

# THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

July 1989

## Presidential Report

# Have Serious Fun Running in 1989-90

by Bill Harrell

To begin with, let me say "thank you" for allowing me to serve as your 1989-90 LRRRC President. I don't know what kind of expectations you have of me, but I hope to live up to the highest ones.

If you are expecting a lot of technical jargon on training and racing from me then you probably will be disappointed with my articles; although, the newsletter will probably carry a few of those. My stories will be more about the fun side of running.

Although I take my running seriously, I cannot call myself a serious runner. Not running my best in races and setting new PR's does hurt, but not running would hurt even more.

I'm sure everyone of us has been through the injury phase and on the comeback trail. I've had everything from chondromalacia to lost toenails to frozen nose hair, but I've come back from all of them.

You would think a 38-year-old man who has been running for more than 20 years would know something about the sport he so dearly loves; but, compared to others, I don't know a thing. All I can tell you is that I run when I want to, what I want to, and at the pace I want to — but I enjoy it all.

At a recent 5K there was a water stop at the two-mile mark. I didn't need a drink but I was hot. As I approached one of the volunteers, I pointed to the back of my neck and said "Throw it on me!" figuring when I ran by he would cool me off. No! He threw it right in my face. It felt like Mike Tyson's left hook. My first thought was "What the heck did he do that for?" Then I started laughing. I was laughing so hard I didn't know if I could finish the race. Moments like that are part of why I enjoy the hobby of running.

## Western States 100 Finishers

Three local runners completed the Western States 100-mile Endurance Run on Sunday, June 25 — a run they began on Saturday, June 24. Larry Mabry completed the run in 27 hours, five minutes for his first Western States finish. Max Hooper's time was 28:12 for his third completion of the event. Lou Peyton became the first Arkansas woman ever to complete the course. Her time was 28:28. Lou has promised to write an article for *The Runaround* about her experiences at the California run.

Not all of you are racing fanatics but you still enjoy the camaraderie as well as the exercise. Well, for you guys we are going to have more fun runs. We are trying to organize Saturday AM, Sunday AM, and Sunday PM fun runs. You will probably be asked to map out your favorite course and invite a bunch of crazies to run it with you. Points are accumulated through fun runs as well as volunteering to work races.

As far as races are concerned, the Pepsi is off to a great start. Ron Morrison has agreed to be the Race Director for the 1990 race. Those of you who know Ron know how capable he is of fulfilling this duty. For those of you who do not know Ron, he is the guy who started the Thanksgiving 7K years ago and molded it into one of the best races in the region.

Roger Thompson (1989 RD) and Ron have met a couple of times already to discuss the particulars. March 30 has been chosen as the race date. There will be updates in later newsletters.

Jim Pearsall and Nancy Gray will head up the men's and women's racing teams. There should be more races with Club competition in the upcoming fall season. If you would like to run for the Club, call Jim or Nancy. The only prerequisite is that you must be a member in good standing of the LRRRC.

I have already heard comments and suggestions from some members. I have even received a four-page typed letter. This is the kind of involvement I encourage from you people. I have an "open door" policy as well as an open phone line (225-1050) for any ideas, opinions, or criticism.

I view this Club as basically a social organization. I would like to see better attendance at Club meetings (third Thursday of every month.) There should be some exciting programs presented.

We do pretty well when it comes to volunteering but we could do better. Some of you haven't been asked or didn't know if you were needed. You are always needed. It's also a great way to make new friends with the same interests as you. Also, you will appreciate the race so much more after you have seen it from the inside.

This has just been a basic overview with some introductory ideas of what might happen in the next twelve months. Then again, maybe nothing will happen in the next twelve months. Whatever happens, let's have fun doing it!

Next month: "How I Spent My Summer Vacation"

## The Ultra Corner

by Harley Peyton

The subject today is "Training for your First 50." Granted, not everyone desires to do ultra marathons; nevertheless, there might be a couple or more whose interest was perked by the recently held Long Crossing 50-Miler on the Ouachita Trail. If you ask ultra runners of varying abilities, you will get a whole range of training methods. The following ideas represent my thinking.

My method, I believe, would allow one to finish in the lower half of the field. But a finish is a win in ultra marathoning. For this article I will talk about mileage. The first prerequisite is that you must be in condition to finish a marathon. The second must is to be able to complete two 25-mile(+) training runs (on similar terrain) per month for three months. Coupled with the 25-mile training run, you should work in two 10-12 mile runs during the week. I am not talking about high mileage — 45-50 mile weeks at the most. The key is the long run and your base. By base I am referring to marathon conditioning. Ultra marathons can be fun because the run is at slower than training pace. Your recovery is short. Most ultra runners I know use each race to train for the next one. Sounds too good to be true. Try it now.

The Governor's Cup is October 28. As I mentioned in last month's newsletter, there is a 26-mile as well as a 50-mile race this year. You can be a part of it.

Nick Williams and I are having a trail series starting August 5. If you are interested, join us for this or any of the other runs planned. Directions to the Pigeon Roost Run are: 16.2 miles west on Highway 10 from the I-430/Highway 10 overpass turn left on a Forest Service Road. The run is characterized by a long, steep uphill of approximately one mile, and a payback in rolling downhills. The run is approximately 14 miles. Due to the possibility of warm weather we will try to provide a generous amount of water and start at 6:30 a.m. sharp. Happy trails.

### Format for the Ultra Trail Series

by Nick Williams and Harley Peyton

1. The purpose of the Ultra Trail Series is to promote trail running and to provide recognition to the most successful trail runners.
2. Runs will be on trails or forest service roads.
3. Each run will be announced in the Arkansas Democrat and Arkansas Gazette newspapers.
4. No entry fee or registration. If results are wanted, each runner should furnish a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
5. Be advised that the terrain is hilly and often rocky. Although no trail or marathon experience is required, for your own well being, you must be an experienced runner.
6. Maps will be provided.
7. Aid (water) will be set out, if feasible, at the halfway point,

which will be determined prior to the start.

8. Finishers will keep their own time on a roster provided by us.

9. Points will be awarded to the finishers in the following manner:

Male	Female
1st 50 points	1st 10 points
2nd 40 "	2nd 7 "
3rd 25 "	3rd 5 "
4th 20 "	4th 3 "
5th 15 "	5th & over 1 "
6th 10 "	
7th 7 "	
8th 5 "	
9th 3 "	
10th & over 1 "	

10. Runs are often isolated. Be smart and carry a running pack that includes water bottles, a plastic garbage sack and any food needs.

11. There are seven runs planned. The first run will take place August 5. The last run will be in late April. Distances range from 14 to 28 miles. The dates of the runs will be set so as not to conflict with existing ultra races or prominent running events in this area. A tentative schedule looks like this: August 5 — Pigeon Roost, 14 miles; September 9 — Bread Basket, 21 miles; October — Tom/Harley, 28 miles; November — open; December—10-9-10, 21 miles; January — Mobile marathon, 24 miles; February — Winona Loop, 20 miles; March — open; April — Pipeline Express, 14 miles. In case a run has to be cancelled, efforts will be made to reschedule.

12. The male and female with the most points will be crowned "King and Queen of the Trails" and be so honored for the duration of the running year.

## So, What D'You Know?

by Mary Davidson

I know that all runners everywhere are the same. We recognize each other's progress instinctively as we run down the road together in our pilgrimage of love. We know how the runners in the front of the pack feel jockeying for position, straining against the clock . . . that "little piece of tin that always wins in the end," as my pal at the track laughingly told me last week. We know how the friendly folks in the middle of the pack feel chatting companionably, keeping an eye over their shoulders. We know how the guys in the rear feel struggling to stay with the pack, rejoicing in their identity as runners. We know, because we have all been there many times, passing through the stations of the cross towards our own destiny.

"Lookin' strong," we shout to our high flying friends out front in full command of their powers, and we know how good it feels to be in shape, to be in control of self and on the way — fast — toward a goal. "Hey, there, how ya doin'?" we call amiably to our friends sprawling

across the heartland of the road, and we know how satisfying it feels to be grinding out the miles with friends, putting in the work that brings the day to a comfortable conclusion. "You're doin' great!" we say encouragingly to our friends bringing up the rear, and we know how hard it is to remember the utter relativity of every step taken, except perhaps that very first one and . . . then, the very last.

Yes, runners everywhere speak the same language . . . and here in Little Rock the Little Rock Roadrunners Club gives us all a chance to use our common bond to escape the narrow limits of time and place, to reach a unity beyond self.

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## Sharing a Trail Experience

by Margaret P. Davis

Dear Friend,

I wanted to write you yesterday about my wonderful run. But frankly, I was too tired — sore foot, (plantar fasciitis again, I'm afraid) and sore muscles in legs. Running 10 miles is still new to me, and my body tells me to put it to bed after each one. It used to be that way with a 10K, but I finally got used to it. So I have confidence I will become conditioned to this distance too. On to the run. . . .

Lots of people showed up for this early trail run. I'd say there were 20 or more runners of varying abilities. Some were training for the Pikes Peak Marathon, others of us were just there for another Saturday run. We started out in a bunch, running slowly, on the paved "nature" trail — lots of talking, laughing amidst the slapping of shoes on the asphalt. There was room to pass on the path, but no one seemed to want to. Everyone seemed content to start out at a comfortable trot, either still half asleep or pacing themselves for the longer distance. We completed that small loop and hit THE TRAIL.

Now you must understand, this was my first experience at trail running. I had thought a lot about it and figured I'd like it. But I wasn't sure about the uneven footing and feared the possibility of getting lost. I wasn't too concerned about the mud and dirt. After all, with a little effort it will wash off. Being your basic country gal, I'm used to chiggers, gnats, mosquitos and sundry other varmints as long as they don't have big teeth and don't growl. Well, let me tell you, it was everything good I had anticipated and more.

We entered the trail opening and proceeded single file, still in a bunch. Immediately, I found myself concentrating on my feet and where the next step was going to be — rather, where the runner in front of me was stepping. I felt slightly uncomfortable running so close to someone else, due to the uneven footing. I determined early on to put more space between myself and the next runner. We spaced out fairly quickly, only to bunch up again when we came to a stream. I noticed the experienced trail runners just plowed right through, not slowing down or running around the mud and water. I figured we'd be doing the same on the way back. I also noticed something else.

The fast runners were going slower. The slow runners appeared to be going faster, and since I'm a member of the slow crowd I felt stronger and more capable. The uneven footing in combination with a longer distance is truly a speed reducer — an equalizing factor. It was nice to run close to runners I normally only see at the starting line of a race. (They've gone home by the time I cross the finish line, unless they are sticking around to pickup a trophy.)

As I ran through the woods, watching my feet and concentrating on not tripping or stepping in a hole, I was able to make a few observations. The feeling of running down a hill, leaping over small fallen logs, side-stepping rocks, but still going fast was exhilarating. I felt like a child playing a game. I saw green and gray and white lichens clinging to rocks along the way. I saw small bright orange toadstools growing beside the trail. I saw lots of mud, poison ivy, briars, dead sticks, big rocks, little rocks, dead leaves, wild flowers, clear running water, and murky scummy water. I saw no snakes, but did observe lots of places where snakes ought to be. I was most grateful for this missing element of my first trail run. The color green was everywhere — hundreds of varying shades and textures. Now, I know you think I'm foolish when I talk like this, but I would not have been surprised in the least if a gnome or elf had appeared suddenly to offer encouragement. Couldn't you just see them lined up along the trail clapping and cheering, sitting on those little orange toadstools, dangling their feet, and offering us thimbles of water to drink? Maybe the heat and humidity was getting to me — making my already overactive imagination run amuck.

On the return run, we were more spaced out but still in little clumps. I ended up running between two clumps, sometimes alone, other times with one other runner — occasionally meeting runners who were doing the course twice. I wasn't leaping over fallen logs or flying down the hills any more, I was tired. Instead, I seriously concentrated on picking up my feet — my legs were weak and my feet felt like lead weights had been attached. I walked more of the hills, ran the flats and downhill slower. Occasionally, I would look up and see a blue trail marker. I knew these were remnants from the Long Crossing 50-miler held a month or so ago. I thought about those runners . . . How did they feel when they passed this spot? Were they hurting? Were they sad or happy or just tired? What did they see? What did they think about? How could they do it? I know they had great physical and emotional strength — tremendous determination. I had seen it in their faces as they crossed the finish line. . . . In fact, these markers saved another runner and myself from getting lost. We made a wrong turn, ran into a dead end, backtracked and followed the trail of blue ribbon back to "civilization."

I've given some thought to why I am attracted to trail running so much. The feelings I have about running are the same no matter where I run. But the natural setting adds a special element. When I consider the two combined, the one aspect that stands out for me is the pure honesty of it all. What you see is what you get. What you give is what you get too. The variations of sensual offerings are endless. There are no

underlying meanings or complicated contradictions. I can open my eyes, ears and nose and experience the sights sounds and smells around me. Each step brings with it the promise of a new experience. I move my arms and legs and feel the rhythmic pounding of my heart as it pumps blood through my body. I have to look closely and think quickly about where next to place my foot. The only demands and expectations made are those I choose to make of myself. I can share this experience with others or keep it all to myself. No one will mind — no one will care. (No one will understand any of this but another runner.) It's simple, it's sweet, and it's free. What more could you want?

So the run is over. I finished, and I didn't fall down one time. (You can tell I'm thankful for small accomplishments.) I'm still sore, but that too will pass. I have discovered another type of running to mix in with the others I enjoy so much: competition, road running alone, road running with friends, even track running occasionally. I'm here to tell you, Friend, for me, trail running is not only a different experience, it's GREAT FUN! I am definitely going to do this again — and soon.

See you out on the trails.

## About the Editor

by Linda Stribling

Although I have not been formally elected, I have been asked to edit *The Runaround* for 1989-90. I am happy to serve the Club in any way I can but I will gladly forfeit the duties if there is anyone in the membership who wants the job. You see, I've had the opportunity before. I was the editor for three terms — July 1984 to June 1987.

I also work all the Club-sponsored races (except for the Women's Run) and attend the monthly Club meetings because it is my opportunity to show my support for the Club. I am of the opinion that a person should fully support any organization of which he or she is a member — be it business or social.

I've been running since the first Women's Road Run in 1981. And to tell you how much I knew about the sport, I told people I was going to go "practice" running and enter this race I had read about because they were giving away a T-shirt with a really neat logo on it. Needless to say, I never did go "practice" but I did complete the race and have been running ever since.

I'm not a fast runner but (as far as I know) I led the Club in one respect last year — the first in a long line of marriages within the Club. If you can't find the name Stribling on the Club roster it's because I was Linda Nelson until March 15, 1988.

Other marriages that took place in 1988 were: Club President Bill Harrell and Belinda Dillon, April 9; Bob Hanle and Robin Matheny, April 25; Bill Torrey and Carol Moore, August 6; John Gray and Ann Smith, August 29; Mary Fell and Rick Jenkins, November 4; and Bob McGowan and Susan

Henslee, December 27.

Don Cave and Donna Brainard continued the line of marriages on January 1, 1989, followed by Karen Pickett and Fletcher Lord, June 3; Sam Green and Martha Williamson, June 9; and Jack Allsup and Donna Duerr, July 1.

I have not been attending the Sunday fun runs as Andy's, mainly because I didn't want to get up early to get there and because I was bored with that same old run. But I've found out that the reason for going to the run is not the run itself but the Club "news" afterward at breakfast.

Roger Thompson, who did a great job as 1989 Pepsi Race Director, will be leaving Arkansas about September 1 for a year in New Jersey. Col. Dale Green, who has done an equally great job as Race Director of the Minuteman 10K, will be retiring from the National Guard on July 31 and will begin work for another Sam (Walton of Wal-Mart fame) on August 1 in Texas. As of June 29 Yvonne Thompson has a new address — 5100 Woodlawn. I understand that Ken Ropp, the Pike's Peak troop leader, has a move in the works but there are no details yet.

Bill Harrell and I have discussed possible articles for upcoming issues of the newsletter. If you have an idea for a regular column or would like to write an occasional feature, send them to me at 4207 West Drive, Little Rock 72209. I need the copy by the 25th of the month for publication by the first (or as soon after as possible after) of the next month. The copy does not have to be typed but if it is handwritten please give me your phone number in case I can't decipher your handwriting. My home number is 565-4969. Let me hear from you. It's your newsletter, I just manage it for you.

## Fun Runs/Races

July 8—Arkansas Ultra Club Big Dog/Little Dog fun run. 16 or 33 miles on dirt roads. Bring your own provisions. Starting time to be determined by temperature. Bill and Teresa Laster, 666-6621.

July 15—Mount Nebo Fish Fry 5K run. Register at 6 a.m., race at 7. \$8 entry fee in advance, \$10 day of race. Dardanelle Chamber of Commerce, 229-3328.

July 29—Chicken and Egg Festival 5K at Prescott. Starts at 7:30 a.m. at junction of state highways 19 and 24. \$7 entry fee before July 7, \$10 after. Glenn Whitmarsh, Rte. 6, Box 23-A, Prescott 71857 or call 887-3876.

July 29—Ding Dong Daddy 5K at Dumas. Starts at 7 a.m. at Pickens and ends in downtown Dumas. Rondy Lee, 382-5848.

July 29—That Dam Night Run 5K. Starts at 8 p.m. at DeGray Lake on Highway 7, 7 miles north of Arkadelphia. \$10 entry fee before July 26, \$12 after. Ronnie Penney, 246-6343, or Mike Prince, 246-9864.