
THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

April 1989

Letter from the Editor – Jack Evans

Plantar Fascitis, Achilles Tendinitis, Chondromalacia, Sciatica, and Hamstring Strain are sensual, tingling areas associated with a sometimes runner who tends to write, but not read and heed the essence of this column.

The big question is, simply, **HOW MUCH CAN ONES BODY SUFFER THE STRESSES OF TRAINING TO ACHIEVE ONES FULL POTENTIAL.** To stretch the capacity of oneself is a natural process of our beloved activity. The activity which began as a fitness program transcended into a revolution with the obsession to compete against man and time.

Setting a goal and becoming totally emersed within our training program, our mind begins to play tricks with our body. The words - **NO PAIN, NO GAIN** - or - **I CAN RUN THROUGH THE PAIN** - are the thoughts within the unlimited boundaries of our mind. As we listen to our mind and overlook the warning signs such as the sensual, tingling areas as described in the first paragraph, our body calls time out and rebels against our noble thoughts and dreams.

Injury is a natural process of this circle. As someone once said - Nature never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. Yes, I profess my ignorance to the unanswered question - **HOW MANY SIGNS CAN A RUNNER IGNORE BEFORE ONE COMPLETELY BREAKS DOWN.**

Yes, in the long run we do pay for our past sins of overtraining and not paying attention to our body.

Speaking from experience who has not run a step in over a month, the capacity of my stomach and waistline has reached its unlimited boundaries.

It is difficult to not dwell on the runs of the past and the potential runs of the future, but I must accept the reality I can not run at this moment and channel my energies to other activities to maintain my aerobic fitness. I will take what the present has to offer and hope to push my body to its full potential in the future.

The RunAbout Calendar

The fun runs for April are recorded on the LRRRC VOICE MEMO. Dial 377 -1653 and listen to the recorded message describing the fun runs for the week.

FUN RUNS AND RACES

10 MON. Break 40 Club, Scott Field, 6 PM. Call Mark Spradley at 376-4731

15 SAT. Camp Robinson, 6 AM, Start at the flag pole, 6-12 miles.

Rich Mountain Classic Half Marathon, Jansen Park in Mena, 7:30 AM, Fee - \$10.

Petit Jean Mountain 4-H 10K, Museum of Automobiles on Petit Jean, 8 AM, Fee - \$6 advance, \$8 race day.

Doctor's Day 5K, Mid-America Park in Hot Springs, 8 AM, Fee - \$7 advance, \$9 race day.

Jefferson Regional Medical Center Run for Life 5K, Pine Bluff

22 SAT. LRRC Junior Jog 2K, East parking lot War Memorial, 8:00 AM., Fee - \$2. Call 847-0933.

Hogeye Marathon and Relays, Fayetteville at Square, Fee \$10 until 4/15, \$15 after. Call 575-2853.

Fordyce on the Cottonbelt 5K, Downtown Fordyce, 8:00 A.M., Fee - \$8 advance, \$10 race day. Call 352-3133.

29 SAT. Ninth Annual Women's Road Run 5K, Riverdale, 8:00 A.M., Fee - \$8 before 4/25, \$10 after. Call 375-8525.

Serendipity 5K, Bona Dea Trail in Russellville, 8:00 AM., Entry - \$8. Call 986-7030

6 SAT Toad Suck Daze 10K/5K, UCA at Conway, 8:00 AM., Fee - \$8 advance, \$10 race day. Call 327-6511.

Thoughts Before a Race – Margaret P. Davis

Sitting here in this unfamiliar living room, I wish for my comfortable well worn things around me. It's so quiet and still – I can hear a clock ticking somewhere (although I couldn't find one last night when I really needed it), and water dripping off the eaves outside. Why did it have to rain this morning! Of all days to rain -- race day. Wish I knew the temperature, but I can't find a thermometer anywhere, or a phone book to lookup

the number for Time & Temperature. I can't even find a radio station who gives the weather!

Boy, staying in someone else's house is almost like staying in a motel, except it's more cluttered. Guess I shouldn't be too critical though. After all, my sister-in-law was very nice to invite us to spend the night and save the extra driving time before the race. I almost wish I hadn't signed up for this silly race. At least I could have slept well last night in my own bed, instead of tossing and turning and dreaming about running through the woods and getting lost and tripping over roots and stepping on snakes. I could have had my usual 4 or 5 cups of coffee along with a nice leisurely breakfast. Now I have to kill time until we leave. I can't drink as much coffee as I want, and have to settle for a measly banana for breakfast.

God, I wish it wasn't raining. A 30% chance of scattered thunder showers my eye! Someone "scattered" them all in one place -- here! I hope we can find this place and I wish I knew how long it's going to take to get there. I sure don't want to have to stand around an hour and a half before the race starts. But I don't want to be late either. We'll probably get lost on the way -- need to allow time for that. I wonder who's going to be there. Fast runners? People I know? Sure hope I can finish with a respectable time. Must remember to stretch well -- can't get injured with Pepsi coming up. Maybe I should have tried to sleep longer. No, better to get up with plenty of time and not have to rush. Well, it's stopped raining -- good. It's starting to get daylight now, and I can see Lake Dardanelle through the trees. Everything's gray and black. Funny -- I hadn't thought about the complete absence of color in the first minutes of daylight. Somewhere a rooster is crowing. Birds are beginning to wake up and sing. One cup of coffee is OK I guess. I can always get some more after the race. I bet it's really pretty up there at Dark. Even if I don't do well in the race, I can at least enjoy the scenery. Maybe it won't rain, and if it does, I've got my rain suit. If it's cold, I can always put on more clothes. I bet there will be some people there I know, and if not, I will meet new people -- I always do. In just a few hours we will be warming up, standing around, stamping our feet and stretching, apprehensive about the start of the race. Then we'll be off and each one of us will be enveloped in our own personal struggle to achieve THE GOAL, what ever that may be. Better start getting things together to leave. This is really going to be fun -- I hope. For sure it'll be exciting!

The Arkansas Ultra Runners have organized several training runs for those who are interested in doing the Long Crossing Ouachita 50 on May 13th. If you are presently running 40 or more miles per week, you should be able to complete the 50 miles within the 13 hour time limit. Be forewarned that these runs are over difficult rocky trails which will include stream crossings. You should be prepared to get wet, cold, muddy and tired. A complete change of clothing is recommended. All runners are expected to provide their own aid. This includes water. Example: If you want to have a peanut butter

and jelly sandwich, you should make one, pack it and carry it with you. These runs will give you the opportunity to see the entire course. All runs will begin at 6:30 A.M. sharp. Meet at the McDonalds on Cantrell Road at 6:00 A.M. and carivan to the starting points. If interested, contact Bill or Teresa Laster at 666-6621.

March 25 - Out and Back - East side of Pinnacle to North Shore Hwy 300 - Approximately 22 miles.

April 15 - Out and Back - West end of Lake Maumelle to North Shore Hwy 300 - Approximately 20 miles.

April 29 - Maumelle Park to Hwy 113 and back - Approximately 28 miles.

The Ultra Corner - Harley Peyton

Although I said that I would never return to North Texas and the Cross Timbers 50 Mile Trail Race, I lied. Time does have a way of dulling the memory. This year produced a record field of 100 entrants and PRs for all the Arkies. Our times were as follows: Eddie Mulkey 7:11 (3rd place), Bill Laster 7:38:05 (9th overall), Nick Williams 9:26:25, Lou Peyton 10:36:25, Harley Peyton 10:43:26, Tom Chapin 10:43:36. An adopted Arkie, Joel Guyer from Natchez, Mississippi, finished in 9:04. These seven made up our Ultra Team which finished 3rd to a strong Wisconsin team and Team Thessell from Dallas. Long time LRRRC member, Red Spicer, from Amarillo, Texas, has shed some pounds and finished strong with a 9:10. Cross Timbers is the premier ultra trail race in our area due to the hospitality and organization. The trail is rugged but runnable. If interested, we would be more than willing to share our experiences with you. Just ask.

Our own 50 mile trail run is fast approaching this May 13th. We will try to pattern it after Cross Timbers. We, who are organizing the run, are getting sort of nervous with all the details. We want to keep it fun and be able to look forward to doing it again next year. If you would like to help with a job on race day call Nick Williams at 225-5557. Bill Laster is having a series of training runs on the Ouachita Trail which will be listed in the newspapers. Come join us.

So, What D'You Know? – Mary Davidson

I know that running strengthens the mind-body connection, each step stringing another line between the two poles of my being, each knee lift clearing away the debris of modern living from the channels this connection works through. I head up the first hill and my body sends out its first signal along the tired, thin connection left over from yesterday's run: It demands more air with which to climb this hill. My mind answers that the current pace must be maintained and that more speed must be achieved before the top is reached. I bound over the hill remembering that these first few minutes are always the hardest part and that soon, very soon, it will even out and I will hit my stnde. These

comforting thoughts urge me forward, my pace settles down., and I run a bit faster as I start down the other side of that first hill and head up the second one. The morning air is fresh and new against my cheek and now my mind is calling me to hurry, hurry, for there is so much to see, such a very big world awaiting. My running buddies laugh and mutter that its time I get over sprinting past imaginary boggy men, but they hustle to keep up and soon we have another hill behind us. My breathing is steady now and everywhere inside me nerves and cells are calling back and forth to my thoughts and perceptions. I dart across curbs, leap past chuck-holes, side step puddles. We get to the big hill before I have time to worry about it, and I push into it with pride. Up and over! The drag on my legs surprises me and my thoughts turn to small steps, fast steps; dropped shoulder, loose shoulder; easy breathing, deep breathing. My friends pull ahead and I realize all over again that I'm not much good at hills. It doesn't matter! I think about the backs of my legs and how strong they are becoming, I run faster and have almost closed the gap when I get to the top. We plunge down the other side and I notice the flowering fruit trees in yards outlined against the silver air and think how far we have come since I first dropped over this hill in the deep darkness of winter. The stream of those months washes over me and I laugh and skip with joy. One more hill, a little one, and we are on the hog back that stands above the river, and I am on the very top of the world, running, running towards myself.

I am sweating freely. The breeze picks up and I feel a pleasant chill play through my damp hair and across my dripping face. I think about the sticky, fretful sweat that clung to me last night as I argued with myself about "stuff" at the end of a worrisome day. Those doubts now seem only silly, the choice before me clear-cut and full of promise. I think about my running buddy's heart-felt advice: "never, never go back on a decision you make while running. Those thoughts are gifts we give ourselves out of our own power." Ahead of me now, she listens to another friend sorting through her strengths and energies. They turn, heading back down off the crest. I follow and, reaching out to catch them, feel the first pull of fatigue. I see the sun begin its climb far off over the hills towards home. Its light lifts my spirits and my body gathers round its tiredness, shrugging off the weight for a final flight toward home. I run steadily and smoothly, a seasoned runner covering the miles with calm confidence. I know where I am going and what awaits me when I get there; I relish the challenge of change and all that living in a critical period demands, because the Little Rock Roadrunners have taught me to find wholeness as part of our club, among my running buddies, within myself.

New Members – Y.T. Thompson

The following people have recently joined the LRRC and have been kind enough to share the following personal information.

David Samuel lives in Pearcy, Arkansas. He is 45, married to Bonita and the father of Chris, 17 and Angela, 19. David is a Forrester with the U.S. Forest Service. He has been running for 10 years and runs about 50 miles per week. David likes to race all distances and lists the following PR's: 5K - 17:05, 10K - 36:42, 20K - 1 :17:49 and Marathon - 3:00:19. David is also the Arkansas State Representative for RRCA and the race director for the Caddo River 15K in Glenwood.

