

# ~FOOTNOTES~

The Capital City Roadrunner's & Walker's Club

~ February Issue 2026 ~



On Saturday morning these brave (and slightly unhinged) souls conquered another run in very cold temps. Even braver: some of them casually knocked out 14K and 18K like it was no big deal — all in the name of half and full marathon training. Legends. Frosty legends.



When: February 28th at 5:00 p.m.  
Where: Starts at St. Dunstan's Church on Regent St.  
Distance: 2 km or 5 km walk/run (your choice!)  
Bonus: Warm up afterward with delicious soup & rolls!  
There's no cost to participate, and if you fundraise \$150  
(or \$75 if you're under 18), you'll earn a stylish CNOY toque!

## **CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS & WALKERS CLUB**

Club Executive 2024-25

President - Joanne Embree

Secretary - Janet Tree

Social Media & Registrar  
- Janice Caissie

Treasurer - Joanne Embree

Member-at-large - Boris Allard

Member at Large - Rick Grey

Member-at-Large - Mary McKenna

Fall Classic Race Director  
- Sara Young

Footnotes Editor - John Cathcart.

### **CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FOOTNOTES**

Please send to the email address  
below. Thanks! The Editor

[cathcartjohn@hotmail.com](mailto:cathcartjohn@hotmail.com)

### **~FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS**

Joanne Embree - John Cathcart

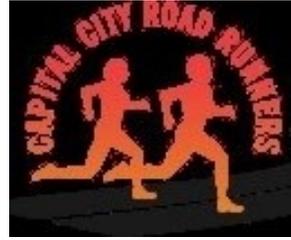
Steve Scott - Paul Looker

Harry Drost - Rob Jackson

Janice Caissie - Mark Tremblay

Jochen Schroer

## **~ JOIN THE CLUB ~**



If you're not already a member of CCRR why not join us? It's always fun to run with others and we enjoy plenty of social events as well.

As a member you will get:  
Lots of fun-running events  
Training companions for marathons,  
half-marathons, 5k & 10k etc.  
·Regular bi-weekly runs.

We meet at the Currie Centre  
Thursday Evenings (5:30 PM)  
and Saturday mornings (8:30 AM)

Membership is only \$35 per year  
or \$60 for a family.

All running levels are welcome – we  
have a growing 'back of the pack'  
group who like to take it easy!

To sign up online visit  
<https://www.crr.ca/membership>

Or

contact any member of our CCRR  
Executive listed in Footnotes.

# Hey Capital City Road Runners and Walkers!



Our club is once again fielding a team for the Coldest Night of the Year in Fredericton, and I'm excited to be your team captain again this year! I hope many of you will join me in walking or running—and helping us fundraise for this important cause.

We were recently honoured with an award for 10 years of participation, and together we've raised over \$22,000 so far! This year, our goal is to add another \$3,000 to that total.

Coldest Night of the Year supports local charities serving people experiencing hurt, hunger, and homelessness. In Fredericton, funds go to the John Howard Society of Fredericton, which is committed to ending homelessness through programs like Housing-Focused Shelter Services and Housing First Services.

**Learn more here:**

- Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/JHSFredericton>
- Website: <https://johnhowardfredericton.ca/>



Cl



Capital City  
Roadrunners  
and Walking  
and Curling  
Club!

## The Four Chaplains by the Running Rev



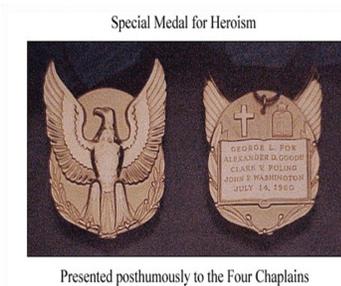
A story of courage and sacrifice. The sinking of the USAT Dorchester on February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1943, was a tragic event during World War II, caused by a German torpedo attack.

It was the evening of Feb. 2, 1943, and the U.S.A.T. Dorchester was crowded to capacity, carrying 902 service men, merchant seamen and civilian workers. Once a luxury coastal liner, the 5,649-ton vessel had been converted into an Army transport ship. The Dorchester, one of three ships in the SG-19 convoy, was moving steadily across the icy waters from Newfoundland toward an American base in Greenland. SG-19 was escorted by Coast Guard Cutters Tampa, Escanaba and Comanche.

Hans J. Danielsen, the ship's captain, was concerned and cautious. Earlier the Tampa had detected a submarine with its sonar. Danielsen knew he was in dangerous waters even before he got the alarming information. German U-boats were constantly prowling these vital sea lanes, and several ships had already been blasted and sunk. The Dorchester was now only 150 miles from its destination, but the captain ordered the men to sleep in their clothing and keep life jackets on. Many soldiers sleeping deep in the ship's hold disregarded the order because of the engine's heat. Others ignored it because the life jackets were uncomfortable.

On Feb. 3, at 12:55 a.m., a periscope broke the chilly Atlantic waters. Through the cross hairs, an officer aboard the German submarine U-223 spotted the Dorchester.

The U-223 approached the convoy on the surface, and after identifying and targeting the ship, he gave orders to fire the torpedoes, a fan of three were fired. The one that hit was decisive—and deadly—striking the starboard side, amid ship, far below the water line. Captain Danielsen, alerted that the Dorchester was taking water rapidly and sinking, gave the order to abandon ship. In less than 20 minutes, the Dorchester would slip beneath the Atlantic's icy waters. Tragically, the hit had knocked out power Dorchester telegram and radio contact with the three escort ships.



The CGC Comanche, however, saw the flash of the explosion. It responded and then rescued 97 survivors. The CGC Escanaba circled the Dorchester, rescuing an additional 132 survivors. The third cutter, CGC Tampa, continued on, escorting the remaining two ships. Aboard the Dorchester, panic, and chaos had set in. The blast had killed scores of men, and many more were seriously wounded.

Others, stunned by the explosion were groping in the darkness. Those sleeping without clothing rushed topside where they were confronted first by a blast of icy Arctic air and then by the knowledge that death awaited. Men jumped from the ship into lifeboats, over-crowding them to the point of capsizing, according to eyewitnesses.

Through the pandemonium, according to those present, four Army chaplains brought hope in despair and light in darkness.

***Those chaplains were: Lt. George L. Fox, Methodist - Lt. Alexander D. Goode, Jewish - Lt. John P. Washington, Roman Catholic - Lt. Clark V. Poling, Dutch Reformed***

Quickly and quietly, the four chaplains spread out among the soldiers. There they tried to calm the frightened, tend the wounded and guide the disoriented toward safety. “Witnesses of that terrible night remember hearing the four men offer prayers for the dying and encouragement for those who would live,” says Wyatt R. Fox, son of Reverend Fox.

“I could hear men crying, pleading, praying,” Bednar recalls. “I could also hear the chaplains preaching courage. Their voices were the only thing that kept me going.”

One witness, Private William B. Bednar, found himself floating in oil-smeared water surrounded by dead bodies and debris. “I could hear men crying, pleading, praying,” Bednar recalls. “I could also hear the chaplains preaching courage. Their voices were the only thing that kept me going.”

Another sailor, Petty Officer John J. Mahoney, tried to reenter his cabin but Rabbi Goode stopped him. Mahoney, concerned about the cold Arctic air, explained he had forgotten his gloves. “Never mind,” Goode responded. “I have two pairs.” The rabbi then gave the petty officer his own gloves. In retrospect, Mahoney realized that Rabbi Goode was not conveniently carrying two pairs of gloves, and that the rabbi had decided not to leave the Dorchester.

By this time, most of the men were topside, and the chaplains opened a storage locker and began distributing life jackets. It was then that Engineer Grady Clark witnessed an astonishing sight.

When there were no more lifejackets in the storage room, the chaplains removed theirs and gave them to four frightened young men.

“It was the finest thing I have seen or hope to see this side of heaven,” said John Ladd, another survivor who saw the chaplains’ selfless act.

Ladd’s response is understandable. The altruistic action of the four chaplains constitutes one of the purest spiritual and ethical acts a person can make. When giving their life jackets, Rabbi Goode did not call out for a Jew; Father Washington did not call out for a Catholic; nor did the Reverends Fox and Poling call out for a Protestant. They simply gave their life jackets to the next man in line.

As the ship went down, survivors in nearby rafts could see the four chaplains—arms linked and braced against the slanting deck. Their voices could also be heard offering prayers.

Of the 902 men aboard the U.S.A.T. *Dorchester*, 672 died, leaving 230 survivors. When the news reached American shores, the nation was stunned by the magnitude of the tragedy and heroic conduct of the four chaplains.

“Valor is a gift,” Carl Sandburg once said. “Those having it never know for sure whether they have it until the test comes.”

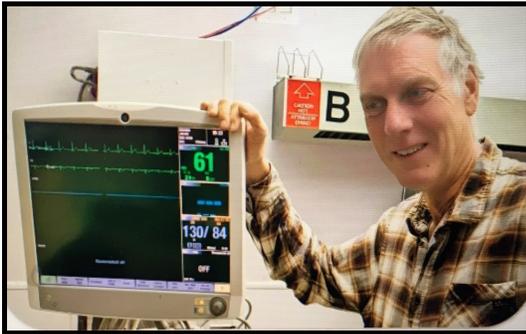
That night Reverend Fox, Rabbi Goode, Reverend Poling, and Father Washington passed life’s ultimate test. In doing so, they became an enduring example of extraordinary faith, courage, selflessness and sacrifice.

<https://fourchaplains.org/the-four-chaplains/>



Lt. Alexander D. Goode / Jewish    Lt. Clarke V. Poling / Reformed Church    Lt. George L. Fox / Methodist    John P. Washington / Roman Catholic

## The Alien Abduction of my Heart By Jochen Schroer



At age 67 I consider myself to be a fairly fit and healthy guy. My wife Fran ensures that we eat and live well. I do daily stretches including push-ups, pull-ups, and twice a week I am running 10 k with the Fredericton Capital City Road Runners. That was never a problem, except since our holiday in Europe last August, my running hit a snag.

Without fail, I had to stop the run after less than a km and walk for five minutes, before resuming. There was no way around it, my body had difficulties getting into gear. The arms were tingling, I broke out into a cold sweat and the leg muscles refused to move. After the break, however, I could finish running the 10k.

I was not too worried, I figured my body would heal itself in time – as it always did in the past. However my lovely wife “*persuaded*” me to talk to our doctor about it, despite my long and well established history of avoiding everything medical - from doctors, and hospitals to medications.

Our family Doctor suggested that I get an ECG done and when the lines did not all align properly, a cardiologist was consulted, who then scheduled a stress test for me. One fine Thursday afternoon in November, about six weeks after my first consultation with the doctor, I went to the hospital in Fredericton. That’s where I had the first inkling that I was not dealing with ordinary people in an ordinary work place, but with some form of super-human individuals with access to out-of-this world equipment.

The super-humans were able to look at my beating heart with its valves opening and closing in real time, and see and hear the blood flowing. Neat stuff – I liked the attention I received and the hydraulic visualizations (I used to be a hydraulic engineer by profession). When they asked me to run on the treadmill, I figured I could do that easily. It did not take long before the lines on my ECG went screwy. I felt woozy. The chief made me abandon my performance and explained that I had flunked the test.

He then gave me two options: A: - go home and wait for their call in a month or two to continue the investigation, or B: - come into their space ship and let them finish their investigative work right then and there. “If you give us a week of your time, we will give you a long life” – he said. That was an offer that I could not refuse. One wasted week traded for a long life – done!

They beamed me onto the third floor of the hospital. At first it had a spa like feeling. The people were friendly (even though I realized pretty quickly that they had super human capabilities and that they probably were not from this planet), the food was good, only the view out of the window left a bit to be desired. I had a friendly room mate and I lived my life pretty much as before. I did not even have to change my clothing. Underneath my shirt however they had wired me to a bluetooth device that was sending all my innermost information to their monitors on the flight deck.

I called Fran and said: *“Hello Dear, guess what, I will not be home for supper tonight, and maybe, when you come to town next, can you bring my tooth brush? – I am going to stay with aliens for a few days. Also, can you look after all of my chores, please?”* Apparently, that call had an unintended dampening effect on Fran’s bio-rhythm for the next ten days.

I on the other hand felt great. Except for the early wake up calls, combined with daily blood letting, and flushing of a catheter, I could do as I pleased. Only my morning push ups were frowned upon because it made the monitors flash red and the aliens did not like to see my feet stick out on the floor from behind the bed. I was even allowed to have a shower – after they removed all the wiring.

So I waited, and when I was allowed to leave the ward for my umpteen walks around the elevator shaft I had lots of opportunity to catch up with people I had not seen in years. It was amazing how many people I knew who routinely go in and out of the hospital. I even found some old friends shared the space ship quarters with me.

I waited all day Friday, all day Saturday, all day Sunday and all day Monday. Nothing happened. Thankfully, several running friends stopped by for a chat. I started writing my memoirs, in case I would never be able to return home. I plotted test results from “My Health NB” and concluded that there is nothing wrong with me. All blood values were right smack in the middle of normal. The aliens seemed to agree with me and stopped taking blood samples.

Finally, on Tuesday morning two aliens in different space suits showed up, asked me to pack in a hurry (a snow storm was brewing outside), and they shuttled me to a different space ship near Saint John. There I was on the fifth floor, but the view was even worse. And the aliens were tougher altogether. They insisted on me donning a very light weight space suit – the kind that has two holes for the arms in the front and is open in the back. Nothing else to wear, besides my socks and a bunch of cables. I was afraid to walk to the elevator shaft, in case somebody saw me. The chief alien listened to my story and concluded that maybe my heart was a size too small (like the Grinch's) or a size too large, or maybe had a hole in it. They would do more tests.

That they did, but they did not tell me what the results were. All workers on that flight deck appeared to be super-humans with too much work to do to listen and to answer my questions. It was busy, sick people came and went downstairs to the lab, and sometimes when they came back they were holding a pillow in front of their chests, covering terrible wounds underneath.

And I waited: The rest of Tuesday, all day Wednesday and all day Thursday. I was running out of things to do. Nobody was visiting and I would not have wanted them to, either. I did not like my space suit. The aliens had a strange sense of humour, too. In the evenings an alien would come and read me the next day's menu options for breakfast, lunch and supper. It sounded great, I could choose either cereal, or scrambled eggs or pan cakes for breakfast, yogourt and juices as well. For lunch either chicken or pasta with various deserts, and various courses for supper. They took notes. Then they would wake me at six in the morning and I would wait until eight for the waiter. But they would just walk by me. "No breakfast for you" was the motto – nothing to drink either. Same at lunch time. At supper I was allowed to make up for it. By then I had almost lost my appetite. Was I being bumped because of an increased number of heart attacks after the first snow fall of the year?

By Friday I was getting antsy – I did not see myself spending another weekend in that cabin. Luckily, at noon on Friday, a friendly alien disguised with a Santa Claus hat (to add a little bit of lightness to the situation, I guess) came by and said they would do me now – whatever that meant. He shuttled me down into a terminal that looked a bit like the holding bay of the StarTrek home base. Arriving beds along one wall and departing beds along the opposite wall. Whenever one bed departed, the next ones would be moved into the launch position, one by one.

When it was my turn, if there was ever any doubt whether I was still on planet earth, it was clarified – I certainly was on an alien ship. I was beamed into a lab and placed onto a zero-gravitation table. It moved me silently up and down and around. Above me bright lights, a machine that quietly zoomed over my chest in X, Y, and Z direction and next to me a huge flat screen monitor. But nothing like I had ever seen at Best Buy – totally out of this world.

The same with the people in the room. They wore space suits that only left their eyes visible, they spoke in phrases I could not understand and they clearly had super human powers. The chief engineer proceeded to explain to me that they would insert a small robot into the artery at my right wrist. The robot would then travel up the artery into my heart and then probe around to see what was wrong with me. I thought he was kidding. I could see on the monitor that my heart was still beating with the valves opening and closing. There would be no way that the robot could see anything.

Either the robot or I was going to get hurt. I had purposely declined any sedative because I wanted to make sure that my experience could not be interpreted as a dream or hallucination.

The procedure began and I could feel the robot making his way up inside my arm and around the shoulder. After that I could not feel it anymore, but I believe that it was visible on the monitor - there was a lot of glare on the screen and clearly, this motion picture was not intended for my entertainment.

The chief engineer explained that now they would pump some colour into my beating heart to see where the blood was going, and where it was not. Instantaneously the heart image turned black and the chief announced that I had an 80% blockage in one of my coronary arteries. That did not sound good to me, but he assured me that they would fix that right then and there. He informed me that they had another little contractor robot on hand that was designed to carry cargo and tools with it. With that they would open up a little construction site and get the blockage out of the way (inside my beating heart !). I am familiar with this technique – in my former world of sanitary engineering that was called “pipe bursting” and usually involves major horse power and ground disturbance. At this point I did not feel like arguing though and agreed to let the chief do his thing.

I could feel the construction robot make his way up around my shoulder and then back into my beating heart. There the robot was guided back and forth into exactly the location where the blockage was visible on the screen. It proceeded to push the bulge out of the way by inflating a balloon and inserting a short mesh pipe (called stent) into the artery to make sure that the blockage would not be able to pop back out. Then they coaxed the little contractor back out, put a plug onto the artery at my wrist and made sure that not all the blood would run out of me. Then I was done – now it was somebody else’s turn.

I could hardly say thank you and good bye, before I was back in the cargo bay, this time on the arrivals side. A quick shuttle trip to the fifth flight deck, where Fran was waiting for me and supper was not far along. The night from Friday to Saturday was frequently interrupted by friendly aliens who checked whether I was still alive and to deflate my wrist plug.

I received instructions on how to take it easy and be careful for the next weeks and was home by noon on Saturday. We went to the Capital City Road Runners Christmas Party on Saturday night. Dancing never felt better. My heart said “Thank You” with every heart beat – by that time it had clocked approximately 108,000 beats with the new stent holding the artery open.

The only downside: I am now taking three pills a day – a statin, a blood thinner and an anticoagulant – for life. I believe those little power packs are another example of advanced alien technology that would merit a short story some day.

On the following Thursday, I ran without having to take a break for the first time in three months. More runs followed and a month later the aliens called me back for a check up on the tread mill. When the lines on the ECG were still normal at a pulse of 125 bpm, they concluded that the procedure had been a success and gave me a passing grade. I asked the chief what I had done wrong to develop such a nasty obstruction, (like eating too much or too little of this or that, maybe?). “*Nothing* – he said – *just bad luck!*”

I would like to thank all the aliens involved for their hard work that made them become superhuman, to the governments of New Brunswick and Canada to make the arrangements that offer such life saving procedures, to the people of New Brunswick for paying their taxes so that folks like me can get such excellent help and of course to my wife Fran for all her support during my alien heart experience. I am praying that everybody on this earth who needs it, will some day be able to receive the “alien” heart treatment.

Jochen Schroer, January 2026

PS: The aliens contacted me after submission of the above article and presented me with free admission to their upcoming Cardiac Rehabilitation Program. Apparently, they don't want to see me again on their spaceship (neither do I) and prefer that I learn how to take good care of my heart, myself. Again, a big *Thank You* for their concern and interest.



*Thanks to the volunteers to oversee the Fredericton ParkRun: Carolyn Leblanc, Cathie Ryan Greg Jamieson, Greg Parker, Jos Eijkelestam, Maureen Daigle, Nicole Leblanc, and Samantha Anderson. Bill Thorpe Walking Bridge parkrun takes place every Saturday at 9:00am.*

# New Year's Resolution 2023 - Parkrun Across Canada

by  
Mark Tremblay



On August 20, 2016, Canada's first Parkrun, Okanagan Parkrun, was held in Kelowna, British Columbia. All 96 participants at that time could legitimately claim they had done every Parkrun in Canada. Within a year, nine more Parkruns had started in Canada in British Columbia (3), Alberta (1), Ontario (3) and Quebec (2). By the most efficient route for a Parkrunner from Kelowna, doing all Parkruns would require 43,084 km travel, assuming the runner returned home between Parkruns. Not surprisingly, since 2016, no one has participated in all operating Parkruns in Canada.

Between 2016 and 2025 there have been 69 unique Parkrun locations in Canada, with nine events no longer operating. As we welcomed in 2026, there are 60 Parkruns across Canada, in every province except Prince Edward Island. As of today, January 10, 2026, I have finished all of them - 61 unique Canadian Parkruns, including one that no longer operates.

My New Year's resolution January 1st 2023 was to complete all Parkruns in Canada within the next three years (by December 31, 2025 – I know, I missed by ten days). At that time, there were about 40 Parkruns in Canada. My home Parkrun is in Kanata, Ontario where I participate each Saturday morning with my Siberian Husky Gryphon (who has completed more than 100 Parkruns, including 16 unique Parkruns) when I am home.

I had done a few Parkruns in the Ottawa area at that time. But I travel quite extensively with my work, so once I set my goal, I started being more deliberate with my travel planning, often staying over Friday night in a location so I could do a local Parkrun Saturday morning before returning home. Fitting in new Parkruns became a game and in fact a nice distraction from my busy work schedule.



Accomplishing this goal was a great way to see our majestic country, reconnect with friends distributed across the country, meet the diverse community of Parkrunners (often not even from Canada!), witness the vibrancy of our volunteer sector in Canada, all while being a great way to stay active in a non-competitive and welcoming environment in nature and the outdoors.

My quest was not without its challenges. While pursuing my goal across the three years, the number of Parkruns in Canada increased by 50%! I expected there to be new ones, but I was not prepared for this proliferation.

Some weeks, despite doing a new Parkrun, I actually fell further behind reaching my goal because two new ones started the same week – and they were sometimes at opposite ends of the country! I had also planned in my work and personal travel to do two Parkruns that ceased operations before I was able to get to them (Guysborough in Nova Scotia and Millenium in Alberta).

Such a goal is definitely a moving target. Further, on two occasions, I was in a new location to do Parkrun but the event was cancelled (Churchill Parkway - thunderstorm in Winnipeg; Eramosa River Trail – snowstorm in Guelph) and once my flight was cancelled the night before leaving for a Parkrun the next morning (Mamquam Spawning Trail – flight from Ottawa to Vancouver cancelled).

Canada is big and diverse, with a continental climate that is often harsh and always unpredictable. My advice to those who want to share in this challenge - be prepared with contingency plans.

Achieving my goal included 61 Canadian adventures. While most were noteworthy only in my personal memory bank, a few anecdotes stick out, including:

1. Butter Trail Parkrun, Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia – I locked myself out of my motel room in the middle of the night, in the middle of the winter, in my pajamas when taking Gryphon out to go pee and the motel office was closed... people working the overnight shift at a local grocery store were kind enough (brave enough?) to let an old guy in his pajamas in the winter, with a Siberian Husky, into the store to eventually strategize getting back into my room.

2. Bill Thorpe Walking Bridge Parkrun, Fredericton, New Brunswick – I drove up from Saint John and forgot my wallet, which I did not recognize until I arrived in Fredericton, almost out of gas and went to fill up... during Parkrun I recognized a fellow runner from years ago when I lived in Fredericton and I told him my situation and he was kind enough to lend me \$50 that I returned via etransfer as soon as I arrived back in Saint John that afternoon.

3. Sheriff Creek Wildlife Sanctuary Parkrun, Elliot Lake, Ontario – for this one I rented a car in Sault Ste. Marie to drive to Elliot Lake. I stayed the Friday night at an old friend's house and in the morning he pointed out that I had a mostly flat tire. No problem, first order of business was to do Parkrun then I would fix the tire. After Parkrun I went to his Mom's house to fix the tire – except the car had no spare tire.

All repair shops are closed on the weekend. My flight home from Sault Ste. Marie (200 km away) was at 5:00 pm that day, and it was now noon. After several calls with the rental car company they arranged to send a tow truck from a nearby town (60 minutes away) to pick me and the rental car up and take us to Sault Ste. Marie. This happened, but nowhere near in time to make my flight. The kind tow truck driver dropped me and the rental car at the designated location and recommended where I should stay for the night.

I was able to change my flight to the next morning at no cost. The car rental company paid my hotel, meals and taxi to the airport and didn't charge anything for the car rental, or the cracked windshield that occurred on my drive to Elliot Lake! I got home fine the next day.



Parkrun volunteers and participants (and overnight shift-workers, old friends, and tow truck drivers) across Canada are welcoming, friendly, kind, caring, interesting and diverse – I strongly recommend checking it out for yourself.

Pictures are of me and my Parkrun partner Gryphon at the Butter Trail Parkrun in Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia, the Gillies Lake Parkrun in Timmins Ontario and me at the Mamquam Spawning Trail Parkrun in Squamish British Columbia – my 61st unique Canadian Parkrun and completely by chance also my 200th Parkrun.

*Mark Tremblay, a Canadian Parkrunner, and CCRR alumnus from 1990-2001*

## FOSSILS CORNER BY THE OLD FOSSIL HIMSELF - STEVE SCOTT



Well, has winter really settled in. Lots of wind, cold, and snow. Very frigid indeed. It reminds me that part is not what I can handle at my age any longer. I resolve to stay active, but in ways that keep moving indoors via spinning on a bike, walking (jogging a bit) indoors at Grant Harvey and the Willie ORee rinks, as well as regular curling at the Capital Winter Club will do nicely thanks. The occasional outdoor (like shoveling) activity and walking when the weather is a bit kinder also work well too.

This reminds me; back in the day when we not only ran but did a bit of mountain climbing too was brought back to Carol and me before Christmas as we were walking at the Regent Mall.

An old running friend by the name of Dave Prebble came into view. We stopped and talked about the early days of the CCR (1985 to the early 90s) and the mountain climbing we did in Mount Katahdin, the highest peak in the area located in Maine. Quite demanding, but fun.

We also spoke of a weekend trip to the White Mountains in New Hampshire. We drove to Pinkham Notch; parked at Huntington Ravine and proceeded to the top at the Lakes of the Clouds near the Mount Washington Peak (Think Jetstream). On a plateau about 3/4 of the way up to our destination for the night in the (Hut System) we stopped for a rest and some refreshment. There Mr. Prebble introduced us to his prowess at yoga which he had been practicing for some years. He placed himself near the edge of a 300-foot Cliff and did a head/handstand for several minutes and suddenly fell over and ended quite close to the edge. Too close from my perspective. The climb was very demanding.

We slept quite well that evening and then preceded across the tops of the Christmas mountains. To Mitzpah Hut for another full night's sleep. The final day we headed for Crawford Notch but cut it short so we could get off the mountain sooner, where we put our sneakers on and ran 8 miles (full packs) to where we had parked Dave's vehicle. Next, we bought a dozen Rolling Rock beer and drove back and met the rest of the gang as they finished their hike at Crawford Notch. What a weekend of hiking.

After we got home, Mr. Prebble announced the total cost of gas for this his little Subaru station wagon, was \$9.38. He was cheap back in the day.

We also hiked in New Brunswick at Mount the Carlton Provincial Park, which was slightly less onerous on the young body. Mount Carleton itself is the terminus of the Appalachian Trail, which begins somewhere near Virginia. It is considered to be somewhat of a very long Trek through the mountains of the Appalachian Range. Those who complete it are considered very good at mountain Trail Running. Paul Looker may be interested in this kind of an unofficial event.

We took around 15 to 20 people from the Capital city Roadrunners one year to Mount Carleton for a nice hike. We stayed overnight at Armstong Brook Campground and then climbed Mount Carleton and or Mount Sagamook the next day. Mount Sagamook is the far better climb If you're interested in a better view when you get to the top. The view is quite breathtaking. Mount Carleton is higher from the Fire Tower at the top.

Just remember “. . .there is no finish line . . .” FOSSIL Cheers all

.....  
GOT A STORY TO TELL? WHAT NOT SEND IT ALONG TO FOOTNOTES?

To take a jog, trip, walk or run down memory lane is an idiom referring to the act of fondly reminiscing, reflecting on, or discussing past experiences and sentimental memories. It involves a mental journey to remember significant events, people, and places from one's past.

Many moons ago now, I was taking part in the National 10km Road Race. There was a good turnout as it was a Saturday morning and my old nemesis James Tucker was entered. James had his arm in a sling of sorts as, if I remember right, he fell of his bike and broken in collarbone. There might have been a dog that got in the way. James was exercising his dog at the time.

James and I had pretty much the same pace and time for 10km so we would compete furiously against each other, James taking the lead and then me. On this day however there was no sign of James. I pushed on, the finish line eventually coming into sight when I heard footsteps behind me, and then a voice saying “Hi Johnny!”

It was James. I took off like a bullet out of a gun. There was no way he was going to beat me with his arm in a sling, for if he did, I'd never hear the end of it. We had many great battles. James is a great marathoner and a fundraiser for the Heart Fund.

Do you have a story to tell? I know there's lots of stories out there. Share your with fellow runners and walkers. ~ [cathcartjohn@hotmail.com](mailto:cathcartjohn@hotmail.com)

## From the President By Joanne Embree



Well, it's January. We have had certainly variable weather with both very warm and very cold temperatures; sometimes within 24 hours. It made for some interesting runs and walks.

The wrap up from last year included the results from the December Challenge and the 2025 Point Series.

As it turned out, the December Challenge really did prepare us for January. Thank you to Amelia Beaney for organizing it again this year. Congrats to everyone who participated. The top runners/walkers were Justin Young and Annette Comeau. Between them, they did just over 500K! We raised \$1,230 for charity donations.

Many thanks to Paul Looker for organizing the 2025 Point Series. He put together a fun program and obtained incredible monogrammed blankets for the winners. The overall winner of the 2025 Point Series was Harry Drost. I came in second. Janet Tree came in third but withdrew and gave her prize to Boris Allard (who was a very close fourth) as she had received one of the blankets last year.

The 2026 Point Series started on January 17th with 5K Bill Thorpe Walking Bridge Park Run. We were happy that we had chosen that week to do it rather than the next week when it was considerably colder.

Club members had an opportunity to learn a bit about curling last Sunday evening. We had a great time. Thanks to Mary and Amelia for organizing it. Also, thank you to Kim and Roger who coached us.

Those of us who have chosen to enter spring half and full marathons are starting up our training programs. Many others are skiing, now that the snow has arrived. Looking forward to warmer February days. ~ **Joanne**



You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running. Issue #65 "Running Around the Solar System"



*Rob Jackson running on the planet earth*

Runners love to ask "what if?" questions. What if I trained more? What if I ran lighter shoes? What if I actually stuck to easy pace? Here's a more unusual one: what if you ran a marathon on another planet? Let's consider "A Marathon Around the Solar System - How gravity would change your race time."

Obviously, this is a thought experiment. Most planets don't have breathable air, reasonable temperatures, or even a solid surface. So, let's simplify things and look at gravity alone—how much harder or easier it would be to run if everything else magically stayed the same.

How the math works (briefly)

Biomechanics research shows that running speed, when comparing different gravitational environments, roughly scales with the square root of gravity. In simple terms: gravity affects how quickly you can cycle through a running stride. Using that idea, we can estimate marathon times like this: Planet marathon time  $\approx$  Earth time  $\times \sqrt{(\text{Earth gravity} \div \text{Planet gravity})}$

This doesn't predict what you could do with practice, nor does it account for fatigue or injury risk. It just answers a fun question: how would a typical Earth running gait scale under different gravity?

The baseline

Let's assume a 4:00:00 marathon on Earth (240 minutes).

Gravity-only marathon times			
World	Surface gravity (m/s <sup>2</sup> )	Gravity vs Earth	Estimated marathon time
Jupiter	24.79	2.53 g	2:31
Neptune	11.15	1.14 g	3:45
Saturn	10.4	1.06 g	3:53
Earth	9.81	1.00 g	4:00
Venus	8.87	0.90 g	4:12
Uranus	8.87	0.90 g	4:12
Mars	3.71	0.38 g	6:30
Mercury	3.70	0.38 g	6:31
Moon	1.62	0.17 g	9:50
(All times rounded to the nearest minute.)			

**Lower gravity doesn't automatically mean faster.** Mars and Mercury feel “light,” but the model predicts a much slower marathon. With so little gravity, runners would spend far more time in the air, disrupting stride rhythm and reducing turnover unless the gait changed dramatically.

**Near-Earth gravity worlds don't change much.** Venus and Uranus come out only about 12 minutes slower than Earth. From a gravity standpoint, they'd feel surprisingly familiar.

**The Moon is almost a different sport.** At about one-sixth Earth gravity, the predicted time balloons to nearly 10 hours. Anyone who's seen Apollo footage knows why—running quickly turns into bounding and hopping.

**Jupiter looks amazing... on paper.** A theoretical 2:31 marathon sounds great, but at more than 2½ times Earth's gravity, every step would be punishing. Muscles, bones, and tendons—not speed—would be the real limiting factors. (Also: Jupiter doesn't actually have a solid surface.)

**The real takeaway.** This isn't about space travel—it's about appreciating how finely tuned running is to Earth's gravity. Change that one variable, and the entire sport shifts. So next time an easy run feels heavy, take comfort: at least you're not training for a lunar marathon.

~ Rob

# The “Second Running” of Not Just Another “Pedestrian” Art Contest - February 2026



**CRR&W Point Series**  
**Event #2**

Once again the point series would like to celebrate the creative side of our club members.

This year we will expand on the premise of our “walking and running” art contest to highlight the variety of artistic talent within the club. The basis of the contest will be the same as last year, with the creation of designs while running or walking.

It will require you to think about and plan the running or walking route that you will do for this event. Look at the map of the community or area in which you run. Can you see a pattern in the layout of the streets? The “artwork” can be as simple, or as complex as you can make it.

Running and walking can also be the stimulus for other forms of creative expression. Photographs of people or scenery, poetry, songs, stories, drawing and painting all will be accepted. You can do this separately or in conjunction with a running design.

## **How is it going to work:**

plan a walking or running route to create a design or artwork.

record your route with a gps, smart watch or telephone (or as a last resort trace it out on a map).

send a link to your route design (Strava, Garmin, Coros, etc.) to the club email address:

[info@ccrr.ca](mailto:info@ccrr.ca)

**You can also submit**, photos, artwork, poems, songs and stories **independent** of running patterns.

## **Bonus points will be awarded for:**

those who can incorporate other art forms into their gps route trace data.

time spent and distance covered will be also be considered.

theme based art (ie. Valentine’s Day).

Judging shall be made by a small, still to be selected, committee of impartial subject matter experts at the end of the month.

Have fun! Be creative!

**Paul**

2026

**CCRR&W Point Series**

Event #1

**2026****CCRR&W Point Series****Event #1**

<b>Name</b>	<b>Time</b>	<b>Position</b>	<b>Points</b>
<b>Westley Arbeau</b>	23:58	M1	50
<b>Michel Melanson</b>	24:42	M2	45
<b>David Weir</b>	26:05	M3	42
<b>Eric Hopper</b>	27:11	M4	40
<b>Sonja MacDonald</b>	27:42	F1	50
<b>Annette Comeau</b>	27:48	F2	45
<b>Amelia Beaney</b>	28:35	F3	42
<b>Leanne Doughty</b>	28:55	F4	40
<b>Terry Haines</b>	29:04	M5	39
<b>Marlene McVicar</b>	29:24	F5	39
<b>Boris Allard</b>	29:32	M6	38
<b>Sara Young</b>	29:33	F6	38
<b>Michele Coleman</b>	30:08	F7	37
<b>Janet Tree</b>	30:20	F8	36
<b>Janice Caissie</b>	30:46	F9	35
<b>Fran Robinson (V)</b>	33:00	F10	34
<b>Jochen Schroer</b>	33:18	M7	37

Name	Time	Position	Points
Paul Looker	33:24	M8	36
Mona McLachlan	34:39	F11	33
Joanne Embree	36:10	F12	32
Rick Grey	36:20	M9	31
Harry Drost (V)	42:58	M10	34
Mike Stapenhurst (V)	43:06	M11	33

There was a great turn-out for the first event of the 2026 Point Series. the venue for this event was the Bill Thorpe Walking Bridge ParkRun. 23 club members participated in the 5 km run/walk, hoping to get a good start to the year. Those club members who had already started their training plan for spring races then continued on after the ParkRun, to get in their required distances for the day. Brave souls. There were three virtual results submissions.

If I have made any mistakes or omissions in the above results please let me know.

~ Paul



Point Series top finishers: Harry Drost • Joanne Embree • Janet Tree.

They each received a beautiful embroidered blanket ... and in true CCRR spirit, Janet already had one and generously passed hers along to our 4th place finisher, Boris Allard. Congrats to all the winners and organizers —and a big thank-you to everyone who participated. What a great way to kick off the year!

## 2025 CCRR&W Point Series Awards by Paul Looker

The points for the year's events were all tallied. Bonus points for the December Challenge and the Club Membership Challenge were also added into the fold. Was my math to be trusted? What formulations did I use again? What was the plus or minus margin of error for my results? Anyways, the numbers were there right before my eyes.

Would I be challenged on these results that I would be presenting? I had to be prepared for that. The "Legal Department" will, no doubt be hovering around to put in their "two cents" worth of advice too. The results would, of course, have to be made available to anyone upon receipt of a correctly submitted and approved Access to Information request. Heavily redacted of course...

A hastily arranged awards presentation was set. "Piggy-backing" on the efforts of the organizing committee for the December Challenge Awards. The "Who's who" of the running community were all present. In their finest running attire.

But, hold on! I hadn't sent out the invites to the recipients of the awards. The first place winner wasn't even there. Don't panic! Don't panic! There had to be a quick fix for this. Fortunately, through confidential information sources, the location of "Subject #1" was determined. "NICE" agents were sent and they extricated him from the saddle of his spin class bicycle and brought him, in his cycling attire, to the awards ceremony. The awards ceremony could proceed after all. Drum roll, please...

Ladies and Gentlemen... the winner of the 2025 point series...with a total of 464 points.... Harry "I hate running" Drost. (big round of applause everybody).

In second place..., our illustrious leader... with 443 points... the one, the only.... Joanne Embree. (And, before the inevitable rumours are started about a "fix", or corruption within the ranks of the CCRR&W point series committee. No! No political pressure was brought to bear upon me. No money changed hands.\* No favour was granted ;)

A touch of class was added to the ceremony during the presentation of the third place award. An exhibition of character and sportsmanship that

resonated with all present. The third and fourth ranked athletes, Janet Tree and Boris Allard, were neck and neck in the final points total. the difference being well

within the margin of error in my calculations. When the Master of Ceremonies, that is yours truly, went to award the prize based on the points result only, Janet Tree, a past winner of the series, stepped aside. Wow! Bravo, I thought to myself. A true reflection on the values of many of our club members.

I looked quickly through the audience. Phew... He was there... The third place award.... with 429 points... goes to Boris Allard.

There you go. The 2025 point series has come to an end. Congratulations to our prize winners. Each were the recipient of an embroidered knee blanket, for those naps on the couch after a long cold winter run. And, thank you everyone for participating.

Paul

\* (You caught me. I guess some money did pass between us. Joanne did sign the cheque to reimburse me for the purchase of the point series awards. But, I swear, "Your Honour", that it was solely in the execution of our administrative duties. :)



Annette was the winner of the 2025 December Challenge!



#### MARK HEBERT HYMERS

Many of the senior group will remember Mark during his time with the CCRRC bak in the late 80's early 90's. He trained with the club preparing for the goal of running The Boston.

It is with great sadness that we announce the unexpected passing of Mark Herbert Hymers, following a brief illness and hospitalization on January 25, 2026, at the Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital. Mark was born November 1948. We offer our condolences to Mark's wife Heather and his daughters, Charlene, Mary, Colleen, and Heather,



Good morning runners and walkers,

As you can see in the picture below I did a lot of spinning in January and that is because I participated in the Drost weight-loss competition. I am 1/2 pound short but maybe I can loose that today.

For February I dreamed up another challenge for all our runners and walkers and I will call it “The daily double”!

First day run/walk 100 meters, next day 200, day 7 6.4 km. Keep doing this for the whole month. If you want a real challenge add 2 more daily doubles! (Paul L?)

From the back of the couch at 5:45 AM!

Harry!



