

Oshsendorf and Bystedt Prove that Experience Counts at Superior

Sixty-seven anxious runners started the sixth annual Superior Trail 100 Mile Endurance Run in Silver Bay on the beautiful North Shore of Lake Superior on September 21, 1996. It was foggy and it rained, the sun shined briefly, then the wind howled and then quieted down. It did everything but snow. However, that did not discourage all of the runners/crew members and pacers, if you were lucky enough to have one. Volunteers poured cup after cup of hot soup into runners and they dried off and trudged on. Amazingly enough 47 runners managed to complete the grueling course within the 34-hour time limit.

Larry Oshsendorf, 51, from Apple Valley, Minnesota, was the first male to cross the finish line in Grand Marais in 20:40:24. Larry is not new to the Superior Trail 100 as he has now completed five of the six races placing in the top five and earned the five-year 500-mile buckle. We found Larry intriguing in his cartoon character goggles. This man is not to be taken lightly, though. Larry takes running very seriously and this summer alone won a 50 km after having run 120 miles in a 24-hour race the week before.

Mary Bystedt from Canyon, Minnesota, was the first female finisher in 28:07:49. Mary, too, is quite an athlete and has won the Superior Trail 100 three times.

For those not familiar with the course, it is a narrow hiking trail that follows the front ridge line of the Sawtooth Mountain Range, through the northern hardwood forests of the Superior National Forest in northeastern Minnesota. It crosses numerous streams, most with bridges, and has a unique canoe shuttle across a large beaver pond. There are 14,000 feet of ascent and descent, with numerous panoramic overlooks with rocky climbs that take two hands and two good feet to maneuver. The ground, for the most part, is grass covered with roots, rocks, and very uneven terrain. The race is run entirely on the Superior Hiking Trail, which is ranked as one of the top hiking trails in the United States by the National Forest Service. When completely finished the trail will stretch 250 miles from Duluth, Minnesota, to the Canadian border. If you get a chance, enjoy the breathtaking beauty of the fall colors. People actually come to Minnesota just to catch a glimpse. Be prepared to see deer, bear, moose—they

do have the right of way, if there is any question on your part. So start training now and join us on September 20, 1997 for next year's race.

Harry Sloan (R.D.)

Superior Trail 100 Mile Endurance Run

Silver Bay, Minn. September 21, 1996
Point-to-point on single-track hiking trail

1. Larry Oshsendorf,51	20:40:24
2. Gene Bartzon,42,WI	21:50:10
3. Bob Stavig,47	22:07:55
4. Timothy Beaman,45,VT	22:13:10
5. Joe Hildebrand,39,IL	22:48:51
6. Tom Knutsen,46	25:22:09
7. Jim Benike,46	25:22:19
8. Jeff Goldstein,39	25:56:20
9. Wendell Doman,37,WI	26:02:21
10. Michael Croft,46	26:09:10
11. Rick Rochelle,32,CO	26:36:10
12. Tim Bloch,39,MI	26:38:15
Mark Switala,36,MI	26:38:15
14. Steve Krampe,46,MI	26:55:19
15. Ralph Adolphs,33,IA	26:56:33
16. Terry Pann,36,WI	27:18:34
17. Chris Lezovich,36,MI	27:24:07
18. Rolly Portelance,53,ONT	27:42:06
19. Howard Brown,40,OR	27:50:46
20. Warren Craddock,49,BC	27:57:49



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"The hills of old Long Island are calling...."

21. Mary Bystedt,43	28:07:49
22. Jack Donahue,52,MI	28:37:01
23. Al Czecholinski,49,WI	29:58:00
24. Peggy Stafford,48,WI	29:59:58
25. Rick Gillespie,50,CA	30:23:15
26. Jane Moser,38,WI	30:24:23
27. Brad Drake,42,WI	30:27:23
28. Brian Poepple,41	30:30:57
29. Robert Rusch,54,WI	30:41:18
30. Phillip Pierce,55,MA	30:49:39
31. Tim Potter,42	30:51:23
32. Roger Wiegand,53,NE	31:03:06
33. Frank Engalls,51,MI	31:27:06
34. Andy Nordeen,38,WI	31:29:18
35. James Richard,49	31:59:29
Gregg Redden,54	31:59:29
37. Glen Zirbel,65,IA	32:15:05
38. Jan Horak,49	32:18:53
39. Tim Betlack,WI	32:34:51
40. Greg Steinacker,39	32:46:44
41. Jim Brieske,52,WI	33:31:20
42. Rollin Perry,57,IA	33:33:46
43. Sally Middleton,46,MI	33:43:50
44. Ron Berby,54,MI	33:50:11
67 starters	

Alex Morton adds

It was my first DNF! The idea (DNF) once crossed by mind, but was quickly disregarded as an option, since I "always" finish. Sixty-five miles later, I reconsidered, and then rather quickly made the decision to "drop" at the next aid station.

Two rather hard, out-of-control falls had convinced me I needed to go to plan "B." Not the everyday kind of falls that most people experience on a trail run, but one of those "Jeez, I could get hurt doing this" type of fall. This race was not so important as to risk a subdural hematoma and never run again.

So what happened? I decided a debriefing was necessary, to help me make sense out of how I got there, so I don't have to go down that road again.

Learning from mistakes is important in most areas of life (excluding love, family, and politics), so delving into this DNF was essential for me to continue to run successfully. The real reason I stopped? I was tired and off balance from trying not to land on parts of my feet that screamed from blisters! That's why I fell.

Trying to figure out the phenomena of "blisters," I called Gary Cantrell in Tennessee for post-race advice. Gary is an experienced runner and the race director of The Strolling Jim and the Barkley Marathons. I was quickly told that I had "to run through the pain," not changing my running stride/form to avoid the pain of hitting on the blisters. This immediately made a lot of sense. Since I train a certain way, using and strengthening certain muscles, other muscles and ligaments are left unused and untested. What a time to try them out! No wonder I was "off balance."

Barb Van Skike



It's usually lonely and wet on the Superior Trail as Larry Oshsendorf knows only too well.

Had I put more "on my plate than I could eat" when I chose a 100 miler? No. I just chose the wrong 100 miler! I neglected to let the sentence, "14,000 feet of ascent and 14,000 feet of descent" make a significant impression on my "higher" cortical functions. What was I thinking when I decided to run this hilly trail course?

Certainly, living in the flatlands and running on the beaches of South Carolina didn't provide any more challenge than running lots of miles would. Maybe next time I should choose a race that approximates my training runs, not that there are any runs that flat. Here's a plan: Maybe drive to the South Carolina/North Carolina mountains and find some trail at night when it's raining!

So, I wasn't really ready. I put in my miles and planned my trip and had all the equipment I needed, but I still wasn't ready. Back home, pre-race activities exhausted me mentally and a tiny bit physically. In order to take time off, I dealt with my job responsibilities by getting them all done, but needed to pack them into a tight schedule for the last week before the race, making for a very hectic time. Three lectures, one major meeting presentation, a patient case conference, all done the last week before the race. I would have been better off with a DNF at the university! Then I jumped into semi-vacation mode, flying to Minnesota, visiting and talking with friends, and helping coordinate the arrangements for my race support crew.

Arranging to get everyone to the same place at the same time was like a half-marathon before the 100 miler. The five-hour ride to the race site, the sleeping arrangements at a friend's house, and the continuing discussion about the logistics of "race day," left me with only four hours of sleep before I had to get up to go. I feel pretty dumb as I write this down, looking at how ill-prepared I was in making my transition from "normal, hectic life" to running on a trail all day.

The run started out "OK," maybe a little "too OK." I had a 15-minute/mile pace going for the first 56 miles which may have been a bit too fast in retrospect. I planned a 17-minute/mile pace overall. But I was feeling good; I was never short of breath and I sure was enjoying it and having fun. Only one jolt of fear in the early morning when my little "hi-intensity" flashlight ran out of lumens after 45 minutes. Fortunately, a woman running in front of me had a spare and was nice enough to loan it to me. "The same thing happened to me the first time I ran this race," she offered.

Now, about those blisters? Don't get them! It seems I need to devote more energy towards prevention even though I had meagerly taped and "Vaselined" my feet before the race. Two people have seriously recommended duct tape on my feet *before* the blisters come. Next to blisters on my feet, the biggest problem was literally a pain-in-the-butt: serious chafe areas on my legs and butt from my underpants. ("Don't

wear those things!" was the universal advice given post-race.)

This was a tough trail run and I was forewarned by the race booklet's description of the course. However, I am used to doing whatever I put my mind to or set my sights on! It was actually a healthy, humbling experience for me to DNF. There were a number of new doors opened up to me as well as an opportunity for a perspective adjustment.

So here's my advice to myself:

- Run a race that approximates my training.
- Do some training runs on the trail at night.
- Don't get blisters.
- Take ibuprofen with me if the blisters come.
- Relax the week before the race.
- Get my own motel room to stay in pre- and post-race.
- Sleep a lot the night before the race.
- Get a sports lube for chafing.
- Don't wear underpants!
- Get big flashlights.
- Change shoes frequently.
- Get shoe gaiters.
- Take a few more rest breaks.
- Talk Bernie, Ann, Holly, and Debbie into crewing for me again.

The Superior Trail 100 was held September 21 in northern Minnesota, starting at 5:00 a.m. in Silver Bay and finishing at Grand Marais, 100.1 miles away. The starting field consisted of 68 runners with 40 finishing in the 34-hour time limit. The first runner came in about 20 hours and 20 minutes.

The weather at the start was warm and humid having rained the night before, progressing into fog, then becoming cooler and partly cloudy before drenching thunderstorms for several hours in the late afternoon the next day. I finished at mile 72, having run a total of 74 miles. Bernie (my pacer who joined me at mile 56) and I did a two-mile loop on a mountain twice! Sometimes at night you might miss something good, so we thought we had better double check.

Thanks to my faithful and generous crew who gave of their time, energy and spirit. The race was a strenuous event for them too.

Ron Berby adds

About two or three years back, our Canadian friend Rolly Portelance described the Superior 100 as the most rugged 100-mile race he'd ever run. Since he's as prolific a 100-mile runner as we know, (36 and counting) and knows fun when he sees it, my wife Sally Middleton and I decided to give it a whirl this year. Being a pair of "non-trainers" (averaging 35 miles a week year-round), who pride ourselves on independence, and compete without pacers or handlers, we felt our grit and guile would

comfortably see us through any 100-miler which offered a 34-hour cut-off. Ha.

The race briefing was as we'd heard; Harry Sloan completely neglected to tell us of the exploits and greatness of the predicted front running men and women. Instead, he said, "Ok, you've all run trails. Here's what the streamers and glo-lites look like. Just go out there and run." He *did* take the time to suggest that if we were to run off one of the course's many cliff walls, "you'll just see a bunch of stars." That got a rise out of the group.

As usual, Sally and I started slowly and were the last two runners. As the day wore on and rain came and went, 50-miler runners passed us and occasionally we'd catch a 100-mile runner when he or she would dally at an aid station. At about 30 miles Sally had a bad patch and I went on ahead. We have an agreement that one belt buckle is better than none. Within ten miles, Sally caught up. Some salted tomato slices had revived her engine.

By sunset, we had over two hours on the cut-off times and decided to try the "Kenul Method." We would walk through the night and go back to running at sunrise. Mega-ultrarunner John Kenul of New York had developed the technique, and we had already enjoyed some success with it.

Bad idea. As sunrise approached, we saw that most of our buffer time was gone, and that over the last 25 miles, we would be close to the cut-off. After 81 miles we saw what the course elevation map meant when it said, "nasty section." I began to struggle and suggested that Sally go on without me. Now the lone buckle looked like it would be hers. My near header off a slippery rock into the cascading river made missing a cut-off time seem more likely.

Even the encouragement from a worker at the 85-mile aid station didn't help; I walked and ran slowly on painful feet. But for some reason I'll never fathom, my mind clicked when I passed a woman runner and her pacer, and one said, "You're going to make it." Suddenly I was running more than walking. Suddenly I believed.

When I hit the road at the 91-mile aid station, a young woman yelled, "If you go to the aid station *right now*, you'll make it!"

I sped the 60 yards to the lone table, noticing a couple of guys packing vehicles. The one nearest the table did a double-take, looked at his watch, and said, "Well, yeah, okay." He looked me straight in the face and said, "You've got 30 seconds." In less time than that, I had filled my water bottle with coke and gobbled a couple of small chocolate candies and was on my way thankfully, up a four-mile road section of the now uphill course.

At the 95-mile and final checkpoint, two women informed me that Sally had left seven minutes before I approached. "Maybe," one suggested, "you'll catch her before the finish."

"If I catch her, that's fine," I said. "If I don't, that's fine, too." Being one of those

guys who sometimes finishes after his wife, it didn't seem to matter.

After what seemed like an eternity on the most overgrown part of the trail, which led past one final terrifying sheer cliff, I finally stumbled out of the brush and circled the fence enclosing the Grand Marais High School athletic field. Turning left through the gate, I sprinted the last few yards to the tape, finishing with just over ten minutes to spare.

After I received congratulations from the horde of five who witnessed my finish, I sat with Sally in the bleachers and posed for a picture, one to remind us of our sixth anniversary. I decided right there and then that the Superior 100 was the hardest damn race I ever did. Nicest one, too.

Superior Trail 50 Mile Endurance Run

Silver Bay, Minn. September 21, 1996
Point-to-point single-track hiking trail

1. Brian Hunter,30,CO	8:11:52
2. Jeff Simpkins,34,ON	8:27:11
3. Andy Holak,28	8:28:49
4. Paul Holovnia,34	9:14:10
5. Corey Drevlow,19	9:26:17
6. Vicki Ash,35,CO	9:32:37
7. Rick Lindquist,40	9:38:59
8. John Barlow,38,WI	9:43:37
9. Greg Olson,37,WI	9:44:45
10. Paul Olson,46,MI	9:55:31
11. Mike Pofahl,40	10:00:15
12. Maynard Lagrace,47	10:22:10
13. Danny Hill,36,MI	10:31:29
14. Ed Dallman,51	10:42:01
15. Jan Schlueter,36	10:48:17
16. Joe McHugh,47,WI	10:49:17
17. George Bier,35	10:50:12
18. Tom Gould,54	10:51:41
19. Mike Lindquist,37	10:57:56
20. Glen Bodine,44,TN	11:04:46
21. Shannon Ginn	
Rochelle,31,CO	11:07:51
22. Brian McGowan,39,WI	11:32:42
23. Roe Erlandson,63	11:35:18
24. Cathy Drexler,35,WI	11:42:30
25. Roland Ring-Jarvi,46	11:43:49
Paul Bagus,50,WI	11:43:49
27. Don Christensen,50,WI	11:54:41
28. Steve Williams,42,IA	11:55:09
29. Kevin Smith,32,SD	11:55:28
30. Leah Jurek,20	12:11:47
31. Markus Bosch,38	12:16:03
32. Wayne Jensen,41,WI	12:16:07
33. Brad Johnson,44	12:19:41
34. Mick Justin,48	12:21:49
35. Cathy Tibbets,42	12:24:22
36. Gerald Martin,46	12:24:33
37. Dale Kaminski,26,WI	12:24:59
38. Susan Kempema,38,MI	12:42:20
39. Bruce Juppé,40,WI	12:48:30
40. Michael Carr,52,IA	12:49:47
41. David Richards,44,TX	12:58:46
42. Jane Laub,46	13:00:39

Mark Laub,48	13:00:39
44. Patrick Loos,40	13:08:13
45. Roman Pierskalla,40	13:09:34
46. Dale Zimm,61	13:13:16
47. <u>Deb Sloan</u> ,45	13:20:59
<u>Phyllis Tubesing</u> ,48	13:20:59
49. Peter Buckley,41,IL	13:27:10
50. John Simon,57,OH	13:33:25
51. <u>Barb Dahl</u> ,44	13:38:01
52. <u>Karen Standley</u> ,43,MI	13:41:30
53. Michael Kent,50,IA	13:41:30
Dick Hogan,50, IA	13:41:55
55. Robert Morton,40,WI	13:46:37
56. <u>Kris Rogers</u> ,43	13:54:07
57. Richard Kaminski,59,WI	14:00:00+
58. <u>Monica Wenmark</u> ,39	14:00:00+
59. Bob Metzger,45	14:00:00+
66 starters	

The fourth running of this race resulted in two new course records both set by runners from Colorado; the men's race was won by Brian Hunter of Nederland, while Vicki Ash, of Boulder, took the women's division.

Shirl Leslie (R.D.)

Skyline to Sea Trail 50 Mile Endurance Run

Saratoga Gap, CA October 19, 1996
Point-to-point on trails, 2,000' of drop

1. Willis McCarthy,41	7:33
2. George Hall,45	7:38
3. Tim Dwyer,42	8:02
4. Dan Martin,48	8:09
5. Jim Thurman,38	8:46
6. Ryan Manning,25	8:48
7. Jim Wholey,49	9:17
Dieter Walz,61	9:17
9. Leon Draxler,54,WA	9:37
10. Jim Dempsey,37	9:45
11. <u>Melis White</u> ,30	9:48
<u>Kristina Irvin</u> ,38	9:48
13. Wolfgang Polak,46	9:49
14. George Beinhorn,54	9:58
15. Gary Ide,44,NV	10:15
16. Frank Huebsch,49	10:25
17. Dexter Dobberpuhl,51	10:45
18. <u>Brenda Hill</u> ,48,NV	11:59
<u>Karen Ide</u> ,46,NV	11:59

Fifteen years had passed since I ran the Skyline to Sea Trail in its entirety. On that fateful day, I ran an inaugural 100 miler in the hills above my home, the place where I spent my youth. I never could have realized the impact a 100 mile trail run would have on me. Numerous trail runs of varying distances, including eleven 100 milers, twenty-five countries, and a lifetime later I was running the same trails in those same hills, noting they had not changed since I was a boy. Nature is truly timeless.

During this time my vocabulary has grown arcane. Names like Avenue of the

Giants, Napa Valley and San Francisco City have been replaced with "States," Leadville, Angeles Crest, Wasatch and Old Dominion. Thank God Gordy Ansleigh left his horse in the stall back in '74 and invented the sport of 100 mile trail runs in this country. Honestly, I'm afraid how mundane my life would be without another race to prepare for. What is truly amazing is that I never come close to finishing first, but whenever I do finish, I always feel like I've at least drawn, if not won!

The Skyline to Sea Trail is covered in a canopy of oak, manzanita and coastal redwoods with amazing vistas of hills, valleys, and ocean. Just ten miles away from the start is Silicon Valley with three million people living in the greater Bay Area. You can guess how I spell the word "escape." Conditions for the race were near perfect: cool and dry, a trail with good footing, rigorous, yet manageable. I'd recommend this fifty miler to anyone.

There were twenty-five starters and nineteen finishers in this year's race. The leader at five miles was a tall, gamely runner who will remain nameless, since he never arrived at the ten-mile checkpoint. Race Director Dave Horning has been known in years past not to hold the hands of the participants in his races, and this race was no exception. Twenty-two miles into the run there were no markers to be found. After going one-fourth mile due south when I knew I should be going northwest, I called out for assistance, and a familiar, more experienced voice answered. George Hall has been at this game for as long as I have, with one significant advantage—he has done this trail run several times and has won it once. George not only set me straight, but provided an opportunity for us to rekindle an old friendship. We ran together for the next eighteen miles, reminiscing about our chance meeting in Pescadero, California back in 1981 and catching-up on recent changes in our lives. Not only was it therapeutic, but we were also doing a pretty fair job of pushing one another to the finishing line. When we reached Big Basin Park, approximately twenty-eight miles into the race, our es-

teemed race director informed us that the next aid station was at Waddle Beach, mile thirty-nine. At that point I was bold enough to conclude that there was only one aid station remaining in the last twenty-two miles (of a fifty mile race)! I've always had great deductive reasoning skills. Thus, George and I really tanked up before our departure to the great Pacific Ocean.

Despite some muscle soreness and minor cramping, the body held together reasonably well while the time and the miles passed. George and I had been running first and second for virtually the entire race and that fact gave me a notion that the guy in third place was right behind us. As we left the forty mile checkpoint we practically ushered him in. George then began to press a little and moved in front of me. Meanwhile I allowed the food and drink to settle before beginning to plod along. Plodding became jaunting, which then became jogging and, before you know it, running. Well, let's say jog-walking. I pressed on and overtook George at the forty-second mile thinking the third place runner was right on our heels. I was wrong.

The race finished in a truly dramatic fashion as I crossed the line in Big Basin Park to the cheers of seven people; George had the good fortune to finish in front of eight. It had been a good day though, as I thought, this is the first ultra I had won in thirteen years! Lord knows if or when I'll win another. Incidentally, one other good thing did result from my winning the race. I qualified for the Western States Trail Run next June. Since I'm one of the unfortunate who have struck-out twice in the lottery, I look forward to running "States" immensely.

Willis McCarthy

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