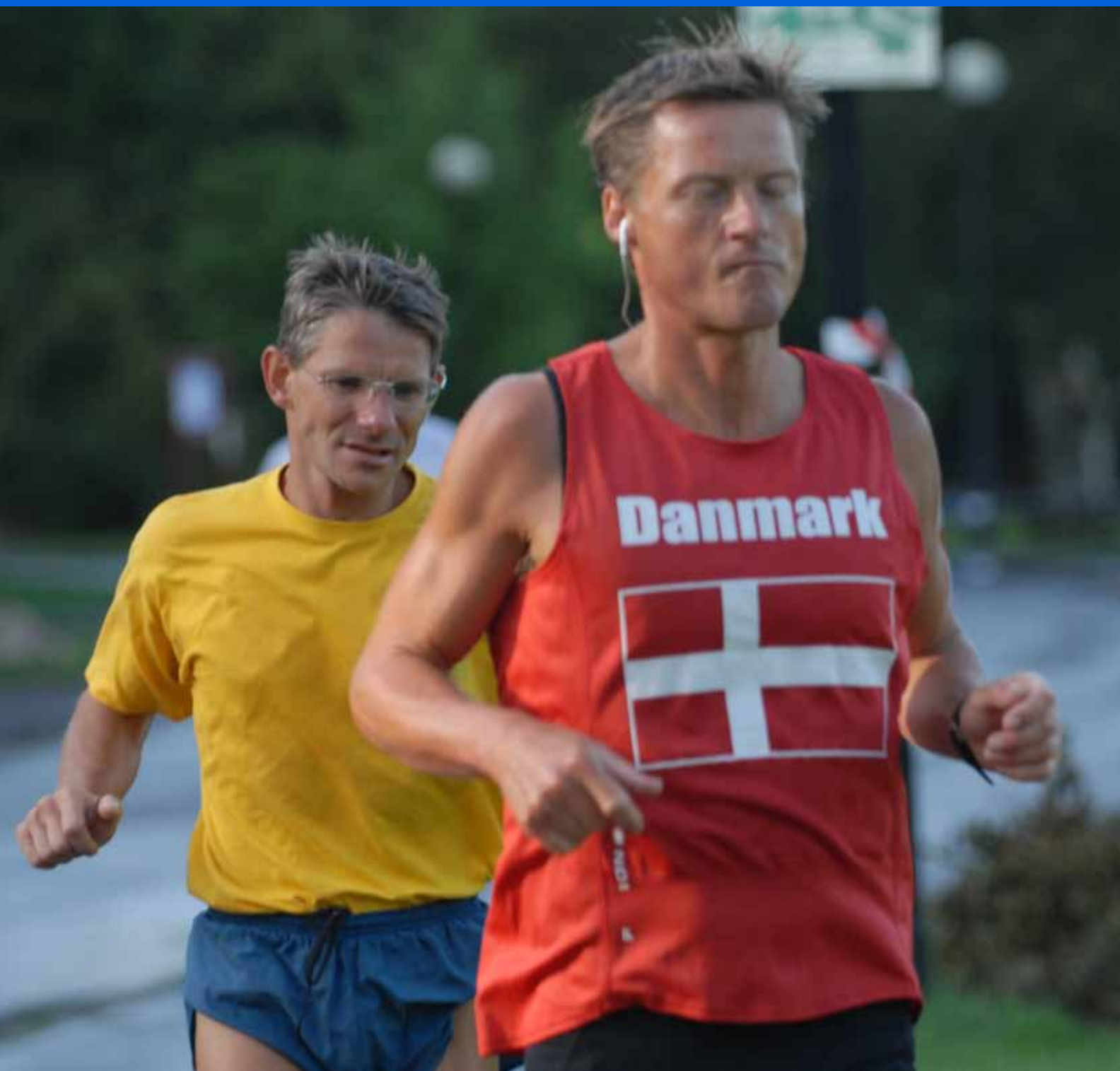


ULTRARUNNING WORLD

ROAD, TRACK & TRAIL ULTRA DISTANCE NEWS

VOL. 2

OCTOBER 2010



Featured Articles

- Sunrise To Sunset 100 km
- Vango Scottish Ultra

- Otley to London - Chris Carver
- 24 Hours - Bonnie Busch
- Ultra reports from the Archive



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Engineered for speed and performance. With ultra-thin carbon rubber outsole and aggressive lug configuration, there is no XC course, mud, or rocks too challenging!
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Durable new shoe, springy and responsive "Lightstrike" midsole. Traction outsole with six spikes. New Bojog colour scheme: left shoe black, right shoe white!
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ADULT 7-12.5 UK £50

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Lightweight XC shoe with very supportive upper and durable, low-profile midsole. Ripple outsole for additional grip, supportive rand around the base of upper for extra support.
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New Balance's cross country spike, it's a good fit and a good price!
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Extremely popular entry level spike suitable for all events at a price that makes it ideal for the young athlete, or the older athlete who uses spikes occasionally.
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Great all round spike for the club or school athlete who is just starting out or who is training and competing in a variety of events.
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Middle to long distance spike with full-length cushioning, ideal for athletes who compete in multiple events. Air mesh upper for light weight and ventilation.
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NEW! Lightweight (212g) low profile off-road racing shoe. Not quite as deep as the Mudclaw, but aggressive enough to be the closest thing to a "road racing shoe with studs".
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Extremely durable and aggressively outsoled fell/mountain/orienteering shoe. Synthetic upper has dual layer mesh for comfort and protection. Outsole uses sticky rubber compound.
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The "original" fell shoe, water resistant & fast-drying upper, low to the ground, with the incomparable grip of a Walsh pyramid stud outsole.
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New colour for 2008. Now established as a popular shoe for fell running and racing, cross-country and trail. "Traction" outsole provides good grip and the lace loops offer a snug midfoot fit.
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CHECK OUT OUR NEW CLOTHING RANGES FOR MEN, WOMEN & JUNIORS. INSTORE OR ONLINE.



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ULTRARUNNING WORLD

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Some articles meant to appear in this issue will be in another edition of the magazine, like the cover story...

So, because all the news I had is out of date, this is a shorter edition that's a collection of race reports from last year.

As I write this, I am enthusiastic and optimistic about getting the next issue out by the end of October that will actually have "news" in it.

As always I am very grateful for all the contributors and photographers who have sent or given me permission to use their images including:

Alan Young for the cover and photo of Christine David (left), Huw Illingworth, Steve Harvey, Andy McMenemy and Tony Hazell in Chris Carver's article. Thanks also to Bonnie Busch and Matt Mahoney.

This is a non-profit project FYI (at the moment). A free pdf download is available from the Ultrarunning World.co.uk website.

If you have a race coming up or something to contribute then please send your articles, images, ads etc to:

mail@ultrarunningworld.co.uk

Many thanks, Abichal

Current news and event calendars are available online at [Ultrarunning World.co.uk](http://UltrarunningWorld.co.uk) and Multidays.com.

Cover: Lars Christoffersen & Christopher Laborie
Gothenburg, Sweden 2009 Photo: Alan Young



Christine David at Gothenburg 6 day 2009
Photo: Alan Young

NAMIB DESERT CHALLENGE

27th - 31st March 2011
The Sossusvlei, Namibia



The complete race package is available for only €1150.00 (EUR) per person and includes:

- 1 Night Accommodation in the luxury 5 star Sossusvlei Lodge
- Return transfers from Windhoek airport to the Sossusvlei Lodge
- Pre-Race Dinner at the five star Sossusvlei Lodge
- Sunset Game Drive, and Victory Dinner hosted by the lodge
- Tented accommodation during each stage (5 nights)
- Unlimited bottled drinking water during the race
- Refreshments at each check point
- Around the clock medical assistance
- Boiling Water and cooking facilities/utensils at each campsite.
- NDC route book
- Finishers medal
- NDC memento shirt and goodie bag

Are you tough enough? 220km in 5 days Dune Ascent

This is the ultimate test of endurance, each person against the toughest elements on the planet. There are five stages ranging from 30 - 60 kilometres over five days.

The route includes a variety of different terrain including African bushveld, rocky mountain trails and sand desert. Competitors will race to the Sossusvlei in the heart of the Namib Desert, which is a huge clay-pan, enclosed by mighty sand dunes. Some of the spectacular dunes reach a height of 300 metres and are of the highest in the world. read more...

The camaraderie during the challenge is unsurpassed and the Kinetic team will be with you every step of the way to support you during your challenge. For more information, email us at info@kineticevents.net

REGISTRATION PRICING

Previous Competitors

Individuals: €1050.00 (EUR)

Conventional Team entry: €2985.00 (EUR) for a team of 3 competitors

Paired Team entry: €1990.00 (EUR) for a team of 2 competitors

New/First Time Competitors

Individuals: €1150.00 (EUR)

Conventional Team entry: €3150.00 (EUR) for a team of 3 competitors

Paired Team entry: €2100.00 (EUR) for a team of 2 competitors

Once you have completed and submitted your online entry form, we will contact you directly to provide you with payment details and options.

50% Deposit is required immediately and the balance is payable by January 31st 2011.

Visit the race website: www.kineticevents.net/ndc



LOS ANGELES - NEW YORK FOOTRACE

19 June 2011
3220 miles - 70 days



The 2011 Trans-Am: Los Angeles to New York Footrace

French multiday legend Serge Girard is planning on adding to ultrarunning mythology with a new edition of the Trans-Am: The Los Angeles to New York Footrace.

Scheduled for 19th of June 2011 this massive adventure will cover 3,220 miles over 70 days starting in Santa Monica in California and finishing in New York August the 25th.

Stretching back to 1928 when Andy Payne won the first Trans-Am, long distance has inspired runners to challenge themselves and each other.

Serge Girard is a model of this philosophy running across five continents: North America, Australia, South America, Africa, Europe and Asia between 1997 and 2006.

The crossing of Europe began in Paris and finished in Tokyo covering 19,000 km in 260 days - a huge undertaking from any perspective.

The last Trans-America race took place in 2004 organised by Alan and Mary Firth and though there have been many solo crossings since then,

there has been no organised race.

The cost of this race is \$6,500 and you also have to organise your own accommodation. Set up to allow solo runners as well as runners with crew, this race is a challenge for any runner to contemplate.

On The Road

Currently Serge is undertaking an extraordinary personal and sports challenge to run 600 marathons, 25,000 km without a single day of rest, 70 km per day, link the countries of the European Union and set a world record for the longest distance run in one year.

At the time of writing he has completed 542 marathons and has been running for 312 days.

Itinerary :

The project will start and finish in Paris, covering almost all the capital cities of the European Union countries:

London, Madrid, Prague, Berlin, Athens, Helsinki, Rome, Stockholm. More than 5000 km and almost 3 months will be spent covering France.

Timing :

Departure on October 17, 2009 and finish 12 months later.

AROUND THE EUROPEAN UNION to set a world record for the longest distance run in one year, with as many children and runners as possible running during the race to connect 25 members countries of the European Union.





The 2010 Scottish Ultra Marathon Series

An exciting new project has been launched this year with the first Scottish Ultra Marathon Series sponsored by Montane. Created by linking nine independently organised ultras that run from March to September this series provides an interesting platform for the development of ultrarunning in the UK.

The idea has been developed by Highland Fling RD, Murdo MacDonald and has inspired a new race, The Clyde Stride along the Clyde Walkway. Starting at another Glasgow railway station, (Partick) the route follows the Clyde through Strathclyde Regional Park, the Unesco World Heritage Site at New Lanark, the Falls of Clyde Nature Reserve and finishes at Bonnington Linn.

The nine races are comprising the SUMS are:

6th March Glasgow – Edinburgh Double Marathon – 56 m
3rd April – Deeside Way Ultra – 33m
24th April Highland Fling Race – 53m
15th May Catevan Trail Ultra – 55m
19th June West Highland Way Race – 95m

17th July Clyde Walkway Race – 40m
7th August Devil o' the Highlands – 43m
28th August Speyside Way Race – 35m
18th Sept. River Ayr Way Challenge 44m

Full details at:
www.sumschampionship.org



March 15th 2010

With an accumulated total of 21494.0 km, Jesper Olsen reached the Cape of Good Hope and completed the first half of the North to South Run.

He writes "In the late afternoon during a terrific blowing wind under clear blue skies I reached the South-Western point of the African continent and added a small chapter to endurance running: the first person to run from the tip of Europe (Nordkapp, North of the Arctic Circle) to the tip of Africa, as well as the first runner to run straight across Africa."

The North - South Run aims to complete a distance of 40,000 km, thus making it the world's longest fully gps-documented run by far. A journey from top to bottom of the globe and back, running across 4 continents and a huge range of temperatures and terrain.

Visit Jesper Olsens website:
www.WorldRun.org



The Wilderness Society
Announce
WildEndurance 2011

The Wilderness Society announces the 4th annual WildEndurance event will be held over the weekend of 30 April-2 May 2011. Registrations open soon and intending competitors can log on and register at www.wildendurance.org

WildEndurance is a 100km team trek event that gives groups of 4-6 people the opportunity to test their stamina and fitness in the stunning Blue Mountains World Heritage area.

The event is The Wilderness Society's major fundraising event for the year and helps to fund many important campaigns such as protecting our climate, water supplies and wonderful wild places.

"WildEndurance provides a challenging and exhilarating team experience in one of NSW's most spectacular wilderness areas," said Event Co-ordinator Sarah Rimmer from The Wilderness Society.

The spectacular course offers iconic views of the Three Sisters, Mount Solitary and the Jamison Valley during daylight hours.

Whether they are completing the whole 100km together or dividing into two relay groups each travelling 50km, teams will be treated to some of the best wilderness spots in the Blue Mountains.

There will also be less road sections compared to the inaugural event and an easier route into the finish line.

The event will still have a strict 48 hour time limit, with regular checkpoints where teams can meet with their support crews for rest and refreshment.

www.wildendurance.org



Photo: Andy McMenemy

The Run To London: 218 Miles

Chris Carver

After months of hard work planning, organising, briefing helpers ... and training I finally left Otley shortly after 9.00am on Saturday 23 May with a small party of family and friends in attendance – more than expected really, I was quite surprised. Everyone counted down from ten to one, my first helper (Nick Hodgkinson) started the official stopwatch and I was off. Ian Fisher had planned to cycle with me for the first few miles but that failed to materialise when he was late getting out of bed and had to drive to Otley instead of cycle.

The first six miles or so were uphill but this was OK as I knew it would help to curb my pace in the first hour or two. As I ran past the Headingley branch of Up & Running the staff came out to clap and cheer me on which was a nice touch considering they had given me over £175.00 worth of kit for this run.

Arrived at Leeds Town Hall and waited around for about five minutes before leaving because the local media had been invited to the start of the Leeds to London record attempt. Disappointingly no one was there, except a wedding party, when I left at exactly 10.43am (about seven minutes ahead of schedule).

The weather was now beginning to get hotter so at the first available opportunity after leaving Leeds I changed from a cotton T shirt into coolmax vest. As I was doing so we had a short rain shower. At Cutsyke (near Castleford) the first of the helpers' changeovers was due to take place; where all my food, drink, maps and clothes were to be transferred from Nick's car to Huw Illingworth's. Shortly after this Nick began his stint of running with me. At this point I was about fifteen minutes ahead of schedule.

Nick's running came to an end just to the south of Ackworth Moor Top and

Huw had to take him back to his car. For the next few miles I was on my own but before they left I made sure I had enough food and drink along with a map of the next section. As it turned out I was alone for much longer than anticipated and I didn't see Huw and the support vehicle for about another four miles.

Found navigation difficult through Goldthorpe and Bolton Upon Dearne and at one point I had to phone Huw to make sure I was taking the correct route – he was in his car about a mile ahead. Negotiating our way through Mexborough was no problem at all but Conisbrough was a different story – partly my fault I suppose. Instead of sticking to the nice and simple main road when planning the route I had decided to detour round the back of Conisbrough Castle to save around 250m. Naturally, we missed the junction and stayed on the main

Solo Events

road to the next helpers' changeover point at the far side of the town.

At this point four members of Worksop Harriers replaced Huw. John Harrison and his Alan McGinley in the car while Caroline McGinley and experienced ultra runner Steve Battle were running with me for a while. Left Conisbrough over twenty minutes ahead of schedule and walked up the hill towards Stainton.

My original plan had been to begin each hour by walking for 10 minutes before running for the remaining 50. That

plan had served me well in previous 24-hour races so I knew it would work for at least half of my journey to London. During the first five hours of this run it had become obvious that a different strategy was needed as I found myself stopping for 30 seconds or so every few miles when the car drivers wanted to relay navigational information or give me something to eat. I had to stop at road junctions too occasionally. I decided to take less than 10 minutes walking break every hour.

For the next 70 or 80 minutes the three of us ran through beautiful countryside in warm weather that was a little cloudy at times. This suited me fine as I've always felt that it's not necessarily the temperature that's energy sapping but the sunshine and brightness. Running south along the A60 into Worksop the conversation between the three of us was very good and I felt very relaxed at 10 minutes per mile. It was during this stretch that I learned that Caroline had only been a runner for a couple of years and had never run more than 14 miles before. She had entered the Edinburgh marathon but due to lack of fitness had given her number to Steve. She must have run further than her previous best before we entered Worksop, but she was looking strong and wanted to continue ... who was I to argue.

Between Worksop and Ollerton we ran through Sherwood Forest and John handed me a long sleeved top to wear when the temperature fell. He knew that my internal thermometer didn't work properly (a side effect of chemotherapy) so he did the right thing and I was grateful to him for that. At about 9 o'clock (or maybe just after) came my first treat. John had gone on a few miles to fetch me a fresh cup of coffee from McDonald's. I know McDonald's coffee isn't the best in the world but it was warm, caffeinated and appreciated. It was a small but great gesture from John who had been driving his car for well over four hours by now and still had a fair way to go.

The diuretic effect of the coffee began to work almost immediately though and I soon found myself needing to find that McDonald's ... quickly. Although I was well ahead of schedule I lost ten minutes or so and my hankie too. Caroline had stopped running by this time but had covered 22 miles – an improvement of over 50% - that was truly inspirational stuff.

I don't remember much of the next 90 minutes but everything was progressing well and I was still ahead of schedule and feeling good. At Kirklington it was time for Phil Robertson to take over from Steve as companion, we both knew it was time to put on the head torches as

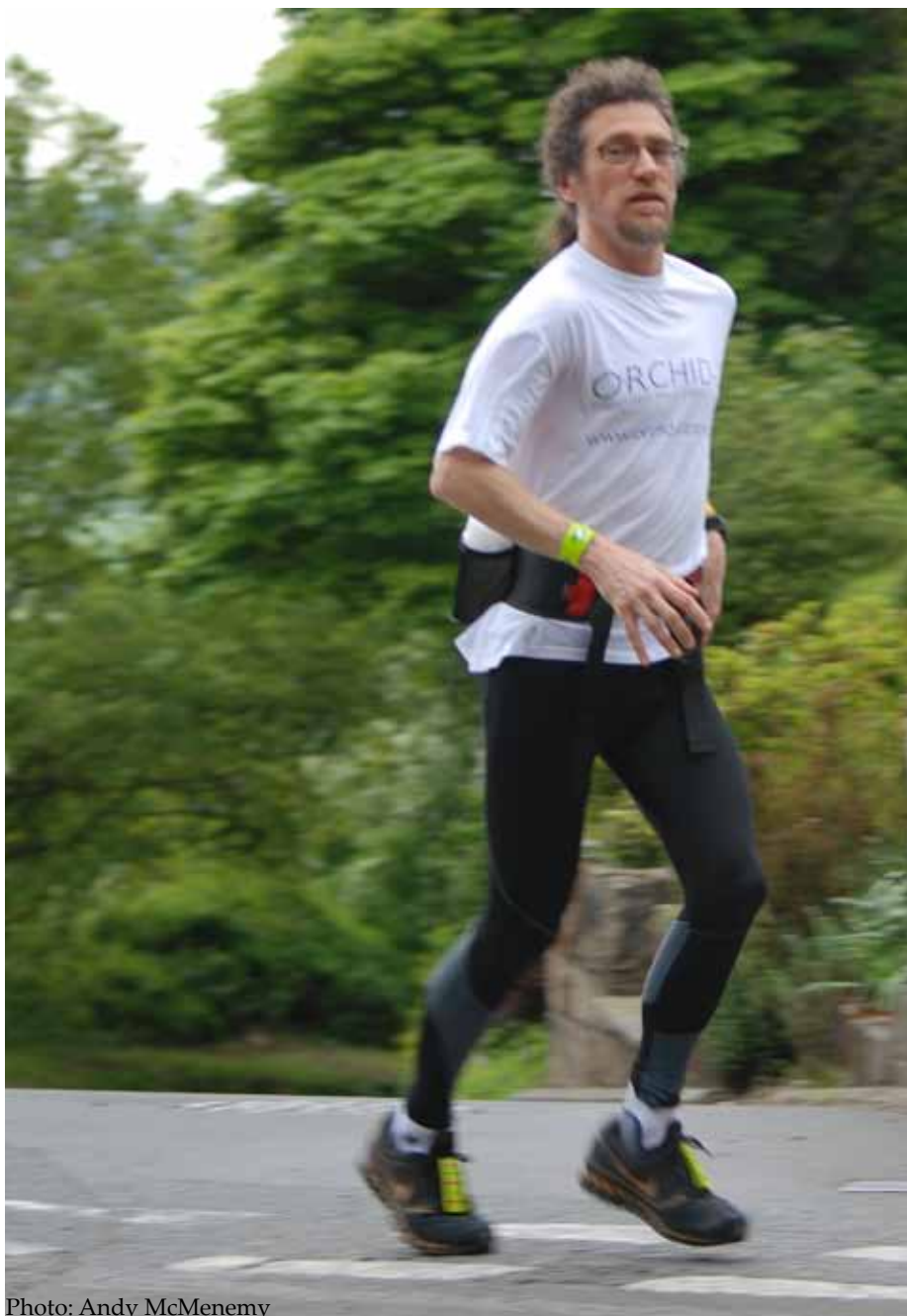


Photo: Andy McMenemy



Photo: Huw Illingworth

we continued into the night. As Phil was injured he was on his bicycle and I really felt for him, as I knew he really wanted to be training for the Ultra Trail Mont Blanc for which he has a confirmed place. That 100 mile race in The Alps is at the end of August.

At this point John and Alan were still in their car but now had Steve, Caroline and her daughter in the back. A few miles later, in Southwell, Liz Ashton and her friend Elaine took over car duties from the Worksop Crew.

Almost immediately we headed onto the main road (A612) and I was surprised at how quiet it was, sometimes we didn't see a single car for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Turned right at Lowdham to cross

the River Trent before continuing on main roads almost to Bingham when minor country lanes began again and I was pleased to have Phil with me to help light the way. We left Bingham on schedule and travelled south through Langar and Harby towards Melton Mowbray. We both commented on the beautiful sunrise that greeted the new day and I'm sure Liz & Elaine can't have failed to notice it too. At Scalford Liz and Elaine were due to hand over to Huw again while companionship was handed from Phil to Mike Blamires. Considering they had absolutely no experience of ultra running at all Liz and Elaine had done a fantastic job keeping me fed, watered and on the correct route.

At this point I'd like to quote from Mike's

blog, as I'm sure he knows more about this than me. "I met Huw (who was to be supporting the next 25 or so miles in the car) in a dark lay-by in the middle of nowhere, somewhere in deepest Leicestershire. We found out that Chris was about three or four miles away and looking good, even though he had covered nearly 100 miles and had been on his feet for almost 20 hours. During our wait we had several visits from the Police, at first wondering what we were doing but once we explained it they kept popping back to check on progress and tootling off to see Chris, the disbelief and then subsequent amazement really sums up most peoples' reactions to the event. Chris arrived and the cars were swapped over and we were off, it was about 3.30am and the sun was

Solo Events

just starting to glow on the horizon, for now though it was torches on and plugging away in the dark. Chris was in an excellent mood and, apart from the protein drinks his food and drink programme was on course."

Ah yes ... the protein drinks. I usually use Lucozade Sport Recovery Drink for the protein but, after trying throughout April and May, it just wasn't available any more in a convenient size. I therefore had to resort to plan B: Science In Sport REGO. I have used this occasionally in the past, I'm not keen on the taste but it's acceptable. On this run however, things were different. After almost 20 hours on the road the protein drinks were beginning to make me feel nauseous so I decided that I'd have to do without them for as long as possible.

Passed 100 miles in about 19 hours 8 minutes which, I've just noticed as I write this, was about 15 to 20 minutes late. Ran south from Melton Mowbray up the hill to Great Dalby. The company was good, the weather was fine and the scenery was fantastic. The mist in the small valleys that litter this area was simply stunning on a beautiful early Sunday morning with the entire road to ourselves. At Great Dalby we missed the junction again and added about 500m to our journey but as the sun climbed the sky my tired spirit awakened and with renewed vigour we picked up the pace slightly and headed towards Burrough On The Hill.

On towards Loddington, where we were to be met by Helen Barber and Tony Hazell who were taking over car duties from Huw. The sun was by now very bright and although it was only just after 7 o'clock I decided that I needed to put on sunglasses and suntan lotion. Through this part of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire the route was decidedly undulating but the scenery was still stunning and Mike and I felt blessed to be running past Eyebrook Reservoir at breakfast time on a quiet Sunday morning. Although the temperature was rising quickly it was exhilarating to be in these surroundings and the serenity helped keep the pace up.

Approaching the 200k point in the village of Great Easton I became aware that I

was beginning to pull ahead of Mike and a short while later a pre existing minor ilio tibial band problem caused Mike to stop running. Also at Great Easton Derek Martin took over from Helen & Tony on car duty and to my surprise he had with him his fellow Abbey Runners member Sam Black. Both Derek and Sam are experienced ultra distance runners. After a brief rest and word of thanks to Mike for sharing so much with me I was off again and passed 200k in 23 hours 42 minutes 18 seconds (about 10 minutes behind schedule). Tony was now on running buddy duties as Helen took Mike back to his car while the temperature continued to rise.

Up and down more hills as we headed south towards Cottingham, Pipewell and Rushton. The temperature by mid morning was well above 20°C and as I was beginning to suffer so the pace began to slip – mainly because I needed more walking breaks up the all too frequent hills.

Helen was also beginning to get worried that the planned schedule was for me to be running solo through the Sunday afternoon when it looked like the temperature would be in the high twenties Celsius. At one point Helen asked "what would help you through the challenge?" She, and her partner Tony, were due to leave me at Thorpe Malsor but, after phoning Andy McMenemy (and asking him to rush down from Harrogate to keep me company) they decided to continue with me for another hour or so. With the benefit of hindsight I can see that they were right to be worried and I'm glad they hung around longer than they planned to. Derek and Sam were doing a fine job in the car and using the temporary marking paint on the road where necessary to make sure we didn't take a wrong turn.

By the time we reached Wellingborough Tony and Helen were long gone and Sam was beginning to run with me in an attempt to make sure my pace didn't drop to a slow walk through the hottest part of the day. I was grateful to him for managing to steer me through the built up area as Derek just about managed to navigate the one way system before catching us up on the far side of town. We then headed south towards

Hinwick and the 150 mile point – arrived over an hour behind schedule but still determined to claw back some of the lost time when the temperature fell.

At about 147 miles Andy sped alongside in his car and asked how I was and whether he could get me anything. He knew I like coffee so that was his first thought but mine was for something to lower my temperature so ice cream was the order of the day. Off he went in search of ice cream; on these seemingly isolated country lanes I didn't hold out much hope of seeing that ice cream any time soon. I had travelled less than three miles though when he returned and the strawberry cornetto worked it's temporary magic to the extent that I managed to run well for about five miles or so before another hill halted my progress just beyond Chellington. Reached 150 miles in 29 hours 42 minutes 57 seconds.

Now I was well and truly into unknown territory. The furthest I had ever run in the past had been 141 miles and the longest time spent running had been 24 hours.

By way of a prize Andy gave me a can of coke straight from the fridge – I've no idea where it came from - he must've found a shop somewhere. I was a bit worried about the fizziness but I gulped it down all the same because I needed to cool down ... quickly.

A short while later along the road I passed 250 km in 30 hours 54 minutes 22 seconds. My next memory is of the housing estate we had to negotiate on the outskirts of Kempston, near



Photo by Steve Tracey

Bedford. At this point Andy suggested I need some protein and peanuts would be a good idea, I thought about it for a while as I suspected that peanuts would be difficult to swallow. In the end though I knew I that getting some protein on board was very important so the peanuts appeared and, with plenty of liquid, I managed to eat a handful.

With the housing estate duly negotiated the next task was the roadworks at the end of the new bypass. New roads, new roundabouts, very confusing but we managed and then headed towards Ampthill. Ahead I could see a very

long hill climbing into the distance. Not steep, just long. I put my head down and with Sam in tow plodded away and over the course of the next 50 minutes or so managed to make my way almost to the top. The strange thing was that almost at the top Andy mentioned that Derek and Sam had finished their stint at transporting the food, drink and kit and had handed over to him. Soon after this, without Sam pushing me, I lost my impetus and slowed to a walk again.

Into Ampthill and I needed the toilet again. Amazingly we came across one almost on the roadside less than two

minutes later. Five minutes passed with me inside and Andy outside regularly shouting through the door to make sure I was OK – he did this because I made all the helpers aware that I am likely to collapse if I stop moving for any length of time.

The hottest part of the day was over now but as the heat disappeared it had taken all my energy reserves with it. By this time the carefully prepared nutrition plan had gone out of the window too and I was only taking solid food at irregular intervals (mainly grapes too as they were extremely easy to chew and swallow).

Andy carefully guided me along to Upper Gravenhurst where Huw was due to meet us again for a third stint on car duty. Andy would be running with me from that point. I was quite pleased about this because I knew he had an uncanny ability to motivate me to keep moving and perhaps even pick up the pace a bit.

An hour or so later though my worst nightmare happened – I lost consciousness while changing my shoes and socks.

This is how I remember it. The soles of my feet were hurting very badly so I decided I needed to change my shoes and socks. I sat down while Andy and Huw got to work (there's no way I could've done it by myself – and they knew that). After a minute or so I said to Huw something like "I feel ill, I'm going to pass out". The next thing I know I'm barely awake but laid on my back on the grass with my feet in the air having my calves massaged by Andy. I slowly came round and then, very carefully, my helpers lifted me to my feet and supported me while encouraging me to walk around the village green



Photo by Tony Hazell

(no idea which village green). After a total of about twenty minutes I was on my way again, five minutes later I was running. All the helpers had been briefed about this state of collapse I often suffer after running 100 miles or more and to their credit they were brilliant, especially Andy whose ultra running experience helped enormously.

We edged our way slowly towards London and came to a major hill just south of Hexton where I remember thinking: "I've just travelled 180 miles and now you expect me to climb this." I later looked at the map and on that hill we climbed 250 feet in just over 0.8 mile. At the top we continued running and walking into the night. The fading light was playing tricks with the trees lining the road and the shadowy shapes were looking increasingly menacing. Also at this point I remember asking myself why we were heading north when I knew London was south. I completely trusted Huw to follow the

route on the map but it just seemed to me that we were headed north.

Approaching 300 km I was also beginning to fall asleep while moving. Within a few minutes I was using Andy as a crutch and with hindsight I should have had a proper half-hour nap in Huw's car. Stubbornness prevailed though and on we went. It was my first 48 hour event and lessons have been learnt. Passed 300 km in 39 hours 22 minutes 23 seconds and continued pushing north (south) past the menacing shapes in the dark (trees) which were watching me every move.

Sometime in the darkness I realised that I couldn't raise my hand higher than head height and for some reason I found that quite funny and started laughing. I also remember thinking to myself "I hope I'm not being too obnoxious to these guys," I know I've a tendency to shout a bit when things are not going to plan and mood swings and other highs & lows are par for the course with ultra

distance running unfortunately. Huw later told me that "... if anything you were overly (and amusingly) concerned with our well being at times."

A short while later Huw informed me that it would not be long before the handover to Tracy and Steve Harvey (my sister and her husband). I knew that Huw and Andy had been fantastic beyond belief but it was still good to hear that I'd see my sister shortly and that she was looking after me on the final stretch. Time seemed to stand still as we made our way up more hills to Wheathampstead and then, suddenly and without warning, there she was – my sister – holding a flask of coffee. I stopped so quickly I almost fell over. She poured some of the warm black liquid and walked with me while Steve, Huw and Andy transferred all my belongings to their car. Five minutes later after a few hugs, tears and goodbyes Huw and Andy were on their way back to Yorkshire. I'll be forever grateful for all their help.



Photo by Steve Harvey

expected people to be around in a large and never sleeping city such as London.

It was not until we met Colin Best at Tufnell Park that the city began to come alive. He was staying in London, not far from Tufnell Park, and had decided to take an early morning run with me to Trafalgar Square.

By this time I was wearing socks on my hands to keep out the early morning chill. We couldn't find any of the three pairs of gloves I had in the boot of the car – by now I was past caring though.

For the last three miles or so Colin took copies of the maps and guided me across road junctions and past uncaring locals on their way to ... I don't know where they were going at 5.30am on a Bank Holiday Monday. Steve, driving the car, had to be careful of the one way system for the last couple of miles and we didn't see him or Tracy again until we arrived in Trafalgar Square at 6 o'clock in the morning on Monday 25 May.

Unfortunately no one from Orchid Ultrarunning World| October 2010

I knew that having family for the final 30 miles or so would be a terrific boost and indeed that proved to be the case. On leaving Wheathampsted we missed a turning but rejoined the route about four or five miles later having added no more than half a mile. My pace was increasing now and passing through a deserted Hatfield I realised that I was running far more than walking. Turning onto the A1000 Great North Road the 200 mile point was not far ahead. I was four hours behind schedule at this point but I didn't care – I was on my way to London. The time at 200 miles was 42 hours 11 minutes 30 seconds.

On and on I pushed and it felt easier now for a number of reasons: 1) it was almost always flat or downhill, 2) another dose of caffeine, 3) dawn would soon arrive and with it the natural night-time sleepiness would temporarily abate.

Through north London towards the finish I was surprised at how quiet everything was. Although the time was between four and five in the morning I

was there to meet me at the finish and I was a bit disappointed about that. I later learned that they were all geared up for coming to Trafalgar Square on Monday afternoon from their base at St Bartholomew's Hospital in London. Obviously there had been a mix up along the line somewhere because I always knew I'd be finishing in the morning and my target was 3.00am.

Spent fifteen minutes or so just being happy to have arrived safely.

I honestly didn't have the energy to be elated; happy was all I could manage. We all climbed into the car for the long journey home – Colin being returned to Tufnell Park en route.

After being awake for 48 hours (and running/walking for 45) I spent at least 16 of the next 24 hours asleep.

Well done everyone, a great weekend's work and a fantastic adventure.

Chris Carver has been running since his youth and began running ultras in 2006.

Selected to run at the World 24 hour Championships in Brive, Chris is currently preparing for the 24 hour Six Nations at the Perth Ultra Festival in September.

Chris's website details his preparations and training and is a helpful resource for aspiring 24 hour runners.

Visit: thoughtsofanultrarunner.blogspot.com

INFORMATION ON

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Sunrise to Sunset

The World's Most Beautiful 100km Run

David Smith

How much trouble starts with a single email. Not even a message, just a link – www.ultramongolia.com. Sent by my close friend and business partner Linh Vien Thai, I responded by saying 'ok let's do it, but not the marathon, the 100km'. Brave (or stupid) words from behind a keyboard.

The subsequent events became a huge turning point in our lives.....

On 22nd July 09, Myself, Dave Smith and Linh Vien Thai, completed the 100km Sunrise to Sunset Ultra Marathon in Mongolia. Located in the mountains of the Lake Hushgvol national park, the course proved savage and unforgiving. Which was bad enough for seasoned ultra marathon runners, but Dave and Linh had only 6 weeks to prepare for this intensely grueling event.

I had a precious friend who was fighting leukaemia, Linh had lost a dear friend to the disease exactly 10 years previously, so we decided to try and raise funds for Leukaemia research in the UK. An initial sponsor pulled out of funding the logistics side of the trip. A frantic few weeks saw possessions sold on ebay, relatives digging in, then salvation from Peter Cook, MD of Mediline, a Derbyshire based Nursing and carers agency who appreciated the sacrifice, the challenge and was willing to support us, so we could focus on training and raising money for Leukaemia Research.

As a martial arts master and cyclist respectively, Linh and I had no specialist running equipment, let alone

mountain worthy gear. So, some generous and supportive companies helped here and there, though their marketing budgets were long gone, their sense of humanity was still abundant.

So, we had the cost of the trip covered, we had the equipment (and food) we needed, there was just the small matter of training.....

knew that 6 weeks wasn't enough time to become a good runner. So I trained to be good at not stopping. I used long bike rides to induce leg fatigue then ran with sore legs. A hip injury meant 2 weeks off running. Departure day loomed.... Failure was not an option.

We met on 18th July at Ulaan Baatar airport. Next day, was the start of a three-

day drive to get to the venue. Our first run together was the final 10km to a camp at Amerbysalan monastery. We left it late. It went dark. We took a wrong turn. We wouldn't have known the right turn anyway. Dead end. Camp lights in all directions, but all of them distant. We ran and stumbled in the dark over rough terrain and a swamp to the nearest camp. There, waiting, but about to drive off, was

Tuvshen our guide and the driver. He were driven 3km back to the proper camp, which we'd ran past an hour ago, while it was still light!

Two more days of travel across the most amazing landscape brought us to Toiglet Camp – home for 4 days. On the shores of Mongolia's mother Sea, Lake Hushgvol - there could be no more scenic base for the brutality ahead.

A day of meeting comrades in running shoes, having medicals and relaxing did little to calm my nerves. There were big mountains in view. I'd deliberately ignored the race profile, as I didn't want to know about the climbing involved, given the rush to prepare mentally – hills will have to be tackled on sight.



Linh, based in Tokyo, and holding down a demanding job for Cisco Systems, took to the humid streets, late at night, pounding the pavement, buying drinks and energy on the go from small stores, often finishing runs at 2am. He always used running as part of his conditioning for Kung Fu. That had been short distances though, nothing like a marathon let alone 100km. But within 4 weeks he ran a little farther than marathon distance at night in just over four hours.

I was a cyclist - with an intense dislike of running – I had been jogging twice a week for 20 minutes, nothing hard or fast or hilly. This was different. Despite being a triathlete 20 years before, I'd never ran for more than 12 miles in one stint. As a former Olympic coach in cycling, I knew a little of training theory, and



Race day, 3am, the alarm sounds. Breakfast, mostly silent. I feel sick. 4am, the start of the adventure. We stumbled and ran through a wood by the lake, before being spat out onto a wide dirt road. Adrenaline over-rode my injuries, still niggling up to the day before. After 12km the trail headed into the heavens. A long tortuous climb left Linh regretting the flatness of Tokyo and me loving mountains. At the top of the pass we headed across a ridge then into a steep descent. Here, Linhs Kung Fu thighs served him well and I felt slow and uncomfortable. Mile after mile of narrow trails led us to a feed zone, quick water and we were off again. Up a river valley, it didn't seem too bad, then a left turn and into the moss forest of doom. Soggy, indistinct path, the crush of tree's and super steep – upwards. This was probably the toughest section and a coupe of branches were grabbed to use as walking poles. I made a mental note that my feet were soaking then shut out the likely consequences.

At the top Linh walked round the pyramid of sticks, called an Oovool, three times and laid three sticks on it, as tradition demands. I watched and ate three Haribos, a new tradition.

There followed a super steep descent, narrow trail through a meadow clinging to the side of the mountain. Another feed zone at the bottom and we felt we were tearing up the marathon distance with no problem. However by the time we reached the lake shore, my feet didn't feel good. I had energy, my legs felt good, but every step was hurting.

A frustrating 6km walk brought us to the end of the 42km point – normal marathon distance. I changed into dry socks and battled in my head. Quit now. It's your first marathon, you did well, it's fine. But I didn't travel so far to do a marathon.

But my feet were blistered badly and in pain. The winner of the women's marathon came in 5 minutes later. She could stop now but I had 36 miles to go. Maybe I should stop, share a beer. Linh returned from changing clothes, I grabbed my backpack and we left. I felt slow, in pain, sick and numb. Numb was going to have to be the attitude. Shut it all out, keep moving slow or fast, no matter - just keep moving. I sensed Linh's frustration at my slow progress. I tried to run, but after a few hundred yards I was forced to walk by the blisters. Repeat for 25 miles. In the meantime Linh was running out of water, so had he gone ahead which I'd told him to do, he'd have been delirious before the next feedzone. We started together we'd stick together.

We made the final cut-off point with 45 minutes to spare. We can do it, the rest would be fine, 24km along the lake shore. A beautiful singletrack through the forest reminded me of my home trails. I started to run and felt good, negotiating rocks and roots and mud. But the 12km was taking a long time. We ran, walked ran again before finally reaching the final feed zone. Tuvshen our guide was there with some encouragement and a camera.

Now for the showdown. 12km, flat, the finish at the end, legs felt good, feet felt like a rotten carcass, but with enough functioning nerve endings to make every step hurt. I got a little rhythm going, a curse for every step taken but no stopping.

Towards the end my fast and lanky stride meant that to walk with me was an uncomfortable pace for Linh, so he'd run then wait, while I kept striding on. Darkness was falling, I could see him ahead, I stuck to the shoreline, but wrenched my knee on the loose rocks. I could see the lights of the camp, but couldn't see

Linh. I expected he was long finished, having a beer, well earned and feet up. I ran hollow, a shell, but angry inside and on fire for the finish. The last 2 miles still don't register with me. I was inside out, oblivious, driven like an animal migrating. Not thinking, just movement, slow and painful but movement.

I crossed the line, but no sign of Linh. While I was following the shore-line he had been looking for me on the trail. He arrived a minute later. Eighteen hours 29 minutes of hauling our asses across extreme terrain. We were empty, in pain, no energy, aching all over, tired, but we didn't need a medical breakthrough to recover. We ran and walked and suffered because many people do need such a break through.

We weren't runners.

We are now.

We'll be back next year.

For details of how you can donate, please visit <http://www.ffflow.com/ultra.html>

Leukaemia Research is the only charity in the UK dedicated exclusively to researching blood cancers and disorders including leukaemia, Hodgkin's and other lymphomas, and myeloma.

Anyone, at any age can be diagnosed with a blood cancer. 24,500 people in the UK are diagnosed every year. They are committed to giving every one of them the best chance of survival.

Mediline Carers and Nurses', are an agency who specialise in providing care from half hour calls in the English midlands to several hours daily care, sleep overs and specialist care i.e brain damage, epilepsy patients, spinal damage, learning difficulty patients etc, to 24 hour live in care nationwide.

And we would like to thank the following companies whose support made this a better experience:

Dorset Cereals Montane, Firstbook, Adidas Eyewear, Finisterre, Inov8, Deus ex Machina, Yes Response, Skins™



Vango Scottish Ultra 2009

Dave Scott

The sacrifice, dedication, pain and suffering for all this years athletes ended on Thursday 7th May as the last participant crossed the finish line of Vango Scottish Ultra in the Isle of Jura Distillery. Gone was the sunshine, gentle breezes and lush green hillsides of British Ultra 2008. In their place was sheer, unadulterated raw challenge, adventure, fear and exhilaration. After a week of rain, sleet, hail, driving winds and extremely tough underfoot conditions the brave and undeniably hardy souls who took up the challenge of the Vango Scottish Ultra have earned the right to put their feet up for a couple of days.

The event was tough, at times almost unbelievably so. Not only had the route been lengthened from the previous year but the terrain had been varied to include more mountains, a seven mile beach and strength sapping ground which would test anyone even in the best of conditions. The weather was the worst seen in May for many years on the islands and featured 70mph winds, driving rain, sleet and hail and unseasonably low temperatures.

On 2nd May the athletes began to gather in the beautiful and scenic grounds of Ardbeg Distillery for pre-race briefings and registration. While the sun shone and the athletes lounged in the spacious camp tents the support team made final preparation for the week ahead. With Phil Briggs heading up safety for the event we had made some support team changes from 2008 and with an experienced group of mountain rescue personnel, mountain leaders and wilderness medics the staff were confident we could take on whatever came our way. Inclement weather contingencies for each day were finalised, Argocats, support boats,

quad bikes and medical equipment was checked and deposited along the route in preparation for the challenge ahead. At 1730 the athletes filed into the distillery cooperage for an aerial fly over of the route projected onto the white-washed stone walls of the room. Next up was an extensive safety briefing followed by haggis, neeps and tatties. After a few drams the runners hit their tents early for a full nights sleep. As they did a team of four marshals made for the summit of Bheinn Bheiger high above to take up checkpoints along the route.

At 0700 on 3rd May the hill team confirmed glorious conditions on the summit and at 0800 the event exploded into life. Across the fluttering Vango banners the athletes charged, along the narrow coastal tracks of Ardtalla and toward the start of the ascent of the hills. With glorious beaches, basking seals and clear views to Ireland, mainland Scotland and the Isle of Arran spirits were high. Scarcely even a breeze interrupted the pack and soon all were forging a determined path up onto the summit ridge of Bheinn Bheiger. Up front was Andy Murray of Scotland with Robert Holding, Donnie Campbell and Rick Gannon close on his heels. Behind them a steady stream of small groups and lone runners pushed on. Soon the hill section was over and the field tackled the long, winding farm road section which would take them past legendary Loch Finlaggan and into the forest which would lead them to camp. As the day dragged on, athletes steadily arrived in camp for a well earned rest. Andy Murray was first through in just over 4 hours with Jon Mollison holding up the rear in a time of 11 hours 30 minutes. As the steam from 25 camp fires obscures the spectacular views across the Sound of Islay towards the rugged paps of Jura, the first spots of rain which will dominate the week begin to drop.

Day 2 of Vango Scottish Ultra was always set to be a tough one. The result of endless work and planning by local Niall Colthart the route would take competitors straight into the glens and mountains of northern Islay before

following a rugged coastal route onto the lengthy and windswept beaches of Loch Gruinart. Thereafter the route winds through forests, along lochsides, past farms and tracks before finally arriving at Port Askaig. At a push, the last 3km could be considered easy going. The other 42km is nothing short of torturous. At 0530 the race director and safety officer walked the first 3km of the route and deemed conditions trying but reasonable enough to proceed. With low cloud, mist and heavy rain visibility would be greatly reduced and underfoot conditions tough going. At 0900 the undaunted pack once again burst across the start line straight up and into the Margadale Glen. Wind speed picked up as the morning drove on driving sleet, hail and rain directly into the path on the athletes as they battled up and over the pass. As they made their way onto the flat beach of Gruinart the full force of the Atlantic winds battered them relentlessly. While marshals and medics shivered in their storm shelters the first casualties of the race were felt. Out came local man and member of the RAF team Lewis Prentice who was escorted by quad bike from the course to a medical point. Next out was ultra legend Jon 'Big Casino' Watts with an injury which prevented him continuing. This was a huge loss to runners and support team alike who have grown accustomed to Big Casino's wit and humour around camp. Cam Carter from Australia was next. Having flown from Australia to take part, Cam was struggling to adjust to the beach weather in Scotland and, displaying the early signs of hypothermia, he was withdrawn from the field. To his credit (and once we had warmed him up!) Cam mucked in around camp and became a very useful member of the support team for the duration of the event. The final casualty of the day was Jon Mollison. Jon, who lost a leg in the Falklands Conflict, was using the event to prepare for a solo rowing attempt across the Atlantic in June. Having missed two checkpoints along the route Jon was withdrawn and left to tackle the greater challenges ahead in one piece.

As the casualties were withdrawn to the warmth of a wood fire and a dram the rest of the field battled across forest, farm track and (by now) deep bog toward the finish line. Progress was considerably slower than on the previous day but towards the end of the afternoon the first athletes began to appear at camp. Despite losing a few valued members of the group along the way spirits were exceptionally high with all feeling justifiably proud of what they had done. Later that evening the safety team convened for weather assessment and potential rerouting. The forecast was again harsh and the decision was taken to alter the final 10km of the route for day 3. This would allow the toughest mountain section of the course to be tackled safely and would add 6km of undulating farm route to the end of the day.

Day 3 begins with some bad news. Dean Loader, a firefighter from South Wales and clearly a very fit and capable athlete who lacks nothing in determination and ability is reluctantly withdrawn from the event. After a session with Bob, the camp physiotherapist, Dean is deemed to have suffered a soft tissue injury which means he cannot continue. He is clearly gutted but takes things well. Impressively, he shrugs off his personal disappointment swiftly and turns his attentions to boosting the spirits of not only his team but the rest of the guys as well. His withdrawal leaves 19 in the pack and at 0800 they take off. Several hours earlier teams of marshals, mountain leaders and medics had deployed into the hills from both sides. At 0700 rising rivers were reported and additional marshals were deployed to man unscheduled river crossings. The first 10km was a quick hop, skip and a jump along a mountainside track before the participants headed into the wilds of the Paps of Jura. Conditions here were fierce with the ubiquitous high winds, rain and some hail affecting visibility and giving the athletes a true Scottish mountain experience. Up and over the high pass they trudged before descending through the Glen which would take them out of the days mountain section. As the first of them appeared off the hill the river which all must cross had swollen to waist height. With only Richard Shaw from Fife deciding to go for a swim the rest crossed safely and were

soon charging along an 11km coastal road stretch to base. Andy Murray, Robert, Donnie and Rick continue to dominate the front (among them they have victories in Gobi Challenge and Sahara Challenge and enjoy a real quality and close run battle). Behind them the teams from Wales and Fife make steady progress as do many individual athletes. Soon all are in and given the luxury of a large farm shed to bed down in for the evening. The accommodation gives everyone an opportunity to mingle out of the rain and the evening once again passes in high spirits.

That evening the safety meeting reveals continually worsening weather featuring 70mph winds heading against us. An integral safety feature of day 4 is boat cover using both of the team boats to deploy marshals and equipment and withdraw casualties. With conditions preventing this being conducted safely the decision is taken to implement the stage 'B' route – a longer and in many ways tougher alternative but one that would remove the variable of failed boat cover. The route will see the athletes tackle a 50km section of narrow farm road, track and mountain which will climax with views over the Corryvreckan whirlpool – one of the most treacherous sections of water in the world. The news is revealed to all at the pre stage briefing and start time set for 0800.

Right on cue the winds for day 4 pick up and rattle the barn through the night. At 0700 participants drag themselves from their warm sleeping bags and shake out the aches, strains and cold from tired limbs. Soon they are off on what will be the longest, most exposed and coldest section of the event. It's a relatively straightforward linear slog but with conditions as they are casualties are reported within a few hours. First is Craig Oswald. Suffering from the effects of low temperatures and high winds he is held by a safety marshal and subsequently withdrawn. Aaron Henning, an extremely positive athlete who has lost four stone to take part goes down and is withdrawn. He is closely followed by Graeme Roberts, a very fit and experienced athlete who has succumbed to an injury. As the guys are evacuated to camp the rest of the pack heads slowly toward camp. Again the front pack dominates

with strong performances from Craig Liddle and Michael Evans who seem to be getting stronger as the week goes by. Behind them American Murray Resinski makes steady progress and seems to relish the worsening weather. Andy Willday and Jo Kilkenny are also looking strong while Rob Lewis, arguably the physically strongest member of the pack succumbs to a painful foot injury. Only sheer strength of will gets him through. It's a similar story for Justin Maclaurin who likewise struggles through the pain barrier. At the back, Tony Gilmour and Mark Caddy continue on in steady fashion.

Late in the day the final athlete returns to camp for a well earned cup of hot chocolate.

With weather continuing to worsen the evenings safety meeting results in a decision to condense the planned final day short 'glory run' into day 5. This will see a longer day than planned but one that will allow all to get over the finish line. Again the 'B' route is implemented and again this will be a harder slog on all. Nonetheless spirits are high with the knowledge that the day will see the athletes over the finish line for the final time. The course is revealed and maps distributed. It's just a short one to finish, only 30km of mountain, beach and road to the finish line!

Day 5 begins pleasantly enough and it seems the weather Gods have finally shined upon us. With stunning views across the sea and up into the mountains the pack sets off on an arduous, steep and twisting route to the base of the mountains. From there they push back up into the Glen before climbing steeply to a bealach. From there they descend for a short beach section before hitting some road miles (the original day 6 route) for a short run to the Isle of Jura Distillery. Here they will finish once and for all.

To the noise of the pipes, the smell of whisky and the noise of cheering locals Rick Gannon thunders over the finish line. Over the next two hours he is joined by an emotional, spirited and very proud pack of athletes and support staff. The Vango Scottish Ultra 2009 is over. Throughout the afternoon and

evening prizes are distributed, drams and venison consumed and stories fondly recollected. The buzz around camp is electric as the enormity of the completed task realised. Within an hour of finish three of those who were forced to withdraw have signed up for 2010 where the weather can only improve....

Thoughts....

An amazing week! Extremely trying conditions which were undoubtedly made durable by the quality of those taking part. Raw, unyielding and genuinely remote 'expedition' style events like Scottish Ultra attract the highest calibre of participant and this year was no exception. This was no mere long road or canal side stroll but a genuinely wild experience. Both

myself and the support team (who have been involved in numerous races, trips and expeditions) struggled to recall a group as solid as the one who endured Scottish Ultra 2009. From the outset there was nothing easy about this event. Routes were tough, distances long and conditions generally trying. That so many got through in such high spirits and with such modesty was testament to their quality. Myself, Phil, Niall and the rest of the team were

genuinely proud and very much humbled to have been involved with all those who took part.

Maximum respect to you all!!



Subject: Barkley 09 Report - Allan Holtz

Date: Wednesday, April 8, 09, 7:55 PM

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This was my 4th trip to Frozen Head State Park and my 3rd attempt running the Barkley Marathons. This year I left Monday evening and arrived Tuesday evening.

I slept in my car and went for a hike of a few of the little hills on Wednesday with Chip Tuthill from Colorado, a runner from Italy and two of his friends and Rich Limacher from Illinois. We took 2 cars, leaving mine at the Armes Gap turnoff of Highway 116 and Chip's wife drove some and then returned to camp. First we walked up the gravel jeep road to the top of Testicle Spectacle and hiked down the backside to the Neo-Buttslide. We then followed the bench around the mountain west to Raw Dog Falls. The Italians had translated last year's instructions into Italian and tried to find this year's book at the Falls to no avail. The Italians

then crossed the stream and would not follow the rest of us down the dirt road towards the Pig's Head climb. We did not see them again till back at camp.

At the top of Pig's Head we took the old mining road down to the bottom of Rat Jaw. A couple prison guards were supervising a group of 13 prisoners replacing broken electrical insulators on the power lines going up Rat Jaw.

I hope they shut off the power first! Rich, Chip and I slowly worked our way up Rat Jaw. The saw briars and blackberry vines were cut low and had not started this year's growth yet, so other than the steepness and length of the climb, Rat Jaw was not too bad this year. The gate to the tower at the top of Rat Jaw was open, so Chip and I climbed to the top for a 360° view and pictures of the surrounding mountains as this was the high point of the park. After our descent, we took the easy Spice Wood trail back to the main trailheads and up the paved road to camp. All total about 8 miles.

It rained fairly hard that night. On Thursday, Chip rested while Rich and I hiked up Bird Mountain and the improved portion of the North Boundary Trail. We then took the jeep road back to camp. All total about 10 miles.

I rested on Friday, checked out this year's instructions and map course outline. BBQ chicken was ready about 6:00 PM along with various other food items that the 35 runners and other friends and family members shared. I had made some pasta, opened a gallon of peaches and cooked some vegetables. I had the vegetables in the new 2 litre pan that came with a small propane/isobutene fuel-blend burner I had just bought from REI. After I finished cooking the vegetables, I had put the plastic cover over the heat transfer fins on the bottom of the pan to protect the fins from any mechanical damage. I had the pan on the picnic table and after awhile the remaining vegetables got cold and some idiot placed my pan atop the hot grill over a wood fire to reheat the vegetables, instantly melting the plastic bottom. And

these guys plan to run the Barkley?!

One of Abigail Meadows 5 kids had a birthday Friday and Abi's mother had made a frosted chocolate layer birthday cake, a large cookie sandwich and a cheeseball covered in pecans that was shared with the group. I brought some ice cream and chocolate syrup. Pretty good last supper.

One of the highlights of the Barkley is the uncertainty of the start time. This year Laz decided to have a late start, ensuring most loop1 finishers would be finishing in the dark. This was OK with me, as it gave me more time for my breakfast to settle and time for another reading of the course instructions. At 9:53 a long loud blow on a conch shell meant the lighting of the cigarette signalling the start of the race would be promptly at 10:53 AM.

With the improvements (removal of downed trees and tree swatches for

trail markers) along 2/3 of the North Boundary Trail, I was well ahead of my previous time and keeping up with a group of reasonably fast runners. Then I tripped, bruising my upper arm. I was OK and five minutes later I noticed I had lost one of my two water bottles. It took me 10 minutes walking back uphill to the bottle (where I had fallen). At that point I was alone. I proceeded OK back down and past SOB ditch and through the coal ponds. Then a spread of streams through a rock garden at the base of a hill left me confused as to where to go, there being no obvious path in any direction. About 10 minutes later though Leonard Martin and a couple other runners arrived. Leonard has been over this course maybe 16 times and he knew where to go very well. I stayed with him the rest of loop 1. There were a few moments of uncertainty on his part, but only regarding the absolute best line to take on some of the bushwhacking sections, nothing serious.

Darkness fell on us as we started up Big Hell. Leonard was not fully satisfied

with the path we took down the Zip Line leading to Big Hell and vowed to do better next loop. A short ways up Big Hell Leonard and I caught up with another runner. As Leonard felt he could see better in the dim light of night on Big Hell without using any artificial light, I kept my bright handheld off until we reached the last book at the top. We found a couple more runners at that book and met another coming off of Chimney top on the last 3.5 miles of candyass trail back to camp.

Leonard and I came in together at 11 hours 32 minutes. The cut-off for the men's race (5 loops - yeah right!) was to be back on the course by 12 hours and for the 3-loop fun run the cut-off to be back on the course was 13 hours minutes. After being well over the fun run cut-off each of my previous 2 Barkley attempts there was no way I was not going to start loop 2 this year. Leonard said he would be ready to go in minutes. I hurried to refill my maltodextrin bottle and my



John DeWalt crossing Son of a Bitch Ditch at mile 7 with a split time of 3:24. Photo: Matt Mahoney

empty water bottles. I consumed about 2500 calories of maltodextrin during the first loop and burned (according to my polar heart rate monitor) about 5000 calories. Other than a little tenderness in my feet I felt pretty good.

Twenty Two minutes after finishing loop 1 I started up loop 2 alone, as Leonard was not back yet and I did not want to waste any more time. I expected he would soon catch up with me but I could not see his light anytime while climbing Bird Mountain. I found the first book OK by Phillips Creek at the bottom of Bird Mountain and while concerned I had gone past and missed the second book, I did find it OK tied to the branch of a downed tree in the middle of real trail. I had dragged myself through a thicket of saw briars and blackberry bushes on the way to book 2 that seemed much worse than I remember on loop 1. I was starting to wish I had waited for Leonard. Shortly after finding book 2, I saw roughed up leaves going two directions. I spent about 15 minutes trying to figure out where the path went, when Leonard arrived. He confidently took the correct path and we again stayed together until partway down Zipline I thought I saw a slightly better path and we started to separate.

Bad decision on my part. A ways later and I no longer saw him. As I continued to work my way down the steep briar infested, rocky, downed-tree strewn, stream-laden hillside, I started to convince myself I had gone too far and missed the major stream confluence marking the crossing point for book 10 and the climb up Big Hell. I had again lost my bottle and somehow managed to find it again. I went back and forth some and rechecked instructions and map, but not feeling any more certain about where to go. Finally I checked my altimeter reading against the map and concluded I needed to continue down. A ways later I found the crossing point and the next to last book.

I knew at that point I would be over the time limit to consider starting a 3rd loop and the soles of my feet were really sore now. So I slowly ascended Big Hell, unable to miss all the saw briars. I could see where people had gone to false tops (large rocks they hoped held the book), only to realize the mountain continued up a lot more after that point. Once at the top, this was the first time I had to

figure out how to manoeuvre around the capstones at the top to find the candyass trail back to camp. I had always before reached this point with a course-knowing runner at night. So again I spent a lot of time studying directions and map and finally convincing myself I did need to climb over a few nasty downed trees near a second set of capstones and I then found the good trail back down.

Even with that good, smooth narrow trail and its 18 long switchbacks or so my feet ached with every step. I did run down albeit a slow jog. Then as the instructions directed I followed the Flat Fork Walking Trail along the Flat Fork River a ways till it crossed the paved park road again and then I took the road back into camp and up to the yellow gage as Laz came with his watch and bugle to officially play taps for my 09 Barkley closing ceremony as I stood at attention

So this year I finished 2 loops in 29 hours 50 minutes. My first time beyond 1 loop. Leonard finished his 2nd loop very well and came in a few minutes under the 26 hour 40 minute cut-off, for an official loop 2 completion. He declined to start loop 3. So if you can keep from getting lost, be well trained, not go out too fast to start, dress appropriately (not too much or too little), not carry more supplies than you need (extra weight) and have appropriate footwear (no blisters and minimize internal foot bruising) a 3 loop fun run should be quite doable.

But each year Laz modifies the course and start time a little, the weather is very unpredictable and book placement for half the books will be different, so the Barkley is certain to challenge the limits of every runner, which is probably why I like it so much. Ed Furtaw (Frozen Ed) is in the process of writing a book on the history of the Barkley. This year's race will mark the end of his book. He had several in-process manuscripts for runners to edit.

This year Andrew Thompson finished all five loops, becoming only the 8th person in 23 years to do so. First time finisher, Mark Williams returned this year and quit after 1.5 loops. So far no one who has finished 5 loops has done so twice. Once you complete the Barkley it seems the motivation to put yourself through that much pain again is lacking, and that little voice inside

says "mommie, I want to quit..."

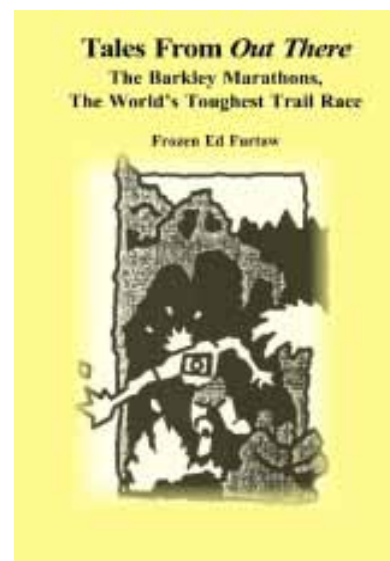
27 out of 35 starters officially finished the first loop this year. None of the 4 women to start finished the first loop. 11 officially finished the second loop, while John DeWalt (age 71) and I both came in after the cut-off on loop 2. 6 started and 3 officially finished the fun run and as mentioned Andrew Thompson finished loops 4 and 5. The weather was great, slight breeze 35-60°F with mostly clear sky Saturday, Saturday night and Sunday. Then on Monday the weather got poor - rain, sleet and snow on loop 5 for Andrew. The race fought back, but Andrew persevered. See Matt Mahoney's website for pictures and further race details for this year and several previous editions of the Barkley.

I watched Andrew come in off of his 4th loop as he strongly ran down the paved road and touched the yellow gate. I was showering when he started his 5th loop and I was heading home when he finished. There were not many left in camp for the start of his 5th loop. I suspect only a very few stayed for his finish, which is too bad, because it is a great accomplishment and demonstration of human endurance, tenacity, spirit and perseverance.

Now that someone has finished the Barkley 2 years in a row, I can only imagine how Laz and Raw Dogplan to increase the difficulty for next year.

Matt Mahoney's website:

<http://www.mattmahoney.net/barkley/>



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**REGISTRATION
FORM**

6 DAYS



Call It A Day

Bonnie Busch

"It's cold, dark. I'm sleepy, tired. My stomach hurts. I'm hungry. I hurt. Everywhere. What am I doing here?"

This is typical of the intelligent dialog that I have with myself sometime during a 24 hour race. Six to twelve hours of the race have quietly passed and I begin to ponder my remaining commitment. The fact that I am having this dialog with myself is good – it means I haven't quit, nor has any rule or person forced my retirement. The day is not a total disaster; it also is not a perfect day where the results far exceed my effort. It is my observation that perfect days occur at about the same



rate as disastrous days. More of my race days fall between the two ends of this spectrum; these are the days that I have this conversation. These are the days that I have real opportunity to explore what a 24 hour race is all about. What happens is up to me, my decision, hold'em or fold'em. This is the moment of truth. Of course you will toe the start line with the highest of hopes, bold and ready for whatever may come. You will be armed with adequate training, a set of goals, a race strategy, an energy plan, enough clothes and food to last a week, a couple of toys (radio, CD player, etc.), and who knows what else. You have practiced visualizing the race's successful outcome. You have practiced visualizing things that won't go according to plan and you see yourself solving these little speed bumps and carrying on. You have mastered a 24 hour race - on paper. Some time in the actual race a collision occurs between the mileage and the stress on your mind and body. So what can stop us from bailing out to a warm sleeping bag and waiting for the dawn's early light? Between shamelessly mimicking some of the masters of this sport and tuition at the school of try-try-again, I have gathered a few ideas about how to find encouragement to push on rather than slide into the abyss of hopelessness, self-doubt and defeat during a 24 hour race. Let me share a few with you. No guarantees, if they don't work consider it operator error.

So you don't feel like a million bucks some 6-10 hours into the race, why is that? Start with an honest assessment of your conditions, head to toe. A thorough review might allow you to focus on a specific issue instead of believing that everything turned sour at once. Identify the real source, not just a symptom. Once you have a list of issues, you can shift into prioritizing them and systematically addressing each one. Make the adjustment and reassess again, continue until the problem is solved or comfortably minimized. Address issues as early as possible to avoid long-term consequences.

Get the facts. Time is speeding by, but the miles are not. You are barely crawling and your goals seem impossible. (Recognize that if you quit, those goals will be impossible.) Get some truth from your lap counter. What does your mileage total indicate? How fast was that last half mile? It may have seemed like 23 minutes, but was it really? What has been the trend for the last 30 minutes, the last hour, and the last couple of hours?

Be honest with yourself, were you really putting in the effort or just wandering from one distraction to another

(food table, change of clothes, chat with a volunteer, bathroom break, etc). If the only information you can get is the total mileage, set your sights on gathering some new data yourself.

Sometimes just a focus is all you need to keep you moving. Revisit your goals, original or revised. If those goals seem like such a big bite, scale down to what you can wrap your mind around. Run/walk ratios are very popular, experiment until you find what works for you. You can continue to make adjustments as needed. On a track, maybe run the straight away and walk the corners – (I actually witnessed someone employ this strategy from their very first lap. He finished with 113 miles that night, I didn't. It was a lesson I never forgot). On a trail or road course, use landmarks, your watch or the end of the song on the radio to continue your effort. Deceiving a tired mind is easy.

Change something, anything. Sometimes I just can not figure out the source

Ultrarunning World| October 2010

of my struggle. When this occurs, I start making changes and monitor the results. I might spend hours and hours making these minor adjustments and reassessing the situation. Sometimes just the pleasure of change is enough to push me through those numb hours. Change your food, your drink, your socks, your shoes, your shirt, your hat, your radio station, your gait, your speed (yes faster), maybe your attitude – clear your mind of defeating themes and think happy, positive things.

Be an energy source; provide leadership for thers around you.

When all else fails, eat. I have tried to distance myself from this cultural habit, but this might be one situation where it actually addresses the issue! Eat something and see how your energy level reacts. If you have been consistently fueling yourself, try to eat something different. Perhaps your body is in need of something other than what you have been supplying it. You brought all that stuff, give it a try. What didn't sound good a couple of hours ago, might hit the spot now. Give it a little time to kick in; eating this hour might pay off next hour.

Be sensitive to your usual daily cycle and use energy or caffeine to push past what your body is expecting – like your usual bed time.

You don't know what you don't know. Stay alert to your body, your thoughts and what others are doing. Learn from your experience – good or bad. There is only one first experience so bask in it, soak it up. Take the opportunity to learn from others. Using observation or conversation you can learn from some really talented folks. No two people are alike, so what works for them might not for you, but let that fuel your imagination. Perhaps with some slight adjustment, you can get some payoff. (And if nothing else it will help pass the time.)

Past performance is no predictor of the future. Despite the number of races I have done, I always feel like a novice when I toe the start line at a 24 hour race. Sure I have some experiences in my pocket to pull out when needed, but my coping skills get used far more. Being able to adapt during the race has brought more success. Every race situation is different, so every formula for success is a little different. Things won't stay the same and they don't always get worse. Be open and allow yourself to be surprised – your legs won't feel twice as bad at 20 hours than they did at 10. Your body doesn't work that way if you take care of it.

It ain't over til it's over. This is a 24 hour

race, not 13 hours, not 20.5. You paid for 24 full hours, so use every minute. The dawn of a new day often times awakens those legs despite all that they have been through. The new day seems to return me to my familiar schedule and allows me to, yes believe it or not, actually pick up the pace, relatively speaking.

Despite all the cheering that I will do for you, every once in a while, you will encounter problems that you won't be able to solve during the race. Some problems can be managed to the point that you can continue, some simply can not. There is little value in permanently ruining your health (or personal relationships) at one race. When these storms come, consider adopting some lesser goals, craft a new plan and carry on with your head held high.

My final advice is to have fun, stay in the game, and never, ever, count yourself out. Welcome to the club.

Bonnie has completed over 100 ultra marathon races. Between 1991-2005 completed over twenty 24 hour races with 100 miles or more. In 2005, completed two 24 hour races (both over 100 miles), several other ultramarathons (50k, 6 hours, 50 miles) and several triathlons (sprint, half-Ironman, Ironman). In 2007 Bonnie finished Badwater.



Ringling in the New Year At Freedom Park 2010

Race Report – Juli Aistars

Congratulation to everyone who ran Run to the Future and Freedom Park over the New Year!

I had hoped to get to the ATY replacement run in AZ, but decided to go to FP instead since it is possible to drive there from IL. It was a beautiful drive through mountains and with one detour around a major rockslide on 40E. We stayed overnight in KY on the way there and arrived in Morganton, NC on Wednesday afternoon. Race morning, we woke to a light covering of ice and snow on the ground. We arrived at the park about 7AM. It is located on the grounds of Freedom High School. The swag was simple, just the way I like it--a nice, warm shirt and a scarf, dark blue, with the race logo and year on both and a pair of Injinji socks.

While we were inside the timing tent, there was a loud roaring sound. Like typical ultrarunners, we didn't panic but just waited to see what would happen. Snow that had accumulated on the tent roof overnight began sliding off in an avalanche on each side of the tent, but it happened one side at a time, a few minutes apart. The chip mat was covered with snow and someone had to sweep it off. At the start of the race at 8AM, the temperature was about 40. There was some snow on the ground, but there was plenty of room to set up tents outside anywhere along the course. There was an indoor, heated bathroom on one side of the course and a bank of portajohns about 75 feet before the start/finish. The aid station was located right before the chip mat, which made sense. I saw many familiar

faces, a few of us who had just done Ancient Oaks 3 weeks ago, and some runners who had been at Hinson Lake, including the RD, Tom Gabell. As usual, it was great fun socializing as we ran. Angela Ivory and Rosemary Evans are always fun to talk to and I see them at various ultras. The weather during the day hovered in the 40s without much wind and no rain to speak of, just a few sprinkles that were barely noticeable. Some of the interesting people I had not met before were: Dan Horvath who I never heard mewling :), Brandon who is stationed at Fort Bragg but didn't know Doom, Chris, father of 3 1/2 year old twins and his wife, Kim, Maria with long black hair who greeted us in the parking area and was happy through the whole 24 hours, Kelly who moved very steadily and was friendly, Lynn D who had a story about Lansford Canal and who just barely missed placing 5th among the women, Vikena Yutz who was 2nd woman at Hinson Lake which was her first 24 hour event, Carilyn Johnson who was crewed by her husband Tim--both very nice people, Rich who once ran the Sri Chinmoy 7 day run (he had the shirt on), Dan Jensen who I have run with at ATY but we have never talked before, Gloria who seemed to enjoy the night running, Doug Dawkins in his Eric Clifton multi-colored, striped pants Keith Straw who ran an amazing 137.8 miles at North Coast 24 hour in October, and Lauri who I have run with at ATY. I had a chance to talk with listers John Price, Byron Backer, Kurt K, Joe Ninke, some just a few words, some for a few laps. I can't believe I could never find Mike Keller--I decided he must have not made it and then I found his name in the results. Mike was a big help to me at the Burning River 100 and I will never forget it. At 8PM, after being on the course for 12 hours, another small group of runners joined us for the 6 and 12 hour events. We were so jealous when the 6 hour runners



finished up at 2AM :). Cheryl Lager was wise enough to choose the 12 hour event instead of the 24 after her first place finish at AO on December 13th. The only very young runner was TJ, Abi Meadows son, his 2nd 24 hour run at age 16. He wasn't as light-hearted as he was at Hinson Lake since he does not like asphalt, but he got encouragement from us "older" runners.

I thought the damp cold, especially at night was definitely a factor to keep the mileage lower than usual. Even bundled up in layers and using face masks, it was hard to stay warm. The course was just shy of one mile and it had three inclines, one an actual hill, and though they didn't seem too bad at first, they got steeper as the hours wore on. The course canted to the left in places and we ran the same direction throughout. It wound back and forth on one side, and had a few puddles of water which dried up by the night-time. The surface was asphalt and narrow, and it was difficult to run on the grass alongside because it was uneven and wet with some pockets of snow and puddles. At one point, I saw a runner breaking up a snow mound to ice an injury--good idea :). The course was also well-lit at night so there was no need for headlamps or flashlights.

The race organization was excellent and RD David Lee and his crew were very vigilant about the chip timing. I don't think there was ever a glitch the whole 24 hours in the timing system. The volunteers were great, including a couple of young boys who took photos and seemed to stay up all night helping out. The aid station was very well-stocked with everything an ultrarunner could want, including Gu, cookies, candy, PB&J, hot soup, pizza brought in twice, hamburgers cooked to order, potatoes--you name it. The fluids were Gatorade, mountain dew, red bull, coke, water and more. I thought the aid station was exceptional, especially the helpfulness of the volunteers. Ray K, as has already been mentioned, was there to help out Shannon and David, but he ran some laps with various runners and helped out anyone who needed something.

All the crew on hand, including my Ultrarunning World| October 2010

husband, Val, freely offered supplies or help that anyone needed. They also encouraged all passing runners, not just the ones they were there with. The camaraderie was typical of a 24 hour run, being that you get to see everyone frequently. The conversations I had on the course ranged from race experiences to the meaning of life. I love the fact that ultrarunners seem to be more open with what is truly on their minds and in their hearts than most people. It is as though ultrarunning attracts people who are more willing to share themselves and just be themselves, not what they think others expect of them.

There were minor injury issues, blisters, getting too cold, but no serious problems as far as I know. All things considered, there were some good performances. Liz Bauer won for the women with 118 miles and PR'ed at the 50K, 50M and 100M, including about a 2 hour PR for the 100 mile mark. David James ran 109 miles even with several hours off the track. Garth Peterson and Keith Straw both ran very well to take 1st and 2nd place with 133 and 126 miles. While Shannon and Vikena were duking it out for second place woman, which was interesting to watch since they are both excellent runners, there was another good competition going on for 5th place among the women. Rosemary Evans who runs some of the time but mostly power-walks and Lynn Difiore kept changing places, with Rosemary finally prevailing when Lynn took one more nap! They both did very well with mileage in the low 80s.

Great job to all runners, RD David and wife Rhonda, and all volunteers!
Juli



Freedom Park New Year's Ultra

December 31, 2010 – January 1, 2011 • 6, 12, & 24 Hour Runs

The Freedom Park New Year's Ultra course is USATF certified (NC-09095-PH)

Registration for the 2010-2011 Freedom Park New Year's Ultra Run is scheduled to open in August, 2010. Just as we did last year, registration for the FPNYU will be conducted exclusively on-line. It makes the whole process much more convenient for everyone, improves data accuracy, and probably saves your employer some otherwise unnecessary paper and ink cartridge expenses.

DATE & TIME

All time options begin Friday, December 31, 2010.

The 24 hour option begins at 8:00am; the 6- and 12-hour options begin at 8:00pm.

BRIEF SCHEDULE

Friday, December 31st
6:30am – 7:45am

Packet pickup for any runner who wishes to do so. Only the 24 hour runners are required to pick up packets and receive brief, last minute instructions at this time. Volunteers accompanying the runners should check in as well. 8:00am: The 24 hour run begins. 6:30pm – 7:45pm: Packet pickup and brief instructions for 6- and 12-hour runners. Volunteers accompanying the runners should check in as well. 8:00pm: The 6- and 12- hour runs begin. 11:55pm: Start thinking about the countdown to 2011. Saturday, January 1st
12:00am: Happy New Years! 2:00am: The 6-hour run is signaled to an end.



30 April-2 May 2011: WildEndurance

A spectacular and challenging 100km teams-only trail trek in the heart of the World Heritage listed Blue Mountains National Park. Raising funds and awareness for The Wilderness Society, this event is open to teams of 4-6 completing the full course or relaying the distance half-way through. With a cut-off time of 48hrs and over 3,800m elevation, this course will require both commitment and passion for teams to complete.

www.wildendurance.org.au - 02 9282 9553 wildendurance@wilderness.org.au



14-15 May 2011: The North Face 100

A 100km competitive ultra-trail running event in the Blue Mountains open to individuals. This is the pinnacle of trail running events in Australia including a spectacular course, over 4,200m elevation and a cut-off time of only 28 hrs to complete the course. Test yourself, push your own limits and achieve something to be proud of!

Dean Karnazes, the Ultra-Marathon Man said this event was "the toughest 100kms [he's] ever done".

The Marathon Pairs option offers teams of 2 the possibility to relay the distance at mid-course.

www.thenorthface.com.au/100/ - 0401 564 462 info@arocsport.com.au



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SELF TRANSCENDENCE 24 HOUR TRACK RACE

25th-26th September 2010

Tooting Bec Track Start: 12 noon

Tooting Bec Road, London SW17

STATUS OF THE EVENT

A Bronze Label event organised by Sri Chinmoy AC to RRC and IAU standards regarding measurement of circuit, lap counting and ratification of records.

VENUE & FACILITIES

- 400m. outdoor all weather 'Tartan' track with floodlighting.
- Ample changing rooms and showers together with rest facilities immediately adjacent to the track.
- Light refreshments trackside, including tea, coffee, juice, electrolytic drinks, biscuits, chocolate, fruit and sandwiches
- Hot meals available at 1pm, 8pm, 6am and at Post Race Function.
- Medical back up available for the duration of the race.
- Team of lap counters to record every lap for each runner. Split times will be taken at 100K and 100 Miles.

AWARDS Trophies will be awarded to the first seven finishers, the first two veterans over 60 in both male and female categories. Medals and certificates will be presented to all finishers. All awards will be presented at the Post Race Function.

ENTRIES

Entries will be limited to 45 runners. In the event of more than 45 applications being received, the competitors will be selected on the basis of best distances achieved in previous comparable races.

Entries close on Monday 9th August. Runners will be notified by 20th August.

SELF TRANSCENDENCE 24 HOUR TRACK RACE 25th-26th September 2010

ENTRY FORM

ENTRY FEE £27 (£29 if unaffiliated)

Please make cheques payable to Run and Become. International runners can pay on race day.

First Name _____ Surname _____ Nationality _____ Male/Female

Address _____

Post Code _____

Telephone: Home _____ Work _____ 1st Claim Club _____

Email _____ Date of Birth _____ Age on race day _____

Best Performance at 24 Hours:

Year _____ Event _____ Time/Distance _____

No. of completed 24 Hours _____ Any other relevant experience:

I declare that: -

I am an amateur as defined by UK Athletics, and will be at least 21 years of age on 25th September 2010. I will abide by the laws and rules for competitions of the I.A.A.F and UK Athletics, and that I will obey the instructions of the Championship Officials. I understand that the organisers will not be liable for any loss, damage, action, claim, costs or expenses that may arise in consequence of my participation in the event. I will retire if asked by an official to do so. In consideration of this entry being accepted, I the undersigned, intending to be legally bound, hereby for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators, do waive and release the Sri Chinmoy Athletic Club and their representatives for any and all injuries suffered by me in the said event. I attest and verify that I am sufficiently trained for the completion of this event. Further more I will not compete in this race unless I am in good health on the day of the race and that, in any event, I will compete at my own risk.

Signed _____ Date _____

Send to: **RUN AND BECOME, 24-HOUR RACE, 42 PALMER ST, LONDON SW1H 0PH. Telephone 020 7222 1314**

www.srichinmoyraces.org/uk

[email: London@runandbecome.com](mailto:London@runandbecome.com)

Sri Chinmoy Races.org

