

# THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

MAY 1992

*A Newsletter For The Arkansas Ultrarunning Association.*

Message From The BigShot - The Arkansas Traveller 100 Miler continues to occupy a lot of my spare time. I'm impressed with the entries we have gotten so far. Our long distance award for now belongs to Marty Greeves from England who has completed over 40, 100 mile trail runs. Starting next month I'll try to devote a section of the newsletter to the "Traveller".

Recently several of us went up to run on the Sylamore Trail just north of Mountain View, Arkansas. The trail is about 14 miles long and, if you started from the Allison Trail Head, there is water available at 4-5 mile intervals at forest service campgrounds. This would be a good run even in hot weather. In general terms you take Hwy. 5 north of Mountain View and then Hwy 14 left for a half mile. The trail head is tricky to find if you don't know the area. If you're interested in going up, we'll draw you a good map.

**FLASH!---**Grady's restaurant has been reserved for Saturday, May 16th, 6:00 P.M. This will coincide with our final ultra series run for the year. Nick and I will present the awards and crown the "King and Queen" of the Trails. It will help if each of you would phone in your order before hand. The number is 663-1918 and tell them you are with the Ultra Runners.

I owe some of you faithful Arkansas Ultra Runner Association members an apology for not mentioning your fine finishes at the Cross Timbers 50. I have thought about each who have toed the mark recently and thought how far some of you have come. I remember back last summer when we started our training runs over the A. T. 100 and for most runners it was just another fun run to experience. The seed was planted and look at all the ultra runners we have now. Through heat and cold, fatigue and injury, you people never let up. For an ultra runner there is not a better goal than a finish. As I write these words I am reminded of a poem I heard recently: It goes like this:

When times are tough and rewards are few,  
remember, the mighty oak was once a nut  
just like you.

Warm regards,



ULTRA PROFILE - STEVE BRIDGES(aka Big Head)

*Steve, give us some statistics.*

Weight - < 300 lbs.

*Your ideal running weight - probably 235 lbs.*

Height - 6' 5 1/2"

Shoe size: 14

*Are you a master runner? In other words, age, date of birth.*  
Yes, 40 yrs - D.O.B. 1/21/52

*Number of years you've been running? (and why?)*

I started seriously entering races on a regular basis around 1985 to keep my weight down, since I wasn't exercising as much as I used to while playing ball; however I was continuing to eat as much as if I were still playing.

*Why ultrarunning?*

While running in the marathon at the Arkansas Governor's cup in '89 I met Joel and Kathy Guyer. The combination of nice people like them and the fun of running on trails has kept me entering runs ever since.

*What is your background in sports?*

Basketball, football, track, baseball-high school, football - college

*What ultra runner(s) would you like to emulate?*

Gail Bradford - because she has such a determined will to finish and Joel Guyer because he always has an up-tempo race outlook.

*Your most humbling running experience:*

Pine Mountain, Ga. - I think I ran 19 miles in 4 1/2 hrs. and realized I could not even make the first cutoff point in time.

*Your favorite training companion(s):*

Dena and following a distant second, Vern, our Bluetick.

*Your favorite piece of running gear and why?*

Vaseline. It is running for me because without it my legs chafe unrelentingly.

*What shoe works best for you?*

Asics Gel M.C. or G.T. Cool-X

*What is your favorite food or drink on long runs?*

Conquest, plums, pizza

*What are your ultra goals in 1992?*

Finish Fennar 40 and run one "Trail" 50 miler.

*Best running advice?*

Run your own race/run within yourself and your abilities

*Typical training week -*

5 miles two to three times per week on flat pavement or levee, weight-lifting once a week, bike sometimes and do long runs on weekend.

*Special diet?*

Try and meet the R.D.A. - low fat during the week only, lots of fiber in complex carbohydrate form, 100+ oz. of H2O per day, >5 servings of fruits/veggies and 6 servings of grains and legumes (beans and peas) per day.

*Favorite place to race/train and why?*

Any new trail that I've never run on before . . . Clear Springs Trail in the Homochitto National Forest near Natchez, Ms.

*Ultra experience?*

1991 Children's Hospital Charity Run - 24 Hrs. in Woodsfield, Oh. - 50 Miles and The Benton Arkansas 24 Hr. Run - 50 Mi. are my most successful ultras beyond 50 Km.

**THE ULTRA CORNER -**

CROSS TIMBERS TRAIL RUN - 50 MILES/March 21st by Bob Marston

They were there. They always are at these things - in the bushes, the trees, everywhere - just waiting. As a runner you never see or hear them but you always know that they are there. They relish these things, these unseen Gods. As night lightens into day and the start nears, their knowing, greedy anticipation of the feast yet to come easily exceeds the anxiety of the runners. Their chore this day will be much easier than that of the competitors: for, all they have to do is wait. Eventually, and most assuredly, their demands will be made - and they will be met.

Who will it be this day? The goofy one everybody calls "Mule"? The scrawny, boney guy who looks like what an "Ichabod Bailey" should look like? Maybe this "Deaddog" guy who looks as if he's had TB for 8 or 12 years. Or, maybe this giddy Kim Kid - she would be a good one to "visit".

With a starting temperature of 52, a high of 62, continuous cool breezes and a daylong overcast, the Gods knew the runners would have almost ideal conditions. But, they had been to tens of thousands of these, the runners only a few. Even under these conditions, they knew that some would falter - their demands would be made and the runners' most reluctant "offerings" would be accepted.

As the Gods of Pain, Puke and Poop watched contentedly and patiently, the runners made last minute clothing adjustments to accommodate the cool but comfortable temperature. At the "gun" the goofy "muliac" immediately took the lead with Gentleman Billy Maxwell, Ichabod, and Jack "Headbutt" Evans in hot pursuit. T-Bear Laster, Gayle Bradford and Donna Duerr ran together as did Tony and Irene Johnson. Jim "Largeboy" Schuler, Bob "The Turd" Marston, Jimmy "Deaddog" Sweatt, Kim "Kid" Pavelko and Jackie Edmonds let how they felt dictate how fast and with whom they ran.

Except for about 12 miles of relative flat, (7-13 and 32-38 miles), the course's most distinguishing character is its preponderance of short, sharp ups and downs; for example, 40 feet of horizontal distance would often be associated with 50 feet of climb or descent - again and again. Since the entire course runs along the edge of Lake Texoma, runners must negotiate the almost continuous dry washes that cut perpendicular to the trail and end in the lake. These gullies caused the almost unceasing up and downs but also provided excellent opportunities to walk and, in about 8 places, opportunities to climb and descend 60-70 degree grades.

As most know, the course is composed of two out and backs, each

done twice. The first is ten out and ten back followed by a 2.5 out and 2.5 back - then a repeat. The longest stretches without manned aid were the first and last 7 miles of each 20 mile loop.

Except for about 5 miles, the entire course is single lane trail, often with nasty footing. About 8 of the hills are about 100' high, very steep and require handholds to get up. The winding, narrow, up and down nature of the trail makes it more interesting than a dirt road - the required concentration makes the time and distance pass rapidly. If you like Hash runs, there were about ten here - back to back.

Aid stations were decent, providing coke, Exceed, water, pretzels, M & M's, bananas, etc.

The Gods always get help on these things from, of all people, the runners. It has always been that way. After all, they're dealing with mere mortals - playthings. How can a puny human turn down that second, double bean burrito the night before, that 7th beer, those 4 pounds of chocolate eaten during the long drive to the run the day prior? So, those that least need the help get plenty.

Deaddog didn't know it but that pain he experienced in one of his toes right from the beginning wasn't organic. He was simply being played with, the Gods hoping the discomfort would grow and blossom into something more substantial - and it did. Nagged with it all day long, especially on the uphill, Jimmy finally succumbed to the Pain Gods. At about mile 46 he tripped on a root and executed the difficult and well-known flying, fully-body, trail slam. The bone-jarring stumble greatly pleased the Pain Gods and cost Jimmy 5 finish places as a small Brownie troop from Whitesboro took advantage of his misfortune and passed him. Had it not been for two earlier, substantial offerings to the Poop Gods, Deaddog would have broken nine hours and kicked that Brownie troop's butts.

The Gods wanted very much to visit fifteen year old Kim Paveiko but without direct action. So, at about mile 15, they led her on a twenty minute run on everything but the real trail. To their chagrin, the side trip did not have the desired effect and she finished chipper and proud. Undaunted, the Gods were disappointed but not discouraged. They knew that they would eventually get her. Maybe not this time, maybe not the next; but, they would get her.

The two elderly women in the Arkansas contingent, Gayle Bradford and Donna Duerr, fared quite well throughout the run jabbering almost constantly. They may as well have been on a three mile fun run, finishing entirely too happy after fifty miles of fine effort.

The Gods know that every ultra has at least one runner preordained to "die" a miserable death on the trail. Somebody who, for whatever reason, is simply not destined to run the distance that day. After all, there are only two types of long runners - those who have died" on a long one and those who will. Its not a matter of will you or won't you - its simply a matter of when.

The Gods don't care whether you crash short or long, mile 10 or mile 40 - They simply want their expected "offerings". The only matter in doubt is how much and how often a runner will contribute. T-Bear, indeed, did not disappoint! From the beginning I think she knew it was her day to "mark the trail well". To her credit and the Gods great delight, she managed 32 miles of "offerings". Hoping to satisfy them all she alternately made woeful donations to both the Poop and

Puke Gods. At one aid station she consumed half a banana, some M & M's, crackers and pretzels, and then washed it all down with a coke and Exceed mixture. The Gods were absolutely delirious with joy at the feast to come! The Poop and Puke Gods were in a frenzy - both wanting it all! With neither able to give in, they finally compromised and each took an equal share at the same time.

The Gods are fickle but, after T-Bear's generous contributions on this date, universal justice would seem to dictate that she not be "visited" again for the balance of her lifetime.

I got the distinct impression that Jim "Largeboy" Schuler was just playing with the course since he never looked out of sorts and continually moved forward at a good pace. With a ninth place finish, Billy Maxwell also looked quite untried each time we passed on the trail with these guys.

The Gods are well acquainted with Jack "Headbutt" Evans. As many aches and pains as he milks along, they're quite understandably on a first name basis with him. They know that all they have to do is sit back and wait. Be it puke, poop or pain, Jack always delivers. This time they were rewarded early with a fine ankle roll. Hobbled throughout the run, Jack slowed considerably but managed to hang in there. At one point in the trail the trunk of a 7 inch diameter tree extends across the path horizontal to, and about 5 feet above, the ground. "Tree Center" is marked superfluously with a huge glob of orange paint. Can you guess which goober tried to knock the tree down with his head? Can you pick, from a list of 84 runners, that goober most likely to try to tattoo a tree with the imprint of his forehead? Tony Johnson, Deaddog? Those are quite good guesses but they are, of course, wrong. I knew Jack would be in your top three picks and it was, of course, him. Not satisfied with just a rolled ankle, Jack decided to go for serious pain and headbutted the tree. The impact knocked him down, dazed him and greatly pleased the Pain Gods. Quite astonishing how anyone could hit that tree, but ole Jack managed it.

Both the maniac Billy "Mule" Laster and Ray "Ichabod" Bailey had decent runs with the Mulliac running 30 minutes faster than last year and repeating as #3 overall. Ichabod was slowed somewhat by late developing cramps but had a good training run for his upcoming Leadville assault.

The Gods probably know Tony and Irene better than any other two runners in the entire universe; so well, I think, that they quite possibly ride to these runs with them. The Johnsons regularly fill the Gods' donation plates. Usually by about mile 15, one or the other is making serious offerings to the Puke God and the one not doing that is greatly pleasing the Poop God. On this trip, by mile 18, Irene was only renting food and Tony was getting dizzy and sick every time he tried to run. Their condition made for a very, very long and trying day. They passed through mile 45 with 1:38 to go. At 2.5 to go they were told that they would have to run the entire way back in order to make the finish. After a quick check to see who had more guts, Irene took the lead and they hammered the last stretch, finishing with a scant 25 seconds to spare - absolutely amazing! When they came into sight on the finishing stretch, everyone in the finish area started screaming, yelling for them to hurry up and counting down the seconds. They made it with what I am sure will be a memorably nasty, last 5 miles and an equally miserable closing sprint. A fine, fine finish!

Due to their lackluster performances and their being totally devoid of personality I have nothing of significance to report about Jackie Edmonds or Bob "The Turd" Marston. Maybe they should initiate serious searches for a life.

Campfollowers for this 50 included Ralph Hoffman, Rosemary Haluszzyska and Jack Allsup Duerr. After seeing Gayle and Donna off, Ralph and Jack headed to downtown Whitesboro to do some antique shopping and have their hair done. Once Bozo Bob was gone, Rosemary hung out at the finish line, jabbered with the other women and flirted with the more well-endowed runners as they passed through Cedar Bayou.

After the run, we had hotdogs and hamburgers and 8 or 12 beersodas: mostly though, we just sat around, yapped like Crazie Annie Moore and hoped our bodies would reject our legs. Finisher awards were fine blue mugs or belt buckles - the item you didn't opt for as your award, you could buy.

Apparently Dennis Fugate and his aides regularly conduct an exceptionally fine run and this year was certainly no exception - many, many thanks for a super job!

#### ARKANSAS RUNNERS

3.	Billy "Mule, Muliac, Maniac Bill" Laster (8:07:09 last year)	7:37:20
9.	Bill Maxwell (8:41:37 last year)	8:10:45
12.	Ray "Ichabod" Bailey (formerly known as "Bones")	8:15:56
25.	Jack "Headbutt" Evans	8:56:08
26.	Bob "The Turd" Marston	9:04:26
27.	Jim "Largeboy" Schuler	9:05:49
28.	Small Brownie troop from Whitesboro	9:07:85
29.	Jimmy "Deaddog" Sweatt	9:09:03
56.	Kim "we have a lost kid in aisle 7" Pavelko	10:14:00
62.	Gayle Bradford	10:51:08
	Donna Duerr	10:51:08
68.	Jackie Edmonds	11:28:47
72.	Irene Johnson	11:59:35
	Tony Johnson	11:59:35

#### CROSS TIMBERS---By Tony & Irene Johnson

On our first attempt at Cross Timbers we were not successful in completing the course, and that left a bitter taste in our mouths. We swore we'd do better the next time. Well 1992 rolled around and we were fired up. The weather turned out cool and we had no serious injuries to speak of. The race started on time and we were off and running. The first two hours went by pretty quickly and the aid stations were well stocked with fluids and the little things you like to cram down your gullet when you really don't want anything.

I seemed to get tired a 2 1/2 to 3 hours into the run. I was more tired than I wanted to be at this point in the run. I started looking for excuses to walk more while at the same time I was well aware of the seconds and minutes ticking by. Irene ran into trouble at mile 35 with upset stomach and the like (you know the drill). We'd

stop every chance we could to cool off with lake water. Irene has an internal firing system that would put most boilers to shame. She heats up real quick and cools down slow. From the trailer park back on our last loop was really tough and long. We reached the start/finish line at 10:35, giving us 1:25 to run the last 5 miles. Bob Marston was there to help us in anyway. We walked most of the 2 1/2 miles out to the turn-around which gave us only 35 minutes to get back within the cutoff time. We pushed real hard on the way back walking very little to finish with only 25 seconds to spare. It was a gut check for both of us but well worth the effort.

CROSS TIMBERS-by Kimberly Pavelko

Cross Timbers has a challenging and interesting course because of it's various running surfaces such as sand, dirt, rocks, leaves, gravel, etc. Also in some places it is hilly and twisting while in others it is level. The trail was mostly dirt with tree roots across it. There were some rocky gullies and the second, shorter loop of the course was very rocky, steep, and hazardous.

There were many ultra runners from Arkansas at the race and this made it more fun. The people were all easy going and friendly. The experience was very enjoyable.

CROSS TIMBERS-by Jim Sweatt. Charley asked me to share some reflections of the Cross Timbers Trail Run, and since you just can't say no to the "BigShot", here goes.

THE WEATHER - Almost everyone who ran, spoke of the near perfect weather, cloudy and breezy with temperatures in the 50's.

THE TRAIL - The trail had a bit of everything, red clay hills, volcanic rock, deep ravines, creek crossings, sandy beaches, gravel roads and plenty of exposed tree roots to trip over. The two double out and back routes made sure that no one missed any of the above.

ARKIES -Fourteen of us Arkies were on hand for this run that included 68 other trail runners from the local area and beyond.

The "Big Boys" went out hard and hammered one another, insuring that whoever could hang on, would have a fast time. Bill Laster had his usual good run and another third place finish, with Bill Maxwell and Ray "Bones" Bailey maintaining good paces a bit behind.

Throughout the run it was always a boost to see a familiar face (or rear end) and to tell one another how good we all looked.

Kimberly Pavelko, always improving, always learning, had a good run. With her natural talent combined with what she has learned on the training runs, her best runs are still ahead.

Donna Duerr and Gayle Bradford paced one another to a good finish after leaving their buddy Teresa Laster with Jackie Edmonds. I'm sure that there is no connection with that and the fact that Teresa later dropped out with stomach trouble.

Jack Evans ran a strong run right up to the last out and back. It was here that he beaned himself by running into a low tree limb, which as he tells it, slowed him down a bit.

Bob Marston tracked me down on the last out and back, offering encouragement as he passed me. (I really hate to have these old, gray-headed guys beat me, but I guess the Geritol in his water bottle works.) Leaving me behind, Bob soon ran upon Jim Schuler who made him

work hard right up until the finish.

The most impressive runners were Tony and Irene Johnson. Seeing them come through the finish on their way to the last out and back, they both looked as if they had had a long, hard day. Later, as many of us had given up on their finishing under the time limit, both came sprinting out of nowhere, completing the run with only seconds to spare.

OVERALL - I would recommend Cross Timbers to everyone. A good course, good people, and plenty of burgers at the finish helped to make this a trail run to remember.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE BARKLEY MARATHON 55 MILES/3-28-92 - ONCE AGAIN THE BARKLEY ATE IT'S YOUNG (EXCEPT FOR TWO)By Lou Peyton

Instructions 1991 - Welcome my dear friends. Welcome to the Frozen Head, and Welcome to the Barkley. The race you are about to run is not fair. It is not reasonable. You will not finish. However, on the chance some of you may come close, the instructions explain what is required in order for you to achieve a finish. - Gary Cantrell)

A ten hour drive across Tennessee brought Charley and me to Frozen Head State Park near Knoxville, Tennessee. It was dark and raining as we chose a camp spot and set up our tent on Thursday night. The rain fell and the wind blew our tent around during the night. On Friday we awoke to find we were the only campers in the park. The day was clear and cold with puddles of water that were frozen. We started to hustle coffee and oatmeal on a propane burner. Charley built a fire for warmth and Mr. Nick Williams was the next camper/runner to arrive. Around noon Tennessee's Marquis De Sade - Gary Cantrell arrived with the famous Barkley frozen chicken. Other runners from all over the country began to assemble around Cantrell's camp. Missouri, Nevada, Minnesota, Virginia, South Carolina, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and Germany were represented by runners awaiting the start of the 1992 Barkley 55/100 Mile Marathon. Cantrell started a wood fire and began to pull apart the still frozen chicken. Cantrell's method of cooking chicken is to build a good fire. Place the frozen chicken on the hottest part of the iron grill, burn the chicken on both sides then pull the meat over to the side to thaw out. Cantrell pointed out repeatedly to us that these chickens were walking around just the day before. (I grimaced each time he said that.) When you relaxed your mind and it was feeding time 5:00 pm, his chicken was delicious. A few (very few) potluck dishes were added to the chicken. (You know how men think that food just appears on a table from heaven.)

David Horton had let it be known weeks prior that he hoped to run the Barkley 55 miles in sub 24 hours. As fate would have it, David caught a cold the week before the race and sounded real congested. David was very quiet, not his normal, playful, happy self. Nevertheless, Dennis (The Animal) Herr proceeded to lift David into the air and twirled him around like he was a small child. We all laughed and talked about who would run three and/or four loops the next day. No one has every run beyond the three loops of the Barkley. It was announced by Cantrell that a new starting time of "BY 8 A.M." would begin the race. The runners were very puzzled by the



announcement as in the past the race has started at 6:00 a.m. Runners grumbled at the new start time. you would think that 8:00 A.M. would be a favored start time but NO the Tennessee Marquis De Sade had evil intentions: It would be more difficult as everyone who runs 55 miles would have a full loop to run in the darkness with this new start time. In years past the leaders have slid, stumbled and rolled down the 1/2 mile section named "Leonard's Butt Slide" that ends at the New River Gorge. They, then climbed the highest hills (mountains) Hell and Rat Jaw. With this new start time they would get to do all of these sections in the darkness. This seemed to make the course in our favor (for middle to back of the pack runners, my personal thought). Marquis Cantrell smiled at his new change in starting time. The runners then headed for their campsites or to their motel rooms in the nearby towns of Wartburg or Oak Ridge before dark.

SATURDAY - Race Morning - 7:58 a.m. The Razorbacks, David Horton, Dave Cawein, Mara Cawein, Mary Cawein, and daughter, Charley, Nick and I call the hogs just as Cantrell gets ready to start the race. After the hog call therace is off. The top 4 runners who have a chance to win are David Horton, Dennis Herr - 1991 winner, Wendell Robinson, and Ed Furtaw (the first person to complete 3 loops), were off and quickly out of sight. Nick Williams, Dave Cawein and four others are in the second flight. I am struggling to find a group. I refuse then and now to run faster than I know I should and I'm usually not willing to go slower either. Darkness is the exception to this rule. The Barkley Race course is the greatest endurance event I've ever experienced. The trails are near non existent. No ribbons, flour, or blazes on the trees. Nothing but property boundary markers and the faintest of old trails that existed years ago. Maybe Indians or deer traveled the trails once in the late 1800's. The object is for the runners to find the 5 books that have been hung from trees in plastic bags or milk cartons. You must tear a page from each of the five books to prove that you have covered the entire course. You are issued written instructions and a map of the race course on Friday when you check in for the frozen chicken dinner. No chance to memorize or to study the route. This is to be fair to everyone, don't you see! No aid stations except what you send out in drop bags and you are warned not to pack too much weight or your bag won't arrive at the two designated drop stations at 7 1/2 and 12 miles on the course. I must skip a lot of description to get to the finish but the first 12 miles of each 19 mile loop are incredibly slow going and difficult. It takes David Horton 55 minutes to ascend Hell Hill. There are some beautiful vistas on the course in the day as well as at night. We had great weather. This is a most unusual endurance event. Only 30 entrants are accepted. We had 20 starters on Saturday and two finishers of the 55 miles by Sunday P.M. (36 hour cutoff).

#### 1992 BARKLEY RESULTS

- |                     |          |
|---------------------|----------|
| 1. Wendell Robinson | 28:01:36 |
| 2. Nick Williams    | 34:44:31 |

Gary Cantrell pointed out plainly that the remainder of the participants were D.N.F.'ers but a couple of us are proud that we can count any loops.

Dave Cawein	( 2 loops)	20:58:00
Lou Peyton	(2 loops)	25:15:25
David Horton	(1 loop)	?

POST RACE QUOTES -

- David Horton - I hope I won't go back.
- Dave Cawein - Now the torture begins. I have to wait a whole year to try again. I am obsessed with the race, now. I am going to call Nick. THE MAN!
- Charley Peyton - I spent 3 cold days and nights at the Barkley. I won't be a groupie.
- Nick Williams - I don't know if I'll go back or not. "Wendell finished next to last, where as, I came in second."
- Lou Peyton - I'm gaining on this race. One loop completed in '91. Two loops in '92. 1993 should be the charm.
- The Tennessee Marquis De Sade - You can't run this race confident that you will finish. You need to be a little frightened of the Barkley. Nick inspired me. I may try a loop next year

.THE BARKLEY -by DAVE CAWEIN

A post graduate course in ultra running. This is a course that all ultrarunners should measure themselves against. It is very basic. How tough are you? Race Director Gary Cantrell said it best when cautioning a California speedster who planned on running Barkley fast. "Save yourself some pain, go over to that big rock and beat your head against it, you'll suffer less." The Barkley is not a course to mess with. Humility, patience, heart, the climbing ability of a mountain goat, the quads of a biker, and an I.Q. in single digits are all qualities to be cultivated. Most are necessary for a finish.

How far is the Barkley? Officially its three laps and 55 miles. Realistically each lap is probably at least 30 miles. Big dogs that have Barkley experience say each lap is equal to the effort of a 50 mile trail race. At the least "The Barkley" is an honest 55 miler.

Space doesn't permit a full course description. I will however, debunk the "Great Barkley Myth". Cantrell is fond of citing the climbs of Hell and Ratjaw as the killers, the people eaters, the heart of the course. WRONG! These climbs are the exception to the hills at Barkley. THESE CLIMBS END. Together they take only 1 1/2 - 2 1/2 hours/lap. The real punishment is the other 6-10 hours/lap of climbs, descents, and the mind tiring game of trying to stay on course, in a race with significant sections without trail.

This year brought two new members into the exclusive club of Barkley finishers. Wendell Robinson of Wyoming and Nick (The Man) Williams. Wendell was the 1st finisher in just over 27 hours. Wendell spent the better part of the two weeks prior to the race at Frozen Head State Park. This the time learning the course proved invaluable.

Nick was the only other finisher. No one else answered the bell for lap three. Nick's performance was incredible. Especially if you saw him after lap two. Tired, blistered, and worn, Nick all but quit

after the second lap. Wisely deciding a nap was in order he slept. Arising from his rest, Nick quickly hit the trail just beating the deadline to start lap three. Speculation in camp was that Nick was too shot with too little time to beat the time cutoff and record a finish. But finish he did. And what a finish, second place in the World's Toughest Ultra.

Also running Barkley were Lou Peyton - 2 laps and David Cawein - 2 laps.

FOOTNOTE: That was not scaffolding Nick was timing from at the Pepsi 10K Race, on April 4th. Charley put Nick where he belonged - on a pedestal.

Congratulations Nick on a great performance!

#### THE BARKLEY MARATHON-by NICK WILLIAMS

The third loop at Barkley was really easier than the first two loops. The reason being once I forced myself to take the first step on the loop I knew that that was the last time I would see that particular spot. The first two loops I knew that I would have to see Bird Mountain, Jury Ridge, Bald Know, The Garden Spot, Butt Slide, Hell, and Ratjaw one and two more times.

You're probably asking yourself, how did I get out on the third loop. Well the true story is I finished the first two loops and my feet were killing me and I did not want to go on alone. So I went to sleep for four hours, got up and was going to take a shower when my good buddy Lou Peyton came jogging by. I knew there was no way I was going to let her go on without me. So I drove by her and told her I would go with her. She said O.K. I got dressed and found a pair of running shoes that not hurt my feet and started after her. As I got to Gary Cantrell he said you only have three minutes to start the run. Charley Peyton, Lou's husband had given me a cheeseburger to give to Lou as we went out of the camp. I got to her about 50 yards past the start and gave her the cheeseburger and told her 'let's go'. She looked at me read sad and said, "Oh Nick, I'm not going on". I snatched the cheeseburger from Lou and said, "O.K. dammit, I'll go on by myself". After I said that the last loop was in the bag. The last loop was really the easiest for me, even though it rained the whole time it took me to finish, because I knew it was the last time I would have to see it.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### 4-11-92 - MASSANUTTEN FORT VALLEY ENDURANCE RUN

TONY & IRENE JOHNSON

We just finished another 50 miler in Woodstock, Virginia. The Massanutten Fort Valley Endurance Run. The usual fasties were there, Eric Clifton, David Horton, you know those winged ones. Everyone there was faster than me, but so what! Ten minutes after the race started I was already last. There were 79 registered runners but only 65 started the run and 63 finished. There were only 4 women and all finished. The run was plenty tough and not to be taken lightly. As Bob Marston put it "this race demanded my serious attention".

There were several climbs in the run but the two that got me were, Sherman's Gap and Veach Gap. Those are very serious climbs at 42 to 45% grade and very rocky. You have to be very much aware of every foot plant you make. This course offers very little relief, and

is a constant up and down. The course was changed in part but is still plenty tough.

The weather was cool at first but heated up quickly, reaching 82 degrees by afternoon. Both Irene and I suffered sunburn on our neck and shoulders. Late in the afternoon about 3 o'clock or so we had a thunderstorm but it only lasted about 30 minutes and the weather turned hot again. There were a lot of problems with lack of volunteers to man the aid stations this year and some stations didn't have enough water. Irene and I were always running out of water. We were only offered 1/2 a bottle coming off of Sherman's Gap. Several times I had to fill our bottles with stream water to keep from dehydrating. The goodies could have been better also, too much sweet stuff.

I thought we were going to have another close call on the time limit but Irene finished in 11:46:39 and my time was 11:48:06. Bob Marston had a great run with a 10:31:40 finish. This is a good run. Well worth your time and effort.

ERIC CLIFTON	6:44	1ST PLACE	(AURA Member in good standing)
DAVID HORTON	OOFS!	TIME NOT AVAILABLE.	"
BOB MARSTON	10:31		"
IRENE JOHNSON	11:46		"
TONY JOHNSON	11:48		"

\*\*\*\*\*

THE MISSISSIPPI 50-LELAND, MISSISSIPPI. MARCH 21ST

JOEL GUYER	6:59	1ST MASTERS
LES HALL	9:58	3RD GRANDMASTER
CHARLOTTE DAVIS	10:39	
T-BEAR LASTER	10:39	

#### ULTRA TRAIL SERIES REPORT

Mobile Marathon (4-18-92) - 21.5 miles. I want a remeasure of the course. I remember the first time we ran the entire distance. Everyone swore it was at least 26 miles. Some boosted it up to 30 miles. Regardless of the distance it can be a killer. By the way the name comes from the abandoned Mobil Station about a block east of the present starting line. At one time when we ran it regularly we'd set up the run and "let's meet at the Mobil Station". For those of you who have not had the pleasure, the route is out and back from Kanis Road to Highway 9 over improved forest service roads. The first half has three major climbs followed by five miles of rolling hills to the turnaround. On the return the hills wait to grab you.

At the 6:30 A.M. starting time we had an unusually large number of runners. Some had already stated that they were going half way. At the start series leader, Johnny Gross, took an uncharacteristic mid-pack position not showing his usual confidence as reigning "King Of The Trail". Ray Bailey, perhaps the next fastest runner to start also took an easy approach and glided with the pack of runners to the first climb. By the turnaround Bailey had stepped up the pace and was

in control of first place followed by Jere English and new comer Harold Hays.

For the women, Kim Pavelko was in a class by herself and was never seriously challenged. Her nearest rival for overall victory was Paulette Brockinton who seems to be improving in every race.

At the turnaround the question passed down from runner to runner was "where is Johnny"? People reported that he took the lead but had disappeared before the turnaround. So it turned out that Johnny wasn't feeling well and turned back early. When the pack discovered his misfortune the chorus turned from "where's Johnny", to "I kicked Johnny's behind". I say, "kick 'em when they're down!"

#### MOBIL MARATHON (RESULTS)

1.	Ray Bailey	2:38:21
2.	Jere English	2:51:59
3.	Harold Hays	2:52:14
4.	Neil Hewitt	2:57:00
5.	Ken Millar	2:59:48
6.	Jim Schuler	3:01:30
7.	Ernie Peters	3:10:17
8.	John Baker	3:11:00
9.	Simon Hauser	3:13:13
10.	Nick Williams	3:19:00
11.	Jim Sweatt	3:21:29
12.	Kimberly Pavelko	3:22:40
13.	Paulette Brockinton	3:23:38
14.	Tally Ward	3:29:30
15.	Pete Ireland	3:30:20
16.	Lou Peyton	3:32:03
17.	Tom Zaloudek	3:32:03
18.	Tom Holland	3:35:26
19.	Sandy Walker	3:41:34
20.	Cathy Holland	3:48:00
21.	Irene Johnson	3:53:39
22.	Bob Franklin	3:53:40
23.	Tony Johnson	3:54:10
24.	Donna Hardcastle	3:55:25
25.	Charlotte Davis	3:55:25
26.	Sam Hardcastle	4:00:00
27.	Sandi Venable	4:04:00
28.	Mary Clendaniel	4:09:00
29.	Charley Peyton	4:15:11
30.	Rosemary Haluszeka	4:49:27
31.	Corky Binz	4:53:45
32.	Martha Rodgers	6:21:10
33.	Kim Bertram	6:21:10

#### RACE SCHEDULE

MAY 16TH-----THE LOST TRAIL MYSTERY RUN ---LAST RUN OF THE  
ULTRA TRAIL SERIES. 6:30 A.M. START.  
START FROM THE PIGEON ROOST MOUNTAIN ROAD  
APPROXIMATELY 16 MILES FROM THE I430/HWY. 10

OVERPASS. BE THERE OR BE SQUARE!  
JUNE 13TH-----GOCARE 6/12 HOUR CHARITY RUN. MONROE, LA.  
RUBBERIZED TRACK. STEVE BRIDGES 1813 FILHIOL  
AVE. MONROE, LA. 71203 OR THE BIGSHOT HAS  
APPLICATIONS.  
JULY 11TH-----WHISKEY CHITTO 50 KM. TRAIL RUN. 8 P.M. START  
MOONLIGHT RUN. STEVE BRIDGES. 1813 FILHIOL  
AVE.. MONROE, LA. 71203  
AUGUST 15TH-----WILD AZALEA TRAIL 50 KM. TRAIL RUN. 7:00 P.M.  
START. STEVE BRIDGES. 1813 FILHIOL AVE..  
MONROE. LA. 71203

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear BigShot:

I have a problem that I can't talk to anyone about. When I'm running with my wife, I often pretend I'm running with Francie Larrieu Smith or Julie Isphording. My wife would die if she knew this. Is this wrong? Will this hurt our marriage? Please answer in your newsletter.

Deceitful husband

Dear D.H.:

*Whenever I get "fantasy" letters like yours, I always think about my Junior High School coach down in Mississippi who taught the boy's 7th grade Health Class. His advise to you would be the same as he gave to us.-----"Think about baseball"!*

Dear BigShot:

When we first married my wife loved to run with me but lately she seems to always have an excuse not to run. One time its a headache, the next she's too tired. How can I get her to enjoy running again?

Disappointed Husband

Dear D.H.:

*To get her to enjoy running with you again, let her run with the BigShot.*

Dear BigShot:

My husband travels a lot in his work and I suspect he may be running with other women when he is out of town. He runs with me when he's home but I'm frantic thinking about what happens when he's out of town. Should I confront him with my suspicions?

Please answer in your newsletter.

Worried Wife

Dear W. Wife:

*Suffer in silence. Questioning might drive him to ultras. Be*

patient and have your Nikes on when he comes home from his travels.  
There's nothing like a long run at home to keep his mind strictly on  
the job.

p.s. you failed to mention what days he travels.

Good Luck to  
All you AURA readers  
who ARE RUNNING the  
QUACHITA trail 50!  
B.S.