

THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

OCTOBER 1991

A Newsletter For The Arkansas Ultrarunning Association

Message From The BigShot - The response to our volunteer plea has been overwhelming. As I write this it's the 8th of September and it looks like we'll be able to staff all 25 aid stations and have a couple course monitors. Boy! You volunteers are my heros!

Speaking of heros, Mr. Nick, has taken his pencil out and calculated a 29 hr. (+) finish time. He is inviting anyone to RUN with them. Mr. Nick is good about finishing 100's now. If you've done your training, Mr. Nick will feed, dress, and water you from start to finish.

With all the planning required for the Arkansas Traveller 100 it's easy to forget that the Ultra Trail Series has to be run and the newsletter has to be written. I've been as busy and frustrated as I was down in Mississippi the first time I tried to put britches on a team of mules. So much to do!

There was a slight mix-up in the Ultra Trail Series scheduling this month. The Tom-Harley 50K was listed on the wrong date and the Winona 50K was listed in the running calendar. The problem was that there was no Winona 50K in the Series this year. I think we have it cleared up now. For the next series race we'll have the Pigeon Roost Mountain Run. We'll plan a slightly different route, if you can believe.

On one of our weekly Three Mountain Runs recently we had an interesting encounter. It seems that Jim Sweatt and Lou had gotten ahead of me and were trudging up the last mountain near the turn-a-round with heads moving and elbows swinging thinking about baseball probably. For some reason Jim looked up and there sitting in the road was a large Arkansas black bear, Not 20 yards ahead. The bear was in no hurry to move and Jim finally had to clap his hands to get it's attention. Finally it ambled off into the woods. As the bear was moving off Lou looked to see if I was coming and crossing the road behind them was another bear. Needless to say they were two excited runners when they saw me. I let on like I was disappointed but deep down I got that same feeling about seeing a bear in the woods while running as I did when I went swimming in the Big Black River down in Mississippi one Saturday afternoon and someone yelled alligator. It really wasn't what I wanted to hear.

Good luck to you all on the 1st Arkansas Traveller 100.

Warm Regards,

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THE INSIDE

by HARLEY

(A SATIRICAL LOOK
AT ULTRA RUNNERS
IN ARKANSAS)



ULTRA PROFILE - ANN MOORE

Editor - Give us some demographics.

Ann - I was born and raised in Little Rock. I've been married to the same man for 29 years.

Editor - Give us more.

Ann - I have three mostly grown children. I am going to be a grandma soon.

Editor - When did you start running and why?

Ann - I started running in 1979 or 1980. I wanted to exercise and felt like I was too klutzy for tennis. Aerobic dance hadn't hit here big time yet, so I started running up and down my 1/4 mile street at about a 15 minute mile pace. You know how far I've come since then.

Editor - Name your favorite training area and running partner(s).

Ann - My favorite training area has to be the forest roads and trails here in the Little Rock area. I feel sorry for those runners who won't come out and enjoy the scenery and wildlife.

Editor - Not many people know this but several years ago you set the record as the fastest last place finisher of the Maumelle 60K. What can you tell us about that run.

Ann - Not only did I set the record as the fastest last female finisher several years ago in the Maumelle 60K, I did it again this year. I went all out and managed to finish 40 minutes slower than ever before.

Editor - Tell us about your New York Marathons (be brief).

Ann - I've been to the New York Marathon five times. I set my marathon P.R. there.

Editor - What do you consider your best distance?

Ann - My best distance has not yet been discovered. I have found out what my best distance is not. 5K; 10K; marathon; 60K; and most of all 50 miles.

Editor - What is your secret to downhill running?

Ann - I'll have to show you sometime.

Editor - When are you going to try another 50 miler?

Ann - I'll probably try 50 again after January 1.

Editor - What do you consider your best Ultra feature?

Ann - My high I.Q.

Editor - Do you have a favorite running book, magazine, (or newsletter)?

Ann - Of course! My favorite has to be the A.U.R.A. Newsletter.

Editor - What is your favorite brand(s) of running shoes?

Ann - Right now it is the Nike Air Structure. It is designed for large heavy women.

Editor - Do you have a running dog?

Ann - No, my dog only barks.

Editor - How do you relax BEFORE a long race?

Ann - I don't. I simply understand that I am strictly doing a race because I want to. No one pays me.

Editor - Do you eat on a long run?

Ann - Yes, when I can. I do have a hard time eating on a

run.

Editor - Who are your running heros?

Ann - The people and the places I go. Donna and Sam Hardcastle have been especially generous in helping me train.

TOM HARLEY 50 (OR, HOW THE BIGSHOT SAVED THE DAY)

- When Nickie Boy and I looked out across the starting field, I knew we were in trouble. He made a quick count of 42 starters. 42 runners divided by 8 water stops equals 64 gallons of water. I had only 48 gallon jugs in the truck. My original plan was to set out the aid ahead of the leader and then come back to the finish and talk to the newspaper reporters. Instead I hopped all OVER creation moving and picking up water bottles for almost five hours. I loved it. I even went to Ferndale and filled up jugs at Brother Tom Chapin's house. As I came back PAST the start and headed for the low water bridge I met the leader Johnny Gross. He swigged a jug, poured some of Tom's well water down his shirt and headed for the finish. About a mile back was Eddie Mulkey. Eddie was running strong and didn't stop. The third runner I met just past the low water bridge was Ray Bailey followed closely by Ken Cox, of Auburn, California. The women's field was led by first timer Nancy Cunningham of Conway. Nancy, you recall held the female record at the Jackson Five-0 until this past January. Nancy's fifty mile time was 6:53:12. At the 27 mile point Bob Plunkett was about one mile behind Nancy. Bob has been absent from the trail but I heard he was doing some speedwork in the heights. Evidently the speedwork paid off. Before the start Bob was overheard to say that he was going to run every step of Pigeon Roost Mountain. I don't know about Bob. "Okay Harley, bottom line it". We haven't run the Tom-Harley every year. I guess we know why now. "Why"? Well, for one thing it's long. 33 miles is a long 50K. Another thing is that it takes too many water jugs. But the main reason is that there are still new routes to be run from the forest service trailer. I can think of two more as I write this. We won't forget the Tom-Harley. After all it was named after me.

OPEN MALE

1.	JOHN GROSS	3:37:57	50
2.	EDDIE MULKEY	3:47:52	40
3.	KEN COX	4:01:49	30
4.	RAY BAILEY	4:05:59	25
5.	TOM ZALOUDEK	4:27:39	20
6.	JIM SCHULER	5:01:54	15
7.	NEIL HEWITT	6:05:00	10
8.	JIM SWEATT	6:06:13	6
9.	FRANK SCHULTE	6:06:13	6
10.	TONY JOHNSON	6:18:40	3

OPEN FEMALE

1.	NANCY CUNNINGHAM	4:55:48	50
2.	KIM PAVELKO	5:50	40
3.	CHARLOTTE DAVIS	6:15	30
4.	DONNA DUERR	6:18:38	25
5.	IRENE JOHNSON	6:19:44	15
6.	DONNA HARDCASTLE	6:29:44	10

MALE MASTERS

1.	JACK EVANS	4:27:40	50
2.	FRANK RIVERS	4:55:10	40
3.	PAT RILEY	5:20:00	30
4.	BOB PLUNKETT	5:24:40	25
5.	ERNIE PETERS	5:36:42	20
6.	SAM HARDCASTLE	6:06:13	12.5
7.	NICK WILLIAMS	6:06:13	12.5
8.	TOM HOLLAND	6:19:38	7
9.	LEE MUNCY	6:29:44	5
10.	KEN MILLAR	6:30:59	3
11.	BOB HORNER	6:53	1

FEMALE MASTER

1.	LOU PEYTON	5:51:40	50
2.	PAULETTE BROCKINGTON	6:25	40

SARGE SEZ:

NEWS REPORT: LARGEST ULTRA RELAY EVENT IN NORTH AMERICA
HOOD TO COAST

The tenth annual running of the Hood to Coast 192.7 mile relay event began at 2:40 p.m. at 6,000 feet on the majestic slopes of Mt. Hood near Portland, Oregon. Thirty-five teams departed every 20 minutes from the starting line until all 750 teams, consisting of 9,000 runners, were finally dispatched at 9:20 p.m. The finish line lay at the sands of the Pacific Ocean near Seaside, Oregon.

I was running as one of twelve members of the Pokey Dots, a mixed masters team with six men and six women. Having finished third last year, the goal was to place second or first this year. A last minute surprise found our team at the starting line at 9:00 p.m. minus two of our women runners, out with illness. Such a handicap, while not insurmountable in an event like this, placed us at a distinct disadvantage against the other teams with their full complement of runners. The rules specified that 3 of our women would have to run four legs rather than three, and one woman would run five legs. Our goal of finishing in the top three looked like a distant possibility.

Undaunted, our two Ford Aerostar vans headed up the winding

switchback roads to the starting line at the Timberline Ski Lodge. At 9:00 p.m. sharp, our first runner stood fashionably clad in fluorescent blue and yellow polkey dot running gear next to the 34 other co-ordinated runners, waiting for the signal to begin. On command the runners accelerated down the sharp incline while the rest of us Pokey Dots cheered loudly. Then everyone jumped in their vans to head to the next exchange point.

Having averaged a 6:10 pace, Pokey Dot Pam got our team off to a great start. We were ahead of the top seeded mixed masters team, The Classic Collection, by three minutes. Our lead widened to twenty minutes by 3:00 a.m. But a tragic mistake left our number 9 runner standing at the end of his run without a relief runner. Due to MISDIRECTED by a sleepy and confused race volunteer worker, our van went to Exchange Point 10 instead of 9. By the time we found our way to the right place, The Classics had overtaken our stranded runner. To compound the mistake, about ten other vans followed ours like lemmings to their death. But not the Classics. NO! NO! NO!

My first run was at 3:30 a.m. By 7:00 a.m., when I was ready to take the baton for my second run, we were only 75 seconds behind the Classics. Much to my dismay, standing at the exchange point with me was an old skinny Bill Hoffman look a like getting ready to run the Classics. We exchanged a few words, then he was off like a cannon ball. I kept him in sight for a couple of miles, then it was bye bye Sarge. Still, I had a respectable sub 7 minute pace for the 5.9 miles.

So, it continued for the next 13 hours. Swapping back and forth with our main rivals the Classics, passing numerous other runners who had started hours earlier, getting food along the way, massages from our misogynist, John Gray, laughing uncontrollably from no sleep induced giddiness like a band of maladjusted adolescents, the hours slipped quickly away. The weather was PERFECT! From the clear skies and full moon of the night time start to the bright blue skies with gentle breeze and temp in the upper 60's, we were 9000 grateful half dead.

By the time we reached the finish, the Classics had managed a comfortable lead thru the last four legs and taken first place. But we crossed in second place, moving as a team across the sandy beach shore beneath pink and azure skies to the sound of cheering crowds and lively music. A quick team picture and then it was off to our beach home, hosted by a little old couple who enjoyed vicariously the Hood to Coast event thru our laughter and recapping, endlessly, the events of the last 30 hours.

I ended up running 22 1/2 miles, averaging a sub seven pace. The competitiveness with the Classics that emerged towards the end of the event spurred several of us to unexpectedly fast legs. My pace for miles 20 and 21 was 6:35. YES! YES! YES!

Such a rewarding event is meant to be shared. John Gray (my husband) and I, have decided to issue an invitation to the Ultra runners to participate in this ultra as a team. In return, I will run the Arkansas Traveller 100 Miler. (This is part of the Fair Trade Act, Lou, whereby you ask something of others and give something in return). Of course, there are a few conditions:

1. The events will be entered in 1992. Commitment by April, 1992.
2. Harley will be the BigShot (Team Captain).
3. Lou will be one of the women runners.
4. Okie will be your team course co-ordinator.
5. You will wear matching uniforms. You can have any # of runners, up to 12.

The Pokey Dots will be your event hosts. Kind of like exchange students, an adopt an ultra runner deal. John and I will provide your Portland housing at no charge (bring a sleeping bag) and some food, Okie will make your transportation arrangements, and a beach home for your Saturday night stay at Seaside can be arranged for a nominal charge. What a deal.

Many of the Portland ultra runners participate in the Hood to Coast to prepare for the upcoming 24 hour Megan's Run in September in Portland. Pokey Dot Pablo is competing in Megan's Run and is seriously considering the Arkansas Traveller Ultra 100 Miler in October. He runs 40 milers on weekends and an unknown quantity during work days.

Get out of your ruts, Arkie Ultras. Come on up and do something different next year!

Sincerely,
Sarge