

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

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The Newsletter For Ultra Runners In Central Arkansas

The 1990 "Long Crossing" date has been announced. Look for it in the up coming issues of the Ultra Running Magazine. May 5 is the date.

For those of you who doubt the power of reading the Arkansas Ultra Runner, let me remind you of something. Before there was a newsletter, no one had finished the Grand Slam. Since reading the Arkansas Ultra Runner, three members of our Reader's Association have completed it. That's incredible.

Three long, lost Ultra Runners have recently surfaced. Two 60K veterans, JoEtta Galbraith and Paul Johnson (a member of our Newsletter Reader Assoc.) were seen out on the Breadbasket Road at the beginning of the month. JoEtta, I am told, had a trying experience on the 60K two years ago and vowed to never do Ultras again. Paul is trying to recover from back pain. Let's all move over and share the trail with these two. (almost a philosophical statement) The third Ultra Runner is a veteran of the forty mile trip around Lake Maumelle. Si Brewer. Yes, ole Si. I'm told he's looking for someone to train with for a marathon this spring. Seriously!

Starting next month I will begin a two part series on novice training for the 100 miler. "Gee Harley, do you think it is safe for a novice to train for a 50/100 miler?" Yes, yes it will be okay. Using my method I will guarantee a finish from the bottom half to last place and have the desire to do another one. But as we say in the Arkansas Ultra Runner, a finish is a win. These two articles will carry us to the January issue which is the end of the newsletter year.

Recently while doing the Tom-Harley Loop (28 miles) I had a errie experience. I was on the backside completely isolated and alone about two miles from Otis's Overlook. I crested the last hill on #18100 and turned left. Standing in the trail was a blond haired woman in western wear. I think I spooked her because she moved off to the side. I was at a loss for words but as I passed I turned my head and did what any Ultra Runner would do. I asked her if she had any water. I don't remember if she answered. I still had at least twelve miles to go.

Ultra Trail Series Update - The Tom Harley 28 miler, the third race in the trail series got off to a fast start on October 14th. Fifteen runners toed the starting line along with a half dozen or more who were running short. With temperatures in the low 60's promises of a record pace ~~were~~ in the making.

On the women's side, Carol Matthews returned to the trail and fulfilled her calling as the premiere Ultra Runner in the series. Second place went to Donna Hardcastle, last month's winner of the Breadbasket Twenty-one Mile Loop. Carol said that she and Donna were together through ten miles but then she began to pull away and ran the last eighteen miles uncontested. Carol stated that she will attempt her first fifty miler at the Governor's Cup on Oct. 28. I know she'll do

well. Donna is scheduled for the Dallas Marathon, Dec. 3rd. Good luck to both.

The men's run got off to a strange start. Robert Morgan of Benton took an early lead followed by a pack that included Eddie Mulkey and others. At five miles, the pack met Robert racing back to meet them. Robert, with those big eyes blinking, stated that he rounded a bend and heard a noise in the underbrush. He stopped and expected a deer to bound across the trail. Instead an Arkansas black bear charged across the road within six to eight feet of him. Robert immediately decided that he didn't want the lead and joined the pack. From this point, Eddie, with superior speed and trail knowledge finished in a record 3:35. Thus breaking the strangle hold on first place victories held by Johnny Gross. Second place went to Tom Zaloudek at 3:53:20 and first time serious entrant Ray Bailey was third at 3:53:21. Ray was a little yellow when he finished.

The race was enjoyed by all the finishers with the talk centered around the numerous falls taken and the weather which started cool but turned hot. We had our first D.N.F. Yes, Jim Sweat *stalled out* at approximately eighteen miles and had to be trucked out. Our veteran newcomer Carl Barshinger took a wrong turn at the low water bridge, twenty-six miles, and went three miles or so out of his way. It seems that Carl mistook an X'ed water stop to mean "wrong way". Carl was not discouraged and promised to come back for the next one. We will not have a trail race next month (november) due to deer season. However, on December 9th, the "Lonesome Dove" duo, Nick and Harley, will feature the 10-9-10 Run, approximately twenty-one miles. The run will start on Highway 10 at the picnic area overlooking Lake Maumelle. Just before the last bridge crossing Lake Maumelle. The run will cover the Ouachita Trail over to Highway 9 and return to Highway 10. Hence, 10-9-10. Watch the newspapers for details. Of course, the Arkansas Ultra Runner will always get you complete information by December 1st.

TOM-HARLEY 30 MILE RESULTS

MALE	TIME	FEMALE	TIME
1. Eddie Mulkey	3:35:38	1. Carol Matthews	5:27
2. Tom Zaloudek	3:53:20	2. Donna Hardcastle	5:49
3. Ray Bailey	3:53:21	3. Irene Johnson	6:14
4. Robert Morgan	4:02:29		
5. Bill Laster	4:03		
6. David Cowein	4:35:52		
7. Jim Schuler	4:35:52		
8. Sam Hardcastle	5:37:33		
9. Toney Johnson	5:53:40		
10. Carl Barshinger	5:54		
11. Jim Hicks	6:00:31		

Enjoy the Newsletter

(very) WARM Regards

The Big Shot

The Endless Summer of Ultra Races - Now as promised I present to you the perceptions, experiences and victories of those in our association who participated in the major Ultra Endurance Runs this summer. I will list them by name and in the order that I received them.

Joel Guyer - Lookout Mountain 100K - Kathy and I went to Gadsden, Ala. for the 100Km Trail Run. We both enjoyed it. The trail is extremely challenging the first 5+ miles (after 1½ miles of pavement) is narrow and rocky with a significant hill then the first aid station then a rolling wide trail, that goes between "sandy" to "rocky" to "hilly" and the whole gamut in between. - aid at 12 miles - more wide rolling trail. Then hit good gravel road at 18½ miles (aid) 2 miles down gravel to trail then for approximately 10 of the last 12 or so miles you are off and on an abandoned railroad track. Some places it was good footing but many places (7 miles probably - seemed like 30) it was just those big grey rocks talk about a S.O.B. to run on. That made it tough. The balls of my feet were sore for a week after the run. Need something with good forefoot padding as opposed to just rear foot air like my "Pegasus". That and getting lost for about 35 minutes early in the race made me happy. In comparing it to other trails I would say it was tougher than Long Crossing and Cross Timbers but not quite up to the Sawtooth, Leadville, or Wasatch! The director plans on moving the race to March because the heat was a factor in the afternoon. However, I thought it was a great race for a "first-timer" event. I also like races where they have a bunch of young boys from the rangers, Special Forces, etc. where you can kick their butts. "I love it". There were 35 to 40 starters and about 10 to 11 finishers. The winner Richard Schick was 39 years old (he is in the Army by the way). The next 7 or 8 finishers were all above 40 years old.

David Horton - The Summer of 1989 - DNF X 2 - Never take for granted the ability to complete a 100 miler. I did. I had finished the Old Dominion 100 Miler all six of my previous times, finishing in the top 10 each time and winning it three times. I knew I would finish, it was just a question of how long it would take me. I had been having bowel leakage and mild diarrhea the week before the race. I didn't think too much about it as my bowels are very active anyway. After leading the race from 52 miles to 80 miles, I stayed having severe diarrhea that was very bloody as well. I also started severe vomiting at that time. I kept going thinking it would go away, but it didn't. I finally dropped out at 87 miles. The following weeks after the race saw my bowel movements averaging 5-10 times per day. After a visit to the doctor, giardia was diagnosed and a medicine was prescribed. The movements slowed down to 3-4 times daily but never went away. About ½ of my stools were very bloody as well.

August brought my second attempt at the Leadville Trail 100 Miler. Other than dumping constantly, my training went very well. I thought I was ready. In the 6 hours previous to the start of the race, I had 4 bowel movements. In the first 20-25 miles of the race I had 6 more bowel movements. This left me extremely weak and I dropped out at 38 miles, the earliest I've ever dropped out of a race. Upon returning to Lynchburg, I saw another doctor who also thought I had giardia. He prescribed the same medicine that I had taken before. This did not solve the problem either. At this time I was sent to a Gastroenterologist. He performed a flexible sigmoidoscopy on me. This is a

real treat that every runner should experience. He diagnosed me on September 6 as having Ulcerative Colitis. He prescribed Sulfasalazine and Immodium.

On the following Saturday I finished 2nd out of 147 runners in the Groundhog 50 Miler in Punxsatawney, Pa. I had won that race the last four years in a row. I was very thankful just to finish much less placing second.

After dropping out of both Old Dominion and Leadville, I started to get a little depressed until I thought of all of the good things in my life. My wife and kids love me. I have a good job. I have lots of friends, and I have a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Crist. Running is important to me, very important. But there are things more important than running and I hope I can keep my priorities in order.

I'm excited about the future here on Earth as well as in Heaven. The doctor told me that my disease is incurable but is controllable. I'll have to take medicine for it for the rest of my life.

I hope and pray that there are many more miles and races left in this old body of mine. If not, I know the Lord will give me the grace to deal with it. Hopefully there will not be another summer of DNF X 2.

Lou Peyton - Looking Back on the Endless Summer - June 24-25 - The Western States 100 Mile Endurance Race. This is the BIG one, the Boston Marathon of Ultra Races. If you want, hype, or to rub elbows with the runners you read about in Ultrarunning this is the race for you. This race has the Sierra Mountains, the famous gold country and old mining communities of Last Chance, Devil's Thumb, and Michigan Bluff. Beautiful trails winding through forest and high mountain passes and a river crossing. The river crossing is my favorite part of the whole event. The river is icy cold and you know that you have made seventy miles. This race is very tough and to this date it is still the hardest thing I have ever done.

July 29-30 - The Vermont 100 Mile Run - This race is low key. The countryside is lush, green and beautiful. The people are real laid back style. There are so many gorgeous farms, rolling hills and horse stables that after hours of looking at incredible scenery I started to look for something that was not breathtaking and beautiful. My running partner and I started to look for something slummy. We found three building that were not something to write home about. The Vermont Race was the easiest of the 100 milers for me this Endless Summer. If I could choose one race to return to next summer it would be the Vermont 100 Miler.

August 19-20 - The Leadville Bud Light Trail 100 - The Race Across The Sky - America's Highest 100 Miler. The race starts in Leadville, Co. and is run on an out and back course at 10,152 ft. altitude at the start. The runners run 50 miles put to the Old ghost town of Winnfield, turn around and return to Leadville. Everyone talks about Sugarloaf and Hope Pass. Hope Pass climbs to 12,600 ft. and you climb this mountain at 45 miles and again at 55 miles. Unless altitude has knocked you on your face before, I think that by pacing oneself and realizing that altitude can kill you and if you just relax and run/walk at an aerobic pace and keep moving (a little luck always helps). Altitude is not the big factor in this race but keeping fed and hydrated are still

the major factors in all of the 100 mile races. This race has been real kind to me and I love the course. It is real runnable in most places. A smart race must be run to finish. The people of Leadville are so glad to have you visit their town. It is fun to shop on Main Street in Leadville and to eat in the restaurants that have seen boom times and much depression, also. The morning before the race I had biscuits and gravy the Burro Restaurant. I found the prices reasonable and it was refreshing that the nearest mall was a two hour drive away. Don't look for McDonald's or Wendy's here.

September 9-10 - Wasatch Front 100 Mile Endurance Run - East Layton, Utah. A tough trail race with 23,510' of climb and 22,770' of drop in the Wasatch Mountains. The Wasatch race had the most beautiful vista's of any of the other races. For instance, I was running right behind Max Hooper and Nick Williams for the entire day, Saturday. Nick would just throw his head back and laugh and say "I can't believe it, look out there". I would tell him "there's no way to describe it, is there"? It was a real treat to view this race, first hand. The first 35 miles of this race are said to be so rough that it is not very runnable. This is true but there are some stretches here and there that are runnable. Being on the top ridge of a mountain range is such a thrill that during the first day I almost had to remind myself that this is a race and the clock is ticking. By nightfall Saturday we were at 50 miles and it began to get real. When darkness set in it got cold real quick and it got much colder. So many funny things happened and were said that we will reminisce about for a long time to come. Sunday morning the race really was real! When realizing that we still had 25 miles to go to the finish and that we had not gone over the highest pass (Catherine's Pass) I lost mentally what I had held on to so firmly through the night. I am used to having about 8-10 miles to go when it is the second day but 25 more miles and the highest pass, yet to go! I let go of Max and Nick and wanted to die. Instead, I prayed for strength to continue and asked God for a miracle. Strength was what I had in mind. Instead, I got Larry Mabry. Larry jerked me around physically and mentally for the next 8-10 miles then turned me over to Mindy Hooper, Scarlet Williams, and an ade station manager, Mike Jenkins. Mike paced me the next 4½ miles and left his ade station in his wife's care. After 4½ miles, Mindy paced me a while then Scarlet Williams paced me the last 10 miles and into the finish area. I owe my race to Larry, Mindy, Mike and Scarlett. At the awards ceremony I was so grateful to these folks who cared that I finish this race and complete the Grand Slam. Thanks to these and to Dan Roberts Nick Williams and Max Hooper. It was a real thrill to finish a real beautiful, difficult race. I recommend this race as a challenge but trust me it's no piece of cake!

Buddy Ritter - Western States - Western States was everything and more, much more, than what I had heard it would be. From excitement, pain, difficulty, and the reality of 100 miles. This race offers something that a 5, 10, 20 mile race or even a marathon can't match. I wasn't excited before the race, but rather scared of what could happen. The pain and difficulty were far worse than what I had imagined it could be. The reality of 100 miles is far beyond human endeavor. Will I try again? You bet!

KNOWING WHEN TO FOLD - LARRY MABRY

There have been numerous experiences in my life that have been beneficial to my development as an individual. Many of the experiences I have received are a result of my quest for fitness and, more specifically, my love of running. The years seemingly have passed so swiftly that, as a runner, I have enjoyed the thrill of running out of my door alone or driving to meet friends for an early morning run. During all my years of running, there has, in the past eight years, been the omnipresence of God's direction within me as I have participated in training runs and events across the United States.

The summer of 1989 was one that I will always remember as accomplishing my personal goal of completing the Grand Slam of Ultrarunning. The Grand Slam consisted of the following four 100 mile trail runs: Western States Endurance Run, Vermont Trail 100, Leadville Trail 100 and the Wasatch Front 100 Miler. This goal was prayed about and the ultimate purpose was to be able to utilize the experience to the glory of God. The personal goal was achieved and the personal gratification one experiences having achieved a goal of this magnitude are a unique part of me that I feel will always exist. I sincerely believe my personal and family experiences have been enhanced by having literally crossed many mountains in accomplishing this goal.

I decided to derive more fringe benefits out of the abilities with which I have been blessed and pursued the Angeles Crest Trail 100 Miler on October 14, 1989. In retrospect, I am not certain my priorities of who should receive the glory were in total perspective. The mental and physical preparations were seemingly in order and all of the details began to flow smoothly. The adrenalin was flowing on race day and the sequence of events had been fairly routine - drop bags had been prepared, support group in place, carbo-loading complete - ready, set, go! The first eight miles were uneventful and quite enjoyable. I took nourishment at the first aid station and a couple of miles later, it chose not to stay with me but, instead, chose to stay off to the side of the trail. More nourishment was taken at the thirteen mile mark and, once again, a short ways up the trail, the place of choice was the trail. When I arrived at the 24 plus mile mark, I decided to try light nourishment. In the next ten plus miles, I lost everything eaten race day and a couple of days prior, in one way or another. It is possible for illnesses of this nature to pass and one can achieve the goal for which they have started. However, as I became weaker and having increasing difficulty with my stomach, the realization of Kenny Rogers' song became more relevant - "The secret to surviving is knowing when to walk away and knowing when to run..." Knowing when to fold and walk away was evident to me. At Cloudburst Summit, the time to fold and walk away had come. The issues of whether there would be remorse or regret for having walked away had been resolved through prayer and insight into my situation and feelings.

It is now more than forty-eight hours later and there are truly no regrets. The same peace and calmness experienced when completing events of this magnitude is evident in my realization of how truly special my completion of the Grand Slam of Ultrarunning has been in my life and will continue to be for many years to come. God's glory and his unique methods of utilizing us in even more significant ways with His guidance is evident in my acceptance of knowing when to walk away and allowing the experience to be utilized to His glory. The result of knowing when to walk away will allow me the continued enjoyment of being able to run for the glory of God

THE
W Side
BY
HARLEY



"Bow-Wow"