
What's Afoot?



A Newsletter for Stevens Creek Striders Running Club

<http://www.stevenscreekstriders.org>

August 2007

Club Report

"Welcome" to our new members Michelle, Ron, David and Kenneth who've joined us since the last newsletter. Welcome to the Striders. We hope you'll enjoy your runs and activities with the club.

We've had two big events since the last Newsletter. In early June, we had two teams running in the Tahoe Relay. 72 miles round the lake at Altitude in teams of 7. Mark ran 3 legs on his own and Penny and Cindy did extra leg duties. The prize for our teams was the satisfaction of finishing and having a nice dinner together on Saturday night. Remarkably the cabin in which we stayed that weekend was destroyed in the South Shore Forest Fires at the end of June.

Western States was as awesome as always. A really great turnout of 50 volunteers for the Aid Station at Last Chance. And wonderful performances by Jean, Mark R, Charles, Peggy and Christina. Great pacing support was provided by Dennis, Penny, Steve, Anil, Tom and Pat. And Terry did safety patrol. Read some of their stories in this 10 page edition of "What's Afoot".

"Welcome" Patrick as the new President. Thank You to the Board Members who are stepping down at this time. Penny has served for two years - secretary in 2005 and social director/newsletter in 2006. Bill has served the Board for several years as social director and recently as secretary. Thank You Penny and Bill. Welcome to Mike Dhuey and Gene Kiernan who are joining the board. Michael has served as webmaster in the past. For Gene this is his first 'stint' on the board. Welcome Mike and Gene.

Looking forward, the Board has plans to entertain you at various events and social occasions. The 'Clambake Run and Picnic' in September. October sees us at the Big Sur River Run 10k and Campout. November we have the Thanksgiving Turkey Relays. And we'll have the Holiday Party in December along with the presentation of the Annual "Big-L" Awards.

Club Program

Saturday Striders morning runs from Steven's Creek Canyon Lower Parking Lot are our mainstay. Meet at 8:30am. Breakfast afterwards at our reserved table at Hobe's in The Oaks, Cupertino. Trail runs and walks of varying length and speed.

Monday Morning Madness 7 mile run on the Los Gatos Creek trail from Campbell. Every Monday at 6:30am

Run at Rancho. Thursday 6pm. Very informal. Run 70 minute/7 miles or 4 mile vigorous walk.

Friday Fun. Another 7 mile run, this time in the hills of Fremont Older. Every Friday morning at 6:30am.

For more information email us:

board@stevenscreekstriders.org

Club Shirts

Stevens Creek Striders t-shirts with our very own logo. \$20 short sleeve and \$25 long sleeve. Popular, coolmax fabric. Available on Saturday at club.

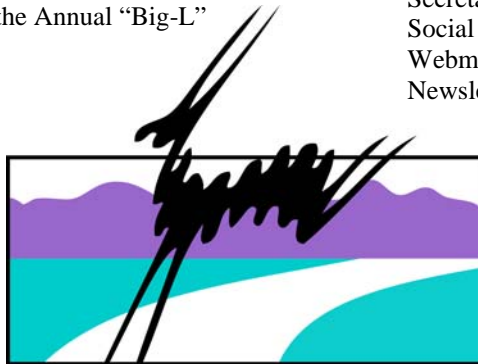
Club Membership Dues

The club year is July to June, so membership dues are now payable. \$25 for individuals and \$40 for families. Please send check to the PO Box address, or pay Mark (or any board member) in an envelope at club on Saturday.

Stevens Creek Striders Board

Your current Board Members:

President:	Patrick Saxton
Vice President:	Peggy Alfred
Treasurer:	Mark Williams
Secretary:	Gene Kiernan
Social Directors:	Peggy Alfred & Gene Kiernan
Webmaster:	Michael Dhuey
Newsletter:	Robin Mills



STEVENS CREEK STRIDERS

Pacing at Western States

By Dennis Connor

2007 was the second year I paced at Western States. Penny had arranged for me to be the pacer for one of the "Aussie Assault" team – Tamyka Bell. Tamyka had completed the Aussie Glasshouse 160km race, and had been training hard, and hoped she was ready for WS100. But she was young (26years – youngest woman in the race) and, was she over-confident ?

I'd had quite a few email exchanges with her, and she asked lots of questions about conditions, what people wore, was it rocky etc?

The first time I saw her was at Last Chance. She came through about 3pm. A fair bit slower than the 24 hour pace she had been dreaming about, but she looked good, and said she was feeling fine. I walked out of Last Chance with her, with a "see you at Foresthill".

After finishing up at Last chance, we headed to Foresthill, and turns out I was in plenty of time. The race pace predicted her to arrive at 10pm. 10pm came and went. So did 10.30pm. So did 11pm. Oh dear, I thought, this is gong to make it a bit more challenging. (Last year I didn't leave Foresthill until 11.30pm, though) She arrives at 11.07pm, clearly a bit tired, but glad to be that far. A bit of refueling, and we were off down the road – slowly at first, so she could eat the food from the aid station.

Next was: "are we going to make it?" with a fair bit of worry in her voice. Yes, I said, reassuringly, we'll just take it consistently, and we'll be fine. Now onto California Street trail, and Tam wasn't very happy with the downhills. I was trying to set an easy but reasonable pace, but she couldn't maintain that on the downhills. Again, a worried question: "if I can't run at that pace, will I make it?" Yes, I said again, we just have to be consistent.

So began the net downhill to Rucky Chucky. I was ahead, and would try to set a pace she would maintain, without getting too far ahead, but without slowing too much. It is hard to run at that pace! We would walk when there were some uphill, and then run (shuffle) otherwise. After a while, I asked: "are you on autopilot?" "Yep", she said, "it's like we're connected by an Ocky strap. You run, I run. You walk, I walk."

We made up time gradually, steadily. The dust was bad – much worse than last year. Probably because of the dry year. By Rucky Chucky we were ~ 50 minutes ahead of 30 hour pace. The river crossing was great – really refreshing, and good on the legs. Much better than the boats of last year.

We'd made up so much time, Tam's crew – her partner Steven had only just arrived at Rucky Chucky Far Side. We'd gotten a much more comfortable margin.

Tam was much stronger on the uphill – we hiked up really fast – but again she didn't like the slippery downhills.

About now she also got an upset stomach – But I had some ginger, which worked really well. By now her spirits were much lifted – only 32km to go – she felt she could do it.

The next parts are kind of long and featureless – but it was starting to get light – and it was just light (and cold!) at ALT. We pushed on consistently to Browns Bar – were she resisted a beer – despite her Aussie upbringing!

To Highway 49 Crossing went fine, and she was pleased to see her crew – and other Aussie supporters there. She was also happy for the uphill that followed the aid station. At the top of that hill she started getting shin splints – causing quite a bit of pain – but nothing some Ibuprofen wouldn't fix. Still, we were comfortably ahead of 30 hour pace, so not too bad. Earlier, she'd said her legs were fine – she just had trouble breathing – now she said "my legs are sore as well !"

As we were getting closer to no-hands bridge, I pointed up at the famous high bridge, and she got the idea we had to go up there. When she saw what we had to go over, she swore at me !

She was again very pleased to see the uphill to Robie Point – and ran quite a lot of it – and walked the rest very strongly.

By now, I was getting tired too – seems I had missed a night of sleep somewhere. At the top of Robie point was her partner Steven, and she then relaxed, and was exhilarated that she was going to make it. I still couldn't get her to run the downhill to the stadium, but she did run round the track..

She was very thrilled to finish in 29hours 24minutes. She cried, she bawled, and hugged everyone. Her feet were a mess.

I was very pleased to have been a small part of helping her make it. She was quite worried at Foresthill, but consistency from there seemed to work. We passed a lot of people down to the river, but not many toward the end of the race. Sometimes people we could pass on the uphill would get us back on the downhill. I was also pleased I sustained no injury on the run (shuffle) and that my slightly sore back,

slightly sore sesamoids, and slightly sore knee were all fine...

It's also amazing to see someone who has run for 18hours to get to Foresthill can find enough strength to run another 11 and a half hours.

Thanks to all those who worked Aid Stations to make all the runners succeed.



Ask the Dietitian

By Claire Saxton MS, RD, CNSD

Q: What do you recommend for dinner the night before a long event. For example, a marathon or longer?

A: While almost everyone is eager to participate in “carbo-loading,” not everyone goes about it in quite the right way. Carbohydrate loading is more than having a big pasta dinner the night before a marathon. The other important part of the picture is that everyone has different tolerances and tastes. Just as you practice what to eat during a long run, you should practice what to eat before it. You need to find out what foods work for you!

Let’s start at the beginning with carbo-loading. It begins at the start of your taper, 1 to 2 weeks before the event. Even though you are training less, you can still maintain your usual intake (or close to it). The extra calories that you usually burn during training will be used to build up your carbohydrate stores (a.k.a. glycogen stores). You want to make especially sure that you have a high carbohydrate intake in the last few days before the event, along with adequate protein. Skip the high fat foods. So, have your pasta with tomato sauce, not alfredo sauce. Or, have a second helping of rice and beans instead of eating dessert. And don’t forget plenty of fluids!

You may want to have your biggest meal at lunchtime the day before the race to allow it more time to digest, especially if you typically have trouble with heartburn, bloating, or diarrhea. Limit high fat foods, since they slow digestion.

On race morning, a breakfast of familiar foods can help prevent hunger and help provide energy. When you do your long training runs, try some different foods that you think might work for you, and eat the amounts of them you would eat before the race. For one member of the family, that might be a bowl of Wheaties with nonfat milk, a small glass of juice, and a banana (3 hours before the event). For the other member of the family, that might be a large glass of orange juice and a sports bar (3 hours before the event), followed by another sports bar (on the way to the starting line).

If you’re not able to eat much the morning of an event, you’ll need to be especially careful to eat plenty the day before. But do eat something! If you are traveling for a race, it is best to bring your breakfast with you, so that you know that you have the right foods available.

Q: The night before a marathon, I usually have spaghetti and chicken or veal and eat about twice as much as normal (to keep me going at the event). Is that good?

A: It’s probably more than you need to eat. You can stick to a moderate portion size of meat (4 ounces). And you don’t need twice as much as usual of the carbohydrate foods, either--3 cups of spaghetti with tomato sauce and 3-4 slices of bread would be about right for a 150-pound marathoner. Be

sure to have a carbohydrate-rich breakfast and lunch that day, too.

Q: Then I have cereal AND toast AND marmalade AND butter for breakfast (for instant energy). Is that too much?

A: No, that sounds like a good breakfast. You could add some extra milk on your cereal or an egg for a little protein. But if your stomach has been happy with this meal in the past, then I would stick with what works for you! Don’t underestimate the psychological power of foods you are familiar with!

Let me know if you have a question you might like answered in a future newsletter



Recipe of the Month

Basmati and Nut Pilaf

Ingredients

- 1 1/4 cups basmati rice, rinsed and soaked
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 teaspoon minced garlic
- 1 large carrot, coarsely
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 teaspoon cumin seeds
- 2 teaspoons ground coriander
- 2 teaspoons mustard seeds, optional
- 4 each cardamom pods
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 bay leaf, freshly ground pepper
- 1/2 cup unsalted cashews

Method

1. Wash the rice and soak for 30 minutes (if you have time), then drain it.
2. In a large shallow pan, gently fry the onion, garlic and carrot in the oil for a few minutes.
3. Stir in the rice and spices and cook 1-2 more minutes, so that the grains are coated in oil.
4. Pour in the stock, add the bay leaf and season with pepper. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer gently for about 10 min.
5. Remove from the heat without lifting the lid and let sit for 5 minutes. (This helps the rice to firm up and cook further.)
6. Stir in the nuts. You can garnish it with chopped parsley or cilantro. The whole dish can be made ahead and reheated.

A Run in a Western State

By Peggy Alfred

First and foremost, thank you all for your support, well wishes before the race, and the congratulations and condolences afterward! Western States was truly an adventure, quite an amazing one at that. It was a worthy journey and, I'm glad that's over! Time to rest up the old glutes, and other tender muscles and, um, "parts," for a while....! :-)

Starting out at the bottom of Squaw Valley, Lake Tahoe, at 5am in the morning was a special treat....no, really! As we hiked up the 4 miles to the top, a beautiful deep-orange sunrise engulfed us, a truly enchanting site to see in the beauty of the Sierra Mountains. (Keep in mind this was early on in the race, so vistas were still "enchanting" at this point.)

The first 30 miles of the course took us through high meadowlands, burnt forest areas, and our first canyon descent and climb. And...lots of dust, holy cow! My snot rockets were as black as I've ever seen 'em! Cool!

I really felt good and strong on this first 30 miles, took a "relaxed and easy" pace as I had been wisely counseled by experienced WS runners. Thank god I listened to their words of wisdom and wasn't my usual pig-headed self--this came back in spades later on in the race. I silently thanked every runner who had told me this (thank you Kirk, Mark, Charles, Tom, Gayla, Mike F., Christina, Jerry., Eric, Steve, Doug, Spirit...) I saw Captain Kirk at several "upper" aid stations in this first 30, and he helped me settle into a pace and place in my mind of "you are doing just fine, no worries." Thanks Captain!

Interestingly, I was "over" in weight (well, I say!) by 5 pounds in the first 30 miles. All of the bodily functions were operating just fine, I was feeling great, so the medical staff gave me the go ahead and wished me well. Guess I faked them out with my practiced talent of appearing calm, capable and in control....ha! Little did they know the skills of a psychotherapist that works with crazy teenagers and homicidal adults! Heh heh! (My Medical Director/Chief Psychiatrist at work had joked that they were saving an extra bed in the inpatient unit for me....he is not a runner!).

The next section of Robinson Flat to Last Chance I considered to be my "let go, cruise, and smoke it" section. Man, I really enjoyed this part of the journey....just got into a head space of being out in all that beauty, feeling really free in spirit, and just enjoyed myself. And this without the aid of any major hallucinogenics ... just nature, me, and a lot of good people out there. I passed quite a few people, many walking, and did have a moment of "Uh oh, am I doing something wrong?" But, I trusted my body and energy and just enjoyed. I came into Last Chance really feeling good and excited, and it was truly a pleasure to see so many familiar faces smiling and encouraging me to "keep going girl!" When I saw Penny (my pacer extraordinaire) and Bill and Gene (my crew fantastic), I just about lost it. I knew I'd be seeing them all real soon, and this really felt supportive and

gave me even more energy to face what was ahead....the canyons.

Oh, the canyons. Hot, very difficult, and wondrously challenging! For some unknown reason I felt really strong climbing up the notorious steep "Devil's Thumb" pitch...maybe this had something to do with the 2000 packets of caffeinated GU I had slurped down prior to this point. Hey, it worked man! I was treated to my friend Monty handing me an absolutely delicious, delectable orange popsicle at the top of this tough climb--I could have kissed the ground he walked on (if I could have gotten down that far and back up, uh, ... NOT!)

With cooler weather, the canyons were not bad....a little hot but not the fry temperature as they can be. Coming into Michigan Bluff was especially great as my trusty crew was there to greet me for the first time. Seeing Bill and Gene and their handsome, supportive smiles really picked me up. Having this kind of personal greeting and assistance really helps make this kind of mileage much more do-able--thank you, thank you Bill and Gene! You two were great, full of energy (even in the wee night hours, you guys amazed me ... were you into the caffeinated Gu, too?!), always had my drop bags ready in hand, and just knew what to say to keep me feeling confident and strong.

At this aid station I was running a pudgy 11 pounds over my starting weight...what a pig! Actually, apparently I was retaining a bunch of fluids but feeling fine and "outputting" quite well thank-you-very-much, so the Doctor and nurses just shook their heads and said "Get 'goin'!" This medical mystery of retaining fluid weight remained with me for the duration of the race, at one point I weighed in 14 pounds over! (at Browns Bar). Felt like I was 5 months pregnant, had quite a stomach paunch going on! One of the Docs mentioned he was a gynecologist, but refrained from offering to do "one of those" exams on me...smart guy!

I came into Forest Hill as it was getting nicely dark (I think around 9pm), happy to reach this landmark aid station signifying beginning the last "section" of the course....mostly downhill from here and a cruise into the finish! Even more wonderful was meeting up with my pacer extraordinaire, Penny. As many of you who know Penny are already aware, she is a woman of incredible strength physically and emotionally, is fun and playful, intelligent, and is one of the highest integrity people that I know, wonderful qualities to have in a person you are asking to help get yourself through a very difficult effort, like Western States. And, she kicked my butt to keep moving, keep confidence in myself, and made sure I was taking care of myself out on the trail at night. Penny, thank you so much for stepping in to be my pacer, I can't say thank you enough. My deepest thanks and gratitude.

We started out in the darkness, and just enjoyed running and being together under the beautiful starry night sky. This is an incredible experience to share with someone, and we both thoroughly enjoyed it. At one point, we stopped on a ridge high above the American River, turned off our lights, and just

stood in companionship, feeling lucky to be alive and capable of running beautiful trails. Two women together in the middle of the mountains, feeling grateful for the blessings in life, thinking of others we love and care about, and taking them out there with us on the trail. Can't get much better than that.

This feeling helped me keep going when I "lamed up" at mile 70...ouch! I finally stopped for some blister treatment (me, who never gets blisters....I learned!), sat down for about 7 minutes, then stood up to get going. My body decided to give me a message at this point: "Look dummy, you sat down in a chair, that felt pretty damn good after running for 70 miles. And you are going to get back up? Not a good idea mate!" In just a few hundred yards, my right glute was screaming at me to sit back down--I seemed to have strained a tendon that attaches the glute to the hamstring, not good! My ever-calm and level-headed pacer Penny said, "Try to walk it out, and did your fingers into your butt at the same time." Well, it worked but I changed from a strong running gait to a rather limpy-one as my leg-lift strength was not to be found anymore. Sigh ... hobble on girlie! A little Advil was instrumental, too.

The last 30 miles was painful but still a wonderful, incredible journey. Crossing the American River (waist-deep and wonderfully cold!) in the wee hours of the night was like something out of a movie....kinda surrealistic and "other worldly." It was mighty refreshing on the legs and felt good to clean off a bit! Pretty cool experience....pun intended of course.

At the third-to-last aid station (wherever the heck that was!) this is where I weighed in at a whopping 14 pounds over my starting weight ... whoa! Even my fingers were swollen a tad. The medical staff eye-balled me, performed a mini mental status exam (I knew their tricks!), shook their heads in puzzlement, and sent me on my way, ballooned belly and all. What can I say ... my body was doing its own thing independent of all my best efforts, peeing like crazy, and knocking off almost all salt for most of the last half of the race. Despite my body's retaining a bunch of water, I felt good and still strong. Speaking in coherent sentences to the Doctor and Nurses helped my cause as well. I think I was a bit of a medical mystery to most of the WS medical staff along the course....good to keep 'em on their toes! :-)

As Penny and I came to "No Hands" Bridge, I felt my emotions well up. I was going to complete this thing, limping gait and all! I looked at the beautiful, strong and flowing American River and thought of all the runners who were also taking this journey, and felt a deep sense of pride and gratitude to be able to compete in such an incredible event, in such strikingly beautiful surroundings. The Sierra mountains have always been a place of acceptance and healing for me, and this journey included time for that. To survive hard challenges and painful events, to feel strong and capable, and to keep moving forward and be grateful for all the good things that are, that is a part of life that we live. In that moment at the bridge, I felt deeply grateful for the

opportunity to feel life fully... to love deeply, to grieve difficult losses, to challenge myself physically like I had never done before, to survive, to just be.

The last 10 miles was hard as fatigue set in to accompany the limp. Penny and I talked about life, as we often do together on our runs, and this helped to see me to last aid station, Robie Point. As we crested the hill and began to walk on the street into the neighborhood, I saw my son Cody waiting there for me with a concerned but big smile on his face....mom had made it! He had come, late at night after baseball play-offs, to run me in the last mile. Knowing he was there waiting for me was huge for me throughout the race. He gave me a wonderful gift with his presence. He even gave me a big hug, smelliness, filth and all--what a kid! Thank you so much Cody for lending me your strength in that moment, I love you very much buddy.

Penny, my sister Ellen, my step-daughter Erin, my crew-superb Bill and Gene, and Tom Kaisersatt where all there, too, to help me "run", uh, limp-walk to the high school gate. You guys were great! I was babbling, don't really remember what I said, so please forgive my loopiness at that point! When we reached the track, Cody said "Mom, I'll run backwards so you can see my face to help get you in," and he did. Almost lost it then again!

Crossing the finish and having the race director Greg place a medal around my neck was a great feeling, but even better was looking up from my chair where they immediately seat you and take your blood pressure and seeing all of the faces of people that mean so much to me....my family and friends, who helped me to not only make it through this thing but to even get to the starting line through a difficult past year. Thank you Penny, Cody, Bill, Gene, Ellen, Erin from the bottom of my heart. I truly could not have done this event without each of you and your caring, support and willingness to help me make Western States happen. Tom and Gayla, you guys were awesome in helping this expired runner to walk a bit post-race, eat and drink, stretch, ice the parts that needed icing, and do what I needed to do after the run. Thank you both so much. Helps to have WS-experienced runners with you when the running is over!

Having help at home too was imperative, couldn't have gotten through the next few days without it as I was pretty lamed up and just plain pooped! I arrived home to the downstairs couch area thoughtfully set up with a snugly blanket, TV remote, videos and books laid out, a place setting complete with my favorite snacks and Gatorade and a bell to obtain "couch-side service" (whoa, could 'a really taken advantage of that!), some great "Congrats!" balloons and poster, and some beautiful flowers. Chaz, thank you so very much for this enthusiastic and caring welcome home surprise you set up for me to be greeted by when I walked, um, shuffled into the house.

I teased Chaz about being a bit of a "Nurse Ratchet" with the "you really need to take another ice bath now Peggy, come on it will help you" and, thank you for this! He was a wonderful

Western States Photos

Lots more at:

stevenscreekstriders.org/photos/album.html

nurse, caring, thoughtful, and just the right amount of "pushy" given my pitiful, "how could you be so mean to me" looks about the ice baths. You really know when somebody cares about you when he can tolerate, and even smile at, your moaning and whining at 3:00 in the morning as you limp to the toilet you can't bend your legs to sit down on, gently "seats" you there, and waits patiently until the time to lift your paralyzed carcass from where it has become frozen to in muscle cramps (read: more moaning and whining, now emitted at higher volume--gosh, that process hurt so much!). Chaz, thank you for bearing with me with such humor, grace, patience and TLC.

Western States was such a great experience in so many ways, and I am very glad I took on the challenge. I learned a lot about myself, both during the intensive training period and during the actual event. I learned to listen better to my body and its needs, and honor its messages given to me of keeping good balance and resting when rest is needed, and that "more" is not necessarily better but "quality" is (as with much in life). I learned even more deeply the value of supportive, positive, honest and "I'm in this with you!" family and friends in my life. I can not thank those of you enough. I learned that I can crash down, feel deep despair, and pick myself back up and keep going, limping from the wounds but stronger and with a little more hard-learned wisdom. I learned to have grace and humility with my "failures," and, to have the same with my "successes." I learned to trust myself more, and analyze and question myself less, and listen to and integrate better the messages spoken to me from my head and heart.

And in there somewhere, out solo on a rock-strewn, mountain path in the beautiful high Sierra mountains, I learned that this woman has an inner strength she didn't know she had.

I had been told this by people who had seen my through some very painful events in life, but never really saw or felt what they were talking about. Out there running, feeling strong and capable and free, traveling a difficult journey of 100 miles, I finally knew.



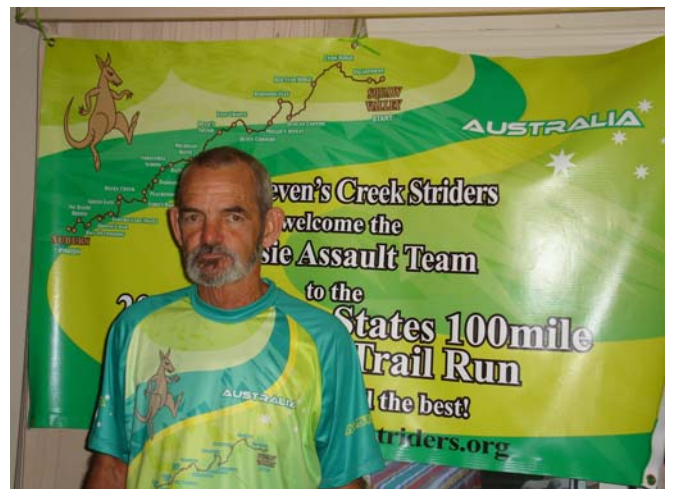
Jean and family at the finish of Western States



Chris Marolf and son at the finish of Western States



Peggy Crossing the Finish Line at Western States



Ian and the Aussie Assault Team Banner

Pacing at Western States

By Steve Reagan



Steve, Cath and Clare leaving Foresthill

This past weekend I had the honor of pacing a friend of mine at the 2007 Western States run, Cath Worth, from the UK. I wanted to share my experiences while everything's still fresh.

This all began with the 2006 Western States run, a year noted for the extreme heat which led to a near-record low finishing rate. Among those who were unable to finish due to the harsh conditions was Cath, whom I had met at dinner prior to the race. At the awards ceremony, we talked for quite a while - it was clear that she felt the same emotions of not making it to Auburn as I had in the years where I was also unable to do so. I immediately felt an empathy for Cath's situation, so I wrote her an email afterwards to console her, and from that arose a budding friendship and a steady email exchange between us through the next year. As I made suggestions to her for another attempt at WS, she became ever more convinced that she would try again and this time succeed, and in that light she also worked with Helene Diamantides, her good friend and a well-respected trail runner in the UK, on improving her preparations for WS. I could sense by the weeks before the race, that she was confident that this year would be different.

I met Cath the Thursday before the race in Auburn, and the two of us drove to our hotel in Tahoe City, near the start in Squaw Valley. My job was to be her pacer, though due to some injury problems I had recruited Clare Abram, an up-and-coming ultrarunner from the SF Bay Area (originally from the UK), to help me by pacing from Green Gate to the finish (I was to pace the earlier section from Foresthill. This turned out to be a fortuitous choice (as I'll explain later).

In the days before the race, I could definitely sense Cath's confidence - she was very upbeat and had a glow about her that was quite infectious (despite her claims of nervousness). I was feeling my own sense of nervousness at the prospect of pacing someone who was likely to be challenging to keep up with - even after 62 difficult miles! I expressed my worries to Cath, who did her best to help me feel at ease.

The morning of the race I drove Cath to the start. I could see that she was ready - she had an ear-to-ear grin (though I'm sure that she would dispute my account!). Clare and I saw her off, and we set off ourselves to prepare to meet her later in the day at Foresthill.

I knew that Cath wanted some pizza at Foresthill, so I went to the local pizzeria to buy some prior to her arrival at the aid station. The pizza shop had a laptop where one could track a runner's progress; I checked on Cath and found that she was running a sub-24 hour pace. This was very exciting! This also meant that I had to hustle to be ready before Cath's arrival!

Cath arrived at the Foresthill aid station at 7:28PM (according to the WS webcast site). I had earlier asked Clare to accompany Cath and me down the street to the California Street turnoff (a section where multiple pacers are allowed), with the idea that if I felt unable to keep a reasonable pace, that Clare would then accompany Cath for all of the last 38 miles of the course. Fortunately (for me at least) I felt no undue duress at keeping up so I was able to go. As we made our way along the road, Mo Livermore, one of the race founders who is still very active with the event, was kind enough to give Cath some encouragement to try to break 24 hours to earn the silver buckle.

Making our way down the trail, both of us kept a steady running pace (which in turn helped MY confidence), and we reached the first aid station at Cal 1 just before darkness set in. After some soup, we made our way steadily along as the day gave way to nightfall. We see-sawed with several other runners and pacers, giving and receiving encouragement along the way. Cath was craving more soup, which we found at Cal 2. From there it started to become a bit more difficult for her, but she continued her quest as we passed Cal 3 and made our way to the river crossing at Rucky Chucky. Upon reaching the road approach to Rucky Chucky, I noticed that we were still close to a 24-hour pace, so we tried to push it to the river, but arrived just a bit too late to realize that goal - and Cath was beginning to visibly tire.

I was hoping that fording the river would give Cath a second wind, along with having something to eat on the far side of the river. She had dallied earlier with the idea of changing shoes at that point, but opted not to do so. Clare came down to the river to meet us to start her pacing leg at Green Gate at the top of the ensuing hill. Cath and Clare had met before the race, and Cath felt quite comfortable with her. As we made our way up the hill, it was quite obvious that Clare was the perfect choice to pace from that point, as she and Cath hit it off immediately, and we felt so energized by all of this that the three of us ran quite a bit of the way up the hill!

From Green Gate, Clare and Cath set off for Auburn Lake Trails, where Cath had met her demise in the prior year, while I fetched my car at the top to get ready to crew at the Highway 49 crossing aid station. There I sat in the dark and cold with some equally cold pizza, eagerly awaiting their

"Last Chance" Photos

A few photos at the "Last Chance" Aid Station on Western States Endurance Run to give you an idea what happened. Put date June 28/29 2008 into your diary now.

appearance. When they arrived, Cath ate some aid station fare (wisely ignoring the pizza!), and she and Clare quickly set off for the last seven miles to Auburn with a look of determination which only affirmed my belief that they would make it to the finish in good shape.

I drove to Auburn, parked near the stadium where the runners finish after rounding the track, and set off to follow the course to Robie Point, where the runners emerge from the trails to the streets of Auburn for the last push to the finish line. Cath and Clare arrived just as I did, so we three set off together - until Clare whispered to Cath that they should try to catch up with some runners ahead. At that point, the two of them set off in a higher gear which I was unable to find, so I watched them pull away as I tried in vain to keep up. By the time I reached the finish area, Cath was already through and was sitting with a huge grin as the race staff took care of her.

At that moment, the thoughts and emotions of my own finish in 2004 (after three prior DNF's) overwhelmed me and I fought gamely to try to contain myself. I also realized that I was all along living vicariously Cath's moments of initial disappointment from last year followed by her resounding success. What a magical moment! Cath finished in an amazing time of 25:31:52 (again according to the race webcast).

That night Cath and I met for dinner across from our hotel; she was visibly fatigued but the glow she had about her was quite palpable. Afterwards she set off to bed for some well-deserved sleep. The next morning she had to depart very early to catch her flight back home. We said our goodbyes and she drove off, and I returned to bed for some sleep before setting off on my own journey home. I was sorry to see her go, but I was very happy that she was able to realize her dream of a WS finish, in a way similar to my own.

I sit here now looking fondly back on spending just over four days experiencing Cath's great adventure, knowing that I was able to share in some way in her wonderful achievement. It has gotten me thinking of getting back into serious training for something like the West Highland Way race (in Scotland) or the Mongolian Sunrise to Sunset 100K next year!

Well Done Cath!! I am very happy for you!!

Western States Awards

We are very proud to announce that the Western States Endurance Run Board presented "Friend of the Trail" Awards to three Striders in June 2007.

Bob and Marsha for their years of service as Station Captains at Last Chance. 8 Years of dedicated service.

Jerry Hill for his years of service to both as Station Captain at Last Chance and general factotum, helper and really nice guy.

Congratulations Bob, Marsha and Jerry. Well Deserved.



Don tuning up at campfire



Bob and Mark with the Striders Club Banner



Clearing up at the end

Western States

By Mark Reudink



I left Squaw valley at 5 am on Saturday morning and after consuming 3 gallons of fluid, 20 Gu shots, 5 ensures, 2 frappachinos, 3 pairs of shoes

and losing one toenail, I arrived in Auburn at just after 4 am to the delight of the crowd (ok it was just my family, but I'll take it.)

Running the Western States 100 was an amazing experience and emotions flowed at the start thinking about what I and almost 400 others were about to attempt. Since the race starts with a three mile 2,500 foot climb, we didn't exactly start off at a sprint, but watching the sunrise as we climbed to the top of Squaw Valley ski area was a great beginning to the run.

Mikhaila and my friend Mitch (who got me started Ultrarunning and is to blame for my foolishness) met me at several of the aid stations along the run provided with great support and important things like my iPod. They also had the unenviable job of taking off my socks and shoes and cleaning off my feet.



Arriving at the first sign of civilization in 55 miles at Michigan Bluff.

I had mentally broken down the race into two sections, before and after Foresthill (mile 62). I knew that once I reached Foresthill most of the really tough climbing would be over and I would be able to join my pacers. I arrived in Foresthill a bit later than anticipated, but feeling pretty good. My Dad then paced my for the next 16 miles by running 20 feet in front of me and making me chase him. Although this tactic worked quite well in making me run at a relatively fast pace, I was really wishing he wasn't in such good shape and couldn't run so fast.

We crossed the American River at the Rucky Chucky aid station (mile 78) at 10:15 pm. My first thought was, sweet, I just crossed the river, so I'm almost done. Then I thought damn, 22 miles is a long way to go. Although my Dad was

finished pacing me, he still had a 3 1/2 mile hike up to the car that I neglected to mention when I asked him if he wanted to run with me for "a bit."

After crossing the river, Mitch became my pacer and forced me to run every flat and downhill section. We did have a couple of



disagreements over the definition of flat. While the aid stations during the day are "professional" and extremely helpful, the aid stations we came across during the night had a party atmosphere with lights strung up (candy canes and reindeer at one), music blaring and even offers of tequila shots. At No Hands Bridge (mile 96) they were playing a movie of Western States. I'm not sure if that was suppose to make want to stay or go.

Once past No Hands Bridge there is another mile long climb before reaching the streets of Auburn and the final aid station. I felt bad for the two high school girls working the aid station since nobody wanted to stop for anything with just over mile left. Mikhaila joined us at the top of the final hill for the decent to the finish line. She kept telling me to "let gravity take over" and "lengthen my stride" (no idea where she got that), but a slightly faster shuffle was all I could muster.



It was an unbelievable feeling to hit the finishing track in Auburn and to be greeted by WS president legendary Tim Twietmeyer

(who finished 25 times under 24 hours). As I stood there looking him in the eye he said, "You're done. You can turn off your headlamp and stop blinding me".

I owe a tremendous thanks to Mikhaila and Mitch for crewing all day and night, to my Mom and sister-in-law Delanah for watching the boys, to my brother Mike for meeting me at one of the last aid stations at 2:20 am and to my Dad and Mitch for being great pacers. Thanks to all my friends for keeping an eye on my progress during the race.

Mikhaila had such a great experience at the race that she was asking me on the way home when I going to sign up for next year. I told her that I need to be able to walk to the mailbox first.

COMING UP

September Clambake Run and Picnic

Date to be announced on web. It'll be a Sunday in September.

Group 1 runs at 6am from Saratoga Gap.

Group 2 runs at 7am from Saratoga Gap.

Continue or Join at Big Basin State Park at 11am.

Bring Your own drinks, tableware and utensils
Meat/veggie burgers for grilling
(small grills are present)
Frisbees, wiffle balls and bat, other fun toys
A dish to share:

Surname: A-K main dish of some sort.

Surname: L-R chips/dip/vegetables/salads.

Surname: S-Z dessert.

stevenscreekstriders.org/events/clambake.html

October 26/27 Campout Weekend and 10k

Big Sur 10k River Run and Campout. Last Weekend of the year for camping before the nights are long, dark and cold.

For more information, visit the web site:

stevenscreekstriders.org/events/BigSur10k.html

Event web site: <http://www.bigsurriverrun.org>

November 22 Thanksgiving Turkey Relays

A little running and a lot of fun before eating the Turkey. Come on down to De Anza College Track at 8.30am (same time as Saturday club) for our Annual Relays. Mike Florence' prizes make it all worthwhile. And this is for all the family – parents, kids, aunties, nieces, brothers, sisters and friends. Come on down and have an hour of fun at Thanksgiving.

stevenscreekstriders.org/events/TurkeyRelays.html

December Holiday Party and Awards

The Annual Occasion to get dressed to the 9's. And an occasion to give awards to our club mates. And fun, games, gifts and prizes for everybody.

stevenscreekstriders.org/events/Party.html

Details and Dates soon.

Photos from Last Year's Fall Events



Happy Striders on Skyline at start of Clambake Run



Enjoying the finish and Band at Big Sure River Run



Winners of the Turkey Relays with Prizes



Robin with "Strider of the Year Award"