

BIGSHOT 'S MISTAKE PUT NATIONAL TRAILS DAY EVENT IN JEPRODY

ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

JULY/AUGUST 1998

THE NEWSLETTER FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNING ASSOCIATION

MESSAGE FROM THE BIGSHOT-Just when I'm about to give up on ultra news to report along comes a biggie. Five time winner of the AT100, Chrissy Duryea-Ferguson, is now an Arkansan. She and her husband Stan have pulled up stakes in California and have moved to Conway. We look forward to seeing them both at some of the trail runs soon.

Donna Duerr has been busy this summer having completed the Collegiate Peaks 50 and the Ice Age 50 Miler. Donna promises a report on both but you know how that promise stuff is.

AURA's Robert Orr along with two team mates competed in the "Beast of the East" last June. This is a multiday adventure race in the mountains of North Carolina of 300 plus miles, consisting of running, mountain biking, kyacking, repelling, canocing, orienteering, etc. Robert's team, Team El Faco Ba. I got a first hand report from one of their crew members, Roberta Orr. I hope to get something in writing later.

On June 6th, Peyton, disgraced his running organization. He volunteered to be the official starter for the six mile run and at the prerace briefing he was recognized as such. Declining specific directions to the start of the six mile race, Peyton drove to where he thought the six mile runners were to congregate. After waiting for

1998 Arkansas Traveller 100-Entries running ahead this year.

30 minutes and no starters to start, he asked a forest ranger nearby who was setting up an aid station for the 18 mile runners. The ranger stated that the six mile runners had never started from there and then gave him a "you must be stupid look". Later back in camp, Peyton hung around his campsite pretending to fix a flat tire and pack things while waiting for all of the runners to leave. He hopes that he has not been the downfall of National Trails Day.

| NATIONAL TRAILS DAY/BRUSHHEAP MOUNTAIN 18 MILE CHALLENGE | | | |
|--|--------------------|-----|------|
| 1 | Paul Lowrey | | 2:29 |
| 2 | Roger Rains | | 2:36 |
| 3 | Will Taggart | | 3:17 |
| 4 | Tony Soto | | 3:20 |
| 5 | Shane Dulaney | | 3:48 |
| 6 | Bill Lufkin | | 4:03 |
| 7 | Sam Taggart | | 4:06 |
| 8 | Jon Lucas | | 4:46 |
| 9 | David Samuel | | 4:46 |
| 16 MILE | | | |
| 1 | Steve Chaney | | 3:31 |
| 14 MILE | | | |
| 1 | Lise Reilly | | 2:40 |
| 2 | Robin Daniel | | 2:41 |
| 3 | Lynn Daniel | | 2:41 |
| 10 MILE | | | |
| 1 | Don Higgins | | 2:45 |
| 2 | Lacey Pigeon | | 2:49 |
| 3 | Lindsay Outten | nta | |
| 4 | Ronald Jones | nta | |
| 5 | Ned McCoy | nta | |
| 6 | Sarabeth Bailey | nta | |
| 6 MILE | | | |
| 1 | David Ward | | 1:11 |
| 2 | Dan Nolan | nta | |
| 3 | Hannah Reilly | | 2:45 |
| 4 | Tyler Freeman | | 2:45 |
| 5 | Madison Siedscheag | | 2:45 |

1998 Arkansas Traveller 100-Entries running ahead this year.

ULTRA CALENDAR

JULY 25TH *Midnight Mountain Run*. Approx. 50K. 8:00 P.M.. Lake Sylvia Trail parking area. No registration or prizes. UTS # 1..Water every 3 to 5 miles. Fully stocked aid station at the turnaround. Showers and Bigshot's special brew at the Turnaround. Drop bags will be taken to the Turnaround Aid station at 15.1 miles.

OCT 3RD 1998 *Arkansas Traveller 100*.

ULTRA CORNER

HARDROCK 100(July 10th)

AURA's David Horton ran a course record of 30:27:00 but finished in second place to the eventual winner, Ricky Denesik(New Mexico), 30:12:31. David sustained a broken hand at approx 80 miles and underwent surgery immediately after finishing. On his second attempt Arkansan Bill Laster finished in 18th place. See time below. On a very down note, Joel Zucker, 1991 finisher of the Arkansas Traveller 100, suffered respiratory arrest while driving with his pacer and family back to New Mexico and died shortly after in the hospital in Albuquerque. Joel had just finished his third straight Hardrock.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| <u>Bill Laster(98)</u> | <u>39:31:14</u> |
| Nick Williams(93) | 41:26 |
| Dr. Feelgood(94) | 43:41:47 |
| Nick Williams(94) | 46:49:10 |
| Dr. Feelgood(97) | 46:51:09 |

The following account was written by Joel Zucker's pacer and was posted on the ULTRALIST on the Internet.

As written by Brian Scott-

I recently spoke with one of Joel's nurses at the CCU at Presbeteryian Hospital in Albuquerque. She told me that Joel died of a brain bleed, which was confirmed by a CAT scan. Joel passed away Tuesday evening, and his organs were taken at this time. His nurse told me that these organs benefited many people. The remainder of his body was cremated, and is now in NY.

Joel developed a severe headache during the race. It started on the way up to Virginias Pass, abated on the final ascent to the pass, and then came back strong on the descent to Telluride. At times Joel had to stop the pain was so bad. We made it to Telluride and took some aspirin. I tried to get Joel to lay down for 20 minutes to get the headache under control. John Cappis also was concerned. Joel didn't want to do this, and we left Telluride

after a 1/2 hour stay. Joel's headache didn't go away until after the race. (He had the headache for the last 30 miles of the race.) He showed a lot of courage finishing the race in such pain.

Joel appeared to feel very good when my wife, ten year old son, and three year old daughter picked him up for the ride back to Los Alamos, NM, where he was going to spend the night before flying out of ABQ the next day. We picked him up around 10 am on Monday. As he carried his bags out to the car he said he was "fully recovered from the race". The ride to Durango and Pagosa Springs, where we stopped for lunch, gave no clues of the tragedy that was soon to happen. Joel talked and played with the kids in the back seat of our truck. Lunch was pretty normal as well. Joel ate three enchiladas and half my daughters bean burrito for lunch.

A few minutes after leaving Pagosa Springs Joel fell asleep in the back seat. He woke occasionally to make a comment, but then fell back to sleep. About 1-1/2 hours later, on a secluded stretch of road from Chama to Abique, Joel took two sharp breaths while sleeping. We could all tell that something was wrong. We yelled at Joel to wake up, but got no response. I pulled the truck over and put my hand on Joel's neck. No pulse. I pulled Joel out of the car onto the dirt shoulder, and began CPR. After a few minutes an unknown man came to our aid and began monitoring Joel's pulse for me. After about five minutes Joel's pulse came back, and I continued to do rescue breathing. By this time several people had stopped, including a state trooper, and were shouting encouragement. My wife, who was out flagging people down, said that everyone stopped. My daughter remained quiet in her car seat; she couldn't see what was happening, but could hear everything. Another woman took my son back to her car and kept him occupied. My wife and I are so grateful to all of these people, whoever they may be. When the state trooper first arrived he couldn't achieve radio contact because of our location. He had to drive away, call an ambulance, and return. Because of the delayed call, and the remoteness of our location, it took 30-40 minutes for the ambulance to arrive. Joel began gasping for breath after about 20 minutes of CPR, and began breathing on his own a few minutes after that. It took another five minutes to get him to respond to me. The state trooper told me to talk to Joel about a familiar and recent subject, so I started talking about Hardrock. I told Joel he still needed to finish, and he opened his eyes and tried to sit up. I did this a few times until he was conscious. The state trooper then introduced himself to Joel and told him that we needed medical history. Joel looked right at the trooper and shook his head, but didn't speak. I asked Joel if he ever had a seizure, or a similar experience to the one he was having. He looked me right in the eye and whispered "no" and shook his head. I asked him to move both arms in turn and he did. He started fading again and I asked him to repeat the names of the Hardrock aid stations back to me as I said them. He did this, the annunciation wasn't great, but certainly understandable. I was very relieved; his pulse was beating, he was breathing, and there seemed to be no gross neurological damage. The ambulance was going to arrive, and things were going to be OK. To my horror Joel lost his pulse and breathing just as the ambulance arrived. The ambulance crew took over, got his pulse back, and loaded him in the ambulance. They wouldn't let me ride in back, and I had to sit in the front passenger seat. Two people, I'm not sure of their training, worked on Joel in the back of the ambulance. We had no radio contact for the first twenty minutes of the half-hour ride to the hospital in Espanola. They were trying all kinds of procedures to revive Joel, but nothing was working. I was yelling at Joel all the way to Espanola, trying

to reach him, but to no avail. Ten minutes from the Espanola hospital we were intercepted by another ambulance, and a paramedic from that ambulance got in back with Joel. He tried to revive Joel, but couldn't. We pulled into the hospital ten minutes later, and Joel was taken into a room. I was not allowed to follow. The doctor came out ten minutes later and told me they had Joel's pulse back, but the prognosis didn't look good, that he had probably suffered severe neurological damage. He also told me that they would airlift Joel to Albuquerque. I was not allowed to ride in the helicopter with Joel due to weight limitations. My wife made several phone calls to Silverton and was able to get the telephone number of Joel's parents phoned into the hospital from Silverton. The doctor in Espanola called Joel's Mom and gave her the bad news. My wife and I were allowed into Joel's room as they were preparing to airlift him. We spoke words of encouragement to him, and touched him in hopes of some response. There was none. As they were taking him out I told him that I would see him in ABQ. As we drove out of town the helicopter was heading to ABQ, and a rainbow could be seen in front of it. We all hoped this was a good omen.

I dropped my wife and daughter off in Los Alamos, and my son and I continued to ABQ. We went straight to the CCU ward. I spoke with Joel's nurse who told me they were waiting for Joel to respond in some way. I left my son in the waiting room and went in to see Joel. He was lying in the bed, hooked up to life support. That strong heart of his was beating on it's own, but he needed a ventilator to breathe for him. I spent several minutes with him, talking to and touching him. No response. I went back in several times over the course of the next hour to be with him. Finally, exhausted, my son and I got a hotel room in ABQ.

I went in to see Joel the next morning. I was talking to him when the doctor walked in. He told me flat out that Joel was not going to wake up. This was very shocking and difficult for me. I went out and told my son, Luke, and we cried together. Joel had become a good friend to my son; in fact, we called him Uncle Joel sometimes. I took Luke in to see Joel; Luke wanted to say good-bye, and I thought it was important for my son's closure of this tragedy. We waited around a few more hours until Charlie Thorn and Andy Kron showed up. Charlie, Andy, and I went in to see Joel, but we were told that it would be about 1/2 hour before we could go in. They were doing the final series of neurological tests, including an EEG. Charlie, Andy, and I met with the doctor about a half hour later. He confirmed our worst thoughts; the EEG had shown that Joel was brain dead. Luke and I left shortly after we received the final news. I went in to say good-bye to Joel and then Luke and I headed back to Los Alamos.

I won't attempt to convey my emotions and feelings at this time. I won't give my thoughts on Joel at this time either. I just wanted to give an account of what happened to Joel; I know all of his friends need to hear this account. In my opinion he died in the back of the ambulance on the way to Espanola hospital. He didn't suffer much. It probably caused him pain to be revived, but I thought I could save him at that point, and his revival was short lived.

As many of you know, Joel had high blood pressure and didn't take any medication for it. I was recently told that Joel's blood pressure before last years Hardrock was 240/160. I was also told that it wasn't as high this year, but I don't have a number. The hospital staff at ABQ feel this was the largest factor in Joel's brain bleed. The extreme exertion at

Hardrock may or may not have exacerbated it. I don't think we will ever know the answer to this question.

Sincerely,
Brian

ANN SMITH FRIDAY UPDAY

Dear BigShot:

I want to thank you for the flowing tribute you wrote about me in the Ultra Corner column (Little Rock Road Runner). I received a copy of it during my recovery from breast cancer surgery and to tell you the truth I was feeling pretty blue.

After reading your article about the Sarge, I remembered that I am a fighter.

I have walked through valleys of danger unscathed because I always maintained a positive can do attitude, much like Nietzsche's statement, "What doesn't destroy me strengthens me"

However, a diagnosis of cancer brings up immediate and overwhelming fear, especially if so unexpected as mine. In my case, I had just scheduled rotator cuff surgery for a repair to the torn right shoulder incurred in a prolonged struggle with a felon who didn't care that the Sage



ANN FRIDAY (LEFT); BIGSHOT (RIGHT)

told him he was under arrest. (He went to jail and I went to the doctor) And somehow it just seemed like a good time to get my overdue mammogram even though I was completely asymptomatic. When the mammogram clinic called me back for additional views, I just knew they had mis-developed the film. The Sarge demanded to know why she had to come back in. The nurse calmly said there was a very tiny spot on the left breast that they wanted to take an enlargement of. I grudgingly agreed to return but I was sure it was a defect on the film.

I re-submitted to the unpleasant procedure and told the nurse that ever since the first views were taken of my left breast it had been consistently painful. (Myth - cancer never hurts) Thirty minutes later the radiologist was showing me the enlarged view of a couple of tiny dots that he called microcalcifications. He asked me if I had ever received any injury there. I told him that in my work as a police officer I frequently trapped suspect elbows in that area using control holds during arrest procedures. He told me the spots could be benign and related to trauma but he couldn't be sure. He advised me to have a

could be benign and related to trauma but he couldn't be sure. He advised me to have a biopsy or wait six months and watch it. As I was leaving his office, he said, "Now if that was my breast I would get it biopsied right away."

Which I did. I called my wonderful female breast surgeon, Mary, who looks like Barbie and is married to her nurse, Michael, who looks like Ken and are both marvelous people. She was booked up for weeks but told her scheduler to work the Sarge in the next week. On physical exam, using the mammogram pictures as a guide, Mary could not detect the slightest abnormality or thickening. She told me it was 80% probability of being benign and scheduled me for a needle localization where they do more mammogram views and without any pain meds stick hollow needles in the area of the spots like in a voodoo doll. Then they inject a blue dye that stings so badly tears were rolling down the Sarge's cheeks. In attempting to comfort me the radiologist told me that I was probably hurting more than his typical patient because I was so superficial. I looked at him pitifully and said, "You're not the first man to tell me that." Embarrassed by his double entendre, he clumsily explained that he meant my calcifications were so near the surface where more nerves are. I was experiencing more pain, but I seemed like a really swell person to him. Then we both laughed uproariously and I was wheeled over to my scheduled biopsy. The biopsy went without a hitch. Soon, I had the rotator cuff surgery. My orthopedic surgeon, Clyde, told me in an ominous sounding voice that rotator cuff surgery was one of the most painful surgeries he did. The morning after, I was convinced he was right. He told me he expected 100% recovery in 12 weeks. I call him the miracle worker because I tore a tendon in my left foot 2 years ago and the morning after surgery I walked out of the hospital, went rock climbing the next week, started running again in two weeks, and in six weeks competed in the Portland all women Race for the Cure 5K in memory of my 52 year old friend, Pat, who had just died one year after her breast cancer diagnosis. With 21,000 women competing, I set the standing course record (soft I know) for females 50-54 in 21:12. Mary called my home and left a message that my biopsy result was back. I knew it was cancer because she didn't immediately say, "Ann, your results are back and they are just fine." Filled with anxiety I paged her emergency number even though it was nine at night. She called immediately and confirmed my worst fear. She wanted me in her office first thing in the morning to discuss "options". Sobbing, I called another friend, Pat, diagnosed at 55 with breast cancer eighteen months ago and told her the horrible news. She unsuccessfully tried to console me and offered to drive me to my appointment to help me sort through my options for treatment. The fact that Mary had been reassuring about the early stage of my cancer did little to calm my nerves. Well, it seems we have come a long way, baby, in breast cancer treatment options for early stage breast cancer. Lumpectomy, lumpectomy plus radiation, simple mastectomy with immediate reconstruction are choices for patients depending on the specifics of the pathology report. Mary spent over an hour explaining what I had, the treatment choices, the odds of recurrence for each treatment. Pat loaned me her book, Dr. Susan Love's Breast Book, and suggested that I get my pathology report and slides and get a second opinion. As friends here learned of my diagnosis, they searched the Internet for information and provided it to me. I made the rounds of three cancer centers here getting second and third opinions. The more information I gathered the better I felt and the clearer my decision became. Another big advantage of early diagnosis is having a few weeks to make a major life decision rather than a few hours or days. Three weeks later I returned to Mary to

schedule surgery, having arrived at the same decision as she had first recommended to me. In my case, since the cancer could not be felt or seen except under the microscope, I was able to choose simple surgery on an outpatient basis and was back home in my own bed that night. And that is it. No need for radiation or chemotherapy and a prognosis of 98 - 99.9% cured. What a lucky woman I am.

In the space of a few short weeks, I re-ordered my priorities about my life. Suddenly the long term future didn't seem as important while the here and now with my family and friends and quality of life in the moment became overwhelmingly more important. In many ways this experience has blessed my life. Which brings me to the reason I became motivated to write this. We must all become aware that breast cancer has become an epidemic. The cause is unknown and there is no cure. I just learned of a 49 year old female attorney friend who six months ago was diagnosed with advanced breast cancer and underwent Taxol chemotherapy. She is clear of disease for now. Too, we have all learned of the diagnoses of Olivia Newton-John, Peggy Fleming, and Carly Simon. There is a lot of mis-information about high risk lifestyles in addition to theory about how cancer actually develops. Cancer causation is commonly separated into two phases: Initiator and promoter. Initiators are thought to damage DNA and may occur from ionizing radiation, viral attack, chemical toxins, or it may even occur at the time of early embryo formation. Initiator defects may lie dormant for years and over time chemical or biological agents may act on them to promote cell division and abnormal proliferation. These are the promoters: life style habits may either tend to promote or to inhibit this cell division and abnormal proliferation. For an excellent review of the subject I recommend, "What Your Doctor May Not Tell You About Menopause" by Dr. John R. Lee. Another excellent book recently published is titled, "To Dance With the Devil" by Karen Stabner. Politics, power and people are all involved in the new war on breast cancer. My advice is to arm yourself with information, implement life style changes that help reduce your risk of breast cancer (but won't necessarily prevent it), and follow the age guidelines for regular mammography and self exam. Even the mammograms may miss some tumors, in my case a mammogram may have saved my life. I thought it couldn't happen to me because I did all the right things. Don't let this fallacy of thinking allow it to happen to you. In times of war, we must be vigilant and well armed with accurate information. Just the facts, Ma'am!

Ann Sarge Friday

P.S.. I have not yet become a policeman, I am still only a police officer

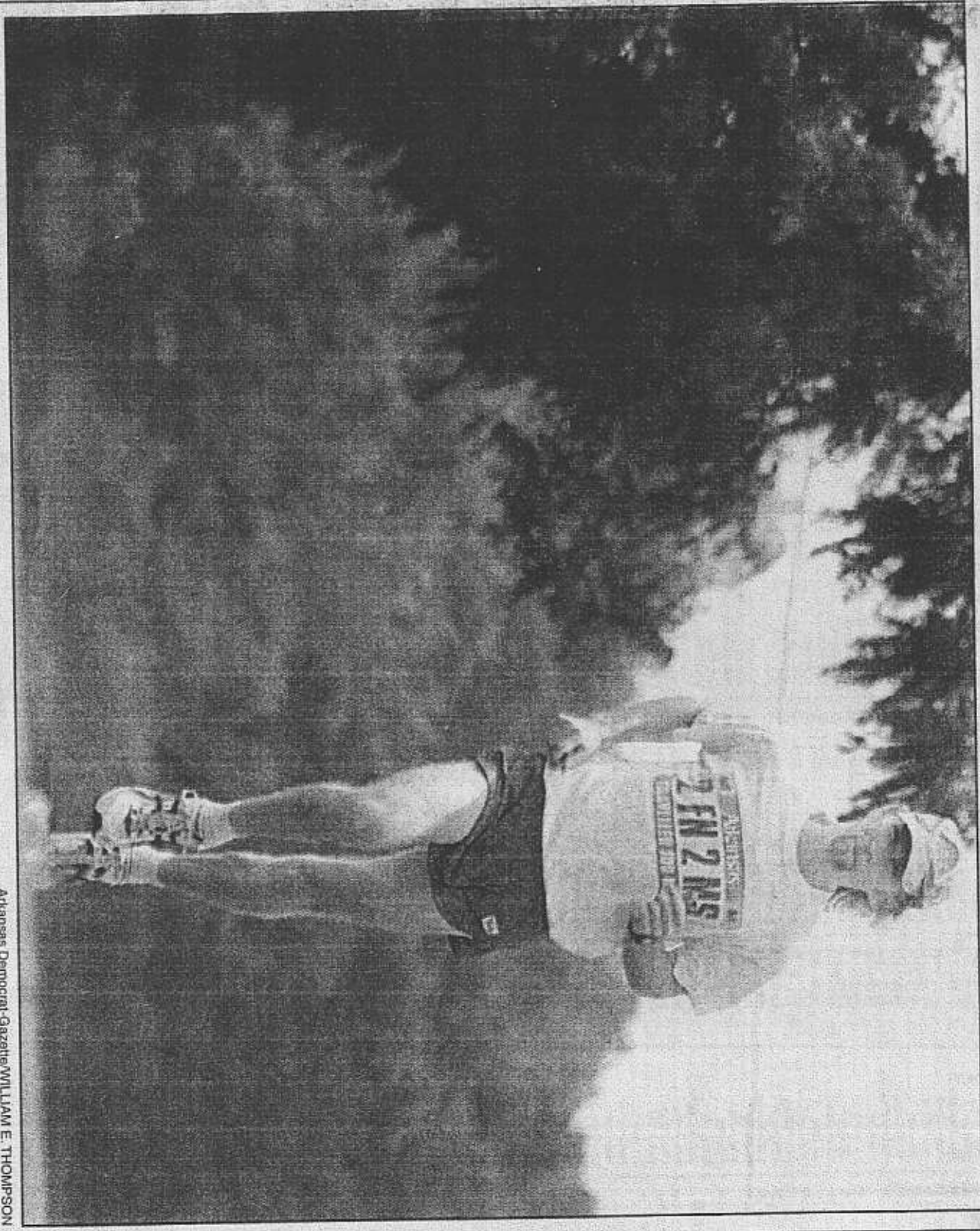
AURA ULTRA HOROSCOPE

ARIES-People like you because you are _____ (supply your own adjective).
TAURUS-Your wild imagination and paranoia could prove to be an asset in your next long run. GEMINI-Gemini's make the best crew! LIBRA-Leo's are bullies. VIRGINAS-Don't leave home without your Race Director knee pads.

1998 Arkansas Traveller 100-Entries running ahead this year.

The follow two pages were taken without authorization from the July 18th, 1998 Arkansas Democrat-Gazette. With their new found interest in recreation perhaps I shall resubscribe to the newspaper. Featured is AURA member Joe Fennel.

100 SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1998



Joe Fennel jogs near the Fayetteville Athletic Club. Fennel is resting for his run in Montana and runs 3 to 4 miles a day.

Arkansas Democrat-Gazette/WILLIAM E. THOMPSON

Fayetteville runner loves a challenge

BY TIM FISCHER
ARKANSAS DEMOCRAT-GAZETTE

FAYETTEVILLE — Two-thirds of the way through the race, Joe Fennel was feeling strong and confident.

He was in the top 10, didn't have a blister, wasn't tired and was mentally into it.

He was eager to conquer the final third.

After all, it had been only 68 miles.

Then Fennel, of Fayetteville, got lost. He took a wrong turn around the 72nd mile and spent about an hour trying to find the course.

"There was a time between 75 and 85 miles where I physically sat down on the road and said, 'What am I doing?'" he said. "It got pretty tough between 80 and 85 miles."

That's more than three marathons.

The event was the 1990 Arkansas Traveler Ultra Marathon — a 100-mile race in which the goal is to finish in less than 30 hours. Fennel did it in just more than 22 hours.

It was Fennel's first ultra-marathon. Today, he will compete in the Elkhorn Mountain 100-K race in Montana.

Fennel, 46, used to run marathons, 26.2-mile races.

In 1990, on his way back from the Grandma's Marathon in Minnesota, he decided he wanted to try something new.

"I pretty much got bored with doing other things," Fennel said.



Arkansas Democrat-Gazette/WILLIAM E. THOMPSON
Joe Fennel works out at the Fayetteville Athletic Club.

"I was looking for new challenges. This is another extension of something I wanted to accomplish for myself. I just thought it was real intriguing."

Fennel has run since 1978, when he moved to Arkansas.

"I just decided there had to be something better than Happy Hour every day," he said. "So I just decided one day I'd go out and run. I figured I had some ability."

He has run in the Boston Marathon six times and his fastest time for a marathon is 2 hours, 53 minutes. By championship standards, Fennel isn't one of the best marathoners, but

my mind," he said. "Put my mind in a lot of different uncomfortable situations prior to that run so mentally I would get stronger. The big change from running marathons to running ultras is the mind-set in which you do it."

It's a 50- to 100-mile walk, run, crawl, whatever it takes.

It also leads to a peculiar reward.

When he finished that first ultra-marathon, Fennel said he felt something he hadn't had before. A sentiment he had not gotten from an everyday marathon.

"I felt pretty empty," Fennel said. "Because you're physically and mentally spent. Second of all, this is another part of ultra-marathoning: there's no fans, there's no hoopla, there's no parties. When I finished the 100-mile race, it was at night and I was there with my buddy who ran the last 15 miles with me and two ladies who were sitting there freezing to death and that's it. I probably just accomplished one of the hardest things I've ever accomplished in my life and even my family was asleep."

A lot of effort for a smallish prize.

So it would seem.

The reward for Fennel lies not in fame or money or even the competition.

"I do it for me, I don't do it for others," he said. "Running's my drug. That's how I deal with the stresses in my life that I have. That's how I simplify my life."

he does something most marathoners don't even try.

"Ultra runners are a totally different breed than your typical runner," Fennel said. "If you're doing ultras, you're looking hard for something you haven't been able to find somewhere else and all of the sudden you're stepping off into another unknown. You find a lot out about yourself. There's a lot of lessons in life we learn from discomfort."

Training methods are different. Fennel can't train physically for an ultra because that would entail 70-mile training runs, which a body can't handle.

"What I try to do is condition