
THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

May 1989

Letter from a Nearly Retired Editor – Jack Evans

For almost two years, which will end with the June newsletter, I have shared my thoughts which seemed, at the time, appropriate for a particular moment.

As the two remaining months wind down, I have begun to search for some thoughts of my youth, approximately twenty-two years ago, which may express how I feel at this very moment.

The first inspiring thought of my youth was "Some men see things as they are and say Why? I dream things that never were and say Why Not."

As a running club it is time for the dreamers to dream and the doers to turn those dreams into a reality. We have only scratched the surface in promoting our activity in the community.

Dreams such as a running path along the Arkansas River from Riverfront Park to Pinnacle Mountain, a wellness center with an indoor and outdoor track funded through the savings of healthcare dollars, an organized track and cross-country program for the youth of our community, and an organized exercise program for the aged to promote a quality life.

We as a club should not confine all our energy and efforts to races and monthly meetings. As in the beginning of each of our training programs, we began with a short step before we made a giant leap and commitment to an intensive program.

Let's become obsessed!!! How can we help others in our community to improve their quality of life. It is our obligation to lead the way and set the example of wholeness. Many few of us take that second step in educating the community on the importance of a well rounded exercise program.

The first step taken by our club officers was very much appreciated, but it is time for us to run the second mile.

May I end my commentary with the second thought of my youth "The future does not belong to those who are content with today, apathetic toward common problems and their fellow man alike, timid and fearful in the face of new ideas and bold projects. Rather it will belong to those who can blend vision, reason, and courage in a personal commitment to the two essential truths: **TODAY WE ARE WHERE OUR THOUGHTS HAVE TAKEN US, AND WE ARE THE ARCHITECTS - FOR BETTER OR WORSE - OF OUR FUTURES.**

The RunAbout Calendar

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

FUN RUNS AND RACES - MAY

13 SAT.

Mental Health 5K in Conway, Fifth Avenue Park, 8 AM

Timberfest 5K, Sheridan, 8 AM, Fee - \$8 advance, \$10 race day

Steamboat Days 5K, Des Arc, Fee - \$10 until 5/6, \$12.50 after

Hash House Harriers Great Cross Country Run, Hindman Park tennis courts, 8 AM

Hot Springs County Memorial Hospital 5K, Malvern at hospital, 8 AM, Fee \$7 advance, \$9 day of race

Cleburne Memorial Hospital Fitness Festival 5K, Greers Ferry Dam in Heber Springs, Fee - \$0.00. Call 362-3121.

20 SAT.

Second Chance for Life SK, Boswell Community Center in Bryant, 8:00 A.M., Fee - \$8 until 5/15, \$10 after. Call 847-8648.

Mental Health 5K in Russellville, Bona Dea Trail, 8:00 A.M. Call 327-8950.

27 SAT.

Apple Pie 5K, square in Salem, 8:30 AM. Fee - \$5. Call 895-3221.

Pilgram Fitness Center 5K, 213 Pine Street in Crossett, 8:00 AM. Call 364-7600.

JUNE

3 SAT

DeGray Water Festival 5K, DeGray Lake State Park Visitors Center, 7:30 AM, Fee - \$10 before 5/31, \$12 after

Lum and Abner 5K, downtown Mena, 8 AM

10 SAT

Portfest 8K, Jacksonport State Park near Newport, 8 AM, Fee - \$6 advance, \$8 race day.

The Fickle-Fingered Formula – Miles LeTrek

Logic, science, religion, and history are the instruments with which modern man keeps the horror of his existence at bay. - Nietzsche

He forgot about beer and trail running. - Turbo LeTrek

Nobody here but us adults, right? So it's fair to assume we've all figured out that life offers two or three sensations that are marginally more pleasurable than a good long training run. But, whew boy, no way I can write about that stuff in this newsletter. I don't know what you were hoping for when you started reading this issue, but I gotta tell you, running's as good as it's ever gonna get.

Running. It's like any addiction. You begin with small doses, looking for some feelgood, a little grin value. In my case it was innocent enough at first: A bike ride to the track at 6:30 a.m. for a two mile run, followed by a light Nautilus workout and a shower at the health club before continuing on to the office. I started feeling so good after arriving at work at 8 o'clock, as a carry over from the exercise that I confirmed in my own mind that I would do this for the rest of my days on earth or any other planet I might happen to wind up on.

Then came the dark side. As my running distances increased over the months and years, I began to realize that a certain bloat had taken hold the same bloat that seems to have affected almost every phase of our lives in this country. A large order of fries, three liter cokes, sixteen valve cylinder heads, and king-sized water beds. I was trapped.

You've heard of the point of diminishing returns? I don't know where it is for you exactly, but for me it's a long way this side of 50+ mile ultramarathons. Yet those long, rocky, wet/dry, hot/cold trail runs hold some fond memories. There were days when they hurt so good,

and there were days when they just hurt. The idea that you can run your butt beyond the threshold of pain is surprising to most folks, and a 50 mile ultra will certainly turn up the hurt level, but I still want to try one someday. What is it about running anyway?

But ah, when it all began. The reawakening, the revitalization of an aging physique. I'll never again experience those first innocent energies. Does anyone?

Just the other day I was ruminating on all of this when it occurred to me that I am blessed with a gastrointestinal system that permits me to consume almost anything on said trail runs, in order to maintain my energy level. This is not to say that I can absorb enough of those Ronald McDonald synthetic extrusions (in the styrofoam coffins) to plug the leak in the Valdez, and immediately run a 10K. But my G.I. tract is quite accomodating.

While trying to figure out whether people actually digest their food better while running or at rest, I was reminded of Frederick II, Holy Roman Emperor from 1220 to 1250. There being no causal relationship between running and Holy Roman Emperors, you're probably wondering what brought big Fred to mind. Proving the digestion question one way or the other triggered the connection.

Freddie thought that people digest food better when they are sleeping rather than exercising, and made a bet with his court doctor that this was so. The doctor disagreed, coming down on the side of exercise. Frederick, a believer in the scientific method and in direct investigation, had several court hangers-on brought in and treated them all to a big meal. He then sent one-half of the group hunting, and the other guys to bed. The next day he had them all brought in, killed and gutted. It turned out that Frederick was right, but sadly those golden, innocent days are long past.

Called stupor mundi - amazement of the world - by historians, Freddie was an educated guy. For a medieval emperor, he was modern, often brilliant in his thinking. He was a rationalist, widely read, and insatiably curious - perhaps to a fault, who tended to get directly to the heart of the matter without feasibility studies and fact finding commissions.

So let's cut to the quick. The fickle-fingered formula is:

You run more to run more, ad infinitum.

Fellow Follower of Zebulon – Ken Ropp

Your attendance is requested at the annual Pike's Peak Preview for 1989. The gala event will be May 21 at 1:30 p.m. in the main auditorium of the Center for Health Education at St. Vincent Medical Center located at Markham and University Streets in Little Rock, Arkansas. On the program will be Roger and Margie-Loyd Allsion of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Margie is a two-time winner of the marathon with an age group record time of 4:36. They'll share their training tips along with other Pike's Peak facts with our group.

Let it be noted that the lies and fantasizing by some you about your exploits during this prestigious race has raised the ire of the spirit of Zebulon Pike, who resides at Barr Camp. Zebulon wishes to settle any indiscretions with you during our annual trek to pay homage on August 19-20, 1989. You have been duly warned.

Bring your spouse or spouse-equivalent and the attire is casual.

Don't Be a SIMP – Be a SIMPS! – Bill W. Hoffman

The event started as a solo fun run for me years ago. McKinnie, always at a loss to accept or explain abject defeat in a race, began skulking around in his car on his day off trying to discover my training secrets. He'd hid in alleys or side streets at first. Then he began innocently showing up in running gear out on the course. One Sunday, after being blown away as usual in a big race, he began crying real tears and groveling so I was forced to let him join up. A real mistake for me. All he did from there on out was attract and recruit an even more undesirable element of wierdos, kooks, *SIM* bondage freaks, sociopaths, perverts, and assorted oddballs. I can't give you the name of his first recruit because she ain't made up her mind what her surname is yet but she exemplifies all of the above traits and is built like Schwarzenegger to boot. Once on a run she became physically overheated

and ripped the legs off of her burlap tights. The remaining portion of the garment unraveled up to her navel over the next eight miles which bothered her not at all but us very much. In fact our group now is so at one with nature the flasher complaints you read about from ladies running on Kavanaugh Blvd. on Sunday mornings resulted as they passed by one of our designated relief stops. We have the only coed pit stops south of the Boston marathon. We meet to run on Sunday mornings at 0900 on the west end of the Safeway Emporium parking lot in the heights. Warm rain yes --- cold rain no. You get your choice of distance from one block to 10.3 accurately measured miles. Drop off when you want to and still be close to your car. No fone arrangements necessary -- just show up when and if you want to fun run.

Don't be mislead by the metal icons being displaced in the foto taken after the TAC/RRCA State Championship 12K on April 8, 1989 and assume any of us are unmanageably serious about this running stuff. Even tho every one of our bunch who raced that day earned a trophy, the Sunday run is for fun --- usually. When it's not, we have certain rest stops and the faster folks wait there for the rest of us to catch up. All you have to do to keep up when you're having a slow day is keep tail-end Charlie, or Charlene, in sight.

The course goes thru some of the swankiest and most beautiful neighborhoods anywhere. Most of our group wouldn't be allowed in there if we weren't in such good company and we do try to get in and get out in a hurry. You'll marvel at how logically and painstakingly the course has been laid out.' There are no hills to speak of. The 0900 start allows for hangovers, gives it a chance to warm up and get light in winter and for slug-a-beds to catch a few extra Z's.

You'll participate in conversations the likes of which you've seldom heard: from unsupressed desire for bubblebutted women to wetting you pants on a run. You're likely to be mooned by a front runner but anything that skinny and ugly can't be too offensive. We stop a lot for laughs and tend to roll around in the gutter uncontrollably as a result. No topic or person is taboo. You'll get more advice than you ever wanted on any subject from running related, e.g. training, diet, equipment, injuries, to you name it. While our group boasts of many certified specialists in a number of fields, just watch out for what they tell you.

Occasionally when older and stronger leadership is not available the pack goes off aimlessly on an uncharted course. This leads to mid-air collisions and constant chatter like where in the hell are we going now?

There's no aid, unless you bring it, no maps, no awards or T-shirts, no traffic control and no mercy for any reason. We do have a fun time tho except when McKinnie sulks about the pace being too fast but we just run off and leave him. While we run fairly slowly due to most of our members being in midlife or worse, we can almost guarantee you will gain the confidence, training, and incentive that you need to improve your running or you'll contribute to the same for the rest of us who do need it. Come fly with us on Sunday mornings, or slog along if you prefer -- you'll like it!

You can call the HMFICC at 225-3046 for info. While we specialize in teaching gorgeous young sexy women the futility of trying to outrun dirty old men, we urge them to call only during LR school working hours.