

SIZZLING SPRING & SUMMER ENTERTAINMENT

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FIGHTING A SHADOW

HOW ONE OC COMPANY
WANTS IT MADE RIGHT
HERE IN THE USA

AFRICAN QUEST

WHAT CHAPMAN'S
JIM DOTI FOUND
IN TANZANIA

STAR OF THE LEGAL WARS

OC TRIAL LAWYER DAN CALLAHAN
HAS WON \$1 BILLION FOR CLIENTS.

WHAT'S HIS SECRET?



There I was in Tanzania...

Chapman University president takes a run on the wild side.



Like any good university president, Jim Doti is always trying to attract future students, including these young ones during the race.

capable of a sub-3-hour marathon. And then there was me, a relatively new marathoner, who at age 57 would be happy to complete the race in 4 to 5 hours.

Given my concern, I asked if the stadium where the marathon ended would stay open for late finishers. They assured me it would. "Don't worry about the porta-potties either," John added. "There are plenty of places to pee in bushes along the road.... Just wait until you get out of town."

So with that last admonition, I lined up in back of the Kenyans and Tanzanians and told myself it was too late to back out now. In front of us stood 2 "officials," one on each side of the street, with a string held high in the air and pulled taut between them. Suspended from the center of the string was a large piece of paper with the word "START" written on it. For any runner who might still be confused, as I had been, the start line was now clearly design-

ated. A horn sounded, and we were off.

About 5 seconds into the race I was all alone, except for some early Sunday morning traffic. Evidently, there was no traffic control for the marathon. Carts pulled by people, donkeys or

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There I was, at the appointed time, under the clock tower in Arusha, Tanzania, to run in the Mount Meru International Marathon. Said to be at the midpoint of Africa, between Cairo and Cape Town, the clock tower is where the marathon materials directed runners for the start of the race. But where were the porta-potties and thousands of people I had come to expect after running the likes of the Chicago and Los Angeles marathons?

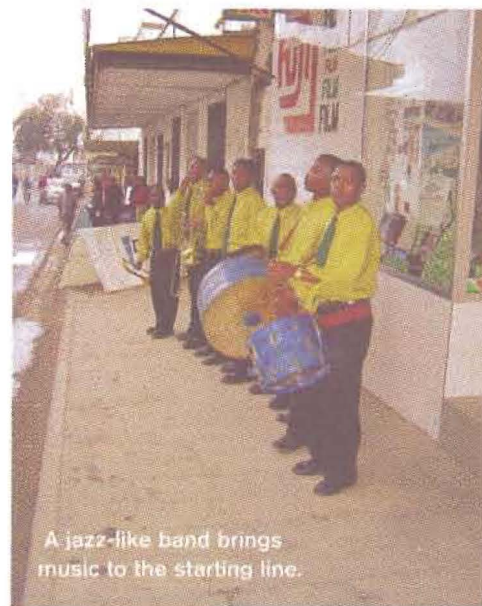
I saw only about 50 Kenyan and Tanzanian runners and a small band that inexplicably played music that sounded like Dixeyland jazz. There was also a handful of non-locals in racing garb. Seeing my puzzlement, one of them approached me and introduced himself as Don Harris, a sponsor of the marathon. He assured me that this was indeed the starting place and suggested I not worry about small things like porta-potties.

He then introduced the other 3 members of his relay team. I was startled when the last runner he introduced said, "You know me, Jim. I'm from Orange County. You even tried to get a donation from me for Chapman University."

I did, indeed, know John Michler, a local engineer. Given that I'm president of Chapman University, it's not surprising that I had asked him to give to my favorite school. But to meet him like this in the middle of Africa was quite a shock. The poor guy must have thought my persistence as a fundraiser led me to tail after him all the way to the Dark Continent.

It turned out that John, Don Harris and the rest of his relay team are members of World Runners. They explained that this group raises funds to further the mission of its parent organization, Global Partners for Development, which provides educational opportunities and supports projects to promote self-sufficiency in developing countries like Tanzania. The team members would run the race to help provide educational opportunities for young people and develop clean water systems and nutrition programs for the villages.

At this point, however, my attention was focused not so much on the valuable work of Global Partners and World Runners as it was on my competition. In addition to Don's relay team, there were 50 or so litesome African runners who all looked like they were easily



A jazz-like band brings music to the starting line.

cows assumed the right-of-way.

Thankfully, I had a secret weapon. I had contracted with a local guide named Martin to drive my wife, Lynne, and son, Adam, ahead of me through the race. They would provide me with water every few miles and also make sure I stayed on the marathon course. Since I'd been warned that the route was poorly marked, it was a comfort that Martin knew the way. As I left the city outskirts on the main road, Martin alerted me to a turn I needed to make onto a dirt path bordered on either side by coffee plantations.

Running through coffee plantations may sound somewhat idyllic. Unfortunately, the path was about 10 miles long and filled with huge potholes. Avoiding them required as much attention as I could muster. Once again, I was happy to see my "pit crew" waiting for me about halfway through the 10-mile stretch. As I ran toward them, Lynne exclaimed, "You were pretty brave back there, not quickening your pace with that huge bull charging you." Given that I'd been fixated on the potholes and oblivious to the close proximity of any agitated bovine creatures, I replied, "What bull?"

I quickly concluded that to make it to the finish safely, I'd have to be a little more aware of my surroundings. I noticed, for example, a small dog-like creature bound out in front of me. "That wasn't a dog," Martin told me later. "It was a tdkik-tdik, the smallest antelope in the world. You were lucky to see one—I didn't think there were any in these parts."

After negotiating my way through the potholes, bulls and tdkik-tdiks, I found myself on the main road again, headed back toward Arusha's city center. People appeared along the side of the road and seemed to wave and smile at me. Lynne later explained that my "fans" were actually making hand signals that communicated their belief that I was "mjenga" (crazy in Swahili). But at the time, I was happy that I was no longer alone. Not only did I have what I thought were enthusiastic supporters, but in Pied-Piper-like fashion, I had attracted a group of kids who joined me in the marathon. While I was running in the latest running gear, these kids ran barefoot or in flip-flops. Amazingly, they kept up with me, and several even rotated their hands in the universal signal to speed up. Since I was nearing mile 20 at this point, I responded with the universal shrug that said, "Sorry, I'm doing the best I can."

Nearing the outskirts of the city, I finally saw in the distance an actual marathon runner. I remembered a story Jeff Galloway shared during a running school he had held at Chapman University several months earlier. He related the inspiring story of Dave Waddle, one of his

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TEN TIPS FOR 50-SOMETHING MARATHONERS

I didn't start running marathons until my mid-50s. In fact, I hardly ran at all.

Why run when you can much more easily walk? The only reason I got into it was I had read that running was great conditioning for mountain climbing, another hobby of mine. I also saw firsthand the incredible joy my assistant, Ann Cameron, experienced when she completed her first marathon. I figured there must be something to a sport that results in that kind of "high."

I still remember my first 1-mile trot. Soreness enveloped my entire body for a week. But I stuck to it, and here I am 2 years later having run 7 marathons and now qualified for the "mother" of them all—Boston.

If I can run a marathon, believe me, just about anyone can, even in your 50s or older. The techniques and training are pretty much the same for all ages, but those of us receiving daily missives from the AARP probably have to be a little more careful about avoiding injuries.

Here are 10 training tips that will get you past that 26.2-mile marker not only alive and well but with a "high" unlike any you've experienced before.

1 Buy a book. Jeff Galloway's "Marathon!" and Hal Higdon's "Marathon: The Ultimate Training Guide" are both excellent and explain all you need to know about training for a marathon. If you'd like to incorporate some walking into your marathon run, buy Galloway's book. Both also have training schedules for beginning to advanced runners, as well as a great deal of valuable information at their websites: jeffgalloway.com and halhigdon.com.

This is the most important tip I can give you. Follow it religiously. While I've experienced muscle soreness, to be sure, I've never had an injury. I believe it's because I always do the following: Before any run, I warm up by walking at an increasingly brisk pace for 5 minutes and follow that up with a very slow jog for 5 minutes. Then, after completing my run, I reverse the process and cool down with a slow jog for 5 minutes and end with a 5-minute walk.

2 The right shoes are essential. Get fitted by an expert. I recommend the Snail's Pace Running Shop. They have 3 Orange County stores located in Brea, Fountain Valley and Laguna Hills.

3 Run in the morning. No matter how busy your schedule, you can always get up early enough to get in a run.

4 Buy a Garmin Forerunner 201 to keep track of your mileage and pace. This is an incredible piece of equipment that's actually fun to use.

5 I'd also buy a heart-rate monitor so you can make sure you train in the proper zones. The only kind that really works has a belt that straps around your chest.

6 Some people love the peace, quiet and solitude running offers. Quite frankly, I get a little bored. That's why I listen either to music or to books-on-tape. I actually go through more books now by listening rather than reading. Buy either a small cassette player that clips on your pants or an MP-3 player like my Rio Cali, which is made for sports. Avoid MP-3 players that use hard-drive technology like the Apple iPod. Running causes them to skip and lock up. I disagree with the view that listening to tapes can be dangerous because they drown out the noise of oncoming traffic. I hear plenty of external noise with my earphones on.

7 Vary your runs. Try a high school track or get up early and drive down to the beach and watch the sun rise while you run on the boardwalk. If you're committed to your sports club, that's fine, too. You can easily train for a marathon by doing all your runs on a treadmill.

8 It never really gets cold enough in Southern California to prevent you from running, but I would avoid any long runs when the temperature tops 85 degrees.

9 This is not the time to go on an Atkins diet. Carbs are very good for runners. So if you love bread, pizza and pasta like I do, a major benefit of running is that you can eat just about as much as your heart desires.

10 For your first marathon, don't go for speed. Just train and run it so you finish the 26.2 miles without "hitting the wall." Believe me, there's enough satisfaction in that very special achievement.

—By Jim Doti

OC OUTSIDE

teammates in the 1972 Olympic Games. Although an injury had hindered his training for his 800-meter competition, Dave was just barely able to qualify for the final race. Well into that race, he was 40 meters behind the field. Still, he did not give up. Dave decided he wanted to finish next to last rather than in last place. He focused on the runner just ahead of him and overtook him. He followed that strategy, runner by runner, until he was just behind the wall of lead runners. Right at the finish there was a parting in the wall, and Dave dove through to break the tape and win the gold medal.

My goals were less ambitious. If I could only overtake that 1 runner! Feeling good now that I had fan support and my small running partners, I imagined I was in the final stages of the Olympic marathon. Gaining ground, I soon noticed that I was back in the city. It was apparent that Sunday is Arusha's big market day, and the congestion was far worse than when I started the race. I was now running in traffic that rivaled anything I've experienced in Southern California. In spite of that, I ran on, still focused on the runner who was now just slightly ahead of me.

A burst of speed finally got me ahead of a Kenyan runner who looked to be about 80 years old. Nevertheless, I wouldn't be last...or would I?

Martin was no longer keeping up with me, and with a sudden dread, I realized there'd be no way for him to get through all the traffic. To make matters worse, I had no idea how to get to the stadium where the finish line was. I realized I could let the octogenarian Kenyan overtake me and then follow him in, but my pride wouldn't allow for that.

Luckily, the stars were aligned in my favor. The World Runners relay team had completed the race a half-hour earlier and figured I might need some help. John Michler kindly came out to meet me and ran the final mile a second time to escort me to the finish.

My finish time: 4 hours, 36 minutes. Placement: 43rd out of 44 runners.

The winner of the race was a Kenyan, David Kipligat Kwino, who finished in 2:152. His prize was a Samsung cell phone handset worth Tsh 300,000 and talking airtime valued at Tsh 100,000 (total is equal to about \$400.)

The first-place finisher in the women's category, in 2:40, was Fabiola William, a Tanzanian from the Kilimanjaro Police. She'll be able to use her air time.

After the race, Martin and the rest of my pit crew joined me. They were there to hug and congratulate me as I received a signed certificate of completion. There was no medal! Nor was there any food to restock my depleted glycogen stores. So when Martin suggested we go into town for lunch at his favorite Chinese restaurant, Shanghai Gardens, I readily agreed, not even thinking about whether Chinese food was an acceptable post-race food.

I learned a great lesson in the 19th Annual Mount Meru Marathon. Up to now, I had evaluated marathons like those who critique marathons on the websites I always check before entering a race. It's always about how many water stations there are, the variety of performance drinks offered, the clarity of mileage markers, the post-marathon smorgasbord of bananas, bagels and energy bars and, perhaps most importantly, the weight and attractiveness of the marathon medal.

Now I know that a marathon's real value is the sights, sounds, experiences and, most of all, the people who form memories that will last a lifetime. **OCM**

Jim Doti is president of Chapman University. He recently qualified for the Boston Marathon with a time of 3:43 at the Valley of the Sun Marathon in Mesa, Ariz. He plans to run the Boston Marathon in April 2005. Also, a week after the marathon in Tanzania, Doti and his son, Adam, climbed Mount Kilimanjaro.