

THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

April 1990

Presidential Report

Pepsi is History; Jr. Jog and Women's Run in April

by Bill Harrell

I'm not going to subject you to another of my boring stories this month. There is too much going on and I don't have the time or the capability to think at the present. I will let you know a few of the things that are coming down in the next month.

Our monthly meeting will be held at the Little Rock Athletic Club on April 19. Our guest speaker will be Lisa Thoreson, a registered dietician and head of aerobics at the Athletic Club. Club member Ann Moore, who also works at the Athletic Club, has agreed to give a tour of the facility to anyone who wants it. The meeting will start at 7 p.m. with the announcement of the Runner of the Year Awards. The Athletic Club is located 1/4 mile from the intersection of Highway 10 and Sam Peck Road on Peckerwood Road.

There was a good turn out at our pizza/packet stuffing meeting March 15. We got a lot of packets stuffed as well as

stuffing a lot of pizza. Hopefully, none of it got stuffed in the packets.

The Junior Jog is scheduled for April 21 at War Memorial Stadium. Sign up your kids and come on out and watch this race. This is always one of the top events of the year.

The following week, on April 28, the women get a chance to showcase their talents on the Riverdale course during the 10th Annual Women's Run. These women are extremely competitive and you will see some exciting racing. So, you men come on out and volunteer for this race. It's gonna be a good one.

A special thanks goes out to all who volunteered their time to work on the Pepsi race. I couldn't have found any better individuals to work with than the committee chairmen I had.

The hundreds of other non-chair volunteers we had are also invaluable to the race. It's been said before that if you haven't worked a race you really can't appreciate a race. In that case this is the most appreciated race in Arkansas.

Thanks again for all your help. See you on the roads soon.

Living with an Injured Runner Like Running a Major Marathon

Editor's Note: I don't normally use reprinted material on the front page of The Runaround but, with the spring running season upon us, this is very timely. Erma Bombeck is a nationally-syndicated columnist whose articles appear in the Arkansas Gazette. This Best of Bombeck column was originally published on November 4, 1984.

There are several all-encompassing categories for divorce: irreconcilable differences, incompatibility, infidelity, and cruel and inhuman treatment. Any one of them will get you a place in the middle of a bed by yourself with no contest.

Living with a runner who cannot run, however, is in a class all by itself. It's mental cruelty I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

Runners generally don't hurt anybody. Oh sure, they wear their little gym shoes to everything from brunches to black-tie affairs. They sweat all over the sheepskin seat covers in the car. They hold up every meal until they stretched. They will unveil their purple toes, blisters and stress fractures at the drop of a split time. But they're reasonably pleasant — until they ne up with an injury that keeps them from running. Then they don't want to live any more.

A couple of weeks ago, I said to my incapacitated husband, "Good morning."

He said, "What do you mean by a crack like that?"

"Nothing. It's just your basic generic greeting."

"Easy for you to say," he said. "You're out of shape anyway."

"There's no need to be insulting," I said. "I'm sorry you can't run."

"Do you know how long it's going to take me to get back up to 10 miles a day?"

"Three months," I said.

"It's going to take me three months. Three months of running with pain, gasping and sweating, with leg cramps and sore muscles."

"Sounds terrible."

"That's not the worst of it," he said. "The worst of it is sitting around the house eating meals on time, resting and socializing."

"Someone has to do it," I said.

During the next few weeks, I had to endure his whining, irritability, boredom, impatience, criticisms and long periods of silence. "Why don't you have a mid-life affair like other men do?" I asked.

"Who would look at anyone who can't run a 10K?" he sneered. "For God's sake, woman, when will it sink in that I have a pulled hamstring? I am doomed to spend another week in this house with nothing to look forward to in the mornings

(see Bombeck on Page 3)

The Ultra Corner

by Harley Peyton

In case you haven't heard, Helen Klein is scheduled to be in the Little Rock area visiting her daughter, probably the second week in April. Besides being Lou's personal hero and role model, Helen, a 67-year-old grandmother, has been featured in *Runner's World*, *Ultrarunning*, and countless other fitness publications. She is the oldest finisher of the Ironman Triathlon, the Western States 100-Mile Endurance Run, and was one of four women to finish the Grand Slam of Ultra Running this past year (four 100-milers in a summer). She and her husband, Norman, are race directors of many events including Western States. Lou wants to get together with Helen while she's here, maybe for a meal out or a run somewhere. Keep your head up on this one. When Lou finalizes her plans we'll pass them on to you.

Ultra Trail Series: Results of the Pipeline Express 12-miler. I hate the taste of feathers. Whenever I eat crow I just want to beat the stew out of somebody. "What are you talking about, Harley?" I was quoted in the *Arkansas Democrat* as saying that Johnny Gross would not be a factor in the trail series because he was a little shy about running through the creeks and icy wetlands. I probably don't understand that "Hash" mentality because I was proven wrong in my prediction. Johnny finished first in the final series run, almost two minutes ahead of the overall series winner, Eddie Mulkey. Conditions on the pipeline are always wet. But after a week of rain, the ruts and creeks were full to the brim. Although the weather service said that the Little Rock temperature was 42°, there was ice on the muddy pipeline waters.

We had a good turn out despite a conflict with the Arkansas Marathon in Booneville the same day. There were the regular series runners plus a few first timers; most notably, Dr. Steve Tilley, Larry Mabry, Al Maguire and Jim Stanley. We started about a quarter-mile from the trailhead on Highway 300 to let the fast guys get off unimpeded. The Ouachita Trail to the pipeline is flat and covered with pine straw, ideal for whooping and hooting. At the pipeline it is a five-mile session of hills, rocks, and creek crossings. A careful eye was necessary to avoid falls. I ran in the back to take a few pictures and to mark the turn off with flour for the return. As usual, Johnny and Eddie battled it out for the lead in conditions that were ideal for these two "Hashers." The second tier consisted of Tom Zaloudek, Jim Sweatt, Jim Schuller, Bill Laster, and Bill Maxwell of Mountain Home. Al Maguire and I ran together through the pines and he commented that this was a fast pace. This was his first time out and he did not realize that all the series runs have been horse races from the start.

At the pipeline and trail junction, Nick Williams was observed to stop and give one of those "I don't know what to do looks." It was a look last seen at the Wasatch Front 100-

miler last September where ole Nick was wanting to pace Suzie Thibeault of Auburn, CA, but needed to run with Max Hooper. He was torn with indecision. The maternal vs. the paternal. What would he do? Max vs. Suzie. He chose Max and went on to finish. Now it was that same feeling — to run with Dr. Tilley or pace Carol Mathew. Dr. Tilley wanted him; Carol needed him. The maternal vs. paternal was happening to Nick again. What would he do? We'll see in a moment.

Meanwhile, Eddie, who was gearing up for Cross Timbers on March 23, had made a tactical error in wearing Nike Waffle Racers and his feet were feeling every rock. On the downhill, where he usually is superior to Johnny, he found himself falling behind. At the eight-mile mark Johnny was 35 yards ahead and running smoothly.

Back at the intersection we see Nickie Boy hooking up with Steve Tilley, leaving Carol to ward off her challengers by herself. He probably assessed that as long as Carol was running, she would get the points and win the series. If she couldn't run he didn't want to be around when she tried to wring someone's neck. Nick is smart. Carol did prove to be the fastest female, out-racing an improving Irene Johnson and Mrs. Consistent, Donna Hardcastle. Lou Peyton was a surprising fourth. Congratulations to Johnny and Carol for their victories.

Congratulations to Eddie Mulkey and Carol for their first place finishes in the 1989 Ultra Trail Series. Special trail plaques are being made and will be presented at a later date.

The three goals of the series were to attract new recruits to our training runs, provide a showcase for runners to demonstrate their talents, and provide training opportunities for those of us going to 50 and 100-mile trail runs during the spring and summer. The success was more than any of us anticipated. We attracted over 65 different runners to the seven races; 53 males and 12 females signed the results sheet. We attracted several sub-2:40 marathoners who produced finish times that the organizers would have thought impossible in the beginning.

Consistency proved to be the key to victory in the men's division. Eddie participated in all series races, finishing with two firsts, three seconds, and two thirds, for a total of 265 points. The exception to my consistency rule was Sam Hardcastle who finished all seven races and amassed 11 points. Such is life.

On the women's side, Carol had four firsts and one second for 47 points. Donna Hardcastle made all seven runs and was still in contention at the last run. Her 37 points are due congratulations.

The top 10 male finishers and top five female finishers and their points are:

Eddie Mulkey	265	Carol Mathew	47
John Gross	205	Donna Hardcastle	37
Tom Aspel	110	Lou Peyton	22
Tom Zaloudek	105	Ann Smith	20
David Cawein	68.5	Irene Johnson	16
Bill Laster	55		
Bill Maxwell	52		
Danny Mann	45		
Jim Sweatt	43		
Robert Morgan	41		

Plans are already being made for new runs and new versions of the old runs. If any of you have suggestions call Nick or Harley and state your preference for the 1990 Ultra Trail Series.

Training Run Report: 2-17-90 — Nick and Sharon Williams and Lou and I ventured over to Highway 7 for a 21-mile run on the Ouachita Trail. We went in two cars, traveling Highway 10 to Highway 9 at Williams Junction, then left for four miles on #9 to the Winona Forest Drive #132. This is a well maintained one-lane Forest Service road that connects to Highway 7 north of Hot Springs. The distance might be 26 miles from #9 to #7. Our scheme was for Lou and me to start running from #7 and run west on the trail to Highway 298. Nick would pick my truck up and take it to #298 where he and Sharon would run east 21 miles. Jack and Donna Allsup were planning to show up at #298 in their car and run a segment east then back to the cars on #298 and ferry Nick's van over to the trailhead at #7.

This is a genius plan probably worked out by Ferda, Jack's computer. Ferda had good intentions but Jack and Ms. Donna didn't show up. Nick, being a wise man, decided to run short to the nine-mile point at Ouachita Pinnacle and return to #298. This turned out to be a two-part run for Lou and me. The trail had taken a beating with a few hard days of rain and some of it appeared to be washed up with debris and rutted. Nevertheless, it was typical Ouachita Trail action, plenty of rocks, briars, leaf-covered trails, downed trees and slow going. However, the trail was freshly marked and easy to follow. It seemed mostly uphill to the 12-mile point, where I started to hear Mr. Nick hooting on top of Ouachita Pinnacle. He told me that the next nine miles were good running with three climbs. With this information I blasted the last nine miles in 1:40 and found the trail to be soft and sure. All told, the run took five hours flat with Lou about 20 minutes back. The last nine miles made the drive over worthwhile, and I'd do it again.

2-24-90: We ran the Tom-Harley Loop. It was a perfect day for the 30-miler — bright blue skies with a cool breeze. We were met at the start by Tom Chapin on his mountain bike. Tom is recovering from knee surgery and said that he is getting better and would be going with us soon. We all renewed acquaintances and swapped lies. It sure was good to see him. I asked about Otis Edge who has had a mysterious injury. Tom said that Otis was running an hour a day now. Although Tom didn't say it, I got the impression, by the way Tom hung his head, that his brother-in-law had, as we say in Mississippi, "grained out" during his lay off. Ole Otis will be all right now that he is running again.

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For you trivia buffs: Who helped organize the Little Rock Roadrunners Club and served as its first president? You're right if you said Otis Edge. Now who was the second president?

Back to Tom-Harley. We soon spread out on the downhill side of the first mountain at four miles. I would occasionally see Nick and Lou eating and drinking up ahead but could never catch them. At 16 miles I hit the power line and met Tom running my way. He had gone home and gotten Otis who was running up ahead with Nick and Lou. What a good feeling to be around my ultra buddies. At the base of Pigeon Roost Mountain I was alone again and walked the entire hill (one mile). From then it was a matter of survival to the finish in six hours. Lou and Nick had a 5:48. What a run. We should do it every month.

Ultra Training Tip: "How to avoid injury during the taper." As simple as this sounds, I have succumbed to injury during the taper-down phase of my ultra training after enduring the mega-mileage weeks and over-distance runs.

It's almost like an uncontrollable urge that comes over me when the mileage drops and my system starts to come back to life. An urge to experiment. To try to find that missing ingredient in my training that will prove to be the key to an easier ultra. Let me give you two examples. Three years ago I got a little anxious before the Jackson Five-O and thought that my quads needed a little fine tuning. I figured that running backwards uphill would help build my quads just enough to put me over the edge. Wrong! I remember feeling a little twinge in the left foot as I pumped up Overlook Hill in reverse. On race day I got a neuroma-like stab in the ball of my foot that stopped me at exactly 30 miles.

My next idea was before the first Governor's Cup 50-miler. This time it was my hip flexors. I had the idea that they were too tight. I remember watching Edwin Moses run the hurdles on TV and thought that if I could bring my legs back like he could I could run like a deer, too. I prescribed a little hip stretching. My method was to walk around the living room on my knees. Not overdo it but just a little to build my confidence. Wrong again! The muscle pull still bothers me after almost 18 months.

My rule of thumb (with one exception) is that if you are not doing it a month before the Ultra don't start it. This includes stretching and everything. Use willpower. Think about baseball! Rejoice in feeling good and being able to rest. My one exception is an exclusive I saw in *Runner's World* last month. The article described a can't miss exercise to cure knee problems forever. Of the six or seven exercises described, I saw one I liked. The squat. At this moment I have a 10 lb. sandbag in my hands and am dangling it between my legs. The object is to squat till the sandbag touches the floor. I'll have some fine quads before Cross Timbers on March 23.

Bombeck (continued from Page 1)

but reading the paper and drinking coffee. There are no dogs to nip at my calves. There is no carbon monoxide from traffic to fill my lungs. No rocks in my shoes to make my feet bleed. All I have left is my sense of humor."

Divorce would be too good for him.