

*“The Nation’s Most Unusual and Entertaining
Running Publication . . . Ever.”*



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

APRIL 2006

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!

*NOBODY IS CERTAIN IF THE WORLD WILL EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.
TODAY MARKS THE START OF SOMETHING STUPID.*

This could very well be the most important moment in written history. Of course, it could mean jack squat and most likely will mean just that. In any case, we would like to welcome you to the very first edition of **THE RAMBLINGS**, an online newsletter dedicated to basically nothing. Which as it turns out is what it costs – nothing.

THE RAMBLINGS, or something else if someone comes up with a better name, will contain lots of information. Some of it will make you laugh, some of it may even be informative (not on purpose mind you) but we hope it will be entertaining. We will try and cover running and racing in a whole new light. There will be foul language, race results and a whole bunch of other shit that when we think of it, will be worthy of adding.

We here at The Underground Grand Prix are pleased to announce that **THE RAMBLINGS** will feature a very popular article titled “Take It In Stride” previously published in the Rundown, a Tidewater Striders publication. You may be wondering how we were able to attract such a well know author? Well, you are a frigging idiot because it’s me for Christ sakes. Come on now, what were you thinking? Man-o-man you folks are going to be easy to entertain if this is how we start this relationship off.

Anywho, we hope you enjoy **THE RAMBLINGS** and will gladly refund you any money you paid if you are not 100% satisfied up until the point we actually start charging, happy reading people.

Out of the Cave..

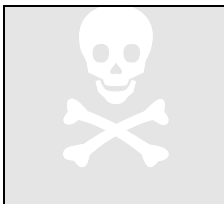
By Dean Clifton

We hope you like the initial offering of our monthly rag. If you are informed, and also given too much information, all at the same then we feel we have succeeded. Our job is to bring a little levity to our serious world. Hey, we are no Runners World but who wants washboard abs anyway. If I wanted washboard abs I



would have stopped on my 5th Guinness. In future editions, we will bring you helpful, “real world” tips like how to crank out a long run while working through a hangover and hints on converting your Taco Bell diet into PR’s. My “bag” is lists. So, my initial offering is what I consider to be the top 10 runners of all time:

1. Haile Gebreselassie: His recent WR in the ½ marathon of 58:55 is astounding. Has run 8:01 for two miles, 12:39 for 5k and a 26:22 10k.
2. Steve Prefontaine: The guy was an animal, the best competitor there ever was.
3. Frank Shorter: What a class act, plus he makes the coolest gore-tex suit on the market.
4. Steve Scott: Another class act . . . 3:47 miler . . . tough as nails.
5. Rod Dixon: Although his second career as a porn star was highly successful, you have to say Rod had range. A PR of 3:53 in the mile and 2:08 in the marathon ain’t too shabby.
6. Sebastian Coe: I consider him the best of the milers from Great Britain, former world record holder, gold medalist and Conservative Member of Parliament.
7. Billy Mills: If you want to see a great movie watch “Running Brave.” Tells the story of his gold medal 10,000m triumph at the Mexico City Olympics.
8. Paula Radcliffe: Hey Tommy . . . get a life . . . 2:15 marathoner . . . are you kidding me...that is incredible.
9. Abebe Bikila: Won the 1960 Olympic marathon while running barefoot, enough said.
10. Henry Rono: The start of the Kenyan invasion in America. Had a stellar career at Washington State where he set 4 World Records in 4 different distances over 81 days . . . has since had jobs parking cars, was homeless for a stretch in DC and has worked as a skycap.

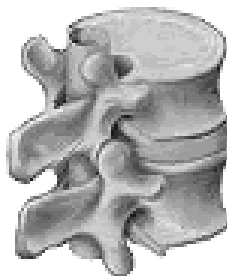


Shamrock UGP Winner Says, “I’m Rick James, Bitch!”

Yes folks, the winner of the Shamrock Underground Grand Prix is the one the only, Mike Villani. Mike, or as he is known in the Underground, Rick James, was very decisive with his selections. Who would have thunk it?

Others were quite impressed with Mike’s win as well. Underground co-founder, Dean Clifton, uttered “Are you shitting me? Villani won? Oh, this is total crap.” Carlsbad Clifton went on to say, “I’m certain I can attribute Villani’s depth at predictions to car bombs and Guinness.”

The masters’ runner collected \$16 dollars for his efforts, he would have netted \$18, but he never gave me his \$2 in the first place. Complete results below.

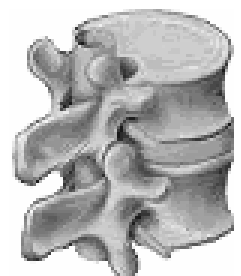


Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.

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The Coaches Corner. Want to develop a better finishing kick? Try this workout known as a ladder. Warm up with 1 to 2 miles. Run ½ mile at your current 5K race pace; follow with a quarter mile rest. Run a quarter mile at current mile race pace; follow with a 200 meter rest. Run 200 meters at 80% effort; follow with a 100 meter rest. Run 100 meters all out. Run ½ mile easy. Try to work up to 4 sets of these ladders. Warm down with 1 to 2 miles. Object is to teach your body to run hard when it is spent and worn out.

Happy Hour

... with the Cannibal



“If you always do what you have always done . . .

you will always run no faster than your fastest run.”

Pushing the envelope of your training is very stressful. It drains you mentally (with the daily commitment) and physically (with the lactic acid pooling in your muscles). It may interfere with your energy levels at work and with the family. It may lead to mood swings due to the extreme fluctuations in your endorphin levels. However . . .

Pushing the envelope of your training . . . redefines the limits of your potential. Through increasing your baseline distance (from 3 to 4 miles per day), your easy speed from (6 mph to 6.5 mph), your frequency of hill/interval workouts (from 1x to 2x/week) . . . you are tapping into a new existence that may manifest:

1. Believing in yourself
2. Better sustained energy levels
3. Better time management skills
4. A positive example to inspire others
5. A ticket to eating/drinking whatever you want...whenever you want...and not gaining a pound.

Pushing the envelope of your training...*are you ready to fly?*



See this map of the world? There is no reason it is here what so ever. Nice, huh?

Take It In Stride...

By Tommy Neeson

I have to start this article out by telling you all I figured out why I was knocked down and shit on by a bird at this year's Shamrock Sportsfest Marathon. No, it wasn't because my socks were on the wrong feet. You see that was lucky marathon number 13 for me. I guess I had it coming.

So, my wife and I are watching TV when an advertisement for Smuckers comes up. They were pitching pre-made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. "Have we gotten that lazy we can't even make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for our kids?" the ball and chain err, Elaine says. Then I reminded her, "Honey, you do realize Shelby buys her lunch?"

Stockton, CA has a minor league baseball team called the Ports. They also have a Sponsorship Director by the name of, Michael Swope. Mike had a great idea to break the Guinness Book of World Record for longest ceremonial pitch to start a ball game. They gathered 800 fans and stretched them out over 2.5 miles. Are you impressed? You shouldn't be. As Mr. Swope puts it, "We set out to break the Guinness Record, turns out it's not a category." Nice job, moron.

One of my latest marathon travels brought me to this past year's Steamtown Marathon in Scranton, PA. Chiropractor and buddy of mine, Dr. Evan Fiedler and I made the 7 hour trek together. The good doctor finished the classic distance in just over 4 hours and 38 minutes. Cannibal, as we like to call him, admitted that he was a good 25 pounds over ideal marathon racing weight. He also noted that during the event local Hash House Harries (known for their consumption of beer) were out in force handing out donuts and a fermented beverage for those willing to partake in such nourishment. Little E explained he passed on the brewsky (and I call him a friend?) but did chow down on the fried treat. Well, I guess we know why he's 25 pounds over weight now don't we. I wonder how many times at his dinner table he's said, "Sure I'll have another piece of pie."

Golfer, Michelle Wie, turned pro making 10 million in endorsements a year. Wanna make a bet that one, if not all, of the following statements will be heard within the Wie house in the near future:

"Aren't trust funds supposed to be for kids not adults?"

"What do you mean I can't borrow the car, I bought it?"

"You know Dad, money doesn't grow on trees."

"Mom, can I go to Scotland to play in the British Open?"

"No, no, I'll get the check."

**"SURE I'LL HAVE
ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE."
- THE CANNIBAL**

Some of you may recall my birthday was in January. Well, for those who are planning on showering me with belated gifts, here are a few "don't buy" presents:

- 1) Two tickets to see the Beatles at Shea Stadium.
- 2) Chia-anything.
- 3) The English to Snoop Dogg dictionary (Yo' fazizzle my nizzile).
- 4) Mike Tyson's book "101 tips to financial success."
- 5) Left handed pencils (I'm right handed).
- 6) The Holy Grail (You see I've already got one. Yes, it's a very nice. Now go away before I taunt you a second time).
- 7) And finally, Clinique moisturizer for men. I'll just wind up giving it to Steve Speirs (remember he is European and isn't inhibited by his sexuality).

UGP Member Profile: Horseshoe Crab



Every month we here at the offices of, ~~THE RAMBLINGS~~. (yeah, like we have any offices) are going to detail one of our UGP members. We find it only fitting to rummage through some of the ‘Originals.’ As with just about everything else we do, this to will not be normal. Entertaining yes, but normal? Hell no!

Horseshoe Crab, formally, More Damn Women, as first dubbed on the UGP, also goes by ‘Mom’ to folks like her son, David, and ‘Honey Luvin’ Sugar Bear Sweet Cheeks’ to dudes like her husband . . . and a few guys at the ‘Y.’ But most of her life has just been referred to as, Jennifer..

Often times Horseshoe Crab can be seen plunking down miles at First Landing Park with what she calls her ‘dog’, Jasper. If you ask me, the son of a bitch (notice how I can get away with that sob line? Eh, eh? Pretty clever of me, isn’t it?) is more like a small horse than a dog. Jasper once pulled a Honda Accord out of a ditch on Elbow Road and then plowed 3 acres of corn fields for some Mennonites out in Pungo. He was paid with two dozen dog biscuits and 15 pounds of Gravy Train.

UGP: Innie or outie?

HC: Innie.

UGP: If you could have any super hero living in your house, who would it be and why?

HC: Chuck Norris. Because he can count to infinity, twice and Jasper doesn’t scare him.

UGP: Chuck Norris? He isn’t a super hero?

HC: Oooo, I’m telling Chuck.

UGP: Damn, I have to move again.

HC: He’ll find you.

UGP: What part of Neapolitan ice cream do you eat first?

HC: Does Neapolitan ice cream have chocolate in it? If so, the chocolate.

UGP: Have you ever noticed they don’t have “B” sized batteries?

HC: Chuck Norris does.

UGP: Leno or Letterman?

HC: Letterman – Leno is a little too nice.

UGP: What is your favorite flavor of Gatorade?

HC: Raspberry Lemonade.

UGP: Do you really think women should be allowed to vote?

HC: A woman should rule with unconditional power. (Me)

UGP: How about drive?

HC: If the woman is me, then I have exclusive use to the left lane.

UGP: Tell us something about yourself that chances are no one else but you really care about?

HC: I a total “Medal Whore.” I’m not running farther than a 10K unless there’s going to be a medal involved. That’s why you don’t see me at the Distance Series.

So, you want to be a hero to many? Want to be put into the annuals of history right up there with Alexander the Great, Thomas Jefferson and Hitler? Well, here is your chance. All you need to do is give the critter a name. The Jackasses at The Underground Grand Prix are very proud of their logo. Only problem is we don't have a name for the little guy. Think you can name it? Send us your idea and we will pick the best one. The winner will receive a one year subscription to **THE RAMBLINGS**. You read that right, a one year subscription to our free on-line newsletter, plus we'll say something nice about you.



Shamrock UGP Results

Mike Vallani, Rick James	3932
Jennifer Jeffers, Horseshoe Crab	4414
Shannon Ralston, Lurky	4482
Steve Speirs, British Bulldog	4554
Steve Durr, I'm Not Slow, I'm Big Boned	4688
Michael Greanry, Shotz & Cotz	4689
Ryan Carroll, Manhole Cover	4866
Tommy Neeson, Mary Mouth All	5375
Charlie Forman, Where's Your House?	5428
John Price, 1/2 Priced	5501
Dean Clifton, Carlsbad Clifton	5579
Luck Sackett, American Whore	5695
Ally Speirs, Token	5871

Here are some pretty interesting facts regarding the Shamrock Underground Grand Prix. Both Luck and Charlie were one second off their predictions for Mary Mouth All. Dean was 3 seconds off of Rick James' 1/2 marathon trot. Steve Speirs sure knows his wife; he was also 3 seconds off her 13.1 mile race. John may not be able to guess his own times very well, but he was only 6 seconds off Ryan's performance. Finally we have what can only be described as "What the hell were you thinking?" goes to Carlsbad Clifton who was 2489 ticks off his prediction for Steve Durr's classic distance. Nice Dean, nice.

We encourage all of our subscribers to submit articles, thoughts, comments, race results, whatever to us. Just send them via e-mail to tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com. And please encourage folks you know to sign up to be a scribe. Hell, it don't cost ya nuttin.

Peace out,

THE RAMBLINGS