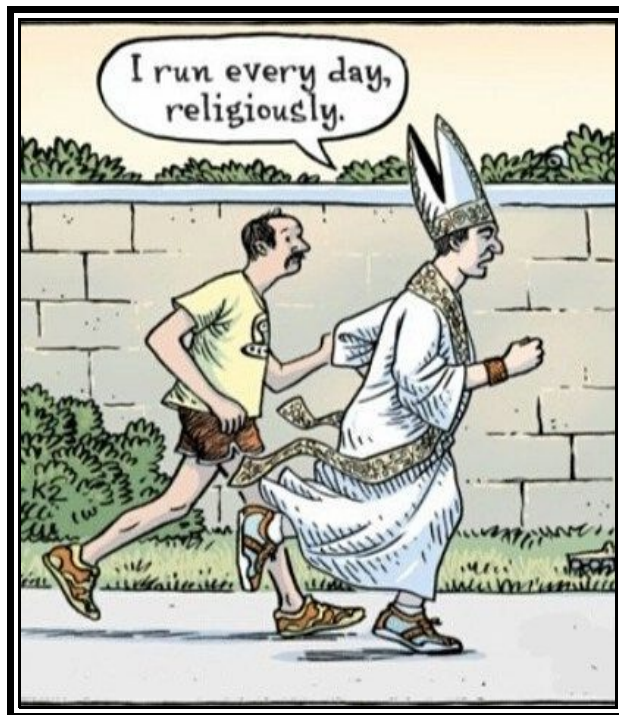


SEPTEMBER 2020

~FOOTNOTES~



"It's very hard in the beginning to understand that the whole idea is not to beat the other runners. Eventually you learn that the competition is against the little voice inside you that wants you to quit."

~ George Sheehan ~

~ From the President ~

Mike Stapenhurst



Here we are near the end of August already. I hope everyone has enjoyed the warmer than usual summer weather, although I expect many of us are also looking forward to running in the cooler Fall weather.

It's been a difficult time for the club and for running in general, due to the Covid-19 situation. With no races and no special club events it's been hard to stay motivated and keep up the training. I know a couple of people who are participating in virtual events which seems to be the trend these days.

I urge you all to come out to our regular club runs on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If you haven't seen your running buddies in a while, come and join us!



*The intrepid runners, heading out this morning.
December 8th, 2012, Not-The-Honolulu*

~~~ FOOTNOTES ~~~

~ September 2020 ~

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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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The Legend of Cliff Young: The 61 Year Old Farmer Who Won the World's Toughest Race



Every year, Australia hosts 543.7-mile (875-kilometer) endurance racing from Sydney to Melbourne. It is considered among the world's most grueling ultra-marathons. The race takes five days to complete and is normally only attempted by world-class athletes who train specially for the event. These athletes are typically less than 30 years old and backed by large companies such as Nike.

In 1983, a man named Cliff Young showed up at the start of this race. Cliff was 61 years old and wore overalls and work boots. To everyone's shock, Cliff wasn't a spectator. He picked up his race number and joined the other runners.

The press and other athletes became curious and questioned Cliff. They told him, "You're crazy, there's no way you can finish this race." To which he replied, "Yes I can. See, I grew up on a farm where we couldn't afford horses or tractors, and the whole time I was growing up, whenever the storms would roll in, I'd have to go out and round up the sheep. We had 2,000 sheep on 2,000 acres. Sometimes I would have to run those sheep for two or three days. It took a long time, but I'd always catch them. I believe I can run this race."

When the race started, the pros quickly left Cliff behind. The crowds and television audience were entertained because Cliff didn't even run properly; he appeared to shuffle. Many even feared for the old farmer's safety.

The Tortoise and the Hare



All of the professional athletes knew that it took about 5 days to finish the race. In order to compete, one had to run about 18 hours a day and sleep the remaining 6 hours. The thing is, Cliff Young didn't know that!

When the morning of the second day came, everyone was in for another surprise. Not only was Cliff still in the race, he had continued jogging all night.

Eventually Cliff was asked about his tactics for the rest of the race. To everyone's disbelief, he claimed he would run straight through to the finish without sleeping.

Cliff kept running. Each night he came a little closer to the leading pack. By the final night, he had surpassed all of the young, world-class athletes. He was the first competitor to cross the finish line and he set a new course record.

When Cliff was awarded the winning prize of \$10,000, he said he didn't know there was a prize and insisted that he did not enter for the money. He ended up giving all of his winnings to several other runners, an act that endeared him to all of Australia.

Continued Inspiration

In the following year, Cliff entered the same race and took 7th place. Not even a displaced hip during the race stopped him.

Cliff came to prominence again in 1997, aged 76, when he attempted to raise money for homeless children by running around Australia's border. He completed 6,520 kilometers of the 16,000-kilometer run before he had to pull out because his only crew member became ill. Cliff Young passed away in 2003 at age 81.

Today, the "Young-shuffle" has been adopted by ultra-marathon runners because it is considered more energy-efficient. At least three champions of the Sydney to Melbourne race have used the shuffle to win the race. Furthermore, during the Sydney to Melbourne race, modern competitors do not sleep. Winning the race requires runners to go all night as well as all day, just like Cliff Young.

The Real Story Behind This Iconic Olympics Photo

Mary Decker was the favorite. Zola Budd was a mystery.

Photographer David Burnett captured their clash.



In the history of athletic achievement, there are shared moments of spectacle that become revered as milestones belonging to the competitor, near winner, and the public at large. Bannister's four-minute mile, Willie Mays's 'bread basket' World Series catch, Bob Beamon's miraculous long jump in the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City.

For the most part, those are moments to be cherished and appreciated for their singular greatness. And for the most part, my observations of sport, in particular world-class sport, have been of those events that form part of a bigger picture filled with the excitement that great competition creates. However, there is one event that will stay with me, that represents the ultimate moment of disappointment and loss.

Thirty-six years ago, I was attending my first Olympic Games—the Los Angeles 1984 Summer Games—for TIME magazine. Athletes were emerging who would become famous in the annals of American Olympic history: Mary Lou Retton, Carl Lewis, Valerie Brisco-Hooks, Greg Louganis. It was a year of pent-up demand, as the United States had boycotted the 1980 Moscow Games after the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. The divers were there to dive, the runners were there to run, all were there to compete in the extreme.

On the last Friday of the Games, the women's 3000-meter final was set to run at

sunset. The American Mary Decker was poised to win the gold; she'd been denied the chance four years earlier. Amid the international crowd of runners was a 18-year-old South African named Zola Budd, who famously ran barefoot. Because South Africa (still under apartheid) was banned from the Olympics, Zola, who had a British grandfather, was able to obtain citizenship and run for Great Britain. Press had hyped the Decker/Budd match-up nearly to the exclusion of most of the other very fast runners.

I had spent much of that week working near the finish line, a place always well populated with photographers for the simple reason that so many big races are won at the end. It is a location packed with the potential for drama. But at the end of a week of dealing with elbows, and the overpowering presence of some track specialists who became the bullies on the block with their legions of cameras, I decided to find a new place to shoot from. I grabbed my gear and started walking along the final leg of the track. About 60 yards down I saw two photographers sitting on a bench that could hold three or four. I plunked my gear on the grass, about as close to the track as anyone in the stadium. It was a good spot. With a 400mm long lens I could see the pack come out of turn four, and moments later with an 85mm I could see them pass in front of me. I settled in, happy to have just found a quiet place with a couple of good angles, away from the craziness of the finish line.

Races with many laps (this one was seven and a half) require a constant edge on the photographer's part. In the pre-digital age, rolls of film with 36 exposures and cameras shooting at four frames per second forced you to figure out, each time the runners passed, if you had enough film for one more lap or if you should quickly rewind and change the film. You had about a minute until the runners would be around again, so there wasn't a lot of time for quiet reflection.

Decker led most of the way, and midrace, Zola Budd made a move to try and take the lead coming out of turn 4, which I was following with my long lens. I grabbed the 85, and shot the group as they ran past us, aware that something wasn't right. Because a typical reflex camera only shows you what you are shooting when the mirror is down, at the moment you are taking a picture the mirror is up and all you see is black inside the camera. When you shoot a sequence, the flicker of light creates intermittent moments of vision, with greater moments of blanked out nothing. It's like seeing a 1920s action movie.

It was just in front of me that the collision happened. Zola had cut into the lead, just ahead of Mary. Their feet collided and Decker lost her balance, careening onto the

infield grass. Because of the flickering in my camera, I couldn't really see what had happened, only that there was a patch of red (Mary's outfit) moving into a place it shouldn't have been. In that moment of happenstance, I grabbed the 400mm, framed Mary on the ground as she lay in anguish looking down the track at the sight of her competition disappearing into the distance. This was still the days of manual-focus lenses, and I remember taking that fraction of a second to be sure I was in focus before hitting the shutter button.



Within a few seconds the infield pool cameramen had arrived, and as is their wont, stood around Mary, shooting their close-ups, and effectively blocking anyone else in the stadium with a camera from seeing her. In seconds it was over. Although the race was eventually won by Romanian runner Maricica Puică, it is mostly remembered for what happened midway.

My film was sent on the overnight plane to New York, processed and edited the next morning, and the image led the TIME magazine coverage when it came out Monday. It went on to be one of the most published sports pictures of the decade. For me, there was an oddly personal tone to it. The pain in Mary Decker's face—so raw, and apparent—was something that almost should have remained the ultimate private moment. It was the anguish of a moment seen by 75,000 in the stadium, and millions around the world via television. Never have I witnessed such a raw public-private moment. When a young runner saw her Olympic dreams go up in smoke, you can easily imagine something astonishingly personal about it. Yet it was played out before the world. It became Mary's worst day.

I knew that neither athlete looked upon that day as one of their finest. They were doing their best, yet fate conspired to take a small error and turn it into a tragedy for both of these great athletes. Some years ago, they got together to talk about it for the BBC, and have since become, and remain, friends.



This year, as part of a grant project on senior athletes, I reached out to both of them (Zola is now 54, Mary 61) and though neither of them thinks of themselves as a “senior” athlete, each agreed to meet and be photographed. Zola (who now goes by Zola Pieterse) coaches at Coastal Carolina University in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, and still regularly runs. Her children are long distance runners as well.



A string of arthritis attacks no longer permits Mary (who now uses her married name, Slaney) to run, but she walks her dogs in the hilly woods near her home in Oregon; we met there in August 2019, 35 years to the week since the Los Angeles Games. She still looks like she could run five miles, though these days she is dedicated to her four dogs. The visit was pleasant and we both spent the time dancing around not discussing an image that made me famous and made that failed race infamous. At one point I said something about '84, and with good humor she guided me back to 2019—she clearly wasn't of a mind to dwell on the ups and downs of that time, and

I didn't want to press it too heavily especially as a believer that a picture is worth a thousand words. When you have spent your life meeting and photographing people, often in their best or worst moments, you learn, sometimes the hard way, that some truths are best left unspoken.

“I was born to be a runner. I simply love to run. It's almost like the faster I go, the easier it becomes.” Mary Decker Slaney.

As a follow-up - this is a great article. I remember being emotional for both of them.
<https://www.runnersworld.com/runners-stories/a21751547/zola-budd-after-the-fall>

by Rob Jackson

Issue #11

[illegible]

~ Zola Budd ~

~ Zola Budd ~

BACKYARD YARD BLOOMS IN THE MIDST OF GLOOM



I did myself a favour at the start of summer. On a whim, while in the keep-your-social-distance long lineup at the local grocery store, the sun was shining strong and brightly. All along the line-up, there were these beautiful bushes. There were Hibiscus bushes in bright colours, pink, red and white. They were proudly majestic. As I stood in the line-up they reminded me of our vacation in Florida, and

how on our return, we had to self-isolate for 14 days. I was used to being on spiritual retreats, but fourteen days? It was March 17 when we arrived back in Canada and how quickly everything had gone from “low” to “pandemic panic.”

These beautiful blooms however brought to mind a favourite quote from Dante Alighieri — 'Nature is the art of God.'



The Hibiscus flower blooms only for one day. It is a reminder of how fleeting life can be as I watch the flower open under the morning sun, and by noon time it is fully opened in all of its splendid majesty. Then as the sun slowly sets, and darkness falls, the bloom slowly closes and dies. Eventually it will drop off. Its one day of glory is just that - one day.

Each morning when I go down to the Canal path to either run, walk or go on my Sunday morning saunter, there's a “busy” spot there, just near where the small ferry anchors. It is well shaded and during this hot weather, cyclists, runners, walkers, and the ferry guys like to use it as there is almost always a bit of a breeze blowing. I have used it a few times myself during these past three months of hot, humid and very dry weather. We do need rain. It also helps there is an port-a-potty and also a bicycle pump to be found there. It can indeed be a busy spot, all they need is a Tim Horton's and it would be the perfect oasis!

There's another more secluded spot where I love to sit a spell. I call it my prayer bench, and I have sat there and watched as runners, walkers, roller-bladers and cyclists all rush past oblivious of this hidden spot. It's also shaded in the afternoon. The bench is in the old Loyalist graveyard, under the spreading branches of an old Maple tree.



Today, I noticed there were a lot of leaves on the ground around the tree. The tree itself appeared to be under attack as the leaves that were attached to the branches were all spotted and curled up, waiting their turn to catch the breeze and be off on their merry way. Also from my vantage spot, I noticed something red among the green. There, the Sumac was sending a message. A sign for sure. A sign there's another season waiting in the wings!



If the sight of the blue skies fills you with joy, if a blade of grass springing up in the fields has power to move you, if the simple things of nature have a message that you understand, rejoice, for your soul is alive.

~ Eleonora Duse ~



As the Psalmist wrote some three thousand years ago ..

*This is the day the Lord has made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.*

~ the running rev ~

A JOG DOWN MEMORY LANE



Lincoln 5K Road Race 2011: Jim Ketterling's finish in 20:29!



CCRR runners that ran the 2011 Grand Bay 10 Miler

When you run the marathon, you run against the distance, not against the other runners and not against the time. ~ Haile Gebrselassie

Fossils History Corner

August 23, 2020

CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS YEAR ONE



Our Running Club was quick to get underway after the organizational meeting which voted in the Executive for the coming year. A Fun Run Committee headed up by yours truly and John Mercer called for the first Fun Run to be held during February at the old YMCA on Saunders Street. A PSA was placed in the Daily Gleaner in the Sports section and the runners came lead by Brenda and David Tree ready to race. I explained that this was not a race but a FUN RUN. And so it began; did

I mention that it was a cold blustery February day?

A lot of enthusiasm was expressed by those present including Paul Lavoie and myself. Let it be noted that to this day there are still a number of Founding Members still with the CCRR; David and Brenda Tree, Paul Lavoie, John Cathcart and Steve Scott. Paul, John and I have become Life Members thanks to the diligence of the Executive over the years.

The premise that many of us started out with as the CCRR ramped up was that we would start our own race and we would Run/Race in sanctioned events around the Province and promote our "Fall Classic". Well did we ever get into it and promote our event too. I have put together some Stats on the founding members mentioned above regarding our personal participation over the course of 1983.

We attended a total of 21 New Brunswick road races with David and Brenda Tree leading the way with 16 events followed by Steve Scott with 14 runs, John Cathcart with 10 and Paul Lavoie with 9 races. From the Cosmo One Miler in Fredericton to the Atlantic Autumn Marathon at CFB Gagetown (short) and many 10 kms in between plus other assorted distances.

David Tree had the best time at the Heart Marathon with a 2:58:10 and 34:51 10 km in Shippegan; Paul Lavoie was 36:40 in Shippegan; Steve Scott was 39:11 in the Heart Marathon quarter (6.5 miles); and John Cathcart was 36:25 at Shippegan and 2:49:57 at the SHORT Atlantic Autumn Marathon in Oromocto.

Our 1st Annual CCRR Fall Classic Road Race took place in September on a Sunday afternoon on the Fredericton Exhibition Grounds. We had 56 runners from around New Brunswick and Joe McGuire from Woodstock won the 10 km event. There were 20 runners who were 40 minutes or under. I was 19th overall at 39:45 and Cathcart

was 9th at 38:20. Paul Lavoie did not run as he was the Race Director. An important note regarding this event has come to light; Our President of the Capital City Road Runners, Mike Stapenhurst was 33rd at 44:30. He claims that is when he first became a Member of the CCRR. After all was said and done, the race organizers and other runners gathered in a room at the old Diplomat Motel and drank Moosehead beer out of an ice filled tub located in the bathroom. A good time was had by most.

All this info has been gleaned from the CCRR archives of Footnotes that Tom Redden initiated in a digital format several years ago with the help of collectors and savers like myself of hard copy.

Next time I hope to highlight others who helped build this CCRR organization. Stay tuned please.

Just remember “. . .there is no finish line . . .” ~ Fossil

For Those Wishing For Cooler Temperatures





Taking life easy a picture is worth a thousand words!

