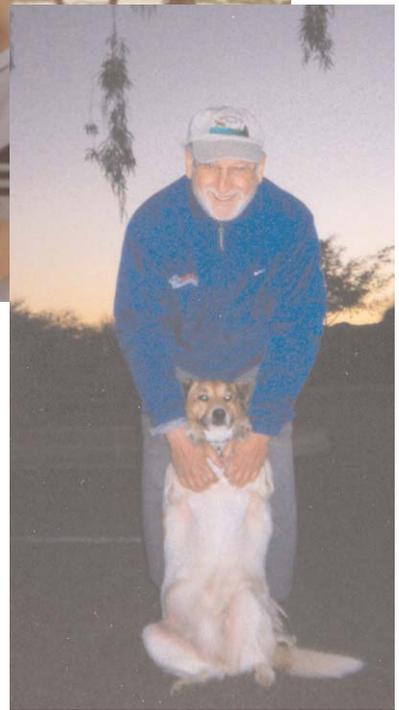
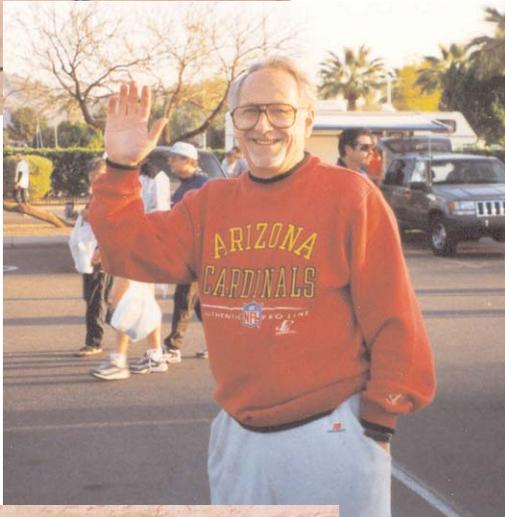
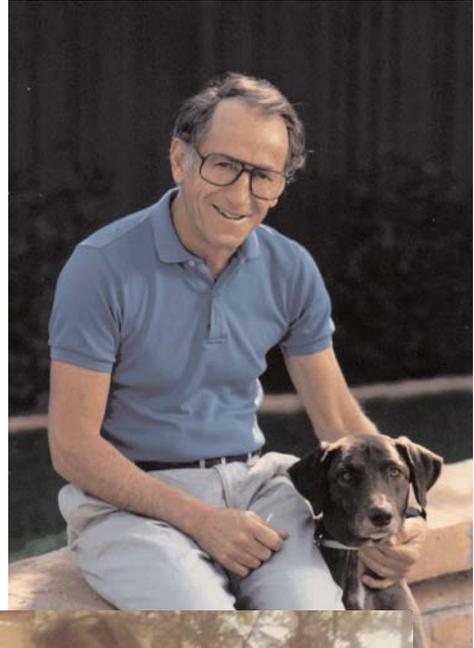

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



April 1, 2004

April 1, 2004

I met Fred Moore during President Gerald Ford's Administration. It was 1976 and I was looking for a cross country coach for my ten year old son Matthew. I found Fred and he not only took on the challenge of Matt but his eight year old brother Eric as well. That began a wonderful relationship between him and my entire family that exists to this day.

When we first met Fred had recently left teaching and coaching was his livelihood, his vocation as well as his avocation. He lived in the back of a camper and so on occasion we would invite him to dinner. But Fred was also a fairly strict vegetarian back then so I cannot remember what Anne prepared for him except chocolate chip cookies which he devoured. I could not understand it but he obviously preferred cookies over cows. We also traveled around the Southwest with Fred to cross country meets and road races, to run in them and to run them. It was an era in the Valley of the Sun that initially did not have much more than the South Mountain Run each year if you liked to road race that blossomed into a road racer's paradise with at least two 10 K's, or something similar, each weekend. And Fred was one of the Generals in this distance running revolution.

But to know Fred as only a track & field, cross country or distance running coach is to miss the big picture. Fred is an athlete having learned his skills on the streets of San Francisco in his youth and playing for such legendary coaches as Bennie Neff at Lowell High School. He is a patriot having served his country as an Army artillery officer in Korea during that conflict. He is an erudite well read individual who is always curious as to what you are doing in your life and discussing it so he can better intellectualize the issue. He is a man of nature that likes the solitude of a hike on the mountain or by the sea. He is a teacher who is willing to impart his knowledge to anyone, young or old, whenever it is appropriate. And he is a friend...a man you can call on and you know he will respond doing whatever he can to assist you to the very best of his ability.

I believe the one thing that I respect Fred for most is the number of lives he has effected in a positive way over the years. Hundreds of boys and girls have grown up to become good men and women and one of the reasons is because Fred Moore has touched them in some big or small way.

From all of us here at the Ruona Family...Anne, Kit, Matt, Eric & Amy...have a great birthday. We are thinking of you, are grateful you have been part of our lives, and hope you have many more...birthdays that is.

Kit Ruona

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Albuquerque, Feb '77: Don Tate, Fred, Gretchen Munn, Selma Hernandez, Eric Ruona, John Warmas, Carol Thompson, Vern Jones, Wayne Lipovitch, Jill Gordon, Matt Ruona, Melanie Manor, Kathy Woolery



Spring '77, Quest 9 & Under Relay: Eric Ruona, Andy McComber, Peter Gordon, Jimmy Gordon

April 1, 2004



Track Camp '77



Track Camp, August '77

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

Hi Fred (of course I had to add to Kit's comments),

Just a couple of THANK YOUs to you on your BIG 70th Birthday!

Thanks for founding the Quest Club! You made running fun and it was a wonderful family activity for us!

Thanks for your patient, sensible attitude toward the kids' athletics: low pressure -- just enjoy (& run as fast as you can in races!!).

And especially thanks for convincing Ruth McComber & I to get up off those swings in the school yard & instead walk & jog around the field! It changed my life! Now I walk every year in Europe!

Thanks for continuing to come see us -- from Redondo in '83 when the trash truck ruined your Mom's car, to the L.A. Olympics, to your Mt. SAC meets!

And thanks for being you--you're the BEST! Happy Birthday!

Anne Ruona



Fall '77, Coach Tate ("pain giver") with Nancy Bak, Eric & Matt Ruona, Lisa Talbot, Cindy Thomas

April 1, 2004

Memories of Moore
By Matthew P. Ruona

All of my memories of Coach Moore are good ones. He was my first running coach when I was ten years old and I'm sure that took an even temperament.

I remember one afternoon my dad took my brother and me to an elementary school we'd never been to before. He led us around to the athletic field where a group of young people was stretching while a slender man talked to them. My dad introduced Eric and me to Coach Moore who welcomed us into the group and immediately started teaching us the fundamentals of competitive running.

Having never trained as a runner before I did not know that most people worked out on a track of packed dirt and divided by white chalk into several lanes. I figured everyone ran around a quarter mile path beaten into the grass. Looking back I realize that this illustrates a lesson that I learned from Coach Moore: Fancy facilities and high-end equipment are not what make an athlete good at what he or she does. That takes determination, persistence and hard work.

Those years I spent in the presence of Coach Moore were quite formidable and left me with some fantastic memories.

I will always remember driving to Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the AAU Nationals with a group of kids. That experience of traveling with a group of friends and participating in an event far from home was a lot of fun. Something as simple as us kids being able to sit at tables in restaurants by ourselves for the first time was fantastic.

Another thing that Coach Moore facilitated that was influential, whether intended or not, was the mentoring influence his older athletes had with the kids. Just getting to hangout, fool around with and watching those young adults taught a lot to a kid that didn't know much about anything.

And then there was the summer program called "Exploration" that Coach Moore ran at his house. Not many people would be willing to let a bunch of kids take over their home for weeks at a time so they could learn about everything from catching and caring for horny toads to gardening to astronomy to how to feed his dog "Scout."

Coach Moore definitely had a big influence on my young life. He helped instill values of teamwork, selflessness and hard work.

Of course, he also brought in "The Pain Giver" to coach us. For that I will never forgive him.

Coach Moore I hope you have a fantastic 70th birthday...but not before calling and giving me a 4 x 880 breakdown one more time.

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Frontier Footrace, Orme Ranch, June '78. George Young with: Tony Cruz, Chris Chenevert, Eric, Matt & Amy Ruona, Alice Reed



Jr. Olympics, May '78, 9 & Under Relay.
Coach Fred with Peter Gordon, Andy McComber, Tony Cruz & Eric Ruona

April 1, 2004



Tucson Aztec Meet, Fall '78



Eric Ruona, 1st in 13 & Under, Orme Ranch '78

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



April 1, 2004



Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



April 1, 2004



Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

I don't know if I can point to one specific time or memory of Fred...I've got lots of them and they all are of a great person who made me feel good to be around him. It just never seemed like Fred ever had a bad day! I know that over the course of many years, I was being coached off and on by Fred and he was extremely patient with a flakey kid that didn't know what he wanted to do with his life. He was just always there for me when I needed someone to provide me with some direction in my running career and ultimately in life. I think my fondest memory had to be of him coaching us to some pretty fast workouts at the Biltmore (18:40 for a 4 mile steady state). Those workouts used to get me more motivated than most big track meets did.



I guess all I really want to say to Fred is Happy Birthday and thanks! Thanks for helping me find my way in life and thanks for being you!

Gary Geyer

Fred, you have great history. You took part in the grass roots effort to gain women acceptance as track athletes. To think, in the 1970's, U.S. women runners weren't allowed to participate in distances greater 800m. No one in the sports world thought they were physically capable, and even the medical community agreed. Many talented and hardworking women distance runners would never have been able to compete except for people like you promoting their abilities. You simply helped pave the way for women to compete at 5000m, 10000m, 26.2 miles, and now the steeplechase. You have a place in erasing the stereotypes that limited the world of track and field. I hope someday you'll record your experiences. I know I have enjoyed hearing your stories.

Even though running for me has always been a love-hate relationship, it continually evolves. Fred, you helped me rediscover that. Thanks to you I enjoy opportunities to compete at running again.

Kate Maurer

I was first coached by Fred at age 59 and without a doubt Fred got me fit enough to qualify for the Boston Marathon!! It was my long time and (I thought) impossible dream! Fred is the finest running coach in Arizona and among the top 10 in the USA!! He has that unique ability to treat each individual with respect, wisdom and suggestions to bring out the best in each and every one. My wife Kay Martin agrees and has had several PR's and 1st in two 10K's and 2nd in the Rock 'n' Roll Marathon since training with Fred....We LOVE the guy!!!!!!

Lyle Langlois

April 1, 2004

Who: Heidi Denton
What: Arturo's Barrios 5K
When: October 1993
Where: Chula Vista, CA

Another memorable road trip. The women's team consisted of Beth Ellickson, Jane Johnson, Lisa Garcia, Heidi Denton and Inge Harper. We all arrived via different modes of transportation but we all made it!! This can be a challenge at times with everyone's busy lives. Lisa and Jane took their first road trip together in Jane's old car and the rest of the gang hopped a cheap Southwest flight with Fred and the rest of the team. We arrived in San Diego in time to pick up our race packets and check out the course. Once all the racing details were out of the way we were ready for more important things; like food, fun and the sights of San Diego. We all headed to the Gaslight District and ate at the infamous Spaghetti Factory. After gorging ourselves on pasta and bread we decided we'd better walk it off.

As we walked up and down the streets we came upon the Harley Davidson store and went in to look around. We found some great black leather shorts for Lisa but she decided to pass on them. Then we found these great biker tattoos that we thought would be perfect for race day. This however was to be a little surprise for Fred at the start of the race.

Race day would come early after Lisa, Jane and I had a late night up in our hotel room. That night we really got to know each other, as we relived all our old races. Once we got to sleep, morning was right around the corner and we were up early preparing for the big race. There in our room we had our instant cappuccinos (Starbucks weren't on every street corner, yet!!) to get our adrenaline going and carefully applied our biker tattoos on our beastly biceps!! Once in place we were ready to go!

Off to the race we went, after our usual warm up and race strategies with coach we were ready. The open women's' 5K race was ready to start. The women of Quest started stripping down to their cute little uniforms; singlets and those bright blue bun huggers!!!! As we removed our sweats and tossed them to coach it was then that our great surprise was revealed. The mighty tattoos, proudly displayed on our arms!!! Fred had a good laugh but boy did we look good, super tough and ready to win!!! We all toed the line and took off with the sound of the gun. When the dust had settled we had finished a very respectful 2nd in the open division.

And as coach always says, "If you can't be good you've got to look good". This time around we managed to do it all, looked great and ran great!!!!

Fred thanks for always being there!!!

Love ya,

Heidi

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Quest Club Girls Team (Inge, Heidi, Lisa, Jane)



Chula Vista, CA 1993 (Inge, Lisa, Heidi, Jane, Coach Fred, Gary)

April 1, 2004

Fred memories go back quite a ways by now - and I wasn't exactly young when they started. One of the early things I remember is wanting Fred to tell me exactly how fast and how hard and how far to run - and he told me to read 'The Dao of Pooh'. Well, I did and it didn't make any sense to me, as far as running was concerned, but it was a fun story. About 4 years later, I was out on a long run along the Arizona Canal and all of a sudden realized that I was having a 'Pooh' run and it felt great. Some of us learn some things slower than others. After running a race, I asked him if it would ever get easier with training and he told me no, I would run just as hard, but would be faster. Oh well, another balloon burst. Why did I ever continue for so long - because it was actually fun.

I never cared much for track, but Fred needed help - so I volunteered - that's when I found out that he was an April Fool and it was on his 60th birthday. I knew nothing about track meets and he made me a timer, of all things. I was so worried that I would get it wrong - and he just said, as long as we know who the first ones are, we don't need the exact time, I guess it was that 'Pooh' thing again. Now I will be going to my second Olympic trials and paying good money for it - who would've thought.

All those trips to races would not have been so successful without Fred's efforts in setting them up, preparing us runners, and joining in with his good sense of humor. Granted there were a couple of places we could have done without, but the good will was always there, right along with the frugality. Now, I can rough it, and can accept almost anywhere, but does anyone remember the cheap motel in San Diego, right on the main drag, with the flight approach to the Airport and the Amtrack in the back yard? Did anybody sleep at all before that race? - Or who remembers the Truck Stop in Calgary? Fred didn't even show up in that one - we laughed until we almost choked, but it was fun and we didn't get killed - and it WAS only \$ 29.00. Of course, Fred redeemed himself with the 'Lady McDonald Country Inn'. That trip to Canada, which would have never happened for me without Fred's efforts, has to be my favorite one, and I am sure, it was the most stressful for Fred. Not only did he have car trouble, more seriously than usual, but the logistics of this trip were a lot more difficult.

So on the occasion of the 70th, I'd like to say: Thanks Fred, for the great memories: The Fiesta Bowl 10ks, umpteen Fiesta Bowl fi marathons, McDowell 10k, numerous Tony's Runs, Foothills, Phoenix 10k's, Runners Dens, etc, etc - and the fun in putting on our own Quest Run - as well as all those road trips - Carlsbad, Chula Vista, San Diego, Flagstaff, Napa Valley, Honolulu, Boulder, Sacramento and Canada - and if I forgot any that I was in on (after all, I too have some senior moments) thanks for them too.

So Happy Birthday Fred, best wishes for good health, a little wealth, and some younger runners around you, that know where to find your car keys. (My weird sense of humor could not let that one pass up) - Thanks for being a big part of my life in the last - I forgot how many- years and hoping for that many more

- Inge Harper

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Jasper, Alberta, Canada 1999



Carlsbad 1994

April 1, 2004

Thank you!! Thank you for always being there for me and always believing in me. You're the greatest!!!

There are so many things I could say about Coach Moore, but I would be writing forever. He has always believed in me and supported me through everything I have done in life, whether it be personal, professional or running. Throughout college he was like a second father to me and I still feel that way. There are two distinct things I remember among hundreds of awesome memories. The first is when he took me out to dinner the week before I left for Lewis University. It was a real heart to heart conversation during that dinner. We had butted heads a few times during my years at P.C. to say the least, but when I left to move on without him I felt I was leaving a part of me behind. The relationship we had built during my years was more than coach - athlete. It was more daughter - father. And for me it remains the same - even after fourteen years.

The second moment that I will never forget is when he came to my Police Academy Graduation. Knowing that I made him proud enough of me to come to that graduation, was just like making my own father proud. I was so honored that he came to my graduation, and just knowing he did still brings tears to my eyes.

Coach Moore is many things to many people. To me he is like a father figure - I have always looked to him for guidance and he has always listened and guided me down the right path.

Thank you so much for being the great man that you are.

Love, Always and Forever
Julie Speirs

Fred,

I have many fond memories from the events and great members of Quest Club. Between workouts all over town and a continual sense of humor, you always keep things interesting. You also found ways to motivate runners of all skills.

Traveling with the team was a particular joy! We made many trips to Carlsbad and one to Eugene. I would have never been exposed to these terrific races without you and Quest Club. Finally, I just want to say thanks for being YOU, making an impact in people's lives.

May you have a Happy Birthday with many more,

Todd Blatti

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

MY COACH

It was a warm spring night at Central High school in Phoenix. I just completed my lonely warm up and made my way to starting line of one of the last events of the night, the women's 5,000 meter race. As I stepped to the line I could feel the tension between the runners, especially between the Grand Canyon cross country team.

The coach had made it mandatory for all runners to break 20 min. I actually wasn't on the team, but I was there to prove to the coach I was good enough to be on the team. He doubted me in the fall and did not even allow me to walk on to the team. I wanted so much to be part of the team and to run and race. But had doubts about myself after that discussion. That's when I found my guardian angel and strength, Fred Moore. All fall while the team was practicing and racing I was too, with Coach Moore. As I went to every practice I became stronger and faster. Any doubts I had after the GCU coach told "I wasn't fast enough" were pretty much gone. I had worked too hard to not be allowed to be on the team.

All during the race Fred stood on one side cheering me on and coaching while the GCU coach was there cheering on his team. I listened to Fred and went out strong and held it all throughout the race. Needless to say, I beat all the girls but one and was under 20 min. After the race, the GCU coach came over to me and shook my hand. He then became my coach. It looked painful for him though. I then gave Coach Moore a big thank you hug. If it wasn't for him I may never have had the confidence to do that race and face those demons.

I will never forget how happy I was that night and how proud I was to have Coach Moore standing there by my side cheering and encouraging me throughout, not only the race, but throughout my life.

Thanks Coach I love you and will never forget what you have given me.

Happy Birthday!!!!

Melanie Rapp



OH CANADA!!

By David Daer (Originally printed in *The ROADRACER* newspaper, September/October 1999)

*We few, we happy few, we band of
brothers* — Shakespeare, Henry V

It should have been my first clue. The sphinx-like Immigrations officer at the Calgary International Airport first asked the standard battery of questions about the purpose of my trip to Canada. “Are you here for business or personal reasons? What is your destination?” And so forth. After the last question, when I mentioned that my traveling companions and I were headed to Jasper to compete in a relay race, he broke into a smile and gleefully said, “Better take your snow boots!” Uh huh... No sign of inclement weather the next day. It was a glorious late spring morning, as we drove in our maroon rental van from Calgary to Canmore, a small town nestled in the Canadian Rockies, just outside the entrance to Banff National Park.

In Canmore, we met up with our coach and team captain, **Fred Moore**, and several of our relay teammates from Arizona. From there, we drove through the entrance to Banff National Park and on the Trans-Canada Highway to Jasper, about 180 miles away. It was during that drive that most of us received our first exposure to the breathtaking surroundings, described by Runner’s World’s Senior Writer, Don Kardong, as “some of the most knee-buckling scenery on earth: peaks bolder than the Matterhorn; granite hillsides weeping hundreds of waterfalls, cockeyed layers of the earth’s surface, shattered by continental drift and carved, even as we watch, by the shear of glacial grinding...” Bighorn sheep, elk and mountain goats stood silently along the highway, apparently oblivious to us as we drove by. Why should they care that we were driving past, staring in awe and speechless? We were, after all in their house.

It was already late afternoon by the time we pulled into the town of Jasper, at the northern end of our journey. Like many of the towns in between, the buildings in Jasper were adorned in an Alpine motif. Along the main road, stout green public garbage cans were made of thick steel, and sealed with heavy lids — a constant reminder that bears and other wildlife could be roaming nearby. Teams that traveled from as far away as Japan, Switzerland, and the Cayman Islands, wandered about the streets. Their matching warmup suits and fancy support vehicles seemed to indicate that they were in town for much more than a leisurely jog in the mountains.

A pasta dinner was held in the gymnasium of the Jasper Activity Centre. It was a beehive of activity, as the supper, a team captains’ meeting, and packet pickup were all taking place that evening. **Laura** and **Bob Steffen**, and I found seats at a table with several Jasper-Banff Relay veterans from Canada. They were a bit surprised that we only brought 11 runners. Teams can have up to 17 runners, or one per leg of the relay. The pasta was quite good, and provided comfort, as

well as nutrition after our long day on the road. After supper, we gathered outside the gym for a team meeting. Although close to 9:00 PM the sky was bright, though slightly overcast. In Canada at that time of year, the period between sunset and sunrise is relatively short.

The next morning started bright and early. We had to check out of the hotel and load the vans, so that the team could get out on the road before the inevitable traffic jams. Our two team vans took off at 8:00 AM, minus yours truly. As the runner of the first leg, 12 long, open, and relatively flat miles from Jasper to the Athabasca River raft landing, I had a couple hours to hang out in town before the race started. I went for a short “reconnaissance” jog to loosen up and scout out the starting line, then returned to my hotel room and watched Steffi Graf play Martina Hingis in the French Open final. Even though I hadn’t started the race, I felt stiff, tired, and restless. It wasn’t the way I normally like to feel before an event.

*Through the 24-hour period of the race, be prepared for sun,
heat, snow, rain and strong winds.* — Jasper-Banff race
brochure

My teammates had left town under gray skies and a light sprinkle; 90 minutes later, it felt about 10 degrees cooler, with steady rain and gusty breezes. The race got underway at 10:00 AM sharp, with rain in our faces and a cool breeze. We left town and set foot on the highway about a mile into the race. By then, I had dropped back into the pack, and found myself leading a small group of runners trailing the leaders. In the early miles of Leg 1, race organizers provide an aid station, in order to avoid traffic problems. After that, teams are responsible for supporting their runners with food and fluids. We passed the aid station about 20 minutes into the race. The sun had come out and it felt about 15 degrees warmer than at the start. I gulped down a bitter cup of water, sensed uneasiness in my gut, and soon felt my pace start to slip away. Most of the guys around me either skipped the water, or spit it out. Great... The small pack I was leading had surged past me and I steadily lost time and places. After 40 minutes, it felt like I could barely manage a shuffle. All I wanted was to get the baton to the next runner. The thought of being back on the road about 15 hours later to run Leg 13 added to my misery. I stumbled into the exchange zone over 13 minutes behind schedule and handed the green plastic baton to our second runner, **Melanie Rapp**. I dragged myself to **Tom Phalen’s** Volkswagen Bus (the Green Machine), and then we joined the relentless caravan of support vehicles snaking down the highway. **Bob Holmes** drove the van and managed to keep up an incredible amount of energy for just about 24 hours without relief. We drove to the start of Leg 3, in time to see Melanie finish a spectacular run. She had improved our overall position from 94th to 70th. After that, we hurriedly drove to the start of Leg 4. Our original plan was to leapfrog the two vans between exchange zones, to help ensure that the upcoming runner would not be stuck in traffic between legs.

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

Stage 4 follows along the Endless Chain Ridge. The road rolls gently to moderately, generally gaining altitude and at points the road can seem somewhat endless itself. — Jasper-Banff race brochure

Tom Phalen, sporting his trademark tie-dye singlet, finished right on schedule for Leg 3, and our team had definitely found its groove. He handed off to Quest Club's man of iron, "Deadpan Bob" Steffen, at the start of Leg 4. By then, the numbing fatigue had departed from my legs, and I felt good enough to crew for Bob and even run along with him during our water stops. It was bright and sunny, not many clouds in the sky. A series of jagged peaks loomed on the horizon. Though the mountains were miles away, Bob would matter-of-factly state, "I think they're just over this next ridge," as we ran together. Was he delusional? Nope, just having fun with a novice. He shoots, he scores! Deadpan Bob: 3. The Rookie: 0. Next up was **Beth Ellickson**, who blasted through the field with the 14th best time for Stage 5. She handed the baton to **Stacie Schimke**, who had chosen the most intimidating leg of the race, Stage 6. The race brochure says it all: "One of the most beautiful and challenging stages in the Jasper-Banff Relay — it climbs relentlessly and takes you to the Columbia Icefields. This is the stage that earns the glory!"

True to its reputation, Stage 6 became the stuff of legends in our memories of the race. Stacie ran shoulder-to-shoulder with a tall, athletic redhead we labeled "Tough Chick." The stage started out flat, and the weather was cool but fairly comfortable. About 3 miles into the stage, as a series of rolling hills emerged, the skies darkened and rain began to fall. Stacie still ran stride-for-stride with Tough Chick at a steady pace. About 5 miles into the stage, the climb became severe, and the snow began to fall. A terrible headwind buffeted the runners and the road ahead disappeared into a whiteout. The Volkswagen bus strained to climb the mountain. The ascent felt especially treacherous with the stop and go traffic. Snow piled up on Stacie's shoulders. From my dry, but not particularly warm vantage point inside the van, I couldn't even imagine what it must have been like negotiating the climb on foot. The road descended and then leveled out about 2 miles from the finish of the stage. One last, cruel incline about a half mile from the finish, then the stage ended at the foot of the majestic Athabasca Glacier, amidst the magnificent Columbia Icefields. Amazingly, the skies cleared and the snow stopped when we reached the summit. The snow was already melting, transforming the area surrounding the Icefield Centre's parking lot into a slushy mud pit. Stacie handed off to Mark Goss for an equally treacherous descent for Stage 7. Mark handed off to **Inge Harper**, who handed off to Melanie, who handed off to **Doug Griffen**. While this was going on, the Volkswagen crew (Bob Holmes, Beth Ellickson, Stacie, Chuck Perry, and myself) had a little R&R. Having a chance to dry off and warm up

was an unbelievably pleasant experience. A hot meal of vegetable beef soup and curry beef stew over rice in the

Icefield Centre's cafeteria was like an elixir from the gods. After our respite at the Icefields Centre, we drove to the start of Stage 12 to try to get some sleep. Stage 12 begins at Bow Summit, the highest point in the relay. From what I could tell, it was also the coldest. The station was nearly deserted when we got there. The race officials were there to record the baton pass of the Japanese team, who were running miles ahead of the others. About the time the sun went down and sleep felt imminent, we heard a startling announcement: Stage 11 had been canceled due to a bear sighting, and we were to wait for further instructions. So much for sleep — the uncertainty pretty much killed it for me.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more... — Shakespeare, Henry V

We expected our other van to arrive at about 12:20 AM, our original projected time to start Leg 12. The time came and went with no sign of our van. It was a bit nerve-wracking when other teams started trickling in, boxing in our van. Almost without warning, the maroon van pulled up next to us at 12:25 AM. As soon as Beth got the baton, she was out on the road in a metaphorical cloud of dust for her second leg. It was still numbingly cold outside. One would imagine that the cold, combined with nerves and sleep deprivation would adversely affect one's performance, especially for running the second of two challenging stages in less than 24 hours. But Beth blazed to the 13th best performance of Stage 12. Combined with the relative efficiency of our second van's drive to Stage 12 in the Stage 11 confusion, we found ourselves in 42nd place overall. I ran the next leg, and handed off to former Arizona resident Chuck Perry for Leg 14. Following Chuck, Laura Clarke-Steffen, originally scheduled to run Leg 11, ran Leg 15 in the cool, pre-dawn hours.

Tom Phalen turned in his second tour of duty during Stage 16. The mountains, almost a distant memory in our sleep-deprived stupor, loomed quietly behind us. On the other side of the highway, a flock of geese swooped down in formation and disappeared below highway level into the wilderness. Tom handed off to Stacie, who split the 17th and final stage with our traditional anchorman, Bob Steffen. Those of us who were left met Bob on Bow Avenue in Banff for the final run to the finish. It turned out to be quite a mad dash for the line, as two other teams were finishing at about the same time. We made it in less than 24 hours, meeting our pre-race goal. Our predicted finishing time was around 22 hours, and we crossed the line in 22 hours, 33 minutes and 6 seconds, through snow and rain, brilliant sunshine and pitch darkness, high mountain passes and pastoral valleys, and even bear sightings. As a team, we were 19th in the Mixed Division, but time and place were almost irrelevant. As the young king in Shakespeare's Henry V proclaimed "From this day to the ending of the world, but we in it shall be remebered." The 11 runners and 3 support crew from Arizona shared an experience that was unique, magnificent, and beyond mere numbers or words.

April 1, 2004

Dear Coach Moore:

I don't remember how I found you and Quest Club, but I do know it was just what I needed! Do you remember how I struggled through a mile when I first started with you? You must have doubted that I would ever stick with it.

Then when the Monday-Wednesday social group stopped and the only choice was to join the "real" runners on Tuesday-Thursday, I thought I would die! Just the warm up was killer. But, you believed in me and kept telling me I could do it and to keep showing up to practice.

With your consistent training schedule, my race times quickly dropped and my enjoyment rose. I can't really explain or express how your coaching has helped in all parts of my life... somehow in your quiet way, you understand how to best motivate and inspire me.

And those lessons spread through my entire life - from you, I learned patience, determination and strength, how to plan for the best possible outcome, and most importantly how to do what I think I can't do.

Running and training are such an essential part of my life now - I have no idea how I lived without it for so long. Thanks to you, I can proudly say, "I'm a runner!"

Fondly,

Paula Case

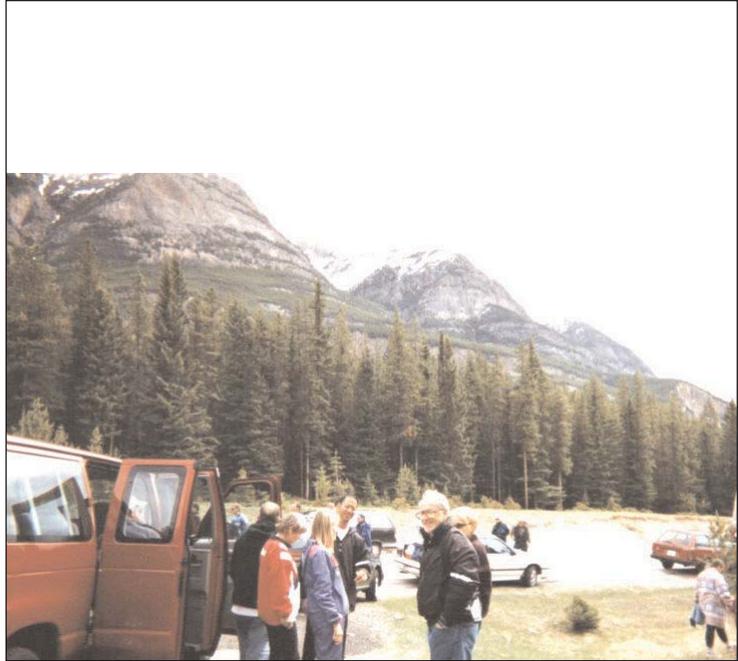
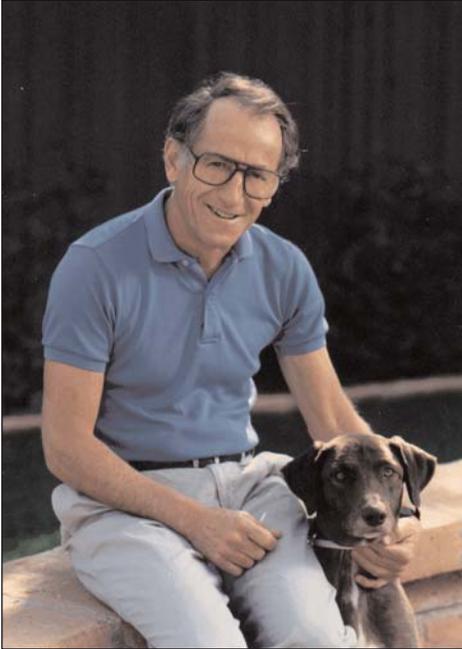


Christmas Party 2002: Melissa, Michael, Paula

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



April 1, 2004



Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Paula, Dave, Scout, Coach Fred



Quest for the Coast: A First-Timer's View of the 1997 Rainier to Pacific Relay

by David Daer (Originally printed in The ROADRACER, September/October 1997)

*The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

Robert Frost, "Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening"

I ran along the narrow shoulder of the old highway, plunging forward into the murky darkness. I wore a flashlight, but its radiance quickly dissolved into the cool night air. The occasional passing car provided an uneasy comfort. Its light, the possibility of human contact, was welcome. But I had no way of knowing if it was a race support vehicle, or a random, bleary-eyed driver, not used to having a runner along the side of the road, late on a Saturday night. We were, of course, in rural Washington state. Not much around, but me, the car, and the empty dark. The car would pass, and I would slip back into darkness. Joe Henderson once wrote that, when running in darkness, each foot plant is an act of faith. I stepped on something, perhaps a branch or a rock, and felt like I'd go down, or maybe blow out an ankle. I have no idea how I managed to stay upright, but I kept moving. I talked to myself. I wished I had somebody to run with. Is that another runner up ahead, or a road sign, or a mailbox, or simply an illusion? I'd speed up to find out. I'd pass an intersection and wonder if I should have turned left, but I kept going, straight ahead into the darkness.

Although this may sound like an excerpt from the Twilight Zone, it was, in fact, an experience that any team member may have had in this year's Mount Rainier to the Pacific Relay, held in the state of Washington beginning on June 21. Arizona was represented by thirteen members of the "Quest for the Coast" relay team, 11 runners (Tim Smith, **Laura Clarke-Steffen**, **Brian Reynolds**, **David Daer**, Judy Anderson, Kirk Reynolds, Stacie Schimke, Tom Phalen, Beth Ellickson, Carla Jackson, and **Bob Steffen**), and 2 drivers (**Denise Flores** and coach Fred Moore). The "RTP" Relay is based on Oregon's larger, and more well-known, Hood To Coast Relay. The team's 11 runners each run three relay legs of varying length, from 3 to 7 miles. This year's edition of Rainier to Pacific consisted of 102 teams that made the trek from the town of Ashford, at the base of Mount Rainier, to Ocean Shores on the Pacific coast. It is an adventure, and an exercise in sleep deprivation, as well as a race.

I see you like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start.

William Shakespeare, *Henry V*

Saturday afternoon, June 21, was gray and cool, with low-hanging clouds and intermittent rain. From its brawny midsection up, Mount Rainier was obscured by clouds. Having left Phoenix the previous afternoon, where the temperature hovered near 110 degrees, the cool, damp conditions and lush greenery were a blissful relief for me. Better yet, I had a little time to enjoy it. In order to manage congestion along the course, teams started in waves every half hour, beginning at 2:00 p.m., and ending at 7:00 p.m. Teams are seeded according to their team's

average 10K times, with slower teams starting in the earlier waves. We had a couple hours before our 4:30 p.m. start time. Every half hour, another wave of runners would set off down the highway, and a caravan of team vehicles would pull out of the narrow, muddy gravel parking lot behind them. Although quite mellow, there was constant activity. People waited among the rustic and cozy log cabins of the Rainier Overland Restaurant & Lodge or on the adjacent grassy field, where the starting line was located. Like clockwork, a wave would start, and later-starting teams would trickle in and try to squeeze their vans into the parking lot. Before we knew it, 4:30 rolled around, and the largest wave of the day lined up, then took off. Tim Smith, triathlete, Mark Allen look-alike, and our team's first runner, was underway.

Not surprisingly, most of the teams in this year's race came from Washington and Oregon, although teams from California, Colorado, and Vancouver were sprinkled into the mix. Team names were sometimes descriptive, and often humorous, such as The 3rd Leg is the Hardest, Slower Than Gordon Thinks, Boomers & Slackers, Faster Than Your Average Mudflow, and Bone Crushing Juggernauts. Even though it was the beginning of a very long event, the exhilaration of the start was hard to control. Runners on the first leg appeared to power through the charming, rural town of Ashford down Route 706, a narrow ribbon of road that cut through the dense, green woods. They passed mountain-style cabins and "gingerbread" style signs before Tim tagged off to Laura for the second leg. By the time we reached Leg 4, my first leg, the teams were already spread apart, and I only saw two other runners during the winding, narrow 7 miles over rolling hills. A light rain came and went. The rest of the journey is a blur of images and feelings, perhaps embellished by adrenaline and lack of sleep.

It was hard to understand, and all I knew was that you had to run, run, run, without knowing why you were running, but on you went through fields you didn't understand and into woods that made you afraid, over hills without knowing you'd been up and down . . .

Alan Sillitoe, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*

Our team was split between two vans. The first 5 runners, Tim, Laura, Brian, myself, and Judy, were in the first van. Kirk, Stacie, Tom, Beth, Carla, and Bob, were in the second. Since this was the first day of summer, the sun stayed out until nearly 9:00. Each team's runners ran in sequence, which meant that the first runner ran legs 1, 12, and 23, and so on. The two vans drove together while there was still daylight. When darkness fell, however, the first van drove ahead to Dave's Thriftway, a bright and busy grocery store in a town named Tenino, and the start of the 12th leg. The idea was to try and get some sleep, while the second van's runners were out on the course. However, with the commotion outside, the adrenaline of the race, and the spacious, but still damp and uncomfortable conditions in the van, deep sleep felt like a distant memory. Fortunately, the small, pseudo-50's style diner located in the parking lot was warm, dry, and had working restrooms. On a night like this, even small creature comforts can lift the spirits mightily.

Bob Steffen came rumbling into town about 8 minutes before 11:00, and Tim set off on Leg 12, the first of our team's

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

second legs. A light, persistent rain was still coming down. Our teammates in Van #2 had gone fast, and we were ahead of our projected pace. It was nice to see our teammates, even if it was for only a few minutes. They drove ahead to get some sleep, while those of us in Van #1 learned how to deal with the darkness.

The small towns we passed through on our journey west were eerily silent at night. Between the towns lay miles of rural highway, without streetlights and with few signs of humanity. Although the exchange zones were manned by volunteers, there were no mile markers, nor water tables. Each team was responsible for its own food and fluids. Thanks to Denise, food was no problem, as we had a cooler full of fruit and supplies to make sandwiches. In the case of night running, each runner had to be somewhat self-sufficient, as well. Each runner was required to wear a reflective vest and carry a flashlight. Or, instead of carrying a flashlight, most Van #1 runners wore flashlights designed for the Eco-Challenge, that you wear on your head, courtesy of Tim and Brian. I wore the flashlight over a hat, and it was surprisingly unobtrusive. It would cast a faint glow anywhere you looked, for at least a few feet ahead, even on a dark rural highway.

I stepped out of the van in the town of Rochester to begin warming up for my second tour of duty, and immediately found myself ankle deep in a cold, muddy puddle. I felt like a bonehead, but I probably wasn't the only one to soak a pair of shoes in the damp conditions. Fortunately, I had another pair of shoes in the van. Leg 15, my second, was 6.9 miles from Rochester to Oakville High School. A yellowish glow at the exchange zone came from the interior lights from a small convenience mart. I warmed up on an adjacent, peaceful neighborhood street. Within a brief 50 yard jog, I felt transported into another world, as an envelope of calm stillness surrounded me. The nervous sense of urgency returned as I stepped back into the light, waiting for the exchange. Soon, Brian came in, right on schedule, despite a sore foot. We waved off our exchange, and within a few steps, the light faded into the disorienting darkness of the highway. Running on the highway felt intimidating, rather than tranquil, like warming up in the neighborhood. I felt as if I was weightless and hurtling through space. I ran scared all the way to Oakville. Time compressed and expanded, depending on my mood. Finally, I reached the sleeping town and was eventually drawn toward the familiar voices of Denise and Judy as I approached the high school on the far edge of town. After some confusion on my part, I found Judy, then she headed out of the parking lot and down the road, continuing our quest.

The Van #1 crew drove ahead and picked up Judy after her second leg, then returned to Oakville High for the "showers, breakfast, and a place to sleep." Van #2 had stayed there earlier, and now its crew ran their second legs. A towel and shower was available for \$1 each in the gymnasium. The attendants were two good-natured, but strange guys—*Deliverance* meets *Beavis & Butt-Head*. "Sorry, no towels, they're in the dryer . . . Heh, heh, heh." So much for a shower. Tim and Brian bought food in the cafeteria (at 2:00 in the morning, no less) but I wasn't particularly hungry. After breakfast, we went back to the gymnasium, upstairs to the sleeping area. Actually, it was a weight room, and we slept on the wrestling mats. It felt nice to lie down and stretch out in a warm, dry room, but I couldn't sleep. Others, who came with

sleeping bags, seemed to sleep much better.

Daylight still hadn't arrived when a rested, but not entirely refreshed, Van #1 crew hopped back into the vehicle for the drive to Leg 23, and the start our third legs. After this, we're done! The morning light only heightened our anticipation. Soon, Bob flew by around the turn, toward the exchange area. We experienced a minor snafu with the exchange, but then Tim was back on the road. His third leg featured a three mile gravel section over some nasty rolling hills. The rain had let up, and the sun, peeking through high clouds, made it rather comfortable to be outside. That lasted until about midway through the next leg. Then, while Laura dealt with the rolling country hills, a cold downpour pounded us. For the next leg and a half, the driving rain added insult to injury, as if running the third leg wasn't hard enough. On the other hand, we had wider roads to run on and the knowledge that the journey was nearing its end. Finally, the sun came back out and stayed with us until the finish.

*Great is the victory, but
the friendship of all is greater.*

Emil Zatopek

Like ancient messengers, we symbolically passed the torch on our relentless "quest for the coast." We met up with the second van, and Judy tagged Kirk. In the bright sunshine, the miles passed methodically behind Stacie, then Tom, then Beth, then Carla. Then, with the beach just up ahead, Carla touched off to Bob to start the final leg of our journey. We drove onto the hard-packed sand behind the runners. The beach was vast and flat, and the waves rolled in to our right. A terrible headwind buffeted the runners as they made their way forward. The horizon stretched as far as the eye could see. The finish line, four miles away at the Shilo Inn at Ocean Shores, was not even visible. While Bob fought the wind, the rest of us, giddy because our part was done, piled out of the vans for pictures. Several team members were hobbled by aching quads, but the mood was still light. That mood carried over to the end, as we accompanied Bob on his sprint to the finish line. We found that most of us couldn't keep up. Far from the militaristic precision of some of the other teams, we trailed behind our last runner, but seemed to have more fun doing so. We came in sixth in the Mixed Open division, with a time of 18 hours and 35 minutes, and received recognition as the team that came from farthest away. Only 24 teams completed the relay ahead of us. Quite a good showing by the first-timers from Arizona.

Every event has its share of humor and pathos, exhilaration and fatigue. What sets apart an event like the Mount Rainier to Pacific Relay is its sheer scope and the team participation. The distance, the exchanges, and managing one's food and sleep provide constant challenges. Although one may experience bigger, louder crowds at a Boston Marathon, the cheers of one's teammates are more personal, and they are given back, as well as received. On top of all that, there's the mystical quality of the Pacific Northwest. It's both sinister and mysterious, like David Lynch's Twin Peaks, and the muddy banks of the Wishkah River, which spawned the grunge rock band Nirvana. Yet it is also peaceful and contemplative. Nothing quite compares, and it's a heck of a way to spend a summer vacation!

April 1, 2004

Happy Birthday Fred!

I can remember seeing you at road races and track meets for as long as I've been running. My first road race was the 1980 Phoenix 10K, the last one to start and finish at the Biltmore Fashion Park. During my high school summers, I ran in a few all-comers meets at Phoenix College, although I did more of the Glendale CC ones, because they were closer. Of course, I competed in the first Continental Homes 10K. It was my senior year in high school. I either ran in or watched every edition. Having the opportunity to mingle with the likes of Alberto Salazar, Mark Nenow, Steve Jones, Wendy Sly, and more, would always leave me wide-eyed and breathless. It wasn't until this year's P.F. Chang's RNRAZ that this town has had as much of a buzz about a road race as the old Continental Homes race.

I officially became a Quest Club member in 1997, but had attended various club activities as early as 1994 with my brother. I must admit to being somewhat reluctant to get involved in a club environment at first, after training and competing on my own for as long as I did, with a reasonable amount of success. In retrospect, I wish I'd started earlier.

Road trips have probably been my most memorable experiences as a Quest Club member. I've seen and done many things that I'd never dreamed of when I started running. We've competed in road relays, cross country championships, and masters track championships. I'd never thought I'd be a national champion in anything, until we went to Eugene in 2000. We've also had great experiences watching the Olympic Trials, national championships, and the Worlds in Edmonton. I'll never forget Michael yelling, "Now *that* was a race!" in Sacramento... Or Michael and me stalking various track stars to take their photos.... Or walking past Suzy Favor-Hamilton in Eugene to get Sarah Schwald's autograph.... I suppose we'll never forget Scout chomping on my knee in Edmonton, either... Then there are the stories that might be too rude to repeat in mixed company... But we have photos to chronicle some of those moments, right?

Dave Daer

Fred

Happy Birthday!

As one of my first coaches you have taught me how to run, but more importantly why I run. It seems like yesterday when I got up to run yearly in the morning with you and my mom. The times when you and Puppy would tell Bob and I our times. Now I will be running for Indiana University. Thank you and Happy Birthday.

Charlie Keating IV

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Christmas 1997: Dave and Fred



Carlsbad 1995: Jane and Dave

April 1, 2004

HAPPY 70TH, COACH!!!

God, it's just occurred to me that it's been 10 1/2 years since Fred and I first met! I got paired up with Fred in the summer of 1993 after I had just left my coach in Ann Arbor, Michigan. I was a shell of an athlete - burned out and anemic, with two bum Achilles tendons. My agent, Bob Wood, suggested that I find a new coach quickly and suggested several names, including Brian Appell, Olga Appell's husband, and Fred, whose credentials were long and storied. After finding out that Brian would only coach me if I moved to Albuquerque, which was not possible, Fred said that he'd mentor me long distance - I had a new coach! We spoke quite often over the summer as we got to know each other, and I was trying to formulate in my head what I thought Fred may look like, since he has such a docile phone voice. We made plans for me to come to Phoenix for the first time in October of 1993, after running the Arturo Barrios race in Chula Vista, CA. I can distinctly remember waiting in the lobby of my hotel as he came to the door and being floored at the wizened professor coming my way - so different from his phone voice!! Needless to say, it's been a joy working with Fred. He's had his work cut out for him with coaching me and I've learned so much that I'm already putting his knowledge to good use with my own team at Xavier. Honestly, Joe and I consider him a part of our family. Thanks for putting up with me all these years - Joe and I appreciate it from the bottom of our hearts!

Here's some other memory bits:

- - My extended trips to Phoenix to train '94-'96.
- - The apartment with Lisa, Cathy Palacios, and Andrea Johnson
- - Picacho Peak - "Oh, the one with the Indians!"
- - Coach thinking I needed to be more understanding with Cathy and then figuring out I was at the gates of Hell.
- - East McDowell 10K, Mt SAC '95 - Flashes of my old self
- - The other 90% of the races that sucked!
- - Getting a cortisone shot from Dr. Zeman and having sore arms the next day from clenching my fists so hard.
- - Almost getting it together for the Trials in '96 and then my last workout with the too small adidas spikes - it was over... Ugh...
- - Getting rejuvenated in 2000 - A Marathon?! 2:52:42 eight months later...
- - Arguing with Joe during the Vancouver marathon as to what place I really was...
- - You almost having a heart attack on me while biking along with me on the canal- Grrrrr!
- - All of our myriad discussions while on our road trips - sports, coaching, you name the topic!
- - Joe - do we need to say more? Zen master, psychotic political freak...
- - Figuring out I was pregnant with Sierra - "Coach, I am never racing at altitude again..." DUH!
- - Having to sit through 2 Thanksgivings and listen to my Dad natter on for HOURS - you are a saint!!!!

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- You getting mad at me because I didn't wear my heart monitor at Fiesta Bowl Half - I'm really sorry!
- Joe getting mad at me for videotaping him at VOS marathon - the "19-mile crankies!"
- Running XC club nationals ('99?) in crap shape, and face planting while doing pickups before the race - what a dork...
- Long Hills - "Why do I do this to myself?"
- Mt. SAC 10,000m 2001 - Why we did long hills...
- Getting "it" - the breakthroughs, finally bounding at age 35, no more running "in a skirt" - the answer to why we do this!

Love, Mindy and Joe Schmidt



Carlsbad 2001: Dave, Mark, Mary, Josie, Lea Ann, Peter, Paula, Mindy, Coach Fred

April 1, 2004

Happy 70th birthday, Coach Moore! Here are some of my favorite memories of the last 15 years (can you believe it?) that we've known each other.

First, I owe my love of backpacking to you. You were brave enough to take a novice like me way out into the backcountry during spring break of 1988. I had such a great time, and have loved backpacking ever since. I remember you snoring through the night, and all of us sharing our valuable desserts over the fire. It was a tough trip into the Mazatzals but I survived, and if I remember right, really came around for the track season after that. 4:40 and a 2nd place at Nationals that year. Actually, those spring break backpacking trips were always good for my running, as the next year we went as well, and I ended up winning nationals soon after that. I felt so in sync that 1989 season, like we were always on the same page with training and our running goals. Good year.

But, before the 1989 track season was the wonderful 1988 trip to the Olympic Trials. Again, you were brave to take a couple of rebellious 19 year olds (well, I was 19 and I think Jane was 17) halfway across the country with your dog and your van. I have so many great memories from that trip; Mt. Rushmore, almost getting kicked out of the van in Wisconsin, that great bed and breakfast in Indianapolis, and you throwing your bag at me in disgust at the very end of the trials. I'm so glad we can get a good laugh out of that now. I owe my current love of the sport of track and field to you. Thanks for that.

Then, there was the 1988 cross country season. I was a mess from the summer before, and my running showed it, with the anemia and all. You were still determined to get me some good racing experience, so we made the journey back to North Carolina for TAC XC championships. I ran miserably, but it was a fun trip. We ate

Thanksgiving dinner at some restaurant, went to the beach, and you got a speeding ticket. Plus, I got to room with Trina and Annie, whom I idolized. Thanks for arranging that.

As I mentioned above, one of my fondest memories during the past years of our friendship was winning nationals. Not so much the winning, but the feeling that things were evolving as they were supposed to. I was perfectly peaked and mentally I was very focused on my running, thanks to your guidance. I really felt that we were communicating at a different level, that we had an understanding that didn't have to be communicated in words. We both just knew that what we were doing was working. Ah, to capture that feeling again, but I feel lucky that I experienced it at least once. Thanks.

Then I went off to Cal to run, and we both know how that turned out. Fortunately, we still got to spend time together. I remember going to TAC Track Nationals over in Cerritos to watch. I think it must have been 1990. We stayed at the Ruona's and watched the races and just talked and talked. Good times.

A couple of years passed. You came to visit me in Eugene, OR, one summer. You had to sleep in your van (ugh), but you accompanied me on some really great runs, and gave me a mental boost when I was down. Unfortunately, injury caught up with me, but you were my rock and always believed in me, even when I was down.

After college, I gave coaching a try. I was pretty good at it, because I had you as a role model. I don't think Mills College ever had a better team than when I was there. I owe it all to you. I coached from intuition, like you do. You always said that you could feel when a team or a runner was getting what they needed from training. I think I picked up on that during my years at Phoenix College, and was able to apply it to my

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

own coaching. The other thing I realized as a coach was just how difficult it is to deal with college women on a daily basis. How did you ever do it for so many years? Thanks for tolerating us.

There's also the Quest club memories. Thanks for letting me (and Kirk) be honorary Quest members. The Rainier to the Coast race was so much fun! And, I got my cross country PR (at least I think it is) as a Quest member during a race at Kiwanis Park. I can't even remember the year, but Christina, Laura, and I flew over and raced with Quest. I ran 18:12 off of not much training. I hope I get to run for Quest again in the coming years.

I really enjoy our regular visits these days. I look forward to your yearly visit for Mt. SAC and the PP Invitational. And, the summer track meets, like last summer in Palo Alto. While the amount of actual talking we get to do has diminished, due to our kid, I'm so happy to be included in your group. I'm also so happy that you and Kirk have become good friends. I remember being very excited about you meeting him, 'cause I figured you'd approve of my choice. Kirk thinks highly of you and looks forward to the next visit with you.

Oh, and there's one other great memory we have about you. Remember when your van broke down just outside of LA as you were passing through on your way to Canada? We were trying to sell the silver Acura, but hadn't had a single call. So, you took the car all the way up there. The day you got back to our house, you got the car all cleaned up and that day we got the phone call that resulted in the sale of the car. Talk about coincidence! We still laugh about that one.

Thanks, Coach Moore, for all of the memories so far. I look forward to more in the coming years. Remember, you're only as young as you feel. I hope that being around college women for so many years has kept you feeling young.

Your runner and friend,
Carla Jackson



Carlsbad 1995

April 1, 2004

Happy Birthday, Fred!

It doesn't seem so long ago I first knew you as that amazing coach of Lois, Jan, and gang...such memories! Los Alamos, especially. (I think I was responsible for Lois needing plastic surgery on her stomach after cajoling her into a hike on a local mesa.) You were so willing to take time, to listen, to tell of coaching theory and methods and all else necessary in giving your life to girls with talent and too much energy of many varieties.

Our paths continued to cross at the vital intersections of my life as an intense athlete/teacher/coach, yet child. My admiration for you as a coach's coach gradually encompassed the privilege of trust, friendship and immense inspiration, especially as a recipient of your writing; thus your readings and eloquent philosophical word pictures and appraisals. Like my own coach, you had far more to share than workouts and winning strategies of an athletic race. I was fortunate to gain entrance into those other realms..those dimensions necessary to choose a path to "cathedral" as opposed to construction of just another structure. To this day, you are still willing to share ongoing thought and time to this end, sneakily prodding toward excellence. Dr. George Sheahan may have been our published Running Philosopher, but Fred Moore, if published, would "take it to another level" (pardon that colloquialism).

Through our friendship I have been reminded that what is of most value comes with a price, a price that is ongoing and new every morning in it's challenge. As Julie Andrews sings in Sound of Music, "how can you hold a moonbeam in your hand?" Faith and the vision of friends like you Fred, can keep us going in the right direction... can allow us to believe in chasing rainbows for good purpose. But you still make us dig for it ourselves!

I could tell a lot of old stories and mention things like dragging you into chinese restaurants (in places like Phoenix... not Mexican food?). Or of cooking you dinner... a vegetarian didn't want to eat pork chops? Or assuming you would want to run down and up the Grand Canyon in 2 hours? Or that you would want to send any athletes to Seattle Pacific U. after I treated them to kayak rides and all the free samples of health food stores in Seattle on one run the day before the X-C Trial Race for the USA Team?

Words only go so far, at best, at such occasions and you are the writer, even painter, the artist of so many lives. Now you even take care of our ongoing spectatorship of elite athletic events, such as this summer's Olympic Trials! What can I say but please read between the lines of this to know how much you are loved.

blessings,
Doris Heritage

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Michael, Fred,
Doris, and Ralph



April 1, 2004

Dear Fred,

Happy Birthday! I wish I were there to celebrate with everyone! Unfortunately, I'm living in Michigan so this note will have to do for now. And I'll make it up by buying lunch again next time I'm in town.

Collecting notes from those you have influenced over the years was a wonderful idea. When the request arrived, I couldn't help but reminisce a bit. Here's what I came up with:

I believe it all started when Dave Barney recruited me to be a counselor at Arizona Track Camp. Must have been around 1982. Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University - A nice place to train at altitude, cooler weather, free food and dorm, and camaraderie with a variety of fast people and coaches. It all sounded good. Actually, it was great! I learned a lot from the coaches in a short amount of time. Had fun while doing it too. Those were the days of: 12 year old Todd Lewis; dancing his way across the gym, the Horizon girls; Trina Leopold, Beth Bates, Jackie Belzner, and Tracy Jarman, selling old gear to high school kids to make some extra money, Kellie Cathy, and all of the Tuba City kids. Lots of miles and very little sleep if I remember correctly. I would have really learned a lot had I stayed up late and socialized with George Young and friends.

Those were fun times. But the fun really started when I began getting coached by you. I enjoyed many workouts on the grass track, the Biltmore loop, and the track at Central HS. Heck, I even enjoyed racing here and there. Remember Mt SAC when I slept on a bench at LAX? I think someone picked me up around 7am the next day after we missed each other and I had no idea where we were staying. That night I think I ran 14:06. You should have done that to me every time I raced. That memory is etched in stone (obviously that was 'pre-cell phone'). How about when several of us ran the 'pre-Continental Homes race' the day before the event so the camera crew and helicopter could have a dry-run. I think we ran at 3pm the day before the race. That race brought attention to Phoenix like no other running event ever! You did a nice job coordinating the event. That event also brought many excellent runners to the Valley; Dieter Baumann, Markus Ryffel, Mary Slaney, Zola Budd, and Bill Rogers. Speaking of Bill.....How about hiring me to run with Bill Rogers for 20 miles? That worked out well for both of us! "Just stay with him for 20 miles.' I remember those words. \$500 to start and \$100 per mile - I think that was my going rate. I should have told you I was motivated by money! I got a win and paid off my truck all in 2 hours time. That event provided a fond memory of road racing! I'll always remember it like it was yesterday.

Fred, thank you for sharing yourself with us over the years. You have influenced a great deal of people in your life and should be proud of your accomplishments. I am thankful that I could share a small portion of it with you.

Happy Birthday Fred!

Mike Scannell

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

Fred-Happy 70th!

My most "memorable" memories of Coach Moore are not from any certain event-As being a "novice" runner-joined the quest club in the fall of 1997-I seemed to be always "tagging" along behind the others-Yet Coach Fred never made me feel less and always one of the group-I reached goals-Rock and Roll Marathon in San Diego (4:09), ran 10 & 5 Ks for the first time and half marathons-And he cheered me on along with the others-For that confidence boost I will always be grateful-For he told me that the fact I was out there was the most important-Striving for my personal goals-Along w/ achieving goals I never thought I would, I have made lifelong friends w/ several of the Quest Club members and have had so much fun on all our "road" trips and events-

Some of my favorite times with Fred were riding along in the van-Along w/ Puppy and then Scout and all the dog hair-And talking about "life"-From family to sports to movies to books-All topics-Never a lack of conversation with Fred-And learning a little more about this "man in the van"-and about life-

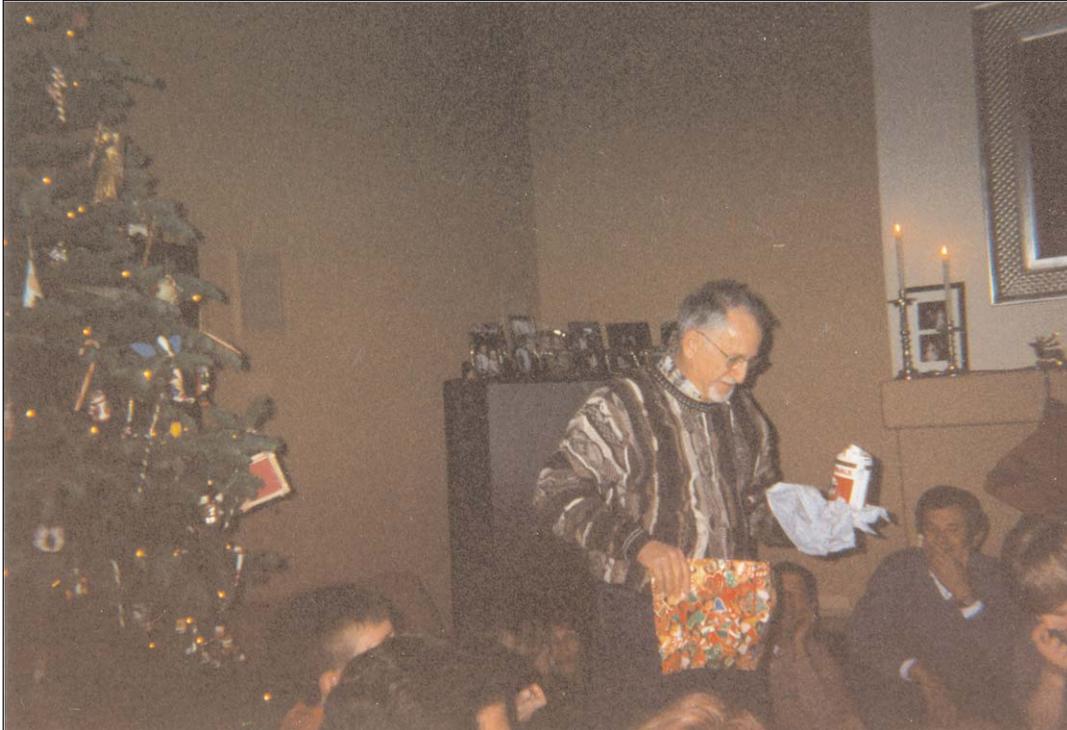
Happy birthday Fred and looking forward to more events and stories to come!

Lea Ann (Compton) Hildebrant



Michael's Birthday - 2003: Lea Ann, Peter, Coach Fred, Josie, Michael, Paula

April 1, 2004

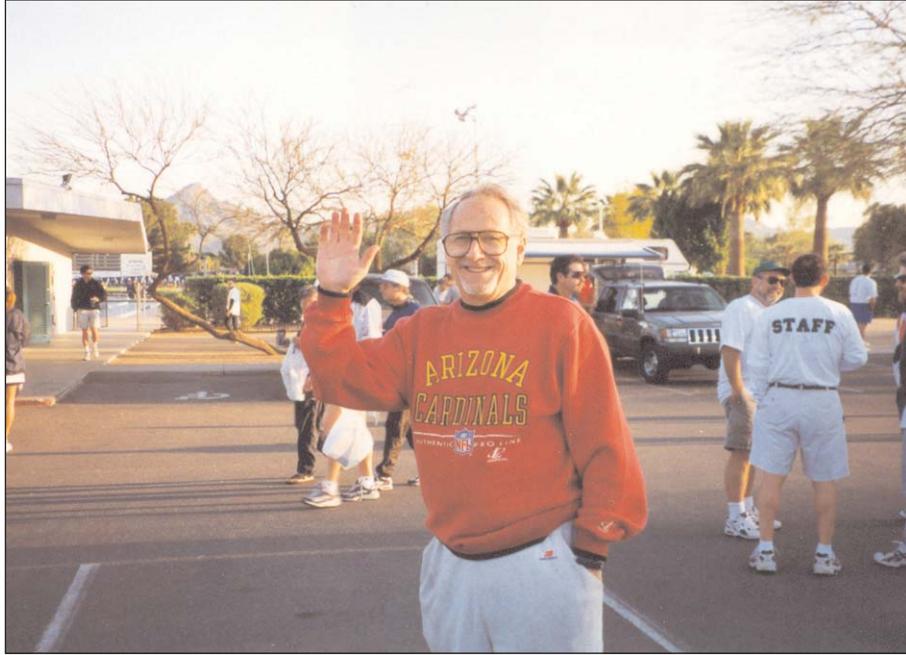


Christmas 2002



Christmas Party 2002

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Quest Club 5K - Phoenix Swim Club



Von at the Quest Club 5K - Phoenix Swim Club

April 1, 2004

3/11/04

On Fred turning 70:

My fondest memories of Fred go back to my early days as a Quest runner. I had just completed the 1999 LA marathon under the guidance of Patty Paxton, a Quest alumnus, who then sent me off to Fred to further my education.

Fred laid out the basic marathon training over coffee with me one morning, and from that day forward I religiously E-Mailed him the results of my "runner's log" on a weekly basis in excruciating and minute detail. And I do mean excruciating. There was a constant barrage of questions flying thru cyberspace off the keys of my computer. Fred handled it all with his typical good nature, advising me to learn the concept of less is more (that one is still a mystery to me). As the weeks went by under Fred's tutelage I did improve my running abilities substantially, and surprised myself on occasion with my new found speed.

One of my best Quest memories comes from the day I found myself on the heels of a struggling Tom Phalen on the last leg of one of the golf course runs. Back in those days Tom considered himself to be among the speedy few, so I suppose it was a bitter pill for the old guy to swallow when he anxiously checked over his shoulder only to watch in horror as I breezed by him, giving Fred a wink and a wave in the process. (Tom still gets heated up when he talks about that day.)

Fred had me in rounding out into very good shape for what was to be my fastest marathon when with six weeks to go I had a small slip in training. My older brother Chip was turning 50 years old and decided to celebrate with a little more force than usual. I arrived early for the Saturday night party and stayed late. I was "Feelin no Pain" as they say when my wife pushed me out the door.

Fred had scheduled a 2 fi hour slow run for that Sunday, but in my anxiety I decided early on in the week to go 3 fi hours, because with the marathon only six weeks away I wanted to make sure I was ready ... It was early September, and starting a 3 fi hour run in such a dehydrated state, at 6:30 AM (overslept) in the morning was not a brilliant plan. Back in those days I was lot tougher (dumber) than I am now, so somehow I completed my outing. I was severely dehydrated and sick when it was over and was lucky not to do serious damage. As it was I was not myself for at least a week after. Imagine my surprise when upon telling Fred of my adventure, instead of congratulating me on my mental toughness, he instead gave me a heated tongue lashing.

"if you want to be a runner, you have to live as a runner, And it's your responsibility to be prepared for each and every moment of training."

Yikes, He completely caught me off guard. Of course he was right, but this was Fred for heavens sake! Talk about a shock

For the remainder of my training I followed his advice to the T. The results were a very fast marathon with a relatively fast and painless finish. By far the best race I have ever run.

So that's that. I'm sure Fred has forgotten that day when he laid down the law to me, but I haven't. It's my favorite memory of him. He's sent a sharp comment my way a few times since then trying to get me back on track, but being the cagy old codger that I am now (proud new member of the AARP), I have managed to duck most of them.

So, thank you Fred for the lessons and thank you Fred for the Quest club, Here's to another decade of races and coffee clutches. Happy birthday!

How bout them Suns?

Dave Norton

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

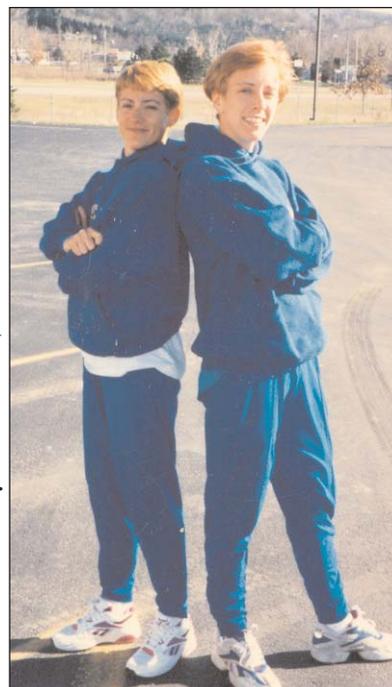
Fred -

Happy 70th birthday!

We met 20 years ago - back in the Ray Wicksell days when I would come to your home and massage a few Austria runners who were staying at your place and training in Phoenix. I never thought I was good enough to run for you. In the early nineties I tied first place with one of your Quest runners (Lori Hall) at a 5K and I have been a part of Quest ever since. I think now I'm a Quest member emeritus.

You are the best coach I have had. Not because of all the races I won, but because you made me want to be the best me I could be . . . in all areas of my life. Thank you for helping me believe in myself. You are the best!

Love,
Von Harkins



1994 Cross Country,
Von and Desiree



1994 Cross Country Nationals

April 1, 2004

“Fred”

First time I saw Fred was at ASU, he was coaching a runner and didn't meet Fred until later. I have known Fred, I am guessing 15 years. When I think back about that time, I organized my life/schedule around my running. Running with Fred's group, I found stability and friendships that I will cherish for a long time.

I will miss Fred and the running group since I am now living in Billings, Montana. I know that I will not find a group of runners that are as motivated as Fred's group.

I will miss going to dinner with Fred – when Jim was working he did travel a lot and many times I would call Fred to join me for dinner. That was special to me because, Fred and I could catch-up on my goals and other events.

Fred has visited Jim and I in Montana the last two summers and have enjoyed having he and Scout visit. Fred, you and Scout are always welcomed! I will miss you, Happy 70th.

Love,

Josie Chalmers



Fred & Josie - 2004

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Summer '79: Fred decides to take a hamburger!!!



After Quest footrace: First time Fred eats meat in decades! Shocking, really!!!

Quest trips are what I will remember the most of the times I spent with Fred. The most memorable trip that I was a part of would have to be the 1997 Jasper to Banff Relay. Eleven adventurous Quest members (Dave Daer, Melanie Rapp, Inga Harper, Stacie Schempkie, Tom Phalen, Mark Goss, Chuck Perry, Doug Griffin, Laura and Bob Steffen), and 2 drivers (my husband, Bob & of course, Fred), took on 17 relay legs of a scenic 177 mile course through the Canadian Rockies.

The trip got off to an interesting start the first night for those staying at the hotel Fred had arranged. The Pointe Hotel was quite the center of commerce for both 'goods' and 'services', according to those who stayed there. The following day when the team met up with Fred, we learned he had some excitement on his drive up from the West coast. Believe it or not, the wonder van died outside of LA, and Fred was forced to fit all his camping gear plus Puppy into a tiny car, which was supposed to be one of the 2 vans used during the relay. More complications were added as Doug's luggage didn't make the trip to Canada.

Things started to settle down once we arrived in Jasper, until we started to meet other teams and kept hearing the same question, "You mean you only have eleven people?" in truly horrified tones (especially as one of those dumb enough to agree to do 2 legs). We really began to wonder what we were in for when the race directors commented on the large number of recent bear sightings and gave us directions on what to do if one encounters a bear the course, which is; stand tall, yell and wave your arms. I'm still not sure if this was really what to do or just the Canadian sense of humor.

Despite some apprehensions, things went off smoothly race day. Doug's luggage even managed to find us out on the course before his leg. We took in the scenery, watched baby mountain

goats frolic, and cheered on our team. Then Stacy's leg began. Leg 6 was the toughest on the course, almost straight uphill for 6 or 8 miles. This steep grade would be enough of a challenge, but add to this blizzard conditions (and this was in June). As snow piled up on Stacy's shoulders, she continued to battle uphill and really earned our respect (of course the sun came out on the next leg, which was also downhill).

No further excitement happened until the 11th leg, where grizzly bear cubs decided to try to participate in the relay. Now, as everyone knows, where there are cubs, there are overprotective mothers, so the race directors decided to call off that leg (although since it wasn't my leg, I was very disappointed no one got a chance to try out the bear encounter technique). Then before the 12th leg, an angry beast was encountered, although not a bear. According to all sources, I yelled at Fred and demanded that I was running my leg as planned (in my defense, I was sick and it was very late, sorry Fred). Anyway, the team made it to the finish with no other incidents, or else sleep-deprivation affected my memory too much to remember (other than what happened in the VW van with Bob H, Bob S and Mark, and they're not talking). Our finishing time was 22 hours and 33 minutes, and despite/because of the challenges, it was an amazing and unforgettable trip!

Other Fred memories

*Fred forgetting to check in at the gate on the way to Carlsbad and getting taken off the flight. The real excitement was the near-death of an airline worker at the hands of Dawn Serbin for doing this to Fred.

*My eye-rolling at the 3 single guys (Fred, Dave Daer and Mike Grey) drooling over the Icelandic women pole vaulters at the World Championships in Edmonton.

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

*Breaking into hysterical laughter on the Mt Rainer to the Coast Relay with Fred and Bob Steffen at 3 o'clock in the morning. If only I could remember what was so funny.

*Fred freezing to death on the course at the National Cross Country meet in freezing rain and high winds. This was the coldest I have ever been at a race and I'm from Minnesota! Now that's dedication!

*Highlights my favorite Quest trip-hanging out on Pearl Street and dinner at the farm in Longmont during the Bolder Boulder trip.

*Lastly, Fred's amused looks, yet words of encouragement as I struggle to do form drills (usually while laughing, which doesn't help an already pathetic form) during Monday & Wednesday sessions.

Beth Ellickson



Jamie (with Samantha and Alex in stroller), Jeff, Dave, Coach Fred, Beth, Bob, Mark

April 1, 2004

Dear Fred,

Happy 70th Birthday! I started running with you in September of 1988, but I knew of you before that. I was just a little intimidated of running for someone who had coached so many great athletes. However, that feeling went out the window when I realized the type of person you really are. And the fact that you loved sports and would converse with me about them didn't hurt either. I am still amazed at your knowledge of sports - all the records and statistics and names of athletes that you remember.

I've enjoyed running with the Quest Club and all the trips we have taken to Carlsbad, San Diego, the Masters Championships in Oregon; and I'm looking forward to the Olympic Trials in July. Remember this last Runners Den 10K? We were driving the course and came back through the parking lots at the mall and suddenly we saw a motorcycle cop with his lights going. You looked at me and said: "Did I do something wrong?" And I said, "I don't know, Fred; did you do something wrong?" I was trying to keep Scout calm when the cop came to the window. The problem was that you had lost your hubcap - Whew!!

Even though I've enjoyed your expertise of running, I have enjoyed the camaraderie more. I'll always remember our discussion on our way back from a Cardinal game. Your mother had passed away and my sister had passed away around the same time. It was comforting to talk with someone who was feeling a loss as I was. Thank you for understanding what I was going through.

Our discussions at Hava Java after our Sunday runs have covered a full spectrum of topics: Books, movie reviews, TV programs -- especially American Idol - politics, and the best topic - Sports! First, there is our basketball team -- the Phoenix Suns. They have given us some excitement in this town when nothing else was happening. I know you and I will never get over the Jason Kidd trade! I get so upset when I see his great passing game and he's not passing to one of our players! Secondly, there is our professional (and I use this term loosely) football team -- the Cardinals. They break our hearts every year and we still believe. And I hope this year they make believers out of everyone. And then there is our baseball team - the Diamondbacks. I know we have both committed that last inning of Game 7 to memory. How much better can it get?! Even if we had lost at the very end, it still would have been the most memorable series ever because of September 11. But I'm glad we won! And of course, March Madness is always a good time. I'm waiting to see if the Basketball Wizard will be crowned this year!

I hope you enjoy this new decade in your life and that the current Questies will continue to hear for a very long time: "Free magazines for sale!" Thanks, Fred, for making running fun.

Happy Birthday, Mary Orr (a/k/a Scoutmaster)

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Christmas 1997: Josie, Fred, Mary



Scout

April 1, 2004

Here is my most vivid memory of Fred:

When I first began running with him I was going through a very difficult time in my life. I went to run my troubles away. I showed up at every workout when there were about 4 or 5 regulars, Gary, Beth, Staci etc... I don't remember the others as I didn't speak to anyone. I ran as hard as I could every workout, then left. When I was doing so, it was just substituting one pain for another. I preferred the running pain much more. Fred just seemed to watch me and let me run as if he knew or there were some sort of unspoken understanding as to why I was there running my heart out trying to keep up with Beth and Gary no matter what. It was as if my very existence depended on keeping up with them.

Then one workout he said, "We have to get you into a race soon..." "whys that?" I asked, He said, "We have to harness that energy, you are running fast right now..." That was about the extent of our interaction early on. So I looked for a race and found a biathlon, 10k run, 15k bike. I ran like it was practice, and surprisingly, I did quite well, winning my division. I never mentioned this race to Fred and it seemed to exorcise some of my own personal demons.

Then when I started to slow down and run normally, Fred began to approach me like a wise sage and offer me these tidbits of wisdom, maybe not so much about running all the time, but about life in general. I had heard this saying "When the student is ready the teacher will appear" Fred appeared.

Tim Smith

"Fred, Have a Happy Birthday, keep doing your good work and as Winston Churchill often said, 'Never, ever, ever, ever give up'."

Dwight Schaeffer



Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

Fred and I drove from Phoenix to San Francisco for a cross country meet. While at the Oakland airport to pick up other members of the Quest Club, I lost the keys to my van in the parking lot. We called AAA and he was able to make the key to turn the ignition, but since it was a key with a chip in it, it would not start the car. We would have to have a key made at the dealership. To make a long story short, we went to a dealership in San Francisco, we could start the car with a code done by tapping on the brake a certain number of times turning on the key, tapping on the break, etc. So on our return trip with Fred and I driving back home, every time we stopped we were afraid to turn the car off for fear we wouldn't be able to start it again. Of course we did have to stop. As time went on we got more confident in our great system of starting the car. We even got so both Fred and I had memorized the code and did not have to look it up each time we started the van. What a trip that was. However, I have since forgotten the code and I wonder if Fred still remembers it.

Bob Steffen



Laura with Santa Bob, 2002

One of my favorite memories of Fred was the 1996 Olympic trials in Atlanta. We would meet every afternoon in the hotel lobby downtown and take the subway to the stadium as a group. As we were waiting in the lobby or when we would be sitting in the stadium afterward, various well known runners (older ones, most not competing) would come up to Fred and greet him. Invariably they would say "Do you still have that dog?" Some would be asking about Puppy, but others would be asking about the first Scout. That was when I first learned about the first Scout, and it really brought home how important Fred's dogs have been to him.

Laura Steffen

April 1, 2004

Dear Dad,

I am the luckiest dog alive! Of all the dogs you could have chosen, you chose me (with a little help from my friends). I've enjoyed meeting all of the runners, but it took a little getting used to. I don't mind them riding in your van. I just want them to understand I ride shotgun!! I really like running with everyone on the Sunday runs. And what can I say about all the treats I get? Um-um-um! I love that you named me after a character in your favorite book, "To Kill A Mockingbird". Thanks for taking me on all your trips so that I could see the country. I'm your biggest fan and I will always be by your side like I have been for the last four years. Thanks for everything and Happy Birthday, Dad. I love you!

Scout

P.S. I'm sorry I locked you out of your truck at the church on your Thursday workout. Thank God for Mike! He knew just where to find the extra set of keys.



Fred and Scout

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



The Day Scout Locked the Truck - 2004



April 1, 2004

Happy Birthday Fred!

Thank you for helping me have the “college running career” I never had. You let me tag along with Phoenix College to meets where I ran some of my best races. They were fun times and I heard many memorable stories. Here’s to finding sleeping runners in hotel bathtubs and acquaintances leaving MG sports cars parked in the middle of city streets.

I met so many great people through Quest Club. Then my brother became a member, my wife, Jamie, got to know everyone, and my kids are growing up as part of the Club during their annual journey to Junior Carlsbad.

My way of saying thanks is to help put together this book. I hope you enjoy it.

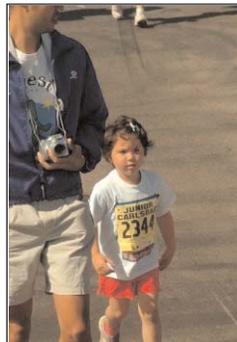
Jeff Daer



Jamie & Jeff - 2002



Alex Daer, 2004



Samantha Daer, 2004



Nick Daer, 2004

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Carlsbad Dinner 2003



Before and after the 2004 Rock 'n' Roll Arizona Marathon & Half Marathon



April 1, 2004

Coach Moore,

I always tell you that you are one of my very favorite people and I respect you greatly. You have never stopped believing in me throughout the years.

You are an amazing teacher! You listen, understand and help. Through your wisdom I have learned to be a better runner and person. Helping others and teaching comes naturally to you. You have taught me so much about myself. Anyone who has ever had the chance to speak with you or be coached by you walks away a better person. When you coach me, I always walk away feeling motivated and excited. You have a way of helping athletes realize their talents and strengths. God knows I have made my share of mistakes, but there you are turning mistakes into positive learning experiences.

I have learned much about myself through you. I am a better person with you in my life. I enjoy listening to everything you have to say regardless of the subject. Every time we meet to talk, the time is always too short. I am a big sap and I am sure I am embarrassing you, but you are very special. The reason why you are so busy all the time is because the secret is out about your wisdom and teaching. So many of us coached by you realize how special you are and we enjoy the moments we spend with you.

Particularly, over the years, you have helped me learn to laugh at myself more and enjoy running. As you know, it is a sport that I cannot give up. You have stopped me from giving it up many times and have given me the hope to continue. When I think of running and what I continue to enjoy about it, I would have to say it is the opportunity to be coached by you. I hope I can give you a very special gift this birthday and tell you that I have great respect for you and thank God that I am one of your athletes, students and friends. Thank you for all of your wisdom and friendship.

Happy Birthday Coach
Moore!

Melissa Mattice



Quest Club 5K - ASU Track - 1995

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Quest Club 1978



Flagstaff - August 2001

April 1, 2004

Dear Fred,

Happy Birthday! Hope you are well, and happy. Raj and I wanted to tell you how much we enjoyed your training and workouts, when, many moons ago, we actually were training with you. I still can't bear doing mile repeats on the track. (Not that I've done any lately.)

We moved to San Diego, early last year because of a job change, for Raj. He's a civilian working for the Navy, on Pt. Loma.

We always remember the positive support and sound training concepts, you incorporated, into

your workouts. We both got our PR's, when we trained with you. We also enjoyed going out to dinner, a couple of times with you, at Indian restaurants.

If you get over to San Diego, please give us a call, and we could have dinner, etc.

Take Care,

Grace Samuel
858-270-4515
gbssamuel@msn.com

Fred is awesome. Even after all those years of training younger women and then coming to more "mastered" women, you never lost your sense of humor. Still grinned and possibly chuckled as we all stood around and worried about our fat as we debated the "brief" issue. I also liked how Inge stood up for me when I was the only one Fred would yell at during track workouts, ha ha. You learned my running psyche-psycho and played with it.

Great coach.

Simran (Cathy) Khalsa



Breakfast at Steve's 1-20-04

Money in the bank...

After a particularly difficult workout Fred would often take his time before he approached me. He would assess my mood then think of something wise to say. He would give me time to mentally cool down. Once after a disappointing workout of repeat miles around the Biltmore I can remember Fred telling me this:

“Lisa, being a runner is somewhat like being a banker. There are days when you make small deposits and there are days when you make very large deposits. Today your workout was like making a small deposit in the bank. What is important to remember is that over time even small deposits add up to large withdrawals. Come race day (1988 Olympic Trials) you will have made enough deposits to take a large withdrawal”. In other words, Fred was telling me not to worry.

I have used this analogy often times myself to the runners I now coach. Fred's pearls of wisdom and his ability to turn things around mentally for me were and are his greatest asset as a coach.

Fred coached me for over 10 years and during that time he and I shared a lot of highs and lows. Many victories and almost's. For any successful athlete it is not about how they got there it is about who helped them to get there. Fred, thanks for all the help.

Happy 70th Birthday!

Love,

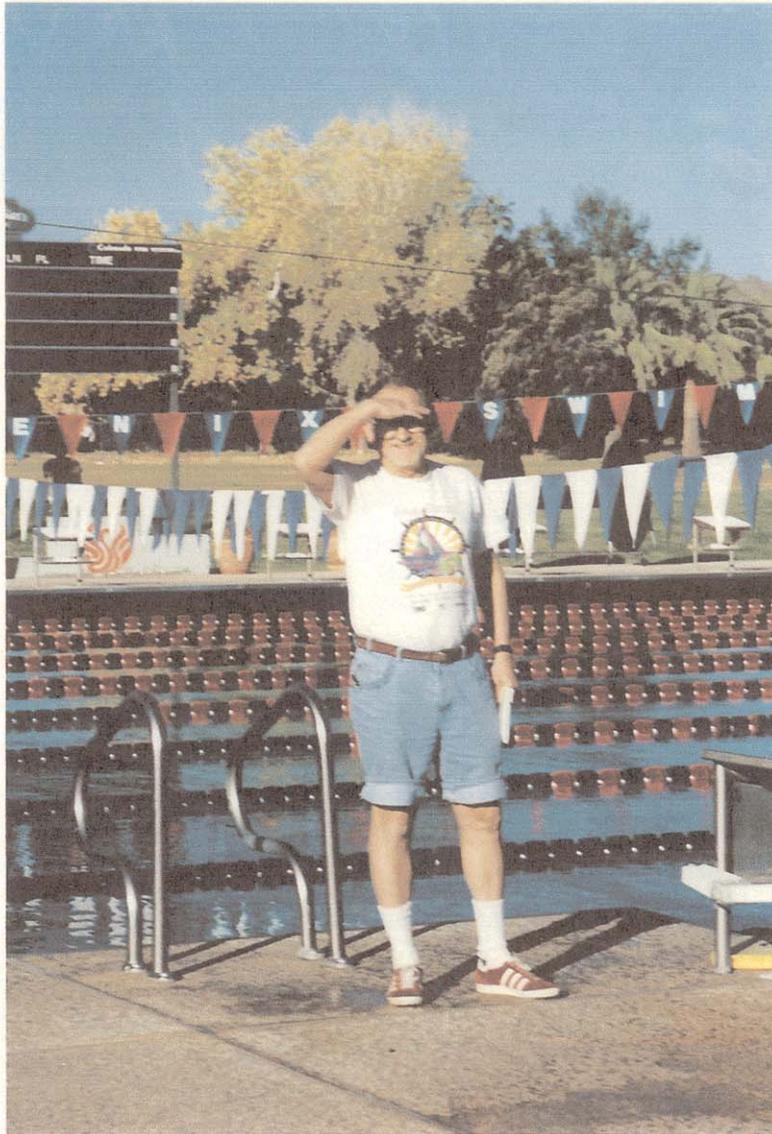


Lisa L. Rainsberger

Four time Olympic Team Alternate

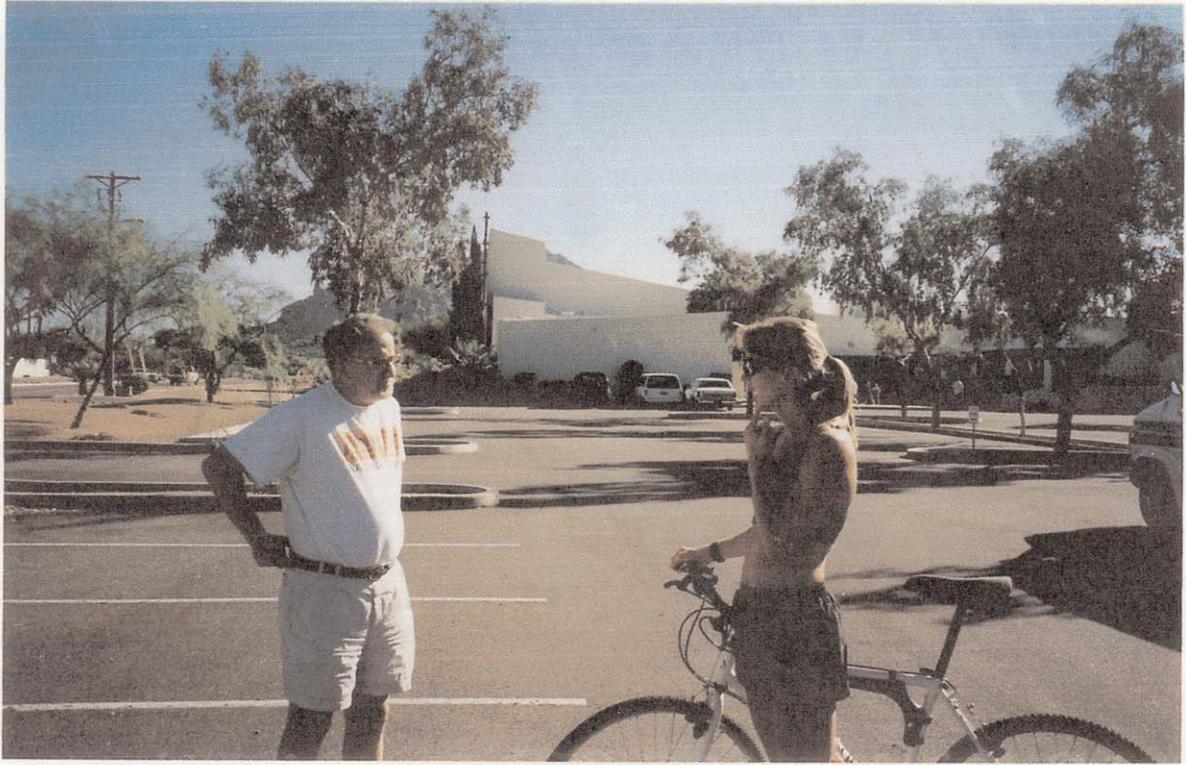
Boston, Chicago, Montreal, Hokkaido, and Twin Cities Marathon Champion

April 1, 2004



Coach Moore at Phoenix Swim Club

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



April 1, 2004

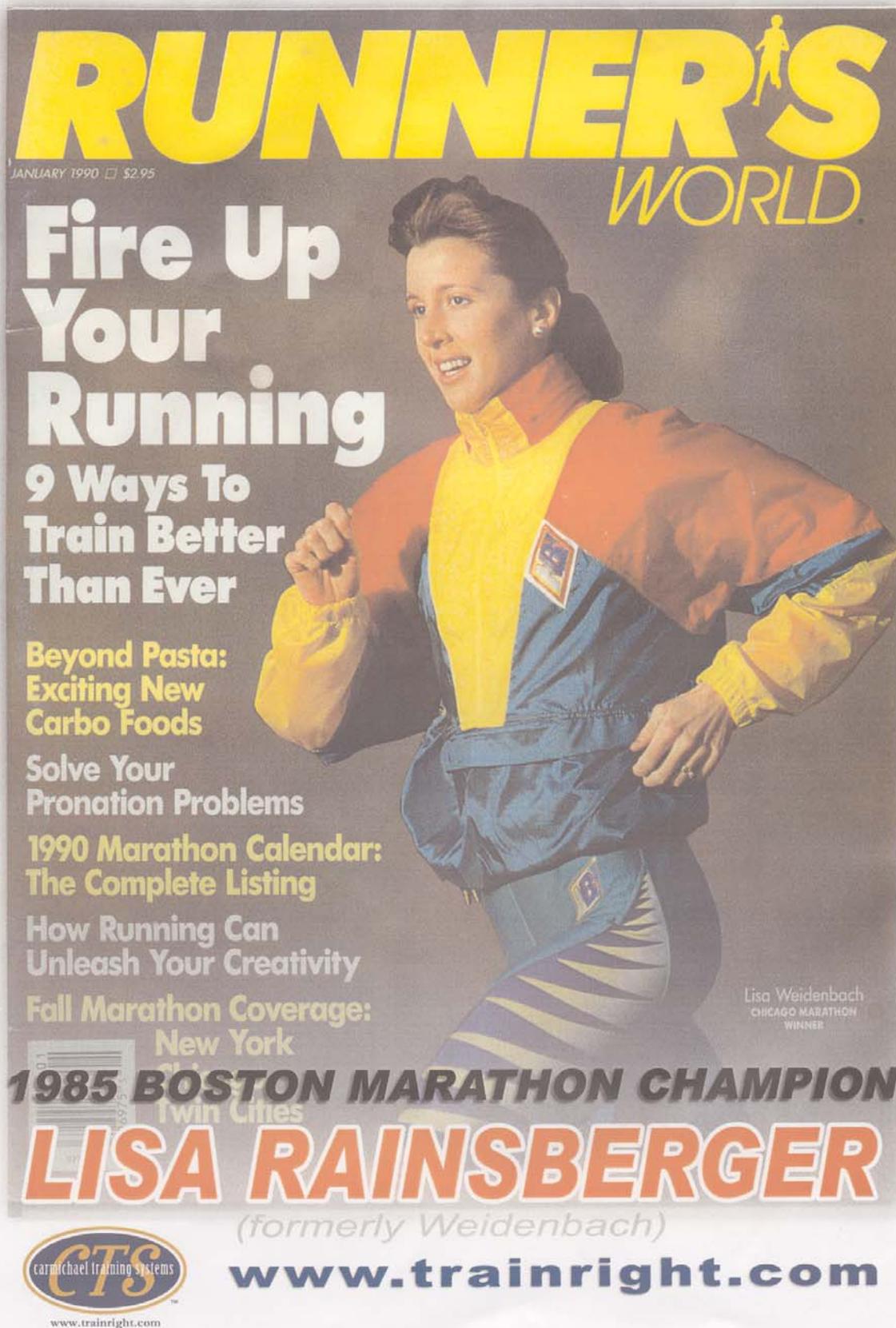


**Phoenix Swim Club
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Fred Moore's 70th Birthday





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Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Hawaii, December 1996



Hawaii, December 1996

April 1, 2004

Happy Birthday, Freddie!

2004

How time flies by...I can hardly believe that my Big Brother is turning 70 and harder to believe, is that your "little" sister is turning 60! (Remember how Paul and Anne could not believe that I am the younger one? :). It has been fun throughout the years to celebrate our birthdays together! Remember the pen Dad gave you one April Fool's Day Birthday...I think I remember when you wrote it squirted the ink in your face....or something like that. It was funny (at least for me) and out of character for Dad.

As I look back, one of my first memories was when our family was packed and ready to move to San Francisco from Fresno (I was 3 and you were 13). I remember you and I sitting on the porch and telling Mom and Dad that we were not going without Pinky which was their plan...after all, how would they find a place in The City that allowed dogs?!. Well...they decided that if he meant that much to us, they would find a way... and he could go. (I still to this day share your love of animals! :)

I remember Mom saying that when they brought me home from the hospital, you thought I looked like Winston Churchill...and that you named me because you liked a girl named Carol Ann. I also remember her telling me that as a baby she would put me in a playpen in the front yard and you and Pinky had to watch me. Bet that was fun for you....NOT!! I remember when we'd wake up in the middle of the night with Mom's attacks (Dad must have been working grave yard), but you always seemed to know what to do!

I remember fun times in San Francisco living on Clinton Park. I remember all the street games and homemade scooters we rode down the steep hill and had to make a quick turn at the bottom not to get hit by a car. I remember riding home on the Street Car down Market St and seeing Pinky still waiting for us in front of the movie theater....did he finally just come home or did you have to go get him? I remember you quizzing me to see if I remembered all the players on Oakland Oak's baseball team. I still remember Cookie Lavagetto (spelling?). I remember how scared I was when you had to have you appendix out....an ambulance came! Do you remember when I was in kindergarten and I would stand at the fence and call you in front of your Jr. High friends? Seemed like you acted like you didn't hear me calling :) I remember when you drew a picture (and started painting) the Victorian house where we lived. I thought you were the best artist. I remember the sports games (board-type) you made up and played by the hours. I remember how proud I was to go with Mom and Dad to your track meets. In my mind you were the star!

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday

Then off to Phoenix for Dad's job at the Santa Fe.....Mom was also able to transfer to the Phoenix Western Union (I was 7 and you, 17). You were soon off to Arizona State College. I have so many memories of times spent with you. How you helped teach me to ride a two-wheeler; bought me ice cream when the trunk would come by. How you would tickle me until I could hardly breath. Do you remember chasing me through the house when I got into your stuff...and then I would tatttle to Mom. I remember how we always compared who had the best tan....not good (we found out later in life). I remember how every time you would whistle along with the radio, I would join in and drive you crazy :) What a brat I was and I seemed to be proud of it! You took me with you a lot...with your college friends (what fun for a little grade school girl). I remember going to Creighton on weekends and watching you and Ronny Battin shooting hoops. Do you remember when you were dating Loretta Gotch and later Loretta LaValley? I would listen for your car and watch you take them home out the bathroom window. You finally started turning the car off and coasting home with the lights off.....ruined all my fun!!! I remember when you left for Korea....that night at Sky Harbor Airport. I made my self sick with worry. We sent you so many letters and care packages. It seemed like you were all we thought about until you were home safe. I remember when you came home from Monterey which was close to the base where you were discharged with the girl that would become your wife.....that was an EXPERIENCE for us all! I remember rides with you in your sports cars (you always had the coolest cars and lots of them :) I remember riding with you while you delivered telegrams for Western Union...we'd have long talks. I remember you going back to college to become a teacher...your degree in Architecture wasn't a fit for you. I have wonderful and sad memories over the years sharing in the lives of your children, Tracy, Dave, Andy and Amy.

It has been so special for me as we continued our times together in our home....in San Jose and now in Colorado. You are kind and gentle yet strong in your convictions. Your love of books has always amazed me...as well as, your knowledge of history and politics. I've watched you throughout the years in your many rolls as a son, brother, husband, father, brother-in-law, uncle, friend, teacher, coach and have seen and heard about how you have influenced and encouraged all that crossed paths with you.....but best of all is that you are the my BIG BROTHER!!

I love you!

Carol

April 1, 2004



Fred Moore ... 1935

Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



Fred & Carol ... 1945 ... Fresno, CA



Carol, Fred, Pinky ... 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, CA

April 1, 2004



Fred, Jr. ... Fred III



Fred Moore's 70th Birthday



April 1, 2004



From September 1955 until April 1957, 2nd Lieutenant Fred Moore served in the US Army as a motor officer and forward observer in the 13th Field Artillery Battery of the 24th Division just south of the DMZ, Republic of Korea

2nd Lieutenant Fred Moore

