

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

December 1994

A Newsletter For The Arkansas Ultrarunning Association

MESSAGE FROM THE BIGSHOT-FEBRUARY LOOKS LIKE ITS GOING TO BE THE ULTRA MONTH. ON FEBRUARY 26TH BILL AND TERESA LASTER WILL AGAIN PUT ON THE SYLAMORE TRAIL 50K AT ALLISON, ARKANSAS. DON'T MISS THIS ONE. IT HAS SOME OF THE BEST TRAIL AND SCENERY THAT CAN BE FOUND. ON FEBRUARY 12TH THERE IS GOING TO BE THE FIRST RUNNING OF THE WHITE ROCK CLASSIC 50 K. JOE FENNELL, AURA, CALLED RECENTLY TO GIVE SOME DETAILS ON A RACE THAT HE AND MEMBERS OF THE CHILE PEPPER RUNNING CLUB OF FAYETTEVILLE ARE GOING TO PUT ON. THE COURSE WILL BE OUT AND BACK ON FOREST SERVICE ROADS. IT WILL START FROM NEAR THE TURNER BEND CAMP GROUNDS ON HWY 23, THE PIG TRAIL, AND GO UP TO WHITE ROCK MOUNTAIN. FOR THOSE WHO WILL BE DOING HALF OF IT, THERE WILL BE A SHUTTLE TO BRING YOU BACK. THE FIRST YEAR IT WILL BE A NO FRILL, NO FEE EVENT. JOE FEELS THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE ARKANSAS' ANSWER TO PIKES PEAK. PUT BOTH OF THESE TWO RUN ON YOUR CALENDER NOW!

SANDWICHED BETWEEN THESE TWO 50K'S, WE WILL HAVE UTS #5, FEBRUARY 19TH. YOU MIGHT NOT BE AWARE OF IT BUT THE HUNTING CLUBS HAVE GATED OFF THE KONO AND THE MOBIL MARATHON ROADS. I FEAR THAT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA WILL BE NEXT. IF THE TRAM ROAD IS STILL OPEN IN FEBRUARY WE WILL HAVE THE UTS #5, TGW of C, ON FEBRUARY 19TH, 7:00 A.M. IF ITS CLOSED, WE'LL FIND ANOTHER ROUTE. STAY TUNED.

IT IS WITH GREAT SATISFACTION THAT I REPORT TO YOU THE RRCA'S ULTRA RUNNERS OF THE YEAR THAT WERE ANNOUNCED AT HEALTHFEST WEEKEND IN HOT SPRINGS. NICK WILLIAMS AND LOU PEYTON WERE ULTRA RUNNERS OF THE YEAR WHILE TONY JOHNSON AND ANN M. MOORE WON THE MASTER'S ULTRA RUNNERS OF THE YEAR. A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE SHOULD GO TO BOB MARSTON AND TONY AND IRENE JOHNSON FOR DEVELOPING THE FORMAT AND KEEPING THE POINT TOTALS.

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ORDERED AURA SHORT SLEEVE T-SHIRTS, THEY ARE READY TO BE PICKED UP. THE PRICE IS \$8.00. LOU IS MAKING A NEW LIST FOR THE LONG SLEEVE VERSION.

FIRST CALL IS GOING OUT FOR THE AURA SPRING CAMPOUT! MARK IT ON YOUR CALENDER NOW FOR MARCH 19TH. THIS IS THE SAME WEEKEND AS THE SPRING CLASSIC, UTS# 6. WE WILL FIND A GOOD CAMP SPOT NEAR LAKE SYLVIA AND, AFTER BLOWING THE SOOT OUT DURING THE RUN, KICK BACK AND ENJOY NATURE AROUND THE CAMPFIRE. JUST ME AND YOU. "HEY BIGSHOT, WHAT ABOUT ME!" RELAX PAL, I DON'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT YOU. THE MORE THE MERRIER.

ON DECEMBER 11TH FOLLOWING THE GRINDSTONE RUN, WE WILL HAVE THE AURA CHRISTMAS GET TOGETHER AT GRADY'S. THE POWER ROOM MIGHT ALREADY BE RESERVED FOR ANOTHER GROUP HOWEVER THE MANAGEMENT SAID THAT HE WOULD STRING SOME TABLES TOGETHER FOR US. PLEASE NO GIFTS FOR THE BIG SHOT.




December 1993



AURA

PLACE REFRIGERATER MAGNET HERE--(+)

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
					UTS #3-THE GRINDSTONE AURA CHRISTMAS GET TOGETHER GRADY'S 6:00 P.M.	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
						SUNMART 50 MILER
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
						
26	27	28	29	30	31	

THE GRINSTONE RUN-23 MILES WHICH INCLUDES SIX MILES OF THE OUACHITA TRAIL. GO TO LAKE SYLVIA. GO 1.5 MILES PAST THE NORMAL TRAIL PARKING AREA TO THE INTERSECTION OF FSR 152 AND 132. IF IN DOUBT, WAIT AT THE TRAIL PARKING AREA AND I'LL DIRECT YOU TO THE

ULTRA CORNER

Article by Joel Zucker, Idaho.

Imagine if you will a journey to a land far beyond the shores of possibility a voyage where you leave behind forever the familiar sights and sounds of standard distances and imaginable human effort, a trek to a region where physical laws are subject to the application of individual human will...our destination of The Ultra Zone.

Lake Sylvia, Arkansas. Saturday, October 9, 6:00 a.m. Altitude: 400 to 1900 feet. Weather: 42 to 72 degrees; perfect

Course: hilly, rocky, muddy hiking trail in the Ouachita National Forest and some gravel service roads....very quickly the rocks turned my feet to bloody pain transmitters...when darkness fell, and my small flashlight generated the only ambient light, the shadows danced fantastically along the ground and the trees, and imaginary creatures seemed to lurk behind every turn, biding their time, waiting for me to fall before they pounced on me and devoured me whole.....it was truly not just a trial of the spirit, but a Long Day's Journey Into Night...

This was my first hundred miler...thought about it for a long time, but injuries kept me away until this year....finally I was reasonably healthy, and I knew I had to try it...I was sure I could live with myself if I had to drop, but I knew I would never forgive myself if I didn't make the attempt....and here in Little Rock I had a hostess, Ivy Franklin, who pampered me and made me feel at home and helped me go in feeling emotionally secure...I owe Ivy an unbelievable debt...

I felt great at the start; too great, but more on that later... I flew the first segment, 17 miles on trails, and was eating and drinking as much as I could stand...at the med check at 31 miles, I was eight pounds heavier than at the start...I would finish five pounds above my starting weight, a testament to what happens when you consume 200 cheese nips, 350 Mr. Salty Pretzel sticks, six turkey sandwiches, and at the 58 mile aid station, three entire baked potatoes, with a sour-cream filled tortilla as a chaser...I drank huge amounts of Pepsi...when night fell and it got cool I switched to chicken soup, Jewish Penicillin, "good for whatever ails you,"hoping it would work its wonder on me...

But nothing can cure hubris...I went out too fast, zoomed thru 50 miles in 9:55, way ahead of my planned pace...when Ivy's husband Bobby picked me up at 58 miles to pace me, I was already slowing down...then, at 62 miles, it came: a total bonk...I could not move my quads...they were utterly, totally useless, and I could not run at all....so I walked, mile after mile, horribly watching my dream of breaking 24 hours and getting a coveted gold belt buckle slip away...Bobby was great, but it seemed like an eternity of useless pain stretched before me...

At 70 miles, another pacer, Dale Powell, picked me up, and still I could not manage more than a 2 m.p.h. walk...it continued like this

for three hours, until at mile 80, a miracle: Life returned to my quads, and I could run again...the first mile was about 18 minutes, and the pain was excruciating, but I was so thankful...after 2 miles, Dale told me that if I did 12:00 miles the rest of the way I still could go under 24...I told him to set that pace, to ignore my screams of pain, and off we went...

Oh my, the sensations...I was actually crying, for the first time in over two decades...I have never wanted anything so much as to quit running then and lie down in the darkness and shut off the pain...but I wanted the buckle more, so I kept going...when we hit 88 miles, I was right on for a 23:57, but we had the worst part of the course left, all mud and rocks, with no time to spare...then, Dale's light quit, and my mind just shut down...

The last 12 miles is mostly a blur to me...we passed a dozen runners, walking now as I had done earlier...Dale pushed me, making me speed up when we lost time on a bad stretch...I was yelling from pain the whole time, trying to think of nothing but the finish, and when I got to the sign that said "98.5 miles" it was 5:36...I knew I could not be denied, not now that we were out of the rocks, and finished at 5:48 a.m. with a time of 23:48...it was "one day, one hundred miles," with 12 minutes to spare...

I can remember every square inch of what I saw...you didn't see the finish area until you were 30 yards away, because we were in the woods, and the finish was in a clearing...it was 5:48a.m., and there were three race volunteers there, nobody else...the halogen lights overhead cast an otherworldly glow...there were two campfires burning in the distance...it was slightly downhill, and I had done the last mile in about eight minutes and was moving a lot faster than anyone expected this time of night; the race volunteer with the video camera who was filming all the finishes jumped out of her chair and barely got the camera to her shoulder to film me as I went across the line...I wanted my pacer, Dale, to come with me, but he made me go ahead alone the last few yards, so I would be all me on film...the pain had stabilized awhile ago and I wasn't shedding tears of agony anymore; now as I finished, there were a few tears of joy welling up in the corners of my eyes...there were no bands playing or crowds shouting; the only sounds were the congrats of the three people there and Dale and the hum of the lights and the crackle of the campfires...I remember looking up when I was hugging Dale and seeing the drops of light rain that were falling captured in the spotlight, and the stars that were just now beginning to poke thru the clearing skies shining so brightly...what I wanted most of all then wasn't a hot shower or dry clothes but to make the moment last forever...

Getting the buckle at the awards ceremony seemed anticlimactic...the big moment for me was at mile 80 when I was given the opportunity to run again, with great pain, and I took it...that is what running has always been to me, to make personal decisions, to test myself, to look inside and see if I am what I think I am...this past weekend, long after night fell on Saturday and way before daybreak on Sunday, as I began my final push to the end, I had an incredibly clear vision of myself...for that, and for the support Ivy and Bobby and Dale gave me, I am grateful, for after coming out of the darkness of the Arkansas forest I find myself shining brighter than ever before.

Article by Kevin Hunt, pacer for Charlotte Veazy-Davis

ACTS OF LOVE

by Kevin "Hurryin' Huck" Hunt

When Charlotte first mentioned to me that she was needing "pacers" to run with her on her 100 miler, I really didn't fully understand the concept. But, since she is the one person most directly responsible for getting me into running, I felt like I should volunteer. So I did. Charlotte provided me with a map, and other literature concerning the race. I "only" had to run 10 miles with her, so I had the utmost of confidence. But I was deeply concerned when I saw on the map that Charlotte would have already gone 58 miles when we hooked up. I was thinking she'll be half dead, throwing up, stinking, and I'll probably end up having to carry her through the woods on my back to the closest medic...in the famous words of Waylon Jennings, "WRONG".

I caught a ride to the "turnaround" with Van, my other running hero. I often think of it this way, Charlotte showed my "why to run" and Van showed me "how to run". Anyway, Van is (and he'll be the first to admit it) not a woodsman, and it gets dark quick in the thickets. To make a long story short, we had a tough time finding the "turnaround". But at least we got there on time. That is obvious to anybody that knows Charlotte, being as I'm alive to write this story.

We had a pretty good wait before Charlotte would be in, so I ate (well, feasted) on all kinds of good food. I couldn't get over how many people were involved in working this race. There were different "aid stations" scattered all over the countryside and workers manning all of them. It was just about unbelievable how so many people pitched in so the "crazies" could run themselves to death. I couldn't make up my mind whether it was an act of love or "mass Dr. Kovorkianism..." While pondering these things, and the American League Championship Series, I looked down the dirt road and watched the bouncing lights of the runners coming into the station.

When Charlotte showed up it was far different from what I expected. I expected something out of "Night of the Living Dead" but she looked great! She still had plenty of energy too, because her "drop bag" was missing and I thought she was gonna whip all of us. She was so mad her eyes turned yellow. But she settled down and finally, we were off! I wasn't sure if I should talk a lot, a little or just shut up, but after a few minutes Charlotte and I fell into easy conversation. We philosophied about everything under the sun (uh, moon) as we cruised along. I tried to key on Charlotte, if she wanted to talk we'd talk. And I mean, I can talk. Folks who know me say I could talk a hungry squirrel out of a white oak tree. Well, about half way through my 10 mile section, we came upon an aid station. Charlotte's drop bag was there, and it really seemed to lift her spirits. We got some supplies out of the bag, and after a brief stop, we were off again. Charlotte seemed fresh as a daisy, but my legs were kind of sore. That morning I had run the fastest 5K of my life, but somehow, in view of what Charlotte was doing, I decided this was not the proper time to start whining. On we plunged through the darkness, still talking. We ran where it was level or downhill, and walked where it was uphill. I just couldn't get over how strong Charlotte was. I love to run, I mean flat out love it, but a good 8 miler calls for a cold beer and a hot bath in my book. This "ultra marathon" stuff was for, well, people like Charlotte...if you're a runner you know the type. Kind of wild eyed, gritty, intelligent, but crazy...

My part of the deal ended before I knew it, and when I last saw my hero, she was bouncing down the trail, only 32 miles from the finish line. And I must say, I'd have stood on my head and bet everything that fell out that she'd make it...but I did feel just a bit proud to be a small part of such a great event.

ULTRA TRAIL SERIES

WITH TWO RACES DOWN IN THE TRAIL SERIES PERHAPS WE NEED TO GO OVER SOME OF THE FEW "RULES" THAT WE HAVE.

1. IN CASE OF FOUL WEATHER ALL EFFORTS WILL BE MADE TO HOLD THE RACE. IF NICK OR HARLEY MAKE IT TO THE START, IT WILL BE JUDGED AS OFFICIAL. IF A RACE HAS TO BE CANCELLED, WE WILL TRY TO RESCHEDULE IT LATER. SEE RULE TWO.
2. OF THE EIGHT RACES PLANNED ONLY SEVEN CAN BE USED IN YOUR FINAL POINT STANDINGS. THIS IS IN CASE OF HAVING AN OFF DAY OR A MISSED RACE OR BAD WEATHER. SEE RULE ONE.
3. HIGHLY PRIZED PLAQUES WILL BE AWARDED AFTER THE SERIES IN THE OPEN, MASTERS(40'S) AND SENIORS CATEGORIES(50 +) Male and Female.
4. POINTS WILL BE AWARDED AS FOLLOWS:

1st 50 point. 6th 15 point.
2nd 40 " 7th 10 "
3rd 30 " 8th 7 "
4th 25 " 9th 5 "
5th 20 10th 3 "
11th and over 1 point
5. THE JUDGEMENT OF NICK AND HARLEY IS FINAL.

ULTRA CALENDER

1993

DECEMBER	11TH	UTS #3 The Grindstone
DECEMBER	18TH	Sunmart Texas Trail 50 and 50 K

1994

JANUARY	8TH	UTS #4 10-9er-10
JANUARY	29TH	Clearsprings 50 K**
FEBRUARY	5TH	Rocky Raccoon 100
FEBRUARY	12TH	Whiterock Mountain Classic
FEBRUARY	19th	UTS #5
FEBRUARY	26TH	Sylamore Trail 50K
MARCH	19TH	UTS #6 The Spring Classic
MARCH	19TH	Cross Timbers Trail Run, 50 Miles and 30K
MARCH	26TH	Mississippi 50 Mile Run
MAY	7TH	Strolling Jim 40

**Clear Springs 50 Km Trail run. Roxie, Mississippi. 7 a.m. Saturday January 29th. Dirt trail in the Homochitto National Forest with gentle, rolling hills and creek bottoms. No fee, no awards. Limited Aid. Joel Guyer, 3508 EastBrook Road, Natchez, Mississippi. 39120. (601)446-4696(h) or (601)445-2842(w) between 1 p.m. and 4:30 p.m.

RRCA ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER OF THE YEAR

November 20, 1993

Overall Ladies	(points)	Masters Ladies	(points)
Lou Peyton	569.9*		
Irene Johnson	419.5	Ann Moore	267.5**
Nancy Cunningham	335	Gayle B Bradford	145
Ann Moore	267.5		
Charlotte Davis	217.5		
Diane Bell	230		
Mara Cawein	144.4		
Donna Duerr	100.6		

*Lou ran the Ozark Highland Trail(82), B 6/12/24(31.65), Clear Springs(20), Sylamore(97.5), Strolling Jim(60), B6/12/24(41.25), Ultra Series(20) and AT 100(217.5)

**Ann ran the Clear Springs(37.5), Sylamore(30), Ultra Series(20) and the AT 100(180)

Overall Men

Nick Williams	510.625***	Jim Sweatt	150.625
Ray Bailey	460.625	John Renick	145.625
Simon Hauser	452.65	Bill Maxwell	144.375
Tony Johnson	330	Bill Torrey	132.5
Steve Eubanks	305	David Cawein	130.6250
Sam Barnes	292.5	Charlie Smith	125.625
Larry Mabry	292.5	Pat Riley	125
George Mcdonald	255	Rick Massey	125
Steve Tilley	255	Jim Schuler	107
Ben Cooper	255		
Les Hall	240.35	Masters Men	
Charley Peyton	214		
Troy Delk	193.125	Tony Johnson	330****
Mike Heald	153.75	Steve Eubanks	305
		Larry Mabry	292.5
		Geo Mcdonald	255
		Steve Tilley	255
		Les Hall	240.35
		Charley Peyton	214

***Nick ran the Clear Springs(20), Sylamore(35.6), Barkley(60), OT50(75), Hardrock(120), Ultra Series((20) and AT 100(180)

****Tony ran the Jackson 50(50), Sunmart(50), Ultra Series(20), Sylamore(30) and AT 100(180).