

FOOTNOTES

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE
CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS

FREDERICTON , N.B.



“ THE FUN RUNNING CLUB ”

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FROM THE EDITORS

You may notice a change in the executive. As you may remember last month, I mentioned that our president, Bill LeDrew was moving, hence the need to change the executive. The only new face there is Mike McKendy. Mike agreed to fit in the executive for the remainder of the year.

Again on to Bill and Flo's move. I reported that they were to move to Toronto, but that was changed to Winnipeg. Bill has already moved "out west" and Flo will soon follow. They both will be sorely missed.

PLEASE remember our race on Sept. 20th. Mention it to your friends. Try to get out and run yourselves and we still need some volunteers so call one of the committee members if you can help (Brenda, Dick, Reg, Bruce, Larry, Joy, or Steve).

Looking back at our records we see that this issue makes it a full 3 years that David and I have been doing the FOOTNOTES so at this time we have resigned as the editors. We wish our successor all the best, and also wish the rest of you to keep up sending in articles and race results. Thank you to all who have helped us along the years.

Brenda & David Tree

This day it started like all the rest
The alarm was blaring, with great zest
I got right up, sweet sleep I'd miss
But first I'll give my wife a kiss.

On toes I tipped, right by her side
The phone cord tripped me, ~~wrecked~~ my stride
On the TV converter, I managed to land
The volume was full, nice "heavy rock" band.

A sigh out of Brenda, stubbed my toe on the door
Then stepped on some Lego that lay on the floor
On that truck, two steps down, I went for a ride
Straight into the wall, thought I'd end up outside.

Dragged myself off the floor, I sure had to "poo."
Yet another surprise, found the seat was up too
But a little too late, I fell half way in
I only got wet, from my feet to my chin.

For my run to get ready, I sure have to rush
What's wrong with the toilet, it won't even flush?
My sneakers they sit, in their usual place
But my track suit is missing, not even a trace.

It didn't take long, all my stuff I did find
The coat zipper broken, why should I mind?
I really must hurry, meet Joe, I am late
Rushed out the door, kicked a skunk what a fate!

He took careful aim, and let go his spray
Thank heavens the wind, wasn't blowing my way!
Turned round to run, was grinning a bit
It was then that I stepped, through that pile of dog ----

It's fun cleaning ---- from the treads of your sole
If you agree with that statement, your life has no goal.
Watch the sun as it's rising, the horizon's all red
Why aren't I sleeping in my nice cozy bed?

Over to Smythe Street, I make it at last
In front of a transport, from his airhorn a blast
Ah Joe, how are you?" "Our run we'll begin"
"I just finished running, you were late", Joe did grin.

Dejected I turn, "Must get ready for work"
"Get the Hell of the road" yells some unknown jerk
By Laughlin's that dog, is not on a rope
That growl that I'm hearing, is indigestion....I hope.

Continued

He lunges right at me, I dodge to the right
My knees are both shaking, together in fright
I jump for the fence, I must get away
Just two seconds later, my pants are afraiy.

I continue on over, the fence, just to land
In that ankle deep water..... Just as I planned?
I hobble up Palmer, my head spinning around
This is it world..... The Runners High I have found.



"Good God I feel great!"

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August, 1986

From the Vice-President
Steve Scott

The President of The Capital City Roadrunners, Bill LeDrew, is leaving us. He and Flo are moving to Winnipeg, where Bill will take on additional employment responsibilities. Congratulations on your promotion, Bill.

Seriously, there will be a void in the executive of the C.C.R. for some time to come. Bill LeDrew, as many people have realized over the last several years, puts equal amounts of energy into not only the competitive aspects of running but into the organizational and executive aspects as well. The zest that he exhibits has a way of enthusing those around him, no matter how difficult the task. Check it out at the speed workouts and the races fellas; also our Fall Classic and other events that the Club has been involved with.

Some of you may have noticed it in more loftier places like Mount Khatadin and Huntington Ravine. All will have noticed this zest at many C.C.R. social functions.

The Capital City Roadrunners will sorely miss the more than capable leadership exhibited by Bill LeDrew. Winnipeg should be so lucky.

Thanks for the great times Bill and Flo.

THE HUNTINGTON RAVINE TREK

Friday, August 1st dawned overcast and foggy...a good day to travel. Tim Hortons on Prospect Street was the rendezvous point. Not to be depressed by the weather, Dick and Joy, being the first to arrive, met the remaining hardy six with fins, snorkel and rude signs. Had the die been cast? Was this the beginning of four fun-filled days on a remote mountain top called Washington?

Planning began in February. Joy, being an old(er) veteran hiker, thought it would be fun to hike Mount Washington (el. 6288 ft...highest point in the Northeastern United States) and stay at the Appalachian Mountain Club huts for two days. Having hiked the AMC before, Dick, Ed, Bill and Flo were obvious choices to act as serpents. Dave Prebble, the "old man of the mountain" (Mt. Kathadin that is...ask to see photo for explanation) rushed to sign up. Enthusiasm was high, especially when Ann MacDougall joined the team. Deposits were forwarded and planning started.

Suddenly, out of a Wednesday night Chestnut meeting, Steve and Carol Scott emerged as surprise recruits. Nine runners, turned hikers...looked great! Next, is Steve Oley interested? Ok...ok...ok...we'll rent a bus! Mountain climbing fever had hit the Capital City Roadrunners!

Weeks passed, and a fun-filled trip to Kathadin ended. You see, Mount Washington, for all its acclaim, was felt to be a wimpy climb compared to Kathadin. The most difficult trail on Washington would never compare to the easiest on Kathadin. Granted the view from Mount Washington is spectacular, however, being able to buy a burger and a coffee at the top "obscures" the wilderness aspect. You won't find a hot dog stand within miles of Kathadin. Speaking of wilderness, did you know there is a very exclusive resort-type hotel located in Millinocket called "The Wilderness Hilton"? Any mountaineer could probably tell you of its location and accommodations.

To make a long story short, it was felt the reputation of the Huntington Ravine as being the most difficult on Mount Washington was a lark. After all, we had hiked the Knife Edge both ways as well as The Cathedral, Hunt and Dudley Trails on Kathadin and nothing could compare to that?? So obviously the veterans - Dick, Ed, Joy, Dave, Bill and Flo - viewed the Huntington as a short afternoon stroll! After all, it was only rated as 45 minutes of hard climbing and we were experienced.

As departure time drew near an organizational meeting was planned for Dave Prebble's...Saturday night...one week before blast-off! By this time it was learned that Ann had a very important family reunion to attend and had to withdraw. The pack was reduced to eight. Not to fear...everything was under control.

The meeting commenced with coolers, "vino", cheese bread, lasagna, and Bill LeDrew's infamous Caesar's salad. Several hours later the real meeting began. Daisy and Edna, realizing the intensity and seriousness of the event, gladly retired themselves to the outer access. This is not to be confused with the outer limits to which the planners had arrived!

"Planning the trek will be easy, we've done it all before." (Anonymous) How many cars will we take? Who goes in what car? You pick up Ed and stop at Scotts. No...no...I'll get Bill and Flo. Hold it...hold it...hold it. I'll pick up your pack and you run to Mactaquac and we'll meet you there. Which Tim Hortons was that...the north side? What time are we meeting? Surely eight mature adults, all talking at once, could resolve these simple problems. One half hour later we were still debating the hour of departure. Ok...ok...Tim Horton's, 8:00 a.m....up the hill. Obviously controlled planning can overcome any obstacles!

Several hours later, times, routes, destinations, and other related objectives had been established. The highlight of the session was listening to our meeting as Dave had taped it. It was hilarious...eight people talking and no one listening. "Repeat...Exit 12...Auburn" was perhaps the most explicit direction. At last, the plans were finished and tears wiped from our eyes. After all, we are the "fun running club".

After scurrying to get packs, first aid equipment, boots and other paraphernalia we were ready to depart. We'll leave early so we can lounge around the pool at the motel in Gorham, NH. As it turned out, this was perhaps our best idea. However, a 5 and 1/2 hour drive turned into an 8 and 1/2 hour drive with several unscheduled stops.

Beverly Hills Cop and the "sound track" of our meeting tape were the highlights on the trip down. (That tells you how exciting the trip became!) Really, it was extremely enjoyable, because Joy slept 50% of the time. We discussed past trips, present trips, fast trips, no trips...get the picture? We were bored and soon the "was ya?" phrase became hilarious.

What a nice feeling to finally arrive at the Tourist Trap Motel...er...I guess that's the Tourist Village Motel. Actually it is a very nice motel and we highly recommend it. It has many highlights. The appearance of a bulldog with that "Flo LeDrew look" was perhaps the best.

Once in Gorham we stocked up on essentials, Coors, chocolate bars, chips and other distasteful items mountaineers claim to be delicious. Quickly to Pinkham Notch we drove. This is about 20 minutes from Gorham and the headquarters of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Checked reservations at the huts, bought some maps, and generally pretended we knew what we were doing. We examined some maps with squiggly lines called contour maps and hoped no one noticed as we squinted and stared! (The maps were upside down!) We oozed with confidence! We discussed the trails on Mount Kathadin with the staff who had no idea what we were talking about. For some reason we were under the erroneous impression that the staff would know every inch of the trails in The Presidential Range, but they only laughed when we mentioned the Huntington Ravine...very difficult, dangerous, and recommended for experienced climbers on nice days...only a 45 minute climb over difficult areas they say. Ed, Joy, Bill, Flo and Dick chuckled behind their hands as they headed back to the luxury of the motel. By this time we had convinced Dave, Steve and Carol how simple the climb would be. After some last minute planning and refreshments, we had reduced the 45 minutes to about 15 minutes. No need to worry, not tonight anyway.

After some relaxing entertainment, we departed to Welsh's Restaurant for an excellent supper. For less than \$6.00 we had soup, salad bar, a fine meal, dessert, beverage and coffee. This area certainly knows how to cater to tourists. In case you are wondering, we are still welcome in the state of New Hampshire.

The remainder of the evening was spent ferrying cars to the other side of the Presidential Range. We would start hiking at Pinkham Notch and two days later descend (hopefully!) the Webster Cliff Trail on route 302. The night was overcast, pouring rain, with low cloud coverage. It was impossible to see even a portion of the mountain tops. We were hoping Steve, Carol and Dave would have the opportunity to view the mountains because the area is truly magnificent.

Tim and Susan were staying at our motel and hiking another trail on Saturday. We had a nice talk and sampled some of Steve's beer, Brand X I believe. Tim agreed to drive some of us to Pinkham the next morning as we only had one car. The original

plan was to hitchhike half the group to Pinkham using Joy's signs. Luckily we didn't...we may have ended up in Cuba...you had to be there...!

It rained hard all night. Would this be a repeat of the aborted trip to Kathadin last fall? However, this time we had alternate plans...party...party...party for three days. You know, if the weather were too bad we could take the auto road bus to the summit and hike to the first hut - Lake of the Clouds - only true hikers could dream this one up.

Saturday morning was super...sunshine and warm enough for shorts. We packed our gear and headed for Pinkham...today we're real hikers. Once at Pinkham we realized how heavy some of our packs had become. Joy's weighed 24 pounds, which was quickly traded for Dick's pack. Bill had enough room to pack Flo but we didn't know what to do with her pack so off we went. One quick stop to purchase 5 bandannas - a symbol of real hikers and they actually have a practical purpose too - good for broken bones.

Up the Tuckerman Ravine Trail (gear rattling and friendly chatter). All hikes begin the same, I'm tired, are we there yet, my pack's too heavy and other unmentionables. Turning off the Tuckerman, we stopped at the intersection with the Huntington - the awe-inspiring Huntington - snicker, joke.

Our first experience (?) was with wet t-shirts. This means one of several things: you're walking too fast, pack too heavy, too much beer the night before, or you're out of shape. We plead guilty to all four. Look, "Flo's back is wet", "Hey, Dick, is there a rain cloud following you?" Off we go, Hey, this is a lot of fun, eh? Well...yes, but it is getting a little steeper.

Normally the streams from the top are easily forged and present no problems. However, due to the amount of rain in the area, the first stream was a raging river. How are we going to cross? Up and down we searched for a crossing - none. Finally Bill found a section with several rocks that we might be able to hop across. All our packs are off. Through delicate maneuvering, we made it ~~across~~. As Ed said, "Hey man, this is great, just what we wanted, a little adventure and excitement. This is what hiking is all about!!" Having mastered this unforeseen peril what more could stop us? Several other streams nearly did, but for a couple of wet feet we moved ahead, carefree and in high spirits.

The Huntington Trail was really nice - not too, too steep and it offered several nice views. As the trees became smaller and the air thinner, we knew the cliff was near.

Two things happened within 10 minutes of each other. As we meandered around and over an area of extremely large rocks, Flo landed on her thumb (odd for Flo) and sprained it. Within minutes Dick ripped his finger on something from his pack. Was this a bad omen? - it went unnoticed at the time.

Still in good spirits we could see the beginning of the exposed area - not to be confused with mooning. We were nearly out of the tree line - excitement was building. After climbing over relatively easy rocks we stopped for a break. Rain is the one element climbers fear because the rocks become very slippery. Suddenly, without warning, the whole Ravine began to fill with clouds. Bill and Dick became concerned as the disturbance moved our way. The stop was cut short. Some clouds changed into dry t-shirts, and off we went. As quickly as the clouds had appeared, they disappeared - relief!! Steve and Carol were still having fun, ~~we hoped~~. However, the weather was now a constant concern.

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Earlier we had encountered a guy and his girlfriend who had miscalculated and were off course by about two miles. Instead of being on the relatively easy Lions Head Trail, they had wandered over to the difficult Huntington. Armed with only sneakers and one pack, they had preceeded us. We would meet them again.

Further from the tree line, the view of the Ravine became more picturesque with every vertical foot. The climbing, at this point, was enjoyable with very few, if any, dangerous areas. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, we were faced with an awesome sight. To our left loomed a vertical rock face at least 100 feet high, with the top schrouded in cloud. This cliff in itself was breathtaking and could certainly not be climbed without technical equipment. However, our marked trail veered to the right over a smooth face pitched at a 45 degree angle. Water was running down the exact area of the marked trail. This type of terrain was new to us. We were used to vertical climbing using hand and foot co-ordination. This face offered little or no hand holds and only small cracks or indentations for your feet. It reminded me of trying to scramble up a slide when you were a kid with sneakers. Only this slide had a 500 foot drop if you slipped.

Several things terrorized all of us at this point. The actual physical structure of the area with the vertical walls, the eerie atmosphere caused by the clouds and the water running down our path. To re-enforce our fear we noted the beforementioned hikers on the face, but yards from the trail. As we all know, once you venture off the marked trail, there is only one thing that can happen and that's trouble. We watched those two for what seemed like an hour. They were literally trapped on the slope. The girl moved perhaps 12 inches in 15 minutes. They were in trouble and we knew it. To make matters worse, if they did manage to move forward they were faced with a vertical wall maybe 200 feet ahead. Somehow they had to move horizontally across the slope to the marked trail. I expected to see one of them tumble backwards at any moment. You can't imagine how this affected us all. Losing your nerve would hardly express our feelings. An uncanny silence prevailed.

Suddenly, down the slope appeared three or four guys probably 18 - 20 years old. They had no packs. As they rached us, they stopped and looked back. One exclaimed "I can't believe we made it all the way down". Another said we had our share of tough climbing ahead and we'd never make it with those big packs. One consolation was the fact that there was only 45 minutes of difficult climbing. This must be the only hard part. At this point moving ahead looked impossible. Our heavy packs changed the centre of gravity and made it very difficult to climb, especially on this type of surface. Would we have to turn back?

However, Bill had managed to climb up the slope on all fours but was faced with moving over the "wet area". We all knew this was a dangerous manoeuvre. Suddenly Bill made the decision and darted across the water to the safety of the other side. From there he was able to find some small hand holds and progressed without much trouble to a flat area about 30 yards away. It looked easy from our vantage point.

Slowly, very slowly, we moved up and across the face passing packs one to the other. It was always dangerous and care had to be taken, but once you learned to "trust your boots", it became a little easier. It's amazing the degree of adhesion a very small hole or indentation can afford. The scary part was knowing that if your foot slipped there was no chance to hold on with your hands.

Finally, we reached the top of the slope. Our stranded friends backtracked and followed our path. We had conquered a very treacherous area and a strong sense of comradarie had developed. Joy and Flo had gotten off the trail just a few feet, however, some re-assuring words and strong arms prevented any serious mishaps.

The final climb to the headwall of the Huntington Ravine was difficult and very dangerous in places. The large packs made for some interesting developments. For the most part we were climbing hand to foot, almost vertically. Concentration and care were essential. Bill and Ed spent some time taking action shots, they should be good!

At last we climbed over the last rock on the Huntington Headwall. Relief!! A few jokes but within us all we were glad to see flat ground where we could walk upright at least. We had spent 2 1/2 hours from the time we encountered the dangerous slope to the headwall. As we walked along the Alpine Garden to the headwall of the Tuckerman Ravine, we looked like a tired patrol heading home with heads drooped, rounded shoulders and shuffling feet. The last 100 feet of the Huntington had taken its toll. ~~on us all~~. As Vince Lombarde said "Fatigue makes cowards of us all". No one would disagree.

By this time, we were all pretty grungy and looking forward to food and rest at Lake of the Clouds. It was still 1 1/2 hours away.

The scenery along the Tuckerman Ravine Headwall is breathtaking. From this point you can look forward into the ravine, picking out several rescue huts and the AMC camp - Hermit Shelter. The Boot Spur and Lions Head trails can be seen knifing their way along the ravine top side. Other hikers were mere dots in the distance.

Several miles away the Wildcat Ski Trails can be viewed criss-crossing down the mountain side. Although we were all tired, we stopped to admire the fantastic splendor of the area. In this state of mind, combined with the thin air, a great sense of serenity passed among us. Everyone just looked and within us all was generated a very special feeling. The sense of adventure, success and comradrie was now one of being.

More and more hikers come into view. We were even photographed by people who came up the auto road. Although we were tired, we all put on our camera faces - not to be confused with dog faces, which we had exhibited minutes before.

A feeling of relief went through us all when we saw the friendly confines of Lake of the Clouds. Distances are always distorted in the mountains, but we at least had the special feeling of being there. It took about 20 minutes to reach the camp. The pace quickened as we neared food, rest and water. A man was swimming in one of the lakes, it sure looked inviting.

Once at the hut a very different, impersonal, almost spiritual feeling took over. Rather than being excited we felt almost melancholy. The rigorous and dangers of the Huntington were far away now. It was nice to rest and be with friends.

Next: The Mitzpah Experience

By Dick M.

AND THEY'RE OFF

The first in the series of results comes from the Super Series 10 km. race in St. Isidore in Aug. There were 82 finishers in the 10 km.

First in the 5 km. our own Susan Andrew was 2nd F and Jason Tree was 15th overall. Unfortunately I was unable to get the times for the 5 km.

10 km.

1. Scott H. 32:41
- 5 David T. 34:51
- 9 Larry 36:03
- 20 James 38:23 4thM
- 23 Terry G. 38:34 2ndV
- 24 John W. 38:39
- 28 Elden 39:09
- 30 Eunice 39:20 1stMF and 2ndF
- 33 Ernie F. 39:50
- 57 Tim A. 44:48
- 67 Brenda 48:35
- 71 Sheila 50:03 2ndMF
- 74 Mary R. 50:35

On to Riverview for the 20km. which was also a Super Series. There were 107 finishers.

1. Scott 66:49
- 11 David T. 74:12
- 13 George 76:05
- 14 Larry 76:44
- 25 Phil 80:16
- 26 Paul L. 80:22
- 28 Terry G. 81:06 2ndV
- 31 James 81:31
- 32 John W. 81:41
- 33 Eunice 82:01 1st MF and 2ndF
- 37 Bruce 83:05
- 40 Steve S. 83:30
- 41 Elden 83:35
- 46 Don H. 84:54
- 47 Anne Marie 84:56 3rd F
- 50 Mike M. 85:15
- 51 Ernie 86:04
- 65 Dave P. 89:07
- 81 Tim A. 93:39
- 97 Brenda 106:18
- 101 Sheils 111:52
- 102 Joy 112:41
- 103 Dick 112:41

On Aug. 16th George again put on a great Ladies Race in which a lot of us participated in some capacity.

2 Mile Run
3 Michelle C. 12:47
5 Brenda 14:01
9 Susan A. 14:29
11 Michelle l. 14:42
14 Mary R. 14:49
21 Sue M. 16:37
29 Mary F. 17:59
32 Judy Mc. 18:56
34 Stephanie S. 19:18
35 Christina S. 19:20
37 Phyliiss G. 20:06
42 Jessica W. 22:57
43 Eleanor W. 22:58

2 Mile Walk
46 Tanya M. 23:32
64 Amy P. 30:22
65 Carol S. 30:36
66 Gloria Mc. 30:37
67 Edna 30:46

5 Mile Run
1 Eunice 31:29
2 Anne Marie 32:03
17 Jayne P. 38:50
18 Joy 39:28
19 Sheila A. 39:57
21 Flo 41:11

Rosaire L. ran in a race in Quebec City on his vacation on Aug. 9th. In the 40-49 age group he placed 17th/73 in a time of 40:08. There were over 350 in the race and look at the percentage that were masters.

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by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds



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SHORTS AND SINGLETS

Interesting and exciting things have occurred at the Funruns recently- both Mary and Larry and Brenda and David have turned up in pairs. This is a first. Thank heavens for sitters! Also Ed Takacs has appeared at 2 consecutive runs. Rumor has it that Martin (remember him?) Grosweiner is quitting the smokes and will be joining us soon. Even last week a new occurance; Freddie turned barber and sheared my bangs so I could see the route. Those who haven't been coming out COME ALONG.

FOR SALE 4 long sleeved club T shirts. 2 white size large and xlarge 2 red size xlarge. Asking \$10. Call Dick 454-1721.

Those of you who missed the get together at Joy's cottage missed our "going away" sentaments to Bill and Flo. We presented an "in appreciation" plaque to Bill and to Bill and Flo a framed picture of F'ton (from Harvey's Studio). The weather man was very helpful for the party at Grand Lake as it was beautiful. The food and company, as always, was top notch.

Those of you who may be going to Bangor for Benamen's 10 km. may know the date is Oct. 5th (Sun.). Our club has been offered rooms at THE STABLE INN on Sat. night for \$32 (1 double bed) with Canadian money at parr. If calling to book a room be sure to mention you are with the CCRR as they are keeping us in one wing. This motel is in Brewer, Me. which is across the river from Bangor, about 3 miles from the start of the race. Phone (207) 989-3200. To those of you unfamiliar with this race I'll tell you a bit. Last year they had over 500 runners with 19 CCRR's. The route is quite good with a few hills. The winning time in 1985 was 30:15. After, there was beer, juice and fruit all served outside. It's interesting to run in a big feild for the fact that there is always someone near enough for you to try to reach.

Anyone seeing James driving a small yellow sports car, don't get your eyes checked. It is James new travel mode.

Good luck to those souls trying a marathon this month or next. The ones that I know of are Eunice and George in Montreal. Terry G. in Vancouver for the World Masters 10 km. and Marathon. Mike Mc. and Mike S. are planning on doing the bridges" in New York in Nov.

Recently in Sherbrook, Que. there was held the Canadian Masters Champ. This included short and long distance on the track. N.B. was well represented with our very strong Master's division and they brought home a total of 11 medals. Bill Best was our entry and he got a 1st, 2nd, and a 4th (I hope I got that right).

Mt. Kahtadin will again be challenged by our moutain climbing troupe. It is to take place Sept. 27th, leaving early Sat. AM, climbing then staying overnight and returning Sun. Those interested can call Dick 454-1721.

Master, & Master
For Association.

C. M. A. A. -

The LeBlancs
115 Epworth Circle

J Fox

E 3 A 2 M 4