

DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS

THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RUNNING MAGAZINE



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EDITOR & PUBLISHER - John Robert "Bob" Anderson; EUROPEAN EDITOR - Wilf Richards; CHIEF EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS - Joe Henderson and Hal Higdon

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PHOTOGRAPHERS - Jeff Johnson, Jeff Kroot, Don Wilkinson, Steve Murdock, Rich Clarkson, Walt Westerholm, Bill Herriot

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NAME THIS NEW HIGH SCHOOL
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THE ANSWER: Jock Semple

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THE COVER: JIM RYUN(center) leading in the Big Eight Championship meet which he won.
Photo by Rich Clarkson

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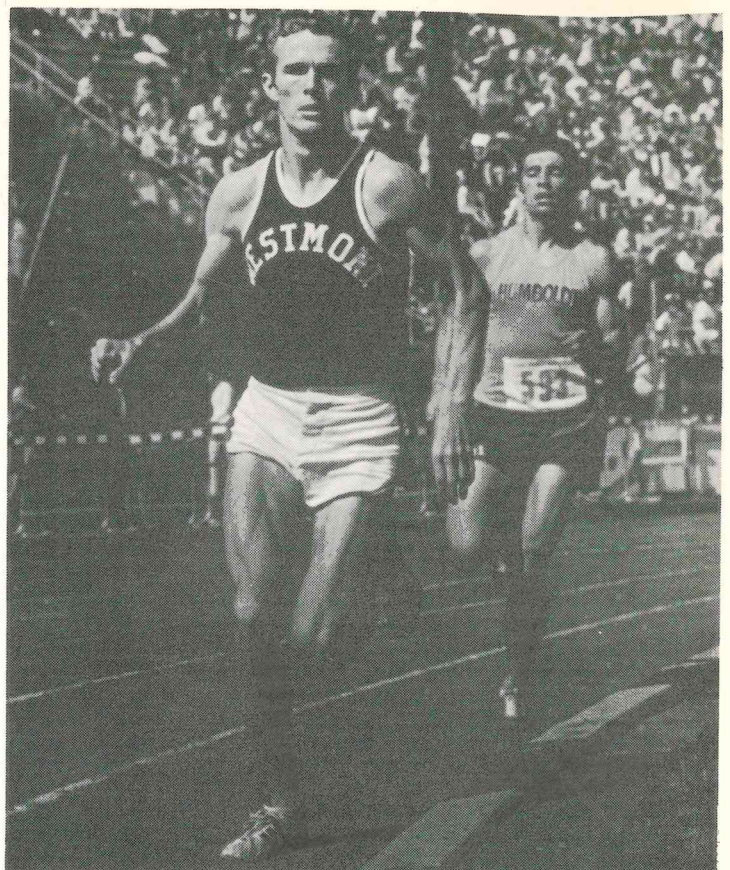
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THE COVER: JIM RYUN(center) leading in the Big Eight Championship meet which he won.
Photo by Rich Clarkson



JOHN KENNEDY(Striders) has been doing some good running so far this season and has 14:07.8 for 5000m already.
Photo by Steve Murdock



DENNIS SAVAGE(Westmont College) is a notable newcomer to the ranks of the nation's milers. He has done 4:02.0 and claimed the NAIA title with 4:06.8. Photo by Steve Murdock

THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Browning Ross' current situation is as wildly improbable as one a victorious commanding general might find himself in if he were suddenly court-martialed for doing his job too well. Ross, more or less the "commanding general" of U.S. long distance running, recently was convicted of professionalism by the same ungrateful A.A.U. officials whose distance program he'd led to one new victory after another.

Some thanks these petty, back-biting little dictators of amateur sport give the man who estimates he's spent \$1000 on the sport during each of his 30 years in it. Much of that has gone into the Long Distance Log, his monthly magazine that's printed with conventional black ink but perpetually operates in the red. When the A.A.U.'s ax fell, Brownie was \$1300 behind on his LDL bills. To say nothing about the thousands--millions, maybe--of unpaid hours he has poured into this non-profit enterprise in the last 12 years, along with his recently acquired duties as National A.A.U. distance chairman, a meet promoter who was put on as many as 50 races a year in the Philadelphia area, a runner of considerable class, and on and on. You get the picture. Ross is probably distance running's chief benefactor, at no little sacrifice to himself and his bank account.

Frank Carver, a runner himself and chairman of the Middle Atlantic A.A.U.'s distance committee, inherits the role of villain. He may not deserve it, but a misguided worship of puritanical amateurism has brought the role to him. Carver uncovered Ross' "crime" and reported him to higher headquarters. Brownie, the

charge went, was "selling track shoes. He is using his association with sports to make money, which is professional." Higher headquarters ruled Ross is a professional, a nice way of saying they consider him a non-athlete. Where dose a 44-year-old professional road runner find races?

Selling Tiger running shoes, sure. Brownie made no effort to conceal this activity. He, in fact, advertised it boldly in his magazine. Made money? If the A.A.U. meant he put a profit in his pocket they don't know Browning Ross. The few dollars earned in Tiger sales went, naturally, right back into LDL's ailing account. Where was the self-righteous A.A.U. when Puma and Adidas shoe money--some pretty large sums, too--was going to Olympic athletes who spent it on themselves? Apparently they aren't an expendable as a 44-year-old road runner.

Outlining his charges against Ross, Carver said, "I think all the money he makes is tied in with athletics. I'd say at least half the income for his family comes from athletics."

Browning's longtime friend, fiery Jock Semple, wrote a masterful defense of Ross that appeared in a Philadelphia paper. In part, he said, "... I remember the birth of the Long Distance Log on the back of examination papers Brownie had left after his school pupils had finished exams. The struggles he had and is still having to give this wonderful magazine to the runners! If something isn't done soon it may go under.

"Getting those shoes to the runners is filling a need and is a help to those who don't know where to get them. The return is so small

I'm sure it doesn't make it worth the risk of sometimes a loss on those not so honest in paying their debts. All in all, these things are so trivial and this so-called keeper of the amateur code is such a hypocrite in keeping this man from running.

"I'll bet I could get hundreds of signatures from long distance runners all over the country (asking for Ross' reinstatement). Doggone it, I think I'll try something like that between now and the A.A.U. convention.

"Perhaps I should also advise Brownie to apply for welfare aid. If half his income comes from athletics, then his family must be in poverty."

On a number of levels, Jack Bachelier is an unusual young man. Most obviously, he's 6-foot 6 5/8-inch tall, which puts him over a foot above the man he considers his prime U.S. rival, Gerry Lindgren, and at least a half-foot above most other world-class runners. His overriding interest, aside from his wife Jeanne and his running around tracks, is entomology--the study of insects. While working toward his Ph.D., he is doing illustrations for a book, How To Know the Hemiptera.

The University of Florida might be a great place for studying entomology, which is why Jack went there, but the location has serious shortcomings as a further developing place for graduate runners. The competition shortage in Florida, for all but undergraduates, is severe. For two years, Bachelier's appearances were limited to arranged "exhibitions" at Florida's meets or any big meet usually thousands of miles away that he could scrounge an invitation to. Invitations were as scarce as hometown meets during most of his stay at Gainesville.

The simple fact that Jack's distance motivation didn't wither and die in this atmosphere but rather helped him hatch first to Olympian in 1968 then to perhaps America's best two- to six-miler in 1969 may be the most unusual aspect of all about Bachelier.

Champion distance runners are those who come up with a classic combination of ability and preparation. Jack had always shown outstanding



At the gun lap of the AAU six-mile run, JUAN MARTINEZ was still in the lead and scared to death, for coming up fast behind him was JACK BACHELER. Bachelier won in 28:12.2 but not by much as Martinez clocked 28:12.6.

Photo by Jeff Johnson

latent ability. He has made his own opportunities to demonstrate what he has made of this talent. The statistics, 8:31 two-mile through 27:30 six-mile, tell that story. Here's what he says about the preparation that brought him down from the 8:57 two-mile level he occupied just two years ago.

"As this past year is the first one where running has gone rather well, the workout information which follows pertains to the fall of 1968 (after Mexico) till the present time. In average number of miles Per Week the months have gone as follows: Nov.--94, Dec.--94, Jan.--107, Feb.--101, Mar.--101, April--126, May--114.

"The general plan for workouts is: A.M.--7 1/2 miles easy warmup before workout. Generally, I will alternate an interval workout with a distance run every other day. This, of course, means even on an interval day there would still be 10 or 11 miles of distance in addition to the interval workout.

"The distance runs are usually from 8 1/2 to 10 miles. Usually, I'll go easy at first and pick up the pace gradually. The 10-mile loop will usually be covered between 57 and 65 minutes. On most distance days, I'll run the 8 1/2-mile loop (both loops on roads) the same as the 10 except I'll run the last two miles or so around 5:00 pace.

"The interval workouts are anywhere from 7 to 13 miles in total distance, but most commonly from 8-10 miles. This distance includes a recovery jog. I try not to walk at all during an interval workout. The distance run vary from sets of 165s to sets of repeat miles. Usually, from four to seven different distances will be run in the workout.

"The aim is toward relaxation on both the distance runs and in interval workouts. Almost all interval workouts are run on grassy fields with only about one workout per week being timed on the track.

"To summarize, workouts are mostly distance-run oriented, with an interval workout every other afternoon. Every morning begins with a 7 1/2-mile easy run. The non-interval afternoon workouts are distance runs of approximately 8 1/2 miles at six-minute mile pace or slightly faster. A three-mile warmup precedes every afternoon workout. The interval workouts usually cover from 8-10 miles. In weeks with no races, the weekly total will vary from 120-140 miles. In weeks with a race (more than half have a race), the total comes to between 95 and 110 miles."

You can't help but feel, far as Bachelier already has come, that he's just beginning his move upward. His standing above the country's distance runners isn't just a 6'6 5/8" height thing anymore.

The Boston marathon is a writer's delight, good for dozens of stories. Actually, the race produces a thousand good stories--nearly one for every runner--but unfortunately most of them never get told. Here, in no particular order, is a tiny sampling of the 1969 race's trivia.

Winner Yoshiaki Unetani, a 24-year-old physical education teacher from Hiroshima, was 10 months old when the first atomic bomb was dropped on that city. He lived 15 miles from ground zero... "The BAA is different from any other marathon I ever have run," Yosh said through an interpreter. "This is my greatest win (only his fourth in 21 marathons). But I will have to go home to find out what it really means... His new shoes wore two blisters (he called them "corns"):

Unetani's Japanese compatriots didn't fare so well. Kazuo Yamashita, a 2:14 man, wound up

38th, while Tadaaki Ueoka, who'd gone 2:13 previously, turned his ankle in the starting madness but limped on to 134th.

Ron Daws, a notoriously slow starter, roared from 13th at 13 miles to fourth place at the end, a position which not only made him the first American and got him his best-ever time at 2:20:23 but also earned him a trip to Korea for a September marathon.

Both Bob Deines and Pat McMahon met with rather serious stitch problems yet managed to finish sixth and eighth... A heavy teaching load forced Amby Burfoot to cut his training mileage from the 115 a week he was carrying last year when he won to just over half that. How many of the 16 men ahead of him were doing as little as 65 miles a week?

Representatives from 38 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and 14 other nations helped make up the 1152-man starting mob. One of the visitors didn't receive much of a welcome. While running along minding his own affairs, Finn Pentti Rummakko was unexpectedly slugged by a spectator. Rummakko got up from his knees and continued on to place 10th. The not-so-innocent bystander was arrested.

At least four women--three of them part of husband-wife running teams--risked the wrath of officials and ran the whole way. Sara Mae Berman crossed the finish line hand-in-hand with husband Larry. They ran about 3:25. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Kuscsik finished too, as did Rev. and Mrs. Howard Fish. Miss Elaine Peterson improved her 1968 time by about an hour with 3:40.

Jim McDonagh became the unquestioned king of over-40 marathoners with his splendid 2:29:07 in 15th place. Other "seniors" upfront include Ted Corbitt in 56th (2:42:07) and Flory Rodd, 77th (2:47:40). Rodd, 45, an airline navigator, has only been running a little over two years...



JIM McDONAGH shown here winning the 1968 Holyoke Marathon is by far the king of the "senior" marathoners as he did 2:29:07 at Boston this year. It must be the beer he drinks or maybe just plain hard work. Photo by Jeff Johnson

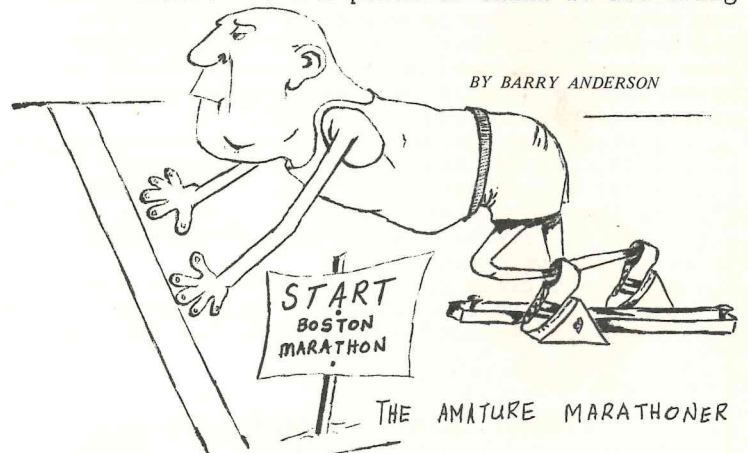
Johnny Kelley and the huge crowd continued their mutual love affair, they cheering him wildly and he responding with a 3:07 race and 186th place. He's 61.

Alfred Ventrillo, who's a year older than Kelley, took about 1½ hours longer to go the 26+ miles. "I did this to inspire blind people, to show what they can do," said Ventrillo, blind himself. He and his seeing eye dog enjoyed an emotional reunion at Prudential Center.

It took 12 buses costing \$60 each to haul runners from downtown Boston to the Hopkinton starting point, and several others carried officials and pressmen back along the route. That's where the entry fee goes.

The Gatorade people provided their "elixir of the sweat set" (as runner Walter Stack calls it) at four stations along the course as well as at the pre-race gathering site and at a welcome finish-line restaurant. All free. They doled out 350 gallons of the yellow-green liquid.

What Boston report would be complete without a few words from Jock Semple, the top sergeant of the huge affair? "For most people connected with the race," he said, "it is all over until next year. But with me it seems to go on like 'Tennyson's Brook'--forever! Phone calls, letters, where did so and so finish, etc., etc.... From the point of view of quality, it was the greatest. Imagine averaging 5:07 over hills. Fantastic! I know some college meets where the two-mile race is run in 9:20 or worse. Even the average runner is improving; 153 finished under three hours. So I'm proud to think we are doing



something for the long distance game. BUT, we must do something to curtail the real slow pokes..." And off he goes into a familiar chorus.

LASP GASPS: The honor of being the country's biggest race doesn't, however, go to Boston. It is the San Francisco Bay-To-Breakers, which admittedly has an advantage since it's only one-third as long. This year's B-B drew something in the neighborhood of 1300 starters.

During his cross-country run (across the United States, that is), Bruce Tulloh got a start that forecasted bad times ahead. Tendon troubles reduced him to walking during the Arizona-New Mexico phase of his journey. Somehow, though, his foot recovered without rest, he made up lost miles and at last report was ambling merrily toward New York City--right on record schedule. The progress of Bob Richards, the self-proclaimed Pied Piper of fitness, is getting bigger play from a press that doesn't seem to realize the physical differences between running and bike riding. Richards peddles between towns, only running in them. And there's a lot more space between towns than in them.

Pete Mundle might have enjoyed company after

being atop over-40 miling for so long, but he probably would have liked a little less of it. The Compton-Coliseum seniors' mile was a sizzle, with Mundle running 4:28.2. He finished fourth! Newly arrived 40-year-olds Bill Gookin and Dave Waco smoked through 4:24.4 and 4:26.6 races, Gookin's last half taking him less than 2:06. And a regular Mundle rival, Bill Fitzgerald, squeezed in ahead of him, too, with 4:28.0.

But before U.S. seniors become too complacent, look at what's happening in Australia. Dave Power, 40 and an internationalist just a few years ago, recently ran 48:19 for 10 miles. That is 10 back-to-back miles in 4:50.

It's dangerous to start questioning things I know nothing about, but until told otherwise the distance of the Palos Verdes marathon course will remain highly questionable in my mind. The May race had some pretty spectacular happenings. On a treacherous course that rises and falls a thousand feet at a time, a high school runner, Check Smead, ran 2:23:04. True, he did beat Bob Deines handily. But sore-footed Deines said he did a lot of slow jogging. Twenty Seniors Track Club members established personal bests. I'd like to admit I'm wrong in this case, since everyone from Smead to 71-year-old Fred Grace, who ran 3:29, deserve times as fast as those announced. Mismeasured courses only cheat and deceive the runners themselves.

In Pete Studwick's case, though, it really doesn't matter if the course deviated a few tenths from its full 26 miles 385 yards. It was his first marathon and he "ran" ("What I really do is a fast walk") 5:45. Studwick was born without feet and he simply bounds along on blunt legs, protected only by rubber "super socks." No artificial feet.



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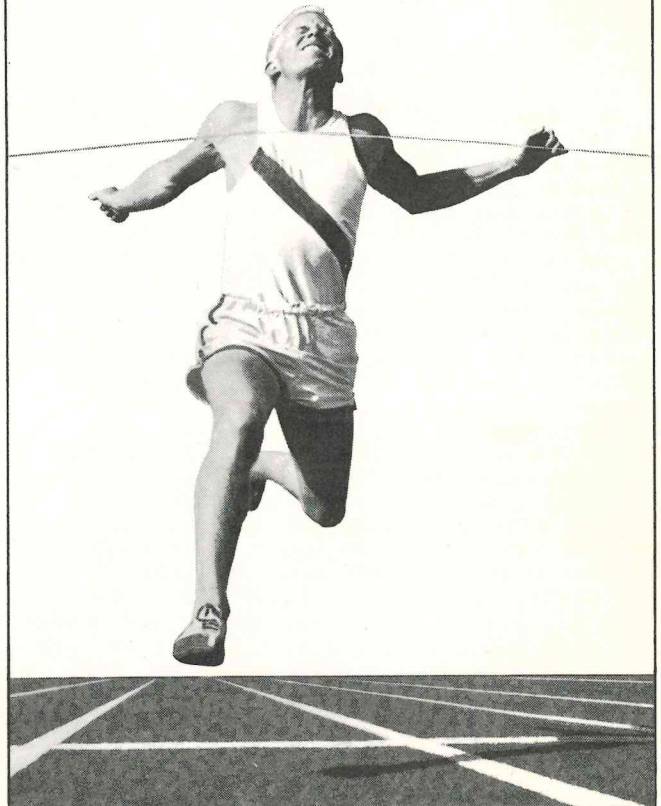
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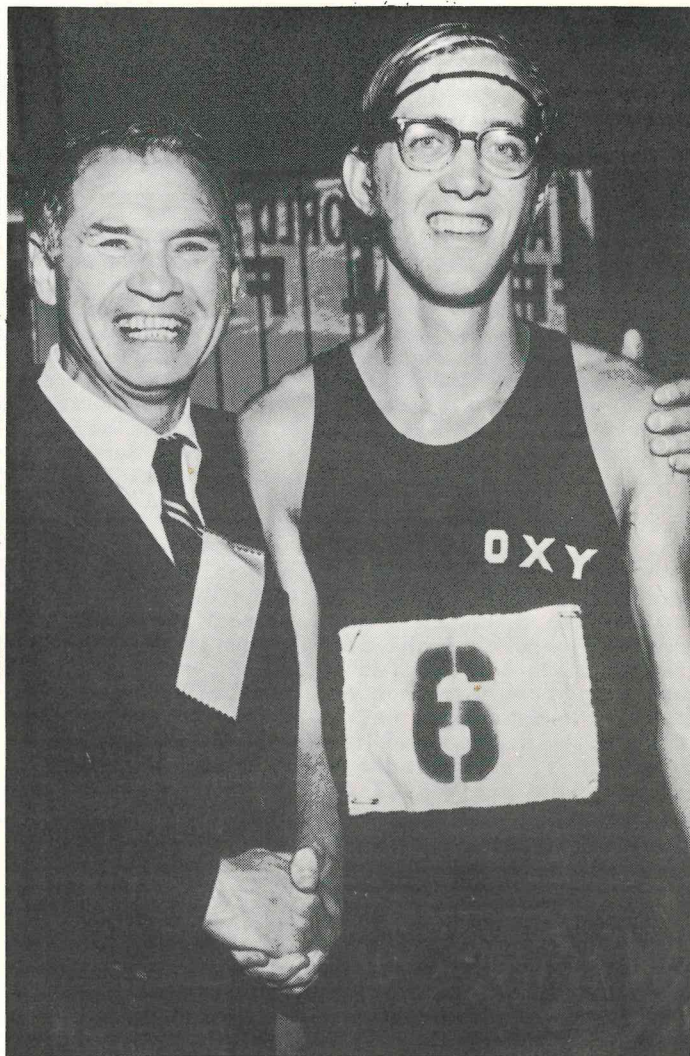
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MEET BOB DEINES

BY TOM STURAK



(Left) BOB DEINES winning the Culver City Olympic qualifying marathon in a fast 2:22:28 for the long course. Photo by Ray Hasegawa. (Above) BOB DEINES (right) won the Las Vegas Sun marathon in 2:22:04 over the long wet course. He is shown here with publisher of the Las Vegas Sun (sponsor for the race), Hank Greenspun.

For fun I ask the silly question: "Why do you run?" Tugging at the comb in the lank blond hair that hangs low on his neck, Bob Deines grins and answers softly: "For the glory and the pain."

It is a week before the Boston Marathon, and we've just come in from dinner after taking a relaxed 15-mile run through the streets surrounding Occidental College. Deines' small room, back of the kitchen in a funky frame house shared with two other students (non-runners), is a shambles. The phone rings, and he takes the call sitting hunched over on his unmade thin-mattressed bed. It's Gene Comroe. I half-listen to the laconic answers about travel plans to Boston, and about the 26-mile workout a group of us had run the Sunday previous with Bruce Tulloh ("I could've stayed with you, but I was getting a little tired at the end...I just feel better when I run slow"). Comroe, an active member of the District LDR Committee, begins to elicit opinions on various matters ("Rather than trophies, maybe useful awards would be better--

like subscriptions or merchandise...")

As they talk on, I peer at a wall plastered with clippings (only a few about Deines), and poke through a clutter of books, papers, odds and ends covering a work table. I turn up a gold National AAU Champion's medal (Hour Run), and a box containing an expensive (and obviously untouched) stopwatch engraved to "Southern California's Outstanding Long Distance Runner of 1968." Some other medal has surrendered its red-white-blue ribbon to a silver Peace symbol. Pushed back into a corner, its face to the wall, stands a forelorn gaudy first-place trophy. Maybe there are others lurking under the bed among the faded and crudely resoled Tiger running shoes....

Deines hangs up the phone and looks at me looking around. "Well, one thing you've learned about me: I don't keep my room neat."

"What do you do with all your trophies?"
"Give them to my parents. They like them. I don't like trophies."

He picks up a copy of Trout Fishing in America (a novel by the hippy author Richard Brautigan). Have I read it? I haven't, and ask what he thinks of it: "I like it."

Bob Deines doesn't talk much, at least not about himself. On the subject of running, he can at times seem indifferent, bemused, even slightly bored; as if the talking of it were more of an effort--and less of a pleasure--than the doing. His slow, careful speech--often tinged with shrewd intelligence or spiced with ironic wit--is almost countryfied or New England Yankee. (But he was born and raised in Los Angeles.) In demeanor he is uniformly gentle, patient, friendly. Possessed of natural poise and unspoiled dignity, nothing seems to ruffle him; he never utters an unkind word. As one of his fiercest competitors has said, "it's hard to see how anyone could not like Deines."

But as anyone who has raced against him knows, there's an animal lurking inside that almost frail appearing 6'1½", 140-lb. frame. In repose, his long, tanned face with its slightly broad nose and heavy-lidded eyes sometimes flashes with the inscrutable passions of a mad monk or revolutionary. A complex and appealing young man, even among his closest friends he remains something of an enigma--a role he himself perhaps privately enjoys. Obviously pleased when I told him I wanted to do this article, his first comment was "if you can get anything out of me"--delivered not as a challenge but rather as a tentative self-appraisal and graceful reception to a novel idea.

A low stereo throb of rock echoes from the front room, where I'd noticed a poster of David Harris (the ex-Stanford student body president and husband of Joan Baez, now in prison for refusing a draft summons).

"What about the draft?"

"I hope to get a deferment. Tomorrow I have an interview with the Glendale school system. Math teachers can usually get deferred. Teachings's the only thing I think I want to do... but I hate being forced into it right now."

"Have you ever thought about going to prison instead?"

"Yes, I've thought about it." (This is no joke. I silently count the blessings of my years.) "I don't want to kill anybody. I hate militarism; and the whole concept of nationalism seems crazy...." He trails off; then after a pause: "But if I'm drafted, I'll probably go, and hope to get into Special Services and run. The worst thing about the draft, what I hate most about it, is that it's forced me to stay in school for four straight years, and now it's forcing me to go into teaching...."

"What would you rather do?"

"Nothing...take a year or two off and read, travel. I wouldn't be in school right now except for the draft. The same is true for many of my friends."

Another evening, after another easy 15-mile workout and a good dinner at the home of Rick Spavins (Deines' best friend and constant running companion), I pump Bob for vital statistics and a history of his running career. His concise answers were often beautifully elegant (that mathematician's mind?), reflecting his general attitude toward competition and training methods.

Robert Dales Deines was born in Los Angeles on June 6, 1947. (The generation gap yawns before me like a chasm: by that date I'd completed my first track season!). Considering his accomplishments and reputation as a marathoner, it's still amazing to realize that he began to run only five years ago. For despite his youth and the brevity of his career, he must

already be considered among the best ever of American marathoners. Since his first race in December 1965, he has started and finished fifteen marathons. In the last dozen (discounting Pikes Peak, which he ran two weeks before the Olympic Trials at Alamosa--for the fun and experience!), he was won four, placed second and third twice each, fourth once, and sixth twice. His ten best times (including Alamosa and two long courses) average out at 2:27:41. But for anyone who comes to know Bob Deines, these remarkable statistics are only incidentally impressive.

Deines first started to train during the summer of 1964, before his senior year at San Marion High School. His sole ambition was to make the cross-country team--which he did, as fifth man. If the 2-mile hadn't been introduced into California high school competition the following spring, he would never have gone out for track. As it was he did well enough, winning his league meet in 10:10. Injuries (picked up in open beach runs) prevented him from going any farther as a scholastic competitor. Bombarded with college athletic scholarship offers he was not.

Entering Occidental in the fall of 1965, he managed to hold down the number five spot on the freshman cross-country team; but again was plagued by late-season injuries. In December, with no premeditation and next to no preparation, he ran his first marathon at Culver City--"because it was only 16 miles farther than the Rose Bowl 10-mile (his first-ever long distance race run the month before, in which he did 60:40), and it sounded like kind of a neat thing to do; like now, 100 miles sounds like a neat thing to do." The result was a painful 63rd place in 3:21:38 (the final 6.2 miles in about 70 minutes) At this time, he was logging maybe 30 mi/wk of strictly interval training on the track--which he continued into the spring, posting times of 2:05, 4:27.9, and 9:40.

In the summer of 1965, Deines met Dennis Kavanaugh, who introduced him to regular daily workouts. (Prior to this, he had not run on weekends and often took rest days.) Then in the fall, Spavins, an eastern bred runner with road racing experience and a Boston Marathon under his belt, came to Occidental. Together the two new friends began to plan for the next Culver City Marathon in December: in addition to their ordinary cross-country workouts, they added a Sunday "long run" of 12-16 miles for a total of about 50 mi/wk. Off this training, Deines finished 12th with a respectable 2:40:58. A month later at Las Vegas, he ran 14th in 2:42:11--and began to think seriously about marathoning. During his sophomore track season, he followed the prescribed interval-work dominated training program, but kept the Sunday long run (i.e., maybe 12 miles at 6 min/mi). Now putting in 50-60/wk, his times improved slightly to 2:01, 4:22, and 9:20.

On his own during the summer of 1967, he increased his weekly total to 90 miles--with daily long runs at about 6:30/mi--and in August scored his first marathon victory over the hilly Palos Verdes course (on a 900 day) in 2:48:16. Convinced that he had found his own best way, that cross-country season he completely and forever abandoned interval training (over the strong objections of his coach) in favor of long, slow runs. Gradually pushing his weekly total up to 100 miles (the transition took about a month)--and easing his basic pace down to 7 min/mi or slower--he won his conference cross-country championships, and later showed striking improvement on the track--1:59.3, 4:16.1, 9:00.4 (school record)--as well as on the road. In April

at Boston he finished sixth in 2:30:13; a month later took first in the Olympic Trials qualifying race at Culver City with 2:22:28 over a long course (corrected time: 2:20:48); and in July won the National Sr. AAU One Hour Championships, covering 11 mi, 1321 yds.

The next month in the Olympic Trials at Alamosa, despite the extreme psychological and physiological pressures, he ran a self-possessed and intelligently paced race moving from 30th at 5 miles to 16th at 15 miles to 9th at 20 miles to come within a fat minute of making the team. (The persistent myth that he finished only a few seconds behind Ron Daws grew out of an error on the mimeographed results issued shortly after the race. The actual respective times were 2:33:14 and 2:32:09.

Since Alamosa, Deines has continued to develop into a remarkably consistent and poised competitor at all distances from 2-mile on up. In February of this year, he scored his most impressive marathon triumph at Las Vegas (see DRN for March)--defeating the likes of Olympians Ismail Ackay, Pat McMahon, and Ron Daws--under adverse conditions over a long course in 2:22:04 (corrected to 2:20:41). Equally good was his repeat sixth-place (second American) performance at Boston in 2:22:49, despite stomach cramps that almost forced him to quit at 16 miles.

Hampered by an arch injury since mid-May, he has nonetheless produced good marks in recent races. For the third straight year, he easily won his conference 2-mile title. Two of his four best track performances this season have come within a week following marathon races: after a 2:29:03 second place at Palos Verdes, he ran a 14:05 3-mile; five days after Boston, a 30:55 10,000 meters. A week prior to a rare poor showing in the NCAA 6-mile (18th in 31:40), he had placed second at the NCAA College Division Championships in 30:40.

At first glance, there seems to be some justification for the criticism that Deines competes too much. Mixing cross-country and track with road racing, he frequently competes twice a week--often on subsequent days (e.g., this past March he won the District 30 kilo championships the day after turning 9:03 on the track). During each of the past four years, he has competed in some 50 or 60 races. Such an output would seem a bane to consistent performance. And yet, "consistent" is virtually Deines' middle name. The secret to his success, I believe, lies in his self-evolved training program.

A typical week's workout is simplicity itself:

Monday through Saturday, a two-hour run at approximately 7:30/mi; Sunday, 20 to 30 miles at the same slow pace. That's it--week in and week out--period. (Deines hasn't missed a day's workout in the past 18 months; though, of course, there have been short-mileage days due to injury or sickness.) If the day is unusually hot or he doesn't feel well, he may cover only 13 miles in the allotted time; if he feels exceptionally well, perhaps 16 or 17. But always the emphasis is on relaxation and pleasure. Deines rejects out of hand the "pain equals gain" theory of training. The day before a race he may run only 12 miles; before an "important race" (a rare phrase in this lexicon), he may taper down over a week. (For example, prior to Boston this year his daily mileages were 15, 13, 15, 12, 11, 8, 4.) Many people simply don't believe him ("he lies") or can't bear to ("he's nuts"). But take it from one who has run a couple hundred miles with him, and has read his meticulously kept training log: it's for real. Once during a workout I got him to admit that "yes" he did do some "sharpening up" work prior to an "important race." I asked what that might consist of. "Oh, I maybe slow my runs down to eight minutes a mile."

Deines is the last to claim that his system would work as well for anyone else. And he's admittedly indebted for ideas to others (he's obviously well-read in Cerutti and Lydiard; and has corresponded, talked, and run with Amby Burfoot, Ed Winrow, et al.). But ultimately, one must give him the credit for exercising the rare ability to observe and analyze for himself the relationship between training and performance, and then to act (rarer still) in his own best interests and according to his own beliefs of what makes running worthwhile.

All the more remarkable is that he achieved this within the generally rigid and authoritarian environment of competitive collegiate athletics. It's no secret that Occidental's coach, Dixon Farmer, considered Deines a "problem athlete." (But what are you to do with a long-haired "LSD" freak who is your best 2-miler and perennial conference champion?). For his own part, Deines is an admitted admirer of the opinions of the infamous (in coaching circles) Jack Scott. But he is most of all his own man and an athlete who has learned to develop his critical reflective capacity and to direct it inward on a human activity that he obviously loves for its indescribable joys of free expression.

Year	Age	Mi/Yr	440	880	1320	Mile	2-Mile	3-Mile	6-Mile	10-Mile	Marathon
1965	18	800+	60.7	2:15.0	3:27.0	4:48.0	10:10	17:30	-	-	-
1966	19	1754	58.5	2:05.0	3:17.0	4:27.9	9:40	14:52	34:26	60:40	3:21:38
1967	20	3612	57.1	2:01.0	3:12.0	4:22.8	9:22.2	14:16	29:55.2	51:36	2:40:58
1968	21	5524	56.6	1:59.3	3:09.2	4:16.1	9:00.4	14:01	29:55	51:12	2:22:28
1969*	22	-	57.9	1:58.8	-	4:19.4	9:03.2	14:05	30:40	49:58	2:22:04

*to 6/22/69

OTHER BEST TIMES: 100 - 12.9; 220 - 27.6; 5000m - 14:29; 10k - 30:55; 7-mile - 35:26; 8-mile - 40:38; 9-mile - 45:34; 11-mile-56:22; One Hour - 11mi. 1321 yds; 15-mile - 80:17; 20k - 64:08; 25k - 1:21:28; 30k - 1:41:10
20-mile - 1:49:43; 25-mile - 2:16:38; Mile walk - 7:29.4.

MARATHONS

Race	Date	Place	Time	Race	Date	Place	Time
Culver City	12-11-65	63	3:21:38	Alamosa	8-18-68	4	2:34:13
Culver City	12-11-66	12	2:40:58	Santa Barbara	9-29-68	3	2:31:40
Las Vegas	1-21-67	14	2:42:11	Palos Verdes	12-8-68	1	2:26:46.2
Palos Verdes	8-19-67	1	2:48:16	Mission Bay	1-11-69	2	2:32:55
Culver City	12-10-67	3	2:25:01	Las Vegas	1-25-69	1	2:22:04++
Boston	4-19-68	6	2:30:13	Boston	4-21-69	6	2:22:49
Culver City	5-12-68	1	2:22:28+	Palos Verdes	5-24-69	3	2:29:03
Pikes Peak	8-4-68	11	5:03:21				(++ long course corrected time 2:20:41)
			(+ long course corrected time 2:20:48)				

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

NCAA MEET — June 20th-21st
AAU MEET — June 28th-29th

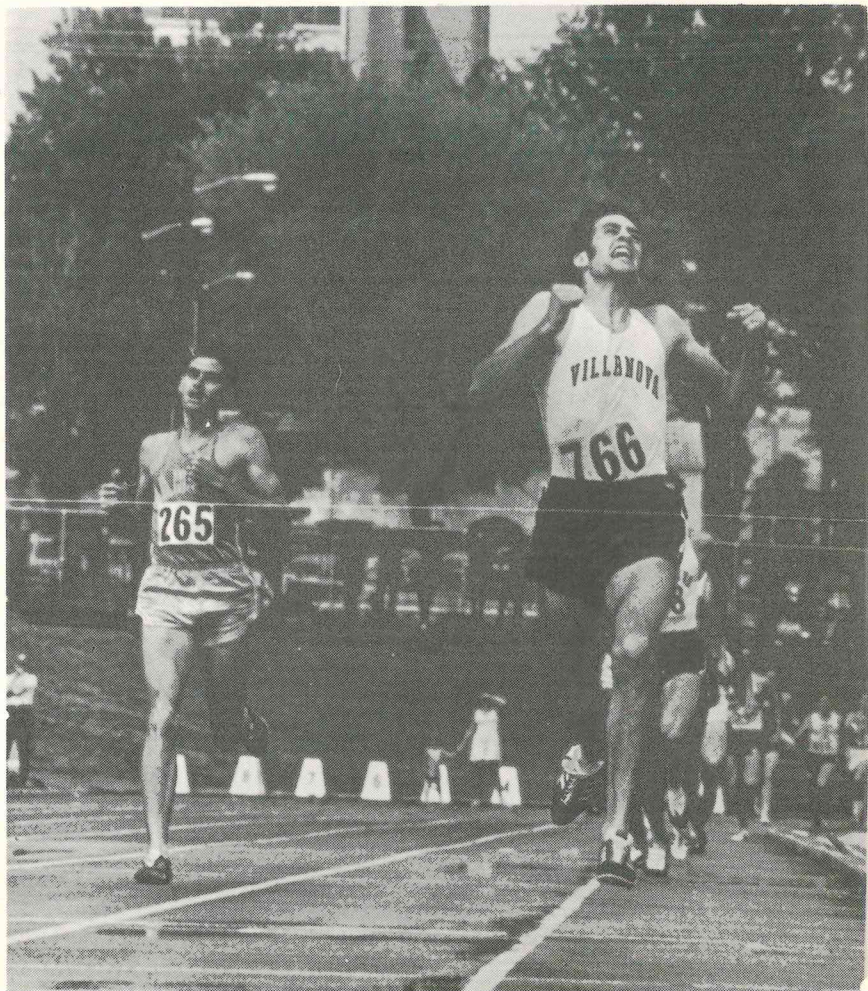


PHOTOS BY JEFF JOHNSON



THE NCAA ONE-MILE RUN FINAL

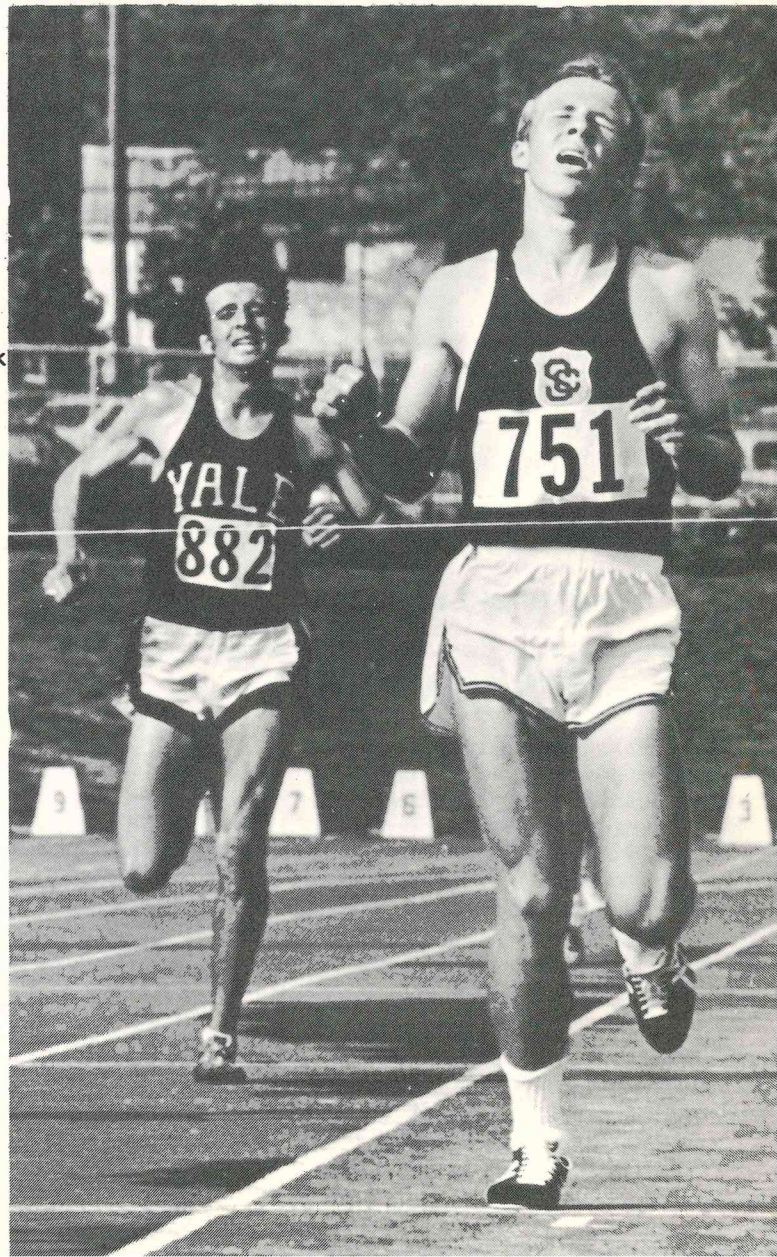
THE NCAA MILE RUN — (Over page) There were three sub-minute milers in the NCAA mile final and after two laps they were all together—(left to right) Marty Liquori, Jim Ryun, Brian Kivlan, Chuck LaBenz and Frank Murphy. (Above) At the gun lap the field was still bunched with Marty Liquori leading and Jim Ryun moving fast on the outside. (Below right) Marty Liquori jumps for joy at beating Jim Ryun with a good 3:57.7 mile. This was Ryun's first mile lose since June 4, 1965. Other times include: 2) Ryun 3:59.3, 3) Frank Murphy 3:59.8 4) Charles Labenz 4:00.5, 5) Howell Michael 4:01.4, 6) Bill Smart 4:02.1. (Below) Marty Liquori and Jim Ryun after race.





THE NCAA THREE-MILE RUN

THE NCAA THREE-MILE RUN — (Above) The start. (Below) With about a mile remaining the top runners were still bunched. The pack included (right to left): Ole Oleson, Pete Moralej, Norm Trerise, Frank Shorter, Art Dulong, and Glenn Ogden. (Below right) At the finish it was Ole Oleson (Southern Calif.) with a fine time of 13:14.9 for the three-mile. As of June 30th this was the best time in the world. Frank Shorter (Yale) was second in 13:34.4.



NCAA SIX-MILE RUN



OTHER HIGHLIGHTS

In the 3000m Steeplechase the winner Jim Barkley, Oregon State, set a new NCAA meet record (old record 8:48.6 by Pat Trayner, Villanova) with a fine time of 8:44.4. Following Barkley and not very far behind included: 2) Savage, Oregon, 8:45.0; 3) Donnelly, Villanova, 8:45.5; 4) Sink, Bowling Green, 8:48.2; 5) Pettigrew, Peperdine, 8:49.7; 6) Pearce, Texas El Paso, 8:53.9.



THE NCAA SIX-MILE RUN—(Above) The day was hot but the runners were ready to go in the NCAA six-mile run—the start. Throughout the race water was sprayed on the runners to help protect them against the hot weather. (Left) The finish and Frank Shorter of Yale wins in 29:00.2. Other finishers included: 2) Rich Riley, Washington State, 29:23.2, 3) Grant Colehour, Eastern Kentucky, 29:25, 4) Art Coolidge, Kent State, 29:25.4, 5) Oscar Moore, Southern Illinois, 29:50.4, 6) Donal Walsh, Villanova, 29:54.8, 7) John Collet, DePaul, 30:10.6, 8) Hector Ortiz, Western Kentucky, 30:20.4.



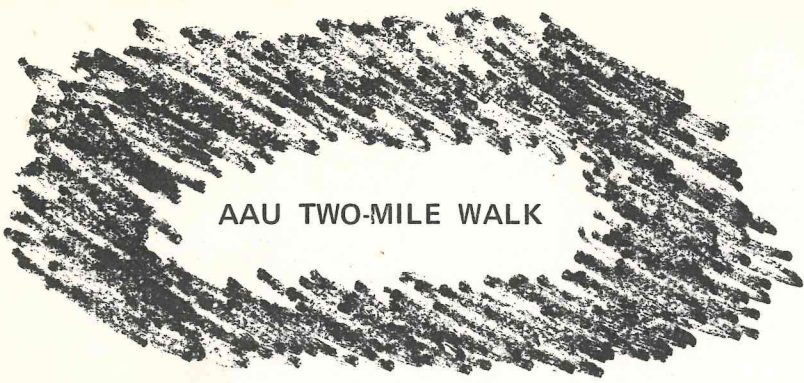
THE AAU 880-YARD RUN — (Above) It's the finish and Felix Johnson (Prairie View A&M) is beaten by Byron Dyce (United Athletic Assn.) 1:46.6 and Juris Luzinis (William and Mary) 1:46.7. Johnson was third in 1:47.0. Other places include: John Perry (U.S. Marines) 1:47.8; 5) Art Sandison (Washington State) 1:47.8; 6) Lowell Paul (Chicago Track Club) 1:47.9. In the preliminaries Felix Johnson equaled the world record of 1:44.9. This performance tied the mark set in 1966 by Jim Ryun of Kansas.



THE AAU 880-YARD RUN THE AAU ONE-MILE RUN

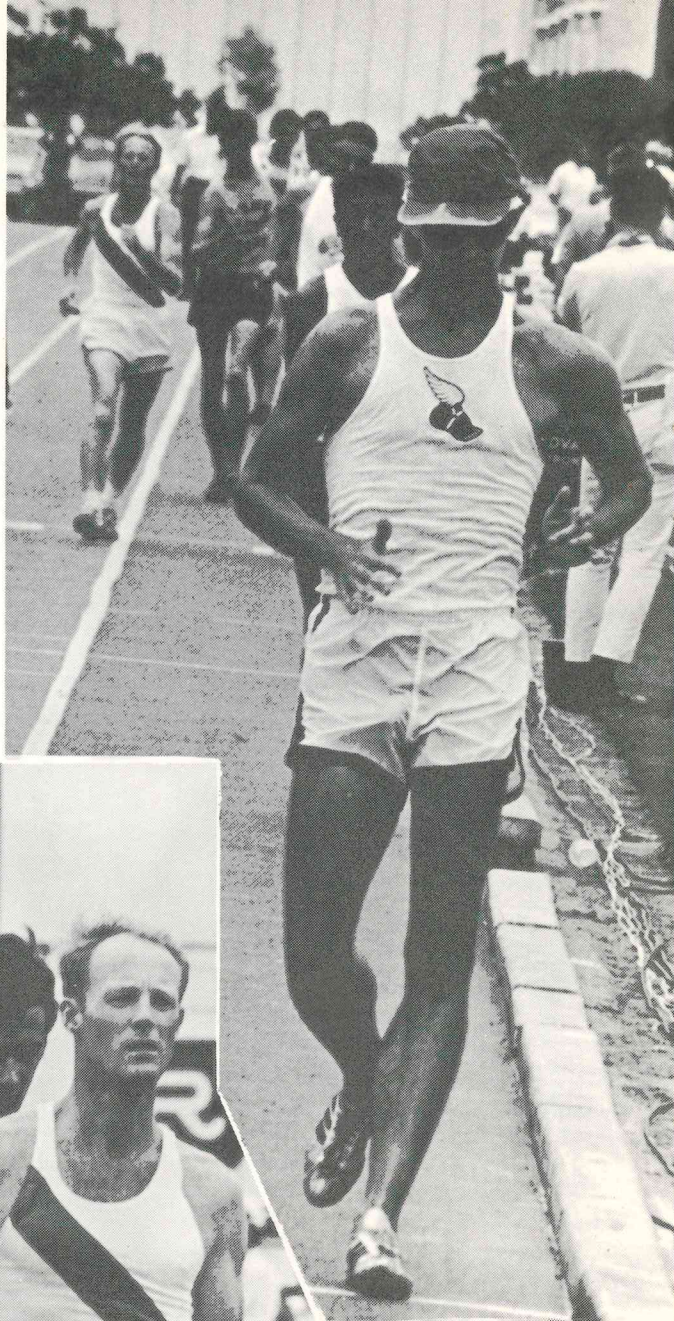
THE AAU MILE RUN — (Left) Marty Liquori wins the mile with another sub-four minute time of 3:59.5. Jim Ryun dropped out of the much-heralded rematch with Villanova's Marty Liquori after 2½ laps of the race. "Staleness," Ryun said. "When you see everyone else starting to pull away and there's no competitive response, it's staleness. "Too much competition. Too much pressure. Too many races."

Other places included: 2) John Mason, Pacific-Coast Cluf, 4:00.0, 3) Sam Bair, unattached, 4:00.2, 4) Bob Day, U.S. Army, 4:00.9, 5) Chuck LaBenz, unattached, 4:01.7, 6) Brian Kivian, Long Island A.C., 4:02.5, 7) Chris Mason, NYAC, 4:04.3, 8) John Lawson, Pacific Coast Club, 4:07.4.



AAU TWO-MILE WALK

THE AAU TWO-MILE WALK — (Below) The start saw ten walkers go out fast. (Right) Ron Laird of the New York Athletic Club on his way to a AAU championship win with a meet record of 13:31.6. Laird held the previous meet record at 13:41.4. Other placers include: 2) Jim Hanley, So. Cal. Striders, 14:13, 3) Steven Hayden, Long Island Athletic Club, 14:21.8, 4) Ron Kulick, NYAC 14:28, 5) Ron Daniel NYAC, 15:05.8.





THE AAU 3000m STEEPLECHASE

THE AAU 3000m STEEPLECHASE — (Right) Bob Price, Athens T.C., and Mike Manely, So. Calif. Striders, show good form in clearing a hurdle during the race. (Below) Mike Manely on his way to a steeplechase win with a very fine 8:36.6 which is one of the best times in the world to date. Other places include: 2) Bob Price, 8:37.3, 3) Barry Brown, NYAC, 8:49., 4) Bill Reilly, U.S. Marines, 8:54.2, 5) Tom Villanveva, Mexico Athletic Assn. 8:54.2, 6) Tom Donnelly, Philadelphia A.C. 8:55.4.



OTHER HIGHLIGHTS

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS — The three-mile run was a close one but Track Smith, So. Cal Striders, came out the winner in a fine time of 13:18.4. Gerry Lindgren, unattached, was second in the exact same time. Other finishers included: 3) Juan Martinez, unattached, Mexico, 13:35.6, 4) Steve Prefontaine, Oregon (new high school two-mile record holder), 13:43. 5) Juan Perez, Mexico, unattached, 13:44.4, 6) J. Jobski, Arizona State 13:47.2.

The six-mile was also a very close one as Jack Bacheller, Florida T.C., beat out Juan Martinez, unattached, 28:12.2 to 28:12.6. Other finishers included: 3) Ken Moore, U.S. Army, 28:46.4, 4) Frank Shorter, Yale A.A., 28:52, 5) Thomas Hoffman, Wisconsin State, 29:00.6, 6) Doug Wiebe, Pacific Coast T.C., 29:45.6.

ON THE RUN

BY HAL HIGDON

Gordon Pirie and Chris Chathaway have stated that had they learned about the sport earlier, they never would have wasted their time with the Olympics.

In Switzerland as many as 5000 competitors have appeared for a single meet.

The United States Marine Corps is embracing the sport as a more logical means of developing physical fitness than ordinary athletics.

The sport is orienteering. It combines map-reading with cross-country running. It's somewhat like road rallying in that the competitor has to pass through a number of controlled checkpoints. Orienteering also might be called a track man's scavenger hunt.

Orienteering hasn't clicked in the United States yet. I would say we're about five years away from seeing an explosion in this sport akin to the current jogging fad. Sooner or later those 300,000 people who bought Bill Bowerman's book are going to discover that there's a form of running that is fun as well as hard work. Eventually a large number of burned out track men (such as myself) will learn that they can continue their winning ways without running increasingly longer distances.

Accompanied by my wife Rose, I stopped off at an orienteering meet in Westchester County, New York this April. I had been hearing Fred Wilt talk about this sport for several years and I was curious to find out what it was all about. The meet was scheduled for 10:00 on a Saturday morning at Ward Pound Ridge Reservation, which was about an hour and a half drive from downtown Manhattan.

At the starting line I met Swedish born Bjorn Kjellstrom. He has an interest in Silva, Inc., which manufactures the compasses used in orienteering. Bjorn sponsors a couple of meets a year, to my knowledge the only orienteering competitions held thus far in the United States. This is unfortunate, since it's one hell of a sport. Much more fun than marathoning with much less work. The Canadians are more active in orienteering, particularly in the area around Guelph.

The day was far from ideal. It rained most of the morning. Nevertheless, 50 or 60 competitors showed up. Very few were what I would call running types. Many looked as though they might be more at home on a ski slope or climbing a mountain. One woman showed up with her girl scout troop. There were a couple of men there in Air Force fatigues. Family groups seemed to predominate.

There were two courses: a 2.5 mile junior course for women, children, and veterans, and a 5 mile senior course. The junior course had six checkpoints, and the senior ten. The meet was organized more for instructional than competitive purposes, so the participants started at odd times, sometimes in groups. Some ran the course; others walked.

Each competitor was given a compass and a contour map of the reservation. He had to examine a master map and then mark the check points on his map. Then he would take a compass reading to the first check point and move off through the woods.

I had planned to attend the meet only as an observer, since I planned to run two days later at Boston. But finally my curiosity overcame me and I decided to take part. (See sports fans,

it's never too late to establish your alibi.) Bjorn showed me how to read the compass, an art that I had neglected since my boy scout days. He accompanied a group of us part way to the first check point.

Orienteering is unlike regular cross-country running in that the check points are hidden in the middle of the woods. There are no easy paths or flags every 50 yards. Once the orienteer establishes his compass reading he can cut through the brush in a direct line toward his goal. Or he may examine his map and decide that he can make faster time following a circuitous route.

In our first try at orienteering, Rose and I decided to follow a path that wound around to behind the check point, then double back up a hill. Find it, we did. Each check point consisted of a red flag to which was attached a card bearing a letter. You wrote down the letter to "prove" that you had found the point. Then you took another compass reading and headed off through the woods again.

We found the second and third points easily, but my Boy Scout training failed me and we had difficulty finding the fourth. But when I did spot it, a thrill of achievement hit me. It was like winning a race, or running a fast time. I could understand why Pirie and Chathaway might consider orienteering more fun than the Olympics. One reason for the decline of ability in Scandinavian track runners apparently is that the men with most ability would rather become orienteers. I can't say I blame them.

It took Rose and I an hour and 29 minutes to cover the 2.5 mile course. That included the time we got lost and time spent simply strolling along enjoying the scenery, which was breath-taking. One of the unfortunate elements of ordinary cross country running is that it is often not cross country. (or at least I don't consider a flat golf course or park much of a challenge.) It would seem that orienteering's appeal is the opportunity it offers to get out in the deep woods.

But I think a more significant appeal of the sport is its blending of a mental discipline with a physical discipline. It certainly helps to be in good physical shape, but the essential element is map-reading not leg speed. A Ron Clarke or a George Young would be lost as an orienteer if he couldn't use a compass. This is true literally as well as figuratively.

Thus if success in orienteering pivots on map-reading skills, the weekend jogger should be able to compete with a reasonable chance of success against our fastest Olympians. This is why I feel orienteering is bound to explode as a sport in the United States within the next five years. It is the logical extension of jogging. It is the logical extension of track and field for aging runners. Certainly orienteering has great possibilities as a family sport.

I would like to see many of the groups who now are promoting Run for your Life programs consider orienteering. I think they would find that they would attract a new group of people, those who are interested in physical fitness, but perhaps aren't turned on by jogging a mile on a track. Anyone who wants to learn more about orienteering can get in touch with Bjorn Kjellstrom (Honey Hollow Road, Pound Ridge, New York -- 10576). A number of races are held each year in Canada, write Alex Peepre (University of Guelph, Guelph, Ontario). I understand there's even an international championships scheduled for East Germany in 1971, but I'm not giving out information on that since I don't want to get beat out for the team.



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MEN'S LOOPS

- STARTS:** 1. Armin Hary, W. Germany ('60 Olympic 100m. champion)
- SPRINTS:** 2. Tommie Smith, USA ('68 Olympic 200m. champion)
3. Jim Hines, USA ('68 Olympic 100m. champion)
4. Charlie Greene, USA-Lennox Miller, Jamaica ('68 bronze & silver medals)
- RELAYS:** 5. Bob Hayes, USA ('64 100m. champion)
- 440: 6. USA 400m. Relay Team ('68 champion)
7. Lee Evans, USA ('68 Oly. champion)
8. Larry James, USA ('68 silver medal)
- MIDDLE & LONG DISTANCES:** 9. Jim Ryun, USA ('68 Olympic 1500m. silver medal, world record holder)
10. Kipchoge Keino, Kenya ('68 Olympic 1500m. champion, 5000m. silver)
11. Ron Clarke, Australia-Mamo Wolde, Ethiopia ('68 Olympic Marathon champion)
12. Peter Snell, New Zealand ('64 Olympic 800m. & 1500m. champion)
- STEEPLE-CHASE:** 13. George Young, USA ('68 Olympic bronze medal, US record holder)
- 120 HIGH HURDLES: 14. Willie Davenport, USA ('68 Olympic champion)
15. Earl McCullough, USA (Co-World record holder)
16. Hayes Jones, USA ('64 Olympic champion)
17. Lee Calhoun, USA ('60 & '56 Olympic champion, co-world record holder)
- 440 INTER-MEDIATE HURDLES: 18. Glenn Davis, USA ('60 & '56 Olympic champion)
19. Geoff Vanderstock, USA (4th, '68 OG)
20. Ron Whitney, USA (6th, '68 Olympics)
- HIGH JUMP:** 21. Dick Fosbury, USA ('68 Olympic champion)
22. Ed Caruthers, USA ('68 silver medal)
23. Valeriy Brumel, USSR ('64 Olympic champion, world record holder)
- LONG JUMP:** 24. Bob Beamon, USA ('68 Olympic champion, world record holder)
25. Ralph Boston, USA ('60 Olympic champion, '64 silver medal, '68 bronze)(NEW)

- POLE VAULT:** 26. Bob Seagren, USA ('68 Olympic champion)
27. John Pennel, USA (5th, '68 Olympics)(NEW)
28. Fred Hansen, USA ('64 Olympic champion)
- TRIPLE JUMP:** 29. Viktor Saneyev, USSR ('68 Olympic champion)
30. Josef Schmidt, Poland ('64 & '60 Olympic champion)(NEW)
31. Art Walker, USA (4th, '68 Olympics, US record holder)
- SHOT PUT:** 32. Randy Matson, USA ('68 Olympic champion, '64 silver medal)(NEW)
33. George Woods, USA ('68 silver medal)
34. Parry O'Brien, USA ('56 & '52 Olympic champion)
- DISCUS:** 35. Al Oerter, USA ('68, '64, '60, and '56 Olympic champion)(NEW)
36. Jay Silvester, USA (5th, '68 Olympics, world record holder)
37. Gary Carlsen, USA (6th, '68 Olympics)
- JAVELIN:** 38. Janis Lusis, USSR ('68 Olympic champion, world record holder)
- HAMMER:** 39. Gyula Zsivotzky, Hungary ('68 Olympic champion, world record holder)(NEW)

WOMEN'S LOOPS

- RELAY:** 40. USSR '68 Olympic 400m. Team (3rd)
- 800M: 41. Madeline Manning, USA ('68 Olympic champion)
- 80M. HURDLES: 42. Maureen Caird, Australia ('68 Olympic champion)
- LONG JUMP:** 43. Viorica Viscoplaneau, Rumania ('68 Olympic champion)
- SHOT PUT:** 44. Margitta Gummel, East Germany ('68 Olympic champion)
- JAVELIN:** 45. Angela Nemeth, Hungary ('68 Olympic champion)
- DISCUS:** 46. Liesel Westermann, West Germany ('68 Olympics, silver medal)



THE PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE

From the World Book Yearbook © 1969
Field Enterprises Educational Corporation

BY HAL HIGDON PHOTOS BY RICH CLARKSON

Jim Ryun emerged from a tunnel and marched solemnly down a ramp into the bright sunshine of the Olympic stadium in Mexico City. He was wearing a red, white, and blue warm-up suit. Within a few minutes he would stand at the starting line, one of twelve finalists in the 1,500-meter run at the 1968 Olympic Games.

Ryun ranked as the favorite in that prestige event, also known as the "metric mile." Four years before, as a 17-year-old high school boy at the Olympics in Tokyo, he had run last in his semifinal heat of this event. Now, more mature and a junior at the University of Kansas, Jim Ryun was the holder of the world's record for 1,500-meters (3 minutes 33.1 seconds) as well as the mile (3 minutes 51.1 seconds). He had not lost a race at either distance in three years, and during the previous summer he had defeated his two top rivals--Kipchoge Keino of Kenya and Bodo Tummler of West Germany.

As 80,000 spectators stirred on this Sunday afternoon of October 20, Ryun sat down in the grass at the back straightaway and replaced his rubber-soled sneakers with spiked racing shoes. Rising, he jogged back toward the tunnel, pivoted, then ran at a fast pace around the turn and down the straightaway. He slowed to a walk and adjusted his shoelaces. Five minutes later the starter's gun fired. Jim Ryun, running in lane 6, began the final leg of his quest for an Olympic gold medal.

I had first met Jim four years earlier on a visit to the U.S. Olympic training camp near Los Angeles. I was having lunch with an old friend, Billy Mills, who was known to few people at that time, but who would surprise the world a month later by winning a gold medal in the 10,000-meter race. Mills came from Kansas, the same state as Ryun, the new high school mile sensation. I asked, "How do you think Jim Ryun will place in the Olympics?"

Mills smiled and nodded to his right. "Why don't you ask him. He's sitting across the table from you."

I looked up in surprise. Sitting opposite me was a gangly youngster wearing dark-rimmed glasses and a dead-serious, almost frightened, expression. Until that moment, I had assumed he was some Olympian's kid brother, but it was indeed Jim Ryun, the same Jim Ryun whose color photograph had graced the cover of Sports Illustrated only a few weeks before.

Ryun neither smiled nor spoke, possibly because he had not heard my question. A childhood ear infection has left him with impaired hearing. When he races, he not only has difficulty hearing lap times, but he also is easily knocked off stride because of poor balance. To avoid being bumped in tight races, he often runs behind or to the outside of the pack. On the last lap, he generally comes roaring wide around the turn in the third lane to speed past his opposition.

Jim Ryun was not always a winner. For three years he tried but failed to make his junior high school track team in Wichita, Kansas, first as a hurdler, then as a sprinter, then as a quarter-miler. The team consisted of only one man per event, and there was always at least one boy faster than Jim Ryun.

As a high school sophomore, however, Ryun tried out for the 2-mile cross-country event and made the varsity squad. At season's end, he placed sixth in the state meet, leading his team to victory. The first to recognize Jim's

potential as a runner was Bob Timmons, his coach in high school as well as in college. Timmons smiles when he recalls a congratulatory letter he received from a friend in the fall of 1962, after his team won the state title. It said, "This is quite a team effort, especially without a real star."

Jim Ryun's first attempt at the mile race was that spring. He ran it in 4 minutes 32.4 seconds but by summer he ran the mile in 4 minutes 7.8 seconds. No one else so young had ever run so fast. The next year he would run faster still.

In June, 1964, Ryun stumbled off the track when he was bumped by another runner in a California open meet at Compton and finished eighth out of nine starters. The accident cost him a full second, yet in that race he ran the mile in 3 minutes 59 seconds, the first time a high schooler had broken 4 minutes for a mile. In September, he beat veteran Jim Grelle by inches for the third spot on the U.S. Olympic team in the 1,500-meter race. But, bothered by a cold, Ryun ran badly in Tokyo. New Zealander Peter Snell won the 1,500-meter as well as the 800-meter event.

After his return home to Wichita that fall, Jim occupied himself with studies and high school cross-country competition. But his eyes were fixed already on that day four years in the future when he would once more vie for the Olympic championship. I once spoke with him about this, and asked him if the Olympic gold medal indeed occupied his thoughts. Jim Ryun is a man of few words, particularly with the press and those outside his small circle of acquaintances. He glanced cryptically at a friend who was dining with us, then gave a tight, knowing smile. "You might say that," was his answer.

Peter Snell visited the United States in 1965, and Jim Ryun defeated him in San Diego at the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) championships. The time of 3 minutes 55.3 seconds set a new U.S. record for the mile. The following year, Ryun snapped the world record by more than 2 seconds, running the mile at 3 minutes 51.3 seconds in Berkeley, Calif. He thus became the first U.S. runner to hold the mile record since Glenn Cunningham, also from Kansas, achieved it 29 years before. He cut two-tenths of a second off this time at the AAU championships in Bakersfield, Calif., in June, 1967. He then met Kenya's Kipchoge Keino a few weeks later in Los Angeles for the 1,500-meter race in a meet between teams from the United States and the British Commonwealth. Ryun won this race in 3 minutes 33.1 seconds, another world record. Keino finished a distant 4 seconds behind. Later in Germany, Ryun beat Bodo Tummler by an identical margin. Ryun was not merely better than his competitors, he was consistently 30 or 40 yards better.

Track performers, particularly distance runners, often are asked, "Why do you run?" In Jim Ryun's case, he first merely wanted to become a member of a track team. "It sounds silly now," Jim told me during the 1967 season, "but at one point my big ambition was to win a high school letter before I graduated."

As his talent became evident, Ryun's horizons and ambitions broadened--the state championship, the 4-minute mile, the U.S. Olympic Team. These

goals achieved, he justified the punishment of twice-daily training as a price he must pay to become the best in the world. His world records, however, gave the young Kansas runner only a portion of that goal.

The true measurement of athletic greatness is the Olympic gold medal. And they do not award gold medals for world records between Olympiads. Jim Ryun knew that when he finally could compete in another Olympics, in 1968, he would have to cope with not only Keino and Tummler, but also with Mexico City's 7,349-foot altitude. The air contains less oxygen that far above sea level. Runners who are not used to the thin air find it somewhat difficult to breathe when they race at this altitude--and, for that matter, so do people simply walking up stairs. Oxygen is

also needed to break down glycogen, the energy producing sugar that is stored in the muscles. When there is insufficient oxygen, particularly in the case of long-distance races, it will be used up in the glycogen breakdown process and will not be supplied by the blood to the other parts of the body that vitally need it.

To acclimatize himself, Ryun trained in Alamosa, Colo. (where the altitude matched that of Mexico City), part of the summer of 1966 and again in 1967. But one of his rivals had no

need to acclimatize himself. Keino lives in the 5,000-foot-plus highlands of Kenya in eastern Africa. The year before the Olympics, Keino reportedly ran a 3 minute 55 second mile at that altitude. The reaction of many in the track world was one of skepticism. They doubted both the reliability of the timers and the accuracy of the measurement of the track.

Ryun ran his last 1967 race in mid-August and then returned to Kansas for several weeks relaxation before resuming his daily regimen of practice. He normally works out twice a day, running a total of 100 miles a week. In September, he aggravated an old back injury while running over rough ground on the Kansas cross-country course and missed almost three weeks of training. He reinjured his back in October and did not race that fall. He avoided most of the early indoor meets in the spring, but he won both the mile and 2-mile races in the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) indoor championships in February. An ankle injury at that time bothered him but did not halt his training.

On March 26, 1968, under the direction of Coach Timmons, Ryun began what for him was a fairly typical day. He ran 5 miles at a fast, steady pace in the morning. In the afternoon, he warmed up with a 3 1/2-mile cross-country run, and then 10 laps of 440 yards averaging between 59 and 60 seconds, with only a minute's rest between each. Coach Timmons then divided the Kansas distance runners into 440-yard relay teams and had each man run a series of 110-yard baton carries. On Ryun's second carry, however, he stopped short, clutching his leg. He had pulled a hamstring muscle. It caused him to lose two weeks of valuable training time.

Most of the world's best distance runners expect a certain number of injuries. Unless they push their bodies to the physical limits they do not attain maximum results. But for Ryun, an injury at that time meant that he would fall behind again in his schedule for attaining the gold medal.

He won the 1,500-meters at the Kansas Relays in March, but his time of 3 minutes 42.8 seconds left him dissatisfied. An 8 minute 50.2 second 2-mile victory in a May dual meet left him distressed: "I'm putting in all this work and I'm

not getting any results." In a 2-mile relay event at the West Coast Relays, the Kansas team finished second to Villanova University as Ryun managed a good, but not great, anchor leg. At the Drake Relays, Kansas had to drop one of its relay teams because Ryun was too fatigued after another race to participate. "I was tired, really tired, and I didn't know why," he said.

I saw Jim Ryun run the mile and 880-yard races at the Big Eight championships in mile-high Boulder, Colo., toward the end of May. On the morning of the finals, I breakfasted with him and a mutual friend. Jim picked at the dollar-size pancakes he had ordered and said little. He seemed morose. Afterward, we drove to his motel, and I watched as he dragged himself almost painfully up a flight of stairs to his room. "My gosh, he looks tired," I commented.

He reported to the student health service two days later and learned the reason for his fatigue: mononucleosis, a blood disease that causes an abnormal increase in the number of white blood cells. Some suspected his Olympic quest might end right there, but three weeks later he resumed training.

At the end of the school year, Ryun traveled to Flagstaff, Ariz. (6,895-foot altitude), where he had a summer job as a photographer with the Arizona Daily Sun. Photography is his hobby, and he does so well at it that several of his photographs have appeared in national magazines. The job allowed him ample time for training. He could get up at 6:30 in the morning and jog to a nearby track for a series of 120-yard wind sprints on the grass, or half a dozen miles on an expressway. After breakfast, he would go to work as a photographer, but usually by 3:30 in the afternoon he would be found running on the track in a series of fast 220s, 440s, and 880s, depending on the schedule mailed to him by Coach Timmons. Sometimes Ryun would go for a long, loping 10 or 15 miles through the pine forests or along the lava-bed roads surrounding nearby Sunset Crater.

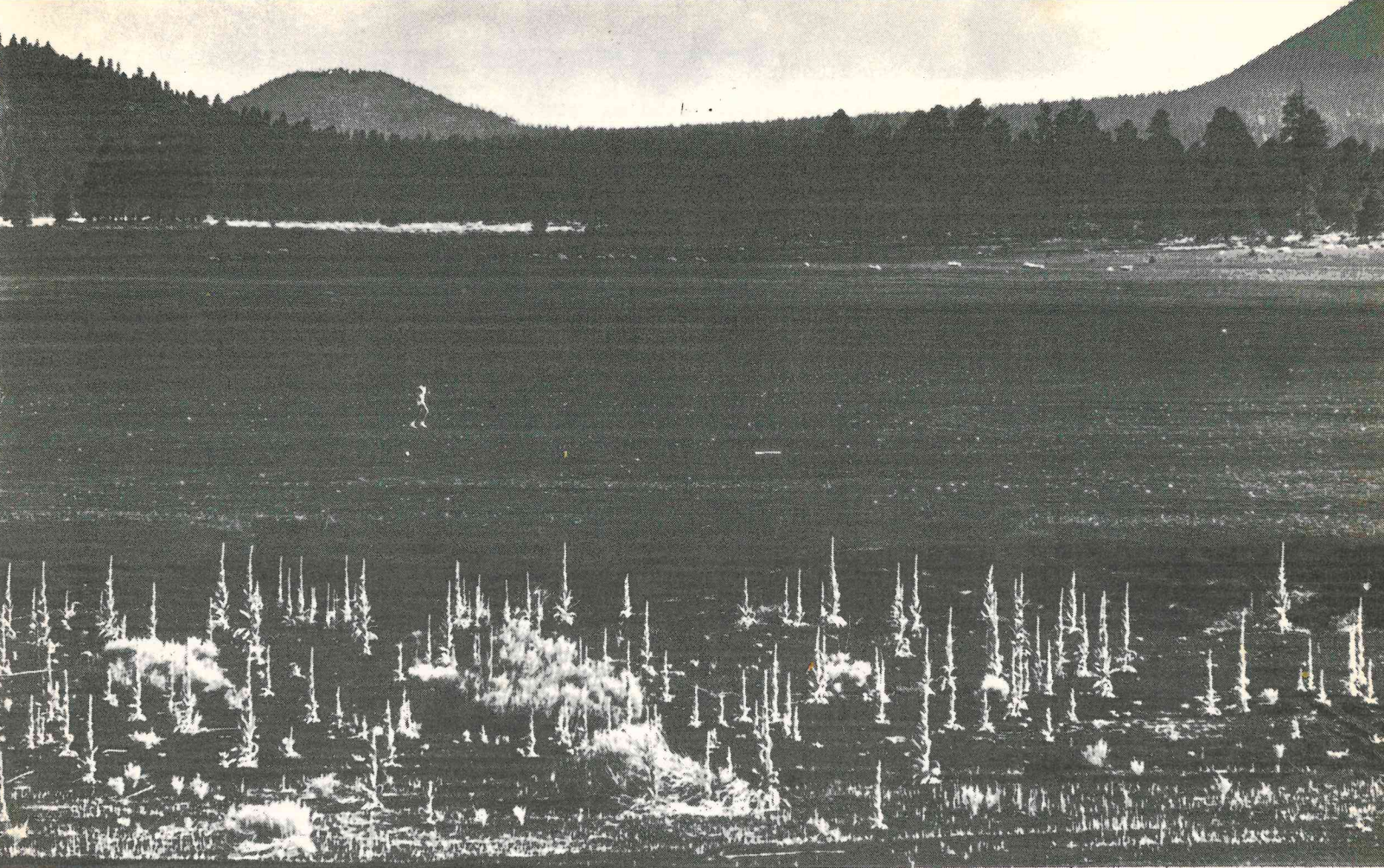
Problems, however, still affected his performances. An ankle injury in early July cost him four days of practice. A bout with the flu, later that month, canceled another several days from his routine. He found that three or four days of hard training left him exhausted. Worried that his mononucleosis might recur, he made frequent trips to the doctor for blood tests. But his fears proved unfounded.

At the end of July, he raced an impressive 1 minute 47.9 second half-mile in Flagstaff. Two weeks later in California he ran a 3 minute 55.9 second mile. Despite Jim Ryun's many ailments, he still recorded times that equaled those of his rivals. But no longer was he 30 or 40 yards ahead of them.

Earlier in 1968, Ryun had considered possibly running in two Olympic races, the 800 meters and the 1,500 meters. I asked him if he had decided to do so when I visited Flagstaff that summer, "I'll just have to see how I feel," he said noncommittally.

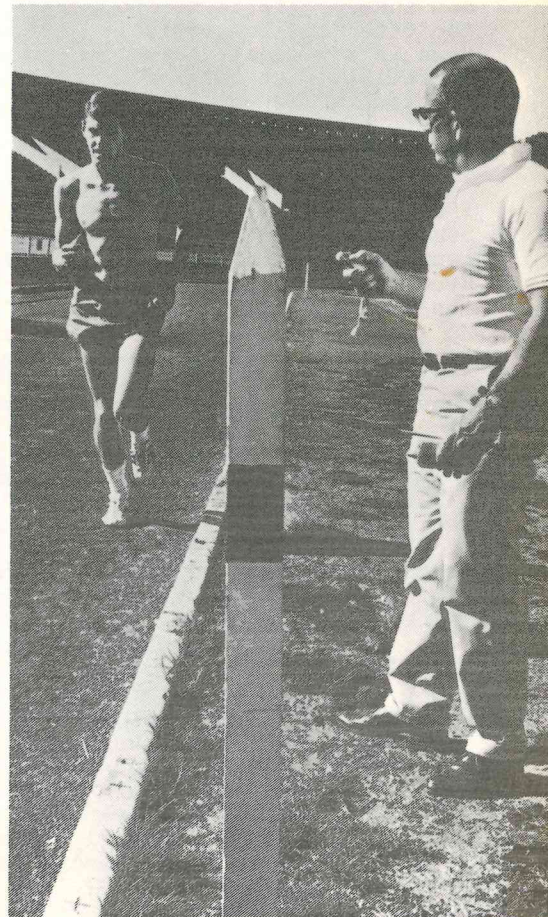
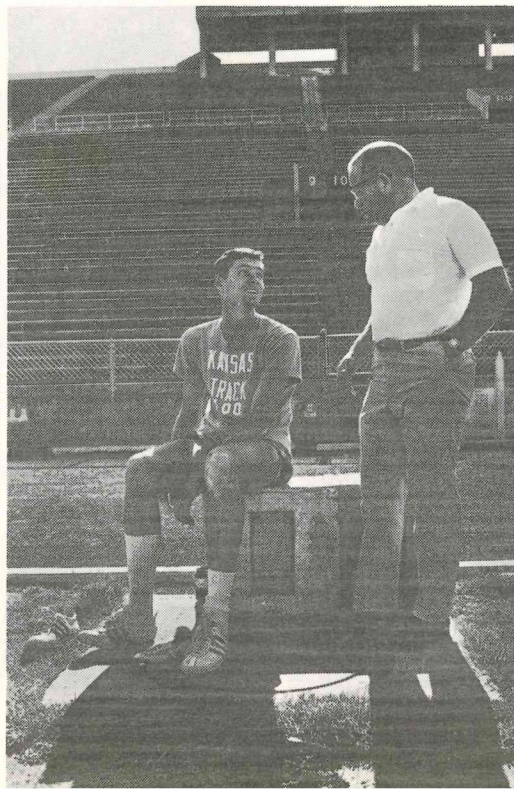
That decision was made for him, in September, at the final Olympic trials in South Lake Tahoe, Calif. Running in the 800-meter finals, Ryun made his customary move to the outside lane as he came down the backstretch. To his surprise, the other runners were able to match his speed. He then did something he had never done before in major competition--he gave up on the final turn. Jogging slowly across the finish line, he picked up his sweat suit and hastened to the athlete's quarters, without stopping for a word to anyone.

Five days later, however, he overwhelmed the



THE TRAINING

JIM RYUN training in Arizona
and at Kansas University with
Coach Bob Timmons assisting.



1500-meter finalists with a final lap of 50.8 seconds. The other runners had permitted a relatively slow early pace. As Ryun jogged slowly around the track gasping for air and almost staggering from the effort of qualifying for the Olympic team, I spoke with Jim Beatty, former U.S. record holder and now a television commentator. "The other runners conceded him the race," said Beatty. "You can't run a slow pace against Ryun and expect to outkick him."

After three more weeks of training in Alamosa, Calif., Ryun arrived in Mexico City with the U.S. team. "Physically I'm a wreck," he conceded, "but psychologically I'm ready."

Jim Ryun was now prepared to compete in but a single Olympic race. "A blessing in disguise," he said about his failure at 800 meters. Meanwhile, his number one rival, Keino, had assumed the almost foolhardy task of running three races -- the 10,000, the 5,000, and the 1,500 meters. This schedule, including qualifying heats, would busy Keino on six of the eight days of track competition.

Keino's start in the 10,000-meter race on Sunday, October 13, proved disastrous. Running with the leaders in the last mile, he suddenly dropped into the infield. Attendants rushed to his side and placed him on a stretcher, but Keino hopped off and began to run again, though he was now too far behind to catch the lead runners. In the 5,000 meters, on Thursday, after having to qualify on Tuesday, Keino lost the gold medal by inches to Tunisia's Mohamed Gammoudi. The next day, in the first heat of the 1,500 meters, the Kenyan ran a foolishly fast 3 minute 46.9 second race, winning by nearly 5 seconds. Later that day, I stood next to a Senegalese athlete in the bus taking us away from the Olympic stadium. He could not speak English, but he kept saying "Keino" while tapping and shaking his head. He felt Keino was running too often and too unwisely. I agreed. To beat Ryun in the final, Keino would have to run an incredibly fast first few laps, but it was doubtful if he would or could do it. At that point, the African runner seemed no great threat to Jim Ryun's Olympic gold medal ambitions.

Bodo Tummler won the first semifinal heat in the 1,500 meters on Saturday. In the second heat, Ryun started slowly and Keino seemed content to run at a pace just a little behind him. Ryun moved sharply on the final turn and held the lead sprinting down the final straightaway. He glanced over his shoulder half a dozen times to assure himself that he was qualifying. Keino finished 2 yards back, still looking like the runners who would probably win the silver medal. The crowd had barely noticed that another Kenyan, unheralded Benjamin Jipcho, had qualified for the finals by placing sixth in the first heat.

Sunday, October 20, was the day they awarded the gold medal in the decathlon to Bill Toomey of the United States. That same day an East German girl, Margarita Gummel, threw the shot farther than any other woman in history, and 87 runners started the marathon at a downtown square. It would be more than two hours before the first of them--Mamo Wolde of Ethiopia--would reach the stadium. Dick Fosbury, a student from Oregon State, delighted the crowd by hurling himself backward across the high-jump bar to an Olympic record victory of 7 feet 4½ inches. Sunday was also the day that Jim Ryun, after four years of anticipation and hard training, walked grimly to the 1,500-meter starting line at the head of the back straightaway.

Jipcho immediately burst into the lead. Ryun began slowly. Keino moved to his shoulder. By the first turn, however, Keino surged after his

teammate, Jipcho, while Ryun lingered in the rear. The huge scoreboard at one end of the stadium soon announced Jipcho's 400-meter time: 56 seconds. Harold Norpoth of West Germany was second, followed by Keino and Tummler. Then, with two laps to go, Keino rushed by his teammate and passed 800 meters in 1 minute 55.3 seconds, faster than world-record pace.

Jim Ryun remained behind the pack, hopeful that the Kenyan could not maintain his early speed in the oxygen-poor air. Not until the third lap did Ryun start to move forward. He passed the struggling Jipcho at the far turn. But the front runners--Keino followed by Tummler, Norpoth, and Britain's John Whetton--already had moved far ahead of the rest of the field. As

Ryun moved into fifth place, he found a space opened between front-runner Keino and Tummler. The clanging of the bell at the start of the fourth and final lap went unheard because of the roar of the crowd. The runners began to string out. Ryun passed Whetton, but Keino still had a 3-second lead. The Kenyan's time at 1,200 meters was 2 minutes 53.3 seconds.

Ryun ran down the back straightaway at full speed, his long legs lifting and reaching, his spikes biting the rubberized track. He passed Norpoth on the straightaway. He caught Tummler going into the turn. I had watched Jim Ryun do this many times during the past few seasons. He would swing wide on that last turn and run down the final straightaway to victory like a runaway locomotive. Tummler held him off briefly, but Ryun was finally able to edge past the West German. Then, coming into the straightaway, he looked up at the one man separating him from the gold medal. Keino was another four years away.

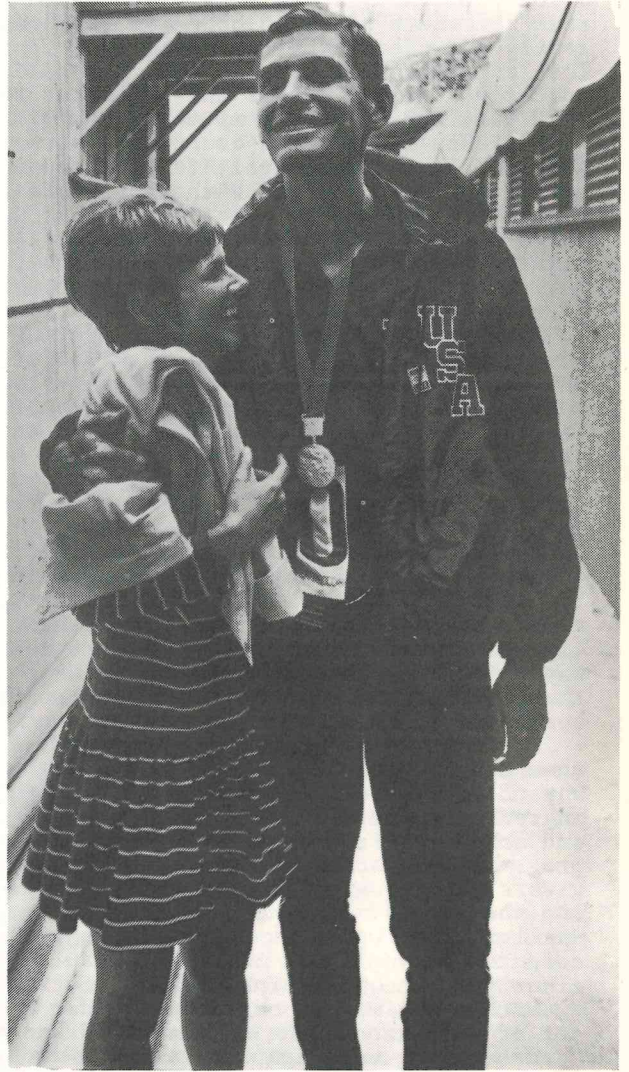
As the Kenyan breasted the tape, Ryun was looking over his shoulder--once, then again, then a third time--content at that point to protect his silver medal. Keino won in the Olympic record time of 3 minutes 34.8 seconds. He did not stop after he crossed the finish line, but continued to jog slowly around the track waving at the crowd, accompanied by his teammate, Jipcho. There had only been one tactic that could defeat Ryun--run fast from the start--and with Jipcho's help, Keino had done it.

Ryun reached the finish line in 3 minutes 37.8 seconds, having failed to gain even a tenth of a second with his last lap rush. A month before he had predicted that a time of 3 minutes 40 seconds should be good enough for victory in the 1,500. He was wrong. Now he stopped a few yards past the grim line of judges and began a slow, painful stagger up the stadium ramp he had walked confidently down only 15 minutes before. In the tunnel and out of sight of the 80,000 screaming spectators he sat down on a bench, quite alone. "Oh God, it hurts," was his only comment.

Several days later I saw Jim Ryun in the Olympic Village. He did not mention his disappointment, nor did I press him with questions about it. He already had begun to look forward to a scheduled meeting with Keino in the summer of 1969 in Los Angeles. But no matter who wins that race, or others between the two great athletes, Kipcho Keino will retain the Olympic gold medal. And Jim Ryun faces four more lonely years to reach his goal.

If any of you would be interested in reading more about Jim Ryun, we suggest that you buy a copy of THE JIM RYUN STORY. Not only is this book very good reading but is filled with hundreds of pictures taken by Rich Clarkson. Copies can be obtained through Distance Running News @ \$4.95 each.

(Left) The 1500m Olympic final with Jim Ryun finishing second to Kip Keino and Bodo Tummler of West Germany finishing third. Photo by Rich Clarkson for Sports Illustrated—Copyright Time, Inc. 1968. (Bottom) The press conference after the big race. (Below) Ryun with Anne Snider (now Mrs. Jim Ryun) in Mexico City.



RUNNING--A BUSINESS OR AN ART

BY JOE HENDERSON

Distance runners are a free-thinking, free-acting bunch. That's how we like to think of ourselves, anyway. If society were arranged on a non-conformity scale, our group would surely rank somewhere near the bohemian cultures currently represented by the so-called hippies. The last thing all hippies and most road runners want for a self-image is the idea that they're mindless, manipulated computers.

Distance competition contains a strange paradox. Kept under control, it frees runners, allowing them to discover the abilities that reside in them and to create ones that weren't there before. Allowed to go unchecked, competition can narrow a runner's view and trap him in joyless conformity that is foreign to the nature of this activity of ours.

Whether its General Motors struggling against Ford for the auto buyer's limited dollars or Runner A vs. Runner B struggling for scarce victories and records, fighting can get bitter. The big rewards in the business world and in sports vary in type and amount, maybe, but the rewards in both go to the crafty individuals who put together the best product with the least wasted effort.

The computer reigns as the god of efficient business. It eliminated old time-wasting reliance on plodding, hit-or-miss human operations, and the whole product-producing operation benefits. Given the proper program that any quickly-trained programmer can whip up, the unemotional, uninvolved machine readily burps out the desired answer.

If it works so beautifully for IBM, the Pentagon and General Motors, the reasoning goes, why not apply similar methods to running? The ingredients are all here. The program--books and schedules from experts by the dozen. The programmer--coaches and assorted other advice-givers eagerly available to apply the program. And the programmed--the runner who's prepared to swallow the program as unquestioningly as the computer and spit out the right result as efficiently as the non-thinking mass of transistors.

Within a limited context and under a specific set of conditions, the computerized runner succeeds. Young ones, particularly. Hardly a high school or college team in the country doesn't computerize its runners. And the growing flood of 4:10 milers, 9:00 two-milers, etc., etc., the schools turn out testifies to its effectiveness in this narrow realm. The aim is producing winning, record-setting runners. As long as everyone concerned agrees that is the aim, as long as a saleable product is produced rather frequently, and as long as the runner doesn't rebel against his role of machine, the factory functions smoothly. Click, click, whirr. Out come the expected results--perfect running specimens ready to cash in their ability for rewards and recognition. We sit back and say admiringly, "Oh, what a fine system. Look at those results."

The system's successes are highly visible. We don't see so quickly its quirks, errors and breakdowns. The system itself seldom breaks down, being as efficiently organized as it is. It just rids itself of trouble-making components and returns to normal operation. The cast-offs in this case, though, aren't expired transistors and frayed wires. These are real people, people who from this point on will be convinced that running is a grim business investment that bankrupted them.

If the system rejected the would-be runner

because he honestly couldn't stand the sport itself, well, they are probably better off without each other. This isn't usually the case. Most often, failures result from feelings and actions the track world either ignores or openly scoffs at. Human virtues as well as human weaknesses aren't part of the running-business program, and lots of runners--distance runners in particular--find themselves too human to accept a machine-like existence.

Computerized systems have no room for emotions and ailments, and anyone who runs distances for more than a week is going to have his share of both. There's little chance to deviate from the established program, yet he's itching to get out and find some independent answers. He gets carried away and runs too hard on his good days, and gets discouraged and cuts short on the bad ones. He gets scared and his fears lead him to silly mistakes. He catches cold, or his Achilles tendons break down. He thinks, he feels, and starts asking, "why?"

That word "why" forecasts many a brewing crisis. If the runner asks his coach, "Why am I doing so-and-so?" and no satisfactory answer comes back, rebellion is likely. This can be a most constructive move when it leads to new and freer action. If the runner asks himself, "why am I running at all?" and can't give a reasonable reply, he's finished. This is sad, particularly because he has abandoned the sport without really realizing there's more to it than finishing first and/or running fastest. Much more.

Why run? Everyone who indulges has his special reasons. Some say it builds "character" (whatever that means), or it protects against heart attacks, or it keeps them from going to sleep at two in the afternoon, or it gives a trim body the girls can't resist, or it gives nice prizes, scholarships, trips, pictures in the paper, a pat on the back.

Reading the list of "why-you-should-run" rationalizations, you get the idea it's so horrible an experience it can only be justified by "what I can get out of it." Happily, there are people popping up who are radical enough to think it's valuable simply for itself. One is Jack Scott, a young psychologist and astute track observer who has written a just-released book, Athletics for Athletes. It is a free-swinging barrage on the US sports system he feels has become overly coach-and spectator-oriented. The book is bound to produce a storm of reaction from those attacked. Hopefully, rage won't totally blind them to the key message Scott is trying to get across--that athletics are basically a setting for self-discovery and the intrinsic joy that accompanies it.

"The present structure of university athletics has destroyed the intrinsic value of sport just as our bureaucratic-industrial society has destroyed the intrinsic value of work," Scott writes. "Deriving no satisfaction from his employment, (the modern worker) fetishizes and commodifies his work enables him to purchase. As our Madison Avenue advertisers know all too well, modern man gains his identity from the type of car he drives, the kind of shaving cream he uses, the clothes he wears, or any of the other commodities the hucksters can dream up--from anything but his actual work. Athletics can, and should, be a form of self-expression just as a man's work should be an expression of

himself. Sadly, the college athlete who is able to find intrinsic value from sport is as rare as a worker who finds it from his employment."

All the external justifications for running, the "character-building," the medals, the scholarship, are like carrots placed on a stick before a dumb animal to keep him plodding onward. He chases the elusive carrot eagerly, not realizing it's moving away from him as fast as he's moving toward it. Runners, fortunately, stand slightly above donkeys in mentality and either revise their strategy for catching the "carrot," aim for an easier obtainable one, or give up the chase.

The luckiest runners of all may be those who decide, "Why chase anything? Why can't running just be its own reward, with the other benefits --nice as they are--viewed as by-products rather than ends? Why can't it be an end in itself rather than a means to some faraway, elusive and probably unreachable goal?"

Running, in its truest and broadest sense, isn't the medium of exchange the highly competitive folks among us think it is. Five dollars worth of it doesn't return five dollars worth of--take your pick--weight loss, success,

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happiness. Running doesn't cure everything from bad breath to a bad temper. And it sure does not reward every youngster who lives right and trains right. I've seen too many hard-working, right living and thoroughly disillusioned former runner believe that.

The simple, basic and natural act of running contains instant enjoyment and satisfaction. It's right there waiting to be taken by anyone who wants it. No need searching elsewhere for reasons to run.

Run for fun. The words make a catchy little slogan, and they express an admirable philosophy. But without qualifying statements, they can be deceiving. Fun? It sure isn't the fun found in things like watching "Laugh-In" or body-surfing at the beach. It isn't the ha-ha sort of thing. Satisfaction might be a better word for it--quiet and deep artistic satisfaction that comes with serious and concentrated involvement.

This subtle, abstract glow of satisfaction found in running must resemble feelings experienced by artists or explorers. The "fun" comes in creating and discovering, not in following the instructions on a blue-print or taking an established route outlined on a roadmap.

Pick up any of the dozens of available books on track technique. Sincere and wise as the authors might be, they invariably present blue-prints, schedules, shortcuts to success which seek to turn running into a mechanical operation. By mapping every step, the author, well-meaning as he might be, seeks to deny others the very creative-discovering spirit that led him to develop his methods and produce a book about them.

Arthur Lydiard is a prime example. He experimented for a decade before concluding that slow, marathon-type training is the "answer" for all types of runners. Lydiard must have gotten great pleasure from his discoveries, yet in his book *Run To The Top* he outlines day-to-day schedules for the whole year. They are meant to be guides, but dozens of impressionable track people spend their time memorizing Lydiard's plans and saying, "He says I've got to do 20 miles at one-half effort today and he must be right since his athletes have won four Olympic gold medals." The fact that Lydiard lives 3000 miles away, his book was written eight years ago and his plans applied to Olympic-type runners with background galore isn't considered.

The nuts-and-bolts-and-blueprint approach to running destroys creativity and discovery. It traps the runner in someone else's system rather than freeing him to find his own answers.

No one hands the creative writer a carefully outlined schedule of what he's to write each day, for how long and at what time. No one hands the artist a detailed, connect-the-dots. All they need are highly general foundations to build from rather structured walls that stifle them. The writer might be told the basics of English or the artist the basics of design. But who would write a book telling them how to sharpen their pencils or clean their brushes? Runners need generalized advice, too, but can do without people telling them how to tie their shoes, or other equally individual and mechanical details. Details, from shoe-tying to training patterns, are best left to the individual imagination.

I'm not saying every innocent young runner should go plunging off blindly into the unmapped maze of distance theory. Unquestionably everyone needs directions and guidance. But obtaining it isn't the problem. Our problem is much more likely to be an overflow of advice, being compelled to follow someone else's idea of what makes a solid training program. What the running artist needs is the freedom to sample and

experiment with a number of routes, to discuss the methods of several coaches and dig into any number of writings on the subject. Sifting through the mass of available information, he's free to come up with his own answers to the path he'll follow. Right or wrong, it's his path. Regardless of where it leads, a satisfying self-education has occurred. A coach's pat answer, or order, would have given quicker results, maybe. But true learning is much more than an order-and-obey, easy-answer operation.

Discovery involves uncovering an answer, an ability, any little thing, that may always have been present yet is new to the discoverer. My big satisfaction in running has come in finding that such-and-such training has produced such-and-such reaction. Even if the innovation is simple and nothing new, it's new to me. That's what counts. I got my kicks in finding this for myself. If a coach had ordered it, the same results might have come--possibly quicker--but the essential kick would have been missing.

When my own raw materials and discoveries combine to build an ability that wasn't there previously, that's creativity. In the last two years, I've created the ability to run three and more hours without much more than light fatigue. There's artistic satisfaction here as surely as if I'd put together a song, a poem or a painting.

George Leonard wrote in his forward-looking book Education and Ecstasy, "Primitive man did not see art apart from life. He seems to have been indifferent toward his cave paintings or sculpture once it was completed. We find the same cave wall painted over and over again. The important thing was not the finished work itself, but the act of making it... And Bach revealed his views on the permanence of his work by sometimes using manuscripts to wrap his lunch."

Leonard, echoing the sentiments of an earlier educational philosopher, John Dewey, views education as a "process of living, not as a preparation for future living". Using the examples of cavemen painting for painting's sake, not to get their works displayed in the Metropolitan Museum, and Bach writing music to be writing, not with the aim of making the Top Forty, Leonard stresses that education--like art--is most effective, and at the same time most enjoyable, in a here-and-now context. The greatest joys in learning, he says, come at moments of personal discovery and doing. End results, represented in schools by the oppressive grading system, lose their importance as learning itself becomes the end rather than the means. Strong and positive internal motivation eliminates the need for external--often threatening--forces cajoling the student to keep his head in the books.

"The ancient Greeks," Jack Scott points out in Athletics for Athletes, "crowned their champions with laurel wreaths, a prize that, since it withered and died, symbolized that the value of sport came from the actual athletic activity, and not from anything extraneous to the activity."

If running has merit in and of itself, and isn't just a medium of exchange earned with hard work and used to buy medals, headlines or space in record books, it can fit the concept of cave art or Bach's sandwich-wrapping music, or the Greeks' wilting wreaths. It can be practiced as an art-form, too.

Runners searching for permanence in their sport--lasting, material things they can get their hands on--are in for disillusionment. From Ron Clarke down to people of my pedestrian ability, what is their idea of a finished product once we're finished? Clarke may have a

room full of prizes that always need dusting, a book full of crumbling clippings and some lines in the world record book that he knows aren't going to survive. I have a line in my running diary that no one but me will ever read or care to. One of Ron's awards, or one of his press notices, begins after awhile to look pretty much like the rest. The thrill of getting them fades. The lines in my training book take on dull sameness. These products, clearly, aren't the driving forces that keep us running.

Delving into abstract concepts like "artistic expression", "satisfaction" and "fulfillment", is an exercise my words aren't quite up to. Creativity and discovery in running, as in art and education, are too much on personal and feeling levels to be transferred to others in words. Too much is lost in the translation. But still it's a favorite exercise of runners to try. Maybe all we want to get across is the idea we aren't the masochistic idiots first impressions show us to be.

Clarke wrote in The Unforgiving Minute, "What we can enjoy is our exploratory role. We know that hundreds of others will equal our time and leave it trailing insignificantly behind, yet there is a fascination about being a pioneer."

On my level, it's a matter of thousands of others running faster. Three-hour marathoners are everywhere, and becoming more so. But that fact doesn't cause tossing and turning at night, thrashing out plans for making the top 500, or 100, or 50. Results just aren't that meaningful or lasting. I take certain pleasure in running good races or a lot of miles, naturally. But memories of something as formless as pleasure fade quickly. In a day or two, I'm just as happy drawing over the old results or wrapping lunch in them. The joy resides in the doing, my doing, and only new doing brings new joys.

Computerized running deals with distinct, objective, easily measurable quantities. The programmed athlete's worth, to those controlling him and, unfortunately, often to himself, is determined by a list of numbers. Low place-numbers, fast times equal high worth. High places, slow times mean low importance. It's a sport-for-the-elite view and pretty poor way to go about looking at people.

Artistic runners aren't easily reduced to statistics. Thoughts, inspirations, feelings, emotions aren't measurable. They are real, human and very much alive, and statisticians go crazy trying to kill these traits and lay them out as cold numbers.

Artistry of all types takes involvement, hard work if you want to call it that. Painters, song-writers, novelists all have been known to drive themselves past the point of exhaustion while putting their lines together. They push on when cutting off might be wiser. Extreme anxiety can accompany the creative process. The outward symptoms aren't too different from those experienced by a businessman putting in too many hours at the office or a runner being worked too hard by his coach. Except that theirs is drugery-type hurting forced on them from the outside, while the artist's drive comes from inside himself. The minute the boss tells the businessman or the computerized runner, "Quit and go home," he's gone. His fun begins outside the office or away from the track. The artist can't be dragged from his art until it's finished. Draining as it might be, his joy is in his creating.

All types of running, business-like as well as artistic, take deep commitment. Skip running a couple of weeks and a year's worth of carefully-stored condition can pretty well vanish,

THE RUNNING CARMANS

BY FRED GRACE

In an article about the running Carmans I wrote for the July, 1968 issue of Iron Man I described Bob as "a Brain with fast legs and more guts than a mother tiger."

It's not easy to improve on Bob's guts, legs or brain. At present he's giving the brain elite a tougher time than the Berkeley Flower Children are giving the California's Governor.

Last summer Prof. Carman wrote a Physics text book that has been translated in seven languages. This makes him unique. Most text books aren't translated even into English.

If Bob decided to go think several Southern California "Think Tanks" would have only the Pentagon to think for.

Another Carman text is to be released in the Fall of 1969. But, of course, he's been asked to come up with another one.

For this reason his training is down to nothing. From 140 miles a week he's down to a measly 100. But just to be alone with his brain he recently ran a 45 miler.

Bob also teaches physics and acts as assistant to the Dean of Instruction at Santa Barbara City College.

But is the Brain an athlete? If he isn't he sure fooled the smart ones at Carnegie where they gave him 8 Varsity letters. That's as far as some athletic scholarship kids can count using their fingers minus their thumbs.

In 1960 Bob ran the Western Hemisphere Marathon in 2:22:17 which isn't exactly wheel chair pushing. He also placed 7th in the Boston Tea Party with its 700 starters.

The next year he was third at Yonkers, a place I hadn't heard of until I discovered Distance Running News and the Long Distance Log.

But beginning in February 1961 luck was as devastating to him as pesticides are to our ecology. In February he injured himself while training. Then in June he got another dose of the same. By September his injury propensity had gone up to a ruptured tendon. And it took him two years to kick the habit and get in shape for competitive running.

But "Lady Luck" is more fickle than a Vegas crap table. The only seven she had for Bob in 1964 was a gang of seven cowardly punks who jumped him while running in a park. Who says New York's Central Park is the only hangout for hoods with a hangup?

That morning instead of a workout Bob got a -----
and unconditioned running isn't either materially rewarding or artistically satisfying.

The type of commitment/involvement an individual has divides him into the run-for-rewards or run-for-fun categories.

"Rewards" runners' commitment tends toward the negative. "I've gotta run today," they say, with stress on the "gotta." It's a matter of running because they feel they must, whether the pressure comes from a coach or from inside. They fear what will happen if they skip out. Once either the fear or the rewards stop, so too, in most causes, does the commitment.

Fun-runners possess a deeper and longer-lasting commitment, even though it may not show itself in either the day-to-day quantity or quality of their running. The commitment is positive. "I'm anxious to get out and run," sums up the attitude.

With the "artist," running isn't a mechanical operation that's tolerated only for what it gives. It's enjoyed simply for what it is.

working over. The medics agreed on a cracked skull, cracked ribs, concussions, cuts and a scrambled beak.

Therapy: Stitches, Splints, Bandages, Plastic remodeling, and loving care from Lyn Carman (his wife).

Most runners would have called it quits, but Bob is a physicist not a semanticist. He does not know the meaning of quit.

So in nine weeks in the winters of 1966-1967 he ran the Culver City 26 miler in 2:40, placed third in a 32 miler in 3:26 and 15th in the Vegas Marathon in 2:43. Then placed second in a 50 miler with 6:37.

Besides Carnegie Tech Bob's an Alumnus of Stanford, Pittsburg U, and Colorado State. It was at Carnegie that Bob met Lyn, his wife. That makes Carnegie tops as a place to get an education and a wife.

Physics and running didn't deter Bob's artistic bent. He's a sensitive artist who works in oils and does linoleum cuts.

Besides writing text books, teaching, administering, running, painting and cutting up linoleum rugs Bob still finds time to lift weights. He has 200 lbs. of iron in his weight collection. He hasn't been able to apply physics to weight lifting and he's doing it the hard way, like running 50's.

Now meet Lyn. She's the last person one would suspect of being a marathoner. She's a dainty mother of four who looks more like she should be strolling under a lacy parasol than working up a running sweat.

In October 1966 Lyn became the third American woman to finish a marathon. Since then she's become addicted. In the 1969 Vegas Marathon she gave a great performance finishing in 3:45 in a downpour and flooded intersections.

Lyn has jogged up to 10 miles while pregnant. Being in good condition, she says, makes pregnancy, delivery and recovery easier. With her third child she was home and had hiked several miles before the baby was two days old.

Patty Carman, now eleven, set a high jump record for 10-year-olds with a leap of four foot seven inches. Patty and her two sisters and their three-year-old brother do some running but they're not being pushed into it.

Eric, the baby, runs a mile or more but only when he feels like doing it.

Southern California's greatest commodity is kids 8 to 12 training twice a day and competing weekends. And they're top runners with not only theirs, but their parents' reps to uphold.

Bob and Lyn feel that these kids will be so fed up with running that they'll stop the day they leave school. They don't want this to happen to theirs. They hope that once they start they'll never stop. They tell me they can't conceive of not running.

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SPOTLIGHT ON ENGLAND & EUROPE

BY WILF RICHARDS (European Editor)

Two developments which have been designed to give a much-needed boost to British athletics are: (1) the setting up of a British Milers Club --BMC as it is called--and (2) the formation of a National League. The former is, of course, a specialist idea with the sole object of trying to restore British miling to its former standing; the latter is aimed mainly at bringing Britain's Cinderella events, the field events, into greater prominence and, at the same time, providing the necessary incentives to athletes and officials alike to improve their standards and organisation. How successful these schemes will prove in their separate objectives it is too early to forecast, but at any rate most athletes and followers of the sport will welcome any move which is likely to help in making our sport more attractive both from a competitive and a spectator point of view.

Several middle distance BMC races have already been held in different parts of the country but at first only one achieved the desired result. In some cases the weather has done nothing to help; in one or two others the avowed policy of running for the express purpose of achieving a fast time has not been carried out. The one exception was Walter Wilkinson's 1969 break-



IAN McCAFFERTY (Motherwell) winning an invitational one-mile race in Reading, Berkshire (England) June 11th in 3mins. 56.8 secs., the second fastest time ever run by a Britian.

Photo by Mark Shearman

through into the sub 4-minute class at Hartlepool with a winning time of 3-59.6.

However, more recently on June 11th at Reading in a special mile race Ian McCafferty, the Scot, ran a brilliant race to defeat Ian Stewart in 3min. 56.8. McCafferty, who did not have a very happy time last season, has come right back into the limelight and once can only hope that his undoubted talent will now be matched by a greater consistency. Ian Stewart also ran well above his previous best to finish a close second in 3-57.3, with his brother Peter third in 3-58.7, another personal best. This is the kind of running we have been hoping for but with little to encourage us until now. No doubt, as in America, this break-through by the three will spur others with similar aspirations to be a little more wholehearted in their races.

Alan Blinston took over the mantle of Britain's top 5000 metres runner when competing in an international race in Paris. Although finishing only fourth, his time of 13-40.4 was the fastest achieved by a British runner so far this season. He was about 30 yards behind the winner, Diessner of East Germany, at the finish. Diessner winning time was 13:36.8 (best in the world as of June 16th). Second went to W. Girke (WG) in 13:37.8 and third to J. Krugger in 13:38.6.

Turning now to the longer distances, there was a surprise winner in the Red Rose Twenty (the Lancashire County 20 mile road championship). The two Bolton stars, Ron Hill and Mike Freary, did not compete and the race was considered a fairly open one with experienced Cyril Leigh the most likely winner and a newer one, John Balmer, the in-form runner with the best chance of upsetting the consistent Leigh. Up to about 18 miles these two, and two others, George Brockbank and David Jones, were in close formation at the head of the field, no doubt wondering who would be first to attempt a breakaway. It was Brockbank who made the move and although Leigh stayed with him for a short distance it was Brockbank's race from then on and he came home in strong style in 1hr. 43min. 40sec., with Leigh nine seconds slower.

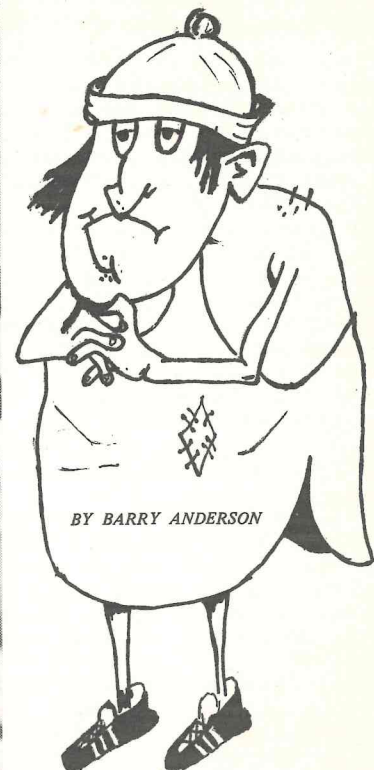
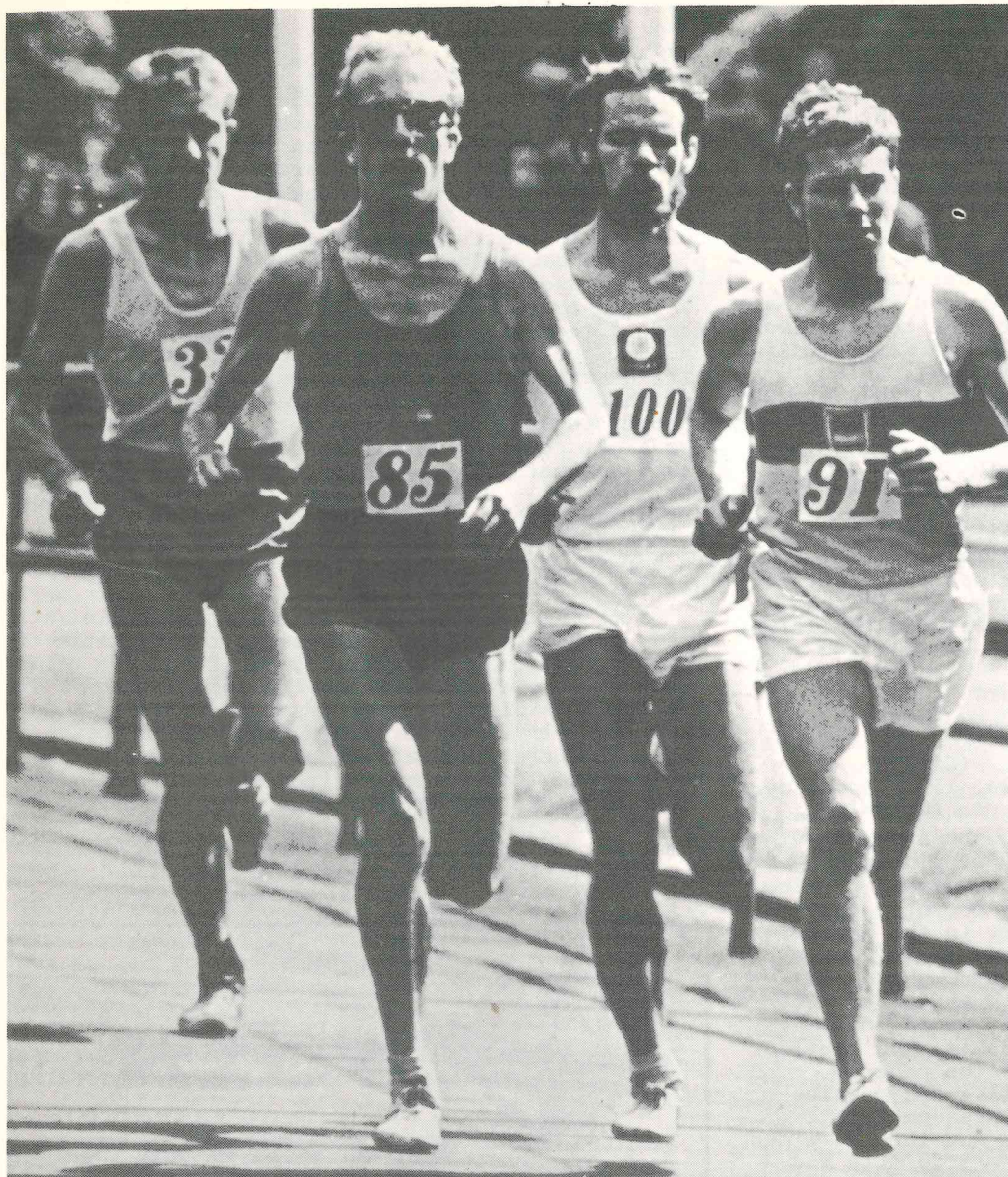
Ron Hill, who has had a spell of--for him--inactivity during the early part of the season, turned out to defend his Pembroke (Liverpool) 20 mile road title and found that he was fit enough to notch up his eighth successive win in this annual event. Last year in the same race he went all out for a fast time and won "by a street." This time he was content to win by the narrowest margin possible in the comparatively slow time of 1-44-52. The inter-County 20-mile championship went, as expected, to Bill Adcocks, a great marathon man and a remarkably consistent one at high level. He finished almost a minute ahead of Dave Holt in 1-39-38.

LADIES

At the 880 and mile distances, together with their metric equivalents, British girls can in the main hold their own in world rankings, partly on account of their growing enthusiasm for cross-country running. With the important part of the season still to come, it is not too easy at present to assess just how near some of them are to the best in the world, but indications are that greatly improved times are on the way.

Lilian Board has been concentrating on the 400 metres (53.8 already) but has the second fastest 800m in the world as of June 16th at 2:04.8. Rita Stirling has done 2:05.1 already.

Marie Herron and Rita Ridley are showing considerable ability at the longer events (1500/mile). Herron having already run 4-30.5 for the metric event and Ridley 4-46 for the mile and



Me run? I'm so slow
they'd have to time me
with a calendar!

BILL ADCOCKS (No. 91), one of the world's top marathoners, leading and at the end winning the Inter-counties 20-mile road race in Battersea, London on May 26th. **Dave Holt** (No. 85) was second in 1:40:32. Adcocks winning time was 1:39:38.

Photo by Mark Shearman

4:24.3 for 1500m. Among the younger end, one of the most promising girls is 14-year-old Mary Sonner. She has had a very successful cross-country season and, with a time of 2-17.4 for the 800 metre event, looks likely to become one of Britain's leading distance runners within the next year or two.

EUROPE

Among the more interesting efforts is a 3-39.8 for 1500 metres by Diessner, followed on the same day by a 3000 metres victory in 7-58.6. This sound "double" at a Berlin meeting paved the way for an even more impressive performance by Diessner when he defeated a first class field in an international 5000 metres race in Paris with a scintillating 13-36.8.

In France, N. Tijou turned in a promising 5000 metres with 13:41.4 while J. Wadoux (the Olympian) turned 3:39.2 for 1500m, and R. Jourdan set a new National record for 10,000m with 28:28.8. At the longer distances, Wagnon set up new French records for the hour with a distance of 12 miles 499 yards and for 20 km, which he covered in 1 hour 39.4 seconds. Later he tackled the 25 km and 30 km distances and again beat French records with times of 1hr. 18 min. 45sec. and 1hr. 35min. 36sec. respectively.

In Italy U. Risi set a National record in the Steeplechase by running 8:37.4. F. Arese (It) has also been busy and ran 1:47.3 for 800m for a National record. Arese has also hit 3:41.1 for 1500m already this season.

Other fine performances on the Continent include a 28:08.2 10,000m by J. Haase of East Germany, a 1:47.0 800m by M. Matuschewski of East Germany and a 13:23.2 3-mile by A. Kvalheim of Norway.

The Karl-Marx Stadt International marathon race in East Germany provided Britain's leading man Bill Adcocks with a best-ever European time of 2hr. 12min. 16.8sec. when he won the event last year. Adcocks was there again this year, and again he emerged the victor, though in a rather slower time. His performance was, all the same, first class for he beat some strong opposition to come home well ahead in 2-15-31.2, with Farcic of Yugo-Slavia second in 2-16-50 and the German, Adolph Busch, third in 2-17-43. The first six were all inside 2hr. 20min.

In the Antwerp (Belgium) marathon some very fast times were turned in and in fact Derek Clayton's (Aus) winning time of 2:08:33.6 is a world best performance. Other times include: 2. A. Usami (Jap) 2:11:27.8; 3. Jim Alder (GB) 2:16:34.4; 4. R. Grove (GB) 2:17:35.6.

WILL'S SPIKETTES

NATIONAL CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM CHAMPIONS 1964-68
BY NATALIE ROCHA

There is a familiar sight around Sacramento, girls running--not the kind a coed might attempt while trying to catch a bus--but a special kind, running many miles down oak shaded river roads and over rolling grassy hills, wherever a day's workout takes them.

To these girls distance running is a familiar term. It is their specialty. Their team, the Will's Spikettes have won the United States Cross-Country Championship for five consecutive years since the first national meet was held in the snow and cold of Seattle in 1964. Also becoming an annual event is their coach's speech to the girls about winning the title just one more time and assuring them, if they do win, that no other team will ever win the cross-country championship that many times in a row again.

All the credit belongs to Will Stephens. His coaching techniques combined with his firm, but kind way of handling the girls has produced the most successful women's distance club in the nation. In addition to the cross-country titles he has developed six individual national champions:

Suzu Byersdorfer	1500 meters	(Junior)
Cathy Catlin	880	(Girl's)
Kathy Hammond	440	(Girl's and indoor)
Dino Lowrey	880	(Girl's)
Marie Mulder	x-country, 880, 1500	(Women's)
Natalie Rocha	1500 meters	(Women's)

Five of these Spikettes have been on USA teams and have traveled to compete in Canada, England, Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Mexico and Germany. Stephens himself recently coached the USA women's team to victory in the International Cross-Country Championship in Scotland.

For his distance runners much emphasis is placed on overdistance basework and paced runs that add up to four times their racing distance per practice. Repeat 220's, 330's, 440's up to a mile make up a large part of the program. Coach Stephens believes in tiring the muscles before making them work, so consequently the girls run controlled distances and then do timed interval work. (For example, a 5:40 mile and then a 70 second 440.) All workouts are ended with a "second effort"--a fifteen minute fartlek run with an all out 440 on the end, or perhaps two miles of "in and outs" in which five girls run in a column, the last runner sprints to the front and so on through the line.

Hill work is an intricate part of his program and he has one favorite hill where the Spikettes frequently workout (appropriately called Foot-hill). Here the girls hard stride forty yards and then sprint forty yards up a steep hill. For rest they jog the eighty yards back to the start. In one workout they will run as many as three miles of these without stopping. Although coach Stephens likes the girls to run hills, the girls won't go so far as to say they love it. There is one hill that the Spikettes discovered on one of their long distance runs, hidden deep in the woods of one of their favorite running places. There is a secret pact among the team that no one will ever tell the coach, for fear of having to run three miles up and down the hill for a workout.

A month before a national meet the girls run double workouts with one session being an hour fartlek run. Two days before the meet they do underdistance speed work as a pre-race tune-up. Stephens believes in varying the workouts and terrains to keep his runners' interest high,

thereby avoiding boredom.

Any Spikette will tell you that track is anything but boring. With a group of fun-loving girls the hard practice seems like a social hour. Coach Stephens always knows when the girls have recovered from a hard run, when they start talking they've had enough rest and are ready to go again. Along with the hard practice sessions the Spikettes have a full schedule of social outings, picnics, parties and plain old mischief-making activities. Some of the pranks played on each other offer frequent times of laughter and gaiety.

There are seventy-five girls on the team, most of them distance runners, some not by choice, but just an accepted fate. Almost every girl starts out her track career as a sprinter, for that is the only kind of race that is run by unconditioned non-runners. When a new girl comes out to practice and announces that she is fast and wants to be a sprinter, someone invariably calls to the others, "Hey, she's a sprinter!" Then everyone gathers around to get a look at this phenomena and wish her good luck in her sprinting endeavors, knowing full well her sprint will probably be the mile.

No matter what the age, there is a certain pride that goes along with wearing the Spikette uniform; a pride of tradition, the tradition of running well. There is a saying going around the Spikette circles that fifty years from now they all will still be running and winning national titles. Coach Stephens will be reminding everyone to sharpen their canes, polish up their bifocals and be pleading in his annual speech for the girls to win it just one more time, for no other team will ever win the championship fifty-five years in a row again.



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BOOK REVIEWS

THIS SUMMER IS AN EXCELLENT TIME TO READ.

Brian Glanville, THE OLYMPIAN, Coward-McCann, 1969. (Available from Distance Running News, Post Office Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 @ \$5.95 - 287pp.) Reviewed by James A. Phillips

Captured movingly and believably in fictional form is the too-true story of runner Ike Low, an English lad whose ability to run eclipses his ability to accept the pressures, both psychological and physical, which plague performers in the public eye. From the moment Sam Dee, the inveterate and indomitable coach, coaxes him into running a mile, until the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, Ike experiences the exhilaration and cockiness of success that characteristically are too soon tempered by the ignominy and vindictiveness of defeat in the helter-skelter world of run for fun, which does have some fringe benefits, of course. In addition to a car and a sinecure of a job, Ike also engages in a few track-associated interludes which the author interjects with frightening naturalness. The incompatibility of Ike's marriage makes these assignments seem especially significant.

Basically, THE OLYMPIAN is an allegorical message complete with stage directions and dialogue, dual narrators, and sports-column newspaper commentary. What the talented author and sportswriter Brian Glanville is saying throughout the book becomes obvious in the last race, the 1,500-meter Olympics event. It is here that the reader see what must happen, in Ike Low's situation at least, when the hands of the stopwatch fleetingly pass over a meteoric success unprepared for prestige, a coach stressing rebirth through suffering, and another coach stoically demanding sacrifice. Ike Low's crucifixion on the hands of a stopwatch is a realistic story told with the language and emotion that characterize competition at its keenest.

Gordon Pirie, FITNESS FOR MEN, Record Books Ltd., 1965. (Available from Distance Running News, Post Office Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 @ \$3.95 - 67pp with 33½ RPM long playing record.) Reviewed by John R. Anderson-Editor & Publisher

Fitness is a very important part of life which will not only make it more enjoyable, but longer. In FITNESS FOR MEN Gordon Pirie describes in a straight-forward way the principles of fitness and health and explains the basic theories of nutrition and weight control. Most of the book consists of carefully designed and graded exercises, which can be performed anywhere, anytime. None of the exercises require machines or equipment or any other materials. All that is needed is you.

To assist you in understanding the thinking behind the exercises, a long playing (about 17 minutes) record accompany the book. The record on side one opens with an account of Pirie win in the 5000-meter at the Great Britain vs. USSR match in 1957. Then Frank Bough of B.B.C. Sports-view talks to Gordon Pirie about his ideas on the need for fitness in everyday life. This is followed by a detailed 'run-through' of the different types of exercises included in the schedules with an explanation of the particular benefits each is intended to provide. The record is worth the price alone.

1969-HIGH SCHOOL TRACK & FIELD ANNUAL, Track & Field News, 1969. (Available from Distance Running News, Post Office Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 @ \$1.00 - 32pp. 111.)

Besides having in-depth lists ("1968 Best Performers," "All-Time Performers and Performances," "Nationa, Class, Age Records," "High School Indoor Records") this little booklet contains several good features by top-notch writers. Such as: "Athlete of Year," "Brown, Carrigan Glitter in 1968," "Preps In Olympic Games," "Walker Muscles Shot 72'3½","Bornkessel Blasts Hurdle Marks," "1968 Postal Competition Results," "After '68, What Next?," "Athletes of Year -- 1947-1968." With all this you have ten pictures for illustration. Informative and helpful to all with an interest in track & field.

John Hopkins, THE MARATHON, Stanley Paul, 1966. (Available from Distance Running News, Post Office Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 @ \$2.95 - 111pp. with illustrations.)

John Hopkins gives a brief history of the marathon with emphasis on the Olympic marathon races from 1896-1964. Very good accounts of each race which proves very interesting. Also included is an historical background, "the psychology and preparation of the Marathon runner, and results and rules. If you're interested in marathoning this would be a worthwhile book to read.

Charles Elliott, TRAINING DIARY, Athletics Arena, 1969. (Available from Distance Running News, Post Office Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 @ \$1.50.)

Everyone should have a training diary and this one is the best we have seen. The DIARY has space for two-years including space for the date, place, training session, mileage, weather, who with, "how I felt," season quality, body weight, pulse count, breath count, and sleeping hours. The booklet is small (8½ x 5½) but this makes it more handy to use. Also included are special pages for your competition and performance details, and performance graph in the back two pages. Complete details in using the DIARY are found at the front.

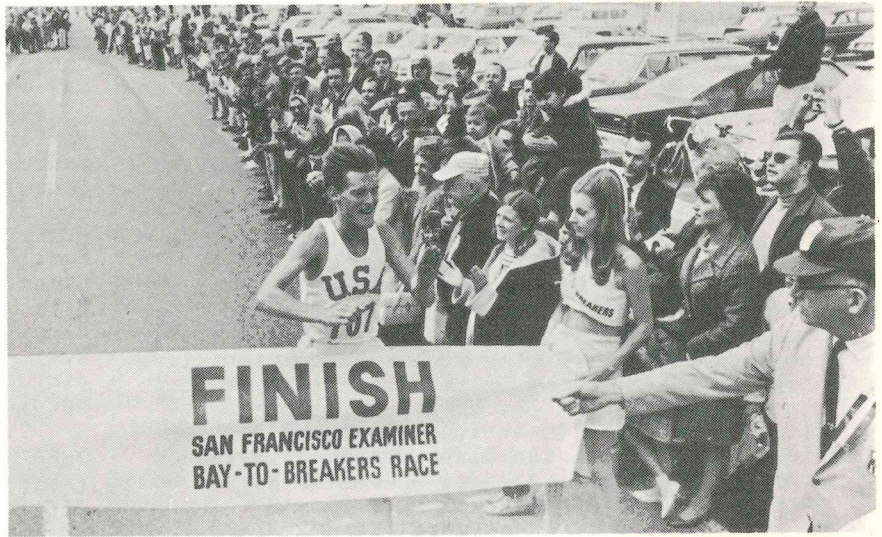
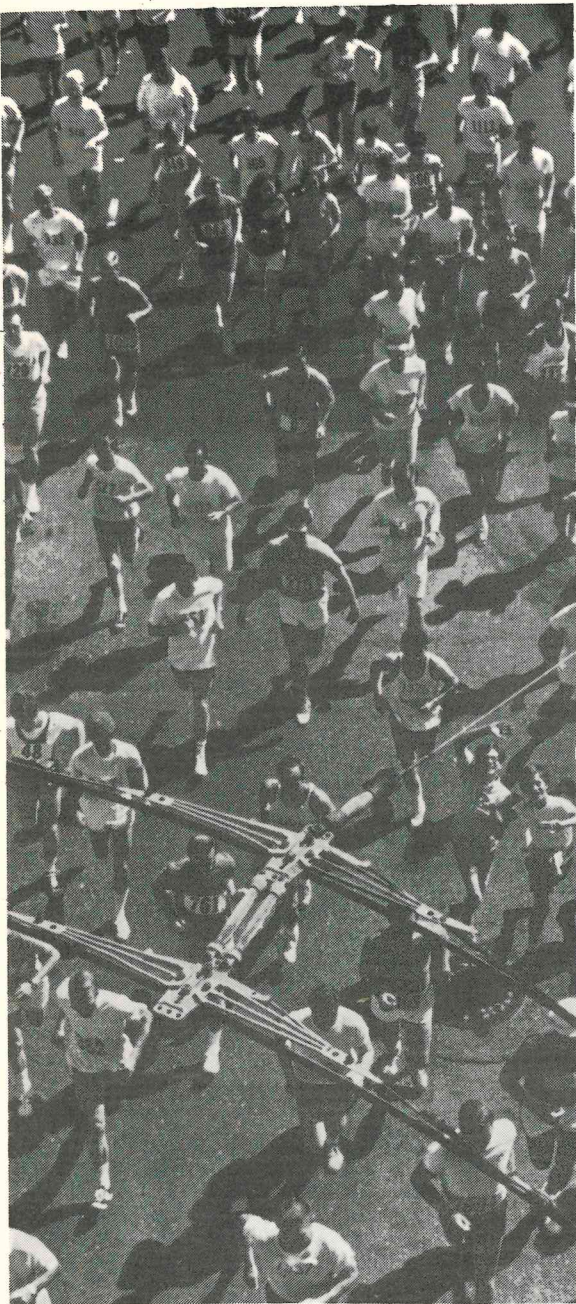
"I really think your TRAINING DIARY is the best around. Not is it easy to use but it looks really neat. I wish my coach would have given us something like this when I was a sophomore." Barry Anderson - Overland Park (Senior High School -1:55 half mile).

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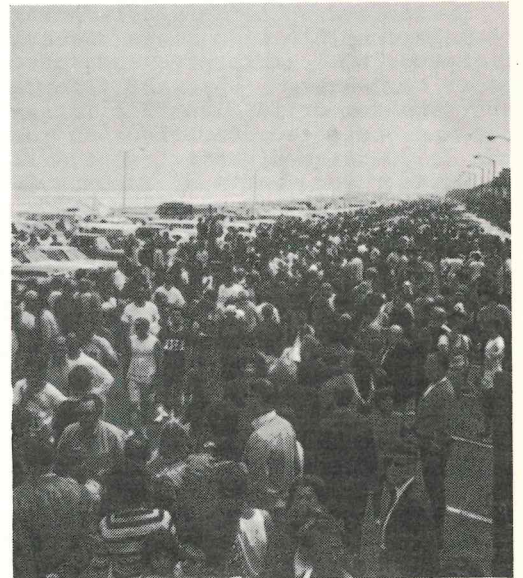
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THE BAY TO BREAKERS RACE

BY WALT DALEY



(Left) The more than 1200 starters take off on the seven mile race in San Francisco, Calif. May 25th. (Above) 38mins. 40secs. later Ken Moore (US Army) crosses the finish line the winner. (Right) Post race activities included getting to the finish line. Note: There were several girls that started and finished the race. Congratulations to all.



When Fathers and Sons join hands to cross a finish line in a race almost eight miles away from where they started--when a teen-age cerebral palsy victim trains intensely for months to be a starter and a finisher--when a young man, totally blind, competes for the second year and cuts ten minutes off his time--you've got a race that's worthwhile!

This is what the sponsoring San Francisco Examiner thinks about the colorful Bay to Breakers race, which on May 25th of this year saw a record-breaking 1,200 entrants gallop up hills, through Golden Gate Park and finish (almost all of them) at the famed Cliff House at San Francisco's Beach.

As usual, well-know distance runners were first across the finish line. It was the tremendous response to the call for entries, however, and the enthusiasum displayed by new distance running and jogging friends which astonished everyone connected with the race.

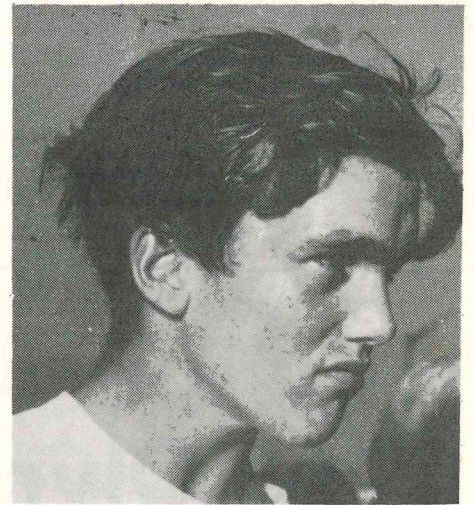
Ken Moore, former Oregon University track ace and now serving in Uncle Sam's Army at Fort MacArthur in San Pedro, California, was the

first to breeze across the finish line--his second victory in a row in this race--and he was timed in 38 minutes, 40 seconds. Moore noted that he was 25 seconds slower than in 1968 but figured it was due to one of two things --he had started to run off-course in making a turn around one street corner mid-way in the race and then he didn't have as much pressure near the end of the race from Tom Laris of the New York A.C. as he had in the previous year.

Moore represented the U.S. Army in the race and it was that team which carried off the team trophy. Runners like Doug Wiebe, Bill Norris, Dick Sharkey and Richard Dugan, placed second, seventh, ninth and thirteenth, to clinch the trophy for the Army contingent.

The Marin Athletic Club was the team placing second, followed by the Olympic Club.

Over 80 teams were represented in the race. The winner of the trophy for the Most Courageous Competitor was Kevin Robinson, a prepster from Northern California's Marin County, who is a cerebral palsy victim. Young Robinson put in



many hours of training for this race--determined to start and finish it as one of his goals in life. His friend and tutor, John Garber, Mill Valley Park and Recreation Department director, encouraged the 17-year-old youngster to prepare for and enter the race and was there to greet him with a warm handshake at the finish line.

One Dr. Harry Hilt, 69-years-of-age and who had come all the way from Eugene, Oregon, to compete, thought sure he'd win the trophy for being the oldest starter and finisher. He wasn't. Dr. Paul Spangler, up from southern California and just 70-years-of-age, was slightly older--and finished slightly ahead.

Harry Cordellos, 33 and totally blind, finished the race in 52 minutes, 10 minutes faster than his 1968 time.

Often in this race the Father-Son duo which carries away the special trophy for that category, is composed of a fairly young father and really young son first to reach the end of the line. This year it was 52-year-old Paul Reese, running for the Northern California Senior Track Club, and son Mark, 20, both of Sacramento, who were the victors.

The top prepster--clocked home in 42:33--was Don Makela, 18-year-old Novato High Schooler.

(Above Left) One of the advantages of winning the Bay To Breakers race is that you have Miss Bay-To-Breakers place the winning medal around your neck. Here Miss Debbie Nelson (great choice men) gives up the medal to Ken Moore. (Above Top) John Garber, Athletic Director-Mill Valley Park-Recreation Dept. (Above) Kevin Robinson, Mill Valley Tamalpais, one time cerebral palsy victim received the most courageous award. He finished 1058th in 1:40:31.

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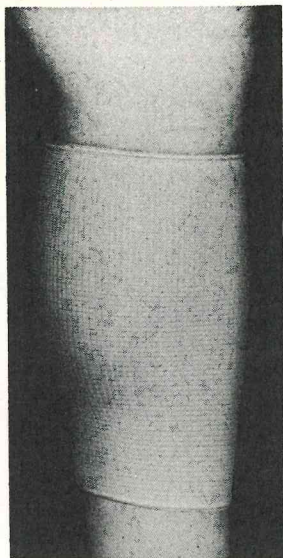


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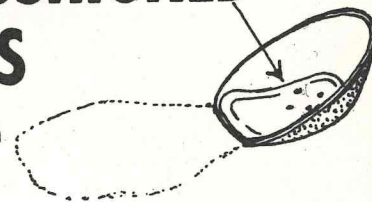
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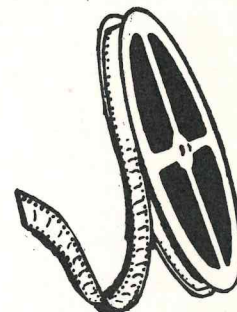
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STAR OF THE NETHERLANDS

Maria Gommers

BY BEN KUSMIC

INTRODUCTION: Many years ago, in the days of Glen Cunningham, Bill Bonthron, Archie San Romani, Chuck Fenske and Britain's Sydney Wooderson, the U.S.A. with their flair for the sensational used to stage annual "Mile of the Century" races. This year Britain had a "Women's Mile of the Century" June 14th at Leicester Sports Centre. Among the international stars featured in the line-up included Miss Maria Gommers of the Netherlands, present holder of the world 1500m record for women at 4:15.6. Maria ran 4:36.8 which is a world record for the mile cutting 2/10s of a second off Anne Smith's record. Her coach, Ben Kusmic, has kindly provided us with some details of this talented distance runner. (Wilf Richards—European Editor).

Maria Gommers was a young lady of 22 when she joined the Unitas Athletic Club, situated in the south of Holland. She was far from successful in her early days. Her time for 100 metres was no better than 15 seconds, so it was evident that sprinting was unlikely to see her to advantage. After some months she started running longer distances and in 1962 started for the first time on 800 metres, with a time of 2-32. This was where her talent lay and although there was nothing meteoric about her progress after that, the gradual improvement over the next few years was encouraging. During 1962 her 800 metre time came down to 2-23, in 1963 it was 2-18.9, 1964 brought it down to 2-15.3, 1966 to 2-12.9, then in 1967 at last she was approaching world class with a time of 2-06.1.

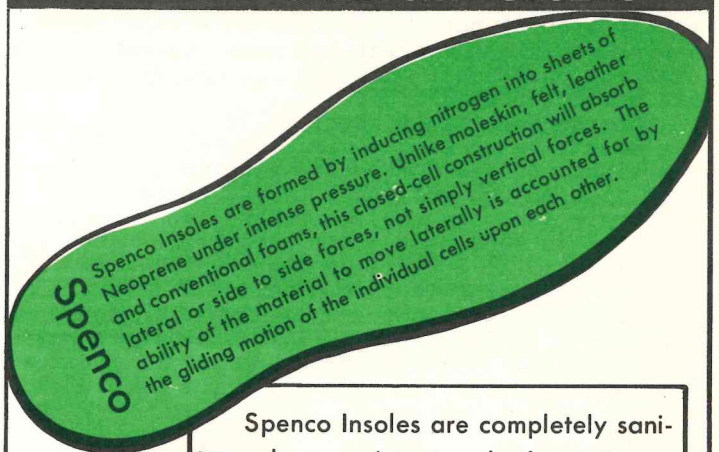
Maria was fond of the longer distances and when in 1967 the 1500 metre event was introduced into Holland's official programme for women we decided that this would be her best event. From that time she started training daily in place of her former four times a week, and also changed her system of training. Long distance runs were introduced (for instance, 15 km in around 60 minutes). Also included would be interval runs over fairly long stretches (say, 4 x 1000 metres in about 2-52) with a 10 minute rest between. Sometimes her training is carried out with others; on other occasions she trains alone. She likes cross-country running and was, in fact, the Dutch cross-country champion in 1968.

By August 1967 Maria had brought her 1500 metre time down to 4min. 22sec. and it was then realised that the world record held by Anne Smith of Britain was a possibility. It was planned to make the attempt during the Dutch championship event on October 15th. Unfortunately the weather spoilt any idea of a record, for she had rain and a strong wind to contend with. She won the championship easily enough (her nearest rival was over half a minute behind) but her time was only 4-29. Another attempt was arranged on the same track in Sittard on October 24th. Again there was rain - and again there was no-one in the field capable of extending Maria even in the early stages. But the track was in good condition and Maria was in excellent form. She went through the 400 metres in 64 seconds, 800 was reached in 2-14 and the 1200m in 3-24. A slight acceleration over the final 300 metres brought her to the tape in the new world record of 4min. 15.6 sec., almost 2 secs. faster than Anne Smith's existing record.

Although Maria Gommers has a preference for the longer distances, she has continued to progress at the 800 metres, as her 2min. 02.6 in Mexico proves. It is her great liking for the sport and willingness to train hard and regularly which has taken her to the top rather than any natural talent.



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ON THE BOSTON MARATHON

I read with great interest your comments collected on "The Jogger Controversy." Last December, I weighed 230 pounds and couldn't run around myself, let alone around the block. I took up jogging as a means to reduce and get into some sort of decent condition. By the time April arrived I found I was able to jog 15 miles with very little effort (and had lost over 30 lbs.). Boston, to me, was a challenge, not to prove any olympic potential but what could be done through serious exercise and training in four months.

Everyone there seemed sincerely friendly and congenial with but one exception. Either the work is too much or Jock Semple takes himself entirely too seriously. I really can't see the work as being too much of a burden as everyone seemed to concur that they had never seen so much help and cooperation on putting a race on. If there are too many entrants (which there really aren't) put the Unetani's, Burfoot's, Daw's, etc. in the front and seed the runners in starting positions. This way the better runners are not interfered with.

Who the hell is Art Dudley? If he is so great why wasn't he at last years Olympics? Burfoot was right: only a Namath can play in the Super Bowl, but anyone who wants to put in the time and train (and pay the two bucks) can compete in the world's second greatest marathon. Boston was my first try at a distance over 16 miles and I managed to finish in 3hrs. 44mins. I'm sure such a performance will not strike terror in the beast of a Unetani, but I'll be back there next year shooting to break three hours (this year's goal was 4 hours), if it's all right with Jock Semple and Art Dudley.

Don Capron
New York City

Let me make some comments that Jeff Johnson over-looked in his article concerning the joggers at Boston. Why didn't Jeff get some opinions of the ones behind the scenes? With all due respect to those who want the race left as it is, it just can't be done. The entries have increased terrifically in the last two years and it is safe to say that next year it would be 1,500. But the facilities just can't take it, both at the start and finish. The Prudential's people are alarmed and I know the people in Hopkinton are too. The damage done to the lawns and shrubbery out there is terrible and some of the alleged runners are not the least bit fussy where they use toilet facilities.

I have never objected or denied my time etc. for the running game but these are not even joggers who are cluttering up the facilities. They are freaks and thrill seekers. High school kids who never ran more than 2-mile cross-country before, college students doing it for Fraternity gags. (About a week before this year's race I heard over the radio where two college students from a Kansas college were going to run in the Boston marathon as a challenge from their Fraternity brothers. They had never run more than a mile before the race.--the editor.)

Well, these are some of the problems we are faced with. We plan to have some sort of qualification but it won't be very strict. Those who did the 4hr. time limit this year are automatically in if they want, but others will have to prove they have run in one of the many marathons throughout the country in 3½ hours or a time we will set for 15-or 20-mile races. Mind

DISTANCE RUNNING NOTES

The great Paavo Nurmi, the most famous of the "flying Finns," has suffered a stroke and has the disability of hemiplegia (one side of his body paralyzed). He still has his store in downtown Helsinki. He made a lot of money in the construction business, especially in building homes, including some very good ones...Erik Steutel of Holland has informed me that the 2nd international Marathon-Championship for over forty will be held in Skovde, Sweden on May 17th, 1970...

For persons who may be traveling to Europe the remainder of the summer, we have received notice of the following races: August 9th - International Marathon at Winterthur, Switzerland. August 16th - International Marathon at Enschede, Holland, write V.V.V. Office, Enschede. September 7th - International 25km road race at Cologne, West Germany. September 20th - International Marathon at Achern/Baden, West Germany, write Fritz Kratzeisen, 759 Achern/Baden, Habelstrasse 32, West Germany. Note: we have not been able to obtain information about races in and around Japan as of yet and this is why we haven't sent information about races in this region of the world to those of you that have requested such...

...For those interested in the DRN's 1972 Olympic tour--send us a \$50.00 deposit (completely refundable). More details, prices, etc. will be announced later... me this is not final but I think we will have to do something.

Jock Semple
Boston, Mass.

ON HAL HIGDON

Had always supposed marathon runners were inbred with a high degree of manliness, personal character, but kiss-and-tell, juvenile Hal Higdon comes through as a nit-wit of the lowest order. He's a bloody boor. Nor can he write worth a lick, but I'll have another look in a dozen years, if he ever makes it out of prep school.

Keene Frick
Forest Grove, Oregon

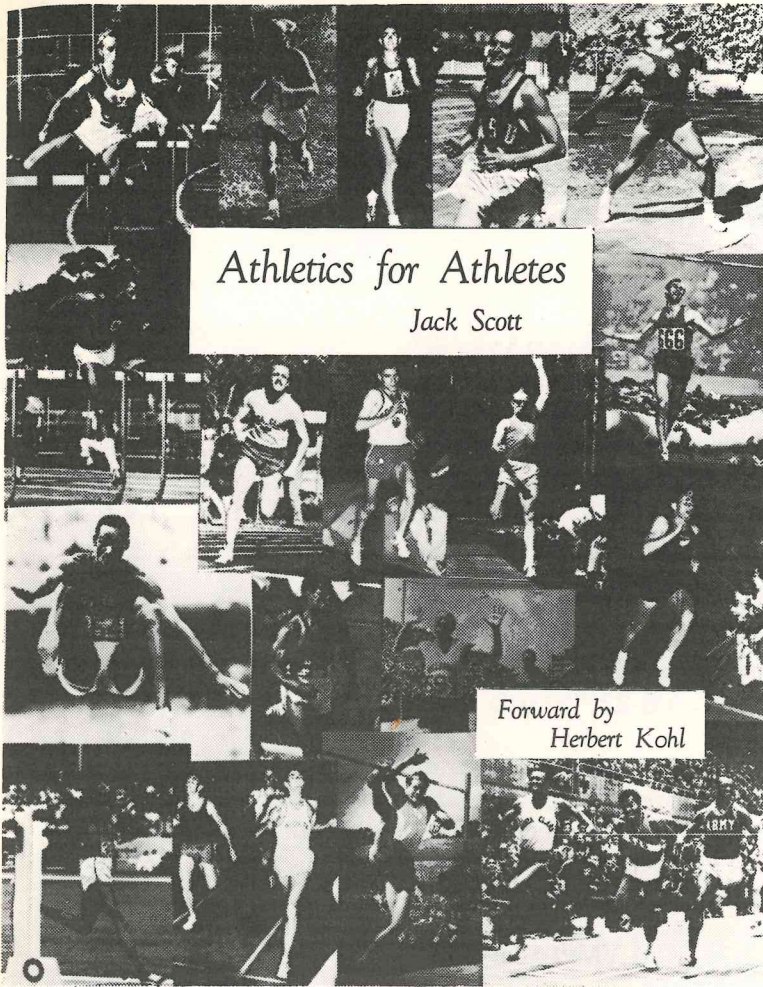
My subscription to your magazine ran out with the May issue. I have been impressed with its growth since the earlier smaller copies.

When the subscription ran out I was going to re-order two, one for my own reading and to pass out to the boys--the other for the school library. Unfortunately with the article in the May issue describing the conversation with Viskari on page 11 and the success that some of the runners had with the sales girls in Helsinki on page 13, I feel the magazine can not go into the library nor be passed out to high school students. Hence, I will let the subscription run out. Maybe I'll try it again later.

Coach Karl West
Needham Heights, Mass

In my opinion the cartoon that accompanied the article by Mr. Higdon was certainly out of context with a good outstanding distance running magazine. But even that was not quite so poor in taste as two passages in the article. I would not like to see continuing irresponsibility on your part to let articles such as this to continue in your fine magazine.

Barbara M. Barnes
Long Beach, Calif.



ATHLETICS FOR ATHLETES by Jack Scott, an astute track observer, is a free-swinging barrage on the U.S. sports system which Mr. Scott feels has become overly coached and spectator rather than participant oriented. The book is bound to produce a storm of reaction from those attacked. Hopefully, angry reaction will not blind all coaches who read this book...While few will agree with all that Jack Scott says, this book states lessons that everyone connected with athletics can take to heart.

Joe Henderson

Anyone who cares for athletes as people rather than as commodities will find ATHLETICS FOR ATHLETES an honest and perceptive analysis of the forces working against the athletes' joy of participation in sport. Mr. Scott speaks directly to the problems those of us actively involved in athletics encounter daily. Although everyone interested in athletics will profit from reading this book, athletes will find it especially helpful.

Bob Deines

ATHLETICS FOR ATHLETES is definitely a book that most coaches will attempt to keep their athletes from reading.

Michaell Spino, Athletic Director

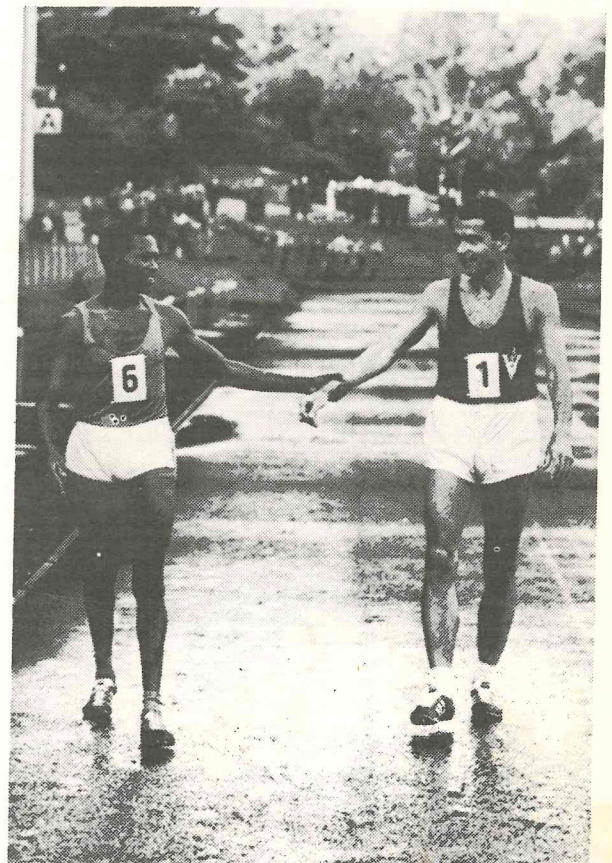
ATHLETICS FOR ATHELTES, written by Jack Scott, athlete, coach and college teacher, is an exciting, unique contribution to track and field literature. A few of the many essays which make up this book are: "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner"; "Problem Coaches: How to help them and yourself at the same time"; and "Mexico City 1968," an on the scenes report of the 1968 Olympic Games. Mr. Scott is out-spoken in his criticism of today's regimented, authoritarian, militaristic approach to athletics, and he eloquently pleads for sport programs where the emphasis will be on athletics for athletes. The book is attractively illustrated with over fifty photographs of the world's greatest athletes.

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