS-Cup America's Ekiden, a 50 kilometer relay with legs of 5K, 8K, 12K, 15K and 10K. Nine international teams and 52 state teams (including teams from the District of Columbia and New York City) competed.

The key word in the previous paragraph is "ASICS". That word explains how the Maryland team went from a group consisting of Chris Fox, Jeff Scuffins, Gerry Clapper, Jim Hage and Harry Goodman, to a strider—rich team of Ken Fowler, myself, Gerry, Jim and Harry, with Al Naylor as coach and Joe Sullivan as alternate. For some reason Nike and Reebok, who sponser Fox and Scuffins, as well as about one quarter of the other originally schedule runners, did not want them running in any race with "ASICS" in the name. All I can say to Nike and Reebok is thank you!

Since I'm writing this for Marylanders instead of my usual Nebraskan audience, I won't bore you with all the sights we took in during our 3 day all expense paid stay in Manhattan. Despite the absense of Nike and Reebok sponsored athletes, there were still lots of big names loitering in the hotel lobby and dining room. Of course we were all very nonchalant about eating at the same tables with runners such as Steve Scott and Mark Curp. As far as I know, Ken was the only one of us who spilled an entire plate of food in his lap and Joe was the only one to pour a beer down the front of his shirt.

Race day started with a 5 am roll call at the hotel for the 5K runners. By 5:10 they were boarding their buses to the start at the United Nations Building. According to Ken, they almost froze to death at the starting line while the photographers snapped their pictures, the big wigs made their speeches, and someone patriotic played the Stav Spougled Banner. Personally, I think Ken should just consider himself lucky that they didn't play 9 national anthems and 50 state songs. Ken lined up directly behind the Russian runner. Luckily for East-West relations

he didn't follow through on his vow to run over anyone in his path in order to get on TV.

The 5K course ran mostly south on the FDR, next to the East River. At Houston Street, the sashes were passed to the 8K'ers who continued on around the southern tip of Manhattan and up the West Side. By this time a very stiff breeze was blowing out of the northwest which slowed the 8K leg down a bit. At 10th Street, we handed off to the 12 K'ers who had to fight the wind all the way to 125th Street. As if that wasn't bad enough, when they finally got to turn and run with the wind for the last half mile it was all uphill. The 15K and 10K legs ran mostly around Central Park with the finish at Tavern On The Green.

Despite only being on TV for about two seconds in a middle of the pack shot, Ken ran a strong 5K leg of 14:48 putting Maryland in 29th place among the state teams. Steve Scott ran 13:51 to put the U.S.A. team in first place with a 3 second lead on Marcus O'Sullivan and Ireland. My 8K time of 25:03 was the 28th fastest state team 8K, and kept Maryland in 29th place. John Gregorek's 22:59 kept the US team in the lead of the international competition. Next came Gerry with Maryland's strongest leg. Despite the wind he ran his 12K in 37:59, the 10th fastest state time. When he handed off the sash, Maryland had moved up to 16th place. Pat Porter kept the U.S. in front with a 36:25.

Before the race most people figured the 15K leg would be the most critical segment. Since those runners would be out there the longest they could make up or lose the most ground. That was certainly true in the international race as John Treacy destroyed the field and moved Ireland into the top spot with a 42:48. Mark Curp was a distant 2nd in 43:55 as the US dropped to second place. Meanwhile, Jim Hage ran the 21st fastest state team leg in 47:07, moving Maryland up one spot to 15th place before passing the sash to Harry Goodman, Harry's 10K time of 32:25 was the 42nd best state team time and put Maryland in 22nd place. In the international race, Ed Eyestone was unable to make up time on John Doherty who ran his leg in 28:47 to give Ireland the Victory. The U.S. held on to 2nd and Great Britain finished 3rd. Easily winning the state competition was California, whose members ran the fastest state team times for 4 of the 5 legs. Particularly impressive was their anchor leg, an unknown who ran his 10K in 29:02. At least he was an unknown at the time. Two weeks later Marc Conover became a "known" runner by winning the U.S. Olympic Trials Marathon.

You should all know by now that I

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Arleen's Run Still Fun In Tenth Year

By Judy Tripp

Arleen and Friend at 1985 Fun Run.

Like many great ideas, this one started very small. Arleen Kvech's six-year-old daughter Shelly wanted to run races like her big brother, Tim, but she couldn't quite handle the Striders' two-miler. So, devoted Mom that she is, Arleen created a one-mile fun run around her Centennial neighborhood for Shelly and a friend or two, with the incentive of trophies if they stuck it out each week for the whole summer. They did, and a few other friends and neighbors joined in as well.

That was 1979, and since then the Centennial Fun Run summer series has become one of the running highlights of the season in this area. Each year the series has become a little more elaborate; each year a few more people have heard about it and passed the word to their friends; each year toddlers, teens, adults, and senior citizens have run their weekly mile for fun and trophies. Last summer 269 different people ran at least once during the course of the 11-week series. As the runs grew, so did the time commitment. Nevertheless, Arleen has always been incredibly capable, cheerful, and giving, even while wearing multiple hats as wife, mother, student, and now program planner for the Howard County Office On Aging.

Trophies are awarded at the end of the summer to the fastest regular runners in each of the many age groups while each child five and under gets a big fat ribbon, no matter what his time, provided he runs five or more races. Additional random awards are given out each week—Arleen likes to give out lots of prizes

that aren't based on how fast one runs. Individuals and businesses have responded generously to her requests for small giveaways—key rings, snow cone coupons, frisbees and the like. Domino's Pizza has been particularly generous with both promotional items and with pizza and drinks for the end-of-season party.

When this year's Centennial Fun Runs kick off on Thursday, June 9th at 7:30 p.m., it will mark the tenth year that Arleen and her family and neighbors have put on the series for the enjoyment of all comers. "I never dreamed it would turn into what it is," says Arleen who has a long history of volunteerism within her community and the Howard County Striders. "I love doing it, particularly for the little ones—they're so happy when they cross the finish line." Arleen's neighbors, Alice Barrows and Dave Fitzpatrick, and her children, Tim, Shelly, and Brent, have been faithful workers over the years. The rest of the Centennial residents have been surprisingly tolerant of the traffic and congestion—so tolerant that there has never been a complaint, only praise and offers of help.

Arleen's personal running had a family-related start, too, just like her fun runs. In 1978, then eleven-year old Timmy came home and announced, "I can run a mile." Mom replied, "If you can run a mile, then so can I." So off they went to the brand-new Centennial High School track where Arleen thought one lap was a mile! Disappointed but not daunted, she covered the endless four laps and was hooked. After a few more training runs, she, Timmy, and a friend of his showed up at a Striders' race where they were warmly welcomed even though obviously outclassed by the

Celebrating a first marathon 1980.

likes of Ken Denson and Don Heinicke. Arleen wore flat sneakers, bell bottom pants, and a winter coat for her first Striders' race.

She caught on fast, however, and has run all distances regularly, including a marathon and the infamous 24-hour relay. In early May, she ran a 47:25 10K for a PR! These days she runs with her youngest child, 13-year-old Brent and, when he's not available, with the dog, Daisy.

Arleen acknowledges that running has been good for her and particularly enjoyable as a pasttime to share with her children. There's no doubt in the minds of the many people who have been touched by her efforts that she's been good for running too.

The High Carb(ary) Diet
Recipe for Cinnamon Bread

By Jim Carbary

A number of women (some of them unmarried) have asked me for the recipe for my cinnamon bread. Unfortunately, no written recipe exists; I have memorized the bread-making procedures in my head, like the rules of calculus. As the sage Ching Meng once remarked, "a great chef does not use cook book."

My Aunt Sue introduced me to cinnamon bread many years ago when I was a child. In those days, when the family visited Corry, PA, she would fetch a loaf of cinnamon bread from the Dutch bakery on Washington Street. At breakfast, my aunt served cinnamon toast, smothered in butter, with hot chocolate. Decades later, the bakery passed into financial oblivion along with Corry Iron and Steel, and the wonderful bread seemingly vanished from human recollection. However, the memory of this amazing bread lingered in the mind of Aunt Sue's nephew, and through years of diligent research and trial and error, I have managed to produce a close approximation of this bread. Many of my running friends have enjoyed this bread, and even Denise Underwood admits liking it.

Here is the method for making cinnamon bread, a family tradition dating back at least 1/10th of a generation. First you must assemble the following ingredients:

1. brown sugar—a cup or so
2. clover honey—several tablespoons
3. bread flour—a few cups of Pillsbury bread flour, which is labelled as such (do not use exotic whole-grain flour)
4. fresh yeast—1 package or 1 tablespoon of dry yeast
5. powdered cinnamon—use only McCormick's finest, it's made in the USA
6. corn oil—perhaps 1/2 cup

You will also need the following equipment:

1. a large wood or plastic mixing bowl
2. another, smaller mixing bowl
3. a large wood or plastic mixing spoon
4. a large wooden bread board (2 foot square or so)
5. a wood rolling pin
6. aluminum foil
7. small aluminum bread pans
8.. Crisco shortening (also made in USA)

Use wooden or plastic utensils whenever possible; living yeast do not enjoy metallic surfaces and will not propagate completely when touching.

First wash your hands. Then dissolve 2 tablespoons of brown sugar in a cup or so of pleasantly warm water. The more water you use, the more dough. Next mix the package of yeast in the sugar water, stirring gently with your finger. Then stand back and wait a minute or so. The mixture should explode into tiny white puffs of living yeast cells that rise to the surface. (The French chemist, Lavoisier, spent a large part of his career studying this amazing biological reaction for the wine industry.) The white clouds indicate healthy yeast, and the more you have, the better.

Now fold in corn oil and honey, enough so that the solution roughly doubles in volume, and stir with the wooden spoon. The mixture should look absolutely nauseating, like coffee with cream.

We have now arrived at the crux of the mission. At this stage of breadmaking, many cookbooks recommend letting the mixture "rest", but aerobic athletes like us (and the yeast) don't need to rest as frequently as the normal breadmaker. Let us continue immediately by adding flour and stirring. Continue adding flour and stirring until the goo becomes so thick and the spoon becomes so fouled that your arm fails. At this point, spread some flour on the breadboard and dump the mixture on it. Set the bowl and spoon aside for your child or spouse to clean.

To properly knead the dough, you will have to add more flour and work it into the dough. The dough will gradually transform from a disgusting, unworkable glop into a tactile mass. Knead this mass gently but firmly for several minutes until you get bored. Fold the dough over into itself frequently. Do not beat or hammer it; kneading is a Zen exercise. Then place the dough into the wooden mixing bowl that your spouse still hasn't cleaned, cover with a damp towel, and set aside.

Let the dough rise for a while. Allow more time in cold weather. (You can put the dough in a plastic bag and let it rise overnight in the refrigerator. Don't freeze it!) Get in a few miles during the rising. After you've showered, make cinnamon sugar by mixing 1 part cinnamon with maybe 10 parts brown sugar in the small bowl. The more sugar you put in, the better people will like the bread.

Now flour the breadboard again and divide the once-risen dough into portions the size of a fist. Flatten this. Fold over and flatten again. Continue until the dough surface is free of surface anomalies. Flour your rolling pin. Using it, work the dough into a lengthwise strip. A competent baker can convert a fist full of dough into a strip a meter long by 10 centimeters wide and less than 5 millimeters thick. Of course, the strip will extend well beyond the bread board so you better have a clean, extended counter-top.

Before constructing the bread itself, grease the aluminum pans with the Crisco. Then, starting from the far end of the dough strip, liberally sprinkle the cinnamon sugar onto the dough, rolling the dough as you go. (This technique produces the fine texture of the bread.) When you have completed one roll, place it into the greased pan. Grease about 60 cm of aluminum foil and wrap the pan, grease side inward, leaving space above the dough for the se-

cond rising. Apply the alumimun foil so as to allow no air gaps. Place this assemblage in the oven and immediately place aluminum foil or some aluminum grease guard below the pan. The dough and sugar combination produces a wicked glaze that often seeps out of the pan and bakes permanently onto the oven insides. Honest.

Repeat the above process until you run out of dough. One package of yeast will make at least two small loaves. Let the dough rise a second time in the wrapped pans in the oven.

Now comes the hard part that the cookbooks always omit. You've got to clean up the mess that by now extends across all your kitchen countertops and most of the floor. Dried dough cakes the sink and the mixing bowl, and aluminum foil lies scattered everywhere, and you can make tracks in the flour on the floor. Heaven help you if you don't have a garbage disposal. You should have taken more pains to be neat in the first place.

Let the dough rise for a while in an unheated oven, longer in cold weather. You cook in the microwave, anyway. (Never, ever bake bread in a microwave.) When you think the dough has risen, fire up the oven on "bake" to 375°F. Bake for 45-60 minutes. After a while, the oven will begin to emit a marvelous cinnamony aroma. You better like this smell, because it's going to go all through the house and persist for hours. I have no idea what effect it will have on dogs.

To monitor the progress of the baking, you must open up the aluminum foil wrap and check the brownness of the bread surface. Cinnamon bread has more thermal mass than normal bread and does not cook in the same manner. You must bake the bread in its protective alumimun shell or you'll bake the outside while the inside remains unappetizingly gooey. After 30 minutes of baking, start checking the bread's surface conditions at 10 minute intervals until the surface has turned a pleasant brown you can live with. Be sure to re-wrap the bread after you've checked it.

Satisfied that the bread has baked, turn off the oven, remove the loaves, and place them on the stove burners to cool. Warning: these loaves are hot. Do not attempt to unwrap them until they've cooled for 20-30 minutes. Run a few more miles.

Finally, unwrap the loaves and extract the bread from the pan. Don't worry about the sweet, gooey residue at the bottom of the pans. Eat the bread directly or store in cellophane. The loaves do not have a long shelf life, but if you put in enough sugar, your kid will eat them even if they're stale. I recommend against freezing the leaves because of possible abberations in cinnamon recrystallization at sub-freezing temperatures, although you could safely refrigerate the loaves at higher temperatures.

Note: beware of cinnamon-sugar effects on the digestive system. Do not consume cinnamon bread before a run. Try feeding some to the dog and see what happens.

Striders Win Nike Grants

By Judy Tripp

Children's running, long an important part of our club, is a new priority item for both the Road Runners Club of America and Nike shoes. In 1987 the two organizations put together the Children's Running Development Program, financed by Nike and administered by RRCA, with the goal of encouraging more youth programs nationwide. Grant proposals were invited, with an understanding that new programs would take precedence over existing ones.

Even though the Howard County Striders have supported the Junior Striders for nine years, we submitted a proposal in the belief that programs with proven track records should be considered as worthy as new ones. The Striders were given $900 to spend as we wished, the only stipulation being that we use the Children's Running Development Program logo on our related fliers, letters, etc. and that we file an end-of-program report. The grant was happily and successfully consumed by the Junior Striders Cross County team, paying for a coach, for trophies for the home meet, and for awards for every team member at the end-of-season banquet.

We wrote a follow-up report to RRCA and Nike, thanking them for contributing to a wonderful season for 25 boys and girls. They responded by asking us to apply for a grant again for 1988, something which we had hesitated to do for fear of being considered greedy. In light of their request, we resubmitted, and this time we received a grant for $1500! This year, the money will go toward both the track and the cross country seasons, with planning for its specific uses currently underway. Additionally, we have the financial freedom to offer free membership to any child needing it and to maintain a very low entry fee for our home cross country meet, always the best of the local season.

The Junior Striders are extremely grateful to Nike and RRCA for their generous support, as well as to the "senior" Striders who have been there with support all along. We have some wonderful young runners and an alumnae list of fine young men and women, many of whom are top high school and college runners at present. Those of us who have followed the program since the beginning are convinced of the daily, short-term, and long-term benefits of youth running, especially when properly coached and made as fun as possible. Our youngsters have traveled to national competitions in California, Texas, Alabama, North Carolina, and Western Pennsylvania. All of these trips have been educational and, most importantly, fun. The children have made friendships which transcend high school rivalries, and they have an awesome respect for their bodies and health. In short, we are immensely proud of our Junior Striders, and we are proud of the individuals and organizations who have recognized that they are a wonderful investment of time and money.

Ramblings and Running
Brotherly Competition

By Bob Burns

Growing up, as I did, as the "younger brother" has its advantages; and it has its down side also. The older brother kind of paves the way for you. He's the one who desensitizes your parents to the little embarrassments and problems that can, and for the most part must, arise as boys mature into adulthood (or something approximating an adult).

Your older brother ensures that the neighborhood bully will not have free rein to pound on your face whenever the fancy strikes. The bully knows that a bigger, tougher version of you will be dispatched if he fails to exercise better judgment in his choice of punching bags.

The older brother finds out about girls, hopefully tells you about them, and then can help you meet those perennially fascinating creatures.

The down side is that if he is particularly good at something, like athletics, the inevitable comparisons by others of his skill to yours will lead to disappointment.

My brother, Bill, has always been a fine all-around athlete. He mixed good natural ability with hard work. He could play any sport well and at some he was plain excellent. His best sport was track, the quarter mile. Bill was good enough to be offered a scholarship to the University of South Carolina. His valor outshone his common sense and he went to a state college so he could play football. At 5′9″ and 160 pounds, it is easy now to second guess this decision of youth.

I always looked up to Bill's toughness and success on the playing field. I watched with my chemistry and calculus books in hand; my dad advised me to concentrate in the classroom, not in the gym.

Years later, when Bill and I were in our late and middle twenties, I decided that being a fat, out of shape 25 year old gaining more girth each year was somewhat absurd. I would try something more physically demanding than watching sports on TV and drinking beer. A runner was born.

Bill stayed more of the weekend athlete, not really in shape but not too far gone, until about two years ago when he got interested in distance running. He began asking me a lot of questions about training approaches, diet, and of course, injuries. Sure enough another distance runner was born.

Having a ten year head start in training, I've been able to achieve a lead in racing results that will make it darn near impossible for Bill to catch me. I must admit there is a certain satisfaction in having him look to me in some athletic endeavor.

Apart from the continuing success and improvement that Bill is having with his running, what impresses me the most about his involvement with the sport is the perspective he brings. He's competitive, but his competitiveness is focused on improvement within his own abilities and within the reasonable time commitments he can make to the sport. He thoroughly enjoys the social

aspects of running; the meeting and talking with other runners before and after a race, staying for the award ceremonies even though he is not looking for an award himself, getting involved in his local running club and serving as a race director for one of their events. His attitude, what he puts into running and what he gets out of it, is inspiring and refreshing to see.

I guess that's just an inherent part of being the "younger brother", you always have someone to pave the way.

* * * *

People mark the passing of time, the aging process, in very different and personal ways. For some, it is the addition of a few extra pounds or inches around the mid-section. For others, it might be the graying of hair or the growth of their children. These and many other ways serve to illustrate a process that knows no master.

Runners, being the unique creatures that we are, mark the aging process with unique milestones. It seems I have reached one, or more accruately recognized one, the end of P.R.'s—Personal Records ("No big deal" you say. I don't know, life after P.R.'s makes those long Saturday morning training runs look a lot longer and harder to get out of bed for).

For me, the old cranial lightbulb did not dramatically illuminate this shocking state of affairs. It was more of a gradual, evolving realization, but nevertheless undeniable; no more thrills of (personal) victories, only the agony of defeat (I can see it now, Wide World of Sports and Jim McKay cutting to my finish in last year's Boston Marathon replacing the infamous ski jumper).

When I confessed my situation to Jim Carbary at Cherry Blossom, his sage advice was to run at Falmouth or some other race with a strange distance (it was refreshing to see a runner *and* space physicist being so pragmatic).

What's next for me. Will I be reduced to S.R.'s—Seasonal Records? Or even crazier, what if I start getting serious about triathalons? Nah!!

This little tirade is not meant to be reflective of a fugue or depressed state on my part. After all, a re-birth is on the horizon—Masters running. A couple more years and a few thousand training miles, and I'm back; or at least until Father Time surges past me again.

* * * *

My vote for the best local race (even though nobody asked me for my vote)—The Trinity School Trot. I've helped work this race for the last two years and I'm looking forward to next year's race. The event is what running is all about: fun, fitness, comraderie and competition within one's self. I don't know about the academic programs at the Trinity School, but I've seen the kind of character they are instilling in their students. They should be proud of the job they're doing because these kids will be well-prepared for challenges much greater than a foot race.

* * * *

Why do they call it a "foot race" anyway? I mean we say "horse race", "car race" or "boat race". Wouldn't it made more sense just to call it a "people race"?

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**Nature-lover special:* Recommended by Laura Smith, the following course will appeal to bird-watchers (look for huge pileated woodpeckers in the woods, and bluebird pairs near the golf course) as well as to those who admire well-landscaped properties. This is Old Columbia, folks, our local equivalent of the Old South. Starting at some well-known point, say, at the Athletic Club, go west, then north on Harper's Farm Road about .6 miles and turn left on Willow Bottom Road. Take another left immediately on Woodelves to begin a long, sinuous descent. At the bottom, follow the path and trot through the woods, which are lovely, dark, and deep. Cross a bridge, take a left at the Tee and make a short, steep climb to High Hay. Take a left there and follow the road clockwise around a loop (ducking into Buckleberry to see some beautiful residences). In every court, see interesting architecture. Run back High Hay (paralleling the golf course) to join Willow Bottom again, and return. For a really wicked workout, run this course in reverse (going *up* Woodelves). Total from the Club: 3.5 miles max.

Girl-watching run: Although the Clary's Forest loop has been the locale for a couple of criminal incidents this past year, it is still safely recommended for most daylight-hour running for women. And since many women do continue to use it, guys who want to watch women while running are also permitted to share the road (discretion is advised). Jim Carbary submits this itinerary, but since doing the Loop over and over gets boring, he like to add a number of complex curlicues and switchbacks through the Swansfield—Eliots Oak—Hesperus—and Beaverbrook streets to make a longer course. If you can run as fast as he can, we suggest that you accompany him for a guided tour, because if you try it on your own and get lost, as this reporter once did, you will have to ford the creek (which has very steep banks and lots of mud) before you again find yourself on the familiar turf of the "creek paths" mentioned below.

**Shady run:* (Offered by Bob Burns and Linda Andes-Georges, who both use it frequently but have never met on it). We begin—but you don't have to—on Sunny Spring in Hickory Ridge, and going north, turn right on Hickory Ridge Road. Watch for deer browsing in the woods opposite the "Bluffs". Cut through the Merriwether Post service roads (lone women, use the Little Patauxent Parkway), go around the library and descend to the Lake Kittamaqundi path which follows the west lakefront. Doing your best slalom between ducks and duck droppings, continue through the woods and find yourself at the Little Patanxent Parkway, across from Wilde Lake. Cross street to take path north of Wilde Lake and at the far end, head up a short steep bank to join the "creek paths." Remaining always on the lowest path along the water, join at the end either Hesperus (then taking a left to Eliots Oak), or Twin Rivers (taking a right). In the first case, follow Eliots Oak to Twin Rivers, and in both cases go west to Cedar Lane, where you turn left (south). If you are still feeling peppy when you reach the intersection with the Little Pat, take that to the right around Clary's Forest loop, ending on Hickory Ridge and Sunny Spring again. If you omit the loop and go straight on Cedar, you shorten the 9 mile run by a little less than 2 miles.

Shady, sunny, and short: The lake circuits have much to recommend them in hot weather, according to Helen Beyers, who must have memorized every twist of the Lake Centennial loop as she toured it seven times in a row once, preparing for a marathon. Centennial (2.795 mi) and Elkhorn (1.927 mi.) both offer a combination of woods and sun, interesting scenery, and a peculiar selection of humans and other fauna. Helen cautions against running with your mouth wide open at dusk in June: she once swallowed a mouthful of gnats there. Others have occasionally experienced scares from loosely held dogs, and verbal harassment from bored fishermen. But on the whole, the lake circuits are both picturesque and good training, with their gentle dips and rises.

**Solitude run:* Starting at the Rouse Co., or on the Kittamaqundi lakefront, use the pedestrian crosswalk (admire the graffiti) to cross Rt. 29. The bike path will end at Stevens Forest Rd., but another path beside the Oakland Mills Village Center is visible. Take that and follow it through the purple martin tunnel under White Acre Rd. (the birds will fly out when you go by and then return to their nests). Where the path forks, turn right to go over a bridge. Again when the path forks (always ignore mysterious cryptographic markings on your path) stay right: you should be in the woods, on an uphill climb. At the next fork, do a liberal left, beginning a steep hill in the open. As your head swivels to take in the sights, remember to look toward the left for an incredibly well-tended garden, with small greenhouse. At the top of the hill, you'll go under Thunder Hill Rd. by tunnel, and continuing, you'll also pass under 175, coming out on Blue Coat La. Stop and get a drink of water at Margaret Mauro's house, then retrace your steps for a tidy 4-mile out-and-back.

*Not recommended for lone female runners, except perhaps at noon or 5 p.m.

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More and more I'm feeling like a low-tech athlete in a high-tech world—lycra running outfits, $100 plus running shoes, computers for bikes, etc. I used to think "Heavy Hands" were pretty avante-garde. I don't know, I still have a yearning to run in sweat pants, with good old cotton gym shorts worn over the sweats, and Converse sneakers—the John Madden style of runner.

* * * *

I'm just glad that the winter is over and I won't be running at night in the dark as much. I used to wear a lot of reflective running gear when I ran at night, but the cars always seemed to veer towards me when it reflected their headlights. Now I just wear light colored clothing. They don't see me as well, but I know where they are and I think that's an advantage I'll try to maintain.

* * * *

Don't like my ramblings; like to ramble some yourself. Drop me a note (6255 Golden Hook 21044) and I'll be glad to include some reader ramblings in the next edition.

Hope all your miles feel like they're downwind and downhill.

STRIDER SHORTS

Strider member Abby Glassberg ran the New Zealand marathon on February 7th in Hamilton, New Zealand.

Abby reports that the temperatures were in the 90's and that the race sponsors and participants were all extremely friendly. Several world class runners from the U.S. also ran. Abby was under 4 hours but too far back to report on the winners.

If you get to Hamilton, look for Strider or Crystal Hill Road Runner shirts, since Abby gave shirts to the people who ran with her.

Joni Mathews

The Striders are sad to note the death of Joni Mathews, wife of board member Ben, mother of Amy, David, Laurie and Linda. She was a friend who will be missed.

Presidents Message

By Phil Riehl

I'm impressed!!! What happened last February in Columbia for the sixth time in eight years? Your right if you said that we took first place in the RRCA 10-Mile Team Championship. Despite strong challenges this year from Baltimore and Montgomery County (who are beaming from finally finished ahead of Baltimore) we still took home the gold. We were led by the big three from Howard Country: Gerry Clapper, Tom Bowmaster and Ken Fowler. All three were last minute entries as Gerry and Ken had scheduled an olympic qualifying attempt out of town and Tom canceled a ski trip, (No snow). But it wasn't just the speed of these three that won it for us as fifteen men and three women scored for the home team. Thanks to all the runners and volunteers who braved the cold and wind.

CLYDES—A VIEW FROM THE TOP Every once in a while someone; not normally real active, rises from the ranks and takes charge of a somewhat difficult situation. This year Gerry Gears was the man in charge of the Clydes American 10K. He's responsible, with a strong supporting cast, for not only coordinating the race but improving it. After our showing it will remain as one of the premier racing events in the state. The entire board is grateful for the efforts you put into this race.

COLUMBIA BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION We will be participating in the City Fair again this year. Our booth will be in the usual location. Dates for the event are Friday, June 17 at 6:00 PM until Sunday, June 19 at 9:00 PM. We will need booth coordinators to work at the booth for whatever time you have available. Please contact Denise Underwood or Phil Riehl if you are willing to help.

In conjunction with the City Fair we will be running a two mile fun run on Sunday morning at 9:00 AM. The race is sponsored by the Maryland National Bank at the K&M Lakefront Building.

ARLEEN KVECK'S FUN RUN Beginning Thursday, June 9 at 7:30 PM and lasting into August. These are held weekly in the subdivision across from Centennial High School. This is Arleen's tenth year and she is looking forward to another great series of one mile runs. Special tenth anniversary awards will be given to those who run 5 or more of the fun runs.

From the President's Office at RRCA

Goals for 1988 for the RRCA include:

1. Finding an insurance program that is easier for clubs to buy.
2. Continuing to fund the RRCA National Office created in 1987.
3. Expanding the running programs of the RRCA to directly effect more runners.
4. Continuing to work with our governing body; The Athletics Congress, while upholding the principles of the RRCA.

Did you get the RRCA Mastercard application? It is available to all RRCA members across the country. A percentage of the annual purchases and card fees will be directed to the RRCA for the administration of the National Office.

Clarence Wingate has returned from California just as his age group has grown to include Ben Matthews and Chris Brown. Clarence, along with Chris and Ben pictured at the left, should be an unbeatable over-50 team.

Overheard on the Run

"Its not how fast you run, its not where you place—its who you beat"

—Jim Carbary

"Running is like beating your head against a wall—it feels so good when you stop"

—Tim Beaty

And one motorist yelled at Nadia . . .

"If you don't get out of my way I'll run you over—I'm late for church.

Along Homewood Road . . .

"It's so beautiful out here. Let's slow down and enjoy it."

—Lisa "New Shoes" Lowe

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wouldn't consider this article complete without reporting that Nebraska finished in 41st place. And for Gerry, I guess I should mention Maine also. They nipped Nebraska and ended up in the 39th spot.

The organizers of America's Ekiden have promised that it will be an annual event. All I can say is I hope that Nike, Reebok and ASICS don't work out their differences so that I have a shot at making the Maryland team again.

KEN FOWLER (5K LEG) ADDS:

Although I think Tom covered most of the highlights one event which he seems to forget was the post race luncheon. Even in our attempt to be nonchalant (isn't that how you put it Tom?) while in the midst of all the big name runners and coaches, Tom still found time to let off a little post race steam. To be fair to Tom, the waiters at lunch were being particularly lazy and stubborn. It seemed quite clear that they did not want to be waiting on over 400 tired coaches and runners. One waiter, in particular, was most annoying and Tom let him know it. In fact, he let everyone know it! As I sat sinking into my chair, while glancing across the table to see Gerry doing the same, I knew for sure that our Maryland team would be well remembered.

From beginning to end, the Ekiden was a great experience. For me, race day began with a 4 am wakeup call from the hotel computer. We were told that the race started so early to allow a live television broadcast during prime time in Japan; but, isn't their prime time the same as ours—7 to 9:30 am? After check in at 5 am we were bussed to the start at the United Nations Building. On the ride over the talk revolved around best times and performances. Everyone was listening carefully to scout out the competition. It didn't help my butterflies any to learn that all seven runners sitting around me had mile PRs of 4:03 or better and those guys were the unknowns! Following a quick warmup and some strides, lots of photos and some speeches we were ready to go. Unfortunately, Mayor Koch never went to the Howard County Striders School for Race Starters. Upon his introduction, with only a quick "thank you" spoken, the mayor reached over grabbed the starting pistol and fired. We were all totally caught off guard.

After completing our leg of the race we were bussed from the 5K-8K exchange zone back to the finish area (also the starting point of the 10K) at Central Park. The start/finish area was absolutely packed with spectators, officials, runners doing warmups or warmdowns—and hordes of Japanese media people. I was shocked when a Japanese newspaper reporter asked if he could interview me. First, in hard to understand English, he asked me to print my name on his pad. The then wrote my

name in Japanese. It was amazing to watch him reduce answers of a couple sentences or more to three or four Japanese characters.

For me the whole America's Ekiden experience was fantastic, even if I did spill a plate of food in my lap!

AND GERRY CLAPPER (12K LEG)
CONCLUDES:

After wasting an hour just to check-in, we proceeded to our room on the 24th floor. The main lobby had elevators serving 1-20 only, 20-50 only, and even 46-50 only. Those elevators were fast—I mean they flew.

Once in our room, Al Naylor and I, the only two Marylanders there at the time, picked up the gear for the entire team. We carried 5 bags full of stuff back to the room. Each bag included two shirts from the NYRRC, a small travel bag with the ASICS logo which contained still another shirt as well as socks and a hat, an ASICS race uniform with "Maryland" across the front of the jersey, a practice sash, a gold medal and a small library of booklets with information about the race.

At dinner, Al and I happened to sit down with the Soviet national team and we listened to them speaking Russian. The food tasted good and we could eat all we wanted, so it was hard to stop. Al and I mingled—talking to people we knew. It seemed like Al knew everyone. Then, a couple of the Maine runners I knew walked in—it was great to see them again.

When we finally left the dinner hall, we ran into Ken and Tom wandering around the lobby—they had just arrived. We took them in tow and showed them all the great stuff we had received.

RACE DAY: At 5:55 am I checked in at the Imperial Ballroom. We stood by our state number as they checked to see that everyone was there. Next we boarded two buses and headed for our exchange zone. My nerves decided it was time for them to get into high gear. Since Maryland follows Maine alphabetically, I was sitting next to my friend Danny Paul. We talked about the good old days of Maine running and my nerves settled down as we joked and chuckled.

Upon arriving at the starting point for the 12K leg, Danny and I warmed up together. We ran into Jill Anderson (Tom's wife). She had her camera and was ready to get some pictures of Tom finishing his 8K leg.

They made us strip down to our racing gear for our final check-in. It was cold and very windy. All of us were reluctant to take it all off. I don't know why we had to do it so early because it was at least twenty minutes before the first runner came in. Everyone kind of huddled together to keep warm as they waited for their teammates to run in. As I was bouncing up and down trying to keep warm I was eyeing my competition. I would look at jerseys to see where they were from and try to judge how good they were.

After several runners went by, I noticed Tom coming in and quickly hopped into position. I grabbed the sash, put it on, and took off running. The Virginia runner caught me right off. I ran with him for the first kilometer and then decided that was enough warm up and took off. I was flying now; I could see others coming back to me slowly. I thought I was doing great until I heard my 5K split of 15:00. I knew the wind was tough but I thought for sure I could run under 15:00, even into the wind. I buckled

down and caught many more runners. I had counted ten as I passed the 10K mark. My 31:35 says 16:00 for the second 5K. I thought: "how can this be, I have passed ten people already." Well, I did get a stitch around 9K and had to back off a little, at which time the Korean national runner passed me back. I hung with him trying to draft. After we turned out of the wind, my stitch went away and we had 1K to go. As we turned the next corner I notice we had to go uphill. I said to myself: "If you have anything left you better go now." So I did, passed some more runners, bringing the total to fourteen, one of whom was on an international team. The good part was that no one passed me and I knew, despite the slow time, that I had indeed run a good leg.

The Ekiden experience was one all three of us will remember. It was fun as well as one of the most competitive races in the world. If given the chance, I think all three of us would go again next year. Wouldn't you?

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Maneuver yourself so that you will be near the target when it passes. Then, all of a sudden, act shocked! Your dear master or mistress is about to be attacked by this rapidly (perhaps) approaching, sweaty panting beast! Leap to defend your owner! How brave you are to interpose your furry little body between the fiend and your beloved owner. Rejoice in your trickery as you sink your teeth into the skinny calf of the runner, and listen to your owner curse this runner for surprising and scaring the both of you.

Some runners have, of course, caught on to this trick, and are likely to cough or make other bodily noises before getting too close, thus alerting your owner. Unless you're getting on in years, you'll have to admit hearing the cough (or whatever) too. Probably the only thing to do in this situation is to arrange yourself so that your leash trips the runner, perhaps pretending fright. In the confusion accompanying the fall and the tangled leash, perhaps you'll be able to get in a few justifiable nips.

Master's advice: As you grow older, like me, you might have to shift your sights from the fleet-footed runner to more easily caught and intimidated jogger. Learn to distinguish runners from joggers and other pedestrians by certain key elements:

A) Check the location of the shorts, relative to the sweatpants. Runners **never** wear shorts outside of their sweatpants. This is a habit practised primarily by baseball players and phys-ed teachers.

B) Consider the time of year. Winter and mid-summer are bad times for a dog who has to rely on joggers for his meat. Spring, however, is great. Watch for looks of serious determination, for brand new running shoes, or perhaps for sneakers. These, along with heavy puffing and perfectly matched running outfits mark the easy targets.

To All Dogs: Watch out for those runners, who like the author of a recent article, might turn on you, ignoring biology and human nature. What runner with **any** brains would match skinny little fingers with no claws, puny teeth, and a jaw like a Pekingese against a real canine? Only an unpredictable idiot. Trying to bite a runner like this is about as sensible as chasing a car. Be nice to these crazies. Smell their tail, and let them smell yours. . . .

Why I Will Never Run the Boston Marathon Again

By Mark Konodi

As I sit here on the shuttle bus, heading for the start in Hopkinton, I can't help thinking why I hate the Boston Marathon. Let me count the ways:

1. **Weather**—Every time I go to New England it rains. I have gotten rained on in every Boston Marathon I have run and this year looks like no exception. The only thing worse than feeling miserable, is feeling wet and miserable.
2. **Course**—The notorious Newton Hills are nothing compared to the Bagel Run hills. What gets me at Boston is the downhills, especially the steep drop into Cleveland Circle right after Heartbreak Hill. It seems as if the course is four miles uphill and 22 miles downhill.
3. **Start**—The race starts at noon. On race day morning, I have to get up at 6 a.m. so I can get downtown to catch the shuttle to the start. Then its a 30 minute bus ride to Hopkinton. From 9:30 until the start I sit on the ground outside or in the school gym with 6,000 other runners. This isn't my idea of relaxing before the race. Additionally, being a morning runner, the late start messes up my chronobiology (i.e. normal bodily functions).
4. **Finish**—When I cross the finish line, I am pushed along for two city blocks, before the race volunteers let me stop. The whole finish area is cordoned off, so I must walk another two blocks to get out of the finish area and meet my wife.
5. **Crowds**—There are spectators along most of the course, and at points in the last half of the race you must run through a gauntlet of screaming people. I tend to be more intrinsically motivated runner and the crowd distracts me. If I wanted spectators, I would join the circus. The crowds are so large at the finish that my wife has never been able to see me cross the finish line.

I don't need all these hassles. I think this will be my last Boston Marathon, at least for this year.

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