



PRAIRIE INN POST

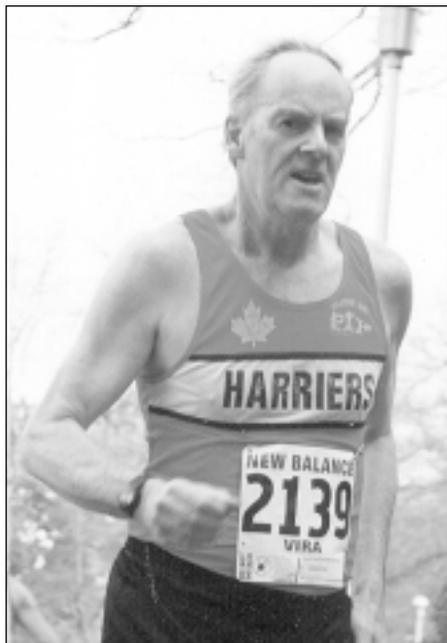
Harriers Have More Fun



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Brian Turner

IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT THIS WILL BE MY LAST CHANCE TO WRITE A FEW PRESIDENTIAL words before the November Annual General Meeting. My message in January's newsletter was full of hope for a great year for the club, with speakers at every meeting, monthly club runs with a variety of leaders and locations, a club bus for the Alberni race, and lots of enthusiasm for defending our almost perennial role as Series champions. We had a great Series, and those having to select category winners for the annual awards at the January 2002 meeting have their work cut out for them, given so many outstanding performances both during the Series, and elsewhere during 2001.

As my term as President is coming to a close, I want to take this opportunity to express my heartfelt thanks to the rest of the executive, who have been so effective in their positions that the President has had little to do but appear as a figurehead at meetings. Any member could serve as president with this executive behind them!

Susan has done admirably in keeping you all informed, organizing details of various events, and filling in for me when I was away for the September meeting. Sandy's minutes have been appropriately brief (and humorous), and his work on putting the Newsletter together has produced a product which should be a model for other clubs to follow. What can I say about Bob Reid - he has been the heart and soul of the Harriers for decades, always on top of things, ready with advice and information. All this on top of applying his organizational skills as Treasurer. And as Sylvan retires at the end of the year from being master of the web site, our thanks for setting up a superb model which many of us, and many outside our club, use frequently for up-to-date information and fast results, among other things, We can be very proud of the Newsletter and Web site.

The Directors and many other Harriers have given of their time, energy and expertise in helping to make the club's races a model for others to emulate. This is truly a marvelous organization, of which I have been a proud member for nearly 20 years.

Don't miss the Hare and Hounds club run at Thetis on October 21, a unique experience which gives everyone a shot at catching the leaders, making wrong turns. We haven't had one of these for some years. And best wishes to the 6 (!) Harrier teams going to Haney - Harrison this year, a race we have competed in for many years, always enjoy, and make our presence felt, either on the road or later in the evening. To those running either of the Thetis Lake events in November, or helping to make these popular events their usual success, have fun, and thanks to the volunteers once again.

Let me close by reminding members new and old that up-to-date info is available in the Newsletter, our web site (<http://pih.bc.ca>), the Harriers Hotline (381-IRUN), and at the monthly club meetings (2nd Tuesday of the month, Cedar Hill Rec Centre, at 7:30).

Brian Turner,
PIH President

SOCIAL REPORT

by Susan Norrington



Susan Norrington

SUMMER SOCIAL EVENTS

Galloping Goose and Annual Harriers Picnic/BBQ

Sunday, July 29

Summer runners and walkers and some Pen Plodders brought by Sylvan met for our annual picnic/BBQ at Ken Smythe's Glen Lake home for an out and back on the Goose. New members included Walter and Lisa Cantwell and Lisa Cowden. Joanne Cowen paddled boated across the lake to join us. The braver runners took to the lake for a swim and the rest filled our faces with burgers, dogs and beer. Of the total turnout of about 40, the party contingent lasted until about 7 pm soaking up the rays on Ken dock.

Roche Cove - Matheson Lake

Sunday, June 24

About 35 runners and walkers (with some members of the Sooke running club STARR), plus children and dogs met a Roche Cove to run the trails to from and around Matheson Lake. A great gathering afterwards at Dan and Merell's East Sooke hilltop home for brunch.

To be prepared is half the victory.
—Miguel Cervantes



A big turnout for the annual BBQ at Ken and Gerda Smythe's place on Glen Lake



Annual Corn Roast and Haney Harrison Prep Session

Sunday, August 12

We gathered at Bob Reid's home with over 45 runners and walkers and a pack of dogs and kids. An early group of women left for a long training run, followed by 3 more running groups that headed out from the Cedar Hill Golf Course chip trail to Mount Doug park for a run of the trails. Walkers did the trail around the golf course. Back to Bob's for hot tub, mountains of corn, sandwiches, burgers and a very loose planning session for Haney Harrison relay.

Guru Bob Rhodes ponders the weighty matters of the universe (or was that potato chips?) with Ann Taylor and Karen Hughes at the corn roast

SOCIAL REPORT



Bill Scriven displays his amazing ability to produce steam from his ears - much to the delight of his companions on the Juan de Fuca trail

Hare 'n Hounds Run at Francis King Park

Sunday, October 21

Ten Harriers braved the pouring rain this morning to participate in the club run at Francis Park. The course was laid out at 7:00 a.m. by three hares, Dr. A., SeyHey McKay and Pepsi II. Shortest course distance was 4K, longest was 6K. Official Results are as follows:

1. Sandy Stewart 24:32 - Top Dog Award
2. Dan Fraser 27:07 - Top Old Dog
3. Bob Janicki 29:58 - Three Dog Night Award
4. Brian Turner 30:13 - Wettest Executive Dog
5. Mark Colegrave 30:24 - Longest Course Dog
6. Mike Emerson 30:41 - Long Lost Dog
7. Katrina Blomkvist 30:52 - Top Bitch Award
8. Susan Norrington 32:05 - Top Old Bitch

All eight contestants received a prize upon finishing. Awards included telephone answering machine (Top Dog), telephone (Top Bitch), remote control (Top Old Dog), t-shirts, kid's shirts and Frontrunners socks.

At the end, ten soaked two legged dogs and one soaked four legged dog adjourned to John's Other Place for breakfast. Delicious!

Juan de Fuca Trail Club Run

Sunday, September 23

Started at Parkinson Creek, ran to Botanical Beach at Port Renfrew. Total distance 8 miles. Roots, rocks, ladders, mud, mud, mud, boardwalk, steps, logs, mud, mud, mud. Not for the faint at heart.

The complete Juan de Fuca Marine Trail is 26 miles long starting at China Beach, near Jordan River, and ending at Port Renfrew, the very end of the road. JdF Trail finishes where the West Coast Trail starts.

Harriers present = 8 runners, 1 biker and 4 walkers. Biker Dr. Loose rode from Sooke to Port Renfrew = 50 miles, hilly. Fast running group ran 8 miles in 2 hours. Slower running group took 2 and a half hours. Walkers walked 2 hours and 15 minutes out-and-back from Botanical Beach. 1 dog.

Lunch at new pub in Port Renfrew. Great food, 1 beer each and headed back to Victoria. A full day! Brilliant weather, spectacular scenery and a super character run.

UPCOMING FALL & WINTER SOCIAL EVENTS

GS X-C Ribbon Clean-up

Sunday, November 25 - 9 am
Thetis Lake Parking Lot

Enjoy the Thetis trails at a more relaxed pace than the day before at the Gunner Shaw X Country and help us take down the directional ribbons put up for the race the day before.

Boxing Day 10-Mile Handicap

Wednesday, December 26, 9 am
Prairie Inn Pub

Join us for our Third Annual Boxing Day 10-Mile Handicap Race along the undulating Central Saanich course. For those not so keen to work up a major

sweat the day after Christmas, there will be a 5K social run at 10 am arriving back at the Prairie Inn about the same time as the serious runners.

Annual General Meeting

Tuesday, November 13, 7:30 pm
Cedar Hill Rec Centre

Come out for the elections of new officers for 2002 and to give your ideas about events and speakers you would like for next year.

Ain't no chance if you don't take it.
—Guy Clark

THE FLUFFIES DO MAYFAIR

by Dr. Trenchfoot



It really is quite difficult to knock down those damn pins after several beverages

EIGHTEEN FLUFFIES HAVE OFFICIALLY survived the first annual Harriers Fluff Bowling World Championship Tournament on July 6 and everyone had so much fun, we're going to do it again soon. It is now Monday and the Chatline went strangely quiet after 7:00 pm Friday night as fellow fluffites geared up with happy hours and bowling arms to roll some pretty awesome games. All of the woman looked gorgeous and all the men looked dashing in their bowling outfits. Clothes were exchanged, books exchanged, dolls for the kiddies, pina colodas consumed and beers in the Mayfair lounge. Bowling management wisely positioned the six Fluff teams on the alleys closest to the bar.

GP shouldered a supreme effort to even top the invincible Carpetbagger or Sandbagger (Dr. A.) in the third game. His victory dance following a spare equalled that of Raymond Bourque after winning of the Stanley Cup. BBK did her svelt spin class routines and then delivered perfect balls resulting in sev-

eral spares. Mr. UVic delivered 3 strikes in a row one game resulting in a fast start and sloooooow finish of 124. Fellow Peninsula Plodder Dave joined us (first time marathoner last year) and I caught, despite a 20 year absence, a couple of strikes from him. Dr. Goggles scored several redeeming spares and his eyes lit up to match the flashing diagonal line on the display screen. Dr. Ruthless scored 2 big time strikes and definitely had the most graceful style of all us gals that night. Batgirl's delivery was impeccably calm and confident and she nonchalantly sauntered up to the delivery line and with straight, on-target balls. Four Yummies from Nanaimo made the trip south for the prestigious tournament. Overall Series winner, Steve Osaduik found bowling to be one hell of a lot tougher than running! Dr. Soreass was smooth as silk as was Dr. Woodbox.

At the end, Dr. A. had rolled the high single for the Fluffies of 162 with 5 strikes, while Dr. Ruthless delivered the

low single of 40. Hard to believe that with 20 balls rolled, only 40 pins were knocked down. Gutter, gutter, gutter ball gal. Dr. F.O. packed the high average of 141 and "The F Team" romped off with the first annual World Championship trophy, which Exaggerator is presently displaying round the clock at the corner of Yates and Douglas Streets with his name engraved on the championship cup. He was last seen signing autographs for all the street people.

Adjournment to the lounge followed where prizes were given for high score, low score, most splits, most unique team name, best bowling shirt, best hitter, biggest B.S.'er, seven hidden scores and of course the championship trophy. Pictures were taken. Then a small caravan of pooped bowlers straggled to Dr. A.'s for Buds, Sawmills, Ciders – soft and hard, hottubs, health food (chips, cheezies, popcorn) and good conversation. All in all, an excellent idea from Sylvester, who by the way, reached a lifetime goal of breaking 100 in his first game. The Fluff tournament was an outstanding success.



More evidence that beer and bowling can be a hazardous combination

MOJAVE DEATHRACE

by Mark Colegrave



June 9/10 2001

WELCOME TO OUR MILLENNIUM RACE, WE hope you survive it! This is not another pretty 5 or 10 K race on Sunday morning at the beach. If you and your team-mates are not up to an Adventurous & Hazardous Endurance Team Challenge then go to the beach race and collect seashells. Most athletes that take on this challenging event will have more war stories and adventures to talk about than they have friends who will listen! We're gonna test you to see if you're a challenger or a wannabe! If you enter the race and don't survive, don't expect us to come looking for you. We've heard about a lone telephone booth in the desert someplace. Find it and call your mommy to come get you! Heck, if you go out in some spectacular fashion you might get an honourable mention ... maybe.

Despite a recent, near disastrous run across Vietnam, the urge for an adrenalin fix was again upon me. The above ad for the Mojave Deathrace seemed like it might fit the bill!

This unique adventure race is the brainchild of a California Federal Marshall named Ron Cooke. With his twisted sense of humor, he has devised a race consisting of 12 person teams, for a tor-



The barren, arid landscape of the Mojave Desert

tuous run & bike relay across the Mojave Desert in the middle of summer. In fact, this race used to be 250 miles, but just for fun, Ron decided to add another 38 miles this year - making the total distance 283 miles - or 460 kilometers. Perhaps he is trying to get the race to live up to its name!

The course starts in Primm Nevada and then crosses over into Southern California. Our is a mixed team, one of 27 teams entered in the race. Most of our team members are accomplished endurance athletes - Ironman Triathlon finishers, marathon and ultra marathon runners, ex pro cycling champion, mountain climber, etc.

We have three vehicles - a motor-home, station wagon, and 4-wheel drive vehicle for the off-road sections. This is necessary to help sort out the logistics of this demanding race.

At 5 am, shortly before daybreak, the gun sounds to start the race and runners head out into the desert for this exercise in sado-masochism. Onlookers are shaking their heads, probably thinking the whole bunch is a few sandwiches short of a picnic!

The second stage of the race is run by Ivan Steber, a National Disabled Cycling champion, marathoner, and Ironman finisher - not bad when you consider that he only has one leg! Half way through his run his prosthetic is bothering him so he stops, whips off his leg, and throws it to me, while another team-mate finds his replacement leg in the van. A strange feeling holding onto somebody else's leg while he runs off into the distance to finish his run. An amazing athlete.

During stage four our rider Carl has a wipeout on his bike but fortunately is not hurt as he bounces off the dirt, with everything except his pride intact. He powers his way to the end riding his guts out to make up for lost time. At the end he treats us to a show of projectile vomiting - good ride buddy!

On another stage Dave Molinaro, another Ironman, is riding at break neck speed over the dirt road but hits a sandy patch and launches himself into the air over the handlebars. He picks himself up and while he is starting up again, a lizard is up on his hind legs running in front of him. The lizard, I'm sure is scared to death, having never had any-

thing like this happen to him in his barren and desolate surroundings.

The time is now 12:35 pm, and it is now my turn to run. This section is acknowledged to be one of the most formidable stages of the race. The difficulty is not only the intense heat, but also the inhospitable soft sandy terrain which makes for tough footing. I am the only Canadian on the team, which I'm convinced had something to do with getting assigned this stage of the race!

The temperature is well over 100 degrees, and as I sucked in lungfuls of the dry desert air, my mouth is uncomfortably dry. The sun is ferocious and bore down on my head like a broiler. This is race may be classed as cruel and unusual punishment - if not outright torture.

During my run a 4-wheel drive medical ambulance comes by with sirens wailing - somewhere up ahead the Mighty Mojave has claimed another victim. My foot has blistered from the heat, and I'm to conjure up visions of different runs take my mind off it and make it to the end of the stage. As much of a sun-vulture as I am, the oppressive heat of this uncut cocaine of sunlight has me suffering. About this point I swear I would have cut off my left testicle for an ice cold beer!

Mercifully in the distance is the welcome sight of the motor-home. As I come into the transition area I am delighted to have my first part of the challenge over. I am surrounded by the team offering congratulations on a good strong run which has enabled our team to move up several places in the standings.

Our team raced hard through the day and climbed from last place after stage one,

up to the middle of the field. At 8 pm the temperature is 101 degrees, but starting to fall quickly. Can't be too soon for us!

In the dark Carlos, another of our riders, has an interesting experience. He has a strong light on his helmet which is attracting many bugs. The bugs in turn are dinner for several bats which are dive bombing him as he is screaming along the darkened roads.

At one point in the race we met up with race director, who seemed happy to inform us there were at least 4 competitors who have been taken to hospital. Three from heat exhaustion and one with a broken collar bone. Many competitors are suffering from the Mojave's Mugging!



A Rosy boa waits patiently to terrify unsuspecting runners

This sun-blasted desert is one desolate and harsh challenge!

My second run of the day is a 10 km run all slightly uphill. Fatigued and sore from the days activities and the brutal heat, I throw up just before my start. On the run, the SAG vehicle is following along side

to illuminate the road so I can see where I am going, as it is pitch black.

All is well until we get about 30 meters from the transition area. Rob in the SAG vehicle screams "SNAKE"! At that exact moment I also sees the snake writhing across the road at my feet. I actually jump over the big snake, which is a rosy boa, and sprint to the end with renewed enthusiasm! Everybody gets quite a chuckle out of my interesting reptilian encounter!

Shortly after this Dave, who crashed earlier, gets a flat tire on his second ride. While doing the repair he hears a strange sound and looks behind him to see a rattlesnake warning him off! He quickly

finds another place to change his tire away from the cantankerous reptile. Apparently the snakes here burrow down during the day to escape the extreme heat, but venture out after dark in search of food.

Things seem to be under control for the team with no major problems until we

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RACING

Get all the race results at: <http://pih.bc.ca/results/>

new balance 

ISLAND RACE SERIES 2002

Race	Date	Start	No shirt	With shirt	Late register	Info
Central Saanich Pioneer 8k Saanichton	Jan. 13	11:30 am	\$14.00	\$30.00 long sleeve shirt	\$18.00 after Dec. 31 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Sylvan Smyth 480-7869
Mill Bay 10k Mill Bay	Jan. 27	11:00 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Jan. 13 \$20.00 Day-of-race	John Campbell 748-9455
Cedar 12k Cedar	Feb. 10	11:00 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Jan. 27 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Andy Pomeroy 755-7822
Hatley Castle 8k Colwood (Royal Roads)	Feb. 24	11:00 am	\$14.00	\$45.00 short sleeve "all climate"	\$18.00 after Feb. 10 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Doris Dubicki 480-0265
Comox Valley 1/2 Marathon Courtenay	Mar. 10	11:00 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Feb. 24 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Steven Royer 338-4020
Bazan Bay 5k Sidney	Mar. 24	10:15 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Mar. 10 \$20.00 Day-of-race	John Botelho 380-1173
Sooke River 10k Sooke	Apr. 7	11:00 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Mar. 24 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Monica Lee 658-5045
Merville 15k Campbell River	Apr. 21	11:00 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Apr. 7 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Colin Buss 923-9171
Paper Chase 10k Port Alberni	May 5	11:00 am	\$14.00	available at race	\$18.00 after Apr. 21 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Maria Boldt 724-5660
UVic 5k Fun Run Victoria (Island Race Series Awards)	May 12	11:00 am	\$14.00	\$20.00 short sleeve shirt	\$18.00 after May 10 \$20.00 Day-of-race	Kathi Cameron 721-8721

* Please note that the UVic 5K Fun Run does not qualify for points in the Island Race Series.

Register online for any race in the NB Island Race Series at: <http://www.eventsonline.ca/events/nbirs/>

Concentration is the ability to think about absolutely nothing when it is absolutely necessary.

—Ray Knight



Enock Keter comfortably strides to first place at the Songhees 5K

4th annual Harriers Songhees 5K

There was a record turnout of 121 finishers at the 4th annual Harriers Songhees 5K on Sunday. Pacific Sport triathlon star and long-time Canadian track and cross country star Lucy Smith smashed the course record to win in 17:22. New Westminster-based Kenyans Enock Keter and Philip Metto finished 1-2 in the men's race, although a mid-race off-course excursion cost Enock a shot at Jim Finalyson's course record. What a great turnout from the host club: 32 of the finishers were Harriers, to go along with over 20 volunteers. Thank you to everyone who helped out and to all the participants.

Haney-Harrison Relay

November 3

The Mellow Fellows Report

Thanks to all on the Mellow Fellow 60+ (2001) team for a great performance at the Haney to Harrison relay. Our team finished 34th out of 297 teams !! We finished in 7:24:07, missing our 1997 course record by 2 mins and 39 secs. Our average pace was 7:09 per mile or 4:26 per km. We finished ahead of two rival 60+ teams, Snohomish, Washington by 27 mins and 29 secs, and Calgary, Alberta by 29 mins and 22 secs.

Our individual performances were as follows :

Brian Turner	(9.48 km)	44:18	4:40/km
Mike Ellis	(13.54 km)	62:36	4:37/km
Bill Hollingshead	(15.12 km)	64:36	4:36/km
Steve Baker	(12.51 km)	53:38	4:17/km
Maurice Tarrant	(14.89 km)	64:34	4:20/km
Charlie Ireland	(13.08 km)	60:42	4:40/km
John Crouch	(13.42 km)	55:53	4:10/km
John Downing	(7.96 km)	37:50	4:45/km

Many good memories to share, I think we broke a record for beer and wine consumption, but I am not aware of any prize for that. I also want to thank Ian Stewart for all his planning and support prior and during the race. Also Mike Emerson who brought his running kit just in case, and gave us great support during the race.

As mentioned a lot of good memories on this relay and many shared thoughts on previous performances with those of our friends no longer with us or could not be with us for one reason or another. Cheers M.T.

16th Annual Gunner Shaw Memorial Cross Country Race

Saturday, November 24, 2001
1:00 pm SHARP

All trails, many tough hills, rocky, rough, always wet - a Fall classic. Approximately 10 Kilometres (Running Division), 5 Kilometres (Walking Division). Great course with roots, rocks, stumps, puddles, branches, boulders - no whining!

Location

Main Parking Lot, Thetis Lake Park, Victoria, B.C.

Information

Contact Race Director Bob Reid by email at broid@islandnet.com or at 384-1520 (Phone) or 384-4081 (Fax)

3rd Annual Harriers Boxing Day 10-mile Handicap Run

Tuesday, December 26, 2001.

The perfect tune up for the New Balance Island Race Series! The only organized, accurate run at the classic 10-mile distance on the island and the first since the Harriers Tower 10-miler in 1992. A chance to burn off some holiday flab. A socially stimulating brunch in the pub following the run. Special pub brunch available to all participants: extra large portions and free champagne and OJ!

Information:

Contact Race Director Sylvan Smyth by email at sylvan@pih.bc.ca or by phone at 480-7869

TALES FROM THE ROYAL VICTORIA MARATHON

by Simon Cowell



Simon Cowell (r) with pal Don Costello celebrate the loss of their virginity (marathon that is)

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT SOME OF THE ARTICLES published in the *Prairie Inn Post* about people's experiences were the really just fantasies, until October 7th 2001 when it happened to me.

When I moved to Victoria from England for Graduate school I was young and a little shy. I cycled lots, liked hiking, but rarely ever ran. In 1996, I was enticed to enter my first race, the Arbutus 8k, and that's where it all began. Soon after that race I fell in with the bunch of Victoria red-shirted outcasts who organised it. These shady individuals existed at the fringes of civilised society and from time to time would run amok in the city, closing streets and helping themselves to food and goodies. Their counterculture permeated Victoria society and their obsessive hobby lured in many a naive resident. It started slowly, the occasional race here, social run there - until it gradually took over my life.

In an attempt to return my focus to my studies, my wife Kathleen and I fled Victoria and the corrupting influence of the PIH and associates (especially Ulla Marquete and Pete Milley), but alas such vices are not so easily shaken off. Over the 4 years my habit had increased from 8k, to 10k then half-marathons, and now I succumbed to the truly hard stuff, the big race itself. In July after a trip home to England to confess my sins soul to my family I began to train for The 2001 Royal Victoria Marathon.

Under guidance from Vancouver running guru Jon Hill and with support from Kathleen, I spent hours covering huge tracts of Vancouver and Richmond in pursuit of fitness with my dedicated training buddy and fellow student Matt Fedoruk. The training increased as the Marathon approached, from four workouts per week to five and each of higher intensity. A month before the Marathon, Matt and I tried our skills at the Land's End 1/2 and were excited to

find our commitment rewarded. Now I knew that the Marathon should go well and I could finish amongst the infamous Island athletes who had inspired me over the years.

The weekend arrived. An entourage of Marathoners from Continental Canada sailed into Victoria. Kathleen and I stayed with Don Costello, another marathon virgin who though running for barely one year had decided to challenge the great race (I like to imagine that he was somehow inspired by me).

By 7:30 AM we were down at the start, warming up a little (but really what's the point when you have 26 miles) and socialising a lot. Then the race was underway. Matt was off like a rabbit, so often his way, and I decided not to join him and stick to my race plan as I was understandably afraid of the terrible bonk I had heard about that lurks around after the 20mile mark. Paired up with Jack Miller, a marathon sage of great stature I felt safe and remarkably relaxed. Together we cruised through the first half, chatting and occasionally pausing to quaff refreshment. At the 11k mark, Kathleen shouted encouragement, and the advice "less talking, more running!" Perhaps I was a bit too relaxed at this point. My support was continuous and plentiful in the crowd and other runners, Jack asked "Do you know everyone over here?"

After we turned to head back into town, I knew I should try to speed up. As we entered the golf course at 27k, I bid Jack farewell and went off on my own since no Marathoner had been in sight of them for 8 miles by now. Weaving around the early starters I paused for a drink, but alas a full cup of Gatorade

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TALES FROM THE ROYAL VICTORIA MARATHON

by The Exaggerator



The Exaggerator

THE FOLLOWING CRITERIA ARE PART OF MY training for RVM 2001, they are 1.) Scheduling one's life with super humanoid militancy, 2.) Nipple-taping and 3.) The art of vaseline application. This sounds all very sexual, however unless your name is Hannibal Lechter there is nothing sexy about bleeding nipples or bloody inner thighs. I have been afflicted and am the wiser, yet I still cannot figure out how to keep my toenails.

I started 'Scheduling', (life is a schedule, Bob Reid) the moment I ran 'just over three hours' for the fifth consecutive time. So I set about adding more mileage, long runs, longer long runs and speed work and injuries too. So therefore I had to forgo elements 2 and 3. Good thing because nipple un-taping is never a picnic, unless your name is Geoffrey Dahlmer.

The definition of insanity is the act of doing the same thing over and over again expecting a different result each time, so I am insane. Ok my mileage is way up, but I did the same number of long runs as previous years, so therefore I am living proof that long runs are

the key to the marathon, as that is the only sector of training that I did not fulfill, everything was greatly increased, especially the vaseline application.

I find the looming day to be of curiosity. The prospect of fellow Prairie Inn Harriers doing the marathon like, Simon Cowell, Rob Grant, Steven Shelford, Dean Baldwin, Dave Evanoff and Helena Watling, also known as 'Hill'ena piqued my interest. Plus there is a host of half marathoners including weekly training partner Karen Lawless. For more insanity, we often ran at hours that even the most hardenend nocturnal animal wasn't interested in keeping.

Race day, like Christmas, finally comes; the anticipation of the race created a mesmerizing lilt to the progress of the calendar. The weeks moved on slowly and the hours grinded on with the lumber of a drunken giant weaving through the streets of a deserted one mill town.

I'm down at the race start line and have finished with the 'portable' for the third time. I need to 'go' again and I check the time, 10 minutes before start and the line is longer than than the list of Backstreet Boy's Betty Ford Clinic appointments. So I look around for a discreet corner and find a Pine tree and start the procedure and nearly pee on a woman squatting in the bush, so I pull up my shorts and creep away slightly more disturbed than I already was. As I walk away I have this incredible prick-stabbing feeling, I look into my shorts. Trapped is a network of Pine needles. I pull them out, chuck them and the lady walks by, "damn Pine needles".

So I get into the starting area with Karen Lawless, Rhonda Callendar and Steven

Shelford. I did a long run with Steven, a modified version of the 'Highland Grind' on that day I knew Steven was ready to uncork a good pr.

The race people are telling us to back up from the front and the people behind us can't so we are in an intense, impromptu group hug and some people don't smell nice at 8:00 am sans shower. Start the race I am losing consciousness.

Today is the perfect day for a marathon. It appears to be the third straight that the clouds have come just in time to cover up the sun, whom I figured was going to over stay her welcome. The clouds provide a battle-ship grey ceiling, high enough to spare one that claustrophobic feeling that you can get from those low cloud days, clouds that droop and threaten to explode streams of water on us like and expanding giant water balloon.

The race starts and we head off and I think of the odds in coming in under 'three'. Rob Grant said, "only if I am lucky", so now I feel insecure. I dart off and around some people. "Hi Brent Blackhall and Tony Yue. At the 1 km marker we are at 4 min., flat and at 1 mile we are at 6:30 and this is too fast, so I suggest to Brent that we slow down and we don't. We come to Cook Street and the down hill part and we know we will be ahead on the next split and we are.

Cook Street Village is always an odd sight for me. I grew up in this area; throughout the 70s and 80s and the only people hanging around were very old cane weilding and grumpy grey malcontents. At all times of day or night there are always great crowds of coffee drinkers, billowing out into the patio

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Mojave Deathrace (from page 7)

get within two stages of the end of the race. The driver of the motor-home makes a wrong turn on one of the dirt roads. Eventually the road fizzles out and we have no choice but to try and go back. In trying to turn around the 29 foot rig gets badly stuck in some soft sand.

The six of us in the vehicle scoop out some sand and put rocks under the tires. This is to no avail as the next attempt only buries it further down into the sand.

Tom "Tominator" Reid, a hulking California Sheriff, knows his way around cars as he is also trained in tactical takeout of fleeing suspect vehicles. He suggests that we try a blanket under the wheels for traction. Sounds like a good idea, but we have no blankets, so we grab all the sheets of the beds of the rented motor-home and wedge them under the tires. This attempt also fails as the sheets are too thin to do the job.

At this point we spread out to look for wood we can use, since we don't know when and if anybody else will venture down this road. Someone spots some old 6'x6' fence posts we may be able to use. We use rocks to dislodge the barb-wire from the posts and carry them back to the vehicle. More digging out of sand then we lay the posts down. Tom says to grab all the rubber floor mats from the vehicle for more traction for the tires.

Tom jumps in and revs up the engine and manages to get out of the huge hole we have been in. He then absolutely floors the gas. Incredible, it sounded like a jet engine. Shattered wood and clouds of sand are flying through the air, as the big rig fishtailed through the sand swaying

dangerously back and forth almost rolling over. When he hit the dirt road, we were all yelling with delight and giving each other the high five's. The "Tominator" is undoubtedly the hero of the day!

Unfortunately we missed the end of the race because of our escapade with the motor-home, but a couple of hours later we made it back for a reunion with the rest of our team mates. We had all raced to the end of our strength, but were thrilled to learn that our time for the race was 25 hours 2 minutes - placing our team second in our category.

The physical and mental challenge of traversing several hundred kilometers of scrub strewn, inhospitable terrain is balanced by the satisfaction of personal achievement and participation in a team to achieve a common goal.

The ravenous hunger for personal challenge, adventure, and adrenaline production has again been soothed - at least for a time!

Simon's Marathon (from page 10)

at this stage was more than my body wanted. Within a mile a stitch had set in and each time I tried to speed up it cramped up and felt like a blade in my side. Forced to slow down and breath deep, I watched the seconds tick by as I fell for the first time behind my target pace. At mile 20 it seemed to have gone, but returned as soon as I picked up the pace. Not until km 37 was I finally free to use up the energy reserves I had so carefully husbanded for the last 10k.

From there to the line took just 19:30, one sad moment en route, as I passed Dean Baldwin, who the Marathon had beaten this time. Finally I overtook one other marathoner (and a hundred running the half) and pushed for the line, muscles spasming in the finishing sprint. The clock and announcer said 2:44:48, but I guessed from my watch that it was fantasy. Still thanks to that inaccuracy the finish line photo will look extra good. All that sweat and training time had paid off with the 1st place British Olympian Jon Brown a mere 24 minutes ahead - and 11 other blokes in between. Thankfully one was Matt, who too had avoided the wall and cruised to the end 90 seconds ahead to be the PIH's first over the line. My official time 2:45:09, for 13th overall, and PIH #2. Our host Don fulfilled his dream and completed his first Marathon (his third race ever) in less than 4 hours. Sounds like he too will be racing back for more next year.

For the future, I'm plan to use my training discipline to complete the dissertation - do I hear Pete Milley laughing? A thesis is far more challenging than running 26miles! I will be looking at the marathon scene after handing it in, and plan to run my next 26 miles as Dr. Simon Cowell.

When elephants fight, it is the grass that suffers.

—Kikuyu proverb

Exaggerator's Marathon

(from page 11)

seating area, winter or summer it doesn't seem to change. It is a Starbucks Culture. Some of the more popular customers are Lori Bowden and Peter Reid, Ironman World Champions and Simon Whitfield too.

Coming around the breakwater I say to Brent, "soon there will be a Kenyan, not Jon Brown, wearing an Island Runner singlet, he will be behind Deacon". Holy Crap!, the Kenyan, Jozeph Maina Ngunjiri is like a half kilometer ahead of Jon at 8km, we are slack-jaw at the sight.

At the turn around I see the likes of Rhonda Callendar, Karen Lawless, "go Karen"! Nancy Baxendale is flying along, "Go Chris"! Brent starts to fade so I run with Bob Cook from Nanaimo. Legend has it that Bob has a 2:40 something or 2:30 something pr, "that was years ago", he says so I run with him. Bob and I carry on and run into Rob Pearson, who is giving in and just running along to fulfill the fact that he is wearing a number. He ran fast the other day and today it isn't in him. Apparently he trains his brand new shoes to go fast, so they are fooled to believe they are being worn by a faster runner than Rob actually is. Cool! Deacon comes along looking powerful and I think I would trade two of anything to run like that.

When I get to the ten-mile marker, I look at the split and plan an intervention with my legs, 66:00 is a little rich for me. At halfway 1:27 I am marginally ahead still. Now a part of my shoe is rubbing my foot raw and so I need to loosen the shoe, which takes patients as I need to consider the timing device. Then Steven comes up,

"ya coming"? "yeah ok". So I run with Steven for 5 or 6 k and I have to let him slip away like an empty bottle, floating in the water, bobbing and mercilessly floating out to sea with the tide. The tide always comes back in, however I doubt that bottle is coming back.

At about 17 miles I hear "go Exaggerator" and I have to laugh knowing well that it must be my brain bonking early. Much to my relief it is the resident Cult Hero, Chris Garrett-Petts. This is thanksgiving weekend and I will be thankful for Chris's cheering me on at every two k until the end. At 20 miles I am a minute this side of three hours. I am slowing a tad but hanging in there. I need to avoid cramps. The last two marathons I cramped up big time. What happens is they come on with little flash cramps like lightning in the distance, warning me, and slowly they get bigger and stronger until they totally take over and completely restrict my forward movement. At 38k I feel those flashes and disappointment wash over me like a cold wave in the dead of winter, standing on Dallas Road Beach against the cold winter breeze. I swear out loud and turn momentarily, insanely angry with my self. Then I tell myself to relax and run hard and maybe it wont happen until the very end and I turn it into a m a n t r a . . . r e l a x . . . l i g h t n i n g bolt....relax...lightning bolt...and I am talking out loud, "please dont cramp up". They don't, however they pester me to the end. In fact now my legs feel like frozen pieces of meat hanging in the Butcher's freezer, numb. Suddenly it is very apparent that I need to pay the long runs the respect they deserve (damn injuries).

My stupid watch is speeding up. Just like when you skydive, you fall, its beautiful

and free and your senses become acutely aware as you gently drop through the sky. Then you get closer to the ground and it rushes up to you, to smack you, it seems, at 10 times the speed. All because you have been bad, defying it by flying and WHAM! your feet hit and its time to roll or break legs. Thats how the clock works at the end of the marathon, as you get closer, time slips by faster.

Personally I hate the very end of this marathon, because of the four doglegs that never seem to end and the last stretch of 500 metres feels like a mile. I see the clock and wonder, "can I at least beat my pr of 3:04:57"? I slip into the chute and shutoff my watch at a mere few seconds faster than my pr. Rob Grant past me in the last 'k' looking strong and Steven finished a strong 2:59:50.

Anger slips away as soon as I see my kids, who are there waiting with smiles and hugs, damn it's good to be alive! Now its time to grab the kids, some food, a little pavement, as it is time to cheer on the better half in her first marathon. I hope time isn't messing with her progress.

The principle is competing against yourself. It's about self-improvement, about being better than you were the day before.

—Steve Young

FAVOURITE RUNS

by Bill Scriven



Royal Roads

I THINK MY FAVOURITE RUN OUT HERE IN BC, AS A NEWCOMER OF course, is my 8 km loop through the campus of Royal Roads and returning via the lagoon to our home on Lagoon Road.

I love the woods, so dark and cool even in the heat of summer; the hooting of an owl as the evening settles in; eagles, hawks and turkey vultures circling over the Douglas firs; the ever present deer.

Then to run down to the lagoon: at this time of year full of the cutest bird—the Bufflehead with its black and white plumage and its bobbing and diving. I love the vista of the Olympics covered with snow and lit by the setting sun across the Strait.

Every so often as I run along beside the dunes I catch the ‘whiff’ of BC’s most important cash crop as teenagers relax in their daddies’ cars pointed out to the sea. Then a gut-busting run up Lagoon Road to our house perched on the side of this gravel pit—actually a terminal moraine from the last Ice Age—they call Colwood.



One of the many soft, winding trails through the forest of the Royal Roads University lands.

If you chase two rabbits, both will escape.
—Author unknown

HOT RUNNING TIPS

by Mike Creery

HILL TRAINING¹

Why should Hill Training be an important part of one's race preparation?

On Vancouver Island, hills are an integral and painful part of many races. The ability to handle these hills efficiently is no doubt a worthwhile goal.

However, specific hill training provides benefits that can be useful in other running areas such as cross-country and marathon running.

The theory and practice of hill training was developed and popularly promoted during the early Sixties by the late Percy Cerutti, coach of star Aussie miler Herb Elliott, and by the wiry guru of distance running theory, Arthur Lydiard, coach of such Kiwi stars as Peter Snell and Murray Halberg.

Cerutti promoted sand dune running as a punishing and effective form of resistance training. At his training camp at Portsea² in South Australia, athletes would run repetitions up imposing sand dunes as well as completing a grueling, hilly circuit in the bush.

Lydiard promoted similar running hill running on the road or forest trails. Athletes would also supplement the hill work with sprint drills including downhill striding.

Advantages of Hill Training

The advantages of hill training can be summarized as follows:

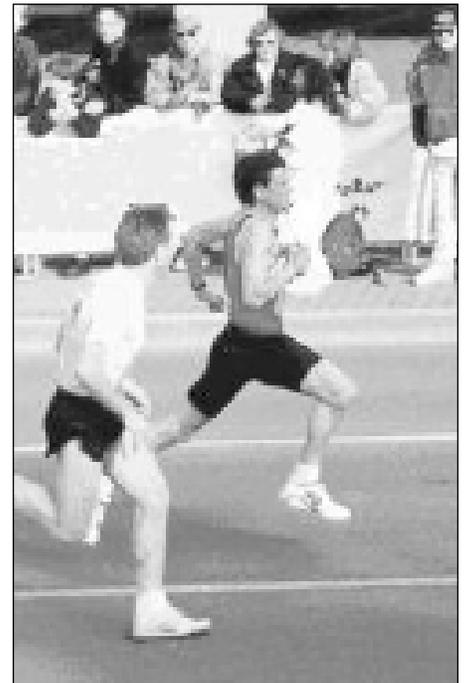
- Develops leg power which improves speed
- Develops ankle flexibility which improves stride length
- Develops a good economical running action for racing
- Develops flexibility in muscles and tendons which help prevent injuries

Recommended Training Session

- Find a hill with a good gradient (such as Mt Tolmie, Gonzales or the Beaver 1K hill), preferably with a flat area at the base of the hill.
- After a good warm-up, use an exaggerated springing action to run up the hill. Depending on the severity of the gradient, 50 to 100 metres should be sufficient.
- Speed is not your aim. Use the spring *from your ankles* to create the exaggerated knee lift. The arms should be pumping vigorously. The higher the spring the more resistance is then applied to the leg muscles. Run in an upright manner, neither leaning too much forward or backwards.
- On reaching the top of the hill, jog slowly down to the starting point. Downhill striding is not recommended (unless on grass) as the risk of injury is high due to the potential effects of jarring.
- On reaching the flat area at the base of the hill, sprint/stride for approximately 100 metres emphasizing a lengthened stride.
- Jog quickly back to the base of the hill and repeat the circuit as many times as one feels comfortable. Usually ten repetitions should be the maximum.

Conclusion

Hill running is very effective training for developing leg power, flexibility and an efficient running style. The results of this training applied on a regular basis should produce noticeable improvements in your running abilities – even in your race results!



Mike winning the 1993 Sun Run 10K Masters in 32:30 Note: the knee lift and range of motion developed from hill training.

¹ This article is partially reprinted from the spring '87 Island Runner

² Mike was 'down under' in May 2001 running the Portsea hills...yes, they are as big and 'hilly' as advertised!

MESSAGE FROM ROSAMUND IN VANCOUVER

TO ALL THE HARRIERS. I HAVE BEEN PUT INTO A HOME FOR THE AGED. It was really the idea of my sons. I had had so many falls and eventually had one in my apartment when I fell and knocked my head and was unconscious. If it had not been for Cheryl, who had a key to my apartment, and came in to find me lying on the floor, I might not have survived. She rushed me off to the hospital in an ambulance and it seemed to me as though I had been in hospital for the best part of the year.

When at last they did get me out, it was this place which would not be so bad if there were a few more congenial people in it. They may be the same age as me but they do not have the same attitude!

The best thing that has happened to me since I got here was to go to a place where they not only have a therapist but also a pool. The last I saw time the therapist he put a great floatation belt on me and, after we had done a few exercises, he said, "Now you are on your own, just run!"

And I did! Goodness knows whether I will ever run again on dry land but it was wonderful to recall even what it felt like. Bob, will you please tell Maurice that I am sorry I did not take up his kind offer of help when we moved but my sons

got it all arranged before I knew it and carted me off to this place where I have been ever since.

My best days are when someone comes to visit me and drives me down to a nearby school where there is a track and I practice walking around it. It is a very slow process and I still have to use a "walker" but I have actually managed to go around twice! All of a half a mile!

The other patients have no idea of what I am talking about as they hobble and stoop and I am really NOT about to do that. One thing about being on the mainland is I can see more of my sons, but I do miss the Island and all of my PIH friends there. Please say "Hi" to all of my old friends and tell them I miss them. In fact, if you want to put this letter in the next Harriers newsletter, feel free.

As you may gather, I do have my own computer here so that gives me a great way to pass the time.

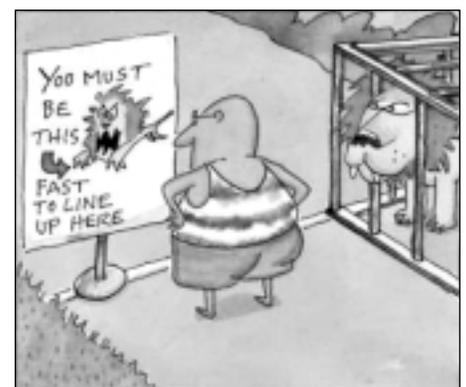
Best wishes, I really do miss you!

Rosamund Dashwood
208-2020 Harrison Drive, Vancouver, BC V5P 2P6

Two Case Histories

WHEN Francis hit his late 40s, he started running. A few weeks later the familiar figure was no longer going past our house. "Have you stopped running?" I asked him. "The first week I ran one block and walked one block," Francis began. "The next week I ran two blocks and walked a block. The third week I ran three blocks and walked two blocks. "The fourth week," Francis concluded, "the math got so darned hard that I just gave it up."

CAUGHT up in the fitness craze, I joined a club that offered a reasonably priced membership. Although I never went, a year later I hurried back to renew. "Do you guys have a name for people like me who join and never show up?" I jokingly asked the well-muscled man behind the counter. "Sure," he responded with a grin. "Profit."



Cartoon by Ben Boyd
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I know that I'm never as good or bad as any single performance. I've never believed my critics or my worshippers, and I've always been able to leave the game at the arena.
—Charles Barkley

From the Vault Contest



In the our last PIP, we had a contest to see who could identify and caption the historical photo above. Our two prize winners (and only two respondents for that matter) were:

Alex Marshall

As to the picture I believe they are from right to left, Bob Reid (Reader), Dick Palfrey (Stud), Tom Michel, Jack Farrel and Stu Fall.

I will have to guess at the event but it looks like Haney to Harrison Road Relay.

Knowing these guys my caption would be,

“WAIT A MINUTE JACK, I’LL FIND THE TOILET PAPER.”

Merell Harlow

caption for the photo:
“PIH Water Stop”

The guys:

Stu Fall, Chris Garrett-Petts, Andy Mehl, Dick Palfrey, Bob Reid



Our very own Sandi Begg is one of the twelve adventurous and passionate Canadians selected by the Outdoor Life Network to face the elements and prove their strengths while battling for a \$60,000 buried treasure hidden along Ontario's famous Trent Severn Waterway.

Three hundred candidates were whittled down to 18 semi-finalists, who attended a rigorous training and evaluation camp, held near Lindsay, Ontario. After several endurance, strength and mental challenges, 12 final participants were selected to participate in the inaugural Drifters: The Water Wars.

Watch Drifters on the Outdoor Life Network Ch. 44 Sundays at 6 pm and 9 pm.

What's in a Name

In an earlier Newsletter, to was reported that there were EIGHT Sandys in the club. Well, Sandy Anderson, Sandy Auburn, Sandi Begg, Sandy Berry, Sandy DeGoode, Sandy Mullen, Sandy Stewart and Sandy Temple, move over for you don't have the most popular name.

Robert appears to the the Harriers name of choice with TEN club members being tagged that way. Read 'em and weep. Robert Bostrom, Robert Cook, Robert Grant, Robert Janicki, Robert Flindell, Robert (Bob) Reid, Robert (Rob) Reid, Robert Rhodes, Robert Sackett and Robert Vaive.

Rumour has it they are entering a complete team in the Island Relay. What is their team name? Why, it has to be, "What do you call a man with no arms and no legs, floating in the ocean?"

Bob!

I've always made a total effort, even when the odds seemed entirely against me. I never quit trying; I never felt that I didn't have a chance to win.

—Arnold Palmer



Team AB\$OLOOT (Harrier Sandi Begg, top left with sunglasses)

Drifters: The Water Wars is the ultimate buried treasure hunt which pits two teams of six people, testing their fitness, strategic planning, stamina and teamwork over 13 challenges. Each challenge will provide the winning team with map pieces, helping them find the coveted buried treasure.

CLUB INFORMATION



Club Meetings

The Club meets on the second Tuesday of each month at the Cedar Hill Recreation Centre at 7:30pm. Club meetings feature guest speakers, 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.

2001

- Nov 13
- Dec 11

2002

- Jan 8
- Feb 12
- March 12
- April 9
- May 14
- June 11

For more information on the Harriers, feel free to contact any member of the executive:

2001 Executive

President

Brian Turner 658-0012

Vice-President

Susan Norrington 384-0171

Treasurer

Bob Reid 384-1520

Secretary

Sandy Stewart 385-8624

Visit the Harriers website at:
<http://pih.bc.ca>

For the latest news call the HOTLINE:
381-IRUN (4786)

Every Week! Harrier club runs

Tuesdays at 5:30 pm from the downtown YMCA, Thursday mornings at 9:00 am at various locations (see the chatline for run reports and the next week's Thursday run location) and Saturday mornings at 8:00 am from the main parking lot at Thetis Lake Park. Harrier club-runs are non-denominational! Everyone welcome. We regularly have Pen Plodders out on the Thursday morning runs and TWC'ers out on Thursday and Saturday mornings. Feel free to join in.

Race Calendar

- 03 Nov Haney to Harrison Relay Maple Ridge, BC
See website for details. At least six, maybe seven Harrier teams will be attending this year.
- 11 Nov 5th Annual Harriers Thetis 20K Lake Relay Thetis Lake Park, Victoria
Info: Bob Reid 384 1520 Teams of 4, one 5K leg each
- 18 Nov Dash for Diabetes 1km Walk / 3km Walk / 5km Run
9:15 am Windsor Park, Oak Bay
Information and Registration at Frontrunners 382-8181 and Pharmasave Locations
- 24 Nov 17th Annual Harriers Gunner Shaw Cross Country
Main Beach, Thetis Lake Park Info: Bob Reid 384 1520
10K on rough, hilly, rocky, wet trails. A classic! Proceeds to the Harriers' Foundation
- 09 Dec Christmas Rush 2km & 5km Fun Run & Walk
Oak Bay High School Info: Fran Yardley Free childcare,
medals three deep in 10-year age groups in the 5K. Proceeds to Oak Bay
High's Running team and the Kiwanis Youth Shelter. Long-sleeve shirts.
- 26 Dec 3rd Annual Harriers Boxing Day 10-mile Handicap
Prairie Inn Pub, Saanichton Info: Sylvan Smyth 480 7869
Start time based on previous race results. Online Entry.
- 13 Jan Central Saanich Pioneer 8K Saanich Fairground
Info: Sylvan Smyth 480 7869 2002 New Balance Island Race Series - Race 1
- 27 Jan Mill Bay 10K Brentwood College, Mill Bay
Info: John Campbell 748-9455 2002 New Balance Island Race Series - Race 2

Newsletter Information

Comments, letters, articles, photos, cartoons, etc. are always welcome.

Sandy Stewart

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