

OC METRO

OCTOBER 2010 OCMETRO.COM

Business People Life

20 YEARS

The Men's issue

THE DOLLARS & SENSE OF SPORTS:
WHAT A PRO FRANCHISE CAN DO FOR THE LOCAL ECONOMY

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE OC AUTO SHOW, THE HYBRIDS OF THE FUTURE AND THE CARS OF TODAY

TWO EASY LIFESTYLE CHANGES THAT CAN TRULY SAVE YOUR LIFE



SEXY SINGLE SUCCESSFUL

Dale Camera is smart and debonaire, and he's **one of 5** of the region's **most eligible bachelor executives**. So what makes them all so special? Find out on page 34.



By Jim Doti, President,
Chapman University



The race ‘even marathoners fear’

Just a few months after climbing

Denali’s glaciers, my son, Adam, and I were at it again – this time “climbing” the hills of the San Francisco Marathon. Its course is infamous for including what seems like every hill in the city. A recent Wall Street Journal article proclaimed it the race that “even marathoners fear.”

I flew in from Berlin to LAX the day before the race and then hopped on a flight to San Fran, where I met up with Adam.

The weather on race day was near-perfect. We started in Embarcadero on pretty flat ground, running north along the docks. We soon encountered a steep hill rising to the Golden Gate Bridge. I noticed the lot where Jimmy Stewart parked his car in the movie “Vertigo,” before rescuing Kim Novak from drowning.

Then it was on to the Golden Gate Bridge, where we ran both lengths. I’ve run this marathon twice before in dense fog. This was the first time I could actually see the bridge. (Each length is 1.2 miles long.)

Next we were running almost every path of Golden Gate Park. I’d driven through it countless times, but running it made me realize how beautiful it really is. Not only did the ponds, streams, flowerbeds and plazas catch my eye, but also grazing buffalos and a windmill that rivals anything in Holland.

After this bucolic setting, it was a bit of a shock to see crowds of screaming fans encouraging runners through Haight-Ashbury – the symbol of the counterculture movement of the ‘60s. Then we made our way through the Castro district and past more wharfs.

It was great running with Adam and observing the instincts he had honed

through adventure racing. I loved the way he cut every turn into a straight line to minimize distance. I could see in his eyes a mental calculator rapidly determining the hypotenuse. His racing instincts were also evident when he forced me to run through all the water stations. Adam isn’t used to pavement, though, and more than once complained that he’d rather be running on dirt in a 100-mile adventure race.

We finally reached the home of the Giants, AT&T Park, which, like the sight of Fenway Park in the Boston Marathon, signaled the end of the race. One more mile to go!

Adam and I finished together with a time of 4:27 – not bad, considering all the hills and photo ops we just couldn’t pass up. Moreover, this was Adam’s first marathon, and I hadn’t run farther than 10 miles since my last one three months earlier. The best part was our negative split times – running the second half faster than the first half.

At the finish, instead of the usual dry bagels and bruised bananas, we found raisin scones and Jamba Juice – but were still famished. So Adam took me to his favorite breakfast/brunch place: The Pork Store. My Breakfast Tortilla Wrap Up covered in a spicy chipotle sauce and Adam’s Artichoke Greek Omelet were fantastic, and the Bloody Mary bar offered 10 hot sauces, including a Habanera Stinger that truly stung.

This is the first time in almost 30 marathons that I capped one off with a drink. I think I’ll write a letter to Marathon & Beyond magazine and note that a Bloody Mary may be a better post-marathon tonic than Ibuprofen.

