

OCTOBER 2020

~FOOTNOTES~



*Gary Murphy lives in Fredericton and takes wonderful photos of the Picture Province.
This awesome scene is along the road from Marysville to Naskwaak Village.*



~ From the President ~

Mike Stapenhurst



Fall has begun and the weather continues to be mild! After last Saturday's club run we went out kayaking on the Saint John and enjoyed a really nice sunny afternoon. Let's hope it continues that way...

I'm glad to see a good turnout of club members on Saturdays (15 or more usually), but less on Wednesday evenings so please come out and support your club if you can.

We do have a club event coming up soon to break the Covid monotony – see Mike McKendy’s announcement in this edition.

It should be fun!

Mike



~~~ FOOTNOTES ~~~

~ OCTOBER 2020 ~

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Capital City Road Runners

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FOOTNOTES

ARTICLES & SUBMISSIONS

**Anything for FOOTNOTES
please send it to me at the
email address below.**

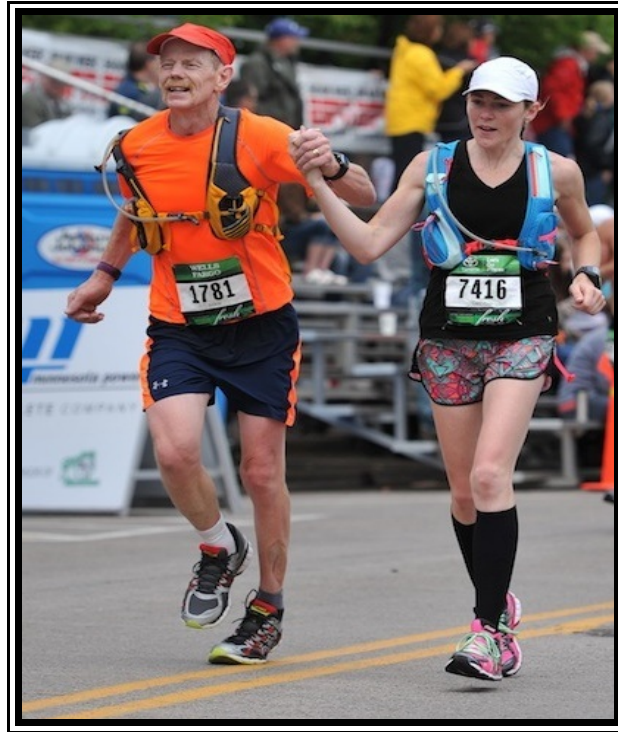
Thanks! John.

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How One Man Ran A Boston Qualifier On A Broken Foot

Mike Hanson was told he'd never run again after a gunshot wound to this left leg. Decades later, at age 60, he ran a Boston qualifier. By Kate Hotchkiss



It was both what Mike Hanson suspected and what he didn't want to hear. That the sharp pain in his right foot near his second toe, which appeared on an easy 5-mile run after 20 weeks of solid marathon training, was probably a stress fracture. But as his doctor explained, stress fractures often don't show up on X-rays at the onset of pain; he'd need a follow-up exam a couple of weeks later to confirm a diagnosis. The problem was, Grandma's Marathon was just two days away on June 20, 2015—and Hanson was on track to qualify for the Boston Marathon, a lifelong dream.

The question for Hanson wasn't whether he'd still try to run; it was, how far could he go—now with two bad feet. He depended on his right foot, his good foot, to pull his left foot and leg along after a disabling accident more than four decades ago; an accident after which Hanson was told he'd never run again.

Hanson was a senior in high school in 1972, living on a dairy farm with his foster parents in rural Wisconsin when he tripped over a log while deer hunting, his 20-gauge shotgun firing and sending a bullet through his lower left leg, “nearly

blowing it off,” he says.

Severe damage to his tendons caused his toes to curl up underneath his foot, shrinking it four sizes. Eventually, his orthopedic surgeon would insert steel pins in his toes and fuse them together to keep them flat, but that would also prevent them from flexing. “My doctors said I’d always walk with a pronounced limp and that running would be impossible,” Hanson explains.

This, to a then 17-year-old whose sense of peace came from running down the open roads of the country, whose achievements on the high school cross-country team made him feel worthy when his own mother told him he’d never amount to anything in life, could have been devastating. But it just made him grittier. “Back then, my motto was ‘Don’t tell me I can’t do something because I’ll do my damndest to prove you wrong,’” Hanson says. “I still, to this day, am always trying to prove to myself that I can be better.”

For many years after the accident, Hanson wore custom-made orthopedic shoes to fit his different sized feet, until in 2008, one of his doctors fitted him for an orthotic, which he could slip into a tennis shoe to hold his short foot in place. “Once I started wearing tennis shoes, I’m gettin’ in my head: I’m gonna run.” Never mind that his team of doctors still said that running was out of the question.

On March 9, 2009 at age 53—a day Hanson will never forget—he laced up his first pair of running shoes in more than 35 years and set out to run two miles around his neighborhood in La Crosse, Wis. He took off fast, as if he were still 16, and thought he’d pass out after about a block, but by walking some, he made it. The next day, he slowed his pace and ran the two-mile loop without stopping.

Before long, he announced to his wife, Cindy, who he calls his “rock, nurse, supporter,” and to his family, that he would run a marathon. They were on board as long as he promised to stop running if his bad foot got worse. It didn’t, but it took him four years to get to the start line of his first marathon healthy after working through a chain of overuse injuries to his good leg and foot.

“If you were to watch a slow-motion video of me running, it’s kind of frightening,” Hanson explains. “You would think that my good leg would just bust, there’s so much torque on it.”

Despite his awkward running form, in 2013 Hanson completed 26.2 miles in just under four hours. Although he was proud of his accomplishment, he knew that he

could improve with better pacing and fueling. In 2014, he ran a second marathon in 3:42:43—a 15-minute PR, and not too far from a Boston qualifier (BQ) for his age group, 55 to 59, which “lit the fire to keep training,” he says. Plus, the following year, he’d move up to the next age group, 60 to 64, for which the Boston qualifying standard for men was 3:55. He was confident he could run a time well under that mark.

While Mike Hanson had been training for his second marathon, his daughter, Debbie Hanson, inspired by her dad’s running, ran her first half marathon, following a program that coincidentally shared their family’s last name, the Hansons Method. Her success with the program spurred her dad to try it, too, and in January 2015, Debbie and Mike decided they’d train for Grandma’s Marathon together. Mike also hired a coach, professional runner Katie Kellner, through Hansons Coaching Services.

Despite the tough BQ-focused training plan topping out at 64 miles a week, Kellner said that Mike never once complained about his foot and leg issues. “One of the reasons that I love coaching is that my athletes constantly inspire me in my own training,” Kellner says. “Mike was one of those athletes. There were definitely times during tough workouts of mine when I thought, ‘If Mike crushed his workout today, then I can crush mine too.’”

When Mike’s foot started hurting the week before the race, Kellner and Mike’s orthopedic surgeon—who had finally stopped telling him not to run—supported Mike’s decision to at least start the marathon, but to stop as soon as he felt serious pain. Unfortunately, that pain began at mile two when Mike felt a pop in his foot. He turned to Debbie and stoically said, “I think it just broke.”

“What do you want to do?” she asked.

“Well, it hurts, but it’s somewhat bearable. We’ll just continue on and see how it goes,” Mike said.

They tried everything to mitigate the pain. They slowed their pace. Mike shortened his stride. They ran on the shoulder of the road where it was softer. But his foot continued to throb. He thought about dropping out at mile six, but decided against it.

“My dad is super stubborn,” Debbie says. “I knew he would go until he absolutely couldn’t run anymore.” Around mile nine, Mike had a little talk with himself. “I was

thinking, ‘We’ve done all this training and my daughter is right here next to me. I’ve gotta finish this.’”

So they trudged along, Debbie encouraging him the whole way. With their family cheering for them near the end, the Hansons crossed the finish line hand-in-hand in 3:46:03, a BQ for Mike by nearly nine minutes.

The next day, with a black and blue foot twice its normal size, Mike learned that he’d broken his second metatarsal, which would require wearing a cast for seven weeks, but the BQ was worth it, he says. In early September, Debbie, then 34, also nabbed a BQ at the Minocqua Marathon with a time of 3:26:07. The Hansons would head to Boston together.

By the time the leaves changed from green to gold in early October, Mike’s foot had healed up and by December, he and Debbie were training again with Kellner, logging miles down snowy country roads—this time, with no stress fractures.

On April 18, 2016, the Hansons crossed the historic Boston finish line healthy, strong, and “Just the way we started our journey—side by side,” Debbie says. In fact, Mike re-qualified for Boston at Boston, which he ran again in 2017. In a few months, he’ll start a new marathon training cycle to try to qualify for Boston 2019 with his long-time mantra, which he’s passed along to his children and grandchildren—You only can’t if you don’t try.



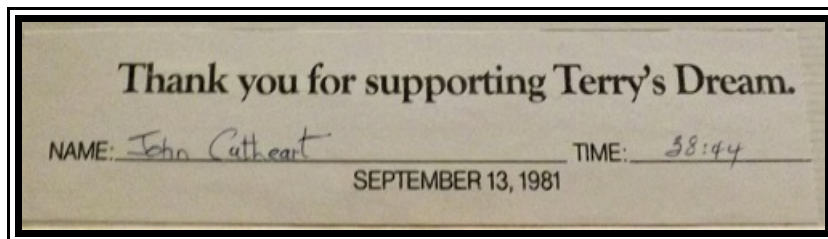
Mike Hanson and his daughter, Debbie Hanson,

A JOG DOWN MEMORY LANE



SEPTEMBER 1st, 1980 – After 143 days and 5,373 kilometres (3,339 miles) Terry stopped running outside of Thunder Bay, Ontario; his primary cancer had spread to his lungs. Before returning to BC for treatment Terry said, “I’m gonna do my very best. I’ll fight. I promise I won’t give up.”

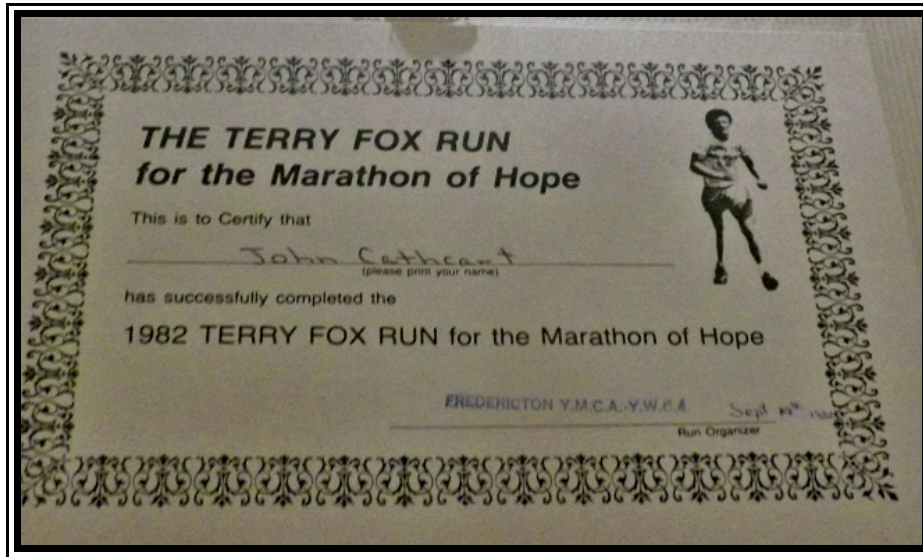
SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1980 – Isadore Sharp, Chairman and CEO of Four Seasons Hotels and Resorts, telegrams the Fox family with a commitment to organize a fundraising run that would be held every year in Terry’s name. He writes, “You started it. We will not rest until your dream to find a cure for cancer is realized.”



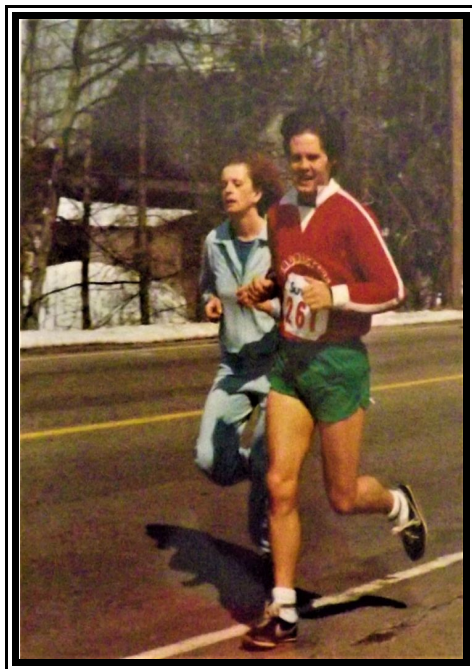
First Fredericton run was a no frills fundraiser

I ran in the very first Terry Fox fundraiser on September 13, 1981 and if memory serves me right it was a Sunday afternoon. It was so many laps (?) around the Fredericton Raceway where the Harness racing is held. It was a “no frills” fundraising and all I got to show my participation was the above receipt of sorts for my donation to Terry’s Dream.

It’s hard to believe that 39 years have passed since that Sunday afternoon and its been 40 years since Terry started out on his “Marathon of Hope” and also, sadly 40 years since the return of his cancer forced him to end his run, but not his dream.



Over the next ten years I participated in the local Terry Fox runs. However, in 1991, I began studies at Wycliffe College, and following graduation and ordination, Sundays were somewhat busy and as the Terry Fox Runs were mostly held on a Sunday, my participation became sort of a hit and miss affair, depending on what was going on after Church Services.



I'm still running and actually started running in 1974 so there's a lot of miles (km) on these old legs, but thankful for the health and ability to enjoy the healing power of nature - known as ecotherapy - which I think the author of the Twenty Third Psalm understood and was inspired to write about his experience of the mystical presence of God and healing power of nature.

As a running rev. my go-to-verse is from that great "Hall of Faith" known as the Book of Hebrews:

Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us, fixing our eyes on Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of faith.

~ the running rev

RUNBERS By Rob Jackson



You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running.

Issue #12

Canadians appear to have an aptitude for running ... with balls.

Charlottetown, PEI native Michael-Lucien Bergeron owns three world records for running while juggling three balls. The 31-year-old set the 5000m record in July with a time of 16:50.

In 2018 he set the half-marathon jogging record of 1:17:09 and the 10k record of 35:36.

In Guelph, Ontario in July, 16-year-old Tennessee Tremain combined his running and basketball skills to set the world record for running one mile on the track while dribbling a basketball.

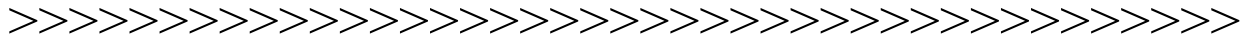
His time of 4:33.9 was three seconds better than the existing world record. No word yet on whether anyone has attempted a running record involving soccer, tennis or volley balls.



The editor's new club. Welland Amateur Running Club (WARC)

~ Wedding Bells ~

They tied the knot!! Congratulations Fran and Jochen!



A JOG DOWN MEMORY LANE



Ann Flynn ~ Duncan Hadley 2018 Olympic finish!

A JOG DOWN MEMORY LANE



Return of the Famous “Run Your Own Time” Race



As the first organized event since the onset of the Covid pandemic, Capital City Roadrunners Executive is pleased to announce the return of the “Run Your Own Time Race”. Many of you will recall previous versions of this event – well attended and fun.

Well, we are going to resurrect it soon. It will be held on Saturday October 10, 2020. Given the need to be compliant with the provincial regulations, we will be limiting this event to CCRR members only and there will be additional precautions and requirements in order to keep everyone safe and compliant.

The event goes like this..... The course is a measured five kilometer, out and back route on the trail. The event will start at 8:30 a.m. beginning at the trail hut at the corner of Beaverbrook Street and Alexandra Street. It will proceed along the trail and across the train bridge turning at a market point behind Devon Lumber Company. Each participant will plan how long they think it will take them to complete this run. A clock will be set up at the start finish counting down from 40 minutes. Each participant will leave when they think the clock indicates when they would be back at zero. The winner is that person who returns closest to zero without going over. Participants will be asked not to wear their watch for obvious reasons. There will be prizes for the winners. While this is clearly a fun event, it does have a serious side. For even the most casual runner, knowing your pace is very important in running. How often have you started out on a 10K race with a certain goal in mind but began too fast only to flag near the end and end up with a time slower than you set out to run. Conversely, you likely encountered races when you started out too conservatively only to “leave time on the course. The “Run Your Own Time Race” is an ideal opportunity to try to concentrate only on your anticipated pace and neither how fast nor how slow you will finish the event.

Stay tuned on social media for more information. In the meantime, and in anticipation of the valuable prizes we’ll give away, you may wish to start practicing running at a predetermined pace. CCRR is pleased to be able to offer this scaled-down event as the world continues to struggle with the ravages of Covid-19. See you on October 10!

Mike McKendy

Fossils Corner

CCRR History Continued



The original year Founders were a very ambitious bunch of runners lead by the Tree Family in many respects. They loved to run and put a tremendous effort into promoting the Capital City Road Runners wherever they were. Did I mention that they travelled to all races in New Brunswick and many in Maine as well. They always brought back results of CCRRs and promoted our Fall Classic and other NB races.

By the end of 1983 Brenda assumed the publication of FOOTNOTES as editor and David was a willing helper with getting each issue ready and distribution at first by hand at Fun Runs. The job of promotion and results of all members was willingly done at events everywhere. Wherever they could not be, other members were assigned to do that job and also bring back any registrations to the Fall Classic.

Not only did they work hard on Footnotes, but were always helping with things like Club only events, parties including hosting plus much more. The CCRR Family BBQ in late June or early July became a large and boisterous event due to everyone becoming involved. At this time many of us had young families so there were the inevitable races that the little ones ran in plus the egg toss, the three leg run, the fill the cup with water using a table spoon and other such events. The adult finale was the Tug Of War between the men and the ladies; Brenda made sure that the ladies won one way or the other. All attending had a great afternoon of fun, games, food and laughter. And in the evening many CCRRs gathered at someone's home for a party with a few cool ones and quite often music.

That first year the Trees organized a softball game for the Club with the help of the Co-Chairmen of the CCRR, Dick Mawhinny and Tim Mallet. The game was played at Henry Park on the Northside in Devon if memory serves me right. The results were quite funny as most were better runners than ball players.

There are many, many other examples over the early years regarding the Trees contributions to the growth of our little "fun running club"; but one sticks out quite vividly and really illustrates the "FUN" we had during the Fun Runs. Envision a warm but very rainy evening with a fairly large group coming upon a very large puddle on the Green (before it was paved) and the group split its route around the outer edges of said puddle, where upon Miss Brenda charged through the middle and splashed one and all laughing all the way. It was hilarious and all headed for the next puddle to do it again. We were totally soaked and still having fun.

Over the years we grew into a closely knit group of people from many walks of life plus many differences, but we always managed to have fun by doing what we wanted to do and build a better lifestyle linked to running which was a large part of the CCRR mandate as stated in our constitution.

Just remember . . . there is no finish line . . . *Fossil*

Sunday September 13th, 2020

The Boston Marathon came to Fredericton....



Terry Haines ran the Virtual Boston Marathon using the Fredericton Marathon/Penniac route. It was incredible to see all the support he had along the way. Completing his 48th marathon with six of his eight grandchildren was a photo finish he'll never forget. He couldn't have asked for a better day!





POETRY IN MOTION

There once was a runner named Terry
 Who declared "Damn COVID! I'm very
 Determined to run
 That mar'thon Bostun"
 And he raced in Fred town and was merry!
 ~ Anonymous ~

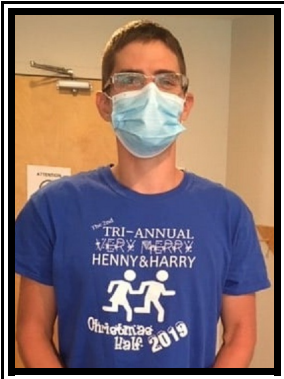


Jen & Sarah



From the Back of the Pack

H



Hello everyone,

As you know in October, November and December of the past many years we had races planned. With Covid 19 going on people are wondering if it is a good idea to keep organizing these events. My idea is to go virtual and still run those .

Give each participant a starting time like 2:01, 2:02 etc and if runners do not feel at ease they can start from home or anywhere else!

Put your name and time on Facebook CCRR. Even John Cathcart can join and beat the old Dutchman. Feel free to add your ideas or tell me that me that it is a bad proposition. No matter what, I am still going to run 3 events in the coming 3 months! How about that, I can finish first and last in the same race and that of the age of 71!

FTBOTP - *Harry.*



The Not Honolulu Marathon when it was around Rusagonis and Hwy! December 2002

Left to Right - Lloyd Sutherland - Mike McKendy - unknown - Pat Ketterling - Luc Picard - unknown - Mike Richard - Tony Tremblay - unknown - unknown - John Cathcart