

ARKANSAS ULTRA RUNNER
ASSOCIATION

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UPCOMING
RACES & EVENTS



Western States



2018-19
UTS Series

AURA NEWS

Letter From the President

George Peterka



First, congratulations are in order:
Jim Tadel Western States 100 29:46
Stan Ferguson Hardrock 100 43:36
James Holland Hardrock 100 47:09

The AURA season kicked off very well with the Full Moon 50K. A big thanks to Susy Chandler and all the volunteers for putting that on and for putting in so much hard work for the runners. In spite of the heat, we had 128 50K finishers and 249 25K finishers.

I need to remind everyone to check to see if their membership has been renewed [Click here to check](#). Memberships expired at the end of June and some people have still not renewed. If your name is in RED that means you are not current and need to renew. We thank you for your continued support!

The Ultra Trail Series (UTS) is pretty well set up. There are a few races that we don't have dates for but race directors are working on that. We do have a new race added this year, the Ozark Highlands 50K. We hope you can make it out for this beautiful venue. Please keep in mind that you **MUST** register for the Ultra Trail Series before you run a race in order for that race to count for UTS points and miles. **UTS Registraion Link**

That's about all I have for now. I hope everyone's training for the Traveller is going well. Looking forward to seeing everyone at Mt. Nebo.

Mount Nebo Trail Run

Race #2 of AURA UTS

August 26th at 7am

Miscellaneous Information:

- Distance: 14 miles (approximate)
- Starts from the top of Mt. Nebo, in the parking lot near the pool and camping area. Mt. Nebo is about three miles west of Dardanelle on Hwy 155.
- This is a low-key event--a "fun run". Please keep your own time and sign in at the finish.
- Race contact: Tom Aspel 479-857-4527
- Race #2 in the 2017-2018 AURA Ultra Trail Series

Parking:

- Parking will be in the grassy area near the stop sign. No parking in the campground-pool-pavilion parking lot. Just to be clear, you cannot park where we always parked before. There will be someone directing you where to park.

Post Run:

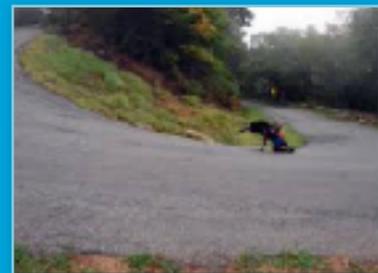
- The pavilion by the pool is reserved for the race until 2 pm.
- The organizers will have some hamburgers and watermelon at the finish. First come, first served. You might want to bring drinks.
- Showers are available on top; the pool will be open at 11:00am - \$3 fee to swim

Camping and Lodging Information:

- Camping options: Campsites with water and electricity; Bench trail camping with no facilities.
- Cabins are also available. Capacities from 4 to 8 people.
- For information contact Mt. Nebo:
mountnebo@arkansas.com or 1-800-264-2458 or (479) 229-3655

Website: <http://www.runarkansas.com/MtNeboRun.htm>

Mount Nebo Trail Run



Race Director
Tom Aspek

Phone
479-857-4527

My Western States Journey

by Jim Tadel



I ran my first 100 at the Traveler in 2017 and I swore I would never do another 100 after I finished (I really meant it at the time). Fortunately the Lord gave me a short term memory and I went ahead and put in for the lottery for Western States. Daniel Arnold (son-in-law) and I ran the Lovit Trail Marathon in Dec. of 2017 and when I got to the top Hickory Nut Mt. I decided I had enough (DNF). I returned to the start/finish in the sag wagon and got to meet Alex Gray and also got to watch Daniel finish the race. We left the race to return home and I asked Daniel to turn into a convince store to pick up a 6 pack and when I got into the car Daniel handed me his phone and told me to look at it. Wow, from Arkansas, George Peterka (had run Western States previously) and I were picked for Western States.

So I trained and was very fortunate that the AURA racing season offered a lot of runs which helped me out with my training. I talked with George Peterka and he calmed me down several times and gave me some great advice. I also talked with PT, Po-Dog, and Stan at White Rock and they gave me a lot of great advice. Then at King of the Mountain Chrissy gave me more great advice. I also picked up some advice from irunfar's Western States article "How the Western Was Won" by Pam Smith. She said she did a million squats. So I did a lot of weighted squats.

Daniel and I got into Reno, NV early Tuesday so we drove to Lake Tahoe and got to see some of the terrain Brett Nguyen has run before and some that Stacey S. and Chris B. will be running in the Tahoe 200. We then went to the Airbnb that my daughter had reserved for us near Truckee, CA. We unloaded and changed into our running gear and drove to a trailhead on the Pacific Crest Trail. It was an awesome trail and I was much relieved not to have any issues breathing at altitude. I ran 6 miles and Daniel 8.

Wednesday morning we got up at 3:30 A.M. and drove to Robinson Flat Aid Station (mile 30 of the race) and put in 6 miles. We stopped at a café in Forest Hill for breakfast then drove to Auburn to see the finish area. I spent the rest of the day finishing up my drop bags. Regulations are a strict 6" x 8" x 16" (a pair of shoes can barely fit).

Thursday we went with a lot of the runners walking up from Squaw Valley to the Escarpment and Watson's Monument 3-4 miles. On way up we met two aid station workers. Beth was from Indiana and she flew in to help at Dusty Corners, and another young man from Washington who would be wearing a wet suit to help at Rucky Chucky river crossing (mile 78) (amazing and cool). I talked with George and Alex and since they got in that evening, we decided that we would meet up Friday at registration.

Friday morning we met George and Alex at registration and got a game plan together. The registration area was loaded with vendors from Orange Mud, Cliff, Squirrel Nut Butter, Altra, etc. They also they had a Western States 100 merchandise store, so we went in and I ended up buying several items. However, I told Daniel that in no way am I going to buy an item that indicates I am a WS 100 Finisher because I was still nervous as heck.

Saturday morning I got up at 2:30 and ate a bowl of oatmeal and drank a cup of coffee. Afterwards, Daniel got us to Squaw Valley for the start of the race. It was a little chilly but I wore a singlet and George wore a racing shirt. We started at 5:00 am and mostly power hiked up the mountain (except for the elites like Jim Walmsley). At the top we made sure to turn around and see the beautiful scenery and then we got down to running. Po Dog told me I should run the flats and downhill, and power hike the hills, and I held that advice in my head for the entire race.

I was mostly rolling along the ridges along single-track to the first Aid Station that allowed drop bags was Mile 16 at Red Star Ridge. At every aid station that allowed a drop bag I consumed 1 Ensure which gave me a little over the 200 calories I needed for an hour. I would occasionally eat aid station food bacon for sure but mostly held to a gel every half hour. I used E-gel (electrolyte energy gel from Crank Sports) 150 calories each.

Then I had a tough climb to Robinson Flat Mile 30 which I had been at two days earlier. I was really gassed and when I saw Daniel and Alex I asked what where they doing here since I did not realize I was at Robinson Flat LOL. I refueled and took an ice/sponge soaking and then took off, but this time I had ice in the back of my Salomon Vest and I had a bandana (compliments of Po-Dog) filled with ice around my front so I am clicking off a few runners for a change. Hey, I made some noise but I was cool. I still had ice to spare to Miller's Defeat Mile 34. I refilled with ice same thing to Dusty Corners Mile 38. I refilled with ice again when I remembered what Chrissy had said to me about making sure that my water bottles were full of ice. So my back, front, and hands were really cool all the way to Last Chance Mile 43. While I was on my way between Last Chance and Devils Thumb (M 47), I tripped and lost a lot of ice from my back. I still felt good but the articles were not joking about the 36 switchbacks and 1800 foot climbs to Devil's Thumb. I ended up alright part because I knew it was coming and part of that was because I just kept my head down and my feet moving. What really got me and my spirit was the climb into Michigan Bluff where I knew I would pick up Daniel and he would pace me to the finish. On that climb I was thinking as I was climbing that I was going to hear the cut off horns any second, but I was also thinking why did I buy Western States stickers for my car because no way was I going to put them on my car if I was timed out. Western States is serious about cutoff times at aid stations with no exceptions.

I was starting to get nervous about timing out, but Daniel calmed me down and told me I was on track time wise and not to worry. He had me sit for a few minutes until I was better and then we took off. Daniel had maps downloaded to his phone so even without signal he knew our location and what was coming up. He let me know when the half hour was coming up and how far it was to the next aid station. All I had to do was run the downhills and flats and power hike the hills. Thank goodness I love downhill because we made up some time with the descents. When we got into Foresthill, which is the only town you run through, it seemed surreal being in the total dark and then seeing the lights of the town. Alex and George were waiting on us and took care of us. I downed another Ensure and headed for the River Crossing Mile 78 at Rucky Chucky. The air felt great running down the ridge to the River. There were a lot of bright lights at the River, and they had us wear life jackets and we used the rope strung across the river to get us across the far side.

By the time we got to the Auburn Lake Trails it was daylight and getting hot fast, tactical error LOL I left the bandana at an earlier aid station. At Quarry Road Daniel I recognized Hal Koerner who was working at the aid station. The closer we got to the end, the more the aid station volunteers seemed on edge. They wanted us in and out fast, which in turn gave me anxiety, so I asked Daniel multiple times how we were doing with time, and he always said right on schedule. Running across No Hands Bridge Mile 96.8 was so cool, but when we crossed the bridge I got worried because I could see a huge mountain in front of me and a mountain to my right, which I knew we needed be headed towards to get to the finish. I told Daniel that I hoped there was a shortcut or there was no way we were finishing. Thankfully we found a shortcut, but it was a difficult climb. When we got on city streets we started walking since we could hear the PA system at the High School and the finish line. We walked past several locals who all where very vocal and supportive, and then up ahead we see one woman who all of a sudden starts calling for the Hogs, and then she had about 15 of her trained up friends calling the Hogs (awesome) only thing we can think of is somebody about a block away must of called her let her know the AR folks where coming.

We did run around the track for the finish and it was an amazing feeling. Daniel did a heck of a job keeping me on track. It was great seeing and visiting with George and Alex after the race. I have run Boston twice, and the atmosphere is great but this just seemed way better. Maybe because it takes so much energy which in turn leaves me and my emotions really on edge like almost but not quite ready to cry; go figure.

Western States From A Pacer's Perspective

by Daniel Arnold



I started pacing with Jim at Michigan Bluff around mile 55 of the race. It was just after 9 P.M. when he rolled in and he was not looking too good after spending a hot afternoon in the canyons. At this point he was about 12 minutes behind expected pace. He told me he was out of gas and that he didn't want me to be disappointed, but he didn't think he was going to make it. I was a little worried but he was still doing okay on time so I told him to sit down and get some fuel. I figured that with the sun setting and the toughest part of the course behind him that he would get some energy back and we'd be able to continue. After just a few minutes we rolled out of the aid station and it didn't take long to notice that he was already feeling much better than when he arrived.

For the next few miles we chatted about the first half of the race and moved along at a nice steady pace. These miles seemed to go by quickly, as they usually do when you get lost in conversation. We came into the Forest Hill aid station, mile 62, around 10:53 P.M. We had already made up a few minutes on our scheduled pace. Alex and George met us here with the drop bag. Jim sat for a few minutes and refueled and got his good lights. We took off and Jim realized he forgot his 5-hour energy, so I ran back and thankfully was able to find Alex before they had left.

From there to the river crossing is 16 miles of mostly downhill running. There are the 3 Cal aid stations along the way. The trail follows a ridge about halfway up the mountain and runs parallel to the river almost the entire way. You get to listen to the rushing water for about 12 miles as you descend slowly toward it. At one

point I kicked a softball sized rock off the edge of the trail and it seemed like you could hear it falling forever before it grew too faint to hear. Without looking back, Jim said, "I hope that wasn't you." Somewhere along there we passed by a pacer standing next to his runner who appeared to be sleeping. The pacer said he was alright, that he just needed a rest. About 5 minutes later Jim decided that sleep seemed like a good idea to him so he plopped down and laid his head on the ground. This was the only time during my pacing duties that I really got worried. It felt like forever but after just a couple of minutes he was back on his feet and we were moving again towards Rucky Chucky.

We arrived at Rucky Chucky aid station right on schedule, 4 A.M. sharp. There was an aid station on the near side of the river that we didn't stay at for long. We clambered down to the edge of the water where we were fitted with life jackets and a glow stick necklace. There was a cable strung across the river with volunteers spaced out every 5 feet or so all the way across. We stepped down into the cool water and began to work our way across, never taking our hands off the cable. The water rose up to about waist deep before leveling off. There were several boulders to navigate but we made it to the opposite bank without any incidents. The climb up the other bank is so steep that we had to use the attached rope to pull ourselves up the roughly 15 foot embankment. Jim's drop bag was waiting for us here so we sat down on one of the several cots spread out and got resupplied.

From the river crossing to the Auburn Lake Trails is about 7 miles of mostly uphill road and trail mixed. This is about the time where I feel like Jim switched into auto pilot mode. He wasn't talking much but he was moving and fueling well. About the time we started seeing a little light appearing on the horizon my watch started giving me the low battery warning. I turned off the gps so it wouldn't go completely dead and we began solely relying on time of day and feel to make sure we were staying on pace. This may have been the best thing as it kept us from relaxing too much. Just before the aid station we caught up to a runner/pacer who said we had another .6 to go. That got me a little worried because that meant we were losing time but just around the corner we arrived at Auburn Lake Trails, mile 85.2, and we were now about 3 minutes ahead of schedule.

Jim was getting a little nervous because the volunteers were on edge about getting runners in and out of the aid station as quick as possible, but I think I calmed him down when I told him we were doing just fine on time. He trusted me with managing this and also his fueling so I was trying to do my best at keeping him in a good mental state without pushing too hard or not enough. It's a fine line to balance.

Auburn Lake to Quarry Road is a 5.5 mile section of rolling trail with no considerable climbs and only a short section of descent into Quarry Road. This was a tough section mentally because the terrain made it difficult to judge how far we had ran so I really had no clue as to how we were doing on time. Jim crushed it though and just put his head down and grinded it out. We dropped down to Quarry Road aid station with about a 7-8 minute buffer. This is where I really felt, barring a meltdown, that we were going to make it. We saw Hal Koerner, a previous Western States winner, working at the aid station. It was really cool to see him there as I had just watched a documentary starring him a few days before. He was in very good spirits and was encouraging the runners as we came in.

Feeling good, I checked the elevation profile and saw that we would be climbing nearly the entire section. I then checked the pace chart and saw that whoever came up with it was gracious enough to build in some extra time. I told Jim that we could hike nearly all of it and be fine, but he can be a little stubborn and he ended up running some of the sections to Hwy. 49. Once we crossed the highway we had a short steep climb and then hit a grassy field. It was starting to get pretty warm so when we left the tree cover and started getting hit by the sun. Jim started cussing whoever it was that thought that section was a good idea. We ran the single dirt path through the tall grass to Pointed Rocks aid station and were greeted once again by Alex and George. It was good to see them again and hear some words of encouragement. Jim sat for a few minutes, refueled, and got some water. Even with the long climb, we had managed to increase our time buffer. It was just after 9 A.M. We had 6 miles to go and almost 2 hours to get there.

The next section is a 2.5 mile drop of very runnable single track trail down to No Hands Bridge. Jim put the hammer down and ran every step of it. We were moving fast and passing runners left and right. I think he was beginning to smell the barn. When we got to No Hands we had made up so much time on the 30 hour pace chart. The suggested time for 30 hours is 9:55 A.M. I looked at my watch and was shocked to see it was only 9:33. After running 96.8 miles, Jim had put together one of his fastest sections yet. We didn't spend much time at the aid station. Jim got iced down and his got his bottles filled up and we got out.

We made our way across No Hands Bridge and along the smooth flat path that ran along the river toward Robie Point. It was a beautiful section with the water running below us and the green hills in front of us. I knew it was going to be a climb but I didn't quite prepare myself well enough for what was coming. It was only 2 miles but the pace chart was giving us 43 minutes, that should have been a clear indicator. We hit the bottom of the climb and slowly began making our way up. This was the most difficult climb that I encountered during the race though I know it was nothing compared to what Jim had already experienced before Michigan Bluff. We huffed and puffed our way into Robie Point, mile 98.9, and were greeted with cheers and helping hands. I don't remember exactly, but I think we stayed just long enough for Jim to get sponged down with ice water and then we rolled out and up onto the blacktop.

We had only 1.3 miles to go and about 40 minutes to the 30 hour cut-off. We would walk from there all the way to the track. Jim knew he was going to accomplish his goal and he wanted to take it all in during that final mile. The crowds were great during that final mile. We were dumbfounded to be hearing a group up ahead calling the Hogs and we joined in as we approached them. We found out one of the ladies was from Arkansas and they welcomed us to Auburn with the greatest cheer in sports.

At the gate to the track we picked up the pace to run the final victory lap to the finish. Jim got a great round of applause and a personal welcome over the PA system. It felt amazing to be experiencing this achievement with Jim and I was so happy that I got to be a part of it. Alex and George cheered us in and I held Jim's arm up in victory as we crossed over the Western States 100 finish line in 29 hours 46 minutes.

A Test Of Wills

by Alex Gray



The shrill tone of the alarm woke us before the sun had even considered peeking over the tips of the Sierra Nevadas. Race day was upon us and everyone was a bundle of nerves. For George Peterka and Jim Tadel, it was the thought of what the next 100 miles would have in store for them that set their heart racing. For me and Daniel Arnold, it was simply finding the Robinson Flats aid station in one piece.

Around 400 runners were crammed onto the narrow deck of one of the resorts which made up the starting line. The air was crisp and cold and tinted orange from the lights leading up the mountain. Daniel and I made our way to the side where we could watch and photograph the start. The starting gun was fired and the runners were off- vaguely reminiscent of a herd of cattle pressed close together. The first 4.5 miles leading out of Squaw Valley saw the runners ascending 2,550 feet to Emigrant Pass, before beginning a swift descent to Lyon's Ridge aid station. Daniel and I drove the hour to Auburn to leave his car, get some supplies, and head for Robinson Flats. Driving along the one-lane road through the mountains, we're graced with amazing views across the valley. Once at Robinson Flats, the waiting begins. Hours crawl by in a blur of constantly refreshing the WSER webpage to see if George and Jim checked in at any aid stations yet. Finally, only a few minutes behind schedule, Jim makes it into the aid station. For a guy who had just run 30 miles of whoop-ass, he looks great. Jim had come prepared with plenty of energy goo, Ensure drinks, clothing, and a wicked bandana from PoDog to keep ice in. We fixed him up and shipped him out. He was facing less than a mile of climbing, followed by about 4 downhill miles to Miller's Defeat. With Jim on his way and making good time, we settled in to wait for George. Our time estimates had put him only about 10 minutes behind Jim, but he was nowhere to be found. Having run out of water on the grueling climb up the mountain into Robinson Flats, he was in bad shape. George made it into the aid station with 30 minutes until cutoff and collapsed into a chair. He downed 2 bottles of water and a handful of potato chips, only for the water to make a reappearance. Unable to keep anything in his stomach, he sat under the shade and allowed a volunteer to slather sunscreen on him. The cutoff time was approaching, and another volunteer informed us that George had 5 minutes to get out of his chair and make it past the far end of the aid station. So off he went, looking like he could use another 30 minutes in that chair. Daniel chased after him with a second water bottle, but he refused and pushed forward with his one bottle in his hand. Daniel and I knew as slow as George was moving, we had a small chance of making it to Dusty Corners right about when George would show up. So into the car we went and we tore out of Robinson Flats, driving as fast as that little road would allow.

A check to the website showed that Jim had passed Dusty Corners when anticipated, and although we couldn't see him, we assumed that his steady progress was good news. He was making the easy descent into Last Chance before climbing the 36 switchbacks into Devil's Thumb. The afternoon heat started showing itself as the runners made their way towards Auburn. We arrived at the aid station with about 10 minutes until cutoff and anxiously watched for George. Finally, with 2 minutes to go, he jogged into the aid station, looking only to rest for a moment and refuel. However, since he was so close to cutoff the volunteers pushed him straight through to a chair outside of the aid station limits. His bottle was refilled and Daniel pushed a PB&J

into his hand, which he stubbornly refused. I knew he was going to need his strength, so I channeled my inner Chrissy and told him to quit being a dumbass and take the damn sandwich. He knew better than to argue.

So, back in the car, Daniel and I went to continue on to Michigan Bluff. We would part ways there. Daniel would begin pacing Jim and I would find George, who had missed cutoff at Last Chance, and continue crewing Jim. After leaving Daniel at Michigan Bluff, I headed to Forest Hill, where I was told that the dropped runners from Last Chance weren't back yet. So with nothing to do but wait, I did what I do best: set off in search of some dinner. Walking out of the restaurant, guess who I see walking down the street looking for my car? George! He was alive and looking better than he had all day. So I sent him into the restaurant to clean up a bit, have some dinner, and we set off to the Forest Hill aid station to wait for Jim and Daniel. They came and they went, looking tired but still strong. Jim was beginning to worry about cutoff times, but he had no reason to fear, he was right on track with the plan he and Daniel made before the race. Their next stop was the Rucky Chucky river crossing, where they would have a chance to cool down in the creek before switchbacking up to Green Gate. I knew Jim was going to be doing good now that he had picked up Daniel, so I figured it was as good a time as any for George and I to take a nice 5 hour power nap in the car. When day broke, we headed to meet our runners at Pointed Rocks. Finally Jim and Daniel showed up and I was shocked at how good they looked. They refused drop bags or to take a seat for a moment, they simply restocked and flew out of the aid station. So George and I packed everything up again and drove to No Hands Bridge, knowing this would be a close call. We arrived and went to wait. The cutoff time was approaching and there was no sign of Jim so we were getting nervous. I asked a volunteer if she knew what had happened to him and she informed me that Jim and Daniel had passed through only about a minute or two before we arrived. So now it was on to the finish line. Jim and Daniel were facing a steep climb over the last mountain before their descent into Auburn. At the finish line, the sun beat down unforgivingly onto the high school track. I took shelter under a tent and waited to hear the announcer call out Jim's number. With a smile I started recording Jim as he crossed over the finish line with Daniel, 14 minutes before the end of the race. And what a race it was! 29 hours and 46 minutes to run 100.2 miles in a race that's not for the faint-hearted. So congratulations to Jim Tadel, for rising to the challenge and coming out stronger on the other side.



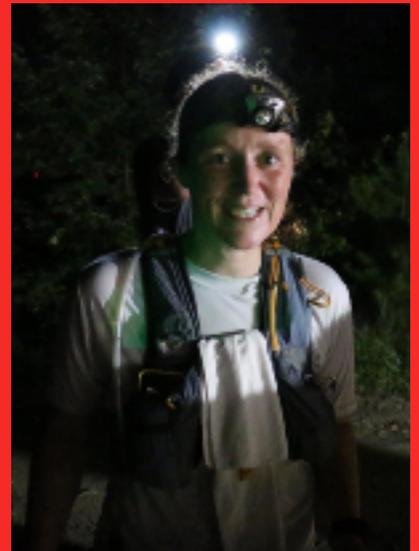
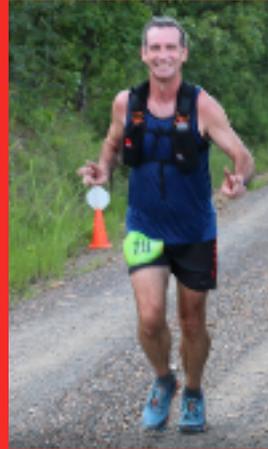




FULL MOON 2018



Full Moon 2018





THERE IS A NEW RACE IN TOWN!!

August 18th

This is a trail race that zig zags back and forth through Ferncliff Camp and Conference Center's 1200 acres. There are a **5k, 10 mile loop and 20 mile loop options.**

All the distances end at the pool with a covered pavilion and runners can cool off and enjoy some food and refreshments.

[Click Here for More Information](#)

From The Editor



Big Thanks to Jim Tadel, Daniel Arnold, and Alex Gray for sharing their view of this years Western States. Jim you represented Arkansas well!!!

Congratulations on your finish!

Maybe we will have some Hard Rock stories next month!

All of our members are invited to share their running adventures with us. If you run an out of state race or just have a fun training story or pictures to share please feel free to send it my way at the email below.

As always I thank you for participating in AURA events and sharing your race stories whether they are part of our series or not. It is always nice to see where our members are running and racing. Keep the stories and pictures coming.

For Race Results see the AURA Website:<http://www.runarkansas.com/UTS Races.htm>

Contact Me at
mverunnergirl@gmail.com

[AURA Membership Link](#)



RETREADS

(Retired Runners Eating Out)

We meet the first Wednesday of every month at Franke's Cafeteria on Rodney Parham Blvd. The food lineup begins sharply at 11:30 a.m. Come early to the lobby and celebrate your latest adventure. Everyone welcome, retired or not. If you are late look for the table with the old runners in their t-shirts from the past, medallions, trophies, etc.

Questions? Call Lou or Charlie Ellis Peyton
680-0309