

# THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

July 1993

*A Newsletter For The Arkansas Ultrarunning Association*

**MESSAGE FROM THE BIGSHOT** - Several corrections are due this month. First up! There were three runners, not two, who participated in all nine trail runs in the Ultra Trail Series this past year. I overlooked the accomplishments of Jim Sweatt in the final results. Congratulations!

Next I'd like to apologize for all the errors in last month's issue. For some strange reason our computer acted up real bad right at printing time. It's a sinking feeling when your hard disk fails.

For those of you who ordered A.U.R.A. shirts, they should be in by the time you read this. Lou has the list and will get in touch with you. For those who didn't order but now wish you had, we have to place a minimum order of 24. You can go long sleeve or short sleeve. Call Lou as soon as possible.

Planning for the Arkansas Traveller is in full swing. I'm looking for aid station workers to fill some of the vacancies this year. It seems that several of the workers decided that the runners were having so much fun that they wanted to participate as a runner this year. That's wonderful! Now if your friend or spouse would like to take on or help at an aid station, we need you. Call Lou at 225-6609. Next month we'll start the A.T. 100 Volunteer Newsletter going to volunteer workers. October 9-10 approaches. I love it.

Marital bliss has struck the A.U.R.A. membership again. Rosemary Haluszka recently combined her A.U.R.A. number with Bob Marston. Boy, this A.U.R.A. is a beautiful thing. For now they'll have his and her newsletters.

Are you keeping Tony and Irene Johnson abreast of your ultra results? Do it! Write them at 1213 Park Drive, North Little Rock, Ar. 72114.

AURA's Ann M. Moore has a new address that she wishes to let you know about: Ann M Moore, 7 Hampshire Circle, Little Rock-72212.

In case you're interested, the Wednesday afternoon training runs are in full swing at Camp Robinson. Distances are up to 13 miles with options for 10, 6, etc. To get to the start (5:30 p.m.) take the Burns Park Exit and follow Military Road to the front gate. Continue on up the hill and take the 1st left turn. Go one block, the road (Y's), stay left and then take the first right. Park.

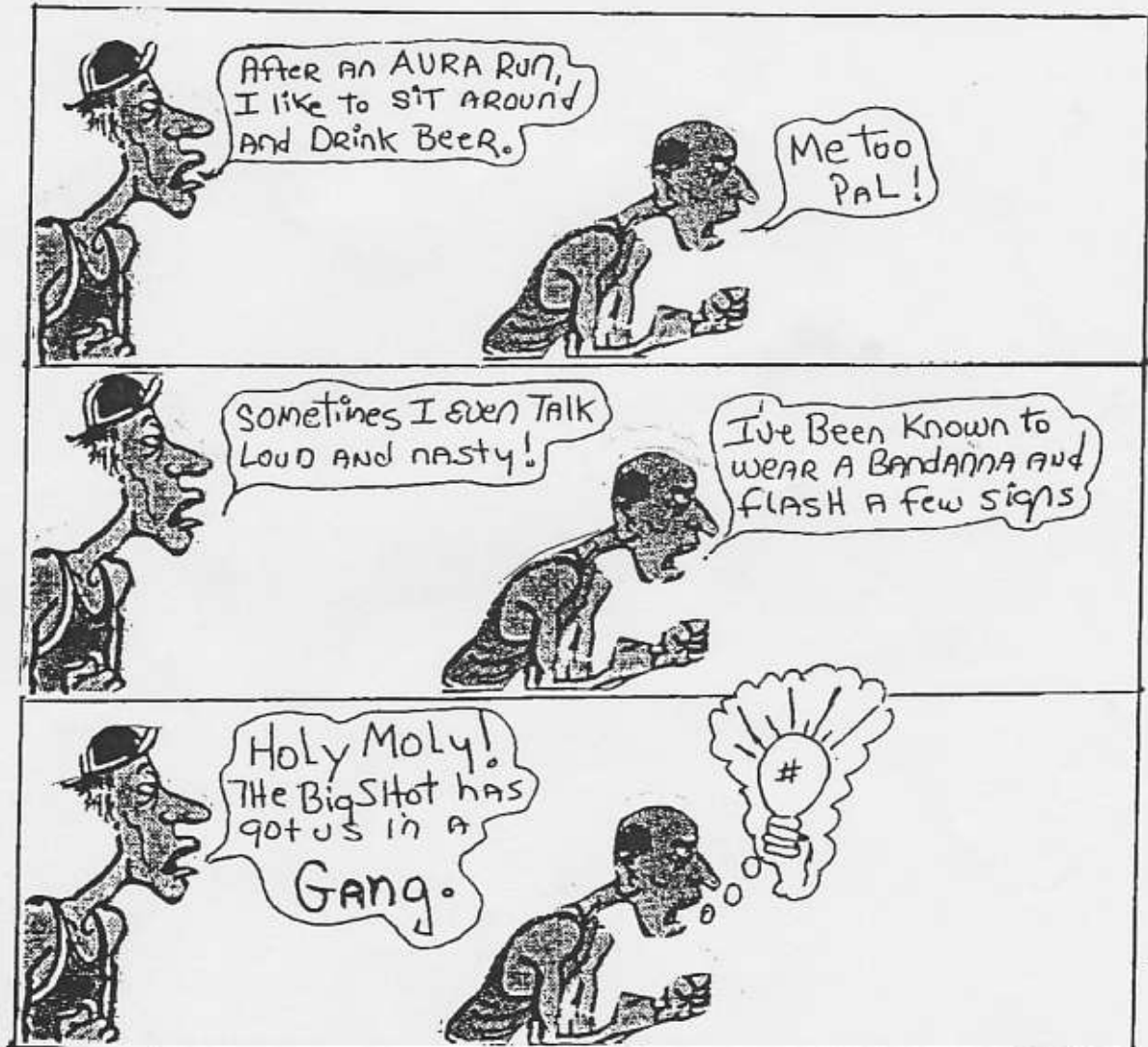
On Father's Day (Yes, there is a little Big Shot) I received a nice present from Lou. It was a book written by Steven Boga entitled "ADVENTURE ATHLETES-RUNNERS AND WALKERS". What makes it special is that it profiles AURA's own, David Horton. The book also includes segments on Frank Shorter, Ann Trason and Joan Benoit. Pretty good company Frank, Ann and Joan keep.

Ready on the right; ready on the left. Power tubes lit. Let us begin.

# THE INSIDE

by HARLEY

(A Satirical Look at Arkansas' Ultra Runners)



## ULTRA HEARTLINE

[Confidential] to Ultra Number-93026-The answer to your problem lies in the Orient. Your history with American women suggests that you should invest your remaining resources wisely. I recently saw an intriguing segment on 60 Minutes espousing the merits of "inviting" a Philippino girl to the USA. Call the BigShot for references.



# 1993 A U R



SUN      MON      TUE      WED      THU      FRI      SAT

				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10 AT-100 28 MILE TRAINING RUN LAKE SYLVIA-6:00 A.M.
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31 MID-NIGHT 60K LAKE SYLVIA 8:00 P.M.

# ULTRA CORNER

BARKLEY 1993 by Nick Williams

THURSDAY - I drove over and spent the night in my van outside Nashville. It was spitting snow. I put on everything I could to stay warm. I slept good until 6:00 a.m.

FRIDAY - I drove to Oak Ridge and met Nancy and Rick Hamilton. I also became reacquainted P.J. and John Salmonson and the HURT Crew who came for Barkley. They are a great group. Randy Harve (my roommate), Vernon Charr, and Jim Budde made up the crew staying in Oak Ridge. I later met Kawika Spalding at Frozen Head State Park.

I shaved off my mustache (boy was Sharon surprised. She was so surprised that she told me to grow it back if I ever want to get any more SUGAR...I held out one week).

We drove to Frozen Head State Park and were surprised to see snow on the upper ridges. It was beautiful. We met the idiot himself (Gary Cantrell) and everyone who was there kept saying how coward David Horton, Lou Peyton, and Dave Cawein were for not showing up. We decided it was really too hard for them and that was why they didn't show. We stayed there until Gary brought out the frozen chicken. We left and went back to meet Suzi and Gene Thibeault. They showed up and were marveling at my no mustache. Gene immediately shaved his mustache off. He said it was because he was going scuba diving and he could dive better. (I know it was because he wanted to be like me.) (I wonder if Suzi made him put it back like Sharon did mine.)

SATURDAY - The run started at 9:00 a.m. so that everyone would have to go up Hell and Ratjaw in the dark. Hell and Ratjaw are only 2 of 8 major climbs on each loop. That means 24 major climbs. It really is a BUGGER!! I like the run because I feel if I can finish it, I can do anything, and it's true. I started the run with Nancy and Rick Hamilton and Dick West. The day was clear, cold, and snow on the upper part of the mountains. There were a couple of new quirks. 1. Gary only put out water so we needed to carry everything we would need on a loop. I bet Gary keeps that change in the race format. It means you really have to plan what you take with you on each loop. I like it. 2. The course was in worse shape and there were more blow downs (trees that have fallen). The trail was harder to find. 3. There was a new trail at the top of Bird Mountain. Several people took the new trail and were lost for several minutes. My group of people stopped there, looked at it and continued on. It was really nice the first 2 loops with my 3 partners. We talked and played and kept fairly steady on the course. Dick stopped for a while after the 2nd loop. Nancy, Rick, and I got fueled up again and continued on. Gene and Suzi met us at the end of loop 2 with cheeseburgers. The burgers were warm and we scarfed them down. That was my fourth cheeseburger. I had one left and I knew I wasn't going to eat it and I said so. Rick said he really wanted it so I gave it to him. They both said cheeseburgers on a run are great food. I knew that!!

SUNDAY - 3rd Loop - Nancy stepped in a hole and bruised or tore a calf muscle. When she fell she bruised her shin on the other leg. From then on she couldn't run and couldn't walk up or down the

But she did anyway. We would go a little distance and she would sit down and cry. Then get up and go on. She's one tough lady. (What a woman.) I stayed with them until the top of Ratjaw and then I trotted in to the finish. My time was 34 hours and 59 minutes.

Gene Thibeault drove me back to the motel. I cleaned up and went right to bed. (I was rooming with one of the HURT members Randy Harve. I would like for all of you to meet him. A really nice guy.)

MONDAY - I got up and kissed all of the women, hugged all of the men and started the 10 hour drive back to Little Rock. I drove for 30 minutes, pulled into a rest area and slept for an hour. I woke up, drove another 30 minutes and went to sleep for another hour. I woke up, drove to West Memphis and slept for another hour. Then I finally drove home. The ride was worse than the run.

I said after the run that I would not do the Barkley again. The next day I said if the HURT group came back I'd do it again. Now, if SOMEONE asked, I'd do it again. Barkley is like life. There is a beginning. There are mountains to climb and there are valleys. There is a middle with mountains and valleys and finally an end. It means that if I have the guts to stay after something I can win.

BRUSHHEAP MOUNTAIN TRAIL RUN/HIKE (17.2 MILES)

JUNE 5, 1993

The following results were provided by AURA's David Samuel who was the director the National Trails Day event down near Langley, Arkansas, and Albert Pike Trail. Every body I've talked to had nothing but praise for the organization and course. I told people before and after the event that if David is involved with it, it would be done right.

1. David Allen	2:15:11	16. David Samuel	3:49:35
2. Chuck Campbell	2:17:56	17. Fred Blohm	3:52:08
3. Bill Torrey	2:24:27	18. Sandy Venable	4:20:30
4. Amelia Ingersoll	2:46:41	19. Rosemary Marston	4:33:05
5. Ricky Utley	2:49:42	20. Doug Stevens	NTA
6. John Laws	2:50:51	21. Wayne Alsbrook	15 Mile
7. Lesa Allen	3:01:21	22. Karen Teague	"
8. Tim Biggs	3:11:16	23. Dennis Tigue	"
9. Tony Johnson	3:14:07	24. Muriel Tigue	"
10. Irene Johnson	3:18:34	25. Mary Clendaniel	"
11. Pete Ireland	3:18:34	26. Erna Hassebrock	"
12. Kimberly Pavelko	3:23:02	27. Paula Wallace	"
13. Roger Gilliland	3:47:28	28. Robert Rooke	"
14. Tom Tucker	3:47:52	29. Wanda Rooke	"
15. Yvonne Thompson	3:48:13	30. Stacy McConnell	"

GO-CARE 6-12 HOUR TRACK RUN

MONROE, LOUISIANA - JUNE 12-13, 1993

By: Bob "Chicken Wings" Horner

The heat and very humid air wrapped itself around me as I stepped out of my car. No matter, by sundown it will cool off and be almost bearable, I thought to myself. Boy was I mistaken. Jeff Thomas arrived minutes after me and we walked over and checked out the track.

Northeast Louisiana University's track is slightly cushioned and user friendly.

"Big Head", arrived shortly after us and he informed me that the track was U.S.T. & F. certified. Also, he had a lap counter and three timers available if I was trying to set a U.S. Track and Field age group record (I was planning on it).

As usual "Big Head" had a large and well briefed crew of support people. He had lots of bananas, oranges, sport drink, and other food available. All in all the support was outstanding.

The race got under way exactly on time at 7 P.M. with twelve runners on the track. Oh yes, there were countless squadrons of Louisiana mosquitos flying in attack formation. After scouting out the runners and support personnel, the mosquitos left well enough alone. We had enough Deep Woods Off and Cutter's Mosquito Repellent to protect the entire state.

Charlie Gunn was the pre-race favorite in the 12 hour race. He is a veteran of years of ultra running and has run more than 60 miles in a 12 hour race. Dennis Tallini-although fairly new to ultra running-had proven himself a strong competitor with his sub 24 hour time at the Mardi Gras 100. Jeff Thomas, the youngest runner and probably the fastest, had little ultra experience but he did complete 80 miler in the Benton 24 Hour Run last November. No one was quite sure how Jeff would do, especially Jeff. The dark horse was Tom Barfield since he was unknown to the rest of us. Bob "Chicken Wings" Horner rounded out the field. "Chicken Wings" had completed nine ultras-including two 100 milers, this past year.

Thomas took an early lead with Tallini and Gunn close behind. Horner ran at his record setting pace and Barfield brought up the rear. The heat and humidity persisted and after about four hours the runners began to slow down. Horner released his crew of timers since it was apparent that his goal would not be met. Thomas faded during the next two hours and he and Barfield dropped out at six hours.

At seven hours, Tallini, Gunn and Horner began running together as a group. Tallini led Gunn by one lap with Horner another four laps back. For the next three hours the runners moved like one person.

If one stopped for food or water, they all stopped. If one sped up, they all sped up. Horner made a move at ten hours trying to break up the threesome. Gunn went with him and stuck like glue. He told Horner, "you're not going anywhere without me". Tallini caught Horner and Gunn after five laps. After seven hard laps Horner and Gunn slowed the pace. Tallini added two more laps to his lead and he too slowed. At the finish it was Tallini, Gunn and Horner.

The 6 Hour Race had seven runners competing. Joel Guyer was the odds on favorite even though he stated he was only running three-hours (pre-race hype). Joel easily led all runners until he actually dropped out at three hours. Dan Lindow took the lead with Kathy Guyer in close pursuit. It was nip and tuck until the very end who would be the overall winner. Lindow won out over Kathy by five laps.

Four N.L.U. students were also entered in the 6 Hour Race. It was their first race ever and their enthusiasm was felt and enjoyed by all.

You did a good job "Big Head".

## 12 HOUR

1. Dennis Tallini	55.9 miles
2. Charlie Gunn	55.2 "
3. Bob Horner	54.2 "
4. Jeff Thomas	27.5 "
5. Tom Barfield	24.8 "

## 6 HOUR

1. Dan Lindow	26.3 miles
2. Kathy Guyer	25.1 "
3. Joel Guyer	22.3 "
4. Terri Short	20.0 "
5. Glenn Joiner	20.0 "
6. Emma Brooks	13.9 "
7. Jack Thames	9.1 "

The Old Dominion 100 - June 5-6, 1993 by Lou Peyton

(This is written from a crew-pacer point of view and is my opinion only)

Charley and I planned to take a full 8-9 days and leisurely drive and camp our way to Woodstock, Virginia, and back to Little Rock. Our first night was spent at Montgomery Bell State Park, Tennessee., 2nd night after purposely taking a 1 1/2 hour extension off Interstate 40 to see rural Tennessee which included the oldest Tennessee town of Jonesboro and third oldest town on a scenic rural route, we camped at Warriors Path State Park near Kingsport, and the Tennessee/Virginia state line. 3rd night we set up camp at the start/finish of the race at a fairground in Woodstock, Virginia. I told Charley I felt like a migrant farm worker and that I should be going somewhere to pick beans or tomatoes instead of taking an hour run each morning. I thought I would be pacing Charley for 30,40, or 50 miles on Saturday.

Friday, June 4 in the a.m., runners start to arrive at the fairground asking where's everything going to take place. Some runners are tent camping, some are in R.V.'s and others are staying 2 blocks away at the Ramada Inn. At the 4 p.m. pre race briefing I start to realize how this race is going to be when Mike Robertson, Race Director, states that if you can't understand his race directions his 9 year old daughter can understand but that there are all degrees of intelligence. I thought oh boy,, do we have "hard core" here or what. Okay so we're playing hardball. We'll stay calm and give this race our best shot. Bigshot and I are representing Arkansas, land of the Razorbacks. Bigshot got a t-shirt for his \$100.00 entry fee plus aid stations with Conquest, bananas, and pretzels. No spread by any means. This we expected from the aid stations.

The race started at 4 a.m., Saturday in a light thunderstorm. Beverly Nolan-Cannata and I are Charley's loyal crew. Everything was okay at the first aid stop 6 1/2 miles. Charley is doing well and was running easy. I felt good about his pace and position in the field of approximately 75 runners. Second stop the pit crews, as they called us, was at 18.9 miles. The weather was 60 degrees with intermittent showers but clearing. I waited and waited and started to sense that something was wrong. I asked the aid station Captain if I could walk out to meet #137. They said okay. 1/4 mile out I met Race Director Mike Robertson. He asked who I was looking for. I replied #137. Mike said, "he cut the course. I had to send him back. If he arrives before 8:10 he didn't go back. I don't know if he intended to cut the course or not". I said, "I'm sure he didn't intend to cut the course. He didn't come here to win only to finish." I waited and waited. Carl Gross from Texas arrived limping, he had turned his ankle real

bad. Then I see the Bigshot. We laugh and I accuse him of wanting more than 100 miles to make an interesting article for you to read. Bigshot eats, drinks, jokes and leaves for the next station. He's in good spirits but I am concerned since there is a 28 hour cut off and the clock is ticking. At 22.1 miles, not a pit crew stop, we saw Bob Cannata working and he told us that Eric Clifton (set a course record last year of 15:11) went off course and is no longer in the lead. Next pit crew stop, 28.1 miles, Bigshot comes in strong, good spirits and is catching up to the other runners.

Pat Botts from Ft. Valley, Virginia. 53 year old female winner from 1992 with a time of 22:02 is lead female and looking strong. Bev and I drive to 35.1 miles, Camp Roosevelt and 1st Medical Check station. We wait and hear funny running stories. The camaraderie is good, however I'd rather be running than crewing. It's easier. Charley arrives. We treat him like a race car, change socks, clean out shoes, feed him turkey sandwiches, canned sweet tea, etc. His weight is good, good spirits everything is go. Bev and I impress the Medical Director with how we cared for our runner and asked Bigshot questions. He was off again. Check station 47.4 - Four Corners. It's the hottest time of day. The rain stopped, the sun shone and the runners had just completed the highest point in the course, Catback Mountain, and had 5 miles of downhill on rough gravel road. Runners were dropping from the race. The sun was too hot. Crews were seeking shade. This would be the tough part, leaving here. Bigshot was a little late, I thought. Then he arrived. Not real positive but hungry and ready to be cleaned up. Fresh sock, new shoes, banana, sandwiches, grapes, ice tea and we send him off and drive to next stop at 56.3 miles, Edenburg Gap. Upon arrival we are told that #137 is not on the course. I said, "yes he is we just left him". A forest ranger said he had just covered the course from 47.4 to here and Charley was not on the course. I can't believe this. The forest ranger drew us a map and said that numerous runners were getting off course from a misplaced ribbon on Hickory Ln. We retrace our driving route and find Charley riding in the back of an aid station truck, waving his arms to flag us down. I jumped out started yelling, "what are you doing in there". Also I started to take pictures. I know it's over but I hate to admit it. The aid station people tell me he can't go on because they are taking up the aid stations. I start to argue that there's only one cutoff at 75 miles and that he can go to 75 miles and without being pulled. I know I am wasting my breath. It's over. Charley is smiling. It's funny to all of us. No one is hurt. Charley, Bev and I are driving back to Woodstock and Bev has talked Charley into the Rocky Raccoon 100 in February in Texas. I volunteered to crew and pace and I want my 30,40,50 miles. Charley starts chanting, "Do the coon." I got cheated!

On a serious note. The Old Dominion 100 is a beautiful scenic race course for runners and crews. This course is geared to the sub 24 hour racer. I don't recommended for the 25-28 hour finisher. Either be capable of sub 24 hours or go to another race. No pampering or encouraging at this one.

For the \$100.00 entry fee, I realized Friday afternoon that there was no pre race meal, no post race meal (okay, I'm a little disappointed as it is fun to get together with runner friends and exchange lies, hopes, plans, goal and more lies at these functions. 4



P.M. Friday there is a pre race briefing and I learn there is no pacing allowed. Runners may have a safety runner to accompany them from mile 75-86 - 12 miles only. I am more disappointed. I wanted to run some of the course myself as a pacer.

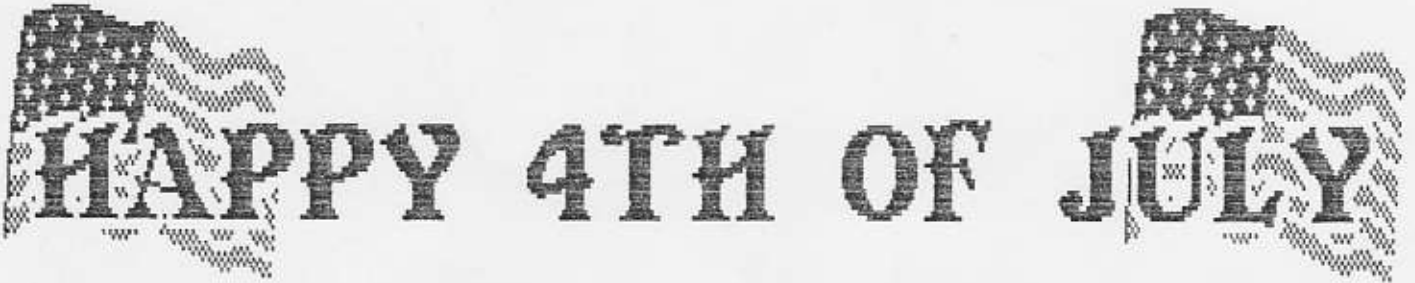
#### HERE'S BIGSHOT'S SIDE OF THE OLD DOMINION 1993

When we pulled off at the Woodstock Exit (I-81) the first thing we noticed was the Woodstock Fairground. An old wooden grandstand facing a cinder track with stables and tack rooms and a couple of battered looking horse people milling about. It looked right out of the 50's movies. None of them knew about a foot race that was to take place in two days. Lou and I set up our tent next to the track and pulled out the lawn chairs, then we heard them coming. Plop! Plop! Plop! The rhythmic trot of a trotting horse training to pull a sulky. This was a trotting horse track. The racing season would open in three months. Some of the horses could really move out. I'm talking fast. Some of the others were not as trained, it appeared. In fact a couple were being paced by a pickup truck. Their bridles attached to a backboard in the bed of the truck. I have thought about those horses being trained by that truck a lot since I've gotten back to Little Rock.

The 4:00 a.m. race start was bad. Raining and lightening. The Race Director says that the track is ankle deep in mud. (We were suppose to run on the track before heading off to the mountains.) Instead we circled the outside road around the track two loops then we're off. My legs are numb. I can't keep up. People are passing and I know this is going to get worse. Lou and Bev meet me at 6 miles with encouragement. I want to quit. I'm not having fun. At 18 miles I'm in last place having taken a wrong turn. Bev and Lou won't let me say what I'm thinking. At 28 miles I catch my first runner, Carl Gross (Texas). He had stepped in a pot hole circling the track and is badly limping. My spirits soar. Reaching the summit of Kennedy Mountain I find cups on the ground. Oh no! I think the aid stations are leap frogging. At 35 miles, I meet Lou again. Why am I here? Lou and Bev keep saying I'm doing good. Then comes Catback Mountain, the highest mountain on the course. It's a killer. The aid stations have leap frogged again. Doesn't anybody know I'm here? At 47 miles, I'm beat. I'm ready to crawl in the truck. Lou gives me new shoes and sends me on my way. I go a block and turn around. I wave for them to come pick me up. They wave me goodbye. I'm really not feeling too badly. I just can't run. I want to go home. Shortly after 47 miles I come to an intersection marked for a right turn. I go two miles to the next intersection and no marks. I back track to my turn and decide to hitch hike to the highway if I can't find the route. I go 1/4 mile and there is a ribbon. On course! A short while later a pickup truck comes down the mountain. It's the leap frogging aid station. The nice man and wife say they want to talk to me. I say it's okay, I'm easy. Just let me in the back of the truck. In the process of taking me out we pass Lou and Bev who have come to look for me. Lou is upset that the aid station people "pulled me". I stand behind the aid station couple. I'm weak. I'm not having a good time. I don't want to leave the aid station truck.

*"Hey Harley, what has that got to do with the horse?"* I've

thought about it a lot like I said. I like to relate the pickup truck pulling the horse to Lou and Bev being my crew. The difference is that I was able to crawl into the back of the truck and end my misery. However, that poor horse being yanked around the track probably never thought about just stepping over into the truck bed. Does that make sense?



Charley & Lou Peyton  
41 White Oak Ln.  
Little Rock, AR 72207

# THE INSIDE by Harley

"A Saterical Look At The Arkansas Ultra Running Association"

(This is the first of three episodes on what the ultra crews sometimes think)



## FUTURE ULTRA CALENDAR

- AUGUST 7TH-Great Arkansas Pig Out 5K. Morrilton, Arkansas.  
Maryann Meador, 501-354-1214
- AUGUST 14TH-Wild Azalea Trail 50Km. ALEXANDRIA, LA.  
Steve Bridges-(318)342-1318
- SEPTEMBER 17TH AND 18TH-17th and 18th. Saline County Strider's  
6-12-24 Hour Track Run. Benton High Scholl Track.
- OCTOBER 9TH AND 10TH- Arkansas Traveller 100 Miler.  
To Volunteer call Lou Peyton-225-6609.
- OCTOBER 23RD-Mountain Masochist Trail Run, 50 Miles  
David Horton-(804)239-1324
- DECEMBER 18th-Sunmart Texas Trail 50 AND 50KM.  
Norm Klein(916)638-1161
- FEBRUARY 5TH-Rocky Raccon Trail 100 Mile Run  
Micky Rollins(713)468-8115.