

Jul '83



#83-4

c/o Fastlady Sports, 14310 N.E. 20th, Bellevue, WA 98007

641-9696

### OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

President	Ron Van Ryn	821-5370
Vice President	Kerry Lawrence	455-9345
Secretary	Barb Reed	885-5092
Treasurer	Rolf Ausen	822-3347
Race Committee	Steve Martin	827-6886
Activities Committee	Jan Lawrence	455-9345
	Debbie McKinney	827-5751
Membership Com.	Marilew Nelson	641-9696
Newsletter	Kerry Lawrence	455-9345

### RECOLLECTIONS OF BOSTON 1983

"Welcome to the 87th Annual B.A.A. Boston Marathon. The following instructions are designed to answer any questions you may have. Please read them carefully."

Sounds rather typical since most of us have read instructions like this before at many other runs and really most of us get it right without really reading them anyway. What could really be any different? Well, the Boston Marathon is very different in just about every respect from this reporters view. I will attempt to describe some of the feelings, sights, sounds and other interesting sidelights that contribute to the aura that the Boston Marathon truly has.

To begin with when one arrives in Boston there is really no question that the run is the biggest game in town. Even the Celts and the Boston Red Sox give way to this event. My wife and I came in three days before the run and within three hours of landing I had my first Boston Marathon T-shirt. I could have had one sooner but I failed to check the airport gift shop. This one has special meaning though since I picked this one up at the famous "CHEERS PUB". The bar that inspired the TV show. It was here that we met our first crusty, old veteran marathon watcher. Believe me he was not the last. He remarked that he had been watching it for 30 years. He just really wasn't interested in them before then. He was hoping that "BILLY" would do good this time out, if he didn't that's tough. I would still call him Mr. Bill Rodgers, Sir!, but to Boston he is "Billy". He is not a great runner who happens to live in Boston, he is a part of Boston who just happens to be a great runner.

For the next few days of which were consumed by sightseeing for the most part, it became apparent that literally everyone was either running in the marathon or watching it. Standing in lines or sitting in restaurants the most common question was "are you here for the race?" It seemed like each store or restaurant was turning out their own Boston Marathon T-shirt, hats with the run logo were everywhere, and half the people we would

meet were running in it. It started to get just a little unsettling.

The Runners Fair went for 2½ days preceding the race. It was really a Pike Place Market for runners. They were hawking everything imaginable with a run logo. It was here that I got t-shirts 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, some hats, a bag and a case of claustrophobia. It was time to retire back to the room and wait for the start of the race.

Well, it's up at 6:00 a.m. for a little yawning and some easy stretching and for those of you familiar with my bizarre loading routine, I down two Snickers bars. I also look out the window preparing for the worst since snow was predicted and find that in fact it is sunny. Encouraged by this I quickly don my ESR singlet with a big white SEATTLE emblazoned across the top and I'm off. Out the door of the hotel and I am met by about 3000 other zombies marching in a slow procession to the bus lines.

I think to myself, "this is class", busses picking you up without any waiting really and look at all these people here to see us off. It was at this point that I mis-read the whole event. The busses were taking me away to an internment camp where I would have to wait for four hours before the race began and the nice people were waiting for us to get out of there so they could start getting places to see the finish. The Boston Herald noted that the finish line seats were all taken by 8:00 a.m. The first finisher would not arrive until after 2:00 p.m.

I was dropped off at this little village called Hopkinton exactly or I should say approximately 26 miles from Boston. It's a very quaint and typically picturesque east coast town. It's also 32 degrees outside and windy. The high school gym that has been set aside for the runners is jammed to overflowing with runners who somehow got here before I did, which was ridiculous. I also got an idea of what a runners high really is! It's a feeling that you get from sniffing Ben-Gay. I don't think I could have lasted until the start if I would have had to sit in there for more than half an hour. Luckily, I didn't. I got to sit outside in the grass. I was surprised that there was grass here. After 87 years of this and very few Port-a-Potty's it does become a source of wonder. Actually I thought the sanitary situation was adequate but I guess after so many years without it the runners became used to doing without. The basic idea was to keep moving so that you don't get mistaken for a tree.

All at once as if a signal has sounded runners start to walk down a small road. I was told that the start is down there. Sensing urgency I quickly picked up my belongings, threw them on the truck to Boston and ran down this road to get to my containment area 1½ hours before the start. The race starts at 12 noon. I am getting hungry. The town is gripped in a carnival madness. Food vendors are everywhere. Again I became tempted to put various t-shirts and hats on hold until I could get back. Boy Scouts are selling coffee by the pitcher. These little urchins will have a profound effect on the results of the race by the time it is over. All of a sudden I find that I am being roped in out in the street. My first thought is that this is real class. They are keeping us cordoned off in pace groups so that no turkeys get in and all runners are where they are designed to be. I then realize that I can't get out. It's cold, most of us there had consumed far too much coffee. The start is coming. People get nervous. It's 20 minutes to the start. You cannot leave. It's best to say that no one sits on the street at this point. The air darkens with clothing being tossed off by runners. The spectators take on the appearance of sorters at a Goodwill center. Runners zero out their watches and it comes to me out of the blue that everyone in front of me is faster than I am. So what do you do when you are #2340? The group I am in cannot even see the start and they almost get in a crouch waiting for the gun.

I would imagine that a gun or something went off because the crowd got moving in a hurry. There was no standing in place and shuffling along for five minutes. It was as if 7000 runners all took off at once. Probably the most remarkable start I have ever seen. It

is also downhill. This had a lot of significance for me for the entire race. It was here that the more than one million spectators began. A quarter mile down the road and they offered water!

The first five miles. My recall of this was that it was during this period that many of the runners made adjustments in fluid volume. Mostly of a depletion type. It was also very fast in it's pace. The basic rule of thumb that one should go out a little slow was totally abandoned. There were no runners passing each other for the most part. Quite a bit of talking going on as you got to know some of the runners you would hope to finish around. Lots of fun with the crowd cheering you on. It's still crowded but there is room to run comfortably. A few hills come and go but they are rollers. The five mile time is called and you realize that this is darn near a PR. You have been sucked into it! The buzz phrase is that "everyone in front of you is faster". Just maintaining your place assures you of a good time.

Five through ten miles. Rolling hills through the country side. Rather scenic and somewhat quiet. The crowds are becoming much more vocal now. I suspect it's because they realize the first 5 miles has taken it's toll on some. I also begin to notice the smell of beer in the air. This would increase in intensity the entire route. Runners are really looking a little fatigued at this point. We aren't talking much if at all. Maybe it really wasn't a good idea to do this race. I don't feel so good. The crowds are growing steadily. Why so many hills?

Ten through fifteen miles. Good grief these spectators act like this was a big party or something. Yelling at us! Drinking beer! Playing everything from Bach to Devo. I came here to run a marathon and have some quiet. But now came the cheers of "GO SEATTLE!!!" The crowd had begun to funnel the runners down to the point that they could recognize emblems and logos on the shirts. I also heard that Hawaii was on my tail. Going by Wellsley Women's College is very memorable in itself. The audible tone of the crowd raises by 5 octaves. The young women are lined up for a quarter mile or so, screaming at the tops of their lungs. Not really saying anything, just screaming. I wondered if this was what it ws like when the Beatles landed in the U.S.

Fifteen through twenty miles. Some downhill. Needed this. The area is becoming heavily residential. Crowds becoming enormous. Running room getting very narrow. Sometimes only three abreast. The constant yell of "GO SEATTLE" is beginning to wear thin. The dreaded hills are coming. From approximately 17 miles it is uphill until 21 miles. I look up and see an enormous line of runners going up into space for as far as you can see. I notice that many of the spectators are looking a little like Dracula. I have to admit I falter at this point. How embarrassing! The crowd goes bananas screaming at you to GO, GO, GO. They encircle you. Up ahead more people are coming out to see if you can get to them. You get going again and they scream some more. Now this gets your attention. It's really neat. I try it again and it works. At the 21 mile mark I die. I wasn't looking for a cheer. I wanted out. The crowds are so thick it would be hard to get through anyway. I'm in the running path and a spectator comes out and suggests that I'm a bum. I was just about ready to throw up when a policeman moved him out of range. I could see Boston and the finish line area looming down below so I decided to press on. More heavy partying and beer drinking as I passed Boston College.

Twenty-one miles through finish. Actually getting into Boston at this point. Heartbreak Hill was everything one might think. The crowds have seen the winners go by quite some time ago and they are just being supportive now. Some are even adept with the program and call your name out. It's really a nice run into the finish being able to hear a very distinct roar from somewhere down in the city. People are up on buildings, hanging out of windows, jamming the streets, and literally welcoming the runners in. A right, a left,

two rights and two lefts and it's over. So this was it! I did the Boston Marathon. I don't feel all that bad. Here's your medal, keep moving please. I go underground. It's noisy but it is strangely calm. In this giant underground parking lot there are TV stages set up with interviews of the famous and once famous. Food is provided as well as blankets and blister poppers. Runners just sit and say nothing. Collecting thoughts. Finally it's time to leave all this and go and experience the real pain of walking back to the hotel. As one leaves the parking garage you are hit again with cheering crowds. A lady approaches me as I sit on a cab parked down the street. She asks me where I'm from. She says that's nice but the nicest people in the world are here in Boston. For 87 years we have been doing this. You be sure to come back and visit.

Well I agree that the people are friendly almost to a fault in Boston and the city is a history book that has come alive. The coastal communities are everything you might picture New England to be. The lobsters are fabulous. But run the Boston Marathon again? I don't know. I want to go back and be a spectator!! Biggest party in the U.S.A. You don't see a run, this is a "race" in every sense of the word. All the runners qualified to get there. With probably one exception that I can think of, they all trained harder for this one than any before and when they got to the start they all realized "EVERYONE IN FRONT OF ME IS FASTER".

By: Harlan Nelson, Eastside Runners

#### P.R.'s and RECORDS

Joe Ashlock	10K	39:10	Slough
Dennis Van Ryn	15K	59:01	Cascade Run Off
	Division 3rd Place		Vashon Island 10K
Gary Youngs	10K	39:39	Slough
Steve Martin	10K	39:36	Gardens to Gasworks
Debbie McKinney	½ Marathon	1:44:51	
Dwight Reed	Division 1st Place		Gardens to Gasworks
	Division 1st Place		The Race (Eugene, Oregon)
	2nd Place		Heart Run
Don Joseph	Division 1st Place		M.S. Run (Redmond)
Bill Hughes	2nd Place		Triple Crown, 2nd run
	Division 1st Place		TAC Sprint series
Ann Weinman		3:31	Mt. Si Marathon
Jan Lawrence	7 miles	1:00:38	

#### Calendar and Announcements

**August 2** Board Meeting - 2200 Building

**August 11** Thursday night run and pizza & beer moves this one night to Alice Taggares condo on Lake Sammamish, 3110 West Lake Sammamish Parkway. Run starts at 7:00 p.m. Bring money for pizza's. We will order pizza before the run, then after the run we can swim, jacuzzi and sauna. Entertainment will be slides of the Hitters in Africa and the Nelson Boston Marathon slides. This also is one last organizational meeting for teams in the Skagit Centennial relay.

**August 12-14 Skagit Centennial Relay** - The club will have four teams and a fifth is possible if there is enough demand. The present status of the teams is below. If you want to join a team or be an alternate, call the Captain.

Mens "A" team - Dwight Reed - Full.

Womens Team - Debbie McKinney - Full.

Coed "A" team - Steve Martin - Full.

Coed "Z" team - Kerry Lawrence - The dregs of the club. Only dedicated fun people should apply - may be full.

Team "Y" - A mens? womens? coed? team to be formed as demanded. Call Kerry. (455-9345)

The club will be camping at the Burlington Cascade KOA (directions below). An area without hookups has been set aside for our tents and vans. People who want hookups should arrange directly with the campground (call Kent 1-724-5511 and tell him you are with ESR but want a site with hookups.) Friday night will be group pasta dinner. Saturday night will be group chili, \$1.50 per person supplies the pasta and bread and the chili. Teams will be assigned pasta sauces and salads. Bring you own desserts/snacks. Club provides beer, soft drinks. Expect Saturday dinner to be late. At an 8:00/mile pace the women's and coed "Z" teams will finish in Mt. Vernon about 7:00 p.m. Team captains are responsible for collecting meal money and names and giving to Kerry by the Thursday before the run.

Sunday we will have a hike up Green Mountain. 8 miles roundtrip, 3,000 ft gain. See description below. Questions?? See team captains or call Kerry.

**September 5** Red Brick Road ½ Marathon support - Picnic at Dennis and Jane Van Ryns afterward. We will need almost 60 people to support this race. Please help out.

**September 26** Annual Meeting to elect new four member Board of Directors, discuss present/future policies for the Club. The Board will select the officers from its ranks. People are needed to work on the Board and the various committees. Redmond Library at 7:00 p.m.

### Skagit Relay Teams:

#### Coed "A" Team

\* Steve Martin  
John Meiser  
Barb Meiser  
Fred Weinman  
Ann Weinman  
Christine Gardner  
Alice Taggares  
Don Joseph  
Jack Rogers  
Les Soule

#### Men's "A" Team

\* Dwight Reed  
Dave McKinney  
Dan Clark  
Bill Hughes  
Dennis Van Ryn  
Dave Lawrence  
John Martin  
Joe Clark  
Dave Given  
Stan Chapin

Women's Team

\*Debbie McKinney  
Jan Lawrence  
Diane Laurence  
Marilew Nelson  
??  
??  
Christa Friedrich  
Donna Mae Watson  
Peggy Hughes  
Susan O'Malley

Coed "Z" Team

\*Kerry Lawrence  
Jim Hole  
Paula Coblantz  
Jim Fettridge  
Marsha Koren  
Bill Pence  
Bruce Remus  
Debbie DeGabrielle  
Brigette Given  
Gary Youngs

\* indicates Team Captain

This list was prepared based on what the Captains viewed as firm commitments by the people listed. A lot of people have indicated interest and not being listed only means that the captain didn't think they had a firm commitment from you, so please see the team captain again if you want to join a team. If there is enough demand we will try to organize a fifth team, so if you are interested in a fifth team see Kerry Lawrence.

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MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Detach and mail to EASTSIDE RUNNERS, c/o Fast Lady Sports, 14310 N.E. 20th St., Bellevue, WA 98007 - 641-9696.

Make checks payable to: EASTSIDE RUNNERS

Type of membership desired (circle one)      Individual \$5.00      Family \$7.50

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Street: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Birthdate: \_\_\_\_\_

The Club has no medical coverage for participants, therefore, it will be your responsibility to provide this coverage for yourself if wanted. I \_\_\_\_\_ understand the above statement and will not hold the Eastside Runners or any member responsible for any injury that might occur during any club sponsored event.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Participant

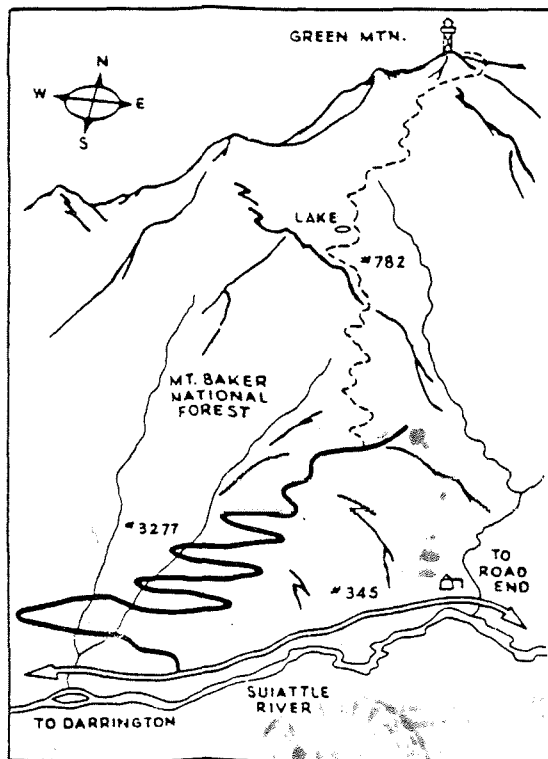
\_\_\_\_\_  
Date Signed

## 38 GREEN MOUNTAIN

The name of the peak may seem banal, but probably no one has ever looked up its slopes from the Suiattle River valley without exclaiming, "What a green mountain!" The trail climbs through these remarkable meadows to a lookout summit with magnificent views to every point of the compass.

Drive north from Darrington or south from Rockport to the Suiattle River road and continue 18 miles to the Green Mountain road. Turn left 5 miles to road-end in a logging patch, elevation about 3500 feet. Find the trail sign above the road several hundred yards before the road-end.

The trail climbs a rather steep mile in mossy forest to a grubby hunters' camp with a year-around spring, then enters the vast meadow system admired from below. First are fields of bracken fern and other subalpine plants, then, on higher switchbacks, a feast (in season) of blueberries. Views begin—down to Suiattle forests



and out to Whitechuck Mountain and Glacier Peak. More meadows, and views of Mt. Pugh and Sloan Peak, seen beyond the intervening ridge of Lime Mountain.

At 2 miles, 5300 feet, the trail rounds a shoulder and in 1/2 mile traverses and drops 100 feet to a pair of shallow ponds amid gardens. Pleasant camps here, and all-summer water. Wood is scarce so carry a stove.

A short way above the pond basin the trail enters a larger, wide-open basin (great camps, but no water in late summer). The lookout cabin can now be seen directly above, and also Glacier Peak. Climb in flowers to the ridge and along the crest to the 6500-foot summit, 4 miles. A few yards below the summit ridge on the east is a small rocky-and-snowy basin; delightful and scenic good-weather camps with water but no wood.

Look north along the ridge to the nearby cliffs and glaciers of 7311-foot Buckindy (experienced highland travelers can wander there). Look up Downey Creek to peaks of the Ptarmigan Traverse from Dome north to Formidable. Look up Milk Creek to the Ptarmigan Glacier on Glacier Peak. Look to other peaks in all directions, too many to name.

Round trip 8 miles  
Hiking time 6 hours  
High point 6500 feet  
Elevation gain 3000 feet  
Best late June through October  
One day or backpack  
USGS Downey Mtn.

## KOA CAMPGROUND INFO

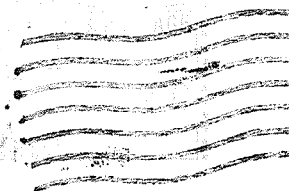
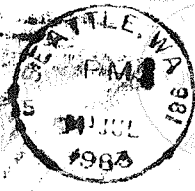
- 1-4 Burlington Cascade, KOA, 646 N Green Rd, Burlington 98233. 206/724-5511. 5 mi N Mt Vernon via I-5 to exit 232, 1/8 mi E via Cook Rd, 3 1/2 mi N on Old US 99 at N Green Rd. (60% Open land) All yr. Res. acctpd. Spaces 25 tent/40 RV/30 comb; some shaded, 30 pull-thru. Min fee: \$6.50, \$.75/add person. RV to 35'. Hookups: 50E \$46W \$46S \$25A\$. Flush toilets, hot showers, firewood\$, san dump\$, LP gas. Laundry, store, playground, swim pool, ice. Restaurant 1 mi. Rentals: bicycles. Trout, salmon fishing 1 mi. Skagit R. Deer, elk, bear, duck hunting. No motor-bike riding in park, pets on leash. Rec room, pool table, lounge, sauna, therapy pool; blackberry picking nearby; auto racing 1.2 mi.



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EASTSIDE RUNNERS, INC.  
c/o Fastlady Sports  
14310 N.E. 20th  
Bellevue, WA 98007



Fred L. Jaffee  
2823 179th N.E.  
Redmond, WA 98052

