

~ FOOTNOTES ~

Capital City Roadrunners & Walkers Club

September 2024



Fredericton Fall Classic Road Race sponsored by Canadian Tire Fredericton North

Join us September 21-22, 2024 for another great weekend of running and walking events!

Our course is flat and fast and our age group prizes can't be beat!

See you there!

**CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS
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Thanks! The Editor

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~FOOTNOTES ~CONTRIBUTORS

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**CAPITAL CITY ROADRUNNERS
JOIN THE CLUB**



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

Lots of fun-running events

· Training companions for marathons, half-marathons etc.

· Regular bi-weekly runs

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

Membership is only \$25 per year
or \$40 for a family.

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

There is also a Walking Group.

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

or
contact any member of our CCRR
Executive listed in Footnotes.

The Signs of Another Season Waiting in the Wings By the running rev



By the time you have this reflection before your eyes it will be September. I was out for a bit of a run on a beautiful August afternoon and the sun was shining but every now and then it would be hidden behind the great fluffy white clouds slowly making their way down the Welland canal. In those moments the air felt cooler and brought to mind that great month we call September. The temperature that day was a cool 17C after a heavy rain storm the night before and running into a stiff cool breeze my thoughts were about September and cooler days and nights. As I ran along there was this little bush that looked as though it was on fire. The photo above really doesn't do it justice. The sun was hitting the bush directly. I immediately thought of Moses and the Burning Bush episode found in the Book of Exodus in the Bible where Moses, confronted by a Burning Bush, was instructed by God to take off his sandals as he was standing on holy ground. Now, I didn't take my running shoes off but I did stop and not only admire the little bush and take some photos, I also took the opportunity to offer a prayer of thanksgiving to a God who cares about people.



September indeed is that beautiful month when we begin our preparations to say goodbye to those dog days of summer. Hopefully you have made lots of summer memories. As I saunter or run along the canal path, the leaves of Sumac bushes are aflame, the golden rod is dancing in the breeze. The first leaves falling from the trees all along the pathway most of the leaves are heart-shaped perhaps a reminder as we travel this fast-paced world that somehow nature calls us to slow down and take in the beauty that surrounds us. As Dante once wrote, "Nature is the art of God." For me every step I take is walking on holy ground.

There is a poem by Helen Hunt Jackson which captures September as a new season slowly approaches. I share her beautiful poem as she says it much better than I ever could.

SEPTEMBER

by: Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885)

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odours rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air
Is unto me the secret
Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
To name it thrills me yet:
One day of one September
I never can forget.





The President's Report by Fran Robinson

Happy September everyone. Well, we made it through a hot summer. We ran, walked, swam, hiked, kayaked, canoed, biked, sailed, among many other things, to fill our time and to stay fit. I find the fall a much nicer time of year. I am certainly not a heat lover!

Lots of us ran a variety of events from one mile to ultra distances this summer. Congratulations to all of you that put in the effort.

We have had 16 runners sign up for the 0-5 km clinic. They received a discount for the Fall Classic and many intend on running in our fall event. Despite the heat, we didn't have a heat warning for any of the Thursday runs, although one run in particular had a very high level of humidity. Way to go runners! So proud of you all for putting in the time!

Our point series club event has been merrily moving along, month by month, thanks to Paul Looker's efforts. Several of us are trying to beat out Harry for top points received. We've travelled to Woodstock, competed virtually, did other local events as well as our own. It has been fun! Thanks Paul!

We are looking for a new president! I won't be reoffering, so if the club is to carry on, we need someone at the helm. Please consider filling the void! Have a great month! ~*Fran*

THE FIRST EVER FALL CLASSIC ROAD RACE BY BRENDA TREE

I forget the actual year but our first Fall Classic Race started and finished at the Exhibition Grounds one week after the Frex. We were given the Frex building to use which is now the Feeds and Needs store. The Frex building always had exhibitors and especially an ice cream booth. I believe Paul Lavoie was given the keys Friday at 6 pm to find the building was full of garbage and old melted ice cream. A work party of probably 8 of us went to work shovelling, sweeping and mopping till the wee hours. It smelled so bad!

Registration for the Fall Classic was at the Tree house and I had all the bibs and T-shirts. No e-transfers back then so all cash and cheques. I think we had backed this race with our own money hoping to break even, which we just did. I think we had 46 runners in 5 and 10 km.

The food was make your own subs. The veggies were from our neighborhood gardens going door to door on Palmer St. The meat was donated from Victory Meat Market and rolls we got at cost from a local bakery. My mother, Edna Mawhinney and myself cut up veggies at 8 am. Not a dry eye in the house from the onions.

The First Fall Classic Winner was Rollie McSorley, no medals, he won a book that was donated. Not even a good book I don't think. The race went through Sunshine Gardens, Odell St, to Woodstock Road and turned around near the school. We've come a long way baby. ~ *Brenda*

Fossils Corner By Steve Scott



Welcome to the September edition of Fossil Corner. Summer is beginning to fade and Fall, with all its splendour, will soon be upon us along with the Half and Full Marathon.

I read an article the other day about a guy who recently broke the Guinness World Record by running 30 consecutive marathons in 30 days for Charity in the Jordanian desert for running exclusively on sand. As you might imagine conditions were always horrible with the extreme heat, humidity and hot winds that blow sand everywhere, His accommodation every night was a tent with a rubber sheet as his bed and a pillow fashioned from whatever was in his backpack. Forget about the incessant hordes of mosquitos and other insects and bugs that were his constant companions. Average sleep each night was 3-5 hours. It could drive a man to drinking, and not a good idea for a Reformed Alcoholic.

How would you like to look forward to these conditions after you just finished your daily marathon in the sand in under 6 hours which was his daily requirement.

Think about the above as you train for your next Half or Full Marathon in the coming months, Man, have you ever got it easy ... snow, rain, ice, cold and wind will be your companions as you train in your Gortex Running outfit and afterwards have a nice warm shower or bath followed by a recovery meal in your home, apartment, Condo or whatever and probably sipping on a beverage.

Please reflect on the above story as you train and count your blessings and just maybe a give a little bit more to Charity on a regular basis.

Thank you for reading this. Comments are always welcome.

Just remember "there is no finish line".

Fossil



<https://www.bbc.com/news/articles/c17gzxq029do>

You're reading "Runbers", a collection of numbers related to running.
Issue #52: The World Masters Athletics by Rob Jackson



The World Masters Athletics Championships took place in Gothenburg, Sweden from August 13-24, 2024 with over 8,000 athletes of ages 35-95 from over 150 countries competing in numerous track and field events. Canada was represented by nearly 200 athletes, including a few from New Brunswick.

Competition took place off the track and outside the stadium in the 10km road race, half-marathon, cross-country and 10km and 20km race walk.

In the women's half-marathon, won by 40-year-old Ellie Stevens from Great Britain in 1:18:23, there were five Canadians in the field of 237 runners, led by 53-year-old Maria Zambrano from Calgary who finished tenth overall in a time of 1:22:20. Other Canadians were:

- Sarah Thornber W45 – 1:31:08
- Elizabeth Waywell W65 – 1:33:58
- Makie Ohler W60 – 1:41:19
- Clara Northcott W65 – 2:01:08

Elizabeth Waywell, who recently set a new Canadian record for W65 in a 10,000-metre track event in Laval, QC with a time of 43:04.74, won the GOLD MEDAL for her age group with that 1:33:58 finish! She finished in first place in the W65-69 age group, ahead of 40 other women.

In the men's half-marathon, won by 45-year-old Mustafa Mohamed of Sweden in 1:06:45, there were four Canadians in the field of 555 runners, led by M45 Nikolay Ryabkov from Fredericton who finished 157th overall in a time of 1:25:24. Other Canadians were:

- Bob Cox M60 – 1:32:22
- Johani Londono M55 – 1:38:43
- John Clarke M70 – 1:41:46

Nikolay Ryabkov also competed in the 10km road race, in a field of 544 runners. He finished 174th overall and third among the 10 Canadian runners, with a time of 38:48.

The next World Masters Athletics Championships will take place from August 22 to September 3, 2026 in Daegu, South Korea. You still have plenty of time to train for it!

~ *Rob*

Getting There by Paul Looker

Chapter 6 - Hurdles

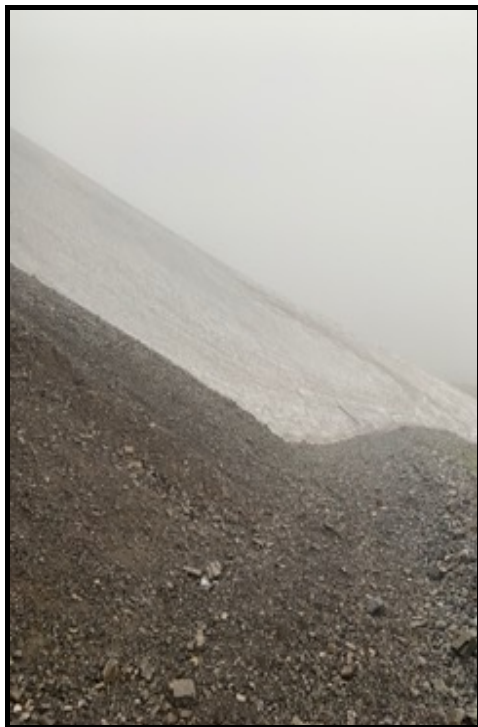
In life, there are often challenges or obstacles that we must deal with in order to continue to move forward. It is just a natural part of our daily life. A parallel can be made with running and athletics in the form of the hurdles events. There are a series of obstacles that you must deal with to reach your goal. In daily life, how we deal with these matters is part of our growth as a person. The same can be said for running, or any activity that you may do. Through experience or practice we gain confidence in our ability to overcome what some may consider barriers. As I continued my hiking journey in the summer of 2022 I had to deal with many such “hurdles”. Maybe not in the most pretty or efficient way, but in a manner and fashion that worked for me.

July 02, 2022 Coleman to Window Mountain Lake HRT, 28.6 km (Section B, Day #1)



Day 8 of my through-hike of the Great Divide Trail, started with a big breakfast prepared by the host of the B&B where I had spent Canada Day. So, it was with a full belly and topped up with plenty of coffee, that I hiked out of Coleman, Alberta. After a day of rest, so to speak, I was eager and excited to tackle section “B” of the GDT. It would be a seven (7) day hike until my next resupply point at the Elk Pass trailhead in the Peter Lougheed Provincial Park, Alberta. As I was walking along, I could hear my backpack creaking because of the weight of all the food that I was carrying. It was a heavy load once again. I didn’t really care though, as it was a beautiful sunny morning. The distinct shape of Crows Nest Mountain in the distance loomed up before me and would dominate the skyline for most of the day.

Early in to the day’s hike I passed the Atlas Staging Area, an area that I had initially considered as a possible camping spot instead of staying at the Bed & Breakfast in Coleman. It was chaotic. Camper Trailers and Recreation Vehicles were gathered in groups around large fire pits. There were 4 x 4 vehicles, all terrain vehicles and motorcycles everywhere. People were starting to stir and the sound of all sort of combustion engines could be heard around the site and off into the distance. I thought to myself that I had really lucked out in the decision I had made to stay in the town of Coleman at the B&B. Canada Day spent at this location would have been annoyingly crazy.



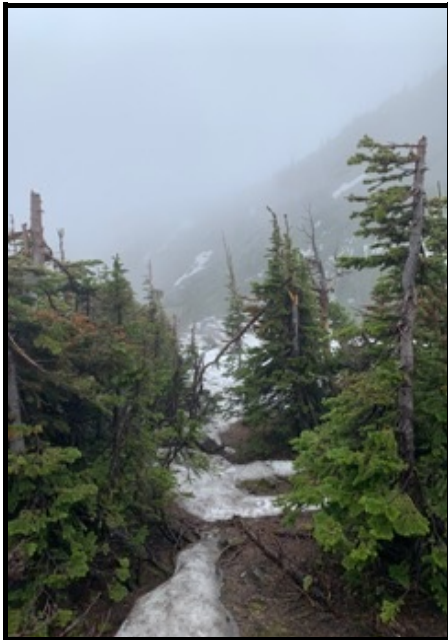
I continued on past this location and soon put it some distance behind me. I would rarely see people on the actual hiking trail, but I still saw a lot of people for the next few hours as the trail wound it's way past some developed outdoor areas and public camp grounds. Once again, I wasn't looking closely at my map. A few wrong turns later. And I got to visit some of these developed attractions as well. By the way, Chinook Lake was really nice!

Muttering to myself, while trying to beat a hasty retreat, I could see the looks I was getting from a lot of the people. They were looking at me, some rather warily, wondering what this "homeless guy" was doing in this area with a large pack on his back. Poor guy! But, one couple in "the know", chuckling because they knew I was off-course, offered me water. They could see me sweating profusely as the day was quickly becoming quite hot, and they

kindly pointed me in the right direction. I looked back at Chinook Lake once again. It really was quite pretty. If I hadn't been off-course at that point, and hadn't already stopped for a short rest break earlier, I would have run, fully clothed, headlong into the lake to cool down. But, I had just added a few extra kilometers to my day's hike and there was still a long way to go to get to camp.

My destination for the day was Window Mountain Lake. I still had a lot of climbing to do to get there. And even though it was scorching hot down in the valley, I knew I would still get to play in the snow as I climbed out of the valley onto the mountain slopes. I wouldn't be disappointed. I even became quite adept on walking on the variable types of snow.

As I approached Window Mountain Lake I had to walk through a steep ravine. The sunlight obviously couldn't penetrate directly into the depths of the this narrow ravine as there was snow everywhere. I was starting to wonder what the conditions were going to be like at the camping spot that I had chosen. I could see another steep rock wall looming in front of me. The lake must be getting near. I heard the occasional loose rock tumbling down the steep slope of the looming mass of rock. A little disconcerting... hopefully the camp location was nowhere near that. The bear lockers, a place to store your food away from the campsite, came into view. The little meadow in which they were situated was entirely flooded. Great! Fortunately there were several little mounds of grassy earth that poked out of the water. I could hop from one to another. Pole vault to the next. And I even built two makeshift bridges to eventually access the little "island" on which the lockers were located.



Heck, I could just imagine the bears trying to get at my food. They probably wouldn't be as clumsy, or as comical, as the human who was trying to get the lockers without getting his feet wetter than they already were. I continued to the campsite. As there was a trailhead close to this location it is relatively easy to access and therefore quite popular. Especially with those who liked to fish. The two established campsites were taken.

I looked around and found a small spot on a slope. Not perfect, but it worked. I definitely would not have to worry about water pooling underneath my tent if it was to rain. But, as I arrived and set up my tent the sun was actually reflecting off the rock wall across the lake and the late afternoon and evening was quite pleasant.

The crystal clear waters were inviting and a sweat covered hiker, who back in New Brunswick is a die-hard cold water swimmer, stripped down to his underwear and made the obligatory plunge into the ice cold water. Obligatory, only so as not to be ridiculed by the fellow crazies back home. Reinvigorated, I prepared supper, acrobatically secured my food in the bear lockers, and briefly reviewed the itinerary for tomorrow's hike. And, just as I was going to bed, it started raining.

Day 9, July 03, 2022, Window Mountain Lake High Rock Trail to a Road Junction on the High Rock Trail, 24.6 km. (Section B, Day #2)

I woke up early, the rain hadn't completely stopped but it was easing up. I looked out the tent door. There was a mist above the lake, or was it some low lying clouds? They definitely added a neat light to the surrounding countryside. I stuck my head a little further out the door. No. I didn't see any blue sky. Ugh. There was no avoiding it. I had a fair distance to hike, so rather reluctantly I crawled out of the tent into the wet and cold morning air by the lake. I heard the occasional rocks, still, falling down the slope on the opposite side of the lake. I had heard them throughout the night. What was causing this? Was it animals, or the melting of snow and ice higher up? I could never quite see.

After breakfast I packed away my damp tent and started the long trudge up the switchbacks leading out of the deep bowl in which this lake was located. Nothing like a good half-hour climb to start the morning. By the time I finished this first climb of the day I was already starting to sweat. It would continue to rain off and on all morning. And, as I continued to climb higher and higher, I could feel the temperature slowly dropping. I had to think about my moisture management. Hypothermia is an ever present danger in the back country and mountainous environments. Being both wet and cold would not be a good thing.

The electronic trail map that I was using showed a red line for the main trail, a blue line for alternate routes, and yellow lines for trails that lead out to trailheads (access points). Also included in this map application was the ability to add comments in relation to what you encounter along the trail while hiking. This notes section acts like a continuously updating form of “Hiker Intel”. I am pretty sure that by now, whenever I start talking about the trail map, that you know where this is leading (no pun intended). I had a choice to make during my hike this morning. There was a blue alternate route that deviated from the trail and then came back shortly afterwards to the main route. I had noted this. But, I only glanced at the map itself briefly, without looking for any hiker notes or comments about this section of trail. Anyway, my mind was now preoccupied by how wet I was getting and how quickly it was cooling off. There it was. The junction was very well marked. I walked on passed this trail junction, blissfully unaware if there were any recent trail notes about this alternate route.

I continued on. But, there was something bothering me. I just couldn't shake it. And my thoughts returned continuously to questions about this short alternate route on the map. Why did the local trail association map that short alternate route. What was their reasoning? On the map the main trail ahead did not seem too difficult and even appeared to make it's way up to a gravel road. It looked like the easier option. Why would I want to descend a steep, wet and slippery slope? I would possibly have to cross water at the bottom and then add further vertical gain to the steep climbs that were already awaiting me. When I got up onto the gravel road and started walking along it, I was quite happy with my decision. That was easy! The sharp angle of the slope on either side of the roadway made me feel even happier. It was scarily steep. I felt validated in my decision making as I continued forward.

The way the road curved along the side of the mountain I could see a fair distance ahead, and in the distance I saw a vehicle parked on the roadside. Why was it parked there? It was then that I noted someone down below walking on the alternate route. It was a long way down. Why hadn't they driven up here on this nice road that I was walking on? It would have been an easy walk down to the lake from up here. Hold on! There were no tracks of any sort on this roadway. No trace of trucks, all-terrain vehicles, horses, or even humans having recently passed this way.

Crap! All those questions came flooding back. Do I need to turn around? Why has no one else come along this route? I didn't want to retrace my steps. I had walked a fair distance past the trail junction, and this was supposed to be the main trail after all. I continued on with a little trepidation now. Maybe I was just getting carried away, it could be as simple as there being a gate across the roadway below.

I continued on with my fingers crossed but at the same time I started to think of other options. Could I drop down to the alternate route from here? I looked over the edge of the road. No, no, no way! It was way too steep, way too soft and very muddy in places.

There was no possible way that I could do a controlled and safe descent. Then as I rounded another turn in the road, I suddenly saw why I was all alone on this part of the trail.

In front of me, across the roadway was an immense slab of snow/ice. What was this doing here? I mean this was a south facing slope. Sure there had been snow on most of the north facing slopes, but a lot had melted on the slopes that received lots of sunshine. There was no other snow/ice in the immediate area. Just this long sheet. I looked up and down the steep slope and it went a fair distance in either direction. Judging by the terrain, it looked like I was dealing with the remnants of a rather large snow slide or avalanche. It may not even have been from this year. That explained why no one else appeared to have come along here in a while. There was going to be no easy way around. As I got closer it looked even more imposing. I could see that this natural barrier was at it's least 2 to 3 meters high.

Not wanting to turn around and with no other options available, I took a deep breath, muttered to myself "challenge accepted", and started to climb onto this slab of snow and ice. Getting up onto it was fun in itself, but when I got up onto the surface and looked up and down the slope I nearly climbed right back down. One slip, and there would be very little chance of my stopping before I hit bottom. Did I mention before that I don't really like heights? Man, oh man, did it ever look steep from where I was standing.

I tried to calm myself down. "Focus on the job at hand, Paul." "Think about what needs to be done to get across this obstacle." I focused on the far side. I convinced myself that it really wasn't that far. Maybe 30 meters. 50 max. I started forward, kicking foot holes to edge the side of my shoes into. "Don't look down, look across or up". "One step at a time". "Three points of contact, always". My legs stopped shaking as I got into a rhythm of kicking holes and transferring my weight onto the edge of my feet, and within minutes I was progressing confidently. I eventually got across, I have no idea how long it took, it may have only taken a few minutes but it had seemed like an eternity, I was exhausted and also quite exhilarated too. I must have benefitted from the effects of a major shot of adrenaline, as suddenly I was carrying on with a spring in my step and moving at a rather good pace, for an old man.

Of course I walked right passed the next junction where I was required to turn. But I caught that error quickly and was back on the trail in no time at all. There was still a lot of climbing to do and a long distance to cover to get to the campsite for the night. And the "Snowman" would have plenty more snow to deal with before reaching camp...

Day 10, July 04, 2022, Road Junction High Rock Trail to the Cache Creek camping site in the Beehive Natural Area, 33.26 km (Section B, Day #3)

*&%\$#@! I cursed out loud. My eyes were closed. The rain was gently hitting my face. I could taste the mud as it was slowly running off my face. I did a quick mental check of my body. No, excruciating pain. That was a positive point at least.

I felt that I was lying rather awkwardly on the muddy trail, half in a large puddle. My knee and hip were sore. My arm too. I slowly opened my eyes. I started to move slowly, testing everything as I tried to position myself to get up. Darn, did I damage one of my hiking poles too? I lay there a little longer looking up at the rain clouds trying to get my breath and my wits about me. That was stupid I thought, berating myself. I sat up. Then, using my one good hiking pole and the wet log, that I had just fallen off of, as support, got shakily to my feet. I walked out of the mud puddle wiping off as much of the mud and debris as I could. I gave my gear a quick “once over”. The hiking pole wasn’t really that damaged after all. A little tweak and it was ready to go again.

I walked on, thinking positively, that at least now I didn’t have to worry about all the water crossings ahead. I couldn’t get any wetter after all. But, I was worried about what was up ahead on the trail. In the trail notes, there was mention of a difficult section to traverse, a landslide / avalanche had brought down a jumble of trees across the trail. One wet tree, had nearly done me in. How many would I have to deal with there? An obstacle course of mud, rock and trees. Going under, over, around. That didn’t sound too appealing to me. I thought about how I was going to deal with this as I continued on. How long would it take to clear this section of trail? There had also been a few comments in the notes about Tornado Pass (2166 m elevation) and Tornado Saddle (2476 m) too, leading me to believe that they would slow me down a fair bit too.

I passed the Dutch Creek Campground, another campsite that I had considered as an alternate to where I had stayed last night. Most of it was sodden, even flooded. Another positive, I thought, trying to buoy my spirits. I was glad that I had gone with my first choice for a campsite last night.

After several water crossings, a lot of the mud had washed off my lower pant legs and shoes, the rest of me would take a little longer in the rain. But, even though it was raining, the snow was starting to make it’s appearance on the trail. I hadn’t even really started to climb yet. I looked at my map. Okay, I was around the 2000 meter elevation mark. How much more snow would there be on the two mountain passes that I had to climb today?

I was amazed at there still being snow, with all the recent rain. But, I was still more preoccupied with how I was going to get past the debris from the land slide that was ahead of me. Should I risk trying to go through? How much of the trail was affected by this? Could I get around it? It didn’t look like it would be a fun alternative, as the woods on either side of the trail looked difficult to penetrate. I could just imagine how wet I would get walking through all that. How cold would it be several hundred meters higher?

As I approached the landslide / avalanche I was awe struck. The power and the force of nature really struck home. The jumble before me was huge. And it looked, according to the map, as if the trail went up straight along the path of destruction.

Having looked at the map, yes I was starting to clue in on that point, I knew that the trail leading up to Tornado Pass was going to curve back around, behind the steep slope that was now on my right. An idea started to formulate in my head. "What If the woods weren't so thick, and if the slope wasn't so steep?" If that was the case then I could cut across and rejoin the trail as it descended from the pass. Sure I might have to climb a little higher in altitude, and the steep slope off-trail would be tiring, but it could possibly be the more appealing option. I continued mulling over all the other "what if" scenarios. But after each scenario my thoughts always circled back around to the fact that I was just going to have to deal with the obstacle course before me as there appeared to be no other viable option. And then, just when I needed it, at the foot of the obstacle before me, a narrow opening in the thick underbrush to my right caught my attention. I should have bought a lottery ticket...

I went through the opening to the right and incredibly I was able to walk up the steep slope quite easily as the woods opened up more and more. And, even more surprising, was that all the snow made it easier to ascend. I was completely off trail at this point, but I knew that if I continued in the direction that I was going that I should cross the trail again at some point.

When I rejoined the trail I was quite happy with myself and at how things had turned out. I continued to make good time as I traversed the snow covered slopes that lead towards the climb for Tornado Saddle. I had descended a little bit from the pass, so I knew that the next hurdle before me was going to be a 400 - 500 meter ascent over the pass. In front of me were several high peaks, their tops hidden in the mist and grey of the rain clouds. And, thinking that my good luck was continuing, the steep slope of the saddle between them appeared to be snow-free. At least the part of it that I could see.

I started upwards. The trail zig-zagged it's way up the loose scree slope. It was steep, very steep. The rocks were wet and the ground underneath them was muddy and slippery. Each step was placed carefully, but there was the occasional scramble or quick run to firmer ground when the surface beneath my feet started to move or slide. I was actually finding this climb quite hairy and the height quite frightening. On a couple of occasions I found myself holding on for dear life, or thanking my lucky stars when I finally got to some solid ground. At the steepest point in the climb, at a spot with some solid footing, I did stop to look around. The adjacent rock faces appeared to be closing in as I climbed higher. They were actually huge imposing cliffs from this close. And they appeared to go for some distance in both directions. There definitely wasn't an option "B" route choice at this point. There was no way I was going to attempt going down, even if there was an alternative route nearby. I continued upwards, I could start to make out what I believed to be the high point of the saddle through the clouds. Was that snow again? Yes, it was. No. No. No.

The snow wall grew in size with each step as I hiked up to the high point of Tornado Saddle. The winds started to pick up too. It became clear, quite fast, how this place earned it's name. The strong wind was almost blowing me off-balance and was bone chillingly cold.

With the weather changing suddenly, the way it had, I had to assess quickly how I was going to deal with the obstacle that had presented itself before me. Earlier in my ascent I had ruled out the possibility of redescending the route I had just climbed, and I did not want to revisit this option again. Unless it was absolutely necessary. So, while I was putting on some warmer gear, I looked more closely at the snow wall before me. I could try to climb over it, but you never know what is on the opposite side? How steep would the descent be off of this snow wall? A drop-off? Or was it part of a larger snow field?

Remembering the snow that I had encountered on Day 1 of my hike, at Carthew Summit in Waterton National Park. I started to look at the possibility that I could just walk around the snow wall, if even to just get a look at what lay beyond this obstacle. And, as I contoured this snow wall I soon discovered that could easily be done, and that from the backside the snow wall was not that big after all. I quickly found the trail again and descended the back slope of the saddle going towards South Hidden Creek. The hillside was a patchwork of small snowfields but quite easy to descend overall.

As I started to enter into the trees again in the valley below I noticed that all the trees had been sheered off at 6 to 8 feet above the ground. I looked in a shallow re-entrant to my right and there was snow, ice, rocks and tree debris everywhere. When I looked back up the slope it was plain to see that this avalanche had come from the direction of the ice wall. And it was also quite evident that this was damage from an avalanche that most likely occurred this year (2022). Even though I knew there was no further risk of an avalanche this year, I still hurried through this section of the trail.

By comparison the rest of my day would be quiet unadventurous. It would be sunny intermittently, but for the most part it was just wet. And, as I approached my planned camping location for the night the trail became very muddy and slippery. This part of the trail was shared with horse riders and their pack animals so it was quite understandable that the trail would be quite a mess in wet weather.

Although there had been horses on the trail that day I was the only person at the Cache Creek Camping Site that night. My clothes were all wet and muddy and it would continue to rain off and on throughout the night. But, I was happy to be there. And, later when I was all dry inside my tent, I wondered what would be in store for me the next morning. I never really finished that thought though as I was “out like a light” and sound asleep in no time. Probably with a big smile on my face, but too tired to even dream.

To be continued

~ Paul



From the Back of the Pack

Hi all the way from Zeeland, Michigan,

I've been running, and now turning more to walking, since 1988! Believe it or not but I was slim and good looking back then! A lot has changed over all those years. For the last 20 years I have added cycling and Henny joined me because she was not going to stay home by herself. This year there is less and less of running, cycling and walking.

But I am coming back and I don't know how but I have a few ideas:

- 1: try to remember all the routes I have run from home
- 2: try to remember all the routes run with the CCRR.
- 3: going to run, walk or cycle all of them.

All this should keep me busy till the December Challenge.

Have fun!

From The Back Of The Pack!

~ Harry!

