

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

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The Newsletter For Ultra Runners In Central Arkansas

Ultra News - Next month the Arkansas Ultra Runner Newsletter will attempt to highlight the "Endless Summer" of 100 mile races. I am asking all those in the newsletter Reader's Association to write about a paragraph of their thoughts concerning each of the 100 milers that they ran or attempted to run. My only rule is that we follow the newsletter rule of disallowing philosophical descriptions of your experiences. "Gosh, Harley, what does this mean?" Let me give you an example. If you say things like "I am because my being was my dream" or "my being erupted from my inner self." You're too philosophical for this newsletter. If you did the best you could, Say it. If you got sick, say it. If you love to run say I really love to run. It should be interesting to read about Old Dominion, Western States, Vermont, Wasatch and perhaps another one thrown in.

On a slightly different matter let me tell you all that I appreciate your material submitted for the newsletter. As Editor let me guide you in your pursuit of excellence. When you write an article for the Ultra Runner take your time to collect your thoughts, organize your material and proof read your notes. Then ask yourself one question before the final draft - will anyone care? With this in mind I await your submissions.

Now On To The Ultra News - Recently while reading in one of the newspapers concerning the Summer Set 5K I was almost knocked off of my stool. The story began by giving a fine description of the race and the winners. However they broke with tradition by mentioning a particular runner by name who wasn't there. Yes, our own, Ann Graysmith, was noted as not being in attendance at the Summerset. I haven't discussed this with anyone yet but I thought that maybe--perhaps--Mrs. Graysmith, better known as the "Sarge", was out doing Ultra training. We'll see.

On September 11th, I had the pleasure of speaking to the Saline County Striders on "Ultra Running". Perhaps we might attract a few more converts to our association. For your information their September newsletter billed me as "One of the state's best Ultra Runner's". Maybe now you'll give the ole "Big Shot" a little more respect.

Ultra Trail Series Update - September 9th and the Breadbasket Loop (21 miles) proved once again that Ultra Trail Running is thriving in Central Arkansas. Over 20 runners toed the line and were off at exactly 6:30 a.m. At 8:46 a.m. Johnny Gross had returned to the finish and smiled freshly as the newspaper's reporter took his picture. Can you believe 2:16 for the 21 miles over that route. I can't believe the talent of the top three male finishers. I was at 11 miles at 8:46 so I didn't get to interview the winners. However, according to the accounts that I heard but did not corroborate is that a pack of four, Johnny, Eddie Mulkey, Tom Zaloudek and Scott McDermott were together at the low water bridge (2.5 miles). Tom and Eddie ran through the

aid stop and headed up the first climb. Scott and Johnny opted for water (a wise move). Johnny took water first and as Scott was helping himself Johnny departed and was last seen by Scott rapidly gaining ground on the front runners. Scott, was caught holding the water jug (an old Ultra trick) never recovered but finished a strong seventh in 2:48:50. Johnny was quoted as saying after he crossed the finish that he "just did like he always does, chase them down and beat em". This is the makings of an Ultra Runner. Mulkey, I heard, trained through this one looking ahead to the Governor's Cup on Oct. 28th. On the Women's Race we had three starters. Donna Hardcastle, Corkie Binz, Margaret Davis were in a pack to start however by eight miles Donna had broken away and was never to be seen by those two again. Corkie took a nasty spill within sight of the start but picked herself up like a trooper and completed in a tie with Margaret. The next race is the 28 mile Tom-Harley, a true Ultra test. Same place 6:30 a.m. start, 6:15 a.m. briefing. A map is included in this newsletter. You will see that it combines the best of the Breadbasket and the Pigeon Roost. The date is October 14.

Breadbasket 21 Mile Race Results:

1. Johnny Gross	-	2:16:05	7. Scott McDermott	-	2:48:50
2. Tom Zaloudek	-	2:20:17	8. David Cawein	-	2:49:50
3. Eddie Mulkey	-	2:20:54	9. Troy Delk	-	2:49:51
4. Robert Morgan	-	2:43:29	10. Jim Sweatt	-	3:12:57
5. Bill Maxwell	-	2:48:32	11. Sam Hardcastle	-	3:18:30
6. Buddy Ritter	-	2:48:48	12. Bruce Nunnally	-	3:35:00
			13. James Hicks	-	4:00:20
			14. Harley Peyton	-	4:05
			15. Ken Millar	-	4:05:35
<u>FEMALES</u>					
1. Donna Hardcastle-		4:03:44			
2. Corky Binz	-	4:53			
(tie) Margaret Davis-		4:53			

SAWTOOTH ODYSSEY By Joel Guyer

Joel Guyer - An Arkansas Ultra Runner who lives with wife Kathy and two dogs, Jake and Kate, in Natchez, Mississippi.

Notes on my summer vacation, or how to prepare for an adventure run.

I should have known better especially after having run one of Frank Hanson's "adventure runs" last summer. However, the old saying that "time heals all" prevailed and I told Frank that I would be on the starting line again this past July 15 for another longer (55 mi., 72 mi., or the "mega" 100 miler) "adventure run". However, as the race progressed I did have recollections of calling out to my maker during my first "adventure run" and promising him that if he would see me through that run I would be "the wiser" from then on. How soon we forget. Anyway I had a "plan" this year and it wasn't my second Ultra it was to be my 12th. I would be ready. I would prevail. I had dedication, determination, and several alternative plans. To understand a Frank Hanson run one has to grasp the basic premise that he is a man of his word he promises nothing and he delivers nothing. What you have got is what you carry with you. No aid stations. No water stops. No nothing for the first 55 miles except one possible

bailout at approximately 35 miles which is another 12 miles to civilization. But I had a plan. I had purchased a Ultimate Directions, Voyager Pack and into it I loaded the following supplies: one gortex jacket, 2 pair of socks, map of route, waterproof matches, gloves, polypropylene shirt, tights, 2 large garbage bags (for legs if you get stranded with broken leg or snow storm) 12 Power Bars (assorted flavors), one quart bag of homemade "grope", approximately 20 Ibuprofen 200 mg. tablets, first need water filter (to trap the giradia, and probably some other stuff I have forgotten. It also holds 2, 22 oz. water bottles in insulated holders. (It is a wonderful pack for extended treks but a bit high in price, but what's money when you are pitting yourself against the Sawtooths).

The pack is packed the night before the race and we all meet at Stanley Lake Campground for a prerace-run briefing. This entails warnings about certain parts of the trail where snow is still heavy and possible "bail-out" points along the route and a warning to the uninitiated about the weather. We each prepare our meal and have a little friendly bantering and turn in about 10 p.m. (that's just getting dark in that part of the country). We will toe-the-line at 4:30 a.m.

There will be 16 starters. I awoke at 3:30 a.m. for coffee and my morning constitutional and remember to pack t.p. into the pack. I check my flash light out on the way to a convenient tree. It's working perfect. Others arise and make trips to preselected spots of meditation. 4:30 a.m. arrives and we get serious about starting-even though it's an "adventure run" I feel the adrenaline kicking in. I'm like my old dog Jake. I feel good on cool crisp mornings. I'm ready to "kick ass and take names", eventhough I know I'm not in the same class with many of the other runners such as Ann Trason, Rob DeVelise, Dana Miller, Deb Shore and many more talented runners.

About 10 to 5:00 we leave and cover the first of two semi-flat spots on the course along a mountain stream that runs through a meadow before entering Stanley Lake. This lasts about 2 miles and everyone is pretty well together. You can tell the "race horses" from us "plowboys" because they just seem to float along through the mist in the moonglow as opposed to the "thudding" and "crashing" we mortals make. As this meadow or park as it's called out west ends I see three figures move to the head of the pack and disappear - DeVelise, Trason, and Miller. The climb has started. Howard (the duck) Brown makes a true statement "this is going to be a long day". We all laugh and keep running. At the first creek there are 4 packs of runners. I'm in the 3rd pack. It's uphill for the next 10 miles then down, steeply down for 6 or so miles on a narrow trail. We have stopped and pumped water 3 times and the sun is up. It's hot in places and cold on the top. After the downhill we start up over Baron Divide. The second time in 26 miles we have crossed the Backbone of the Sawtooth's. The trail up to Baron Divide is the hardest i've even encountered. One verticle mile, near the top has 29 switchbacks in it. We take a lunch break at the top and the last 3 groups get together. NOT to rest but to discuss the storm that is rolling in from the west. Lightening and thunder means rain, hail or snow at that altitude - plus you are the highest thing on the top of the mountain where the lightening strikes. Kinda a human lightening rod. The consensus is that we go to Flat Rock Junction and make a decision. This is a downhill portion that makes you pray for an uphill section where you could just walk and rest your quads. When the vote is taken down yonder it's 12 to change the route against 2 to leave it the same. Dana Miller and

and myself voted to go on the original trail. (we picked up Dana who said Ann and Rob were going too fast and not drinking enough for him). Democracy prevailed and we change the course. (I know it was storming up on the mountain but I had that course set in my mind I had my plan). We hit Redfish Lake at about 3:30 p.m. 36 or so miles into the course. We were still averaging  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour. I'm on schedule. We pump a couple of more times and start a climb up on a relatively dry bench. No switchbacks just straight up the mountain. It was a killer. It was worse than Baron Divide. My legs cried. I went from "leader of the pack" to the straggler. (I thought of how it feels to be "slammed" and about all the "hardball" I had read about in the Arkansas Ultra Runner Newsletters). Finally I reached the top and the group was resting. They had voted to "bailout". Dana, Frank, and I continued toward Hellroaring Lake and another pass over the Sawtooths backbone. This was an unusually dry part of the mountains and we ran low on water. Finally, we reach a creek and we "pump", again. Sometime later, we reach Hellroaring Creek and start the inevitable climb to the top of the pass. About 8 miles up the trail we reach the top. Frank wanted to bailout at Hellroaring but Dana and I talked him into staying. He's burnt and having problems with cramps. My ration for talking him into continuing is that he started the whole damn thing, anyway. Serves him right. We have 8 miles to go before we reach Pettit Lake and supplies. We start down, but I know this trail. We are flying (still averaging  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, almost). At the bottom of the pass Frank and I encourage Dana to go ahead and let the support crews know we are coming - start rattling pans. Frank and I continue down. More rocks than I remember. My toe corns are killing me but I know we have a 2 mile stretch of dirt trail that is runnable then a climb and a short downhill into the transition area at Pettit. Dana and I have planned to eat and rest 1 to 2 hours and push on. We "pump" about 3 miles out and get on the flat. I'm shuffling then I'm running. I see dog tracks on the trail and I think my wife and dogs have come out to meet me. But nothing (I later learn Dana has jumped a big coyote and he has run down the trail in front of him). Up this last hill then I run down the other side to the transfer camp. The moon is coming up as we pass by Pettit Lake. It's beautiful. Into the transition area. There is a campfire, food (not powerbars) and cokes. I eat and drink and rest to find that Dana has left and won't return until tomorrow a.m. because he is passing blood. Frank is still having problems with cramps and his wife is soaking his feet. He opts to dropout. I act disappointed but I'm not sure if I am or not. My body is glad to stop. My mind is disturbed because I had a plan. I sleep a restless sleep and eat often during the night. When the sun comes up I go to the lake and wash a little then back and make coffee. Many of the runners come over and we drink and talk. I feel good enough to even start planning, in my mind, how I will beat the Sawtooths next year. Frank says he may change the course next year because no one has ever finished this route. I emphatically tell him to leave it alone because I'm planning on finishing next year. He gives in and says, yea!

This concludes your blow by blow of the Sawtooth Odysseys by your Arkansas Ultra Runner Newsletter, southern correspondent, Joel Guyer

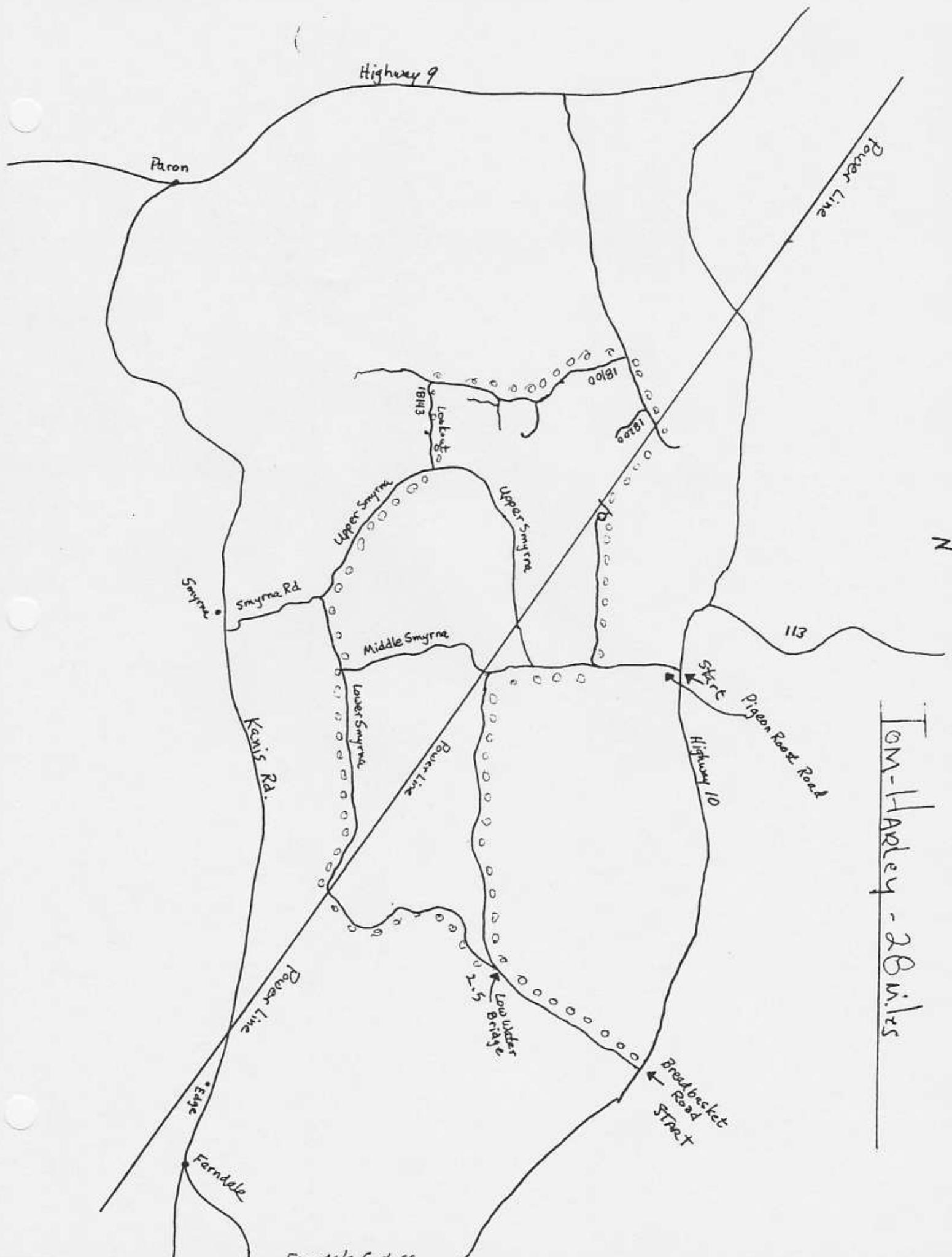
Warm regards,



THE  
INSIDE  
by  
Harley



"Still My Hero!"



Tom-Harley - 28 miles