

## THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

MAY 1990

A newsletter For The Arkansas Ultrarunning Association

### Message From The Big Shot -

Get your entries in for the May 5th, Long Crossing. Bill and Teresa have worked long and hard to ensure a good race. If you, or your spouse, would like to volunteer, give them a call. I'm sure they would appreciate your help. I'm setting up the aid station at North Shore Landing and I enjoy working a race almost more than running one. Call 666-6621.

David Samuels, an association member and the Roadrunner Club of America State Representative and T.A.C. Grand Prix Series Chairman, has asked that I chair a committee to select the 1990 Ultra Runners of the year. These will be presented in Hot Springs during Healthfest weekend in November. Nick Williams, Buddy and LaDonna Ritter are also on the committee. I hope we can develop some objective criteria based upon participation and performance. It's nice to see Ultra running getting recognition.

Speaking of good things, Joel Guyer our southern correspondent in Natchez, Mississippi is a close second in the Grand Prix Ultra Series. He reports that he needs a good showing in the Massanutten Mountain Massacre 50 Miler in Virginia on April 21 and at the Strolling Jim 40 Miler, May 5th, in order to win the series. This would be quite an honor. Joel had a 7:04 in the Mississippi 50, March 23rd, and in a 48 hour Trace Run in Pensacola, Florida on January 26th Joel ran 150 miles. Joel is no lightweight and we're lucky to have him as a member. He ran the Long Crossing last year but it appears that there is a conflict with the Massanutten Mountain Massacre. We advised him to go for the series win. His lovely wife Kathy, however, is planning to be here for the May 5th Long Crossing.

To continue a rumor I heard recently. The Angeles Crest 100 Miler in the fall might be in trouble. It appears that the Race Director has gotten crossways with the Park Service over trash pickup. I heard the rumor from two sources. I pass it on to you members as a consideration if you plan advanced non-refundable plane reservations.

On 4-12-90 Lou and I picked up Helen Klein, 67 year old grandmother and took her out to the Breadbasket Road for a 10 mile run. What a sight two Bigshots running together. As I mentioned last month, Helen was visiting her daughter who lives in Bryant and she allotted the whole day for us. She is quite knowledgeable about our sport and has no inhibitions about sharing it with us. We had a perfect day, almost. It was very evident from the start that Helen was Lou Peyton's personal hero. It was disgusting the way Lou was sucking up to her. She actually tried to hold Helen's hand when they would come to a creek crossing. She even offered Helen some of her water. And you know how she feels about you asking her for water!

Plans are still hot for the overnighiter to the Ozark Highlands Trail. A June date is being planned. By next newsletter we will have

a definite date and place. Call if you have suggestions. Call 225-6609 and leave a message on the Ultra Hotline.

The 1990 Ultra Trail Series is on. The first run is in July and will be the Pigeon Roost Mountain Run. The next newsletter will be devoted to the series. We plan several 30+ milers. Our format will be the same with the exception on the scoring system. Stay tuned.

We all have read the newspaper accounts of Jack Allsup's Costa Rica Atlantic to the Pacific Crossing. I hope Jack will send a small article to me about some of the wisdom learned during the trip. Lou and I went to the airport to welcome the group home. They were all glad to be back in Arkansas. Jack was walking back on his heels with his toes in the air. He said he had "Honkers" on the balls of both feet. He was walking like we used to walk down in Mississippi when we'd get up on those cold frosty mornings and hit the hardwood floors. My brother and I would lift our toes up and rock back on our heels as we made it to the kitchen. We didn't have "Honkers" but we had to walk like that to keep the chickens underneath the house from pecking our toes through the cracks in the floors. Jack said a "Honker" wasn't a blister but it is where the muscle, bone, and skin---?? Just a "Honker" is the best way to describe it.

Now on to the meat of the newsletter. Until next month, I'll be shining the light on the darkening trail for you and making it look easy.

Warm Regards,

Harley

Ultra Race Report -

MISSISSIPPI 50 MILE RUN - William Gilli

William Gilli, Brinkley, physician, competed in the 11th Annual Mississippi 50 Mile Run in Leland, Ms. on Sat., March 24, Dr. Gilli placed 10th overall with a finishing time of 7:48 from a field of over 60 runners. Jackie Edmonds of Mt. Home dropped out halfway into the race with an injury.

The winner was Ray Krolewicz of Columbia, SC. with a time of 5:39. Other well-known runners finishing were Mike "No Hills" Murphy of Carrollton, Tx. (8:25), Rolly Portelance of Chelmsford, Ontario (6:59), and Egar Egan of Margaret Bay, Nova Scotia (10:11).

The course was a 1.365 mile paved loop around Deer Creek in picturesque Leland. The beautiful tree-lined Deer Creek with its array of ducks prevented monotony for the competitors with near perfect weather conditions.

Dr. Gilli enjoyed running on this fast course, in spite of a bruised big toe that will cost him another toenail, the first one still not yet completely grown back since being lost by the Angeles Crest experience.

Next year he hopes to see more Arkansas runners support this fine, well organized 50 miler so close to home.

## Cross Timbers 50 Mile Trail Run - Harley Peyton

(2) You had to have been there to believe it. One day it was a sunny, breezy, spring day and the next day it was 32<sup>o</sup>, raining and wind blowing 30 m.p.h. But wait I'm getting ahead of myself. The Cross Timbers Trail Run is put on by the "Thistle Running Club" of Dallas. The race is on a hiking trail on the south side of Lake Texhoma up on the Oklahoma Texas border. The Red River was impounded to form Lake Texhoma. Look for Sherman, Texas, on your map to find the lake. The trail follows the shoreline and, although not mountainous, it is full of swags and gulleys as it passes around and through the incoming creeks and inlets. The course is two loops of a figure eight. On the best of days the race is a challenge. In the worst of elements it is the ultimate challenge. All week Lou, Nick and I had been forecasting the weather. In order to psych myself up I made a statement that I hoped it would rain so that we could show how tough we were. Little did I know!

The night before the race we were told that the lake was up eight feet and covered sections of the trail. Race workers had worked the weekend before rerouting the trail where they could.

Ninety runners lined up for the start with Eddie Mulkey leading out Arkansas contingent. By four miles Eddie was leading the race. Shortly after, he missed a rerouted trail turn and ended at a bridge that was capsized and under water. Thinking this was the way, Eddie stepped out and went completely under water. By the time he recovered and found the course he had dropped to eighth place. As the race progressed Eddie worked his way back to a close second. However, due to his submersion Eddie was getting hypothermic. At the 25 mile midpoint he retired. His halfway time was 3:50.

Back in the pack I had decided that this was going to be my day. I charged off ahead of Lou and Nick and was running good through 6.5 miles where the trail follows an abandoned roadway for a half mile. Here is where I first saw standing water about 50 yards long and covering the roadway. It was mid-thigh deep and muddy. As I waded out I figured that we would be coming through this four times. So much for a Cross Timbers P.R. Just have fun and so we did. A few more miles the trail detoured up the hillside to a bluff overlooking a flooded creek. There in front of me was a line of runners repelling themselves down the hillside with ropes onto a fallen tree that crossed a flooded creek. Let's see - four times here too. What a hoot. Oh yes, let me tell you about the mud. I guess it was some type of clay because when you stepped in it it wouldn't turn loose of your shoe. In short these were the toughest conditions I've ever tried to run in. You'd get on the top of a hill, hold on to a tree limb and start your slide to the bottom. Like on the slopes with mud balls for skis. There were sections that were more runnable than others and all things considered my time of 12:04 was pretty respectable. Lou and Nick will have their own version of the race. However, the one thing we will agree on is that it was tough and that we thoroughly enjoyed it. Out of 90 runners starting the race, 59 finished.

The thing I like about Ultras is the diversity of characters you meet. I ran upon an older gentleman doing his first 50 miler. He would lead awhile and then we'd swap the lead. He was well prepared with a bandana, ball cap and polypropylene clothing. A pleasant type

who didn't complain and laughed at the difficulties. The only thing that confused me was when we went into the water, he'd get real close to me. (I don't think he could swim.) We bonded together for a finish. Norvell was his name and he was from Jacksonville, Texas. He called me Harley right off. When he told me he was 48 years old I almost went to my knees. When I told him my age, 48, he sort of stumbled, too. I wonder how old he thought I was. Anyway Ole Harley, the veteran, and Norvell, the rookie, endured the trial together. I like to think I guided him through that tough part at 30 miles and showed him how to feed off the dying runners we'd pass. When we finished I talked him into doing my ritual of pushups. I told him that this was my way of saying that I was tough enough to go 50 miles and if I had to I could go some more. We exchanged addresses and then Norvell had a beer. He said it was his first in six years. I don't know whether we'll run together like that again. However, I believe Norvell will always remember his first 50 miler and Ole Harley trying to get him in.

Times - Nick Williams	10:44
Lou Peyton	11:15
Harley Peyton	12:04

Barkley Marathons - 55 Miles - 3/31-4/1, 1990 - David Horton

(3) Sometimes things are not as difficult as you expect. The Barkley was more difficult than I expected. It just didn't seem possible that a 55 mile race could have 27,000 feet of elevation gain and 27,000 feet elevation loss (1,000 feet of change per mile). The hardest 100 miler (Wasatch 100) has 22,000 feet of gain in 100 miles!?!?!

The greatest difficulty that I had during the first lap at Barkley was staying on course. The course consisted of three laps of 19, 19, and a short cut on the last lap to cut it to 17. All of the five major hills were in each lap, even the short lap. The trail, where there was one, was not marked in any fashion, and it was very indistinct. There were five books hidden at different places on the course. On each lap you had to tear out a page from each book and turn in your five pages at the end of each lap.

Dave Drach, Dennis (The Animal) Herr, and I traveled to the race with a goal of trying to complete the race together. You may think this a little weak on our part, but when you consider that only one person had finished the race in the four previous years you have a clue as to how difficult the race is.

We had a great deal of difficulty finding the books on the 1st lap as a very heavy fog enveloped us. Our time at the end of lap 1 was 8 hours and 16 minutes, for 19 miles, BLAZING SPEED. Eric Clifton joined us on the 2nd lap and we were a foursome, out for a Saturday afternoon stroll.

At 26 miles (one of two places where they took your aid onto the course) the Animal called it quits. One of the toughest Ultra-runners in the country managed to cover 26 miles in 12 hours.

There were four sections in the course where you had to go cross-country, no trails or markers were there, you had to use a compass and a map and navigate your way to the next section of the course. The 2nd cross country section of the course started at the foot of the hardest hill on the course. Never was a name more

appropriate for a hill. The elevation gain was 1300 feet in 1/2 mile. The hills name was called "HELL". My times for each trip up Hell was 38, 35, and 45 minutes. Just think, my rate of progress was 1 1/2 hours per mile the last time up.

Immediately after Hell you had a 1 mile descent (on a dirt road with a loss of 600 feet. After 1/2 mile on a nice road (level) the 2nd hardest hill stared you in the face. RAT JAW. RAT JAW gained 1,000 feet in 1/2 mile. This also involved a cross country section as a climb through the worst briar patch I've ever seen had to be negotiated 3 times. I went up the hill 3 different ways and I don't think there is a good way to get up the hill.

Clifton, Drach and I started the last lap at 11:00 P.M. At this point, we also took the overall lead. Our time was 17 hours in covering 38 miles. That night the fog moved out to uncover a beautiful starry night. Between midnight and 4:00 A.M., I was constantly nauseous. All three of us would stop once in awhile and just lay on the trail and look at the stars. After only 3 or 4 minutes, I would notice that I was about to fall asleep. Eric and Dave had both already dozed off. At 4:00 A.M. and again at 4:30 A.M. I threw up and had the dry heaves. The thought of dropping out passed through my mind but I thought that I had done too much work to drop out with only 11 miles to go. I ate a malt nut Power Bar and within 10-15 minutes I felt much better and was able to make it in the rest of the way in good shape.

After eating the Power Bar, I prayed to the Lord that he would help me make it up Hell one more time. The Lord answered my prayer as all three of us sprinted down the last hill.

How difficult is the course?? More than you could ever imagine. Does it really have 27,000 feet of climb? Yes, and maybe more. My overall pace was 28 minutes and 45 seconds per mile. Is it 55 miles? At least that far if not more. Gary Cantrell (Race Director) told me my chances of finishing were slim to none. My slowest time for 100 miles is 22:05. My time at Barkley was 26 HRS and 22 mintes. This may have been the best Ultra performance of my career (58 Ultras).

One runner from Zurwich, Switzerland finished in 33:39 and Fred Pilon finished in 34:09 making it 5 finishers out of 29 starters.

I would compare finishing one lap at Barkley (19 miles) equivalent to finishing a typical 50 mile trail race (8-9 hours).

Would I try it again? Probably, but I hope not. Next time would be even more difficult as I would want to run faster and I'm sure that is a mistake at Barkley. No one has ever finished the Barkley twice.

If you're looking for an unbelievable challenge, consider the '91 Barkley. Cantrell is limited to 30 runners by the Forest Service. Also you'll need to start saving up to pay for the enormous entry fee . . . . . \$1.55.

#### Ultra Training Tip -

Problem: How to properly run when it's 32 degrees, raining, 30 m.p.h. winds and 50 miles to go? "How did you manage the elements, Harley?" I thought you'd never ask. Listen closely! With 50 miles to go you want to concentrate on two things. One, the trail and the

other, your gas gauge. "What's a gas gauge, Harley"? By gas gauge, I mean like a car. Some folks have big cars that burn a lot of gas. Some folks have big cars that burn a little gas. If you start out on a trip to Oklahoma City without any money but on a full tank, I would bet that you would pay attention to a heavy foot on the accelerator, coasting downhill and keeping an eye on the gas gauge. Well running Ultras is the same thing. You want to concentrate on dishing out your energy a little at a time so that you don't come up short and have to spend the night in Sallisaw or someplace worse. It is an analogy. When up against the elements, you don't want to have things like cold hands and numb feet to distract you from the trail footing and your energy level. The solution to the problem is proper dressing. At the Cross Timbers 50 Miler I was perfectly attired. Eventhough I was soaking wet I avoided hypothermia for over 12 hours. "Share it with us, Harley!" Okay, from top to bottom starting with the head. Since I don't like knit caps in the rain, I wore a ball cap and ear muffs (the aid station women all wanted my ear muffs). Next I had a bandana to keep the water from running down my neck. I wore a polyproplene turtleneck shirt and nylon wind breaker. The polyproplene is warm when wet and the windbreaker prevents evaporation. It didn't do a thing to shed water. Next I wore polyproplene socks on my hands which I prefer over gloves. Because we went through a lot of water on the trail I learned to alternate the socks between my hands and my feet. I would stop and take my shoes off to clean out the pebbles and put the dry gloves on my feet. Then put my wet socks on my hands. Sounds far fetched but the polyproplene wrings out pretty good and it felt like a fresh pair. Let's move on. I wore polyproplene tights, Texas style. I know, I know! Texas style is when you wear your nylon running shorts under your tights. That way you avoid the personal pain and suffering of those who didn't have anything extra in their tights. Enough said!

In summary, think about earmuffs, polyproplene, hand socks and Texas when the weatherturns nasty.

SPECIAL TO THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNING ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER -Running With A Hero - Lou Peyton

I got nervous just thinking about Helen Klein coming to Arkansas for a visit. How would you feel about running/eating spending time with the person you idolize. I was scared. Charley told me, "I think you will find that she gets up every morning and puts on her clothes just like you do". Maybe she does but she wears a size 6 Gloria Vanderbuilt jeans and I wear a size 11, barely. Of course those Gloria Vanderbuilts do shrink a lot. It was a thrill. I'll never be the same and you will never quit hearing about what Helen does and what Helen says about this, that, and everything. Our relatives think that we are too serious about this running business. They should meet Helen and Norman Klein or Suzi Thibeault all from the Auburn/Sacramento, Ca. area. These folks know their running and I could not remember one thing about my Algebra but all the tidbits I hear on running are engrained forever and I will share any and all of it with you. Just ask.

I told Helen as we were driving to the Mobile Station Marathon course that everything I have read about her starts from when she was 55 years old and began running. I wanted to hear from the day she was born. Now I want to know about her parents. This woman is so

interesting and she is getting better every year as her running times improve, to prove this point. She told me that she is stronger and a better runner now than she was six years ago. She is! Wouldn't you want to know what she eats, drinks, thinks, feels on every subject. I do and I asked her. Forget getting old. Helen feels that she is 25 years old and she is one of those people who are ageless. Old is not something she thinks about. A retirement home, never. She surrounds herself with children and active people of all ages. If other people want to get old they can and will while Helen is setting more world records.

One statement Helen made that I will share right now is, "I don't want to beat anyone, I just like to finish a race and see how many people are behind me".

# The Inside by HARLEY

(A Satirical look  
at ULTRA Running  
in ARKANSAS)



"Did She or Didnt She"