



★ BIRMINGHAM TRACK CLUB ★
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THE VULCAN RUNNER



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July 2014

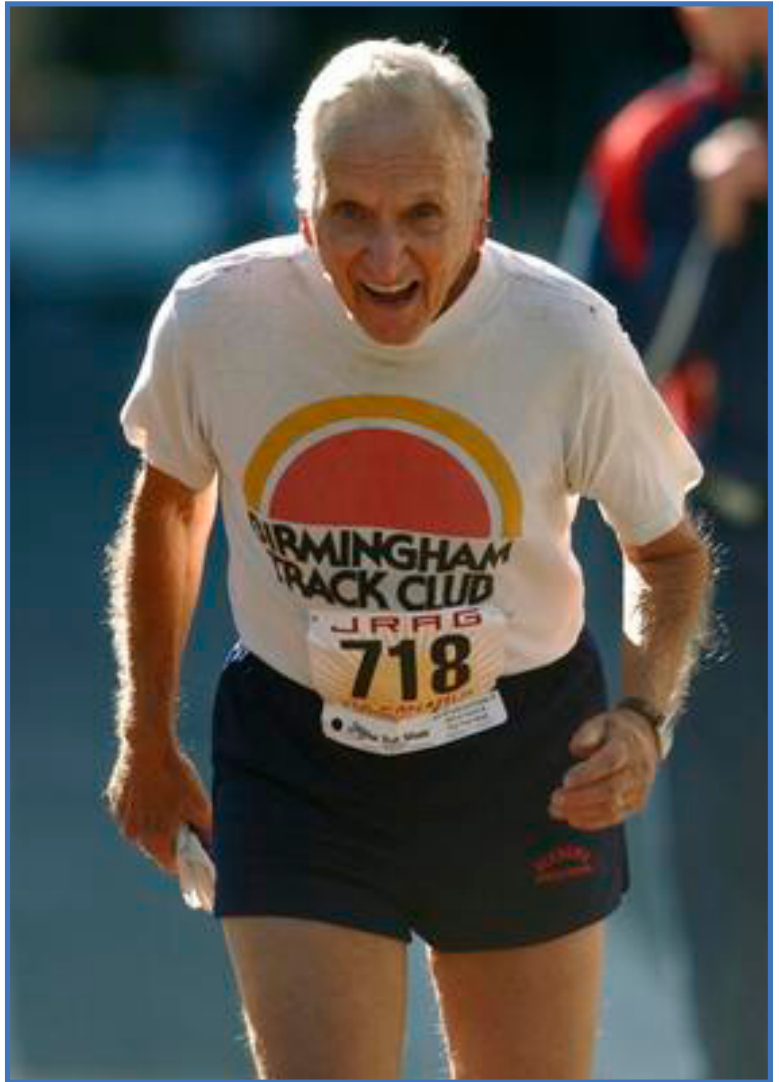
Issue ⑦

REMEMBERING Dr. Arthur Black

THIS ISSUE

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It is with great sadness and a heavy heart to say our good byes to another Birmingham Track Club founder. Dr. Arthur Black passed away Tuesday, June 24th at the age of 93. Dr. Black practiced internal medicine at Lloyd Noland Hospital in Fairfield for 44 years from 1949-1993, never missing a day of work due to illness. Dr. Black's primary interest was preventive medicine. Arthur was really the instigating factor behind forming the Birmingham Track Club. In the early 1970's before running was even something 'normal' people do, he began advocating the value of exercise, believing it to be the basic ingredient of good health and longevity. I would say he had it right long before it became the norm as we know it today. In gaining interest in running, Arthur initiated a series of track meets for adults at Vestavia Hills High School in 1974. The original 14 runners formed the nucleus of what would become the Birmingham Track Club in July 1975. Results from those track meets would be posted in the BTC Newsletters for all to see. Each month would also be a member spotlight, a way to get to know each other. BTC membership fees were \$5 for individual and \$10 for family. Dr. Black along with Versal Spalding and others were also the key planners for the BTC U.S. Bicentennial 10K Run on Thanksgiving Day November 27, 1975. The following year Birmingham News became the presenting sponsor of the now named Vulcan Run. Bill Rodgers was the first place finisher of the 1976 Vulcan 10K Run. Now fast forwarding a few years. When I was president of the BTC from 2002 - 2003, Arthur, along with Wallace McRoy, Les Longshore and Gordon Seifert were regular attendees of the BTC monthly meetings. They all absolutely enjoyed being part of the BTC and the running community. I would look to them to be sure we maintain the foundation which they built and to ensure the current BOD maintained their ideas, concepts, and principals, yet take the needs of the runners and technologies at hand to reach further out to those that wanted to run, stay fit, or just get started in running. Arthur was also one of those kind of guys even at the age of 85+ would still get out on his own and pickup trash along Hwy 31 in Vestavia Hills. I recall seeing him many times along the side of the road picking up soda cans. A model citizen for sure, and a great person in leading by example. For those that did not know Arthur was our long time BTC Historian, keeper of the archives. In 2002 he gave me all the Vulcan Run Archives from day 1 (1975) to current date. I thought, wow, what a gift! I felt very honored that he would entrust me with the things he love the most. With the help of



Susan Hales, the archives were preserved into binders in chronological order by date. To see the history and the stories from Vulcan Run of yesteryear, you have to sometimes stand back and give credit to Arthur and all the other founding BTC members, if not for them, we would probably be doing something other than reading this newsletter right now. The binders get pulled out at times like this, to remember and give thanks to those that came before us, to remember what they taught us, and hold true what they set out for all of us to do - run for the health of it. We have pulled the binders out for the "Old Timer" Vulcan Run social at the Trak Shak a few years ago where everyone brought stuff from the early days. Michele Parr has used the binders to write a condensed version of the history of Vulcan Run. Even Bill Rodgers signed the binders when he was here for the Talladega 1/2 Marathon. I opened the binders and to my surprise he signed one of the newspaper articles.

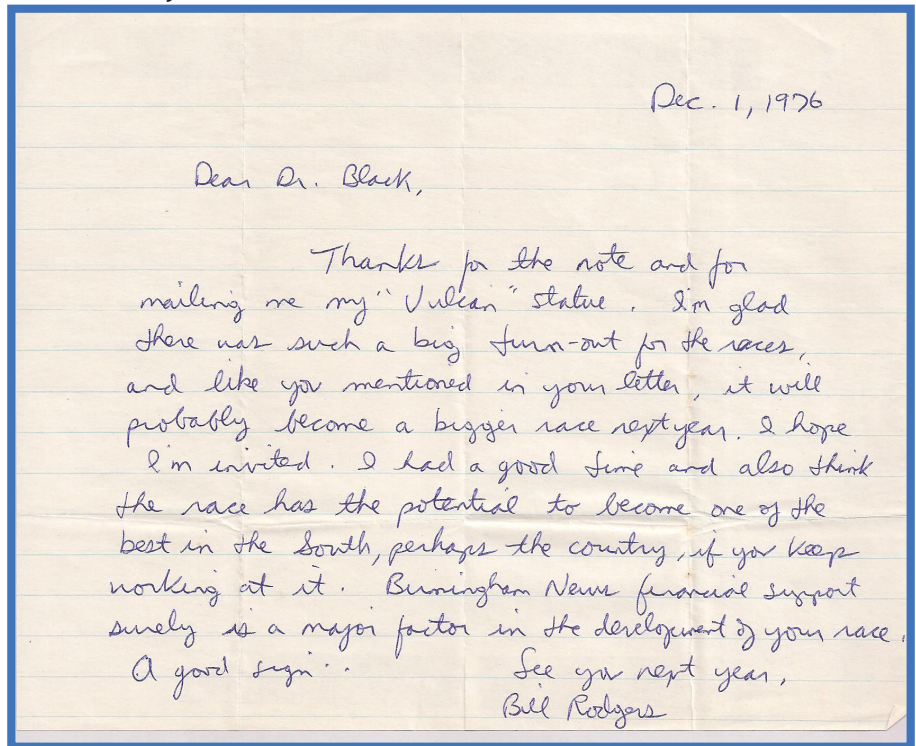
When I was the Vulcan Run Race Director from 2001 - 2007, Arthur, along with Les Longshore were regulars in the 10K event. I always made sure we took extra special care of them out on the course and made sure

we kept the finish clock running till they came in. Arthur's last Vulcan 10K Run at age 86 was November 3, 2007 where he completed the 10K in 1:30:18 at a 14:33 min/mile pace. You know, I hope that if/when I make it to 86, I can still be that active that I can get out there and run/walk a 10K!

A little BTC History: The photo of Dr. Black has him pictured in an early version of the BTC logo. The logo is the rising sun, which was representative of what BTC members would see each early morning getting their run in. As you can imagine the Birmingham Track Club name also comes from the track meets that the BTC members would have each week. So, now you know.

A special thanks to Ray McKinnis, another founding member who graciously provide me all the original BTC newsletters from Volume 1, No. 1, February 1976 to 1987. They have been fun to read.

Trish Portuese
BTC Past President 2002-2003
Vulcan Run Race Director 2001-2007
BTC Race Coordinator & Historian



THE BIRMINGHAM TRACK CLUB
NEWSLETTER

Vol. I, No. 1

February 1976

About This Newsletter

This is the first edition of the BTC Newsletter. It will be published monthly. Its functions include: helping members of the BTC to get to know each other and encouraging each other to continue exercising; providing information on future events and results of past events; and, in general, strengthening the unity and effectiveness of the BTC.

If there are items you would like included, please let me know or send them to me. If there are ways this Newsletter could be improved, feel free to suggest them. I would like this publication to be as effective as possible, and I will work to develop it in that direction.

Ray McKinnis, editor
1129-51st St., W.
Birmingham, 35208

BTC 1976 Officers

President: Arthur Black
Vice-President: Versal Spalding
Secretary: Ann Randall
Treasurer: John Spink
Publicity: H.M. Levine

Join The Birmingham Track Club

If you have not joined the BTC yet, you can do so merely by sending \$5 for an individual membership and \$10 for a family membership to Dr. John Spink, 1741 Merryvale Road, Birmingham, 35216. You don't even have to be a runner to join!

NEXT MEET: Sunday, February 29 at Vestavia H.S. Track

The next planned track run will be on Sunday, Feb. 29. (Note: this is the last chance you will be able to run on a "Feb. 29 Sunday" until 2004!) At 2:30 the running will begin. All joggers and runners, whether members of the BTC or not, are invited to come and run. If it is raining or below 40°, the meet will be postponed until the following week. (For the latest temperature call 322-9222.) After this, meets will be held on the first Sunday of each month. These meets are a good intermediary step between jogging on one's own and formal racing.

Furthermore, every Sunday the Vestavia H.S. track will be open at 3:00 p.m. for those who would like to join the jogging. There will be no planned races on those days but just the fellowship of jogging together. With the good spring weather coming, jogging seems to be an excellent way to get as much as possible into your system.

What is Your 1976 Jogging Goal?

Many members of the BTC have already set their 1976 mileage goal. Monthly accumulations toward that goal will be published. If you have not yet set your goal, you are invited to do so immediately. Some find a greater sense of accomplishment and consistency if they have such a goal to work on. Below are those who have already set their finish line for 1976:

| | | | |
|-----------------|------------|--------------|------------|
| Versal Spalding | 3000 miles | Larry Boots | 1000 miles |
| Don Gilson | 2500 " | Joe Langston | 1000 " |

Footnotes From the President

I have been interested in the health value of exercise for the past 10 years. My opinion that it is the basic ingredient of good health and longevity continues to grow stronger as I study the subject. Because of this, in Aug., 1974, we began a series of track meets for those over 35 yrs. of age in hopes it would help motivate participants to continue or begin regular exercising. With the help and support of Dr. James Sharman of UAB and Ed Reaves of the Downtown YMCA, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Physical Fitness Council, 9 meets were held with about 25 participants each time. (Since then we have dropped the minimum age limit.)

With the urging of Versal Spalding and Paz Flecher, the Birmingham Track Club was organized in July 1975 with the same objective--physical fitness. We had one meet before our U.S. Bicentennial, 10,000 meter run on Thanksgiving, Nov. 27, 1975. This latter race was Versal's successful endeavor.

Because of uncooperative weather, we had to make 3 attempts last month to have our last outing. Hereafter, we plan to have them the first Sunday of each month. I hope you will keep a monthly jogging log and give us your yearly goals at the next meet and your monthly totals monthly.

We are indebted to Ray McKinnis for accepting the editorship of this newsletter.

Arthur Black, President

PRESIDENTS ADDRESS

—Jennifer Andress



Happy 4th of July, BTC!

We are busy gearing up for our annual Rick Melanson Peavine Falls Run at Oak Mountain this Friday. Race Director Alex Morrow has been hard at work putting together a fun holiday event, with the help of our sponsor Alabama Outdoors. This year the Peavine Falls Run also serves as an RRCA State Championship Race. After your challenging run up Peavine Falls Road, you will cross over our brand new Finish Line arch, pictured here:



You will then get to enjoy popsicles and Jim n' Nick's cheese biscuits as you celebrate your accomplishment with your fellow BTC members. What a great way to kick off the long holiday weekend!

The fun in July continues a couple of weeks later, on Saturday the 19th, as we head to the Birmingham Barons game with our friends from Vulcan Triathletes. We would like to thank Good People Brewery for sponsoring us this evening, as well as providing a meeting place before the game for us to distribute your tickets. We will be sitting together at Regions Park under the Home Run Porch. Your \$10 ticket provides you a meal and two beverages. Thanks to our great Social Chair Katherine Dease for putting together a terrific night out! Visit our website at www.birminghamtrackclub.com for more details and to purchase your tickets.

Also mark your calendars for August 16th, where we will return to Vulcan Park for the Vulcan Run kickoff. This will once again be a family-friendly event, and we will have our regular Saturday Long Distance and Moderate Distance routes. We will offer our three Vulcan Run 10 km training programs once again this year, and unveil the training programs at Vulcan Park. Our three coaches--- Vulcan Run Race Director Danny Haralson, Alex Morrow and Kile Putman---are returning for the Couch to 10km program, Achieve Your PR program, and the Top 200 program. These training programs are FREE to you the BTC member. We will have breakfast provided for you and your family after your run, as well as kids' activities. We look forward to seeing you there!

Speaking of Fall races, I would like to thank you for your patience as we roll out the 2014 Triple Crown Half-Marathon Challenge. We will once again be awarding a beautiful medal and Finisher's shirt to those who register, and complete the Talladega Half-Marathon in September, the Race Without Limits Half-Marathon in Florence in October, and the Magic City Half-Marathon right here in Birmingham in November. We will let you know by way of email as well as our Facebook page when registration is open, sometime after Peavine Falls Run.

We delayed the Triple Crown announcement because we have been in the process of changing our membership software program. IT expert Alan Hargrave has been working hard to make this transition. Alan tells us this software is easier to use for our members, and allows you to print your own membership card once you are in the system. Alan has shared a few pointers in this issue to enable you to claim your membership. Thank you, Alan, for all of your work!

Lastly, I want to say a few words about the passing of the founder of the Birmingham Track Club, Dr. Arthur Black. BTC Historian Trish Portuese has put together a wonderful tribute to Dr. Black for this issue. We are so grateful to this man for his vision, and his commitment to our community. His dedication to a healthy lifestyle by way of running is what motivates us to this day. The day after his passing, my friend Kevin Bokus told me he would see Dr. Black walking in their neighborhood

even as he was in his 90's. Charles Thompson lovingly shared that Dr. Black would also pick up trash along his walk, because he wanted to help preserve the beauty of the area! Unfortunately, I never got to meet Dr. Black. Trish and Jak Karn introduced me to another founder, the delightful Wally McRoy, and I have corresponded with the wonderful Ray McKinnis, who now lives in Illinois. Laura Spaulding Gorham has shared stories of her amazing dad, Versal Spaulding, who we lost in 2013. We also lost the legendary Les Longshore last year. These are the people that forged the way for us. It is important to pay tribute to these trail-blazers, who showed the world that physical fitness through running is more than just an endeavor, it is a way of life. I am grateful to be a part of what they built, and I thank you for membership and involvement in their legacy as well.



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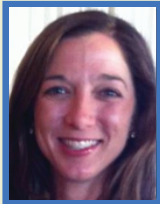
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BTC Mission Statement

The primary purpose of the Birmingham Track Club (BTC) shall be the education and training of individuals in and around the community of Birmingham, AL, as to the benefits of jogging, running, and walking for fitness, health, and recreation.

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Race Results

Find the latest and most complete local race results at the following:

birminghamtrackclub.com
trakshak.com **run42k.com**

RATS RECAP

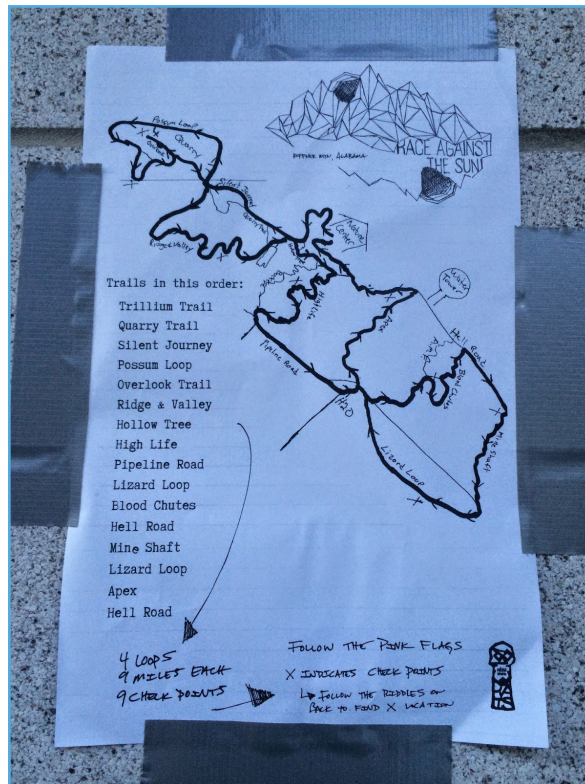
—by Lisa Booher

Racing the sun can burn you. Kind of like the burn from your Aunt Dottie's fresh-off-the-stovetop soup. You know it's hot, but you also know it tastes like a miracle in your mouth. So you go for it anyway, even though with the creamy most deliciousness comes some pain. Race Against the Sun (RATS) lures you in with the promise of adventure and almost impossibleness to complete (that is appealing to at least 40 people in this area, judging by the limited slots filling up quickly), so you go in hopeful for the adventure portion and cringing when you almost inevitably have to drop before you complete the four required 9ish-mile loops.

RATS is the brain child of Kyle Stichtenoth. "The inspiration started two years ago during a summer night time training run. It was fueled by my reading of an article about the need for more untraditional races written by Geoff Roes," says Kyle. The race is held on summer solstice, the shortest night of the year. Runners start at 8:01 p.m. and have until 5:38 a.m. to complete four loops that are somewhere between 9 and 10 miles. Those who complete the four loops receive the now-coveted RATS finisher shirt.

The hand-drawn course map was not released until about 30 minutes before the start of the race, and it

included nine Xs that marked the location of nine books along the course. For each loop, racers got a number that corresponded to pages in the nine books, and they had to rip out that page at each stop. Skip/miss a book, and you either have to go back or drop out for not completing the loop. With each loop, you receive a fresh number and a fresh chance to fail at collecting all of the pages.



On the other side of this map are clues to the locations of the nine books.

Kyle explains, "Conceptually I obviously took some inspiration from the Barkley Marathons." Or from hell. Between finding the books hidden in caves or at the top of ropes just around an abandoned mine shaft, climbing hill after hill on all fours, getting lost multiple times per round, and doing all of the above in the dark, this course is like a slow road to purgatory for some.

But at the same time, there was something irresistible about it. First of all, someone telling me that I'm most likely not going to finish something makes me want to push back and try harder. Like me, a lot of

you runners are pretty strong willed and determined. It's just characteristic of our breed. So we push back against tough things, or we pay someone to put us through tough things.



Glow-in-the-dark face paint to fight the night.

With the race being held at night, it's also perfect for people like me with young families. Why not fit in your 40-mile run while everyone else is sleeping? Of course, there is the whole you-will-be-completely-exhausted-for-the-next-three-days thing, but that's what caffeine is for.



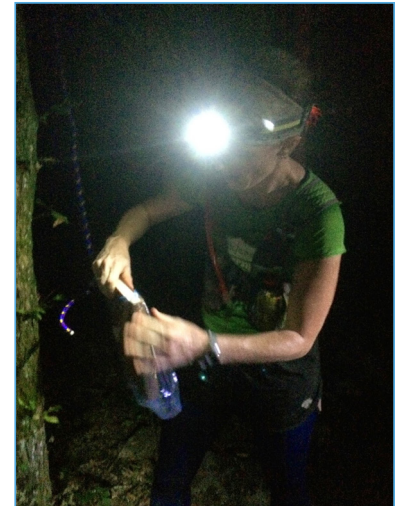
Breakfast buffet that did not mess around.

Maybe because it was at night and we were all scared

together that Ruffner Mountain is haunted (BTW, it is, especially by the water tower by yourself at 1 a.m.) or maybe because we were all trying to prove Kyle wrong about the finishing rate, the race was more like a team event, minus actual teammates, than anything I've ever run. We all worked together to find the book locations and navigate the course in the dark. One of my friends forgot his reading glasses, so I helped rip out his pages for him. When I would turn left when I was supposed to turn right, someone four runners back would yell out that we should be going the other way. It just felt like we were clinging to each other for the possibility of finishing and the hope of not getting lost. And since the dark took away our ability to blaze through the course or to even see the sparse flags clearly, we needed all the help we could get.

Finding a book station.

My sad race story is that I just didn't plan well on my second loop. Of course by 12:30 a.m. and two-thirds of the way through loop two, I already knew that my chances of completing the four loops was slim to none, but when I got to the top of Blood Chute, one



of the gnarlier climbs of the course, and realized that I was out of water with three more miles to go, I was done, especially knowing that I had already drained my full Camelbak in the previous six miles and had just stupidly left the only water stop out on the course at the bottom of the previously mentioned gnarly hill without filling up. In my defense, that same pack lasted the full first loop. The humidity was brutal even though the temps had cooled from the 90s earlier that day, and I was taking in more fluids than I anticipated. The finish line was a half mile away if I cut the course, so I headed that direction, towards the dream of bacon and omelets. Even then, I questioned my ability to locate the trail at night and backtracked a couple of times before I finally found the right spider-filled trail back to home base.

By the time I got back, I had collected seven of the nine

pages I needed, not enough for credit for the loop, but I was resolved to help improve, by not improving, RATS finisher stats. The fewer finishers, the more legendary the race will become. The sting of defeat didn't last long, as I effortlessly blended into the crowd of other drop-outs, with whom I spent the night eating everything in site, laughing, dancing, and general debauchery-ing. I will reveal that I forced someone into a hand stand contest just so I could win something that night and regain a smidgen of the dignity that Ruffner Mtn. and RATS stole from me.

By sun rise, only four racers made it through four loops. Two of those runners actually ran the course, and the other two got creative and collected all of their pages via some secret awesome route they created but refused to reveal. There was no rule against not following the route, as long as you collected the right number of pages each loop. If I had thought about that before dropping out, I would have tried it, but I was thinking inside the box in a race that clearly demands jumping outside of the box and destroying all evidence that a box ever even existed.



As found at the after (or during) party.



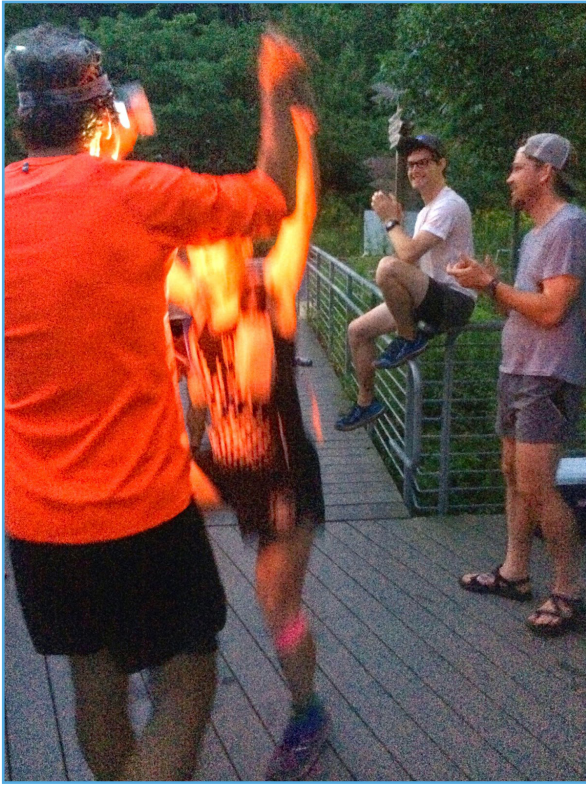
The people who actually ran all night.



The grossest baby pool that ever existed. At least it started out nice.



The face of a RATS finisher, Prince Whatley.



| Name | Laps | Time |
|---------------------|------|--------|
| 1. Dan McBreyer | 4 | 9:17 * |
| 2. Vanessa Stroud | 4 | 9:19 * |
| 2. Prince Whitley | 4 | 9:19 * |
| 4. Ben Gray | 4 | 9:27 * |
| 5. Mark Beggs | 4 | 9:56 |
| 6. Sean Eden | 3 | 7:54 |
| 7. Thomas Williams | 3 | 8:07 |
| 8. Robert Watters | 3 | 8:22 |
| 9. Nicole Behnke | 3 | 9:12 |
| 9. Keith Rutherford | 3 | 9:12 |
| 11. Britt Erickson | 3 | 9:30 |
| 11. Travis Self | 3 | 9:30 |
| 13. Chip Ferrell | 3 | 10:17 |

The happy dance of a RATS finisher, Vanessa Stroud. Also the only female finisher.

When I asked Kyle how it felt to see racer after racer drop, he explained, "As racers kept dropping out, I felt good but not because of their failure, but rather almost all of those runners were quitting despite the fact that they really enjoyed the race. Believe it or not, I was

happy to see four runners finish. The race was hard, but possible, and those runners earned their shirts and the respect that comes with it. I'd love to give out more shirts next year, but I'd be surprised if I ever give out more than 10 in a given year."



The first RATS finisher, Dan McBreyer.

Out of 40+ starters, these are the top 13 finishers.

For myself and fellow racers, we can possibly take comfort in the fact that setting up the race wasn't all fun and games for the race director and his crew, aka Greg Wingo. "Logistically there were a lot of challenges in coming up with the course and the books for the course. The day of the race was a long day as well. Marking the course in the heat of the day and then staying up all night, but I doubt it was as hard as running the race," said Kyle.

What do we have to look forward to next year? Kyle shared, "The field will be kept small, 40 people is about the most I want running. Next year we will have a required 50k finish in order to register. I have some really cool ideas for next year, but all I can say is the course won't be longer, but it will be tougher."

Although the promise of an even tougher course guarantees that I won't finish, if I am at my computer in time to register before this one fills up, I am 100% in. Race Against the Sun, you can burn me, but I'll keep coming back for more.

DIRTY — RUNNING

— *David Tosh*

**Big Changes to
Trail Running**

When I first started running on trails about 1997, I am sure there were trail shoes, but I never saw a pair and the first time I tried to find trail shoes around here, I had to drive to Chattanooga. The first two years I ran the Imogene Pass Run in Colorado, 2006 and 2007, I wore my road shoes and they seemed to work just fine. (Those were also the first two trail races I ever ran.) Of course, at that point I had been running regularly at Oak Mountain, usually running up the Peavine Falls Road, which was gravel at that time, then down to Peavine Falls and out along the Blue Trail, all in road shoes. I didn't know any better and I didn't carry water with me either. I just drank a lot when I got back to the car.

Let's jump back in time a bit further. The first time I realized there were actually road races for everyday runners was when I was in my final year at The University of Texas at Dallas in 1978, known around Dallas as The University of Texas Instruments. (Texas Instruments donated the land and built the buildings. It was TI's advanced engineering training school.) I met several guys that frequently ran road races and decided I would have to try one sometime. They told me about the training route they found right out the back side of the UTD campus, through the Texas A & M Experimental Station and out a country road for 4 miles. There was nothing out there but cows. At that point I never thought about taking water and there was no such thing as a hydration pack, at least that I know of.

When I graduated and moved to Mobile I started running road races. I realized, for the first time, people actually drank water in races and thought that was a pretty good idea. I decided drinking water on my training runs also sounded like a good idea too, so I found a course where I would reach a gas stations every 2 or 3 miles. When I moved back to Dallas in 1981 my business was located in "Preston Forest," in North Dallas. This time I designed my running route to use the "least busy" roads I could find, residential roads. The route went over to Bachman Lake, just off the north end of Love Field, home of Southwest Airlines, and back, about 10 miles total. One of the roads I ran down was Strait Lane and one of the houses on that road belonged to H. Ross Perrot. My route went through some pretty nice neighborhoods, but there was no water, except at a gas station by Bachman Lake. That's a long way to run with no water, especially in Dallas Summer heat. Bachman Lake was also the location of the first "Ultra" I ever heard of, a 12 hour race on a 1.5 mile loop that circled the lake. The course was a combination of cement sidewalks, paved parking lots and the road on the back side of the lake. The idea of running "that" wasn't very appeal-

ing. When I had time, I drove over to White Rock Lake, namesake of the White Rock Marathon. There were very nice paved trails most of the way around the lake, but more important, there were a few water fountains on the 9.1 mile loop.

At the White Rock Marathon in 1981, I ran several miles with a guy wearing an unusually thick belt. When he took it off, opened a spout on the side and had a drink I wanted to know what it was. He said it was called a Bota Belt and he had used it at the Pikes Marathon that year with great results. A local running store sold them so I purchased a Bota Belt. I could now carry water with me on runs and didn't have to worry about gas stations. It was great! I used the thing for years until it literally fell apart. It is now such an "ancient" item, I could not even find a picture of one on the internet.

Hydration in the early days of Ultras:

Hydration in ultras has always required the use of specialized equipment. The original hand held bottles were, of all things, Aunt Jemima Syrup Bottles, the ones with the handle. The first hydration packs were probably Camelbak packs starting in 1989 and I am sure they were quickly adopted by the ultrarunning community. I also suspect this was about the time the belts that hold a water bottle were starting to show up.



When I ran my first trail race in 2007, The Imogene Pass Run, a race from Ouray, Colorado over Imogene Pass and down to Telluride over 17 miles of rugged, 1800's mining roads. I used a Camelbak since there were only 3 aid stations on the course and runners were required to carry a rain jacket. The Camelbak also had enough storage space for the jacket, hat and gloves I wore at the start. Even though the race is the first weekend in September it is always cold at the start. In fact, in 2007, 13,100 ft. Imogene Pass was closed due to deep

snow up high. The race had to be rerouted so it did not go over the pass to Telluride, and I was not happy. The whole point in the race is to go over Imogene Pass and finish in Telluride. I never liked the hydration pack because I didn't like taking the time at aid stations to stop, take the pack off, refill the bladder and get back on the trail, especially in short races like the Imogene Pass Run or 50Ks. After trying a variety of fanny pack bottle holders that I also didn't like, I discovered that Aunt Jemima syrup bottles had evolved. There were now hand held bottles with comfortable straps for your hand and small storage compartments. The hand held bottles are still my favorite for most ultras. That is, if I will not use my trekking poles. I like handheld bottles so much I even run the Montclair Run and Mercedes Marathon with them.

I am currently getting ready for a race in Colorado this July and I will use my trekking poles, so I will have to use a hydration pack. Some of the aid stations will take me as long as 4 to 5 hours to reach so I will also need to carry a lot of water. I have recently purchased two new packs and both are miles ahead of anything I have ever tried before. One is an Ultimate Direction "PB Adventure Vest 2.0" Pack, with room for a bladder in the back compartment and two bottle holders in the front. The other is a Salomon S Lab 12 Hydration Pack, which comes with an insulation shield in the back compartment to keep the hydration pack away from your skin. The water stays cooler in the summer and prevents the cold water from making you cold in cold conditions, like the top of a mountain pass in Colorado. It also has front compartments that hold water bottles. Both vests have far more storage than you will ever need in "normal" ultra but they are perfect for the unpredictable conditions encountered in just about any long mountain ultra. Both companies make smaller vests which are better suited for races in the southeast. If you like hydration backpacks, both are very well designed and most of the storage compartments are accessible without removing the pack. The one I plan to use in the race this summer is the Salomon Pack, the one below on the Left.

Trail Shoes:

The first trail shoes I purchased about eight years ago were virtually the same as my road shoes except the foot bed was just a little closer to the ground. In the last two or three of years there has been a major shift in shoe design. With the minimalist movement brought on by the book "Born to Run" trail shoes have become more neutral with less drop from heel to toe and some having no drop at all. Many have very thin soles, therefore very little padding but also very light. Most trail shoes now have aggressive tread on the bottom and some, like the Newton Boca, seems to have rubber closely akin to climbing shoe rubber. (Scrub those across a rock and end up on your face.) On the other end of extremes is the Hoka. The first time I saw one of those big, boxy, clunky looking shoes I thought they were the ugliest things I had ever seen. Then I demoed a pair at Mountain High Outfitters. I am now the proud owner two pairs of Hoka's. I love them. They are the most comfortable running shoe I have ever owned. I can run for 8 straight hours at Oak Mountain, over the most rugged terrain out there and my feet feel great. They are still ugly!

Oh, One other thing. Almost all the new shoes look really cool with brilliant colors and trim. They are fun to wear around non-runners because you get some weird looks. That is, "all trail shoes look great, except Hoka's." For the most part, they are bland. That means they are not only UGLY, but UGLY and BLAND! I still love 'em!



Summertime's Here Everyone!

Half of 2014 is gone and I want to take a moment to thank all of our volunteers for their efforts so far and recognize them. Our race directors, themselves volunteers, and our club rely on these folks to ensure a great events for everyone.

Starting with Vulcan Run 10k look for a new online forum for volunteer sign-up.

Don't forget that you can earn a free race entry, membership year, or a chance at a number of volunteer prizes to be drawn for at the annual meeting! Those that reach the third tier at Talladega HM could use their reward for a free Vulcan Run 10k entry. The list below does not reflect those who've committed to helping us with Peavine Falls. Look at what you've accomplished so far and consider helping us at any of the upcoming events to get you to the next level:

Talladega Half Marathon – BTC Sponsored Water Stop – September 14, 2014

Vulcan Run10k – BTC Race Series finale! (Lots of opportunities) – November 8, 2014

Magic City Half Marathon – BTC Sponsored Water Stop – November 23, 2014

One Event in 2014 – BTC Volunteer Shirt

| | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Kimbellee Fipps and Family | Tim Frizzell | Kile Putnam |
| Amy Acker | Darrell Gibson | Jessica Qu |
| Olivia Affuso | Alan Hargrave | Ginger Reeves |
| Kimberly Benner | Monica Henley | Angie Rodriguez |
| Renard Blackmon | Scott Holden | Tom Russell |
| Mary Broome | Beth House | Suman Silwal |
| Jim Broome | Kim Johnson | Dot Smith |
| Micheal Brown | Patty Landry | Jim Taylor |
| Emma Cave | Linda Lazar | Barry Thomason and Family |
| Terri Chandler | Shilonqua Lee | Dean Thornton |
| Brad Clay | Eddie Lee | Daniel Walters |
| Debbie Cleghorn | Sidney Mays | Ken Washington |
| Robert Cosby | Cindy McLaughlin | Sandra Washington |
| Scott Crawford | Rachel McPhillips | Adaia Washington |
| Blake Crow | Alicia O'Neal and Family | Jeanne Welsh |
| Wayne Davis | David Plante | Kevin Winters |
| Pat Del Italia | Tracy Pool | Jamie Witter |
| Sam Dillashaw | Chilton Porter | Ronnie Yancey |
| Bob Evans | Trish Portuese | Lisa Yancey |

Two Events in 2014 – Above, PLUS entry into drawing for volunteer prizes at the annual meeting

Jan Hill
Paige Hofer
Kemper Sarrett

Karen West
Xing Wu

Three Events in 2014, Above, PLUS a free race entry of any of the BTC Race Series Races
Mario Santana

Four Events in 2014, Above, PLUS free annual membership
We need you!

In addition to cumulative rewards, we draw from the volunteers at each event for a prize. Check it out!
You could be the next winner.

| | |
|-------------------|---|
| Adam's Heart Run | Jan Hill won a long sleeve BTC tech shirt |
| Mercedes Marathon | Wayne Davis |
| Statue to Statue | Patty Landry |

Items that have not been picked up will be available at Peavine Falls Run or email me at volunteers@birminghamtrackclub.com. Likewise, if you think your name has been omitted or I've miscounted, please send your corrections.

Thanks everyone!

Kate Pezzillo

BTC Volunteer Coordinator



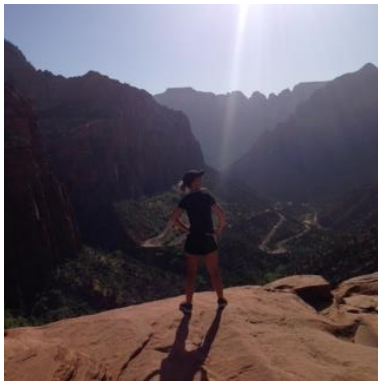
Hydration specialists Bob Evans and Jamie Witter expertly plying their trade at Mercedes Marathon

Utah is spelled E...P...I...C

—by *Vanessa Stroud*

When I look back on what brought me to the start line of the Bryce 100, it was a crazy chain of events set in motion last summer, each tipping the next domino in a fabulously complicated design. Zach Andrews and I had been selected to represent Functional Athletic Rehabilitation & Medicine, a new sports chiropractic clinic headed by Drs. Beau Beard and Sloan Burdick. They had invited us to find a destination race to run sometime this year. With three hefty flight vouchers about to expire on June 30th, I hit the internet in search of an ultra-distance trail race to fit that date. The Bryce 100 just happened to fit the criteria: required air travel, race route was all trail, and it was mid-June. Little did we know what we were in for... just suffice it to say we laughed the entire time, that is except when we were rendered speechless by the landscape around us.

Thursday, June 12th – Dr. Burdick, Zach, and I made it to Vegas where we picked up our rental SUV and headed north toward Utah. It was about 95 degrees and dry as a bone. However, by the time we arrived at Zion National Park and got out for some camera action, the elevation change had brought the temp down to the mid 70's. As we drove, the landscape became more mountainous and more beautiful. Around every bend was something more spectacular. We ended up hiking a short, easy trail before finishing our journey to Panguitch, a one flashing light town neighboring Bryce, the closest we could find a room to the race start. Even though this was just the second edition of the Bryce 100, word had gotten out and the rooms at race headquarters had booked up prior to our early April reservation attempt.



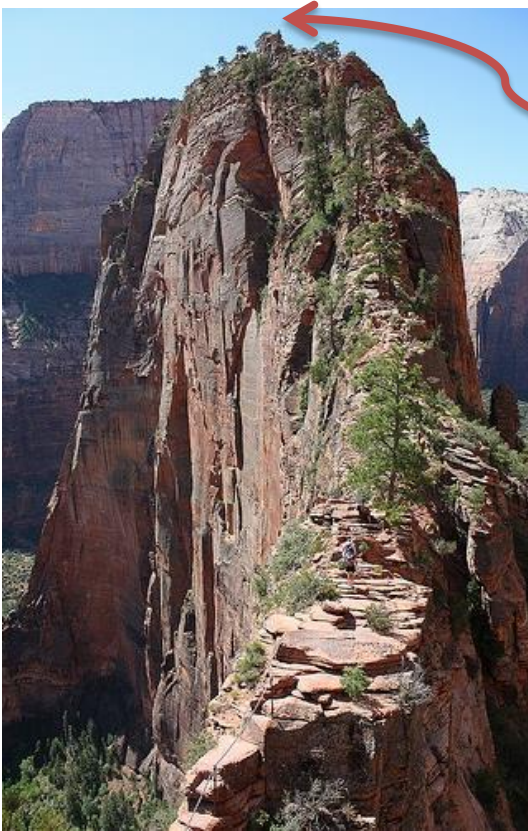
Once settled, we explored our new little hometown and also decided how to spend our day before the race...a 5 mile hike at Zion. Sounds innocent enough, right? Easy pace, easy view, etc. After all, you're supposed to rest up the day before an ultra. Not! We chose to summit Angel's Landing, a 1488' vertical cliff that juts up through the middle of the canyon affording a 360' view from the top. According to the park guide, this hike was a 'strenuous' 4 hour round trip... for 5 miles? Come on – seriously? After hiking an endless incline we finally reached a nice little plateau.



Did I mention Sloan is a former competitive gymnast? *Disclaimer, due to 35 mph winds, the handstand form is not quite perfect, but I give it a 10 any way!*

By the way...I thought this was the top. Well, its' not. Keep reading...

Zach informed me otherwise pointing up into the sky and stating, 'That's the top.' My eyes traveled across our little plateau and up a never ending jagged edge of red rock spine with no discernable trail. Sure enough, I could barely make out a few brave souls inching their way along intermittent sections of galvanized chain bolted into the side of the sheer rock face.



THAT's the top.

Did I mention I have an abnormally heightened (pun intended) fear of heights? Now, roller coasters are ok as they are fast. Ferris wheels, not so much. Can't stand to be hovering in space, bucket seat rocking in the wind. Too much time to ponder all the scenarios, yada, yada, yada.

I motioned for Sloan and Zach to go ahead while I 'collected myself'. Flashback to my Alaska trip when I didn't summit by a measly 50' due to my scaredy cat brain. *Come on, Vanessa. You're about to run another 100 essentially by yourself in a remote mountainous area that could include some pretty perilous climbs with steep drop-offs and you haven't thought twice about that. This will be good practice. Deep breath...aaaand exhale.*

Off I went, jaw set with determination to not wig out as I tried to avoid looking downward. Once I made it to the top and steadied myself against the strong wind, it wasn't so bad after all. The view was spectacular, practically looking down on the birds soaring through the canyon. The other hikers made us nervous as they didn't seem too worried about falling and one guy even went after his hat that had blown off and was dangling on the edge. It only occurred me to as I started back down that the return trip might be more nerve racking than the climb up, but I think I was so pumped that the descent was a breeze. The hike only took us 3.5 hours including 20 minutes at the very top.



View for miles down the canyon.

The descent: manmade and natural switchbacks.



Of ccourse, when we got back to the car, we realized we were about to miss race check in that was set for 5-8 PM at Ruby's Inn in Bryce. We arrived at 7:45 just in time. Thank goodness we had prepped our drop bags that morning and had brought them along. Huge thanks to Jeff Martinez at the Trak Shak for hooking me up with some extra Mercedes Marathon schwag bags. They worked perfectly and were easy to spot amongst the other bags at the aid stations. I've not really had to rely on drop bags before so this was moving into new territory for me. At least it was a 50 mile out and back so fewer bags were required.

We checked in, picked up schwag, and grabbed some last minute items at Ruby's Inn grocery. I found myself snickering at Zach, who was man-crushing on two of his trail elite idols, Hal Koener whose wife was running the 100 and Timothy Olsen whose wife was running the 50. After a quick bite, we settled in for a few hours sleep before the 3:15 alarm...which came all too soon.

I tossed on my gear, ate an apple with peanut butter and swigged some Vitargo S2, lubed from head to toe and hopped in the car. Then I remembered I wanted Sloan to tape my left knee as a precautionary measure since it had been intermittently tweaky the last few weeks. She's a taping magician and it actually stays on for days. I bet she could set a broken leg with KT Tape and then send her runner on to the finish line pain free.

From our hotel in Panguitch, it was a 30 minute drive to Ruby's Inn for the shuttle to Bryce Canyon and the race start. This year, the start had been backed up a couple of miles to a large open area on the other side of a campground which afforded plenty of room to move around. Since we had waited until after 5:30 am to board a shuttle, all the spots by the fire barrels were taken by shivering runners. I noticed a camp stove with a couple of large water pots warming, so I took up residence there. Southwest Utah being at altitude has strange summer weather...75 high, 33 low and dry, dry, dry. Just

before the gun went off, Zach missed his other bottle and realized he had left it in the car. Moments later, his phone buzzed and it was Sloan asking about it. Within mere moments, she appeared with the missing bottle. What awesome crewing...even before the race started!

With the 'go' signal, we began running up the dirt road. No need to start my Garmin. It had bombed off months ago and the couple of other watches I was test driving were either a no go or had not come in yet. No, I just glanced at my \$9.98 purple plastic sports watch from Academy, 6:00 am on the dot. I wouldn't pick up a borrowed Garmin until mile 50 so at least I could keep track of mileage overnight.

It wasn't long before Zach pulled ahead while I held pace with Mrs. Koener and Mrs. Olsen. I confess...I eavesdropped. I was interested to hear about their training, tips their hubs may have imparted, etc. Quite the contrary, their conversation revolved around toddlers, lack of sleep, and etc. Well, they *are* normal everyday folks just like you and me. I would end up hop scotching with them for several miles (several meaning about 20 or so).

After a couple of miles of pretty flat dirt road, we diverted onto single track and meandered into the strangest landscape of red 'dunes'. I put quotes because I wasn't really sand, but red rocks like I would imagine Mars to be. Occasionally there would be a crop of black rocks, where they came from who knows. There was no soil anywhere around that was black. Strange. The foliage was very desert-like as well. The trail plunged down a 1000' onto the Thunder Mountain trail and into the first aid station at mile 10/90.



This next 8 mile section and moving just beyond Proctor Canyon aid station at mile 18/82 was somewhat more like our terrain, but much dustier, almost like talc. I tried to keep 20' or so distance from the runner ahead to give the visible dust time to settle below head height to keep from breathing it in. The first of several major climbs, I found myself already with hands on knees pushing up the steep inclines that seemed to go on for miles. Once through Proctor Canyon, we entered a peaceful aspen glade with a cool breeze. I had only seen this species of tree in photos, so view them in person was a treat, how startlingly beautiful and stoically proud they stood almost as soldiers in dress white uniforms.

This surreal moment interrupted by another climb, this one 1500' over 5 miles into yet another ecosystem. A large gorge, appearing to be more granite like with soaring walls and large trees flanked

one side of the trail. I peered at the bottom, through lots of deadfall to see a 'river' of sandstone wash at the bottom. We had several of these river crossings, and all but one was bone dry, and that one was just rivulets small enough to step over. Evidently, it snows several feet each year and when it melts, torrents of water rush through carrying loose sandstone from higher elevations, which is where we were headed. I noticed many of the downed trees still had rock imbedded in their root systems. It was as if the soil had become water logged with the snow melt and they had been ripped up by powerful flooding. Now I really understood the concept of dangerous flash floods in slot canyons I had read and heard about.

The trails had turned extremely technical and attention to footing was imperative. Earlier I had taken a minor dive just before Proctor Canyon on the flattest, least technical part of the entire course. So like me to make it through the most ridiculously technical parts unscathed and trip on a penny in the parking lot!

Next up was Blubber Creek aid station at mile 27/73. I wasn't sure where the name Blubber Creek originated, but decided if you weren't a blubbering idiot when you arrived there the first time, surely you would be the second go 'round. Again, the eternal climbing. My stomach had been upset since just before Proctor Canyon and was still not feeling sporty, even though I was using the same old stuff: Vitargo S2, EnduraFizz, and Hammer Gels. But as I always say, each runner is a never ending experiment of one. Just about the time you think you have it dialed in, your body throws a curve ball. I decided to nosh on whatever looked appealing at the aid station. This one was a little slice of home; manned by the Wasatch Trail Run club, very similar to our beloved BUTS group (minus the bottle of

Jim Beam and shot glass). They had an enormous spread and volunteers who knew to get your drop bag and take your bottles to fill without even asking. Love those people.



The terrain morphed from heavily wooded to massive overlooks over the next 10 miles. I spotted huge bear tracks one of the wooded hairpin turns. Good thing they weren't fresh! But I had to get a pic all the same.

The stomach began to settle in and at Kanab Creek 35/65 where I filled up with Heed ditching the Vitargo and

EnduraFizz. This also meant I would need to eat more solid calories since Vitargo is 100% long chain malto-dextrin carbs with no sugars. I was ok with that as I had prepped my bags with Tailwind for the return trip, which is new to me and it's full of sugar. My standard diet day in and day out is no refined flour, simple carbs, nor sugar in order to rely on fat stores for energy as much as possible. But everyone I had talked with reviewed Tailwind as the golden elixir of sports drink mixes. This really would be an experiment of one. And yes, I do break the 'no new stuff on race day' rule - often. At this point, I have put myself out there in so many uncomfortable, quaggaed up situations and have read/listened to/studied ultraraunning to the point that I can pretty much with a bit of prayer and



cyphering MacGyver my way out of anything. Having bits and pieces of the proper gear helps: such as a piece of KT Tape and an alcohol wipe, a tiny baggie of Body Glide and/or Boudreaux Butt Paste, safety pin, a bit of duct tape wrapped around a spare battery, a Dramamine, a simple latrine kit (snack baggie, wet wipe and latex glove), etc. Stuff you can carry in your shorts key pocket that can make a huge difference; if not to you then possibly another runner who is experiencing trouble.

Thank goodness the course took a downward slope to Straight Canyon mile 40/60. This is where Sloan would meet us for the first time and I was ready for a familiar face. I came in feeling much better. The FARM logo'd singlet was new and yes, a seam had begun to rub. Body Glide and eventually a piece of KT Tape nixed that, no big. She got me filled/fixed up and off I went again. I'd see her again in 10 miles at Crawford's Pass, the turnaround point. I ran up the dirt road and diverted onto single track having a serious deja vu moment. It looked almost just like miles 2-4 of Western States where the trail ascends through a splendid meadow of wildflowers.

Estimates were that I'd see the front runners on their way back at my mile 32 or so. Finally about mile 42 I saw the first guy. He was looking very Anton Krupicka/Timmy Olsen like gliding along that meadow – tall, lanky, shirtless and tan with scraggly long hair flowing in the wind. I began cheering him on from afar and as we passed he smiled and muttered that he was hurting something awful. I got to thinking about it. Since he was less than 20 miles ahead of me, this course must really be a dog. It served as a warning for what lay ahead. The elevation chart does look like an EKG.

Again, an aspen forest cut through the landscape and again I admired their beauty. But this wasn't to last. Soon I was back on an ATV double track trail so technical with loose sandstone rocks that each unstable step had to be calculated. Talk about a core workout. This was the infamous climb to Pink Cliffs 45/55. Oh the climb. The trail narrowed and became dusty brown single track heading straight up the side of the ridge for about half a mile.

But wow the view from the top. God's country it is. That's Zion National Park in the background and the cliff edge right behind me is a 1500' sheer drop off. I would run by this again after dark. Yikes.



On the way to Crawford's Pass (50 mile turn around) at about my mile 48, I met up with Zach who was at his mile 52 and looking great. I didn't find out this was his first 100 until a few days before coming out. He's such a zen trail-myster that I knew he'd boss this course. About this time a lady came through and asked if we had heard the baby bear to the left of the trail. Nope, but 'baby' means 'mamma' is close by so see ya, gotta run! This assisted me in making up time moreso than the downward slope did and this section went by really fast. I crossed over another of those sandstone rubble rivers at the base of the cliffs where they originate and it was eerily magnificent with the low western sun setting the cliff face ablaze with hot color. Once out of the immediate canyon, the trail became another wide atv double track rocky road that descended for miles. I flew past oncoming 100 milers who had just started the arduous journey back all the while keeping in mind that I would be climbing this mess in just a bit.



At the turnaround, it was fun to see the 50 milers finish and collapse in relief. Sloan was ready with my bag laid out to quickly get me in and out. I grabbed some eats, filled up on Tailwind, donned my



headlamp, re-lubed, applied some KT Tape to another spot for added support and was off again. Back up the hill, I tried to keep good posture and keep a reasonable stride length as to not over work the legs. Thank you thousands of P90X lunges. I waited as long as possible to switch on my lights, both a headlamp and one around my waist (thanks fellow BUTS ladies for that fabulous idea!). I knew the trail leveled out about a half mile before Pink Cliffs aid station and was happy to see it with its welcoming bon fire glow. A word or two about aid station bon fires...stay back. No, your running gear is not necessarily highly flammable. It's much worse. Don't get suckered in to warming up much less taking a seat and accepting a cozy wrap. Avoid it like the plague! I've seen many a runner DNF fireside. And the further you get into the night to more appealing they become. Runner beware.

I paused again by the now black abyss that is the Pink Cliffs canyon, seeing the stars coming out, combined with the deafening silence of this place...surreal. Time to tackle this extreme downhill without burning through the quads. Back down again, blowing through miles, hopping from side to side, choosing the most stable line with the least foot bruising rocks, quite happy in my safe little bubble of headlamp light.

Suddenly, I came upon the aspen forest and was completely intrigued by my surroundings. Their bark, previously white in afternoon sun, had transformed into shimmering silver under the full moon's light. I slowed my pace a tad to drink in the splendor and prolong the perception of running through a real Ansell Adams engraving. What was so colorful just a few hours ago, was now black, white, and infinite greys. Truth be known, I was a bit relieved when it gave way to the open meadow with its wide view of the sky. I believe I had been holding my breath; at first due to the beauty, but then turning to the feeling of tightness. The meadow also meant Straight Canyon aid station was a mile or so ahead.

As I gathered more food and filled up, I suggested Sloan get some sleep before volunteering a few hours at Thunder Mountain 10/90 where she would then start pacing. I also asked her to extend our rental car reservation another day as I couldn't see us getting to Las Vegas at 10 am Monday morning. It was going to be one loooong night. As I was leaving, quite satisfied with my time thus far, I put in one ear bud and adjusted the volume down to the white noise level so I could still hear what's going on around me. Yes, I know it's a trail so I don't have to worry about cars, but it's good to hear approaching runners and the echo of an upcoming aid station. Besides, there was yet another big climb up to Kanab Creek 35/65 just ahead and I needed to crank it out.

The next section was more or less short rolling technical single track to Blubber Creek. Now the overlooks were not as scenic and the wooded areas were downright creepy. I had caught up to a runner and her pacer and asked to stick with them for a bit, but their pace was slower than I preferred. I've run plenty of trails at night, but mostly with others so I wasn't just relishing the idea of running all this mileage solo. After a few minutes of plodding along, I decided to move on ahead at my own pace. I continued to run well, feeling as if I was gaining some ground. I might be able to pull off a sub-30 on this course. And thus the math began. It keeps the mind occupied like working one big Sudoku puzzle. I was cruising along enjoying my tunes – a new playlist revamp for Mother's Day compliments of the fam. Huge deadfall trees littered the area like giant pickup sticks. The forest service and volunteers had spent hours cutting the path thru downed trees. Even with cloud cover, the full moon was strong enough to cast weird shadows in and out of the branches. Then I heard something...off to my left...between me and the cliff's edge. I slowed a bit and tugged at the ear bud. There it was again...a low, long guttural growl. And the smell...ammonia...like the world's largest litter box. I swung my headlamp around being careful not to trip as I picked up my pace. No green, glowing eyes (thank you Jesus), but *it was somewhere* in those trees. *God, I know you created both me and what must be a mountain lion. And if it's my time to go, well, only you know the number of my days. I'd prefer it, though, that you'd protect me and just allow me move on down this trail without incident.* About this time, I spotted a headlamp half a mile up the hill. I had made a game of picking runners off all night as I tend to get stronger when the sun goes down. However I made up this particular distance in no time flat.

Just as I catch this guy, boom. He collapses on the side of the trail retching up his toenails. Of course I stop. Heck at this point, I believe I can outrun this dude if the cat catches up. Just kidding! I offered a ginger chew to which he replies he just threw one up. (again retching – I dialed into my 'mom has a stomach of iron' persona) How about a Dramamine? He's not ever taken one but it can't get any worse. (more retching) I asked if I could walk him into the next aid station and he declined. (more retching)

Me: No, I really don't mind. (Not mentioning the cat)

Him: No, you were going at a good pace. Don't sacrifice your race for me. (finally struggling to get up)

Me: Truly, it's ok. (Seriously, it's not like I'm in first or even top ten at the moment. And hey, cat.)

Another runner approached and took up the cause, so I slipped on down the way. Blubber Creek 27/73 was $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. Post-race, Zach mentioned actually seeing a mountain cat and when I inquired where, his answer made the hair on my neck stand up. Read his account of it: fictionrunning.blogspot.com

Knowing the next stop at Proctor Canyon 18/82 was about 9 miles; I loaded up and took some food with me. It was going to be a long perilous descent on extremely technical trail. Night running usually slows one down, but I wasn't interested in going slow. You have to take it when the trail gives it to you. I was feeling fabulous and was going to take full advantage of it for as long as it would last. I know this pace doesn't seem fast to most road runners, but I was clocking 10:30's coming off that

ridge. At times it was as if I was floating above the obstacles. It's hard to believe I didn't bust it wide open multiple times. I hit the bottom of the canyon right about sunrise and the woods again opened up to meadow. Up ahead came this strange long echoing sound, similar to a Swiss alphorn. Then from behind my right shoulder a shorter blast. What in the world? Then it dawned on me...elk. I slowed to see if I could spot one for a photo op, but evidently they were back in the trees at both ends of the canyon sounding the wakeup call. They carried on for a good 15 minutes. Again, a surreal moment I'll never forget.

When I pulled into the aid station, Hall Koener was filling his wife's bottles as she sat by the fire (Seriously? He *actually* let her do that.) Well, she hopped up and scurried out right quick with me on her heels. As we began yet another climb, I was overcome with a sense of dizziness. Having never experienced this on a run, I popped a ginger chew thinking it would cure-all. In a few moments I was back climbing again, but where had my stamina gone? It was like someone had ripped the rug out from under me. There was no slow spiral where you can catch it and reverse course. Just BAM!, out of nowhere. Ugh. This is what happens when you run off of sugar – a crash. Gel time. Eventually the climb ended and my pace picked up again, but now I was feeling hot spots on my feet. I wasn't really worried as I never get blisters to speak of. But as the earth moved under my feet, little needles were working their sadistic evil, on my left foot especially. First the big toe, then the inside of the one next to it, then the pinkie toe, then the inside of the heel. Good grief. Around mile 88, I was hopping across a wide drainage gully and upon landing felt the big toe blister pop and drain. (Gross I know, but I include these details as readers may be researching the race or desiring to run their first 100. This is how I learned and I'd be remiss not to impart something that may help an aspiring runner.) The next half mile was pretty painful until it settled in and went numb.

It's funny the things you remember. About mile 11 I had crossed a small creek using a fallen log about 5" in diameter with little stubbies all over it where branches had broken off. It took a bit a skill the first time I traversed it. Now I wondered at mile 89 if I'd have wet feet during this race after all. I managed to focus and make it across. Thank you Dr. Beau for all the balance/strengthening exercises!

In a few minutes I pulled into Thunder Mountain 10/90 to pick up Sloan for our 10 mile jaunt to the finish. She was set to go having sent the car back to the finish so Zach could clean up as he was about 1 ½ hours ahead of me. I informed her that I was going to fill up, grab some food, and a small bandage just in case. She looked quizzically at me. Blisters, but I'm not taking off my shoes unless it gets absolutely unbearable. Unfortunately, it hurt a good bit to run and since I'd miss the 30 hour mark I'm just going to cruise it on in. With a 36 hour cut off, there's plenty of time. Besides, there's just one 'somewhat big' climb in this section. And it doesn't scratch the surface of the other climbs.

It wasn't long before that climb began. It's funny how perception gets warped over hours and miles. I didn't realize that 'somewhat big climb' was 1000' in 3 miles and that most of this last 10 was in full sun. I kept saying "At the top of this, it starts heading down and will flatten out." After about the third one of those and seeing yet another section of trail on the opposite ridge going up and up and up some more, I began saying "Jesus, please let it go down." I ran a bit of the downs even though it wasn't

comfortable. I also mentioned that there was an unmanned aid station two miles from the finish. Sloan thought she had heard that they took it down since it was out of water. I held onto my idea that it was there as a marker of progress through this long, slow red desert of never ending rises.



At the top of some of the rises, I began to take a bit of a break, just leaning over from the waist and stretching. After being on one's feet and moving forward for this long, it just feels great to stop and stretch. For Sloan's sake, I tried not to linger too long and I believe in keeping it moving. At one point, she rubbed my sweaty, filthy back and said I was doing well. I glanced over and with a halfhearted grin said she didn't have to cheerlead, I'd make it to the finish. She responded that there weren't any empty Budweiser boxes on this course, to which I snickered. She was referring to Charles McCalley, the closing pacer in my first 100, Pinhoti 2012. He was making up cheers and goobing around. Spotting the box, he had yelled out, "That empty Budweiser box thinks you're awesome!" I still crack up when I think about it and she had perfect timing in reminding me of that good memory.

I've never hallucinated in a race, but this section was bordering on insane. To stave off anymore wonky spells, calories and hydration were being monitored closely. I must say, it was a relief when Sloan pointed out that a piece of dried out stump up ahead almost looked like a runner hunched over. We began a game of creating shapes of animals and such almost like cloud watching with kids. We finally made it to the spot with the trailside hoodoos where I took her picture. It might be the only place we'll be able to get this close to one of these cool formations. I wasn't too much further and the trail goes into the woods and onto the dirt road...or so I thought. Several bikers mentioned we were close and just a few miles out. But they're all just innocent, well-meaning liars, much like my own betraying mind. It's easy to see how people go crazy in the desert. I had conveniently forgotten there were two sets of hoodoo's about a mile or so apart. The first time I passed them was on fresh legs and the landscape was just so foreign.

Finally I see the blue coolers up ahead, yes! Two more miles...of flat, boring open dirt road. At least it wasn't a climb. About a mile out we could see the finish line, the parked cars sparkling in the harsh sun's rays. I continued to walk as briskly as possible just picturing how bad my feet were going to look when I took off my shoes and socks. Having not seen my feet in over 30 hours since I don't change shoes and socks mid-race, and with no water crossings to wash them out, I could only imagine.

Runner approaching. Wait...approaching. Heeeeeyyyy. Isn't that Timothy Olsen jogging towards us?

Him: Great job! Congratulations!

Me: Thanks man.

Seriously? “Thanks man”? Now why in the world didn’t I stop and get a picture with that dude? How cool would that have been? Instead I cruised it on in, finished with my traditional heel click and asked for my bling...which was at Ruby’s Inn. Hmmph. That’s the only thing I didn’t care for is no bling at the finish line. As I slipped off my shoes, Sloan called Zach who had been driving around trying to figure out how to get to the motel. At first I thought my socks were covered in blood, but it was just red dust. I dumped clots of dirt from my shoes and peeled off my socks to reveal caked up dirt everywhere. I somehow wiped them down and to my relief found no real issues with the exception of that one left big toe. Meh. It’ll heal up in no time.

Zach fetched us to pick up my buckle and a pizza then head back to the house. We were a stinky, filthy wad of humanity who’s only desire was a hot shower and a soft bed. Sloan slipped her key card in the door. Denied. What? Again, denied. She went to get someone to let us in. A motel employee came back and said the maids couldn’t get in yesterday. (And you didn’t fix the issue then?) She ended up taking the screen off the window and prying it open with her fingertips. (OOOOOk. And we’ve been sleeping and leaving our belongings unsecured this whole time? Panguitch is small and heck, they have a Quilt Walk Festival going on. Guess it’s the west’s version of Mayberry.) I could already tell none of our arms would reach the door handle so I threw up and leg and climbed through. Open sesame y’all. We had just finished showering and laid down for a nap when ‘Beauregard’ and his sidekick ‘Martha’ knocked on the door wanting to repair said lock. There’s no time like the present so have at it man. He proceeded to cuss and rant and stab at the thing for 15 minutes before he left and came back with a new lockset. I guess you get what you pay for.

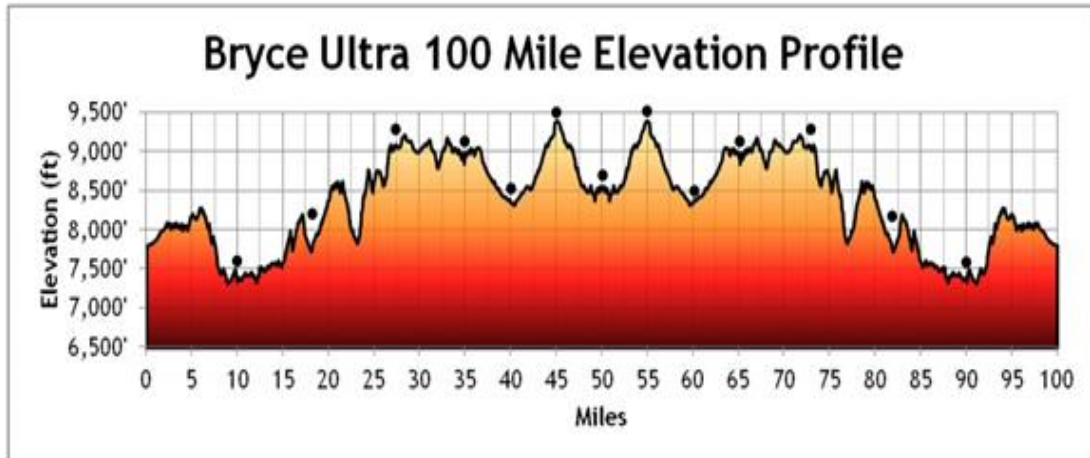
Next day we washed race clothes so as to not offend every fellow traveler in the Las Vegas airport let alone those cooped up with us on the plane. The stop in Zion City was nice as we shopped in the little artsy district. It seems we made it to Las Vegas in record time with several hours to walk up and down the strip. Unfortunately we didn’t get to ride the roller coaster at New York New York casino due to high winds. However we did find ourselves eating at an establishment that we had spotted coming in that had a patio overlooking the strip. Twin Peaks. Perfect for our weekend theme, we thought. So we head over there and step inside to be greeted by a 20 something in Eskimo boots, shorty shorts, a plunging neckline cropped flannel top swinging a hoola hoop. OOOOooohhhh... We get it now...Hooter’s meets Northern Exposure. How funny. We ate there on the patio anyway...we were very hungry...and we had a buy one get one free coupon on the beer. What’s not to like?

First, I thank God for the blessing of seeing His creation up close and personal and protecting me through this adventure. Second, my sincere appreciation goes to Drs. Beau Beard and Sloan Burdick for selecting me as an athlete ambassador for The FARM. Thank you for keeping me aligned, expanding my repertoire of strengthening, and helping me develop more optimal breathing so I can perform better and enjoy these crazy races even more. Sloan was a top notch crew/pacer and I appreciate her dedication to our race success. Thrid, I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of this epic weekend. It was a privilege to see Zach smoke through his first 100 and an incredibly tough one at that.

169 starters/ 89 finishers

Zach Andrews 29:10:45 24th

Vanessa Stroud 30:50:14 47th



Chirofarm.com

(Photos compliments of Zach and Sloan. Bryce elevation chart found on UltraAdventures.com.)

SEND US YOUR PICTURES WITH YOUR BTC APPAREL



In Panamá... Reverend Rhett Thompson who grew up in MB at Canterbury and whose brother in law is Andy Wolfe at Trinity UMC.. Has been serving down there for 28 years... They have started some great soccer prgrams for the kids in very rural panamá!



Chris "Miler" Colpack at the Mackland Avenue mile in St. Louis

SEND US YOUR PICTURES WITH YOUR BTC APPAREL



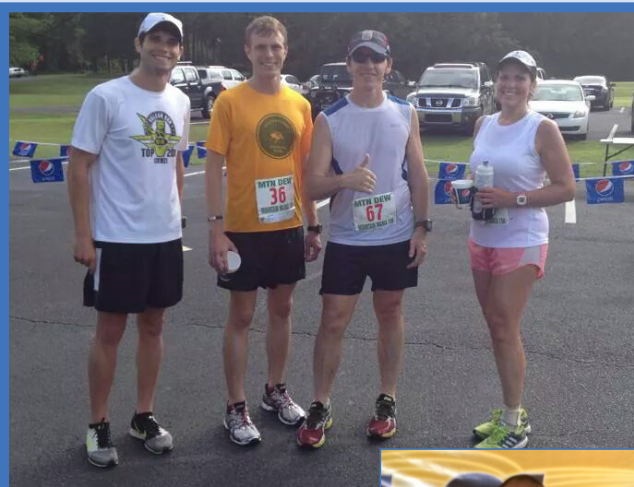
Jamie Trimble "finished on the 50" at the Soldier Field 10 Mile in Chicago on May 24th



Becca Fite, little mini Fite on the way, Kelly Atkins, Tanya Sylvan (BTC FInish Line Coordinator) and Justin Kaplan.



Cynthia Lackey



Jabe McCoy at the Mountain Mania 15k

Michael Marquardt and Tracy Pool with 2014 Boston Marathon champion Meb Keflezighi



SEND US YOUR PICTURES WITH YOUR BTC APPAREL



*Kate Pearce, Charlie Brown and
his daughter Lisa Meyer*



*Sean Wright at the Forest of Nisense
Marks Half-Marathon. Aptos, CA*



Tripp Maloy at Barons Rickwood Classi



BTC members at Sammy's Stampede 5km

SEND US YOUR PICTURES WITH YOUR BTC APPAREL

We want to see where you have been running, representing the BTC! Email photos to:

president@birminghamtrackclub.com

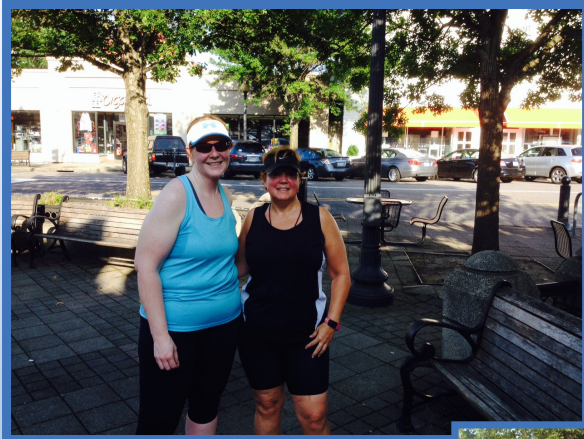


[Facebook.com/BirminghamTrackClub](https://www.facebook.com/BirminghamTrackClub)

Saturday Morning Moderate Runs

Find us on FB or email Natalie
Ferguson at nataliezl@hotmail.com
for more information

JOIN US!



Hotter 'N Hell Trail Race July 26

**Oak Mountain State Park
9 Mile Trail Race
or
18 Mile Trail Race**

**The Cedar Pavilion - 8:00 AM
BTC 10% Discount - Enter "BTC-HNH" at Checkout**



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1200 MILE CLUB

—by Alison Hoover

It is July 1st, and guess what that means? It is Canada Day!! (Sorry to the 10% of you that don't know how Canadian I am). It also means it is almost July 4th, and time to celebrate by running the annual BTC Peavine Falls race - be sure and register ASAP or come on out and volunteer. What better way is there to celebrate your freedom than visiting the beautiful Oak Mountain, Alabama's largest state park!

I can't believe it's already you, July.
Half the year has now passed me by.
A moment ago it was New Year's Day
With fresh resolutions to pave my way.

-Gregory Huyette

The end of June marks the halfway point of 2014 and we are fifty percent to meeting our goal of 1200 miles each. As a club, with 270 participating in the challenge, we have logged 134,000 miles in just 5 months, and the average mileage reported per person is 506 miles, which means most people are right on track and sticking to those January resolutions. Sadly, we have a few injured members who have bowed out of the 2014 challenge due to injury/surgery, and we wish them all the very best and hope that they will be back even stronger next year with physical therapy and cross training.

Keep up the great work everyone, and be sure to log your miles in the self-entry system when you receive the link via email on July 1st.

Ali Hoover

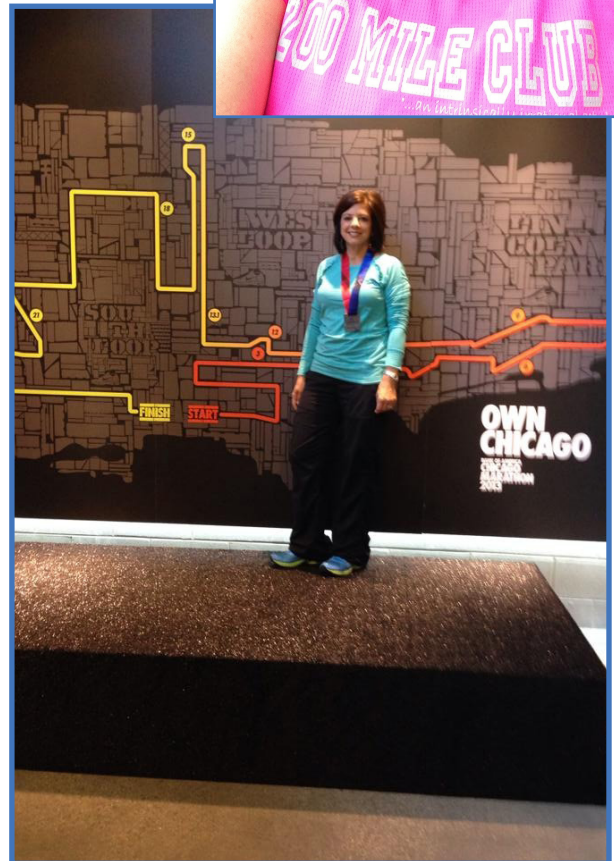
A “REAL” RUNNER

—by Lisa Harrison

I have been a runner for many years, 30 to be exact. My story is not unique but as runners, we ARE all unique even though we enjoy the same sport.

When I started running in college at age 18, it was because I had put on the “freshman 15” and needed a way to get rid of it! My dad was a marathon runner and I had always looked up to him - sometimes as a crazy person logging many miles in the wee hours of the morning - but looked up to him nonetheless! I decided to give running a try and from that first day was hooked! I ran recreationally all through college, even dabbling in cross-country at Spring Hill College my senior year! I ran road races in Mobile and in my hometown of Atlanta, including the Peachtree Road Race for many years. I even placed in some local 5ks! I continued to run after graduation, after getting married, after having my kids...I pushed the first in my single baby jogger and then got a double when my second child was born. He had severe special needs but that didn't stop me from taking him and his sister on my runs. And this continued with my next two children! In fact, I never stopped running for more than a few weeks since that first day! I only stopped at the end of my pregnancies and several weeks after each birth. I had never run more than 7 miles and never raced more than a 10k until I was almost 40 and all of my kids were in school. I started running distances with the Red Nose Run and then one day decided to run a half-marathon. My first one was Mercedes in 2007. After that, I said I would never run a marathon but changed my mind and trained for the 2009 St. Jude Marathon by myself! (until I got into the 16-18 mile range which was when I connected with the BTC). I have since run 3 more marathons and many other races. I am not the fastest runner but yet not the slowest. I enjoy racing but I also just enjoy running for the sake of running. It is my (almost) free therapy and I always look forward to my runs! What is interesting to me is that over the years I have met so many people that run. Some of them are people that have run for a long time, yet have never run races. Some of them started running recently and are now hard-core high mileage runners. Some of them run often yet are afraid to call themselves “runners” because they don't think they run fast enough. It is funny because I have always said, if you run then you are a runner! I will admit that I have felt insecure in the past when talking to some people about my running because I don't have the typical

“runner's body”. But I have learned over the years, that real runners come in all shapes and sizes. Just because you are thin does not mean you will be fast and strong and just because you are larger does not mean that you will be weak and slow! Running is what you make of it and all of our differences make our sport that we love more interesting! That is why we are ALL real runners!



New Membership Database

—by Alan Hargrave

Over the last few weeks, we have worked toward establishing a new membership database to improve your overall club experience. You may be familiar with a company called RunSignUp due to recent races in the area that have used their race registration product. It turns out they also have an excellent product for clubs and the BTC has made the decision to move its membership database to that product. Some of the advantages of the new system include:

- Automatic renewal reminders via e-mail. You will receive e-mail reminders 30 days and 7 days before your membership expires.
- Self-service maintenance of your profile. You can change your address, telephone number and other personal information online.
- Discounts to BTC events. When a discount is offered to BTC members, the system will automatically apply the discount as you register for the event.
- Print your membership card. Your membership card is available online and can be downloaded or printed any time you like.

We are pleased to report that all of our club membership records are now in the new system and we are ready to move forward. All future membership transactions will take place in the new system. This includes both new memberships and renewals. In fact, one of the features of this new system is that you never have to leave the BTC web site to complete your membership transaction.

To fully benefit from the new system, each BTC member has an account on RunSignUp and every member should have received an e-mail prompting you to claim the account. If you did not see that e-mail, check your junk mail folder. We have heard of some instances where it was treated as spam. When you click the link in the e-mail, you can claim your account by taking one of three actions:

Option 1 – Register Your Account

If you have never used RunSignUp before, choose this option to verify your e-mail address and create a password for your new account.

Option 2 – Merge with Existing Account

If you have used RunSignUp before, such as to register for a race, you already have an account in their system but it is not associated with your BTC account. This option allows you to compare the information in your existing account with that in the BTC account and select which is to be used. **IMPORTANT:** Do not select this option for more than one member of the same family using the same e-mail address. Doing so will remove one or more family members from the database.

Option 3 – Add as Secondary User of Existing Account

This option is especially for families where more than one member of the family uses the same e-mail address. Choose option 1 or option 2 to claim the account for the primary member of the family. Choose option 3 for the remaining members of the family that use the same e-mail address.

For family memberships, each member of the family should have received a claim e-mail. Each member of the family should claim their account using the appropriate option detailed above.

Printing Your Membership Card

Here are the steps to print your membership card.

1. Login to RunSignUp (www.runsignup.com).
2. Click on "Profile". On a desktop browser, you'll find this among the links at the top of the page. On a mobile browser, you may have to click the icon to expand the menu to see the Profile link.
3. Click "My Club Memberships" under Account Links.
4. Click on "Membership Card". The page displayed is a PDF file that you can either print or save to your computer. If you have a family membership, cards for the entire family will be displayed on one page.

You may notice while viewing your profile that there is the option to edit your profile. This is the best way to make sure that we have up-to-date information in our membership database. Any time something changes, such as a new address, simply edit your profile and the BTC will have current information for you.

As with any project of this size, there are certainly a few kinks that will need to be worked out but so far things have progressed very well. Thank you to those who have already claimed their accounts and verified their information. We hope that you find this new way of managing our membership database adds even more value to your BTC membership.

BTC MINUTES

June 26, 2014

BTC Meeting 6/25/14

In attendance:

Board: Jennifer Andress, Alex Morrow, Kelly McNair and past-President, Brad Clay

Executive Committee: Olivia Affuso, Alan Hargrave, Kemper Sarrett, Allison Stone, Katie Pezzillo, Katherine Dease

General membership: Randy Lyle, Charles A. Thompson

Last month's minutes were approved.

1. Membership- Alan for Jamie

- a. Olivia Affuso will be assisting Jamie and Kemper with membership
- b. Membership update: 1154 total; 932 memberships;

2. Summer Social Calendar- Katherine

Baron's social is scheduled for July 19; 25 tickets have been purchased to date; A motion for BTC to purchase the remaining 75 tickets – approved. This will allow our members to purchase tickets up until the social, rather than by the deadline of July 7; coke products included in ticket price; Good People is donating a keg– need \$100.00 to pay server; Vulcan Social will be on August 16 – Katherine is working on incentives; What do we want to include and offer? look at the June line item from 2013; park rental - \$615.00; food trucks; coffee; jump castle; possibly offer a group fitness class; motion to approve \$1200.00 budget for Vulcan social – approved. Sponsorships are being pursued.

3. Peavine Falls update- Alex

341 registered to date; on-line registration closes Wednesday, July 2 at noon; packet pick-up is at Alabama Outdoors (AO) on Thursday, July 3, 10am-6pm; race day pick is available; park fee has been waived for all race participants so this should expedite the entrance process; t-shirts will be here on Tuesday – Irish green cotton t-shirt; AO is donating \$1200 towards shirts; \$550 in gift cards towards top 10 male and female finishers; medals will be awarded to top male and female overall, master, grand master and senior grand master; volunteer response has been great but we want to ensure that all volunteers have a role – in other words, we don't need too many volunteers standing around; RRCA state rep, Ron Macksound, will be here; Trish has history of Peavine and history of Vulcan for interesting reads; post-race food: cheese bisquits from Jim n Nicks and ice pops; one bib for all (no separate bibs for individual vs. race series); Dr. Minor will be on-site; need to get med-kit and defibrillator; Side note: AO is the primary sponsor of Xterra trail run series – if we promote on FB, he'll give BTC members 10% off registration; we'll have to create a code for BTC members to use when registering to receive discount.

4. Vulcan Run update- Allison

On-line registration is open; to date: 17 signed up; sponsorships – tabling discussion at this time; Volunteers: Katie and Allison are investigating on-line volunteer websites to use for sign-up (specific time slots and jobs);

T-shirts – work in progress; awards from SSG – look good – still waiting on a quote from them; we'll have both Vulcan and RRCA awards. Prize money for elites has been confirmed; The Redmont Hotel is offering discounted rates for participants and race staff: \$75.00 – elite racers and race staff; \$85.00 for all other race participants; Allison and Trish will determine additional equipment needs; August 16 – informational meeting for Vulcan training will be held at the Vulcan Social; Alex, Danny and Kile - offering training programs at different levels (free to all BTC members); Aug 25 – 10k training begins; Marketing: posters and yard signs coming; Vulcan sub-groups are meeting and will report back to the board; September 15 – deadline for all planning to be finished; execution starts on August 16. Planning is still in the formation of ideas.

5. Software update – Alan

a. Update on transition of membership database to RunSignUp: 30% of our current members have claimed accounts to date. All BTC members should have received an email asking them to claim the new membership database, RunSignUp; if not, check the junk box. We're receiving emails daily of who has joined; family memberships are tricky, especially if the same email addresses are associated with multiple family members and if there are more than 4 family members; renewal notices should be going out; things are working with renewal; BTC members have to claim membership acct in order to take advantage of discounts. Alan likes the ease of this program; for example, one of many nice features is the ability to print mailing labels, as well as membership cards for the entire family.

All races and Triple Crown are set up within Run Sign-up; the BTC website will now connect you directly to run sign-up; Olivia will enter in new member information to our database (forward all requests to her now); Kemper will continue to handle member benefits; Consider having Andrew create a full-page add for the newsletter advertising this transition; will also include on Constant Contact email.

6. Financial update- Jennifer for Russ

Russ and JA met with Marie Cecil – moved over to Quick books on-line. This has been a huge help and it's more transparent. For year to date and comparison to FY2013, refer to the financials sent out by Russ. Question to the group: Are we interested in spending an additional \$50.00 / month with Zeekee Interactive to get mobile enabled? Visit Championship Racing to see an example. 75% people visiting our site are doing so on their mobile device. More and more people will be directed to go to our website. We need to move in this direction but is there a lower fee option? Does the monthly fee include hosting plus support?

7. Triple Crown- Jennifer

Wait a week or two after Peavine to promote. The three races are Talladega, Florence and Magic City. Montgomery half has been moved to the spring. Participants will need to sign up for the race series, as well as individual races; we will not have an organized bus trip to Florence; carpool encouraged.

Addendum to agenda: Dr. Arthur Black passed away this week – Memorial service will be held on Sat. at Vestavia Methodist at 1 pm; Trish will write an article for the newsletter and have a draft to Andrew by Saturday or Sunday. JA suggested putting the rising sun on a singlet or t-shirt for merchandise. ~ 40 shirts.

RUNNING RAMBLINGS

— Compiled by Randy Lyle



Quotes

“If you can fill the unforgiving minute with 60 seconds worth of distance, run, yours is the earth and everything that’s in it, and — which is more — you’ll be a man, my son.”

~ **Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)**, *English short-story writer, poet and novelist*

“Running is a road to self-awareness and reliance—you can push yourself to extremes and learn the harsh reality of your physical and mental limitations or coast quietly down a solitary path watching the earth spin beneath your feet.”

~ **Doris Brown Heritage**, *first woman to run a sub-5:00 mile indoors*

“Out on the roads there is fitness and self-discovery and the persons we were destined to be.”

~ **Dr. George Sheehan (1918-1993)**, *physician and author best known for his writings about running*

“Believe that you can run farther or faster. Believe that you’re young enough, old enough, strong enough, and so on to accomplish everything you want to do. Don’t let worn-out beliefs stop you from moving beyond yourself.”

~ **John Bingham**, *American marathon runner and author nicknamed “The Penguin”*

“I run because long after my footprints fade away, maybe I will have inspired a few to reject the easy path, hit the trails, put one foot in front of the other, and come to the same conclusion I did: I run because it always takes me where I want to go.”

~ **Dean Karnazes**, *American ultramarathon runner and author*

Ramblings

Running in the Heat

Source: <http://www.marathonguide.com/training/coachmindy/heat.cfm>

Summer is upon us and we live in the Deep South. That means we are now running in the Alabama heat and humidity. These two “H” factors create adverse conditions for runners, which can negatively affect performance through overheating and dehydration. Both conditions can be dangerous to runners so I wanted to talk about it this month.

Overheating results from inadequate cooling, meaning that the body cannot keep up with the demands of evaporation of water from your skin. As everyone knows, your body starts to sweat when it heats up internally. Your body sends more blood to the skin where it is cooled by coming into contact with the relatively cooler skin. While running, your body’s demand for oxygen to the muscles means less blood flows to the skin and this causes overheating. As you run faster, more blood is sent to the muscles rather than the skin for cooling or more blood goes to the skin with less going to your screaming muscles, which forces you to slow down.

Dehydration is the process of losing fluids from the body. We do this by sweating when we are active, which results in the loss of water and electrolytes. That is why consuming electrolyte drinks or water is so important.

Since running in the heat can easily result in both overheating and dehydration, you need to take precautions when running in hot conditions. The following is a list of suggestions I found that I thought was worth sharing:

1. It takes approximately two weeks of consistent running in the heat and humidity to acclimate to the warmer conditions.
2. Thirst is not an indicator of dehydration. If you find that you feel thirsty, you are already low on fluids. Indicators of dehydration are

an elevated heart rate during and after your run along with dark golden-colored urine. Continue to drink fluids post-run until your urine is clear.

3. During your run, drink four to eight ounces of water and/or sports drinks every fifteen to twenty minutes.
4. Weigh yourself before and after you run. Drink sixteen ounces of fluids for every pound of weight lost. **IMPORTANT** – Do not use dehydration as a method for weight loss!
5. Apply sunscreen liberally using at least SPF 15 or higher. You will want to make sure to buy the non-drip formula so it will not drip into your eyes.
6. Wear sunglasses that filter UVA and UVB rays and/or wear a cap with a visor.
7. Wear light colored micro-fiber clothing.
8. Run when your shadow is taller than you are and when the sun is not high in the sky. If you run in the morning, you will typically deal with less heat but higher humidity. The air quality is also better in the morning. You should try to avoid running between noon and 3pm, if possible.
9. Eat salty foods and drinks like pretzels and tomato juice.
10. Check the Heat Index Chart (see below) for apparent temperature. This is the number that calculates the air temperature with the relative humidity to determine what the temperature feels like, which is a possible indicator of heat-related illness.

Signs of heat-related illness:

1. Heat Cramps

- Causes: Loss of electrolytes and accumulation of lactic acid in the muscles
- Conditions: Muscle cramps and/or spasms, heavy sweating, normal body temperature
- Treatment: Drink water and sports drink, slow down, massage affected area

2. Heat Exhaustion

- Causes: Intense exercise in hot, humid

conditions and loss of electrolytes

- Conditions: Profuse sweating, possible drop in blood pressure (less than 90 systolic, the top number), normal or slightly elevated body temperature, lightheadedness, nausea, vomiting, decreased coordination, possible fainting
- Treatment: Rest in a cool place, drink water and sports drink, call EMS if blood pressure drops below 90 systolic, avoid activity for at least 24 hours, refrain from running or exercise in the heat for at least one week

3. Heat Stroke – THIS IS A MEDICAL EMERGENCY!

- Causes: Intense exercise in hot, humid conditions, older age, dehydration, obesity, wearing heavy clothing, running in the heat when you have an infection or fever, certain drugs such as amphetamines, diuretics, beta blockers, cardiovascular disease, poor acclimation, high blood pressure
- Conditions: High body temperature (106° or higher), lack of sweating characterized by dry, red skin, altered consciousness
- Treatment: **CALL EMS!** Rest in a cool place, removing clothing to expose skin to air, apply ice packs or cool water to groin, underarms, neck (stop if shivering)

I hope you find this information helpful. It could prevent serious situations from escalating into dangerous situations. We live in Alabama and know it will be hot and humid in the summer and into the fall months. Please make sure to pay attention to your own body as well as take note of those running with you. If you feel like you are experiencing any of these symptoms or see someone that looks like they may be, stop and treat it as a serious matter. We all want to run for many, many years. After all, most of us probably started running to improve our overall health.

| Relative Humidity | AIR TEMPERATURE (F°) | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|----------------------|-----|-----|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|--|
| | 70° | 75° | 80° | 85° | 90° | 95° | 100° | 105° | 110° | 115° | 120° | |
| APPARENT TEMPERATURE (what it feels like) | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 0% | 64° | 69° | 73° | 78° | 83° | 87° | 91° | 95° | 99° | 103° | 107° | |
| 10% | 65° | 70° | 75° | 80° | 85° | 90° | 95° | 100° | 105° | 111° | 116° | |
| 20% | 66° | 72° | 77° | 82° | 87° | 93° | 99° | 105° | 112° | 120° | 130° | |
| 30% | 67° | 73° | 78° | 84° | 90° | 96° | 104° | 113° | 123° | 135° | 148° | |
| 40% | 68° | 74° | 79° | 86° | 93° | 101° | 110° | 123° | 137° | 151° | | |
| 50% | 69° | 75° | 81° | 88° | 96° | 107° | 120° | 135° | 150° | | | |
| 60% | 70° | 76° | 82° | 90° | 100° | 114° | 132° | 149° | | | | |
| 70% | 70° | 77° | 85° | 93° | 106° | 124° | 144° | | | | | |
| 80% | 71° | 78° | 86° | 97° | 113° | 136° | | | | | | |
| 90% | 71° | 79° | 88° | 102° | 122° | | | | | | | |
| 100% | 72° | 80° | 91° | 108° | | | | | | | | |
| Heat Stress Risk with Physical Activity and/or Prolonged Exposure | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 90° - 105° | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Heat cramps or heat exhaustion possible | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 105° - 130° | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Heat cramps or heat exhaustion likely; Heatstroke possible | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 130°+ | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Heatstroke highly likely | | | | | | | | | | | | |



BTC Membership application

Single: ☐ Family: ☐ Renewal: ☐ Gender: ☐

First Name:

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Last Name:

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State:

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Zip:

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Birthdate:

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e-mail:

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Family member

e-mail:

Phone:

Born

Gender:

2. _____/_____/_____/_____/ M F

3. _____/_____/_____/_____/ M F

4. _____/_____/_____/_____/ M F

Waiver: I know that running and volunteering to work in club races are potentially hazardous activities. I should not enter and run in club activities unless I am medically able and properly trained. I agree to abide by any decision of a race official relative to my ability to safely complete the run. I assume all risks associated with running and volunteering to work in club races including, but not limited to, falls, contact with other participants, the effects of the weather, including high heat and/or humidity; knowing these facts, and in consideration of your acceptance of my application for membership, I, for myself and anyone entitled to act on my behalf, waive and release the Road Runners Club of America, The Birmingham Track Club and all sponsors, their representatives and successors from all claims or liabilities of any kind arising out of my participation in these club events even through that liability may arise out of negligence or carelessness on the part of the persons named in this waiver.

Initial:

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|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| | Single | Family | | Single | Family |
| 1 Year | \$24 | \$36 | 2 Year | \$45 | \$65 |

Signature

Date

Mail this signed application and a signed check to:

Birmingham Track Club, P.O.Box 530363, Birmingham, AL 35253