

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

September 2013

The Newsletter For Members of the Arkansas Ultra Running Association

AURA Website - www.runarkansas.com

Message from the President – Stan Ferguson

Greetings ultra race fans! Well, it's almost here. Our days are numbered until the 23rd annual Arkansas Traveller 100. While activities related to the Traveller are happening almost year-round, this is the time when things go full tilt. Also, I'm sure it's starting to get exciting for many of our members who will be running and/or helping. I think I've referenced before how the number of Arkansas participants has been on a steady rise over recent years. That trend has continued, with 37 Arkies signed up to run, as of the most recent count (and there are still a couple of days left in the application window at the time I'm writing this). Fifteen of those are attempting their first 100 miler. I feel that's a great sign, and a key indicator of the growing local interest in ultra running. Participation in the Ultra Trail Series is one measure, but it's really fabulous to see so many folks stepping up for 100 miles. I remember a comment made by PoDog about the Friday pre-race meeting one year. In looking around at the first-timers, he confessed how he was a bit envious of the fact that whether they knew it or not, their lives were about to change. Not trying to be over-dramatic, but I really think that's true. And I've gotta say, there are some things about organizing the AT100 that we don't look forward to, but what absolutely never gets old is the privilege of greeting a runner finishing his or her first 100. Believe me—it's pretty special!

I'm sure most of our members are already committed to either running, helping, or pacing someone at the AT100 this year. BUT, if you've been holding out, we can still put some volunteers to work. Friday is covered, but even if you only have several hours to devote, our operators are standing by to give assignments pretty much anytime from Saturday through Sunday afternoon. In fact, Sunday morning may be where help is needed most. Some may think that since the race ends at noon Sunday that the show ends then. Wrong! After the awards ceremony, there's a whole new bustle of activity cleaning up, re-organizing, and packing up. So if you have some time October 5th or 6th and would like to help, get in touch with Susy (su_phi@yahoo.com or 501-837-3104) or Chrissy

(AT100@RunArkansas.com or 501-803-9411). We'll be glad you did!

I guess I'm officially old. Chrissy is already calling me a geezer. I recently turned the big 5-0. Where did all the time go? This landmark was celebrated with the second in a series: PT, PoDog and I did a 50 mile birthday run to mark my entry into AARP-ville. PT's celebratory run was earlier this year, and we did a lovely point-to-point adventure on the Ouachita Trail. My run was reminiscent of "This Is Your Life"; a conglomeration consisting almost entirely of training routes in the Conway, Mayflower, and Maumelle area that I've done over the last 20 years. Thomas Chapin isn't old enough to warrant 50 miles, so he joined in with us for the last few hours. It was a great day, and a good final LONG run for Traveller preparation. IT got a little hot on the pavement during the mid-day hours, but a nice touch was that some cool air blew in with even a little sprinkle right at the end. Hopefully we're all able to rally 'round PoDog when he finally turns a half-century. My sincere thanks go to PT and PoDog for humoring me with their willingness to do that much pavement (--about 95% of the route), Charlie Dunn and Chrissy for providing aid along the way, and the few other folks who met us at the finish to hang out "ultra style".

Ultra Trail Series

We are now three races into the 2013-2014 UTS, and there's been good participation so far. No clear leaders have really emerged, but perhaps that will change after race #4—the AT100. You should find complete points standings in this newsletter. We're a little behind on the UTS Miles tally, as rounding up all the volunteer miles, etc is not quite as black and white as the points. But do not be alarmed—the mileage scheme and High Mileage Club category is alive and well. In fact, the threshold for making the High Mileage Club has been set at 275 miles. —This is a tad higher than last year, but still very obtainable—even for those just getting into the series. So if you're still sitting on your hiney and haven't signed up, please join in. For members it's just \$10 to be part of the fray (and be eligible for exclusive UTS swag). If you're signing up online, be sure to use coupon code UTS14MEMBER to get the member rate. Look on the AURA website: www.RunArkansas.com in the UTS section for sign-up information.

Swampstomper Alert: registration for the Swampstomper, UTS Race #9, opens on Thursday, September 26th at 6:00am. UTS folks: look for an e-mail from me with additional information on signing up for this event. James Holland, the S/S R.D. will allow some special consideration for active UTS participants in getting into the event, but the best and most sure bet will be to sign up ASAP when registration opens. This is an extremely popular event in the Memphis area, and the trail is very sweet! I'm really glad we could work things out to get it back in the series.

3 Bridges Marathon

AURA member Jenny Wilkes is involved with a group of runners who are putting on the inaugural 3 Bridges Marathon on the River Trail. As with any event, getting sufficient volunteers is one of their biggest challenges, and she is spearheading that effort. The date

of the race is December 28th. If you're interested in helping, please contact her at volunteer3b26@gmail.com.

More Stuff

There are a few other events and dates I'd like to toss out to get in your consciousness:

October 27th: Arkansas Traveller 100 volunteer and runner appreciation picnic at Maumelle Park

That's it for this time.

Upcoming Events:

November 16th: UTS Race #5 – the Bona Dea 50K in Russellville

November 23rd: Arkansas RRCA Meeting and Awards Ceremony in Hot Springs.

Hope to see everybody out at the Traveller!



PoDog, Stan, & PT on Stan's Birthday Run

The 4th Annual
Bona Dea 50K
Saturday, November 16, 2013
Russellville, AR
8:00am start

Part of the 2013 - 2014 AURA Ultra Trail Series

Introduction:

Ultra running made an appearance in the Arkansas River Valley back in the early 1980's with the Arkie 50 (miler), conducted on the Bona Dea Trails in Russellville. Over 25 years later, ultra runners returned for the first Bona Dea 50K, in 2010. With the flat course and cool weather, many PRs were set over the multi-lap course on hard surface trail. Put it on your calendar for 2013 and come see what you're made of!!

Directions:

Take Exit 81 off I-40 in Russellville. West-bound traffic will have to turn left on Aspen Ln, then take an immediate left onto Arkansas Ave (AR Hwy 7). East-bound traffic will exit onto Arkansas Ave, and should turn right. Once on Arkansas Ave, drive south and take the first right turn onto Dyke Rd/Lake Front Dr. Continue west on Dyke Rd/Lake Front Dr until reaching the Bona Dea Trailhead parking lot.

Details:

The race will utilize a 3.4 mile loop on paved trail: nine complete loops, then a short out and back at the end. An aid station will be available at the completion of each loop. If you have a drop bag for special supplies, it can be left at the aid station. Times will be captured on each lap.

Entry:

There will be no entry fee or advanced registration this year, but if you will let Tom at taspel@atu.edu or Stan at Stan@RunArkansas.com know if you plan to attend it will help in knowing how many runners to plan for.

My Unicorn, Finally Caught
By Jesse Garrett



My GPS watch beeps its dying throes, signifying the impending death of its battery. I have been testing its limits for almost eight hours, running on tree-obscured dirt roads in maddeningly differing paces. These beeps interrupt my thoughts and I angrily mash its buttons to tell it to shut up. I notice that we have gone 31 miles, and if my memory of the course is correct, we should be approaching the finish any time now. Of course, this is only speculation—I've never made it this far before in the Full Moon 50K.

The time, as my suffering watch tells me, is 3:45AM. Sheri and I should make the 4AM cutoff with plenty of time to spare. In the past two hours, in our nearly pitch black environs, I have seen approximately 155 people—5 of them were other race participants that we passed, and 150 or so were passengers of a commercial airplane that flew 30,000 feet over our heads. Delirium is setting in, and I am ready to rejoin civilization again. Just as I'm craving a cheeseburger, a vanilla latte, and hearing anything else but the piercing shrills of cicadas, Sheri notes that she sees the campgrounds ahead. Then we hear the sound of music. Then we see the headlamps of people standing in the street. I am about to capture my unicorn.

Almost eight hours earlier

My GPS watch beeps happily, telling me I have run a mile. The temperature is quite nice, but as we run downhill into a lake valley I feel the humidity rising what feels like 10% every minute. It feels like the shower room of a gym, complete with the funk and musk that emanates from the already sweaty runners that surround me. I note aloud that the moon overhead is not, in fact, fully full, and jokingly complain that we have been victims of false advertisement. My friend Harold retorts: *"Well, it's 90% full, do you want 10% of your money back?"* All the runners within earshot enjoy a hearty laugh. Everyone seems like they're in a great mood. I observe that the happiest runners have 25K bibs on. Of course, they're the smart ones.

The 50K runners are more subdued and focused. We finally hit the dirt road and the four mile climb that this race is somewhat famous for, which doubles everyone's pace. As we ascend further into the wilderness, the deafening shriek of cicadas get louder and louder. *"There's the only sound we'll be hearing for the next several hours,"* Harold says. I nervously chuckle and nod my head. My last three attempts at finishing this race have conditioned my mind to correlate the sound of these cicadas with the feeling of dropping out. It took me a few miles to wrestle that feeling out of my head.

I again notice a split in disposition: The 50K folks walk patiently while the 25K folks attack the hills with defiant aplomb. I take mental notes of those who pass me—if my experience is correct, I'll be seeing them in a couple of miles, and I will be the one doing the overtaking.

In most cases, I was correct. One guy in particular strikes my nerve: He had looked so confident passing me at mile 2, and here, only three miles later, I approach him from behind. He is looking ragged and defeated. At the moment I cross into his plane of view, he grunts as if he's surprised and immediately straightens his spine to run again. Confidently and self-assuredly, he quickens his pace and trots away.

I have encountered this before—men too proud to be passed by “that dude in the running skirt”. I maintain my slow pace and keep him in sight. At the next climb, his back again curves into a slump and he trudges up the hill. I pass him again, making sure to display the front that I was gliding effort-free (although I wasn't).

It's petty, I know. Allow me my small victories. I needed anything to occupy my mind. As I'm ascending a hill, a nearby runner asks: *"Are you Jesse Is Awesome Jesse?"* I sheepishly turn around and answer in the affirmative. She introduces herself as Lisa, co-runner of ArkansasOutside.com. She asks if I'm feeling good about finishing this year. Unbeknownst to me, my failures at this race have become common knowledge; people I don't even know are asking me if this is the year! (I found out later that she knows my wife, nevertheless I was still very puzzled at the time). We have a nice chat, and go on our way. Back to the boredom.

Oh, the boredom. I started ultra running to visit places I would never otherwise go, to cheer on friends, and to gorge my eyes upon beautiful scenery.

This race, well, has none of that. I often wonder if I would enjoy it more if it were a destination race in the middle of the Appalachians. I wonder if I would be so quick to drop there, at a race in a location that I cannot easily visit. Do I take these trails and roads, and by extension this race, for granted just because they're so easily accessible? I probably do.

Furthermore, I have very little mental toughness, and staring at a spotlight for eight hours is enough to drive me absolutely bonkers. Just look at this scenery:



This is your home for six to eight hours. This is all you see. The more I look at this picture, the less surprised I am that I so easily drop from this race. You find no solace from other runners, either. When the sun goes down, other participants morph into anonymous lights floating five to six feet above the ground. Several of my best friends running the 25K run past me, only feet away, on their way back to the finish, and I have no idea who they are. I shout encouragement to everyone who goes by, but consider that it would be rude to shine my headlamp into their eyeballs just to identify them.

Solitude

After the 25K turnaround at the 8 mile mark, the field thinned considerably and I found myself on my own. Two hours passed before the next aid station, and the only company I share with the forest is that of the cacophony of cicadas in the trees around me, as well as the tiny gleaming pinpoints of spiders' eyes that look at me from the road.

I make a conscious effort to keep my spine stacked and upright while climbing the numerous hills, which gives me something to occupy my mind. One of the pitfalls of seeing nothing but the spotlight of a headlamp is that you cannot tell whether the road ahead is uphill or downhill until you are directly on it. I may almost be to the top of this hill, or it may go on for another mile—I can never be sure.

Every time I reach the crest of a hill, I am rewarded with a humid, cool breeze, the kind of breeze I correlate with an approaching thunderstorm. Distant lightning strikes illuminate up the sky in seemingly regular intervals, and every time it does I look to see if I could still see the moon. I wouldn't mind a downpour around now; my tank and skirt are already saturated and heavy. Bring on the rain, I say, if only to break the monotony.

My GPS watch beeps tiredly, signifying mile 14. I feel a hint of nausea setting in. This is what doomed me last year, and the feeling of *déjà vu* incites panic. I hear the humming drone of a generator ahead, followed by voices and commotion. The 50K turnaround and halfway point approaches!

I would be a lot more excited about this if it weren't the spot where I dropped last year.

Finding a friend

Rather than linger at the station and feel sorry for myself, I decide to make a quick turnaround. After helping myself to some rock salt and Mountain Dew, I say thank you and goodbye to the Peyton's, the keepers of the station, and call my number to the radio team. I attempt to take advantage of the downhill and run, but my stomach stops me. I walk for a couple of miles in an attempt to get it to settle.

I hear familiar voices behind me and turn around to see three headlamps. They belong to Jana, Jonathan, and Missy, three good friends of mine. They slow for a bit to chat and ask how I am doing. I tell them about my nausea and reveal my wishes that I could just vomit already, which Jana takes as their signal to keep going. I feign a few dry heaves to their amusement and they go on their way.

Eventually, around mile 20, it settled, and I quickened my pace. The solitude was hitting me in full force, and it was about this point where I [threw in the towel](#) two years ago due to merciless boredom and desire for hot dogs. Having left my phone in my gear bag for fear of thunderstorms, and confident that there was nobody within earshot, I start belting out songs to soothe my boredom.



Just look at this beautiful scenery.

Just as I'm finishing up "[The Ghost In You](#)", as performed by Counting Crows (a particularly poor attempt on my behalf, I must add), a runner materializes in front of me. He has no headlamp, and surely heard at least the last two stanzas of my shrill love song to the cicadas. As I pass I realize that it is an acquaintance of mine. I'm sorry you had to hear that, Jason.

My GPS watch beeps and boops as I'm climbing a hill, and it seems like the interval between these mile beeps are getting further and further apart. Mile 22. A runner approaches from behind—Sheri, a runner from my former town. This is the fifth time or so we have passed each other, and she is as bored as I am. Despite my usual desire to run alone, we decide to team up to pass the time over the last nine miles. It turns out to be the smartest thing we could have done.

We approach the 25K turnaround and I realize that I've gone further in this race than I ever have before. I may finish yet.

Sisters in orange

Elaine, one of the volunteers at the 25K turnaround, and someone who I can say with no embellishment is one of the sweetest people on the planet, had sprinkled me with mystical fairy dust before the race to ensure my success. This, apparently, is a secret Hash House Harrier tradition, of which she is a long-standing member. I had no idea what was going on as she chanted and performed this ritual, but I felt greatly honored when she was through. Now, six hours later, she gives me a bear hug and asks what I need in my water bottle, all the while bragging about her fairy dust and how it has brought me this far. This put so much joy in my heart.

With a new feeling of purpose, Sheri and I prepare to leave the station when a runner comes in and announces her intentions to drop. Having none of that, Sheri and I go over to ask what's wrong. She introduces herself as Yvonne, and she says she is just tired. I tell her that I've regretted quitting at this point before and that the race is (mostly) downhill from here. We convince her to at least leave the aid station, and tell her that we'll stay with her for a bit.

The three of us, all sporting orange, leave the comfortable lights and snacks of the aid station and head into the darkness towards the finish. I share all my sagwagon stories from previous years and, just as if it were summoned, the sagwagon carefully drives by full of runners who had dropped.

For the briefest of moments, I miss being in that vehicle. It almost feels like I'm missing out on a tradition. I have some great stories from the sag wagon and I would not get to add to my collection this year. Nevertheless, as the red glow of its taillights fades out of view, a heavy realization hits my heart:

I am actually going to finish this year.

Capturing my unicorn

Eight miles later, Sheri and I approach the final turn to the finish. I whoop in joy to two headlamps I see ahead and receive a louder yell in response. It's my wife, patiently waiting for my return. We get closer and hear more commotion. My wife joins us, as well as my best friend Dan, in our turn to the finish. Commotion rises from the arch ahead, under which many people have gathered. Cameras flash from everywhere and for a moment I feel like an A-list celebrity. I throw my water bottle at the finish arch as Sheri and I pass under it.

The next part I barely recall, but many people have told me about it: In a fit of passion, I turned around to the road behind us and screamed "YOU'RE MINE, *@!#%^)&!+-"

As I'm getting hugs and kisses from some of the people I love most, race director Susy hands me an embellished concrete tile displaying a gorgeous inlaid moon and stars that her wife Jayme made for me: a special award for finally finishing. I tear up and give her one of the most heartfelt thanks I have ever given. Wifey Kristen is behind me and puts something in my other hand: A purple plushie that I didn't immediately recognize.



I look closer at the [Uglydoll](#) and notice its horn and wings. It is a unicorn. Though I'm surrounded by celebration and am carrying one of the heaviest finisher's awards in existence, it's not until this moment that the realization begins to wash over me: I have fought boredom and darkness I have won. I have obtained the unobtainable and captured my unicorn.

At this moment, the droning cicadas in my mind that mock my failures are quieted. I am content.

Since then, I've practiced that Counting Crows song in the shower quite a bit, with very little improvement. Maybe I'll be better when I run this race again next July. In the 25K. Because screw that 50K.

Alison Jumper AURA member from Fayetteville, AR ran Leadville this year and was kind to send us a write up of her adventure. Thanks, Allison.

**Leadville 2013
By Alison Jumper**

The Back story:

The Leadville Trail 100 mile run started in January for me. I had this idea that I really wanted to give one of these 100 mile run things a whirl. So... I signed up. I knew a little about the run, having helped crew a few years back and having been a spectator a few times. I started reading race reports from previous years, trying to find some sort of 'training plan', even though at the time I was relegated to the pool to aqua jog. I had over

done it in December and injured my leg. So, I made a lot of plans for training, crewing and pacing for about two and a half months. Then I started trying to put the plan in action.

The Run story:

First, I'd like to give credit where it is due. I had the best crew/pacing team anyone could ever want. A crew of three Leadville 100 finishers, an experienced pacer, an incredibly organized crew chief and a calming voice for the finish. These guys really made it happen.

Race day weather was pretty incredible. A balmy 45 degrees at the start, the gun was fired and we were off. Making our way to May Queen aid station, hundreds of runners were headed downhill towards a dusty road known as the Boulevard, then on to Turquoise Lake. I repeated to myself, "take it easy, no hurry here, you've got 29 plus more hours to run". So I settled in, trotting along to the aid station where I found my crew waiting. My trusty crew captain asked what did I need? I responded in bullet point style: water, sunglasses, honey stingers. Swapped regular glasses for sunglasses, grabbed some food, a fresh pair of water bottles and I was on to the next leg. I had read about how stomachs could be a little uneasy and it might take some time for everything to settle. I didn't really expect it to take 23 miles. Instead of dividing the run into segments between aid stations at this point I was dividing it up between pit stops. I made my way up Hagerman Rd. I glanced back towards the lake, the sun was rising and I shouted, "Holy crap you guys, take a look behind you! This is incredible!" I'm not sure if they thought I was insane or if most had earphones in, but I got no response. It was one of the most amazing views with the sun rising and the lakes in the background. We carried on to the top, then headed down the Power line.

Next stop was the Outward Bound Aid Station. Another quick transition. Picked up some pita and peanut butter sandwiches, switched out the water bottles again and started down the pavement. This was a very open section, which makes it difficult for a lady to find a suitable pit stop location. Luckily, we ran past some old gravel pits and piles which turned out to be just tall enough. This is where I had quite a little low point, which I thought was a bit too early in the game, but was not able to avoid it. Thoughts of, "Oh boy, what have I gotten myself into here? Not sure why I am doing this" type stuff. But, from my reading, I learned that I should turn off those thoughts and keep putting one foot in front of the other. And I did just that. Along the way, I hear, "Hey, did you just run the Midnight 50K?" I say, yeah man, I sure did. He said, "Yeah I was running right behind you. I thought that was you". So, we chatted a bit about the run, it was his first Leadville, too. We reassured each other we would both hit the finish line and continued to leap frog each other for a few miles. Funny what a small running community it is.

The next big aid station was Twin Lakes, mile 40 (ish). Wow, was this a boost of energy! I could hear the crowd a ways out. I came to the short, steep downhill into the aid station. The ground was very dry, and a little slippery. I started to slide, then a guy behind me started to slide. He grabbed my shoulder and the next thing I knew I was hollering, Dude, seriously, please don't take me out!" He grabbed my shoulder and slid on by. He was very

apologetic and we laughed then went our separate ways. I found my crew who was, once again totally awesome. I got sprayed down with sunscreen, picked-up a backpack and rain jacket and prepared myself for the hike up Hope Pass. I had scouted out the return a few days prior with my trusty pacer. I thought I had a pretty good idea of what was ahead, and I did for the most part. The part I was not prepared for was the unexpected heat. I was roasting! I had read that you MUST take an extra layer, MUST take a rain jacket and MUST be prepared for chilly wind. Well, not this year. I trudged my way up sweating in my tank and shorts, took my time on the way down and did my best to avoid the ralph from the heat and sun. And there I was. I had made it to Winfield. Half way! I couldn't believe it. My spirits were high, my crew had leis and fake mustaches on, what could be better?

I sat a bit, cooled off, chatted, and looked at some very helpful cards that friends had sent to boost my spirits along the way. Then I was told, "Alright, get out of here". I picked up my first pacer and we started off back down the road, hit the trail and started the climb up the backside of Hope Pass. This is the section I had previously practiced. I knew what I had to do. Slow and steady. No need to hurry. Besides, I was right behind an old dude in a pink tutu. How can you take yourself too seriously in that situation? My pacer ran up ahead, snapped some great photos of the trail ahead and behind me. The best aid station on earth would soon be in front of me, the Hopeless Aid station. It's true, there really are llamas there hanging out. I had my first ramen/instant potato soup mix. You could've told me it was fermented cow dung and I would've called it delicious. I was in heaven. My calm, cool, collected pacer coached me down the pass. "Take it easy, no need to hammer this. Keep a sustainable pace". He had conquered this beast before, I took his advice and plugged along. I was just now beginning to understand that 100 mile races are about patience and perseverance, not necessarily speed, at least not for me.

OMG! I had made it BACK to Twin Lakes? Mile 60?! Over half way. I thought to myself I might just be able to finish this thing. Here I picked up pacer #2. A lovely curly red head some of you may know. We chit chatted up the climb out of the aid station. I was trying to suck down some more noodles. The sun started setting. The runners had spread out quite a bit and after a while we found ourselves alone on the trail. We talked about vacation plans, what we were doing for the holidays and the like. Moving along, we heard something...she grabbed my shoulder, I shouted expletives and then we started cracking up. Just a dude coming up behind us. No big deal. We laughed about that for a while. She reminded me to eat, drink and take my electrolytes in fine time. We ran until we came up on the next stop, Halfpipe aid station. Here I traded out pacers once again. Since this was my first 100, I thought it would be more of a party if I had as many pacers as possible. Not sure if my crew felt the same way, but I LOVED it.

We jogged along, fairly quiet for the most part. At this point I was getting pretty dern tired. I had to be steered onto the road twice as I was clearly not paying attention, just moving my feet. I was really, really dreading the upcoming pavement. My pacer encouraged me and we laughed as I recounted how many pit stops I had already made. We were trying to get back to the Outward Bound Aid Station. It was dark and chilly as I

was not moving very quickly. As soon as we found the crew, I was offered hot soup, coke, long tights and new water bottles. Man, these guys were on it! I traded shorts for tights and put on a jacket. Picked up pacer number four and we were on our way to climb the Power line. Twenty plus miles to go.

This pacer had been on other sections of the course with runners in previous years, but not Power line. It didn't matter. He was fearless, energetic and talkative. A perfect combination for me. He took off double time. I wasn't sure if it was on purpose or if he didn't realize that I didn't quite have that giddy up in my step. Either way it worked. I picked it up and we marched on up, one foot in front of the other, him talking the entire way. It was a long, slow climb in the dark. We would hit a flat spot and I would think, "Yes, this is it! We've reached the top!" Nope. Not even close. That dang thing just keeps on going. A few miles later, we did actually make it to the top, just to descend 5 miles on the dirt road until we hit the Colorado trail again. Ahhhhhh. Single track. Yes! I sped up a bit here. Knowing we were getting close to May Queen, I was like a horse going to the barn. I needed more soup! It was like crack. I had to get some more. When we arrived, crew had soup waiting. I slurped down two cups, got more water and food, picked up the last pacer and stood up. Only 13.5 miles to go. Is this for real??

I was pretty wasted. I carefully picked my pacer for this section as I knew I could potentially be in a bad place. He was wearing a thick fake mustache and a glow necklace. This was a guy I knew I couldn't get mad at no matter how hard he pushed me. I warned him I was moving slowly. I would do my best to shuffle if the trail was flat or downhill and smooth. Well, those criteria didn't really match up with much of the trail, so we power hiked a lot. He cursed me for how sore HE was going to be from the walking. I giggled and thought, "Feel my pain!" I recanted the previous 22 hours or so describing my low and high points, the views, the awesome people on the trail and the sheer spirit of it all. We really did hike a lot. We made it past the boat ramp and onto the road. I started making mini goals like, let's run to the next (you fill in the blank). We made a turn and it felt like the temperature dropped 10 degrees. My pacer says, "I think I read this is the coldest section of the trail". Well, I believed it. It was so cold I had to shuffle. We made our way slowly along the road until we finally reached the downhill end of the Boulevard. I started getting pretty excited, though I couldn't do much about it. I wanted to run, but could only muster about a 30 yard jog at times. Wait, is that a loud speaker I hear? Whoa. Now I know I'm close. "Dude, we are close. We are so close!", I keep saying. He smiles, "Yeah man, you are going to make it. No worries. It's just a matter of time." We keep moving along, crest the hill and he says, "Jumper, you see that?" "Yeah man, I see it!" There it is. The finish line. I muster a shuffle for the last 50 yards. It never felt so good. Merilee hands me flowers, puts a finisher medal around my neck and it's done! Leadville 2013.

Editors note: Allison's time was 26:16:21. Also AURA member Paul Schoenlaub from St Joseph, Mo ran Leadville and finished with a time of 29:19:53.

Running around the Mountain

By George McDonald

Since I've retired, I'm running some races I've never done. It's been a long time since I've been to Mount Nebo. The trail series had a 14+ mile run scheduled for the 24th of August. Since my training partner had other plans, I decided to ride my Honda Trike to the race. It's amazing how much traffic is on the freeway at 0500 in the morning. When I passed the truck pull-off near Mayflower, I had never seen so many trucks parked in that spot! I don't think you could have put another truck in the area. They were 4-deep from the entrance to the exit! The ride was uneventful as I arrived on top of the mountain at 0630 with an awesome view of the sunrise! I finished my prep and was ready for the 0700 start. We started with the Pledge of Allegiance as Marvin Fisher had his flag pole at the starting line. An info brief and we were off. The first 2 miles were on top of the mountain as we circled to Sunrise Vista and then worked our way to the opposite end of the mountain top for a quick loop past Sunset Vista. I began to wonder how much of this was going to be on the pavement. Just past the loop we dashed east and started down a very rocky and steep downhill service road which intersected a narrow shelf, called Bench which encircles the entire mountain for a 4-mile loop through the woods teeming with large trees. In the early 1900s, this bench featured a road. Shortly after I started down the Bench Trail I caught up to Leslie Hesselbein from Dover. We enjoyed visiting about the mountain. Her running group trains doing loops on the park road going to the top of the mountain and back, so I felt she owned it! My only visit to this mountain was a 1986 Mount Nebo 10K, so it's been a while! The loop was a nice rolling trail. As we approached the park road we came to the aid station and caught up to Joe and Greg Milligan. A short jog on the road, then back onto the trail. Leslie and I had a good pace going as we caught Angie Fisher and rolled on past. The sun was warming up, but at least most of the trail was tree covered! We caught several other runners as we approached the aid station again. A quick refill, then on to the toughest part of the race, a steep run down to the bottom of the mountain with a return trip to the top of the mountain. It's amazing how your mind forgets stuff, I had ridden my trike up this mountain a few hours before and I didn't remember how steep this road actually was! Going downhill wasn't too bad as Leslie was keeping pace. She knew this mountain; all I was doing was trying to keep from falling on my face! After running for just over 15 minutes we reached the bottom and the turn-around. Leslie said, "Well, only 44 minutes to the top!" (*Easy for her to say.*) The first part wasn't too bad as I was walking pretty well, but my legs were beginning to talk to me. As we started meeting runners on the way down, it felt good to be on the uphill side! We hit one stretch that Leslie said she didn't like because it seemed to go straight up forever. **I believed her.** I couldn't wait for a switchback! The switchbacks were very sharp and extremely steep. I felt it would have been easier to crawl! Leslie kicked it in gear as I reached the aid station in 34 minutes. Just over a mile to the top! The only flat part of the climb was a short stretch out of the aid station. As I made it up the last really steep part, Greg came by trying to put an end to his race. I asked about Joe, and he said he was doing ok. Just before the top, Marvin was giving encouragement to all of us trying to finish. It was just enough to get me running again as I finished in 2 hours and

38 minutes. The post-race food was great, as they were grilling the same burgers you get at Whattaburger, also being able to take a cold shower afterwards helped as I still had to ride my trike home. Stopping at Whattaburger for a chocolate shake made for a good finish to the trip! See ya on the roads!!

The Wasatch Front 100 Mile Endurance Run
My 52 Miles of Heaven and Hell
By Deb Baker

It was 5:00AM on Friday Sept. 6th and I was in was in the middle of an excited group of 300+ runners heading out from Kaysville Utah at the start of the Wasatch 100 Miler. One thing that struck me as odd was how warm it was, too warm, and humid as well. I was already sweating. Hmmm. “100 miles of Heaven and Hell” they say. This is going to be interesting.

“What made you choose the Wasatch 100?” This was a question asked by many of my friends when I told them what I was training for. I guess I would have to say it was because of my brother John. John and family live out in Utah minutes from part of the Wasatch course. For several years, John has paced his friend Dave at night for 15 miles of the race. I would follow Dave’s progress online and make sure John had gotten him to mile 75. I had never run an Ultra (or even a marathon yet) and I remember thinking “this guy must be nuts to be doing this.” Over the years I took many trips to Utah to visit my family and hike the Wasatch Mts. I loved this place, it was like my second home, but it was unimaginable to me that someone could race 100 miles up and down these mountains. Little did I know that a seed had been planted and one day I would be one of these people.

I went out again last year and was at the finish of the Wasatch 100. I got to see PoDog get his Grand Slam award and my friend Karen get her 6th Wasatch buckle. The finish area was festive and the sky was so blue. I was sitting on a blanket with my family and I made my decision. I really want to try this; I really need to try this. The seed had sprouted!! Sign me up!

I put my name into the 2013 lottery and lo and behold my name was drawn. I did a little happy dance but sat down quickly because I was still nursing a foot injury. I had about 7 months to finish healing and get trained. Luckily my foot healed up and I was able to begin training in earnest by May. I traveled out to Utah in June and got some good training days on the course. I ran miles 39-75 with my friend Karen and some of her running buddies. This is where I met Celeste. She is a bit eccentric, a bit eclectic. There just something about her, and I knew I wanted her as a pacer.

I managed to get 4 pacers lined up as well as Karen and her husband Joe as my crew. I was in excellent hands. I had pacers and a crew who had all run or paced the Wasatch 100 before. I knew they would do everything they could to get me to the finish line. I was set.

The rest was up to me.

My training over the summer went well and I managed to avoid any injuries. I arrived back in Utah six days before race day. Joe and I did a fun 10 mile hike on a part of the course I had not yet seen. We even got to see a moose that day. On our way back up the trail we ran into a guy named Max from NY. He was there to run and hopefully finish his 19th Wasatch!! He said he was under trained this year but something told me he would have no problems finishing. I spent the rest of my time before race day getting up to elevation, packing and repacking my drop bags, and just trying to relax.

Relaxing was just not happening. I was very stressed about the race and I couldn't snap out of it. The talk of record heat was not helping. I was not in a good way and it was wearing me out. I knew I should just let go and let it play out but I could not. I was really nervous about one thing in particular, my stomach issues. I have a lot of problems with being sick to my stomach about 30 or so miles into a race. It has knocked me out of one and made a few finishes extremely difficult and miserable. How would I make it up and down this mountain range if it happened again?

So here I was, in along line of fellow ultra runners, making our way up a dusty trail, wondering what the daylight would bring.

Up and up we went. I could see the long line of headlamps moving up above me. Totally cool...but I was really sweating heavily now, not good. We were on our way up to Chinscraper at 9,000 ft or so. After several miles of going uphill I heard someone ringing a cowbell. I looked up to see a guy on the top of the ridge encouraging runners on the final scramble to the top. Once we crested the ridge I felt the most wonderful, welcoming cool breeze blowing. It felt amazing as it blew across me and began to dry my soaking wet clothes. Now the group was breaking apart and I could finally find my own pace and move. It felt great to run, and the sun was up, the light on the mountains was gorgeous, it was much cooler, I was actually doing this thing!! It was heaven.

We were staying at a cruising altitude of around 9,100 ft. There were amazing views of the mountains to the left and the Salt Lake Valley to the right. The first aid station is not until mile 18.40 so the RD himself is there smiling at mile 13 with cold water for the runners. "Keep hydrated, it's going to be hot" he said. I filled up and ran on. When I got to the next climb I came upon an older gentleman names Hans- Dieter. He was scolding a young girl trying to pass him, about going out too fast too early. He told me he was 73 and the oldest in the race. He also mentioned that he had just finished Hard Rock 100, Leadville 100 and Cascade Crest 100. What!! I was in awe. I wished him the best and pressed on. **(Editor's note: Hans-Dieter Weisshaar has completed the Arkansas Traveller 3 times -1999, 2000, & 2002----The 2000 AT100 was one of Hans' 18 100 miler finishes in that year).**

I was happily running along mostly by myself, still trying to shake out all of the nerves. I got to a fairly wide dirt road and began to make up some time. It was down, down on the road for a long ways. I had been told not to blow it out here, save the quads, so I slowed it down a bit. This is when I met Sue from Calgary. She was a Grand Slammer until Leadville where she DNF'd due to stomach issues. We began discussing such maladies and realized we were "puke sisters" After a high five she told me this was her last 100 miler because her stomach issues were getting worse and she couldn't take what it was doing to her body anymore. Not good news.

Finally, Francis Peak Aid Station, mile 18.4. The American flag was flying and someone was holding my drop bag out for me to grab. Fresh fruit, ice, sandwiches, and helpful people, nice. While Sue sat down to a cold Ensure, I dropped off my headlamp, put ice in my water and arm sleeves and moved on.

My game plan was to keep a slow steady pace, get in and out of the aid stations quickly, and just keep moving. By the time I got to Bountiful B Aid Station at mile 23.82 I was not sure about being able to follow my game plan. After lots of rocky trails, SUV's and lots of dust, little shade and hills that went on and on, I was feeling the race. I was only at mile 23.82!! I realized now the battle before me. This course just kept coming at you. I did not feel confident in my training, having doubts, wanting to sit down. Not good. I did not sit. I did get a Popsicle and put more ice in my pack. I left the aid station feeling ok, gut still in check, but still nervous.

I topped the next hill and the views of the valleys far below were so beautiful, like a painting, and I was running again. I felt strong and in control. I could do this if I just keep moving. Heaven.



Sessions Lift Off Aid Station mile 28. I overheard at the previous aid station that everybody was using more water and ice than most years and Sessions was running out. Oh hell no. I was glad to see that they had plenty of water, ice, and popsicles!! Yay! On a bad note, I could feel the tell tale signs of a stomach revolt so I decided to toss out my game plan and sit down and let things settle. The cutest little blonde girl brought me an orange Popsicle and someone else filled my water up for me. I ended up getting a weird chill and had to borrow a blanket from someone for a few minutes. It was so hot out, maybe it was from the Popsicle?? About that time in comes a guy wearing a McDonald's hat. He immediately asked for something to lay down on claiming to need a 10 minute nap. Weird for this early in the day I thought. Anyhow, he didn't stay for more than a minute, said he felt queasy, got up and left. I left soon after. It was a nice but short downhill run until up we go again. Lots of single track climbing through aspen and pine. It smelled wonderful but man was it steep and rocky, very rocky. Eventually it opened up and the views were magnificent again. In every direction that I looked, beauty! Now it became run able. I ran. Heaven.

Cruising along and looking ahead of me I saw a guy sitting on a rock with his head in his hands. I stopped to see if he was ok and it was the McDonalds hat guy. He said he was sick to his stomach and asked me what he should do. Man was he asking the wrong person. I gave him some rock salt and explained how it helps but he didn't look too convinced. He thanked me and took it anyhow. I figured he would throw it out when I left. I wished him good luck and ran off.



My next stop was Swallow Rock Aid Station and I still had about 2 miles to go. It was really getting hot on this part of the course and there was zero shade. I was hiking very slowly up a long hillside; trying to take cover in the shade of any small shrub I passed by. Then I started feeling very nauseous and knew what was next. I found a spot where I wouldn't fall off the hillside, grabbed hold of a branch and threw up, a lot. Hell hath arrived. I had to sit down to recover but there was no place except right on the trail. Runners were coming so I had to keep getting up and moving to the side, it was really narrow. While I sat in misery the McDonald hat guy comes bounding up the hill. When he saw me he thanked me for the rock salt and said I had saved his race. I was glad for him, but who would save mine? I needed to sit longer but I was tired of getting up and down for runners to pass so I just started climbing again. It seemed to take for EVER to get to that aid station. I passed people along the way hunched down and trying to get a piece of shade like I had been doing.

When I finally made it into Swallow Rocks I saw several runners strewn about looking pretty darn bad. Wasn't the morgue at Brighton?? I sat down and knew I had to stay here until my stomach recovered enough so I could eat and drink something. The guy sitting next to me was soaking with sweat and shaking all over. It was unnerving to say to least. Another guy was throwing in the towel and dropping. I had some soda, ice water and another Popsicle. It's all I could get down. I sat there way, way too long. I guess I was waiting for someone to kick me out. Finally I kicked myself out and headed back out into the relentless sun. About 4.5 miles to Big Mountain where my crew, family and my first pacer would be waiting for me. I was excited to see them and started moving faster. I hiked the hills slowly, ran the downhills. I was definitely feeling better.

You can see Big Mountain Aid Station long before you get to it. At this point it's downhill and looking down at all of the people really gives you the motivation to run. I tore down those switchbacks eager to see every body. My husband, Karen, my brother, and my sister who had come all the way from MA to support me. As I got closer I could hear cowbells and someone blowing a vuvuzela. I ran past welcoming signs and pink flamingoes. Finally I arrived. My husband and crew helped me get my Nathan pack off and get weighed in. Down 3 pounds, not bad. They sat me in a chair and I felt like I was the car at a pit stop. My crew worked fast taping my feet, feeding me, refilling my water, and getting me fresh socks and a warm shirt. Before I knew it I was off with Celeste my crazy pacer in pink. Wow, I didn't even have time to hug everyone. Sorry guys.



Off we went uphill out of the busy aid station with a purpose. I told Celeste about getting sick and how I needed to go uphill pretty slow now in order to keep my food down. “Be easy on me” I said. “No way” she replied. I knew she was right. I was 2 hours later than planned getting to Big Mountain with A LOT of miles to go. I struggled with every uphill but ran pretty well on the downhill’s. It got very rocky with rocks the size of baseballs that like to roll under your feet. When we got to a run able section she would tell me to run to the count of ten, I did. Then I would ask if I could sit down. Nope, she was having none of that. I have to say, Celeste was patient and encouraging, I was whiney. As it began to get dark it got a bit cooler so we decided to stop so I could get a warmer shirt on. We were on top of a rocky, windy ridge when it hit me again. My gut revolted and I lost everything I had eaten at the last aid station. Celeste was not phased one bit and held onto me so I didn’t fall over. More hell. As usual I had to sit still for a bit to recover. She watered down an electrolyte drink for me so it wouldn’t taste too strong and had me sip sip as we turned our headlamps on and made our way over the rocks down to Alexander Ridge Aid Station. I stopped at least once more to throw up. It’s hard to remember how many times.

At this point I no longer cared about the time, I just wanted a chair. My back was killing me from straining when I would throw up and it caused me to hunch over when going uphill. We arrived at Alexander Ridge Aid Station finally, mile 46.9. Celeste had me sit while she got me some potatoes and soup and some other crap I did not want. She said I

had 2 minutes and then we had to move. "How about ten minutes?" I said. She gave me a look and said she had to go pee and she would be right back. "Take your time" I said. "I can pee fast" she said. Dang that woman. Then here she comes, pulling me up from my chair, carrying my food and hand held for me, and off we went into the night. I walked along behind her eating what I could of the potatoes and tossing the cookies in the woods. I wondered how long it would be before I saw those taters for a second time.. Sip sip she said as she handed me my bottle of electrolyte drink. So I did.

"How far is it to Lambs" I asked Celeste. "About 7.5 miles" she said. "We've got to hurry; I'm going to get you there before the cut off". I really tried to hurry but I couldn't. My back and sides hurt so bad I was now walking hunched over. I fell over once and Celeste had to help me up. She now had me hold onto her waist pack and pulled me along. We must have looked like a sight. A short woman dressed in pink pulling along a hunched over tall skinny woman, I was glad it was dark. I heard Celeste on the phone, it was Karen calling from Lambs' Aid Station. I knew what that meant, "where are you and hurry up!" My mind and body said there was no way we were going to make it by the cut off time. My pacer thought otherwise. She was diligent and determined in her job of getting me there. Forty minutes. That's about how much time it took for me to see those potatoes again. This puking session was violent and extremely painful. Hell. My esophagus and back could not take much more. I had to sit and rest again to recover losing precious time. Headlights were coming so we moved over to let them pass. One of the runners had a prosthetic leg that was bothering her so she stopped to adjust it. Celeste talked with her for a bit and then she was off again. Wow. This motivated me to get back up and get to that aid station. Ok Deb, you have GOT to run. Ok Celeste, I'll run.

Thirty minutes until cut off and just about 2 miles or so to go. Celeste was running ahead of me calling back now and again for me to hurry. I was stumbling a lot over rocks because my light was getting dim. No time to stop, keep moving. Suddenly I heard a voice but it was not Celeste. It was Karen!! She had run in from Lamb's to bring me a new light and help push me in. She handed me my light, took me by the arms and looked me in the face. Very gently but sternly she said "We've got to hurry Deb, you CAN do this, okay?" "Let's run, I said." Karen ran in front with Celeste pushing me from behind. I mean she was physically pushing me if I slowed down too much. Karen was yelling from the front "hurry, hurry, we're almost there." I think I remember laughing an insane kind of laugh at this point. These ladies are crazy. Then I heard cheering, then I saw lights, then I saw a hill. Hunched over like an old woman, I made it up the hill to Lamb's Canyon Aid Station mile 52.48. Cut off was 12:00 AM. It was 12:04. I had started this adventure 19 hours ago. I felt defeated as I sat down in a chair. It wasn't over. Karen wanted me to have the chance to keep going so she had the aid station captain call the RD to see if I could continue, seeing as I was so close to the cut off. I wasn't sure I could or wanted to go on. I knew the hardest part of the course still lay ahead and I couldn't keep my energy up with no food. When the answer came back, no, I accepted it, no questions. It wasn't to be. Karen came and hugged me and I saw the tears in her eyes. "It's really ok" I said "You did everything you could do, I'm going to be fine." I know she wanted me to cross that finish line just as badly as I did. My husband later told me that he would not

have let me continue. I new if the RD had given me the go ahead, I would have gone. I would not have finished, but I would have gone and tried.

So ended my Wasatch adventure. You never get anywhere without trying. I tried my best. I don't remember feeling sad for myself but I really felt bad for my family and friends who had rearranged their lives and schedules just for me and I failed for them. I think back on how tough that course was and wonder if I would ever attempt it again. Maybe, maybe not. My legs and body felt fine the next day. My insides took several weeks to heal though. I am so grateful to have such great support from my husband Jason and my sister Lynda coming across the country for me. My brother John and sister-in-law Dana for all of their help, letting me completely take over the dining room with my drop bags preparation, and their willingness to help pace me. They also changed their vacation plans to accommodate me for the race. Karen and Joe were the best crew anyone could ever ask for and Karen's friendship and devotion to my race were and are priceless to me. Celeste had the toughest job of all and I would let her pace me again any day. I wish we lived closer. Good luck to both of these ladies at the Bear 100.

As for the folks I met along the way...my hero Hans-Dieter finished in just over 35 hrs. Next up for him, the Bear 100!! Max from NY who I met before the race finished his 19th Wasatch100 in 32 hours! My "puke sister" Sue dropped at mile 60. The girl with the prosthetic leg did not finish either. I'm not sure about the McDonalds hat guy. I never did get his name but I hope he finished. This year's race was the 2nd hottest one on record. I applaud all those who made it across that finish line, and I have total respect for anyone who has ever earned that Wasatch buckle. When I returned home I sent a text message to Celeste to thank her again for all that she did for me out there. She responded back, "It was a tough day at the office." Yes it was, it really was.

Keep Calm and Ultra On Deb Baker

AURA Men's Grand Prix Team report from Team Manager Michael Harmon

The AURA Men's Grand Prix Team continued its meteoric rise from the bottom of the Arkansas Road Runners Grand Prix Series team standings towards the top of the standings with a strong second place finish at the Arkansas 20K in Benton on Saturday, September 21.

Led by Caleb Ault, Team AURA is currently in third place after the race. The top four male finishers for each team count for team scoring purposes. Team members who rounded out the scoring for AURA included Chris Ho, Jeff Zern, Elliot Evans. Daniel Arnold and Jim Tadel also ran for Team AURA.

Ault has run strong all year and has staked his claim as the Team AURA Newcomer of the Year. Chris Ho and Jeff Zern, who is putting up Most Improved Runner numbers, have battled all season with Ho narrowly besting Zern at the 20K. Meanwhile, Elliot

Evans and Daniel Arnold, both of whom are relative newcomers to Team AURA, were engaged in a battle of their own with Evans narrowly edging Arnold in a Top 20 Overall finish. Jim Tadel continued his march through the Arkansas RRCA season with a terrific run.

Here are the times from the Arkansas 20K:

- 6. Caleb Ault 1st (25-29) 1:21:42
- 11. Chris Ho 2nd (35-39) 1:26:33
- 12. Jeff Zern 3rd (25-29) 1:26:35
- 18. Elliot Evans 5th (25-29) 1:28:56
- 19. Daniel Ault 6th (25-29) 1:28:57
- 33. Jim Tadel 3rd (Grand Masters) 1:34:08

The next races in the Arkansas RRCA Grand Prix Series are the Chile Pepper Cross Country 10K Run in Fayetteville on October 5; the Survivor's Challenge 10K in Fort Smith on October 19; and, the Soaring Wings Half Marathon on October 26 in Conway. In RRCA news Go Running will host a RRCA Championship one mile race in 2014.

Mt. Nebo Trail Run

August 24, 2013 – Mt. Nebo, Dardanelle, AR

14 Miles (+/-) 2013-2014 UTS Race #2

Pla	Name	S	Ag	Time
1	Brock Hime	M	21	1:36:3
2	Caleb Ault	M	26	1:41:0
3	Paul Turner	M	50	1:42:1
4	Tyler Wilkerson	M	25	1:43:4
5	PoDog Vogler	M	47	1:45:2
6	Bee Miller	F	23	1:51:1
7	Mark DenHerder	M	48	1:51:4
8	Jake Anderson	M	32	1:52:2
9	Stan Ferguson	M	49	1:52:3
10	Eric Washausen	M	23	1:52:5
11	Tommy Griffin	M	30	1:54:0
12	Hank McLaughlin	M	55	2:00:2
13	Greg Eason	M	38	2:02:5
14	Owen Kelly	M	43	2:03:5
15	Shannon McFarland	M	37	2:05:2
16	David Jacobs	M	23	2:08:1
17	David Joseph	M	22	2:09:1
18	Cliff Ferren	M	57	2:09:3
19	Danny Baker	M	40	2:10:4
20	Kayla Waldrup	F	27	2:13:2
21	Christian Loeschel	M	31	2:14:0
22	Matt Kaezor	M	33	2:14:2
23	Ben Mansur	M	41	2:14:4
24	David McCormick	M	59	2:15:1
25	Nate Smith	M	48	2:15:3
26	Jason Bliss	M	29	2:15:3
27	Christine Rutlen	F	25	2:17:2
28	Dave Hochstedler	M	56	2:19:0
29	Rich Brown	M	51	2:19:2
30	Kurt Hauser	M	48	2:22:1
31	Nicole Hobbs	F	28	2:22:3
32	Eric Baker	M	46	2:22:3
33	Jen Freilino	F	29	2:22:4
34	Aaron Dickens	M	32	2:22:4
35	Kelvin Freeman	M	41	2:24:1
36	John Kelly	M	47	2:25:2
37	Jared Gunderman	M	15	2:26:0
38	Jan Alderson	F	49	2:26:1
39	A. Scott	M	46	2:19:3
40	Gregory Milligan	M	36	2:27:0
41	Rebecca Aylward	F	24	2:27:4
42	Brenda Beckloff	F	41	2:33:2
43	Johnna Goodman	F	38	2:33:5

44	Leslie Hesselbein	F	38	2:34:4
45	Patrick Barker	M	49	2:34:5
46	Tisha Dean	F	31	2:34:5
47	Spencer Brown	M	16	2:35:1
48	Jody Lingbeck	F	41	2:38:1
49	George McDonald	M	60	2:38:5
50	Phil Brown	M	46	2:39:3
51	Bill Elmore	M	54	2:39:3
52	Angie Fisher	F	63	2:40:3
53	Ashley O'Neill	F	41	2:41:3
54	Dawn Horn	F	36	2:41:3
55	James McManners	M	50	2:42:2
56	Dena Gray	F	41	2:45:4
57	Tammy Allen	F	50	2:46:0
58	Heather Spoon	F	33	2:49:4
59	Matt Spoon	M	35	2:49:4
60	Rick Estep	M	62	2:50:0
61	Lisa Mullis	F	45	2:51:5
62	Sammy Wilkerson	M	53	2:52:1
63	Rick Zachary	M	45	2:53:1
64	Chrissy Ferguson	F	52	2:53:1
65	Jeremy Williams	M	27	2:53:4
66	Ashley Kirby	F	30	2:57:4
67	Nia Lo	F	27	2:57:5
68	Angie Stewart	F	32	2:58:1
69	Blair Parker	F	57	3:02:1
70	Courtney Loeschel	F	23	3:03:3
71	R.J. Felicitas	M	16	3:06:1
72	Joe Milligan	M	63	3:06:2
73	Bob Marston	M	62	3:08:1
74	Shawna Warrendorf	F	44	3:08:4
75	Susan Russell	F	63	3:09:2
76	Cindy Truax	F	62	3:09:2
77	Josh Drake	M	44	3:10:5
78	Elizabeth Kimble	F	27	3:16:0
79	Melissa Henshaw	F	47	3:20:5
80	Cymer Gieringer	F	42	3:23:4
81	Roger Williams	M	71	3:24:2
82	Tom LaCombe	M	49	3:26:5
83	Elaine Gimblett	F	66	3:27:4
84	John Russell	M	54	3:31:0
85	Ron Gimblett	M	65	3:39:5
86	Dan Belanger	M	69	3:42:4
87	Bill Brass	M	74	3:44:5
88	Katie Grubbs	F	36	3:47:0
89	Greg Bourns	M	73	3:47:3
90	Bill Dobbins	M	46	3:53:3
91	Andi Stracner	F		5:28:0
92	Jason Stracner	M		5:28:0

Bartlett Park Ultras

September 14, 2013 – Bartlett, TN

2013-2014 UTS Race #3

50 Mile

Place	Name	Sex	Time
1	Shannon McFarland	M	7:48:04
2	Charles Flanigan Jr	M	8:21:01
3	Frank Dahl	M	9:02:15
4	Cory McDaniel	M	9:31:28
5	Kevin Dorsey	M	10:36:39
6	Virgil Esteves	M	10:40:22
7	Casey Urschel	M	10:56:18
8	Sarah Harris	F	11:12:57
9	Jonathan Young	M	11:15:40
10	CyMBER Gieringer	F	11:32:48
11	Tim Wilkinson	M	11:39:41

40 Mile

Place	Name	Sex	Time
1	Thomas Chapin	M	5:39:15
2	Mark DenHerder	M	6:03:02
3	John Berger	M	8:24:41
4	Brian Williams	M	8:26:12
5	Lisa Luyet	F	8:46:01
6	Angie Stewart	F	8:57:35
7	Tala Hill	F	9:54:22
8	Cory Adams	M	10:18:22

50 K

Place	Name	Sex	Time
1	Brock Hime	M	3:45:40
2	Kristopher Whitten	M	4:10:13
3	Tyler Wilkerson	M	4:25:37
4	Michael Poole	M	4:48:37
5	Angela Conley	F	4:49:59
6	Meredith Voltz	F	4:53:29
7	Rob Seibert	M	4:59:32
8	Phillip Scruggs	M	5:08:52
9	Steven Reagan	M	5:12:36
10	Aaron Dickens	M	5:13:55
11	Ben Mansur	M	5:14:26
12	Rodney Grugin	M	5:16:05
13	Angela Quadrani	F	5:20:10

14	Leslie Brahm	F	5:20:28
15	Scott Irwin	M	5:20:39
16	Stacey Shaver-Matson	F	5:22:14
17	Kelly Henson	F	5:22:18
18	Chris Stafford	M	5:24:01
19	Jenny Wilkes	F	5:33:09
20	Bill Luton	M	5:35:52
21	Jen Freilino	F	5:40:44
22	Chuck Bible	M	5:45:15
23	Houston Wolf	M	5:47:16
24	Nancy McAllister	F	5:48:24
25	Robert Williamson	M	5:48:55
26	Heather Price	F	5:51:01
27	Ryan Westin	M	5:51:43
28	Jason Armitage	M	5:54:07
29	kristi Mims	F	5:54:11
30	Tina Ho	F	5:56:19
31	Melanie Baden	F	5:58:20
32	Amy Lahey	F	6:00:13
33	Mikio Shimada	M	6:02:55
34	Jessica Hardy	F	6:03:45
35	Monica Rawson	F	6:05:25
36	Kurt Hauser	M	6:07:21
37	Paul Kilvington	M	6:09:53
38	Jeff Samons	M	6:10:16
39	Hillary Hunt	F	6:10:25
40	Keith Ingram	M	6:12:57
41	Patrick Barker	M	6:17:09
42	Sam Wilkerson	M	6:17:35
43	Michael Montgomery	M	6:37:53
44	Brent Morrison	M	6:40:10
45	Katrin Hartwig	F	6:44:10
46	Rick Caffy	M	6:51:35
47	Isabel Nadeau	F	6:55:00
48	Lee Hollingsworth	M	6:57:56
49	Greg Weidenhoffer	M	7:06:25
50	Rob Apple	M	7:08:01
51	Sean Omayas	M	7:22:55
52	Kathleen Carter	F	7:30:32
53	Al Gallarno	M	7:42:00
54	Jan Show	F	7:43:02
55	Andi Stracner	F	7:47:57
56	Jason Stracner	M	7:48:37
57	Johnny Eagles	M	7:50:04
58	Mona Parker	F	7:57:55
59	Lisa Barker	F	8:06:13
60	Diann Tolbert	F	8:17:10

61	Katie Gibson	F	8:17:31
62	Rick Hebbard	M	8:17:32
63	Annriniece Napper	F	8:17:33
64	Stacy Sheffield	F	8:17:34
65	Lisa Gunnoe	F	8:28:56
66	Graham Gallemore	M	8:29:58
67	Don Preston	M	9:05:37
68	Johnny Gutierrez	M	9:11:24
69	Sheryl Gutierrez	F	9:11:48
70	John Cabaddu	M	11:23:54

2013-2014 Ultra Trail Series Standings Through Three Events

Open Division - Women

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Stacey Shaver-Matson	54		55	109
2	Jenny Wilkes	43		44	87
3	Angie Stewart		34	51	85
4	CyMBER Gieringer		28	51	79
5	Christine Rutlen		56		56
6	Chrissy Ferguson		45		45
7	Andi Stracner		16	27	43
8	Tina Ho			33	33
9	Deb Baker	32			32
10	Carol O'Hear	26			26
11	Elaine Gimblet		22		22
12	Lisa Gunnoe			21	21

Open Division - Men

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Brock Hime		70	58	128
2	Mark DenHerder	57	30	41	128
3	Caleb Ault	68	59		127
4	Thomas Chapin	46		52	98
5	Shannon McFarland	18	20	53	91
6	Tyler Wilkerson		42	47	89
7	Aaron Dickens	22	10	36	68
8	Kevin Dorsey	7		42	49
9	Paul Turner		48		48
10	Jason Armitage	12		30	42
11	James Holland	40			40
12	Jonathan Young	6		31	37
13	Patrick Barker	9	9	18	36
14	PoDog Vogler		36		36
15	Kurt Hauser		11	24	35
16	Bill Coffelt	34			34
17	Cliff Ferren	15	17		32
18	Malcolm Smith	28			28

19	Stan Ferguson		24		24
20	Rich Brown		14		14
21	Greg Weidenhoffer			12	12
22	Joshua Drake	4	5		9
23	Ronnie Daniel	8			8
24	Johnny Eagles			8	8
25	George McDonald		8		8
26	Ron Gimblet	3	4		7
27	Joe Milligan		7		7
28	Bob Marston		6		6
29	Dennis Baas	5			5
30	Greg Bourns	2	2		4
31	Bill Brass		3		3

Masters Division - Women

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Stacey Shaver-Matson	52		54	106
2	Cymer Gieringer		43	51	94
3	Andi Stracner		26	32	58
4	Chrissy Ferguson		54		54
5	Tina Ho			43	43
6	Deb Baker	41			41
7	Elaine Gimblet		32		32
8	Lisa Gunnoe			26	26

Masters Division - Men

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Mark DenHerder	62	43	51	156
2	Jason Armitage	28		55	83
3	Patrick Barker	22	15	33	70
4	Cliff Ferren	34	31		65
5	Paul Turner		65		65
6	Kevin Dorsev	12		51	63
7	Kurt Hauser		19	44	63
8	PoDog Vogler		54		54
9	Bill Coffelt	51			51
10	Malcolm Smith	40			40
11	Stan Ferguson		37		37
12	Greg Weidenhoffer			27	27
13	Rich Brown		25		25
14	Johnny Eagles			21	21
15	Ronnie Daniel	16			16
16	George McDonald		12		12
17	Joshua Drake	6	5		11
18	Dennis Baas	9			9
19	Joe Milligan		9		9
20	Ron Gimblet	3	4		7
21	Bob Marston		6		6
22	Greg Bourns	2	2		4
23	Bill Brass		3		3

Grand Master Division - Women

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Chrissy Ferguson		52		52
2	Deb Baker	51			51
3	Elaine Gimblet		41		41

Grand Master Division - Men

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Patrick Barker	29	32	52	113
2	Cliff Ferren	35	49		84
3	Paul Turner		60		60
4	Bill Coffelt	57			57
5	Malcolm Smith	46			46
6	Johnnv Eagles			41	41
7	Rich Brown		38		38
8	Ron Gimblet	17	10		27
9	George McDonald		26		26
10	Dennis Baas	23			23
11	Joe Milligan		20		20
12	Greg Bourns	11	4		15
13	Bob Marston		14		14
14	Bill Brass		7		7

Senior Division - Women

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Elaine Gimblet		51		51

Senior Division - Men

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Ron Gimblet	42	28		70
2	George McDonald		56		56
3	Dennis Baas	53			53
4	Johnnv Eagles			51	51
5	Greg Bourns	31	16		47
6	Joe Milligan		45		45
7	Bob Marston		34		34
8	Bill Brass		22		22

Super Senior Division - Men

Ra	Name	FullM	Nebo	BartPa	Total
1	Greg Bourns	51	41		92
2	Bill Brass		52		52

Big Shot recently sent me the following and I thought it was some pretty good info (albeit a bit late for those training for the Traveller this year). The article started with Nick Williams advising his son, Richard, who was signed up for the Steamboat 100 in Colorado. Lou liked it and asked Nick to rewrite it specific to the Arkansas Traveller. Nick is a finisher of the Old Dominion 100, Vermont 100, Leadville 100, Western States 100, Wasatch 100, Hardrock 100 and is a multiple finisher of the Arkansas Traveller 100.

RUNNING A 100

FOOD & DRINK

Eat whatever you eat at home. You need fat, protein, and carbs. I like cheeseburgers and bean burritos. Chicken sandwiches, baked potatoes--anything with real food value. At the Traveller, they serve really good food starting mid afternoon.

When you leave an aid station make sure you have food with you. Watch taking much sugar until further in the run.

I think you should take whatever drink mix you like with you if it is in powder form. Sometime they have a sports drink that makes my mouth burn. Check and make sure what they have. Don't drink coke with sugar in it until later (25 miles or so).

MEDS AND STUFF

Carry a pack of Ibuprofen with you. An overdose is 3600 mg over a 24 hour period. That means you can take a total of 12. You might take a few more, just make sure you don't dehydrate. Then you can have real problems.

Take something for your stomach and if you have diarrhea. Before you do the 100, try both to make sure your stomach can take it.

Find something to keep you awake through the night. Cafadrine pills for the night worked for me. These are caffeine pills that last for 4 hours. These work really well and don't hurt your stomach. Take what you want, but I know these work. They are time released. I take 1 every 3 hours starting around 8. I would want to make sure they have plenty of time to get in my system. Suzie Cope used Mountain Dew to help her through the night. What I say is to experiment to find out what works for you. You might try some of the high energy drinks that the have—Red Bull for example.

Take a small pack of rock salt. This is to use if your stomach starts to slosh. Take a couple with water and swallow them. Do not let them melt in your mouth. It will make you sick. This will empty your stomach of the fluid within about 10 minutes. You must practice this; do not wait until the run to try it.

Wrap a couple of feet of Duct Tape around a stick to carry with you. You can use the

tape to cover any blisters you get.

PRACTICE RUNS

Do your long run each week on a part of the 100 mile course. There are plenty of people running the course each Saturday or Sunday. Check with Lou Peyton and she can tell you who is doing what. I think a run each weekend of 20 to 25 miles on one day followed by a run of 10 mile the next. I don't think you need more. Once a month you could do a longer run with no run the next day or two. I don't think you need to run the hills, but if you want, you can run the bottom third of a hill, walk the middle part, and run the top third. On the 100, you are really not going to want to run too much of a hill. Your first 100 is a learning experience and should be treated that way. Be sure and do the planned runs that happen on the Labor Day weekend. You will then be able to see Smith Mountain and some of the other parts on the back side of the run you might not see earlier.

Time on feet is very important. You don't have to run very hard to get benefits. On the 100, I say to take your time. The run does not begin until you pass the 60 mile mark. Then it will be full dark.

The Traveller course is very rocky. It will help if you do a lot of runs on it to toughen your feet. It will really bruise your feet.

Do several night runs on the Traveller course especially over the FR778 where you will be running at night.

Find someone to run with on some of your long runs. You notice I said some. I think it will help a lot to do at least one run on the course by yourself. This one could be around 30 miles and done very slowly. This is just to get used to being by yourself.

THE FIRST 100 WILL BE THE HARDEST THING YOU HAVE EVER DONE. THE SECOND AND OTHERS WILL BE A LOT EASIER BECAUSE YOU LEARN SO MUCH.

IF YOU START A RUN AND YOU FEEL TIRED, THEN CUT THE DISTANCE DOWN SO YOU DON'T TOTALLY WEAR YOURSELF OUT. IN OTHER WORDS, THIS SHOULD BE FUN AND NOT A JOB.

ON THE RUN ITSELF

Start slow--It will take a long time to get to the finish line. **Have a pacer.** I think you should run the first part of the run to the Powerline or the Turnaround with someone to talk to. Find a partner to train with and run with. You know both have to run the same

pace and feel comfortable with. I always liked to find a novice to run with. I got off on helping someone else.

A pacer will give you a fresh person to talk to. This is very important for the first 100.

Tell your pacer and crew to not let you quit. If you just keep going forward, you will finish in 28 hours or less (Probably in the 26 hour range).

LIGHTS

Borrow someone's light to try at night. Do whatever you have to do to find out what works for you. I like the new led lights. The batteries last for the whole run. For the other lights, you must take a bunch of batteries with you. This way you only have to take a pair of back up batteries. The hand held lights work best for me because you can get a different view of the trail you are running on that you can't get from a head lamp. You might try a hand held and a headlamp. I see a bunch of people doing that.

Be sure you pick up a light at the Powerline. You can have something happen that you don't get to the turnaround until after dark. That is a bad situation to get in.

GEAR

Don't do anything you haven't practiced. So make sure your butt pack is comfortable for you. Go as light as you can.

Change of shoes or socks should not be done unless you are in trouble. I think changing something that is working for you can cause you trouble. Have them available but don't change.

WEATHER

The weather will influence what you wear. Be prepared with long clothes or very few. It is usually warm, but don't count on it. Have everything you can imagine with you (in your drop bags, or with your handler).

DON'T FORGET THE SUNSCREEN

OTHER STUFF

Have a crew to help you. Make sure you tell them to not let you quit. Somewhere on the run you will want to quit. You have to have an ass kicker to keep you going. You can finish this 100; you only need not quit.

Send out a drop bag to Winona, Powerline, and turnaround. Your crew can pick them up

but you are in trouble if they don't show up. That has happened to me several times. Put warm clothes at the Powerline and Turnaround. It can really get cold on you late in the run because you will have used a lot of energy getting past 50 miles.

CREW INFO

Be sure to write down what you need from your crew at each point in the run. Be specific; they will get tired, too, and may need the written reminders.

Be sure the crew knows where they can meet you and how to get there. Be sure they have a course map.

Ask them to park as close to the course trail as possible to save you from having to walk a long way to the car (if you plan to have your stuff in their car or in case they forget something you need and you have to go to the car to get it).

Give the crew a time frame in which to expect you. Make sure they know to adjust the time according to how fast you are running.

It sometimes helps if the crew member gets you something to eat that you are not expecting, but fits within your food "comfort zone". Nice surprises can perk you up!

Have them ask you a series of questions especially if you are tired. The questions should cause you to think of things you might forget.

Examples: Have you taken your blood sugar recently? Have you eaten anything recently? Did you take any meds you planned to take (ibuprofen, etc.)? Are your bottles full of whatever you want in them? How are your batteries holding up? Is there anything you are carrying that you won't need anymore that you could leave with the crew?

If you have an injury like a scrape or cut, be sure to get it medicated. The air stations usually have some first aid stuff.

Retreads

First Wednesday of the month at Franke's Cafeteria

@11:30AM

11121 N. Rodney Parham Road
(Market Place Shopping Center)

Dutch Treat

Wear something to show you are
one of the gang -- shirt, hat, scarf,
finisher medal, etc.

Just show up and look for the Old Runners: Retreads.
For more information contact Charley or Lou Peyton at
225-6609 or chrlypytn@gmail.com