

PRAIRIE INN POST

NEWSLETTER OF THE PRAIRIE INN HARRIERS RUNNING CLUB - FALL/WINTER 2008



KUSAM KLIMB

THE BRENT RUN

FELL RUNNING IN THE UK

THE BUPA GREAT NORTH RUN

KID'S KORNER

COACH'S CORNER

BC CROSS COUNTRY

CHAMPIONSHIPS

IRONMAN KONA 2008



PIH.BC.CA



Here we are well into the fall racing season. November 11 had an outstanding turnout for the Thetis Lake Relays. It is the first time we had to cut off registration the day before the event. We had over 600 individual runners registered making up 165 teams racing along the trails in the rain and mud. Just the perfect conditions for our Race Director Bob Reid.

The following PIH race was the 24th Annual Harriers Gunner Shaw Memorial 10K Cross Country Classic on November 29. We had a record turnout for this race too. This is a classic undulating cross country course with plenty of twists and turns and refreshing water hazards. This race is named after one of our founding members the late Bruce (Gunner) Shaw. Gunner lived hard and did everything to its fullest. He was a tough competitor who would push himself beyond normal limits. So the race is aptly named and is always true test for those who run it. It's always a real thrill to see runners cross the finish line at this race – spent but exhilarated.

The third race of our Thetis Lake series is the 5th Annual Stewart Mountain 10 Mile Cross Country Challenge on December 13 – another great gutsy course, starting on the road close to the main beach, the course winds its way through the Thetis Lake trails going north to Scafe Hill and Stewart Mountain and back again to finish at the main beach of Lower Thetis Lake. This year, both the Gunner Shaw and Stewart Mountain races are sanctioned by BC Athletics. All three Thetis Lake PIH races are sponsored by Island Runner and Adidas.

There is also a Gunner Shaw Memorial Cross Country Race in Vancouver on December 6. This is a challenging traditional cross country course run along the shore and through the trails at Jericho Park. We have formed a reciprocal arrangement with the Lions Gate Road Runners who host the race and every other year, we take a group of Harriers to their race and the following year they bring a contingent of runners to our Gunner Shaw. This year we will be taking a bus of enthusiastic Harriers over to Vancouver for the 25th anniversary of the race. There and back same day. PIH pays for the bus and entry fees for all Harriers who go to this interclub challenge.

One other competitive race to note is the Prairie Inn Pioneer 8K which is the first race of the Frontrunners Island Race Series on January 11. It is the 30th anniversary of this event and we are inviting many of the high performance runners on the Island and on the mainland and beyond to enter the race. We are offering \$5,000 in prize money as well as \$2,000 in course record bonuses. In addition to the approximately 150 invitations going out to the high performance athletes, we are also inviting all previous Pioneer winners, men and women, to participate in the event with a complementary entry. This is also the Provincial 8K Championship Race and we are expecting a record number of runners for this anniversary event. We will need a small army of PIH volunteers to help us out. If you can help, please contact Race Director, Randy Jones, at randyj55@shaw.ca or 250-474-6546.

Two festive race events over the holidays are the Harriers Boxing Day 10-mile Handicap on December 26 starting and ending at the Prairie Inn Pub and the Harriers Memorial Walk/Run 5K/8K on New Year's Day at the lower Beaver Lake beach.

Social Events December and January

On December 23, we are having our annual Christmas Lights Run starting at 5:00pm. Meet at the Bird of Paradise Pub on Glanford Avenue.

On Friday, January 16, we have our premier winter social event to honour the 2008 club award winners. It's at 7:30pm at the Cedar Hill Golf Clubhouse and we welcome all Harriers to attend. The club supplies appetizers and snacks after the awards are presented. If you would like to join us, please let me know by January 14 at snorrington@crd.bc.ca or 250-384-0171.

Please plan to attend as many of our events as you can. It's always a great event when Harriers come together to race, run, walk and socialize.

My best wishes to you and your family for a happy and safe holiday season.

- Susan



The running world is made up of a community of people who for the most part possess a very generous will to give, often with no strings attached.

The very nature of the sport is about volunteerism. From the participant who pays to play in the local 10k, to the marshals en route and kids handing out water at an aid station, everyone is involved as a volunteer. Participants at all levels give it all they got to compete with their comrades-in-sweat (to quote Malmo) or compete just to stop the ruthless clock from measuring our mortality.

On this note of volunteerism and the will to give, I would like to thank fellow volunteer Simon Pearson for his excellent work helping with the previous editions of the Prairie Inn Post. Some of the features and layout ideas are his own, adding humour and vignettes such as Favourite Run, Ask an Ironman, Meet a

Harrier and there are the design changes he made too. I applaud his previous three covers, which apart from a tweak here and a tweak there are all his work, thanks Simon!

Further on the whole willingness to give and volunteer, Nick Best generously wrote two articles, one about his Brent Run from his annual summer camp in Ontario. Read this adventure! I laughed pretty hard a few times while living the adventure through his words; I was there the whole way.

'Tis the season for cross-country racing and training. Cross-country is a staple, a strength builder for most or perhaps all successful runners throughout the world. Even the track stars often run cross, it strengthens the lower legs to prepare one for the faster running to come later in track and on the roads. It is a wonderful aerobic conditioner. In this issue Lara Wear writes two race reports, one on a form of cross-country called "Fell Running", which she competed while in the UK. She also reports on the extreme cross race The Kusam Klimb. Coach, Jon Brown who fully appreciates the benefits one receives from cross-country racing in the traditional form, provided an article he wrote when he represented the UK as a top-level cross-country runner – ok he still is. This edition of the Post also contains BC Cross Country Championships results, Gunner Shaw and the classic Bazett Farm Cross Country race. 'Tis the season for cross indeed and we are all better runners for it.

In the greater scheme of things, some people are measured by the level of success they attain in business or education, yet others are measured by intangibles, for example 54-year-old Harrier, Dave Reed left us with the value of true and simple appreciation. Although Mr. Reed didn't build castles, educate himself with a PhD or make the Fortune 100 list, Dave did provide a greater lesson for all who knew him.

Nancy Tinari, George Gluppe, Bob Reid and countless others wrote how they were affected by Dave Reed's premature passing. You may ask what it is then that this mid-life, running addict-come-bicycle courier did for others that was so profound. Dave's ability to appreciate a workout, a race or the little things in life with pure, unadulterated and child-like abandon demonstrated to those who knew him that the joy in this sport exists, it's up to the individual to decide to take that joy in, you know, live a little! Dave can be measured by that gift indeed – a much different, but still valuable gift, in some ways greater than bequeathing a will of money and possessions of hubris.

Bob, Nancy and George are quoted in this issue about how they were affected by Dave's own ability to enjoy running and sport in the purest sense of it. Take a moment to read the ode to Dave Reed on page 31.

Thank you to all Harriers who give when they can and a special thank you to Dave Reed for the valuable life lesson he left for us, with no strings attached.

- Chris



Bob, Garfield and Wendy

Gary Duncan and Mark Ritchie

Garfield Saunders

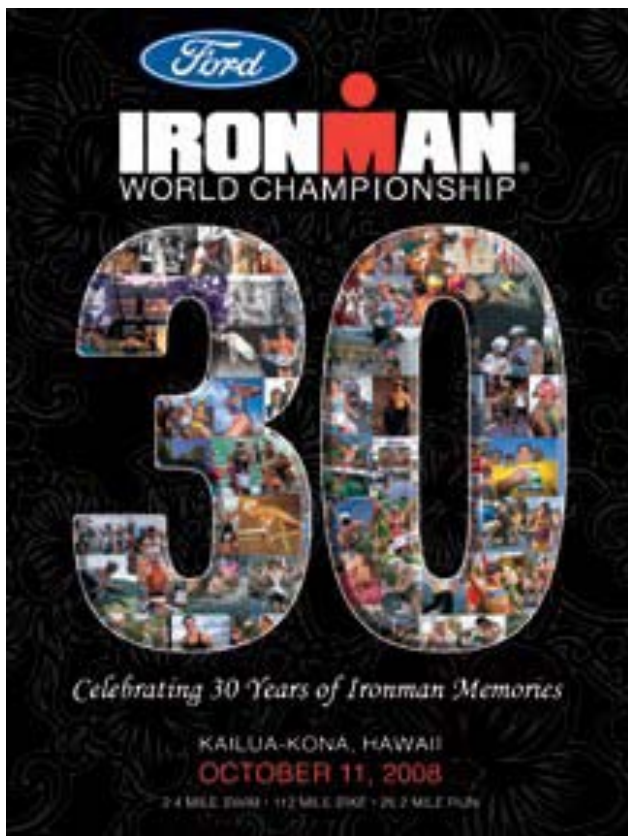
Dave Reed

2008 IRONMAN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RACE

By Gerry Etcheverry



The race that began the sport of triathlon is the Ironman. And the Ironman that defines the distance, the experience and the magic is the race on the Big Island of Hawaii. It was born on Oahu initially, and gestated there for five years. But then it was moved to the Big Island for its sixth running in October of 1982, and what a coming out party that was. ABC picked up on one of the most dramatic sporting events ever televised, and **shazam!** human drama in sport became available to anyone dedicated or crazy enough to train for it. That experience is what I wanted. The intense training and dedication paid off - I raced amongst the World's best at Kona! Seventy thousand athletes from around the world compete for the 1,600 spots available and to get a spot for Kona is an achievement in itself.



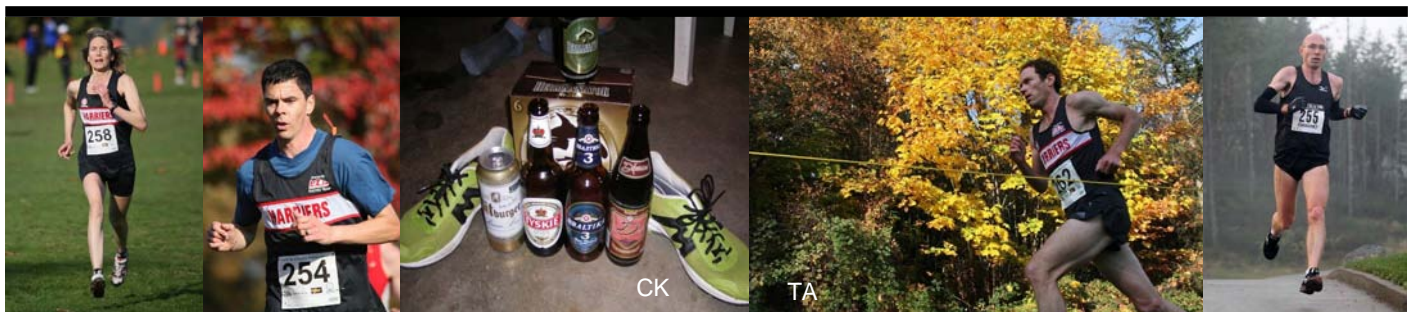
Thirty years later the 2008 edition marks another milestone. Thirty is young by most measures, but already our sport has amassed images and experiences that will influence anyone associated with Ironman racing for generations. Every December NBC airs the tightly edited show and this year's airing will be viewed at the AC Lab on December 13th in a celebrative manner. It brings to television the best representation of how hard, how rewarding and how magical the experience can be. To cover 140.8 miles of ocean and lava all in one day without a car, plane or any motor other than your heart and no fuel other than desire.



There are three things that make the Ironman in Kona so special, so memorable and so challenging. First is the wind. This element has been taking a breather the past few years, but not for the 30th. It came out in full force, breaking up packs and putting every rider out there on edge with side winds that were unpredictable and potent. One person said that they had a side wind coming from both sides at the same time. Only on the Big Island can that happen! I experienced both head-winds and cross-winds unimaginable.

Second is the searing heat of the sun. This is both the air temperature as well as the ability of the tropical sun to penetrate to your core and raise your body's temperature to the point where you feel like a radiator ready to blow.

Continued on page 26...



Wendy Davies

Walter Cantwell

Beer 'n Shoes

Jim Finlayson

Jon Brown

Mary Sanservino, Michael Whitney, Brendan Decontie, Nigel Decontie, Jane McDonald, Melanie McQuaid, Trevor Mrak, Juliette Christie, Shell Harvey, Elizabeth Sparling, Duncan Donaldson, Hicham El Amiri, Amy Errington, Matthias Schoeck, Ben Kersen, Ryan Day, Lance Mitchell, Adrienne Langois Bouchard, Chris Brower, Robyn Benwell, Paul Dickson, Justin Thorne, Kevin Astridge, Katherine Brown, Gary Kennedy, and Kelly Green.

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Membership Has Its Benefits

Quarterly Newsletters

Team Participation - Some events, such as relays, interclub challenges, marathons and the Island Race Series encourage team entries. Club singlets, shirts, shorts and other apparel is available.

Monthly Meetings - The club meets regularly to discuss race reports and social functions. Entry forms, information sheets and race results are available at these meetings.

Social Events - Annual Awards Night, family picnic/barbecue and other theme parties are included in the social functions of the club.

Club and Trail Runs - Regularly a different member of the club takes a group over his or her favourite training route. Runs are generally followed by brunch at a nearby pub or restaurant.

Race Equipment - The club has excellent equipment for timing, course marking and establishing a finish chute for any race. Equipment is available for rent to other running clubs.

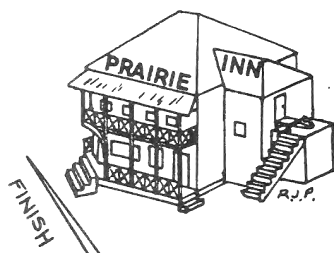
Historic Information - Race results and photographs of most club members are contained in the club's archive files of over twenty binders and albums dating back to 1976.

The club has many members covering the full spectrum of running and walking abilities from the recreational once-a-week jogger to the elite competitive runner or race walker. Family memberships allow group involvement of all family members for a reduced fee. See back cover or <http://pih.bc.ca/membership.html> to register.



Photographers - Tony Austin (TA), Chris Kelsall (CK), Deb Hopkins (DH), Adam Lawrence (AL)

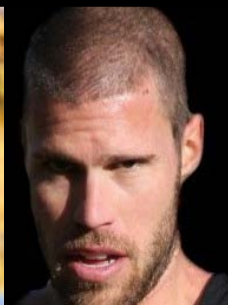
On The Cover - Angela Plamondon at the BC Cross Country Championships 2008, Stanley Park, Vancouver.



Prairie Inn Pub



Angela P.



Todd Howard



Gerry and Karen



Gary Duncan

TRIAL BY FIRE - PART 2

By Wendy Davies



May 14 – To keep us stoked for 100K+ rides, hotel manager, Kelly, had the good sense to hire one of the best chefs in the region. The dining room opened at 8:00am and we fueled up on fruit, yogurt, cereal, cheese, croissants and pastries (mmm...cake for breakfast) and espressos. At 9:00 we congregated in front of the hotel, pockets stuffed with sandwiches and fruit. Our peloton usually left at 9:20, and since Augustino didn't speak English, it was always a guess as to where we were going daily, but we could count on a 4 to 6 hour ride, after which we would be served a pasta replenishment meal (including wine).

Then at 7:30 pm the dining room opened again for a four course dinner which required as much stamina as some of the rides. Wine and conversation flowed freely and I'm pleased to say that the Canadians kept pace with the Americans in both consumption and noise level.

Conversation turned to upcoming rides and the Nove Colli. The Nove Colli was scheduled for Sunday, May 18 and was the main reason Shelley, Hillerie, Louise and I came to Italy. Like the GutBuster series, the race offered a short and a long course. The short course was 135km with four major climbs, the long course was 200km with nine major climbs. Participants could decide after the fourth climb at the 103km mark, whether they would continue for another km to the finish at Censatico, or turn right for five more major climbs and another 97km to complete the 'full wheel deal'. The profile map of the short course was staggering to look at. I tried to come to grips with what 18% grade actually meant. There was only one way to find out – Chippo Carpenga! I pondered my glass of wine while we discussed the next day's ride. I wondered if I needed a full bottle in front of me, or a full frontal lobotomy.

Chippo Carpenga, at 1423 metres above sea level has a difficulty rating of 5 out of 5, and boasts a 7km climb at 18-20% grade. The other ride being discussed for the next day was a scenic tour to San Marino. Kelly had rounded up two young, good-looking bucks to guide that tour. Hmmm, decisions, go for the puke-inducing climb up Chippo with Augustino the

smiling gnome who thinks stopping for water and bathroom breaks is for sissies, or, go to San Marino with two young guys - er - guides and enjoy seeing the back-sides....countryside.... Oh someone please remind me, why did I come to Italy?

May 15 – I asked myself that question again at the foot of Chippo Carpenga. Caution tape was stretched across the road; an omen? "Oh darn, I guess this means we can't go up," I said, hoping that it wasn't too late to catch up with the merry group which had taken the road fork to San Marino. "Nah, that tape isn't meant for us, it's just to keep cars out while the road is being repaved." said Darren the Aussie as he lifted his bike over the caution tape. We all did the same, then started the climb. 20% grade was like attacking a concrete wall, then having the wall retaliate by trying to buck you off. I got off to a miserable start, unable to clip in on the steep incline, then walking my bike to a less steep area to finally clip in. Like true buddies, Louise and Hillerie waited for me at a switchback about 1 km along. We were the only ladies in the group and needed to prove that we could 'make the grade.' We encouraged each other along through the switchbacks til we came to the rest stop half way up. The group posed for pictures in front of a statue of one of the region's cycling hero, then tucked into some of the snacks we had pocketed that morning at the hotel. For some reason my stomach was too queasy for food. Just 3 ½ more kms to the top!



For the next 2 km all I remember is the sound of birds chirping and lungs gasping. I hit some loose pavement and my wheel spun out. I jumped off my bike and started walking it up. Hillerie had also dismounted and together we pushed our bikes up Chippo. The mountain was winning at that point, and we didn't care.

After a few minutes we came to a somewhat flatter section, clipped in and pressed on to redeem ourselves. We passed Darren who was struggling with his own demons. Augustino let us go by, grinning and waving like this was some kind of garden party. My odometer said we were near the top, but how near? Near enough to make one last gasp for the finish, or so far that I would keel over at the next switchback and slide off the edge of the mountain?

Continued on page 27...

FRONTRUNNERS GUTBUSTER TRAIL RUNNING SERIES 2008



Top 3 Men

- James Richardson 76 pts - CeeVacs
- Shane Ruljancich 72 pts - PIH
- Nick Walker 69 pts - Frontrunners Westshore

Top 3 Women

- Emily Solsberg 78 pts - Ceevacs
- Lara Wear 69 pts - PIH
- Angela Plamondon 65 pts - PIH

Dear Harriers,

Season 8 of the Frontrunners GutBuster Trail Running Series came to a close in August at Mt. Washington Ski Resort with the running of the first ever 'GutBuster Ascent'.

Both Nick and I would like to thank everyone that ran this year making our first year as race directors an awesome experience. We had you run through, under and over anything we could find and all we got were smiles and positive feedback. People like you make us love our job!

- Mark Nelson



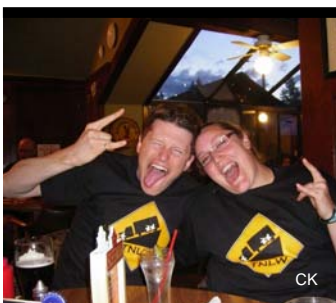
Top 3 Clubs

1. Prairie Inn Harriers (989 pts)
2. Frontrunners Westshore (642 pts)
3. STARR (530 pts)

Race #5 in the Frontrunners GutBuster Trail Running Series took place on August 16th at Mt. Washington Ski Resort. The final race of the season was a 3km 'ascent race' which started at the base of the green chair and climbed steeply to the top of mountain over rocky, rooty trails. Just under 70 brave trail runners took on the challenge of the course and were greeted with one of the hottest days of the summer to add to the challenge!

Early on in the race a lead group of 3 runners broke away, which included Shane Ruljancich, Eric Findlay and Alex Magdanz. This group continued to put distance between themselves and the chase group of 4 which included GutBuster Race Directors, Mark Nelson and Nick Walker. Shane Ruljancich was the first to crest the top of the hill with Eric Findlay close behind. The last 300m of the race flatten out a bit (still uphill but not as steep) and Eric was able to change gears and get past Shane for the overall win. On the women's side, Emily Solsberg used her hill climbing strength to hold onto a small lead over Lara Wear of the Prairie Inn Harriers. Emily recently qualified for the Canadian Mountain Running Team heading to Switzerland and her win at the Mt. Washington GutBuster secured her position as the overall series champion.

- Mark Nelson



BamBam & Kinz



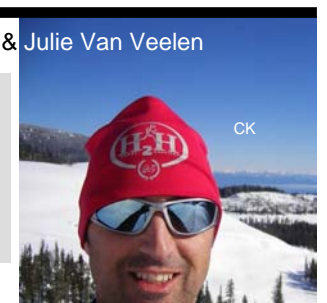
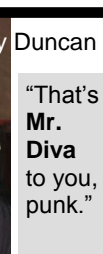
Editor & Sully



Isao Hirayama



Twilight Shuffle '08



Editor Snow-Shoeing

"That's Mr. Diva to you, punk."



This is a regular column from a local coach to provide advice, news, inspiration or in this particular entry a timely monologue on the magic of cross country running and racing—'tis the season!

Recently Jon Brown began officially coaching fellow athletes. You can visit his coaching website: www.runbycommonsense.ca

THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF CROSS COUNTRY



Cross country anyone? Most likely you either have a great affection for it, or instead probably think that anyone who does it is out of their mind.

Athletics, without a doubt, has some very diverse opportunities of competition, for distance runners. One option may well be a warm evening in Monte Carlo running a grand prix 5000m on a fast track, the stands filled with the beautiful and the rich. Or alternatively, what about a frigid, wet, windy day in the north east of England in the middle of winter, visualize yourself standing in a muddy field surrounded by people wearing rubber boots. My choice would be Monte Carlo, but that's only because I have insider knowledge about the after meeting entertainment.

Cross country exists almost everywhere in one shape or form. Our version is the classical European form. This would normally involve a remote bit of pastoral land cleared of grazing animals, carefully selected by the local organizing club for its obscurity and difficulty in finding using standard road maps. This gives the hosting club a slight edge, as many of their rivals would arrive either minutes before, or late for the start.

Essential for our style of cross country, is a comprehensive school for changing gear. This should, under no circumstances, be close to the racing venue than a walking time of 20 minutes. Also, no toilets for athletes will be permitted other than those located at the official changing facility. The only on course facilities allowed will be a green canvas St. John's ambulance tent, and a heated porta-cabin for officials and VIPs. Food will be served here only between races.

The topography of cross country courses can vary from being undulating to bloody murderous. An interesting cross course where I raced twice as a

youngster is Allestree Park in Derby. This is a course basically without any flat sections. All I remember was either running steeply uphill (mainly this), or running downhill; obviously created by a mind of a great sinister talent.

Usually a course would only require one hill of note to make a lasting impression. A good example of this would be the Riverside Bowl in Gateshead. I remember walking up the 'hill' for the first time and almost falling over backwards due to its severity. How on earth was I going to run up it? The answer came to me on the first lap, when I buried deep in the pack I found myself being propelled upwards by unknown hands behind me. Using all four limbs I managed to scale the one-in-three using a combination of desperation and fear of those behind.

Any serious discussion about cross country running should never shy away from talking about mud. Probably good mud running ability is the defining quality for any great cross country runner. My friend and former team-mate/team-manager/rival Dave Clarke must be considered one of our greatest mud running talents. Before a disgustingly obscene muddy race, Dave could be found glowing in joyous anticipation while inserting 21mm spikes. Rumour has it Dave would often bribe the host farmer to 'soften up' the course the night before.

You might think our Spanish cousins would probably prefer flat, dry continental style courses. This could not be farther from the truth. The spiritual home of cross country must be the Basque region of Spain, here cross has religious significance. The Basques love their cross country runners, and they love them tough; and their courses are designed for the spectators' entertainment.

A typical Basque cross is the San Sebastian race, complete with its feared 'jump of death' obstacle. This infamous device involves a treacherous approach through knee deep mud where all momentum is lost.

Only at the very last moment does the 4 ft. precipice come into full view, all stride adjustment must be improvised rapidly here. Once airborne the runner must try to summon as much horizontal clearance after take-off as possible, otherwise mud of the most unforgiving nature awaits them. One year I unfortunately did not gain enough clearance after take-off; my shoe was sucked cleanly off. Fortunately, after plunging my arm elbow-deep in the mud, I found it; others aren't so lucky. Whole families are known to have been consumed by this evil substance. Whenever this happens the spectators erupt into delirious paroxysms of pleasure.

One of my most enduring memories from athletics has to be from the World Cross Country Championships when it was held in Stellenbosch, South Africa. I remember being at the course one day and waiting for a bus back into Cape Town. Waiting for the bus with us

was a junior team from a southern African country, Malawi I think. They looked so impoverished it just broke your heart. Instead of running shoes they wore flip-flops (bare feet for racing), instead of a team tracksuit all they had were ancient T-Shirts with gym skirts for the girls and tattered soccer shorts for the boys. What the world cross country meant to them, I have no idea. What I did know though, was that through its simplicity, cross country had given these kids an opportunity. Where they came from they did not need a track or equipment, only a place to run.

There are no limitations to cross country, it is not constrained by location, it can happen anywhere. From manicured golf courses and racehorse tracks, to bits of scrubby wasteland and boggy fields. Cross country is everywhere for everyone, no facilities required. Toilets would be nice though. It would have been great if the latest world event would be held in conjunction with the 2010 Vancouver Winter Olympics. It could have been the only winter Olympic event with truly global participation. An African winter Olympic champion - sounds great to me!

Never mind, the thought of the IAAF nobility wearing wellies standing in a muddy Irish field this weekend is good enough for me. Hopefully those same African kids I saw in Stellenbosch will be there too. Transported from their own world to ours by the simple magic of cross country running.

30th Annual Prairie Inn Pioneer 8K

Sunday, January 11, 2009 - 11:00am
BC 8K Road Race Championship

Race Info: <http://pih.bc.ca/pioneer8k.html> and

Register for all 8 races in the Frontrunners Island Race Series and your PIH club membership dues are FREE!

Register Online: <http://www.eventsonline.ca/events/virs> or visit
<http://vira.bc.ca/default.aspx?PageID=1002>

Frontrunners Island Race Series Presented by Adidas

January 11 - Pioneer 8K

January 25 - Cobble Hill 10K

February 8 - Cedar 12K

February 22 - Hatley Castle 8K

March 8 - Bazan Bay 5K

March 22 - Comox Valley Half Marathon

April 5 - Merville 15K

April 19 - Sooke River 10K



Paddy McCluskey

Sheldon Croden

Steve Osaduik

Jason Terauchi-Loutitt

Dee Ogden & Sandi Heal

THE BRENT RUN

By Nick Best



I have known about the Brent Run since 2004, my second year at camp. My counselor, Adam Newton, did it with Ivan Lapczak the year before in thirty-three hours. At that time I was fairly sure that I would never try to do something so ridiculous.

The Brent Run is a long established circuit in Algonquin Park that goes from Canoe Lake to the Brent Campground on Cedar Lake and back to Canoe Lake. This used to be one of the major stretches between two railroads that went through Algonquin Park. The total circuit is 162 kilometres in length; about 142 kilometres is paddled, the other twenty must be portaged. The most common route is to start on Canoe Lake, head north to Joe Lake, north to Burnt Island, north to Little Otterslide, north to Otterslide, paddle down the Otterslide Creek, head north west on Big Trout Lake, portage onto Longest Lake, north to Burntroot, east on Pervey Lake, continue east on Catfish Creek, north up Catfish Lake, east down Narrowbag Lake, across Cedar Creek, and paddle across Cedar Lake to the campground. Then turn around and head back to Canoe Lake.



Although most people think the Brent Run is crazy, it has always fascinated me and I have contemplated an attempt since I was a CIT. After seeing two CIT's complete the circuit in 2007 (in just over forty hours) I was committed to doing it. I spoke to various people about the trip through the winter months and contemplated logistics. My closest confidant was a long distance running partner, Jeff Hunt. Jeff is an experienced adventure racer

and his input and constant attention while I planned out the route was invaluable. However, all the preparation is useless if you do not have a good Brent Run partner. I thought of Jack Keenan, a very strong athlete, good on the water, good on the portages; I 'facebooked' Jack with this idea, I got no response.

My other candidate at this early juncture was Drew Gray, my Barron River partner from July 2007, but Drew kind of disappears from contact outside camp, so I'd have to wait until the summer.

At that point the idea was put on hold but I told Lee McPhail, my Stilson partner, that I was very committed to doing it but was unsure about a partner. Lee, who is in good communication with the camp office year round, informed me that Mike Dobson

was coming back to camp for a final hurrah. I was not very close with Mike, as he was three years my senior and always in different circles at camp, but I suspected he would be into some crazy adventure like this one.

No. of Portages : 42

Total Length: 37100 m

Average Length: 300 m

Longest Portage : 3750 m

I got to camp six days before the campers arrived and was placed into the Senior Section with Mike Dobson as my section director – my boss. I first spoke to Jack and Drew about a Brent Run attempt and they did not seem enthusiastic. Jack was spending three weeks in Kipawa for July and Drew had a big section to keep tabs on. I still thought Mike was a perfect guy to do it with, but I felt I didn't know the man well enough. During meetings with Mike about my expectations for the summer, I told him I wanted to do the Brent Run. Unexpectedly Mike showed immediate interest, but wanted more time to think about it. I told him to take his time as I planned to leave more than halfway through July; sometime after my Senior Park trip. My canoe trip was a good one, straight north up the park doing several of the lakes on the route to Cedar and back down doing the rest of the lakes...

Continued on page 18...



Joan McGrath, Bob Reid, and Nancy Baxendale

Todd Howard

Arturo Huerta, Phil Nicholls, and Gord Christie

Kelsall Under Foot

Garfield Saunders

BAZETT FARM CROSS COUNTRY

By Wendy Davies



Bob Reid, Garfield Saunders, Mark Ritchie,
Wendy Davies, Chris Callendar and Gary Duncan

We needed to divvy ourselves between Dr. H.'s and G's vehicles, so it came down to "short people in Dr. H.'s, tall people in G's." I looked at Markus, G and CMC, and realized I had fallen short of qualifying for the "tall people's car." So I hung my head and slunk over to the "short" car, sat in the back with my knees up to my chin, and every time I tried to shift position my left knee would bump the automatic window button and we all got a blast of cold air.

Fortunately Bazett Farm was less than an hour away. I immediately recognized the rolling green hills and wooded areas, even though my last visit was 36 years ago when I was forced to run X Country in order to be on the track team. I always considered X Country to be cruel and unusual punishment. I totally sucked at it, mostly because there wasn't asthma medication back then. I remember

slogging up the hill as a 14 year old, then gasping and wheezing to a walk. My 10 year old sister got infuriated that it was taking me so long to finish the race, so she grabbed a large stick and swung it at my backside yelling, "C'mon, move it!"

But that was then, this is now. Senior and Masters Men and women gathered for the start of the 43rd running of the Bazett Farm X Country Race. "Get set..Go!" My feet immediately slipped out from under me, I felt a hand in the small of my back, propelling me forward, and heard Dr. H. laughing and yelling, "C'mon, move it!"

We ran up a short rise and rounded a small wooded section. Garfield shot by me. I chased him up the next rise, then managed to pass him before the rolling, single-track. A steep descent brought us to a mushy meadow, followed by tall swamp grass which tried to lay claim to one of my shoes. I yanked my foot out (shoe intact) then ran slightly off course when I lost sight of the marking -- Garfield followed, haha!

We emerged from the swamp to relatively firmer footing on the bumpy grass, crossed a bridge, then ran alongside a little creek. Then the marshals directed us to jump over the creek, making reference to an alligator to help us jump clear. Safely on the other side, I passed the gal in front of me, then ran for the hills. She passed me back on the steep downhill just before the end of the first lap. I spent the rest of lap 2 trying to reel her back in without success. The final uphill before the finish was a real leg paralyzer, with cold, soggy shoes and socks hanging like ankle-weights. On the final downhill I heard laboured breathing behind me, then a guy shot by me Kamikaze style, barely keeping his balance in the ooze and ruts. The last 50 metres to the finish line was dead flat -- SWEEEEET!! Mr. Kamikaze, prepare to meet your doom! I started sprinting, the crowd started cheering, Mr. Kamikaze looked back at me charging after him with a look of "OH NO!" on his face, then sprinted for his life. I think we finished in a dead heat. CMC and Markus had an extra lap to do, so us Veterans and Super Veterans screamed like cheerleaders gone mad as they came flying in to win their respective categories.

I definitely won't put off running Bazett for another 36 years. Hey, I think I'll run it again next year, right after I call my sister to gloat. (Hell, she probably won't even remember.)



Ian Hallam & Sean Chester



Susan Norrington



Steve Osadiuk & Simon Whitfield



Marcia "Momma" Stromsmoe

ROYAL VICTORIA HALF MARATHON REPORT

By Nick Best



I always like to get up about 2 hours and 40 minutes before the start of a race; although it's never easy. This day, breakfast was a banana and a Clif Bar, before I laid back down to watch the final episode of season 3 of The Office. It's the perfect type of show to get you to relax, and without making you fall back asleep.

At about 6:45 I finish my stretching and start getting ready to go. At 7:05, I take an energy drink and start working my way to the start line. I live about a mile away, so the key was not to go too fast. I planned to trot one block, and walk the next. My warm up is cut short when I joined Chris Callender, who was heading down for the 8K; he was going pretty fast, but I enjoyed the company. I get to the front of the Legislative Buildings and the rush of seeing all these people is always great, there's a bit of a traffic jam getting to the respective start lines, but who cares?

"It doesn't get any easier when Bob points to move onto the start line next to Ryan Day and Jim Finlayson, the eventual winner and runner-up."



From the front of the start, I begin my short sprints, 25m, and walk back, this is the first time I see who's at the race and though I know most of the local runners and their abilities, it's nice to hear the small talk. The two-minute call goes over the microphone; I lose my extra layers and line up at the start. I always get nervous before a race, no matter the size of the field or the length of the race. It doesn't get any easier when Bob points to move onto the start line next to Ryan Day and Jim Finlayson, the eventual winner and runner-up.

7:30: the race starts, the favourites head-out fast creating a gap with the pack. I look to do the same as there are two sharp corners in the first km of the race and it's always nice to build some breathing room and establish who is out there to race. I run the first km with Nick Walker, passing the Empress in 3:20, pretty fast, but not too bad for the first km. When the race turns-off Wharf onto Johnson, there is a slight climb for the next 800m, I settle behind Nick knowing he's aiming for big things this race. I'm looking to run 3:30 per km to make it a 1:13:59 finish on the day.

I turn the corner onto Cook Street for the longest downhill of the course; I'm now sitting in a pack of 4, including Stefan Jakobsen. At the 3km mark I'm at 10 minutes even, still too fast, so I tell myself to slow down,

even though I'm losing the opportunity to run in a pack. Tactically, Beacon Hill and Dallas Road are my stomping grounds for training and I felt okay pacing myself through it on my own.

Every runner you speak to will tell you that the figure 8 around Beacon Hill Park is the worst part of the race, and I agree. I tend to like being able to measure my progress by what I need to cover in terms of landmarks rather than km markers, doing a circle before reaching the main drag of the course is mentally tough. I hit Dallas Road for the first time, and see the many 8km road runners. I like seeing other runners, I know it makes me speed up a little, but I don't mind. I'm finally through the park and onto Dallas Rd; I haven't had any water yet so this was something I looked forward to. In my pre-race tune up at Lands End earlier this year I tried drinking Gatorade, only to have stomach cramps, I therefore stuck to water. As many of the volunteers at these water stations are new, they underestimate the speed that we come at, and the splashing water that inevitably results from our long arm strides. The turn around at Clover Point is by far the nicest part of the course in terms of landscape, and the sunrise only made it better. I reach the 10km mark, midway across the cemetery at 34:30, this is less than a minute slower than my fastest 10km time, so I'm worried about holding on for the full race. Soon after, I pass the official halfway point at 36:40.

Continued on page 21...



By Lara Wear



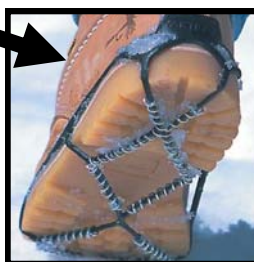
This was my second Kilimb. I applied two new strategies that I hoped would help me beat last year's time of 3:11. The first was to go hard in the first two kms to get ahead of the pack that would slow once the

Kilimb began. At the start of the race the lead boys broke into two groups, the first led by Shane, the second by Garth. I was in the third pack watching the distance to the leaders increase exponentially over 1.8 km. At this point we turned off Sayward Rd onto a side road that slowly rose to the trail head.

My "pace myself" brain wanted to slow at this point, knowing full well I had 1:25 minutes of steep climbing ahead. Unfortunately, no one around me knew this and a number of eager beavers started to pass me, including this one woman. I knew right away she was going to make me work hard! So I pushed for 200 more meters to the trailhead trying to stay ahead. This strategy worked well, I found I didn't have to pass huge lines of people the whole climb as I did last year. In fact, I only had to pass a few people as the climb took its toll. I saw Adam on the way up with the same look that most first timers get. I was quickly humbled when I'd been climbing for 50 minutes and passed a sign that said 3,000 ft. I thought, "2,000 more to go? Ack!"

About the climb: there were a few perky guys who tried to start a conversation while I was pushing too hard to get anything but a "yeah" or a "nope" out. One guy asked me how I did last year and after finding out about my 3rd place finish asked "What are you doing back here with us then?" I laughed and thought if he pushed as hard as I was pushing, he'd likely be way ahead! Then he asked if the two gals that beat me (Jo and Carolyn) were in the race and I said "nope"...hmm, I thought, could it really happen?

My second strategy that I applied was **YakTrax**. the Running Room for the portable store at registra- chased the Trax on Friday and pulled them out in ured the trail. Took about 30s to put them on. of the snow, slip sliding away and freaking on the confidence as I trotted up 60 degree banks covered thrilling to almost catch Crazy Canuck and Randy was not! Yay!



Cramp-ons for running shoes. Thanks to tion, and for bringing some along. I pur- the race when the snow completely cov- Please note that last year, I was terrified downhill. The Trax gave me a new found in hard packed snow. It was somewhat near the peak...they were slipping and I

On the downhill the tracks helped me main- tain control as I slid down on my buttocks. My attempt at crazy carpeting failed and my home-made carpet slid down the slope ahead of me. However, my derriere did not seem to mind the slide, so I went down like a maniac, keeping up with some fearless gentlemen shoe- skiing down the hill. (Last year I hung on to the ropes for my dear life and got passed by at least a dozen brave boys). I had no fear, hit one tree and fell into two tree wells, but I descended in about 1/4 the time it took last year. I knew I'd have severe snow-rash-on-de-ass as I did last year, but little did I know how bad it was.



Lara Wear



Shane Ruljancich



Lawrence, Sandi, Simon, Dee, Shane & Sandy



David Jackson



Dave Reed



Wendy, Gary, Chris, Shane, Gord, Garth, and Simon

KIDS KORMER

By Farisha Arensen, age 11

On October 12, at the Royal Victoria Marathon, I was entered in the 8K Road Race. At the start line I was so close to the front that I could see Simon Whitfield and all the fast people. I had also lined up right beside Dee Ogden and some other Harriers, so I had some company.

Finally the race had started and I could see Simon and all those guys for about five seconds and then they were long gone. At the first km mark I checked my watch and my time was 4:16, so I knew that I had to slow down. At the second and third km I felt great and had so much energy. There was someone in front of me that I tagged onto so I could run a nice steady race pace for the fourth, fifth, and sixth km until the person I was running with fell behind. Then I saw the one mile marker and was feeling a little sore and tired, but the thought that I could win my age category made me want to go faster. By the time I saw the one km sign I didn't even bother looking at my watch because I knew that I would run a best time by a couple of minutes, so I just kept on pushing. Finally I could see the finish line and I was so happy to see the time on the clock (36:38).

After the race I freshened up and went to cheer on people who were running the marathon.

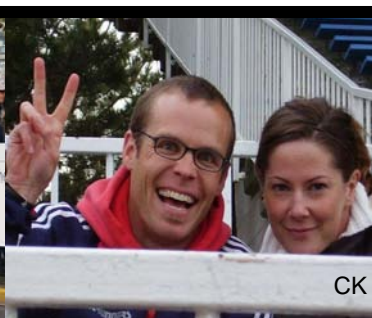
It wasn't until I got home that I realized that I came first place, and had missed the award ceremonies. So we went back to the convention centre and the volunteers gave me my medal.



Farisha Arensen



Gary Duncan



Michael and Ally Lord



Hicham El amiri



TNLW Logo

VICTORIANS CAPTURE BC CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS



By Bob Reid

Jon Brown and Marilyn Arsenault won the senior men's and senior women's races at the BC Cross Country Championships at Stanley Park on Saturday, hosted by Hershey Harriers and Vancouver Thunderbirds. Brown won the 10K men's event in 31:06 with Victorians Ryan McKenzie and Geoff Martinson taking second and third in 31:35 and 32:20. Three-time RVM champion, Steve Osaduik finished fourth in 32:25.

Arsenault led from wire to wire in the 6K women's race taking the crown in 22:24. Vancouver athletes Ashley Hinthner, 22:28, and Laura Maludzinski, 22:36, placed second and third. Norm Tinkham was the master men's 8K winner in 27:34 while three-time RVM Champion, Suzanne Evans, took the master women's 6K title in 22:56.

There were over 300 runners in 13 different age division races at the BC Cross Country Championships. The race was a qualifier for selecting Team BC to compete in the National Cross Country Championships in Guelph, ON, on November 29.

Results

Senior Men (10K)

1. Jon Brown, Prairie Inn Harriers, 31:06
2. Ryan McKenzie, Pacific Athletics, 31:35
3. Geoff Martinson, University of Victoria, 32:20
4. Steve Osaduik, Prairie Inn Harriers, 32:25
5. Dylan Gant, North Shore Athletics, 32:28

Senior Men's Teams

1. Pacific Athletics, 48 points
2. Prairie Inn Harriers, 52 points
3. University of British Columbia, 137 points

Senior Women's Teams (6K)

1. Marilyn Arsenault, University of Victoria, 22:24
2. Ashley Hinthner, P.R. Athletics, 22:28
3. Laura Maludzinski, Hersey Harriers, 22:36
4. Julia Howard, Valley Royals, 22:36
5. Rebecca Johnstone, Valley Royals, 22:58

Senior Women's Teams

1. Valley Royals, 29 points
2. University of Victoria, 32 points
3. Hersey Harriers, 49 points

Master Men's Teams (8K)

1. Norm Tinkham, Prairie Inn Harriers, 27:34
2. Jeff Schiebler, Richmond Kajaks, 28:18
3. Hicham Elamiri, Prairie Inn Harriers, 29:20
4. Kevin O'Connor, Van Falcons Athletic Club, 29:43
5. Paul Reimer, Lions Gate Road Runners, 29:58



Angela Plamondon, Sandi Heal, Cindy Rhodes, Wendy Davies, Nancy Baxendale and Joan McGrath



Gary Duncan, Jason Terouchi Loutitt, Ryan Day, Brian Connon, Jim Finlayson, Garfield Saunders, Michael Lord, Walter Cantwell, Herb Phillips, Jon Brown, Mike Moon, Paddy McCluskey, Hicham El amiri, Steve Osaduik and Todd Howard. Missing: Norm Tinkham

Master Men's Teams

1. Prairie Inn Harriers, 21 points
2. Richmond Kajaks, 131 points
3. Semiahmoo Sun Runners, 142 points

Master Women's Team (6K)

1. Suzanne Evans, Phoenix Running Club, 22:56
2. Nancy Tinari, Phoenix Running Club, 23:06
3. Joan McGrath, Prairie Inn Harriers, 23:49
4. Rita Ivanauskas, Phoenix Running Club, 24:01
5. Nancy Baxendale, Prairie Inn Harriers, 24:20

Master Women's Teams

1. Phoenix Running Club, 19 points
2. Prairie Inn Harriers, 25 points
3. Ocean Athletics, 54 points



HALIFAX BLUENOSE INTERNATIONAL MARATHON

By Dianne Dennis



This past spring my youngest daughter, Holly, and I traveled to Halifax where she competed with The Island Hoppers at the 2008 National Jump Rope Championships. It so happened that our trip coincided with the Bluenose International Marathon. It had to be karma. I hadn't run a marathon in a few years but since this was my first and probably only trip to Halifax I figured it was meant to be!

In the early hours on May 18th, after 10 exhausting days of sightseeing and competition, the rest of The Island Hoppers were boarding planes for home. While Holly caught a few extra hours of much needed sleep, I snuck out to the start/finish line of the Bluenose International marathon which was located a few blocks from our hotel at the base of the famous Citadel Hill in front of the Town Clock. It was clear, cool and *sunny* – a first since we'd arrived. I promised Holly that I would be no later than 1:00pm so I figured I couldn't dilly-dally for too long on the course.

Although the marathon was relatively small (around 400 runners) there seemed to be a lot of people lining the streets and a few thousand participating in a variety of events. Some big hockey tournament (World Juniors?) was just finishing at the Trade and Convention Center so that accounted for the rowdy crowd of spectators. Anyway, there I was, the gun sounded and we were off.



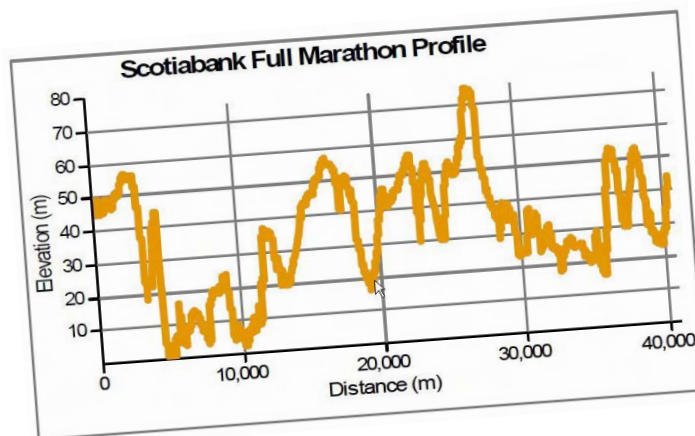
I started well back in the crowd anticipating an undulating first half. The course does kind of a double looped figure 8 through historic downtown Halifax, around Point Pleasant Park through some beautiful residential areas and past some interesting landmarks. It was mildly rolling and felt pretty good. The support along the route was "stand out". There was an abundance of volunteers as the half, relay and marathon race were run simultaneously - impressive!

The descriptor I'd read called the race route "somewhat hilly". Of course that can mean almost anything! But with first 21k done I was feeling confident as I passed the start/finish and headed out for the second half. Yup, "somewhat hilly" seemed apt. At this rate I would have plenty of time to finish the second half of the race and get back to the hotel before 1 pm – whew!

There was one more loop to do in Halifax before crossing the big Macdonald Toll Bridge over Halifax Harbour into Dartmouth. I was so positive about this east coast marathon experience I didn't worry much when I ran three blocks off course after being misdirected by a well-meaning volunteer. This wasn't about a PB, a minor glitch.

Running over the Macdonald Bridge was just so cool I hardly noticed the "somewhat" hill at all. However, that was pretty much where my marathon party ended!

Once in Dartmouth the street opened into six or eight lanes. There were no throngs to follow because most had finished at the half and there didn't seem to be a volunteer in sight. I ran up the sidewalk and saw a couple standing. I asked them for directions and they said I had to get across the road. At this time on a Sunday morning it wasn't too busy with traffic, but it was daunting. I set my sights on a guy who I was pretty sure was a marathoner and followed him. It seemed like we did a fair bit of climbing and I was beginning to doubt the "somewhat" part of the course description. After what seemed to be a long time and a long climb we were directed by an arrow on the sidewalk off onto trails that circled Lake Mic Mac.



The deep, loose gravel was an unexpected challenge that caught a lot of people off-guard. A number of times the route, in that section of the race, was unclear. Fortunately, there were a few local runners around to give directions.

Continued on page 23...

GREAT NORTH RUN

By David Jackson



The Great North Run (GNR) is the world's largest half marathon with over 50,000 participants. The idea for this race came from former British Olympic 10,000m bronze medalist Brendan Foster after he competed in the Round the Bays Race in New Zealand in 1979. The first GNR was staged two years later in 1981 when 12,000 runners participated.

Apart from being a mass participation event it also boasts a world class field. The men's race usually has been won in the 60 minute range (with a course record of 59:37) and the women's race winner is under 70 minutes (with a course record of 65:40). The run, which is televised nationally, follows a point-to-point route which starts in Newcastle and finishes in South Shields.

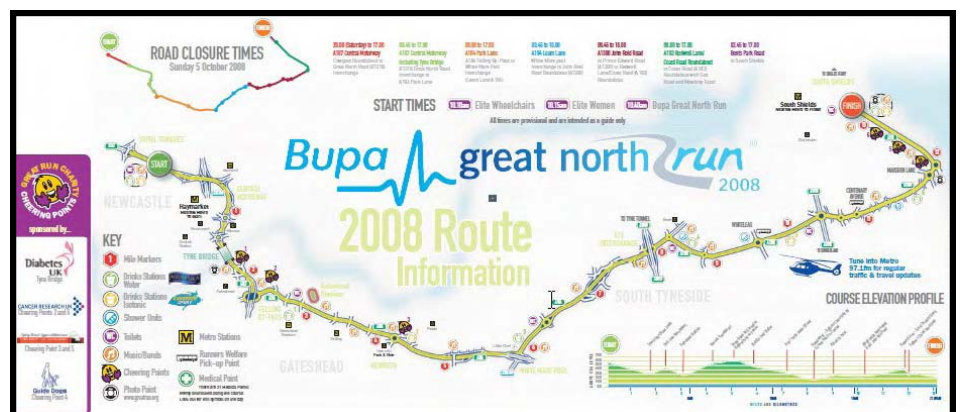
As the half marathon event has increased in popularity the organizers have also added shorter races for elite middle distance runners on the day before the GNR. In 2008 Newcastle city centre was transformed into a spectator friendly running arena and featured elite men's and women's one mile and two mile races and for the first year 100m sprint races.

For the past two years I've had the privilege of traveling to England to compete in the GNR event. Lining up on the start line with world class runners such as Paula Radcliffe, Geta Wami, Martin Lel, Sammy Wanjiru and PIH's own Jon Brown are indeed running experiences that I will remember for a long time.



Editor's note:

David finished with a 22 second personal best time of 1:06:39. His 10k split was 30:52 and 20k 1:03:07. Jon finished 11th over-all with a time of 1:03:36, splitting 10k in 29:59 and 20k in 1:00:27.



Ask The Ironman



Dear Ironman,

My boyfriend seems to be spending much more time with his bicycle and less time with me. Last night he was with it for 3 hours and with me for 5 minutes. Should I be concerned? - Lonely in Langford.

Dear Lonely in Langford,

Well if he is riding the bicycle just be happy that he returns. Check and see if he is indeed riding it. If he isn't riding it, what is he riding for 3 hours? Does he have a good set of tools and a pump?

THE BRENT RUN

...continued from page 11



and portages. Going from Canoe to Cedar and back seemed like a long trip to do without stopping, but leisurely paddling the route seemed like excellent preparation for a Brent Run attempt.

At the end of trip, I pass under the Trading Post Bridge and see a terrific orange 'Welcome Back Seniors' sign, a nice way to get back. During dinner, I hear a rumour that Mike and the Head of the Trip, Ryan Benson, were going to tempt fate and try the Brent Run. I decided not to bring anything up and see how things would play out. They turned out well. Ryan balked, and I got a full commitment from Mike to attempt the route. This was on a Friday and we planned to leave the next Tuesday, at 5:00 pm, having no real idea what time would be best.

Preparing for this type of project is stressful, and we tried to gather as much information as we could before we left. Chuck Beamish wrote a piece in the Fires of Friendship book and Dave Standfield was very helpful as well. The second big issue was supplies. All I wanted to bring for food was Gatorade and PowerBars. We ended up taking about twenty five energy bars and enough Gatorade powder to make sixteen liters worth. Next we had to get a canoe. You would think this would be an easy step, but in the middle of July, the best boats for trip are already out on trip. We wanted to take an Algonquin Special, a superb tripping canoe, designed and built at Ahmek. However, no Specials could be found on the dock or trip racks. We asked Dave Stanfield what to do and he said he would quickly patch up a hole in the only Special at camp and have it ready for us by Tuesday. For paddles, we had a big Stilson race paddle for the bow and a short Special by Ray Kettlewell for the stern.

Tuesday, was windy and a little overcast, but everything seems a go for the 5:00 pm planned departure. After breakfast, I get the boat from maintenance, and Mike and I rig it up for the trip. The rest of the morning, we prepare mentally, visualizing the 162 kilometres. During lunch time announcements, the Program Director Tony West announces that we were leaving for the Brent Run this afternoon. He asks what our target time was. I said twenty six hours. Coplen Rose, screamed out: 'You won't break thirty'.

I figured a good idea was to bring pasta on our trip – carbs! The kitchen offered no help I cooked it myself. After I finished cooking I yelled at the kitchen staff. Just before 4:00 pm, I rally Mike. I'm dressed in run-

ning gear, with twenty power bars, two cans of Gatorade powder, two margarine containers full of pasta, a paddle and lifejacket. As I pass Chloe Tennyson she asks me what I am up to. After I explain, she tells me I am insane.



When I find Mike he is concerned about our trip. The weather report for precipitation for Tuesday evening. Rain did not scare us; it was the low visibility of a cloudy night sky that was unsettling. Looking out on Canoe Lake, it was a little windy, but there was hardly a cloud in the sky. There will always be good excuses not to attempt the Brent Run and today seemed like a pretty good day. After a bit more arm-twisting, Mike was ready to go.

We brought our canoe under the Trading Post Bridge to make it our official starting point. Our gear fit in a small schoolbag: two Nalgens, two flashlights, a cell phone, a camera, the energy bars and Gatorade powder.

Our plan was to work hard for fifty-five minutes, regardless of where we were, take a five minute break. During our break we would stop moving and stretch a bit or maybe lie down awkwardly against the middle thwart. We would also have Gatorade and split a PowerBar.

I started off in the bow. There was considerable wind coming from the south. Turning around, Hayhurst gave us a smooth tailwind right to Joe Lake. We did the first 395 metre portage tandem; Mike carried the pack and I took the paddles. As we passed under the Joe Lake Bridge, we tapped our paddles and hoped for good luck. Farther down the lake, we see a man sitting on a rock and are tacitly hoping he asks where we are headed. As we get closer we realize the man is naked and there is not much conversation.

After skipping a portage because of the high water levels, we tandem the 400m portage onto Little Joe Lake in great rhythm. The tailwind carries us to the next portage – to Burnt Island Lake –halfway through, a bear runs across the path ten feet ahead of us. We were both so focused on the task that we did not break stride, just kept moving forward.

At Burnt Island Lake we were paddling 8-9 km per hour with our big tailwind. The next portage is 800 metres onto Little Otterslide Lake. We move quickly, hoping to get through the Otterslide Creeks before nightfall. We saw a moose, but paid less attention to him than he did us; probably a rare occasion in Algonquin Park. The Otterslide Creeks are about seven kilometres of windy narrow passages getting very shallow in some parts. There are five portages and a couple of beaver dams. Heading north is downstream, and so the current helped us reach Big Trout well before dark. Our tailwind continued on Big Trout Lake as we watched the sunset; ignoring menacing clouds creeping up the horizon. It

Continued on page 22...

RECORD TURNOUT FOR GUNNER SHAW XC CLASSIC

By Bob Reid



Prairie Inn Harriers Scott Simpson and former Canadian 10-kilometre road race champion Lucy Smith were the male and female winners, both establishing respective course record times of 35 minutes 31 seconds and 41:36, November 30, 2008 in the 24th annual Gunner Shaw 10K Cross Country Classic at Thetis Lake Park.

A total of 426 runners finished the race, which is the largest 10K cross-country event in Canada.

Second-place went to former national 5,000-metre champion Paddy McCluskey in 36:45 with fellow-Harrier Jason Terauchi-Loutitt taking third spot in 36:49. Three-time XTerra world champion Melanie McQuaid was the second female finisher in 45:09 and Jessalyn O'Donnell placed third in 45:34.

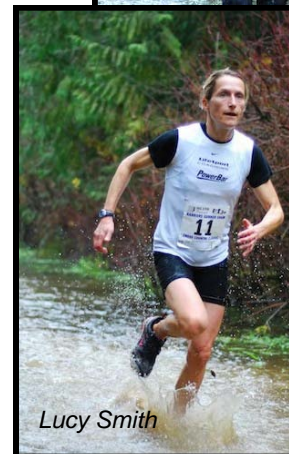
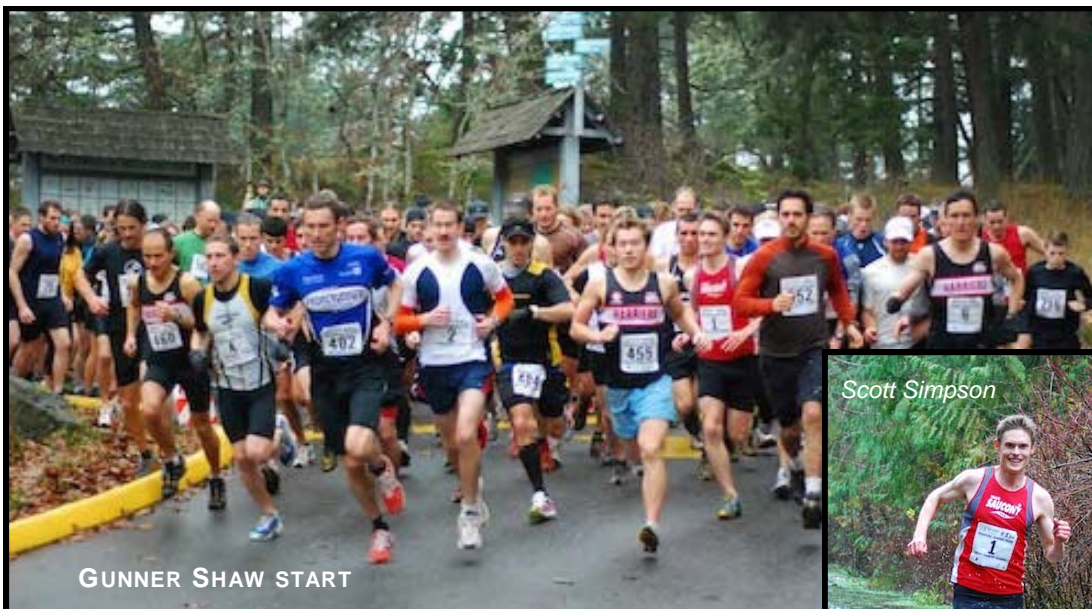
The top master 40-plus racers were Gord Christie in 39:58 for the men and Smith for the women. Top junior runners were Ben Kingstone and Grace Howard while the top veteran 50-plus runners were Rob Lang and Wendy Davies. The 60-plus winners were Jim Swadling and Daphne Panter.

The race was dedicated to former Harriers club member Dave Reed, who died two weeks ago from a stroke at age 54. The proceeds from the race -- \$10,000 -- will be donated to the Heart and Stroke Foundation of B.C. and the Yukon in honour of Reed.

Over the past 24 years, race proceeds have been donated to UVic and Camosun College to support scholarships and bursaries honouring the late runner Gunner Shaw in Athletics, John Thipthorpe in Computer Science, Susan Reid in Civil Engineering, Arthur Taylor in Track and Field and Rosamund Dashwood in Fine Arts. Almost \$200,000 has been donated from The Harriers Foundation to these educational and charitable projects.

Full results are available on the websites www.raceday.ca and www.pih.bc.ca.

All photos on this page, courtesy of Adam Lawrence.



Craig P. & Mark R.

Paddy McCluskey

Simon Pearson

Gord Christie

Eric Findlay

Ben Kingstone

FELL RUN REPORT FROM THE UK

By Lara Wear



July 4, 2008, I took the train from London to Berwick-upon-Tweed, a beautiful town on the seaside with the River Tweed running through it. I joyfully purchased an Americano at Costa Coffee in the train station before meeting Rob of Rob's Taxi, who drove me 18 miles inland to Wooler. Wooler, Northumberland is a tiny British town of 1500 people built on the hillside just before Cheviot Hills National Park.

It is quaint and very British with a tiny high street, old stone buildings and pubs. The one thing that stood out was that this tiny town had a store called "Gear for Gals" which sold running shoes and tech wear for women. While searching for a place to eat, a couple of drunken lads (at 4 in the afternoon) chatted me up...one of them was called "Hammer". Laughing I asked if it said that on his birth certificate and he said it was!

...a couple of drunken lads (at 4 in the afternoon) chatted me up...one of them was called "Hammer".

On the morning of Saturday, July 5th, I ran the 52nd Chevy Chase, a 20 mile trek through the Cheviots. In case you are wondering the race is not named after the actor, but perhaps the actor was named after the race. 300 runners/walkers headed out on this cloudy morning....every great race starts with an uphill and this one was no exception.

I predicted my time would be about 3:15-3:45, and after speaking to a couple of runners before the start, who thought it would take them about 3.5 hours, I decided to use them to pace myself. This lasted about 500m; the two of them (a guy and a gal) took off so quickly so as I was dropping off I modified my predicted time to about 4 hours.

The course took us over the two biggest hills in the park with about 4000 ft of elevation. Each hill was around 700-800 meters high, and the treks up were long. There are no trees and no flagging, so if you didn't know the course, you were expected to use a map and compass, or the good old method of "follow the guy in front of you". I also took my GPS watch which had the route pre-programmed into it. This was helpful on a couple of occasions.

The terrain was unbelievable; sheep fields, open moor, shale rock. Some places I was running on wet peat and each step was either a knob of heather, wet mucky soil or quicksand mud. I took one wrong step that sent my foot knee-deep into the mud and I almost lost my shoe when I tried to pull it out. There were some places where there was no track at all, a complete "pick your own path" situation and it was so gnarly, I had to walk it in for fear of twisting or breaking something.

The climbs were brutal, the downhill insane. The downhill was a lot like Kusam Klimb, but instead of sliding on snow, I was sliding on grass and heather. I landed on the Kusam butt a couple of times and it hurt! But it was also so fun. I had some serious techno playing on my iPod shuffle so I just flew down. Actually gaining a few positions while I did it.

The temperature was about 9 C at the top and the wind so strong it slowed me down. There were 5 checkpoints and I carried a little gizmo that I had to scan at each checkpoint. The race took me 3:56, just under 4 hours. A gal I met at the beginning of the race, won, in 3:19! The top 3 women all got free shoes. Gotta love it!



Fell Running?

Editor's note

Modern fell running has common characteristics with cross country running. Courses are often longer, steeper, unmarked when out on the hills (with a few exceptions) and these longer races can demand mountain navigational techniques. Nevertheless, cross country seems fast and furious to many fell runners. Fell running also overlaps with orienteering.

Fell running does require navigational skills in a wild, mountainous environment, particularly in choosing between routes. Category events and Mountain Marathons test navigational ability — attracting both orienteers and fell runners. Other multi-terrain events, such as the Cotswold Way Relay and the Longmynd hike for example, also qualify as fell races under Fell Runners Association rules.



ROYAL VICTORIA HALF MARATHON REPORT

...Continued from page 12



After spiralling around Oak Bay, I reach the turn-around this is to me is the best part of the race because I can start concentrating on heading towards the finish line. At this point I'm sitting comfortably in 10th place, as far as I can tell I have at least a minute lead over the next guy. It's also at this point that I see Jakobsen labouring, and therefore make it my goal to catch him and ride him for as long as I can. I suspected that he was tired, but this guy has always finished more than a minute ahead of me in any race I've done, so at this point I was just hoping to work with his draft. This is the point, coming back onto Beach Drive that it helps running here frequently. I know the inclination; I know when to push and when to recover. The pavement along Hollywood is not very flat, so I try to stay as close to the middle line as possible, even if it means some close encounters with runners going the other way.

Back onto Dallas, I reach back and get myself ready for the long, not steep, but tough climb right up to Mile '0'. I was still with Jakobsen, and surprising myself by pushing the tempo. Jakobsen has a big following, so many oncomers were cheering him on, as for me, the many Harriers on the course were vocal and their help was helpful and appreciated.

The downhill towards Ogden Point is a tricky one for me, this is the stage where you start looking at your

watch and have to make a judgment on whether you can accelerate to reach or exceed your target time, I chose to stay steady and decide later on what to do. The size of the breakwater makes the length of the straightaway deceiving, but I get down okay. I try to squeeze myself through two people at the last water zone, only to get caught and end up losing most of my positive momentum. It's km 19, I check my watch to see I'm at 1:07:00, I knew reaching my target time would be tight. I pick up the pace, leaving Jakobsen behind, weaving around the 8km stragglers all through the port and harbour area. I'm convinced the signs are wrong at this point because km 19-20 took far too long. Finally I turn the corner after the Laurel Point Inn; I'm at about 1:12:50 turning onto the straightaway to the finish. I can see the start of the fencing; I'm telling myself that I've got this one in the bag. Unfortunately, as any runner on Sunday would attest, that stretch once you get into the gated area is longer then it appears.

I see the clock at 1:13:45, and I give what kick I have left, and finish in 1:14:05, good for 9th overall, and a new personal best. It was a good day, I wasn't floating for the first 8km, but was able to loosen up and felt a powerful surge of energy for the second half of the race. In summary, an impressive effort by Ryan Day in his return from racing after Ottawa Marathon, and Jim Finlayson, two weeks after running the Toronto Marathon.



Top to bottom left: Michael Lord, Sheldon Croden, Sandi Heal, Walter Cantwell, Middle: Dee Ogden, Top Right: Walter

is pitch dark when we reach the end of the lake and it took a while to find the portage. We decided to carry the canoe solo with the other partner in front lighting the path. Mike ran ahead on this portage and with both of our lights and the reflectors on Mike's shoes and backpack, I had great vision and ran swiftly. We tried to maintain our pace on Longest Lake, but the portages to Burnt Root were swampy and some were around significant rapids so we proceeded cautiously. We kept paddling over lily pads and reeds, the dark making it nearly impossible to avoid the water foliage. This was frustrating because of how it slowed us down. We were able to find the next few portages without trouble and cruised down Burntroot Lake with negligible wind. The breaks seemed to be working and we both felt strong.

At the end of Burntroot, things started to go awry. It took us a while to find the next portage and then we hit Pervey, our least favourite lake. Pervey is long and narrow with small bays on the side and dragged on farther than the map showed. At the end and after a few quick portages were on Catfish Lake. I was excited because we had planned to switch positions so that I would be in the stern. Right from the portage I led us through a long bed of lily pads and a bit of a tour of the lake when I picked the wrong bay trying to find the next portage. A light rain had just begun and the clouds did not help navigation.

After Catfish and the next lake, Narrowbag, we came to our longest portage of the trip, 2350 metres. I carried the canoe, switching with Mike. Our pace was quick and Mike seemed drained halfway. I took the canoe for the rest and for the next two portages. This led us to Cedar, a big beautiful lake and the halfway point of our trip. It was 4:45am, the sun was just rising. The paddle across Cedar to Brent Campground was a very long thirty minutes. We planned rest and eat. It was 5:15am and exactly at halfway. Nothing was open. We found a bench outside the Brent Store where we sipped and ate some delicious pasta. After fifteen minutes our bellies were full and we started to get cold. We began the trip back to Canoe Lake around 5:35am.

I carried the canoe on the first couple of portages to give Mike rest and then we tandemed the entire 2350m, now uphill. The wind was strong on Narrowbag Lake and it was no longer in a favourable direction. We had been tripping for fifteen hours and the five minute break was heaven. We ducked behind a small island to eat some Power Bars and ingest something called Rocket Fuel, a turbo version of Gatorade. Mike splashed water on his face to wake himself. We were off feeling surprisingly strong. We noticed how powerful the sun was – even this early in the day, realizing how ill equipped we were for protection. Mike brought an old pair of sunglasses, I had nothing. Catfish Lake posed no problems this time. We alternated carrying the canoe for the next few portages. Pervey Lake nearly killed us with a monster headwind and the feeling that the next portage would never come. Adding insult to injury, we realized this lake was on more of an east-west line than straight south to camp where we wanted to be. It is the only route. Around this point I began to feel the monotony. Paddling and portaging, paddling and portaging. I felt like I was going crazy, but I pushed hard and the craziness stayed away for a little bit. We struggled through Pervey and Burntroot – where Mike pulled out an iPod for about an hour – and then Longest and Big Trout. On Big Trout, we saw a trip from Camp Pathfinder up ahead and hoped to gloat. We barely had strength to continue paddling, and did not catch up to show off. Farther down the lake, we saw three green canoes and felt excitement of running into Wapomeo. Mike had a slightly awkward conversation with one of the staff members, Verity Sylvester. It was awkward because the girls did not really understand what we were doing and because we had been tripping for twenty hours we weren't explaining it very well.

Before getting to the Otterslide creek, we had another helping of the turbo juice to get energy. We start the creek and there was a traffic jam. They were mostly Pathfinder canoes, and we tried to work our way around them. Going upstream made turning the boat tough and because my knees were too sore to kneel for long, my draws were not effective. We bumped into their boats a few times. As we passed another trip dragging our canoe over a beaver dam, I tripped and fell into the water. Normally I would have been embarrassed with my lack of grace, but I could not have cared less. Once on Otterslide Lake, we realized we could get to camp during dinner. This gave us great energy, and we worked hard to get to Burnt Island. We started to tandem the canoe again and were moving pretty well, or so I thought. It was during this stretch that the craziness came back and I began to hallucinate. Rocks looked like little kids playing in the water and I saw strange canoes all over the place. Mike saw Dining Hall decorations hanging in the woods.

We finally got to Burnt Island where we faced a huge headwind. We paddled hard and finished the lake in decent time. The mental and physical exhaustion we felt really made it hard to exert any energy and we came down Joe Lake about as slow as you can move in a canoe. I had trouble sitting in any position for more than ten minutes and paddling on the right side was very painful on my elbow. We still had a headwind. Finishing the Joe Lake Portage never felt better and coming around Hayhurst, we forgot about the wind, and focused on the Trading Post Bridge. A sign hung that read 'Welcome Back Brent Run' and there was a small crowd. We fell out of the canoe and checked our watches – Twenty Six Hours and Thirty Two Minutes.



At last we came to a volunteer table and were directed back out to the road.

Clouds began to gather as I ran along Lake Banook. A cross-wind whipped and I began to wonder about my choice to run in a singlet and shorts, but I was encouraged at that point by the fact that for about 500-800 meters it was actually flat! I knew I had to be getting close to the bridge crossing again. We chatted for a few seconds but he was struggling with the cold so he gave me directions and I carried on into a residential area. Where the heck was that Macdonald Bridge anyway?!

Ahead were another long hill, a couple of runners, and the third volunteer of the second half of the race. We were instructed to turn right, before the hill, thank goodness.....EXCEPT that around the corner was up-hill too, and probably the steepest grade of the race! It seemed to go on forever – a real character builder. I later learned that hill is nicknamed “Giv’er Hill” and is 1k long.

After “Giv’er Hill” comes the wild, unmarshaled street crossing and the welcome sight of the Macdonald Bridge. I crossed the street unscathed. As I crossed the Bridge for the second time and looked down onto the Halifax Harbour I checked my watch. Twenty five minutes before I had to be back to the hotel. I was pretty sure there wasn’t too much farther to go but I hadn’t seen a mileage marker.

On the Halifax side as I exited the bridge I was again greeted by people lining the street. A group of spectators told me I was the third woman. I was sure they were mistaken but it gave me the motivation I needed for a push to the finish.

The finish line commentary was a little deflating. I heard the guy say he knew first hand that marathoners were crazy because he’d “been there, done that and wouldn’t be doing it again.” After a spectacular

first half, the second half of the race was challenging but overall poorly marked and inadequately marshaled. The volunteers who were out in Dartmouth were fabulous but too few and far between.

No matter, my 17th marathon was done and I still had 15 minutes to spare before 1:00 so I decided to take a little detour to grab a bite before heading back to the hotel. I descended the long ramp into the Trade Center. There was a fenced off area that housed the food. The tables were littered with jars of peanut butter and jam and bags of bread – a make your own sandwich affair. I guess those half marathoners got all the good food as well as the good support and commentary! Regardless I headed to the hotel where Holly was just rolling out of bed. We enjoyed a swim, a big late lunch, some shopping and then repacked for our trip home.

The next morning I checked the race results in the local paper as we headed for the airport. In spite a time of 3:37, I was indeed fifth woman and third in my age group.

All things considered, a challenging and satisfying experience and I wasn’t stiff for the plane ride.

In mid-July I got a surprise in the mail containing a Nova Scotia crystal trophy for winning my age group, the third place overall cash prize, and a letter explaining that several runners had been misdirected on the course and as a result had crossed the finish line without completing the distance. For me, the package in the mail was a fun bonus but I have to wonder how such a thing could happen. It would be horribly disappointing for those athletes who had trained specifically for this race to be DQ’d because of marshaling errors.

The Bluenose International Marathon course is challenging and fun but the organizers need to “pull up their sweat socks”. I don’t think they will be attracting return visitors or international athletes if they can’t get it together on the second half of the race – it’s kinda crucial for a WHOLE marathon.

Dear Diva



Dear Diva,

What's the deal on running skirts? Will it make me faster? - Gear Confused

Dear Gear Confused,

There is a revolution out there... We've come a long way since burning our bras baby and now there are so many gear options out there for a gal to choose from. Shorts, skirts, capris, full tights you name it. Boas if that pleases you. Not just for the tennis courts anymore, most of these skirts fall somewhere from mid thigh and higher and some with midriff coverage or belly button baring capacity. The fabrics breathe nicely and there is usually the built in short to consider for flappage or the odd cartwheel turned during a speed work out. Will it make you faster? That's up to you and your skirt has nothing to do with that.

The Trax came off when the snow ended and that's about the time Craig and Randy took off like they had rockets attached. I ran into Randy again a few times as he enjoyed the smorgasbord at the checkpoints, but Craig gained 6 minutes on me over the 16 km of downhill. Lots of bear scat made me thankful that Randy kept me company for some of the descent. However, when I had to stop and tie my shoe he took off and I was left to beat off the bears myself (I found out later that Shane had scared away the bear).

I was greeted by the fastees when I crossed the finish line. Shaner, Garth, Craig, Randy. Other Harriers crossed soon after including Adam, Sonja (cut 45 minutes off last years time), and Garfield.

Although I only cut 1 minute from last year's time, I was rewarded with a handsome cash award for being the first woman across the finish line. As it never happened before and likely never will again I felt a quiet sense of satisfaction.

The second woman across the finish line should have been given an award for the most blood, she made my scratches look wimpy. Then I went into the restroom and checked just how much skin had been removed from my buttocks. I'll leave out the gross medical details but needless to say a first aid kit and prescription antibiotic cream was in order. It was about two weeks before I could wear anything but a loose fitting skirt or sit in a chair.

I am looking forward to another great race on June 20, 2008. My cabin is already booked.



Klimb Rules

1. Stay on the Trail. If you get off the trail, stay put. Someone will come looking for you. We highly recommend that you carry a whistle.
2. NO Four legged animals - they attract other four legged wild animals.
3. No littering or dropping off of equipment.
4. You must pack water. There will be opportunities to refill water bottles at checkpoint 1, 3, 4 and 5. NOTE: There is no guaranteed reliable water source between checkpoint 1 and 3. Checkpoint 2 is a safety checkpoint only with NO WATER. Minimum recommended size water bottle is 2 litres.
5. Check in at each checkpoint with the recorder there. Make sure they have recorded your Klimb number.
6. Checkpoint 1 is less than ¼ of the "up" section and it gets a lot steeper, narrower and rougher after this point. If you are at all unsure if you can make it - turn AROUND and head back the way you came to Heritage Hall. Let the recorder know at checkpoint 1. You are still eligible for draw prizes.
7. NO SMOKING (anything...) Sorry, but smoking is a fire hazard.

Top 3 Men

Shane Ruljancich (PIH) - Victoria - 2:23:04

Jacek Doniec - Burnaby - 2:36:33

James Powsey - Cumberland - 2:38:19

Top 3 Women

Lara Wear (PIH) - Victoria - 3:10:27

Sarah Seeds - Courtenay - 3:15:35

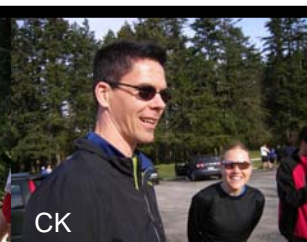
Michelle Steel - Ladysmith - 3:15:43



Shane Ruljancich



O'Callaghan's Group
at Beaver Lake



Cantwell, Sir!



Top Old Bitch Award
Hare 'n Hounds Run



Chris Callendar

THE GROUSE GRIND

By Simon Pearson



I have decided that mud is a far better colour than white. I enjoy the Island Race Series, try to run at least one track event in the spring, train through the dog days of summer for the Royal Victoria Weekend, and take in my fair share races along the way, but for me cross-country in the fall is always the best time of the year.

Last year I started what I hope will become a tradition of running at least one totally idiotic XC race away from home. Last year it was the Mad Dog 8K in Toronto; a Gunner Shaw-esque course turned hellish due to improper footwear. You can relive the adventure in the 2007 Fall PIP, although suffice to say that flats weighing less than 6 ounces should not be used for trail runs. This year I stayed a little closer to home, but still managed to find a race that seemed to push the bounds of reason.



I grew up in Vancouver and remember field trips up Grouse Mountain with the gondola operator pointing out the crazy hikers below who were climbing "Nature's Stairmaster"; the Grouse Grind trail. When I discovered that there was a 3K race that covered this 800m climb I knew I had to register. I laced up a pair of Saucony Triumphs (a safe shoe it turned out) and headed to North Van one weekend in late September.

I was expecting a low-key event with a handful of hardcore trail runners. What I found instead was a huge race, a sizable prize purse, sponsorship tents, over 500 participants, and 24 heats. I lined up at the start and had a moment of panic as I noticed that again my footwear seemed a bit out of place. I found myself surrounded by ankle high hiking boots. I was relieved to see that all the elites were wearing runners but noted that the field seemed about 70/30 runner to hiker. Boots were no match for me and I quickly established a lead along the gravel road. Within 50m we were at the start of the trail-head and at the beginning of the stairs.

I had expected the ascent and had seen photos of the stairs made of old cable ties, cut rock, felled trees, and a few wooden bridges. What I did not expect was that the stairs are unrelenting. There are no flat bits, no places to catch your breath, and no little downhill pieces whatsoever; just stair after stair after stair. This is a race of inches; a surge that would on the roads open up a 10m gap would get a gap of one or two stairs. Any discomfort was immediately apparent in your breathing and you could hear and see who was on form and who was struggling. The question was always could you recover after surging past someone or would you be forced back

At the halfway marker I was overtaken for the first time. I stared in disbelief as a pair of brown Columbia boots went past two stairs at a time. I quickened my pace and tried to find anything to shorten my knee lifts and tried to offload some of the work on my upper body pulling up on the few sections of ropes and railings. I kept those boots in sight for the rest of the race knowing that I could out kick them at the 400m or so of open gravel road before the finish. We got to the top and I did manage to tear past finishing in a time of 38:47. Unfortunately I learned that he was from one heat behind me, so finished well ahead in the standings. The view at the top was exactly as I remember it as a kid, cloudy and overcast, with Vancouver hidden completely by the mist. The complimentary trip down in the gondola was a relief as I am pretty sure that one false move walking down the trail and you wouldn't stop falling until you got back to the parking lot at the bottom.

This race is surprisingly easy on the body because muscle damage typically occurs when running downhill, not up. A seed time around your 10K average is right for first-timers (I was a little over 2 minutes slower than my 10K PB). Next year it will be a part of the World Police and Firefighter Games and I am certainly going back for more. Hopefully many of you will join me.



Post-Race Grouse Grind

Jonathan Wyatt of New Zealand holds the unofficial course record with a 24:22. Official course record is held by Michael Simpson in 26:19 at the 2007 Grind. The women's course record is 31:04 held by Leanne Johnston. From Grouse Mountain.com. 2.9km (1.8 miles) 853 metres elevation gain.

2008 WORLD IRONMAN CHAMPIONSHIP RACE

Continued from page 4...



This year's race was no different. To offset the Energy Lab temp of 108 F degrees, I filled my running cap with 2 cups of ice at each and every aid station.

Third and most important is the Big Island itself. This land is powerful. It reveals the truth in your soul. It challenges you to go beyond your personal limits. It makes you earn what you get. But in all of those things comes a richness that money cannot buy. You gain clarity about yourself. You find ways to survive and surpass the tough things in life. At some point you surrender having to have it all in a nice neat, controlled, predictable package and just go for your dreams no matter how hard or how impossible they may seem to achieve in the moment. It's all part of what happens to people out there in a race that takes up to 17 hours to complete.

This year's race was nothing short of spectacular. The defending women's champion, Chrissie Wellington of the UK, had to overcome a flat tire that some say cost her over 10 minutes to be able to lay claim to the crown a second year running. Many thought she made it look easy, and indeed on paper she was head and shoulders above the rest of the field. But even the best of the best struggle. She confided that the final 10km was so tough that it took all she had just to hold it together physically and mentally to prevent a total and complete meltdown. And that's the comment of a champion.

The men's race saw a new name atop the podium. Craig Alexander of Australia beat a stacked men's field with patience on the bike and a steady, but deadly pace on the run. He didn't take the lead until almost seven hours into the Ironman, but once it was his, he was like a dog with it's prey ; he was willing to fight to the death to keep hold of it. We learned later that even though he too did not falter, the final 10km was extremely challenging.

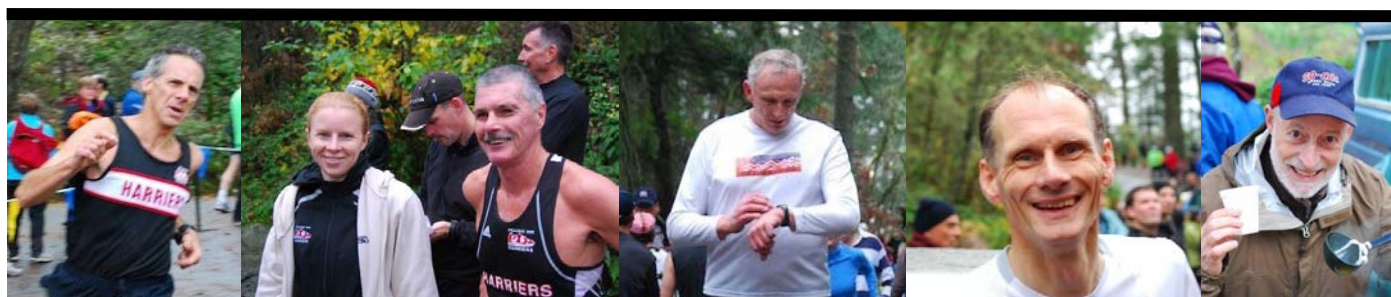


On this course if someone looks strong with about six miles to the finish, people watching usually start talking like it's a done deal. But as the 30-year history of this race has shown, just about anything can happen in those closing miles. As many races have been lost in that last stretch as have been won on it, and that fact played strong on both the winner's minds, but on everyone else's as well, especially mine.

Crossing that finishing line in 10:26:10 hours in what was considered extreme racing conditions and shaving 10 minutes off from my best race, gave me the satisfaction of being well prepared. Not only did the race go well, I was very proud to have worn the Prairie Inn Harrier singlet across the finishing line. Without the friendship of the many Harriers and the support of one very special person, I may not have had my day in Kona! To those who shown the support, I am forever grateful!

There is something to be said, when one hears their name being called out, as they cross the finishing line - "...You are an Ironman." That day it had a deeper and personal meaning for me than ever before, in having not only raced, but as well, survived the World Championship Race in Kona.

Aloha



Michael Lax

Sandi Heal & Bob Reid

Dan Fraser

Gary Duncan

John McKay

TRIAL BY FIRE - PART 2

Continued from page 6...



I stared upwards and saw nothing but road and trees. To my left was a grassy patch where the road flattened a little and I cast myself upon it like a shipwrecked sailor. I stood there, clinging to my bike like it was a life-preserver and watched Hillerie, Darren and Louise ride by. I reached for my camera, then stopped. Some moments aren't meant for film, they're meant to be experienced.

I clipped in again and gave it everything, and in return Chippo offered one more switchback then graciously bowed. "Is this it? Are we at the top?" With renewed energy I dismounted and jumped for joy. Hugs were exchanged like a family reunion. I snapped pictures to prove I was really there, then said that a picnic was in order. NOPE! Like a flock of seagulls, the group landed on the top of Chippo only to throw some food down their throats and take off again. I pulled my sun-baked, sweat-steamed sandwich from my pack and down half of it. When I looked up, the group had already taken flight down the mountain. I shoved the sandwich with its limp dangling lettuce back into my pack and took off after them.

Anyone who has ridden with me knows I'm terrible on descents. To make matters worse, the chill factor at 1423m made my arms lock up as I had not taken the time to put on arm warmers. Then, coming around a switchback I heard some yelling in Italian. Coming straight at me was a steam roller! I screamed, the steam roller operator screamed, we were both pretty steamed! I dismounted and clomped through the fresh tar. The group was waiting for me at the next turn, freshly tarred and steamed too. We began descending again, bits of tar flying off our wheels. Lost sight of them, and I was left to descend alone, so I sang:
(Sung to the tune of "The Great Pretender" by the Platters)

Oh yes, I'm the great descender (WHOA, WHOA),
Pretending that I'm doing well (WHOA, WHOA),
My descending just sucks, 'cause I'm braking too much,
And trying real hard not to yell.

We regrouped (I dread to think how long the group waited for me), and Augustino led us to a coffee shop. Maybe that man is human after all. Fortified with an

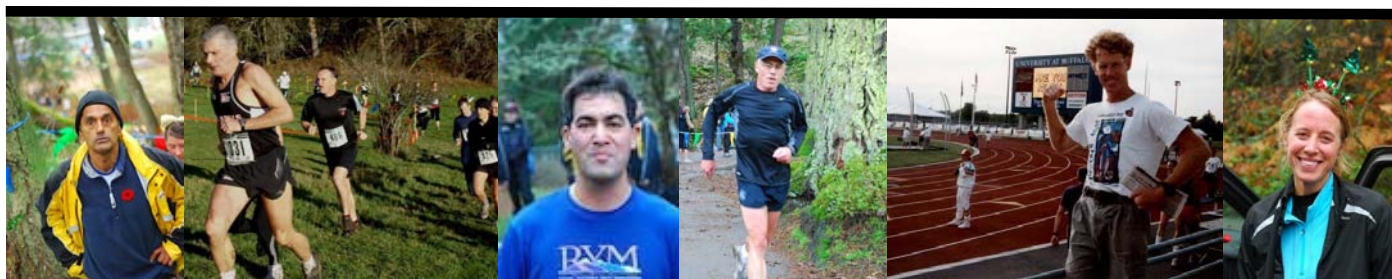
espresso and a Bounty bar, I figured I was ready to take on the last few kms. "Only 60 more kms. and we're home", someone said. WHAAAAA!?!?!?

I tried to stay with the group, but kept falling off the back. Exhaustion brought on hallucinations. I stared at the countryside and thought surely a gal like me with legs strong enough to climb Chippo could find a job here stomping grapes. I could live the rest of my days drunk n' happy, but apparently Augustino's contract did not allow him to leave delirious hotel guests behind in the vineyards to become purple-footed winos. He motioned to me to grab his wheel and towed me back to Riccione while the rest of the group zoomed on ahead.

My neck and shoulder were so seized up from squeezing the brakes all the way down Chippo that reaching for my water bottle sent shooting pains up my arm. As we neared Riccione, the traffic increased and pressed on my raw nerves. A huge truck rumbled above my head on an overpass and jolted my grip on sanity. I screamed the F-word and Augustino's head snapped around. The language gap was suddenly bridged by a four-letter expletive. He grinned.

My odometer said 131 km when we finally got to the door of the hotel. I abandoned my bike and staggered inside. My last climb of the day was onto a barstool. Luca uncapped a beer, placed it in front of me and slowly backed away, foregoing his usual friendly chatter. I stayed hunched at the bar like Quasi Motto and let each swig of beer erase any thoughts of the Nove Colli.

To be continued.....in the next issue of the Prairie Inn Post



Buddy Bhandar

Bob Reid

Brent Chan

Bill Scriven

Dave Reed - 1954 to 2008

Camie B.

A TRIBUTE TO DAVE REED (1954-2008)

Dear friends and fellow runners,

On Dave's passing. I spoke to Dave's mother last night at some length. Everyone who visited Dave while he was in the hospital should know that this was a great comfort to her, and she thanked me repeatedly for all that "the runners" did for Dave while he was sick. I think knowing that Dave had friends with him yesterday, talking and joking and showing him photos, made it possible for her to forgive herself for not being here.

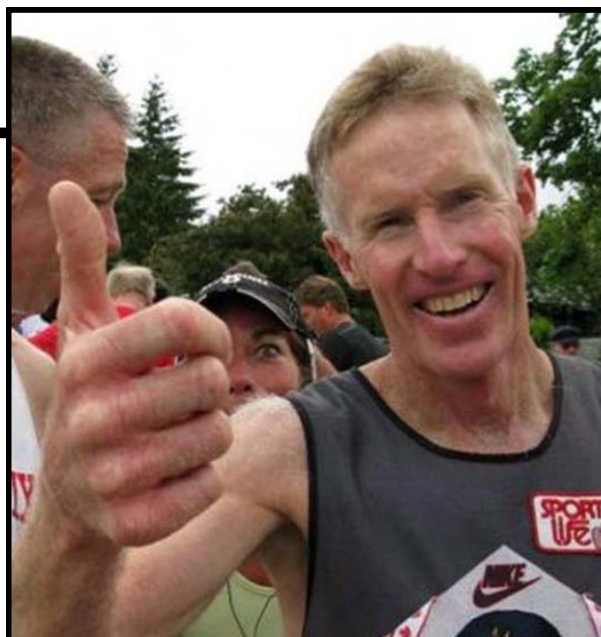
When Dave first got sick in early September, I was overcome with memories of all the good times we had shared and all the ways he has helped me and my family. I want to share some of them with you.

George and I knew Dave for thirty years. We all know of Dave's infectious enthusiasm for running--something that was the leading passion of his life, and something that never flagged as he got older. Dave did countless 5:30/mile tempo runs and track workouts with me when I was running at my best. He never quite made it to the top as a young runner, himself, but instead achieved many of his running dreams as a masters runner. Not everyone knows that Dave was a superb athlete in many sports, some of his other favourites being hockey, baseball, and golf. He was truly a big kid who never entirely grew up, and this was both a strength and a weakness in him. He had a child's ability to get lost completely in the joy and excitement of a moment of play, and he relived the high moments of races with the single-mindedness of a child. Dave also knew how to fully enjoy very simple things--a good meal, a single can of beer, the company of his running pals, rock music, lying on the beach or in our backyard on a sunny day. He lived with us for about six years here in Coquitlam. He was a great companion and sports mentor to my son Abebe, when Abebe was between four and ten years old.

Dave loved playing games and sports with kids, and always gave his time generously that way. He was also a hard worker and a great handyman, who helped my family in many ways. He tamed our backyard wilderness as best he could with the lawn mower and other tools, kept my ancient cars running, built me a bicycle rack for my car, and did numerous repairs around the house.

Once again I want to thank everyone who visited Dave in the hospital. I know that all of us are thinking about him as we do our training runs and workouts, and perhaps appreciating what we can do more than ever before.

- Nancy Tinari



Dave Reed passed away yesterday. His great heart finally quit. He was just too sick.

We were hoping for the last two months that somehow he would recover.

He was a unique character, he loved running and other runners who shared his passion.

He had a fantastic memory for races and workouts, even from 30 years ago.

All who knew him will miss him, and the things he brought to our sport.

- George Gluppe

I went to Mt. Doug. Park and did the TNW "Rocks in Box" workout as a tribute to Dave. It is one that he really enjoyed and it consisted of 5 kms, his favourite distance to race.

At the junction of Glendenning and Mercer trails I drew a box on the ground and placed 5 rocks in it. I then started five 1K loops of the circuit. Each lap I removed one rock from the box.

After two laps, Molly and Bebe looked at me kind of funny, wondering why we were running in circles using the same trails and not doing our regular route at Mt. Doug. I held them both by the collar, knelt down, and said, "This one's for Dave." They almost smiled back at me knowing that something was different today.

For the final three laps I dedicated the rocks to Dave's past (Joy), present (Courage) and future (Hope). When I removed the Joy rock, I remembered the simple joy of running that Dave taught us all to cherish over the years. When I removed the Courage rock, I thought of the difficult battle Dave fought clinging to his life during the last three months while in hospital. When I removed the final Hope rock, I thought to the future and promised Dave that I would make the time for running and not let other less significant things interfere with health and well being. Too often we are saddled with meetings, obligations, work, chores and other tasks in life that take away from our chance to run. Pure and simple running. There is Hope for all of us and we have Dave to thank for that.

- Bob Reid

RUNNER OF THE WEEK

June 15—Farisha Arensen—Victoria Youth Triathlon
 June 15—Gary Duncan—4 races in 8 days
 June 17—David Jackson, Robbie Cracknell & Cheryl Murphy—Twilight Shuffle
 June 21—Shane Ruljancich & Lara Wear—Kusam Klimb
 June 22—Gerry Etcheverry—Ironman Coeur D'Alene
 June 22—Jim Finlayson, Mark Bomba & Todd Howard—Scotiabank Half Marathon
 June 28—David Jackson—BMC Grand Prix Meet—UK
 July 1—Brian Connon & Julie Van Veelen—Sidney Days 5k
 July 1—Mark Bomba & Nancy Tinari—Vancouver HBC 10k
 July 1—Cheryl Murphy & Simon Whitfield—Victoria HBC 10k
 July 5—Lara Wear—Chevy Chase Fell Run—UK
 July 6—Jim Finlayson, Mark Bomba & Todd Howard—LA Weight Loss 10k
 July 6—Scott Simpson & Cara Obee—Mt Doug GutBuster
 July 12—Darren Froese—Sinister Seven 135k
 July 13—Cheryl Murphy & Phil Nicholls—Subaru Vancouver Triathlon
 July 13—Mike Janes & Lowell Rockcliffe—Triathlon of Compassion
 July 19—Adam Campbell—Canadian Mountain Running Championships
 July 20—David Jackson—BUPA Great Capital Run—UK
 July 20—Jeff Phillips—Gatineau, Quebec Triathlon
 July 20—Steven Kilshaw—IG Peach Classic Triathlon
 July 26—Jason Terauchi-Loutitt—Peaks Cypress Mountain Run
 July 26—Todd Nowack—Schick Extreme Mind Over Mountain Race
 July 27—Jon Brown—BUPA Great Wales Run—Cardiff Wales, UK
 July 27—Scott Simpson, Ben Kingstone & Gord Christie—The Zone, Esquimalt 8k
 July 27—Shane Ruljancich, Julie Van Veelen & Wendy Davies—Hare 'n Hounds 12k
 August 3—Steven Kilshaw & Julie Van Veelen—Self Transcendence Triathlon
 August 10—Cheryl Murphy, World LD Duathlon Championships—Belgium
 August 10—Herb Phillips, Delta 5k
 August 16—Eric Finlay, Shane Ruljancich, Lara Wear & Sonja Yli-Kahila—GutBuster Mt. Washington
 August 16—Shane Ruljancich, Garth Campbell, Gary Duncan & Lara Wear—GutBuster Series
 August 18—Simon Whitfield—Olympic Triathlon—Beijing
 August 23—Jason Terauchi-Loutitt—Enduro Mountain Race—Omaha
 August 23—David Jackson, Jim Finlayson & Todd Howard—Harriers High Performance 10, 000m
 August 23—Shawn Nelson—47k Juan de Fuca Trail Run
 August 31—Nancy Tinari—Labour Day 8k
 September 7—David Jackson, Cheryl Murphy & Gord Christie—Harbour City 10k
 September 7—Mark Nelson & Shawn Nelson—Metchosin Days 5k
 September 7—Steve Osaduik—Coho Festival 14k
 September 11—Garfield Saunders—Sandy Anderson—BC Senior Game—Prince George
 September 13—Jason Terauchi-Loutitt & Colin Dignum—5 Peaks Half Marathon
 September 14—David Jackson & Scott Simpson—Lands End 10k
 September 14—Cheryl Murphy, Phil Nicholls & Nick Best—Lands End Half Marathon
 September 14—Rui Batista—Subaru Sooke International Sprint Triathlon
 September 21—Angela and Roger Plamondon—Great Sooke Foot Race
 September 27—Todd Nowack, Garth Campbell & Shane Ruljancich—Mind Over Mountain
 October 5—David Jackson & Jon Brown—BUPA Great North Run—UK
 October 12—Cheryl Murphy, Joan McGrath & Nancy Baxendale—Royal Victoria Marathon
 October 12—Farisha Arensen and Cyrena Timmins—Royal Victoria 8k
 October 12—Ryan Day, Jim Finlayson and Norm Tinkham—Royal Victoria Half Marathon
 October 12—Steve Osaduik, Jason Terauchi-Loutitt & Todd Howard—Royal Victoria Marathon
 October 18—Java Wear—Harriers Hounds Race
 October 18—Scott Simpson—National 10k Road Racing Championships—Ottawa
 October 19—Gary Duncan—Peninsula Track XC and Salmon Run 5k double
 October 25—Garfield Saunders, Norm Tinkham and Jon Brown—BC Cross Country Championships
 October 26—David Jackson & Scott Simpson, Colin Dignum and Herb Phillips—James Cunningham Seawall
 October 26—Jason Terauchi-Loutitt, Cheryl Murphy, Nick Best, Phil Nicholls—Shawnigan Lake Half Marathon
 November 1—Michael Lax, John Catterall, Garth Campbell and Gary Duncan—Westwood Lake 22k Relay



Cheryl Murphy at the 2008
Royal Victoria Marathon

FAVOURITE RUN

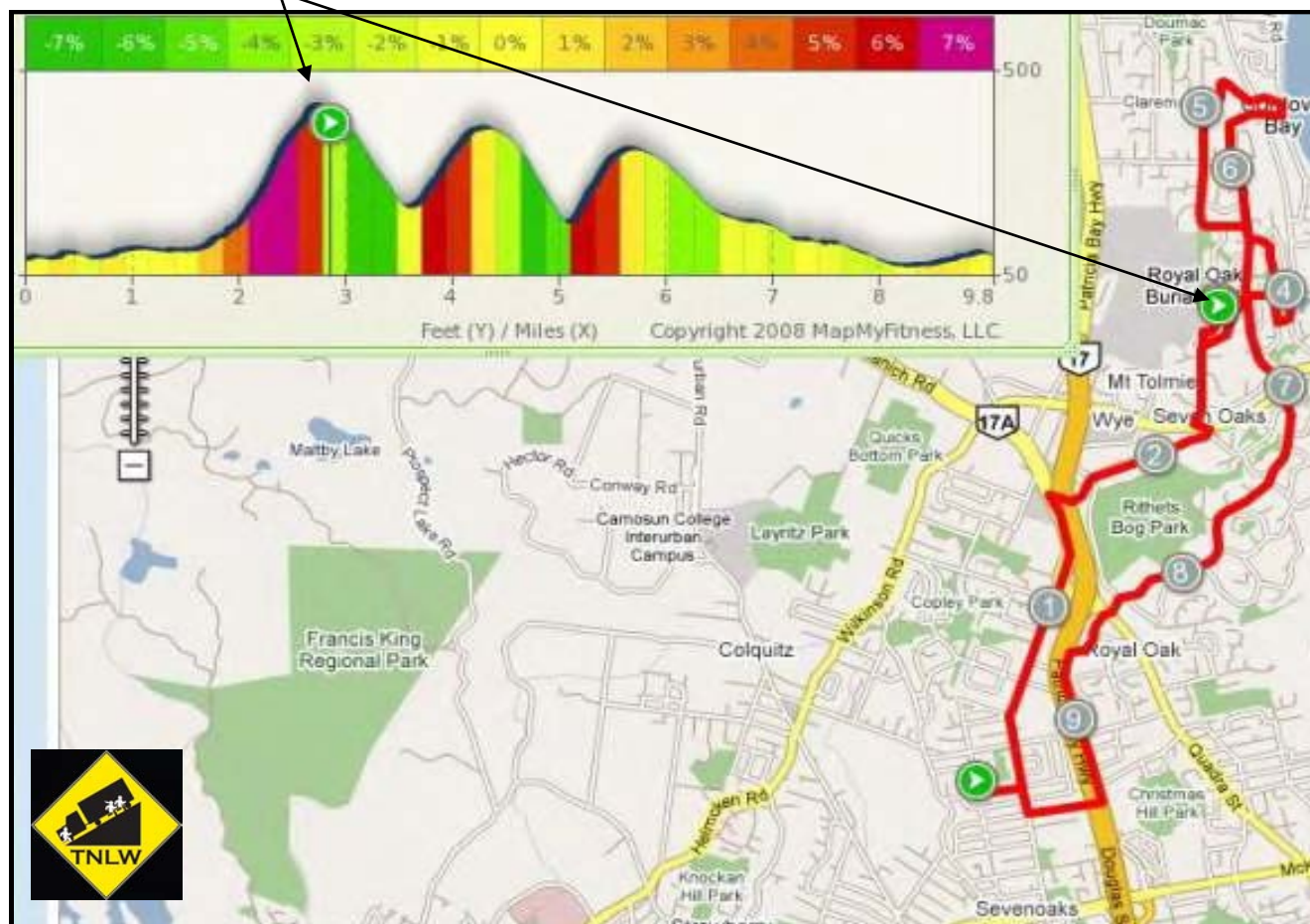
By Chris Kelsall



Favourite Route of mine, which we use in our Tuesday Night Late Workout® schedule more often than not, includes 3 significant spots of vertical, which we choose to run up each of at least once, pretty much in the order as depicted, sometimes we do any of the hills at least once more.

One night Sean Chester had us do 3 complete circuits of this route. I was sleep running by the end, as That run on THAT Tuesday was the end of a 4-day, 70-odd mile stretch of running; silly me.

Another time we had run up Boulderwood enough times, that eventually Simon Pearson had missed the fact that we were again on Boulderwood, half-way up and it was there that he declared, "HEY! This is Boulderwood again!"



The Route:

North on Glanford for 3k to the tunnel, which is located across from the Royal Oak Shopping Centre, along Carolwood to Royal Oak, left on Royal Oak to Boulderwood commence climbage. Continue past Boulderwood and climb more, up Boulderwood Rise (ironic). Grab knees and wait.

Continue down Boulderwood Rise to Amblewood to Hillwood, left on Lochside. Psychologically you are ready for another hill because your short-term memory is impaired and we now commence left up Seamist to SeaPearl and Sea to Skynever mind. Grab knees and wait.

Continue through unmapped trail for 20 metres and run on Wesley to Claremont and perilously drop down to Lochside and further to Cadboro Bay Road, turn right, turn right on Halliburton. It's dark, the signs say WRONG WAY, continue on to Bonanza Place and laugh to yourself as you pass the sign. The second half of the hill is steeper and black. At the top the F-bombs are launched, grab knees and wait, continue on to Amblewood-Royal Oak-Emily Carr etc.

Hills are our friends.



OAK BAY FIREFIGHTER'S MERRYTHON 8K

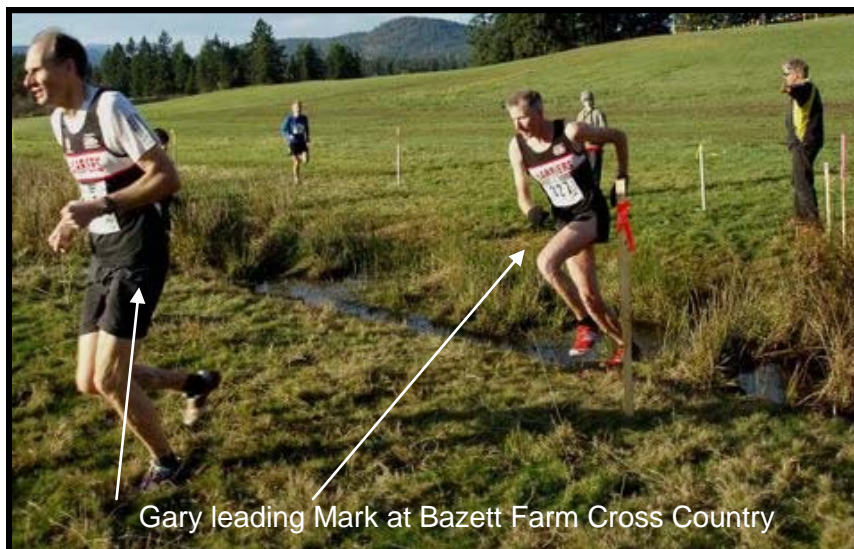
By Gary Duncan



The race starts on Cedar Hill Cross Road at the Henderson Recreation Centre driveway. It has been personally started by the Mayor of Oak Bay, Chris Causton for as long as I can remember. The course starts with a subtle rise east along Cedar Hill Cross Road, before a sweet 2k plus down-hill through the quiet, treed streets of the Uplands. The route then rolls south for 2k along Beach Drive until Estevan, where you wind and climb back up for 2k to reach Cadboro Bay Road at the clubhouse. Once here, it is a long gentle decline to a short rise up Cedar Hill Cross Road and another long gentle decline back, all the way along the driveway to the Henderson Recreation Centre. Just a bit short of 8K.

The Oak Bay Fire Department does a good job marshaling the course with a fireman at all the significant intersections and corners, and cones spaced out along the roads so you know you are on course (except for the short bit on Ripon between the circle and Landsdowne, which had us wondering for a bit).

Three youngsters bolted off quickly ahead of Chris Callendar and I, the Hegland sisters Chloe (12) and Sophie (13) and some young buck. 100m out I commented this was not unusual, but they would soon fade. Sure enough at about 300m Sophie fell off, but the other two were still ahead, the buck about 20m and Chloe 10m. We crossed Cadboro Bay Road and they were still up there. In fact Chloe was now challenging for and then taking the lead. After we inched by about 5' in, Chris milked the down and I hung on. I was surprised when he came back to me at the corner onto Estevan, but knowing his finishing kick I just kept pushing expecting him to fly by anytime.



Gary leading Mark at Bazett Farm Cross Country

There is a clock, but no race numbers, recording or awards. I could see the clock ticking up through the 29:50's as I hurtled down the driveway to break the tape in I'll say 29:59. Chris was next at 30:30, then (if memory serves order right) the top female Maggie Woodward at 31:40, Chloe at 32:00, Nathaniel (Fronrunners guy) at 32:09. The young buck was 33:09 and Gnarly was 3rd female at 35:22.

Maggie is a high school student who trains with the Vikes, but likely to go to UBC next year. If she is 'Woodward' she had the 3rd fastest female lap at the Thetis Lake Relay clocking 20:25.

The amazing Chloe wasn't that far back at TLR with a time of 20:51, which translates to an age-graded lap of 16:31, ahead of Melanie McQuaid who had the fastest female TLR lap. And yes she does hold world records for 30 and 60 second speed football juggling (Keepie-Uppie), the first set when she was just 10!



PIH Annual Awards Night

Friday, January 16, 2009

7:30 PM

Cedar Hill Golf Course Clubhouse – 1400 Derby Road
RSVP to Susan at snorrington@crd.bc.ca or 250.384.0171



CLUB INFORMATION



2008 EXECUTIVE

President

Susan Norrington 250-384-0170

Vice President

Garfield Saunders 250-474-4950

Treasurer

Bob Reid 250-384-1520

Secretary

Sandi Heal 250-472-0023

CLUB MEETINGS

The Club meets on the second Tuesday of each month at the Cedar Hill Recreation Centre at 7:30 PM. Club meetings feature race reports and social functions. Race entry forms, information sheets and results are usually available. We encourage all members and interested parties to join us. Bull sessions follow in the licensed Rec Centre Lounge.

Next Meeting — January 13, 2009

THANK YOU

The Prairie Inn Harriers would like to acknowledge the community and club support received for the Prairie Inn Pioneer 8k. Thanks to sponsors:

- Wille Dodge, Chrysler Jeep
- The Chequered Flag Restaurant
- The Prairie Inn Pub
- Lifestyles Market
- Frontrunners Footwear Victoria

UPCOMING RACES/EVENTS

Saturday, December 13

12:00 NOON

*5th Annual Stewart Mountain
10-Mile Cross Country*
Thetis Lake Main Beach

Tuesday, December 23

5:00 PM

*PIH Annual Christmas Lights
Social Run*

Meet at the Bird of Paradise Pub.

Friday, December 26

9:00 AM

*10th Annual Harriers Boxing Day
10-Mile Handicap*
Prairie Inn Pub, Saanichton

Thursday, January 1

10:00 AM

*Harriers Memorial 10K Run and
2K Walk*
Beaver Lake Lower Parking Lot

Sunday, January 11

11:00 AM

*30th Annual Prairie Inn Pioneer 8K
– BC Provincial 8K Championships*
Saanichton Fairgrounds

Friday, January 16

7:30 PM

PIH Annual Awards Night
Cedar Hill Golf Course Clubhouse
1400 Derby Road
RSVP to Susan at snorrington@crd.bc.ca or 250-384-0171

NEWSLETTER INFO

Contributions are always welcome. Send photos, race reports, or quotes. Let us know what changes in format you like and what you don't.

Email: editor@pih.bc.ca

WEEKLY TRAINING RUNS

Saturday Trail Runs

8:00 AM

Meet at the Thetis Lake main parking lot until the end of April. All runners and walkers welcome - a group leader for all paces. Approximately 60 minutes on the trails. Breakfast follows at nearby Chequered Flag.

Tuesday Night Workouts

5:00 PM

Meeting at the Cedar Hill Rec Centre lobby until April 2009. Workouts may vary. All paces represented – everyone welcome. Schedule on the PIH website.

Thursday Morning Runs

9:00 PM

Meet for 1 hr adventure runs. Different venues, different leaders. Check out the website or call John Woodall at 250-658-5847 or email at jnwoodall@shaw.ca.

PIH MEMBERSHIP FORM

Online membership renewal is also available through the PIH website - www.pih.bc.ca

Membership Type: ☐ Individual (\$25) ☐ Family (\$35) ☐ Student (\$7) ☐ Associate (\$7)

Name: _____ Birthdate: _____

Gender: ☐ M ☐ F Membership: Renewal ☐ New ☐ Occupation: _____

Address: _____ City: _____

Postal Code: _____ Email: _____

Home Phone: _____ Work Phone: _____ Fax: _____

School (Student)/Primary Club (Assoc): _____ Years with PIH: _____

For family memberships please include a list of all family members and their respective birth dates.

Please make cheques payable to the 'Prairie Inn Harriers'.

Mail to Club Treasurer, Bob Reid, 1251 Tattersall Drive, Victoria, BC, V8P 1Z2