

In the early eighties, what I call my first running career, I would write down my observations about races, and the sport of running. I kept these in my workout log-- what I called my 'Wog'. I secretly hoped that other people would find my Wog clever and insightful. I once offered to mail copies to my mom, but she said something like "Wog? About running? No thanks. . . What type of person would want to read about running?" I never asked anybody else.

Now I'm old enough to care less what people think. I still care, but less than before. Here is my Wog from July/August, 1982 concerning the Hood to Coast relay. These notes are thirty years old, so I can no longer vouch for their accuracy. I can only say they were copied faithfully from my Wog.

This story is about my friends and me, experiencing our first Hood to Coast. It's about running in 1982, and how it was different than running in 2012. And it's about the timeless aspects of running that have not and probably will never change.

John Stirniman's Wog:
Friday, July 02, 1982

The summer edition of Oregon Distance Runner (ODR) just arrived. As usual, I go through the race results. I know my own finish times, but this is my first chance to see how I compared to the field. **Most race directors submit their finish results to Oregon Road Runners Club, where they are published quarterly in the ODR. It's a pretty efficient system, and we get results in a timely manner- within one to four months.**

The ODR includes a short article about a new race this August. A 165 mile relay from Mount Hood to the Oregon coast. Relays aren't new. There's the Dual Duel, and four or five person marathon relays. But this is a point-to-point, over a very long distance. I can't see this as a 'race'. But it would be a fun distance workout in preparation for the Portland Marathon.

Wednesday, July 7

Mitch Steeves and Steve Brown run the same Rock Creek/West Union streets as me. Most mornings we cross paths, stop, and visit. They use to call me 'that guy how who wears sweat pants and a jacket when its 50 degrees'. But we've become good friends. I begin the arm twisting. I tell them I can get two of my co-workers from the Intel/Aloha plant. This will give us a 5 person team.

Thursday, July 8

Paul Kingzett is a co-worker at Intel, and the only one of my running friends who looks healthy in street clothes. He's polite to a fault. He's also an outdoorsman who relishes a challenge. I ask Paul if he's interested in running on a relay team from Mt. Hood to the Coast. "That would be fun."

I check with Carter Nakashima, who works in a different Intel department. "Carter, want to run on a relay team from Mt. Hood to the Coast?" "Interesting. . . How would one organize something like that?" I tell him I have no idea. I only know the start and the finish. "Sounds like an adventure. OK."

Wednesday, July 14

I found this flyer at the running store. I file it in my folder labeled 'Upcoming Running Races for Oregon and SW Washington'.

HOOD TO COAST

OREGON ROAD RUNNERS CLUB RELAY RUNNING SHOES

August 7- 5:00 am TIMBERLINE LODGE — SPONSORS

5 or 10 member teams (provide own aid and transportation enroute)

course: Timberline Lodge to Glade Trail into Government Camp. Highway 26 into Zig Zag. Back roads into Sandy and Gresham. Powell Blvd. into Portland. South to Woodstock and cross on Sellwood Bridge enroute to Beaverton-Hillsdale Hy. Through Beaverton and out Farmington to Bald Peak (whew). Steep down into Laurelwood and out Springhill Rd and to Carlton. Nestucca River Road and to Beaverton and Hy. 101. South to Neskowin.

contacts: Fred Neilson #283-1302 days; #668-9405 evening (start)
Bob Foote #223-2390 days; #224-0268 evening (course & entries)
608 N.W. 19th; Portland, Or. 97209
Dan Deakins #640-5263 days & ev. (Sunday morning beach picnic)

Awards : Running shoes for first team (limit of 5); Meal at Timberline Lodge for each on second team; athletic bags (Mizuno) third team. T shirts for early entrants.

fee: \$6.00 by August 4 and \$7.00 day of race. Entry to Bob Foote. Map and course description returned with early entry (August 4 deadline). Checks to Oregon Road Runners Club please.

- rules a.** Enter as a team consisting of either 1-5 members or 6-10 members. If you don't have a team you may choose to get on the List and the directors will assist you.
- b. 5.0 mile legs x30 = 150 miles. (Running distance to be divided equally into 30 legs with the exception of the Glade Trail; i.e. 5.12 mile legs.
 - c. Team member order for running each leg. Order is to remain the same throughout the race. If a team member drops out due to injury, etc. team order remains the same.
 - d. All teams to monitor and guide their teammates through the course. If a wrong turn is made, runner must return to point on course where error was made and then resume race. Deviations from this will disqualify them.
 - e. Teams to record all times for all legs: 1st leg - time leg begins; elapsed time of leg; (ie. leg Begin 6:21:56, Ends 6:56:56, elapsed time 35:00..... Leg 2. Times along with who ran each leg must be submitted upon completion of race.
 - f. There will be white lines along both sides of road where a "tag" and exchange of runners is to take place.

Age groups: in each of the teams (1-5 & 6-10)

- | | |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| (1) sub masters - all male (below 40) | (4) masters - all male |
| (2) sub masters - all female " | (5) masters - all female |
| (3) sub masters - mixed | (6) masters - mixed |
| (7) all male - sub masters and masters | |
| (8) all female - sub masters and masters | |
| (9) mixed - open to any mix | |

Wednesday, July 28

Ten days before the race and things fall apart. Steve is out (injury). And Mitch's arm still isn't twisted into the proper position. Mitch calls me and says Jim Sapp and Bob Foote also have a team of five. He and Jim are asking if I want to merge the teams. YES! Also, Bob has a PSU student wishing to get on a team. Do we want him? YES! I give quick, decisive answers. Or I squealed 'uncle' like Flick from Christmas Story, depending on your point of view.

Thursday, Aug 5

We've worked out the logistics. We have Paul, Carter, and me from Intel; Mitch, and Brendon Kelly (PSU student). Plus Foote's team of five: Bob, Jim Sapp, Larry Dutko, Gary Wilborn, and Erik Sten. I barely know Bob—ran together once on a long training run. The other four I know only by name.

We need to provide our own transportation. We'll use my Plymouth Duster and Larry Dutko's van. Larry's van will overnight at Timberline and my car will arrive that morning. Post race we'll camp in Pacific City. Everything else, we'll figure out on the fly.

Saturday, Aug 7 (race day)

I'm changing writing styles for the duration of the race. Sort of a real-time, disjointed, 'here's what I'm thinking now' sequence of short notes. I call these 'Chirps', like a bird that blurts out whatever pops into its tiny bird brain.

5:15am: Our team of ten comes together for the first time. Mitch knows most everybody, and he begins the process of making introductions.

Eight teams have shown up, each with a full complement of ten runners. That's eighty total participants. Not a bad turnout for such an unusual format, with no history. But at sunrise, only eight runners toe the line, looking pretty anemic. Bob has decided to use a mass start. He says we will start at the first glint of the sun.

The race starts by the chair lift west of the lodge. The first leg goes down the Glade Trail to Government Camp, then Rt26, west to Portland. The Glade Trail is an un-maintained dirt and rock road between Timberline Lodge and Government Camp. It is straight, heading directly down the mountain. It drops 2040 ft over 2.9 miles, an average 13% grade over a rough surface.

Paul will run our first leg. His was the only person remaining after the other nine of us all stepped backwards. He says he's skied the trail many times. But I don't know how. It is about 10ft wide, no room for turns, and I'd just accelerate until crashing. I don't bother to ask Paul because I already know his answer. "I don't know. I never much thought about it."

5:56am: We see the sun, we hear the gun, Pacific City, here we come. (Well, Bob says go, but I like the rhyme.) All teams head back to the parking lot, into the vehicles, and proceed to the first exchange.

The first exchange: Our location has changed, but everything else seems the same. All the people and activity from the starting line has simply shifted 5 miles down the road.

Here's Paul, second behind a young runner-- high school? Paul says he was using the switch backs, until everybody passed him by going straight down the hill.

We watch all the teams make the first exchange. We see lots of scratches and a couple of bloody legs. Bob comments that the Glade Trail was perhaps not one of his best ideas.

Erik Sten (senior) talks less than average, but contributes more than average. When he decides to join the conversation, it's usually to steer it in a different direction, or to subtly let somebody know their thinking is stuck in a rut.

Erik: "Your real-time comments don't really count."

John: "Why not?"

E: "Suppose you're running in Forest Park, you fall down, but nobody sees it. Did you fall?"

J: "Yes?"

E: "No! Nobody saw it."

J: "Alright. And?"

E: "Just because you're writing real-time, it doesn't count unless people read them real-time."

Erik's an Attorney for the City of Portland. It's no use arguing, even when you're right.

I've found some old yellow paper in the glove box and ripped it into 3 inch squares. I'll leave copies of my thoughts along the route. Keep your eyes open for these yellow posted notes. Now my comments are written and posted real-time. If no one's following us, that's not my problem.



I hadn't really thought about what the non-runners do between legs. But we're like groupies following a band. After each exchange, we throw everything into the van, drive to the next gig, then party with the other teams while we wait for the exchange.

Why do socks have a seam over the toes? Jim picked up a blister. Maybe I'll invent a 'seamless' sock. Give them a micro-techy name and say 'designed for runners'. I think some runners would pay more than 99 cents—maybe as much as \$1.50?

I know! Put a 'Left' and 'Right' on the socks, even though they're identical. That'll frustrate people when the sock drawer has two L's and no R's.

The other teams are becoming new friends. But we see less of them at each exchange. We just departed the fourth exchange, but before the slowest team arrived. I guess we won't see them again until the coast.

We've been talking about Bruce Jenner. Since winning his gold medal he's starred in a couple of TV movies and has been featured on the CHiPs TV series. We're worried he's going to tarnish his Olympic reputation by his desire to be a television personality.

Leg 6 & 7: The young runners are from the Tigard High School cross country team. We've been trading off the lead through the first five legs. But legs 6 & 7, a couple of our stronger runners line up against two of their weaker. We've quickly taken a 2 mile lead. The young men ask our age. I suspect they consider us old men.

Bob bicycled, measured, and marked the course two weeks ago. Each leg is 5.00 miles. He calibrated his bike wheel, then used a spoke counter to track the appropriate number of wheel rotations per leg. The exchange points are marked with orange paint or an orange flag.

Each team was mailed a course booklet. There are 33 legs, three rotations of 10 runners, plus whoever you want for the final three legs. Plus a '34th leg' of 0.5 miles that anybody or everybody can run. (165.5 total.) The booklet provides street directions, road map, elevation profile, and rules. It looks very complete.

Hypocrites! "I'm just training through today." "I did 30 quarters last Thursday." "My left calf has been bothering me all month." I think this may be the only sport where we trash talk ourselves.

We stop in Gresham for junk food, drinks, and a bathroom. Carter grabs People (when he thinks we aren't watching).



I grab an Oregonian. My eye is immediately drawn to the bad news -- forecast 95 degrees.

Closing Dow Jones: 784.34, off 11.51; stocks on Page C6

The Oregonian

Forecast: hot; high, 95; low, 60. report on Page A15

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10.8 million out of work U.S. unemployment rate registers 'shocking' 9.8%

By MERRILL HARTSON

WASHINGTON (AP) — Unemployment soared to 9.8 percent in July as a "shocking leap" that stunned Congress to revamp the Reagan administration's economic policies.

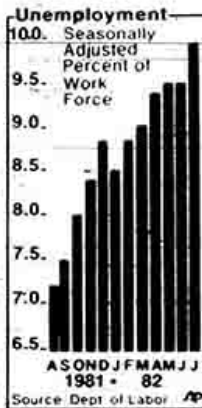
Following months of a major effort to reduce unemployment, this month's 3.0 percentage point leap, the Labor Department reported.

That translates to an additional 10.8 million out of work, out of a total number of unemployed according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Steadily rising joblessness resulting from the recession started the presidential campaign. It peaked at 9.4 percent in April, then fell to 8.5 percent in May and June, when the current business slump began. In July 1981, 2.7 million people have lost their jobs.

The 9.8 percent figure was the highest since the government began compiling month-to-month jobless statistics in 1975. The previous high was an annual unemployment rate of 9.9 percent in 1981. Unemployment has not been above 7.9 percent nationally since the 11.6 percent annualized rate of 1949.

Within various segments of the working population, individual postwar unemployment records were set for 9.4 percent among men, 11.1 percent among women, 9.7 percent among males, 9.8 percent among females, and 9.8 percent among the total labor force.



Speakers also said President Reagan is sympathetic, deeply concerned, and he works his program, once fully enacted, will provide a permanent solution to unemployment problems.

But the latest report produced hours of anguish from organized labor and congressional Democrats.

"This new, shocking leap in the unemployment figure is a call for the Congress to take steps immediately to reverse the devastating, discredited economic policies of the Reagan Administration," said AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland.

These statistics cannot begin to convey the dimensions of this economic disaster that continues to unfold across the United States," he said. "An unemployment rate of 9.8 percent means in human terms a job of jobs men and women 4,000 miles long, stretching from coast to coast, from Canada to Mexico."

The number of people who voluntarily accepted part-time work for lack of full-time jobs rose by 46,000 to 5.5 million last month, according to the new figures.

Total employment was 99.7 million in July, down from the 99.8 million reported for June. The total employment figure is adjusted by government economists to discount for seasonal variations such as increases in the labor force that typically occur each summer. The adjustment is aimed at making the figures more useful in analyzing longer-term trends in the economy.



JUMP FOR JOY — Jenny Brown, 5, leaps toward finish line during sack race Friday at the St. Johns YWCA "Western Days" celebration. Children, dressed up like cowboys, bobbed for apples and performed skits.

Beirut hammered again

By The Associated Press

Israeli jets, gunboats, tanks and artillery hammered west Beirut Friday, with Menachem Begin's government declaring it saw no progress in U.S. efforts to get the Palestine Liberation Organization to evacuate. But guerrilla spokesmen claimed final agreement has been reached on a pullout and that the next move was up to the Israelis.

The PLO said 250 people were either killed or wounded in an eight-story apartment building demolished by the air strike. But Red Cross rescue teams said about 10 people were killed and 25 wounded. Eight other people were reported killed when a car bomb exploded near the building.

Heavy fighting with tanks, mortars and rockets erupted between the Israelis and guerrillas near the museum crossing point of the Green Line that divides Beirut into Muslim west and Christian east. Defense Minister Ariel Sharon toured Israeli positions in the area in his jeep earlier in the day.

The Israeli tanks appeared to be firing

at the PLO chief Yasser Arafat, but any tanking PLO official was in the building when the planes smashed it into a pile of smoking rubble.

"We hope to persuade our American friends that Habib's efforts will collapse unless there is a credible military option," Israeli Foreign Ministry spokesman Avi Palner said in Jerusalem after the jets returned to their home bases.

"Unless we see indications on the ground that the PLO is ready to leave, we remain skeptical," said another Israeli official in Jerusalem who requested anonymity. "Until now all we have heard are words and more words, and we don't believe them anymore."

Defense Minister Sharon, architect of the 2-month-old invasion aimed at crushing the PLO, told Israeli's Armed

Forces Radio that the besieged guerrillas were in no position to bargain and described their situation as "very bad."

"Actually, they have no reason to day to gain any confidence because of their situation," Sharon said.

He said Israeli's tank units Wednesday into Palestinian-held areas of west Beirut had greatly improved his forces' field positions and ability to pressure the guerrillas.

"It is entirely clear that our situation today is without comparison better than it was two weeks ago," he said. Related stories on Pages A4, 5.

Runners enjoy longer, more rewarding lives

By DOUGLAS WATSON

Paul Simon, Beirut

BEIRUT — They poured forth from the besieged section of this city at the Galerie Sennar crossing in Beirut's

Regan talk to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and nothing happened. They might as well make (Israeli Defense Minister Ariel) Sharon president of this country.

Brendon Kelly, PSU student, will finish our first rotation. I talked with Brendon by phone only once prior to today. I didn't ask his pace. He didn't ask mine. That's like asking "Before I accept an invitation to your party, could you tell me who else is coming?" Frankly, we're grateful for any willing participant at the last minute, whether they run or walk.

Last Thursday, Mitch did a workout with Brendon. Mitch says I'll be happy. When I meet Brendon, he's about 6 foot, 145lbs. A collection of long bones, wired together with cables, layered on top of more cables. I feel like we just won \$10 in a lottery.

We just finished our first round of 10 legs. 50 miles in 4hr, 30min (5:24 pace). The cross country team is only a couple miles back. Probably around 5:35 pace.

We're shocked to be in a race with the young men from Tigard. A High School cross-country team of ten, who can average 5:35 over fifty miles, even given the downhill, is a damn good cross country team.

So much for 'just a training run'. We're clearly racing. In part due to the Tigard young men. But more than that, we've been racing each other. Not head-to-head, since each leg is unique. But we all can recognize a good split for any particular terrain. A race within the race. I imagine this dynamic is true for every team. This is turning out to be more fun than I anticipated.

Paul is into his second leg. Before he started, we could see problems. He's been walking stiff legged. He hasn't complained, but that's Paul. Now that he's running, his form and pace make his stiffness obvious. Bob's feeling guilty about the Glade Trail.

From the Oregonian:

E.T. tops the box office this wk. From some rising star named Spielberg. I haven't seen it but I hear it's good, even though it's a kid movie. "Dear Hollywood: What we really want is a sequel to Alien. But this time, lots of Aliens. And up against Marines." I'll write a letter of suggestion to Ridley Scott.

More Oregonian trivia, under birth notices:

Thursday; Lori Jones; Des Moines, Iowa.

Listing a Des Moines birth? Must be a story behind this somewhere.

We don't have any friends with the new satellite telephones. Unlikely they would let us borrow them anyway. So we dug up some old CB radios for my Duster and Larry's Van. But they're getting little use. Both vehicles have traveled together, in short 5 miles hops.

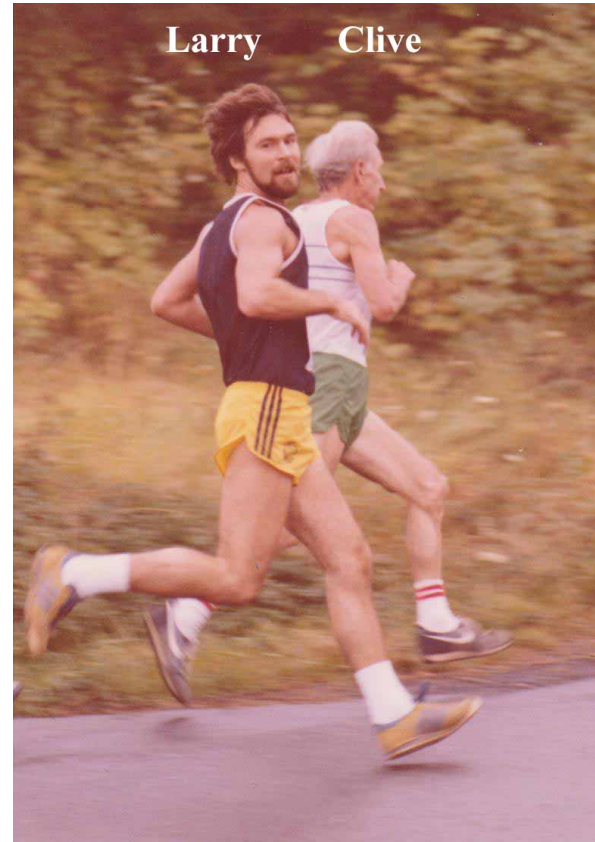
Larry Dutko works in the finance department at Freightliner on Swan Island. Larry is upbeat about everything. Good race or bad race? Uphill or downhill? Sunshine or hailstorm? Larry's always smiling. He's a 'keeper of stories'. Wherever he goes, he collects stories. He's got a good memory (meaning he has a huge collection). But sometimes, if the story is told often enough, you can hear it starting to mutate.

Larry tells us he ran into Clive Davies (of Tillamook) at the Duniway Track. Clive, age 66, ran 2:43:56 at Boston this April. He said he didn't get to the start line until 90 seconds after the gun, or it would have been another world record (breaking his own world record set in Eugene last fall). There should be some rule that your time doesn't start until you cross the starting line.

On the other hand, the BAA should have placed Clive right at the front. He's as close as you get to a guaranteed world record. Well, one less record the BAA gets to put on its own resume.

We all know Clive. He's a regular at the Seaside Marathon. But we don't speak with him much. It would be like making small talk with the President. "Feeling like a world record today Clive?"

It took four marathon attempts until Larry (age 33) finally outran Clive (age 66). Larry says he has a nice color picture commemorating his personal achievement.



We discuss a new team name. Our current name, Jim Sapp's creation, is 'Half Fast Five'. Nice name, but no longer valid after the merger. Jim suggests 'Road Warriors', representing tenacious road racing, and a homage to the movie. I say "It's a puny plan", meaning I like it.

Mitch Steeves works at First American Title Insurance Company. When you close a real estate transaction, these guys manage the piles of paper, the legalese, and the transfer of cash. Mitch's endurance is legendary at First American. When he was just starting out, he went three days straight, at an average pace of 0.87 reams of paper per day. It's still a record at First American. Now Mitch manages a branch office. His primary responsibility is to never run out of copier ink or paper.

Conversations between Mitch Steeves and Gary Wilborn remind me of Olympic badminton. They keep score, and you win points with a quick, well placed return. The rest of us can't compete with either. However, against each other—what a spectator sport.

Mitch: "Wilborn, your shoes stink."

Gary: "Comes from training. I suggest you try it."

M: "I'd train twice a day if I had your lack of talent."

G: "You'd need more than that to be in my shape."

M: "What's that, round?"

(Point to Mitch)

Gary Wilborn is a Parole & Probation Officer for the State of Oregon. I get the impression Gary would have no trouble communicating with his clients. They would know exactly what he means. But he would do it without exaggeration or posturing. He'd be neither their friend, nor their enemy.

We try to get Gary to tell us some stories from his job. He says he's got stories we would never believe. But he doesn't tell 'em. Even when the client remains anonymous.

We're negotiating the mess of roads on both sides of the Sellwood Bridge. We're a small parade. The van and Bob are out in front-- who knows the course better? My Duster follows by about 100 yards. I try to stay far enough in front of Jim (running) so we don't bother him, but close enough so he sees our every turn.

Jim's now laboring from Macadam, up Taylors Ferry Road, to the top of the West Hills. At the very top, he touches Larry, who will enjoy all the benefits of the downhill. Oh well, you take the legs you're given.

We're standing on the corner at the six way intersection of Scholls Ferry, Beaverton Hillsdale Highway, and Oleson Rd. The orange mark is in traffic, about 15 yards beyond the curb. Timing will be critical. Gary will need to judge the approaching runner, take his mark at the last possible moment, then negotiate a safe passage to the far side. We shake his hand good bye.

Farmington Road in Beaverton: Everyone's standing on the sidewalk waiting for Gary. I'm thinking one stiff breeze would knock all our skinny asses over like a line of dominoes.

Big sale on Magnavox VCR's, only \$498. I can't resist these new gadgets. Larry (finance) tells me to rent the VCR (\$3 per evening), rather than buy (1-2 weeks salary). I resist his logic: "But the new models can record!" He asks what I would record. I don't answer because I have no idea.

Paul is going stop by Intel as we run through Aloha. There are probably no problems, but he needs to keep in touch. Then he'll go to his apartment, soak his quads, and catch up with us later. I'm skeptical that there's any short term cure for his quads.



I've stopped trying to explain what I (and Paul and Carter) do at Intel. My Mom: "So I can't buy your product in any store? And if you give me one, I can't use it because it doesn't do anything by itself. And I'm not allowed to open the package because it will break if I touch it. . . . Well, at least they pay you. . . . You're getting paid, aren't you?" When I talk to our Intel marketing engineers, I suggest we should tell people that we make the stuff 'inside' their computer. They're polite, but I can tell they don't want me doing their job.

A reporter from the Oregonian interviewed Bob while I was running. Paul says the reporter snapped a picture of Mitch passing me water. Maybe it will be in the paper.

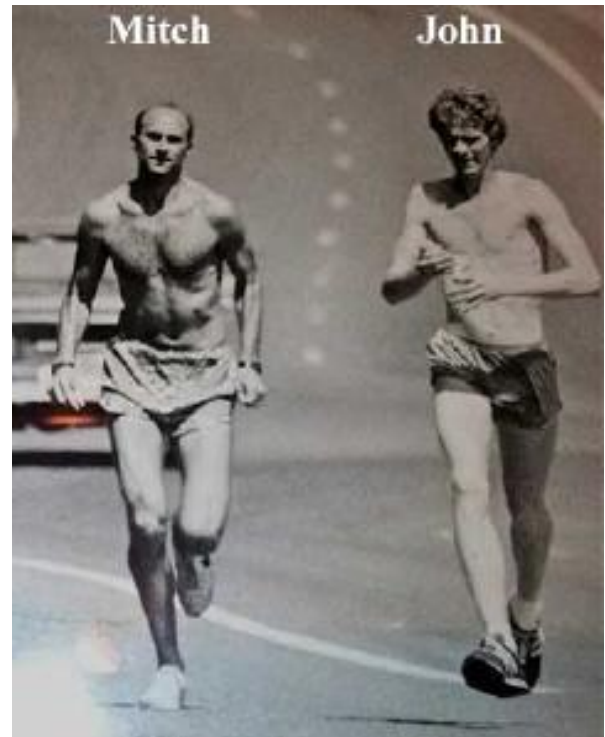
The road is straight, we can see unobstructed for 3 or 4 miles, and Bald Peak rises in front of us. The road looks like it sits on the inside of a huge ball, gradually turning upward, steeper and steeper, until it appears to go straight up. A picture from here would make an excellent running poster.

Carter is running Bald Peak. His leg includes 80% of the uphill and all the downhill. Unfortunately, the downhill is too steep. So all the effort spent going up is wasted, because you're braking all the way down.

We're positioned near the apex, where we can watch Carter throughout his climb. From this distance, we can see his legs are moving, but he doesn't appear to be getting any closer.

Carter is approaching the apex. Things quiet down. We clap lightly as he passes. I guess it's unconscious, but we show support with the opposite of our irreverent, loud behavior.

Jim Sapp is a Risk Analyst at Bonneville Power Administration. Jim's also an ultra-marathoner. Mitch tells me Jim ran Megan's Run (most distance in 24hrs) on the Gladstone H.S track and completed 128+ miles. This is beyond my comprehension. 'The Sapper', as Mitch calls him, this is somebody I've been anxious to meet. Larry Dutko warns me, "Just don't ask Jim about his training philosophy".



We discuss a new team name. (Or did I already mention this?) Apparently, we've grown tired of Road Warriors. We are now 'Road Kill'. It's still a reference to tenacious road racing, but also a tribute to the local fauna we keep running across.

Author's 2012 note: 'Road Kill' did not develop its current, derogatory meaning until after the reverse staggered start in 1984.

We're in the wine and farming country around Yamhill and Carlton. The temperature is much hotter than the forecast 95, I suspect close to or above 100. Car manufacturers should put those little glass thermometers in the dash. We're stopping frequently to offer water to the runner.

Another unfortunate location for an exchange, near a dairy farm. Specifically, right next to a pond where the stench of manure, curdled milk, and ammonia is overpowering. We drop Erik off. We decide to park about a quarter mile up the road. Erik also moves a couple hundred yards in the other direction, back down the course. He'll wait until Brendon approaches before taking his mark.

The touch is made. Erik runs by. Brendon is now standing alone near the stink pond, panting heavily. We're watching from a distance. Carter: "I betcha he throws up." We wait in anticipation. Maybe . . . Maybe. . . Nope. He's waving for us to come pick him up. We keep watching. We're sure he has sufficient incentive to begin walking in our direction.

It's completely deserted along the course. Our team of ten and . . . nobody. Maybe an occasional car, a cow or two, but no people. It was nice seeing other teams at the beginning. But this is nice as well.

Gary on cb: "Hey Big Ugly, come in."

. . . schreesrtcheestchreseess . . .

Gary: "You read Big Ugly?"

Mitch: "What!"

G: "What's your 20?"

M: "What?"

G: "Where are you?"

M: "We're right in front of you asshole."

G: "10-4"

(Point to Gary)

Occasionally I'm asked how it feels to run 'fast'. I don't consider myself fast. There are many thousands who would make me look sluggish. But it's a typical question, asked in lots of round-about ways. I have two standard answers.

First answer: You're already 'fast'. If you're even asking the question, then you're faster than 95% of the population. But there are always past, current, or future runners who'll make you feel slow. Even the marathon gold medalists in the upcoming L.A. Olympics will seem slow when compared to future Olympians. So while you strive to do better, never lose perspective of the 95% you can beat.

Paul's up for his third leg. It takes him about a minute to get out of the car. He's walking without bending his knees. But he intends on doing his part.

This is painful to watch. Paul's running at about half his normal pace, with a form I would describe as the Frankenstein shuffle.

Finally, he's done. The pain stops for all of us. "Sorry guys." No complaints or excuses.

Bob Foote's an architect. That helps explain his attention to detail. Or perhaps his attention to detail steered him to architecture. I'm not sure which is cause and which is effect. Bob's run the Western States 100, earning his 24hr belt buckle. So a relay like today is no problem.

Bob's also an ex- U of Oregon high-jumper. Something seems odd about a high-jumper turned ultra-marathoner. Isn't there suppose to be a tradeoff between endurance and explosive jumping muscles? Yet he's a good marathoner, just a smidgen slower than me. I guess that means he's a smidgen better than me in the high-jump. I'll bet he can clear 3 ft, maybe even 3' 6".

The race goes down main street Carlton, population ~1000. However, it doesn't appear anybody has come out to watch. Probably due to the hot weather.

We stop at 'the' Carlton store. The only employee (owner?) is happy to see us. I ask him if we can get some water. He says we can now 'buy' water in bottles, like pop. I almost laugh out loud. Bottled water's an idea that's dead on arrival. "No thanks. If you could just fill our two water jugs please."

We've loaded up on more junk food. As we're leaving, Mitch tells the owner there are seven more teams behind us. If he moves his sandwich board closer to the street, and writes 'Food, water, bathroom', he'll probably snag all seven.

How's it feel to run fast? Second answer: "It feels the same for everyone." When an Olympian runs 10K in 28 minutes, he'll run about 80-85% effort. If a 'Clydesdale' races a 5K in 28 minutes, then he'll run about 80-85% effort. Any fit person, 'racing' for 28 minutes will naturally settle around 80-85% effort. It's human physiology. And it feels about the same for everyone-- Olympian, Clydesdale, and you.

Watch the Olympics, and imagine yourself in the 10,000M. You already know how it feels:

Start: Stay calm. Don't chase that guy/gal.

10min: Comfortable. Stay on cruise control.

20min: Uncomfortable. Uncertainty. How much longer can I maintain this pace? Did I start too fast? Are the nearby runners moving up or falling back?

25min: Painful. But I know I can finish. How hard can I close?

Finish: That hurt. Feels great to stop. How does everybody else feel? Same as me!

Jim and Larry have the next two very difficult legs, up into the coast range. This should cool things off. Both temperature and pace.



Yes, Larry Dutko apparently keeps crayons in his van. Probably for signing tickets.

Jim's on the course. What's this ultra-marathoner look like? He's stocky (for a runner). His stride is short, his feet underneath him at all times, like he's running on a slick surface. His turnover is faster than average, compensating for the shorter stride. His legs look like two pistons in an engine. If he were to slow down the cadence, it's easy for me to imagine how the engine could run for 24 hours.

After this leg I'm going to ask Jim how he trains, physically and mentally, for a 24 hour run. I don't understand why Larry's warned me off.

Sorry I've been away for awhile. I asked Jim about his training philosophy.

From the sports page: More debate about whether the Cascade Runoff winners can actually spend their prize money. This is the second year the Runoff awarded prize money. **The USTAF is saying that prize money may disqualify a runner from the Los Angeles Olympics if they spend it on personal needs. New shoes, or travel to races—that's OK. But living expenses are disallowed.**

Prize money for running? It doesn't seem right that fast runners, from all over the world, are going to start showing up just to win the money.

My car is trashed. The seats are wet. And it stinks to high heaven. Everybody's stuff is out of their bags and completely mixed up. Plus everybody's been switching vehicles. So things are now spread between the vehicles as well. Oh well. I volunteered this car because I plan to replace it. **The engine's never run properly since breathing in the Mt. St. Helen's ash.**

Finally, we reach the pass at the top of the coast range. A tough 10 mile climb, at 6:43 pace. But the temperature has cooled, perhaps 75.

We're got the windows down, Gary is running alongside, and we're blasting Duran Duran. The music seems to be encouraging his pace. If I could speed up the song, would he go faster? Maybe a carefully chosen sequence of songs – could that lead to a PR?

Bob says we're distracting the runner.

The road through the coast range follows the Nestucca River. The road is narrow, winding, deserted, alternating pavement and gravel. Bob's elevation map shows a gentle fall over the next nine legs, all the way to Pacific City. It's beautiful for running.

Message to 5hr marathoners: Suppose you're talking to the race winner. You tell him you finished in 5hr and he replies 'wow'. Were you insulted or complimented?

Here's the winner's thinking. (He doesn't really think all of this. He just understands it instinctively.) "I ran 70-75% effort for about 2.4 hours. This person ran 55-65% effort for 5 hours. I can't do that. Yes I could train to do that. But it's a significant commitment, both mentally and physically, beyond what I currently can do." When he says wow, he means WOW.

Bob is sitting up to his waist in the very cold Nestucca River. He's been there for about 20 minutes. He ran leg 2 and is suffering from the same stiffness he inflicted on all the Glade Trail runners. I call out, "BOB, TIME TO GO." I drive away immediately, so Bob can ride in Larry's van.

I'm up next for my third leg. I begin my pre-race rituals. "I hope this hamstring holds out." "If I'd known you guys intended on racing, I would have rested up." Nobody seems to be listening. Well then, watch this you bloviating ignoramuses!

Gary: "Steeves, put a shirt on."

Mitch "Feeling inferior?"

Gary: "Feeling queasy."

(Point to Gary)

There are two things I enjoy about racing (as opposed to training). First, racing takes me places I would never otherwise go. Maybe a new city. Maybe the five county Portland area, but a neighborhood I've never seen. Today, the back half of the Hood to Coast is new territory. I would never otherwise travel these roads, except for today's race.

Seven of us have either registered for the Portland Marathon, or plan to register. 1100 runners are expected this year. More than twice as many as last year.

Les Smith, President of Oregon Road Runners Club, is now the de facto race director for the Portland Marathon. Bob Foote, Vice-President of ORRC, is now race director of the Hood-to-Coast. Both races are a logistical nightmare. We're fortunate to have these two as club officers. Frankly, I'm not sure how they have time for anything else.

Portland Marathon entry fee is \$8 this year. Les will raise about \$9,000 from entry fees. Not enough to cover expenses. So the Marathon is going to have a 'cash' corporate sponsor for the first time this year (U.S. Bank). This makes it the second local race, after Cascade Runoff, to go this direction.

We're searching for exchange #28 on a gravel road. Bob thinks he may have painted a bush. Huh? This hint doesn't help a bit. We guess where the exchange should be.

My predictions for the Portland Marathon: All seven of us will finish, with times ranging from 2:30 to 2:44.

Time to work out the last three unassigned legs. It's Jim, Larry, me. And everybody (except Bob) will run the final 0.5 mile leg.

Oh yeah. The second thing I enjoy about racing. I meet people I would never otherwise meet. Runners span all ages, occupations, and personalities. They are far more diverse than my circle of family or business friends. Today, our team includes:

- Elec. Engineers (3) - Intel
- Escrow Officer – First American
- Risk Analyst - BPA
- Attorney – City of Portland
- Student – PSU
- Architect – Private Practice
- Parole/Probation Officer – State of OR
- Finance/Industrial Eng. - Freightliner

Hebo (a couple houses) and start of Leg 32: The sun is setting, it's getting cool. We're reached US 101. We believe we smell salt water.

It will be completely dark before I start the final leg. I hadn't anticipated running in the dark. We have camping gear, so I could carry a flashlight. But it's heavy and will be bouncing all over. I need something like a miner's hard hat. If I had time to prepare, I could sew two D-cell batteries and a light into a baseball cap.

Carter says he will follow close behind with the car lights, at least until I reach Pacific City. I feel better.

I'd never run fast in the dark before. What a rush. I reach Pacific City and Carter pulls ahead. I see everybody (except Bob) waiting on the other side of the Nestucca River bridge. We jog the final half mile together.

We can see the finish. On the right is a campground, the beach to the left. The race official (Bob) is standing by the side of the road, under a street light. He's holding a banner over his head, but we can't read it because of the light is coming straight down from overhead. No doubt it says something inspirational. We're done. Almost 10pm. 15:52:50 elapsed time.

The finish area is anti-climatic. It's unclear what to do now that we've run out of legs. The campground is still active. The beach is deserted and too dark to see the ocean. We decide to go down to the ocean to make the trip complete.

The Hungry Harbor restaurant is closed. We'll have to eat what is left over of our junk food. Some campers tell us the restaurant opens early for the local dory fisherman. They want to know why we ran all the way.

We pitch our tents for the night. Nobody seems eager to stay up late. Bob however, will sit near the finish line. He has no idea when the next seven teams will arrive. I suspect he'll be up late.

Sunrise. Many other runners are up and about. Bob says he got a couple of hours sleep. The last team arrived around 3:20 am. I figure the last team ran about ten legs in the dark. How amazing crazy is that?

The post race picnic is at 9am, but we need some real food, right now. We gather up about half the team, and get in line at the Hungry Harbor.

I've been adding my posts to a growing column on a telephone pole. Erik: "You should put the newest posts at the top of the column, not the bottom." I don't argue with him. But no sane person would sort messages to read from the bottom, to the top. What a dummy. . . . I'd better wait until Erik walks away before posting this comment. Crap. He's just staring at me.

The 9am picnic: We see the same faces we saw at the early exchanges. Everybody is somewhat familiar with everybody else. Lots of stories are being exchanged. Larry (the master 'keeper of stories') is in his element.

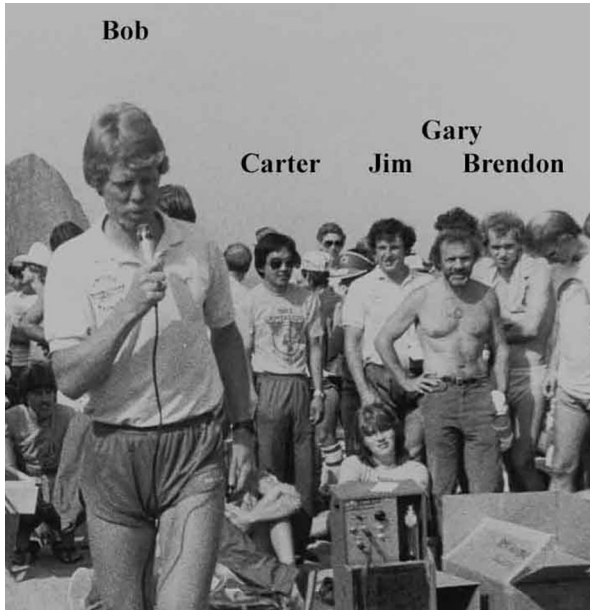
Bob starts with awards. There are 9 classes, each with 5 and 10 team categories, and each 3 places deep - a total of 54 potential finish awards. Nobody ever accused Bob of not being optimistic. All eight teams are winners.

Second overall goes to the team from Kennewick (5 men, 5 women). 6:33/mile. A good pace for the coed team.

The Tigard X-country team slipped to fifth place, after pushing us hard through the first ten legs. Not surprising. These youngsters have speed and talent, but an insufficient base which is necessary for the 3rd and 4th legs.

Since our team was first overall, we each win one Mizuno running shoe. (They donated 5 pairs.) Bob will see if he can get them to donate another five pairs.

N.U.T.T.S. -n- B.U.T.T.S. Clever name for the coed Kennewick team. We're happy with Road Kill, although the development process took some time.



Bob thanks both volunteers. Fred Neilson, who scouted and designed the first half of the course. And Dan Deakins, who hosted the post race picnic and is now cooking our food.

Food consists of spaghetti and sauce, gourmet stuffed dogs, and beer. Thank you Franco-American Foods. (Our first breakfast is just a fading memory.)

Other than the Glade Trail, and the terrible heat between Bald Peak and the Coast Range, everybody loved the course. I think it's the format of a point-to-point over a very long distance that's so attractive. (Oh yeah, everybody remembers the stink pond, but as a positive feature of the race.)

Nobody reports getting lost. Amazing, and a tribute to Bob's preparation.

1pm: The other teams are breaking camp, or already departed. We police the picnic area. Then pack up our own belongings.

Mitch: "Wilborn, would you check your bag for my toenail?"

Gary:

(Point to Mitch.)

One final feeding at the Hungry Harbor, before this adventure is officially over. Bob says he'll organize the race again next year. We all agree we'll run again next year. No arm twisting required.

Yes grandchildren, I once ran from Mt. Hood to the Oregon coast. All the way?

I ran with some friends, and we took turns running.

What did you do when you weren't running?

We rode in the car, or we talked while we waited for our turn.

That's boring.



1982 Hood-to-Coast Results

1. 15:52:50 (5:45) Road Kill 1st male submasters. (Portland)
Larry Dutko, Bob Foote (capt), Brendon Kelly,
Paul Kingzett, Carter Nakashima, Jim Sapp, Mitch
Steeves, Erik Sten, John Stirniman, Gary Wilborn
2. 18:03:21 (6:33) N.U.T.T.S. –n– B.U.T.T.S. 1st mixed open (Kennewick WA)
Gloria Sherfey (capt), Jan Ward
3. 18:19:25 (6:38) Spur of the Moment 1st mixed submaster (Portland)
Robert Duval, Earnest Hodgkin (capt), David Hodgkin,
John Kelly, David Marks, Jim McCluskey, Brad
Pinkstaff, Raymond Ross, Jim Russell, John Teuscher, Kay Pinkstaff
4. 18:47:07 (6:48) Name Unknown 1st male master (Portland)
Gorden Lovie, John Smets (capt)
5. 18:55:39 (6:52) Top Ten 2nd male submaster (Tigard X-Country)
Kib Dacklin (capt), Jim Smith
6. 20:06:00 (7:17) Rampage Sports 2nd mixed submaster (Beaverton)
Tim Rhode (capt)
7. 20:12:26 (7:19) Name Unknown 3rd male submaster (Portland)
Larry Sparr (capt)
8. 21:28:40 (7:47) Name Unknown 1st male open (Portland)
Bill Elliot (capt)

Author's note 2012: Road Kill ran the 1983 race (63 teams and 2 volunteers). Bob chose not to run, just direct. Glade Trail was out, shifting the exchange locations and improving safety. 1983 was the last mass start at sunrise Saturday. Road Kill ran a bit faster, 5:35/mile, finishing 1st. The owner of the Carlton store was very, very happy. And I now admit there may be some merits to bottled water.