

C A P I T A L C I T Y R O A D R U N N E R S

F R E D E R I C T O N, N.B.

F O O T N O T E S

THE EXECUTIVE

PRESIDENT	Bill LeDrew	459-8114
VICE PRESIDENT	Brenda Tree	454-6202
MEMBER AT LARGE	Paul Lavoie	459-5317
SECRETARY	Dick Mawhinney	454-1721
REGISTRAR TREASURER	Larry Robinson	472-0796
FOOTNOTES EDITORS	Brenda Tree David Tree	454-6202
FUNRUN COMMITTEE	John Cathcart Bruce Meyer	455-1742 455-0956
TELEPHONE COMMITTEE	Larry Robinson Flo LeDrew Joy Elliott Steve Scott Don Hicks Tim Maillet	472-0796 459-8114 472-1482 454-1714 472-8664 472-0191

FROM THE EDITORS

We want to wish all of you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a very good 1986.

Remember us in the new year for articles both by you or from magazines you might pick up.

Note further on about the Xmas party at Dick and Edna's.

Also watch out and listen for information about the New Maryland road race in Jan. The director is our own Paul Lavoie.

Brenda Tree

~

David Tree

FROM THE PRESIDENT

It's with some satisfaction and pride that our club views the annual Fall Classic Road race as one of the better Super Series road races. Certainly this year's race was one of the best attended and competitors' comments were very favourable. However, it is now clear that our race will not be one of the '86 Super Series races.

This situation has nothing to do with the race itself. The problem is sponsorship. Labatts are the Super Series sponsor and put a fair amount of money into it. As you know our major sponsor has been Moosehead Breweries. It was just a matter of time before this conflict in sponsors would come to a head. At the Labatts series meeting in November a motion was passed that prohibits Super Series Races from being sponsored by a competing brewery. This rule applies only to the Super Series races. Other races in the series are unaffected for now.

The Club executive met and we agreed that we would not drop Moosehead as our sponsor. They have been very good to us and provided a major part of our funding. Therefore, we are advising the Race Committee that the Fall Classic will voluntarily withdraw from the Super Series. We will continue to be a part of the regular series however.

Quite frankly I believe the Super Series will suffer from our absence, but I can understand Labatts point of view. We will continue to put on a high quality event for both the competitive and recreational runner. I am confident that both the quality and number of participants will remain high.

As the year winds down it's time for each of us to review our accomplishments and our shortfalls. How many miles did we put in? How were our times at the various distances? How much fun and comradship did we enjoy through the year? I hope you all have had a satisfying year in your personal and business life as well as in your running.

I hope to see you all at the Christmas Party.

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE, AND ALL THE BEST FOR THE NEW YEAR

Bill L. Green

SHORTS AND SINGLETS

The first thing on the agenda is the Christmas PARTY. Yes, there is one on Dec. 14th at Dick and Edna's 206 Argyle St. Time 7:30. There will be food there but BYOB. If the telephone committee has not gotten ahold of you could you please call Dick or Edna with your intentions (to help prepare the amount of food)? the number is 454-1721. Every year the Xmas party proves to be a really fantastic time. See you there.

With winter here remember to wear your hat. The biggest percentage of heat loss from your body can be from your head. Another winter tip is to forget your watch for timing. Time is not important during these months; lots of things are slowing you down eg. footing extra clothes, wind, etc.

Don't forget our funruns to help keep those extra winter pounds under control. We meet on Sat. at 2:30 at the UNB gym.

Some of the men also do a longer run sometime on Suns. Usually James, Larry, or Steve know the where and why for this run.

Remember the old saying "He who trains too hard in winter may feel Burnout by summer".

I have decided that we must have the longest season of almost any sport. A friend said to me "Your running must be over for awhile" and I said our last race was Nov. 22 and our first is around the middle of Jan. Not much time off if you look at it that way.

Being as Jason is my son I cannot nominate him for member of the month but I thought I'd tell of his achievement this past month. Jason ran in the 4 km. race in Saint John in Nov. He was in the same race last year; mind you he did walk it last year. Anyway his time this year is 43 minutes faster than last year. Don't we all wish we could better our times by that much time?

Boy did Edna ever pass her course! She was taking an income tax course and she made 97.8% Congratulations Edna!

Newsflash - Just in - Over 25 people have so far indicated they will be at the Christmas Party. Get there early if you are going to get to try Dick's punch. See you there!

AND THEY'RE OFF

Only 2 results this month.

Saint John Nov. 22

4 km.

There were 27 entrants in this event.

11 Brenda T. 18:55 3rd F

15 Sue B. 20:49

22 Jason T. 32:12

15 Km. There were 73 in this part.

1. Scott H. 50:04

3 David T. 53:47

5 Bill L. 54:30

8 George 55:36

12 Larry 56:20

14 James 57:49 1st M

15 Paul L. 57:55

23 Terry G. 60:34 1st V

24 John C. 60:49

30 Eunice 63:30 1st MF

31 Tony 63:31

68 Joy 79:04

69 Dick 79:04

GASPING GOBLER THANKSGIVING DAY ROAD RACE
in Augusta Maine Nov. 28th.

10 km.

Terry g. 40:05

2 miles

Phyllis G. 21:31

A snowy run over a challenging course. 167 runners in the 10 km. event and 77 in the 2 miler. Everyone's times were relatively slow due to the adverse weather conditions. Organization was excellant with very good changing and reception facilities. Lots of merchandize prizes. Both Phyllis and I won a 12 lb. turkey (each of us). A good race to finish up the year.

A SPECIAL SHAPE UP VERSION OF:

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Twas the night before Christmas
when all through the house
We were all into fitness-
including the mouse!

Some sweatsocks were hung
by the chinning bar there
In hopes that they'd mellow
from getting some air.

The children were dressed up
in exercise clothes,
While bending and stretching
and touching their toes.

And my wife in her sweatsuit
and I in my shorts
Had just started doing
some push ups- of sorts.

When from out on the lawn
I could hear such a howl
That I jumped to my feet,
quickly grabbing a towel.

Away to the window
I ran like a sprinter,
Tore open the shutter
and got stuck with a splinter.

Then what did I see in that white winter scene
But eight tiny reindeer in a warm up routine,
And a red suited leader so well built and trim
It took me a moment to recognize him.

As quick as a wink the deer jumped to their feet
While he whistled and shouted and called out a beat.

"Do leg lifts! Do knee bends!
Now stretch left and right!
For we have half the world left to cover tonight.

Then up to the roof flew St. Nick with the sleigh
Hitched to eight robust reindeer that jogged all the way.

While they ran in place, I could hear on the roof
The clumping and thumping of each sneaked hoof.

As I pulled in my head after seeing all that,
Down the staircase St. Nick dashed in two seconds flat.

He was wearing his warm ups.
 His healthy physique
 Made me suddenly feel
 I was puny and weak.

His arms how they rippled!
 His muscles how taught!
 It was easy to tell
 That he worked out a lot.

He was solid and strong (which is odd for an elf)
 And he clearly knew how to take care of himself.

A flex of his arm and the bulge of his shoulder
 Soon gave me to know he could bench press a boulder.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
 As he lifted his sack with a weight lifter's jerk.

After filling the socks, he put his hands to the floor,
 Then taking off fast, up the staircase he tore!

He sprang to his sleigh like a red lightning flash,
 And the reindeer took off on their million mile dash.
 But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight-
 MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
 HOPE YOURS SHAPES UP JUST RIGHT.

Doing it right: how to layer up for winter fitness

Weather can be a jogger's delight or dilemma. Layering-up is one way to beat the cold, keep the fitness routine going and enjoy the great outdoors.

Thin natural-fibre garments (cotton, silk and wool) are essential for winter's layering-up weather control technique. Start with polypropylene underwear next to your skin. It keeps perspiration away from the body, leaving you warm and snug. Half the battle in staying warm is staying dry.

Also wear a judicious number of long-sleeved layers (remember, you still heat up whether running indoors or outdoors), and top them off with well-ventilated nylon outerwear, possibly Gore-Tex if you are a serious outdoor exerciser.

Legs usually need only good exercise

tights and nylon cover-ups. For feet, wear an average-weight pair of socks (tight shoes equal cold feet). If your hands are prone to become cold, wear mitts.

A significant amount of body heat is lost through your head, so a toque is essential. Keep heat in by pulling hat down, cool off by pushing it up.

A note of caution: Exercising in winter is physiologically no different from exercising in summer. However, if you are working out for more than 40 minutes, you will need to replace fluids. Whenever possible, remember to drink.

PROFILE: JOE LEHMANN

Height: 6'2"-188cm

Weight: 143 lbs.-65kg.

Birthdate: Dec. 20, 1954

Birthplace: Dublin, Ireland

Personal Best Times:

20km. R.R. 66:63
5000m Track 14:48
1 mile R.R. 4:19
1500m Track 3:59

10km.R.R. 31:37
3000m Track 8:34
1 mile Track 4:24

Joe started running at the end of grade 11 and continued during the fall cross country and spring track season in grades 12 and 13 at high school in Owen Sound, Ontario. Following a year at U. of T. and a year travelling, he moved to Fredericton in 1976 and started to run consistently ie. daily throughout the year, with the UNB Cross Country team. During his 5 years at UNB he competed in the CIAU Cross Country Championships 4 times and was Team Captain 3 yrs. Since graduating with his M. Ed. he has continued to work with the UNB team first as Assistant Coach and more recently as Head Coach and has been named AUAA Womens Coach of the Year twice. He has also worked as Technical Director of the NBTFA for the past 7 years (a volunteer position) as well as being Sec.-Treasurer and part-time coach with the Fredericton Track Club.

Since starting to run on a regular basis he has had injuries to the foot and hip and a torn achilles tendon and a serious knee problem that caused an 8 month abstinence from running.

He averages 2700 miles per year and considers himself a Road Racer and a Track competitor although he especially enjoys Cross Country running. His goal is to compete as a member of the National Cross Country Team. Since 1982 he has been sponsored by New Balance, Canada, Ltd.

His training consists of 60-70 miles per week average and he does speed work (intervals) 2-3 times each week for about 8 weeks at a time in each of the 3 competitive seasons. He doesn't do weight training for strength work but favours hill running and circuit training when time permits. Although he readily admits stretching is very important he spends virtually no time stretching and is naturally not very flexible.

During the summer of 1985 Joe competed in 13 road races as well as the National Indoor and Outdoor Track Championships and the National Cross Country Championships. On the roads he placed 3rd in one race, second in two and first in 10 road races and is the overall winner of the Labatt's Super Series.

Monk the Frog

The Story of a Very Unusual Runner

by C. J. Monaco

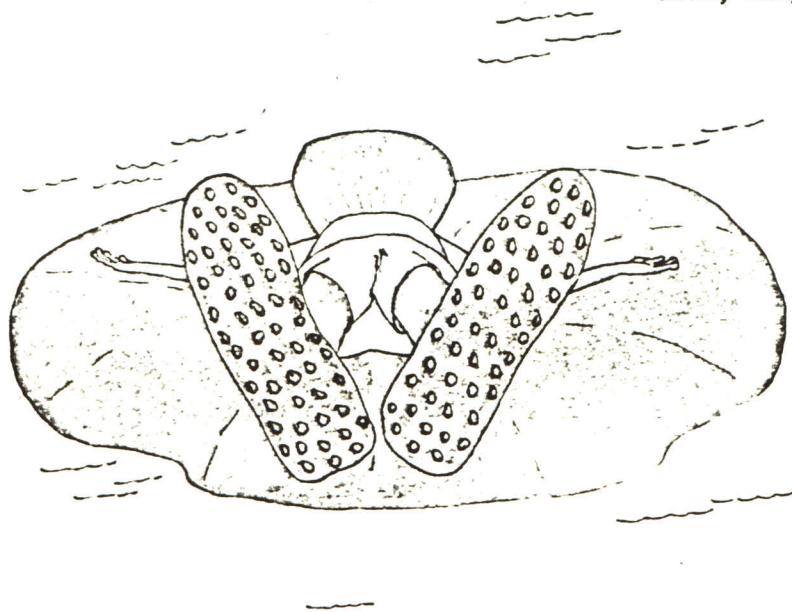
In the forest there was a pond. The animals who lived in, on or near the pond were known as the Pond Animals. This was to distinguish them from the Meadow Animals or the animals in the forest across the meadow. The Pond Animals lived peaceful lives, much as their fathers and grandfathers before them. Except for Monk. Monk was a frog who looked much like the other frogs except for his T-shirt, shorts and running shoes. Monk had no real friends. He was, well—tolerated—by the other frogs. He didn't hurt anyone. He wasn't violent. He kept to himself. But, he was strange. Monk began each day with a run through the forest. He went at a leisurely pace for about 45 minutes. He would then take a dip in the pond, eat a few flies or water bugs, and then take a nap on his lily pad. Each day was



much the same as the day before so the animals got used to Monk's strange ways.

Some of the overfed frogs would make abusive remarks loud enough for Monk to hear. Sometimes Monk would accidentally run past a hidden nest of rats and disturb their sleep (but then, they were a cranky sort anyway). They

would give chase, snapping viciously at Monk's heels and giving him quite a fright. He soon learned which paths to avoid and so stayed away from the rats and their bad tempers. On one occasion, old Eva Mouse was walking along the path. She was hard of hearing and so didn't realize Monk was running behind her. He gave her quite a start. Although he apologized for scaring her, Eva Mouse complained loudly to anyone who would listen. No animal had ever run the path of the forest—just to run. Sh



wanted Monk stopped. Although most of the animals agreed that Monk's running was disconcerting, they lacked the ambition and personal drive to do anything about it. Oftentimes the animals would ask Monk why he ran. In the beginning he had tried to explain, but although they nodded their heads he could tell by the vacant look in their eyes that they didn't really understand. So, eventually he gave up and if someone asked him why he ran he would answer, "Because I like it." (Which was true as far as it went.)

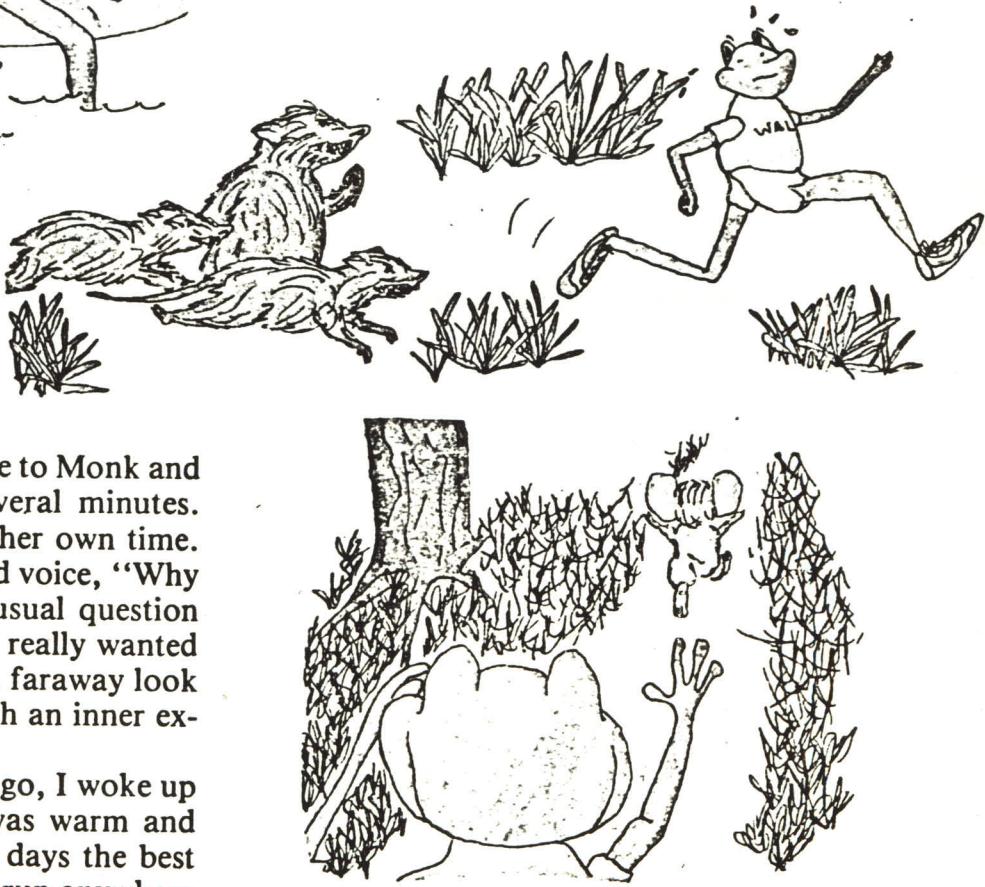


But one day Monk was reclining under a tree when he was approached by Frieda. Frieda had been watching Monk for several weeks. She knew there was more to this running and she wanted to know what it was. Frieda crept close to Monk and sat down, saying nothing for several minutes. Monk waited for her to speak in her own time. Finally she spoke in a quiet, hushed voice, "Why do you run?" This was not the usual question asked out of idle curiosity. Frieda really wanted to know. As Monk spoke he got a faraway look in his eyes and his face glowed with an inner excitement.

"One day, about eight months ago, I woke up and I knew it was The Day. It was warm and there was a soft rain. I like rainy days the best because my skin stays wet so I can run anywhere I want. On sunny days I have to keep close to the pond so I can jump in when I start to dry out. Anyway, not only was the weather perfect, but I was perfect. I felt better than wonderful. It was like I was in some special place in time and although I was near the pond and could see and

hear the other frogs, I wasn't part of them. I began to run and felt terrific. My hip didn't bother me and I didn't get my usual first-mile stitches. I ran for two hours that day—my longest ever! The only reason I stopped was because my legs got tired, but my mind didn't. I was able to think of fantastic things the whole time—of things other than my body. When I finished I threw my arms up in the air and shouted, 'It happened at last—the most sensational natural high.' Well, the animals who heard me thought I was crazy but I knew I wasn't. I was unbelievably happy. I said a prayer to God, thanking Him for the day, my health, my legs, my eyes, everything. I was in love with the whole world."

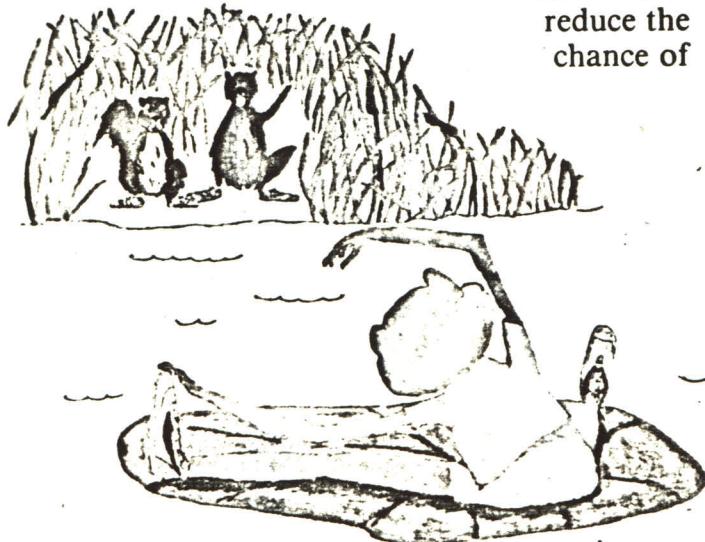
For several minutes there was quiet. Frieda sat with her mouth slightly open and her eyes as large as saucers. What Monk said must be true—it could happen. Monk looked over at Frieda and smiled his slow, lazy smile. It had been quite a speech for the usually silent frog.



"So, if you want to know why I run it is because of that Day and because I know it will happen again." Monk looked at Frieda's feet. "Invest in a good pair of shoes," he said, and then closed his eyes in preparation for his nap. There was nothing left to say. The decision rested with



Frieda. The next day Monk was on his lily pad doing his stretching exercises when he heard a rustling in the rushes. He looked up and saw Frieda standing on the bank with her friend Renner. Both were wearing new shoes. Monk was delighted. He leapt over to the grass where they stood. "It is important to begin with stretching exercises to reduce the chance of



injury." He then proceeded to show them the exercises he preferred. Then he led them to the path that went to the meadow. "Remember this rule—Don't run too fast; try to last." Then they were off. After a while Monk noticed that Frieda was breathing too hard. "Stop and walk for a while until you catch your breath, then start running again. In a few days you will get your wind and you won't have to walk." And he and Renner went on ahead. At the meadow Renner had to stop and walk. Monk passed Frieda on his way back to the pond; she was running again. They smiled as they passed each other.

This went on for several weeks. The other animals in the forest could talk of nothing else. What was happening to their forest? No animals had ever run just to run before. Was this lunacy catching? The fat animals, the lazy animals, the animals who never thought for themselves, never created but only criticized, were afraid. All this physical activity threatened their positions in the forest. Several other animals joined Monk's daily runs. Some were competitive (especially the



hares), but most just enjoyed the leisurely runs. One day Harold Hare, who was an especially fast runner, decided it would be fun to have a race. Many of the other animal runners were very excited about the idea. They asked Monk to organize it as he was the one who started it all. Monk was flattered that they chose him and spent several weeks laying the course, recruiting timers and animals to man the water stops and arranging prizes. Word of the race spread all over the forest. On the day of the race a group of animals from across the meadow arrived. No animal from the pond had ever crossed the meadow and they were completely surprised to learn that other animals had been running, too. Monk shook their hands and welcomed them. Many of the forest animals turned out to watch the race. They lined the entire course and were all excited about this new event. A hush fell over the crowd as Monk raised his hand and shouted, "On your mark, get set . . . GO." The runners were off, encouraged by the cheers from the spectators. The aid stations were manned by the gray squirrels, who handed cups of water to the runners. At the half-way mark the field had slimmed down a little. A few animals had entered without really being prepared and had to quit.

because of injuries or exhaustion, but by and large the race was going strong. Harold Hare won the race to the congratulatory shouts of the spectators (now turned fans). Everyone remained until the last runner finished, cheering him as though he were the winner. It took days for the forest to settle down. Many animals had caught the "running fever" while watching the race. At almost any time of the day an animal or two could be seen running on any one of the many paths through the forest.

There was always an animal or two who wanted to run with Monk. Some days he didn't mind, but other days he would sneak out early for that glorious run alone with nature and his own thoughts. Monk was a solitary frog. He still preferred to be alone most of the time. But now he could enjoy talking with the other animal runners. He never had much in common with them before. Now they would gather near his lily pad and discuss the latest diet or shoe design, or plan still another race. Monk enjoyed this companionship. He felt good knowing other animals would be happier and healthier because of their decision to run. He liked to hear the forest's silence broken every once and a while by the soft thudding of little feet. Yes, it was a very contented frog who lay back on his lily pad for his morning nap—dreaming, no doubt, of the next Perfect Day. □



MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

1986

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TELEPHONE: _____

AGE: _____

RUNNING YEARS: _____

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP: SINGLE \$10 _____ FAMILY \$15 _____

RETURN WITH REMITTANCE TO: LARRY C. ROBINSON
COMP. 6, SITE 3, CHATEAU HGTS.
RR 7, FREDERICTON, N.B.
E3B 4X8.

E3A 3M7

H.B.

Fifer,

115 Empress Circle

The kebabs



12 X

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