



# Keeping Pace

City of Palo Alto Recreation

The Palo Alto Run Club

## August Monthly Run

- When:** Sunday, August 2nd. Start at 8:45am.  
**Where:** Almaden Quicksilver County Park  
**What:** The Club will have two runs, one about 12 miles and the other about 6 miles long.  
**Why:** 3,977 acres with 29 miles of trails. This park has over 135 years of mining activities and the former home to 1800 miners and their families. Majority of the park encompasses the Capitancillos Ridge.  
**How:** From Highway 85, take the Almaden Expressway exit south 4.5 miles to Almaden Road. Proceed about half a mile on Almaden Road to Mockingbird Hill Lane, turn right and continue 0.4 miles to the parking area. Carpoolers: Meet at 280/Page Mill park and ride at 7:45am for an 8:00am departure. There will be a potluck after the run. Dogs are allowed on leash in certain areas of the park. Please bring your own fluids for the run - could be hot there!  
**Who:** For more information, contact Jon Easterbrook, w:415-281-4612, h:650-948-8036, e-mail Easterbrook\_Jon@PRC.COM.

## September Monthly Run

- When:** Sunday, September 6th. Meet 8:15am, start at 8:30am  
**Where:** Butano State Park, Pescadero  
**What:** The Club will have two runs, one about 10 miles and a shorter one of about 6 miles.  
**Why:** A 3200-acre coastal park centered around Little Butano Creek. The park hosts Riparian habitat, Douglas firs, live oak trees, redwood trees, marsh plants etc. The biggest reason - because we have not run this yet.  
**How:** If you are not car-pooling - Take 92 or Hwy 84 from I-280 to Hwy 1 on Coastside and Turn south. At 4.6 miles south of Hwy 84 take Pescadero Rd. east for 2.6 miles, turn right (south) on Cloverdale Rd. and then go south 5 miles to park entrance on left. Carpoolers: Meet at 280/Page Mill park and ride for a 7:30 departure. As will all our monthly runs, we will have a potluck brunch after the run. So, please bring some food or drink to share with others.  
**Who:** For more information, contact Jon Easterbrook, w:415-281-4612, h:650-948-8036, e-mail Easterbrook\_Jon@PRC.COM.

## Rock 'N Roll Marathon --

Todd Edebohls

First time marathoners should make San Diego's Rock N' Roll Marathon their first-choice destination and veteran marathoners should include it in their race circuit! This fast, fun course had screaming sidelines of cheerleaders, more support stations than most marathons, and great roadside entertainment.



Todd and "Cher" at the finish

PARC runners Amy Yewell, Dave O'Neill, Gerry Morton, Steve Chin, Amy Gonsier, Karen Hickey and I sped through the RNR Marathon the morning of June 21st. The serpentine course passed through downtown San Diego, snaked around Mission Bay and led us along the

harbor waterfront before we ducked into a quick downtown sprint to the finish. With a net elevation loss (i.e., it's downhill!) and few lengthy, straight sections, this course felt, and was, fast. The weather was the only thing that slowed most runners.

San Diego was HOT and sunny on the race morning! Race organizers Elite Racing were smart to delay the 7:00 AM start to ensure the course was ready for the impending stampede of 20,000 runners, but this 25 minute delay forced us to into the later morning hour heat. This was easier to manage than I expected, though, because of the strong course support: The RNR marathon had many well-staffed stations that featured either water, Race Day energy drink, GU energy gel, and, finally around mile 25, BEER! First aid stations seemed to be plentiful, too, and the best support came from the course-side music.

Pat Benatar, Huey Lewis and The News, The Lovin' Spoonful and Box Set played a free-to-marathoners concert after the marathon, and lesser-known local bands played every five miles along the race course. To help runners through the miles between the bands, many course-side cheerleaders blasted

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## Personality of the Month

# Jonathan Goldstein

**Name:** Jonathan Michael Goldstein

**City:** San Jose

**Birthday:** October 14, 1969

**Age:** 28

**Hometown:** Mountain View

**Birthplace:** New Brunswick, New Jersey

**Occupation:** Pizza Delivery Person/ Tax Preparer

**Family Life:** Single

**Education:** Bachelor of Science in Accounting from San Jose State University.

**How did I get into running?** In junior high, my P.E. teacher, Chuck Purdy coaxed me to join the track team after a school track meet.

**How long have I been running?** Since 1983.

**Obsessions:** Running, following sports, video games, analytical conversations, and fine dining.

**My Ideal Running Program:** Two days of long, slow runs; a tempo run; a weight room workout; a yoga workout; a day of intervals and a day off.

**My Real Running Program:** A day with a long run, a day of intervals, more weight room workouts, frequent use of the treadmill, a yoga workout and one or two days off.

**Mileage per Week:** 15 to 35 miles per week

**Shoes of Choice:** Asics

**My Paces:** About 8:00 per mile for a 10K and 7:30 per mile for a 5K

**Other Fitness Stuff:** Weights, Yoga, and Swimming

**Outdoor Interests:** Walking and Photography

**Indoor Interests:** Movies, Internet, and conversations.

**Diet:** Abysmal. Too much junk food. Not enough nutrition, vegetables, fruits, vitamins, or minerals.

**Injuries:** Back, Achilles, Shin Splints, Poisoning from Lithium Carbonate.

### Best Running Experiences:

- The mile in Mountain View High School. In my first mile race of my senior year, I came back from a big deficit to win the mile in 5:01. By the end of that year I would break the five-minute per mile barrier.

- Completing my first (and only) marathon in Big Sur in 4 hours and 51 minutes. I may consider running another next year in either Las Vegas, Seattle, Honolulu, or Dublin, Ireland.

- My recent run in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Despite a significant altitude change and no support group, I ran a respectable race.



**Worst Running Experience:** The races I did while I was sick, hurt, or unprepared. Being overly macho is dumb!!!

**Favorite Race:** the Shoreline Park 5 miler in Mountain View. The course was lovely, and the trophies were huge. Very well managed. Runner-up: Willie's Road Race in Los Altos.

**Worst Race:** The Human Race in San Mateo. The organizers were rude and inconsiderate. The water stops were awkwardly placed. There was no

traffic control. Runner-Up: The 14th Annual Sunnyvale Classic.

**How did I find out about the Palo Alto Run Club?** From the Runner's Schedule, a San Rafael-based magazine.

**What are my goals?** To complete 155 road races by the end of October of this year, to run a sub-21 5K and to run another marathon this year.

Jonathan has been racking up road races and getting closer to his goal as we speak! He completed his 150th road race on June 7th at the Otter Run 5K in Menlo Park. His time was 23:01. Back in 1988 Jonathan was one of the top 100 finishers of the San Jose Mercury news with a time of 36:14. His inspiring running resume includes 38 5Ks, 53 10Ks, 10 5-Milers, 3 half-marathons, one marathon, and numerous other distances. That makes it nearly 800 miles of racing, in forty cities in four states! He, however, informs us that he never ran a race in New Jersey, where he lived for 12 years, or in San Diego, where he lived for 3 years! To make up for his slack during those years, Jonathan is planning to keep running races for many more years. Good luck Jonathan!

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boom boxes and car stereos. This kept runners' spirits up, as did the cheering from the sidelines.

More than 25% of the runners were part of The Leukemia Society's Team in Training (TNT). TNT friends and relatives crowded many points of the course, screaming the names of runners they knew and providing a lot of cheering to the rest of us. The TNT runners themselves were great to run with, too: Most were outgoing and even more supportive to other runners than most marathoners typically are. I suspect a large group of TNT runners will populate RNR next year, too.

This marathon was as fun as marathons can be, and whether you are targeting a marathon or would just like to increase your distance threshold, PARC's Saturday morning leader Rita Comes-Batey is the best distance coach around. Join Rita and the rest of us any Saturday morning at 8:00 AM at the beautiful Sawyer Camp trail off the 280 Bunker Hill exit. See Rita, any of the aforementioned runners, or me for Saturday distance run information.

## Have You Tried a Tri Yet?

*Ed.: Gerry Morton, one of the triathlete runners of the PARC has recently completed two very different triathlons. Gerry is shooting for his first full ironman triathlon later this year at the Canadian Ironman. Here is his report on the races he just competed in. Good luck Gerry on your Ironman pursuit.*

### Wildflower Half-Ironman Triathlon May 2, 1998 ---1.2M swim, 56M bike, 13.1M run

This triathlon takes place in a beautiful area (southern tip of Monterey County, inland from San Simeon). The temperature was remarkably cool at 75-80, the coldest it has ever been and probably will be for this race. I ran the race in 5:48:38 and felt strong and steady throughout. My swim split was 38:33, bike split was 3:12:15, and run split was 1:52:17. The hills on the bike and run are brutal. This achieved my time goals of under 6 hours for the race and under 2 hours for the run.

A few thoughts on this race:

I would highly recommend this event to anyone seriously interested in triathlons. Wildflower is billed out as "The Woodstock of Triathlons," and with good reason. Triathletes from all over the country make the yearly pilgrimage to Wildflower. It consists of an entire weekend of camping, socializing, and of

### San Diego Marathon Results of some PARC-ers:

- Steve Chin..... 3:21:20 (Steve sez he really did a 3:29!)
- David O'Neal..... 3:31:09
- Karen Hickey..... 3:33:24
- Sarah Gollier..... 3:37:46
- Gerry Morton..... 3:35
- Michael Hickey..... 3:38:21
- Todd Ederbohle.... 3:37
- Amy Yewell..... 4:03:29

Congratulations to everyone, and our apologies for missing other PARC runners who completed this race.

# NEW STORE OPEN!



THE RUNNERS HIGH is proud to announce the opening of our second store at 249 First Street, Los Altos, California.

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course, triathloning. There is an Olympic distance course (1.5k swim, 40k bike, and 10k run) as well as a short sprint distance course (1/4 mile swim, 9.7 mile mountain bike, and a 2 mile run). Athletes of all abilities can make the trek to Wildflower and find a challenge to meet their level of preparation.

There are many books on the shelf to guide someone in preparing for a triathlon. Dave Scott's book is one of the better ones. If you're new to triathlon, I would recommend working some "brick" workouts into your training schedule. A "brick" workout consists of biking and then running without resting in between. Getting off a long bike ride to begin a run is a feeling

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that should definitely be experienced in training before attempting a race.

### Escape From Alcatraz Triathlon May 31, 1998 --- 1.8M swim, 18M bike, 8M run

The "Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon" is a true classic. It has to be one of the most beautiful triathlons in the world. The distances are unique which prevents real time comparisons to other races, but it is an excellent physical challenge and a lot of fun. I finished the race in 2:51, achieving my time goal of finishing in under 3 hours. That places me 220th out of 758. I felt good on the swim and was out of the water in 38 minutes. It was beautiful. The cold water (56 degrees) was not a factor with a full wetsuit. Wearing 2 swim caps also helped a lot. The bike was a short but extremely hilly 18 miles. The run, however, was the real challenge. I can't envision an 8 mile run course being any harder. It was more like an 8 mile cross country course than a triathlon run course. We ran up steep stairs, through in a forest, through a tunnel, in the soft sand, and up a steep hill in the soft sand called "the sand ladder." Very "Escape"-ish. I could almost hear the Mission Impossible theme song as I ran through the tunnel and down a narrow trail.

I highly recommend this race to any and all triathletes that are conditioned for the distance.

Happy training!

## Avenue of the Giants Marathon

Sally-Ann Rudd

### May 3 1998: The first marathon of Sally-Ann and her intrepid husband Ronjon.

"You're gonna hurt like a motherf\*\*\*\*\*" was the sage advice handed down by Andrew, whom we had not seen since we ran together during a 1995 EnviroSports run, and whom we miraculously recognized at the start of the Avenue of the Giants Marathon (May 3, 1998). "You see there's 2 races" he continued. "The first 20 miles is the first half, and the last 6 are the second half. This turned out to be very prescient advice.

But, the story starts on Saturday. We headed off towards Eureka (the race is in Humboldt Redwoods State Park, about 40 miles south of Eureka where we are staying the night). On the way, we stopped at a lakeside picnic spot in Rohnert Park. While we were there, a man and a boy pulled up in a small truck. The boy was holding a duckling, about 4-6 weeks old, downy and yellow but about 2/3 full size. They brought it to the edge of the lake and released it into the water, thinking that it would swim away. Of course, it was totally imprinted on humans, and as soon as the boy let it go, it climbed out of the water and followed him back towards the truck. Finally the man and boy got back in the truck and drove off. Then the duckling spotted a group of kids and ran straight towards them. The kids picked up the duckling, but they obviously didn't know what to do with it. Finally Dr. Dolittle (i.e. me) could stand it no more; so I went over and told them to contact the Animal Rescue people. They went "huh?". So I took it and went to the Wine Country tourist information center about 1/4 mile away. Duck adoption thoughts are of course in my mind: but we're going away for 2 days, and how would I keep a duckling away from Tommy the 14-lb tomcat? I march into the tourist information center, and sounding as British as I can, I demand that they summon the animal rescue folks immediately. The accent obviously works (that and the sight of the cute little struggling duckling), and they hop to it like the President just asked for a bimbo. About 10 minutes later, the duckling is in a wine box and a Rohnert Park cop is on his way over to escort it to the proper authorities.

Duck episode over, we continued our journey through beautiful Mendocino County, stopped at Weott for our pasta feed, and finally arrived at Eureka, the home of Humboldt State University. We cruised the old town for a while, watched some tv, and went to bed. Very exciting.

The next morning, we got up about 6.30am and hurriedly ate as much as we could bear to. We arrived at the start about 8am -- it had looked bright and sunny earlier, but was now a little overcast. While we were locating the portapotties, we (literally) ran into Andrew. That is when Andrew gave us the sage advice with which I began this account.

About 10 minutes before the start, we lined up. Suddenly, we were off. We jogged out slowly and quickly found ourselves almost at the back of the pack (of about 700 runners I would estimate). We ran with 2 runners from SF's Decathlon Club. It was their first marathon, so they had planned to go slowly for

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the whole route with the intention of finishing. The rest of the folks from the Decathlon Club were allegedly running with the motto "Go out fast and die like a pig" so they were already long gone. Terry and Cindy were, like us, running the "anti-race". Unlike a regular race, where you try and go as fast as you can, we were concentrating on going as slow as we could, to preserve our strength for later. We were trying to maintain a 10+ minutes per mile pace.

We began under a freeway overpass. The first 14 miles is an out-and-back section which starts on a winding, paved road through dense redwood forest, opening into picture-postcard vistas of streams and wooded hills caressed by bright fingers of early-morning mist. We stayed with Terry and Cindy, chatting away easily, until about Mile 7, which is very slightly uphill. At the turnaround, we began to draw away from them and lay in some sub-10 minute miles, which took us all the way to the 14-mile point. We were feeling pretty good at this point, running smoothly at our earth-scorching 9:30 pace. We were near the back of the pack, although we had overtaken a few runners. I saw Damæ (friend from work who had started with the Early Birds at 8am) along this stretch, and I saw Andrew. Even this early into the race, he was about 1 mile ahead of us. At the 14-mile point there were 3 young ladies who were screaming and cheering for each runner that passed. This picked us up greatly. At the next aid stop, the helpers were amusing themselves by doing a Budweiser-frog type routine "ERG - wa-ter", "ERG - wa-ter". I'm not sure if this was intentional, but I thought it was funny! We were feeling good.

At mile 14, we were still feeling fairly strong, although definitely starting to feel the miles. Although I had run 15 miles before, Ronjon had never been further than 13. We both knew this was the point at which we were entering uncharted territory. Ronjon took off his t-shirt on the bridge and threw it down. We plodded on until mile 16, when Ronjon opted to walk for a while. We walked for about 2 minutes, then jogged for about 2. However, Ronjon was starting to "hit the wall", and I left him walking at mile 17. He finished the race about 12 minutes behind me. Anyway, now on my own, I continued to plod out 10 to 11 minute miles, each one causing more and more pain. At mile 18, I was feeling guilty about leaving Ronjon and thought about going back for him. But, there were plenty of people around and aid stations every 2 miles, so I rationalized that nothing bad would happen to him. I kept asking myself, what was more important - Ronjon or this race. I'm sorry to say that the race won. When you're out on the trail for over 4 hours, your mind figures out ways to amuse itself. After the internal dialogue about Ronjon, I got this stupid song in my head which I could not shake. About mile 18, I started to take an inventory of what was hurting. Feet - yes; Ankles - yes; shins - no; knees - no; quads - yes; hamstrings - no etc. I felt like every injury I'd ever had was making its presence felt. After a while, I got bored with this and concentrated on maintaining good running posture, then I looked at the trees and the other runners. I passed Damæ coming the other way about mile 16 or 17. She was running with a friend, and looked very fresh and happy and bouncy. She asked where Ronjon was and I told her that he was behind me somewhere. About mile 18, I passed Andrew, who was

looking contorted and in great pain. But, he was still running quite fast and I calculated he would finish around 3:30.

About mile 19, I started to feel really tired. My right quad was giving signs that it wanted to cramp, and my feet were really hurting. I resolved to get to mile 20, where there was a turnaround and a large aid station, and then I would walk for a long time. I was not playing mental games any more. I was totally focussed on reaching the next mile marker.

At mile 20, I stopped at the aid station and sucked up the gel I'd been carrying for energy. My hands were too sweaty to rip the top off, so I had to tear it with my teeth. I had 2 cups of water and walked for 2 minutes. Starting to jog again after the 2 minutes was up felt very jarring; but after a few seconds, I felt a lot stronger. I was passing a fair number of walkers now, and a few runners. Miles 21 - 25 I endured in the same way: 2 minutes of walking at the mile marker and then I would run the rest of the mile. I was running about 12 minute miles at this point, which was only slightly faster than walking. Still, it was running, and that was what I had come to do! I cannot describe the extreme fatigue which set in after mile 21. My quads felt like every step was tearing muscle from bone. My feet felt so tender that every step was walking on hot coals. My ankles were aching, even my lower back was aching. I was chafing under my arms and my sports bra suddenly felt extremely tight. I passed a man whose shirt was bloody from a chafed nipple. People were running with their bodies contorted. About mile 22 there was an exposed stretch of road. I was dreading this, because it was quite hot, and I didn't have sunglasses or hat with me. However, it was actually a nice break to run in the sun, and I started to feel a little stronger.

At mile 25, there were a few spectators, so I resolved to run in to the finish (couldn't bear to be seen walking!). By this time, I could hear the noise of the freeway, so I knew the finish line was nearby. I've never been so happy to hear cars! Cindy had passed me about mile 20, but for the first time since then, I could see her green shirt in the distance going up the freeway ramp. When I reached the 26 mile marker, I knew I would finish. People were cheering for me, even though I was coming in when practically everyone else had finished and gone home! As I came to the crest of the freeway overpass, I felt a surge of strength or emotion or something, and this stupid grin crept across my face. I was going to finish a marathon! I raised my arms like I was first in the Olympics, and actually managed a weary sprint towards the finish line. People patted me on the back as I ran past! "Good job!" "You're still smiling!". I stopped my watch and looked at the time on the official clock: 4:45:43. I was hoping for 4:30, but I'd take it! I staggered/ walked along the finish chute and someone took the tag off my number, and gave me a "finisher's medal". I put it on because, dammit, I was a finisher! I'm still feeling pretty damned pleased with myself that I finished my first marathon, running most of the way. Already, the memory of the discomfort is fading. The stiffness in my legs faded in a couple of days. I waited a full week before running again, and I feel fine. Because of an injury, I had "trained" for this marathon on about 20 miles of running a week, plus some cycling and swimming. Not recommended in the text books, but definitely possible.

Will I run another marathon? You betcha.

**THE ATHLETE'S KITCHEN — Nancy Clark, MS, RD**

## FAST FOOD BETS

Fast foods are here to stay, and thankfully many of today's quick service restaurants offer some healthful, low fat options. You can actually choose a decent sports diet at most places--if you make wise choices. But also be sure to pack your gym bag with supplemental carbohydrates, such as apples, oranges, pretzels, fig cookies, bagels, pita, crackers, raisins, dried fruits, juice boxes, sports bars or granola bars. That way, if you do end up succumbing to the fast-and-fatty options, you'll at least be able to add on the carbs your muscles need for energy.

Your best bets for fast-foods-that-fuel include the following options at quick service restaurants:

**Best Fast Food Breakfast Bet:** McDonald's offers a tasty sports breakfast: pancakes/syrup, orange juice and milk. Treat yourself to hot cocoa for a higher carb choice than coffee. Or choose their cold cereal, juice, and a muffin or English muffin with jelly.

**Best Bagel Breakfast Bet:** Find a deli or bagel shop with whole-grain bagels, fresh fruit, juice, and yogurt. A little low-fat cream cheese and/or jam can complete the meal.

**Best Hotel Breakfast Bet:** If you are staying at a hotel, save yourself time, money and temptations by bringing your own cereal, dried fruit, and spoon. Either pack powdered milk or buy a half-pint of milk at the corner store. Use a water glass or the milk carton for the cereal bowl.

**Best Sandwich Bets:** Seek out a deli that offers a sandwich with more bread than filling. For example, a large submarine roll provides far more carbohydrates than does a small pita. "Hold the mayo" and add moistness with lite salad dressings (if available), mustard or ketchup, tomatoes, and lettuce. Best fillings: turkey, ham, roast beef.

**Best Soup Bets:** Hearty bean soups, including minestrone, lentil and split pea soups, accompanied by crackers or crusty rolls provides a satisfying, carbohydrate-rich low fat meal. Chili, if not glistening with a layer of grease, can also be a good choice. For example, a Wendy's large chili with 8 saltines provides about 400 calories, of which only 25% are from fat. (Ideally, meals should be <30% fat.)

**Best Chicken Sandwich Bet:** Grilled chicken sandwiches are fine-except for the special sauces. The 29 grams of fat in the BK Broiler makes it almost as fatty as a double cheeseburger. Wipe that mayo off! (Or request no mayo.)

**Best Burger Bet:** If you can't find an eatery that offers more than just burgers and fries. You'll have to make the best of a bad situation. If you do order a burger, request an extra roll or extra bread. Squish the grease into the first roll, then replace it with the fat-free one. Boost carbs with fluids such as juice, soft drinks and low-fat shakes. Enjoy your gym-bag snacks (pretzels, fig bars) for dessert. Athletes with big appetites should order 2 small burgers (each with a roll) rather than a double burger with 1 roll. For a similar price, you'll get more carbs with the two rolls.

**Better Red Meat Bet:** Better than burgers, satisfy your meat hankering with a lean roast beef sandwich. For only 260 calories, you can get a Roy Rodgers Roast Beef Sandwich (4 grams of fat); this is preferable to the 260-calorie McDonald's hamburger (10 grams fat).

**Best Salad Bar Bet:** At a salad bar, be generous with the colorful vegetables, chick peas, kidney beans, pasta salads and hearty breads, and carefully choose lite dressings. Beware of Caesar Salads. For example, Boston Market's Chicken Caesar Salad with 4 tablespoons of dressing totals 670 calories, of which two-thirds are from fat (47 gm). You could have gotten a chicken breast (without skin), corn bread, steamed vegetables, and dill potatoes for only 15 grams fat and 570 calories.

**Best Baked Potato Meal Bet:** Your best bet is to order two potatoes, one plain and one with a topping. For example, at Wendy's, by splitting the Broccoli & Cheese topping (14 grams fat) between two spuds, you end up with a hearty 770 calorie, carbohydrate-based meal that fuels your muscles. For added protein, drink a glass of low-fat milk.

**Best Pizza Bet:** Order pizza that's thick with extra crust rather than extra cheese. The more dough, the more muscle fuel. For example, one slice of Pizza Hut's pan pizza (260 calories) has 10 more grams carbohydrates than does a slice of their thin 'n crispy pizza (200 calories). Pile on veggies (broccoli, peppers, mushrooms, onions) for a vitamin boost. Blot off any grease with a napkin.

**Best Chicken Dinner Bet:** Roasted, rotisserie or grilled chicken meals are generally preferable to fried chicken meals. But you still need to abstain from eating the skin. By removing the skin and wing from a KFC Rotisserie Gold Quarter Breast, you remove 13 grams of fat and 115 calories. If fried chicken is your only option, get the larger pieces, peel off the skin, and eat just the meat. For carbs, order extra rolls, corn on the cob, potatoes or baked beans; include nutrient-rich carrots, squash, spinach or broccoli. Although the vegetables are sometimes buttery, you can balance them in by eating lower fat foods at other meals.

**Best Dessert Bet:** Low-fat frozen yogurt is fun, refreshing, and carbohydrate-rich (read that loaded with sugar). Fro-yo may be a "best bet" for dessert, but don't think it's a meal replacer. Regular yogurt has far more nutritional value.

*Nancy Clark, MS, RD specializes in nutrition for exercise. She offers private nutrition consultations at SportsMedicine Brookline. Her popular Sports Nutrition Guidebook, 2nd edition (\$20) and The New York City Marathon Cookbook (\$23) are available by sending a check payable to Sports Nutrition Services to 830 Boylston St #205, Brookline MA 02467. Or, order via [www.nancyclarkrd.com](http://www.nancyclarkrd.com)*



## WESTERN STATES 100 MILE RACE

*Ed.: This issue is very special for all the ultra runners and the would-be ultra runners of the club. PARC has always had runners attending the WS100 for racing or manning the aid stations or to help pace the runners through the night. However, this is the first year that so many of the participants decided to share their experiences at this year's WS100 with us. So proceed at your own risk! You may develop the same ultra bug that has gripped Antoinette, Chuck, and Steve...*

### I had a few problems!

The Western States 100 Endurance Run was a 90-mile WALK in 29 hours...I don't think I ran more than a couple of miles...

I had big problems in the snow (like everybody else). I think that my shoes, (I tried to find some better ones, but in the end, I used my regular ones - big mistake), lack of experience running on snow, and my light weight (not being able to "plant" foot at all on the icy/sun-cupped snow), all added up to be a little too much. I am guessing that I fell between 25 and 35 times, and spent a lot of time sliding on my butt on purpose because it was faster than trying to walk! I fell really hard 4 times. One of these four was really bad. I slid about 200 feet down with my legs spread eagle and my knee twisted out. That was approximately at mile 7.

I thought that if I could tough it out slipping and sliding in the snow, my knee would be fine after a while on normal terrain. So I crawled to the end of the snowy section. Once I got on the trail, I realized that I could not run.

It hurt my knee too much. But I could walk pretty fast, so I continued walking as fast as I could to mile 45. Since it is an easy section, I made pretty good time, relatively speaking. I had almost missed the cutoff at Duncan, but I was able to gain 1 hour back.

Then my problems really started. Going down the canyon before Devil's Thumb, I discovered that I could not walk on steep downhill (it really set off my knee), so I crawled/limped down. The good news is that I could walk very fast uphill. So I tiptoed down and powered up. By Foresthill, I was starting to be really worn-out by this unusual approach. But I was keeping ahead of the cutoff time.

My feet were starting to blister a lot. I was caught between taking the time to have them fixed, which would virtually eliminate the possibility of finishing under 32 hours (it was that close), and trying to go for it and hope that they would hold up. I decided for the latter: I paid dearly for my decision!

I left Green Gate knowing that to make it, I had to do about 3.5 miles an hour to finish under 32 hours. It does not seem that hard, but if you can't run and you have to crawl downhill, it is no that easy. In addition, my left leg started really hurting from doing all the work for so long. Since there are mile markers on that section, I could calculate my pace, and I could tell I was not going quite fast enough. At about mile 86, I realized that I would not be able to make it "officially". I still wanted to finish, though. However, my feet were completely blistered, the blisters were popping, and my left leg was just about finished. Eventually, I made it to the aid station at mile 90, but did not make the cutoff time. I figured that it was better to give it up rather than injuring myself even more by trying to walk to the finish unofficially. (It turns out that for safety reasons they would not have let me do it anyway.) So that was it.

I will go back, hopefully under more normal conditions. I never realized how hard and slow walking can be when you don't alternate it with running! Oh well.... I am glad I tried, and I learned a lot. I still think I can make it.

--Antoinette Addison



### How I Got Hooked on Western States

It all started innocently enough. I started this year by setting 2 seemingly aggressive goals: To run my first 50 miler (my longest previous run was a 50km in 1992), and my 50th marathon (I had run 47), by my 50th birthday in December. In January I started my training by running successively longer trail runs each weekend. Everything went better than expected. On April 4th, I completed the American River 50(AR50), fulfilling one of two goals, and not only did I enjoy it, but I surprised myself by qualifying for next year's Western States 100(WS100) lottery. This was when my mind started hallucinating about actually trying to run a 100-mile race. Beware, it could happen to you!

Now, I'm at the half year point and find that in striving for my goal, I've totally reoriented my running. I have exceeded both of my goals by finishing 3 marathons, a 50km, two 50 milers and at least 7 training runs of 26 to 40 miles. Now all I can think of is running the Western States 100. Towards that new goal, I thought it would be very prudent for me to learn what it was all

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about. For that reason, I joined several PARC friends (Steve Reagan, Joe Walter, and John Whitin) to go up to the Sierras to help out in any way we could for this year's WS100 run. As most of you have never been to a 100 mile trail run, here is what I learned.

On Saturday morning, we drove 30 miles east of Foresthill, back along the canyon of the Middle Fork of the American River to the Last Chance aid station at mile 43 of the WSS100 course. Amazingly, in 3 miles we didn't see a single man-made thing other than the road and the OxBow Dam. We could see the river raging far down at the bottom of the canyon. At Last Chance, we joined members of the Stevens Creek Striders run club, who had camped there the night before and had breakfast waiting for us. Since the course was changed this year due to the heavy snow pack and there was no runner crew access for the first 50 miles, the Striders felt that they would need more help and invited us, via Steve Reagan, to join them.

After spraying down with insect-repellant (the mosquitoes were voracious when we arrived!), we busied ourselves getting ready for the runners who had left Squaw Valley, near Lake Tahoe at 5:00 AM. Before reaching us the runners had to climb up to Emigrant Pass at over 8,000 ft. and traverse over more than 20 miles of ice and snow, where everyone reportedly fell many times. Another runner told me it was like trying to run on a huge frozen golf ball with sun-carved cups everywhere. Many runners coming through our aid station had large pink patches on their thighs where they had slid on the frozen surface.

Our station was the first major medical stop along the course, where runners were weighed and checked by our medical crew before continuing. Each runner wore a wrist-band giving their vital statistics such as normal weight, pulse, and blood pressure. The medical team held them back if they had lost or gained too much, etc. My initial role, where I got to see the first 30 runners, was to call out the numbers of the runners as they came running down the hill towards the aid station, making it easier to be prepared for them. Joe Walter joined me in this task. For the rest of the time there, I worked as a "greeter" with Steve and John. At Last Chance, each runner is individually greeted by someone as they approach the scales. The greeter takes their fanny pack, water bottles, etc., gets the runner's instructions for filling their bottles, gets their drop bag, and works to get the runner through the aid station as fast as possible.

After the scales, the runners can go through the "car wash", where they can sit down in a lawn chair and be sponged off with spring water, while their greeter is filling their bottles. Next they go to the "drop bag" area. In lieu of a crew that can meet a runner throughout the course, which is near impossible for a wilderness run like WS100, runners prepare a series of "drop bags", in which they can stash or withdraw supplies. They mark each bag with their number, name, and aid station where it is to be placed. These are distributed to the aid stations before the run starts. In the "drop bag" area, the runners change shirts, shoes,

socks, etc.; attend to blisters (we had 2 podiatrists available if needed); and chow down (soup, melon, various kinds of sandwiches, M&M's, pretzels, potatoes, salt, etc.). The runners are all very grateful for the help, making it very rewarding.

At 6:30 PM, we helped tear down the tents, etc. and with only 5 runners to come, headed out for the 62 mile station at Foresthill, where we had a room and had stayed the night before. We rented a van, so we could drive out some of the runners who dropped out at our station. We had 2 at that point, which we took with us. On the way out, we passed Helen Klein, who at 75 was trying to set a new record as the oldest person ever to have completed the course. She had the old record at age 69, but was being challenged by 4 men in their 70's (70, 70, 71, & 72) this year. Unfortunately, the ice and snow had taken its toll on Helen and she was forced to drop out at Last Chance. If you have ever watched the EcoChallenge on Discovery channel, Helen was the woman who first in Utah a few years ago and had to drop out in the 2nd one in British Columbia after a tremendous effort. She is quite an inspiration to any who have met her.

In Foresthill, we signed up to be "pacers" for any runner who wanted one. For safety reasons, each runner is permitted to be accompanied by another runner over the last 40 miles of the course, most of which is run at night, over wilderness trails. Where the runners wore blue numbers on white, their pacers wore the same number in red on yellow. If for any reason a pacer has to separate from the runner, the pacer number goes with the runner to be given to their next pacer and the original pacer must drop out at the next aid station.

After about an hour wait, I was assigned to pace Dave Whitehead(50), from London, who was running his 22nd 100 miler. As it turned out, I was the greeter who took care of Dave at Last Chance, so we weren't complete strangers. We checked out of Foresthill at 9:55 PM and ran a few blocks down through town before turning into the dark and hitting the trail. I have to tell you, I had never run trails at night before and had no idea what I was getting into. I also had doubts whether I was even up to running 40 miles after over 1 1/2 days without sleep (there was a live band in the bar under my pillow the night before that played till 1:30 AM). Thursday night I had picked up a headlamp, which was a great decision and I highly recommend one to any of you who may give it a try in the future.

Being fresher than Dave, I lead the way and pointed out all of the holes and rocks that I stepped in/on along the way. It was hardest running downhill because the light tends to bounce around more and the light shines off the dust kicked up by the runners who have passed just ahead of you, making the ground just a blur. I was expecting to trip and fall several times during the night, but amazingly neither of us fell. Unfortunately, we received almost no help from the moon, which was just a slim crescent, but the stars were magnificent to see whenever we chanced to look up. Before reaching the next aid station, about 5 miles from Foresthill, we had passed several runners and

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some pacers that were left in the dust by runners they couldn't keep up with. I was hoping that this wouldn't be my fate!

The biggest event during the night is crossing the American River at the Rucky Chucky river crossing. In most years, the river is only about 3 feet deep at this point and the runners and pacers cross by wading through the river holding onto a cable, but this year the volume of water was enormous making such a crossing suicide. Alternatively, they rowed us across in a large rubber raft tethered to a cable, which was nice in that it kept our feet dry.

We encountered many aid stations through the night with super support. Some were very quiet, while others, mostly those encountered later, played loud inspirational music to give us a boost. The batteries on my headlight went out twice. Fortunately, I had another small flashlight as backup which I could use to change the batteries, as I didn't want to have Dave stop while I made the change. My spare came in again when Dave's light went out and we had 5 miles to go before his next drop bag with batteries. The strict rules for a "pacer" prevented me from giving him food, water, my spare flashlight or batteries, or even a helping hand over a treacherous part of the course, but I could run with my spare light shining backwards to light his path, which I did.

As the sun rose, we could begin to see the ground and vegetation around us and started to pick up the pace. Once we didn't need our lights, I moved behind Dave and we continued to pick up the pace passing many runners (trail kills, so to speak). Another hazard we couldn't avoid was the poison oak, which hung out over the trail in many places, brushing over our legs as we ran. Fortunately for me, a good wash down after the run is all I need, but I fear that Dave, who until I told him wasn't aware of poison oak and had never been exposed to it before, may have a bad case of it. I encouraged him afterwards to scrub down, which he did, and I hope that will be enough.

After passing through an aid station at mile 93, we were surprised when a runner passed us going up hill. Not only had it been a long time since someone had passed us, but the guy who passed us (Ray Piva of SF) was 71! Dave garnered his strength and we passed Ray on the next down hill to the old and picturesque No Hands Bridge. As we crossed No Hands Bridge, I ran ahead of Dave to take a photo of him crossing it. From there we had an 800 ft. climb over about 3 miles to the finish. I encouraged Dave to surge on, so he could break 28 hours, which was a struggle going uphill, but once we reached the track of Auburn's Placer High stadium and he saw the finish line, Dave got a shot of adrenaline and took off on a sprint leaving me in his wake.

Of 397 starters and 258 finishers, Dave finished 132nd in 27:56:18. Ray Piva finished 13 minutes behind us and set a new record as the oldest runner to have finished the WS100. The male winner was Tim Tweitmeyer (39) in 17:51:20, his fifth

win in 6 years. Last year, Mike Morton of Maryland set a course record of 15:41 and became the only non-Northern Californian to have won the WS100. For the women, Ann Trason (37) continued her domination, with her 10th consecutive win with a time of 18:46:16, good for 4th place overall.

So in conclusion, beware of your goals. They may take you into the very addictive realm of ultra trail running!

**--Chuck Wilson**



I had gone to WS100 the year before with David Pariseau, crewing one runner and pacing another, a guy whom I had just met moments before we set off. That runner, named Rich Limacher, went on to finish in 28:28:28, and has subsequently written a saga about his experiences called "The Legend of Pecos Philae at Western States 100", a humorous tale of his experiences running the WS100. (You can find it on-line at <http://www.run100s.com/LPP/>).

I had the opportunity this year to both work the Last Chance aid station and to pace PARC'er Stan Jensen from Foresthill to the finish (well, almost...).

I arrived with three PARC running friends, Chuck Wilson, John Whitin, and Joe Walter, at Foresthill Friday evening where we stayed at the Foresthouse (unfortunately we were serenaded by the bar band all night...). Saturday morning we joined the Stevens Creek Striders at Last Chance for the day.

Jerry Hill, the aid station captain, did a great job in getting everything in order and making sure that we knew the logistics and the various tasks to perform in order to help the runners as they came through. I was a "greeter", taking and refilling the runners' bottles and packs as they were weighed in. I must say that every runner that I met was very pleasant and, in most cases, enthusiastic, considering their ordeal with the earlier course conditions. It was a real pleasure for me to be able, in some small way, to help these people in their quest to finish. John and Chuck also were greeters, while Joe did an excellent job as spotter so that we were ready with drop bags as the runners arrived.

Later that day we returned to Foresthill in order to pace runners. Not having anyone lined up beforehand, we put our names in at Pacer Central and waited, and waited... It seemed that most people were either already paired with a pacer or wanted to forge ahead on their own (I SWEAR that I will have a pacer when my turn comes...). Chuck managed to find a runner to pace. John had agreed to drive the van to the finish in Auburn, but waited while Joe in turn waited for a runner to pace. Joe finally gave up after waiting over 2 hours. I finally met Stan at the Foresthill aid

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station and volunteered my services. Stan was very gracious in worrying that I would be somehow frustrated that he was at that point reduced to walking, but I reassured him that that was not a concern for me in any way. So we finally set out into the darkness of California Street (a “misnomer”, since this is actually a trail).

Through the night we went onwards, inexorably making our way to the river, trying to maintain at least a fast walking pace. I began to worry that I was myself a bit tired from standing all day, and that I was beginning to have trouble keeping Stan abreast of the necessary logistical information to keep us on track to finish ahead of any cutoffs. Nonetheless we kept ourselves entertained telling each other stories (of course Stan is a veritable font of ultra information!). It proved to be a pleasant if arduous night.

The ride over the river in the raft was exhilarating, and we were able to climb up to Green Gate without any problem. We made it to the top and then started off to the Auburn Lake Trails. Stan at that point began to get a resurgence of energy and began to think that he might be able to not only easily beat the 32-hour cutoff, but to make the 30-hour limit. We pushed on as Stan got ever stronger. Unfortunately I began to experience some lower-back tightness and pain in my ankle from a recent injury, so I was struggling to keep up. When we reached Hwy 49, Stan got REALLY charged and I realized that I needed to let him go, so I encouraged him to run his pace and I would come to the finish on my own. As I gingerly made my way to No Hands, trying to avoid playing too much Rock Soccer, I found solace in remembering the way from having run the Dam 50K a couple of weeks earlier. The people working No Hands told me that Stan had come through quite a few minutes earlier, which made me feel really good that I had, in some small way, contributed to Stan finishing so well. Congratulations Stan!!

I made my way up to Robie Point and gimped my way to the high school. I finally hobbled into the stadium and after congratulating Stan, made my way to the medical tent, feeling somewhat embarrassed that I needed attention after only 38 miles, whereas many of the runners finished in no worse shape.

Shortly after my finish, Chuck, John, and Joe found me, none of them the worse for wear. Each of them had stories to tell (just ask them!). It was a nice treat to see that everyone made out so well.

This was a very rewarding weekend for me, and I learned a helluva lot! It really reinforced in my mind, despite my difficulties, that I WILL run Western States, hopefully next year!!! I plan to run the 50-mile Run On The Sly race in September in order to qualify for the lottery of potential race entrants.

My congratulations to all the runners and others connected with Western States!

--Steve Reagan

## Keeping Pace, YOUR newsletter, needs help:

- **Articles, Articles, and more Articles** — every month we need race reports, favorite trail articles, personality profiles, funny anecdotes... Please help and contribute articles of all sizes to your newsletter. E-mail your articles to the editors.
- **Newsletter Editing and/or Newsletter Layout** — help is needed both with newsletter layout and editing. Contact the editors for more information.

# City of Palo Alto

Department of Community Services

Recreation, Open Space  
& Sciences Division

Lucie Stern Center  
1305 Middlefield Road  
Palo Alto, CA 94301

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| ..Personality -- Jonathan Goldstein.....p. 3     |
| ..Try a Tri.....p. 4                             |
| ..Avenue of the Giants Marathon.....p. 5         |
| ..The Athlete's Kitchen -- Fast Food.....p. 7    |
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## PARC Events Calendar — August, 1998

| SUNDAY   | MONDAY   | TUESDAY   | WEDNESDAY  | THURSDAY  | FRIDAY  | SATURDAY  |
|--|--|---|--|-----------|---|---|
| <b>30</b>  | •  | •   | •  | •         | •   | <b>1</b><br>8:00 am - Long run,<br>Sawyer Camp <sup>1</sup><br>8:00 am - Summit<br>Challenge 10K/5K<br>Los Gatos, Loma<br>Prieta School |
| <b>2</b><br>9:00 am - PARC<br>Monthly run,<br>Almaden Quicksil-<br>ver Park            | <b>3</b><br>6:00 pm - Stanford<br>Angell Field, 'Dish'<br>Run  | <b>4</b><br>6:00 pm - Track,<br>Angell Field. <sup>1</sup>  | <b>5</b><br>6:00 pm - Palo Alto,<br>Lucie Stern  | <b>6</b>  | <b>7</b><br>6:00 pm - Mile runs,<br>Old Page Mill Rd. <sup>1</sup>                                      | <b>8</b><br>8:00 am - Long run,<br>Sawyer Camp <sup>1</sup>   |
| <b>9</b><br>9:00 am - Frog Jog<br>10K/5K<br>San Francisco, GG<br>Park                  | <b>10</b><br>6:00 pm - Stanford<br>Angell Field, 'Dish'<br>Run | <b>11</b><br>6:00 pm - Track,<br>Angell Field. <sup>1</sup> | <b>12</b><br>6:00 pm - Palo Alto,<br>Lucie Stern<br>6:55 pm - Chase<br>Corporate Chal-<br>lenge 3.5M,<br>San Francisco | <b>13</b> | <b>14</b><br>6:00 pm - Mile runs,<br>Old Page Mill Rd. <sup>1</sup>                                     | <b>15</b><br>8:00 am - Long run,<br>Sawyer Camp <sup>1</sup>  |
| <b>16</b><br>8:00 am - Baylands<br>Run for Community<br>10K/5K,<br>Palo Alto           | <b>17</b><br>6:00 pm - Stanford<br>Angell Field, 'Dish'<br>Run | <b>18</b><br>6:00 pm - Track,<br>Angell Field. <sup>1</sup> | <b>19</b><br>6:00 pm - Palo Alto,<br>Lucie Stern   | <b>20</b> | <b>21</b><br>6:00 pm - Mile runs,<br>Old Page Mill Rd. <sup>1</sup>                                     | <b>22</b><br>8:00 am - Long run,<br>Sawyer Camp <sup>1</sup><br>8:30 am - Dammit<br>Run 5M,<br>Los Gatos HS Track                       |
| <b>23</b><br>8:00 am - Seacliff<br>Beach Run 10K/5K,<br>Aptos, Seacliff State<br>Beach | <b>24</b><br>6:00 pm - Stanford<br>Angell Field, 'Dish'<br>Run | <b>25</b><br>6:00 pm - Track,<br>Angell Field. <sup>1</sup> | <b>26</b><br>6:00 pm - Palo Alto,<br>Lucie Stern   | <b>27</b> | <b>28</b><br>6:00 pm - Mile runs,<br>Old Page Mill RD. <sup>1</sup><br>Hood to Coast<br>Relay, Mt. Hood | <b>29</b><br>8:00 am - Long run,<br>Sawyer Camp <sup>1</sup>  |

1. See Calendar Notes on page 2