

Claude,

In his classic poem, "Gunga Din", Rudyard Kipling wrote that; "Only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun." It is obvious that Rudyard had never heard of the RFH. Now fast forward this poem 100 years ... There is this cracker named Claude from Lancaster, SC, who places an ad in UltraRunning Magazine saying; "Hey guys! We're having a 50K road race the 3rd week of July in SC. We will guarantee that there will be lots hills, heat, and humidity. Send me \$40 to run." What are the chances that 40+ runners from seven (7) states and a guy from Germany would sign-up to run? It seems that conventional wisdom does not apply to ultrarunning.

As usual, I signed up for the post-race social and had to run the race anyway. At the start, I knew I was going to have a really good day when my two (2) favorite running hotties (Andrea and Eliza) showed up. Both of them were looking equally "MAH-volus", and my imagination was in overdrive. Andrea and I ran together for the first 23+ miles. Our intimate little chat was interrupted @ 15 miles when the guy from MS and Germany caught up with us. The guy from MS said his friend Rainer had just run 600 miles in a multi-day race. That comment registered with me that this guy was a serious runner. When we hit the 16 mile aid station, we picked up another runner who polarized our small group. He was so full of himself and intent on "pontificating" his thoughts on running that everyone was instantly turned off. I was working on my 170th ultra finish, and this weenie was taking a cherry shot on his 1st ultra. Andrea was more polite than I was, but when we hit the long uphill from 17 to 18 she put her foot down and we left him in our rear view mirror. We both felt like the story about Tom Cat who had tried to put the make on a skunk. "We didn't know if we had gotten enough, but we sure did know that we had gotten all of that stuff that we could stand." The guy from MS and Rainer got stuck with BB. This little incident seemed to trip Andrea's aggressive switch and we both set off looking for targets.

At 22 miles we picked-off Brenton, but then we were soon picked-off by Rainer. He obviously had gotten enough of BB and went on a blitz krieg. On the long hill from 22 to 23, Andrea spotted a target in the distance and said; "Tyler". I could tell by the tone of her voice that it was not a; "Oh! Tyler, I want to tear your clothes off and jump your bones." It was more like a; "Tyler, you SOB ... you're a goner!" At this point I can only assume that he must have committed a serious social "faux pas" @ the Grandfather Mountain Marathon 2 weeks ago. Andrea put her foot down and took-off.. I picked-off Tyler @ 24 miles for the 1st time ever. The heat and humidity had rained on his parade.

I did a double take @ 25 miles near the water towers where the old course meets the new course. A runner (Richard Sexton) is getting out of a SUV. It seems this BB rookie turned right onto the old course and ran all the way to Waxhaw. He has to get the "Brain Dead Award" for that little move. He ran 3 miles noticing that the BB mile markers were decreasing before he figured out the FU. I agro'ed the crap out of him until the finish over that little faux pas. He was trying to blame management, and I was hammering him over pilot error.

At 28 miles, I caught Bobby Raiston from GA. What a GREAT young man. He is on a cross-country scholarship @ W GA College. This was his 1st race ever over 10K. He made up his mind he wanted to attempt the impossible. His dad was crewing for him, and he had wrecked when I caught him. He had a "deer in the headlights look". I put on my coach's hat and got him moving again. Richard Sexton caught

us again, and we hammered out the last 3 miles in-step to finish in 05:13 ... a 10 minute pace. I told his dad @ the finish that "Bobby was one of the BIG boys now." They were both off-the-scale over his finish.

At the social, we got a chance to talk to Rainer. It seems that he lives near the town where Andrea grew up in Germany near the Dutch border. I will have to apologize for not remembering the name. My receiver shorts out when 5+ syllable words are spoken. Listening to Rainer, he pronounces the 1st syllable, mumbles the 2nd syllable, repeats the 1st syllable, slurs lots of vowels and consonants and says "drof" of "burg" at the end. The nearest I can tell one is from Mumblesdorf and the other if from Dufusburg.

Normally I do not like to say nice things about the fast guys, but Brian Kistner had an amazing run. His 03:41 was an awesome performance considering the weather conditions. He must have started in a different zip code from the rest of us.

Well, that is the race as I saw it, or that is the race as I think I saw it. Any who, why let facts interfere with a good story. "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!"

See Ya' @ LV in 2 Weeks

BK

FYI ... The last year I was with AT&T, I was responsible for setting up a new JV (Joint Venture) business with Amsterdam Airport Schiphol to build a global airport information network (trademarked) HelloPort.. I spent 15 months in "The Netherlands". I got caught up into all the Dutch spirit, and I decided to stick my my finger into a dike. ... DAMN! She slapped the sh*t out of me!