

# THE RUNAROUND



A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE LITTLE ROCK ROADRUNNERS CLUB

November 2010

## LRRC Sweeps The 2010 Grand Prix Team Titles

By **Brian Siczkowski**  
LRRC President

There is still one race left in the 2010 Arkansas Grand Prix season, but the Little Rock Roadrunners men and women have already clinched the state's team championships! It wasn't easy, but we can now officially celebrate and look back on what has been a long year.

The 2010 season started off with the One Hour Track Run in Russellville. If you've never run that particular event, I can assure you it is just as tedious and grueling as it sounds. Factor in 10-20 mph winds every time you round the bend into the home stretch and it makes for the longest hour of your life.

February was full with three races: River Trail 15K, Valentine's Day 5K and the Run the Line Half Marathon. All were fun events but together constituted a tough three-week stretch of racing. March gave GP runners a nice break with only the Chase Race 2M to contend with.

LRRC's Capital City Classic 10K opened up April with a huge turnout. It is nice to see so many people out for a race that isn't a 5K or a marathon. Speaking of marathon, next up on the GP docket was the Hogeye Marathon in Fayetteville. If you want the Little Rock Marathon course to seem flat, go run Hogeye. You'll never complain about the hills in Little Rock again. April also featured the Spring Fling 5K in Cabot. Rain storms soaked runners once again at what seems to be an annual tradition there.

May brought the Toad Suck 10K in Conway and the return of the Rock Run 8K right here in Little Rock. In May, the weather can either be decent for running or bring swamp-like humidity. Toad Suck seemed to have the latter, while Rock Run was the former.

In June, the temperature really started heating up. The Brickfest 5K in Malvern was the only GP race, fortunately. There was a new, but not exactly improved, race course in Malvern for Brickfest.

July brought on the Dam Night Run 5K. The best part of that race is the party afterwards, which the LRRC won handily! I honestly can't remember if our teams won the race though.

August means a trip to Batesville for the White River 4M Classic, followed by a trip to Hope the next weekend for the Watermelon 5K, which means meeting up with LRRC members at 4-5 a.m. to caravan to opposite sides of the state a week apart. The GP Series isn't just about running, it is also about seeing Arkansas and bonding with your teammates. I think that is what bringing so many of us back every year.

September brought another big stretch. The ARK 5K Classic (great new [old] course!), the Sara Low 5K (back to Batesville), and the Arkansas 20K (aka Death March 20K for me) was a tough 1-2-3 punch to start the fall.

October brought perhaps the greatest race of all time – the Chile Pepper XC 10K and the **Downfall of Radke!** Nuff

said. A week later was the Soaring Wings Half Marathon in Conway where the team championships were won.

Nothing left but the Spa 10K in November.

And don't forget our November Club meeting will be on the 11<sup>th</sup> this month, one week earlier than usual. Come out to Whole Hog Café to hear about the new Clinton Park Pedestrian Bridge and see a slide show of the plans.

## Condolences

The Little Rock Roadrunners Club extends its deepest sympathy and condolences to Coreen Frasier over the death of her mother, Mrs. Hubert Furse, in Omaha, Nebraska. Please keep Coreen and her family in your thoughts and prayers.

### November Meeting

**November 11, 2010**  
**Whole Hog Cafe**

**6 p.m. to eat**  
**6:30 p.m. speaker**

**"Clinton Park  
Pedestrian Bridge"**



November is here and that means the MidSouth Marathon. I single-handedly delayed the newsletter long enough this month that the results are here. In its 12<sup>th</sup> year, the only runner completing every running of the MidSouth is Conway's Stan Ferguson. At 50 years and one month, James Bresette continues to amaze, cruising to a victory in 2:50. James' five marathons in 2010 include a victory at Hogeye in April and a top ten finish out of over 1,100 finishers representing the Arkansas National Guard at the Lincoln Marathon.

The highlight of the day was Little Rock's Joel Perez and his smashing of the three hour mark and third place overall finish. I try to stay about ten years safely behind the curve on modern pop culture acronyms, but even I can't refrain from tossing out an OMG on this one. I texted Joel two weeks ago and simply said "2:59." He would, of course, have to prove me wrong by beating that time. This performance followed his fourth overall and a 3:08 PR a month ago at the Mother Road Marathon in Joplin, Missouri. Superman has his cape and Joel has those dreads.

With the year-end Grand Prix awards only days away, Joel is a candidate for Most Improved, which he arguably could have won two years in a row. I like the term *arguably*, which is loosely defined as "you can argue with me if you want, but you would be wrong."

The MidSouth was not in the Grand Prix this year but returns in 2011 after sharing the marathon championship race with Hogeye for 2010. As for Hogeye, its role in the Grand Prix in 2011 will be as a brand new team relay that has runners buzzing statewide. President Sieczkowski's description and scoring explanation on the [www.arkrrca.com](http://www.arkrrca.com) message board has the state's clubs and its running stars and non-stars alike planning and plotting against and amongst one another.

The LRRC weekly Tuesday speed workout continues to be the highlight of my week, but it took on special meaning recently when we found ourselves in just the right time and place. It seemed as though just a few of us had stayed to visit just a bit longer than normal when an elderly man poked his head up over the ridge just across from the Isabella Jo trailhead where we start the workout. He called out to us, "Can you help me? My friend has fallen!" As an accountant faced with few life and death situations on a daily basis, it may just be my imagination and how I want to remember it, but it seems now like I was the first one to the scene.

The friend was 85 years old, completely still and silent, and face down in the reeds at the edge of the fishing pond. As I stepped to his side closest to the water, I went ankle deep and it was clear to me how close he was to being submerged and that the thick reeds were all that had kept him above water and able to

breath and gave us the time and space to gather around him and gently lift him to safety. They both wore caps with insignias for their service as U.S. military war veterans. As we helped him to his car and helped gather their fishing supplies, his friend told us we were angels.

The 2010 Race for the Cure once again drew over 40,000 participants and raised millions of dollars in what is one of the most dazzling spectacles and celebrations of the human spirit and one of many things that makes our great state shine. Those involved already know this, but they should be very proud. As one who wandered into the Race Space 30 minutes before it was scheduled to close on Friday afternoon (to shamelessly register a friend of a friend, of course), I mustered my best bewildered expression in a silent cry for help. I was immediately directed to a no-wait registration table and on through the process in a matter of seconds as though I stood calmly in the eye of a tornado.

An innovative addition to this year's race was chip timing and an early start for those expecting at least a 27 minute finish. With approximately one percent of the participants actually timed, the race portion of the event is an afterthought to most, but taken seriously by those who compete. Only 238 of the 507 timed finishers met the time for which they checked that box upon registering. Even if we give them that extra 59 seconds like Boston, still only 290 were in compliance and of those falling short, 146 exceeded 30 minutes.

(See **Running Wild** on Page 9)

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# Race Results

By Bryan Jones

For various technical reasons there were several people that were left off of last month's results column. My apologies to those individuals, their results are included below.

## Run with the Son 5K (Aug 21<sup>st</sup>)

Stephanie Richardson 36:07.3      David Samuel      51:37.4  
Bonita Samuel      51:36.5

## Panther Kickoff 5K (Aug 28<sup>th</sup>)

Angela Gattin      30:42.0

## ARK 5K Classic (Sept 4<sup>th</sup>)

Maggie Mathis      21:04.5      Angela Gattin      29:03.3  
E.F. Jennings      21:17.4      David Samuel      31:18.0

## Crazy Jimmy's Tupelo Marathon (Sept 5<sup>th</sup>)

Jessica Osorio      4:38:30

## Crazy Jimmy's Tupelo 14.2 Miler (Sept 5<sup>th</sup>)

Angela Gattin      2:14:20

## Sara Low Memorial 5k (Sep 11<sup>th</sup>)

Angela Gattin      30:41.8      David Samuel      32:10.4

In case you had any doubt, this month's results definitely indicate what time of year it is. Yup, it is autumn. Leaves start changing colors, there is at least one marathon every weekend, and it is college football season. My loving wife tells me that not everyone watches football. I don't know why she tells me horror stories like that. Like most horror stories it isn't really true.

Fall is also supposed to indicate that the hot weather of summer is behind us. Although, it seems to keep showing up just when I think it's over, I know I've been enjoying the cooler temperatures on my long weekend runs. I'm sure you all have as well. Congratulations everyone. Keep up the good work and enjoy the cooler weather.

## Fox Valley Marathon (Sept 19<sup>th</sup>)

Jacob Wells      3:39:08

## Barn Sale 5K (Sep 25<sup>th</sup>)

Billy Bird      23:15      Beverly Sanders      36:34

## Tyler Curtis 5K (Sep 25<sup>th</sup>)

Craig Clune	22:04	Carl Northcutt	38:30
Barbie Hildebrand	21:40	Ginea Qualls	30:02
Jessica Nix	34:51	Leah Thorvilson	17:46
Josie Nix	31:22	Megan Torrey	39:42
Justin Nix	18:45	Eileen Turan	26:59
Nicholas Norfolk	25:46	Jacob Wells	21:10

## Arkansas Traveller 100 (Oct 2<sup>nd</sup>)

Patrick Barker	31:10:31	Jenny Weather	23:40:44
Steven Preston	29:07:40		

## Lewis and Clark Marathon (Oct 3<sup>rd</sup>)

Jacob Wells      3:30:29

## Wildwood Run Wild 5K (Oct 9<sup>th</sup>)

Dan Belanger	25:53	Sarah Olney	24:03
Craig Clune	21:43	Jane Riggs	25:54
David Conrad	28:07	David Samuel	29:43
Karen Halbert	29:32	Randy Taylor	22:19
Barbie Hildebrand	21:29	Leah Thorvilson	17:25
John Martin	40:24		

## Mother Road Marathon (Oct 10<sup>th</sup>)

Jessica Osorio	5:24:24	Scott Sander	3:55:24
Joel Perez	3:08:16	Jacob Wells	5:04:29

## Mother Road ½ Marathon (Oct 10<sup>th</sup>)

Becky Humes      1:51:03

## Race for the Cure (Oct 16<sup>th</sup>)

Felicia Anderson	23:30	Gracie Kreth	35:43
Sarah Henry	25:54		

## Indianapolis Half-Marathon (Oct 16<sup>th</sup>)

Nicholas Norfolk      1:59:01

## Arkansas Marathon (Oct 16<sup>th</sup>)

Jacob Wells      3:34:43

## Waddell & Reed Kansas City ½ Marathon (Oct 16<sup>th</sup>)

Kenny Worley      2:20:30

# 2010 Arkansas Traveller 100 Race Report

By Steven Preston

I first want to start off thanking everyone (way too many names to mention, which is an awesome thing!) that came out to support Jenny, Patrick, and myself on this long journey. I know that if it weren't for all of you, I would have never finished this race. I would, however, like to give an extra big thanks to Jenny, John, and Harold who came out all those weekends this summer to train with me, and PT and Chrissy for making sure I made it past my low points on the course. Y'all were angels swooping in at just the right time. My dad, Dan the MAN, and Harmon (THE CREW!) for making sure I had everything I needed to get through this journey. Finally, to my pacing crew of Matt, Jesse, and Leah for keeping me moving forward through those last 52 miles when all I wanted to do was sit and take a nap. (A very long nap at that.)

It all started this past year when Jenny decided she wanted to do this race. I figured, heck, might as well do it now if I'm ever going to do it. Both of us being first time 100 milers and the ability to have someone to train with was hard to pass up. So, I started training back in February after the Mardi Gras Marathon for the Ouachita Trail 50. I started my training by adding two-a-day runs a few days a week. After completing the OT50, I felt certain I could finish the Traveller. That's when the training really began. We spent most of the summer running 20-milers on different sections of the course. I also started upping my mileage from 50-60 miles a week to 70-80, still doing some two-a-day runs as well. I wanted to get up to 100 miles as PT's training plan had scheduled, but with as hot of a summer as we had I really was wiped out by the end of each week. Over the summer I ran two longer runs, the Midnight 50K and the Tupelo Marathon, at which I FINALLY

qualified for Boston at Tupelo. So, after all that, I felt like I had done everything I needed to do to be prepared for whatever this 100-miler threw at me. Boy was I wrong!!!

The day before the race we had weigh-in and packet pick-up at Camp Ouachita. I weighed in at 136 lbs. On a blue hospital band they wrote my name, current weight, 95% body weight, and 93% body weight. At 5% body weight loss they make you eat until you can get your body weight back up. At 7% they cut off your band and you are pulled from the race. You are weighed in at three different times during the run. I've never run a race where I had to be weighed along the course. It's scary to think that you could get through so many miles and then be told you are not allowed to finish because you don't weigh enough. But I know they do it for your benefit. Then, we had a pre-race meeting. Let's see, park on the wrong side of the road and you'll be out 175 bucks (Wow! That's one expensive parking ticket. I thought my parking tickets in NOLA were ridiculous.), watch out for crazy hunters, make sure your crew and pacers know the rules, and beat Texas! (a team competition among states) The day finished with a nice and hefty helping of pasta. I had a hard time going to bed that night, so I played with my niece for a little bit and finally went to bed about 9:30.

The day of the race! It all started at 3:20 a.m., alarm clock went off and I got up to all my gear for the start of the race laid out and ready to wear. Ate some dry Honey Nut Crunch w/Almonds cereal and then headed out the door to get to the start by 5. When I got there, Jenny and her family were already all there hanging out in the entrance to Camp Ouachita. We both were pumped and ready to get this thing started. A few last minute check-ups

and a drink of Gatorade Prime and I was set to start.

At 6 a.m. sharp, Stan pulled the trigger on the starter gun and just over 100 entrants went off on the 100-mile trek. Going down Highway 324 to Brown's Creek Rd. I thought I would position myself where I wanted to stay at since it was a good downhill. So I moved up toward the front of the pack and then just evened my pace out to what I thought felt comfortable, but was not pushing it. My day didn't start too well when I got to the Brown's Creek aid station at 5.2 miles and Rosemary and Karen were already telling me they thought I was going too fast. (I should have listened more.) I ate a couple pieces of pancake and then headed off.

About an hour and a half into the race I made it up to the Flatside Pinnacle aid station (8.6 miles). I was pumped; this was Harold's aid station. All my friends were there manning it and John was blowing his vuvuzuela horn (you know, the ones from the soccer world cup). I think I heard that thing for over half mile after I left. On the way out of FP Michelle tried to hand me a good luck PBJ that I was supposed to wait and eat at mile 80. I was taken by surprise. I just took it and started wondering where in the world I was going to put it on myself. After Harmon saw me looking aimlessly for a few secs, he told me to give it to him and he would have it at Powerline. I slammed down a few bites of food, got my bottles filled with a half water/half Gatorade mix, and then got out quickly to make sure I didn't waste too much time at the aid stations.

From there it was almost eight miles on the Ouachita Trail back to the Lake Sylvia aid station. I had not run this section in my training. I got really worried right off the bat when I saw all the big rocks, slim entrances between trees, and

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squiggly routes. Somewhere along the way a guy (wearing racing flats!) ran up behind me, and since we were on single-track trail at that time, I sped up a little on the downhill. It felt good to stretch things out, but once we got to a flat spot I stepped off to the side and let him go on ahead. On the way back the trail crisscrosses Brown's Creek Rd. again where the BC aid station is. I had a few more pieces of pancake and got my bottles topped off with the same mix.

Then it was on my way to Lake Sylvia. I made it there a few minutes after ? to a plethora of lawn chairs with clapping spectators and crew. As I turned into the parking lot my dad was right there with all my stuff laid out ready to go. I squirted down another Gatorade Prime and since it was after 9 a.m. and it was supposed to get up around 80 I started removing clothes. Only problem was that when I removed my arm warmers and singlet, I forgot to put my visor back on. On the way out Charlie Peyton got my picture with a cardboard cutout of Hillary Clinton. I am still looking for that pic, haha!

Out of Lake Sylvia it's about a two-mile climb uphill which I went up in granny gear (short quick steps). As the sun began to hit me, I realized that I didn't have my visor and was thinking how it was going to bite not to have it till Lake Winona. However, there was nothing I could do now but move forward. Things seemed decent to me as I went along the evenly graveled forest service roads out to Pumpkin Patch (21.9 miles) and Electronic Tower (24.4 miles). However, there was a little achy feeling I had in my tummy that I just couldn't get to subside. I was still keeping a good pace at that point.

From Electronic Tower we moved onto a jeep road over to Rocky Gap (28.6 miles). This was one of the trickier parts

of the course as far as footing. You could easily twist your ankle here if you didn't watch where you stepped. From there I made it to my next crew station, Lake Winona (31.9 miles), where my Dad, Dan-O, Harold, and John were there to check up on me. I slugged down a Barq's looking for a caffeine high to keep me moving. I also got my visor from my dad! By that point it was starting to get pretty warm. I think the temps got into the upper 70s that day with little to no clouds.

If I remember correctly the next aid station I came to, Pig Trail (36.5 miles), was run by the Little Rock Hash Harriers. If you don't know, these are the drinkers with a running problem. A funny group. However, I was starting to lose that funny bone. I saw my next-door neighbor, Josie, there. Said a quick hello and moved along.

A few miles later I came to Club Flamingo (39.4 miles) where my friend, Paul Turner, was running the M.A.S.H. unit. It was awesome! He came running out in a red dress. That did lift my spirits, especially when they rubbed my back with a wet towel and poured some cool water over my head. I'm not very good in heat over a long distance, so I was very appreciative.

From there, I went on to Smith Mountain (42.6 miles) where Jenny caught up with and passed me. I asked her how she was doing, not that I couldn't tell. She was GREAT! I was so happy for her, but at the same time I knew that if she had caught up to me I was only getting worse. I didn't really realize until that point how much my pace had slowed. I guess I should have realized by all the runners passing me before then. I guess Jenny passing me just really slapped me in the face. I was very mad at myself at that point, which was not good. After getting a good luck from Stan, I went off to try

and keep up with Jenny as best I could. Haha, I laugh now. There was no way that was going to happen. As we went up the bush-hogged grass trail on Smith Mountain Jenny slowly pulled further and further away. Within a mile or so I was reduced to a walk the rest of the way up the mountain and Jenny was then gone from sight. I was really starting to get nauseous by that point. I was not even trying to run the downhill's I felt so bad. I just wanted to puke something up, but couldn't.

After making it through the next aid station, B.M. Road (46.1 miles) I ran into my biggest savior (of many!) along the course, CHRISSY FERGUSON! She saved my whole race. Tammy Walther was just in front of her and had asked how I was doing and I admitted that I was not feeling very good in the stomach. Chrissy overheard and stopped to offer me her medicine cabinet pack of services. The woman of many hats in this race had just gone into on-course nurse mode. She asked me what I had been eating and drinking. After a second, I mentioned I had not really been eating that much because of how my stomach felt, but that I had been taking an endurolyte pill every hour drinking a mix of Gatorade and water. She then took my water bottle and whipped out a pink Pepto-Bismol tablet. She poured out my water bottle and filled it with some of her own straight water. She handed me the bottle and told me to chew the tablet and then squirt some water in my mouth to wash it down. Within seconds I was pucking up some liquids and the few pieces of boiled red potatoes I had eaten earlier. At that moment I felt so much better. It was a miracle. I had instantly gone from total mindset that I was going to drop at Powerline to thinking now that I could make it through the rest of this.

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As Chrissy walked with me toward Powerline she mentioned that my nausea may have been caused by too much Gatorade and that I should stick to water from then on out. She also recommended that I start nibbling on chips or crackers (as she offered me some of her chips, yeah!) and to get some ginger ale at the aid station. Before we made it into the aid station she asked who my pacer was and if he would mind if she bossed him around ☺. I got a good laugh off that one. So, as we made it into Powerline (48.2 miles), my next crew station and first pacer pick-up, Chrissy called out for Matt to give him his marching orders, haha. I myself was feeling better, but still wiped. Jack comes swooping in with his recliner fold out chair for me to take a break on while I got some drink, food, and my night gear. It was just before dark when I made it in, so I was already going to need my headlamp. I had been hoping not to have needed that until I got back to Powerline again. It was nice to see a great group of friends again there. Harmon, Jesse, Jack, Harold, Frank, Stacey, Lisa, and Matt were all there to make sure I had everything I needed to make my run a success. After weighing in a little down at 132, I gathered my gear and began the trek out to Turnaround and back with Matt.

I was now so relieved to have a pacer for the rest of the race. I knew that they would help me through any low points I would go through on the rest of the course. Most of the way out to Turnaround we would go back and forth between jogging and walking. I felt so bad because Matt would have to slow down to a walk to keep from out jogging me. Yes, you can jog that slowly! Just run 50 miles, haha. Matt did a great job of making me eat, drink, and keeping my mind off things. I remember rambling on and on about my job and about my

college career. I'm sure he was wondering when I would ever shut up.

We made it past Copperhead (52.1 miles) and Turnaround (57.9 miles) in what seemed like a good time for what I had been doing going into Powerline. I really thought that things were going to keep getting better as we went into the night. At Turnaround I took a few minutes break in a chair to eat some chicken noodle soup. As we made our way back to Powerline I was becoming less chatty. I was beginning to really have to focus on the task at hand. Every once and awhile I would think to ask Matt for a chip or cracker. It was funny, he had this camelback pack in which he had all his and my stuff stored. It was like an army surplus store on his back. Whenever I would ask for something he would whip that thing off his back and pull out whatever it was I needed. By that point I had asked for my lightweight Brooks jacket as the temps had started to dip down into the 60s most likely. Or just possibly it was too darn cold for my weary body.) There were only two things I remember from there back to Powerline. One was asking for a chip every so often, being that was the only thing I could stomach other than the chicken soup at the aid stations. The other one was Matt's response of "we're within a mile" every time I would ask how close we were getting to the next aid station. Phew, those were some long one-milers. Part of me was perturbed because I wanted to sit and eat more chicken soup, but I knew that it was hard to judge distance out in the woods. If this course taught me one thing, it was to take things all in stride. There will be good, there will be bad. You best just look for the good. So we laughed!

As we came into Powerline again (67.7 miles) I was hoping and praying that

my weight had not gone down any further. I was already close to the 5% on the way out and I surely didn't want to have to sit and eat till I weighed enough or get pulled because I was at 7%. To my surprise I weighed in at 136 lbs. I had gained four lbs!!! Little victories were what mattered and this was one of them. I could move on down the course. While I was there I sat down again for a few minutes and ate some more chicken soup while I talked with Harmon, Jesse, Matt, Frank, Stacey, Lisa, and Greg. Matt passed along the necessary info to Jesse on how I was doing and what I needed to take late into the night. (I'm going to guess it was sometime after midnight.)

As Jesse and I headed out of Powerline I mentioned to him that I wanted to try and keep a conversation up. I knew we would be doing a lot of walking since we were headed back toward Smith Mountain. So Jesse went into the topics of the day he knew. The Washington Huskies had beaten USC at USC earlier in the day! Not a PAC-10 fan, but if I was going to be for a team in that conference, it would be the Huskies. We made it back to B.M. Road (69.7 miles) aid station with no problems. From there we went onto the bush-hogged trail up Smith Mtn. and the problems began to creep up again. Jesse's hat clip light went out and not much further down the trail my light started going out intermittently. I asked Jesse if he had the batteries that I had put in Harmon's gear bag and he told me he hadn't received any from him. I began to freak! We were going to try to traverse Smith Mtn. with the possibility of no light. That would have been pretty much impossible. It was pitch black out there and when the light would go out for the split second before Jesse could turn it back on I was always getting scared I was going to fall into a rut or trip over a rock.

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All I could think about from then on was just getting to the Smith Mtn. aid station and hoping they had some triple-A batteries. Luckily, we made it to Smith Mountain (73.2 miles) with the light still barely working. While I got some more soup, Jesse was able to track down some triple-As from one of the aid station volunteers. Another victory!

So, on we went toward Club Flamingo where I would get to see my pal, PT. We had been walk/jogging some for the first half of the way. As we got within a mile or so of the aid station there was a nice long curvy downhill. I decided that we should take advantage of it. We jogged at a pretty good clip down the forest service road, which seemed to never end. I was very excited to have such a long downhill that I could jog. We finally hit the bottom before we climbed back up to Club Flamingo (76.4 miles). PT sat me down in a chair and asked what I needed. I was going to get some more soup. However, crud happened again.

As I was waiting on my soup I began to feel a hack coming. I dry heaved a few times and then some black liquid and small beady chunks came out. I kept trying to calm myself down by telling myself to, but that didn't seem to work. Yeah, my body doesn't listen. I dry heaved a few more times and let out a little more of that great black goo. PT called over an EMT volunteer to check me out. On his way over he brought a napkin and dabbed up some of my puke. He immediately told me that I had puked digested blood. Still not sure how I digested my own blood, yet all I could think was that he was going to tell me I was too bad off to go any further. I mean really, I was digesting and puking my own blood and I wasn't worried about my health. I was worried they would pull me from the race. I guess I was just so dang determined that I was going to finish at

that point that I was willing to put my body through whatever. The EMT made me chew a half a banana. After I finished he asked me how I felt and I said that I felt okay at that point. He said he would not stop me from going on, but that I should let someone know if I did puke up the same kind of goo that I should let the aid station volunteers know that I had again and that I really should stop at that point. I took his warning and another banana and we moved on out toward Pig Trail (79.3 miles).

Up to Lake Winona I was having really bad problems with staying awake as I had been on my feet at that point for over 24 hrs. I had many instances where I would blank out for a sec. When that happened it felt like a jackhammer was hitting me on the head. I felt this piercing pain running through my entire body. To fight these occurrences I would try to keep my walking pace up. This would help me to stay awake by having to concentrate on the pace. Jesse was a big help as well by telling me to pick it up every time my pace would wane. We did end up making it into to Lake Winona (83.9 miles) without me falling down during a blackout.

Lake Winona was my last crew/pacer aid station on the course. Only 16 miles more to go! It was somewhere around 5 a.m. on Sunday. I had until noon to make it to the finish line so I knew then that I was for sure going to make it to the finish line even if I slowly walked the rest of the way. While there, I picked up my third and final pacer, Leah. With a few sips of caffeine from the Dan-O's Barq's we left to conquer the final 16 miles of the Traveller. Right off the bat I told Leah that we were going to be walking the whole section because I feared trying to jog anymore might cause my issues from Club Flamingo to reoccur. She was more than

fine with that. Within the next hour the sun began to rise and my sleep problems were starting to be less of a problem. Leah kept up good conversations with other runners that went by or went on mostly one-sided rants with me. I had no problem with this as it kept my mind moving without having to try and talk too much. The miles did seem to go by pretty quick through the rough area on to Rocky Gap (87.2 miles) and Electronic Tower (91.4 miles). While at Electronic Tower I got a nice hoo-raa from Karen telling me that I WAS going to be crossing that finish line and getting my buckle. Yes, I was!

We then moved on to Pumpkin Patch (93.9 miles) and on to the finish. Along the way I was starting to get cranky. I knew that I was just tired of even moving. I wanted it to be done right away, but I knew it would be a few more hours at the pace I was going. Little things like taking my endurolyte pill made me whine like a baby. Granted, I had taken one every hour since I started and one every half hour for most of the time I was with Leah since she thought Jesse had said that I needed them that often. I probably took almost 40 pills. We did take two non-aid station breaks as well. Once for me to lean up against a rock wall while I caught my breath and another time when I had to take a bathroom break.

Here's a funny one for you. During my bathroom break I leaned up against a small tree to help prop me while I pulled up my shorts. However, the tree didn't hold and backwards I went where my back landed smack dab on a nice pointy rock. As I let out a nice loud scream Leah came running over to make sure I was okay. I had to regain my composure real quickly to let her know not to come any closer because I wasn't able to get my shorts up before I fell. After slowly pulling myself and my shorts up,

## Arkansas Traveller 100

we had a good laugh about it. On we went to Lake Sylvia and up the hill to Camp Ouachita and the finish line.

A few minutes after 11 a.m. Leah and I made it up to the top of the road and were first greeted by the iPhone photography of Dan-O. After giving a big hug to John, I looked down the small incline into the Camp Ouachita parking lot where the best banner I've ever laid my eyes on was tied between two trees. As I made the turn into the parking lot I made my final jog down to that banner. As I crossed the finish line I slapped both my hands on that finish line. I was letting that course know that it may have beaten me up pretty good, but that I had beat it back!

After I crossed the line, I was greeted by almost all the people who had been out there at any point during the weekend to cheer, crew, pace, or work an aid station. It was an awesome feeling. I

fell into each of their arms with a big hug. So thankful for every bit of support they had given me over the course of the entire race. I will have to admit though, as I had said throughout the whole last half of the race, all I could wait for was to go straight to my foldout chair and to crash until the awards. That's just what I did.

I wish I could end this with; I waited in my chair until I was able to get up and get my buckle, but that was not the case. Not too long afterwards, Polly noticed that my eyes were glazed over and my skin was kind of pale. She called over the EMT thinking I should get some IV. I freaked! That meant a needle. I'm not a big fan of needles by any means. As they stuck the needle in my arm I began to sweat and get fidgety. Within a few seconds I had passed out. All I remember afterwards was waking up in a lounge chair in the corner of the building with my

legs propped up and an IV in my other arm. Craig was like a nurse wiping up sweat from my forehead. It kind of scared me at first, haha. After almost two bags of IV fluid I finally regained my color and lost all the glaze in my eyes.

While I was still lying in my lounge chair in the corner Stan called out for #59 finisher, PRESTO! I gave him the a-ok that I was still alive. Next thing I know PT was running to my side in his red dress with my buckle in hand. He gave me a big hug and told me how proud he was of me for pushing through. After Frank took a pic of me with my buckle I just stared at it. It was mine! No one could take it away. It may not have been the spectacular finish I had hoped for, but I finished.

And as Chrissy had wrote on all the first time 100-milers' bibs, **"FINISHING IS WINNING"**.

## Race Results (Continued from Page 3)

### Chile Pepper XC 10K (Oct 16<sup>th</sup>)

Bill Crow	51:15	Sarah Olney	44:43
Imari Dellimore	36:12	Justin Radke	35:57
Angela Gattin	60:18	William Riley	47:20
Kevin Golden	37:22	David Samuel	67:02
Roy Hayward	49:33	Andrea Sieczkowski	45:30
Becky Humes	48:17	Brian Sieczkowski	35:33
Maggie Mathis	44:48	Allen White	49:44
Joe Milligan	50:47	David Williams	41:35
Joseph Nichols	42:50		

### Nike Womens Marathon (Oct 17<sup>th</sup>)

Alison Acott	4:29:40	Michelle Rupp	4:29:40
Jesse Garrett	5:21:43	Leah Thorvilson	2:46:42

### Soaring Wings ½ Marathon (Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup>)

Melisa Behrendt	2:38:03	Joel Perez	1:24:50
Dan Belanger	2:18:06	Ashley Philbrick	2:08:06
Brian Bell	3:00:49	Priscilla Pittman	2:51:14
Trina Bright	1:59:44	Steven Preston	1:33:47
Brandon Burroughs	2:00:28	Ginea Qualls	2:04:22
Karen Call	1:46:13	April Rand	2:20:20
Jonathan Caudle	2:39:40	Gordon Rostvold	2:09:54
Tara Caudle	2:15:58	Michelle Rupp	2:12:55
Craig Clune	1:51:51	John Russell	2:15:02
Joe Cordi	1:46:59	David Samuel	2:52:51
Sandy Cordi	2:11:36	Scott Sander	1:37:40
Jesse Garrett	2:29:28	Ron Sanders, Jr.	2:12:42
Angela Gattin	2:13:35	Stacey Shaver	1:54:43
Kevin Golden	1:22:43	Amy Shivers	2:05:59
Michael Harmon	2:14:30	Billy Shurley	2:00:56
Katie Hartter	2:58:42	Kim Shurley	2:11:02
Roy Hayward	1:50:35	Brian Sieczkowski	1:24:30
Becky Humes	1:41:31	Tim Steadman	1:41:11
Lisa Luyet	2:01:54	Gary Taylor	1:22:52
Allison Martin	1:46:37	Mark Thompson	1:44:16
John Martin	1:40:08	Leah Thorvilson	1:17:49
David Meroney	2:07:20	Tammy Walther	1:38:42
Joe Milligan	1:57:18	Brian Watson	1:46:51
Carl Northcutt	3:00:39	David Williams	1:32:10
Jessica Osorio	2:05:00	Kenny Worley	2:11:36
Ellen Owens	2:24:26	Steve Yanoviak	1:27:4

## Running Wild (Continued from Page 2)

The blog debates were equally curious. On one side of the issue were those who wished to run for a better time but were hindered from doing so. In their way were those who confessed what might be construed as a disregard for common courtesy by bringing their strollers, wagons, and for goodness sakes, dogs. While not formally documented for this event, these are the same rules we as runners take for granted. Many of these participants not only bring their tagalongs but do so in the middle of the pack.

As you have come to expect, I have the solutions. The competitors can compete the other 51 weeks of the year, rather than argue against insurmountable odds on this day that represents not a race to a finish line but the one for which it is titled. To promote inclusion and take this year's great idea even further, perhaps the required finishing estimate to be timed could be 35 or even 40 minutes which would still have been only 500, or approximately half the size of the Firecracker 5K. The increased time estimate could include significantly more of those who wish to do their best but with a clear conscience. Some of the other group might also consider watching from the sideline, ensuring a spot from which to see the Survivors' Parade, which was generally their justification for their transgressions in the first place, or just hand off their traveling companions to their Three Mile Man.

As for my favorite usual 39 minute 5K team, they experienced the event in the spirit in which it is intended, and cruised to a two hour finish.

## New Member

Please join me in welcoming new member **Billy Bird**. Billy is married to Julie, together they have three children -- Olivia (9), Wesley (6) and Everett (3). Billy is an attorney at Dover Dixon Horne. He has been running for about a year now and averages 25 miles. He races on average once every 4-6 weeks. He prefers the 5K and 10K distances but will run the Little Rock Marathon in 2011.

## Running Calendar

Upcoming races, fun runs, and Grand Prix Series (GPS) races, including state championships {SC}, are listed below. The LRRC sponsors Sunday fun runs beginning at Andy's at Markham and Barrow at 7 a.m. If you know about a race that should be listed, send information to *The Runaround* editor.

### November

- 20: Spa 10K at Hot Springs. **GPS.**
- 20: Devil's Den 8M at West Fort. Call 479-879-5232.
- 20: Colin Marsh Memorial 5K at Waldron. Call 479-637-6211.
- 20: White River Marathon for Kenya at Cotter. Call 870-421-2666.
- 20: Girls on the Run 5K/10K at Bentonville. Call 479-273-1366.
- 20: Team Dillon 5K at Ozark. Call 479-209-1930.
- 20: Crystal City Cave Run at Crystal City, MO. Call 314-315-0396.
- 20: Winterfest 5K at Anderson, MO. M Call 417-845-6939.
- 20: Cyclone Fastpitch 5K at Russellville. Call 479-858-2685.
- 20: Turkey Trot 5K at Siloam Springs. Call 479-524-5779.
- 21: Andy's Fun Run.
- 25: SPD Turkey Trot 5K at Springdale. Call 479-750-8526.
- 25: Don Gammie Turkey Trot 5K at Eureka Springs. Call 479-363-9820.
- 25: Mercy Turkey Day 5K at Fort Smith. Call 479-314-7400.
- 25: Turkey Trot 5K at Rogers. Call 479-845-8000.
- 27: Great 10K Duck Race at Stuttgart. Call 870-673-1602.
- 28: Andy's Fun Run

### December

- 4: Memphis Marathon, Half, 5K. Call 800-565-5112.
- 4: Craig's Jingle Bell 5K at Little Rock. Call 501-664-7242.
- 4: Yule Run 5K at Greenwood. Call 479-996-6357.
- 5: Andy's Fun Run.
- 11: Jingle Bell 5K at Hot Springs. Call 601-664-7242.
- 11: Magic Mile at Fayetteville. Call 479-521-7766.
- 11: Reindeer Run for Reading 5K at Bryant. Call 501-941-0379.
- 11: Jingle Bell Run 5K at Ft. Smith. Call 918-647-4957.
- 11: White River Christmas Half Marathon at Batesville. Call 870-307-8264.
- 12: Fayetteville Half Marathon. Call 479-521-7766.
- 12: Andy's Fun Run.
- 18: Mt. Nebo Bench Trail Run at Dardanelle. Call 479-567-9933.
- 19: Andy's Fun Run.
- 26: Andy's Fun Run.

### January

- 1: YMCA Tux on the Run 5K at Bentonville. Call 479-717-2460.
- 15: No Name 5K/10K at Danville. Call 479-622-3026.

## Birthdays

The following is a list of Club members and/or spouses who were born during the month of November. Call Ginea Qualls at 607-2477 if the information is incorrect.

- 2 – James Erwin
- 3 – Shirley Pence
- 3 – Katie Whitehurst
- 7 – Brian Duckett
- 8 – Bill Crow
- 10 – Alesa Davis
- 13 – Emil Mackey Jr.
- 13 – Celia Storey
- 16 – Melanie Baden
- 17 – Gary Criglow
- 18 – Robert Abernathy
- 19 – Corky Zaloudek
- 21 – Lynn SXenn
- 21 – Michael Storey
- 22 – Paula Cigainero
- 27 – Timothy Wistrand

### Retreads

First Wednesday of the month  
 Franke's Cafeteria  
 11121 N. Rodney Parham Road  
 (Market Place Shopping Center)

Dutch Treat

Wear something to show you are one of the gang -- shirt, hat, scarf, finisher medal, etc. Just show up and look for the Old Runners -- Retreads. For more information contact Charley or Lou Peyton at 225-6609 or chrlypyton@aol.com.