
What's Afoot?



A Newsletter for The Stevens Creek Striders Running Club
www.stevenscreekstriders.org

September 2002

President's Message

by Lisa Kelly

Greetings, friends! Fall is nearly upon us – with the changing seasons come many other changes as well! We've got a newly elected board and lots of new members. We will also be saying goodbye to some old members. Our president of several years, Doug White, and his wife, Susan, will be off to greener pastures next month. Doug and Susan – you've both done so much for the club, you will certainly be missed!

Sadly, we lost another member just a short time ago – Jim Tait passed away due to a heart attack. Jim had run 26 races of marathon-distance or longer including 4 Napa, 4 Calif. Int'l, 3 SF, 3 Big Sur, 3 SVM, Boston, NY, Chicago, London, Great Wall of China, and Portland. He won his age group in his first ultra, Run on the Sly 50k, one year ago. He also completed American River 50 mile and Way Too Cool 50k. His PR is 3:15 at Napa and Cal. He was running 70 miles-per-week up to his heart attack in an attempt to lower his PR. Jim was a member of San Jose Fit for each of its five years and an unpaid coach for three years. Our heartfelt condolences go out to his wife, Libby, and to his family.

A couple of members made an epic journey along the John Muir Trail – check out the article inside for more information on this!

Coming up, we have the Providian Relay on October 20th. We've got a new captain at the helm this year – John Stannard. Good luck to John and the relay team! The following weekend is the Silicon Valley Marathon – newly revamped to have a large portion of the race take place on the Los Gatos Creek Trail. Good luck to all our members who will run there! Also that weekend – Mount Diablo Trail 50 and 100 milers.

Not too far off is our annual Holiday Party. This is one of our premier social events – not to be missed! One of the highlights of the Holiday Party is the awards ceremony. We'll hand out several awards to club members who have distinguished themselves in one way or another. At the end of this newsletter you'll find a survey about the Holiday Party, the awards, and several other issues. I really encourage everyone to fill out and return the survey. We need your input to make the Stevens Creek Striders the best it can be!

Take care, and see you on the trails!

Lisa Kelly

Board Member Profiles

Cecelia Reagan – Treasurer



I am 39 years old and Swedish, having also lived in Germany and England. I married Steve in August last year and moved to the Bay Area this March, after a long wait for my visa. I ran my first marathon in 1987 (Stockholm) and my first ultra in 1995 (Swiss Alpine Marathon, 42 miles - this is also the race at which Steve and I met). So far, I've completed 42 marathons and 16 ultras, including 3 Western States finishes; my best time being 26 hours 21 minutes, which I ran this year. I love both to push myself in a race and to do a slow training run at my own pace, just taking in all the beauty of the surroundings - and this area certainly has a lot to offer - I'm amazed at all the beautiful and varied trails that I have the privilege to run, alone or with friends. If I were to sum up what running means to me in one word, it would be "Freedom".

Charles Stevens - Board Secretary



Running for over 30 years. I am from South Africa where I was born, raised and educated. Married with 2 daughters. The company group that I work for as a software/hardware engineer relocated us from South Africa to Holland. After a short period, we relocated to the Bay Area with the same group. Compared to all the places and countries that I have run in, the trails in the area have persuaded us to stay as long as possible in the USA.

Don Murdoch



Born May 31 1949 in Alberta, Canada.
I am a union construction electrician, and a member of I B E W local 617 in San Mateo. I first came to the Striders in August of 86, when I was living in Cupertino, having run a couple of marathons, both in 83. After running the NY marathon in 86 (literally passing out at the finish line) I decided I needed coaching and signed on with a coach (Dave Eastland, a chiropractic student at Palmer West and an accomplished triathlete) Under his coaching I was able to accomplish race times that I could not even imagine I was capable of, over about 6 years. I left the area in 91 (work) and after a circuitous route, came back in 98.

Larry Phelan – Social Director



Ran around the neighborhood a little in college and while raising a family, no big deal nothing serious. In 1986 I think, a co-worker (who ran marathons - I never considered such a thing in those days) talked me into running the Bay to Breakers - so that was my first "Big Race"; never thought I could run that far; thought it was neat when I first saw the Breakers. I've since run it about a dozen times, and started running various 10k's.

A friend first told me about a woman (who shall remain nameless) to meet who just happened to be in a running club (Striders). Well, that didn't stick, but the Striders did. Then I saw all these people even older than me doing all these "long runs", so I thought - if they can do it so can I. So finally I trained for (with Team in Training), and ran my first Marathon, the Big Sur Marathon, at the advanced age of 50++, and the second one, Cal International in a heavy storm, seven months later at 50+++.

stopping now!

Lisa Kelly – President



Born in Ohio, I spent most of my life living in the Midwest. I attended the University of Toledo in Toledo, OH, and received a BS in Computer Science and Engineering, and an MS in Engineering Science. In 1999 I decided it was time for a change, so my boyfriend Rob and I relocated to California. I currently work for Sun Microsystems as a software engineer. On September 20th Rob and I will be getting married at Yosemite National Park.

When I got to California, I decided to train for my first marathon - this is when I joined the Striders. This pretty much marked the start of my competitive running career, which prior had consisted of high school track and exactly 2 road races - 1 5k and 1 10k, both of which I ran with almost no training. I ran the Silicon Valley marathon in 1999, and I was hooked! Since then, I've gone on to run numerous road races, including 4 more marathons, with a PR of 3:19:03 last year at Napa.

This summer I also competed in my first triathlon - on of the Tri-for-Fun series in Pleasanton. It was a great experience and I plan to compete in an Olympic or possibly a half-ironman distance triathlon next year.

Peter Hargreaves - Webmaster



Aged 45, British. Born in Peterborough, Cambridgeshire some 80 miles north of London. Lived in US for last 6 years. No real running prior to Striders apart from the Providian relay, although had done much mountain biking. First Marathon April 2002 at Napa 3:54. Now training for Team in Training to do next May's Wildflower Triathlon, to raise funds for Leukemia research.

Have run the Providian relay since it's start 7 years ago. The first year there were just 10 teams. And now 350. After many injuries the remaining 7 members of my team agreed to abandon the run at the Golden Gate Bridge. One month later, with the next full moon, we regrouped to finish the second half of the relay. Now on Striders board & coming up to speed editing the website after Doug has done such a great job.

Steve Reagan – Vice President



Though I'm a California Native, I grew up in the sleepy town of Laurel Delaware, on the East Coast just a short drive from the ocean. After graduating from college, I worked for a while near Philadelphia and Washington, DC, before taking a job in California.

It was there that I discovered trail running - I was working for Measurex in Cupertino, near Fremont Older, and I was hooked! I was on the trails every day I could get out - I could probably run in Fremont Older blindfolded!

Once, while in Germany to run in the Berlin Marathon, I picked up a race brochure for the Swiss Alpine Marathon. I was fascinated about running 50 miles in the Alps, so I entered; as a training run, I entered the Quicksilver 50K. I so enjoyed the Swiss Alpine Marathon that I decided to go back the next year, and I was quickly becoming intrigued by running ultras.

At the hotel in Davos, I "barged" my way into a contingent of Scandinavian runners, one of whom I came to know much better - Cecilia was her name ... Since then, I've tried to get into, then finish Western States. I'm still trying ...

Outside of running, I work for Sun Microsystems. I like to hike, bike, read and make and (mostly) drink beer.

CASCADE CREST CLASSIC 100

By Chuck Wilson

The race got off to a rather late 10:00 am Saturday start, after a leisurely breakfast with the other runners and a race briefing by RD Randy Gehrke. The sun was up and it felt like it was going to be a hot day, up in the 80's. As we started running down the road, it seemed like I was carrying more than everyone else. Fortunately, after just a few miles of road, we hit the trail head and the shade of lush green trees, fast flowing creeks, and started our first 3,500 ft. climb to Cole Butte on the Goat Peak Trail. Once off the road, I immediately felt better and enjoyed the rest of the run.

The course proceeded up and down ridges, giving us some spectacular views of distant peaks like Mt. Rainier as well as many local mountains and lakes. The trees and brush were much greener than we have on any of the California trails and the wildflowers were in full bloom everywhere. Dark pink fireweed was ubiquitous, as were small daisies and goldenrod.

I reached the 24-mile aid station right at 6 hours (25 hour pace if I could keep it up). The good thing was that I was banking a lot of time, eliminating my biggest fear of not being able to make the 32-hour cutoff. In the first 40 miles, I did a lot of leap-frogging with other runners, including Kathy Welsh of Auburn, Fred Stafford and Leon Draxler of WA, and Jim and Louise Wholey of CA.

At 35 miles, I reached the Stampede Pass aid station, which is the first drop bag stop, and the point from which all runners are required to leave with a flashlight. Scott Sullivan, who was crewing and pacing for Elena, greeted me at each of the drop bag stops with my drop bag in hand. He was ready to meet all my needs quickly and get me on my way. How lucky I was to have him jump in as a crew for me too -- Many Thanks Scott! I picked up my Tyvek jacket at this point, but left my long sleeve Coolmax T-shirt there, as I could tell it wasn't going to be a cold night. As it turned out, I ran the entire course in my 2000 Miwok coolmax T-shirt, never needing a windbreaker, etc.

It got dark enough to need a light, especially in the forests, around 8:30 pm, when I was at approximately 40 miles. One thing about starting the race at 10:30 is that everyone, even the leaders, gets to run through the entire night

Around 50 miles (just under 14 hours for me), the course left the PCT and descended on a steep over-grown road bed, which was a killer on my right big toe nail -- I will surely lose it! Shortly after, I reached the ropes and had trouble finding something to step on in the first section, which went over logs, etc. The next 2 ropes were much

easier as they were only steep trails, where the rope provided a safe descent. Shortly after the 3rd rope, I reached the bottom of the hill. Then followed the 2.3 mile long Snoqualmie Tunnel. This was the only truly flat section of the entire course and very good running surface. I ran through non-stop, missing the "poker chips" we were supposed to pick up. So, I ran back in and got my chip, hoping that the couple of minutes it took me wouldn't make much of a difference in the end.

From the tunnel, I followed the railroad bed out to a parking lot and then followed several roads for about a mile, going under I90, which cuts right through the center of the course, to the Hyak aid station on the other side. Scott again met me here, helped me update flashlights and batteries, etc., while I ate a lot of soup.

From Hyak, the moon was shining so brightly, I never needed to use my light going up to Keechelus Ridge, or most of the way during the 2,700 ft. drop down the other side until the course reentered the forest. Near the bottom, I caught up with Catra Corbett and her pacer, Mike, along with Dan Bratches of Maine. Dan blitzed through the aid station at the bottom, after grabbing some grilled cheese sandwiches for which the station is known. A hundred yards up the road from the aid station, the ribbons beckoned me to climb the dirt hill on the side of the road and enter into the game of "find the trail." There was no trail at the top of the hill! For the next half mile, I climbed through the brush to one ribbon or glow stick and shone my light through the surrounding trees and brush looking for the next - sort of like connect the dots! In this stretch there were many obstacles to negotiate. At one point, I had to get flat on my belly and crawl under a fallen tree. I almost had to take my Camelbak off to get through. I was able to pass over all of the other trees, of which there were many, not to forget the rocks and roots!

The end of this trail was to bring us out on the trail known as the "Trail from Hell"! What had we just been on? Before long we were on very steep slopes of nothing but rocks and roots. The trail follows along 5 miles of the Kachess Lake shore. At one point, I came to a very steep ravine with a waterfall. The thought of climbing down 15 to 20 ft. and up the other side wasn't appealing at all, so I took the riskier, but much faster, route of walking across an old tree that had fallen across the ravine. I felt a bit like a high wire walker for a while.

It was starting to get light at about half way through the Trail from Hell and I could see from the tracks that a lot of deer and large animals, either Elk or Moose, also use this route. Being early in the morning I thought I might see

some, but had no such luck. After about 2 1/4 hours, I finally rounded the end of the lake where I came to Mineral Creek, which feeds into the North end of the lake. Here I had the choice of trying to cross on the slippery rocks or try walking a combination of two trees. Without much thought, I walked the trees -- very easy -- not too far to fall this time.

There are 2 cutoffs at the CCC 100: 3 am at Hyak and 11:30 am at the top of the 3,500 ft. climb ahead of me. I had felt fairly confident about making the first one, but fear of not making the second one had motivated me over most of the previous 25 miles, worrying about how long it would take me to do the "Trail from Hell" plus the long steep climb up to Noname Ridge. Well, I felt great at this point, and the math all was in my favor, so I left Mineral Creek in great spirits!

From the Thorp Mt. aid station, this year all runners are required to climb an additional half mile up and down to the summit of Thorp Mt. where not only are they to pick up another poker chip, but they hopefully take the time to take in the fabulous 360 degree view of the Cascades, including the entire CCC 100 course. Similar to my experience in the tunnel, I walked right past the bag of chips and ended up spending extra time on the peak trying to find the chips. It was only after I had taken in the views and given up on finding the chips and started back down that I saw the chips!

From here, I only had another short dip and climb through the saddle of French Cabin Mt. before starting a descent of about 3,500 ft. in 7 miles through what I think is the most beautiful section of the course -- areas with meadows of low-lying bright green shrubs, surrounded by dark green evergreens, reportedly frequented by magnificent white mountain goats. I gazed around in hopes of spotting the goats as I raced through the meadows, but unfortunately, didn't see any. After this section, I entered into old growth forest and followed the seemingly never-ending bottomless trail, down, down, down, etc. About the time I gave up hope that the trail would ever end, I reached the 97-mile aid station. I tried to be polite as they offered me water, etc., but all I wanted to do at this point is reach the finish, so I ran right past and headed down the flat dirt road, followed by a snowmobile trail, which lead me to the finish line. Randy, Ron and John Morelock greeted me again. They pulled out a chair for me and then Ron came over and awarded me with the beautiful CCC 100 buckle, in an equally beautiful purple wooden box, my Purple Heart! Unlike other races, there is no group awards ceremony at the CCC 100. It is supplanted by individual ones that happen for each runner as he/she crosses the finish line -- no waiting around -- you deserve it now! I kind of like it that way. My finish time, by the way, was 29:46 (31 of 60 starters), my best time ever for a 100 miler! I'm very happy, and better yet, only have hot feet and one bad toe nail to recover from.

The Ultimate BUTT Workout (Brian's Ultra Trekking Training)

by Cecelia Reagan

A few weeks ago, I found myself counting calories and being obsessed with weight for the first time in my life. Three ounces? Noooo! No way! And 100 calories for four dried apricots? That can't be!

No, I haven't gone on a diet. Or rather, I did, but not in the sense that most people mean a diet. My dilemma was crunching enough calories to make up for a marathon's worth of hiking a day for nine days into as light a load as possible. At the same time, the food should be varied, nutritious, no-cook, and, of course, tasty. So what was I up to? Well, I had the honor of being invited to hiking the John Muir trail with "Flyin' Brian" Robinson and Sophia Lewis.

Brian, for those of you who don't know, is the first, and so far only, person to have done the Calendar Triple Crown. This means that he has hiked the Appalachian Trail, the Continental Divide Trail and the Pacific Crest Trail, a total of 7,371 miles, in one calendar year (in fact, in less than 10 months). Sophie did a wonderful job as my "pacer from hell" at Western States this year. She encouraged me to set goals for myself, and urged me to eat and drink when I wasn't hungry or thirsty, and got me

to run when I wanted to walk (or shuffle, or wobble, as the case often was). And despite my finishing in a new PR of 26:21, let's put it this way, she wasn't exactly holding me back. As a matter of fact, she out-walked my running! So I knew it would really be a question of working my BUTT off, and right I was! After all, the ranger who gave us our permit in Yosemite asked us if we knew what we let ourselves into when we told him about our schedule! That's the Life of Brian!

After some car shuttling, we started at 4,000 ft in Yosemite Valley on Friday morning, accompanied for the day by Tom and Gayla. We went the first two days with only daypacks, allowing us to alter the hiking with as much running as the terrain allowed (which wasn't that much!). We climbed up to Cathedral Pass at 10,000 ft (higher than I've ever been before, save in an airplane), and we also scaled the crowded, but definitely worthwhile, Half Dome. This giant piece of rock looks vertical at its 35 degrees, and we held on firmly to the attached ropes as we climbed up, not entirely unaffected by the altitude. Down is easier; we let gravity do most (but not all!) of the job. Unfortunately, there was not much time to hang around and admire the view, since we were eager to arrive to our planned campsite at Tuolumne

Meadows before dark. We made it. But poor Amy and Marissa, who very kindly had offered to support us during the first couple of days, were held up in traffic and did not arrive until a couple of hours later. Despite this, they cooked us a wonderful dinner on the back of their truck, which was most appreciated after a very tough 27 miles. This is also their bed for the night, although they were woken by two rangers, who told them they could not have their food in the bear canister next to them on the truck, but that they had to put it in one of the canisters supplied by the park. Oh, well. At least they didn't see Brian, Sophie and me, where we illegally slept beside the truck. (In the dark, we couldn't find an unoccupied camping spot at the actual site.)

The following day was another 27 miles. But it felt a bit easier, although it took us over the Donahue pass at 11,000 ft. I did feel like a beginner when attempting to run – a few hundred meters, and I had to stop and walk! We encountered marmots, playing on a beautiful meadow by an alpine lake, and we sat for a while and admired the Thousand Islands Lake from above. That evening, there was no traffic to delay Amy and Marissa, and they cooked us yet another great meal at Agnew Meadows. Afterwards, we enjoyed warm showers from a hot spring nearby. Hey, who said that hiking life is tough?

On Sunday, we said goodbye to Amy and Marissa and shouldered our packs for the first time. Although we went relatively lightweight (for example, we were not carrying tents - only lightweight ponchos doubling as tarps; a change of clothes is nearly put in the luxury category), we felt the difference compared to daypacks. My pack got lighter almost immediately, when my sleeping bag decided to detach itself and roll down the slope next to the trail. It was, however, stopped by a bush a bit further down, a bush to which I am greatly indebted.

We decided to take a detour to the beautiful Rainbow Falls. Here we saw many hikers who were definitely not dressed as if they were going very far! But we were going far; it was another 27-mile day, and more climbing was involved. To a certain extent, the beauty of the landscape, of which Purple Lake and a magnificent sunset are good examples, outweighed the difficulty of the hike. Yes, we were still out on the trail at sunset, since we had decided to make an effort to catch the ferry over Edison Lake the following morning to pick up the food parcel we've sent in advance. I struggled to keep up with Brian's and Sophie's pace. Although, thanks to my ultra-running, I still had energy left. So we advanced slowly by flashlight up towards our camp at a meadow. I felt very dirty as I crawled into my sleeping bag!

We got up before dawn, at 5 AM, less than 8 hours after we reached our night-rest, and we started at 5:45. Ahead of us were some 10 miles, the first part of which is uphill, uphill and uphill. The ferry was scheduled to leave at 9:45. 4 hours for this distance doesn't sound too difficult, but with our packs and the terrain, it was a touch-and-go.

We made the ferry by 15 minutes, and it felt very good to sit down, to enjoy the cool breeze and to eat and drink! Arriving at Vermillion Valley Resort, we found that we had too much food, so we leave some in the provided "hikers' box" for hungry fellow wanderers. Sophie's husband, Robert, added some fruit cans and juices along with some shampoo, etc, all of which we really enjoyed! We added some more miles to our log, but we also took time to chill out at beautiful Bear Creek, where I took a swim. I washed two days' of trail dust and sweat from body, feet and clothes; I've seldom felt so refreshed!

That night, we set camp in daylight after a "mere" 22 miles, still at Bear Creek! Despite the name, though, no bears are posing for us, to Sophie's and my disappointment. We suggested that Brian act as bait, that he should keep the food in his sleeping bag instead of in the two prescribed (and heavy!) bear canisters that we carry. He didn't seem very thrilled by the idea!

On Tuesday, we hiked through Evolution Valley, surrounded by lots of streams and waterfalls – it is very beautiful. A cool breeze and a relatively easy day of 25 miles added to our satisfaction, and we camped in a wonderful spot on a plateau, surrounded by mountains. As we did all nights, we slept under the stars. The sky was magnificent, although a bit hazy from the nearby forest fire. Brian pointed out the various constellations to us – what a bedtime story!

The next morning, we met Sophie's husband and son, Robert and Skyler, on our way up the beautiful Muir pass at 12,000 ft. I found the rocky downhill more challenging than the uphill, and I started to regret leaving so much food at Vermillion Valley – the Hiker's Hunger set in! We ate granolas on-the-go for breakfast, and energy bars, Snickers bars, dried fruit, trail mix, candy, etc, during the day. At night, we feasted on Brian's Ramen soup, couscous with curry and cashew nuts or pasta with tuna, all soaked in calorie rich olive oil and cooked on a lightweight cat stove. This afternoon included yet another refreshing swim – I even got Brian and Sophie to join me in the cold water! We started the climb towards Matter Pass and camped on a big rock after covering 22 miles.

Thursday morning, we began by climbing the remaining 2000 ft to Matter Pass, after we were delayed by a flock of mules. They were convinced that we hiked all the way up just to provide them with breakfast! I ate with a view at the pass, entertained by a chipmunk that ran around on the rocks. Then it was downhill, and then up to yet another 12,000 ft pass, Pinchot. The descent from Pinchot was rocky and hot, and the following swim felt very rewarding, as did treating ourselves to energy bars and chocolate. There was fresh drinking water everywhere. We hiked another 8 miles, a total of 27, into a wonderful evening where the rapidly setting sun enhanced the beauty and crispness of the mountainous landscape around us. We camped on a nice plateau at 11,000 ft.

The next day we again went over two passes, Glen at 12,000 and Forester at just under 13,200 ft. However, thanks to yesterday's effort, we only had a short climb to Glen. The beginning of the ascent to Forester was also easy, but the final climb was tough. I thoroughly enjoyed the view, the cool water and my king-sized Snickers bar (Brian's staple hiking fuel) when I finally got there! On our descent, we rewarded ourselves with a swim and some sunbathing at 12,400 feet. The wind and the altitude, however, made it somewhat difficult to recover from the cold water (even for a Swede!). The rest of the afternoon offered us a nice, easy hike in a flat, bleak, rocky moon-landscape – it's got a haunting beauty to it. After 23 miles, we camped at Wallace Creek.

Saturday dawned, our last full day on the trail. We decided to camp on the top of Mount Whitney. With a full day on our hands and only 12 miles to go, we took it very easy. We even added an extra off-trail climb to the Hitchcock lake for yet another cold (and quick!) dip. After a steady and not too strenuous (I, being a Whitney virgin, am pleasantly surprised by my adaptability to the altitude) climb with many beautiful views on the way, we reached the 14,494 ft summit by 5 PM. I didn't quite know what to expect, but whatever it was, my expectations were exceeded.

The summit consists of large rocks, which like the scenery on Friday, reminded me of a moon landscape. There is also a small stone shelter. For the first time in my life, I was on the highest mountain around, and making a 360-degree turn was a truly unforgettable experience. I felt very solemn. Apart from Brian, Sophie and myself, there are only a handful of other people, and we had a pleasant chat over dinner, before watching a stunning sunset. The temperature was a few degrees above freezing, and the wind chill factor made the night a bit too cold for comfort. But I still enjoyed sleeping under the moon and stars; wrapped in our sleeping bags, we watched the sunrise the following morning.

Then it was a mere 8 miles of downhill before we were back to our car. We encountered a large number of uphill hikers, and we were even gladder that we decided to camp on the summit rather than making it a day climb. We took a quick shower in a waterfall just before the finish to prepare ourselves for our re-entry into civilization, but it still felt a bit weird to walk into the diners in Lone Pine. We ate a substantial hikers' breakfast of pancake, ham, toast and omelet. On the drive back, with the mountains following us on our left, I started to realize what a long journey we had behind us. A long journey, with lots of lingering memories. I turned around and said a quiet thank you to the Sierras.

Race Results: Congratulations are in order:

AR50 - 4/6/02

56 14 496 Gary Wang 34 M CA 8:07:36 9:46
73 10 401 Cecilia Reagan 38 F CA 8:27:20 10:09
264 8 135 Christina Brownson 51 F CA 10:28:02 12:34
273 58 510 Chuck Wilson 53 M CA 10:33:40 12:41
277 10 289 Tom Kaisersatt 62 M CA 10:35:59 12:44
347 102 402 Steve Reagan 49 M CA 11:23:11 13:40
386 20 279 Wini Jebian 58 F CA 11:45:11 14:07
Charles Stevens 10:00

Miwok 100K - 5/4/02

25. Cecilia Reagan(F), 38 10:49:26
80. Brian Robinson, 40 12:28:49
155. Christina Brownson(F), 51 14:37:09
161. Chuck Wilson, 53 14:58:48
163. Tom Kaisersatt, 63 14:59:50
164. Steve Reagan, 48 15:02:58
173. Jon Easterbrook, 49 15:25:34
177. Karen Claire-Zimmet(F), 33, Waltham, MA 15:33:18
185. Wini Jebian(F), 58 15:59:58

Quicksilver 50M - 5/11/02

3. Sophia Lewis(F), 39 8:17:49!
19. Stan Jensen, 49 10:42:40

Quicksilver 50K - 5/11/02

6. Gary Wang, 34 4:32:44
55. Christina Brownson(F), 51 6:29:43
65. Lee Jebian, 60 7:21:22
Charles Stevens 6:20

Western States 100M - 6/29/02

67 Gary Wang 45 M 34 CA 23:23:09 14:02
112 Cecilia Reagan 324 F 38 CA 26:21:06 15:49
252 Tom Kaisersatt 68 M 62 CA 29:54:17 17:57

Tahoe Rim Trail 50M - 7/20/02

40 Easterbrook, Jon Los Altos, CA M 49 321 12:37:02.00
53 Wilson, Chuck Palo Alto, CA M 53 378 13:26:13.00

Tahoe Rim Trail 50K - 7/20/02

138 Brownson, Christina Cupertino, CA F 51 148
9:20:36.00
141 Jebian, Lee Mountain View, CA M 61 40 9:28:09.00
37 Johnson, Gayla Sunnyvale, CA F 38 168 6:44:37.00

Skyline 50K - 8/4/02

24. Cecilia Reagan(F), 39 4:59:35
55. Lina McCain(F), 36 5:23:55
59. Gary Wang, 34 5:25:50
108. Tom Kaisersatt, 62 6:12:59
118. Chuck Wilson, 53 6:18:40
135. John Whitin, 51 6:28:39
137. Christina Brownson(F), 52 6:29:05
148. Steve Reagan, 49 6:38:46

Headlands 50K - 8/24/02

23 4:34:15 Brian Robinson, Mountain Vi 5 M41 8:44.0
32 4:46:46 Danny Dreyer*, San Rafael 3 M52 9:08.0
60 5:18:22 Cecilia Reagan, Mountain Vi F39 10:08.3
163 7:08:31 Christina Brownson*, Cupert 5 F52 13:38.8
167 7:15:10 Steve Reagan, Mtn View 39 M49 13:51.5
Charles Stevens 6:17 (ed: some mistake here surely?)

Run On The Sly 50M - 9/1/02

6 Gayla Johnson F 38 8:55:08

Run On The Sly 50K - 9/1/02

24 Susan Tamburro F 46 6:08:46
68 Lee Jebian M 61 8:00:46
76 Wini Jebian F 58 8:32:01



Family Anacardiaceae - The Sumac or Cashew Family

Most runners are familiar with Poison Oak (*Toxicodendron diversilobum*) firsthand. But doesn't it come as a surprise that this ankle nipper belongs to the same family as the delicious pistachio (*Pistachia atlantica*), cashew (*Anacardium sp.*) and mango (*Mangifera sp.*)? Many genera in Anacardiaceae produce dermatitis.

