

THE RUNAROUND

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

July 2008

New President Is Presiding From The Sidelines

By Mary Wells
LRRRC President

The last week of June was spent in Hot Springs vacationing with family, and we walked along part of Central Avenue. We visited Josephine Toussard's wax museum, ate ice cream, and bought funky jewelry. All very Hot Spring-y things to do. The last time I was on Central Avenue it was running in the Spa 10K.

I think about running a lot these days having not run since the end of February due to pregnancy and a recent heel injury. I thought about the Spa 10K course as it leaves Central, turning onto Whittington Avenue, passing the one and only Arkansas Alligator Farm, heading up (and up some more) the side of West Mountain, catching some downhill, hitting Quapaw Avenue, and finishing on Convention Boulevard. Motherhood has been a great thing but the heel injury has not.

I have found myself staring at runners on Kavanaugh like they were chocolate cake and wishing that I was out there, too. I practically pressed my face against the window trying to catch a glimpse of the Allsopp Park trails while driving up South Lookout the other evening. One Tuesday night I almost drove by the Forest Heights track workout but decided that was too pathetic.

Biking and swimming are doctor-approved for my achin' heel but, as we all know, it's not the same. An injury can make you ask: "Will I ever be able to run again? When? If so, will I be

able to push myself? Will I have to pull a 'Big Brown' and fade in the homestretch???" It can be said that injury and parenthood are excellent tests of patience.

In the meantime, let's get to LRRRC business. Guinea's presidential reign concluded with the First Annual Member Appreciation BBQ on Saturday, June 21st at Burns Park where members were toasted but not roasted. The BBQ was plentiful and the side dishes delicious. The award for Best Side Dish went to Andrea Murphy for her homemade fried artichoke hearts, and the award for Best Dessert went to Roy Hayward for his homemade blueberry pie! Guinea's past few months have been especially eventful with wrapping up her successful presidency, putting the final touches on Baby Qualls, beginning a new job, and doing it all with a smile on her face. A great, big round of applause for her!

The Club's Board of Directors have all graciously agreed to stay and help to crew the USS LRRRC with the addition of at-large member Jordan Ziegler, and Linda House is continuing her much appreciated role of editing *The Runaround*. Please add your applause here, too, for those folks. The board is furiously screening president-elect applicants and an announcement will be made at the July meeting. Our women and men teams are keeping us in Grand Prix first places and no doubt that they will stay there for the rest of the season.

My presidential platform (something Huckabee and Hillary can no longer say) will be to continue LRRC's

social and event traditions and Guinea's initiative of membership growth through individuals and families. Some members have said they would like to have clothing and other items with the LRRRC logo so you can expect more information in the fall.

July is a busy month for the Club with the Firecracker 5K where many members either run, volunteer, or both. The Club will provide post-race hot dogs (never eat a pre-race hot dog) for the Big Dam Bridge 5K on Saturday, July 12th, 7:30 p.m., Club meeting on the 17th, and last but not least the Dam Night Run, July 26th, 8 p.m., Lake DeGray. Be at one or more of these happenings or be talked about.

The speaker for the July meeting will be Dr. Jim Phillips. He will explain how your first two years, your parents, and other influences affect your marathoning potential. Until then, I'll be watching from the sidelines and wishing for everyone health, happiness, PR's, and injury-free running.

July Meeting

Thursday, July 17, 2008
Murray Park Pavilions

6 p.m. to eat
6:30 p.m. speaker

Speaker: Dr. Jim Phillips
"Why You Did Not Qualify For
Boston -- What You Can Do To
Help In One Easy Lesson."

In next month's issue: Club Member Completes Biking Goal



Running Wild

By Jacob Wells

I think runners are the luckiest people in the world. One might scoff at such a suggestion and insist instead that they are dedicated, motivated, disciplined, hard-working or any of a number of other adjectives, but not necessarily lucky as a rule. I might scoff at one who would say that.

One reason we are so lucky is that we get to hang out together, and as Bill Torrey has said on many occasions, “runners are the best people in the world.” Every runner has experienced the empty feeling of conveying to a non-runner a heartfelt running story, or details of a run, race, injury, gastrointestinal pre-race success, etc. Depending on your social interaction needs on any given day, the festive good times had at every race and the deep conversations and connections made on the run are legendary. For example, how many close friends do you have from across the state that you only see at races? How many of them would you know if you only ran in your own neighborhood? How about your weekly group run – cheaper than a psychiatrist for sure.

Runners are lucky in that we are greatly outnumbered. Non-runners are so either because they don't like to run or never tried it. (Those who can no longer run for whatever reason are still runners for purposes of this illustration.) Even with the evangelical efforts of many of us to entice our friends, family, and co-workers to join us, we are still in the vast minority, and when we get an age group trophy (or mug, flip flops, beach towel, etc.) because there were only three runners in our category that day, we can't help but be glad for this. I've also noticed that while running, I have never suddenly wished I was fighting rush hour traffic.

A favorite phrase of mine is, “I'd rather be lucky than good.” How appropriate to apply to racing where so much emphasis is placed on being good, i.e. fast (a common philosophy of slow people) because it is the most quantifiable statistic. How about a race where the tallest trophies go to whoever has the most fun, cheers the loudest for other runners, takes and shares the best action photographs, sports the most colorful outfit, or just had the toughest day on Friday? When someone asks me if I was pleased with my time, I am more likely to respond with an anecdote than with a number. In other words, I would rather have a good time than have a good time.

As I run down the River Trail, I wonder how anyone could possibly enjoy golf, but am quick to realize they are thinking the same thing about me. Despite its simplicity (redefined as boredom – to them), the ratio of effort required to results achieved (no “machine is engineered to make human effort easier,” as Lance Armstrong referred to his bicycle after completing his first marathon) makes me the crazy one, all else being equal. Luckily, all else is not equal and runners know why. The rest of the world can continue to shake their heads and

mutter things like, “I can't even run to the mailbox and back” or worse yet, after the rare but tragic death of a runner, “Now you know why I don't run marathons.” Well, there is that reason and the other one about how they can't run to the mailbox and back.

Another reason runners are fortunate are the physical benefits. This is not the case for many hobbies. There are a few certainly, and many others are fun ways to spend free time, but their sedentary nature requires the enthusiast to pursue some other form of exercise in addition to that time spent. Their schedules and the pace of their lives often make this extra commitment prohibitive, especially considering the nature of what is given up first under time restraints – the things we don't enjoy. In particular, those who blame their children need to just bring them along. Along those lines, I've found that work gets in the way of my running. The human condition dictates that we make the time and exert the effort for the things that make us feel good, even if they sometimes hurt first, and especially when we can't tell the difference. Benjamin Cheever says, “Running is good for you, but the runs I treasure are the ones I shouldn't have taken. The runners I like best are the ones who are always threatening the very health we're all supposed to be in search of.”

Humans were designed to run, and have been doing so for thousands of years. This is the case regardless of which version of evolution you espouse. Psalm 139 says, “*I am fearfully and wonderfully made.*” There is no doubt that “*Baby, we were born to run.*” Then again, golf has been around for centuries also. It's just that back then, cursing and beating the ground with a crooked stick was called witchcraft.

Epilogue: By the time this is published, the hottest races of the summer will be upon us, including my first ever and still all-time favorite, the Firecracker 5K, as well as the second

(See **Running Wild** on page 3)

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A Day At The Races Makes For A Really Great Day

By Al Becken

He was sitting on the edge of the asphalt road with his legs on the grass. He was small, with bushy black hair – just a kid holding the calf of his right leg. As I approached, he seemed to be in a bit of agony, contorting his face and rubbing his leg. Although several runners passed him, no one stopped to help. As I drew closer, I thought: “Should I continue running or stop to help? If I stop, I’ll lose any chance of placing in my age group, no award, and probably run my worst 25K time.” I stopped.

“May I help you?” I asked.

He looked up. “I have a cramp. It really hurts,” he responded.

“Sometimes it helps if you walk backwards,” I replied.

“Mister, can you help me up?” he asked.

“Sure. Turn around and walk backwards slowly. I will walk along side you to make sure you don’t fall,” I responded.

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Kris,” he replied.

The sun was bright. It was a cool January morning. The sunlight felt warm on my legs as Kris and I walked slowly down the road. Walking next to him, I was facing forward as he walked backward, slightly bent over so he could hold his leg. I suggested he rub and knead his leg as best he could. He winced a few times. We stopped.

“Kris, I have a bottle of water and an electrolyte pill. It might help. Would you want to take it?”

“Sure” he answered. As he took the pill, I suggested he drink as much water as possible. He drank the remainder of the water in my bottle that was half full.

A beat-up old red pickup truck traveling in the opposite direction slowed and pulled off to the other side of the road, kicking up a cloud of dust. A man in dirty work clothes, with a white beard and weathered face stuck his head out of the window and asked if we wanted water. “Sure” I said. The man emerged from his truck toting a gallon jug and

strode over to Kris and I and filled my empty bottle. “Thanks a lot,” I said. The man returned to his truck and drove away. Kris and I started walking again.

Kris whimpered as a surge of pain flowed through his leg. We stopped again.

“Kris, there is an aid station just around the next curve, at the 15-mile mark. Do you think we can reach that?” I asked. Kris just stared at me. I noticed a slight tremble and shaking in his frail body. He was pale. I began to worry. He couldn’t have weighed more than 100 pounds. I discovered later that he was 14 years old and had never run in any race over a 5K.

At that moment, around the curve in the road, came an Emergency Medical Service vehicle with flashing red and blue lights. The timing couldn’t have been better. I held up my hand as the EMS van came to a screeching halt.

“Kris, you’ve run almost 15 miles. You’re young and have years running ahead of you. Why take a chance of hurting yourself more? If you try and finish you may do more injury and possibly do something permanent that will keep you from running your best later on. Benji Durden, a famous elite runner once said: ‘It’s better to under do it than over do it. Take the ride,’” I said.

I helped Kris get in the vehicle. The EMS attendants took over from there. “We’ll take care of him. How about you sir?” they asked.

“I’m fine,” I responded.

As the EMS pulled away, I turned and gave a lurch forward. I thought, fantasizing, that I will need to run 3:55 miles the rest of the way to place in my age group. As it turned out, I shouldn’t have worried. After finishing I discovered there was no one else in my age group, so I won first place.

I looked for Kris at the finish line and around the tents at the post-race celebration, but he was not there. The awards were presented and the crowds began to thin out. As I started toward my car a man approached me with a serious look on his face. “Are you the man that

helped the young boy at mile 15?” he said in a gruff voice.

“Yes,” I said.

“Well, he’s doing fine. He’s my son. We were about to leave when he saw you and said he thought you were the man who helped him. I want to thank you, and Kris wants to thank you.”

“You’re both welcome,” I said.

“Tell Kris he’s a great runner. It’s runners like him that will replace guys like me and some day he may be able to return the favor.”

I made it to my car and started on the long ride home. I thought to myself, this has to be one of the best races I have ever done.

New Member

By June Barron
Membership Chairman

Our new member this month is Roy Smith. Roy, 58, is married to Rhonda and has two children. He is a management analyst with the U. S. Army.

Roy has been running for a year and averages 17 miles per week at a 14 minute pace. He doesn’t race frequently but would enjoy volunteering at race events. Roy also enjoys gardening.

Welcome to the Club, Roy.

Running Wild (Continued from Page 2)

running of the Big Dam Bridge 5K. The 7 p.m. starting time for the BDB allows for the rare opportunity of a racing double, with the stroller-friendly River City 5K that morning. Later in the month is another doubleheader with the classic Arkansas Runner 2-Miler, still free to all children, and the Midnight 50K, still free to everyone. Whatever I find for the morning of July 26 will combine with the Dam Night Run for the running equivalent to the basketball triple-double. Why are there never any noon hour races?

Man Vs. Girl In Death Match On The River

By Lazarus Lake
(AKA Gary Cantrell)

I apologize for not having a blog to post a link to, but having “run” a race for the first time in a couple of years, and one I could almost call an ultra with a straight face, I wanted to do a race report.

I admit it ain’t much, so if you don’t stop reading now it is your own fault.

I have long believed that I could run 30 miles at any time, whether I was trained or not, just because I know how to do it. Lately, I have had my doubts about that. I had to change it to walking, since I cannot run any more, but I still harbored doubts as to my ability. On a recent Saturday night I got to test that hypothesis.

My “running” year had gotten off to a good start, until I injured my left foot in April. After a month in a “boot” when I never even walked further than the mailbox, my left calf got some sort of cramp whenever I went out to walk. As the date of the Run Under the Stars approached, I tried to get in training, but all my training attempts had the same outcome. Within a mile, the calf muscle cramped up, and I would limp through a mile, and then hobble home.

Still, I couldn’t pass up the opportunity. It is hard to believe slots are even available for this event. The half-mile horse track is a marvelous venue. Aid and bathrooms are always readily available; the dirt surface is easy on the feet; and the ever so slight banking gives the perpetual sense of running on a gentle downhill. With the event starting at 8 p.m., there are no sun or heat issues, and most of the race is during the best time to run – midnight to sunup.

So, about 1100 hours on Saturday, I put my running shoes, some duct tape and Vaseline, and my running clothes in a box; some Dr. Peppers and some bottles of ridge water in a cooler, tossed those and a yard chair into the back seat, and took off for Paducah.

Once at the race site, I grabbed a good parking spot, close to the track, and set out my cooler. My choice of sites was

excellent, as lister Tim Jantz and family were my next door neighbors, and we got to engage in easy conversation while watching Steve Durbin and his crew hustle around setting up for the event.

When the tone sounded to start the race, I went out according to plan. I jogged slowly for a few strides, and then settled in to walk at a pace just slow enough that my calf wouldn’t blow out immediately. I really had no idea how long it would hold up since I hadn’t tested it, so I set my goal for 10 miles. As the entire field vanished around the first turn, I have to admit that my ears sort of burned with embarrassment. It is one thing to be slow, but this was ridiculous. Nonetheless, it was my opinion that if I stayed on the track the whole time, I would beat some of those people.

My pride was not the least salvaged as people began lapping me less than halfway through the first lap. My only hope of redemption was that a steady effort would not look so bad by 3 or 4 in the morning, and that I would cover enough distance to beat some of the early retirements.

The first half-mile went by in just a hair under 11 minutes. A quick calculation told me that an unwavering pace, with zero stops, could get me 27 miles. Figuring that at least a few people would stop at 26.5, I knew this would keep me out of DFL -- if I could make it. At least mentally, the multi-day background gave me confidence. The beauty of a 10-hour race is that, as soon as it starts you are nearly finished.

The last runner to lap me, on my second trip around the first turn, was a girl I estimated to be about 10 years old (later I found out she was 13). All legs, she gamboled along like a young colt, and after passing me, turned to flash a wide smile and waved. I smiled, waved back, and wondered if she would last out the night. Maybe there isn’t much honor in beating a child. But let’s be honest, how much honor is there to beating a fat old man with a hurt leg? It wasn’t important who I beat. I just didn’t want to be DFL.

Time passed easily. The pain in my left calf, with each step, slipped to the

back of my consciousness as I watched the other runners pass again and again, and evaluated their efforts. Walking along at about the equivalent of lane five on a human track so as not to be in the way, and only going half the speed of the next slowest participant, I had an excellent view of the backs of all the other runners on a regular basis.

There was the tall girl, with the short stride, up on the balls of her feet. I heard that she had won the year before, and I wasn’t surprised. I hate women who run like that; they never get tired and cover ground with surprising efficiency.

There was a smaller guy, with a very efficient stride. Before the start he’d been talking about going to Leadville later in the summer. I pegged him as the probable winner, although if he faltered the tall girl would surely run him down.

There was a short girl with a little pitty-pat stride that I pegged as a top finisher.

And an old guy with big, knotted calves and a peculiar waddling style, of the sort that I have so often seen finish strongly in timed events.

One girl started the race running as if she was already worn out, and I immediately pegged her as a runner I could beat. Later I found out she had run a 50K in a different state earlier that day. And there were the usual smattering of youngsters, running way too fast at the start. Those were among my hoped for victims. Tiring later on, I held out hopes that 26.5 would seem to them the perfect distance to stop. And, of course, the little girl with the big smile loped by me routinely.

After a while, it started to get sort of lonesome out in lane five. Not that I mind being by myself, but as runners zipped past me, in twos and threes, talking and laughing, I was repeatedly reminded that there was no one for me to talk to. At least there were the race workers at the start/finish line, who I passed by with metronomic regularity, every 11 minutes. Each time I would ask if I was at 10 miles yet. Usually I could

Match (Continued from Page 4)

not hear the answer, because there was no time for me to stop.

After 3 hours and 18 minutes, the answer was “yes!” So, with my initial 10-mile goal in hand I spent the next lap refiguring. The next time I passed, I announced my new goal of 11 miles, and asked how close I was. There would be many goals set, and achieved before the sun came up.

A little after midnight I got a real treat. Mrs. Jantz came running up and slowed to walk beside me. Soon we were chattering away, and watching fewer and fewer runners pass by more and more slowly. For a few laps I hardly even noticed the pain in my calf. Eventually, however, she needed to run, and I had to watch her disappear around the next turn. I wasn’t worried; she’d be back.

Time passed pleasantly in the coolness of the night. Somewhere in the distance I could hear loud music coming from a dance hall. Various runners took breaks from serious running to walk and talk. I started to feel like the perfect rest area, where runners could take a break, but still add laps, one every 11 minutes.

Tall girl, short girl, small guy, and old man continued to pass with regularity, at one point me and small girl fell into a perfect rhythm, and for a couple of hours she passed me at the exact same point on the track every lap.

Other runners began to disappear for long stretches of time. Some vanished, never to be seen again. Others eventually returned to lapping me more towards morning. The little girl had begun to struggle a little after midnight, and was seldom passing me anymore. Her campsite was on the backstretch, and I

started seeing her frequently there, sitting in a yard chair. I encouraged her to get plenty of rest, so she could run better, later on. I thought, “Ha! She’s toast now.”

By the time I got to 20 miles, I was seldom getting passed. I had yet to pass anyone while they were moving, but the few stragglers on the track weren’t exactly setting it on fire. The Jantz’s started joining me in various combinations, frequently, and for longer stretches. Tim was a few miles behind his daughter, who had adopted the style that runners use when they no longer have a foot that they want to put weight on. I encouraged Tim to sneak in laps while she wasn’t looking, and beat her now, while he still could. He declined. He’ll be sorry for that, because once your kids can beat you, they will do it every time.

Small guy slowed, and finally stopped passing me somewhere during the night. I wondered where he’d gone, until I saw him sitting in a chair with ice on his shin. Small girl and old guy would be gone for stretches and then return. Only tall girl kept going with nary a break, nary a waver. Once in a while, looking around the track at the shuffling survivors, I regretted not being able to run. I was always one of the strongest runners from midnight to sunup, and that is virtually the whole race here. Then tall girl would blow by me again, as relentless as the tides, and I would remember how I hated her sort. They just make it tough on everybody else.

Finally, the sky began to lighten. My back was starting to get sore from going the exact same pace all the time, but I was still exactly on pace for 27. I couldn’t afford to slow down, and I was unable to speed up. So I just kept plugging along. I collected information

from Steve. There was a runner who had dropped at 27 and another at 27.5. I had built up a few extra minutes. I determined that, if I speeded up with two laps left, there was a chance to squeeze out one more lap to catch the guy at 27.5, but if my calf blew, I could still hobble in to 27. That became my plan.

Then I asked the little girl, who was still passing me whenever she ran, but losing more laps to me when she was in her yard chair, how far she was trying to get. “27 miles.” Hmmmm. This is trouble. I warned her: “You know I am trying to beat you. We’re in a death match!” She laughed that musical laugh of hers and ran past me one more time.

At last, I came to 26 miles, and started trying to speed up for the first time. As I went through the lap, I could feel the burn in my hurt calf getting worse and worse. I hit 26.5 almost a lap ahead of the little girl, but my calf was on fire. I could sense that it was not going to last, so the guy at 27.5 was probably safe. If the little girl kept going, she would catch me again and beat me to 27. I did not think she could get 27.5, even if she wanted to.

Then BAM, it blew. I limped along slowly, with loads of time to get my last lap in, watching for the little girl to blow past me again, but she didn’t show. Ahhh, the magic of the marathon had saved my ass. I was sure where I would find her, and I did. As I came around the turn for the last homestretch, there she was at the finish line, with a camera, running around taking pictures. At least she was limping a little bit.

As I dragged my hurt leg to my own chair, to sit down at last, I evaluated my performance. I was steady, I wasn’t

(See **Death Match** on Page 6)

LRRC Training Groups

<u>Group Name</u>	<u>Days/Time</u>	<u>Meeting Location</u>
Pleasant Valley Group	Tues-Fri 5 a.m.	Pleasant Valley golf course
Full Moon Run	Tues/Thurs 5:30 a.m.	Full Moon parking lot, 3625 Kavanaugh
Track workout	Tues 5:15p.m.	See Arkrrca.com forum*
River Market Group	Sat 6 a.m.	Andina’s, River Market
US Pizza Run	Sun 9 a.m.	US Pizza, Kavanaugh & Taylor
Andy’s Fun Run	Sun 7 a.m.	Andy’s, Markham & Barrow

OMG! (Oh My God) Who Writes Like This?

By **Jordan Ziegler**
LRRC Racing News Editor

As some of you may know, I am currently about five months pregnant with my very first little bambino. I knew very little about pregnancy or babies prior to this experience so I read several books, talked to lots of moms – both new and old, and made long lists of questions for my doctor. (Bless her, she puts up with quite a bit with regard to my crazy queries.)

I also discovered something brand new: a totally useless but very entertaining “Pregnancy Message Board” on-line and I visit often. This place is full of women in all stages of pregnancy, with all types of questions, and clearly, a lot of time on their hands. Now, I do not post on this board, I only lurk, and for good reason. It took me forever to figure out the lingo. The gals on this board use abbreviations in all their posts, like the kids do these days with the whole text messaging deal.

I have always thought of myself as a fairly intelligent person until I saw the posts that read: “MIL wants to go into L&D w/ DH and Me!” Um, huh? Didn’t catch that, what or who is Mil? And what’s a dh? It was like reading Spanglish, part of it I understood then the rest was totally foreign. Even so, I pressed on, continuing to read (what I could) and after a while I started to comprehend these weird abbreviations they all use. I felt so proud of myself; it was kind of like teaching yourself Italian in your spare time.

Well, after I picked up the basics, the posts became easier to read and comprehend not to mention much, much more interesting. That’s when it happened. Even though I wasn’t posting on this board, I was so used to “thinking” in this lingo it started to spill over into other aspects of my life. I began to get e-mail responses from friends, family and co-workers asking, “What’s a FIL?” or “TIA? What are you talking about?” and “Um, EDD?”

Even as I write this article, I have to remind myself to make sure to

include all the vowels in each word and type out whole words instead of just including the first letter then calling it quits. If I do lapse, I will include subtitles for your reading comprehension. GL (Good Luck) to me.

Our race results for this month begin on MDW (Memorial Day Weekend), May 26, in Boulder, Colorado, at the **Bolder Boulder 10K**. This year (2008) marked the 30th anniversary of this race, which boasted more than \$100,000 in total prize money! A number of pro athletes from around the world as well as regular Joes came out to participate. From right here in the central Arkansas area, a few of our own traveled west to run the race. Brian Polansky finished in 42:24, Steve Hollowell in 42:45 and Bill Torrey in 43:29. Carol Torrey made the trip as well JIC (Just In Case) these guys needed some supervision ... and, let’s face it, they probably did. Carol finished in 1:04:45. IMO (In My Opinion), this race sounded like it was a major event, with an expo, large amount of prize money NTM (Not To Mention) loads of people.

On May 31, the **Dino Dash 5K** was held right here in Little Rock. I have heard that our Club not only had several individuals who came out to participate, but there were a number of folks who volunteered as well. In a story that seemed a bit heavy in the TMI (To Much Information) department, I know of two Club members involved in a BBS (Breast graze. While it was reported that the incident was NBD (No Big Deal) by both parties, I couldn’t help wondering, “Why does all the drama happen when I’m OOT (Out Of Town)?” Anyhoo, David Williams finished third on the men’s side in 19:57, Darren Gilpin was close behind in 19:57, Jacob Wells in 22:23, Bill Crow in 22:32, and Dan Belanger in 25:22.

Death Match (Continued from Page 5)

DFL, and I did beat at least one person who hadn’t gone home. Not great, but about as good as I could do. It was good enough for me.

Over on the ladies side, Maddi Wells finished in 28:32 and Jaynie Cannon in 42:25.

Havana, Arkansas, was the site of the **Mt. Magazine 15K** on June 7. From what I could find online, we had one Club member who ran this race, Dan Belanger, AKA (Also Known As) “Dan Belangen” who finished in 2:03:42.

Heat in the Street 2-Miler was held on June 21, in Arkadelphia. BTW (By The Way) this was the 12th Grand Prix race of the year. Our own Brian Sieczkowski was first overall in 10:03, and following at his heels was Steve Hollowell in 11:50, Brian Polansky in 11:52, Jim Barton in 12:03, Lee Epperson in 12:13, Jacob Wells in 12:56, Roy Hayward in 14:30, Dan Belanger in 15:34, Dave Wilkinson in 16:22 and Carl Northcutt in 23:54. Several ladies also did the race and were no doubt following their own leader. Leah Thorvilson finished first on the women’s side in 10:47, then Andrea Murphy in 12:23, Maddi Wells in 15:37, Angela Gaines in 15:38, Ginea Qualls in 17:45, Alesa Davis in 18:18, Linda House in 25:47, and Jaynie Cannon in 25:57.

FWIW (For What It’s Worth), I think that my first article post-lingo learning, was a success. Not that I am trying to be some AW (Attention Whore) or anything, but I was able to at least include meanings behind all of the abbreviated mania. It is my hope that neither you nor your BF (Best Friend) was left out of these results. Not that this is any kind of excuse, but I have been a bit CP (Sleepy) of late, and it has been known to cause some overlooking in the results looking up department.

And so now, all that is left to say is, UNMSF (Until Next Month Sports Fans).

I will give you one piece of advice, though. If me and the little girl lock up in another death match; **DON’T BET ON ME!**

Women's Olympic Marathon Trials Held In Boston

By Lee Wyant

One bonus to running this year's Boston Marathon was being able to watch the Women's Olympic Marathon trials the day before. The top three finishers would earn a trip to Beijing, China, this summer to represent the U.S. in the Olympics.

Former Razorback Deena Castor was the heavy favorite to not only qualify but also to win, based on her bronze medal performance in Athens in 2004 and her American record run in London 2006. The rest of the field was wide open. Deena didn't disappoint as she ran a conservative race but managed to turn it on late to win by almost minute in a time of 2:29:35.

The loop course was very spectator friendly with the start/finish close to the Boston Marathon finish on Boylston Street. The race started on Boylston with a 2.2 mile city loop around the Boston Commons then onto Commonwealth Avenue. The rest of the race consisted of four core loops of six miles each run from Boylston St., Commonwealth Avenue over the Harvard Bridge (Massachusetts Ave.) along the Charles River into Cambridge adjacent to the MIT campus, then back over the Harvard Bridge back to Boylston.

I was able to see the start then run about ½ mile to the Boston Commons at Commonwealth (mile 2) to see the lead pack. Magdalena Lewy Boulet bolted to the lead and by mile two had a 300 meter lead on the field. I ran back to a spot on the core loop so I could watch the field come by three more times. Boylston Street was crowded so I picked a great spot on Commonwealth Avenue just two blocks over. Commonwealth is a wide boulevard with a walking path and benches. I sat on the inside curb and watched everyone run just a few feet from me. I picked a spot that was at mile 8.5, 14.5 and 20.5 of the race.

After the field passed the last time I just walked two blocks over to Boylston to watch the finish. I didn't know who Boulet was at first. I've since learned she's a naturalized U. S. citizen originally from Poland. Her lead at 8.5

miles was at least a minute over the pack and by mile 14.5 her lead had grown to almost two minutes. At mile 14.5 the chase pack, led by Deena Castor, consisted of about eight runners. By the time Deena made the loop again, mile 20.5, she was running alone having dropped the rest of the pack and only a minute behind Boulet. Though Boulet was running strong I knew Deena would catch her, which she did at mile 23.

I waited to see Joan Benoit Samuelson run by on her last loop before heading to the finish line on Boylston. Joan would set a U.S. 50+ record in a time of 2:49:08. Deena was so fluid when she ran by but Joannie was just gritty. You could see that she was hurting at mile 20 but also saw the determination in her face. What a tough competitor.

The crowds were thick but I was able to work my way close to the

barricades and position myself behind some short women so I had a clear view of the finish. The crowd roared as Deena charged down Boylston and as she picked up an American flag from a spectator a few hundred meters from the finish.

Boulet actually ran a smart race as she knew she couldn't match Deena's foot speed; but, if she could get the lead and hold it as long as possible she had a good chance of finishing in the top three. (Was that a run on sentence?) Boulet finished strong, finishing in 2:30:19 and was followed by a solid performance from the veteran Blake Russell who finished in 2:32:40. Boulet and Russell finished fourth and fifth, respectively, in the 2004 Marathon Trials. Deena Kastor is considered the US women's only hope of earning a medal this summer.

On to Beijing!

Registration Begins For 2009 LR Marathon

Registration is now open for the 2009 Little Rock Marathon Festival to be held March 13-15, 2009. Discounted registration prices are available on-line and have been extended to November 1, 2008.

Events include the Little Rock Marathon, presented by the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, the Little Rock Half Marathon, presented by Baptist Health, the Little Rock Marathon Relay, the Little Rock 5K Fun Run/Walk, Little Rockers Kids Marathon, Classic Rockers 55+ Marathon, and the Little Rock Health & Fitness Expo, presented by Arvest Bank.

Registration for the Little Rocker's Kids Marathon and Classic Rockers 55+ Marathon will begin September 1, 2008.

Training for the 2009 races begins in late September with an expanded training schedule and training locations anticipated.

"We expect things to get a little wild in 2009," said Gina Marchese Pharis, co-executive director. "We sold out of the half marathon and full marathon in mid-February earlier this year and I anticipate

we will be sold out in early February next year. We are encouraging everyone to sign up now so they can go a little wild at the 2009 Marathoners Gone Wild - Little Rock Marathon."

The 2008 event (held earlier this year in March) saw a 35% increase in participation with almost 12,000 participants in the various training programs and races according to Pharis.

On-line registration is available at www.littlerockmarathon.com through 11:59 p.m. CST March 2, 2009. A mail in registration form is also available on the registration page of the website or by calling race headquarters at 501-371-4770. Mail-in registration forms must be postmarked by March 2, 2009. If space is available, registration will resume at the Little Rock Marathon Health & Fitness Expo at the Statehouse Convention Center race weekend.

For more information about deadline, details and the race, visit the website or contact the Little Rock Marathon office at 501-371-4770.

Running Calendar

Upcoming races, fun runs, and Grand Prix Series (GPS) races, including state championships {SC}, are listed below. The LRRC sponsors Sunday fun runs beginning at Andy's, Markham and Barrow Road, at 7 a.m. If you know about a race that should be listed, send information to *The Runaround* editor.

July

- 3: Comcast Firecracker St. Jude 5K at Memphis, TN. Call 901-765-4409.
- 3: Fireworks 5K at Flippin. Call 870-453-8522.
- 4: Firecracker 5K at Little Rock. Call 501-231-3730.
- 4: Freedomfest 5K at Greenwood. Call 479-996-6357.
- 4: Firecracker Fun Run 5K at Rogers. Call 479-636-3338.
- 4: Firecracker 5K at El Dorado. Call 870-863-6113.
- 5: Lions Club 5K at Granby, MO. Call 417-850-8627.
- 5: Old Fashion Days 5K at Lead Hill. Call 870-416-8235.
- 5: Firecracker 5K at Texarkana, TX. Call 903-793-2179.
- 6: Andy's Fun Run.
- 12: Big Dam Bridge 5K at Little Rock. Call 870-246-6686.
- 12: River City 5K Run Walk at North Little Rock. Call 501-834-7044.
- 12: Run for Sophia 10K at Avilla. Call 501-317-0547.
- 12: ASPE Firecracker 5K at Springdale. Call 479-443-3404.
- 13: Andy's Fun Run.
- 19: ArkansasRunner 2M at Benton. Call 501-315-9252.
- 19: Girls Just Wanna Run Women's 5K at Springfield, MO. Call 417-269-5147
- 19: Pea Ridge Fair 5k. Call 479-381-0721.
- 20: Andy's Fun Run.
- 26: Dam Night Run 5K at Lake DeGray. (GPS) Call Mike Prince, 870-246-2566.
- 26: Sensational Kids 5K at Jonesboro. Call 870-336-0021.
- 26: Fire Run 5K at Centerton. Call 479-795-2550.
- 27: Andy's Fun Run.

August

- 2: Reed Physical Therapy 4M Classic at Batesville. (GPS SC) Call Ken McSpadden, 870-793-2464.
- 2: LaLeche Golden Triangle 5K at El Dorado. Call 870-814-9871.
- 2: Race for the Cross 5K at Sheridan. Call 870-904-4707.
- 3: Andy's Fun Run.
- 8: Hot Summer Night 4M at Jonesboro. Call 870-972-4564.
- 9: Watermelon 5K at Hope. (GPS) Call Don Still, 870-777-1917.
- 9: Run for the Grapes 5K at Tontitown. Call 479-361-1100.
- 10: Andy's Fun Run.
- 16: Pioneer Days 5K at New Boston, TX. Call 903-793-2179.
- 17: Andy's Fun Run.
- 23: Lake Atalanta Eliminator 5K at Rogers. Call 479-621-9020.
- 23: Lake Wright Patman Sunset 5K at New Boston, TX. Call 903-793-2179.
- 24: Andy's Fun Run.
- 30: Clear Mountain 5K at North Little Rock. (GPS SC) Call Bob Taylor, 501-834-1313.
- 31: Andy's Fun Run.

September

- 1: Kelly's Bass Kickin' 5K at Conway. Call 501-733-2505.
- 1: Run for a Child 5K at Rogers. Call 479-936-4554.
- 6: Sara Low Memorial 5K at Batesville. (GPS) Call Ken McSpadden, 870-793-2464.
- 6: Cleburne County Rela7y for Life 5K at Heber Springs. Call 501-206-5498.
- 7: Andy's Fun Run.

Birthdays

The following is a list of Club members/spouses who were born during the month of July. Call June Barron at 851-4655 if the information is incorrect.

- 3 – Coreen Frasier
- 4 – Stacey Wheeler
- 5 – Harriett Akins
- 8 – Jacob Wells
- 9 – Tara Zello
- 11 – Bill Harrell
- 11 – Tammy Walther
- 12 – Steven Preston
- 14 – Sabrina Maham
- 15 – Dale Wintroath
- 15 – Glen Mays
- 15 – Rhonda Ferguson
- 18 – Darren O'Quinn
- 21 – Roy Smith
- 22 – Lou Peyton
- 24 – June Barron
- 30 – Andra Dillard
- 31 – Ethan Neyman

Condolences

The Little Rock Roadrunners Club extends its deepest sympathy and condolences to Tom Zaloudek over the death of his mother, Marie Caroline Zaloudek, June 16. Please keep Tom, Corky, and their family in your thoughts and prayers.

Retreads

First Wednesday of the month
 Franke's Cafeteria
 11121 N. Rodney Parham Road
 (Market Place Shopping Center)
 Dutch Treat

Wear something to show you are one of the gang -- shirt, hat, scarf, finisher medal, etc. Just show up and look for the Old Runners -- Retreads. For more information contact Charley or Lou Peyton at 225-6609 or chrlypyton@aol.com.