

# THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

February 1991

## Runners with Character Abound in LRRC

by Bonnie Brandsgaard, LRRC President

For my next "character," I mean runner, I'm going to call this person "Fast Shadow." If you've been to enough fun runs and had enough coffee at Andy's, you'll be able to identify him. If not, ask one of the old timers.

Clue number one: Fast Shadow is famous for being featured in newspapers in photographs of other runners finishing, like the fellows who run with Greta in the New York Marathon.

Clue number two: For his first marathon time, he finished with Carl Northcutt in Dallas in 1982 — my first marathon, too, but I finished much, much, much later.

Fast Shadow is from the Midwest and one of the few runners I know who thrives on steak and potatoes. On training runs back in '81 and '82, he'd circle — literally — around me and some other pokies, imitating the Marquis de Sade "vu must go faster." He taunted us on the hills; he pressed us in the 10k's. Fast was his motto in those days.

Great-give-away Clue: He and his dog, Reo, a black lab not quite as old as his master, won a ribbon once in the Paws-a-thon.

Great-story-at-Andy's Clue: He once ran a race in the Midwest while visiting relatives and won a trophy. (Here's where the twist to the story comes.) When they called his name, he thought he had won in his age division. Wrong. He received the trophy for being the oldest runner there.

Fast Shadow has this all-American, healthy-from-Iowa look and delivers jokes on par with Groucho Marx. He cuts through the socio-political-clickish levels in the running community to see humor in what might be considered bad taste to Miss Manners. If you aren't picking up on this double-talk, you ought to go to Hot Springs Healthfest one year. Fast Shadow is full of wise cracks.

Fast Shadow is one of my favorite people, forget whether we're running, injured, running, injured, running, etc. Currently, Fast Shadow and I are easing back into the "running mode." We've both started over a few dozen times — every year.

### My Friend Fred

I'm sure many of you think of Fred Reed the same way I do: "My Friend Fred." I don't call Ghostbusters — I call Fred. To illustrate, three years ago this summer, Nancy Gray and I brought pizza to Fred's house as a thank you after he cleaned our bike chains and helped us prepare for our bike trip in England. The wonderful thing about Fred is that he offers to do such things in a very thoughtful way. I didn't even know to ask. What dirty chain?

On long training rides preparing for that England trip, Fred

would circle back to check on "little red rider." (I wore red a lot because someone has to be the caboose.) Anyway, he'd poke along with me, cheer me on — especially on the hills — and then take off again. He reminded me of my Irish Terrier who would run up and down Pinnacle Mountain about four times to my one.

One cold weekend, only Fred and I felt the need to go for a bike ride; all other Andy's coffee drinkers said the Sunday five-mile loop was quite enough for that day. Not us. We wanted to "get out of town and ride our bikes." He loaded mine in the back of his pickup and away we went to England. On the way, the clouds continued to darken the sky and we nervously giggled about it.

As we left the parking lot, small, tiny bits of sleet started bouncing off our helmets. We giggled about the "fallin' weather," but we hoped it would move away from us. Wrong. The sleet picked up a bit, but Fast Fred kept pedaling and I tried to keep him in sight. Pretty soon, "chunks of ice" started falling out of the sky in hammering-like sheets, you couldn't see the road, and it hurt like \*\*\*\* — except for the helmets.

By the time we returned to the parking lot, we were soaked inside and frozen outside. Now, generally, people complain in a situation like that. Somehow, we saw how silly we were — like kids who play in the snow and don't care how cold it is — and how silly we must have looked to all those farmers in the England area that passed us. We laughed all the way back to Little Rock. For weeks — actually years — later at fun runs, if we happen to be running together, you might hear one of us making the sounds of how the sleet sounds bouncing off a bike helmet . . . bing-bing-bing.

When Fred runs or bikes, he frees that part of him that is like a thoroughbred race horse. He sees the finish line and he flies toward it. That wonderful spirit can really hurt various muscles and tendons and that's where I come in. Fred fondly calls me his "brakes." When he slows down to visit with me, he probably doesn't consider it much of a run, but I do because I try politely to speed up.

I can only say that if the world were full of people as good as Fred Reed, there wouldn't be a war going on right now. Lucky for us, Fred Reed is on our side!

The next regular meeting of the Club will be Thursday, February 21 at 7 p.m. at the UA Med Center Education II Building, Room 110. Jack Allsup will show his slide presentation on the "Run Across Costa Rica."

## The Ultra Corner

by Harley Peyton

Several months ago I got a call from a fellow in Massachusetts who is writing an article for *Runners'World* magazine about low-key trail race series. He was interested in our format of no entry fee, no registration, the point system and a million other questions about why we started the trail series, who participates and the response we are having. I look forward to reading about the series in *Runners'World* in the spring.

What do you think about a standard place to meet and run on Sunday afternoon? A place to show up and not have to make a lot of phone calls. I'm going to try to meet at 2 p.m. at the forest service trailer and run or walk the power lines. No one should feel like they had to be there or have to cancel if they can't make it. We'll start the first Sunday in February.

### ULTRA TRAIL REPORT

**Great Wall of China Run** — What a difference a week makes. The week before the run several of us ran the course in a light rain. It was 20 miles of mud. On race day conditions were perfect with the hills drying out and offering the 30-plus starters a really soft cushioned surface.

The Series leaders were all on the starting line — John Gross, Tom Aspel, Steve Tilley, Jim Sweatt, Trish O'Dwyer — and from the word go set a steadily faster pace that left only Johnny and Tom sprinting the last quarter mile. Aspel pulled ahead and finished in 2:12:55 to Gross' 2:13:12. O'Dwyer ran a steady 3:21:21 and out-distanced a fast-improving Irene Johnson, 3:24:25.

**The Shockaloe Trail 50, January 19, Bienville National Forest, Morton, Mississippi** — There were 16 Arkansans entered in this first time ultra. Sixteen out of 42. There were folks from Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Michigan, California and Kansas. Bill Laster found the trail to his liking as he PR'ed in 6:31 and finished first male. Irene Johnson beat a strong field of women in her first 50-mile attempt.

The Arkansas finishers and there times were:

Bill Laster	6:31	Lou Peyton	9:33
Eddie Mulkey	6:44	James Hicks	10:37
Bill Torrey	7:00:12	Tony Johnson	10:37
Steve Tilley	7:01	Donna Allsup	10:57
Nick Williams	8:58	Tanya Perry	10:57
Bob Plunkett	9:03	James McNair	11:24
Irene Johnson	9:05	Sharon Williams	5:46 (marathon)

**Jackson Five-O, January 19, Jackson, Mississippi** — This race continues to dominate the southwest ultra scene. Texan Robert Perez was first place finisher in the 50-miler in a time of 5:45:25. Second place was Ann Trason, a Californian, in 5:45:41, a world record. The Arkansans there included:

Larry Mabry	8:04
Mike Heald	8:04
Fallon Davis	8:19
Bob Hanle	8:36
Robin Hanle	10:28
Al Maguire	10:45

### TRAIL SERIES SCHEDULE

March 9 is the Spring Classic. It will be 16-18 miles on forest service roads starting at 7 a.m. Follow Highway 10 to Lake Sylvia Recreation Area. Park at the parking lot just past Lake Sylvia. Allow at least 45 minutes driving time. Call Nick Williams, 225-5557, or Harley Peyton, 225-6609.

The Pipeline Express will be April 27. Twelve miles on trails starting at 7 a.m. Follow Highway 300 past Roland and Monnie Springs to the Old Northshore landing site. Call Nick or Harley for more information.

## Third Annual Great Bear Run

On January 1, 25 hardy souls braved 23° weather to run the third annual Great Bear Run. The runners met at 6 a.m. at the east parking lot of Pinnacle Mountain State Park and were shuttled to Williams Junction, the intersection of Highways 10 and 9, to run the 25 miles back to Pinnacle Mountain.

With 21 miles of logging roads, the runners faced numerous creek crossings. (Most were calf to knee deep.)

At mile 23, the last great obstacle to face the runners was a creek that all runners referred to as a river. (Only some 20 yards wide and thigh to waist deep, depending on the route taken across.) Then, just one barb wire fence and two miles of pavement to the finish.

Thanks go to Jack Evans, Sharon Stroble, Ralph Hoffman, and run organizer T-Bear Laster, who shuttled aid from front to back.

The 25 fun-runners, listed alphabetically, are: Gail Bradford, David Cawein, Troy Delk, Rick Greer, Bob Hanle, Mike Heald, James Hicks, Max Hooper, Irene Johnson, Tony Johnson, Mule Laster, Larry Mabry, Eddie Mulkey, Tanya Perry, Lou Peyton, Bob Plunkett, John Reifsteck, Jim Schuler, Jim Sweatt, Charlie Smith, Steve Tilley, Bill Torrey, Steve Tucker, Nick Williams, and Tom Zaloudek.



Ice-covered Bill Torrey

## Marathon Report

The only race time to report was from the Houston Tenneco Marathon on January 20. Dawson Mase ran 3:43:51

*The Runaround* is published monthly by the Little Rock Roadrunners Club, P. O. Box 250229, Hillcrest Station, Little Rock, AR 72225.

Linda Stribling  
Bonnie Brandsgaard  
Jack Evans  
Gary Tidwell  
Betty Ray

Editor  
LRRRC President  
President-Elect  
Secretary  
Treasurer