

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



# THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND GRAND PRIX NEWSLETTER

JULY 2006

## INTRODUCING THE CRITTER

*PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III*

Our critter has officially been named and we thank everyone who took the time to send in their suggestions. We had many fine suggestions to sift through but in the end it was Brian Clifton’s nomination of, Chauncy Bentworth III that we liked so much. Congratulations Brian you win a one year subscription to our free newsletter and we promise to say something nice about you. Let’s see, Brian, you were smart enough to get the hell out of Louisiana. We know it ain’t much, but you did get the one year subscription. Shut your pie hole and good luck with the upcoming wedding.

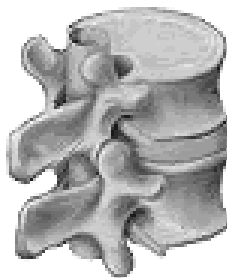
But what really is in a name you may ask? Well, we decided to take it one step further. Our Underground Grand Prix mascot has been legally ordained in The Church of Spiritual Humanism as a minister. Yes, we have the documentation to prove it. This means that when you refer to him, it is proper etiquette to call him Reverend.

For an extra \$20 we can make the Rev. Bentworth III a saint. We are still looking into that one. It’s not that we won’t do it, it’s just Dean’s a cheap bastard and won’t cough up \$10. The good Reverend is also a Deacon with the International Church of Alcohol, which you too can become a part of. In fact, we encourage all of our subscribers to join the International Church of Alcohol ([www.worshipalcohol.com](http://www.worshipalcohol.com)). When you do sign up, please make the comment that you would like to see the Rev. Chauncy Bentworth III be granted the promotion that has been applied for. So you know, the promotion in question is ‘Bishop of the Holy Beverage’. That’s gonna look killer on a business card.



### **And Our First Winner Is:**

Congratulations to Geoff Cook for winning our first contest ever. Geoff was our top **RAMBLINGS** recruiter for the month of June and thus wins the coveted Megan Burns’ 2005 Tidewater Strider Grand Prix trophy autographed by Tommy’s neighbor, Bob. Thanks to everyone who participated and as always, pass **THE RAMBLINGS** to your friends.

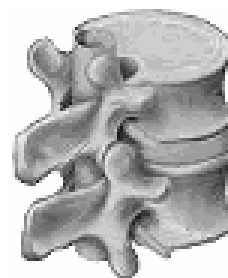


## Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.

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Virginia Beach . . . Phone 463-9355



# Out of the Cave...

By Dean Clifton

I used to work at a running store from the 8<sup>th</sup> Grade until I was a senior in high school. Best job I ever had, what fun. That fun abruptly ended when our store went out of business. Penniless and without shelter I did what any teenager would do, I sold my body to strangers. Sure the money was better but despite what others may have told you, humans have a strong need for intimacy. As sad as this story is, the real lesson to learn is that you need to support your local running store. They are the lifeblood of our sport and you should give them the first 10% of your income. To help prevent this sort of thing from happening again I have come up with 10 sure-fire signs that might indicate your running shoe store is in financial trouble:



10. New store policy, customers no longer receive change.
9. Instead of long runs on Sundays, organized dog fights in the back of the store.
8. Cheerful running gals' are replaced by new running gal who coughs up phlegm and has a frozen eye (from where her old man stuck her with a hot poker).
7. Racing flats section of store has now been replaced with NASCAR collectibles.
6. New return policy requires employees to say: "I thought we were friends" and "Get the 'F' out of the store", when merchandise is returned.
5. Cheery light music is replaced with a never-ending loop of Ted Nugent's Death by Misadventure.
4. After asking for some help, the new guy calls you a jackass for p'ing up his approach on the X-box high score list.
3. Store now sells top shelf liquor, condoms and cigarettes.
2. Owner swears the new wooden running shoes will take off, just look at what Nike did with those Goddamn springs.
1. Team in Training is replaced by an organized prostitution ring.

**Coaches Corner** – Instead of running by mileage, run by time. Say you normally train at an eight minute pace. Run anywhere you want for 32 to 33 minutes and turn around and figure it on eight miles. This can break you of running the same courses/loops over and over again.

## In the News . . .

Williamson, WV – Michael Aldrink of Durham, NC took this years crown at the hilly and mentally challenging Hatfield McCoy Marathon. Aldrink completed the classic distance in 2:41:03 which shattered the course record by over six minutes previously held by ~~Ramblings~~ contributor, Tommy Neeson. When approached for comment, Neeson replied, “That bastard did what? I’ll gonna kill him. Who the f\$%k does he think he is?” After his sewage filled tirade, we thought it best to not bring up the fact that his only other marathon course record, held at the Royal Plus Ocean City Marathon, was also broken . . . easily. But please, we encourage you to bring it up to him.

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# Happy Hour

... with the Cannibal



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

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

We are sorry to inform you that The Cannibal was unable to perform his monthly duties to **THE RAMBLINGS**. Some of you may think he’s in jail, while others are betting a pretty coin on him being in rehab. Alas, you are all very wrong. Our semi-devoted newsletter writer is neither. In fact, he gave some bullshit excuse about being “busy” and said, “Man, I need some motivation.” Motivation? How about motivating your fat ass down on a chair and put some Goddamn words together. It’s a good thing we don’t pay him.

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## The Beer Mile Race Report

By Jafab

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. Dickens used this phrase as the opening for “A Tale of Two Cities” referring to the French Revolution; I am using it to describe the 2006 running of the Beer Mile. Call it anticipation, pre-race anxiety, nerves, or just plain old thirsting for beer. Call it what you will; each competitor participating in the 2006 version of the Beer Mile was preparing for the best of times and the worst of times. Strike that, each competitor participating was preparing for the BEST of times.

What more could a runner ask for but the opportunity to run while combining it with what one

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would consider a post run reward; drinking a cold beer. This year's event had 28 participants and was the

biggest running since the inauguration four years ago. This year also featured a two person relay for the event for those unsure of their ability to consume four beers, one each before running a quarter of a mile. There were four relay teams which might also account for the larger than expected turnout.

The expo, which was a new edition to the event, opened at 4PM on Saturday June 10<sup>th</sup>. Albeit there were no sponsors this year (so there were no sponsor tables) there was a table to sign up for the 2007 Boxing Day Extravaganza (more to come on this later), as well as a table for me to hold, well to be candid . . . a yard sale. Packet pick up opened at 4:30 and the race directors were prepared for an anticipated 20 participants. Race day registration proved bountiful as eight additional packets had to be created to ensure everyone had a number and chip. Yes, that's correct; this year's event was chip timing. We had an official stop watch and everyone wore a poker chip with their number on it on their running shoe, hence chip and timing (poker chip was later used for door prizes).



While sporting a bare chest and weird hair, Mary Mouth All shows off one of his few talents, drinking. While fellow Ramblings subscribers, Billy Edwards (far right and eventual winner) and Corey Rynders (red shirt) work to catch up.

The race started at 5PM sharp. The official pace car, a remote controlled corvette, was driverless so was unable to lead the race. This course this year was a comfortable course but did have a rolling hill. The elevation climbed from sea level to approximately 6 feet above sea level over the quarter mile out and back course. This may not sound like much to some, but for Virginia Beach...this is close to being mountainous. Several Underground Grand Prix'ers were racing and drank/ran very well with Billy Edwards being the overall winner. But times aside, all participants, even those . . . well . . . the one that foamed over (can you say blew chunks, hurled, tossed his cookies, barfed, okay you get the idea) on the third quarter mile (no names mentioned but his name rhymes with TOMMY)...were winners just for participating. But the biggest win overall was the fact that we raised \$500 for the Hampton Roads Community Care charitable foundation which will use the money to supply local area children with school supplies at the start of the next school year.

After the race the award ceremony kicked off at 6PM followed by a "kick off the racing season" JCQ! We would like to thank our "shot" girl for ensuring most attendees at the post race celebration were well inebriated after consuming multiple shots of rum. This race is one for the record books, and will definitely be difficult to top in coming years, but there is no harm in trying. See you at Beer Mile 2007.

(Editor's note: The Underground Grand Prix would like to sponsor this wonderful and heroic event next year as long as it doesn't cost us anything. You can't sponsor much when everything you do is free.)

# Take It In Stride...

By Tommy Neeson

So, I'm out running the other day and I'm almost done with a nice 10 miler. I'm moments from my driveway and about to stop when about four pre-pube teens jump out and scare the holy gee-bee Jesus out of me. It was so cute, they laughed and had such a good time until I started to beat the ever living crap out of those snot nosed little sons a bitches. They started screaming for their lives and I just bellowed back, "Where's your precious mommy now, huh?" Ah what good times. Memories, keep sakes if you will.

I've never really done a product review before but this time I will. My luck with MP3 players hasn't been very good. For some reason they always seem to crap out on me. For father's day this year my thoughtful and exceedingly patient wife, Elaine, bought me an RCA Lyra. Let me tell you what a piece of shit this thing is. The first one lasted one and a half runs before it junked out. I brought it back and exchanged it. The next one lasted A MILE AND A HALF! When I e-mailed RCA about it they said I should contact some other company because it seemed like a technical question. Oh, I see RCA doesn't really make the products; they just take your money. So, in closing the RCA Lyra portable MP3 player get two big middle fingers.

Continuing on with product reviews we have the Brooks Radius. Best Goddamn running sneaker I've ever laced up. Review over. Buy one.

Tour de France pre-race favorites, Ivan Basso and Jan Ullrich, were suspended by their respective teams for alleged participation in a huge blood doping scandal. The 1997 tour winner, Ullrich was quoted as saying, "It's the worst thing that has ever happened to me in my career." Apparently the German cyclist forgot about the last time he was suspended for illegal drug use, Dumbass.



## *The Kat House*

I am new to the Ramblings and happy to be here. I was asked to write a column geared towards women and was very happy to oblige. I am a woman living on the West Coast. I like trees, animals and expressing my freedom by running outside and being with nature. I think an advantage to being a woman runner is our natural instinct to let a run come to us. My boyfriend, Josu, tends to force runs or will run strictly according to schedule. As a woman, I tend to be more intuitive and body conscious and enjoy letting my run evolve based upon how I feel. If I am feeling strong, I will run with power. If I am off or feeling sluggish, I will run easy and just enjoy everything around me. If I am in a playful mood I pull up my knee socks and run like a child. I love to frolic with my dogs and play hunted and hunter, it's the Kat in me....so long for now and remember to run free and run often! Meow!

# UGP Member Profile: Jamie's Cryin'



This month's profile takes us up north near the New England side of the US. It wasn't a hard decision to select Jamie Good, as our next interviewee. You see Jamie is one of the UGP Originals. He's was kicked off the Texas Tech cross country team, is a converted Mormon, currently lives in New Hampshire and has a girls name.

Jamie has lived in several locals in the United States and it is no surprise to find out he has lost many, many races across the fine nation. He is the proud parent of a soon to be Yankees fan and has worked for the United States Postal department for quite some time now. Jamie is a veteran marathoner, and by that I mean he's finished a few of them, and comes as no surprise that the more time goes by the better Jamie use to be. He is a legend in his own mind.

UGP: Do you want to wait a few questions or would you like to jump right in with how much you think the Yankees suck?

JC: I hate George Steinbrenner, Jeter, Alex Rodriguez and Johnny Damon. Yeah, Yankees suck.

UGP: Crash any more Postal vehicles?

JC: After I totaled my last postal truck I was living at Mary Mouth All's house. The postal service promoted me to a postmaster, so I'm not allowed to drive the vehicles any more.

UGP: Are you allowed as many naps as a postmaster as you were a mail carrier?

JC: I get a two hour lunch and a few breaks.

UGP: You come home from work and are going to make a sammich. What kind of sammich is Jamie good going to make?

JC: Tuna. I like the smell of it, reminds me of my ex-girlfriends.

UGP: You aren't going to let your wife read this are you?

JC: That's a big NOOOOOOOO.

UGP: What would you rather have, an Olympic Gold or a world record and why?

JC: Gold Medal. You can sell it to make some money. Records are made to be broken, you can't sell a record.

UGP: Does everything taste better when your wife is out of town or just beer?

JC: I might need a lawyer if I answer this question.

UGP: Ginger Maryanne or Daisy Duke?

JC: All three if I could, but Maryanne.

UGP: All three! Amen my brother.

UGP: Have you ever smelled moth balls?

JC: Not sober.

UGP: What is your favorite injury to get?

JC: Torn hamstring didn't have to run for a year and counting.

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

JC: I was the state of Maine Potato identification champion my junior and senior year in high school. I also dated the valedictorian and yes she was a woman.

Think you have what it takes to make it on the digital pages of **THE RAMBLINGS**? We think you do and we think you should send in your submission to us. Perhaps you have a hysterical story that you love to tell. Perhaps you have an embarrassing story you want no one to know about. Or better yet, perhaps you want a one year subscription to **THE RAMBLINGS**. In any event, we want you to send us what you've got. Have pictures? Even better. Think of it this way, can you do much worse than what we are doing? I didn't think so. So please people, send your stuff to [tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com](mailto:tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com).



## Training and Race Report: 10 Mile Run

Official registration has begun on our Rev Chauncy Bentsworth III's 10 mile tune-up to a half marathon you might be running on Labor Day in Virginia Beach run. To sign up, please visit our home page at [www.undergroundgrandprix.com](http://www.undergroundgrandprix.com). Registration is free and is limited to the exact number of who ever is last to sign up.

Awards and acknowledgements are still in the works. We may have something good, we may have total crap. We do know this; it will be 10 miles and have nothing to do with the race that sounds like "Hock and Pole Path Hare-a-thon." Because heaven forbid we upset some one at ELITE RACING AND THEIR PRECIOUS FREAKING RACE.

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

Peace out my Brother,

**REV. CHAUNCY BENTSWORTH III**