

MIDNIGHT 50 Km

8:00 P.M./July 23rd-Lake Sylvia

The ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

JULY/ 2005 – The Bonus Edition

The Newsletter For Members And Friends Of The *Arkansas Ultra Running Association*

WWW.RUNARKANSAS.COM

(AURA's official web site)

Gentle Reader: If your name is highlighted on the address label, it is time to renew your AURA membership. **"Don't be an AURA SLACKER"**



**Celebration Of Life
For**

Nancy Collins and Rhonda Ferguson

Come Join Us

**SENIOR TEQUILA WEST
ON RODNEY DARRHAM
JULY 9, 2005 (SATURDAY) @ 4:30PM**

**R.S.V.P. Chrissy Ferguson
e-mail**

stanchrissy@earthlink.net

Cell 501-472-9162

MESSAGE FROM THE BIGSHOT – I hope to see each of you at *Senor Tequila* on July 9nd at the Lake Sylvia parking lot at 8 P.M. on July 23rd for the Midnight 50Km Directions to the run: West on Hwy 10 approximately 35 miles to Hwy 324 and the Lake Sylvia turn

off. Turn west, or left, and go four miles. Just past the turn-in to the Lake Sylvia camp grounds is the Ouachita Trail parking area. Park. Remember there is no entry fee or registration. There will be a trail briefing at 7:45 p.m. For those doing on half, there will be a turnaround aid station at approx 7.5 miles.

ULTRA CORNER

Berryman 50 Miler

(Continued from AURA's June edition)

It has been brought to my attention that AURA's Kim Morton was the first female at the 2005 Berryman 50 Miler. With her 2nd overall placing and a time of 7:38:36, a new female course record was set. Her performance was the 3rd fastest time run on the Berryman course. The previous female course record was 9:26:51 held by Barbara Bellows, our AURA sister in Fayetteville.

Rocky Raccoon 100 Mile Trail Run

The Coach Doctor has provided the following names, year and times of Arkies and AURA members to complete the Rocky Raccoon 100 in Huntsville, Texas. He apologies for the delay but hopes he will be able to add more names next year. (Refer to the May edition of the AURA for explanation)

From the AURA Achieves

Arkie's and/or AURA Members to finish the Rocky Raccoon 100.

Chrissy Ferguson(03) 19:50:12
 Randy Davidson(95) 20:37:37
 Mario Martinez(97) 20:50:09
 Kim Goosen(95) 22:39:56
 Angie Ransom(96) 23:02:53
 Mario Martinez(98) 23:33:53
 Bob Marston(93) 23:38:44
Kevin Dorsey(05) 23:58:35
 Bob Marston(94) 24:15:36
 Irene Johnson(94) 24:19:00
 Lou Peyton(96) 25:19:02
 Mario Martinez(93) 25:22:02
 Bob Marston(95) 25:48:32
 Bob Marston(96) 25:50:45
 Kimmy Riley(95) 26:12:40
 Dianne Seager(95) 26:22:42
 Dianne Seager(96) 26:54:47
 Irene Johnson(95) 27:08:55
 Charley Peyton(94) 27:10:00

AURA HOT-FLASH

Three AURA brothers completed the 2005 Western States 100 Miler on June 26th. Their unofficial times are
 Stan Ferguson 22:27:14
 Darin Hoover 24:08:26
 Paul Schoenlaub 26:49:42

Lou Peyton(94) 27:10:02
 Laura Eakin(01) 27:19:34
 Laura Eakin(00) 27:27:27
 Steve Eubanks(95) 28:10:12

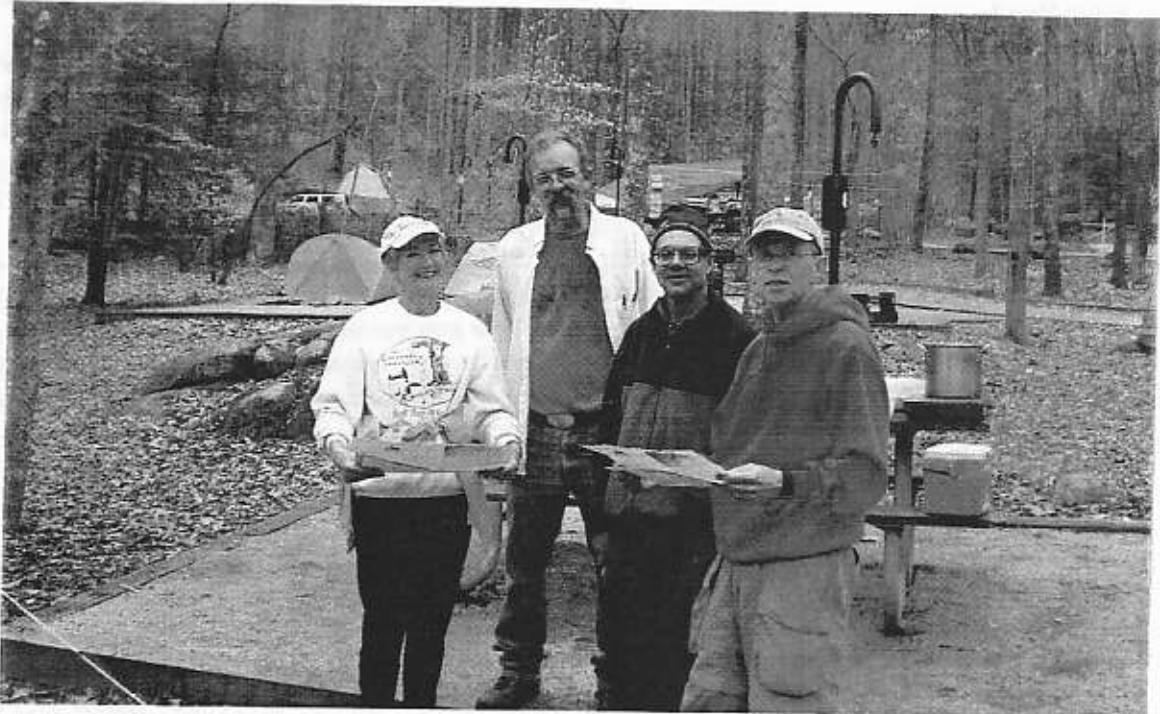
(Report errors/omissions to Chrlypytn@aol.com)

17th Edition; Number 6

The AURA – The runner's final resting place
 Established 1989; RRCA Sanctified in 2001

AURA Bonus Twin-Pack

The Barkley Marathons-----My Story by Pete Ireland



Picture above shows Lou Peyton, Barkley's Race Director, Gary Cantrell, unknown runner and Pete Ireland. Gary is also the RD of the Strolling Jim 40. I invite you to look up the Bigshot's comments about him that were written in the June edition of the AURA.

"You are doing what?" That was more of a look than the actual words upon mentioning to my wife that I was going to Barkley Marathons. "It is all Lou Peyton's fault," I continued. But that is another story. Lou was the one responsible for getting me the opportunity, although I took the bait as I figured there might never be another chance. I told Lou that I was unsure whether to thank her or tell her I would get even with her some day.

Few people outside of the ultrarunning community are aware of the Barkley Marathons. It is a small race with a limit of 35 runners. Many of those participating have been there before; almost all others have substantial ultramarathon experience. Although the RD Gary Cantrell really expects (hopes?) people will fail, and he blows "Taps" on a bugle as each one drops out, he does not want people who are likely to die out there.

There has been much written about Barkley. Some say it is over-hyped; others put it down that it isn't an ultra; some argue it is just a stupid event that is an ego trip for the RD; many are in awe and disbelief at its difficulty. The Barkley is probably the toughest 100 mile race in the world. The race consists of five 20-mile loops with no aid except for water at two points. It has well over 100,000 feet of climb and descent, an average of more than 1000 feet per mile. The cutoffs for the 100 mile race are 12 hours per loop. The 60 mile "fun run" has a cutoff of 40 hours, or 13:20 per loop. To prove you completed each loop, you must find 11 books located at various

points along the course and return a page from each book. Participants are given a description of the route and can purchase a map on which to mark the course.

The race takes place at Frozen Head State Park near Oak Ridge, Tennessee. The area is mountainous and rugged, and mostly well out of sight of civilization. Among the race mottoes: "The Barkley Marathons--Where your very best is just not good enough," and "Humility Awaits at the Barkley."

The Barkley was started in 1986 as a 50 mile race. It evolved over several years and in 1995 reached the current format with a 100 mile run consisting of five 20 mile loops and a 60 hour cutoff and the fun run of 60 miles (3 loops) with a 40 hour cutoff. In 2001, the course was modified to bypass 1/2 mile of easy trail to add an additional off trail climb up and down a ridge. Since the race began in 1986, only 6 people out of close to 550 starters have finished the 100 miles within the 60 hour cutoff. The finishing rate for the 60 mile fun run averages 12 percent.

The course is run on a variety of surfaces, few of which come close to ideal. About 20% is run on dirt roads while another 20% is run on rough trails. About 40% is run on old abandoned trails that have not seen any maintenance in many years (now you see them, now you don't); care must be taken not to confuse them with deer trails some of which are actually better. Many of the trails are an obstacle course with numerous blow downs that must be climbed over or under. The remaining 20% involves bushwhacking through the woods. Numerous intersecting trails and roads can easily lead to confusion because there are no course markings. You have to pay close attention or risk making a wrong turn. Runners are on their own. While they can have a support crew at the campground, no crews, pacers, or drop bags are allowed on the course. There are two water drops. Still, there are those who would say "Even so, a loop is only 20 miles, how hard can it be to go 20 miles in 13 hours?" Harder than you think! What is the worst recorded result in the race? According to the RD, 56 hours for 4 miles on the course (not sure how many miles off course). More than 30 runners have failed to even reach the 2 mile mark. Eric Clifton holds the course record for one loop at 5:50. He also holds the course record for the JFK 50 Miler -- 5:47 -- 30 more miles, three minutes faster. He stopped after one loop at Barkley and reportedly lay on the ground moaning.

This year the race drew people from as far away as California, Connecticut, and Florida, plus a lot of places in between including Montana, Michigan, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado. Why people do this race is hard for many people to comprehend. Still, there are people who come back year after year with the hope of being able to at least complete the three loop fun run. At least one runner is now zero for 10 tries. A number of others have been there a half dozen times or more, usually without succeeding. Several Arkansans attempted Barkley back in the early to mid-1990s, including Lou Peyton, Steve Eubanks, Kim Morton, and Nick Williams. Only Nick succeeded (twice) in completing the three loop fun run. Lou made two loops on one occasion, while Steve and Kim made one loop. I had no illusions about finishing the fun run. I would be satisfied with one loop and delighted with two.

Since Lou was instrumental in getting me into the race, it seemed only fitting that she and Charley should come with me and be my crew. They agreed to do so. We had beautiful weather on the drive up Thursday before the race. It was also beautiful on the drive back after the race. Friday was decent until a thunderstorm blew in about 6 pm with high wind and rain. It rained most of the night, often heavy. It finally stopped about 6 am. About 7:20 am, Gary Cantrell blew a long, loud note on a conch shell which alerted runners that the race would start in an hour. (The starting time is not announced in advance—it starts whenever the race director gets up and decides to start it.)

It was barely raining at race start. The temp was in the upper 30s. The high was forecast to be in the upper 40s and windy—decent running temperature except for the wind. We had not gone far when it began to sleet. That quickly turned to snow as we went higher. The forecast was for

gusts up to 45 mph.--they had that part right. Of course the heavy overnight rains resulted in extremely muddy conditions. In many places it was hard to keep from sliding off the trail (where there was a trail). That made for slow going. The rain also resulted in the numerous creeks being well above normal—there was no way to keep the feet dry, and soon my gloves were soaked through as well. It is doubtful the temperature ever got out of the 30s. The forecast high clearly was not for the higher mountains. The wind chill made the temperatures equivalent to the 20s much of the time and likely in the teens on the higher ridges. If conditions had been a little better they could have been considered only brutal.

My game plan was to try to hang with people who knew the course. I started out behind a group led by Barkley veteran John Dewalt. John is probably close to my age and it seemed reasonable I could stay with him. Wrong! He is one tough dude. The early pace was too fast, so I backed off. I then hung close behind Leonard Martin, who is also an expert on the course, until we reached book 1 about 3 miles into the race. My hands got so numb early on I could not get my map case open to read the instructions and look at the map, plus my glasses fogged so badly I probably could not have read them well anyway. I took the glasses off and they dangled from a strap around my neck. I never used them again. I had to take my gloves off to get a page from the book and put it in a plastic bag I was carrying. As I was walking away and trying to stuff the bag back into my belt pack I dropped a glove. When I realized it a minute or so later I had to double back to get it. That put me well behind Leonard and the other people I had been close to. I quickly lost sight of them and was on my own. Not long after that, I tripped and fell, bruising my thigh on a rock. Farther along the trail between books one and two, I slipped to the ground a number of times because of the mud.

One good thing about the mud—you can see tracks better, so an occasional footprint gave me some confidence I was on the right trail. Still, there were doubts until David Hughes, from Ohio, caught up with me mid-way between books one and two—he knows the course well and I stayed within sight of him for quite a while. I ended up passing him trying to hang with another experienced Barkley runner Matt Mahoney, and did so to book 2, but was struggling to keep up with him. From book 2, I headed down to the water drop at Coffin Springs. Another Barkley veteran, Dick West, from Michigan, caught me shortly after Coffin Springs and I stayed close to him most of the time the rest of the day. As we climbed back out of Coffin Springs up to Stallion Mountain and book 3, there was more snow on the ground. That did make it easier to follow the proper route (in places it was hard to call it a trail). It continued to snow intermittently at the higher elevations. The mud at lower elevations made steep climbs and descents even more difficult than usual. We picked up book 4 part way down a very steep slope known as Leonard's Butt Slide. From there we worked our way down to the New River near some beautiful rock cliffs with water pouring off. The river was up and fast. A short distance down river we found some trees down and were able to use them to cross without getting wet (as if we could have really been much wetter) or swept away.

From there we paralleled the river for about a mile to Book 5 which was a short distance up a steep hill known as Little Hell. Little Hell was described in the instructions as climbing "forever and ½" —over 1200 feet in about 1100 yards, with no trail. Hell was awfully close to freezing over. The mud made climbing a challenge on the steeper places. After topping out we dropped down to a road intersection where book 6 was located. From there we followed a road down to an old abandoned guard building that was used back in the days when prisoners from nearby Brushy Mountain State Prison were used to deep mine coal in the area. Much of the park used to be prison property. We were warned to stay away from the prison area a mile to the west as the guards are not hospitable to strangers wandering out of the woods. Book 7 was located inside the fence of the abandoned guard building. We paused there for a couple of minutes while Dick put on more clothes. Unfortunately, I was wearing everything I had except a light knit hat and

was still a bit chilly as my shoes and gloves were soaking wet. From there, we headed up a hill known as Rat Jaw (1000+ feet of climb in about 900 yards—that warms you up a bit). Again, footing was a problem. I paused several times to catch my breath. This was a little like climbing the steeper parts of the back side of Pinnacle Mountain but without benefit of the boulders for hand and foot holds—just mud, brush, and briars. I was working hard to keep up with Dick, who has completed Hardrock 100 and has been to Barkley six previous times. I could easily stay with him on the downhills, but uphill were a challenge.

Going down the road from the top of Rat Jaw toward book 8, it began to sleet. The wind driven sleet really stung my face even with the hood of my jacket over my head. Just short of book 8, and about 150 yards past the last bail out trail, Dick decided he had enough fun for one day. Except for numb, frozen hands and very cold feet I felt pretty good. However, I had been unable to get my map case open for the past several hours since my fingers were relatively useless; with my glasses dirty and wet, and nothing dry to wipe them with, it would be hard to read the map and directions even if I could get them out. I still had a gel pack and a Power Bar left for food, but ever try to open a Power Bar wrapper with dysfunctional fingers? Besides, it would have taken an axe or saw to break off edible size chunks. We were guessing that probably all of the people behind us had dropped out already, though there was no way to know for sure. The course would take at least another three hours to finish and it would be dark long before that. While I had a flashlight, I was already chilly and it figured to get a lot colder. Thus, after a brief discussion, I decided to bail out with him. Looking back at the map now, the navigation to the remaining books would have been relatively easy, although some of the terrain would not.

As it turned out, only 18 of the 33 starters finished the first loop. Most of the non-finishers bailed out by Coffin Springs after book 2. At least one did even before book 1. On the way in we met one runner who had become lost and not even reached the second book. He had dropped his compass and wandered around for several hours—he was headed the wrong way on the trail about a half mile from the trailhead when we met him. Only nine people started loop two, and some of them bailed out after a short time. Three people completed that loop within the time limit and started loop three. Two finished the 60 mile fun run (a 5.7% finish rate) but none made the full 100 miles. While the rain and snow quit by dark, my hat is off to those folks who even attempted the second loop. For comparison, ten of the starters had completed Hardrock 100, considered by many as the toughest (fairly) conventional 100 miler. Six of them had three or more finishes there. Of the ten, four failed to complete one loop; only three even attempted more than one loop. Only one continued after loop two.

Here was one account of the fate of the last two runners on the course: “He (Jim Nelson) and Andrew (Thompson) got lost in the dark during lap 4. Having lost precious time, Jim did some calculations and figured that there was no way for him to finish lap 5 given the time remaining and how tired he was. Andrew took off and Jim took a series of naps, slowly working his way back to camp. He said that Andrew showed up in camp 15 minutes after the final cutoff, having arrived at the second book on Loop 5 unable to remember what he was doing there

Several of the Barkley vets indicated this was the worst weather they had encountered at this event. I had counted on it warming up a little, which it never did—it only got colder. It was disappointing not to get in at least one full loop, given that some other Arkansans had succeeded in the past, but under the extreme conditions bailing out with Dick was the wisest choice. Besides, those Arkansans who finished a loop or more were a heck of a lot younger when they did it than I am now. Under better conditions I think I would have had no problem finishing at least one loop, provided I could stick close to someone who knew the course. It was fun (in a masochistic sort of way) while it lasted.

Three days later my fingers and toes finally had close to normal feeling in them. While I was not especially tired during the race, the hills took a toll as I still had soreness in the legs for

several days. My arms were also still a bit sore, mainly from using a trekking pole (which came in very handy except when it would stick in the mud and have to be pulled out) but also from grabbing on to trees and such when climbing and descending some of the steeper hills. Despite the problems, I am glad I went. Would I do it again if the opportunity were there? I may be getting a bit old for a race like that--but never say never! There is unfinished business there. I appreciate Charley and Lou going with me and crewing. Thanks to Lou for helping me get into the race. And I'll get even some day!

Fans 24/22 Hour Runs June 4th-5th, 2005 Minneapolis, Mn.

My Story by Jamie Huneycutt

The FANS 24 Hour race in Minneapolis is a benefit race. FANS stands for *Family Advocate Network Sstems*. One of the organization's goals is to raise money to send inner city children to college. Jay and I have now run this race 8 times and I believe we are the only people from Arkansas to do so. Are there others out there? Earlier in the year we weren't sure if we'd go as we are building a house and that has taken more free time than we thought it would. When it became apparent that "*no way they will be finished*" we decided to sign up. A month before the race Jay tore a muscle in his calf and wasn't sure if he'd be able to race. He decided that instead of running for 24 hours, that he would run for 20 minutes and then walk for 10 minutes to reach 50 miles. Then he would stop to avoid further damaging the muscle.

The weather in Minneapolis is known as "*inclement*". They have 6 months of winter and then rain and high humidity. The people that live in Minneapolis are extremely nice. They have to be or no one would live there except the mosquitoes. The forecast called for rain and thunderstorms the whole time we were there. Saturday at 8:00 am 86 of us lined up for the 24 hour race. And 20 something in the 12 hour (fun run). One of the perks in this race is that since you run on a 2.42 mile loop around Lake Nokomis you don't have to carry water or food with you. They also have complimentary massage therapists out there for our running aches and pains. Right off the bat I had a sore hip so I took advantage of the therapy. Then a few hours later I returned for another massage and again about 7 hours into the race. They give you bar code tags that you put in a box each lap so the leader board of the top 10 men and women was constantly being updated. It rained off and on the first 8 hours with two fairly significant downpours. The camaraderie was great and we enjoyed visiting with people during the whole race. It was always fun to see what new food appeared at one of the two aid stations. Jay really enjoyed the Chicago Pizza that showed up several times.

Some participants would stop, go do something else and return hours later to run again. Others slept during the night then came back early the next morning. We were fortunate in that it didn't rain after about 4 pm except for one minor shower around 3 pm. The forecast of hail was happily incorrect. Jay reached his 50 mile goal walking and running and not further injuring himself. I kept prodding through the loops feeling better and better (must have been the three massages). Around midnight I tripped and took a big fall. With my elbow, hand and knee bleeding fairly significantly, I stopped at the medical tent on the next loop for cleaning and first aid. Jay was getting a massage and we laughed about what a klutz I am. I can't even stay upright on a walking path! Anyway, several people came out to run with me during the course of the race and we made more friends from up north. The pasta dinner the night before and the breakfast were very good. Scott Eppelman ended up in first place with 129 miles and Sue Olsen won the

women's race in 119. I ran 104 miles and was 3rd female. FANS is a fun race if you like visiting and camaraderie. The lake is beautiful and there are always people walking around the lake. One other runner from outside the state commented that everyone in Minneapolis must have a dog. The logistics worked out great for us. – fly direct from Fayetteville; stay near the Mall of America and the lake is 10 minutes away. FANS would be a great first 24 hour race for those who are trail challenged like me.

Included in Jamie's article is a poem written by Lloyd "Forever" Young who ran FANS this year as his first ever ultra at the age of 81. He ran 76.72 miles!

Nokomis and Legends by Lloyd Young

(With thanks and apologies to Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha)

Her tree-lined shores and beaches
Created for leisure's pleasure,
And a champion's run from sun to sun.
To the ultra, ye sons and daughters!
Our race goes past the heat of day
To see the moon's reflected face,
Her smile o'er placid waters,
The waters of the Nokomis,
Daughter of the moon.

Of spirited run on moccasin trails
For a mark amongst storied greats,
You can write a legend, all you own.
Be of legends, ye sons and daughters!
In the night of Grandmother Moon,
And like the flickering fireflies,
We'll flit along dark waters.

Miles run along a new day's sun,
Our toast to a breeze that revives
And FANS up our Nokomis spirit.
Be champions, ye sons and daughters!
Endurance defies the fiery sun
Beaming on far-eastern rim,
Its rise o'er steaming waters,
Daughter of the moon.



RETREADS (*Retired Runners Eating Out*) meet monthly at Franke's Cafeteria on Rodney Parham at 11:30 am the first Wednesday of every month. Sometimes we dress up with a runner related item to identify ourselves; sometimes we bring old pictures or race results

THE COACH DOCTOR

A Prophet is never accepted in his home town

In this issue the Coach Doctor addresses a very sensitive subject - **Post Race Syndrome**. Our lecture is entitled, "**Why Race Directors Go Crazy**". The condition manifests itself by displays of depression, paranoia and delusional ideations preceding the directorship of an ultramarathon. As an AURA member service, the Coach Doctor will tell you the causes of the Syndrome and outlines how one should deal with it. To begin, one has to understand the psyche of a Race Director(R.D.). An RD is aware that when runners line up at the start of an ultramarathon they are thinking that at that moment in time, running this race is the most important thing they will ever do. Consequently the RD's total focus in the pre-race period was to plan for the perfect race. When the starting horn sounds every contingency has been planned for; nothing has been left to chance. When the runners move out, the race now unfolds and it is up to the players to make it happen- The perfect race. Unfortunately, there is no perfection when dealing with circumstances out of ones control. Invariably, a volunteer forgets or a runner has misjudgements. A race that is 100 % on track and comes in at 99.9% is viewed as a total failure by the stressed RD. The ever so slightest misstep is blown completely out of proportion. The RD feels that he or she has failed. The reason for this are hormonal imbalances caused by lack of sleep, adreniline depletion and the stress of being everything to everybody. It takes at least six weeks to recover from this imbalance. With rest the harmomes normalize and the RD will come to realize that despite the carefull planning for the perfect race, things happen out of their control. Things that one realizes did not ruin their effort afterall. Complete recovery comes when the RD accepts that he/she did the best they could and that 99.95% was almost perfect.

For our AURA brothers and sisters, you can play a large role in the RD's journey back to mental health. If you were involved in the effort as a runner or a helper, a written note sent to the RD will work wonders. All you should say is "**Thank you for all you do with the race. I had a wonderful time.**" Caution: Anything beyond this statement will be interpreted assbackwards by a paranoid, delusional, stressed out RD. Telling of your experieces and how you felt will invariably lead to misinterpretation. A misunderstanding now could destroy an otherwise cordial relationship. Under no circumstances is it appropriate to offer suggestions on how to improve the race for :next year. If you indeed have a worthy suggestion, the time to offer it is in the planning stages a good six months before the next race day.

If this advice is too late for you and you have already committed a transgression, there is no undoing what has been done. As the B\$ says, "A crazed mind cannot be reasoned with". Accept your losses and take solice in the fact that you meant no harm.

Now that you have a better understanding of the mindset of an Race Director, it will behoove you act appropriately when confronting **Post Race Syndrome**.

Class Dismissed!

Arkansas Traveller Update

The 15th annual *Heart O' Traveller funs run* are scheduled to take place over the Labor Day Weekend. The Saturday run will be administered by Stan and Chrissy and will be out and back route for a total of 24 miles. The start will be from the Lake Winona picnic area. Afterwards, Stan and Chrissy will have hot-dogs and chips and maybe we will can count this an an AURA meeting. The Labor Day run will be the Smith Mountain Loop, approx 23 miles. The run will start at the intersection of FSR 2 and FSR 114.

At the present time both runs will start at 6:30 am. If there are any changes in time, directions or formate, it will be written up in the next newsletter.

Directions to the Saturday, September 3rd run, 24 miles(+/-)

Hwy 10 west from Little Rock. At the Williams Junction Grocery Store, turn left onto Hwy 9. Follow Hwy 9 approx 5.5 miles to Lake Winona Road. Turn right. Go 4 miles(the first two are blacktop; the last two are gravel)) to the Lake Winona picnic area. Turn left at the gate and follow the road to the picnic tables. Run will start promptly at 6:30 a.m. Course will be marked and water set out. One aid station at 9 miles with cokes water and Gatorade.

Direction to the Monday, Labor Day Run, September 5th. 23 miles (+/-) UTS #2, the Smith Mountain Loop.

Follow directions above to Lake Winona. Continue past the Lake Winona picnic area. You are now on FSR 114. Follow FSR 114 for 7.5 miles to the intersection of FSR #2 and 114. This is a three way intersection with ample room to park. Run will start at 6:30 a.m. Water will be set out; course will be marked. One aid station about midway with water, coke and PowerAde. Bring goodies to share after the run.

Arkansas Ultra Running Association
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