

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



THE RAMBLINGS

THE UNDERGROUND RUNNERS SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2008

THE WRITERS STIKE IS OVER!

HALLOWED BE THY NAME, WE CAN GET BACK TO PUTTING OUT STUPID SHIT!

You might be asking yourself, what the hell does the Hollywood writers strike have to do with this piece of shit publication. The answer . . . shut the f\$%k up! The simple fact is we are in support of our brothers and sisters who are suffering by the hands of The Man. You think it is easy coming up with story lines for sit-coms week in and week out? Well, actually it's probably for like 25 weeks out of the year. I mean who wouldn't like to work for less than 25 weeks a year?

In any event, while the writers strike was happening we were forced to see sporting events like the Super Bowl. With the New England Patriots on the verge of perfection, only to have it foiled at the hands of the New York Football Giants. One may wonder why in the world the lead story is heading in this direction.

Well, the simple answer is, we really didn't care about the writers strike, but couldn't come up with a better way of allowing Tommy to ramble on about his beloved Giants. Fact of the matter is, the real reason we didn't put out a February issue is he is just now starting to sober up from the Super Bowl. The man is a freak; someone has to tell him IT'S JUST A FOOTBALL GAME!

However, Tommy insists on making sure we mention the following statement:

18 Wins, One [GIANT](#) Loss

The First Ever URS Beer Mile

On April 26th, we will be holding our first ever Beer Mile. This is very exciting news because it is the first true event we are having that involves beer. For more information visit us at:

<http://www.runnersociety.com/UpcomingEvents.html>

We encourage you to put on your own Beer Mile. If you want a Word document so you can rip off our entry form, must e-mail us at tommy@runnersociety.com, just make sure your entry fees go to charity like our flier says.

I'm Not Insane, I'm Canadian

Thoughts and Expressions from the Great White North by Charles Davis

Some of my running friends (Alex & Carey), whom I thought were just as crazy as me, had suggested a couple of week's back, that I should run The Badwater Ultra Marathon. They had also suggested they be my support crew. I, of course, blew this off, as caffeine induced lunacy. However as the weeks, and much badgering, have passed. I have considered that maybe this was not such a bad idea.

I lay on my sofa the other night watching the Vancouver Canucks pound the St. Louis Blues, and maybe it was the beer, but I made the commitment to myself, that I would indeed run The Badwater Ultra Marathon. I had a sudden revelation, "I really am crazier than my friend's?"

I also thought that after all of the pestering, it is now time for "My Friends" to step up to the plate. A running (no pun intended) diary of how this proceeds will be kept. Let the games begin.

I heard a guy on the radio the other day. He was the President of "The Society for a Collective Conscious". He was talking some mumbo jumbo, about stuff I really don't care about. Than he started stating the "Rules" of being a member of his "Society".

Rule # 5 - Only through observation does anything in the Universe change.

What kind of dumb ass shit is that? I can just envision a couple of single cell proto plasma, floating around in the primordial goo.

"Hey Amby Burfoot."

"Yeah Coach Jenny Hadfield?"

"Even though we have no eyes make sure that you look to the heavens otherwise where going to remain this slimy jelly forever."

"Okay Amby, I'll try."

Somebody break out the Cool Aid so that I have something to drink while I wait for the Mother Ship. Somebody had to say it.

OUT OF THE CAVE...

By Dean Clifton

Running continues to grow at a healthy rate and why shouldn't it, a simple sport that lets all competitors lay it on the line. Running's simplicity is what makes it so attractive and yet, I feel our sport is also becoming expensive and out of reach for many people. \$75 entry fees are now common place and it seems like our once simple sport has become more conforming and rule oriented (just what I want, more rules in my life). I mean, I remember running in races with entry fees of \$5 where I got a rockin' t-shirt and I was given a Popsicle stick to mark my finishing place. Now, I'm not suggesting we completely turn everything upside down, but just spice things up a bit. Put a little Tabasco sauce on those scrambled eggs and go have some fun when you run.



Here are some new mandatory rules I would lay down if I were President of all Runners and had complete and total rule making and enforcement powers:

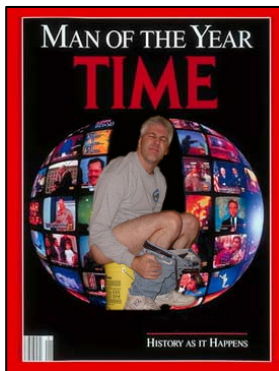
10. Mandatory playing of "Push-It" by Salt-N-Peppa at halfway point of every race.
9. 30 second time credit for edgy facial hair (guys only).
8. Flat fee of \$20.00 for all races (Do I really have to take out a loan to run in a race these days?)
7. Instead of Kids Run consider Cock Fighting (Virginia Only).
6. Eliminate numbers and timing chips, 100% honor system but punish those that cheat with water boarding and a lifetime ban from the sport.
5. 30 second time credit for running in a bikini (girls only).
4. More elbowing, trash talk and foul language at the starting line.
3. DNF (Do Not Finish) runners placed on milk cartons replacing lost kids.
2. Communal bags of Cheeto's passed out at post race bash.
1. Old school, club style racing (covering all distances) with members of both sexes represented, creating new levels of competition and scoring similar to cross-country! Lets revive the local (very local), small club scene where clubs compete against each other.

Losng Fans

According to the Cynical Bystander



Ok, I admit it. Last year, I became a “Biggest Loser” junkie. Watching those butterballs lose a person to find a new one, without medications or supplements, was truly a remarkable feat. But this season, the show has turned to integrating methods that encourage mental tactics to play a game (or as the trite saying goes, not to be voted off). Hey, if I want to see people exercise their mind power, I am going to watch “Jeopardy.” “The Biggest Loser” is supposed to evoke sweat, pain and tears...not a think tank! Please don’t make us think; just give me the fat people losing weight.



I’m Not the Anti-Christ, I Just Don’t Run Damn It!

By Pete Who



I live in Northern NJ. In the winter, we get snow, rain, slush and the town salts and plow the roads. What that means is runners will either be on the street competing for real estate with cars and trucks, or on the sidewalks. In either case, runners should use some God given common sense. If the road is being diminished by the amount of snow on the sides, people will be driving close to you. What do you expect them to do, swerve out of YOUR way?

And on a side note, God knows runners NEVER deviate from their own intended path. The shortest distance from A to B is a straight line and no way is anything going to interrupt that. No joke, I once witnessed first hand at the NYC marathon in the Javits Center, a runner almost bowl over a blind guy. The man had a white cane, dark glasses and was being led by the arm by someone. This runner was not looking to set a record, they just had to use the men’s room, BUT typical of a runner, no one will make them walk that extra foot out of someone’s way and incur a fraction of a second of extra time. Not even a blind guy was given this courtesy. Tommy, you are really a class act!

Back to the winter thing, there are times I haul my lethargic ass off the couch to go for a walk. Tearing my ingrained ass hairs from the couch fabric sounds sort of like Velcro, and you don't want to know what it smells like. Maybe something like hanging out in a tree for a month without shower or tampons. Anyway, I put on my HIKING boots and I hit the pavement. I encounter different types of runners.

There are very few runners that I offer the slightest bit of respect to. They are the average Joe with just shorts and sneakers, or the middle-age broad, who may not be fast, but is just doing her own thing regardless of what people think. I only bring this up to point out the other types of winter runners. They are the ones who are wearing what I would call "grape smugglers" although in winter temps, they look like a eunuch. Their "running gear" looks like a lycra peacock on crack with the intention of gathering as much looks as possible. They have on enough gadgets that could guide in the space shuttle. BTW, if you really want to speed up your run, drop the 40 lbs. of MP3 players, GPS devices, and lap counters, pulse monitors and wait for it, PUSH yourself harder. Come on people, I am not a runner and that crap is obvious to me.

So Mr. "Oooh Look at me in my Running outfit" is coming at me on the sidewalk. As this confrontation is unfolding, I can't help but think that given my fat mass, even a poor right hook will crack a few of his ribs (the skinny freak he is). For those interested, I get my fighting skills and testosterone from the same place, video games. Well, not really but I am throwing a bone here for those wanting to hate me. As he is trotting towards me, I see the mist of foul breath along with saliva exiting his mouth. As my face contorts in disgust and he gets closer, I see this freak has snot icicles. WTF?? Do any of you runners think about this? You are spewing your throat contents into the air that I have to walk through, AND you look like a 4 year old that doesn't wipe his nose yet. How pleasant is it that I get to smell the Halls cough drops and taste his breakfast as I walk through his emissions? He passes by me with a look that I am the one that doesn't belong outside, that he is on a higher plateau and he deserves the full amount of the sidewalk. I shake my head and keep walking home knowing there is beer in the fridge and I don't need to go out running with people like him to make myself feel good.

	<p>Evan S. Fiedler, B.S., D.C.</p> <p>Choose Chiropractic Care for Running by a Marathoner. www.atlas.xaper.com Virginia Beach . . . Phone (757)463-9355</p>	
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So to sum it up folks, if you run in the winter please take the time to wipe your nose and share the sidewalks with other people. And if you are in the streets, please don't expect someone in an F-150 to get out of your way. Trust me; it is easier for your boney ass 120 pound body to move than it is a 5,000 pound truck. Thanks for reading a non-runners point of view of what you people are like!



March Health Index
Submitted by Dr. Evan S. Fiedler



According to "Lost love really can cause a broken heart"¹ and "Broken heart syndrome: Is bad news bad for your heart?"² one intense emotional and/or physical stress can negatively impact the normal function of the heart. Essentially, the heart has

a physical change that results in less than optimal performance. This month, try to make the most of Valentine's Day and support (as opposed to compromise) the health of your partner.

Letter to the Editor

Thank God for **THE RAMBLINGS**. Where else could you see a picture of a half naked non-runner on top of a very large chicken, really tell me? Where else can you read a Canadian's insightful dialogue into beer drinking on an international scale, and all for free. This must be divinely inspired; I mean it, supernal to say the least. It makes me feel like putting on paper some of my own crazy thoughts and notions.

I feel compelled to write a few words about Tommy. Who could win a marathon the only year they did not offer a cash purse? Tommy. Who could inspire such literary contributions from the illiterate (me)? Tommy. Who else can use assbat in such an eloquent and effective style? Nobody but Tommy.

So assbats off to a really cool guy, and by cool I mean _____, (you fill in the blank).

What I am trying to say is I like the guy, who doesn't? Don't answer that it might make the newsletter even bigger than it already is. For 2008, as members of the Church of What's Happening Now, we should all take a minute to reflect on our friends and associates. Maybe we can do better, just kidding, this is as good as it gets. The sooner you realize this truth the happier you will be. So drink a lot of beer, run many miles and thank God for **THE RAMBLINGS**. Just about every sentence and word in this babble was flagged by Word doc. Grammar check, I friggin love it. Later Dogs and Kat.

PS For you cross dressers, I mean cross trainers out there, ride your bike with us on Delmarva this year. www.pedaldelmarva.com shameless plug. More ridiculous babble can be found on the cycle babble link at that website for those of you who are truly bored. Happy January! I can hardly wait until the next issue.

Mark Shaw, Maryland

Thanks Mark, we are certainly glad you enjoy this crap. Now fill out your damn profile questions so we can make fun of you.

Your pals at **THE RAMBLINGS**

Seven & Seven has a New Meaning

I am the least qualified person to ever think about writing an article on the sport of running. While running on a treadmill in a local Southern California gym, I struck up a conversation with a normal-enough looking guy, named Dean, out of sheer and utter boredom. After our conversation Dean asked if I would contribute an article for his small, but growing Underground Grand Prix, (now Underground Runners Society) that he and a buddy started. I thought, "They must be desperate for material."

To be honest, I totally get why people look at runners as the equivalent of a sports nerd. Growing up, the only reason I ran was to get in shape for a “real sport”. You know, football, baseball, and the greatest sport of all; basketball. Big surprise; I played basketball and always hated the pre-season track workouts and suicide drills the coaches would put us through to get us in shape for the season. I hated running so much I used to, in the word of that great philosopher Mr. T, “Pity the fool(s)”. If anyone would have told me for the first 45 years of my life that I would be a runner, I would have just laughed and thought they must have done too many hard drugs in their past.

I was living the American dream in sunny Southern California. I had a beautiful family, great career, a house with an 180° view of Orange County and the Pacific Ocean. Life was good, until I got the news that I had been diagnosed with inoperable and incurable cancer. I was told I would need massive doses of chemotherapy along with a new regiment of drugs in order to have even a twenty percent chance of long term survival. We began treatment right away and in a word, it was arduous!

The chemo made me so sick all the time that what I considered to be a good day back then would be comparable to how you feel if you’ve just eaten a bowl full of spoiled clams. I was hospitalized three times with a fever of 103°; packed head to toe with ice bags for days, (makes an ice bath after a long run seem tame). I could go on about the treatment but you get the general idea. In the middle of all this two friends contacted me and told me they were going to run a marathon and a mini triathlon in my honor to raise money for Team in Training. My first thought was, “That’s crazy. Who in their right mind would do such a thing?” Both ladies seemed quite normal to me. Happily they completed their events and raised funds in my honor to fight cancer.

I am blessed to say that I made it through the treatment and am presently in seven years of remission from this terrible disease. I was so touched by this single act of charity almost two years later I committed to running a marathon as a way to give back for all that was done for me. My supposition was that anyone can run and therefore, how hard can a marathon be? It turns out, after my first five mile run I realized I was a total neophyte, a novice runner at best. I was committed to the marathon. Several people had pledged a lot of money, (some in disbelief), for me to run 26.2 and the outcome was in serious jeopardy. I found myself injured twice and every part of my body was chaffed or had a blister. I was running in cotton everything, along with my Bo Jackson cross trainers. While my attire was appropriate for racquetball, it was not a part of the formula for a successful race. I was experiencing a great deal of self doubt, and at several points along the way thought that the cancer didn’t get me but the marathon just might.

I learned what all of you know, that there is something to this running thing after all. No wonder only 2% of the world’s population have completed 26.2 miles. It is really pushes you to your limits.

I am happy to say that I completed my first marathon in Long Beach back in 2003 and have gone on to complete seven in total. I had the pleasure of crossing the finish line at PF Chang’s R’N’R in Arizona this year with a close friend and virgin marathoner. I got to experience the thrill of accomplishing 26.2 for the first time, all over again.

For me, number seven had a special meaning. I finished my seventh marathon during my seventh year of being in remission. Seven in seven, now has a new meaning for me.

Lord willing, I will complete at least one marathon for every year I am in remission. I continue to run for Team in Training and for those still fighting their battle against this horrific disease. It is the least I can do.

The battle against the marathon reminds me in a small way of the battle against cancer. I am not trying to say the pains we experience while training for, and running a marathon compares in anyway to cancer treatment - they fall way short. But for those who are battling this disease, the runners training and struggling to complete the daunting task of 26.2 represent a minor miracle. If you have never tried a charity run I would encourage you to give it a go in 2008. Your miracle of finishing 26.2, can help a struggling patient's spirits soar, giving them the gift of hope. The same hope we have every time we toe the starting line at a race.

As for basketball, I rarely pick one up . . . not enough of a challenge.

God Bless!

John Aka. Chemo Guy

Happy Hour

... with the **Cannibal**

Starting Over



Frustration eats away at my strength, as I try to push through 30 extra lbs of weight to find that comfortable Pace I once knew. I never thought in my laziest dreams that this would be an issue. Unfortunately, never has bared its ugliness and what others now refer to as a healthy build, I am finding to be a roadblock to long distance efficiency.

To top it off, just 16 days into 2008 I have complicated matters by already failing ten of my forty resolutions. That's 25% of my commitments in 4% of the year! Frankly, it doesn't look good for me at this juncture and I am thinking of trying the reverse; indulging in the idea of pushing this misfortune to its limit by extinguishing all of my obligations as soon as possible. Hey, at least I would be quick at something.

As I look back at this pathetic sob story so far, I have bolded the terms identifying my weakness. Can you figure it out? If not, here's a clue. You can't live without it, and too much will kill you! Food, you say? That is correct. I capitalized the word Pace, because when I hear that word all that crosses my plate is chili cheese nachos and a bucket of salsa. Just the other day, I was staring at the little cowboy logo on a bottle of Texas Pete long enough to provoke uncontrolled laughter. But I digress. What I am I going to do? I love running, but I love food more.



Maybe there is a pot of gold at the end of this rainbow as I can always start over. But how would I begin? Should I go back to my early running tactics? Should I try calorie counting (uh, that's not going to happen)? Should I go on a yogurt diet? I am seriously thinking of that last option, as there are multiple brands and varieties of yogurt. However, I do have one fear. My last diet of eating only one rotisserie chicken/day (@ 3 p.m. like clockwork) lasted for three weeks and I lost 18 lbs! But now, I can't eat chicken anymore it makes me feel sick. Wait a second. That's it. That's the answer.

I eat the same thing every day until I am sick of it.

I start with the really bad (but good) stuff, like McDonald's Big Macs & French fries, then I slowly (very slowly) work into the healthy stuff, like carrots and apples. Eventually, I won't be able to eat anything in any volume whatsoever. When my wife stresses to provide a different dinner each night, I can say hey don't worry about me I am on the Little Debbie snack cake diet. I love those little bastards! Yep, that's definitely the answer. If I start with fast food, then I can't stock up and I will only have the water, coffee or tea option at home.

What do you know? Billy Crystal was right in "City Slickers" when he quoted Curly: "one thing."

Take it In Stride... By Tommy Neeson

It's funny how in sports an individual can take on iconic value in society based on what they can do with say a baseball, or basketball, or dare I say it, by putting one foot in front of the other with great results. Not too long ago the sports world lost such a cultural icon. It was someone who by all definition was arguably the greatest of his craft. This was a man who, in the mists of the Cold War, took on the Big Red Machine and beat them at their game. It can be argued that his achievements weren't as dramatic or shocking as the 1980 US Hockey Team, but he ignited a country through utter dominance in a largely ignored sport much in the way Lance Armstrong did and became a hero. He was amazing. He was absolutely brilliant. However sometimes greatness breeds madness. He was also a man who had absolute utter disdain for the United States and cheered during the attacks on 9/11. It was no secret he hated Jews. He wished that all the synagogues could be shut down and that 100's of thousands of "Jewish leaders" were killed, this in spite of being not only a Brooklyn, NY born American, but also a Jew. So, rest in peace Bobby Fischer. The chess sports world may mourn your passing, just not sure society will.

I have a frequently used 9 mile run from my house. I pass an adult home for seniors diagnosed with Alzheimer's and I know there is a joke in there, I'm sad to report I can't remember what it is.

I realize this is a running publication or at least we pretend it is. But there is a high school performance that is unbelievable. A running back in the 50's by the name of Ken Hall out of Texas put up some numbers that are mind boggling. During one game of his senior year, Mr. Hall ran for seven touchdowns and 520 yards . . . he then proceeded to take the next 2 ½ quarters of the game off.

The Kat House



I'm too sexy for my shirt, so sexy it hurt's, that's right baby, me! I'm sexy all the way baby . . . I am a runner, hear me roar. I am lean, athletic and my legs look slightly better than fabulous. My arms are lithe and hard from pushups and pull-ups (not the girl variety either). I am a bad-ass plain and simple. I nimbly manipulate the most technical of trails on the steepest grades that would make most people puke up their lunch.

I say this partially because it is true and partially because I wanted to get your attention. Now that I have it, I want to make this statement: Our world is going to hell in a hand basket and unless you get involved we will all be running indoors on treadmills permanently because our environment is so fouled up! Here is my pitch, simple and yet one that makes sense: Nuclear power and 100% battery powered electric cars. We haven't built a nuclear power plant in the United States in over 20 years and seem content to run coal powered plants that belch filth into our air on a regular basis. It is time to start building safe and clean nuclear power plants. Battery powered car technology has also come a long way and is a viable option, right now. Not 10 years from now, right now. If these two things are accomplished we would eliminate 98% of all greenhouse gasses and reverse the death of our planet. Your choice, drive your SUV or get to groovin' with clean energy!

Think like a cat....m-e-o-w!

Kat

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 that what we are doing? I didn't think so. So please people, send your stuff to tommy@undergroundgrandprix.com.



Missing one of **THE RAMBLINGS** editions? Fear not, we now have them on-line. Find out how we named our spokesperson Rev. Chauncy Bentsworth III, discover what the hell Kat is and read Dean's 10 ten signs your running store is in financial difficulty. Best of all it's free! Check it out at:

[The Ramblings Archives](#)

Peace out my Brother,

REV. CHAUNCEY BENTSWORTH III
