

Goddard Running

and Orienteering Club

NEWSLETTER

March 1985



President's Corner: It's that time of year again, runners. Tune up those legs and get ready for the 19th NASA Fun Run. Goddard has won the two-miler by increasing margins the last several times because we all have been out there on the starting line, running, walking, and having fun. So let's do it again April 17th. The entry form appears elsewhere in this issue, and will again be available at the GEWA Exchange, the Library, and the Credit Union. Also elsewhere in this issue are rules for the team competition. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO BE ON A TEAM TO BE IN THE FUN RUN! But if you wish to have even more fun, round up some buddies and challenge another group. The 10 km event will be held at noon at Greenbelt Lake on April 24. Makeups for both events are on the Friday following--that is, Friday the 19th for the two-mile (at Duval High School) and the 26th at Greenbelt for the 10 km.

The Second Annual Winter Olympics went well with the two new events, standing broad jump and vertical jump, generating substantial interest. Suggestions for new events for the '86 Olympics are welcome. Other tidbits from the Winter Olympics: the captain of one team almost had to represent the team in four events as his fellow teammates kept not showing up. Gincy was there to save him from a forfeit though, she found last minute replacements that did quite well. The run was unusual this year in that it began without the official starter, who, upon seeing the first group running toward him, watched with dismay as they zipped by. All was well, though; the race order results were recorded and points properly assigned.

The best attended event was the ball blow with the fitness lab packed to watch the efforts of the contestants to win this prestigious event. This year's course was long and sinuous with a ramp at the end that only the windiest could hope to make with ease. Those on the sidelines cheered their teammates on. The winner was capable of prodigious breaths, moving the ball by leaps and bounds. He probably would have finished even sooner but his control was somewhat erratic and the leaps were sometimes in the wrong direction, once ending up in Gincy's office, and then behind the bikes! If you missed this year's fun, prepare to sign up early for the '86 teams.

Some days it doesn't pay to feel too good, or at least to say so! One guy was feeling so good in the presence of a couple of injured friends that he was strongly invited to leave and take his sunshine with him.

Finally, don't forget the Blake Heart Run, April 27, a good cause and credit for the Goddard 10 km too. Sign up with Gincy by April 5 so GROC can be well represented.

--John Laudadio

I Can't Go, I Have to Run: Why do we run? The reasons are myriad, so I am told. We run to take off weight and to keep it off. We run to keep a vigorous heart and healthy lungs. We run to that we can enjoy our weekly ice cream sundae fix and still maintain our slender and graceful bodies!

These are all good reasons for running, right? Right! Therefore, these are the reasons runners run, right? Wrong! If we ran for reasons of health, or ice cream sundaes, why do so many of us look like the walking wounded? Why do we run through muscle pulls, shin splints, stress fractures and humid, 90 degree weather?

The reason is obvious--it is not health or that "svelte" look, but for MACHO points. What are macho points? Well, one definition is that macho points are inversely proportional to IQ points. The two may not be one-to-one, but I am certain that there is an equation. I am also certain that this applies to other sports as well, such as tennis, chess, football, mah jong, wrestling, backgammon, [surely not orienteering--Ed.] and sex, to name a few. But, this article is about runners, even though the writer's and the readers' existence is due to the last sport mentioned; I am certain, however, each of us will pay due homage to that sport.

I have not as yet determined the number of macho points per "event" or the equation to determine its impact on IQ points. However, below is a partial test with the possible macho points for each event:

Event	Macho Points
● Running with hamstring pull	32
● Running with stress fracture	114 (a biggie)
● Running in humid 90 deg. weather with the air quality index on the dirty side	47
● Running because my schedule says I must run 10 miles today, and I don't care if I have a 105 degree temperature	75
● I would rather run Boston than have world peace	∞ (this may get into negative intellect)
● I haven't missed a day in the last five years	24
● I have to hit 2000 miles this year so I can go on the _____ trip (ski, camping, Europe, etc.)	15

If there are non-believers out there as to the potential fanaticism of runners, then find an area where runners might be pursuing their sport (almost anywhere, in streets, parking lots, etc.) on a hot (95 deg.), humid (60%) day, and talk to one who has completed a 10-mile run. I warn you, though, that the conversation might be difficult. After a long run in weather as described, he or she will probably have a glazed look, will mumble, be stoop-shouldered with arms dragging, and will be (at least temporarily) living proof that Darwin's theory is valid.

If you have any candidate for the list above plus macho points and/or what the equation might be, drop a note to Gincy in the fitness lab (I am sure she will appreciate this). In fact, some of your best ideas might come while running through a broken leg.

Have a good run!

--Don Henderson, a runner

Olympic Trials, or, Memoirs of a Goddard Olympic Team Captain: When the time came to sign up to participate in the Second Annual Goddard Fun Olympics, I didn't hesitate for a minute. Last year's games had been a great incentive to get to the gym regularly in January and February--never my favorite months.

It was only afterwards that memories of "hitting the wall" a quarter mile into my leg of the relay started to return. About the same time, our designated captain realized he would be out of town the week of the competition, and asked me to take over for him. Never one for thinking quickly on my feet, I agreed.

The first thing I did was to call a team meeting, since that's what all the other captains seemed to be doing. When I showed up at the scheduled time, I noticed a distinct difference between our meeting and those of the other teams. There were people at theirs. In all fairness, one person did show up, another called to say he couldn't make it, and another came an hour late. This worried me a little, since 6 of the other 9 people on the team were total strangers to me. Choosing events for people you've never seen before seemed awfully risky, so I thought maybe I'd try to schedule another meeting. I discovered that people on our team fell into one of four categories: those who worked out in the morning, those who worked out at lunch time, those who worked out after work, and those who hadn't been back to the gym since they signed up the month before. The chances of getting all these people together at the same time seemed pretty remote, so I decided to organize everything by phone. I discovered two things: (1) People at Goddard who don't have secretaries or answering machines are almost impossible to reach by phone, and (2) People who take messages from "his Olympic team captain" are not impressed by such titles.

Somehow, I had everything scheduled by the Friday before the competition started. My goal was to get us through the whole thing without being disqualified.

By the end of Wednesday's events it was obvious to me I had grossly underestimated my team. We were doing pretty well. Not only that, but every person who was scheduled for an event had shown up for it. This was great. I had seen other captains who weren't so lucky, and it was not a pretty sight.

By Friday, I knew we could be contenders. So far, everyone on our team who had competed had placed in something. I felt even better when I walked in the gym to get ready for the relay and our anchor man said, "Don't worry. The force is with us!" I didn't really get it until I was standing at the finish line watching runners come in, and spotted one in a Darth Vader costume, complete with light sword. This was the real Goddard Olympic spirit, and was rivalled only by our spectacular victory in the Ball Blow competition, which boosted us to a third place overall finish.

Thanks guys. I'm already looking forward to next year.

--Vicki Pendergrass

WINTER OLYMPICS RESULTS

Bicycle Race (10 min)

1. Rusty Schwiekert	6.72 km
2. Bob Phillips	6.5 km
3. David Thomas	6.05 km
4. Locke Stuart	5.35 km

Dips (1 minute)

1. Phil Tulkoff	39
2. Greg Martins	33
3. Mike Bukowski	32
3. Mel Banks	32

Vertical Jump

1. Rajeev Sharma	22 "
1. Stan Stewart	22 "
3. Don Henderson	20 1/2"
4. Tom Page	17 1/4"

Standing Broad Jump

1. Scott Lambros	8'5"
2. David Thomas	8'4 1/4"
3. Mike Miller	8'1"
4. Tom Page	7'6 1/4"

Pull Ups (chins) (1 minute)

1. Mel Banks	25
2. Jim Bevis	21
3. Peter Fanetta	20
4. George Griffin	19

Ski Race (10 min)

1. Cliff Jackson	2.4 mi
1. Larry Hilliard	2.4 mi
3. John Krehbiel	2.1 mi
4. Richard Wobus	2.0 mi

Sit-Ups (1 min)

1. Ed Boggess	85
2. Bob McDonnell	69
3. Earl Young	65
3. Deanna Benty	65

Knee-Flex (1 min)

1. Charlie Boyle	66
2. Greg Martins	64
3. Sue Bailey	58
4. Howard Eiserike	57
4. Phil Smith	57

Wall Ball (1 min)

1. John Oberright	73
2. Fritz Hasler	72
3. Hal Levy	64
4. John Laudadio	63

Bench Press - Men (% body wt)

1. Mike Miller	1.44
2. Phil Tulkoff	1.37
3. Kirk Rhee	1.369
4. Richie Weiss	1.168

Bench Press - Women (% body wt)

1. Vicki Fendergrass	.65
2. Sue Bailey	.643
3. Sharol Sobol	.53
4. Maxine Hodges	.478

Ball Blow

1. Blake Lorenz	1:40
2. Franz Lengenfelder	1:53
3. Larry Hatakeyama	2:08
4. Lo I Yin	3:26

Two-Mile Relay

1. Dave Orbock, Joan Unger, Mike Bukowski, Lo I Yin
2. Scott Lambros, Barbie Beckford, George Griffin, Ron Bowles
3. Bob Phillips, Vicki Fendergrass, Pete Hui, Jeff Fossum
4. Stan Stewart, Gincy Stezar, Ken Brown, Rex Elliott

Reflections of an Olympics Team Captain: "How would you like to captain a team for the Winter Olympics?" asked the diminutive director of Goddard's Fitness Lab. Such a simple, innocent question. I carefully weighed the pros and cons of this proposal in my lightning fast analytical mind. How much trouble could it be? Just organize a short meeting and assign people to the events they're most suited to. On the other hand, I realized there might be a lot of benefits to this position. I could enjoy the luxury of saving the best events for myself. I could even guarantee myself a place on my beloved running relay! I'm also aware that an authority figure can be very attractive to the opposite sex; I might have to beat those hungry Goddard women off with a stick...WOW! Best of all, I would reap all the accolades of appreciation, honor and achievement, not to mention all the credit, for leading my team to the pinnacle of victory as champions of the 1985 Games! I can almost hear the roar of the crowd as my grateful, teary eyed teammates carry me on their shoulders. I strain to wave to my adoring fans, but the weight of my many gold medals holds me at bay!

"How about it, Fred? I could really use your help!" she pleaded pitifully. I carefully studied Gincy's poker face for any signs of a trick. I notice nothing. Obviously, she singled me out for this plum because of my renowned athletic prowess and awesome leadership qualities. Magnanimously, I replied "Well...I guess I might find time to give you a hand. Granted, it is a bit of an imposition but I'm willing to make an occasional sacrifice for a friend."

"Good!" she quipped as the slightest trace of a satisfied smirk momentarily betrayed her face. I blinked and it was gone. Did I really see it or am I paranoid? Suddenly, I had a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach but I couldn't exactly figure out why. [It was the same feeling I had at my high school senior prom when all the girls were staring at me and giggling. I half-heartedly told myself they were probably admiring the dashing figure I cut in my electric blue paisley tux and irridescent pink ruffled shirt. The next day, I learned that my fly had been down all evening.] Looking around the Fitness Lab, I quickly checked my zipper and breathed a deep sigh of relief. It must have been my imagination after all!

The next day, I eagerly posted a notice announcing a meeting with my fellow teammates; we really had to begin planning our acceptance speeches and victory party celebration. Oh yes! I must also remember to begin thinking about making individual assignments for each event. As the fateful meeting hour approached, I waited at the Fitness Lab to greet the faces of my champions. I carefully prepared a human resources survey in order to scientifically evaluate our strengths and weaknesses and to assist in planning our winning strategy. Each of the seven Olympic teams had been seeded with what I call a "superman." He's a star athlete who's good at everything and just plain unbeatable at one or two events. My game plan was to first place our "superman" in the events where he was sure to demolish the competition. Next, I scheduled the more talented members of the team to events in which we had a high probability of placing. Finally, I assigned my less gifted champions to the remaining games. Based on raw talent, strength, stamina and agility, I figured I was qualified to handle the "Loudest and Most Prolonged Whimpering Because Exercise Hurts" contest, but I gave myself the Running Relay (because I was captain) and the Standing Broad Jump (nobody else wanted to do it).

Our prospects looked great as I watched our confused competitors struggle to organize themselves into their ragtag, pathetic little teams. Still, my heart was touched by the courage and determination my adversaries exhibited in the face of such invincible opposition. It brought to life the spirit, the ideals and the goals of the Goddard Winter Olympic Games: to strive towards excellence, to encourage good fitness and good sportsmanship, to spark the flame of friendly competition and camaraderie. Just the thought of such fine aspirations filled my eyes with tears. Boy! We were really going to murder those poor scabs!

Even the calmest seas may harbor grave dangers and many a captain has met his maker as a result of pompous overconfidence. As day one of the Games began, I decided to telephone each of my comrades to bid them good luck. It was then that the first disaster struck. My vertical jumper had failed to check the Olympic schedule and didn't realize his event started in 15 minutes. Furthermore, he had a commitment which prevented him from participating that day. Just as the jaws of panic were closing down around my throat, I made my first command decision. I would to the vertical jump while my forgetful teammate would perform the broad jump the next day. So what if I'd never done the vertical jump before! We were champions, weren't we? Hurrying over to the Fitness Lab, I changed my clothes and made some last minute alterations to my acceptance speech.

With an event like the vertical jump, you'd think that the guy (or gal) who jumped the highest would win, wouldn't you? WRONG!!! It's absolutely amazing how some people will bend the rules in favor of the little guy or the underdog. For instance, in the vertical jump, each person's baseline is measured from the tips of their fingers when extended high above the head. But wait just a minute! I have longer arms than anyone else! What's the point of being tall if you've got to give the little guys a fair chance? Come to think of it, that rule was devised by a short person. Oh well...I guess you can't fight city hall. As the competition commenced, I noticed that one of my adversaries was a captain of an opposing team as well as a running buddy of mine and a frequent companion in the mass consumption of certain adult beverages. I watched with interest as his baseline was measured and he took his jumps. Curious! Although my "friend" is the same height as me, his baseline measured four inches shorter than mine. Even more curious was the fact that his final score beat mine by FOUR inches. It's lucky for him he has such short arms! But hey! That's O.K.! I'm a gracious loser. The vertical jump was a dumb contest anyway and I didn't really want to win. So what if I only took fifth place. I just put my acceptance speech in my pocket. I'd save it for the running relay.

On day two, the second disaster struck and I realized my victory ship was taking on water. My broad jumper, who had previously been my vertical jumper, failed to show up at the appointed time. In a frantic flurry of activity, I located another teammate who valiantly leaped into fifth place. But that was the least of my worries. I discovered that my "superman" had the flu and wouldn't be able to perform either of his events on day three. We'd just taken two torpedos broadside and the seas were getting very stormy indeed.

I prescribed hot chicken soup to my "superman" in the hope that he might make a miraculous recovery and lead us on to victory. Alas! This was not to be. In the eleventh hour, I realized I had to fill in for him and take

on the cross country ski race or face a ten point penalty. Although I'd never used the ski machine before, nor had I ever cross country skied, I figured my Scandinavian background ought to give me a superior genetic advantage. I was a bit perturbed as I fumbled on the ski machine because my participation in this event meant that I could no longer run the relay race. Fortunately, I'm a very cool, calm and collected guy who's not easily excitable. Two minutes into the ski competition, I was disqualified when my heart rate soared 20 points over my maximum. Damned, stupid high-tech contraptions!

For the first time, I realized that we weren't going to take first place in the Olympics. And probably not second place. And there was a good chance we'd just miss out on third place. Well actually, by the end of that humiliating week, we'd slipped to fifth place. In all fairness, we actually did quite well in several events. Unfortunately, I had absolutely nothing to do with those successes. Although we fell somewhat short of our goal, the Second Annual Goddard Winter Olympics was really great fun! Really! And next year, I have every confidence that we will be able to defend our title as the third worst team! It's a matter of pride!

--Fred Espenak

"The time has come..."

The time has come for orienteers in Maryland to have a local governing body. At the present time the only orienteering club in the DC area is based in Virginia. It is called the Quantico Orienteering Club because of its earlier connections with the Marine Corps. The majority of the maps are of areas 10 - 20 miles south of the Beltway which is a long way from Greenbelt and not a pleasant drive. To get things going in Maryland we need people and MAPS. (To orienteer you need orienteering maps. These are much more detailed than United States Geological Survey maps and are obtained by adding all the extra features to suitable base maps. This entails hundreds of man hours of fieldwork.)

This spring a few of us have spent many, many hours in the woods making three maps. None of them is complete yet but we have something to use. The three areas are: Greenbelt Park, Wheaton Regional Park and Little Bennett Regional Park. This last is just off I-270 about 10 miles north of Gaithersburg. It is the biggest park close to suburban Maryland.

The map that is the furthest along is that of Wheaton and a 5-color map is now available. We've had a limited printing so that after a few uses we can fix the mistakes before getting a large printing. The map will be used for the first time on March 31, so why don't you come and try it out. Wheaton is an excellent place to try orienteering for the first time - you can't get lost. The park is rather small and there are many trails - all of them on the map we hope.

In the past a number of you have expressed an interest in orienteering but we suspect that travelling to Virginia has dulled your enthusiasm. (It's dulling ours!) Now we plan to have many local meets. In the next 2 1/2 months there will be four. As far as local organization is concerned, there are plans to form regional clubs, including Quantico and a proposed Maryland club, all to be included in a National Capital Orienteering Association, with additional local chapters formed as membership grows. The local chapters would be responsible for organizing their own meets and

maps. We hope that GROC will form the nucleus of the Maryland group.

The most important thing at this time is to find out who is interested and you won't know until you try it! So come to the Wheaton meet and afterwards tell us whether you want to try it again.

--Hilary Cane

Orienteering Meet Schedule (from Quantico DC Newsletter):

- March 31 Wheaton Regional Park (Joanne Uber [GROC/QOC], Director)
- April 21 Greenbelt Park (Jane Jellison [GROC/QOC], Director)
- April 28 Little Bennett Regional Park (Simon Stephenson [GROC/QOC], Director)
- May 12 Greenbelt Park (Diane Kolos [GROC/QOC] and Teddi Lopez [QOC], Directors)

Registration for all meets will be from 12:00 to 2:00 p.m. At 4:00 p.m., the controls will be picked up, so plan to be off the course by then.

Directions from the Capital Beltway:

Wheaton: Take exit for Georgia Avenue north. Turn right onto Arcola Avenue and then left onto Kemp Mill Road. Turn left into Park and follow the red and white signs to the parking area. (From Randolph Road, turn south onto Kemp Mill Road, and take the 2nd Park entrance on the right).

Greenbelt: The April 21st meet will start at the Good Luck Road end of the park. Take Kenilworth Avenue South to Good Luck Road, turn left, and follow red and white signs to the parking area. Overflow parking will be at Parkdale High School across the street.

On May 12, the Greenbelt meet will start from the Greenbelt Road end of the park. Take Kenilworth Avenue south from the Beltway and turn left on Greenbelt Road. Park entrance is on right. Follow red and white signs to parking area.

Little Bennett: Take I-270 exit toward Frederick. Turn off at Clarksburg exit (Rte 121). Right on Clarksburg Road to Old Frederick Road. Turn north and proceed for about 1 mile to Park entrance on right. Follow the Park road into the campground. The start will be at the store.

For further information on any of these meets, or orienteering in general, call Jane Jellison, x 8563; Hilary Cane, x 7794; Joanne Uber, x 8469; or Diane Kolos, x 8563.

Editor's corner: Thanks for all the good articles! Thanks to Pete Hui for the splendid new entry form! This newsletter has been fun to put together--there are some talented writers in our group. Anytime your literary muse is active, send your creations to Jane Jellison, Code 313. For the next newsletter, we are particularly interested in impressions of the Fun Run, from individuals or teams (or spectators--why don't they run?)

THE 1985 SPRING NASA INTERCENTER 2 MILE FUN RUN TEAM COMPETITION RULES

Peter S. P. Hui

I was volunteered by the Fun Run Organizing Committee (known as the FROC of GROC) to come up with a more definitive set of rules for the team competition. It is the tradition of a volunteer organization that the person doing the work has the latitude to make up rules as he sees fit subject only to some bounds of reasonableness. Therefore, the rules that I am making up here are not subject to reviews. We must accept the fact that no rule can be fair to everybody. On the remote possibility that some of you out there do not like these rules, I suggest that you come to the FROC of GROC meeting next fall to volunteer your service to redo the master piece that follows.

In the past, the team score is the sum of the placement points of the first five finishers of the team, and low score wins. For example, if a runner finishes 5th in the race, his or her placement point is 5. This scoring system is not fair to the female runners of Goddard. Even the very best woman runner will not likely be placed very high in the open competition unless her name is Joan Benoit or something like that. The reason that Goddard had won the 2 mile Intercenter Competition in the past few years is due in large part to the contribution of our top women runners. In order to correct this inequity, the new rule for this spring's team competition is to score the women separately in such a way that a good woman runner will be able to contribute significantly to her team. The rules are stated more precisely as follows:

1. Each team must consist of at least five members. Each team must have one member designated as the captain and at least one member designated as the backup captain. The captain or the designated backup is responsible to properly register the team before the race.
2. In order to register a team for this competition, the team registration form must state one theme that ties all team members together. The theme could be organizational unit, corporation, specific program or project. Or the theme may be social or recreational groups. The reason for this rule is to discourage teams from stacking the cards by actively recruiting unattached good runners.
3. Only the race result of the official fun run conducted inside Goddard Campus will be considered for the team score. Make-up runs on local school track will not be scored for the purpose of team competition. However, the make-up runs do count for the Intercenter postal competition.
4. The finish order for the race will be scored separately for males and females. The placement points for males will be the same as the finish order among male runners. However, the placement points for females will be normalized to account for the smaller number of female finishers in the race. The normalization will be such that the first female finisher will have a placement point of one and the last female finisher will have a placement point exactly equal to that of the last male finisher. All this sounds very complicated. But some geniuses within Goddard should be able to figure out an easy way to do the scoring with all the fancy IBM PC's, Apples, or Macintoshes around.
5. The team score is the sum of the five lowest placement points of the team. May the best team win.
6. Don't forget this is a fun run. However, it is suggested that the author of this set of rules deserves to receive a 10 placement point handicap for his historic effort in coming up with these rules.

