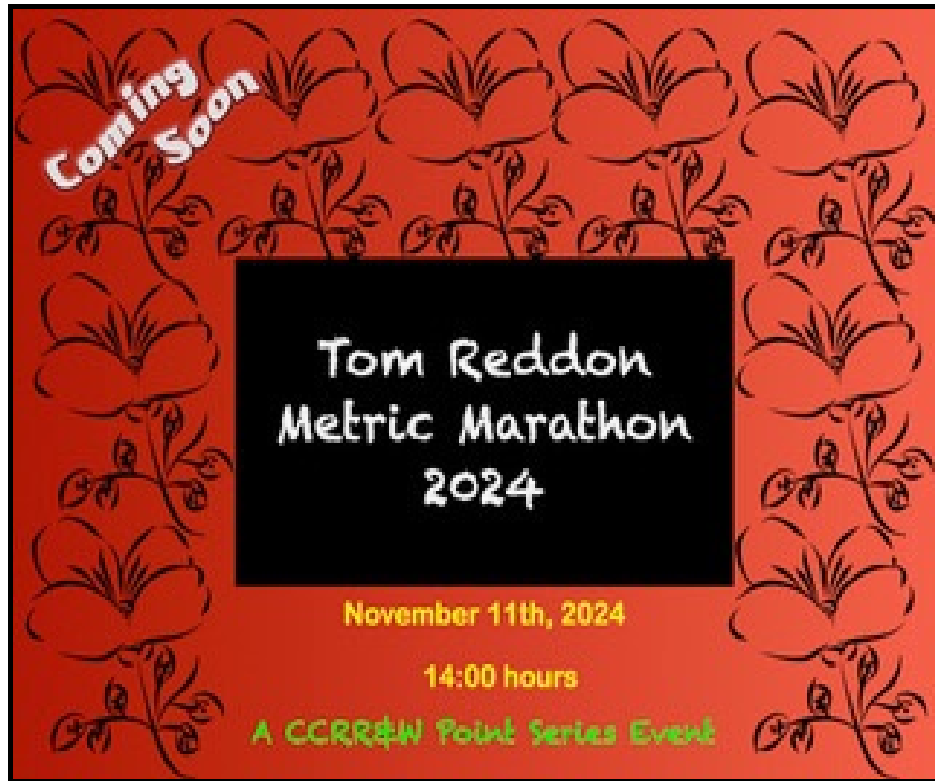


# ~FOOTNOTES~

The Capital City Roadrunner's & Walker's Club



Tom Reddon

November 2024

## CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS & WALKERS CLUB

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### ~FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS

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Steve Scott - Paul Looker

Harry Drost - Rob Jackson

## 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 etc.

· Regular bi-weekly runs.

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

Membership is only \$25 per year  
or \$40 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.crrr.ca/membership>

or

contact any member of our CCRR  
Executive listed in Footnotes.

## **Phil Booker will be inducted into the Run NB / Course N.-B. Hall of Fame**



Phil Booker, of Fredericton, will be inducted posthumously into the RunNB Hall of Fame on Saturday, November 16<sup>th</sup> 2024.

Phil's running career began at the young age of 48 when he ran his first race "Run for Love" in Woodstock, NB in 1991 and continued for more than 30 years. Run for Love was an appropriate name of a race to begin his running career as that is what Phil did, ran for the love of it.

Since that time, Phil ran more than 500 races, including 43 Marathons, seven of which were the Boston Marathon. He participated in races all over the province, nationally and internationally winning many of these in his age group.

Running was not the only thing Phil contributed to the running world. He also served two terms as President of Run NB in 1991 and 2001. He was also a committee member of many other runs both locally and provincially. The induction will be part of RunNB's annual general meeting and awards luncheon that will take place on Saturday, November 16. Details to follow shortly. *(Photo - Gilles Gaudreau)*



*"For every runner who tours the world running marathons, there are thousands who run to hear the leaves and listen to the rain, and look to the day when it is suddenly as easy as a bird in flight."*

*~ Dr. George Sheehan ~ (Photo John Cathcart).*

## Event #10 CCRR&W Point Series by Paul Looker

### Bill Thorpe Walking Bridge ParkRun

**Saturday, October 19th, 2024**



A great turnout for this event. A lot of our runners and walkers took advantage of the cool but sunny morning to enjoy the great trail system in Fredericton. A healthy contingent from the club participated in the local Parkrun and made quite the showing in the results. Clayton Goodine, club member and part of the Fall Classic Race Committee was the first to cross the line. Fran Robinson made a good showing too, gaining enough points to grab the lead from Harry Drost, and have a little padding to withstand those who may try to wrestle the lead from her at either of the next two events. For the virtual participants, the algorithm(s) I used to adjust your times, will remain a closely guarded secret...

The upcoming club events, including the club's annual general meeting, are all posted on the events page of our website.

(If I have missed anyone or made any errors, please let me know.) ~ Paul



# CCRR&W Point Series, Event #10

Bill Thorpe Walking Bridge ParkRun - 2024-10-19

NAME	TIME	POSITION	POINTS
Clayton Goodine	19:23	M1	50
Paul Looker	24:03	Volunteer 1	35
Fran Robinson	26:37	F1	50
Terry Haynes	26:95	M 2	45
Erica Fillmore	27:00	F2	45
Mike Melanson	Virtual Adjusted 27:31	M3	42
Janet Tree	27:33	F3	42
Mary Bartlett	Virtual Adjusted 27:38	F4	40
Jochen Schroer	27:48	M4	40
Rick Grey	28:43	M5	39
David Tree	Virtual Adjusted 30:16	M6	38
Lloyd Sutherland	30:45	M7	37
Mona McLachlan	31:30	F5	39
Westley Arbeau	32:48	M8	36
Harry Drost	32:48	M9	35
Joanne Embree	35:15	F6	38
Jamie Weatherbee	Virtual Adjusted 35:30	M10	34
Brenda Tree	Virtual Adjusted 41:40	F7	37
Christa Blizzard	42:48	F8	36



## From the President's Desk by Fran Robinson



Hello everyone. Cruising into November soon! Hard to believe. Jochen and I had a wonderful hiking trip in Austria and Slovenia, but it's great to be home again. Certainly lots to do. We returned on Thanksgiving weekend and were treated to two Thanksgiving dinners. WOW, such generosity of friends.

The fall reminds me of how thankful we should be for the abundance around us. We are all so fortunate to live in Canada with big spaces, clean air, safe living areas. At the level of our club, we have so much to be thankful for. So many people help out this club of ours - John Cathcart, Rob Jackson, Harry Drost, Steve Scott, Paul Looker, Janet Tree, Mary McKenna, Amelia Beaney, Pierre El Khoury, Joanne Embree, the Reddon Family, Bernie Arsenault, Sara Young and the Fall Classic Committee, Deb Prosser, Mike Stapenhurst, Mike McKendy, Jim Ketterling, Ann Flynn, Jamie Weatherbee, Jochen Schroer, Terry Haines, Gerry McAlister, Eric Hopper, Roy Nichol. This list goes on and on. I know I've forgotten people. You'll know who you are.

And where would we be if we didn't have our community group of like minded individuals. Running in our group is like a free therapy session at times. At other times, it's a motivator. I try to keep up to Terry Haines and if I can pass him, I'm ecstatic! Running can be an inspiration to others as well. I like to think that with the running clinic I offered this summer, I and the rest of the club members were a bit of an inspiration to the new runners in the group. Health wise, running is such a benefit as we all know. The older I get, the more committed I seem to get to running. I'm convinced it will help us grow old a little more gracefully.

Enough ramblings. I'm almost through my term as President. I've served many years on our executive and it's time for me to move onto other things. I'll still be out running and helping out though. I can't wait for the Not the Honolulu this year. It's such a great event. So much fun. I love the breakfast at the end and the sense of community at that run. Way to go Ann, Jim and Jamie for organizing this event again this year! The event is now open for registration by the way.

Have I told you that we don't have a replacement for me yet? Consider it. Send me an email if you're interested. It's challenging and motivating for sure.  
[franrobinson100@gmail.com](mailto:franrobinson100@gmail.com) See you on the trail! Fran

## A Remembrance Day Reflection by The Running Rev.



As we gather at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month you may even be standing beside one. Veterans. They are not different in any discernable way from you except one. What they have seen and experienced.. They have proudly put on the uniform of the Canadian Armed Forces. From two Great Wars, Korea, Afghanistan, Bosnia, Croatia and the list goes on. Veterans have been to the theater of war.

Yes, they walk among us. In the grocery store, beer store, or perhaps at Tim Horten's. One afternoon, while having just come from the hospital after ministering to a family as they grieved the death of their mother, I went to Timmies to have a coffee and a chocolate chip muffin, a sort of defusing before continuing my pastoral work. As I sat there, a young couple came in, ordered coffees, and sat at the table next to mine. He looked pretty serious, and she had a bright smile as we exchanged glances.



A few minutes later, she came over to ask if they could speak with me. (*the collar opens many a door*) I said sure. They sat down. He still looked pretty serious, she was still smiling. I discovered they weren't married and in fact were enquiring if it might be possible to get married in my Church. She had been baptized there as a child. They weren't members of my or any Church and I didn't know them, I'd never met them before. We arranged to meet the following week at my office. I gave them my business card and wrote down their names and phone numbers. God was at work. God is always at work and it's my job to recognize when God is at work.

When we next met, they showed up with Tim Horten's coffee and we set about filling out forms and my asking them some pretty personal questions - like had either of them ever been divorced? He was divorced. She had never been married.

I asked him if he wanted to talk about being divorced, as some people get divorced but are the innocent party as they never planned or expected to be divorced. If their partner cheated or was abusive, or as in several cases which I know of personally, the spouse just upped and left. No warning, just upped and left.

He stunned me when he said that was him. He explained how one morning while he and his wife were having breakfast their two boys were noisily fighting over the last few flakes in the cereal box, and he just got up from the table and left. He already had been spiraling downward but this noisy argument between his kids at the breakfast table, first thing in morning was the straw that broke the camel's back. He is a veteran. He has seen and experienced terrible things. Saw terrible sights.

For several years he went down the road of alcohol binge drinking and came close to losing his civilian job several times. However his marriage was over and it was all his fault. That morning sitting at the breakfast table, his kids fighting over a near empty box of cereal had brought back his recurring nightmare. It was a nightmare that began while he was serving in the theater of war where terrible atrocities were carried out in what we know as ethnic-cleansing - where the men, both young and old, were mutilated and then shot dead, the women systematically raped and children murdered in cold blood.

It was what he saw that started the nightmares. While on patrol, he and his comrades had come across a bunker of sorts where children had climbed into to get away from the madness and bullets. They were bunched together, huddled tightly together, fused together, their bodies burned beyond recognition. As the soldiers took in this horrific scene, the person telling me the story, with tears said, "We only hoped they were dead before they were set on fire." Veterans! They walk among us. They have seen terrible sights. They have experienced the worst and darkest aspect of humanity.

Yes, they walk among us. Perhaps you are standing beside one of them. They are no different from you in any discernable way except in what they have seen. They have not only "seen" the cost of peace, but have "experienced" the cost of peace and brought it back home with them, it changed them, changed how they "see" the world, how they "see" humanity, how they see God, and even how they see life itself.

Freedom and Peace has a cost. It has a first name, a middle initial, and a last name and many have died in the quest of that freedom and peace - many walk among us.



*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning, We will remember them.*



## Fossils Corner by Steve Scott



As many people in the Capital City Roadrunners may know, I have been a runner for around 50 years and have committed a lot of time and energy to this kind of a lifestyle. These years have generally been kind to me, my body, my mind and my spirit. There have been a few downtimes, but I have managed to keep moving. Enjoying activity that keeps me moving, motivates me.

However, as time ticks by, over the years, I have noticed that speed inevitably diminishes, and injuries take longer to heal. I am currently attempting to move ever forward, no matter that slow is all I can manage. This summer I began to work my way back to running regularly (Mixed in with some walking). The first month it was on one run walk per week and regular walking the six other days. Next phase involved a run/jog distance of five kilometers, No walking. Very tough but managed.

My current stage involves run /walk. Three days per week With one day ( Saturday) longer run /Walk of eight kilometers. I hope to soon be able to have two run only days with two run /walk days. Wish me luck.

The main point here is that as an elderly runner/jogger my standards will hopefully settle in at this new level and I will be content as running once again, becomes a regular part of my active lifestyle. Nobody ever told me. Getting old was going to be easy, but I would dearly like to “give” for a bit longer.

This past Sunday Was a very busy day for runners in the area. As Sunday morning broke, The Run for Shelter was held starting at Picaroons on the north side of the Saint John River. Around 235 Runners and walkers showed up for the three events being held that morning. When all was said and done, the strong winds that were blowing in from the North off the Saint John River seemed to give these people a lot of energy to complete their event and thus raise a Lot of money for the Shelter. This Event was sponsored by the Fredericton Marathon Committee. All CCRRW runners/walkers are to be commended for their Generosity.

At 2:00 PM on Sunday afternoon, a number of Capital City Road runners assembled for the annual ritual called the Fulton 5K. The clockwise route for this event is one that is much easier than the counterclockwise version. The same sort of conditions prevailed in the afternoon that had prevailed in the morning with lots of sun and lots of Cold wind. No one seemed too concerned with the conditions in the afternoon run. Afterwards we all headed for the Trailways Brewery for a libation of own own choice. Just remember “. . . there is no finish line . . .”

~ *Fossil*



On Saturday, December 7, we are happy to host the 34th running of the Not The Honolulu. The location will be Mactaquac Park, which is on RTE 105 NB. The run loops through the park and campground.

The half marathoners will start at 8 am and the  $\frac{1}{4}$  marathoners will start at 9. At 10:30 there will be a home cooked breakfast at Mactaquac Baptist Church- 1496 NB-105, Mactaquac (5 minutes down the road).

Your safety is important to us. Please be aware of weather conditions on the day of the event. Be prepared for snow, slush or black ice. Dress appropriately, wear the right footwear, and bring water.

The registration fees are either \$30 or \$45. The \$45 fees include the run distance of your choice, the NTH race swag and breakfast. Can't stay for breakfast, register for the run and the NTH swag for \$30.

Registration fees are payable online only at:

<https://events.runnb.ca/.../regi.../not-the-honolulu/494503>

There is no online registration for Breakfast Only. Breakfast is \$15 cash only payable at the venue. Please contact Ann or Jim before December 6th if you want to attend only breakfast.

The NTH garment this year is a scarf. No need to tell us your size. One size fits all. Registration closes when the event is full (max 70 runners/walkers) or on Friday December 6th, whichever comes first.

If you have any questions, please email Ann Flynn at [annelizabethflynn@gmail.com](mailto:annelizabethflynn@gmail.com)

## Getting There - Chapter 7 - Hurdles - (part 2)

By Paul Looker



As I mentioned previously, when you practice any outdoor activity there are all types of hurdles that you must overcome. Sometimes, it is just the weather and the resulting change in conditions that we must deal with. When is something just too dangerous?

Other times, it is our preconceived notion of how difficult something will be, and our own confidence in our ability to deal with such difficult situations. Can we physically overcome the challenge before us? Fear. Fear, as an emotion, can be paralyzing. Fear of what you think might happen. Fear of the unknown. Not knowing what you might encounter or how you might react can be a difficult thing to overcome.

As a runner, I have experienced many different situations that had helped prepare me for what I was to encounter on the Great Divide Trail. Weather related decisions, being cold, having fallen and hurt myself, being lost in the woods, meeting black bears and moose on the trail, being exhausted... and on, and on. I even found a corpse during one run.

Expect the unexpected. Prepare for the worst. Adapt and overcome. No matter the activity, these simplistic encapsulations are part of the thought processes I have used to deal with the “hurdles” that I encounter.

So with a “toolkit” full of different experiences I felt confident that I could meet any challenge head-on ...

**Day 11, July 05, 2022, Cache Creek Camping Site to High Rock (Don Getty Wildland Provincial Park), 20.92 km (Section B, Day #4)**



I must have been starting to get into the groove of trail life and long distance hiking. It was getting easier to put on wet clothing and shoes in the morning. I didn't enjoy it, but I was getting used to it. Putting wet clothes on, in the cold though, was even less enjoyable. But, on this cold morning, at least the sun was trying to make a showing. Grasping at straws I thought hopefully that I might be able to dry some of my wet gear at some point today.

Distance-wise it was going to be a short 21 km. But, short, doesn't always equate to being easy. What was going to dictate how fast I was going to progress would be the condition of the trail after all the recent rain. How muddy was the trail going to be? How much snow would I have to walk through at the higher altitudes today?

While I was striking camp, I ate my hot porridge and had a second cup of steaming hot coffee (multi-tasking). Trying to break the morning chill before getting started? Was I procrastinating a little? Maybe. After all, I had an inkling as to what lay in wait for me. And when I left the pack-horse camp site I knew full well that "Muddy In" meant "Muddy Out". Soft wet ground and heavy pack animals always equaled "Muddy Slop" in my experience. Needless to say, my feet wouldn't dry off, or be free of mud for some time that morning.

After some climbing away from the muddy lower areas, the trail improved and I thought that I might be lucky and have an easy time of it after all. But no, I had probably jinxed myself earlier that morning when I was thinking about how much snow I was going to encounter. A "fair bit" might be an understatement when trying to describe it. So, did I say that I really enjoyed the nice dry parts of the trail that day? I even took a few breaks on "balds" and rocky outcrops to haul out all my wet gear and to have the wind blow it dry. Those moments were just amazing.

When I first encountered the snow, I knew that my easy short hike today was, as I had feared, going to become a heavy duty slog. I didn't see much evidence of other foot traffic through the snow in the woods. Was I trail-blazing then? Was I really the first person through this section of the trail? Was there an alternate route that I had missed? No. I am pretty sure of that point.

I was still looking at my map rather religiously after my first couple of misadventures because of poor map reading.





I would encounter snow in patches, depending how the trail wove its way around the side of mountains, or through thick woods. I pushed on, working hard to tick off each kilometre. Enjoying any part of the trail that was without snow.

Surprisingly, the first part of the last steep climb of the day was snow free. But, my destination was a place called High Rock. There was bound to be snow there. High Rock, or at least the camp site I located was another pack-horse camp. There had been no recent animal traffic into this camp site though. I looked around, the location had received the late afternoon sun and a lot of the snow, because it was melting, was heavy and very wet.

There was no really good placement for the tent in the snow. Water would accumulate wherever I would place my tent and everything would get wet. In a small copse of trees I did find some ground devoid of snow. It was muddy and had obviously been a place where horses were kept. Judging from the amount of horse droppings I saw, I didn't really want to put my tent in that space either.

After a little more looking around I ended up back in this little manure strewn clearing in the woods. It was, unfortunately the best location. How could I make it work? Luckily, I found a pile of wood that had probably been used to build temporary fences, or hitching posts, for the horses. I built a platform out of this material and I set up the rain fly from my tent over top of this, using it like a tarp. And, despite the condition of this location being less than ideal and temperatures dropping to near or below freezing, I spent a very comfortable night and slept soundly once again.

#### **Day 12, July 06, 2022, High Rock to Etherington Creek, 26.96 km (Section B, Day #5)**

Distance wise, I knew that today I was in for a longer day. What to expect on the trail, that I found was difficult to predict. I knew that I would start my day walking in the snow. But, at the higher altitude and with the cold temperature overnight I hoped that it would be easier going. Maybe I would just sink through on every other step, I thought jokingly.

Early on that day I noticed that there were traces of other hikers having been on the trail. Two, maybe three others. Were they doing the whole trail like me? Or had they just hiked in from a nearby trailhead? I figured that there had to be other through hikers, because I couldn't be the only crazy one. Could I?



As the day progressed and it started to heat up, the snow became a little wetter and the upper crust a lot softer. I had just entered some thicker forest again. If there were any trail blazes indicating the route I was to follow, I am sure they were covered by snow, as it was that deep. That is when the real work started too. A few steps. A shuffle here and there. And then, sink up to my thighs. Struggle to get out of the hole I had just fallen into, and then repeat. And repeat. And repeat. It was exhausting. I even got to the point where I started to look for a quick out. Was there some way to avoid all this? Should I turn around? Heck, I even started to laugh at the situation I was getting myself into. I am sure it would have been easier to carry a snowblower on my back and clear a trail through the snow in the woods. The extra weight wouldn't be as bad as this after all. Laughing quietly to myself at that thought I continued plowing my way through the snow.

After what seemed like an eternity my perseverance eventually paid off. I had worked my way into some open areas and around the other side of the mountain. The snow conditions changed. In retrospect, the truly difficult slog would have been no more than a couple of kilometres. But, it darn near broke me, at the time.

I am sure I would have been quite the sight if I had actually encountered anyone in the woods. Laughing, cursing, wheezing, gasping for air, drenched in sweat and covered in snow. Definitely a sight to behold. As the traveling became easier I slowly stopped cursing and started to shuffle along the surface of the snow at a lot quicker pace. Only breaking through the surface on rare occasions.

The trail, wasn't all bad, whenever it dropped in altitude was actually quite nice and even made up for some of the tougher parts during the day. But that evening, it certainly felt good when I crawled into my tent and sleeping bag for the night.

**Day 13, July 07, 2022, Etherington Creek to Elk River Road (Weary Creek), 30.60 km (Section B, Day #6)**

I went over Fording River Pass. It was gorgeous. There was a high meadow between all the surrounding peaks. I even stopped momentarily next to a mountain tarn (pond) for a late lunch. I didn't stay long though as the sun quickly disappeared and the wind picked up causing the temperature to drop suddenly. It looked like a storm was moving in fast. I bid a hasty "adieu" to the the picturesque pass and dropped down into British Columbia. It became clearly evident along the trail that there was more money available for trail development and maintenance on the Alberta side of the trail. After a little difficulty finding the start of the trail it was actually easy going. A lot of today's route would be on old logging roads.



The trail descended for several kilometres to Aldridge Creek. This is where the trail, once again, became a little difficult to follow. There had been a lot of snow melt this year and the creek had swollen in size causing a lot of damage to the trail and woods along its course. It was still moving at a fast pace, but still manageable for the most part. I had to cross from side to side several times to follow the route that was on my map.

Wherever the trail was washed out, it was quite slow going as the vegetation was either quite thick, or difficult to navigate because of fallen trees. All this didn't really bother me until I was approaching the Aldridge Creek Trailhead at the Kananaskis Powerline Road. There was one last ford of the

creek on the trail map. Because of the condition of the trail, I knew I was in the relative area, but maybe not exactly on the trail. I had bushwhacked for a bit to the creek. And was startled by what I saw. What had been a wider more shallow creek a little further back was now a narrow but deep and powerfully fast moving torrent. There was no way I was going to be able to ford this. The map showed an old trail off to my right. But, I ruled this out as it was pretty thick woods between where I was and that trail, if I could even find it. The thought of bushwhacking over to it, was not very appealing.

I was only 300 meters from the trail head and the easy walking on the Powerline Road. There was even a camping option there. I was getting quite tired and had already been thinking of stopping early. I looked up and down the creek. I noticed a short distance upstream several trees lying across a narrow part of the creek. The water was even faster moving there. If I fell in, I was going to go a long way. But, if there was anything under the water I could easily be pinned and powerless to do anything about it. I scanned the creek up and down once again hoping to see something else. No luck. Not wanting to try my luck with any of the other options I made my way over to the fallen trees. There were trees of different thicknesses laying across the water, but they were all wet from the spray of the raging water. There were some overhanging branches, from trees on each side of the creek, that looked like I could grab onto to help with my balance, but how strong would they actually be?

Wet wood! I have already had a few fun experiences because of that. I stepped slowly out onto the logs using my hiking poles to try and balance. That wasn't working too well. Some of the trees weren't that big and shifted because of my weight.

I grabbed the overhead branches with one hand and was able to hold myself upright. I continued shuffling forward. I remember thinking to myself. "This is getting hairy." "This wasn't a good move." I had made it to the middle. But, I was swaying back and forth.

Struggling to to keep my balance. The overhead branches had kept me in the game so far. It looked to be the only way to keep my balance as the rushing water was amplifying the movement of the trees I was standing on. I tried to reach the branches on the tree from the other creek embankment. It was just out of reach. I extended myself just a little bit and suddenly had one of those "oh crap" moments. I seemed to be falling in slow motion. But the roar of the water became amplified. And the speed at which the water was flowing seemed to have increased too.

I could see the branch from the tree I was holding falling almost in slow motion to the water but when it landed quickly disappearing down stream. I landed on the trees I had been trying to cross the water on. I grabbed the biggest tree and wrapped my arms tightly around the trunk. The water was super cold. I had to move quickly. I pulled myself entirely onto this log and sat up letting my legs hang in the water at this point. I then scooted along the log inch by inch until I made it to the other side. It was a mess getting through all the trees and branches, but I was on solid land. I fought my way through the underbrush and made it to the Powerline Road. I was able to relax. That had been a close call. I was no longer tired. Bring it on. Man, am I ever an adrenaline junkie.

I say all that, but, four or five kilometres down the road, before arriving at my campsite for the night I heard a series of rifle shots around the curve in the road that I was walking on. My stupidity, I have to deal with. Other people's? Well not today. I wasn't going to walk around the corner blindly, hoping that someone wasn't stupid enough to be shooting down a roadway. I immediately veered off the roadway and gave the area a wide berth. I actually ended up seeing the people who were shooting later. As my detour ended up taking me right behind them. They had been shooting into a gravel berm, from the roadway. I think I startled them. They definitely tried to hide their firearms from my view. I was too tired to stop and talk to them and I just waved and continued walking towards my campsite for the night.

**Day 14, July 08, 2022, Elk River Road to Mount Sarrail (Peter Lougheed Provincial Park) resupply box at trail head near Boulton Creek, 35.35 km (Section B, Day #7)**

Most of today's hike was on old logging roads that ran through the Elk River Valley between two spectacular mountain ranges. And as is usually the case. I saw more wildlife and animals walking along a road than all of the trail to date. I started the morning off seeing several deer in an old logging clearing.

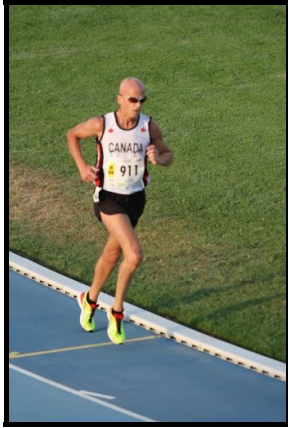
A coyote scurried across the road in front of me shortly after that. 10 minutes past that I saw an elk feeding on grass along the edge of the roadway. When he saw me, he ran across the road to another clearing with a second elk following it towards the edge of cut. Later, I would come across a herd of 20+ free grazing horses walking along the road. I don't know where they were going, but it seemed like they were going somewhere with a purpose. They were probably looking for that favourite clearing with all the best grasses.

Before reaching the end of the road walk through the Elk River Valley I came across two grizzly bears. I had been anticipating seeing a bear at some point during this hike and like many people I have heard all the stories surrounding encounters with them. I was fortunate though. I saw them, long before they noticed me. I expected to see two giant behemoths, but at first sight they looked rather small to me. Thinking they may be cubs I started to look for the mother bear. My hand instinctively went to the bear spray canister that I carried in a holster attached to the shoulder strap of my backpack. I couldn't see her. I yelled out to let the bears know that I was in the area. They saw me but went back to feeding on whatever plant it was that they were eating. They weren't worried about me in the least. On closer look they were not cubs, but they weren't full grown adults either. Maybe the same size or a little bigger than the black bears back home. Juveniles, I realized. Mom has probably kicked them out and they are now on their own.

Like a lot of teenagers they probably didn't care what a crazy old person wanted. Even if it was just to get past them safely. The trail/road continued straight past them and if they didn't move on I was going to have to find a way around them. I continued hollering at them. No worries on their part. I was contemplating on taking a break and just watching them go about their feeding, but I didn't know how long they would keep at it. They were pretty absorbed in what they were doing and could have stayed there for a long time. Just then, a truck came up on the road behind me. What perfect timing. I flagged them down and asked if I could use their vehicle as a barrier as I walked by the bears. The people in the truck got a kick out of this and we all got a pretty good look at the two grizzly before they finally sauntered off into the woods.

I continued on. Pleased overall with how my first encounter with grizzly bears had gone. I learned a lot. And I felt a lot less nervous about my playing in their back yard. I would have several more encounters with grizzly bears during this hike. And, I was fortunate each time to have had the experience. The end of today's hike would complete Section B of the great divide trail. It had been an incredible series of experiences, the beautiful scenery continuously amazing me, and....well section C would start tomorrow and the whole dynamic of my hike would undergo an unforeseen change. ~ *Paul*

## You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running. Issue #54: by Rob Jackson



The annual CN Tower Climb in Toronto is an endurance event that challenges participants to race up the 1,776 steps (144 floors) of the tower's stairwell, reaching an elevation of 346 meters (1,135 feet) at the top. It began in 1979 as a modest event and has since become one of Canada's most iconic fitness challenges, drawing thousands of participants each year.

In fact, there are TWO major CN Tower climbs that take place annually, one for the World Wildlife Fund (WWF) and another for the United Way. These climbs typically occur in the spring and fall, respectively, and both support important causes, with participants raising funds through sponsorships. The event is also an attraction for elite athletes aiming to set speed records, as well as casual climbers keen to test their endurance and support a cause.

Over the years, the event has seen various records set by participants. For example, Brendan Keenoy holds the all-time record for the fastest ascent, set in 1989 with a staggering time of 7 minutes and 52 seconds. That's just 3.28 seconds per floor! On the women's side, the record is held by Yvonne Chiarelli, who scaled the tower in just 10 minutes and 3 seconds (4.19 seconds per floor) in 2006.



Participation numbers have grown over time, with upwards of 10,000 climbers taking on the challenge each year. The climb also attracts a range of participants, from seasoned athletes and firefighters training in full gear to everyday citizens and corporate teams. Climbers of all ages and abilities come together, highlighting Toronto's community spirit and commitment to health, fitness, and philanthropy.

You still have time to participate in the United Way version of the CN Tower Climb for 2024. It will take place on November 9-10 but the November 9 climb is sold out! Registration is \$25 and each participant must in addition raise at least \$100 for United Way. The climb starts at 6:00 a.m. and for those who may be interested in ultra-climbing, no, you cannot climb more than once during the CN Tower Climb. ~ **Rob**



Some Photos  
How Many Times have you run across this bridge?



Photos by Michelle Coleman



The Capital City Roadrunners and Walkers Club

*From the Back of the Pack by Harry Drost*



Hi everyone, As you may know my wife Henny had a fall. She is well on the way to recovery but it will be sometime before she can exercise again. Lots of friends have brought us flowers and food, thanks! (*Photo: A Fall Day at the Drost Household.*)

~ *Harry*



Thanks Bernie for another edition of the Fulton 5K.

