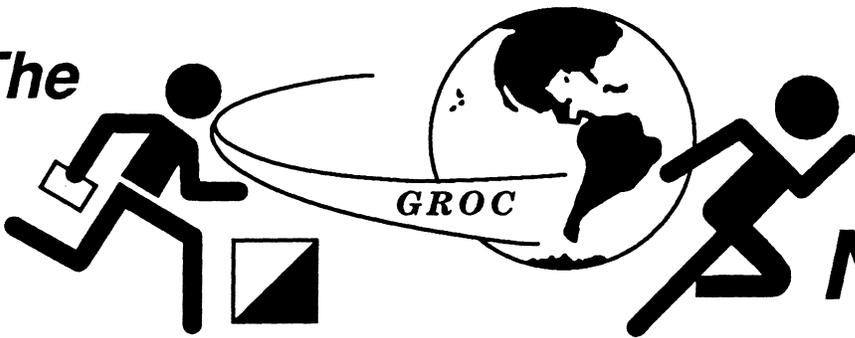


The  Newsletter

September, 1991

From the Prez

by Diane Kolos

Finally, GROC has a new T-shirt. For those who have been waiting with baited breath, the T-shirts are ready. They have the logo selected by our panel of judges from the T-shirt contest a few months ago. They are available in short sleeves or tank tops, at \$11 and \$10, respectively. Contact me to buy one -- already they're going fast.

The search for Race Directors is on again. Two-mile and 10K directors' slots are available to anyone who is able. We could certainly use the help. Remember that if everyone helps, no one is overloaded. Race helper volunteers: contact me now so I can start planning for October.

We are trying to arrange an orienteering meet for early fall. The date will be firmed up as soon as Center Security gives its okay. This will be a great opportunity for everyone who needs an answer to the question *What's orienteering?* The meet will most likely be held at lunch time on the grounds near the Rec center. Details will follow as they are firmed up.

Spring Race results are slow arriving. We had problems with some of the data provided by other Centers: their databases were scrambled. One Center also had some late results. Since a few Centers have



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dropped out of the competition, we decided to be extra nice and include these late runners' times. Results are in their final stages and should be available in the Fitness Lab shortly after Labor Day.

Next GROC meeting is September 17 at noon. Hope to see lots of you there.

The GROC Newsletter

EdNotes

Summer's passing fast. Now we can look forward to cooler weather, autumn runs and resuming the usual level of work activity.

Has everyone tried the new Fitness Center in Building 97? What a place. Pleasant colors, good ventilation, clear view into the locker rooms. (Guess you can't get everything right first time around.) It makes all the familiar exercise equipment seem spiffier.

Not everyone fell into dog-day doldrums. We present not one but two *Travel Trails* articles (pages 3, 4). And one by-golly long distance run by one of our own, ultrarunner Mike McCumber, makes good reading on page 5.

Before we know it the 2-milers and 10Ks, healthwalks and racewalks will be upon us (page 8). It's not too early to train, and George Bush offers the perfect incentive: membership in his and Mr. I'll-Be-Back's fitness program (page 6).

Special Sideliner Greenstone offers some fit words on page 7. Read *From the Prez* on page 1, check out the next meeting date on this page, plan to buy a T-shirt (page 7), put a team together (page 8).

The *Newsletter* would like to run an article that introduces the NASA InterCenter runs to new employees and contractors. Who will volunteer to write it? There's already a list of areas to cover, from quick history to team composition rules. Someone old, someone new or someone true blue, please call/email the editor.

See you on the roads.

Lani Williams

**Fall InterCenter Runs
are coming**

**... are you getting
ready?**

Don't miss the next
GROC Meeting

Tuesday, September 17
12:00 noon
Building 22, Room 271

Can you make it?

GROC Executive Board 1990-1991

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The GROC Newsletter is a publication of the Goddard Running & Orienteering Club. Submit articles and items of interest to the editor.

Travel Trails: GROCKies on the Road

Alaska by Boat, Plane and Etonics

by Bill Hibbard

"What about bears?" I asked somewhat timidly. Camp Denali is grizzly country and one had visited a few days before. The camp host allowed as how there were certainly grizzlies around, but he would go ahead and run. His wife, Jerryne, suggested sticking to open country and offered a jingle bell to warn bears I was coming. I ran, sans jingles, in the back country of Denali Park, revelling in the views of the snow-covered Alaskan Range and its majestic dominance, Denali (or Mt. McKinley, as it's known hereabouts). In the end, it wasn't the bears that got me -- it was the steep climb back up the ridge to camp.

My first Alaskan run was in Juneau, the State capital. It was cool and rainy as I started out at 6:30 in the morning, a typical Spring day in Southeastern Alaska. This country is all mountains and water. In a few places there is some flat land at water's edge, and there is always a town on the flat: Ketchikan, Wrangell, Sitka... The larger towns like Juneau have narrow flats several miles long: great running places, cool and spectacularly scenic. A hint of caution, however: *flat* is a relative term in Alaska -- the mountains are seldom more than a block away.

In Skagway, I ran through the Historical District and out to the edge of town, where the narrow gauge railroad begins its climb to the Yukon. Haines was a pretty town; I ran through restored Fort Seward and down the shore to a campground.

Gustavus is perhaps the largest town in south-east Alaska in area but has a winter population of only about 150 frigid souls. There are no paved roads in Gustavus. There used to be some, but the local populace had the paving dug up and now there's just gravel. You could run a marathon in Gustavus by going from the airport to Glacier Bay National park and taking a couple of detours along the way back, but I constrained my enthusiasm to a couple of 3-milers.

Fairbanks and Anchorage offer nice runs in

residential districts. Both were rather flat and had parks and streams to run along. Since these are large cities, the running opportunities depend a lot on where you are staying. Anchorage has a long paved trail along Knick Arm that is used by cyclists and joggers; there were mileage and kilometer marks along it, suggesting a recent 10km run. There were also a few Alaskan mosquitos to urge a runner along.

In our three week vacation, we stayed in eight different Alaskan towns, and I found good, interesting running in every one. That's good news, because there are a lot of good bakeries and seafood dinners in that State.

Wilson Lane Safety Day

Sunday, September 15, 1991

8:00 am

Moorhead Lane, Bethesda, Maryland

Events:

10K Run

1 Mile Run

Young Run

Walk/Bike

Health and Fitness Fair

Registration: \$16 after 9/6/91

Young Run free to paid participants

Super Brunch follows
free to participants & volunteers
\$4 for others

Prizes! **Team Competition!**
Random Awards! **Family Activities!**

Contact George Nolfi (301)656-5249

Travel Trails: GROCKies on the Road *Along the California Coast*

by Jean Swank

From the town of La Jolla the beach goes south and northeast. The park at the bottom of Ocean Street put me on the southern route, a better one at high tide, according to the desk clerk. The beach is broken by patches of tide-washed craggy rocks, nice for hopping and looking for small sea creatures.

Since sea creatures weren't plentiful and the footing was treacherous, I abandoned the beach and followed Coast Boulevard in front of nicely landscaped southern California apartments and along the little cliff. On this balmy late Sunday afternoon in January, the park was crowded with strollers and passing joggers. I stopped to watch the sun slip into the flat ocean horizon, counting about three minutes. It would bear watching again.

Like a horse, I took the same route each morning, from Travelodge La Jolla to Travelodge La Jolla Beach and back. The route around La Jolla bay toward Scripps and UCSD remains to be explored on another trip.

Next stop: Santa Barbara, where January was cool enough for long sleeves in morning's mist. The several-year drought had not yet broken, and mist may have been the only thing for trees, bushes and Yucca to drink. On the tourist map, beach running possibilities extend forever, but the hotel on the western edge of State Street showed mountains, or at least country, a lot closer than the sea.

It was barely dawn as I ran against the trickle of people to the bus stop. A half hour was gone before I got far along Foothill Road, but those hills continued to beckon. Plants in the yards looked dried and shriveled: winter or drought? There was no shortage of water at my inn for showering, thank goodness.

Unusually cool, the temperature in June in Berkeley was not much warmer than it had been a few hundred miles south in January. Town streets are noisily sticky to New Balances and may waken a few of the sleepers in doorways. The campus is so splendid, with

more kinds of pine trees than I know, and paths through lush grass and bushes. It makes me wonder why so few people are out and about this early summer morning.

Quite a renovation project has fenced off several buildings. Was it earthquake damage or normal aging? Signs with print much too small to read on the run don't say. Not to be completed until 1994, the project is active now; workman arrive as I pass through.

A few other joggers join me along the road below the Greek theater and stadium, and a few enter the college track. With some trepidation about the adequacy of the road shoulder, I head up the road past the stadium and follow the left branch toward the Lawrence Laboratory, the Space Sciences Laboratory, and *Misery*, as the Mathematical Sciences Research Institute is called. It passes ball fields, tennis courts and swimming pools; the courts empty, the competition pool full. Big blue birds with black fringed heads eye me, and a couple of skittish deer maneuver like mountain goats up a steep side of the hill.

When traffic is light, there is enough room on the side of the road to go to the botanical gardens, the redwood grove and the Rad Lab, but they are fenced and locked early in the morning. I promise myself a tour someday.

It's a pleasure to go home but hard to leave the scenery of California.

Good News, Fitness Freaks:

Science News (July 20 issue) carries still one more reason for getting out and moving that body. They say, "an active lifestyle, including moderate-to-vigorous exercise, may prevent development of Type II diabetes." (This is the sugar-processing disorder that generally strikes after age 40.) "Even moderate activity, such as a daily brisk walk, seems to shave the risk of Type II diabetes." Although obesity, family history, and age are all risk factors, and you can't modify your age or your parental history, you can increase your activity!

A Hillof a Vermont Race

by Mike McCumber

South Woodstock is a small town, even by Vermont standards, nestled amid the foothills of the Green Mountains. Surrounded by lush maple forests, it provides a perfect setting for an ultra-distance run. Smoke Rise Horse Farm, a couple of miles outside of South Woodstock was the staging site for the 1991 Vermont 100 Mile Endurance Run. At Friday's packet pickup a medic weighed me in, the first of several checkups designed to monitor each participant's state of health during the 100-mile race. Anyone who loses more than 7% of his/her pre-race weight is withdrawn.

A light rain began not long after I arrived with friend and designated race support crewman Ken Jarva. It got steadier and heavier during the afternoon and evening, conjuring visions of a 100-mile mud slog. The forecast had called for clearing. Ed, at 64 a semi-retired ophthalmologist and veteran of last year's Vermont 100-miler, completed my core group.

We ate at the pre-race pasta dinner and returned early to our Vermont Inn lodgings. Though asleep about 8, the alarm sounded, seemingly, only a short time later. 2 am! Groggily, we got ready and took a dirt country road to Smoke Rise Farm. Everyone, runners and handlers alike, scurried about in the early morning darkness. I saw the moon, a good sign, though fog lay in the hollows. Mid 60's: a singlet would be fine.

At about 4 we were on our way. After a scant half mile we left the road for an uphill hiking trail. The footing was a little rocky at times that next hour and a half, but the trail was incredibly soft overall. Few animals and fewer people stirred at this early hour, but we welcomed a bullfrog choir serenade along a small lake in the woods. I was surprised to see volunteers at the first two aid stations, listed in race literature as unmanned. In fact, only two aid stations of the 24 were truly unmanned.

Horses started to pass us after 7 miles. Sixteen of the 28 horse-and-rider combos finished the full event. The horses were not going particularly fast, so it was easy to get out of their way and exchange greetings with the riders.

At 9.6 miles, fellow racer Jeff checked his *all-everything* watch and said that we had taken about 12,000 steps. That meant more than 120,000 steps before the race was finished, something I really didn't want to know.

Ed, Jeff, two other hardy contestants and I -- this was our pack -- decided early on to walk all significant uphill to save strength for the later stages and protect ourselves from trashed quads. This strategy worked, although we had to remind each other to hold back.

On we climbed, into the tiny town of Pomfret, atop a large hill. The beautiful and quiet scenery seemed to augment our strength as we continued at a fairly steady 4.3 mph. Not exactly a fast pace, this would mean a sub-24 hour 100 miles, faster than we expected. Each still felt strong and there was even conversation as we tackled one hill after another. Jeff, a physician, said his patients were worried about him. Some lit candles and said novenas that he would return alive.

The course is 75% on roads (mostly dirt), 25% on trails well marked by bright yellow plastic plates and often well worn. Still, a mile-long section through a grassy field challenged our tracking skills. Not far beyond it, we checked in at the first medical aid station (27.7 miles). I had lost a pound, Ed had gained one, and the others were unchanged. We all felt good. Seeing us, Ken mused aloud about 'doing something like this.' Will wonders never cease!

Too soon after this interlude came the first of many monster hills. It was in this next 3-mile segment that we overtook the first 'faster' runner. Steadily we ran on. The Lincoln covered bridge at 36.1 miles, which we crossed some time later, foretold the end of the northern loop. Two loops to go! Just

(...see *Hill*, Page 7)

Special Sidelines ■■■■■

Special Sidelines highlights *other* fun and fitness activities to use for cross-training, variety or with the people we love. For some, what we call a *Sideline* is the main event, things like orienteering, ultrarunning, triathlons, race-walking and weight training.

GROC members are willing to field your questions about their *Special Sidelines*. Look for contact numbers on page 2.

Jane Jellison	Orienteering
Bob Phillips	Triathlon
Renny Greenstone	Racewalk
Mike McCumber	Ultrarunning

Presidential Sports Award Challenge ■■■■■

Time's short to join the *NASA Intercenter/Presidential Sports Award Challenge*. The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports annually encourages Americans to get in the habit of physical activity. NASA Health Units decided to see which Center can field the most fitness followers.

It's easy to join the Goddard team: Choose a sport or activity (there are lots of 'em), log your workouts and turn the whole thing in at the new Fitness Center. Qualifiers get a certificate from the President and the best Center wins: Goddard, or so we'd like to think.

See John Gilligan for more details.

**Due soon:
Fall InterCenter Runs**

... Ready?

Fitness Tidbit for Walkers ... and Others ■■■■■

by Renny Greenstone

Back in April, *Prevention Magazine* ran an article called *Speedwalk to Slenderness*. They made this interesting observation, which I'm passing along for the slimmer-downers among us:

When you're walking on a day-to-day basis, twenty (count 'em, 20) minutes is the length of time it takes to begin burning fat. That means it's best to walk for at least a half-hour so you have at least ten minutes of high fat utilization.

Another thought offered by *Prevention* for those who might be carrying around too many pounds was this:

If you're more than 15 to 20 pounds too heavy, don't try to speed up over your normal walking pace. Instead, keep walking at your usual pace until you've reached a lighter weight, closer to ideal, then try stepping out and start eliminating the extra ten or fifteen pounds.

Racewalking expert Viisha Sedlak is quoted as advising the racewalker to keep his/her (there we go again) chin up -- focus straight ahead while walking; don't slouch -- "think of opening the chest and dropping the shoulders so there's no tension;" and keep to a natural stride length.

I'm starting to get ready, mentally, anyway, for the Maryland Senior Olympics at Towson State come this October.

Keep on walking!

Up & Coming

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| 9/17/91 noon | GROC Meeting
Bldg 22/271 |
| 9/15/91 8:00am | Wilson Lane Safety Day
10K, 1Mile, Walk/Bike
Moorland Ln. Bethesda |
| 10/7/91 | Maryland Senior Olympics
Towson State University |

(...Hill, continued from Page 5)

beyond, another monster hill. Time surely slowed while we ascended its unbroken two miles. Three miles later we entered a sugar maple forest, trees interconnected by a network of blue plastic tubing. Larger brown tubing along the ground ran from trees to collection points.

By this time, the bottoms of both my feet were chafed and sore. I changed socks and lubed with Vaseline at Camp Ten Bear (44.2 miles). Another weigh station: I was back to pre-race weight, so no problem there. Ed and I sat for a few minutes, feasting. Then we were off with our little group to tackle another 25-mile loop. Ed warned that this was a hard one. So true!

A Californian who joined us just beyond Camp Ten Bear claimed at this point that this race is tougher than the Western States 100 because of relentless hills. This latest hill boasted the most difficult footing of the race *and* one of the steepest grades, nearly vertical on our profile maps. To keep quads from seizing up, we had started to run an occasional uphill stretch at the suggestion of a super-marathon veteran.

Once on top, running was much easier. At another manned "unmanned" aid station two nice old ladies tempted us with home-baked goodies. Eventually we headed out for a long downhill and aid station 20 at 54.9 miles. Ken met us with more Vaseline and fresh socks. Looking at me, Ken remarked that his earlier interest in the Ultra had faded. Crewing suited him just fine.

We started up the biggest hill in the race, a rise of 900 feet in 4 miles. All day, hill ascents

10/9/91	noon	NASA InterCenter 2-Miler <i>GSFC, Bldg 2</i>
10/11/91	noon	2-Mile (Makeup) <i>DuVal High School</i>
10/16/91	noon	NASA InterCenter 10K <i>Buddy Attick Park</i>
10/18/91	noon	10K Makeup <i>Buddy Attick Park</i>
11/3/91	9:00am	Marine Corps Marathon <i>Washington, DC</i>

had been my strong point but I wondered now if I was losing the battle with my feet. Our group was surprisingly strong and in very good spirits. We were slowing down, though. Our average pace at aid station 22 (60.2 miles) had decreased to 4.1 mph. Here we had hot soup, welcome as sundown approached. Flashlights, aching feet and all, we hit the road again.

The pack struggled to reassemble and catch up with Ed. My feet were blistering on the bottoms; I started to walk. It is strange to run a trail race in the dark, especially alone. Between spaced green chem-light markers, I hoped I was on the trail. After what seemed an eternity, I trotted downhill, back into Camp Ten Bear (68.2 miles), rested and feasted awhile. My weight had gone down only a half pound, I felt unbelievably strong and not too sore, but my feet hurt too badly to continue. Ed and our Californian friend finished in 26:56, 1½ hours ahead of last year. Phenomenally, about 80% finished the race, 89 in fewer than 24 hours. The oldest finisher, a wonderfully crazy guy from Oklahoma, is 69.

Next year, the Vermont 100 will greet me again. I intend to avoid blistering and prove to myself that I can go the distance. The Vermont 100 is superbly organized, with top-notch volunteers and great local folk. Anyone who wants to try a 100 miler, take this one on for the challenge. Do apply early; entries are awarded on first-come, first-served basis. It is well worth the effort.

T-shirt, Everyone?

GROC logo

Short Sleeve: \$10

Singlet: \$11

Call Diane Kolos, X3880

The GROC Newsletter

Ever wondered about those

Fed Ups?

el Tee Pee?

Out to Launch?

Hazard Hikers?

These are groups of like-minded people who run as an official team in the Goddard and InterCenter events.

It's not hard to form a team. See a paraphrase of the rules below or ask at the Health Unit for the official wording.

Doesn't cost a penny more. Why not give a team a try?

NASA InterCenter Runs

Team Rules

A team is at least 5 people who share a single NASA-related theme. You need a captain and his/her backup, one of whom must register your team by 6:00 pm of the day before the race. Goddard civil servants, contractors, co-op students on duty, retirees and dependents are eligible. Each racer must also submit individual race entries. Race volunteers may be team members, too.

2-Miler:

Make-up runs don't count for Goddard team competition but do count for the Intercenter postal competition.

Males and females are scored separately, normalized, then combined for team point calculation. Best 5 racers count.

10-K:

Same as 2-Miler, except:

Participation in any 10K event (makeup and Health Walk, too) counts, one event to a member. Top team place is based on team size alone, not speed. No common theme required for this event only.

it's coming
it's coming
it's coming
it's coming
it's coming
it's coming

The great 1991 Fall InterCenter Run

- ★ a chance to show those other Centers who's who
- ★ a chance to demonstrate your two-mile walking form
- ★ a chance to put together the biggest, baddest Goddard team
- ★ a chance at oranges and soda

Be there!
Wednesday, October 9

- ★ the challenge ★ the drama
- ★ the excitement ★ the sun
(we hope)

Watch GEWA News and your nearby bulletin boards for information and application.