

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

VOLUME XII

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The Newsletter For Ultra Runners In Central Arkansas

Ultra News - As the year ends, I am amazed at what some of the members of the Arkansas Ultra Runner Reader's Association have accomplished in 1989. For example, (and forgive me if I leave someone out)

1. Max Hooper - Grand Slam, Angeles Crest 100.
2. Lou Peyton - Grand Slam, Angeles Crest 100, Jackson Five-0 (50), Cross Timbers (50), Long Crossing (50) and Arkansas Governor's Cup (50).
3. Larry Mabry - Grand Slam, Jackson Five-0, Long Crossing.
4. Nick Williams - Wasatch 100, Cross Timbers 50.
5. Sarge Graysmith - Nothing to report.
6. T-Bear Laster - Six Hour Track Run.
7. Ms. Scarlett Williams - Governor's Cup Trail Marathon.
8. Kathy Guyer - Governor's Cup Trail Marathon.
9. Bill Laster - Jackson Five-0, Cross Timbers, Long Crossing, Six Hour Track Run.
10. Joel Guyer - Cross Timbers, Mississippi 50 Miler, Long Crossing, Governor's Cup, 48 Hour Track Run, Sawtooth Odessey, Lookout Mtn. 100K, others.
11. Stephen Tucker - Strolling Jim.
12. David Horton - Many, many.
13. Tom Chapin - Cross Timbers, Long Crossing.
14. Red Spicer - Jackson Five-0, Long Crossing, Cross Timbers.
15. Buddy Ritter - Jackson Five-0
16. Carol Mathews - Governor's Cup
17. Harley Peyton - Cross Timbers, Governor's Cup.
18. Col. Dale Green - Long Crossing, One House Sold.

Quite an impressive list wouldn't you say. Speaking of the Colonel, I received a nice note from him at his new residence in Plainview, Texas. I will share it with you as well as his new address.

Dear Charley & Lou, - 11-18-89

I want you to have my new address to insure I still get The Arkansas Ultra Runner. Charley, I think you missed your calling in life. You should have been a journalist! I really do enjoy the newsletter - it keeps me in touch with a great bunch of great friends.

Ever since I got here i've been working 12 hr. days and 5½-6 days a week so, my running is at it's lowest level since I first started. I'm getting in about 25 miles a week and my long run is 8-10 miles. Isn't that pitiful? I run at 4:30 a.m. and it's cold, windy and flat as a board. If there is another runner in town I haven't met him or her, so it's all solo.

Little Rock Roadrunner Club runners don't know what a great thing they have! But despite all my bitching I am enjoying my job and life here on the south plains. It's fun to start anew after thirty years in the same business. You really have to change a lot of your habits and routine. It's been a long time since my brain (if not my body) has worked so hard. Give my best to those super runners. You're all invited to Plainview for a guaranteed flat course run. I'm looking forward to the next Ultra Runner.

As Ever,
Dale
407 Lomete Drive
Plainview, Tx. 79072

We wish the Colonel and Ms Marilyn well in Plainview. But I feel that it will be my duty to take disciplinary action if I hear that Dale has given in to that cold west Texas wind and started walking in the Mall and eating off T.V. trays. I bet Ms Marilyn looks lovely in one of those Texas sun bonnets. One more comment as I write this. Lou and I will miss Dale's Reindeer Bells at the Jingle Bell Jog on the 16th of December but once an Arkie always an Arkie.

Ole Gristle and I traveled to Mississippi for Thanksgiving and had the opportunity to do some power running in the National Military Park. I now offer you a new meaning for the term "Loop". If you have a starting and an ending point on a run and everyone starts at the same time, the name of the game is to loop your partner. You loop your partner by finishing ahead and then go back to meet them. As you approach them, circle behind and race back to the finish. If you finish before your partner, score one loop. Repeat again if you can. At the National Military Park I scored three loops on Ole Gristle.

Ultra Series Update - The next trail run is called the Mobil Marathon. January 6th approximately 22 miles. Trail briefing at 6:45 a.m. Run begins at 7:00 a.m. Directions: go west on Kanis Road, 5.8 miles past the Ferndale intersection. At the Saline County Line (5.8), there will be a forest service road to the left. Run is out and back. If weather is cold, water will not be set out at the turnaround.

A bad weather policy for the Ultra Series has been decided upon. It is as follows: If either of the Lonesome Doves, Nick or Harley, make it to the start, it will be an official event. Rain, snow, heat or cold should not stop an Ultra Runner. However, if road conditions make travel unsafe use your better judgement. We will. In the event that a run has to be cancelled, All efforts will be made to reschedule.

Ultra News Continued -

19. Eddie Mulkey - Cross Timbers , 3rd place finish; Long Crossing, first place; Governor's Cup, first place.

Trail Series Results - 10-9-10 Run, 21 miles Ouachita Trail. The 4th race of the trail series saw clear skies, below freezing temperature and calm winds greeting over 30 Ultra Runners. I knew we were in for a classic when the arrivals included Johnny Gross, Eddie Mulkey, and the legend in Arkansas road racing, Tom Aspel. These three plus Danny Mann and Chuck Campbell formed the pack that ran together to the turn-around in about 1:23. Following within striking distance was local favorite, Mule Martin in 1:26. Eddie, hung back and drank water at the midpoint while Tom and Johnny hit the return trail. I passed the pack of Tom, Eddie Johnny, and Danny at 1:39 as I started up Round Mountain. Following the pack was Chuck Campbell and shortly after the Mule came by at a relaxed pace. Eddie, possibly well hydrated, dropped Tom with four miles to go and Johnny with three miles from the finish. Then it was stride for stride with Danny Mann both finishing in 2:50:54. They did not hold hands. The Mule obviously in prime condition, ran to Highway 10 with Campbell, passing Aspel and Gross in the process. However with several miles to go, superior foot speed of youth overcame the trail experience of the Mule and Campbell finished nine seconds ahead. A note of interest. Johnny, Danny, and Chuck Campbell ran for Tom Aspel on his cross-country team at Arkansas Tech. Tom himself was an All-American at the University of Arkansas.

On the women's side, the prophecy of the long awaited return of the "Sarge" (Ann Graysmith) was fulfilled. I had heard a rumor that she would make an appearance. We were not disappointed. At the starting whistle, Carol Mathew (our current series leader), took an early lead and held it for three miles through the flat section. However when we hit the rolling hills Carol's injured knee (from a fall she took in an earlier series event), slowed her. The Sarge, bidding her time, took the lead and never looked back. She hit the turn around in 1:45 and raced back uncontested in 3:33, an unofficial record. Carol picked up a pacer who pushed her to a second place finish in 4:12. A time that would be good enough to win on any other day. Lou Peyton was third in 4:28. Being familiar with the trail, Lou used her steady pace and experience to out distance Donna Hardcastle by 29 minutes.

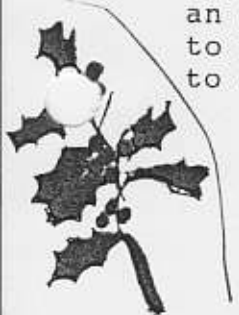
In other action, I lead a pack of runners over the mountain to the turn around. This included Tom Zaloudek a 2:35 marathoner and David Samuel a sub three hour marathoner, Bill Gilli, a veteran of 1989 Wasatch 100 and Angeles Crest 100, plus three others. I had a good race. It's amazing what losing 10 lbs. and doing speed work will do for your abilities. Of course, knowing where the trail turns helps too. A special commendation goes to Ms Scarlett who is developing into quite a trail runner. She, however, got confused in the short pines and lost herself in the tall weeds. Nick went to the rescue and got in seven or eight extra miles. What love.

Questions to be answered. Will the Sarge feel bored after such an easy win and abandon the series. Will Carol's knee recover in time to hold Sarge off. Will Lou Peyton lose a few pounds and do speed work to step in if these two falter. We'll see.

WARM Holidays,

— H —

Merry
Christmas



THE
W-Side
by
HARLEY



THE DONIMATRIX RETURNS

I Was The First - Suzi Thibeault

(The following article was sent to me by Suzi Thibeault who was one of four women to complete the Grand Slam of Ultra Running in 1989)

Western States - The 100 I know the best, have seen the most, am no longer in awe of. When the distance is 100 miles the trail is rarely "friendly" and asphalt is the enemy. Western States has the NAME value due to longevity and almighty television, once a race is on Wide World of Sports there is no going home to Kansas. Every Ultra runner or would be, has to be able to answer the inevitable question: "Have you done Western States" asked by a 10K runner, then: "Did you finish?" asked by a high school miler, and of course "did you win?" asked by most nonrunner, nonathlete, well meaning but ignorant, strangers. Of course it's nice to be one of the people who can say yes I finished Western States, actually three times, but then I would like to quit at that, leave the pure and impressive facts, don't drag in the politics, the stats, the vomiting or the excuses. But life isn't simple and a 100 is a miniture life time, everytime!

Preparing for an Ultra of course means training, but if you're smart that includes many hours of sociable, pleasant time on the beautiful mountain trails with friends. It means a few injuries, minor if you're lucky, major if you're dumb and unlucky. I ran 4 - 50 miler training runs this spring, each was a "race" for some people who had set their annual goal on a specific 50 miler, but an organized 50 is the perfect training run because aid, transport and company are provided.

Once the training phase is past and the prerace tapor begins in earnest, about ten days prerace for me, the insomnia and tension increases. I make list, I pack, I repack, meet with the crew, the pacers, and other runners. Make great plans for a new and better food source during the race, that I won't eat anyway.

The day before each race is a futile attempt to conserve energy, which drains from the brain at an alarming rate. At prerace check-in your normal heart rate and pulse are recorded at an embarrassingly elevated number which you can't contol. Your weight is never as low as you know it was at home. You see people from far away that become life time friends in the middle of the night at a previous 100, and you hug and chatter about all the same topics: what brand of shoes? Will it get cold tomorrow nite? HOw cold? What are you going to eat? Drink? What pace are you running? When did you start your period? Ya, me too.

Back in your room after the pasta dinner you force down without tasting, you pin on race numbers, double check everything for the 10th time and make adjustments.

In front of my shocked friends from Little Rock, Arkansas, I cut the bottom 8 inches off a brand new "entrants" only Western States t-shirt to customize it for a colder race start than I had planned. It was the only long sleeve available and comfort is more important than prestige. Before taking my sleeping pill I carefully apply tape to my feet, covering the entire lower foot and all of the toes. I have found it prevents the hassles of blisters for me and I rarely change socks or shoes even with river crossings.

The start of any 100 is just nerve wracking, you can't wait to just get going! But you can't help feeling you have forgotten something vital.

From the start at Western States this year I ate. Potatoes for the three mile climb out of Squaw.

"Powerbars" are in, but choking one down is another endurance event in itself. I ate a new world record for me, six powerbars, which gave me

diarrhea. But, true to my boy scout nature I had Kaopectate tablets in my fanny pack and they helped. By 15 miles I had my first bout of nausea, but after all, this was my seventh 100 and I know full well nausea is normal, and not fatal. I even found out this time I can vomit a bit without stopping, kind of like the guys who pee while still walking, it saves time. I noticed a slight discomfort in the big toes on the downhill and foolishly ignored it in my early morning enthusiasm. I roared into the 32 mile aid station for my first chance at Crew, my mom and dad (Newell and Dorothy Parker - from Camino) fed me, encouraged me and sent me on. A mile later the toes said "you blew it!" Too late, I realized my up turned big toes were loosing a war with the leather on my shoes and the toenails were beginning to float painfully on a blood blister bed. I wouldn't see my crew again for more than 20 miles with my own repair equipment. My pace on the steep downhills decreased drastically as the pain and profanity increased proportionately. Involuntarily I curled my toes to spare the pain and over used the tendons in charge of that function as well, I paid for that for three weeks after the race. By the 50 mile aid station I could feel the toenails sliding. Using a borrowed needle heated in a campstove we drilled a hole in each great toenail splattering blood on the shirt of a helpful Podiatrist. An attempt to retape the toes was less than successful and I had to stop and remove it a mile down the trail. Eight miles later with my crew I retaped, and customized the \$95.00 running shoes with a knife. Things got alot better at Michigan Bluff and I ran well, felt good and made up time. Picked up my trusty pacer, husband Gene, and headed into the "black hole" of California Street Loop (9 p.m.). Before the river crossing I had taken 1½ hrs. off my previous time in '86 and was feeling much better, even passing a few folks. For once the light of day didn't improve my run. I began to lose control of the vomiting at mile 85 and the bottom dropped out of my energy reserve. I knew I could finish but the time no longer mattered. I stumbled walked and mentally drug myself the last miles, providing no entertainment for my pacer.

I am always cheerful and energetic at the finish line, which probably means I had energy I didn't use, but so be it. My finish time of 28:04 included a spirited, painless jog around the track at the finish area, and was actually one hour and 38 minutes faster than my previous W. S. finishes.

GRAND SLAM: WOMEN IN CONTENTION

Suzi Thibeault	- Colfax, Ca.	28:04
Lou Peyton	- Little Rock, Ar.	28:29
Julie Litus	- Colorado	28:59
Helen Klein	- Rancho Cordova, Ca.	29:25
Marge Adelman	- Denver, Co.	29:37

Post race the tendons in my shins were so inflamed they would not perform the task of lifting my foot up so the ten hour work day of walking didn't help my recovery. By the third day post race I had severe bilateral trochanteric bursitis (inflammation in the bursal sac at the head of the femur, caused by the abnormal gait. I was in pain sitting, including driving and laying down. With help from my Orthopedic Doctor and physical therapy I was able to run again pain free, a full three weeks after W. S. With only two weeks to Vermont. I was finally able to get a good nights sleep before it was time to get prerace insomnia!

VERMONT

All the same prerace planning, check in tension, plus a course we'd never seen. Weather was perfect, course was marked well, aid stations were fantastic. My friend Lou Peyton is not as adventurous as I and

asked if I minded her staying with me for company and course directions, I agreed readily. The footing was so good and the lack of monster hills, that we ran and ran. Neither of us were prepared for the fast split times we kept making. Our quads began to hurt by the 25 mile mark because we weren't walking as much as usual; but we just kept running anything flat or downhill, it was just too much fun. At about 30 miles we had clumped four women Grand Slam contenders within 100 yards and were chattering contentedly when we came to a river crossing. The water was about knee deep and in mid river was a runner slowly picking his way across carrying his shoes. I never miss a chance for some fun, so I hollered a calvery charge and our troop of women ran full tilt across the river splashing and laughing to the delight of a dozen spectators. As we ran through the day we talked with many friends we happened by; including a couple from Hawaii who met during American River two years ago, ran Vermont 100 together finished, and got married the next morning. By nightfall Lou and I had seen the most gorgeous classic Vermont countryside and houses with gardens in full bloom, we were enjoying ourselves immensely. But 100 miles is still a long way, and as always I had to fight the darkness. Caffeine is my friend and nausea is the enemy. But magic moments occur, like a little back road where we found a woman and her young son sitting by a card table lit with candle light, offering runners aid at their own private homemade aid station at the end of their country driveway. It began to occur to me at about mile 88 that the run had gone so well for us that we had a chance of finishing in under 24 hours. The cutoff is 30 hrs but under 24 includes a prestigious belt buckle which I knew Gene would already be in the process of earning. (19:20 actually) So I suggested to Lou that we make a go of it, and began to have a lot less fun. The last ten miles however turned out to be the most uphill all day and the narrow trail by flashlight at four a.m. was a real struggle. The last 2.4 miles had been changed to 3.2 for some reason concerning the horses, also racing 100 miles. I passed Marge Adelman struggling on a uphill, and left Lou as I pushed the pace to my limits. Over the top of the last hill I passed three men and saw my watch go past four a.m. the 24 hour cut off, but the effort was well worth the expenditure as I finished in the dark for the first time with a 100 mile p.r. of 24:11 for fourth place woman finisher.

VERMONT - GRAND SLAM - WOMEN

Suzi Thibeault	-	24:11
Lou Peyton	-	24:23
Marge Adelman	-	24:31
Helen Klein	-	24:59
Julie Litus	-	Dropped Out

LEADVILLE -

So four of us moved ahead with Slam plans. I felt so good post Vermont that I ran 15 miles in the mountains the Saturday after and 28 miles the Sunday before leaving for Colorado. But this is not my race, it should have been Marge Adelman's, as she lives there and is a previous women's race winner, but she ran the second half on guts alone and finished very pale with seven minutes to the 30 hour cutoff. Lou Peyton was more confident and knew the course from last year, so with pacers and friends for support, she ran a good 28:58 to lead our little group. Helen was very determined and used every bit of her hard earned training strength to finish in 29:25 with strong support from her husband, a former Ultra runner. Due to Helen's age related exceptional status she is allowed a pacer the entire distance, which is of great help. I would guess the opportunity to train full time instead of working also has

significant advantages. Ultra running is a rare event that causes young runners like myself to envy the acquired luxury of advanced age and retirement. I just turned forty-two on September 5, and have never in my life been in better shape, 11% body fat etc. But all this considered, Leadville 100 was a rough go. Starting at the low point of 9,200' and crossing Hope Pass twice at 12,600' brought on major altitude sickness for me this trip. The night became very cold and without a pacer I was alone most of the night in the mountains on a trail by flashlight. The lowest point for me came about midnight when a bout of nausea had me leaning against a Pine tree for support, tears rolling down my cheeks, to weak with dry heaves to step away from my tree. I would have gladly dropped out of the race, but the next aid station, a tent in the wilderness was more than an hour down the trail. I finally moved on with the realization that I refused to allow this race make me miss my Grand Slam goal for the summer. The night kept getting colder and my sickness increased my hypothermic. At the 75 mile aid station I put on every thing I had in my crew bag: 3 shirts, a "kitchen tall" plastic bag, a rainsuit pants and jacket over my tights, shorts, polypro long sleeve, fleece hat (flaps down!) two pairs of gloves and a nose bandana. Only my glazed eyes peered out from under this formable outfit. The last big climb was forever long and I trudged head down into the wind, which became rain, then hail. As the sun came up and the town of Leadville neared, I looked back to see the peaks I had just left, dusted with fresh snow. I was so pleased to see the end in sight I treated myself to a leisurely walk the last 3 miles of asphalt and only ran the twenty feet of red carpet at the crowded finish line in 29:37. Five minutes better than last year, but I was very pleased it was over.

The feeling for about thirty-six hours after a 100 miler is a sense of insulation and exposure. Your mind is insulated by pure exhaustion, everything is slow motion. All thinking is done slowly and methodically just like each move with a very tired body. Concentration is as difficult as each of the simple tasks that become such a chore, like dressing, bathing, sleeping. But you are also very exposed, emotionally as well as physically vulnerable. There is a lot of hugging and some tears. A strong desire to share the experience only works with the other runners who have shared it. Normal people who haven't been to the edge and back, just wonder what it must be like. It is the chance to make decisions for only yourself, by only you, decisions that are selfish but for the moment extremely important in nature. You can make it happen or let go, but the choice is the reward.

WASATCH

Gene was also entered in the "Wasatch Front 100", so the prerace ritual doubled in intensity as we packed for Salt Lake City. My parents drove out with our crew vehicle and picked us up at the airport. I was fortunate to contact two experienced Ultra runner women from Salt Lake who offered to pace me the last thirty-five miles of this the most difficult of the 100 mile trail races. Kathy and Cheryl "did" lunch with me on Friday to set up our logistics and crank up the enthusiasm. It snowed on the course Friday night just to unnerve us and we repacked clothes again. Crew and runners are up at 3 a.m. and will not sleep again for forty-two hours! It is an endurance event for the crews as well and my parents in their sisties had been training for the big one. My mom quit an over forty year old smoking habit and she and Dad were fitness walking daily in preparation. I am so proud of their involvement

and the support has evolved into a mutual respect. It is rare for a couple in their age group to brag about a forty-two year old daughter's athletic accomplishments, but my parents don't miss a chance to do just that!

At the race start the runners were mildly entertained by the presence of a Japanese Film Team doing a segment of "Things Crazy Americans Do", for viewing in Japan. By the end of this event the film crew was laughing less, as much in awe as exhaustion.

I was invited to join the traditional Arkansas group's "Calling of the Hoags", a race start tradition. I figured even an honorary Arky could enjoy.

Finally the start 5 a.m., in the dark by flashlight uphill on a narrow trail which becomes single file and rock strewn quickly and goes from 5000' at the start to over 9000' in five miles. Following like a mule train I was lead by a broad male back down the wrong trail for about fifteen minutes before getting my act back together. At about five miles we came to the infamous "Chinscrapper", a scree slope so steep you have to use your hands and be very careful to make it to this knife edge ridge at the top where there is a sunrise panorama of the whole Salt Lake and valley below. I began to run the ridge alone and followed footprints in the snow up an incorrect peak, but I could see runners transverseing the next hill so I ran cross country through low shrubs and rocks to regain the official route. By mile ten Lou and Marge had passed me as I was really feeling nauseated. I couldn't decide if it was altitude, usual race stress, or heaven forbid, the flu. I was really scared by the time I saw my parents for the first aid at 9 a.m. I had fears of dropping out, which of course I did not mention. I drank my first of six cans of a liquid high calorie nutritional supplement which was the foundation of my race menu, and headed out in less than two minutes. I would not see my crew again until 4 p.m. One more mile of nausea and I took a turn for the better. I started talking with the different men I passed and began to enjoy the sunshine and scattered clouds of a gorgeous day. I ran the downhills, jogged the flats and walked the uphill to mountain peaks with views of over fifty miles in all directions. By noon I could look back and see the weather station we had run by at 8 a.m. and they looked about a one week journey away by four wheel drive vehicle, maybe.

I ate and drank continually and passed Marge about 2:30 p.m. when her energy supply was low. We say this race "eats its young in the first 35 miles", and I have learned to wear a fanny pack and carry enough food and water to keep the fuel levels up.

At thirty five miles we came off what seemed like the 100th peak of the day down into an aid station with our crews. I was feeling so much better and my parents were very excited to see me catch The Arkansas Centipede of three, including Lou Peyton! I joined the "Arkapede" as I called them for about twelve miles of climbs and down hills on bowling ball size rocks. We talked, joked, moaned and groaned our way along. We passed a woman who was a previous race winner and discussed which women were still in the lead, knowing a fast start here can be suicide. As providence would have it, only a mile later we came upon a woman who had lead from the start who was now laying trailside on her back suffering from nausea and dizziness. I gave her some of my provisions and we sent help back from the next aid station. A downhill of good dirt road into the fifty mile crew station provided such pure fun, that I ran well and passed six men and one woman, to move into third place woman and establish a lead among the four Grand Slam women. I was so pleased to be at

the halfway point at 8 p.m. that I rapidly changed into my night clothes and walked on drinking my calories as I headed for the steep uphill climb of Lamb's Canyon. I hadn't even reached the base of the climb when I abruptly vomited all of my nutrition. What a drag! So by flashlight, in the dark and alone I headed on up the trail. For some reason I climbed well, ran down the far side and moved steadily to the sixty-five mile crew stop where my first pacer waited. Mom and Dad provided more food, clothes, flashlight batteries, and good cheer as Kathy and I headed up the trail. We wouldn't see them again until 4 a.m. Sunday and I was starting my night time energy down swing, as we climbed to slmody 10,000' for a six mile stretch past Desolation Lake and back down to the base of the Solitude Ski Resort. Kathy and I talked when I could about topics like, husbands, her kids, my pets, our mothers, and anything that might keep me awake. When nothing could hold my attention Kathy would look back and see me standing mid trail sound asleep in place. I sat by a campfire at Desolation Lake for a breather, but the arrival of Lou got me up very quickly and I never saw her again though I looked over my shoulder for another twenty miles. By 4 a.m. I had made it to the Solitude Ski Resort and with more flashlight batteries and food we started up the lift line road.

The sunrise began slightly after we crested the top of our climb and started running down the trail to Brighton Ski Resort aid station. I thanked Dathy quickly as my mom took a photo at seventy-five miles in front of the warm glow of the Brighton Store and Cheryl joined me as pacer #2 for the climb over 10,000' Catherine Pass. Now I knew I had this tiger by the tail and I just needed to hang on long enough. We ran ridges covered with Birch and Aspen trees changing colors and occasional glimpses of the valley where Midway and the finish line lie. Cheryl sang while I worked at breathing. We laughed when I told her how in the dark I had cockleburs stuck on my gloves and didn't realize it until I reached up and rubbed my nose with them. A long exposed road facing the sun at noon caused my first whine of the day, which caused an expression Cheryl described as "frog lips". I was very thankful to see my crew at ninety-three miles, take off my tights and warm shirt for the mostly downhill run to Midway. About two miles from the finish my parents drove Gene out to cheer me on and I was happy to congratulate him for the first of many times on his fine 29:12 finish time. Midway is a tiny berg surrounded by fields and the town square lawn is the finish line of this Ultra Eunning Mega Award. I rounded the finish corner running well and smiling full strength. As I passed under the finish banner I was the third woman finisher, but the first woman to complete The Grand Slam. I was surrounded by friends and family, hugs and some tears, but mostly very tired broad grins. My finish time of 33:47 genuinely reflected the difficulty of the course. Two more women and several men behind me finished in the next half hour before Helen came in looking great at 34:21. Lou and Marge both made the weekend a big success by finishing as well in under the 36 hour cutoff. The seven men eligible for the Grand Slam finished as well to make eleven of us to receive the coveted Eagle sculpture trophy.

WASATCH

Suzi Thibeault	33:47
Helen Klein	34:21
Lou Peyton	35:14
Marge Adelman	35:35

I feel post race as though the ENDLESS SUMMER as I have called it is over, even though Angeles Crest 100 is only three weeks away now. I have accomplished the goal I announced publically at Wasatch in 1987 so I am very satisfied. However I do plan to go on to Angeles Crest because I

do not ever plan to run this many 100's in one season again. I have documented some interesting evidence of what 100 miles will do for the body. In June before the first 100 I was under water weighed in very fit healthy condition, body weight 121 lbs. lean body mass 107 lbs, % body fat a very low 11. I suspected that in a 100 our bodies feed from muscle more than fat as we can't provide enough available calories to keep up the fuel level needed. This week after 4 - 100's I weigh 117 lbs and my % body fat has gone up to 19% because my lean body mass has been reduced to 94 lbs. I will check these figures again if I can before going to A. C. 100, but it has been academically interesting if slightly depressing. Truth be known, I feel great and look better than I can ever recall in a bathing suit. But, I admit, a 100 mile race is abusive both physically and mentally and the rewards are only satisfying to a very few people. I'm glad I'm one of those few.

I have begun to wonder, what are the rewards? Certainly my already over inflated ego is encouraged by the thought of accolades, but the truth is this obscure event does not supply its own public relations, that is left to the competitors. So in a sense we become responsible for our own rewards, which is true in all phases of life itself.

ANGELES CREST 100

I have put so much into this summer of athletic excess in terms of time, money, energy, and emotion that I have reached a point of diminishing returns. The Grand Slam has been captured and savored and now this extra run seems to tarnish the glow. All the talk that was enthusiasm and the pure joy of accomplishment come out now sounding like ego maniacal bragging and I am embarrassed with myself. Prerace night I spent alone and missing Gene and his subtle ability to help me see things in a broader sense.

I felt almost casual at the start, as though the desire had waned. I always look to Lou when she is near for the bond that helps me feel "I'm O.K.". We hiked the first mountain together and motored along happily ridge upon ridge through sunrise, talking, gossiping, and lamenting all matter of things. For a time we had seven women contenders in a pace line and introductions were made and enjoyed.

A beautiful clear cool morning saw us over Mt. Baden Powell and on through Cooper Canyon in the afternoon where I ran with Maggie Smith for an hour. I was very emotional each time I saw Gene at an aid station. He seemed more than crew and husband, more like a beacon in the night. I was running well but not on solid ground mentally. Alone at about forty-nine miles I took a wrong turn and followed another runner up a mile of trail which we had to back track once we realized our mistake, a mistake that took me from 3rd place woman to fifth as I was passed while I was lost. I came into Chilao at fifty miles in good shape and happy to see my pacer Henry Cauches. Henry was not in condition to go the full fifty, his dependability was solid as a rock. Through the night and next morning he did all he could for me and made me wonder how I deserved such fine treatment. With darkness I had my usual sleep induced problems and was slowed occasionally by vomiting.

For the first time in memory I began to stop and sit to try and recover. I always suspected before that it wouldn't help, but I just didn't have the will to put one foot in front of the other. I had so much trouble getting out of the chair at Newcomb Saddle I told Henry I could not sit at Chantry Flat or I would never leave. I put on my "happy face, I'm doing great" in the aid station performance, but I was a walking corpse. Before entering the trail up Mt. Wilson I hugged Gene for several seconds as if I could draw on his strength. I did not want to leave him. I was

non communicative with Henry and only thoughts of the climbs that I hate filled my head. My eyes closed so often it was dangerous on the narrow trail. I insisted on laying down on a large rock and resting my eyes for a couple minutes. I planned to turn around and walk back to Chantry. Leaning against a tree, I moved aside for a runner to pass, it was Lou. I was never so happy to see her as I was at that moment. I stepped into her wake of uphill strength like a water skier on a tow line. I made the climb on Lou's power alone with Henry cheering from behind. At the summit a violent round of vomiting purged the Mt. Wilson demon and I was off and running on the exact time as last year's race, so I knew I could finish. Lou and I kept in touch as we traded spots with me leading the downhills and her the climbs. When Gene ran out to meet us 8 mile from the finish we were in good spirits though weary. I felt closer to Lou than ever and suggested we finish together if we were in sight of the finish, she agreed and we jog-walked along contentedly until a glance back up the road revealed two women runners closing the gap. With Gene there to boost the competitive spirits, Henry and I broke into a run for the finish. I felt good. It actually felt better to stretch out in a hard running pace and cover the remaining ground quickly.

I ran the final stretch with great pleasure and painfree. The time of 31:12 was an hour and a half better than last year, and I was the first woman to run 5 - 100's in a summer. But not the last, as Lou and then Helen each crossed the line. We lost Marge on this trip, but no one can take the Grand Slam from her and I hoped she was not injured.

I felt the letdown of the end of the ENDLESS SUMMER almost immediately. The awards ceremony was very poorly handled and even my name was spelled wrong on the plaque. I'm glad Lou missed the disappointment I felt at the race managements failure to provide any reward. But that takes me back to the beginning, we provide our own reward and the greatest rewards this summer were the people:

Gene: for support without false adulation, the voice of reason and yet loving in nature.

Lou: an honest competitor and true friend, whom I enjoy and admire greatly.

Marge: whose vulnerability provided a surprise and who's tenacity amazed us all.

My Crews: Mom and Dad, Gene's nephews Kevin and Tim, Red Spicer, and Gene.

My Pacers: Gene, Dorothy Helling, Kathy McFarland, Cheryl Hart and Henry Cauales; the many runners, but especially Max Hooper, Larry Mabry, Nick Williams, Bill Gilli, Ken Doss, Ed and Lillian Fishman, Julie Litus, P.J. McPhaul, John Salmouson, Paul Alsop, Del Mar Fralick, and so many more who cheered my progress whether they were passing or being passed. I appreciated every phone call and letter and was really moved when even flowers arrived. It hasn't really been an Endless Summer, the good feelings are going to go on between me and these wonderful friends.