

Deer Season In The Lake Sylvia Area
 Modern Gun Season
 November 10th thru November 18th
 November 22 thru December 2nd

The ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER

November 2007 – The Arkansas Traveller Edition

A Newsletter For Members and Friends of the Arkansas Ultra Running Association

WWW.RUNARKANSAS.COM

Gentle Reader: If your name is highlighted on the address label,
 your AURA re-enlistment papers are in the mail.

THE BIGSHOT'S PAPER TRAIL – The next time you go online, check out the website www.Sylamore50k.com Besides being a new website, the race director has announced that the Sylamore 50k is offering \$1,000.00 to anyone who breaks the current 50k course record which was set in 2000 by Dink Taylor, 3:40:37.

On September 21st, an Arkansas running legend was retired. After 20 years of uncomplaining service, I parted with my 1987 Toyota pick up. With 200,000 plus miles, it was still running good but signs of age could not be denied. The little boy saw all of the Ultra Trail Series runs and all of the AT100's plus countless fun runs in the national forest. I admit to getting a little misty eyed as I saw it drive off without me. I take solace in knowing that perhaps it has by now made its way to streets of Chihuahua and giving its new owner the service that it gave me.

On page (4) of the AUR, we begin personal coverage of the 2007 Arkansas Traveller 100. If you were an aid station worker, a runner's crew, a pacer or a runner, we are always looking for your story. You can mail or email it. AURA at 41 Whiteoak Lane, Little Rock – 72227 or do chrlpytn@aol.com.

Last item: Everyone involved in the Arkansas ultra running community knows what a chore it can be to pull off a flawless Arkansas Traveller 100. Race Directors Stan and Chrissy take the AT100 to new heights every year. From my perch at the Chicken Gap Aid Station it was great to know that every contingency has been planned for and, if something out of the ordinary occurs (when you're dealing with people it always does), it *WILL* be handled. It is an honor to serve as the big rooster, at the Chicken Gap Aid Station.

RETREADS (Retired runners eating out) Meet monthly at Franke's Cafeteria on Rodney Parham at 11:30 a.m., the first Wednesday of every month. Wear something to identify yourself as a runner. Old newspaper clippings and scrap books are always a treat.

19th Edition; Number 9

The AURA – Where the gates to ultra redemption are always open
 Conceived in 1989; RRCA consummated 2001

Arkansas Traveller 100

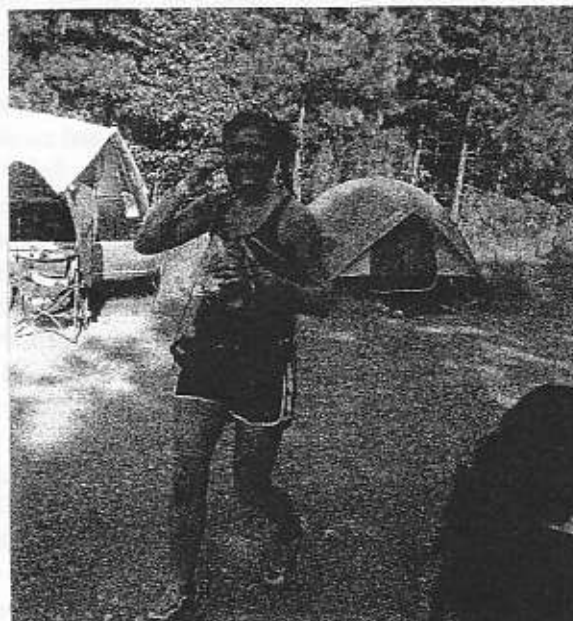
October 6-7, 2007
Ouachita National Forest
Perryville, Arkansas
Unaudited Results

Place	Name	Sex	Age	State	Time
1	Jeff Browning	M	36	OR	18:21:50
2	PoDog Vogler	M	41	AR	18:36:57
3	John Muir	M	29	AR	18:50:27
4	Matt Clay	M	29	OK	19:15:51
5	Mark Lantz	M	42	CA	20:01:12
6	Wyman Hamilton	M	26	AL	22:25:50
7	Kevin Dorsey	M	36	TN	22:27:59
8	Jeffrey Welsh	M	53	NC	22:39:21
9	Robert King	M	46	TX	22:42:47
10	Rick Cook	M	43	TX	22:45:29
11	Andy Mathews	M	46	FL	22:49:41
12	George Hitzfeld	M	47	TX	22:53:47
13	Joe Pulver	M	48	MI	23:03:53
14	Kevin Stroud	M	42	IL	23:11:31
15	John Dove	M	42	GA	23:13:38
16	Rick Mayo	M	32	MO	23:33:22
17	Barbara Hitzfeld	F	46	TX	23:58:31
18	Jamie Hammond	M	37	AR	23:59:11
19	Susy Phillips	F	28	AR	24:29:29
20	Carey Smith	M	33	MO	24:35:53
21	Gabe Bevan	M	35	MO	25:01:37
22	Lorraine Lavelle	F	57	CA	25:07:16
23	Ted Bowden	M	53	AR	25:20:09
24	Logan Vaughn	M	23	NE	25:25:07
25	David Glass	M	39	IN	25:25:08
26	Brian Kuhn	M	34	IL	25:44:57
27	Steve Corbin	M	45	TX	26:05:33
28	John Powers	M	44	TX	26:19:44
29	George Peterka	M	47	AR	26:21:28
30	Dianne Seager	F	51	AR	26:21:57
31	Al Kershner	M	54	PA	26:23:09
32	David Reagler	M	41	AR	26:30:40
33	Guy Patteson, III	M	47	AR	26:32:14
34	Mike Hopton	M	55	AL	26:43:01
35	Kimmy Riley	F	46	AR	27:07:12
36	Chrissy Ferguson	F	46	AR	27:11:53
37	Monica Scholz	F	40	Can	27:20:30
38	Philip McColl	M	55	Can	27:20:30
39	Dalton Wilson	M	36	TX	27:20:31
40	David Pontious	M	42	IL	27:25:03
41	Scott Olmer	M	36	CO	27:25:16
42	Isaac Espy	M	44	AL	27:48:06
43	Jeremy Bolt	M	37	MO	27:48:06
44	Dale Humphrey	M	48	IL	27:53:25
45	Ian Maddieson	M	65	NM	27:55:12
46	Gena Bonini	F	44	MO	27:59:56
47	Rochelle Frazeur	F	36	TX	28:05:06
48	Murry Chappelle	M	48	AR	28:05:16
49	Willie Lambert	M	45	KS	28:07:07
50	Kathy Hoover	F	47	OK	28:10:08
51	Axel Reissnecker	M	54	TX	28:25:50

52	Chase Squires	M	41	CO	28:34:31
53	Randy Dietz	M	57	PA	28:41:55
54	Manuel Centeno	M	39	AR	28:54:08
55	Leslie Hale	F	55	TX	28:54:09
56	Bill Heldenbrand	M	61	MO	28:55:54
57	Michael Moye	M	63	VA	29:15:36
58	Vicente Ledesma	M	56	TX	29:21:02
59	Pete Ireland	M	67	AR	29:34:01
60	Ben Simmons	M	22	AL	29:29:29
61	Eddie Joule	M	44	NY	29:32:19
62	Rosemary Evans	F	54	KY	29:39:46
63	Bob Drake	M	50	OH	29:39:46
64	Katsuyuki Hatta	M	43	Jap	29:39:53
65	Hiromi Hatta	F	46	Jap	29:42:52
66	Michael Matteson	M	49	IL	29:54:53



Winner 2007 AT100, Jeff Browning, Oregon



First Female, Barbara Hitzfeld, Texas

AURA's To Finish The 2007 Arkansas Traveller 100

2 nd	PoDog Vogler	18:36:57	32 nd	David Rigler	26:30:40
3 rd	John Muir	18:50:27	33 rd	Guy Patteson III	26:32:14
17 th	Kevin Dorsey	22:27:59	35 th	Kimmy Riley	27:07:12
19 th	Susy Phillips	24:29:29	36 th	Chrissy Ferguson	27:11:53
23 rd	Ted Bowden	25:20:09	48 th	Murry Chappelle	28:07:07
29 th	George Peterka	26:21:28	50 th	Kathy Hoover	28:10:08
30 th	Dianne Seager	26:21:57	59 th	Pete Ireland	29:34:01

140 starters; 66 finishers

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AT100 SPECIAL FEATURE

The following three articles were generously offered for publication in the AUR.

Susy Phillips – *What A Strange Journey - 24:29:29*

What a strange journey, The Arkansas Traveller 100. Thinking again about crossing the finish line at 6:30 that Sunday morning still takes my breath away. What was my strategy? My strategy became toothless after I was brought to my knees by heat and feet and residual broken neck pains. I admit, I was cocky; I had felt some sort of entitlement to a 24-hour Traveller. After all, the strategy to complete the race of my life began the week after I swore I would never do it again...

After my blisters and memory of pain faded from the 2006 Traveller that took 28 hours and one minute of my life, I began plotting this ridiculous redemption involving a hellish year of running obscene miles at ball-breaking speeds. The illusive 24-hour Traveller. I felt I had learned so much, I knew my folly: not enough pre-race miles and too much time sitting at aid stations. I promised myself I could run the Traveller in less than 24 hours if I ran all the AURA runs and 60 miles a week with a hearty build up in the last months before the race. So I did. I ran every AURA run, practically winning the series by default. I also ran 30 miles per week with an additional 30 or 40 miles on the weekends. I was graciously groomed by our bereaved Venezuelans Tamara Zagustin and Magdalena Font with cross training on a road bike. I learned so much about pacing, even on down hills, and eating, even if you think you'll throw it up, from those two fine athletes. I gave up my weekends, sleeping in with my lovely wife and having any life whatsoever outside of running. My tried-and-true running partner, Jim Sweatt, and I ran through rain, snow and mud during the winter, and through heat and blister of the summer. I was obsessed and it was paying off. I had an incredible season, running smarter and faster with less pain and fewer problems than ever before.

Then, life happened. My early July build-up had reached 80 miles a week and I had purposely planned a week off before tackling two 90-mile weeks, then working back down before the Traveller. Jayme and I were supposed to be in beautiful Santa Fe whitewater rafting, horseback riding, hiking and mountain biking. We were supposed to be laughing and enjoying each other on our first vacation alone together in years. Instead we got run off the road by a truck driver in Amarillo, Texas and found ourselves rolling four times across the median and oncoming traffic before crashing in a ditch, our crumpled car in flames. I can still taste the metallic in my mouth and smell the burning plastic of dead car.

When the emergency MRI tech told me my neck was broken, I immediately asked: Will I have to have surgery? Why can I move my legs? And can I run 100 miles in October? He said, "Ma'am, please don't move your legs." I remember this crushing feeling of loss when my neurologist told me I would be in a hard neck brace for three months, getting it off the day before the Traveller. The throwing up, constant pain of movement and discomfort while sleeping, the misery of wearing a rubber neck brace in the 106 degree Arkansas summer paled compared to having the past nine months ripped out from underneath me. I had to call my pacer, John Hubanks, and tell him it was okay to drink beer again; I wouldn't be running. All I had was walking. And boy, did it really suck. It was hot and took forever to get any distance in at all. But I'd slip a cold pack in the back of my neck brace and walk my heart out, never feeling sorrier for myself and all that time that somehow felt wasted.

A promising CT scan at nine weeks revealed I had already grown bone over the fissure in my C-1 vertebrate. I was cleared to run just four weeks and two days before I would again attempt the 24-hour Traveller. All I had to do was not fall down! No one was really putting in a lot of miles in those few weekends before the Traveller except Jen Foster who took me on my first run back with Josh Bornhorst, my back up pacer. I crammed in miles by the bucket full, running both Tuesday and Thursday night runs at Burns and Emerald Parks. My cardio had been crushed and my feet were soft. Running just didn't feel right anymore and I began to accept that I would just be going for a finish at the Traveller. I put away my pace chart and my plans and prepared to let it go. A year ago, I promised my wife and myself that I would retire from ultra running after the Traveller and had grown to look forward to spending more time with her riding bikes, rollerblading and playing tennis as well as running sane distances like the marathon. I knew whatever I had in me to finish, I would have to put on the line one last time. The entitlement I felt before was long gone; I was nervous and scared of leaning over the starting line for the first time ever.

I showed up that Saturday morning with my tail between my legs. Jen did her best to fire me up before the race started. I did not want to drop, but it somehow felt inevitable. And then I started running, well in the back, but I was running and singing to myself. I stuck to the basics: run the flats and down hills, walk up hill, eat and take e-caps every hour, don't think about other people, concentrate and be consistent. At the prerace meeting, Chrissy had mentioned there were 25 aid stations and spending more than one minute at each could really eat away at your time. I took that, and lots of other things she's said, to heart, and set a one minute timer on my watch. I started it outside each aid station, giving one minute for regular aid stations and two minutes for drop-bag stations. Jay Honeycutt even gave me props for effective planning at Lake Sylvia aid station which got me out of there in less than two minutes.

Just outside of Winona, I found out what I didn't want to know at all: I was in third place and closing in on the front runners. What bane, what poison! Winning makes you crazy; almost winning makes you crazier! I wasn't supposed to think about other people, but all of a sudden I was thrust into a competition with some very experienced and older ultra women. And what wonderful women they were! I spent time running with both of them getting to know and especially appreciate Lorraine Lavelle from California. She is 15 for 15 for hundred milers and here I was on my second. How intimidating, but she was very encouraging and challenging and I wanted her to win much more than the Texas lady!

By Powerline, my soft feet were screaming, but my heart was soaring from the unbelievably good run I was having. Mike Dupriest again did a great job repairing my blistered feet and blackened toes. And off I went, much to the chagrin of my pacer who had to drop at Turnaround. I stuck with the plan, running and walking, eating on time, all except for that part about not thinking about anyone else. Back at Powerline, I was in second place and still feeling really good. While I had a pacer, I would have him refill my water and get the food I wanted while I walked through. This eliminated my desire to sit down which had crushed me last year. It also improved my time and freaked out a lot of aid workers who thought I was just blowing the station. My second pacer, John Kelly, could not have been more of a champ. We were both elated at mile 70 when we passed the first place female and quickly left her in the darkness. Throwing up just outside of Chicken Gap gave him pause, but I recovered quickly and didn't bonk, thanks to my Cliff Bloks I also discovered after hurling at mile 80 last year.

With a good grip on the lead, we focused on staying relaxed and going for the 24. I made good time back to Winona, arriving right at 1:30. I knew I would have to stay consistent to finish by 6 a.m., and still felt pretty good and confident. Somewhere along 212, I started bonking. I really felt the fatigue in my legs on that long climb and the sickness of the heat and humidity in

my very sour stomach. It was grueling to finally reach E Tower. John scrambled to find something I would eat, switching to pumpkin pie and Sprite. We still had time to finish by 6 and I really wanted it.

And this is where I made the mistake that cost me the win and the 24-hour Traveller. I know now what I did, but at 4 a.m., the signals were all crossed and confused and I sabotaged myself with less than 10 miles to go. The queasiness in my stomach intensified with every hill. My pacer kept prompting me to take salt and eat on time, but I refused. I didn't want to risk throwing up and bonking that late in the race. I kept drinking and peeing, drinking and peeing and feeling more and more sick. I didn't bother to look at the table at Pumpkin Patch. I knew I couldn't eat anything and I thought I would have to wing it to the finish. The brisk pace I had been able to walk was gone and I was struggling to keep up an 18-minute mile. Finally, the Texan passed me just after mile 95 and I fell apart. I knew I wasn't going to catch her for the win and I wasn't going to finish by 6 a.m. It was after I gave up that I understood I had gotten hyponatremic. What a forehead slap! If only I'd taken the salt when I really needed it an hour ago, I could have put up a fight. But the symptoms overtook me and I was finished. John patiently walked me through whining out the last five miles, none of which I could run.

The holy, happy moment of finishing second overall, the first Arkansan female, only 29 minutes behind my goal and only three months after breaking my neck was dim and I barely noticed at all. I was so sick, I walked across the finish line, into the tent and directly to emergency aid personnel. After throwing up voraciously and showing a systolic blood pressure of only 82, I got pumped with two bags of saline through an IV. That'll make you feel more human again and make you want to celebrate!

Like I said, what a strange journey. I got way more than I could've asked for even though I didn't meet my goal. Life has a funny way sometimes, of letting you have your cake and throw it up too. There were so many people who helped and encouraged me along the way. It truly was the network of trail runners that made this run of a lifetime possible for me. Now it's time for me to find out why I survived that car wreck at all, time to volunteer and help others do all that I have done and be grateful for the people and opportunities by which I've been blessed. Yes, I really am retired, really happy and mostly hopeful I could have encouraged others not to give up. Of course I'll still be out on the trails, just on the other side of the aid table for a while! My brief career as an ultra runner was truly a beautiful experience for me. But happiness, I believe, is most complete when shared.

Ted Bowden – *AT100 First Timer* - 25:20:09

Charlie, I'm humbled that you would ask me to recap my AT100 for the AURA newsletter. As some of our readers know, my only other 100 mile attempt was the AT100 in 2002 where I dropped at power line coming back, so I've had some unfinished business. Last year as I prepared to pace Diane Seager I started to think about another try, then as I worked chili pepper with Darin Hoover & friends, Jim Sweat said something like, "Ted, we need to do it next year" and I agreed.

Over the years I've completed several 50K's and a few 50 milers, but I've not been willing to commit, really commit to training a "hundred" and even though I was in pretty good shape in 2002 I lacked the mileage needed to be successful in a 100 mile endurance event. So, with the experience I gained in 2002 and what I've learned from others I was ready to begin a year of training.

My plan was to do as many of the organized AURA runs, consistently get out to Lake Sylvia on the weekends for my long runs and get my weekday mileage up. Also, on my weekly long run, the training strategy would be to run as many of the hills as possible and do the run like I was racing.....oh yea, I needed to lose 25lbs. too.

Training went as planned and then I did my own version of a taper, doing very little the last two weeks. In fact, two weeks prior to the run I ran (3) days, not long and not hard and did an easy ride and one week prior, I didn't do anything....didn't mow the grass, avoided steps, etc.

Race day arrived and yes I was nervous but had that confident feeling of knowing that I had done the homework. I was not even too concerned with the weather forecast because we had been running in hot and humid conditions all summer. As far as finishing in a certain time, well first and foremost I wanted the finish, if I could get in between 24 & 26 good and a sub-24 would be icing on the cake. With all of that said I kept remembering what several people kept telling me, don't go out too fast, so I told myself to run easy, run smart and enjoy. I maintained a 24 hr. pace through Lake Winona but lost some time in the heat of the day going over pig trail and smith mtn. and it was then that I was pretty sure a sub-24 was not to be. My crew of my wife Lu, my brother Tom & his friend Kerry had me in & out of power line in record time and with Dan McCullough by my side. Dan did a great job of keeping me focused and moving. My only low spot, if you call it that was about three miles from chili pepper after leaving turn around, I started to feel a blister on the ball of my left foot and my quads were starting to scream a little. Back at power line Mike D took care of the blister, I changed socks and shoes and headed out with Phil Brown who did a great job getting me over smith mtn. & pig trail. Obviously I would lose more time through this section and would arrive at winona right on the bubble of a 26 hour finish. Darin Hoover took over pacing duties at this point, I told him I would run as much as I could trying not to focus on my blisters or my quads or "212" which is tough even during the daylight. Darin kept telling me I was still walking and running strong and after 212 I started feeling the finish. We passed three runners after electronic tower and ran the last two miles at a 10 min. pace, (which felt like a sprint) & finished 40 mins. Under the 26 hours @ 25 hours 20 mins. When we hit the pavement by the campground entrance all kinds of emotions started stirring within. I was afraid this might happen and had even told Lu, as Darin and I were leaving winona Sun. morning that she might want to have a towel waiting for me at the finish so I could bury my face. Anyway, the music started, Darin congratulated me and broke off to let me run in by myself, I see the banner, Lu, my brother Tom & his friend Kerry and lots of folks clapping, whistling & offering a "way to be"....Call me an old softie, but how can that not pull on the emotions.

What a great event, thanks to all the volunteers, our Directors Stan & Chrissy and the board. Training for this event allowed me to get to know several of you better, you know who you are, thanks for letting me tag along.

My pacers were awesome, Thanks Dan, Phil & Darin for giving up part of your weekend to help me achieve a goal!!!

To my crew Lu, Tom & Kerry you just don't know what it meant to have you out there. You were right on point all weekend, shuttling pacers and vehicles, getting me out of the aid stations in minimal time, etc....knowing I would see you every 4 hours kept me pumped and moving.

This sport we love called ultra running has its rewards and disappointmentsfortunately for me, the AT100, 2007 was a success and one that I hope to experience again.

Guy Patteson, III -*My path to the AT100* 26:32:14

I guess I inadvertently started training for an attempt at the AT100 in April of 2006, when entering my first trail event ever, the Ouachita Trail 50K. From there, I participated in most of the remaining Trail Series events of 2006, meeting new people, exploring parts of the state in which I've lived all my life but had never seen, and getting a taste of the whole trail runnin' thing goin' on here in "the natural state". When you're a flat-land Delta native from northeast Arkansas, and you start scampering over to the west side of the state every few weeks to go trail runnin', you discover just how diverse and geographically different Arkansas is.

By the time the '07 Trail Series events rolled around in July, with event #1, the Midnight 50K, thoughts of a possible AT100 attempt were in the back of my mind. Having never run at night, I knew I'd better take a bite of that apple if I hoped to progress in the trail genre and if I wanted to keep my options open for an AT100 bid.

Next event: The Bartlett 50 miler. Hottest day in Memphis in years. Fellow trail dude, David Reagler and I, Kimmy Riley, Johnny Eagles, and maybe a few other AURA Trail Series regulars crossed the Mississippi to get a taste of Memphis trails. My state of mind and body after this event would determine whether or not I had any business attempting the AT100. Despite the heat, the outing was a success and injury-free.

Next came the Mt. Nebo run, followed by the "Heart of the Traveller" training runs; each a mental and physical stepping-stone to an AT attempt. Finally, a pretty disciplined approach to a borrowed, but credible, training program and encouragement from three guys who'd each agreed pace a chunk of the second half of the AT. Finally ---- mailing the registration check in the mail. Funny how I am unable to fully mentally commit to an event until I've paid money.

My race strategy: My bottom line race strategy was to come to the event properly trained, with a healthy mix of caution, confidence, and humility. My goal was to simply finish the event injury-free within the allotted 30-hour time frame.

As many Ultra veterans already know, preparation for this event required much longer training runs at a much slower rate of speed than to which I was accustomed. Consequently, I became somewhat estranged from my regular running buds because of the different style of training required. In the last ten weeks prior to the Traveller I ran more by myself than I have since 2000. Some people enjoy running solo everyday. I enjoy the occasional solo outing. But, my running buddies are as vital to my running experience as water and Gatorade.

Low points: Because I came to the event properly trained, I can honestly say there were no bona-fide low points during the actual event. At no time did I question my sanity or my ability to finish. If there were any low points, they occurred during the training weeks prior to the AT. During the height of training I became mentally tired, physically exhausted ... simply dog-ass tired! I was missing my regular running buddies and the summer temperatures were hell, even in the early morning hours. I had to start training runs earlier than my usual 5:30am. Some days I only saw Kim (my wife) a few minutes and that's not exactly "quality time". And nodding off at the dinner table in mid-sentence became the norm. Luckily, I always woke up before my head ever landed on my plate! Eventually, we quit lighting candles for dinner out of fear I would burn my face!

High points: Having run most of last year's events, meeting people, making a few new friends, seeing familiar faces at the various AURA events, getting comfortable with the Trail Ultra genre These little stepping-stones contributed to the high point of my race, which was lining up at the start for the Traveller in a relaxed, prepared, good humored physical and mental state of mind.

Second high point of the run was stopping on top of Smith Mountain, turning off my light, and taking a minute to look at the stars on what was a beautifully clear night. I actually touched the Big Dipper. The view was worth a million bucks.

What did I learn?: I learned that eating and drinking, refueling, and eating and drinking even more are key to a successful 100 miler run. I was very vigilant at all the aid stations, making sure to consume a variety of the “real food and drink” options at virtually all the aid stations. I didn’t top eating and drinking until about mile 99.5.

What Worked?: Training. There’s no substitute for proper training. Participation in AURA series runs, the Heart of the Traveller Training runs, and upping my regular training mileage was a tremendous help. Talking with other AURA members and veteran AT100 finishers was also helpful. Even though at some point, ya just gotta do your thing and find out for yourself.

Another thing that worked: My pacers. Gary Gehrki from Arkadelphia, Robert Williamson from Jonesboro, and Steve Appleton from Little Rock each made it their mission to help me accomplish my goal. My goal became their goal, and I cannot thank ‘em enough. Pacing is a very unselfish thing to do. And they were great! Those guys were there for me, kept me fed, focused, awake, and motivated. Thanks guys!!!

What didn’t?: Luckily, I made no fundamental mistakes during training or during the run itself. Perhaps this was beginner’s luck. I choose to consider it proper training, preparation, self-motivation, and the support of family, friends, and well-wishers.

In Other Words, How did your race go? I had a great outing. I finished in 26:32:14, much better than my goal of 28 – 30 hours. I was completely unaware of the degree to which people were dropping out. I’m not sure that would have discouraged me. Like I said, before, I was trained, prepared, focused, and had great pacers. With some luck, I remained injury free, and lived to tell my tale.

AURA *WOMEN CAN RUN, TOO*

*Arkansas and AURA Women who have completed the Arkansas Traveller 100 Miler – 1991 thru 2007**

Chrissy Ferguson(95)	17:53:10
Chrissy Ferguson(94)	18:40:36
Chrissy Ferguson(93)	18:50:38
Chrissy Ferguson(96)	19:28:13
Chrissy Ferguson(97)	19:43:46
Chrissy Ferguson(92)	20:38:08
Chrissy Ferguson(99)	20:58:48
Chrissy Ferguson(01)	21:24:53
Chrissy Ferguson(04)	21:32:35
Chrissy Ferguson(02)	21:35:27
Natalie McBee(06)	21:58:09

Chrissy Ferguson(00)	22:13:33
Tamara Zagustin(03)	22:34:12
Dianne Seager(05)	23:04:30
Dianne Seager(04)	23:12:17
Iлона Peterka(05)	23:14:48
Angie Fisher(95)	23:50:17
Roberta Orr(98)	23:51:35
Lou Peyton(93)	23:52:05
Angie Fisher(97)	24:28:27
Susy Phillips(07)	24:29:29
Chrissy Ferguson(06)	24:34:54
Jen Foster(06)	24:52:01
Barbara Bellows(04)	24:56:47
Patty Groth(04)	25:00:36
Barbara Bellows(03)	25:04:55
Lou Peyton(92)	25:12:46
Barbara Bellows(02)	25:26:53
Angie Fisher(00)	25:27:11
Irene Johnson(92)	25:27:46
Kimberly Riley(99)	25:27:52
Angie Fisher(03)	25:58:21
Lou Peyton(94)	25:32:20
Charlotte Davis(93)	25:37:37
Angie Fisher(01)	25:45:44
Dianne Seager(96)	25:54:31
Kimmy Riley(01)	26:07:35
Patty Groth(06)	26:08:42
Dianne Seager(06)	26:12:21
Pat Cook(05)	26:17:58
Angie Fisher(04)	26:19:51
Dianne Seager(07)	26:21:57
Dianne Seager(97)	26:22:57
Kimberley Rilley(95)	26:30:48
Jamie Huneycutt(03)	26:43:26
Patty Groth(03)	26:50:15
Dianne Seager(95)	26:53:19
Lou Peyton(98)	27:01:56
Patty Groth(05)	27:12:12
Dianne Seager(02)	27:14:05
Ivy Franklin(96)	27:25:44
Shirley Hyman(06)	27:26:09
Teresa Lasiter(95)	27:26:24
Lou Peyton(99)	27:31:54
Jamie Huneycutt(98)	27:40:00
Lou Peyton(00)	27:42:53
Carrie Dupriest(03)	27:44:22
Irene Johnson(94)	27:48:05
Donna P. Duerr(91)	27:31:43
Charlotte Davis(91)	27:35:04
Patty Groth(01)	27:56:59
Jamie Huneycutt(01)	27:57:16
Patty Groth(00)	28:01:05
Suzy Phillips(06)	28:01:37

Gayle Hoffman(94)	28:03:40
Kathy Hoover(07)	28:10:08
Dianne Seager(03)	28:15:32
Kimmy Riley(05)	28:23:25
Angie Fisher(05)	28:32:12
Patty Groth(02)	28:34:09
Irene Johnson(91)	28:40:16
Carrie Dupriest(06)	28:52:46
Angie Fisher(06)	28:53:09
Dianne Bell(93)	28:59:41
Donna Hardcastle(91)	29:04:20
Holly Larkin(01)	29:06:43
Carrie Dupriest(99)	29:09:45
Ann M. Moore(93)	29:10:03
Donna P Duerr(98)	29:14:38
Brooke Touchstone(98)	29:15:30
Kimberly Riley(98)	29:17:00
Jamie Huneycutt(06)	29:18:58
Brenda Bonner(05)	29:20:39
Carla Branch(05)	29:20:39
Angie Fisher(99)	29:27:01
Donna P. Duerr(92)	29:27:14
Holly Lynch(06)	29:36:50
Angie Fisher(02)	29:28:11
Ann M. Moore(92)	29:37:25
Julie Kelly(06)	29:37:50
Dianne Seager(99)	29:44:18
Rhonda Ferguson(03)	29:50:02
Emily Hartman(05)	31:30:38
Kim Ferguson-Johnson(06)	31:38:20

* - Its that old thing about never attributing to malice that which can best be explained by stupidity. Please report any omissions or corrections to 501-225-6609 or chrlypytn@aol.com

AURA X-Training Report

On October 13th, 2007, AURA X-Trainers, Lou and Charley Peyton, traveled to Grand Gulf, Mississippi, for the *Sixth Annual Phatwater Kayak Challenge*, a 42 mile kayak race on the Mississippi River between Grand Gulf and Natchez, Mississippi. The race was won by 3-time Olympian, Mike Herbert of Rogers, Arkansas, with a new course record of 4 hours and 16 minutes. The Peyton's finished in about the bottom 2/3's of the finishers. When he pulled into Natchez and was assisted from his boat, Mr Peyton was overheard to say, "*WOW Damn!*". --- FYI AURA X-Trainers meet weekly for paddling and on Sunday afternoons for 20 to 30 miles of biking. Call us at 501-225-6609 or chrlypytn@aol.com if you're interested in doing some cross training. We hope to be back on the Mississippi River next year - October 11th, 2008.

Ultra Corner*

Turkey and Tatars 25 and 50k

Tulsa, Oklahoma September 16th, 2007

50k
 2nd Kevin Dorsey 5:11:43
 7th Raton Parmain 5:27:25
 14th Mike Samuelson 5:56:52
 47 finishers

25k
 15th Randy Ellis 2:37:44
 45th Jackie Edmonds 3:24:56
 85 finishers

9th Annual Tour D'esprit 24 Hour

Memphis, Tennessee September 28th/29th, 2007

Certified 1 mile track
 Kevin Dorsey 120 miles

39th Annual Arkansas Marathon

Benton, Arkansas September 29, 2007

1st Stan Ferguson 3:13:25

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ULTRA TRAIL SERIES

2007/2008 Ultra Trail Series Schedule

(This is subject to changes or additions)

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. 7-21-07 | Midnight 50 Km |
| 2. 8-11-07 | Bartlet Park(Tennessee)* |
| 3. 8-25-07 | Mount Nebo |
| 4. 10-06-07 | Arkansas Traveller 100 |
| 5. ?? | Northwest Arkansas Run(TBA) |
| 6. 11-10-07 | Gulpha Gorge Run |
| 7. 1-05-08 | Athens-Big Fork Marathon |
| 8. 2-02-08 | White Rock Classic 50Km |
| 9. 2-116-08 | Sylamore 50Km |
| 10. ?? | Big Rock Mystery Run |

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11. 3-14-08 3Days of Syllamo
 12. 4-19-08 Ouachita Trail 50
 13. 5-?-08 The Catsmacker

November 10th, 2007 – 7:00 a.m. start. UTS # 6 - *The Gulpha Gorge Challenge* – 18 miles +/-

Directions From Little Rock – I-30 thru Benton. Take the Hot Springs Exit/Hwy 70. Follow Hwy 70 to Hot Springs. Entering Hot Springs take exit 2 on the right. Follow the frontage road to the stop-sign. Turn right and drive a couple of blocks to the Gulpha Gorge Campground entrance. Turn left into the campground and drive to the rear. Park.

AURA Bonus Report

LEAN HORSE HUNDRED

By Maurice Robinson

This Summer I yielded to the call to run another ultra marathon. The event chosen to satisfy this urge was the Lean Horse Ultra 100 Mile Race in the Black Hills of South Dakota. What this meant was that instead of running the Arkansas Traveller 100 in fall 2007, that I would be working its Winona aid station for two days and nights. Training properly for the August 25th event involved running many hours every week, in almost all weather conditions, both day and night. I trained as well as I knew how to train and it went well, so running bags were packed, my wife Norma and I locked up the house, took annual leave and drove to Hot Springs, SD for a so-called vacation. The venue was perfect because Hot Springs is in a laid-back region of 'The Dakotas' which has beauty and a variety of nice attractions, depending upon one's appetite for entertainment.

In the mist of all the beauty, ultra runners from 32 states and Canada wishing to complete the 100 miler hovered behind the line for the 6 am start at the Mueller Civic Center. In the twilight Jerry Dunn, the race director, led the countdown to zero and we were off. The sun came up as we ran away from town with essential supplies strapped to our bodies. All day we ran in the sunlight and shadows of the timber along the abandoned railroad. Most of the course was very gentle in grade with good footing on the George S. Mickelson Trail, a 109 mile rails-to-trails project below Deadwood, SD. Elevation changes between Hot Springs and the trail for the first and last 16 miles of the course were like our Lake-to-Lake Run. With no thought of turning back, I ran with some pain across the 25 mile line which marked the turnaround for the 50 milers. The race course elevation peaked at 5,870 feet with oxygen available. Aid stations were placed at about 5 mile intervals among the ponderosa pine, spruce, aspens and fence posts topped with old tires. I saw a variety of wild animals during the event; all were not ultra runners. The temperature exceeded 80 degrees as I ran for the turnaround near Hill City. My longest stop during the race was about 8 minutes, at which time my shoes and socks were changed and my running belt was restocked with food, water and electrolytes.

The sun set and the stars began appearing in the clear night sky. The full moon rose in the eastern sky near Orion, the great hunter. The changes in my surroundings were magical. I do not understand why I found it so pleasant to run that night; it is illogical, but I ran, shuffled and walked throughout the night. In the pre-dawn hours I listened to old railroad songs and other old goodies on my Zen Stone. At dawn on the second day I could only muster a fast walk because of an inflamed iliotibial band on my right knee. The warming sun rose and finally, 25:43:00 from the start of the race I saw the Lean Horse 100 finish banner. I was among the 63 finishers,

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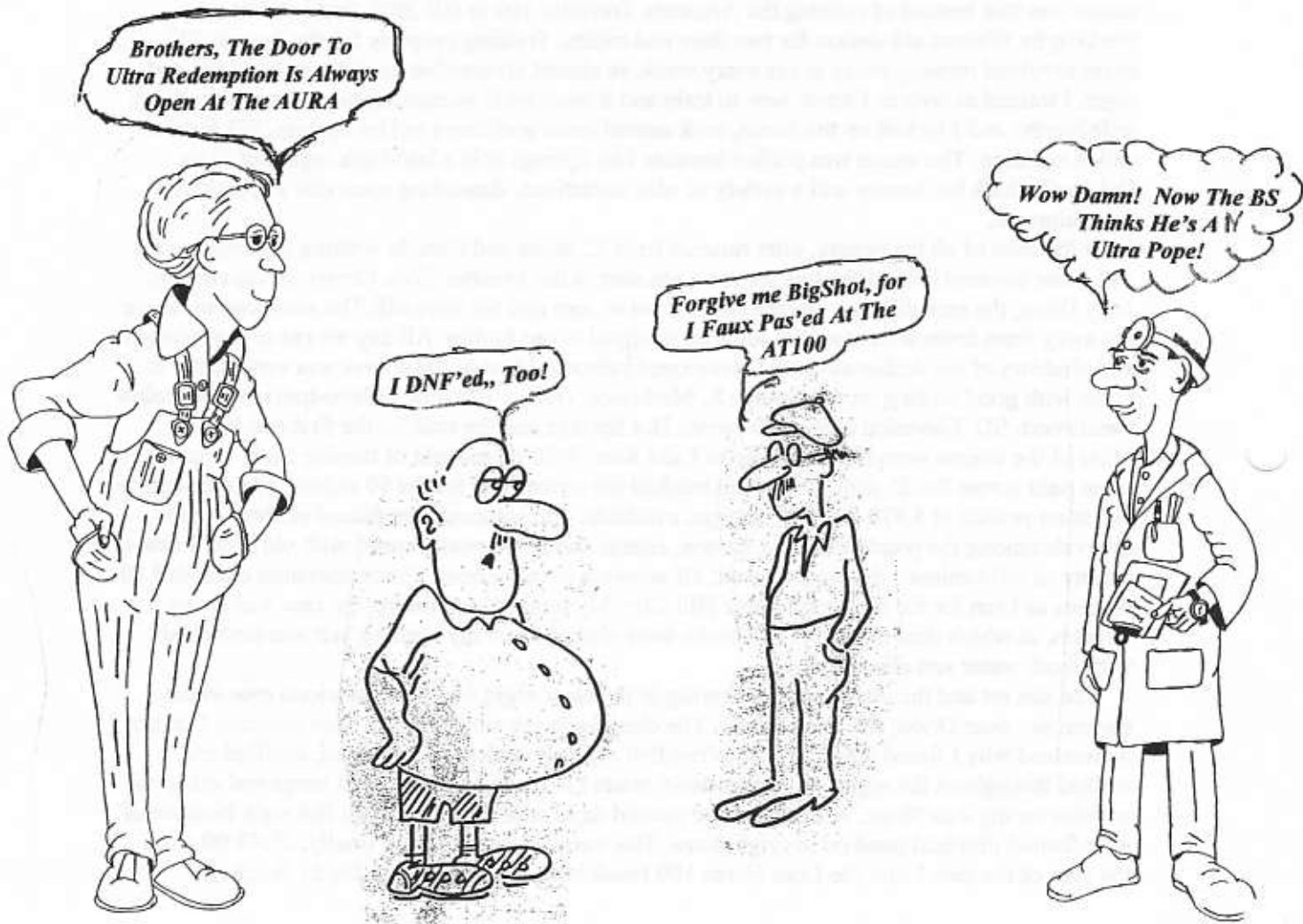
including AURA brother Mike Samuelson that would step across the 100 mile line. I had just completed my third 100 mile run as a senior in years. Walking was difficult, well ok, near impossible for the next day or two but remembering the accomplishments and details of that one day and night is still extremely gratifying. Perseverance and endurance are qualities of the human will that are tested in an ultra marathon event such as the Lean Horse 100. What is it that urges one to such intensity to train for and run 100 miles or more? Perhaps it is need to test the will, apply the results to other facets of one's life, and to get on with living.

AURA's at the 2007 Leanhorse Hundred – August 25, 2007

Mike Samuelson	19:51:00
Maurice Robinson	25:43:00

The BigShot and the Coach Doctor

A Satirical look at Arkansas Ultra Running Association



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AT100 DOUBLE BONUS

PoDog Vogler - *I Had A Blast* 18:36:27

I told Chrissy and Stan that if I didn't smile for at least 60 miles of the Traveler, I would never do another race. Well, I am already shopping for my second hundred. I had a blast!

I did way too much thinking about the race itself. (You have a lot of time out there to think when you are training) My training went so well that I felt confident, but a lot can happen over 100 miles, so I tried to temper my confidence with caution. The longest race I had ever done before was 50K. I considered running without a watch, and just run by feel, but I decided I needed a watch to keep track of eating and electrolytes. So I settled on keeping my watch on a 45 minute count down timer. I purposely tried not to look at pace times and distances at aid stations before and during the race. The only times I really knew were the pacer pick-up points. I tried not to run too fast for the first 30 to 50 miles, and then just run how I felt. I tried to relax and enjoy the run. I stayed focused on the next aid station instead of the rest of the race.

During the race, things went very well. I started cramping some before Lake Winona, but they were not bad and I knew I could stay with it if I could just catch up with my electrolytes and hydration. I took an S-tab every 30 minutes and drank as much Gatorade as I could. I carried 1 bottle until Power Line and then 2 for the last 50 miles. I also kept rock salt in my mouth most of the time from when I first felt my first cramp till the sun went down. I almost never looked at my watch or at the mile markers. I ran how I felt and I walked when if I needed to.

At one point I ran a bit too hard to catch Tom Brennan up ahead of me. I did not want to pass him or even race him, but I hadn't talked to him in a long time and just wanted to gab a bit. Anyway, while I was behind him, I noticed he was walking more of the up hills than I had been. It made me realize that I was probably pushing a bit hard and it really gave me some license to walk more. I think that helped me stay strong throughout the race, knowing I could walk more of the up hills.

I spent very little time at the stops. Mostly I filled my bottle and grabbed one thing to eat that looked good; usually potatoes or bananas. I mostly ate Gu and a few extend bars I had in my drop boxes. I did get hot spots on both balls of my feet and I stopped to tape them. I started with elasticon tape, and then at Power Line I got Michael DePriest to just tape the entire bottom surface of my feet with one wide strip of tape. That worked really well. I had no more blister problems and my feet did not get as beaten up afterwards.

The last half of the race was certainly the toughest. It took me forever to get back over Smith Mountain. I felt like I walked almost all of it. At one point I was running and my pacer said I may as well walk because he was walking and keeping up with me. I would come to a section that I knew I should be running and it was all I could do to make myself run it. My legs were very tired till about the Pig Trail aid station. Then they started to loosen up and I could run better. I finished the last 15 miles very strong. I only walked one short up hill and ran the rest.

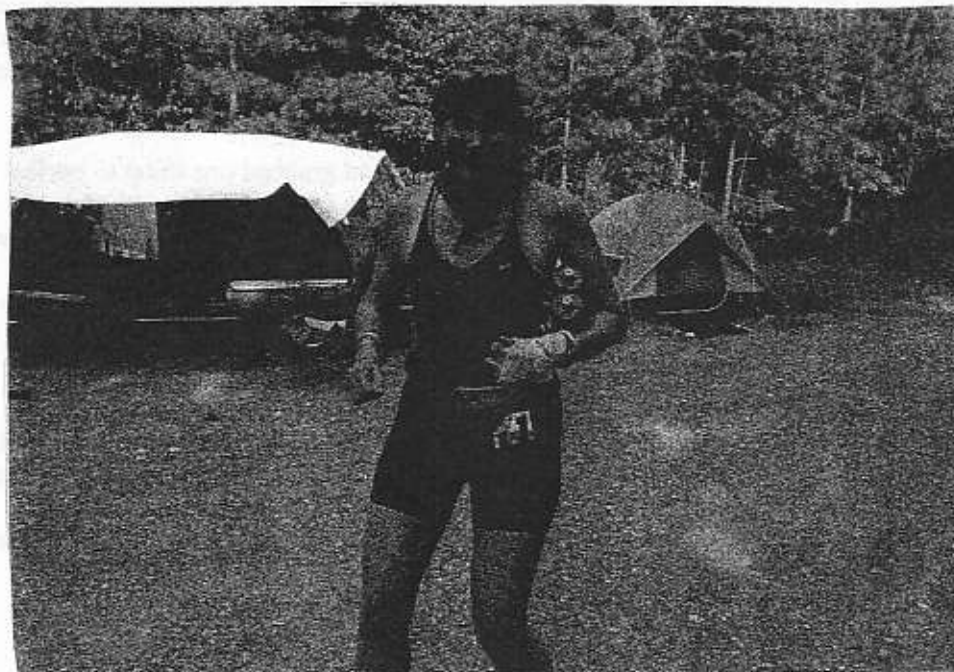
Overall, the race went great! I never had a joint pain. My stomach was fine. My only complaints were hamstring cramps and fatigue. If you can't take those things, then you're in the

wrong sport. I was pretty successful at not thinking too much about where I was during the race. At the point I was leading the race, I didn't know it. My pacer said I was in the lead and I didn't believe him until we asked at the next aid station. Then later, Jeff past me and from then on everyone told me the lead he had on me. I tried very hard not to think about Jeff. I knew that I had enough to think about with myself. I needed to hold it together. What he did didn't matter. I could only effect what I did. I never felt like I was chasing him or tried to speed up to catch him. I just stayed focused on myself. I knew that if I did that, everything else would take care of itself.

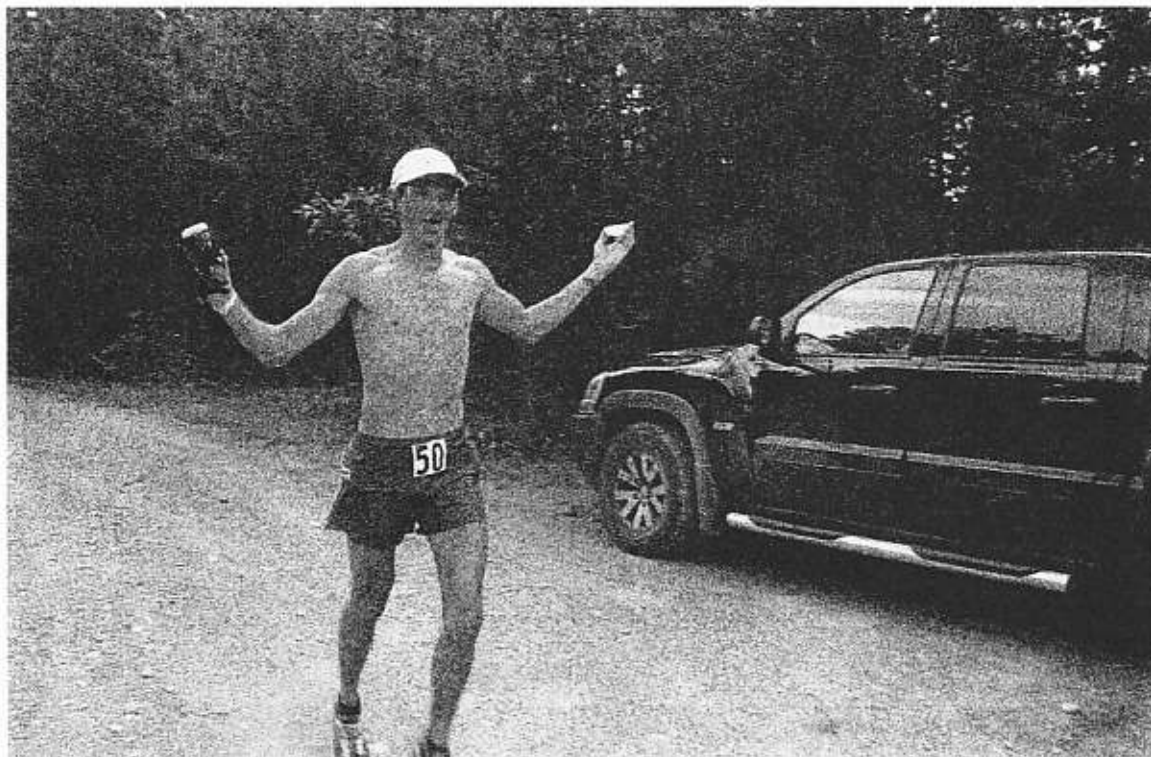
Keys to my race would include:

1. Train miles, not pace. I never pushed my pace in training, but I ran a bunch of miles.
2. Make sure you are getting enough protein. I drank a protein shake everyday for 4 months and I almost never felt tired, even when I did several days in a row without rest.
3. During the race, run how you feel and be conservative for the first half of the race or more.
4. During the race, take plenty of electrolytes, rock salt, Gatorade, and food.
5. Run ignorant. It really helped me relax by not knowing where and when I was and how fast or slow I was getting there. I was just running.

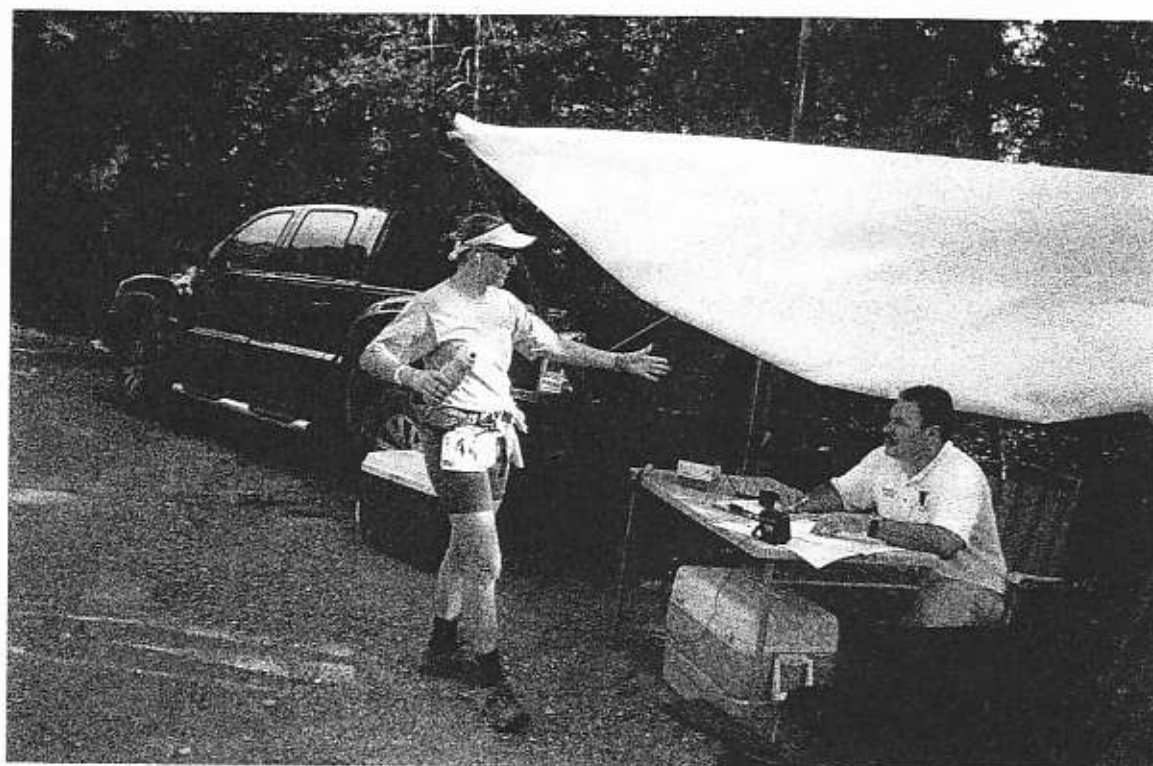
I also have to thank my support crew, especially my wife, Adrienne. She ran last year so she knew what I had to do. She gave me the time to train and picked up the slack at home. She supported me during the race along with some friends that supported me and paced me. All three of my pacers were great, even though I asked all of them to run quite a bit further than they had been training. It would be really hard to run this thing alone, especially when the sun goes down and you're really tired. Thanks Guys!!



AURA sister, Dianne Seager, finished her 11th AT100 in 2007



2nd Place Male Finisher, PoDog Vogler, Russellville, Arkansas, at the Chicken Gap Aid Station. Mile 46. Runner Vogler is one of our newest AURA brothers.



2nd Place Female, Susy Phillips, Maumelle, Arkansas, at the Chicken Gap Aid Station. Susy pauses to speak with radio operator, Darrell Null.

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Arkansas Democrat-Gazette Sports Reporter, Pete Perkins, takes a cheese sandwich at the Chicken Gap Aid Station

Arkansas Ultra Running Association
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