

THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

August 1990

Presidential Report

Guess the identity of the mystery runner

by Bonnie Brandsgaard

Can you identify the Mystery Runner? Can you identify with the Mystery Runner?

Dedicated to all of us who are NOT physically going to the Peak but will be there in spirit.

Four cars pulled into the parking lot at Maumelle Park on Saturday — one day early for the weekly Peak training run, which was postponed one day later because of Brickfest. (Ah, first clue!)

Never mind that all the other training runs had been scheduled on Saturday, we four only read where the training run was located and did not read the exact date. Establishing "Who's on first," three of us were committed to the Peak (second clue) and then there was I.

Mumbling something about being slow, not planning to go the entire Pinnacle loop, and going home to load my dog Gracie in the car to do a flat six-mile run down at the river, I started crawfishin' my way toward my car.

Mystery Runner (M.R.) would have none of that and said he would turn around anytime I wanted and needed to go slow himself. He extended his hand, introduced himself and gave me the encouragement to stay and try.

The other two said very little but we four started together down that first and only flat mile. Our remarks reminded me of the training days for the Dallas marathon so I told them how the slow and fast runners started together down old Markham in training for the 1982 Dallas marathon, exchanging bits of our histories and current injury stories during the first mile.

Well, M.R. took that bit of information as the challenge of the day and became determined that I would go the course — a bit at a time. Of course, he did not inform me of his decision.

Turning up the hill toward the Visitors' Center, I slowed up but M.R. would not have any of that. "Come on," he said. "You can see where we stop for water at the center."

Just nodding, I started swinging my arms to help weave myself up the incline with a drink of water as my goal. Since I thought I was turning around soon to head back to the car, I made it up the hill, had the drink, and started what I assumed was my return to the parking lot.

As we neared the turn for the trail, I mentioned to M.R.

that I averaged about 3 1/2 miles a day during the week and I might ought to be heading back now. Well, he seemed to indicate that because of his age, he didn't hear my excuses.

Cajoling me onto the trail, M.R. started telling about the trophies he and his wife (another clue) recently won during the senior olympics. He was so proud of his wife's accomplishments and went on and on as we ran on and on.

By this time, the summer sun was truly shining on us, but we were reaching a part of the trail that is very shaded where, I must confess, I had never run before. Up we went over some hill that the parks people graced with a park bench. Did we sit down and enjoy the scene or rest our bones? Nooooo way — M.R. was just warming up and again didn't hear my faint remarks.

The long downhill became fun because M.R.'s repertoire of jokes surfaced. He kept calling back over his shoulder to watch that root or rock, and finally took a bit of a dive himself to spare me the experience.

Brushing the blood away from his knee and elbow, he again did not hear my suggestion to turn back — this time for first aid. "Ah, just a little trail rash," he said.

At about five miles, my new running buddy and I met Y.T. and Officer Bob. After a three-minute rest and visit, M.R. said we needed to get going. The look Y.T. and Officer Bob gave me told me I might be in for my own little Pike's Peak marathon.

My second wind kicked in and I started enjoying the little flowers and plants along the trail, carefully stepping around the "brushies" that might offer chiggers or poison ivy.

Here's where it was all worth it and I truly thank M.R. for leading the way. During that time, I experienced the reason the trails exist. The woods and nature fill you with that basic feeling that it's great to be alive.

As we reached the base of Pinnacle, nothing would do M.R. but to make the loop through the cypress trees along the creek. Back in the sunshine I followed, groaning, toward the additional mile.

Again, he was right. I had never seen those old cypress trees and delighted in telling M.R. about my visit last fall to Muir Woods in California.

Back on the trail, reality returned. I was only half way there. At that very moment, M.R. switched to geography questions. With all the press about how little Americans know about the world, I focused on that little globe in my mind instead of the distance back to the car.

(see Mystery Runner on Page 5)

The Ultra Corner

by Harley Peyton

I received a nice note from LRRC member Col. Dale Green recently in which he stated that he was moving from Plainview, Texas, to Cullman, Alabama, where he will still be working for Wal-Mart. He wanted to pass on his address to all his running friends. It is Rte. 18, Box 700, m Cullman, Alabama 35055.

Some people ask me what I think about on a long run. Recently, on a trip around Lake Winona (50K), I had this thought: trail etiquette. Why not a set of trail rules so that when newcomers join us they avoid the embarrassment of not knowing how to act.

1. Share your tissue.
2. Don't swig the milk jugs at the aid stops. Fill your hand bottles, use the cups provided or pour water into your hand. Don't swig. Or at least don't let anybody see you.
3. Move away from the trail for a pit stop. Fall back to the rear or at least don't let anyone see you.
4. If you don't know the route, ask. It makes the runners who know the route feel important.
5. Don't run too close. Front, back, or side by side. If your elbows hit and bump, you're too close.
6. Always ask the person behind if he wants by you. If they decline, don't ask again. Make them earn it.
7. Don't ask about old injuries on the long run. This is no place for a psych job. We all have old injuries.

The 1990 Ultra Trail Series got off to a successful start at the Pigeon Roost Mountain Run July 14. We had 48 official finishers and plenty more who ran "short." Congratulations to Johnny Gross and Trish O'Dwyer for their first place finishes. LRRC members, their order of finish, and finish times are as follows:

Male

Johnny Gross, 1, 1:14
Eddie Mulkey, 2, 1:15
Steve Tucker, 3, 1:18
Bill Torrey, 5, 1:23
Tom Zaloudek, 7, 1:29
Jim Sweatt, 8, 1:29
Mule Martin, 10, 1:32
Van Davis, 13, 1:38
Brent Peterson, 16, 1:40
Larry Mabry, 17, 1:41
William Gilli, 20, 1:43
Bob Galbraith, 21, 1:44
Ken Millar, 22, 1:48
Sam Hardcastle, 23, 1:48
Nick Williams, 27, 1:52
Harley Peyton, 29, 2:01
Bruce Nunnally, 30, 2:11
Al Maguire, 33, 2:18

Female

Trish O'Dwyer, 1, 1:48
Karen Mulkey, 2, 1:50
Carol Torrey, 4, 1:50
Charlotte Davis, 5, 1:52
Lou Peyton, 6, 1:53
Donna Hardcastle, 9, 2:03
Margaret Perritt, 11, 2:15
Mary Clendaniel, 12, 2:24
Sharon Williams, 13, 2:39
Corkie Binz, 14, 2:52

The August 11 run is the Wasatch Scramble, "approximately" 12 miles. Follow Highway 10 past Lake Maumelle to Highway 113. Continue on #10 for 1 1/2 miles to Bringle Creek Road and turn right. Go one mile to an AP&L substation on the left. Park there. The run starts at 6:30 a.m. Allow 45 minutes driving time.

September 8 is the Winona 50K. Starting time is 6:30 a.m. Allow one hour driving time. Follow Highway 10 to the Highway 9/10 junction. Turn left onto #9. Go approximately five miles to Brown's Corner Grocery and turn right. Go four miles to the Winona picnic area.

Running on Water

by Bill Harrell

To some runners trophy hunting is an art. They peruse the paper daily and chart the map profusely trying to find the right village with the biggest hardware.

Sometimes all this work pays off. Then there are the times when everybody in three states shows up. That's when you wish you had spent more time training than map-reading.

Well, I have never been accused of this trophy-hunting thing but I did hear of a 5K that I couldn't pass up. This run took place in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

Belinda and I took our vacation aboard a cruise ship this year and, like all avid runners, I packed my shoes. Being on vacation I put them in the corner and swore I'd use them as soon as they quit stinking. But the funny thing about vacation, though, is that there is a lot more carbo-loading done than running.

Every night we were given a schedule of the events for the next day. Wednesday's itinerary had a 5K listed. Wow! A race sans hills. I had seen some of these guys jogging around the sixth deck and, as they say in Jamaica, "no problem." A few moments before the race I knew I had it won; after all, this was my 39th birthday and this was just for fun, right.

Wrong. The guy I was talking to was from New York and training for the Ironman. There was a long-legged 17-year-old who looked so clumsy that I was scared he would get dizzy and fall off the ship. One guy was wearing a race shirt from San Francisco.

I was ready to order a beer and set down and watch this thing but no one back home would know how I did so why worry about it.

This was not a small ship; it was 4 1/4 laps per mile which meant 13 1/4 for the 5K. Similar to running around a track but on a metal surface.

By now the suspense is killing you as to who won. Remember that clumsy 17-year-old? Well, he lapped me as well as everyone else as he ran his age (17). I was a little under my age (39) and finished second.

Only one trophy was given but I did get a beach ball and a mug and an invitation to the New York Marathon.

You know, trophy hunting was fun after all.

Recent Recruits to the LRRC Roster Listed

by Yvonne Thompson

Ariel Barak Imber states he has been running for about one year. He trains about 40 miles per week at a 10 minute pace. Ariel says he races only occasionally and prefers the 10K distance. He is 52 years old and is employed as Executive Director of the Jewish Federation of Arkansas. Ariel is presently single but plans to change that status in October. In addition to running, Ariel says he also enjoys opera.

Tanya Perry is a 37-year-old CPA who is employed as an auditor for the Arkansas Legislature. She lives in Prescott and says she has been running on and off for 10 years and logs 70-150 miles per week at a 10 minute pace. Tanya states she doesn't like to race but does some marathons and has a 4:00 PR. In addition to running, Tanya says she also walks 8-12 miles a day. Most of you will probably remember that Tanya was one of the participants in Jack Allsup's run across Costa Rica last spring.

Dale Pool is also a CPA who has been running since 1978. He runs 23-33 miles per week at distances of 3-14 miles at a 7-9 minute pace. Dale states he races frequently and prefers the 10K distance. His PRs are 44:20 10K and 21:31 5K. Dale is a divorced father of Amber, 14, and Sean, 10, who also enjoys tennis, billiards, music and reading. He is planning to run the Dallas Marathon in December and would like someone to run with in the evening. Call him at 221-1626.

David Leachman has been running for less than a year but states he races almost every Saturday. He prefers 5Ks and 10Ks and his PRs are 21:30 and 48:00 respectively. He trains 25 miles per week at an 8 1/2 minute pace. David is 43, single and a student at UALR in addition to working in the retail business. His other interests are Democratic politics. If you would like to run with him in the evening call 372-3510.

Frank Rivers is certainly no stranger to the Arkansas running scene. This 46-year-old Conway businessman has been running for seven years and his name is seen frequently in the newspaper race results. Frank is the owner of Premiere Tuxedo and Alteration Shop and he and wife Mary Beth are parents of John, 4; Joe, 19; Barry, 17, (who also runs), and Robin, 21. Frank trains 30+ miles per week at a seven minute pace. He frequently races 5K and 10K distances and lists the following PRs: 5K, 16:29; 4 miles, 22:09; 5 miles, 27:42, and 10K, 35:10. Frank also enjoys hunting, fishing, target shooting, mountain biking and gives the following description of

himself: "Ugly, bashful, short on words, but loves to argue." If you live in Conway and would like to join Frank for a morning run, call him at 329-2484.

Don Banker is a 60-year-old plant manager at Reynolds Metals who has been running for 20 years. He and his wife Joanna are the parents of three adult children, Mike, Dan and Susanne. Don puts in about 38 miles per week at a 7 1/2-9 minute pace. He prefers 10K races and gives the following PRs: 21:45, 5K; 44:30, 10K, and 1:34, 20K. Don states he also enjoys work, tennis and walking with his grandchildren. If you would like to run with him in the morning call 225-2329.

Richard P. "Dick" Carr Jr. states he has been running for 12 years and runs three miles six times a week at a 7 1/2 minute pace. He does not race often but is an annual participant in the Pepsi 10K and Firecracker Fast 5K. His Pepsi PR is 42:06. Dick is 48 years old and a professor of marketing at UALR. He and wife Valerie are the parents of Kristin, 18, Carrie, 14, and Kelli, 13. Dick also enjoys golf and skiing. He would like someone to run with in the morning. Call 225-7809 if you are interested in speed work.

Race Results

Western States 100-Mile Endurance Run, June 30-July 1: Larry Mabry, 26:37.

Rollin-on-the-River 5K, July 7: Hunter Northcutt, 17:11 and Kevin Lewis, 17:43, 1st and 2nd overall; Wayne Thompson, 22:06, and Dr. Carl Northcutt, 28:34, 3rd in 50+.

Nashville Dinosaur 5K, July 7: Mike Dwyer, 28:40, 3rd in 55+.

Mightymite Triathlon, July 21: Joe Whillock, 1:01:41, 3rd overall male; Lisa Thoreson, 1:12:40, Kathy Lindstrom, 1:12:42, and Carla Branch, 1:14:01, 3rd, 4th and 7th overall female; Bob Marston, 1:10:15, 1st in 35-39 men; Mary Clendaniel, 1:31:55, 4th in 35-39 female; Carl Lindstrom, 1:08:25, 3rd in 40-44 male; Bob McGowan, 1:10:27, and Kurt Truax, 1:10:29, 2nd and 3rd in 45-49 male; Sherman Peterson, 1:40:57, 1st in 55-59 male; Joan Glenn, 2:18:38, 2nd in 60+ female, and Floyd Glenn, 2:01:53, 3rd in 65+ male.

Camp Yorktown Bay Half Marathon, July 22: Eddie Mulkey, 1:21:09, and Bill Torrey, 1:24:07, 2nd and 4th overall male; Patricia O'Dwyer, 1:48:50 and Karen Mulkey, 1:51:14, 1st and 2nd overall female; Kurt Truax, 1:33:27, 2nd in 40-49 male; Don Potter, 1:33:48, and Bill Nolan, 1:40:03, 1st and 3rd in 50-59 male; and Cheryl Potter, 2:23:02, 2nd in 20-29 female.

Camp Yorktown Bay 10K, July 22: Carol Torrey, 48:11, and Deb Strehle, 49:33, first and second overall female.

Chicken and the Egg 5K, July 28: Sam Green, 17:12, 1st in 35-39 male; and Tony Firmin, 22:40, 3rd in 45-49 male.

Vermont 100-Mile Trail Race, July 28-29: Lou Peyton, 21:17:06; William Gilli, 23:34:53, and Nick Williams, 28:50:00.

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The BEAR Run — or Going Nowhere Fast

by Dr. R. Stephen Tucker

Early last fall I decided to go on a 16-mile trail run before work. Fortunately, the trails are only about a five-minute ride in the car from my house, so I was on the trail just before sunrise. It was a typical Arkansas morning — warm and humid. The birds were greeting the day as I started slowly churning out the miles.

For two to three miles, the darkness made the dirt road hard to see, so I was concentrating on my footing. About two and a half miles into the run I crossed a gurgling stream, gingerly placing my feet on the rocks I knew so well.

Another two miles went by, and the sun was just coming over the Eastern horizon. The light was enough now for me to look up and view a gorgeous daybreak.

As my eyes lifted from the ground, I came to a screeching halt, and my heart nearly pounded out of my chest. There in front of me was a BEAR! My first primal instinct was to turn and high-tail it out of the woods, but, like every dedicated runner, I wanted to finish my planned 16-mile run. I also realized the bear had no idea I was anywhere around, even though he was only 20 yards in front of me. He was slowly waddling down the trail, looking for berries, minding his own business, oblivious to my presence.

As he crept down the trail, moving from one side of the trail to the other, my mind was made up: I would finish my run. The only problem was that, after five minutes of following this darned bear, he'd only moved about 100 yards. We were getting nowhere fast. His plans were for a leisurely breakfast. My plans, however, were to be at the office by eight. At the pace we were going, it would take us all day to make that 16 miles.

Thinking the bear might move off the trail, I finally decided to make some noise. I cleared my throat, freezing like a statue, with a cold sweat on a hot morning. The bear turned his head, giving me the once-over. Evidently, I was no threat, because he proceeded to continue his breakfast hunt at the same pace, paying me no attention whatsoever.

After another five minutes of stealthful stalking, we were still at a stalemate. So, my courage rising and my run going down the tubes, I decided to make more noise and move about, trying to scare the bear off the trail.

He again turned, disdainfully eyeing me in my running shorts, shoes, and no shirt. He decided I was harmless and proceeded on his turtle-paced morning outing.

Again, I followed, too scared to make a charge, but too stubborn to give up a good run. Just as I was beginning to think all was lost, the black (anti-jogger) bear came to a stream. Without another glance at me, he moseyed up the creek into the woods. Unfortunately for me, I couldn't tell how far into the woods he'd gone. I wasn't sure if I should approach this babbling brook, only to come face to face with a disgruntled bear. So, slowly, quietly, ever so carefully, I crept up to the little stream, keeping a watchful eye out for my friend, THE BEAR. He was nowhere to be found. Only then, with the

knowledge that there was a bear somewhere out there, I proceeded to finish my run.

You've heard the joke about the two men in the woods who encounter a bear? One of the guys stops to put on his running shoes. His buddy said, "You can't outrun that bear." He says, "I don't have to outrun the bear — all I have to do is out run you."

Since the Bear Run, I've invited many hand-picked running friends to accompany me. All of them are slower than I. As we run, I encourage them to run a few yards ahead of me, but never have we encountered THE BEAR.

If you haven't tried trail running give a call to one of the many growing number who enjoy this diversion. We would love to introduce you to the "wild" life of running in the woods. Just do it!

Shorts and Singlets

ARK Issues Social Invitation to LRRC

Our fellow runners in the Arkansas Running Klub (ARK) of North Little Rock have invited members of the LRRC to their August 13 watermelon social. The meeting begins at 7 p.m. at the Camp Robinson pavilion, about one block west of the starting line of the old Minuteman 10K course. If you would like to get a guided tour of the new TAC-certified course before the October race be there at 6 p.m. Call ARK president Roy Hayward, who will lead the run and provide water, at 758-4126.

Kim Mount Receives Scholarship

Kim Mount, a 1990 graduate of Sylvan Hills High School who recently joined the LRRC, was chosen to receive an Arkansas Governor's Scholars Award which entitles her to \$2,000 per year for four of college studies. Kim will use the scholarship at the University of Arkansas where she will also participate in the track program. Kim was described by a SHHS employee as "a very lovely, bright and multi-talented young lady."

Free Running Booklet Offered

Running Women — The First Steps is a free booklet that contains helpful information about the sport of running. The booklet was written by Henley Gible, president of the Road Runners Club of America and a founding member of RunHers in Washington, D.C., and Ellen Wessel, president of Moving Comfort, Inc., designer and manufacturers of clothing specifically for women runners. Send \$1 plus a self-addressed, stamped envelope to RRCA, 629 S. Washington St., Alexandria, VA., 22314.

A Welcome Mistake

by Linda Stribling, Editor

Most people don't like to be told that they have made a mistake. But there was a mistake in the July issue of *The Runaround* that I was elated to hear about.

While waiting for the awards to be presented at the Night Run in Arkadelphia recently, Barbara Hildebrand told me that she is not 39 years old, as stated in the "New Members" column last month, but is actually only 35 and won't have another birthday until October.

Besides being a terrific runner Barbara is also a very nice person. She said that she filled out the new member questionnaire so hurriedly that the "5" she wrote may have looked like a "9." Yvonne Thompson composes the information from the questionnaires for the newsletter and has a handwriting that is sometimes hard to decipher. I also make typographical errors that I don't catch in the proofreading process.

Nevertheless, the reason I was so happy to hear about the mistake is that I am in the 40-44 age category. And, when you consider that there were nearly 30 women registered in that five-year bracket at Arkadelphia then you'll understand why I was happy to hear that another one of the really fast runners is several years away from being in my age category. Barbara won't hit the Big 4-0 until 1994. By then I'll be well into the 45-49 age category.

August Potluck and Talent Show

Underneath the determined strides of our runners, all levels of talent wait for a chance to shine. To guide our evening's shining performances will be Dr. Van Davis from Hot Springs, known for his droll humor that was a hit at last year's Healthfest banquet in Hot Springs.

Glowing performances, many of them less than one minute, will include LRRC board members, revealing all they ever learned in the Marquis de Sade's running school; Bill Hoffman doing his imitation of Arnold Schwarzenegger; "Safe Sax and the Trojans," playing their own version of true love on saxophones; Sally Dudley and her friend Charles, clogging (back by popular demand); Bob Boyd on banjo and accordion. Among the many "maybe yes and maybe no" runners, Officer Bob Black may appear with his collection of Confederate clothing to some sort of version of the strip — in reverse.

Please don't stay away from the potluck if you don't have time to prepare a dish. We honor all store-bought food! One must carbo-load for the Peak, whether you're running it or not. The date is August 16. The food and fun begins at 6:30 p.m. at Pavilions 1 & 2 at Murray Park.

Dr. R. Stephen Tucker and physical therapist Art Hopkins will present the LRRC program at Healthsouth Rehabilitation Center, 5810 W. 10th, Sept. 20 at 7 p.m.



Photo by Bonnie Brandsgaard

LRRC past president Bill Harrell (left) is doing the "I've just run 10 miles with fast Jack" lean at the counter at Andy's on a recent Sunday while waiting on his breakfast order, as president-elect Jack Evans encourages him to stand up straight and smile to show how much fun running is. Bill mumbled something about "Just wait until you've been through a year as president of LRRC. You'll be all tuckered out too."

Mystery Runner (continued from Page 1)

It worked. Soon we were sailing along the trails, even laughing about the creature of the day: a turtle that we saw earlier still plodding along. Kindly, M.R. made no analogies.

We finished my "adventure for the summer" with a welcomed drink of water and juice at the nearby grocery store. While I was resting in a chair in the air conditioned store, M.R. was calling his daughter to plan a short visit. This man was making plans for the rest of the day.

Carefully, I eased back to town and barely made it to my backyard swing for rest and recovery.

The next week or two, the memories of the trail run and the cypress trees kept surfacing and filling me with that sense of being with nature and not looking at trees through the window of my office on the sixth floor.

Thanks M.R.! And, thanks Peak runners for the training runs. Without all of you, I would have missed my adventure for the summer.

If you haven't guessed who M.R. is by now, he's from Benton and he's done Pike's Peak before. Hope you get to meet him and his wife at the potluck. And, I hope you get to run with him sometime. Great stories and great company!