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THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

November 1994

A Newsletter For the Arkansas Ultra Running Association
Volume VI, 10th Edition

MESSAGE FROM THE BIGSHOT-On behalf of the Arkansas Traveller 100 race committee(Dave Cawein, Tom Chapin, Jim Schuler and Lou Peyton) I want to thank each of you for making the 1994 Arkansas Traveller 100 our most successful race yet. I continue to receive letters and notes from the participants and their family about how much they enjoyed the weekend. It all boils down to how friendly and helpful the volunteers were to them. At last count we had 133 entrants. 129 started on race day. We had 33 states and Canada represented.

As you know we started the race under the Leadership of Lou(PEYTON). She wanted to have a race in Arkansas so that her ultra friends from out of state could come here and see her training areas and to also have a local ultra to give Arkansans who for whatever reason might not venture west or east an opportunity to experience a 100 miler.

A byproduct of all this is the many friends that we all have made from round the country and the goodwill that we have developed in the Lake Sylvia area. It has been the policy of the race committee to donate profit from the race to the Lake Sylvia Development project. This Perry county organization is attempting to restore Camp Ouachita, a former girl scout camp located next to Lake Sylvia. If you were at the Sunday morning awards ceremony, these were the people who cooked the pancake breakfast. We have been able to donate a \$1,000.00 in each of the three years of the Traveller to their organization. We anticipate being able to do the same again this year. Believe me when I tell you that they love ultra runners. Thanks again for all the help.

The BigShot took it personally when you dropped out at the Traveller. For this reason I have made a command decision: The Rocky Raccoon 100. Yes, that's right I've sent my application to the "Coon".

I invite you to join me. I'll guarantee you a finish. "Hey BigShot!" *with your new running style, won't you go too fast for us?" Relax* Pal, I've given up my "horse kicking" style. It just wasn't working for me. I have gone back to what brought me here: The Mississippi heel stomp.
Have I told you the story about growing up in Mississippi?

Growing up in the country we had a lot of obstacles to overcome. When I woke in the morning and had to go use the bathroom. I would get out of bed and walk on my heels to the back porch. the reason I had to walk back on my heels was because we had this big red rooster that roosted underneath the house. That chicken would try his best to peck your toes through the cracks in the floor. I learned real quick not to let my tootsies get too low. It was great fun when my city cousins came to visit. They would get up

in the morning and you could hear them holler from a mile away. that rooster used his beak like he was a woodpecker. Another obstacle to overcome was going from the back porch to the outhouse. My grandmother had this big ole hog that guarded the path leading to the outhouse. But.....that's another story.

It just goes to show you how much the environment shapes your running.

ULTRA CALENDAR

I have heard of a couple of new ultras coming soon. The first is on November 26th, The Cedar Creek Crusher 50 Miler, Columbia, Missouri. There is also a new 100 miler in Virginia, May 13th, Massanutten Mountain Trails 100 Mile Endurance Run. Last week I got a call from a fellow in Oklahoma who is organizing a 50 miler in eastern Oklahoma near the Ouachita Trail at Tallihena. He is to contact me when he gets his plans finalized.

1994 ARKANSAS TRAVELLER 100-October 8th, 1994

With the calling of the Arkansas Hogs, the 1994 Arkansas Traveller 100 began. Conditions this year were not ideal. A cold rain fell throughout the night and greeted the runners on the starting line. The rain and wind would continue during the day and lead to the highest dropout rate in the four year history of the "Traveller". Of the record 129 starters, 50 would not make it to the finish line. Most dropped due to hypothermia and blisters caused from the weather.

The route begins with a 17.4 mile loop that includes eight miles of the Ouachita Trail. To the amazement of the race officials, Arkansas, George Aydelotte, the youngest runner in the field at 26, was the first off of the trail in two hours and 42 minutes. Words were muttered, "He'll burn out soon." He did. That is the price of inexperience.

Meanwhile, for the more seasoned runners, Dana Miller (Idaho), Raul Flores (Kansas), Kirk Apt (Colorado), Dwayne Satterfield (Alabama) and local favorite, Ray Bailey, the hunt for the silver belt buckle had just begun.

The class of the female runners included two time winner and course record holder, Chrissy Duryea (California), Susan Gimbel (California) and Cindy Grunt who was attempting her seventh 100 mile finish this summer. Baring a breakdown, the race belonged to Duryea, the 36 year old firefighter from northern California. In 1993 she had run almost step for step with Arkansas' Ray Bailey with both finishing in 18:50. This year they again started conservatively and were 29 minutes behind the leader at the 17.4 mile, Lake Sylvia Aid Station. They would run the first 40 miles together again this year.

As Aydelotte faltered, Satterfield and Flores were the first to make a move as they quickly gained 10 minutes over the next five miles over a pack of runners that included Miller and Apt as well as Jack Christian, Shawn McDonald and Tim Necker. By the 50K point, Dana Miller had closed to within three minutes. At the 49 mile, Powerline Aid Station, Miller was the first to arrive, eight minutes ahead

of.....Arkansan Ray Bailey. The rain, wind and mud had an adverse effect on many of the runners but it worked to the advantage for Bailey, an active member of the Little Rock Hash House Harriers. He was in his element and slowly gained positions through the 49 mile Powerline Aid Station. At the Turnaround Aid Station, mile 58.6, Bailey was within five minutes of Miller. Picking up his pacer at the Turnaround, he caught Miller at mile 64.

It was Ray Bailey versus Dana Miller. Bailey, 38 years old, AKA "Bones", and 18:50 Arkansas Traveller and a 22:37 finisher at the 1994 Leadville 100. Miller, 43 years old, AKA "Mud n'Guts", a legend in western 100 running and a multiple winner of Utah's Wasatch 100.

With his lead steadily increasing but still not assured of a victory, Bailey left the 85 Mile Lake Winona station heading of the 87.3 mile 212 Aid Station. There manning the station were members of the Little Rock Hash House Harriers. Stopping momentarily for drink, he was off into the darkness amid a chorus of "ON.....ON's". How could he not win!

With the local attention on Bailey, little notice was given to Duryea who was on record pace. Despite the muddy conditions, she ran every step and maintained her position from the Turnaround against Flores and Apt, two past runnerups in the Traveller. The competition only made her stronger as she went on to lower the female course record by 10 minutes, 18:40:36, and finish forth overall.

Bailey and Duryea together again. After the race she was quoted in the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette as saying, "Once Ray picked up his pacer, he flew. He was incredible. He had a great day. Ray is a outstanding person. I'm so glad he won this." Spoken like a true champion and record holder.

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER SPECIAL FEATURE

The following article was written by Joe Jurczyk(Ohio) who finished the Traveller in 28:43. I have edited and reproduced it without permission, of course.

Blisterfest '94. by Joe Jurczyk

My goals for the race were: first and foremost to finish, next to break 22 hours or, worst case, finish in 24 hours. The race started at a reasonable 6AM which gave me 7 hours of sleep and less than an hour of darkness during the morning portion of the run. By the time the sun rose we entered the most beautiful part of the course, 7 miles of the Ouachita Trail. A mist permeated the rocky course and the fog created a heavenly backdrop. However, by the time we were out of the forest and onto the roads of mile 17, the beautiful mist had turned into an ugly downpour. The four mile before Pumpkin Station(mile 23) became a adventure in navigating puddles that spanned the width of the road.

The pumpkin Station easily won the award for best food at an aid station by offering pumpkin pie, burgers and hot dogs. After stopping briefly and looking amazingly at the offerings I grabbed a mayo loaded burger and three pieces of pie and headed off into the rain. Feeling a thirst I washed down the grub with a half can of beer at the next stop, the Roadkill Cafe at mile 25. The rain was still coming down

hard as I entered a four mile stretch of trail that offered some shelter under the cover of the trees. Soon after hitting the trail I was caught by Don Baun, fellow Ohioan, who is manager of the Mohican State Forest where the Mohican Trail 100 is run.

The Lake Winona aid station at mile 32 brings with it the first weigh-in of the day(6 lbs over) and another change of clothes. The next twenty miles would end up being the worst of the daylight miles. I had realized a few miles earlier that despite being motivated and well prepared it just didn't feel like my day. People were passing me and I felt no competitive urge to keep up. I guess I should have checked by biorhythms. By the time I reached the bottom of Smith Mountain, I was in hell, sluggish, cold and lonely, despite knowing that my friend Ivy(Harrison) was just a couple minutes ahead of me.

The B.M. Road aid station(mile 47) came after what seemed like an eternity spent ascending and then descending Smith Mountain. The downpour was in full swing and the protection of the roof of the aid station made it difficult to leave. I looked for excuses to stay but after a half shot of Hot Damn!, the girly drink with a manly name, I was off. About 2 minutes out of the station I crossed a grassy area with powerlines traversing it. At this point the wind had picked up and the cold rain on my underdressed body sent me into a case of chills. By the time we got to the Powerline aid station at mile 49 I was terribly depressed. The thought of having to run further in these conditions, especially if the rain lasted through the night, was not an attractive one.

Miracle of miracles, within about ten minutes of leaving the Powerline aid station the rain had stopped, never to return. The renewed inspiration and strength that this provided was incredible. It was pure joy to run the rolling hills for the next several miles without the cold raindrops pelting me. But the damage was done. My unwillingness to change shoes and socks earlier(because they would only get wet again)would result in the hell that was my feet.

As I arrived at the Turnaround aid station(mile 59) darkness fell with perfect timing. Bob Marston fetched by flashlight and extra batteries and we began what would become a ten hour journey to Lake Winona. Bob was the perfect pacer, an experienced 100 runner who knew just how hard to push me without being pushy and how understanding to be without being overly sympathetic. We ran and walked back to Powerline(mile 68). After weighing in, I sat in a chair and was treated to the soothing hands of Kim, a smiling college girl who was a angelic a sight as I my ever see. As she massaged my neck and back she told me about her studies a UALR and I started to get comfortable...a bit too comfortable. At Bob's urging we left, heading back into the night.

The second time at the B.M. Road, was one of abstinence for me. As I know sleepiness was about to settle in. I needed no assistance from any of the alcohol that was offered. A burger on the other hand.....Then sleepiness set in. As I started to sway, I told Bob that I really wanted to lie down at the next aid station. Bob politely discouraged me from such notions using his experience in past 100's as support evidence. As I needed to close my eyes yet keep walking, he acted as a guide allowing me to maintain movement while keeping my eyes closed.

Lake Winona(mile 85) meant the end of the line for Bob as the

pace duties were passed on to Dale Powell. Dale and I got acquainted through the next two miles of power walking as a major challenge approached: a 4+ mile stretch of rocky trails done, for the first half at least) in blackness. This stretch seemed to go on forever when I was running on the way out with Don Baun. So it was bound to be hell on the way back. To add insult to injury, little did I realize that I had been running steep downhill in the other direction. Uhg!!! Now in daylight after more than 25 hours of travel and 92 miles of forward movement we stopped quickly at the Roadkill Cafe and I continued by 15 hour abstinence. As Bob had told me earlier, sleepiness would not be a problem after the sun rose. The light even motivated me to up the pace to 15 minute miles for a little bit. (What a speed demon!!!!)

As we saw the Burma Shave style signs on the approach to the Pumpkin Station (mile 94) I told Dale to just get me two pieces of pie and I would keep waling. All I wanted to do was get to the finish. Little did I know it would take over 2 hours of hell to cover this last stretch.

As I crossed the finish I went to the medical tent to get my blisters checked out. After call in the entire brigade for a "Gee, have you ever seen anything like this?" show and tell of my feet the army medics wrapped my heelless left foot and cleaned all of my other blisters while telling me that I was supposed to pop the blood blisters and leave the water blisters be.

As we sat through the awards ceremonies, I causally dozed off now and then only to be awakened by the applause for other finishers. As I received my buckle, I thought "Gee, this'll look good in my drawer" because that's where it will stay. It's over. It took three tries, but finally did it.

AURA EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The following article is reprinted from the October newsletter of the Hawaiian Ultra Running Team (HURT). It was written by Carl Gammon, editor of the newsletter. The BigShot thought it to be poignant. It is one of the few articles in the six year history of the AURA that did not originate from the "Power Room."

Almost all of us read *Ultrarunning* magazine, and so, most of us are familiar with Gary Cantrell's "From the South" columns. Gary touched on a subject recently that caught my attention - the birth and death of an ultrarunning club.

Gary theorizes that most ultra clubs or communities are born out of the enthusiasm of one or two individuals. These people "discover" ultras, get involved in the local races, and encourage others to join the sport. This is the birth of a club.

Eventually, however, the interest of the charter members turns to bigger challenges. Longer, more prestigious races, often far from home. They no longer enter the hometown events and there's no one to "coerce" newcomers considering ultras to give it a try. Local interest wanes. This is the death!

We must be aware of this phenomenon and not let it happen to HURT. Where we used to have the whole gang enter local races like the Schofield 50 Mile, we now have only a few. Even our own City Lights

sees more of Hurt on the sidelines than in the race. These runs have grown routine and not very exciting-just hard work.

What we forget is that not everyone has reached that point. The guy or gal planning one of the local runs for the first time is excited. At the same time, they have a sense of apprehension and are looking for encouragement. When they join us for a weekend run their thoughts are full of the local race. If all they hear are plans for the big time events, and no talk of doing the local ones, we've potentially lost another convert to the sport we love.

Let's not let this happen. Consider supporting and entering our local races. Call it a long training run, if you want. If this doesn't seem like fun or excitement, think about the person doing it for the first time. Run beside them, tell them they can make it, shower them with praise when they cross the finish line, and you might be surprised how much you enjoyed it too!

Do this and HURT and our sport and ultrarunning will continue to grow and prosper.

*Arkansas Ultra Running
Association
41 White Oak Lane
Little Rock, Ar 72207*

1994 ARKANSAS TRAVELLER

100 MILER

OCTOBER 8-9, 1994 LAKE SYLVIA

Ray Bailey, 38, AR	17:35:11	55. Greg Taylor, 47, FL	27:59:47
Dana Miller, 43, ID	18:13:56	56. Jim Sweatt, 38, AR	28:03:38
Randy Albrecht, 39, KS	18:36:54	57. Nick Williams, 52, AR	28:03:39
<u>! Chrissy Duryea, 33, CA</u>	18:40:36	58. <u>Gayle B. Bradford, 45, AR</u>	28:03:40
Kirk Apt, 32, CO	19:21:52	59. Bill Dwyer, 37, TX	28:30:32
Tim Neckar, 33, TX	19:25:08	60. Don Adolf, 57, IL	28:34:48
Raoul Flores, 38, KS	19:37:58	61. Bill Harding, 55, TX	28:43:05
Kelly Health, 33, TX	19:58:59	62. Joe Jurczyk, 30, OH	28:43:06
Shawn McDonald, 28, TX	20:27:29	63. Steve Maulden, 42, TX	28:44:09
Bryan Frenyea, 48, VA	20:43:42	64. Glen Zirbel, 63, IA	28:50:46
1. Bill Laster, 45, AR	20:44:29	65. Bill Sublett, 37, VA	28:52:15
2. David Adams, 42, WY	21:04:57	66. Steve Butler, 49, TX	28:53:45
3. Johnny Frost, 40, LA	21:38:22	67. John Salmonson, 51, HI	28:56:28
4. David Lygre, 52, WA	21:51:52	68. Marc Greenberg, 43, WA	28:57:13
5. Ken Ashby, 42, TX	22:29:38	69. Ed Fishman, 71, HI	28:58:59
6. Warren Craddock, 47, CA	22:30:41	70. Larry Schlueter, 49, LA	29:00:25
7. Max Welker, 52, WA	22:30:42	71. Carl Yates, 67, CA	29:05:02
8. Mark Mills, 39, RI	22:37:31	72. Chip Marz, 47, LA	29:12:27
9. Dan Bowens, CO	22:37:59	73. James Moore, 50, MO	29:18:03
10. <u>Susan Gimbel, 47, CA</u>	22:38:49	74. <u>Louise Mason, 41, IL</u>	29:23:39
11. <u>Cindy Grunt, 44, OR</u>	22:45:59	75. <u>Allison Rencoret, 34, CO</u>	29:27:06
12. Ben Rencoret, 42, CO	22:50:25	76. David Hughes, 48, IN	29:29:47
13. Mick Donoff, 50, CA	22:52:08	77. Joe Barry, 48, TX	29:30:49
14. Russell Moore, 55, CA	23:11:04	78. <u>Teresa Callipp, 42, TX</u>	29:37:47
15. Jose Wilkie, 31, KY	23:12:39	79. R.C. Harris, 59, TX	29:46:33
16. Don Platt, 40, CO	23:27:52	80. Butch Buckner, 53, TX	29:53:08
17. Rick Massey, 38, AR	23:30:31		
18. Lee Norris, 46, TX	23:32:05		
19. Beacham Toler, 66, TX	23:32:06		
20. Al Montgomery, 56, SC	23:33:07		
21. Paul Dimarco, 40, TX	23:33:24		
22. Craig Carlson, 47, WA	23:41:56		
23. Roy Haley, 58, TX	23:49:42		
24. <u>P.J. Salmonson, 47, HI</u>	23:52:05		
25. Bill Purcell, 58, TX	23:54:31		
26. Jim Wight, 57, CT	23:56:47		
27. Stephen McNeil, 36, TX	24:54:31		
28. Bob Williams, 51, TX	24:54:32		
29. <u>Lou Peyton, 50, AR</u>	25:32:20		
30. Tom Bennett, 48, Ky	25:40:13		
31. Phil Wright, 50, CA	25:41:32		
32. Jim Musshafen, 37, OK	25:44:41		
33. Don Baun, 44, OH	25:53:09		
34. Larry Gassan, 39, CA	26:03:13		
35. Lee Schmidt, 55, CA	26:40:01		
36. Eric Fogleman, 34, NC	26:44:12		
37. Tom Rowe, 46, MT	26:49:12		
38. Don Price, 51, TX	26:52:25		
39. Ron BerBy, 52, MI	27:19:48		
40. Bob Borsh, 40, TX	27:24:18		
41. Sherman Hodges, 59, IL	27:30:12		
42. Curt Babb, 40, MO	27:30:29		
43. <u>Irene Johnson, 40, AR</u>	27:48:05		
44. Tony Howard, 48, OK	27:56:07		

! New Female Record
129 Starters



November 1994 AURA

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

ULTRA TRAIL SERIES #4/CANDLEWOOD TRAIL RUN, 12 MILES

NOVEMBER 26TH, 1994

8:00 A.M.

13	14		18	19
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Directions: West on Hwy 10. Turn right on Pinnacle Valley Road. Go a couple of miles to the railroad tracks. There will be a road past the tracks on the right. Park there.

20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

UTS #4
Candlewood Trail Run