

APRIL 2023

# ~~~ FOOTNOTES ~~~

**Queen Square Mile**



**CCRR Point Series – Event #4**  
**Wednesday, April 12<sup>th</sup>, 2023 @ 17:30**





## A Jog down Memory Lane - Paul Lavoie



**Dick Mawhinney Bill Ledrew, Brenda Tree, Paul Lavoie, Larry Robinson**



### **Front Row**

**M. Fitzsimmons, Mary Robinson, Mabel Malley, Carol Scott,  
Eunice Phillips, Judy McKendy, and Michelle Harrison,**

### **Middle Row**

**Larry Robinson, Daryll Kizer, Fred Turnbull and ??**

### **Back Row**

**John Cathcart, Paul Lavoie, Terry Haines, Steve Scott, Eldon Mclaughlin,  
Ernie Fitzsimmons, Rob Harrison, and Mike Mckendy**

# A Jog down Memory Lane - Paul Lavoie



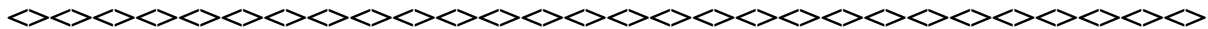
Close Finish ~ Bill LeDrew and Dave Wallace



**Dick Mawhinney ( co-founder of the Club)  
and  
Ed Tackas - (sub-4 minute miler)**



**Paul Lavoie & Bill LeDrew**



*“The first half hour of my run is for my body. The last half hour, for my soul. In the beginning the road is a miracle of solitude and escape. In the end it is a miracle of discovery and joy. Throughout, it brings an understanding of what Blake meant when he said, “Energy is eternal delight.”*

*~ Dr. George Sheehan ~*

### Event #3 Results. 5km Guess Your Time Event by Paul Looker

There was a good turn out for the ParkRun on this beautiful sunny morning. The condition of the trail system though was not as nice. The trail's running surface was ice covered and very slippery in places, making for some rather dicey footing and some harder to predict running times. Unfortunately on this day, the timekeeper (Yours Truly) was also a little off of his game. And, as such I didn't keep track of everyone's names and finishing times separately from the Park Run event results, as I normally would. Instead of relying on their system as a backup, I was lazy and hoped that I could rely entirely on the event timing system alone. Well, that didn't quite workout.

With some people starting later than the rest, other runners not participating in the event crossing the finish line amongst other participants, and people still not registered with Parkrun the event results became very confusing. Especially since the person who compiles the official results (poor sod) is not the person who sent him the jumble in the first place (Yours Truly, now a.k.a. Persona Non Grata at ParkRun). All the same I have managed to put together the following results list from the data that I had. If I got your time totally wrong let me know and as always I can make amendments to this results list. I also still have all the finishing times (without names) to use for comparison if required.

Next event: Queen Square Mile. Wednesday, 2023-04-12 @ 17:30. Start near the gazebo, near the UNB entrance at the corner of University Avenue and Beaverbrook Street. ~ *Paul*

Name	Predicted Time	Actual Time	Difference	Position	Points Awarded
Brian Scott	32:00	32.01	0.01	M1	50
Jamie Weatherbee	33.00	33.07	0.07	M2	45
Ritesh Saxena	28.00	27.19	0.43	M3	42
Sara Young	24.00	24.46	0.46	F1	50
Cindy MacDonald	33.00	31.37	1.23	F2	45
Janet Tree	28.00	29.56	1.56	F3	42
Fran Robinson	33.00	29.49	3.11	F4	40
Jochen Schroer	34.00	29.31	4.29	M4	40
Terry Haines	27.00	32.15	5.15	M5	39
Merina Farrell	40.00	33.37	6.13	F5	39
Harry Drost	1:00.00	1.07.13	7.13	Walker 1	50
Paul Looker				Volunteer	39

**You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running.  
Issue #40: Do you drink water? By Rob Jackson**



Of course, all of us consume water. As Ellyn Briggs notes in the opening of the recently-published article titled: Fiji, Aquafina, Evian or Dasani? U.S. Consumers Pick Their Favorite Water Brands:

“Water makes up more than half of the average human’s body weight and more than two-thirds of the Earth’s surface. So, it comes as no surprise that it has long been the subject of our collective fascination — and, apparently, obsession.”

Briggs reports on a recent survey of the most popular brands of bottled water in the USA. Following are some excerpts from the report.



Out of 26 major bottled water brands, The Wonderful Co.’s Fiji Water earned the highest net favorability rating among all U.S. adults, beating out the second-place brand, PepsiCo Inc.’s Aquafina, by a huge margin. Danone SA’s Evian, BlueTriton Brands’ Nestle Pure Life and the Coca-Cola Co.’s Dasani all tied for third.

Gen Z adults and millennials reported the strongest preference for bottled water over tap and subsequently buy it most often. One in 4 Gen Z adults and 27% of millennials said they buy water at least once a day, compared with 17% of Gen Xers and 9% of baby boomers.

Fiji was the top-ranked brand in net favorability rating among every generation except baby boomers (they preferred Aquafina). Martin Riese, one of only a handful of professional water sommeliers in the world, offered an explanation for this runaway win: “Because Fiji is a naturally filtered water, it features a high level of a mineral called silica, which creates a sweet profile that fits the American palate very well.”

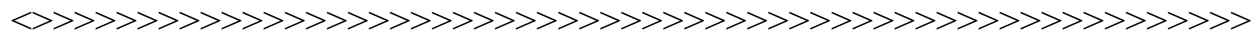


And while the bottled water industry is dominated by a few beverage giants, one brand has emerged with a roar in recent years by leveraging packaging and placement strategies in a radical way: Liquid Death. Founded in 2019, canned water brand Liquid Death is reportedly already valued around \$700 million after its irreverent ads — they

frequently feature boundary-pushing and unexpected tropes like hard-partying kids or rockstar grandmas – earned the brand a cult following. The product is available in more than 60,000 retail stores nationwide, and is one of the top-selling drinking waters on Amazon. Here is a link to the full report from Briggs:

[https://morningconsult.com/2023/03/23/water-bottle-brand-best-popular-fiji/?utm\\_source=substack&utm\\_medium=email](https://morningconsult.com/2023/03/23/water-bottle-brand-best-popular-fiji/?utm_source=substack&utm_medium=email) (*you will need to cut and paste*)

All of this talk of water has made me thirsty. I'm going to quench that thirst with some ice-cold water from my private well. No plastic bottles necessary. ~ **Rob**



## GUESS YOUR TIME



We had a good crew out for our "Guess Your Time" event at the park run today. Thanks to Paul for organizing the event despite feeling really under the weather. It was icy, but we did it!



## From the President - Fran Robinson



Hello folks. Great to see the sun shining and the temperatures getting milder. Here in Fredericton, we're still getting snow. Spring is slowly coming along! The longer days and clearer sidewalks/trails make it easier to get a good run in.

Some of us are in training for the Fredericton Marathon, or other events. Sara Young is doing a great job getting us motivated for training for the local marathon in May. Sara is also in the lead for our CCRR Run series. Way to go Sara!

Our next running series event is April 12 at 5:30. Paul Looker is calling it the Queen Square Mile. It will start at the Kiosk outside the University gates. Thanks Paul, for organizing these events. Results are posted on the website: <https://www.crr.ca/events/>

There are several of you who have not yet renewed your membership. Please consider supporting your running club again this year. We still have access to the University gym before and after our runs. As an affiliate member of UNB, you get a reduced rate in your gym membership, should you wish to take one out.

<https://www.crr.ca/membership/>

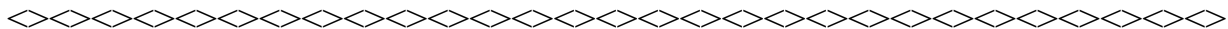
A few of us are going to run in Grand Digue for the 15 km event there. The rate goes up April 1st so don't delay in signing up! Date of the run is April 29th. It will be a good long run prior to the Fredericton Marathon. Check it out on <https://www.Raceroster.com>



For those of us participating in the Big Canada Run 2022, we just crossed the 9000 km line (of 10,000 km). Yahoo! We're in place 46 currently. Way to go team.

Enjoy your run.

~*Fran*



### TODAY'S QUOTE

*"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 A. Sheehan*



## FOSSILS CORNER by Steve Scott



It's late March and there's a tiny glimpse of HOPE in the air that Spring and all its melting will soon become more noticeable as we go about our daily business. This is the season to start pushing the winter doldrums out of your legs and take your wet walking and running shoes into a nice cozy warm place to dry: take the removable liner out, wring it out and make sure it gets well dried. Repeat the above as long as necessary including pushing the pace gradually so you can be ready to run in some of our Running/Walking events around this great Province of ours.

There are many smaller events up and down the Saint John River Valley and elsewhere. Some of my favourites from years past include St. Andrews 5 miler, St. Stephen/Calais 5 miler, Hampton 5 miler (8 kms) except the international event. I have run and walked them all. There are also many others in the Run NB Calendar to choose from and my very favourite over the years is the Joe McGuire Road Race in Woodstock. It is held in conjunction with Woodstock Old Home Week festivities near the end of July.

It is now a 5km and a 10 km race and welcomes walkers in both events I believe, and they usually have a children's run too. As a small town everyone is very welcoming and there are eats after the event as well as prizes and medals for winners. Draw prizes for everyone fast or slow run or walk.

Many out of towners from both sides of the border usually show up for this event every year. When Carol and I used to run this event our young girls always wanted to come because they knew that Joe and his wife would invite us to their place for a swim and a beer and great conversation. Sadly both Joe and his wife Ginette are gone, but the JOE MCGUIRE ROAD RACE lives on.

All the current Life Members with the Capital City Road Runners/Walkers; Paul Lavoie (Woodstock Boy), John Cathcart, Mike McKendy and myself Steve Scott (Fossil) earned our stripes at the Joe McGuire Road Race trying to beat each other. God(excuse me John) it was Fun. See you this Summer in Woodstock; I hope to jog the 5 km; at least to the first Mile Mark. Remember, "... there is no finish line . . ."

~ *Fossil*

## Through the medium of the written word... by Paul Looker



I have sat down many times over the last month to try and write about the continuation of my 2022 hiking saga. For some reason though I was having a real problem deciding on how to tell this story. I made countless little notes here and there, I have gone off on several different tangents and scrapped innumerable unfinished copies. I just couldn't figure out why I was having so much difficulty? So, after another futile session, and the "trash" container on my computer nearly overflowing, it was time to take a break.

I decided, as I have often done in the past, to go for a run. Running even though it stresses my body physically often relaxes me mentally. And, as so often in the past, I was not to be disappointed and came back from my run rejuvenated and ready to go.

So what happened? Well, as I was running along, listening to music, feeling good and thinking about nothing in particular, I was suddenly passed by a group of "gazelles". No, not antelopes! That's my term for the ever younger super fast runners. I at least like to think that they are younger. But truth be told I now use the term for pretty well everybody that runs faster than I can. I cursed silently, at first. Well, maybe not that silently either. There were a few words that inadvertently slipped out as they pulled further and further away. But, all joking aside, I actually marvelled at how effortlessly they were running and I watched jealously as they quickly left me in their dust. I continued to plod on like an old work horse and I thought about what had just transpired. Like anyone else these gazelles had to work to get where they were at. They had to build upon their past training and running experiences just like you or I. That was it. I knew how I was going to proceed in my story telling.

As I took my place in front of the computer screen again, I read over my last effort. I highlighted everything and pushed the delete button. I would have to start over again. I shook my head and laughed. I mean, to me it was funny, because I had spent a career writing detailed reports and briefs. And, though I have never considered writing to be my "forte", I was always able to communicate whatever I was trying to express.

Much like running, where you develop speed and endurance by the work that you put into your training, my report writing skills developed as I learned the language, report structures and the legal and policy requirements. So, I knew I had a base to work from, I would just have to learn to use the medium of the written word to recount events to a different audience. I was going to have to work at it. There definitely was no shortage of material to draw upon to tell my story. Each day on the Great Divide Trail presented me with many challenges. And I have since found that even the simple matters, which seemed inconsequential at the time, when reflected upon were actually interesting and exciting.

So when I left off in the last chapter of this story, I had just made my way around to the backside of a mountain to get myself back on track to continue my adventure. That was Day 4 of my hike. And for most of that day I had been walking in sunshine and stifling heat. As I got closer to where I was hoping to camp that night I could see black clouds looming in the distance and the wind was starting to pick up. In the distance I could also hear the occasional rumbling. Was that thunder? I wasn't sure at the time but it was a sound that I was going to become very familiar with and I would eventually learn to recognize it for what it really was.

I kept pushing on trying to gauge when the rain would start. I was in a deep valley at this time and I couldn't see any of the snow that was higher up, so I knew it would be rain and not snow that I would be getting. I eventually found a decent site to set up my tent. I had ended up walking approximately 37 km that day. And after a quick meal, a wash in an ice cold river and hanging my food away from animals, I was able to jump inside the tent just as the heavens opened up. Thankful not to have been caught out in the rain and tired from a day of walking in the sun, I fell asleep almost immediately, oblivious to all that was transpiring outside of the tent.

It was raining very hard, the wind was blowing strongly, and the wind gusts shook the tent throughout most of the night. I wasn't worried though as I have been out in some pretty miserable weather in the past and I was confident in my equipment and ability to use it. I had put in the work to get myself here after all. But, in the middle of the night I was awakened by a soft wet slap to my face. What was that? As I groggily tried to remember where I was, the wet outer wall of the tent slapped me once again in the face. I wiped the water off my face. Being half asleep I contemplated just rolling over and tried to ignore what was happening. But I knew something was wrong. Something had obviously happened to cause the tent wall to collapse like this. There was no way around it. I would have to get dressed, put on my rain gear, and go out into the rain to fix my tent.

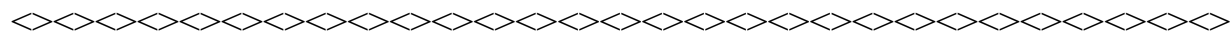
Hoping that it was just a tent stake that had pulled out from the ground because of all the water, I took my time. But in reality the tent stake should not have come loose because I had put heavy rocks on top of them because I knew there would be a lot of wind that night. Outside, the wind was blowing the rain directly into my face and I could feel it working its way down my neck and back. The ground around my tent was soaked. It was a good thing that I spent some time selecting my tent site as I was situated just above all the water that was collecting in the low spaces outside.

My footwear was soaked as I walked through the wet grass. Great, everything was going to be cold and wet in the morning when I started to hike for the day. When I got to the corner of the tent that had collapsed I could see that my tent pegs were still solidly in place, in the ground. But, unfortunately the tent guy lines had frayed and pulled apart because the wind gust caused it to rub against a sharp edge on the rock.

I managed to find a temporary solution and secured tent the best that I could. I checked the rest of the tent to ensure that there was no other damage requiring my attention. Then sopping wet I crawled back inside my tent leaving all my wet gear in a pile in the tent's vestibule. Trusting my remediation of the tent's guy lines and that I would not be flooded out later in the morning. I got in my sleeping bag and eventually fell back asleep.

When I awoke a few hours later my tent was still standing and it was not flooded. I put on my wet clothes, had a hot breakfast and packed everything up. Another day of adventures was about to begin.

Our experiences in life build upon each other. And the lessons we learn from our experiences can be applied across different activities. Work we put into training for running makes it seem easier and allows us to run faster. That work ethic and the physical confidence it has provided has benefited my hiking. It has allowed me to face all the challenges that I encountered while on trail. And, I hope that by working at it and continuing to develop my ability to use the medium of the written word, that story telling will also, one day, become easier. ~ *Paul*



***"Hiking is not escapism; it's realism. The people who choose to spend time outdoors are not running away from anything; we are returning to where we belong"***  
***- Jennifer Pharr Davis***

A REFLECTION - BY THE RHYMING REV



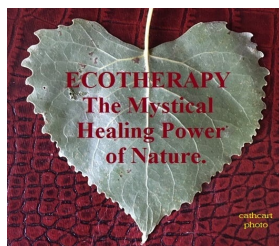
*Sauntering along there were sure signs of Spring  
Birds in the trees you should've heard them sing .  
Their spring songs rang out from high in the trees,  
And seemed to say better days are coming you'll see.*



*The sun's shining bright its heat makes my steps light  
A great start to the day makes one just go out to play  
Sauntering along and serenaded with beautiful song  
I marvel at how the sun's rays were feeling so strong.*

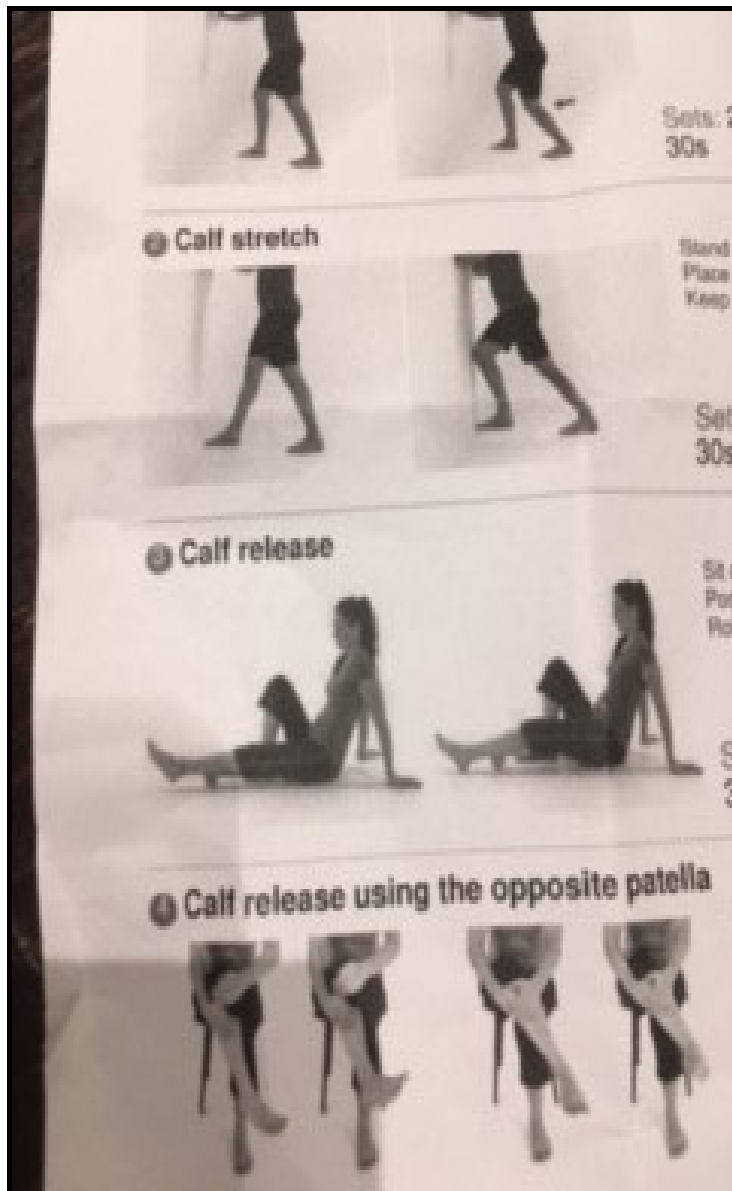
*The daffodils pushed their way up through the ground,  
The snowdrops are in bloom and success is to be found.  
Most, as you go, still are making your way through snow,  
So I wish to assure you one and all I'm not having a go.*

*I'm Just celebrating what is surely a wonderful morning  
The gift of another wonderful new day just a dawning  
So I pause to give thanks to God for my good health  
For freedom and peace in this land of great wealth.*





## *From the Back of the Pack*



Hi Everybody, I can stretch the truth but not my body! About a month ago I ran laps in the Curry Centre and after 75 laps I felt something straining in the calf of my left leg. After 3 weeks of heat, ice and stretching not much changed.

So last Friday I went to physio and they gave me a few stretches I should do. I was surprised when she told me I could run or walk right away and 5 km would not be a problem. Imagine sitting on the couch for a month if you are used to an hour of exercise almost every day!

This week a few of you got an email from our very good friend James Alard and he wrote that his partner Jackie is seriously ill! So send positive thoughts to them and pray as well.

From the back of the Pack!

~ Harry