

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

SEPTEMBER 1990

A Newsletter For The Arkansas Ultrarunning Association

Message From The Bigshot - A riddle: Four members of the Little Rock Roadrunners Club went to Vermont. Four finished but one dropped out. How can this be? Answer: There weren't four members who went; there were five. Harley Peyton, Lou Peyton, William Gilli, Nick Williams and Red Spicer from Amarillo, Texas. Congratulations to Lou (21:17), William Gilli (23:34:53), Red Spicer (23:45:00) and Mr. Nick 28:50:00. However, it is with regrets that I have to report that Dr. William Gilli is leaving Brinkley, Arkansas, and returning to California for a three year internship in Internal Medicine. We wish him well and hope that he finds time to continue his training in sunny California.

The give away of the bound editions of the 1989 Ultra Runner was a big success. I still have two left. The first two persons to ask get them.

Lou lied to me. After the '89 Vermont 100 she told me that I must see it. You'll run through covered bridges and travel a route of tree lined, dirt country lanes. She omitted one important thing - The mountains. She lied. Nevertheless, the 1990 Vermont 100 was a happening. "Tell us about it, Harley". Not yet! I'll save that for the race report later on. First let me give you my impression of the race. I've seen Western States and Leadville. They have their special attractions. Vermont has it's attractions, too. Let's start with the countryside. It looks alot like the Ozarks but without the rocks. Everything is green perhaps because the growing season is so short that the grass and trees are bright green from doing what grass and leaves do before the fall season comes. Wild flowers were also plentiful throughout. The town of Woodstock was established in the mid 1700's and the town folks have preserved the houses and churches in a fashion that made every corner look like a postcard. The people were also different, both the residents and the tourists. Very proper and well mannered. Typical New Englanders. A little standoffish but when asked about Vermont they were friendly and inquisitive about where we were from and what we were doing there. The Vermonters were very proud of their homes and seemed delighted in being complimented on their weather, countryside, yards, gardens, etc. I didn't see any hippie motorcycle type people or roadside trash.

The race course traveled the countryside around Woodstock and was 75% forest roads, 23% trail and a little pavement, two miles, maybe. The Race Director, Laura Perry, pointed out that only the main arteries of travel in this part of the country are paved. The remainder are hard packed dirt cinder roads. One of the local horsemen commented as he passed by in typical dry Vermont humor, "there haven't been this many people on these country lanes since Ethan Allen passed through". I liked the atmosphere of this place. I recommend Vermont for your first 100 miler. In fact I liked it so much that I feel called upon to write a series of training articles specifically for Vermont 91.

Now don't try to read the whole newsletter in one sitting. It's too much for you. Read only enough to digest. Don't waste any.

Warm Regards,



Ultra Profile - Bill Maxwell

Editor - Good morning Bill!

Bill - Good morning editor!

Editor - Give us some stats, your age, height, weight, hometown, occupation, etc.

Bill - "Age - 38, height - 5' 10", weight - 150 lbs., hometown - Mountain Home, Arkansas, occupation - Band Director."

Editor - How did you get started running? "I wanted to relieve stress."

" - When did you start running Ultras? "I ran the Maumelle 60K four years ago. No more Ultras until Dallas' Jackson Five-0 in 1988."

" - Describe a typical training week. "I usually finish at school by 4:00 or 4:30 p.m. and run from school 5 to 8 miles. I try to run 10-20 miles on Saturdays."

" - What was your best Ultra finish? "Jackson Five-0 - 7:07 (1988)"

" - What is your hardest Ultra distance - "100 miles"

" - Do you eat during training runs? "Sometimes - (power bars)"

" - Do you eat during Ultra races? "Yes - (power bars)"

" - Please list your P.R.'s 5K - 17:20, 10K - 37:21, Marathon - 3:30

" - Where is Jackie Edmonds? "He's still running but doesn't like to run trails. He gets lost - needs to stay on streets."

" - One word to describe the Ohio 100 Miler? "Unorganized"

" - What is your ideal running weight? 147 lbs.

" - Describe your diet when you are training for an event. "Not much red meat - lots of chicken and carbohydrates (pasta and potatoes) lots of water."

" - Do you walk the hills in training runs? "Sometimes"

" - Do you walk the hills in Ultra races? "Sometimes (more than I should)."

- Editor - Where do you train in Mountain Home, Arkansas? "Everywhere."
- " - What is your favorite running surface? "Dirt roads or trails."
- " - What is your favorite running shoe? "Nike Pegasus"
- " - Do you take rest days or low mileage days? "Yes."
- " - What is your favorite time of day to train? "Late afternoon."
- " - Do you crosstrain? If so describe? "Yes, I lift weights."
- " - Do you have an Ultra nickname? "Not that I know of."
- " - What Ultra event do you dream about running? "Leadville and Western States."
- " - Do you have a running dog? "No, but I have Jackie Edmonds!"

Ultra Trail Series Recap - The Wasatch Scramble (12 Miles)

You loved it! You know you did. Hills, rocks and weeds. That's what the Wasatch Scramble is all about and by the way, that was Mr. Nick's idea of an Ultra Trail Run. I'd seen it before so I decided to sit it out and nurse the terrible blisters that forced me out of Vermont. I enjoyed my vantage point at the turn around. I only wish I could have had a recorder to tape some of the degrading comments. Course now if you're going to be an Ultra Runner you've got to toughen up and you'll have to admit that you're a better person for completing it. My run will come later in the year when we return to Sucks Mountain and do a long run on the forest service roads. Oh yes, did I tell you that Gross and Aspel hit the turnaround in 47 minutes? Both ran up that last hill. We'll have to give Johnny a little more respect because he appears to be in the drivers seat with regards to series points. The series is still young but it looks like consistency will win out again this year. I hear that Johnny and Tom duked it out until the last straight away when Tom, a former sub-4 minute miler, pulled away. On the ladies side it was Trich O'Dwyer and newcomer Barbara Hilderbrand running abreast the entire distance. They were like glue at the turnaround and bonded at the finishline. The O'Dwyer award for this run goes to Sherry Cloud who took a wrong turn under the powerline and put in a little extra distance for the day. Congratulations to all for a good run. You're a better man than I am. Now don't miss next month's Winona 50K. My favorite run.

MALES

1.	Tom Aspel	1:36:15
2.	John Gross	1:36:18
3.	Ken Gould	1:41:59
4.	Steve Tilley	1:45:19
5.	Jim Sweatt	1:47:34
6.	Dale E. Powell	1:52:23
7.	Roy Hayward	1:55:51
8.	Rick Wilson	1:58:14
9.	Pat Kenworthy	2:02:43
10.	Ernie Peters	2:02:44

FEMALES

1.	Tricia O'Dwyer	2:07:39
2.	Barbara Hilderbrand (tie)	
3.	Pam Wynn	2:16:30
4.	Pat Torvestad	2:22:32
5.	Irene Johnson	2:31:18
6.	Lou Peyton	2:34:34
7.	Donna Hardcastle	2:47:25
8.	Margaret Perritt	3:09:56
9.	Vicky Smith	3:11:11
10.	Jean Crockcroft	3:11:24

WASATCH SCRAMBLE RESULTS (continued)

<u>MALES</u>		<u>FEMALES</u>		
11.	Bob Torvestad	2:03:44	11. Sherry Cloud	3:15:43
12.	Phil Rice	2:11:49	12. Sharon Williams	3:30:58
13.	Buddy Ritter	2:12:11		
14.	Robert Morgan	2:12:41		
15.	Sam Hardcastle	2:13:00		
16.	Gerald Clem	2:13:24		
17.	Bob Galbraith	2:13:25		
18.	Nick Williams	2:14:30		
19.	Jim Hicks	2:16:31		
20.	Roger Williams	2:19:01		
21.	Charlie Alexander	2:20:17		
22.	Drew Mashburn	2:22:32		
23.	Ken Millar	2:26:32		
24.	Sam Slug	2:31:12		
25.	Tony Johnson	2:40:01		
26.	Steve Eubanks	3:11:11		

A WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE - Van Davis

After 15 years of pounding up and down the roads of Arkansas, I decided this year to take up trail running. My wife, Charlotte, the Peytons, and Bill Laster all have given me encouragement and filled my head with visions of peaceful, low-keyed runs through the wilderness - runs bereft of worrisome competition and bone-jarring speed. Thus I naively embarked on the eye-opening (or should I say gut wrenching) experience of Pigeon Roost.

Here was a bucolic setting all right, but the run itself was anything but peaceful. Given the recorded times, the pace among the leaders must have been blistering, although, in all honesty, I saw those incredible runners only fleetingly at the start. As usual, my opening pace was too fast but it was soon slowed appreciably by a "hill" whose length and steepness brought a new and painful meaning to the term infinity.

In truth, the "trail run" appeared to be a race in disguise - an intense competition on a most inhospitable course; a sojourn where my "pipe cleaneresque" legs and ankles barely sufficed. Actually I lived in constant fear of once again contributing financially to the well being of my orthopedist!

None of these observations are meant to be critical. The men and women who traverse this rugged terrain are dedicated, impressive athletes. Moreover, the organizers of the trail series have provided the opportunity for aging road runners like myself to try something both different and infinitely challenging. Nor do I mean to criticize the competitive aspect of these runs - I simply did not expect this, and at my level of ability there was precious little.

These runs and runners are thoroughly enjoyable: the informality, the mutual pain and corresponding support for one another's efforts are

all there. What a privilege to be part of such a group! One last word of caution for road runners, however, all of these trail odysseys are "BYOTS" - translated that means if you want a tee shirt, bring your own!

Ultra Trail Series Schedule -

September 8th - Winona 50K - An extended loop around Lake Winona. Starts and finishes at the Winona Picnic Area. 6:30 a.m. trail briefing. Water set out every six miles. Directions: follow #10 to #9 (Williams Junction) turn left onto #9 and go approximately 5 miles to Brown's Corner Grocery. Turn right and go four miles to the picnic area. Allow 1 hour minimum driving to get there. 100% forest service roads.

October 6th - Bastille Day Run - Approximately 22 miles. 6:30 a.m. start. Directions - follow Highway #10 approximately 10 miles from I-430/#10 Overpass to the forest service trailor on left. Park there. This run has never been attempted. It will include approximately 4 miles of gentle powerline trails. Aid will be provided at the (turnaround) .

November 3rd - Autumn Classic - 28 miles on the Ouachita Trail. 7:00 a.m. start. Directions - follow Highway 10 to Highway 9, continue on Highway 10 until you see a Lake Sylvia Recreation Area sign. Turn left. Follow that road to Lake Sylvia State Park. There will be a parking area where the Ouachita Trail crosses this road just past Lake Sylvia. This is the start/finish.

December 8th - 10-9-10 Run - Approximately 20 miles. 100% Ouachita Trail out and back. Water provided at turnaround. Directions: Follow Highway 10 approximately 18 miles from the I430/#10 Overpass to Lake Maumelle picnic area on the right. This is just before the last bridge crossing the west end of Lake Maumelle. 7:00 a.m. start.

Ultra Race Report - The Vermont 100 - Bigshot

The race began at Smoke Rise Farm outside of Woodstock, Vermont with all the race meetings, dinners, etc., inside the owners horse barn. The barn was about half the size of a football field and is used in the winter to ride and train the horses. Huge thing! At the morning checkin we all gathered in the barn and then walked down the hill to the road for the 4 a.m. start. My game plan was to run the flats and downhills and run/walk the hills. Pace was not a concern. Just whatever felt comfortable. My goal was to hit 50 miles in 10 to 12 hrs. After a five day layoff I felt fresh and easy. This road soon turned off to a jeep trail that was approximately 1 mile uphill. Still no problem. We were real bunched with a lot of happy talk around me. Cresting this jeep trail onto a forest lane again I began to sense that there were little more than the rolling hills I was told about. The terrain was soon evident to be similar to the extended loop around Lake Winona following forest lanes and then cutting up the mountainside on a jeep trail that would be too steep to think about running. It could be pure climb for a mile or maybe a downhill jeep trail that was extremely difficult to run down. Occasionally we would top out a hill onto an open meadow that you would see crisscrossed with runners traveling down the mountainside. Beautiful country. An honest and forgiving course. Each turn marked by big yellow plates and at night kem-lights.

I hit 25 miles in 5:05, ate a Snicker bar and was off. I started to feel a little fatigue soon after but settled in with Mr. Nick's words in my mind, "you'll get tired but you'll come back". At 36 miles I felt terrible. I had just come out of the mountains and run through this covered bridge crossing Ottochezee River. At the aid station I tanked up and took off but was soon reduced to a walk. This is it I said, I've had enough and walked to the next aid station a couple miles down the road. There I climbed onto a flatbed trailer and found a warm coke and waited for the sagwagon. My legs were too heavy to lift and I had to fight to stay awake. Several runners passed me and went on and soon a pickup truck and the doctor stopped and asked me how I felt. I said, "not too good", but would try it again. So here I go again. I finally catch up with one of the fellows and we pass each other several times before I confess that I don't think I can make it. He was in worse shape than me. I decided to run with him awhile for company. His name was Ed from Ithica, New York. When I told him my hometown, he said he was acquainted with several Arkansas Ultra Runner Association members, Max Hooper and Stephen Tucker from the Western States four day crossing several years ago. Soon I felt good again. I came back to life and Ed and I traveled the next 40 miles together. Buddies. At 50 miles I was about 11:50 and confident now that I was going to bring it home. At 69 miles we picked up our lights and headed out into the darkness. It was still good running but I noticed a burning under my left foot. I stopped several times and took rocks out of my shoes but I felt so close now that a little blister wouldn't stop me. At 75 miles real fatigue hit us both. My legs felt like they weighed a ton and I was drifting off. Surprisingly I still had my quads but I just couldn't make them go. My buddy Ed got weaker and weaker and one time he slipped off the road and fell down. Then a strange thing happened to Ed. Ed got stronger and at 80 miles he started pulling away like a ship in the night. By now, my left foot was painful and I was walking on the side of it. Still fighting to stay awake I came to the aid station at 82 miles and ate what I could and assessed my situation. I'm alone, nobody cares, I'm in pain. I've got 18 miles to go and 9½ hours to make it. I can't do it. I left out of the aid station and soon the light of a truck appeared. He was very sympathetic and I didn't want to stop but I realistically thought I was going to injury myself if I tried to finish. So I called it a day at 82 miles. In hindsight I could possibly have made it. I didn't know it then but the next aid station was a major medical station where I could have gotten my feet bandaged and rested and had plenty of time to get to the finish. Mr. Nick was just ahead of me ¼ mile and I didn't know it. It was a good experience. I know I'm capable of going the distance now. I have no regrets. If given the opportunity I would go again. Make it or not. It was something I'll never forget. When I got home Helen Klein, 67 year old grandmother, had sent Lou the following words written by Teddy Roosevelt.

It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly, who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions,

TEDDY ROOSEVELT (Continued)

and spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who, at the worst, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

I Needed An Ass Kicker - Breakdown Williams

Quote: 100 Miles is 100 miles no matter where it is run -
Breakdown Williams

This race was a total bummer for me. I was hurting in my left knee from the first step and my quads were gone by 30 miles from trying to protect my knee. I was in real pain (physical and probably mental as well). I told my handler (Ms. Scarlett) that I was quitting. She said "no, we didn't pay the money for the trip for you to quit early, so get out there and run."

Seventy miles is a long way to go if you're hurting. I told Ms. Scarlett to get her running shoes ready because when I could get a pacer, she was going to go with me. Lucky for me Ross Waltzer, a 68 year old dentist from Tulsa, came by and dragged me along until 98 miles, then he blew me away to beat me by twenty minutes.

I was mad because Ms. Scarlett wouldn't let me quit (I told her before the race not to let me quit). But now I am proud of her for kicking my ass.

Before I tried my first 100 miler in 1986 Max Hooper and Steve Tucker said, "It's the hardest thing you'll ever do." This run certainly was for me, but now that it's over it was worth it. I am already looking forward to my next one.....Crazy aren't I.

P.S. If Harley-Charley had had an ass kicker he wouldn't have retired at 82 miles less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile behind me. The next time I'll give him Ms. Scarlett for his handler because.....He needs an ass kicker!!

P.P.S. For those who want to run a 100 miles on a trail or dirt roads, this is the place to go. Seventy-five miles are of dirt roads or pavement, and the rest is old logging roads or trail. The scenery is beautiful and you go by a lot of pretty houses.

Breakdown Williams

