

SBAA will not mail you a reminder.. It is up to the member to keep their membership current. Send a check made out to SBAA to John Brennand for the current dues. You will receive your membership card with the next newsletter.

RUNNER'S PROFILE
by Joe Howell

In place of the traditional Runner's Profile appearing in this column, I direct you to Des O'Neill's article about Ethel and Dale Byers. If you are an SBAA member or if you have participated in any SBAA-sponsored events in the recent past, you have benefited from Ethel's dedication and her ongoing contributions to the SBAA and all of its members. Thanks Ethel, for all you have done for all of us. We all hope to see you at future races, as a participant or spectator; it is time for others to assume the responsibilities you have handled so well for so many years!

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Each new year brings the opportunity to consider the prior year's successes, erase one's failures from memory and most importantly, resolve to take certain actions in the new year.

The SBAA takes the tradition of resolutions seriously with its annual Resolution Day Run. Like almost every Resolution Day Run one can remember (with a notable exception three years ago), January 1, 1999 in Santa Barbara was a bright, beautiful day; most of the "regular" runners, along with many who have not been seen in the past weeks or months, joined to kick off the new year with a 5K, a 10K or both.

At this year's race, I spoke to a number of SBAA

members and asked some to share their running resolutions for 1999. Some claimed "I will get back to you", stating that they were too tired (hung over, distracted or whatever). Others were quick with their resolutions, ranging from "break 18 minutes in a 5K by March 31, 1999" to "kick _____'s butt in every race this year". (Hint: The second resolution belongs to BJ, whose rivalry with TT was featured in the November 1998 Newsletter.)

In the February issue of the SBAA Newsletter, I hope to list the running-related resolutions of all SBAA members who have been the subject of the Runner's Profile column. Truth be told, one of my own resolutions for 1999 was to complete this column and submit it to Editor in Chief Bill Rupp well before the deadline each month. As is obvious from the fact that the "running resolutions" column will appear in February, not January, I am not off to a good start in fulfilling my own resolutions for the year. If any of you out there have running-related resolutions that you would like to share, just mail (812 Presidio Avenue, Santa Barbara, 93101), fax (962-0534), or e-mail (jhowell@hmglaw.com) your resolutions to me no later than January 27, 1999. Be sure to include your name. Depending on the response I receive, I will try to include as many resolutions as possible in the February Newsletter.

DALE AND ETHEL BYERS
By Des O'Neill

This column isn't about the hot shoes and fast racers on the local running scene. We honor this month a unique couple, Dale and Ethel Byers. Ethel has been a member of our Board for many years, probably unbeknownst to most of you out there; Dale has been kind enough to lend his ample hands and strong back to our races for

couple, Dale and Ethel Byers. Ethel has been a member of our Board for many years, probably unbeknownst to most of you out there; Dale has been kind enough to lend his ample hands and strong back to our races for almost as long. Ethel will be leaving the Board this year, full of years and honors, although we hope she will continue from time to time to volunteer at races, and indeed we hope also to have Dale, contemplating some restorative knee surgery, also in our volunteer pool as soon as he is whole again.

Both natives of Santa Barbara, Ethel and Dale went to Santa Barbara High School, although they didn't know each other then. Ethel knew Dale's family, and presumably Dale knew of Ethel, but it wasn't until 1960 that they met and began dating. They were married in 1962, and have three children, all grown now, and one grandchild. As a young mother, Ethel, looking for athletic activity as an outlet for her always-abundant energy, began playing tennis, and in "about 1973(?)" crossed paths with the late Cally Brennand, also a tennis player. Cally invited Ethel to join her running group, which used to meet at 6:30 a.m. weekdays for a few miles. The rest, as they say, is history. Ethel began going to races, and helping out, particularly in pre-race preparation, which all of you should be educated to use, and as we became computer-savvy through the years, Ethel's expertise became more and more important in data input. Dale too, began helping out with race set-up and break-down, and although many of you will not recognize Dale, he's the huge non-runner at the finish line, directing you down the chute at most of our races. Dale has been with General Telephone since 1961. Ethel has had a variety of jobs in public accounting, income tax, and bookkeeping with various offices around town, and is currently employed in the Athletic Department at UCSB. She has been a member of the SBAA since 1973, and enjoys tennis, running, reading, and walking. In addition, to her volunteer activity with our organization and our races, she has been a long time volunteer with Santa Barbara Tennis Patrons and Youth Tennis, more than 20 years there as well, so here we have two of our finest and hardest working volunteers of all time, for a long time. So hats off to Dale and Ethel! We love ya both!

HUNTSMAN SENIOR WORLD GAMES
October 12 to 24th St. George Utah
by Jack Bianchi

(This story was originally published in the Echelon cycling club newsletter and pertains mostly to cyclists, but has its running side as well. In fact, the run part may have saved Jack's hide... read on. Ed.)

If you juniors ever think that you will lose that will to compete, to deal with those burning thighs, to enjoy that

adrenaline rush that carries you to the finish line, or feel that satisfaction on completing a great race as you get into your fifties, forget it. The only difference is that you are a little older, a little slower, and a lot wiser.

The first day of competition was a 5K hill climb up Snow Canyon. The grade ranged from 9% to 13%, on a hill designed for climbing. The first group of riders to go off were men's, 80 to 85 age bracket. They started the oldest rider first, Number One. This fellow could barely get on his bike let alone ride this climb. As he rode by I happened to notice he was in his large chain ring and I thought to myself, this guy knows something I do not know about climbing.

When my assigned time was getting near I headed for the starting line. I had listened to a few riders during the warm-ups saying to each other that breaking nineteen minutes the first time was OK. With that in mind I started up the hill. I had gone about five hundred feet when this guy goes flying by me on the bottom of the climb. It turned out to be Robert Brooks, the record holder for the climb and the 40K time trial. As I watched Brooks disappear up the hill, I looked down at my Heart Monitor and realized that I had gotten caught up with him passing and I wasn't paying attention to my Heart Rate. TILT REDLINED I had no idea what to do. Do I stand up or stay in the saddle or what? So I just went for it. Reaching the finish line at the top I could not get off my bike because my legs were shaking so bad. One of the riders that I had met at Death Valley came over with a cup of water and handed it to me. I must have given the impression that I was wasted. I was.

After pulling it all together, I looked down at my watch: 17:06. All right it was all worth it. The day ended in an up-beat manner: 10th overall out of twenty licensed riders and only 59 seconds out of second place.

The next day I traveled one hour north of St. George to the town of Enterprise, 5200 feet above sea level for the 40k time trial. The weather was clear and road was flat. I had taken my Griffin to use for the time trial. I thought to myself this bike might be a little too flashy. Boy, was I wrong! For starters, these 80 year olds were warming up in the full aero bikes, aero helmets, skin suits, disc wheels and trick water bottle sets. The proof of the pudding was still yet to come.

As I lined up for the start, there he was again, right behind me: Mr. Robert Brooks, the current record holder and only second to Norm Hoffman from Bakersfield, the National 40K Champion. What was even more intimidating: the guy's riding a HOOKER with the full set up, single brake and all.

