

AURA Meeting scheduled for November 10th, 4:00 P.M.

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

November-2001

A newsletter for members of the Arkansas Ultra Running Association

MESSAGE FROM THE BIGSHOT- President Stan Ferguson has called an AURA Meeting for November 10th, 4:00 P.M. at the Broadmoor Club House in Little Rock. This again will be a pot-luck so bring enough for you and your family plus a little more to share with you running mates. Directions: Go South University. At the traffic light where UALR begins on the left, turn right onto Broadmoor Drive. Go one block and turn left onto Belmont. The clubhouse is on the left down a walkway at 19 ½ Belmont Drive. There will be a clubhouse sign there. Bring what you want to drink. AURA will provide the plates and napkins and forks.

Also happening on November 10th is the *Gulpha Gorge Challenge* hosted by our Brother, Pete Ireland. This is Ultra Trail Series #2. Directions: Hwy 70 to Hot Springs. Entering Hot Springs take Hwy 70B on the right. Immediately after turning onto Hwy 70B, Gulpha Gorge Campground will be on the left. Go into the campground and go to the far end where the trails begin. Park and wait if you are the first to arrive.

November 10th will be a busy day. Don't forget that this is also the opening day of modern gun deer season.

2001 ARKANSAS TRAVELLER 100

The 2001 Arkansas Traveller 100 Miler was a tremendous success. All AURA members should be proud of the work that Stan and Chrissy did in organizing the race. Next month I hope to have the official race report plus mini-interviews with some of the participants. In the mean time congratulations to all of the Arkansans who finished the event. Attached are the official results. There were tons of positive feedback posted on the Internet's Ultra List. The following article was one of my favorites.

A RUN UNDER PRESSURE

By Britt Starnes

President, North Texas Trailrunners Club

(This article was taken from the ULTRA LIST. Edited and used by the AURA without permission, of course.)

The plan for 2001 was for me to leave a hot Tejas and spend several weeks in the middle of August in Colorado in preparation for the Leadville Trail 100. However, a case of Plantar Fasciitis (PF) in May caused me to miss almost two months of training and most importantly, caused me to miss my first look at this beast during their training camp for neophytes. Of which I am.

August rolled around the PF got to feeling a lot better and a little "tester" run of 40 "unaided" miles at Laurel Valley, SC convinced me I could still get a buckle "somewhere". Remember, I run for fashion and fashion knows no pain! I liked the AT buckle. I wanted one.

That "somewhere" would turn out to be the Arkansas Traveller near Little Rock, if all fell into place travel wise. Tammi and I had long ago booked a cruise and we had to be in Orlando, on the boat, no later than 4 p.m. on Sunday, October 7th, the day of the A.T. 100 finish! All things seemed to fit so long as I did my part, which was to run 100 miles in 21-22 hours in order to give us time to catch the only flight option there was. There would be no "Plan B"! Just the way I like it. All or nothing! Pressure!

I booked the only workable flights from DFW to LIT/LIT to DFW, then DFW to MCO (Orlando) and then MCO back to DFW. Signed up for AT and began to finalize my training. It was set I was going to get another buckle!

Tammi and I flew to Little Rock, rented a car and took off to Coffee Creek Resort. (Fish Camp) We drove around the area to familiarize Tammi with the various aid stations she would be seeing me at and so she could figure how to get to and from. I would have no drop bags. The finish was going to be tight enough as to not leave time to gather them up. I was totally dependent on Tammi and my one bag I always "work out of". Perfect. I knew I could count on both.

At 6 a.m. the "Arkies", "called the hogs" with an ugly rendition of "GO HOGS GO". Me, being a "dyed in the wool" Texan, countered with a rousing rendition of "The Eyes of Texas"! A theme I would continue throughout the next 23 hours. With some cheers and jeers we were off.

Saw Paul Schmidt from San Diego in the first few minutes. He told me he and Monica Scholz (AT would be her 18th hundred this year!) had decided to run a 22 hour pace. Perfect, I thought. Maybe I can learn something from these two, so I settled in behind them. They both talked non stop. Seems they had done 6 or 7 of these hundreds together this year and had lots to talk about. I chimed in occasionally (I am a NIGHT person and 6 a.m. is WAY too early for conversation thoughts) as the miles began to click by. When we got to 25 miles I ran the mental math. Not an easy task sitting at my desk, but there was no mistaking 25 miles in 4:50! This was 20 hour pace! Using the wisdom of all my 100 mile finishes (1), I backed off and watched as they sailed down Rocky Gap. Me, walking, stumbling, kicking rocks, and sliding down the slope from hell, giving back some of the time I had stolen.

Running and feeling great I finally got to Smith Mountain. Not much here. I reflected back to the beginning of my ultra career and remembered how, not too long ago, I might have thought how hard this would be. But today, there was no fear. Many miles on many different terrain had me ready. Mentally, I was "stronger than granny's goat" and I knew it! It had to be I was running under pressure. At the top of Smith Mountain I knew the sub 24 hour buckle was mine.

Arrived at Powerline (~48 miles) and was told I was down on my weight more than the allowable 5% of body weight. I disagreed of course. But agreed to eat a turkey sandwich and drink some fluids to appease the guy. (It was something I was going to do anyway!) I had lost the waist string in my shorts a few miles before Powerline so I had to take them off and stuff the Clip 2, Succeed, chap stick, gloves, and light into the compression tights I had on underneath. It looked funny. I didn't care. Precious time was a wastin'.

I really felt great. I was clear in my speech, asking about others, and running strong. I knew my running would have suffered if I was down the amount he said I was. I put on my fanny pack with a full bottle of water, which I did not have on the first weight check, and stepped back on the scales. Presto, gained 20 pounds in 10 minutes! Go figure. Grabbed another snack from Tammi and was off running toward Turnaround.

Powerline to Turnaround (~58 miles) was downhill. Saw Scott Eppelman along the way in second place. Told him he was trailing Joe Hilderbrand by 3:36 minutes. I knew he was going to win. He was running in his favorite position, pursuing the victory. Ran the 10 miles to Turnaround in 2 hours. Sang "The Eyes of Texas", turned around and headed for the house! Doing good. It felt so close in hand even at 58 miles. Have you ever had that feeling when you know that you know that you know! That was how I was feeling! I was more than half way and now I could see how much farther I had gone than those behind me, rather than how much farther ahead people were. Fuel to the fire!

Back to Chili Pepper Aid Station which is several miles from Powerline. I inquired about the Texas-OU football score. 14-3 Oklahoma. Some YA Hoo sang Boomer Sooner. (OU fight song) And I, eating a most delicious bean burrito and walking out of the aid station, sang my finest rendition yet of "The Eyes of Texas"!

Having come here and helped (read not running) other members of the North Texas Trailrunners Club last year, I noticed how friendly the aid stations were. And running it was all the more obvious. Helpful, organized and experienced. You could not ask for a better group of volunteers and I know Chrissy and Stan consider each and every one of them, no matter how small a contribution may have been made, assets. Assets they truly were because without them I could not sit here wearing my buckle. Thank you.

Took me 2 ½ hours to get the 10 miles back uphill to Powerline. Got a headlight, in and out and headed back to Smith Mountain. I had memorized this section going out and had planned to run up the smoother side and "ultra shuffle" down the rougher side. Smith Mountain is really just a collection of a thousand loose rocks all laying around at various angles with a swath mowed through it. Did I mention rocks? Different sizes, shapes and colors all making it harder to run than the grade of hill.

"The Defining Moment" for me at the 2001 Arkansas Traveller came at Rocky Gap. An uphill, gnarly, rocky, rutted, 4x4 route that had branches hanging down all over to narrow the way and distract you. Forcing you to constantly change sides of the "gap" to avoid them. 4.2 miles of hell. Looking at the amount of time it would take to walk this section, I had already made the decision long before that I would run Rocky Gap! As I got

here and looked at my watch and saw the time slipping away I knew I HAD to run it! So let it be said so let it be done!

This is the section that kept my buckle "in the house" and it insured I would make the flight at 7 a.m. and therefore the cruise. I would not/could not miss the cruise! DNF would happen first and I would have to wait another day for the buckle. A "defining moment" indeed! Although I would not know how much of one until several hours later.

I passed many souls on this section. 8-10 at least. All walking, shuffling through the road from hell. It was all coming together for me. As I passed each person, offering encouragement, the energy level rose. I had run a smart first 50 miles and now I was collecting the dividends! Plus I was headed home, almost done. Knew what was left and it was mostly "downhillish". Checked the watch, time was fading, must keep the pace. Pressure.

Ya see, I had given Tammi a "bailout" time of 5:30 a.m. Told her that if I was not "in the house" at 5:15 (a 23:15 run time) to start up the road towards me in the car, (She could drive the three miles "upcourse" to a trailhead where I would be coming out of the woods) to be ready to pick me up, to DNF me, so we could get to the airport on time.

Imagine a DNF 3 miles from glory, with plenty of time to finish under 24 hours but not enough time to get to the plane! Pressure!

Anyway, I grabbed some pumpkin pie (thanks for telling me Tom) at the 93 mile aid station and pressed towards the mark, constantly working the numbers in my head, knowing I was under 24 hours but barely and could not slow even the slightest. I was running strong. Figured I had run 46 of the last 50 miles. Then the wheels began to come off. I had made a tactical error. I had seen a finish line that was not there! More work was to be done. Plus I had started to undress, to get ready for the finish.

The section after the Puppy Puddle patch Aid Station (93 miles) is fraught with, well puddles. Big puddles, little puddles, MANY puddles! I had to start walking around them. Many of them. I was losing momentum. Had remembered to "stay left" on the going out part so I stayed left and weaved my way through some 30 odd puddles. Slowing had chilled me. Where are my sleeves? They had fallen out of my tights! This is not good.

There I was five miles from glory, losing it! Getting cold and stiffening I kept moving. The Photon headlamp was not distinguishing mud from dirt. I was stumbling, sloshing, sliding forward, losing time. This was getting tight! Pressure.

Finally after what seemed like forever, I started going UP and out of the "puddle patch", back to the road where I had arranged for Tammi to come for the "bailout". No Tammi. I had three miles downhill to the buckle. It was mine! There would be no "last miles" DNF!

As I started the last 3 miles on the road, I thought about how blessed I was. Not only to be able to run at all but to all but guarantee a specific finish time in a 100 mile event. A 10K maybe. But, there in the darkness running along I realized God had a hand in the journey, wanting my success. I know he did because I could not have even begun without him.

Well needless to say finishing at 5:05 Sunday morning did not leave a lot of time. (I had predicted 21:5 Cocky) Crossed the finish line walked 20 feet and Tammi turned me around and back to the highway and car I went. Changed on the way to the airport. No shower! Things looked good. (THINGS, not me) Got to the airport at 6:35 and found 75 people in line for security check!

The National Guard had started their gig Saturday! Anyway, we were creeping toward the ONE person checking the bags (lots of "looker on" but ONE checker, typical) and watching the clock, the tempers in line were flaring as EVERYONE in line was about to miss some type of flight.

Since I was the slow moving one, at 6:55, and Tammi still several people away from the security checkpoint I abandoned her with the bags (Scott and Kelly Eppelman had my smelly stuff/carry on was for the cruise) and went through the "no bag" check and commenced on a mission to shuffle down to our gate and throw myself in front of a wheel somewhere.

The gate attendant, who was in no mood for me, began to tell me she was NOT holding the plane and neither was I! With her closing the plane door, telling me, "She will have to catch the NEXT flight", (which was NOT an option) I stepped out into the hallway and shouted for Tammi, who is now running, carrying ALL our bags toward the plane.

"Here she is!" "Here she is!" I say, as Tammi, still a few gates away, is closing fast! I self-shoved our tickets through the gate/ticket reader and as we both headed to our seats, I turned and reminded her that with the current state of affairs at American Airlines you would think they would wait on ANYONE who was willing to fly. And with a toothless grin, she slammed the door and our cruise began! The pressure was gone. See you on the trails!

WORKING AN AID STATION

By Lou Peyton

(The following article is an account of a first time Aid Station Captain)

This was my first experience at working an aid station at the Arkansas Traveller 100. This year I wore the Captain's hat at Chicken Gap Aid Station on the B.M. Road. This was mile marker 46.1 on the outbound and mile 69.7 on the inbound. I was very excited that Captain Ralph Hoffman had other plans for the weekend of Oct. 6-7 and I got to step in and grab this aid station and try to fill Ralph's shoes. I'm still excited about this aid station as it is perfect if one loves to be in the forest away from the hustle and bustle of every day life. This aid station is in the boondocks after runners cross Smith Mountain on the outbound. What could be more exciting!!!

Maybe it was because I had the best crew of workers, Beth Liner and her 3 dogs, Brooke Touchstone from Gulfport, Mississippi.. Gayla Craft, and Dick Turner, PLUS CHARLEY PEYTON for as long as we could keep him with us. He, as always, slips away and NO one knows where he goes for hours. The question is always, "WHERE IS CHARLEY"? And no one knows. He comes back telling that he was traveling the roads for hours. I don't know.

We (the crew) set out to have a good time no matter what. No restrictions if one needed to leave to go home that was fine. We could work as long or as short hours as any of us wanted. WE GIRLS JUST WANTED TO HAVE FUN, and we did!

Vickie Ingram supplied our aid station with Chicken Gap signs that she made before leaving town for another adventure. She donated the use of chicken ornaments of every

imaginable kind even the overalls that I wore with chickens on them. Thanks to Vickie for all the extras even Chicken Scratch Candy and Chicken Biscuit Crackers.

Charley, Brooke, Beth and I set up our canopy, stoves, food, drink, generator and lights. Gayla and Dick had a hard time finding the aid station but when they arrived they were ready to work and play. Dick took over Charley's job on the generator and he tried to keep us GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN in line with our duties.

Brooke made the turkey, ham & cheese sandwiches and made the second batch of Chicken Noodle soup. You should have seen her measuring the water and soup mix!!!! You wouldn't believe how precise she was! Beth was in charge of the runner check-in times and she did a superb job. Dick was in charge of Charley's duties and the music to set the scene. Gayla and I jumped up and did whatever needed to be done at the moment filling water bottles, and reminding the runners that we were looking for them on the return.

Around 4:30 p.m. we talked about setting out the glowsticks. Brooke and Dick both were set to leave camp and walk over Smith Mountain. To the aid station manned by Mickey Rollins 4 miles away. As they were preparing to depart I tried to sound firm when I said this "I've just got to go on this venture". This got bumfuzzled last year and I had to go into it with my eyes open. I could goof it up but by-golly I had to give it my best shot to get the glow sticks set out *NO MATTER WHAT*. I felt like our aid station's future depended on this one job. I felt so badly to knock Brooke out of the job as she was the one to sacrifice herself and I knew she really wanted to go. Dick didn't budge as he wanted to go, also. So thank you Brooke for taking this so well.

Many laughs and stories were shared around the campfire during the evening and night. Yes, we did take care of the runners but we sure had a good time, too. One runner came through and said, "I WANT RALPH BACK"! I think everyone else accepted the new personnel at the Chicken Gap. After it got dark (did I say we got tired, well we did). To liven things up we decided to change our theme for the return runners and we became "Welcome to New Orleans". Now, GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN, and we did. A pot of hot coffee and some lace over our tights set the mood and help us get through some cold hours by the campfire. I hope that we can improve on this aid station for next year and I sure hope that Ralph doesn't demand to have this aid station back. We do appreciate him lending us his camp coffee pot, though.

AURA RUNNING/FISHING CAMP-OUT

The Bigshot apologizes for the short notice on this announcement. Ralph and Gayle Hoffman invite you for a weekend of running and fishing at their cabin on the White River (Buffalo City area). From Gayle—*Hi everyone. I just wanted to remind you that we are expecting you at the running camp/fishing camp this weekend (November 2nd -4th). Please let us know if you are coming—Bring your pups and give message to anyone you would like to invite. Thanks, R & G.* The BS will be leaving to go up Friday noonish. If you plan on going, give me a call and I will attempt to give you good directions. Basically what you do is take Hwy 126 south out of Gassville. (Mountain Home area) At Buford there will be a stopsign. To the right goes to Buffalo City. Straight is CR 59. , take CR 59. As you approach the White River you go a long steep down hill. At the base of the hill, cross over the railroad tracks, turn left and it is the 2nd drive on the right.



RACE DIRECTOR, CHRISSY FERGUSON, ARRIVING AT
CAMP OUACHITA, AT100 HEADQUARTERS



PHOTO: CHICKEN GAP/CLUB NEW ORLEANS
left to right-Beth Liner, Dick Turner, Lou Peyton, Brooke Touchstone and Gayla Craft

REGIONAL ULTRA CALENDAR

Nov 10th, 2001 *GULPHA GORGE CHALLENGE*- UTS # 2 -14 Miles. Gulpha Gorge Campground, Hot Springs. Trails. Pete Ireland, Run Leader . 7:00 a.m. start time.

Nov 17thrd, 2001 *LONG LEAF TRACE BIRTHDAY CHALLENGE* 45.2 MILES Prentiss, Mississippi. Contact Harry Strohm601-943-5724

Dec 8th, 2001 *SUNMART TEXAS TRAIL ENDURANCE RUNS*-50k/50 mi
Huntsville, Texas. 210-366-3701

Dec 15th, 2001 *THE MYSTERY BOOK FUN RUN*- UTS 3#, Approx 20miles. Plus/minus. Exploring points of entrants in and around the Flatside Wilderness Area.

January 5th, 2002 *ATHENS-BIG FORK TRAIL MARATHON UTS #4*. Big Fork Community Center. David Samuel, Run Leader

Feb 2nd, 2002 *10th ROCKY RACCOON 100 MILE TRAIL RUN*
Huntsville, Texas.

Feb 2nd, 2002 *WHITE ROCK CLASSIC 25/50k UTS #5*

Feb 16th, 2002 *SYLAMORE 50k UTS #6* Allison, Arkansas Contact Randy and Bobbie Davidson 501--868-5555

Mar 3rd, 2002 *A-OK 25K and 50K* Atokja, Oklahoma Contact Mary Ann Miller 972-424-7844

Mar 3rd, 2002 *MISSISSIPPI TRAIL 50K/50 MILE*

Mar, 2002 *THE WIDOW MAKER* LAKE SYLVIA REC AREA- Arrangements pending.

Mar 30th, 2002 *GRASSLANDS RUN 25 AND 50 MILE* Decatur, Texas Contact Suzi Cope 817-410-2401

Apr 6th, 2002 *UMSTEAD 100 MILE ENDURANCE RACE* Raleigh, North Carolina
Contact Blake Norwood 919-847-7613

Apr 20th, 2002 *OUACHITA TRAIL 50* Little Rock Arkansas. Contact Chrissy Ferguson 501-329-6688

May 4th, 2002 *STROLLING JIM 40* Wartrace, Tennessee Contact Gary Cantrell, 322 Union Ridge, Wartrace, Tennessee.

May, 2002 *THE CATSMACKER* Lake Sylvia Rec Area Arrangements incomplete.

May 18th, 2002 *BISHOP HIGH SERRA ENDURANCE RUNS*. 50 mile, 50K and 20 Mile runs. 9th Annual. Contact Marie Boyd, Rt 1; Box 62, Bishop, Ca 93514.. Phone 760-873-5373 www.bhs50.com

2001 ARKANSAS TRAVELLER 100 MILE RUN/H/RESULTS

Place	Time	Name	Age	Gender	State	44	25:17:52	Linda Mason	48	F	FL
1	16:55:57	Scott Eppelman	35	M	TX	45	25:33:36	J. Elroy Whitworth	49	M	TX
2	17:27:19	Joe Hildebrand	44	M	IL	46	25:39:21	Todd Leatherwood	33	M	TX
3	18:41:16	Robert Orr	47	M	AR	47	25:45:44	Angie Ransom	51	F	AR
4	18:56:41	Allen Boyce	51	M	TX	48	25:52:53	David Jackson	42	M	KY
5	18:59:06	Francesca Conte	29	F	VA	49	26:07:35	Kimmy Pavelko	40	F	AR
6	19:51:54	Ray Bailey	44	M	AR	50	26:09:04	Karen Shiley	25	F	PA
	19:51:54	Jim Musselman	41	M	GA	51	26:09:05	Scott Jacaway	43	M	IL
8	20:09:54	Michele Burr	35	F	MD	52	26:11:21	Joe Prusaitis	46	M	TX
9	20:23:18	T.J. Hawk	43	M	OH		26:11:21	Archie Phillips	40	M	TX
10	20:46:42	James Mercer	32	M	MO	54	26:17:07	Michael Bur	36	M	MD
11	20:56:23	Vicente Ledesma	50	M	TX	55	26:18:21	Dennis Thompson	54	M	TX
12	20:57:13	Max Roycroft	37	M	TX	56	26:34:01	Jay Huneycutt	40	M	AR
13	20:57:15	Butch Allmon	46	M	TX	57	26:47:50	Michael Martin	54	M	NY
14	21:24:53	Chrissy Ferguson	40	F	AR	58	26:49:42	Rick Gastelum	57	M	TX
15	21:52:03	Michael Parker	44	M	AR	59	27:15:05	Dennis Drey	49	M	NM
16	21:56:23	Monica Scholz	34	F	Can	60	27:46:44	Jim Sweatt	45	M	AR
	21:56:23	Paul Schmidt	49	M	CA	61	27:48:16	Jim McKee	63	M	NY
18	21:57:37	Letha Cruthirds	48	F	TX	62	27:59:59	Patty Groth	45	F	AR
19	22:13:45	Frank Probst	58	M	VA	63	27:57:16	Jamie Huneycutt	43	F	AR
20	22:18:40	Keith Knipling	26	M	VA	64	28:34:11	John Hargrove	57	M	OK
21	22:30:00	Seth Roberts	49	M	MA	65	28:39:57	Michael Riggs	41	M	TX
22	22:49:23	Darin Hoover	36	M	AR	66	28:43:03	Hiroimi Hatta	40	F	Jap
23	22:55:23	Tanya Cady	48	F	OH	67	28:45:47	Vincent Swendsen	39	M	AL
24	23:05:16	Britt Starnes	41	M	TX	68	28:45:55	Scott Wing	45	M	TN
25	23:12:47	Paul Layne	39	M	OH	69	28:49:48	Jan Ryerse	56	M	MC
26	23:18:04	Randy Spears	41	M	TX		28:49:48	Tom Reich	60	M	MC
	23:18:04	Gregory Gearhart	45	M	MS	71	29:02:02	Nofal Musfy	59	M	TX
27	23:21:19	Jose Wilkie	38	M	KY	72	29:02:10	Mike Barber	59	M	FL
28	23:21:53	Randy Davidson	48	M	AR	73	29:02:50	Richard Williams	28	M	AR
29	23:23:29	Agustin Guevara	40	M	WI	74	29:06:43	Holly Larkin	29	F	AR
	23:23:29	Joe Constantino	32	M	TX	75	29:07:03	Greg Eason	31	M	AR
32	23:26:48	Richard Plezia	43	M	IL	76	29:14:38	Greg Taylor	55	M	NY
33	23:28:36	Richard Wilkins	48	M	RI	77	29:22:40	Rocke McClung	47	M	MS
34	23:32:04	Frank Bozanich	57	M	NV	78	29:24:37	Steven Maas	42	M	MI
35	23:32:05	Mark Delorme	46	M	SC	79	29:35:45	David Hughes	55	M	IN
36	23:43:03	Kevin Sharp	36	M	TN	80	29:37:34	Kimberly Sergeant	42	F	TX
37	23:44:06	Bob Coyne	54	M	MD	81	29:41:26	Davey Harrison	59	M	TX
38	23:51:57	Roger Ackerman	55	M	GA	82	29:49:19	Elaine Anthony	45	F	FL
39	24:14:48	Patricia Cook	49	F	MO	83	29:49:53	Kenneth Priddy	41	M	IL
40	24:36:44	Karen Williams	40	F	AK	84	29:51:00	Katsuyuki Hatta	37	M	Jap
41	24:49:10	Pam Richter	44	F	AK	85	29:53:20	Shannon Johnson	33	M	AR
	25:01:01	Barbara Sorrell	44	F	NY	86	30:00:26	Jean-Jacques d'Aquin	62	M	AL
43	25:14:31	Rolly Portelance	58	M	Can	87	30:08:33	Marla Hendricks	46	F	TX
						88	30:13:12	Leonard Martin	48	M	TN

122 starters