

THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

October 1989

Presidential Report

Speed Work for the Slow of Foot

by Bill Harrell

Something very important is happening on October 19 at the Maumelle Sailing Club Boathouse. The very first, as far as anyone knows, LRRC Halloween party and potluck will be held.

The boathouse is an excellent place for a party and is a short drive from the city limits. The doors will open at 6 p.m. and we will make it worth your while to show up. There will be signs posted along Highway 10 for those of you who can't read a compass.

Well, the fall racing season is here and the LRRC is helping prepare you for the races. Mark Spradley has once again agreed to coordinate the Break 40 Club workout for anyone who is interested. If you have a goal to reach or a PR to break then come on out and run with this group. You will work hard but you will also have some fun. Mark guarantees results. See you every Monday at 6 p.m. at the Parkview High School track. Be there or be slow.

There are other ways of getting faster than going to the track though. I'm going to note a few for you that I have observed over the years.

Dancing is an excellent form of aerobic activity. My 10K time dropped over two minutes when the Studebaker's Night Club was open. The twist and the alligator are two of the best dances to perform. The twist keeps the muscles loose and the alligator gives one upper body strength.

Stepping in a bed of yellow jackets will definitely make one faster. Although this workout is not recommended very often you can feel the effects of this for a couple of days.

There is always the good old fartlek workout. I first heard of this when I was in college 20 years ago, but I had no idea what it was. After a post workout lecture where we were told to incorporate fartlek into our afternoon runs I went back to my dorm room to figure out what the coach meant.

Well, I finally figured it out. If everyone on the team would eat a bowl of beans before the workout then line up to run in single file the person in the rear would have to sprint to the front of the line before the odor overtook him. Everyone would get to sprint at least four or five times, I figured.

Before this becomes a Miles LeTrek novel, I'll tell you that I did find out the true meaning of fartlek and it has nothing to do with beans but it does involve some sprinting.

Although I'm too lazy to do fartlek now some of my fast friends incorporate it into their schedule. Apparently it must be effective, but then again those guys eat beans.

Shopping isn't exactly a speed workout but it does build

stamina, especially if you are in a big mall. For some reason the wife prefers to take me shopping in the afternoons after a 20-mile training run. And if you keep running back and forth to the car with packages the shopping could also become a speed workout.

These are but a few of the ways to lower PR's but the safest and surest is to meet Mark and his gang at the Parkview track at 6 p.m. Monday.

Remember, if you are a TAC member running for individual Grand Prix points, there is also Club competition in the Grand Prix. Write Little Rock Roadrunners (LRRC) on the race application where it asks for a team affiliation. It is that simple. Who knows, there may be an award in it for you.

Nancy Gray and Jim Pearsall have worked real hard and gotten some enthusiastic bodies to run for Team Little Rock. The members who represent our Team said they would be proud to wear our Club's colors and represent us to the best of their ability. I'm sure they will all finish with a smile too.

Next month: Not running versus running fast.

Boston Qualifying Times

The Boston Athletic Association has changed the qualifying times for the Boston Marathon. Just in case you haven't seen them, they are:

Age	Men	Women
18-34	3:10	3:40
35-39	3:15	3:45
40-44	3:20	3:50
45-49	3:25	3:55
50-54	3:30	4:00
55-59	3:35	4:05
60-64	3:40	4:10
65-69	3:45	4:15
70+	3:50	4:20

Some upcoming marathons are: Andrew Jackson Races in Jackson, Tenn., November 4; New York and the Marine Corps in Washington, D. C., November 5; Dallas White Rock and Memphis, December 3; Houston-Tenneco, January 14; and Louisiana Marathon, February 18.

The Ultra Corner

by Harley Peyton

The Ultra Trail Series continues to far exceed our expectations. The 21-mile Breadbasket Loop on September 9 proved to us what "real" runners can do on the routes that we've run for several years. (Complete results follow.) Johnny Gross finished in 2:16:05; Tom Zaloudek was second in 2:20:17, and Eddie Mulkey took third with 2:20:54. My secondhand source said that a pack of four consisting of these three plus young Scott McDermott of Conway led at the first aid stop at 2.5 miles. Tom and Eddie ran through the stop while Johnny and young Scott stopped for water. After Johnny filled his bottle he took off for the lead runners, leaving Scott holding the water jug. Young Scott never recovered but did finish a strong 2:48:50. Johnny eventually caught the leaders and won going away. He stated that he did like he always does: "run'em down and beat 'em."

The women's race brought a new face to the leader board. Donna Hardcastle took a commanding lead by eight miles and finished in 4:03. This far outdistanced Corky Binz and Margaret Davis who tied at 4:53. Corky is to be commended for picking herself up after a hard fall and finishing with enough enthusiasm to ask about the date of the next event of the trail series; which, incidentally, is October 14.

It will start at 6:30 a.m. with a 6:15 a.m. briefing and start at the same location as the first two runs. Called the Tom-Harley, it is 28 miles and combines the best of the Breadbasket and Pigeon Roost runs. Water will be set out and maps will be available. I will have a conflict on that date so Nick Williams will do the honors. I hope to be there for the finish.

Let me explain my conflict. Lou and I are assisting my church in a 5K on that date. Yes, the Calvary 5K has been reborn! If you're looking for a good quality, local 5K come and join us. The church is located across from the Sportstop and the route will run through the Heights.

On September 15 I participated in the Six-Hour Moonlight Track Run in Benton, sponsored by Clint Cusick of the Saline County Striders. Some Little Rock Roadrunners Club members were there, notably Sam Green, Bill and T-Bear Laster, and Pat O'Brien. Sam won with 43 miles, Bill was second with 42.25, Pat had 32 miles, and T-Bear had 27.25. I was pleased with my 30.25 miles and got a real kick out of being able to run with the leaders the last two hours. My goal was to warm up the first two hours, hold back the third and fourth hours and then "let it go" for the last two hours.

Sam told me that he was putting in 100 mile weeks in preparation for the Dallas Marathon. In fact, he had 70 miles going into the track run. Unreal!

Clint puts on a real good, low key, no pressure race down there and the increasing turnout that he is having, 53 starters, attests to the popularity of these ultra events. Oh, yes, Glenda Erwin led the females with 32.25 miles. Pat O'Brien wanted to run her age, 34, but fell short. She did not appear to be greatly disappointed, however. Happy trails!

Breadbasket Results

Male

1. Johnny Gross	2:16:05
2. Tom Zaloudek	2:20:17
3. Eddie Mulkey	2:20:54
4. Robert Morgan	2:43:29
5. Bill Maxwell	2:46:32
6. Buddy Ritter	2:48:43
7. Scott McDermott	2:48:50
8. David Cawein	2:49:50
9. Troy Delk	2:49:51
10. Jim Sweatt	3:12:57
11. Sam Hardcastle	3:18:30
12. Bruce Nunnally	3:35:00
13. James Hicks	4:00:20
14. Harley Peyton	4:05:00
15. Ken Miller	4:05:34

Female

1. Donna Hardcastle	4:03:44
2. Corky Binz	4:53:00
Margaret Davis	4:53:00

Turning Obstacles Into Assets

by Lou Peyton

"When the going gets tough the tough get going." — Unknown

"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."
— Theodore Roosevelt

When you are out on a run do you ever think about all the things that are not in sync in your life. I certainly do. Did you ever get so frustrated that you decide you are going to survive, anyway. I have. Sometimes, mind games help us to get where we want to go. Have you ever had to pretend in a race that all of the runners who are passing you on their way to the finish are helping you, even if no one is uttering a word? How about if your parents, your spouse, your children or workmates don't seem to support you when you need just a word of encouragement. Did you ever stop to think that all of these circumstances could make you the runner you are. These circumstances that make going on so difficult could be the very "umph" that helps you to dig deep and keep going until you cross that finish line.

Weather conditions can apply also. Pushing yourself out into the heat of the summer or starting a run when it is raining can be the very thing that will give you the mental edge to keep going until you cross that finish line and celebrate a victory with other runners.

There are other times when things happen over which we have no control. When a virus attacks or an injury occurs the only smart thing to do is hang up the race. At this point, I believe, we need to apply a protective coating to our minds and remind ourselves that we really did give it our all and then reminisce on all the incredible (yes, say incredible, magnificent) accomplishments that we have made. Now, we should not bore our friends with this but reinforce our minds so that there is no down time mentally. Keep moving forward.

The . . . King . . . of . . . P - A - I - N!

by Miles LeTrek



Many of us who have been in the Little Rock Roadrunners for a number of years have lost sight of an important part of our running heritage, that which is embodied in the persona of someone known as "the Marquis." In order to rectify this situation, as well as to introduce newer members of the Club who have no idea who this dude is, I submit the following vaguely reverent essay.

The year was 1979 and I was new to running. It was springtime and I was determined to make this the year I got in shape, once and for all. All of my first experiences in running were done solo, on the newly created Riverfront Drive around the Rebsamen Insurance Building. Gradually, I built up my running distances on these billiard table flat roads and, as my runs became more extended, I started to notice strange messages spray painted in the street. Messages like "4 more for the Marquis," and "The Marquis is pleased." "Bunch of high school kids," I muttered to myself, and dismissed it out of hand.

The place, Cammack Village tennis courts. The time, 1:30 p.m. on a Sunday in early autumn. Some guy named Lou Peyton had called a four-mile fun run that appeared in the running calendar of the Gazette (that's when it was the *Arkansas Gazette*), and I decided to attend. It was the first time I had ever run with a group, and I remember actually being a tad nervous. Lou introduced herself to me. That was my first surprise; my second was meeting the infamous Marquis de Sade.

After the run was concluded, I happened to notice the Marquis' bumper sticker prominently displayed on Lou's now legendary yellow Scout and asked the Old Fossil where she obtained same. She allowed as how we were in the very presence of his Eminence, and I was immediately incarcerated into the Club by the ignoble leader himself. I also recall the Galloompher (Paul Johnson) being in attendance, as well as another newcomer who, when asked if he too wanted a bumper sticker, replied "Why should I want one of those things?" He has not been heard from since.

The phenomenon of the Marquis de Sade Running Club was first perpetrated on the larger public on or about 1977, when a small group consisting of Jim Johnson, Paul Johnson (not related), Pat Torvestad, Bob Galbraith, et al. began running

down on the river road. During some of their more tiring runs, they began to imagine a stern figure observing them and taking names if anyone got sluggardly and slothful. This mythical figure soon became incarnate in one member of the group and a living legend thus born. "In pain there is pleasure," said the Marquis. It was a phrase that was to become the central tenet for subsequent outings; and soon, the exploits of the Marquis and his group became institutionalized (although the Marquis was not.)

Si "Himmelman" Brewer, widely considered the most equivocal interpreter of the Marquis' running philosophy, joined the group a year later. "He was the most unwieldy subject I have ever brought under my tutelage," mused the Marquis in an unguarded moment. "As such, he represented a great challenge to my highly regarded training methods, and has even been responsible for fostering new research in the field." It is well known that the genetically lethargic Brewer was given to placing lawn furniture (no doubt on loan from Jack Allsup's living room) at strategic points on the course before a race, so that he might take a short nap during the event, should he feel the need. Prior to the start of the Pepsi 10K several years back, the Marquis had to coax Brewer, who had lapsed into temporary unconsciousness, to the starting line using an electrical device normally employed in the management of cattle and other livestock. This device, which has since become known as "le prod de Sade," remains one of the Marquis' favorite motivational instruments to this day.

Undaunted by Himmelman's lack of determination, the Marquis set about to organize certain events, most notably the sometimes annual "Marquis de Sade Rededication Run," in order to bring Himmelman, and others of his ilk, into line. Added to the "official" runs of the Marquis was the Grand Canyon Marathon, the so-called "Himmelman Crossing," in order to commemorate Heir Brewer's new found allegiance. I might point out that these two events, among the repertoire of the Marquis' runs, are the seminal works in the *oeuvre* of the much maligned master. The latter run is proof beyond all physiological doubt that the Marquis is the true father of minimalism, which certainly explains a lot. That other paragon of punishment, the "Rededication Run," firmly establishes the justly underrated Marquis as the inventor of sadomasochistic aerobic exercise.

"Because of my reputation a lot of people don't believe anything I say," says the Marquis. "Whoever said that fun runs are supposed to be fun? Wherever I travel, a lot of these ersatz runners think my cadre of followers is a lot of b. s. and even think that I made up Little Rock, Arkansas, which is a great insult to the some 200,000 people who live here. "Why the proliferation of my bumper stickers, and why are they so coveted?" is my rejoinder to these bourgeois dilettantes."*

After nearly a decade and a half, some runners still find both

So, What D'You Know?

by Mary Davidson

I know that there are all sorts and conditions of runners. All around this precious piece of earth poised amid untraveled space, we make our separate but equal journeys home. I read with delight of the diminutive denizens of equatorial forest who run under the tangled growth of their beloved jungle. Wearing out the hunting resources of one corner of that dim world ... or growing restless with the same old people in the same old clearing ... they rise and run until they find themselves arrived once more at home. Yet when trouble overwhelms these tiny, gentle folk they gather for days and nights on end beneath a leafy roof: huddled together they sing to their forest friend, certain that the mighty mother, upon hearing their song, will awake and nurture their need.

Just so I read with wonder of the warrior people who tower over swift Sahara sands, running lightly behind shields of skins. On and on they run across the limitless expanse of shimmering light, their tensile strength a reservoir of the hot energy above their high-held heads. Those spare bodies cast shadows as slim as the spears they hold. Behind them come their sacred cows, carrying within their bodies all that these proud people need or want to make their homes anew when grass and water once again appear.

And so I read the bodies of the runners that I meet. The careful courage of a woman by the river where I bike: she runs, she jogs, she walks and wipes her brow; thirty, going on fifty, she struggles to defeat the years of idleness behind her, the years of unseen care ahead. The piston pumping knees of two young men pounding past me: heads thrown back, chests heaving high, eyes intent upon their goals, they strain to meet success and self actualization. The round routine of regulars at the track: they run, they gossip companionably, they tick away the laps with comfortable control; a kaleidoscope of forms, they seek the functional competence they exude.

So, finally, I read the deep purpose etched into the bodies of our very own Little Rock Roadrunners Club members. Across the desert, up the mountain, through the forest they run; every step a further journey into self. Yet, on their faces peering at me from my morning paper I read the first blessed signs of release, of letting go, of peace. Here in Little Rock our Club celebrates the timeless joy of running and brings home to me the limitless world of our peers everywhere.



LRRC Halloween Party and Potluck

October 19

6 p.m.

Maumelle Sailing Club Boathouse

Featured Race: Minuteman 10K

The Minuteman 10K race was started in 1983 by the Adjutant General of the state of Arkansas, M/G Carter. The intent was to provide the public with a quality race, and to demonstrate to the public that the Army and Air National Guard are committed to physical fitness. In 1983, 340 runners finished this race, won by Tom Zaloudek in a time of 32:51. The women's winner was Linda Lockhart, who ran 41:36.

In 1984, the new race director, Col. Dale Green, contacted the 154th Weather Flight, and they computed what their prediction for weather would be on race day—cool with a light breeze. On the morning of the race, October 6, 1984, this area had one of the heaviest rains on record. Water was standing 6-12 inches deep on the race course. The start was delayed until the lightening left the area. No one complained. However, many drove back home, and attendance was only 241. A "jogger," Harold Smith, a former Razorback steeplechaser, won in a time of 31:35. This still stands as the course record. Linda Lockhart again won the women's race in 42:15.

The Minuteman 10K race continued to grow to 425 in 1985, 378 in 1986, and 425 runners in 1987. In 1988 a 5K race was added with a total of 604 competitors. Billy Mills won in 16:28, with Ann Kell winning the women's race in 21:49.

The Minuteman 10K is sponsored by the men and women of the Arkansas Army and Air National Guard through contributions from the Officer's Association, the NCO Association, and by the Camp Robinson Canteen. No commercial sponsorship is allowed nor accepted. While the Minuteman loses money each year the goodwill contribution to the local community is considered a good investment. The 1989 Minuteman 10K will be held at 8 a.m. at Camp Robinson October 7.

Previous Winners of Minuteman 10K

Year	Male	Time	Female	Time
1983	Tom Zaloudek	32:51	Linda Lockhart	41:36
1984	Harold Smith	31:35	Linda Lockhart	42:15
1984	Eddie Mulkey	33:46	Karen White	43:48
1986	Jack Defreitas	32:05	Donna Falkenhain	41:26
1987	Jack Defreitas	31:41	Diane Marshall	37:38
1988	Jack Defreitas	31:54	Sloan Burton	37:43

P - A - I - N !

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the Marquis and Himmelman unbelievable. "There are still people who come to my sanctioned runs expecting regular, recreational exercise," says the Marquis. I, Miles LeTrek, as membership manager and dues taker of LRRC can confirm this. Just year before last, during the first segment of the Marquis' rededication run, there was a new woman member from New York who pulled up alongside me trying to get her money back. As one of his Lordship's chief lieutenants, I summarily denied the poor wretch's request. I trust the Marquis is pleased.

**Observe the Marquis' almost gratuitous, but well-timed use of native expression.*