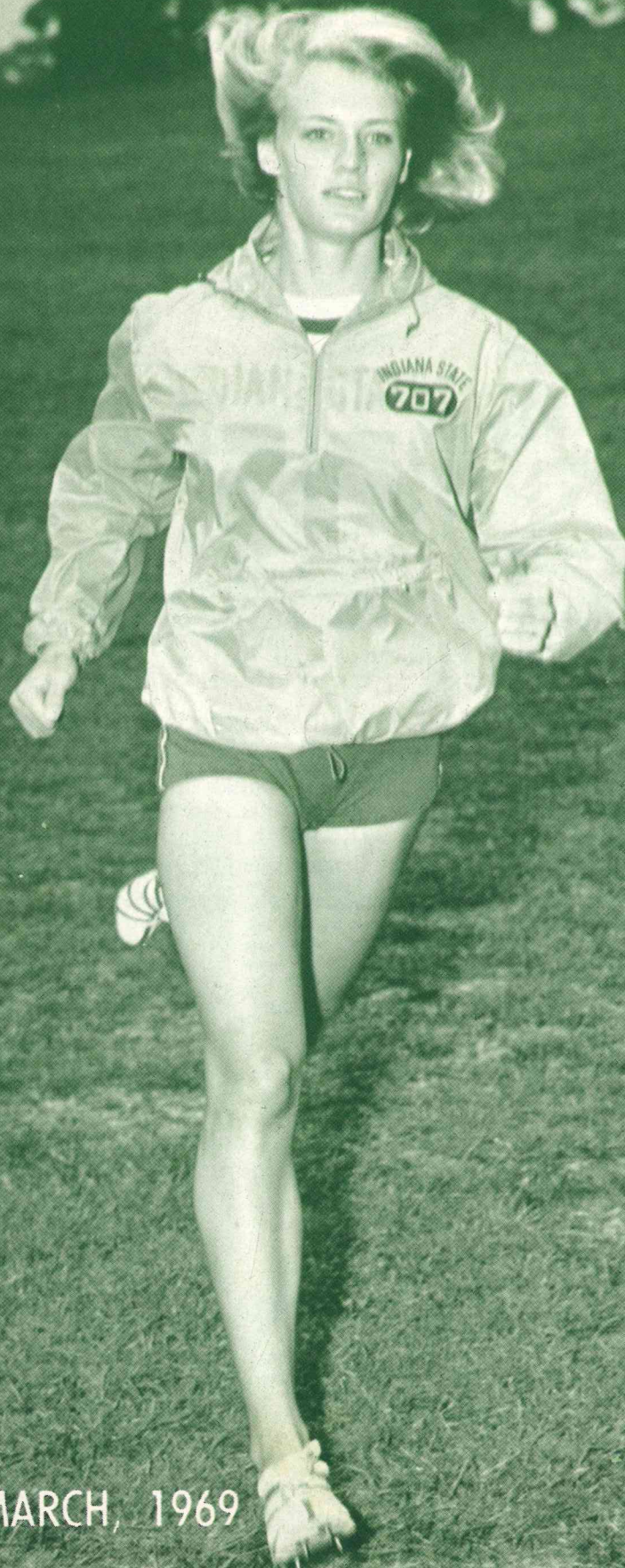


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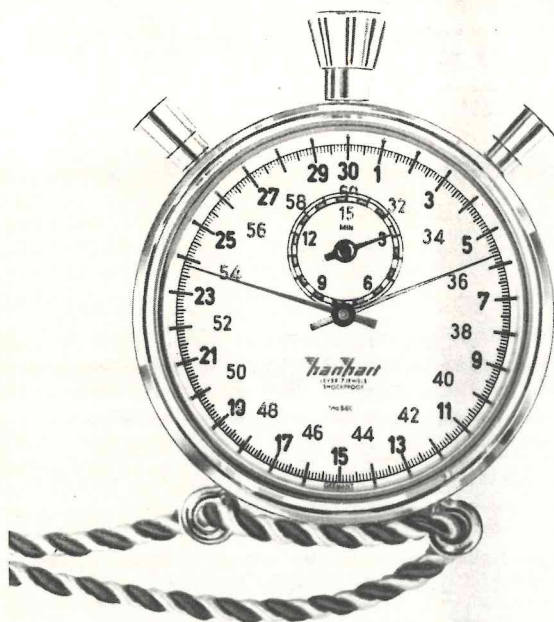
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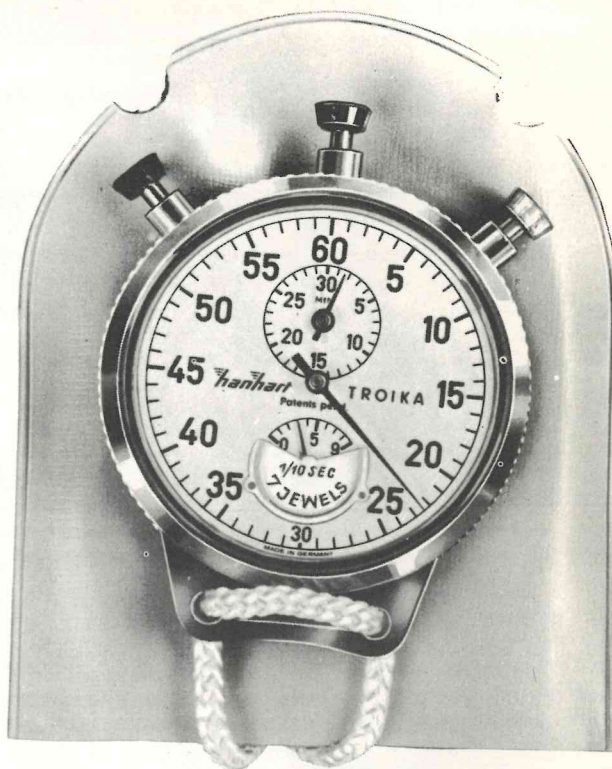


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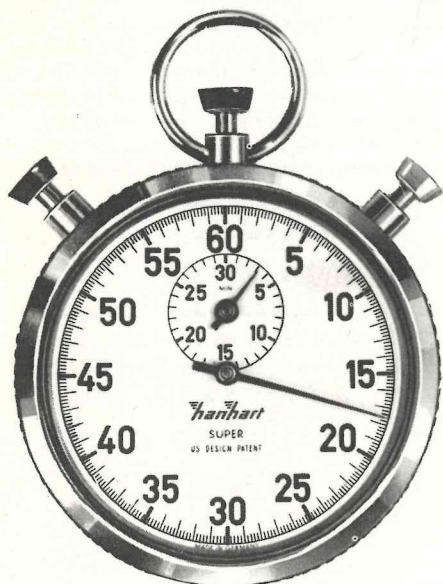


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Rich Clarkson, Walt Westerholm

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY - January, March, May, July, September, November

PRINTED BY - AG Press, 1207 Moro, Manhattan, Kansas 66502

SUBSCRIPTION RATES - One year - \$3.00 (foreign - same)
Two years - \$5.00

Current single copies 50¢ each. All back issues 50¢ each. Add \$1.00 per year
for first class mail and \$1.50 per year for airmail. Foreign airmail rates on re-
quest from the publisher.

EUROPEAN SUBSCRIBERS

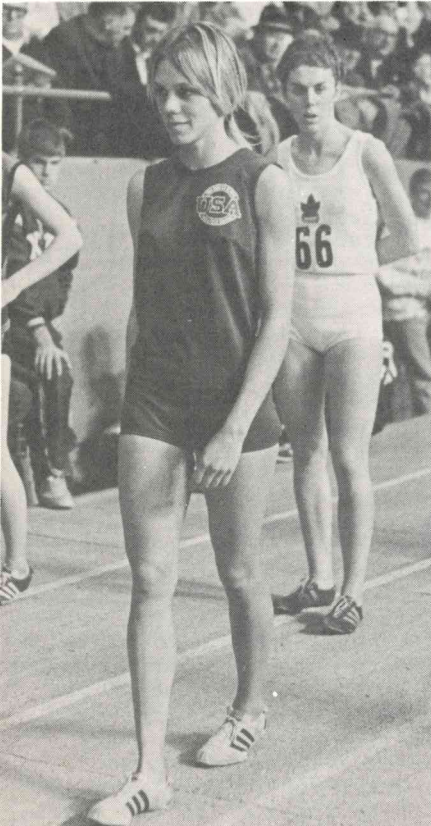
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I would like to welcome Joe Henderson (Chief Editorial Assistant) and Doyne Hahn (Assistant Editor) to our regular staff. Joe, who is currently working for Track & Field News, will write a regular feature article for us entitled THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE. Also from time to time he will write other feature material. Doyne, who has been working for us since October, main duties at the moment concern a major advertising campaign we are getting off the ground.

With this issue several new regular features are being introduced. 1) PHOTO-CHOICE will appear on the center two pages of every issue and designed so that these pages can be removed and used as you see fit. 2) PERSONAL TRAINING IDEAS. This feature will be concerned with your training ideas. We want to print more than just your schedules but spend more time on what is behind your training and why you do what you do. Please feel welcome to submit your ideas to us.

I would like to thank several persons who I fell have written outstanding articles for this issue: David Costill, Hal Higdon, Joe Henderson, Tom Sturak, James Hartshorne, Rich Clarkson, Bob Carman, Geoff Fenwick, Wilf Richards, Howard Barnes... Thank you men for a job well done. I hope that you-all will again write for us soon. And Ted Corbitt, Bob White, Jeff Johnson, Don Jacobs, Dr. Gabe Mirkin, Pete Burkhard, Erik Steutel, Fred Wilt, Buddy Edelen, Bob Hyten Jr., Grace Butcher, John Hurley, Douglas Alexander, Nat Cirulnick, Chris McCarthy, George Hubert, Scott Hamilton, Percy Wells Cerutti, John Jewell, Dr. G. Kelling, Rudy Fahl, John Rose, Thomas Woodall, Bill Easton, Bob Timmons, Bill Clark... thank you for great articles in past issues. I hope that you will be able to find time again to write for us. And you guys that haven't written, why not? We are always in search of new and exciting articles. If you think you're interest- ed in writing for us, I would be glad to assist you in any way that I can. Let me hear from you.

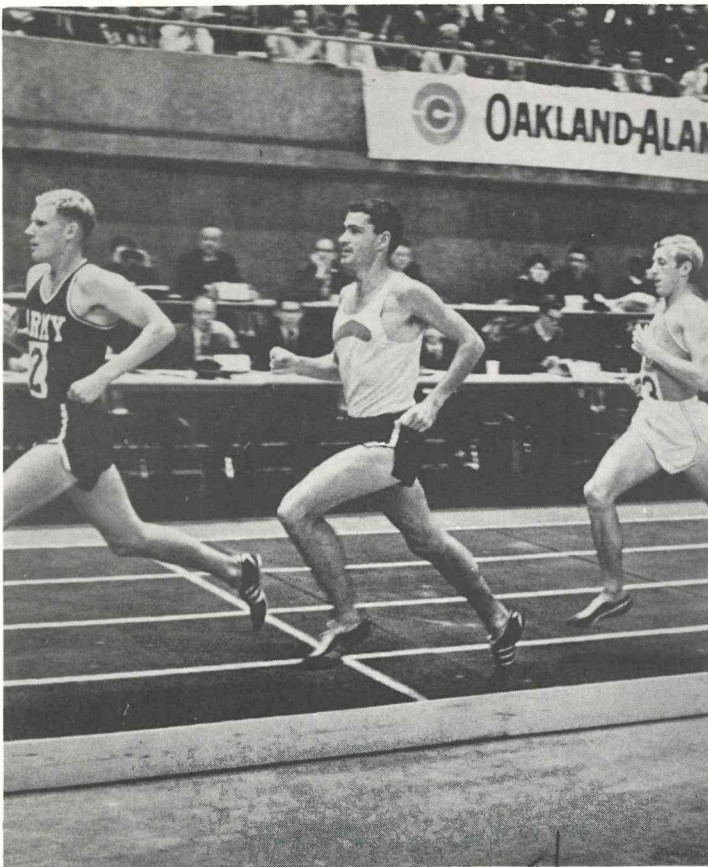
Our photography staff is one of the best we can ask for, but still we are in need of pictures. Six guys just simply can't cover the sport in full. For example, we never did get "good" pictures for our article "The Big Three Out West" by Tom Sturak. So if you come up with some good shots, we could sure use them. All photos can be returned if requested. By the way, with our new feature PHOTO-CHOICE more "outstanding" pictures will be needed. To our regular staff (Jeff Johnson, Jeff Kroot, Don Wilkinson, Steve Murdock, Rich Clarkson, and Walt Westerholm): thank you men for a job well done--I feel you guys are doing an outstanding job in illustrating DRN.

PHOTO-CHOICE: (This will be a new feature which we hope to make a part of every issue. PHOTO-CHOICE will appear on the center two pages so that it can be removed and used as you see fit.)

All captions on photos used in this feature will appear on this page. This will make for a more clean looking photo feature. Page 20-- Upper left: Bill Kennedy--winner of the 1917 Boston Marathon with a time of 2:28:37. Upper right: Bob and Lyn Carman training near their home in California. Lower left: W. Weba, the winner of the International Masters' Marathon held in Holland on his way home. Lower right: the victory ceremony at the International Masters' Marathon. Page 21--Jack Bacheleer (U.S. Olympian at 5,000m) at Echo Summit. (Photo by Murdock)

COVER-PHOTO: Mrs. Cherrie Bridges distance runner from Indiana State who will represent the United States in the up-coming International Cross-Country meet in England. This picture was taken during the summer of 1968 near her home. Photo by Audio-Visual Center ISU

Known
to his
friend
as
Bob
Price



RON CLARKE (middle) early in his 3-mile world indoor record run at the "All American" Meet in Oakland, Calif. Tracy Smith is leading with Kerry Pearce in third at this stage. Photo by Jeff Kroot



GEORGE YOUNG beats BOB FINLAY (Canada) in the Mass K of C 2-mile with a fine 8:32.6 (meet record) to 8:33.3. Later in the season Young tied the world 2-mile indoor record held by Pearce. Photo Johnson

THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Yes, Ron Clarke is human. "Why, he runs just like we do," photographer and distance student Jeff Kroot observed with some astonishment. "His feet seem to be stuck to the track." Not meaning to diminish his admiration of Clarke a bit, Kroot summed up his capsule analysis with the comment, "With that graying hair and dignified manner, he looks like he'd be more at home in a business suit than a track one."

Knowing what little I do about Ron, I think he'd like having himself brought down to a more human level like this. He isn't one to be aloof, and he isn't wholly comfortable having himself cast into the role of a semi-deified idol. He is too practical a realist to fit into that image comfortably. He is a shrewd enough judge of himself to realize both his fantastic (to us, anyway) capabilities and his vulnerabilities.

Clarke demonstrated both ability and weakness on two nights in January. The first was at Oakland, Calif. He called the 11-lap track "the fastest I've been on" and promptly proved it by running the fastest indoor race he--or anyone--had run for three miles. It ended at 13:12.6. But there wasn't time to stop and savor the event. Hustling on to Albuquerque, N.M., the next day--and carrying an all-too-human headcold with him--he raced George Young. Ron, knowing what to expect from Young but helpless to do anything about it, got jumped in the last few hundred yards and lost to George for the fourth straight time.

It's unlikely either event--the joy of the

record or the disappointment of his loss to Young--lingered long in Clarke's mind. His live-in-the-present attitude doesn't allow him to praise himself overly much, or to castigate himself too severely. Better than any other runner in his class, Clarke has firmly grasped a sensible perspective for his running and the success/failure that accompany it.

Ron's own words, lifted from his book (*The Unforgiving Minute*), get down to the basis of his view on the sport:

"Seeking fulfillment in distance running is like seeking an elusive Shangri-la, because the moment one feels it is attained it vanishes again. The immediate thrill of breaking a record evaporates with the realization that the new record is there to be attacked, that no one is ever satisfied.

"The athlete who yearns for the supreme records is likely to retire a very frustrated man, since no record is ever impregnable. 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. But this fundamentally is not why a man runs.

"The number of miles I have run since I was a toddler would have taken me around the world several times, and still I cannot define precisely my joy in running. There is not sacrifice in it. I lead what I regard as a normal life. I thoroughly enjoy running 100-odd miles

a week. If I didn't I wouldn't do it. Who can define happiness? To some, happiness is a warm puppy or a glass of cold beer. To me, happiness is running in the hills with my mates around me."

"What seems to confuse people is my belief that after the event, the result is unimportant. I maintain that enjoyment is gained from the competition itself, from the intense battle among evenly balanced competitors, and that then the result scarcely matters. The public demand for fanaticism among sportsmen is alarming. It has grown over the last couple of decades because of this unwise emphasis on result being all-important."

At age 31, Clarke's thrill with intrinsic joys of running and racing goes one. He had the perfect chance to retire gracefully after the Olympics. That's the traditional quitting time for ageing athletes. But don't let the flecks of gray hair fool you. The 1969 version of Ron Clarke is as lively as any past one, and as anxious as ever to race at the highest possible level. "I don't believe in this 'peak' business," he said. "My peak is where I am at the moment, and it has been pushing upward steadily since I started running again in 1961."

He sounds more concerned about looking ahead than about reviewing his string of past records that won't quit, or even about brooding over an Olympic performance that would traumatized a man more hung-up on his own immortality.

While Clarke was beating records, Young was beating people--all kinds of people from all over the world at all the meets he entered. Running on what he said was his farewell journey, George had won six straight two-mile races through early February. These six boosted his two-year victory streak to 14, which undoubtedly is the most impressive statistic in current indoor track lore. George says this indoor season will be it--his last competitive running. He wants to run across the Grand Canyon in two hours (the best is something like three), then retire to the less frantic atmosphere of graduate school. Don't bet he won't delay these plans. Inside him there still festers a memory of Mexico City and two Kenyans whipping past in the last 150 meters of the Olympic steeplechase. If he wants, he can race Amos Biwott and Ben Kogo again at Los Angeles in July.

This issue deadline arrived before the national indoor championships, but already there had been plenty of news to discuss. Besides Young and Clarke, Ralph Doubell was the big man. His countryman Clarke says Doubell's relatively short stride goes perfectly with the tight turns of indoor running. Ralph handled the turns like a pro with a 2:07.0 1000 (fourth-best ever) one week and an indoor 880 best of 1:47.9 the next.

Ralph's formula is simple. He puts his 46-second quarter speed in the hands of a wise coach, Franz Stampfl, who trains his prize pupil with "enormous sprint sessions" and regular 10-12-mile runs. Stampfl predicted more than a year ago, when Doubell was little more than promising, that Ralph would someday run 1:43. The coach, incidentally, used to recommend strictly interval training. Recently he became addicted to slow distance running--for his personal fitness program. He liked it so well, he now suggest even world-record half-milers use it.

For better or worst, "over-40" racers--at least the representatives who win the growing number of "masters" races--are approaching with the same seriousness as their younger comrades.

Training gets harder, the pace gets a little stiffer, and possibly a little of the all-in-fun spirit of competition is drained away. But things are getting tougher everywhere for those who feel compelled to race.

The moment Peter Mundle arrived at age 40 about a year ago, things became considerably tougher. Pete trains under Mihaly Igloi, who makes little adjustment for the fact that Mundle is twice the age of most Santa Monica A.A. runners. Pete often trains twice a day and he takes his fast interval training in huge chunks. At Mexico City, I saw him race through 70 100-yard sprints in a session. Pete is still primarily interested in fast racing, and in that he has succeeded quite well. He did an indoor mile at Los Angeles, Jan. 17th, in 4:31.6. That tore 13½ seconds from what was generally thought to be the fastest previous over-40 time indoors--Browning Ross' 4:45.

The senior racers are keeping active in the east too. They got a roaring standing ovation in distance-appreciating Boston. The Boston Garden crowd loved it when ex-Olympian Ted Vogel and Jim Hartshorne finished inches apart in 4:49.4. But the last man received the most attention of all--61-year-old Johnny Kelley, who ran 5:19.

The Cornell Invitational masters mile featured as much academic as running talent. Five runners, ranging in age from 40 to 50, had times ranging from 4:45.9 to 4:53.5. The winner, 40-year-old Dr. Richard Packard is a NASA scientist; Jim Hartshorne (age 45, time 4:46.0), a professor of ornithology; George Sheehan (age 50, time 4:51.0), a medical doctor; Dr. Ray Gordon (age 50, time 4:52.0), an oceanographer, and Dr. Thomas Walnut (44), a chemistry professor.

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est. This is a success-and-competition-oriented society. All due respect goes to those capable of running fast, but that's not really where the true beauty of middle-aged running lies. The beauty is that those past their boyhood are returning to the activity and sport of running in huge numbers. Five-minute miles. Seven-minute miles. Does it really matter how fast a man goes, so long as he's going again and liking it?

The west coast's three big mid-winter marathons--Western Hemisphere, San Diego and Las Vegas--passed with their usual quota of interesting developments. Bob Deines, who missed the Olympic team by one place, ran all three-winning twice. He warmed up by taking the Western Hemisphere race Dec. 8, running just fast enough to beat 18-year-old high school senior Fred Ritcherson. Five weeks later, Deines ran most of the Mission Bay race at San Diego as if it were practice. He finished second. The third marathon within seven weeks turned out to be the best one of Bob's running life. At Las Vegas he navigated the flooded course in 2:22:04. Better yet, he beat second-place Ismail Akcay of Turkey by a full minute. Akcay was the Olympic fourth placer, and the same day Deines was running 2:26 at Palos Verdes Akcay was doing 2:13:43.6 in Japan.

The age barriers in marathoning have almost completely broken down--for both the very young and very old. No one seems to exclude himself anymore simply because of his age. Fast times aren't the exclusive property of those, say, in the 20-35 age bracket, either. On the quite hilly and challenging course at Palos Verdes, young Ritcherson ran 2:27:01. No high schooler had even approached such a pace before--on even the flattest of courses. But not far behind Fred in this race came another prep. Chuck Smead placed third in 2:29:57. None of the first three was older than 22.

Jim French, a 16-year-old junior, did 2:37:52 at San Diego. He was bold enough to run upfront for 20 miles before stomach cramps drastically cut his pace. Jim is from the same school--South Torrance--that claims Craig Streichman, another 16-year-old, with a 2:31 best. Running-connected ailments have almost totally stopped Craig's running for six months. He had a dislocated spinal column, hip imbalance, pinched sciatic nerve and water on both knees. Hard road-running is not without its hazards.

As American marathons go, the Las Vegas one does as painstaking an organizational job as any. The runner becomes king for one day, replacing the gambler. Any US runner with a best of under 2:30, and all foreigners, are treated to free accommodations. Free hotel-to-race transportation is available to all. The city truly supports the race, going so far as to have a fire engine crew stretch a ladder over a flooded area this year for the runners to cross.

But we have a long way to go to top the Japanese. Tad Dobbs writes of the Fukuoka race. "It was televised in its entirety. Later, on another channel, there was a re-run with an interview conducted simultaneously with Bill Adcocks (winner in 2:10:47.8), whose face was superimposed on one corner of the screen. He gave a running commentary during certain portions of the run. Would any network in the States devote so much time on TV to such a sport?

"As usual, the race was conducted very efficiently. The course was well cordoned off and lined with several thousand spectators,

waving Japanese flags. Accompanying the lead pace of runners were six motorcycle policemen. Preceding them was a van conveying newsmen, cameramen and another TV van. Behind the lead pace was a car with a huge electric sign on top, which flashed the times for each of the five-kilo marks as they passed, and below the existing record time for that particular mark.

"The start and finish were at Heiwadai Stadium, which was packed. As Adcocks crossed the finish line, a barrage of fireworks was set off to inform the city folk that he had crossed the finish line. All runners were well taken care of after the race and a large banquet was held for them. This IS marathon country. It could only happen here!" Or could it?

Ron Clarke revealed the reason behind Derek Clayton's relatively poor showing at Mexico City. "Derek really didn't test himself because he had a bad knee," Ron said. "You should have seen his cartilage when they pulled it out. There was a cyst on it about this big (marble size) and it had worn the cartilage almost through where it had been rubbing. Really his was a tremendously gutty performance. You can't do anything about a cyst. You rest it and it doesn't improve. You run on it and it bothers you. The first five miles of his running was hell. You could see it in his eyes and he was not talking. Derek always talks when he runs. Running is so easy for him he talks non-stop. He would always run on in training. We'd stop running and he'd say, 'Oh, I'll go on for another couple of miles.' One day he ran for three hours. Derek had the cartilage removed two days after the Olympics."

THIS COLUMN isn't meant by any means to give a complete rundown of distance news. That's available elsewhere. Rather, I'm trying to cover what lies beneath and behind the statistics of who-won-and-how-fast. I plead for the help of anyone who'd can supply little tidbits of human-interest information about runners and their running. Send them to me at 25451 O'Keefe Lane, Los Altos Hills, Calif. 94022.

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MEET MAMO WOLDE

BY GEOFF FENWICK (African Editor)

At thirty-six, one of the oldest athletes to win an Olympic gold medal for running, Mamo Wolde is by no means well known internationally. This is not due to lack of competition for his record extends as far back as the 1956 Olympic Games at Melbourne. It is rather that for so long he has been overshadowed by his more famous compatriot, Abebe Bikila.

Mamo began, inauspiciously enough, as a middle distance runner--and finished last in his heats of the 800 and 1500 meters at Melbourne. He was not heard of outside Ethiopia until after Bikila had astounded the experts by his uninhibited triumph in the 1960 Olympic marathon. Bikila's victory stimulated Wolde as it stimulated Africans in many countries. Thereafter the pair toured Europe frequently and also travelled to the United States and Japan.

Although Wolde ran well on these tours, Bikila was the man whom people wanted to see. Mamo could hold his own against most of the world's six-milers but as a marathon runner Bikila was supreme. Even when Bikila began to lose interest in international jaunts and Wolde recorded important cross-country victories in Europe, Bikila was still in greater demand. There were doubtless many occasions when Wolde encountered disappointed faces and questions, "What has happened to Abebe?"

During 1964 Wolde established himself at the forefront of African 10,000 meter running. He ran well enough in the Tokyo Olympics for fourth place behind Billy Mills. Bikila, on the other hand, emerged from two years of almost non-existent competition to outclass his rivals in the marathon. It was as if Wolde was a mere training companion who dogged the great man's heels.

In normal circumstances both Ethiopians would have retired after Tokyo for they were already veterans. Yet, the Mexico City Games of 1968 lured them, for the altitude there would present them with a great advantage over rivals from near sea-level countries. Neither ran very often after the 1964 Games. Abebe was resting, no doubt, on his laurels. Mamo perhaps suffered the reaction of comparative failure.

As the Mexico Games drew nearer Wolde began to compete more frequently although his form did not appear to approach that of the pre-Tokyo years. His chance in the marathon did not seem good, for he had never given the impression of liking the event. He had, in fact, dropped out of several international marathons including the one at the Tokyo games. He did not seem capable of pacing the race. By contrast, Bikila had lost just one international marathon race ever.

Bikila's fitness (or lack of it) may have helped determine Wolde's selection for the Mexico marathon. He had already gained a silver medal in the 10,000 meters and had reached the final of the 5000 meters before he ominously withdrew. The Ethiopian gamble paid off, for when the ailing Bikila dropped out of the marathon Wolde went on to run a fine paced race and won Ethiopia's third consecutive gold medal in the event. Furthermore, his time at 7000 feet was good enough to suggest that on his day he would be a match at sea-level for anyone in the world. Between 1964 and 1968 Wolde had learned how to pace himself over the marathon distance.

Like Bikila, Wolde is a member of the Emperor Haile Selassie's bodyguard. He has the same thin, rather Arabic features of Bikila but is much smaller in stature (about 5'7"). Modest, though

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confident, Wolde is an athlete's athlete who creates few difficulties for anyone--except during races.

Ethiopian coaches are somewhat laconic about training methods, but Wolde would seem to work harder than most high altitude runners. I have seen him churn out a fairly intensive two hour interval session on a track situated virtually on the equator. Even in that heat his warm-up and down were both very thorough--indicative of the Swedish influence that exists in Ethiopian athletics.

Few runners strike Olympic gold at age thirty-six. To do so requires a certain element of luck. When Mamo finally moved out of the shade his luck was right. But for all that, the man is a very fine runner.

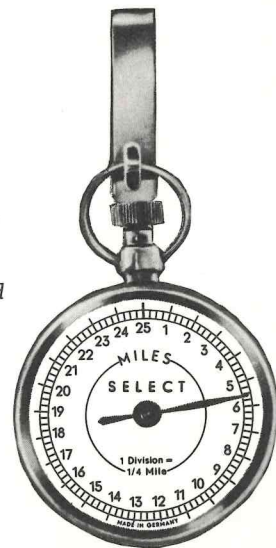
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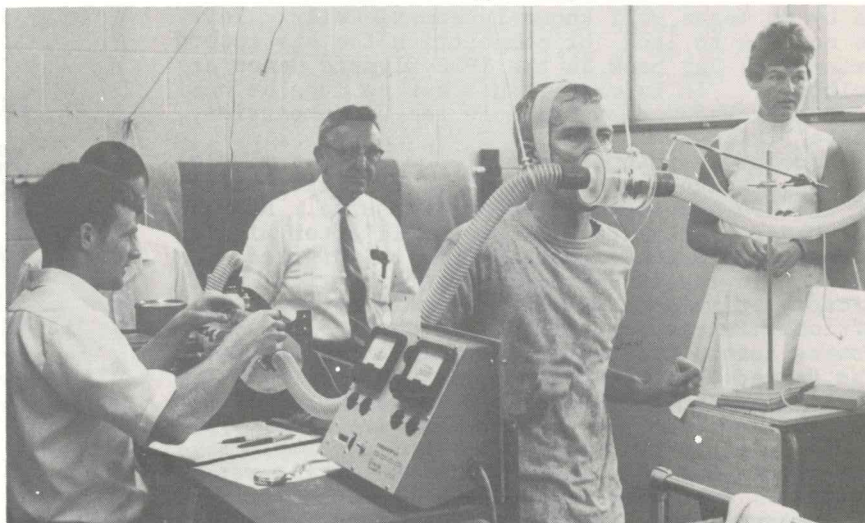
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DISTANCE RUNNING IN THE HEAT

BY DAVID L. COSTILL, Ph. D., and WALTER F. KAMMER, M.D.

Human Performance Laboratory
Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana



(Right) Hal Higdon taking fluids during a 2-hour treadmill run. We were studying the problems of fluid ingestion, body temperature, balance and weight loss among marathoners. (Above) Here I served as my own subject. Dr. Krammer, with the tie, is running the testing. The strap around my head is holding a French Lavine Tube that is inserted through the nasal passage into my stomach. The girl at the right injected a given fluid through the tube throughout an hour run. It is a "damn hard" way to satisfy ones thirst!

To the average spectator a sunny day with the temperature at 75-80 degrees F. must seem to be a near perfect day for distance runners to compete. The veteran road runner, however, is well aware of the toll that must be paid for running on a day like the one mentioned above. His time will be slower; he will lose a larger amount of weight; and he must be careful that he does not overheat. We have been able to make these observations on national and world class distance runners during research in our laboratory, at the 1968 Boston Marathon and during the 1968 Olympic Marathon Trial, Alamosa, Colorado. Despite their experience many distance runners do not understand why these limitations impair their performance.

Road runners must overcome four major physical limitations if they hope to perform well on a warm day. First, man is only capable of partial adjustment (acclimatization) to work in the heat. A runner can make specific physiological adjustments to hot environments only by training under comparable conditions. Despite the extent of acclimatization, racing on a hot day will never produce as fine a performance as might be achieved on a cool, cloudless day. This leads us to the second limitation which is that the runner has only a confined volume of blood to accomplish three major tasks. (1) During any phase of running the circulating blood has the primary job of delivering nutrients (oxygen, glucose, etc.) to the working muscles, (2) remove waste materials, and (3) move heat produced in the muscles to the surface of the body where it can be dissipated to the environment. During a marathon race a runner's muscles will produce about 11 times as much internal heat as they would at rest. The muscles and skin must, therefore, share the limited amount of circulating blood. On a hot day more blood is demanded by the skin and the muscles must take what they can get. The runner involuntarily reduces his running speed to parallel the impaired capacity of the circula-

tory system.

If a runner ignores the restrictions placed on his circulation and insists on running at his usual pace, he is faced with the third physical limitation--that under any heat stress condition the skin can only eliminate body heat at a limited rate. If the heat produced by the muscles is greater than the rate of heat being removed from the skin then the runner will accumulate heat internally.

The final physical limitation experienced while working in the heat is the runner's critical tolerance to a high body temperature. If a runner forces himself to accumulate internal heat, he may well reach a critical temperature which will produce extreme weakness and unconsciousness. Through our research we have found that several nationally ranked marathon runners experienced significant distress when their temperatures exceeded 104.5 degrees F. However, Amby Burfoot, winner of the 1968 Boston Marathon, was able to tolerate a rectal temperature of 105.3 degrees F. with no noticeable ill effects. We have concluded that each man has his own tolerance limits. However, it is safe to assume that any runner whose temperature exceeds 106°F. is unlikely to finish a race. Even more serious is the possibility that such a runner may affect his nervous system to the extent that he ceases to sweat, causing his rectal temperature to jump to 110 degrees F. This condition is commonly known as heat stroke and the chances of survival after one's temperature reaches 110° or 111°F. are one in a thousand.

ENVIRONMENTAL HEAT STRESS

One of the most deceiving indicators of heat stress from the environment is the air temperature. A temperature of 60°F. can be just as deadly as 90°F., if the humidity of the first condition is 95-100%. We have recorded data on one runner during a 10-mile run who developed a rectal temperature of 106.1°F. under the exact conditions mentioned above (60°F. air temp. and

95% relative humidity).

During a distance race about 80-90% of the heat removed from the body is accomplished by sweat evaporation. Under extremely humid conditions very little sweat can vaporize making it difficult for the body to lose heat. Runners often think that they sweat more on humid days. This is quite possible if the runner's rectal temperature is very high, but we have noted very little difference in the sweating rates of runners under varied heat stress conditions when the air temperature exceeds 70°F. At the 1968 Boston Marathon the air temperature was 73°F., humidity 68%. Our subjects lost an average of 7.4 lbs. by sweating. At the Olympic Trials in Alamosa (air temp. 74°F., humidity 23%) the average sweat loss was 7.6 lbs. In our laboratory where we were able to offer greater heat stress (83°F. and 73% humidity), we found the runners lost 7.35 lbs. in the same period of time while running at their usual marathon pace on the treadmill. This would seem to indicate that these men are sweating at a maximal rate and the important point to remember is that such sweat loss is of little value unless it can be vaporized. If your skin should become dry it is important that you pour on water to help remove heat by continued evaporation.

While most runners dread a head wind because of the added resistance (a head wind of 10 mph can increase your final time by about 5%), greater evaporation is provided by the additional air flow. On the other hand, running with the wind can eliminate most of the air flow over the skin and, therefore, reduce sweat evaporation and heat loss. While a 10 mph tail wind can reduce your running time by about 3%, it will substantially increase the heat stress.

TRAINING FOR THE HEAT

As was mentioned earlier it is possible to acclimatize or gain greater tolerance to the heat by training under similar conditions. If an unacclimatized man is suddenly exposed to work in a hot environment, he begins to adjust with the first exposure, progresses rapidly, and is well acclimatized within 7 days. The ability to perform maximally in the heat is attained quickly by progressively increasing the intensity of the daily training. A maximal effort on the first exposure in the heat may significantly disable a runner for several days.

If a runner does not receive adequate water and salt, his rate of acclimatization may be retarded. One of the subjects of our recent research was Tom Osler, 1967 U.S. 50-mile champion, who claims to tolerate the hot weather because of his no salt diet. Tom states that, "I never use salt in the race, on my food, or in its preparation." Our laboratory findings reveal that Tom's body fluids (blood and urine) contain the same amount of sodium chloride (salt) as did the other runners. However, he comments that, "Before I went on my low salt diet I noticed a ring of salt formed around the ankle area of my shoes as the sweat dried following a hard run. I have not seen such salt rings since my low salt diet." It is quite possible that his sodium chloride, sweat loss is lower than the other runners. It was also interesting to note that he did not respond any better to the heat than the other runners. That is to say that his heart rates, sweat loss, and rectal temperatures were quite similar to such runners as Ted Corbitt, Amby Burfoot, Lou Castagnola, Ed Winrow and Hal Higdon. We are, therefore, led to conclude that Osler is probably obtaining sufficient amounts of salt from the natural contents

of the foods he eats. His ability to perform well in the heat is probably the result of his pacing and use of water to keep his skin cool during a race.

Runners who tend to train in the early morning or evening during the summer months do not appear to be acclimatized to the heat. One runner demonstrated very little tolerance to the heat because of such training. While running at 6 min/mile for 2 hours (air temp. 80°F. and R.H. 63%) his rectal temperature reached 105.0°F. After extensive training in mid-day heat, we observed that his temperature leveled off at 102.4°F. under the same working conditions.

Ed Winrow attempts to stay acclimatized to the heat for as much of the year as possible. To accomplish this task he trains during the winter by wearing a double set of sweat clothing. Ed's tolerance to work in the heat is very exceptional. On one occasion he rode a stationary bicycle for an hour in a heat chamber where the temperature was 171°F. (R.H. 15%). Most men are incapable of working for more than a few minutes in these conditions yet Winrow's rectal temperature at the end of 60 mins. was only 100.6°F.

Acclimatization to heat is well retained during periods of no exposure for about two weeks. Repeated training in the heat might not be tolerable for many runners. It would, therefore, be possible to train during the cool part of the day after gaining acclimatization and when preparing for competition. Most people lose a major portion of their acclimatization in two months.

HINTS FOR RUNNING IN THE HEAT

Every runner should try to promote sweat evaporation as much as possible by wearing light weight shirt and shorts. The shirt should be as brief as possible and never tucked into the shorts. If the skin tends to dry, cold water should be poured over the head and dry areas of the body.

While most runners concern themselves with drinking fluids only to satisfy their thirst, we have found that by ingesting cold fluids a runner can keep his internal temperature nearly 2°F. lower. Not only does it provide more fluids for the body to sweat but the cold nature of the fluid will absorb part of the internal heat. We have found no cases of stomach cramps or upset stomachs caused by drinking frequent volumes of cold fluids until the mid-portion of the race. However, Billy Mills was reported to experience some stomach distress at the 1968 Olympic Marathon Trials where he refrained from taking fluids until the mid-portion of the race. At that time he ingested a large volume which produced a negative response from his stomach. Marathon runners should take cold fluids frequently throughout a race to gain the maximal benefits.

Finally, runners and race directors must be alerted to the problems of heat stress and distance running, with special considerations made for marathon competition. Summer competition should be conducted during the coolest part of the day. The Heart of America Marathon, run in Columbia, Missouri on Labor Day begins at 6:00 a.m. Efforts should be made to schedule long distance races at times and places that will not expose the competitors to the stress of extreme heat. Such conditions have existed for the past two years at the Holyoke Marathon where the temperatures were in excess of 90°F. (90 and 96°F.). For the health and safety of the athletes definite governing limits should be placed on the environmental conditions of distance running competition.

OLYMPIC FINISH NO DIASTER TO RYUN

BY RICH CLARKSON (Topeka Daily Capital)

Drawing (opposite page) by Barry Anderson



JIM RYUN finishing second in the Olympic Games behind Kip Keino of Kenya. Photo by Don Wilkinson

periphery is demanding, too: the continual AAU-NCAA squabble, the competition of shoe manufacturers, rival groups trying to start professional track leagues and the maneuvering of the track meet promoters.

It is a wiser Ryun in hard training again for the 1969 season. But not a sadder one.

For Jim Ryun shed no tears of defeat in Mexico City, feels no remorse today and can look forward to the season ahead without the need to re-prove anything. It is the exact opposite of the emotions he brought back from Tokyo in 1964 when he seriously considered never running again. It is the exact opposite of the way many, including Hayes Jones, think he must feel.

A candid Jim Ryun replay of the 1968 Games sets the scene for the sixth season of what Europeans still call "The Jim Ryun Era."

"I never did consider it a disaster. In fact, I felt lucky to get as far as I did with everything that happened during the year and particularly during that last month before the games.

"There was the mono and the muscle pull in the spring. There was all that time waiting and then in the last month, everything went sour.

"I didn't realize how much the trials at Tahoe had taken out of me but when I came back to Kansas for a few days, I had kidney trouble. It was less than a month until the Games, but I had to stop training for five days then. I was passing a great deal of blood. Then when I got to Alamosa (for the final 10 days of high altitude training), I had one day of speed work when I had another muscle pull--a light one, but I couldn't do any more speed work.

"When we got to Mexico City, I was starting to feel like working again--but then it was too late. It just seemed like I couldn't do a thing right.

"And yet, it wasn't that I was psyched out. I'm sure people thought then and do now that I wanted these excuses, that I almost seized on each new disaster. But what I had going for me was more good high altitude training than anyone else except the Kenyans. I had a good altitude time at Tahoe. And I had experience."

Ryun also had the advice of Jack Daniels, a research physiologist who had studied the problems of high-altitude running for three years under Wisconsin University's Dr. Bruno Balke, considered a world authority on athletic physiology. It was with Daniels that Ryun formulated the race strategy for Mexico City and probably never has a single race been as thoroughly researched and planned as that one.

Those tactics have been discreetly attacked ever since--quietly because criticizing Ryun is still somewhat like attacking the flag and motherhood. Without exception, those who question the strategy are without experience in altitude running.

Those who support Ryun's race include England's Dr. Roger Bannister and the British track coach most responsible for Keino's development, John Velzian.

In the race, Ryun ran a deliberate pace allowing the other runners to move out far ahead. All faded but Keino in the final 400m as Ryun's steady pace moved him around the pack --all but Keino.

"When I came up to the three guys, (the three runners behind Keino) I knew I hadn't made

"I haven't talked to Jim Ryun about it, but I can imagine how he feels walking down the street now.

"He must feel like a failure.

"He's wondering if people are staring at him, wondering if they're thinking that he's the guy who let America down.

"Jim Ryun was supposed to be the glory of them all, the man who was going to save America. So he finished second in the 1500m at Mexico City. He'll feel it the rest of his life."

Those were the words of Hayes Jones, an Olympic champion of 1964 who failed to win a gold medal as expected in 1960, as he talked on the emphasis on winning. Jim Ryun read those words in the Omaha World-Herald column of Conde Sargent last month and silently shook his head.

Ryun enters his final year of collegiate competition this spring in a position unique in his career. It is as if everyone were standing around and instead of asking for his autographed picture, they pat him on the back and say, "It'll be all right." It's the kind of look a ten-year old boy gets when his dog has been run over.

Sympathy has been abundant. Most persons who talk to him about the Olympics begin choosing their words carefully. Others have analyzed his loss to Kip Keino and some, including famous runners of another era, have faulted his tactics, his preparation and his psychological makeup.

It's a different scene as Jim Ryun begins the 1969 track season in his final year wearing the blue and shocking pink of the Jayhawks. Seemingly forgotten are Ryun's still-untouched world records at three distances--the same credentials that shoved him into track and field's brightest limelight a year ago.

Ryun is changed. An Olympics is a taxing time, emotionally as well as physically. Track's

a mistake. They were sapped. I have never seen runners look like that in any race, anywhere. Tummler put up a good fight (Ryun passed Tummler for second place in the final curve) but when I started to go around him, I looked at him and I could see he was out of it.

"I didn't know going into the stretch whether I could catch Keino or not. There was this big lead, but I had made up a lead like that before and I thought, maybe I can get this one. It was with about 25 yards to go that I saw I couldn't --Keino was coming up to those white lines, and I knew that was it."

Ryun's first thought across the finish line are revealing. Like his first thoughts as a high school senior who set a new American mile record at San Diego (all he could think of was next season and an assault on the world record), Ryun at Mexico City was having a moment of enormous satisfaction.

"It was a little disheartening, but as soon as I hit the finish line, I knew that I had run my best race. It was almost as if I had won because, you see, in a way I had: I had overcome a fear that had been with me for four years of not being able to run any kind of a race at altitude. I thought back to that first 4:31 all-out mile at Alamosa.

"For me, it was a moment of success. Very few people understood--there were pictures just over the finish line that show it very well. I was smiling for an instant.

"It was a moment of great relief and I was very happy."

Ryun's happiness was short-lived, for within ten seconds by his estimation, excruciating pain struck him, so hard that he can't now remember much of those next few minutes other than the difficulty of climbing the ramp out of the stadium.

"I have never been so tired. I have never hurt so badly. There was not a place on my body that didn't hurt. And I have never hurt so long in the race or with such intensity--it was the entire final 800 meters.

"I suppose that will help me now to have experienced that. I must have a much higher threshold of pain than ever before..."

The games are months behind now and as the perspective continues to change, Jim Ryun feels no differently about his race nor the complicated year.

He returned from Mexico to work dilligently in a job as a newspaper photographer in Topeka where a good picture always produced unique satisfaction. He and Anne Snider (former Kansas State cheerleader) planned with great anticipation for their January marriage and the couple has just completed the first few weeks in their new Lawrence apartment.

There has been little time for the kind of reflection Hayes Jones once experienced and now thinks Ryun must suffer.

"I never got depressed at the time. And since, I have a few times--but not because of the results of the race. It is just from thinking back to all that time in preparation, all that work--and then to have not been at my best for the Games."

And the people who shake hands and reassure him the world didn't end in Mexico City?

"The people bothered me when I first came back, but then I realized they didn't really understand the circumstances of altitude distance running. I can't tell them they are stupid, so I say nothing.

"And then, I run because it is something I enjoy. I never really depended on the press clippings, the handshakes or the notoriety for

that extra boost. Why should I let that be my downfall now?

"What matters is only what those people who are close to me think. Isn't that what's really important to all of us?"

Dr. Balke lectures regularly and is in particular demand after the 1968 Olympics because of his unique knowledge.

He is asked to comment on the Kenyans, the remarkable Beamon record and the fairness of the Games.

But in his lectures, he cites Ryun's race as a performance as unique as any in Mexico City. His research indicated any sea-level distance runner who could come within three per cent of his best low-altitude time would have run a remarkable race.

Ryun's was within two per cent of his 1,500 meter world record.

In the meantime, as the second semester progresses at KU, Jim and Anne Ryun are living the happiest days of their life with no apologies for Mexico City and second place. He is in hard training for the season ahead and the indoor competition at hand, and is looking forward to next summer's competition.

And ever since the evening of Oct. 20 in Mexico City, Jim Ryun has been displaying a prominent but subtle put-down for some, a victory signal for others.

He has worn a small replica of his silver medal on his lapel.



PATRIOTS' DAY IN BOSTON

BY HAL HIGDON

PHOTOS BY JEFF JOHNSON

This is more than an account of the Boston Marathon. It is a lively and entertaining "human-interest" piece that expels some of the exciting experiences of Hal Higdon connected with the Boston Marathon of last year. Hal will make you laugh and also make you think as you read your way from the start to the finish. This should set the stage for this year's race that will be held on April 20th.

This is the first time that we have used an article of this type, so please let us know what you think. Again we can only guess if we don't hear from you. This article first appeared in the Chicago Tribune Magazine in July of 1968.

"I hope you enjoy your stay in Boston." the airline stewardess purred as I moved past her down the aisle. I smiled wanly. What could I say? The average confrontation that one has with stewardesses at the exit doors of airplanes runs 1.3 seconds. There was hardly time to explain that the following day I would be running in the Boston Marathon, all twenty-six miles 385 yards of it, and therefore I would not be enjoying my stay in Boston.

Marathon running hardly rates as an enjoyable occupation, (or preoccupation) unless your idea of enjoyment is walking on hot coals or inhaling tear gas. Then why was I in Boston? Not for glory certainly, because I anticipated finishing far back among the approximately one thousand runners who had entered the seventy-second running of this premiere of all American long distance running races. Not for love certainly because how can you love something that abuses you so? Not for money certainly, since the only reward most participants get at Boston, unless you consider blisters and aching muscles as reward, is a plate of Irish stew after completing the course.

Then what? Runners flock to the marathon each Patriots' Day in Boston because it is the World Series, the Super Bowl, the Kentucky Derby of their sport. No serious baseball fan or sandlot player would conceive of hitting in the lineup with Carl Yastrzemski or Lou Brock, but any long distance runner, no matter of how meager talents, can stand at the starting line of the Boston Marathon and brush elbows with the best in the world.

I had an additional reason for being lured out of what for me was semi-retirement. I had done only minimal training since 1964 when I had been the first American to finish at Boston in a career best time of 2 hours 21:55 minutes (an average of roughly 5-25 per mile). But this winter I had been contacted by David L. Costill, director of the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana. Costill had obtained a grant to perform some physiological tests on a selected group of marathon runners with aspirations to run at Boston. He wanted to measure their ability to tolerate stress and the effects of dehydration. In the interests of scientific research I agreed to enter the lists.

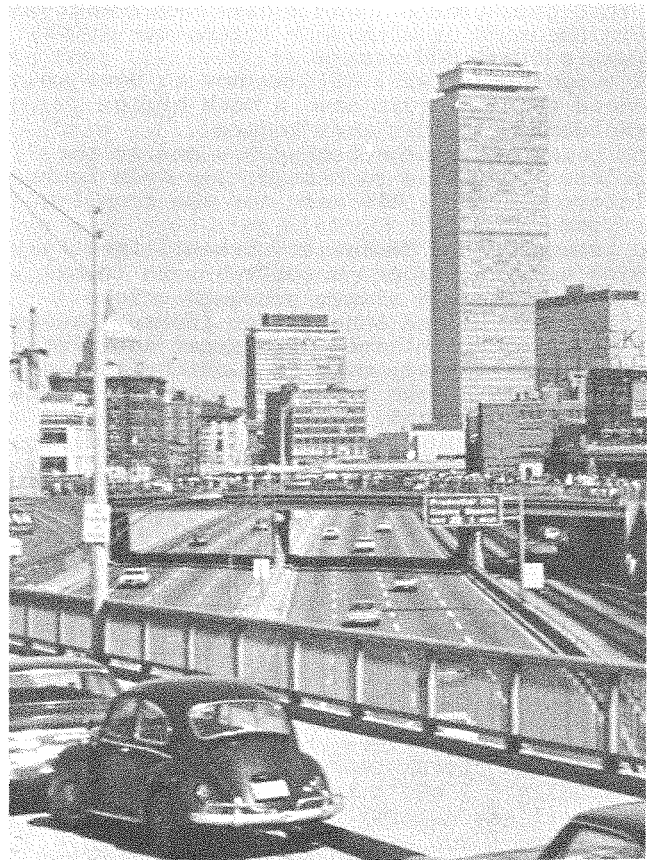
Thus late one morning in March I drove from my home in Michigan City, Indiana to Muncie where I met Costill, a lanky man with a cheery red face and greying hair. In his laboratory in the basement of the Ball State gymnasium he had a treadmill on which you could run into infinity at any speed he desired and still get no place. Ed Winrow, a graduate student and marathoner who was both a subject of and assisting in the study, escorted me to a side room where I took the jump test. This consisted of standing next to a wall

and jumping and touching as high as you could reach. I managed 15½ inches. "Congratulations," Winrow said. "That's higher than any of our other test subjects."

My chest swelled with pride and I imagined myself perhaps a misdirected Olympic basketball player or high jumper. "I'm really good, huh?" I asked.

"The world's record is around 44 inches by some Russian," Winrow explained. (There was a sound that might be compared to air escaping from a balloon.) Winrow told me that the best jumpers were volleyball players. Most of them can leap around 30 inches. It seemed that marathoners cover much incredibly long distances in practice that they run the spring out of their legs. For example, Ted Corbitt, another one of our test subjects, covered 807 miles in training last January, which Costill admitted was further than he even had driven his car. Corbitt is able to achieve such large mileage because he runs to and from his job as a physical therapist in New York. One day on his way to work he ran past two men standing on the sidewalk and overheard one of them say: "Man, that cat's late every morning."

Back in the laboratory Dave Costill attacked me with a pair of calipers pressing the fat around my belly, chest, and arms and making clucking sounds with his tongue. "You have about ten pounds excess fat," he told me. I thought to myself that I didn't have to drive three hours to Muncie to determine that; my bathroom scale was giving me the same message each morning. Actually I would have liked my mother-in-law (who is



The Prudential Center: the end of the 26 mile 385 yard race in Boston.

Italian and believes in molto, molto spaghetti) to have heard Dave's comment since she considers me at 142 pounds much too skinny. Whenever she tells me I'm looking healthy I worry about my running form. It's when I'm lean and haggard and she tells me, "you look sick," that I know I'm ready to break records. At the present time she was telling me I looked healthy.

Soon I was up on Costill's treadmill in running shorts and shoes with electrocardiograph leads taped to my chest. I breathed into a device resembling an oxygen mask which was designed to measure the volume of air I consumed during jogging. A large fan before the treadmill called me. I jogged along at nine miles an hour for about eight minutes, then Dave began tilting the treadmill two degrees every two minutes until I no longer could maintain the pace. I kept slipping backwards on the treadmill until I had to hold the railings to keep from going off the end. It was what was known as the "maximum" test. After its completion I told Costill that he might achieve better results if he flashed a movie on the wall before the treadmill portraying the back of another runner.

"We considered taping a Playmate-of-the-Month to the wall," suggested Costill.

"That won't work," I said. "You'd have runners falling off the front of the treadmill in-

Several weeks later on the day before Patriots' Day I arrived in Boston. Patriots' Day, commemorating the battles of Lexington and Concord (April 19), is a big holiday in Massachusetts and it is also the day of the Boston Marathon. I immediately sought out John O'Neil, a Cleveland foundry executive and president of the Road Runners Club, a national organization for both competitive runners and joggers. John had promised to share a room with me. I winced visibly when he took me up to our room on the ninth floor of the Hotel Lenox. "What's the matter?" asked John. "Too crowded?" There were five staying in our room on two beds, two cots, and one sofa.

"It's the view," I groaned. (Our window overlooked Prudential Plaza, the ultimate finish of the race.) "It's like living on death row in sight of the electric chair."

Later that evening I went to dinner accompanied by O'Neil and several other including Ian Milne, a Britisher attending graduate school at Case Institute of Technology. We paused first in the hotel lobby where we got into a brief discussion with one couple who had recognized us as runners and had some questions. "What does it take to become a good marathoner?" asked the man.

I weighed in my mind the preliminary results of Dave Costill's studies concerning cardiovascular efficiency, oxygen debt, stress ability to perform during dehydration. "Well, it helps to be crazy," I finally explained.

For dinner we visited the home of Larry Berman, an Olympic cross-country skier who ran on the roads when he couldn't find snow. Larry's wife Sarah had prepared a buffet dinner for some of those who would be competing the following day. We stood around before the meal partaking freely of the contents of a punch bowl.

"Hmmm," I said. "What did you put in this drink?"

"Oranges," explained Larry. I guess it was only fitting that road runners should toast with orange juice rather than martinis.

Ian Milne was examining a copy of the Boston Globe with the complete list of race entries. Because of the large field the sponsoring Boston Athletic Association, the B.A.A. as it's referred to, apparently had run out of numbers. The first 999 entries got ordinary numerals, but the one-thousandth entry were the Roman numeral "M." Additional runners were given X1, X2, and on



Jock Semple makes last minute preparations as the bus (carrying athletes) get ready to leave Boston for the starting line in Hopkinton.

up until Robert Lippolt of Laguna Beach, California who was the last listed man with X14. He sounded like a secret agent--or maybe a motor oil additive. A hundred or so runners would fail to show even though they had paid a \$2.00 entry fee. On the other hand, I personally had met at least three runners who having failed to past their entries by the April 10 deadline were running numberless. The better runners received the lower numbers which permitted them access to the first few rows at the starting line. I had been awarded "15" more in honor of past brilliance than for current capabilities.

"I stood in the middle of the pack at the start last year," said John O'Neil. "After the gun went off all I could do was jog in place for nearly five seconds. The jam was that tight."

"It'll take a full minute before you even can start walking this year," suggest Ian Milne. "After five minutes or so maybe you can break into a run."

After a night's sleep we rose and went to breakfast. Unfortunately (Kuming) cafeteria, where in previous years we had eaten our pre-race meals, had fallen beneath the bulldozer blade of urban renewal in the past year. "Nothing is sacred in this country," moaned Englishman Ian Milne. "There's no respect for traditions."

"What about London Bridge," I countered. "I understand the English are ripping it down and some outfit in Arizona plans to reconstruct it over a reservoir."

Milne sighed. "Yes, do you suppose you bloody Yanks would send us (Kuming) cafeteria to erect along the Thames?"

We walked down Boylston Street and found a new restaurant across the street from Prudential Plaza. It was half filled with runners dressed in sweatsuits. "I bet you don't get this well-

dressed clientele every morning." I said to the waitress.

"I've been working on Patriots' Day in this restaurant for the last twenty years," shouted the waitress, underlining my belief that some traditions did prevail in America. "What'll you have?"

"I'll take some porridge," said Milne.

"Porridge?" said the waitress eyeing him suspiciously.

"He really means hot cereal," translated John O'Neil. "You'll have to forgive him. He doesn't speak English very well."

The waitress nodded at O'Neil. "What'll you have?"

"Porridge," said John O'Neil.

"Porridge," said I.

When we left the restaurant after breakfast we saw several hundred runners across the street in front of Prudential Plaza preparing to mount the buses that would take them 8:30 A.M. to the town of Hopkinton, the starting point of the race some twenty-six miles 385 yards away. One of the problems at Boston is getting to the starting line. In most marathons you start and finish at the same place, but at Boston you start in the countryside and run into the downtown area. Fortunately John O'Neil had brought his car from Cleveland and Dave Costill, who would be conducting further tests before and after the race, had agreed to drive the car to and from Hopkinton for us. This permitted us to leave for the start at a later hour. Accompanying us in addition to Dave, were a pair of physiologists from Indiana University, (first name) Fox and other guy's name. In the car Costill and Fox discussed some of the experientns made by Sid Robinson, head of the department of anatomy and physiology at Indiana University and a 1500 meter runner on the 1924 Olympic team. Robinson had been testing runners on treadmills for several decades.

"There used to be this dog in the laboratory that loved to run on Dr. Robinson's treadmill," explained Fox. "Sometimes during experiments the dog would hop on the treadmill and trot along behind the person being tested. Once Robinson decided to test the dog. They ran the dog continuously feeding him only water and chopped-up candy bars. Every hour Robinson would halt the treadmill briefly. The dog would hop off, lap up as much water as he wanted, chew some candy, then climb back on to continue running."

"How long did the dog run on the treadmill?" I asked.

"Thirty-six hours," said Fox.

"What happened? Did the dog just get tired and stop?"

"No, Dr. Robinson got tired," said Fox.

Dave Costill explained another of Robinson's experiments which bore some relation to his current tests to see how much liquid our bodies would lose during a race. Robinson and an assistant took a mule out in the desert (where?) and walked it around in circles until the mule lost ten pounds through dehydration. Then they brought the mule back in the laboratory and put him on a scale next to a trough of water. The mule kept drinking until he had gained back exactly ten pounds. "No human would be smart enough to drink back just the right amount of water," commented Dave.

"If humans were smart," I suggested, "they wouldn't be walking mules in circles in the desert in the first place."

When we arrived at the Hopkinton gymnasium you would have thought that either the Beatles or Bobby Kennedy were scheduled for a concert. In addition to the supposedly 1014 would-be

athletes, there seemed to be an equal number of friends, officials and onlookers. I pushed my way inside ready to fight off requests for my autograph. Fortunately no one asked me. Even in previous years there had been insufficient locker space. Normally the runners huddled in the bleachers to dress then pile their clothes into a suitcase or shopping bag for transportation to the finish line. But the bleachers were jammed so I simply squatted at one end of the free throw circle to dress. I got in line to have a physical examination, a once-over lightly with a stethoscope that uncovered little more (as far as I could determine) than the fact that I was breathing. This took less than a minute since the sponsoring B.A.A. had provided sixteen doctors. In fact, the number of doctors checking runners was exceeded only by the number of doctors actually running themselves. As Medical Tribune later reported, there were twenty-nine M.D.'s running at Boston, which seemed to be a good indication that marathon running was a lot less damaging to health than cigarette smoking.

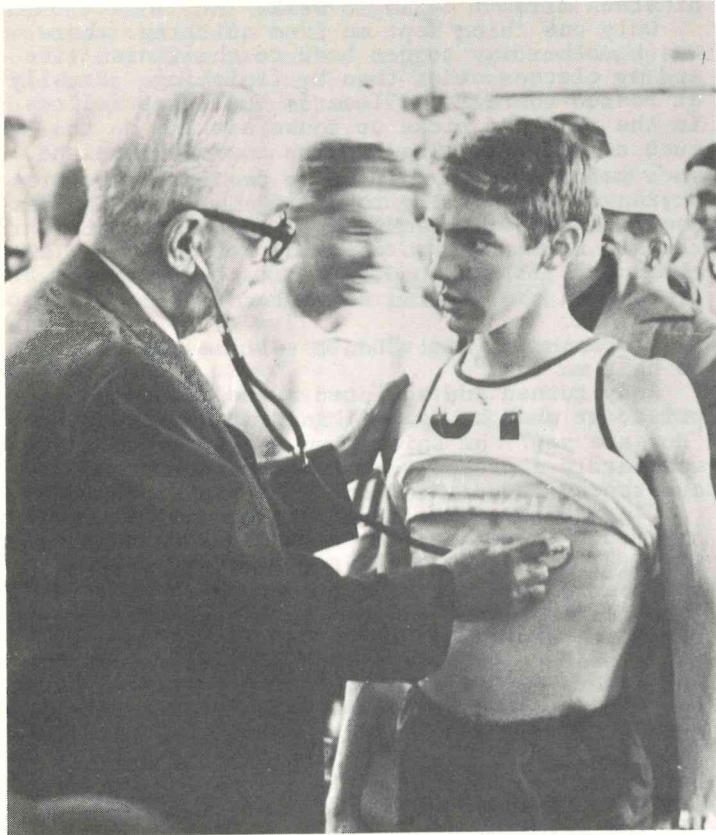
After the physical I went outside to a near-by baseball field to warm-up. It may seem like adding insult to injury to jog a mile or two in preparation for running twenty-six, nevertheless I feel a warm-up to be essential. I do it as much to loosen my bowels as to loosen my muscles. After all, if you have to make a restroom stop in the middle of the race it might cost you a few places. In fact, one of the serious logistic problems faced by the sponsors of the marathon is that there are simply not enough toilets in the town of Hopkinton to accommodate one thousand runners. The gymnasium itself has maybe only a half dozen stools.

After I returned from my warm-up Dave Costill grabbed me and tugged me to the medical room of the school where he weighed me, took my temperature and my pulse. My heart was beating along merrily at forty-four r.p.m. I stood around chatting with several of the other test participants including Ed Winrow, Ted Corbitt, and Ambrose Burfoot. Amby was a senior at Wesleyan University. We discovered one of the luxuries of being test subjects. The medical room of the school had its own private toilet.

"Now remember, Dave," I told Costill as I returned to the gym. "I want to see you at the five mile mark with a pan of water and some chopped up candy bars."

At 11:30 A.M. I climbed aboard a bus to go to the starting line. Five minutes later I switched to another bus. The original one had refused to start: a bad omen. A crowd of several thousand people awaited our arrival at the Hopkinton town square. A band played happy oom-pah-pah music. A carnival spirit prevailed. Vendors sold balloons. Kids ran in circles shouting. There were so many cameras it looked like a photographers' convention.

Scotch-born Jock Semple, B.A.A. trainer and guiding spirit behind the marathon, called the runners to the starting line. The previous year Jock had achieved some sort of notoriety by darting out during the race and attempting to rip a number off the back of an entrant named "K. Switzer." The "K" stood for Kathy and she had entered the race illegally by having someone else take the physical for her. Well, she never could have passed the physical I had passed. Can you imagine her standing in the line waiting to have her heart checked and the doctor squinting at her over his stethoscope: "What are those two things there?" Anyway, in the last two or three years, women sneaking into the race had become a new tradition. In 1967 when Jock tried to reclaim the illegally obtained number he en-



Peter Stipe, Boston AA, nearly flunks his physical. Note his face, as the doctor quisses him. (Peter was 31st in 2:47:51.)

countered Kathy's boy friend who was running with her. Kathy's boy friend happened to be a hammer thrower and Jock wound up sitting on the curb. Strange things happen in the Boston Marathon.

"Let the better-r-r-r-runners up in the front line," said Jock in his best Scottish accent. "All you slower-r-r-r-runners back to the rear where you belong!"

"This is discrimination!" shouted one long-haired runner with a number in the 700's.

"Police brutality," yelled another. He was booted to the rear.

Jock, however, paid them no attention. Instead he fastened his steely blue eyes on another runner who had the number "8" on his chest. "How did you get that low number?" bellowed Semple.

"I-I-I-I-" stuttered the runner. As it turned out he had simply ripped the last digits off his three digit number hoping that it would enable him to move to the front of the line, but his plot had failed. Since Jock personally knew anyone who had ever broken three hours for the marathon distance he had spotted the interloper immediately.

"Don't you know you can get arrested for impersonating an athlete?" thundered Semple. He stripped the runner's number off his chest in the same manner that a commanding general might rip the epaulets off an offending junior officer. This time there were no hammer throwers present to hinder him. The chagrined runner moved sheepishly to the rear of the pack.

A few minutes before the noon starting time the tension began to rise. The runners in front crowded together and strained forward as though eager to begin. It was not a desire to seize the lead that motivated them, but rather a fear of being trampled by 2026 rubber shod feet behind them. **Crack!** The gun sounded and the athletes shrugged forward, moving methodically at first

like a glacier tumbling over a cliff then picking up momentum. Those runners interested in finishing first moved out sharply. They would be accompanied on their way by several busloads of officials and a flatbed truck crowded with photographers clawing at each other for position. The rest of us were abandoned to our own means. We would not see the winners until we sat down to eat our Irish stew much later, and many of us would not see them at all.

A few minutes down the road I gazed upward and saw an airplane trailing a banner. "When you're out of Schlitz, run," it said. Crass commercialism, I muttered to myself.

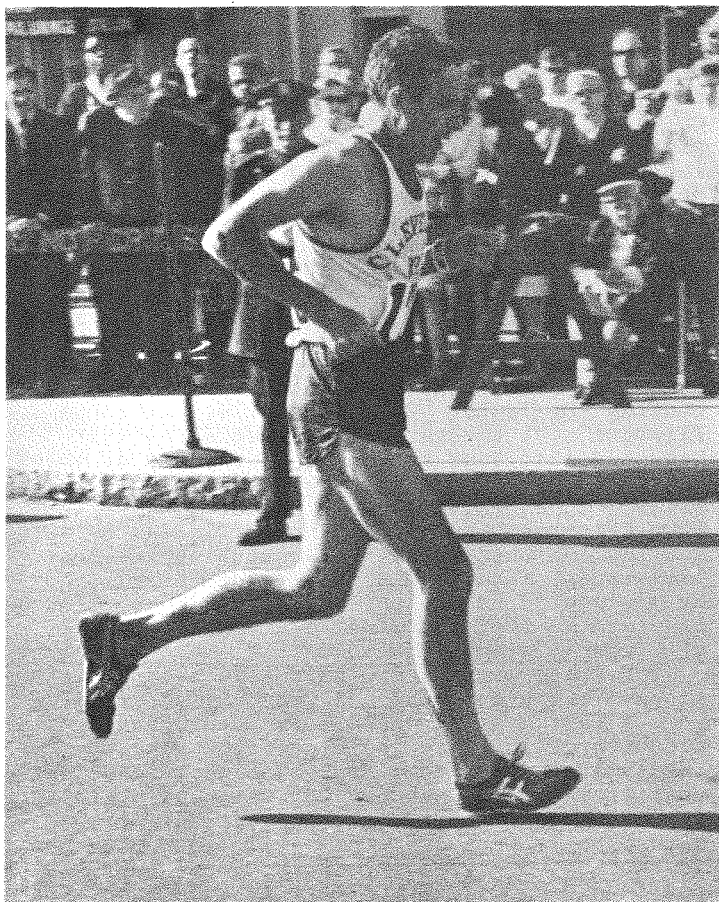
Shortly afterward I spotted the first woman marathoner, a stocky girl with a jerseyed shirt bearing the letter "O." A relative of George Plimpton's, I thought. I also recalled what happened last year to Gwilym Brown, one of three Sports Illustrated editors who run as well as write. (The other two were Walter Bingham and Andy Crichton.) Brown said he trailed Kathy Switzer for the better part of an hour during the 1967 race. Finally when he decided to pass her he discovered he was physically spent. Not wishing to make the same mistake I passed the girl with the "O" immediately.

The temperature stood in the 70's and the sun shone clearly overhead. I found myself running into a fairly stiff headwind. Later newspaper accounts of the race would describe this as ideal marathon weather, but what they meant was that it was ideal weather for watching a marathon. I would have preferred the weather in the 40's with maybe even a trace of rain. In cooler weather you don't have to worry about overheating and thus do not have to worry as much about taking liquids. It is another marathon tradition that many of the spectators lining the course will offer cups of water or quarters of oranges to the runners as they pass. Ten and twelve year old kids particularly like to give orange slices. In fact, they consider it somewhat of an insult if the runners pass without accepting some refreshment. Often there are children thrusting cups of water and oranges at you as early as a half mile from the starting line as though they think you hadn't eaten that morning. "Guwann, have an orange," one such provider said to me as I passed.

"No thanks," I shouted back at him. "I just had a bowl of porridge."

I don't know how many proper Bostonians actually watch their marathon. I've seen estimates of anywhere from 100,000 to 500,000 spectators on a sunny day. It's supposedly the best-attended sporting event in the world. I don't know about that, since I've run in other races in different parts of the world where the crowds seemed equal to those at Boston. I do know that there is hardly anywhere along the route where you fail to find spectators watching. Many marathon watchers live along the road connecting Hopkinton to downtown Boston. They sit on their front lawns and cheer the runners as they pass. Others come from miles around to simply stand on the sidewalks or along the highway to watch the spectacle. Certain athletes, particularly the local ones, have their own cheering sections.

When the Japanese used to run at Boston there always seemed to be someone darting out from the crowd waving a rising sun flag larger than he was. The Finnish runners have a large following in their area and their supporters shout, "Huova! Huova!" which sounds like "Hubba Hubba," but means "Good Good," and translates more freely as: "Go, baby. Go!" It is difficult many times to determine your actual fans since you are always being cheered by name. Particularly when the pack



John O'Neil, former RRC President, plodding away at Boston.

spreads out, the spectators can see you coming from long distances away and have time to check your number against the list of entries in the paper. "Come on, Hal," they would shout. "You can do it, Hal!" It makes you feel good, but of course they cheer just as loudly for the runner immediately behind exhorting him to overtake you.

My running seemed to be going poorly, however. Ted Corbitt, whom Dave Costill thought I would run close to, was far on down the road. I was running along smoothly, but very slowly. From the numbers of those that had moved on ahead of me, or passed me in the first several miles, I decided there must have been two or three hundred runners already ahead of me. The eventual winners were far out of sight. There was an almost unbroken line of athletes along the highway ahead of me, and if I had turned I would have found the same to my rear. But there is a rule in long distance running: turning to look can only encourage him and discourage him and discourage yourself.

I had purposely avoided wearing a watch, because I didn't want to be worrying about my time. But as I passed the ten-mile mark, I gazed up and saw a church steeple clock that said 1:07 P.M. I knew we had started at noon and assuming the clock correct, I was running slower than I had anticipated. I panicked and increased the pace. Over the next half dozen miles I passed runner after runner, but then my legs went dead, a penalty paid for too little training. There is an inverse pleasure ratio that operates in marathon running: the more painful your training sessions, the less painful your races, and vice versa. The problem was that my training sessions over the past few months had been sort of fun and rather easy. I now had to pay the piper, assuming that like the rates of Hamelin we were being piped twenty-six miles to our doom. At

nineteen miles I began to walk.

Only one thing kept me from quitting: there was no other way to get back to the finish line and my clothes other than by finishing. Usually at Boston there is a "loser's bus" that follows in the rear and picks up those sitting on the curb or walking. The bus was nowhere in sight, so I walked for anywhere from two to three miles trying unsuccessfully to run again several times. The incentive was lacking. Then finally with roughly four miles to go, Andy Crichton, one of the Sports Illustrated editors, plodded past dressed in the flaming red colors of the West Side YMCA.

I groaned at him: "Don't tell me you're going to beat me too."

Andy turned and squinted at me as though surprised at what he saw walking in the gutter. "How are you?" he said, then realizing that it was hardly a proper question considering the circumstances added: "Bad day isn't it?"

"Any girls coming along behind you?" I asked. "God, I hope not," he said.

I fell in behind him at a shambling trot hoping that he could at least drag me to the finish line faster than I could walk to it. We hadn't run more than a quarter mile together before he too slowed to walk. We continued on together for several miles alternating jogging with walking. Oddly enough this enabled us to pass many runners. Most of the thousands who had watched the winners run past forty-five or so minutes before had left for home, but a large number still remained to encourage us. "It's downhill all the way from here!" they shouted at us.

"It's downhill all the way!" From a topographical standpoint it may indeed have been mostly downhill, but anyone who has ever run a marathon knows that the last four miles seem as though they were straight uphill. In fact, you feel like you're climbing the Matterhorn. If I had been on a treadmill I would have fallen off the back long ago.

"Two miles to go," one spectator in the crowd yelled at us. Hope raised in my chest. Far ahead down Commonwealth Avenue I could see the outline of the Prudential Building in front of which was the finish line.

"Not too much further now," I said encouraging Andy. Then after we had gone maybe another



The leaders at Wellesley College--the half way point. The winner Amby Burfoot is behind no. 7.

quarter mile, one more spectator shouted: "Only two miles to go."

"It's always two miles to go," groaned Andy. "The next person to tell me 'it's only two miles to go' is going to get two fists in his two faces."

But it was an empty threat. It was plain to see that neither of us were in any condition to do battle and we hadn't brought along a hammer thrower. The B.A.A. actually did have large, orange, triangular mileage signs, however, they had been removed long before our coming for fear perhaps that they might vanish to grace some Harvard student's wall.

"Only a mile and a half to go," announced someone in the crowd.

"Things are looking up," I said.

"Only two miles to go," said another spectator a bit further on.

"Oh, for God's sake," said Andy.

Someone in the crowd must have been right about the distance remaining, because after a while we turned off Commonwealth Avenue for the final approach to Prudential Plaza. The distance separating us from relief could now be measured in hundreds of yards. At that moment my fuzzy vision focussed on another runner before us who was moving slowly grasping his leg in pain. My senses left me and I abandoned Andy to sprint after him. But he was a sitting duck. I caught him within a few hundred yards then looked ahead and saw yet another runner on my horizon maybe half the distance to the finish line. I pushed harder hoping to add one more scalp to my sweat-stained belt, but I failed by a few yards of getting him. I placed 135th with a time a full hour slower than by best performance in 1964. Andy finished 136th although a full half minute behind me. It seemed that the one runner I had passed in my closing rush had no number and thus didn't count. Oh well, at least we didn't allow any girls to better us.

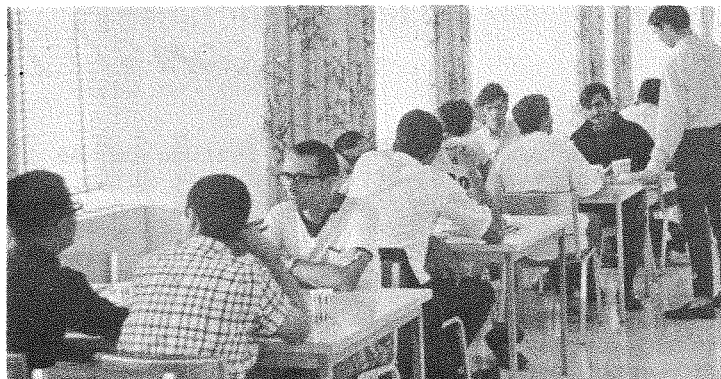
I cavalierly waved off an attendant offering a blanket marked Salvation Army and walked to the escalator that would take me up to an elevator that would take me down to the dressing room. It seemed nonsensical, but then twenty-six miles 385 yards is nonsensical. I felt a dull tiredness, but dutifully went straight to the training room where David Costill was waiting. A dozen cots lined the room and other finishers lay flat on them having their various ailments attended to. Costill sat me down on one of the cots, then took out a hypodermic needle and plunged it into my arm. He planned to extract several cubic centimeters of blood to measure its lactic acid content which would enable him to determine if I were tired.

"You should be giving blood than taking it," I moaned. He later weighed me and determined that I had lost roughly five pounds during the race even though I had been gulping cups of water and chomping oranges at every possible opportunity. Amby Burfoot, a fellow testee, had won the race in 2 hours 22:17 minutes. "Amby lost nearly ten pounds through dehydration," announced Costill.

"I guess the next thing for you to do is put him on a scale and see if he'll consume ten pounds of water like that mule," I commented.

I laid back and relaxed. Dr. Fox handed me a can of ginger ale. The runner on the cot next to me had huge red blisters on the bottoms of both feet. A podiatrist attended to them. "It's always the guys in the rear who have the problems," commented the podiatrist. "The first couple dozen runners finish and look like they could go right back out there and do it again."

"I think I'm going to be sick," said I at the suggestion.



The final reward--stew and punch at the Prudential Center after the race. Wonder why some of these guys look tired?

I had no blisters, but nevertheless I didn't feel too good. Later after Costill completed his tests I moved from the training room to the shower, but the line was too long. I returned to the hallway to another cot and laid down wrapping myself in a Salvation Army blanket. I must have fallen asleep, because by the time I got up to try the shower again it was 5:30, more than two hours after I had finished. I went upstairs to the cafeteria where I was given my plate of Irish stew, which, with the exception of a certificate to be mailed me later, was the only prize I received for my efforts. The first ten runners get rather impressive looking trophies. The next twenty-five get medals. For the remainder of the finishers under four hours it's just a bowl of stew and a piece of paper. But the real reward, I guess, is just to have competed in one of the world's greatest sporting events and to have gone the distance. We had climbed our own Matterhorn, but the view from the top seemed hardly as impressive as that from the top of a mountain. Then again, a lot of mountain climbers reach the top and when they look down see nothing but fog. The real reward is in the doing, not the attainment. Immediately after almost every marathon I have sworn that it would be my last. The pain and discomfort at that point in time invariably seem too much and hardly worth the rewards. Nevertheless, the odds were high that on Patriots' Day in Boston the following year I would be back.

An hour later I left Prudential Center. The sun was setting, but runners were still coming across the finish line and they would continue to do so for another hour or so. I picked up my remaining luggage at the Hotel Lenox, encountered John O'Neil whom I had not seen since the start even though he had finished only twenty minutes behind me, said goodbye, then stood on the street corner waiting for a taxi. I waited several minutes before I finally saw an empty one coming down the street. I waved and the cab driver saw me and veered toward where I was standing. At that precise instant a girl in a miniskirt came out of the hotel twenty or thirty yards up the street and also shouted for the cab. But she was too late; the cab driver halted by me. I opened the door but the miniskirted girl came running up to complain: "Hey, that was my cab!"

"I'm sorry," I explained. "I believe I shouted first. If you're going to the airport I'll be glad to share the ride."

She said something that defies repetition in a family magazine and stalked off. I climbed into the cab and settled back allowing the soft cushions to massage my tortured bones. "Airport," I instructed the driver triumphantly. At least I'd be coming home with one victory.

Personal Training Ideas

(We hope to make this a regular feature in the coming issues of DRN, if you feel that it is worthwhile to do so. Please drop us a post card and tell us what you think. We can only guess what you like if we don't hear from you. Also, we would be most happy to receive information about your own training ideas. The best will be used in the coming issues. Material for the next issue (May) is due April 15th. Let us hear from you. - John Anderson, Editor & Publisher)

MICHAEL ATTENA - age 24 - born 6/4/44 at Suffern, New York - 5ft. 9inches tall, 135 lbs. - started racing in 1961 at age 17 - Goal: "I would like to achieve the very best performances I can in every event I run from 880 and up."

Personal Training Ideas: "I personally believe in hard distance workouts, combined with a type of fartlek or "speed play." I feel that this is the best type of training (at least it has done the most for me) for any type of distance running ranging from the 880 up to the marathon. Today the emphasis seems to be on speed and I agree that the quality of competition found in the world today makes it imperative that a runner be able to "kick" strongly, intelligently, and effectively at any distance he is competing in. I think you will agree with me in that the tremendous performances put forth among class competitors today indicate that the daily workout of the distance runner today must surely contain a "quality effort" unlike the so-called plodding efforts of a decade or so ago.

"I believe that speed work is extremely important for any distance race, but I disagree with the way in which it is presented to the young runner, especially in high school and college. Most school coaches seem to emphasize a spring program of track or sprint work which seems to be the core of the training program. The runners complete a series of perhaps 6-10 quarters, trying to average shall we say 65-68 seconds. I believe that this is all wrong. The runner tends to become too clock conscious. Coaches emphasize that this method will develop speed and strength, while in reality they are merely striving to develop strength through speed. I believe that just the opposite should be the case. Strength should be the prerequisite and speed should be developed through strength. (These ideas seem to apply more to track than to marathon running but the idea is the same.) Example: Zatopek worked on speed with a tremendous quantity of relatively slow quarters. Fifty or sixty quarters in around 70secs. This is quite a contrast to runners like Beatty or Schul who pushed for much faster quarters. As you can see, Zatopek, while working on his speed, never drifted too far from the idea that strength is most important. Seventy quarters in 70 seconds each suggests a "strength workout" under the heading of speed.

When working on distance, I think the key to gaining real strength is to push yourself, covering perhaps 10-20 miles at varying speeds. Let us say run a fast mile around 5:00 or 5:10, then taper off for a mile or so, and then push again. Vary the pace often and vary it considerably. One should never allow a distance workout to become a jog. Push every hill and taper off coming down the other side. I train in very hilly country, mostly on roads. By pushing on alternate miles, shall we say, one is able to get a hard distance workout, well-spiced

with speed play. As for myself, this constitutes the bulk of my distance training. I do make use of interval training but to a very limited degree, using it mainly as a "sharpener" before some important meet.

"There have been many arguments for interval training and runners employing this method have done well. However, they are almost always long-striding athletes, unable to vary the pace to any great degree and depending on an "inbuilt time schedule" for success. Long distance runs on the roads or cross-country for example have produced runners able to surge when necessary and thus adjust to any type of competition. Zatopek and Clarke are of this type, able to force the pace at any given time. To me, this type of training is sound and makes sense. A runner must have strength above all else, especially in the longer runs. In training, a runner should not attempt to cover a specific distance in a given amount of time, but he should strive to put forth great effort for a given time. Example: Don't try to train with the idea in your head that you must cover 10 miles in one hour. Instead train with the intention of running hard for one hour regardless of the distance covered. In this way the runner does not tend to train or limit himself to a specific task or a specific distance, there being instead, more room for exploration of one's physical capacities, a prime factor in distance running.

"These are some of my ideas on distance training. I hesitated to present specific workout schedules because I think every runner must accept a basic theory and take it from there, developing a daily routine as he goes along. A runner should be subject to impulse and thus a specific training schedule might tend to deceive another runner."

THE BAY TO BREAKERS RACE

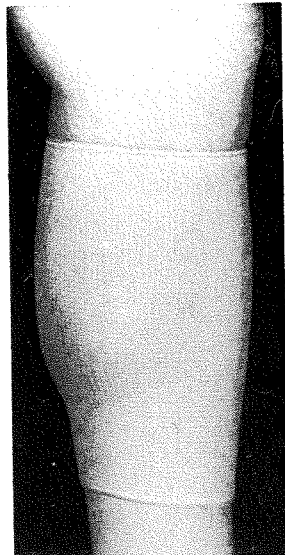
The Historical 59th Annual Cross City Race, Bay-To-Breakers will be held Sunday May 25th, starting at 10:00 A.M. at Spear and Howard Street, going out Howard Street to Ninth Street, crossing Market Street at Hayes Street, continuing out Hayes to Divisadero and then up Fell Street to the Famous Danhandle entrance to the Main Drive Way of our San Francisco Golden Gate Park, thru this natural park to the Great Highway and then down the Beach Highway to the Foot of the Cliff house, where the runners will receive their rewards. This is one of the areas most irresistible foot races and has an uncanny attraction for both the participants and the spectators.

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For more information write: Frank Geis, Meet Director, 942 Market Street, Suite 601, San Francisco, California 94102. See you the 25th.

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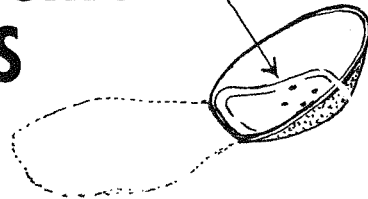
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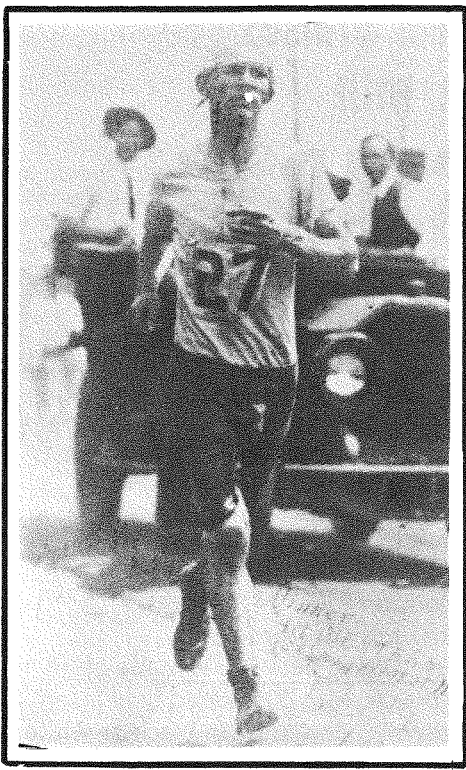
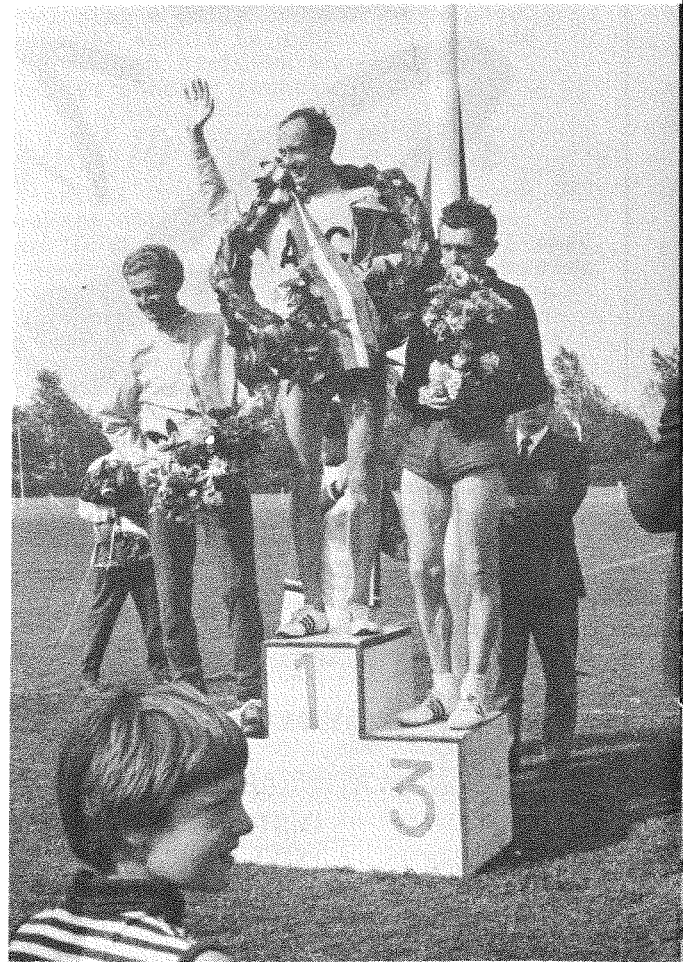
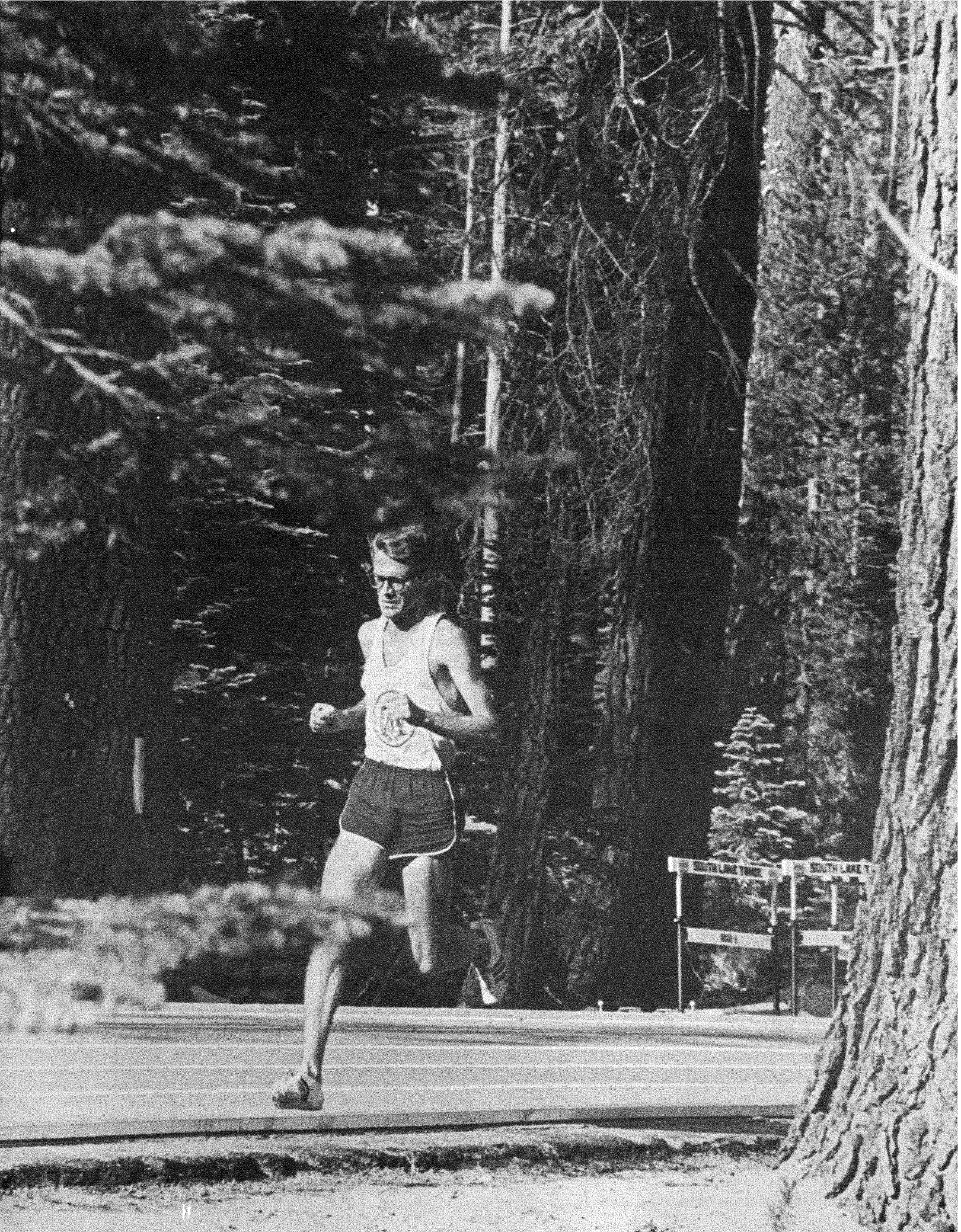


PHOTO-CHOICE







BLISTERS

--and your feet

BY BOB CARMAN

Bob Carman has had many years of practical experience in all facets of cross-country and distance running as a coach, trainer and one of America's leading marathon runners.



CAUSE AND EFFECT - Foot blisters in runners are caused by heat--they are essentially burns. The heat may come from running in thinsoled shoes on hot paved surfaces or, more often, from the abrasive action of shoes or socks on skin. Ill fitting shoes, shoes with improperly placed stitching, worn insoles, etc. may be the source of the irritation.

Ill fitting socks, holes in socks, seams or folds in socks, etc. all may produce blisters. Tape worn as protection for previous blisters is a prime source of the "hot spots" that quickly become blisters. The effect of any of these is to produce a minor hot spot where a water-filled bubble of skin appears. Continued friction may enlarge the blister, break it and expose the tender lower layers of skin to further blistering. If one continues to run there is an unconscious tendency to adjust the posture and action of the blistered foot to minimize pain and the resulting action may lead to other, more serious leg injuries and to reduced efficiency of running action. For succeeding days the injury may cause a reduced quantity and intensity of training. Taping may result in more blisters and lack of proper attention may lead to infection.

PREVENTION - By far the best way of treating a blister is to arrange that one never appears. Super marathoners race up to 50 and even 100 miles on paved roads and many put in 100 to 200 miles per week of running with never a blister. Some suggestions for prevention from these obvious experts:

1. Don't wear socks. Few super marathoners wear socks. They sacrifice the small comfort of the sock for the reduction in potential trouble they represent. If you insist on wearing socks wear clean, properly fitting ones and be prepared to suffer.
2. Get comfortable, properly fitting shoes. Break them in gradually, identifying and removing or adjusting the potential blister causing agents.
3. Never wear a new pair of shoes in a race. Be certain that every pair of shoes are thoroughly checked out for potential trouble before using them in a race. In practice, when breaking in new shoes, be sure to bring an older pair for a quick change when trouble appears.
4. Don't get blisters. The best prevention is simply to be extremely careful at all times. Remember: blisters lead to trouble and probably more blisters. Don't stubbornly push on in a training run when you know your feet are being chewed up. (However, if you are twenty miles from home and the only way back is on foot--keep going because once you stop...). Think of the future, stop and pay attention to the trouble. Don't be a stubborn, dullwitted, stoic anti-hero. Stoics make great racers, but it takes brains also.
5. Buy good shoes. Adidas, Puma, and Tiger shoes are designed for foot comfort and minimum blister troubles with sockless running. The New Balance Shoe, one of a few good American made shoes, is also used by knowledgeable runners. Not all of these shoes will be suitable for all run-

ners and one must experiment a great deal until the best shoe is found. All feet are different in shape and shoes from different manufacturers have their own characteristics.

6. When a friction spot is located in a shoe use vasoline liberally on the foot at this point. This has two useful results: a) the friction between foot and shoe is reduced for awhile b) the vasoline soaks into the shoe at the point of friction causing the leather to soften so that continued wearing reshapes the shoe and may remove the difficulty.

7. Avoid the use of so called "skin-tougheners" advertised as the solution to the blister problems of baseball, football and basketball players. In general they do not help distance runners. A runner in a 10 mile race takes something more than 10,000 steps, each one in almost exactly the same manner and direction as every other. This is true in no other sport and it is unreasonable to expect that their remedies will solve your problems.

8. Avoid those P.E. teachers, baseball coaches, general practitioner M.D.'s and others who know nothing about the specialized problems of the distance runner. If you need advice on prevention go to an M.D. or podiatrist (foot specialist) who is a sport medicine expert, to a successful college cross-country coach, or--best of all-- of a marathon runner who has been solving these problems successfully for many years.

TREATMENT - Despite all your efforts at prevention you will acquire an occasional blister if you run long distances. The important goals of treatment are (a) prevent infection (b) keep the athlete running without impairment and (c) prevent the initial blister from becoming a major problem. The following suggestions should help.

1. Keep it clean - especially if the blister has broken.
2. Do not puncture small blisters immediately. Ideally one would like the skin to simply reheel itself. 24 hours after acquiring the blister it may have disappeared. In this case protect the tender spot with a fit of foam rubber and tape, and go to work on the cause of the blister.
3. If after 24 hours the blister has not disappeared it is probably best if it is punctured and the fluid pressure released. Clean the blister and surrounding area with an antiseptic solution, puncture the blister with a sterile needle, squeeze out the fluid gently with sterile gauze. Use a sterile gauze pad over the blister set, foam rubber and tape. Do not remove the skin that formed the blister--removing it might be a sensible procedure for a baseball or football player, but it is not reasonable for a long distance runner who is trying to maintain his regular arduous daily training schedule. Let it remain and protect the tender skin beneath during healing.
4. When taping a blister tape carefully, avoiding any bulges, wrinkles or turned edges that may cause further blisters. Tape on a clean, dry foot with 1 inch or 2 inch wide tape. After taping the tape by rubbing with a block of paraffin or candle wax to prevent the tape from sticking to the shoe and causing a hot spot.
5. If any sign of infection or serious complication appears hustle to a competent M.D. or podiatrist immediately. If you can find an M.D. interested in distance running or sports medicine you are indeed fortunate. (We have several hundred doctors that subscribe to DRN, so there are some around.)

In Summary, the key to treatment of blisters is to not get any. The key to avoiding them lies in meticulous attention to the details of suitable shoes and foot care.

THE FUTURE OF AFRICAN DISTANCE RUNNING

BY GEOFF FENWICK (African Editor)

A glance at the results of the 1968 Olympics shows that most of the medals won by Africans were gained in the middle and long distance events. These distances were dominated by African runners as the following table indicates.

Event	Medals won by Africans
800m	Silver (Kiprugut - Kenya)
1500m	Gold (Keino - Kenya)
3000m S/C	Gold (Biwott - Kenya)
	Silver (Kogo - Kenya)
5000m	Gold (Gammoudi - Tunisia)
	Silver (Keino - Kenya)
	Bronze (Temu - Kenya)
10,000m	Gold (Tenu - Kenya)
	Silver (Wolde - Ethiopia)
	Bronze (Gammoudi - Tunisia)
Marathon	Gold (Wolde - Ethiopia)

With the exception of Gammoudi all of these runners came from high altitude countries and Gammoudi had virtually lived at high altitude for over a year before the Mexico Games.

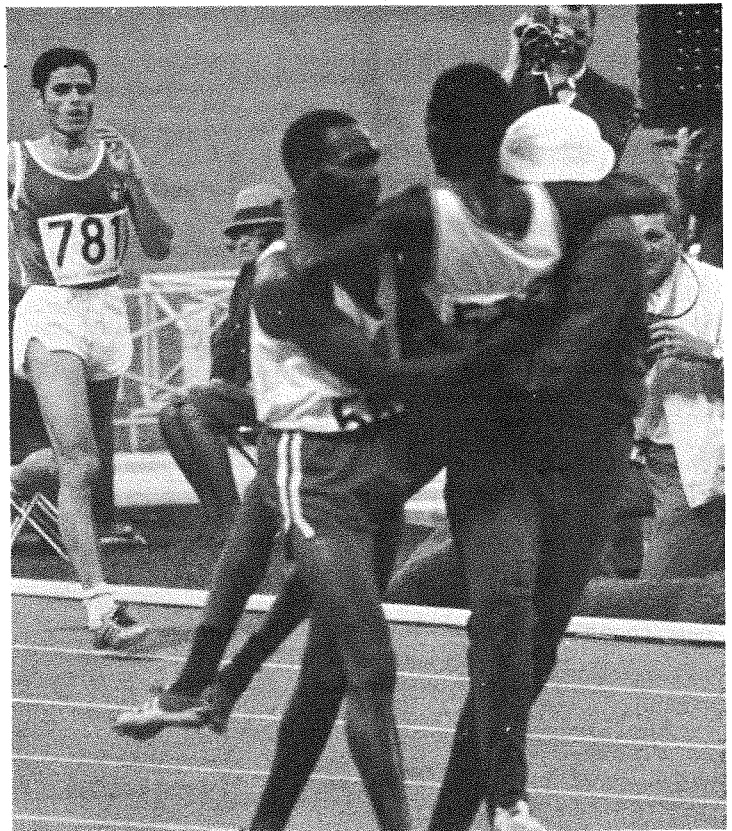
It is the altitude of Mexico City that makes an assessment of African distance running, present and future, difficult. Performances in Mexico City were distorted by it in much the same way as reflections are distorted in the Hall of Mirrors. In either case one is not looking at the truth. It is not possible to say how many medals Africans would have won had the Games been held at sea-level. Nor is it possible to do anything more than guess how well they could have held athletes like Clarke, Ryun, Kudinsky and Clayton, to name but a few runners who were not at their best in Mexico City's high altitude. But Keino's 1500 meter and Wolde's marathon in particular suggest that wherever the Games had been held, Africa's distance men would have done pretty well.

Altitude is, of course, an essential factor in the success of African runners. Abebe Bikila's victory in Rome eight years ago was the first indication that this might be so. Since then the strength of these runners has been firmly established. Yet why should this strength belong almost exclusively to African runners?

There may be two main reasons. First, they are not "mountain men" as they have sometimes been described but live on high plateau. This makes training relatively easy. Second, they lead a hardy life. The influence of the wheeled vehicle is perhaps less obvious in these areas than in other high plateau countries. This second factor may explain why the Mexicans, who are not quite as dependent upon human legs for transport, are not so successful.

The advantage of a high altitude existence is but one side of the coin. You have got to balance against it the relatively underdeveloped state of these countries, the poor facilities and the chronic lack of coaches. Furthermore African populations tend to be dispersed over wide areas and active participation in athletics is difficult. Poverty, malnutrition and lack of education merely emphasize this difficulty. Yet the future of sport in Africa depends upon how many of these people (many of whom, did they but know it, are already long distance runners and walkers by virtue of their lack of sophisticated transport) can be brought into athletic competition.

Already the elite of African distance men



N. Temu being carried off after winning the Olympic 10,000m run by K. Keino and an unidentified Kenyan. M. Gammoudi of Tunisia has just finished to take the bronze medal. African athletes dominated the Olympic distance events. Photo Wilkinson

display far more than mere natural ability. A whole gamut of tactics was revealed in Mexico City: superb front running, well paced races, good finishing and the wild, undisciplined victory of Amos Biwott who made every mistake except the ultimate one of losing. Laugh at Biwott if you like, mock his crudity and inexperience; credit his victory to the altitude. The fact remains that here was a runner who gained an Olympic gold medal, in an event that supposedly demands a fair amount of technical expertise, in what was virtually his first year in athletics.

There is a host of potential Biwotts in Africa. As the continent develops their potential will be realized providing their basic hardiness is not eroded by over civilization. African domination of the distance events is not necessarily ephemeral.

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THE BIG THREE OUT WEST

BY TOM STURAK

Three marathons within seven weeks may seem a bit much, but nonetheless scores of the same West Coast distance runners formed a seasoned hard core of large fields competing at Palos Verdes (Dec. 8th), Mission Bay (Jan. 11), and Las Vegas (Jan. 25th). Someone who didn't know better might get the idea that running 26 miles 385 yards was fun.

(And a few fanatics have sneaked south of the border New Year's Day for the Third Annual Mexicali Marathon, reportedly again won by hometown Bulmaro Olguin Rivas. Olguin, who attends the Instituto Politecnico Nacional in Mexico City, is a young runner to be reckoned with. A year ago, in his last Southern California appearance, he decisively beat Bob Deines over 15 miles in 1:19:35.5.)

Under any circumstances, any marathon is by definition a challenge. But his Western trio of new (none if over 5-years-old) races presented some wild and woolly variations on the classic topographical, psychological, and meteorological nemeses.

The Second Annual Palos Verdes Marathon loomed as a bête noire for all but the most innocent or most indifferent of entrants. Its sponsors (the local Kiwanis) proudly albeit naively advertised the circular course--winding around a hilly peninsula rising from the Pacific south of Los Angeles proper--as "scenic and challenging." But do most marathoners really care about the scenery? And breathes there one who prefers a course with not--literally--a single flat stretch of running ground? Pike's Peak aside, Palos Verdes has to be one of the toughest marathons in Amercia. But not, as events proved, necessarily one of the slowest.

Before the start, many runners were of the opinion that the hills were "worth" 20 to 40 minutes extra. These estimates were based on the scary results of the 1967 inaugural run, in which of 94 starters only 29 could finish--and only the first three under three hours, Bob Deines posting his first marathon win in 2:48:16. But that August day had been very hot (over 90°); this December 8th was foggy and cool (50°), and the near-ideal weather helped to produce markedly different results: of 324 official starters (though perhaps as many as 400 lined up), 191 finished--39 under three hours and 26 inside the old record with Deines leading the route in 2:26:46.2. The lesson learned might be aphorized: heat kills, hills only hurt. (Especially punishing was the steep and twisting downhill stretch between 10 and 15 miles, which nearly everyone ran too fast--and paid for dearly over the final uphill miles.)

This year's race was designated the National Junior AAU Championships, which undoubtedly helped to attract the surprisingly huge turnout of competitors. Also, it fell on the traditional date of the venerable (by West Coast measure) 20-year-old Culver City Western Hemisphere Marathon--always the premiere event of the Southern California road-racing season--which had been moved up to May as an Olympic Trials qualifying race. (In 1969, the two events will switch dates; Palos Verdes set for May, and the early-December Culver City race doubling as the National Senior AAU Championships.) In addition, because of the lull between cross-country and track seasons, many more high school and college runners signed up than would normally for a marathon.

In fact, young runners made the big news at Palos Verdes--in particular, two highschoolers. Fred Ritcherson, 18, and Chuck Smead, 17, both running their first marathon, finished second and third, respectively, in 2:27:01 and 2:29:57, which must be among the fastest times ever recorded by schoolboys. Along with 20-year-old Martins Ande (the Nigerian Olympian now attending Occidental)--who placed fourth in 2:31:38--Ritcherson and Smead shared pace-setting chores through 20 miles with splits of 28:55, 57:16, 1:24, and 1:53. Deines (a "veteran" at 21), running along with this group, only passed Ritcherson going into the final mile. But to pay age its due, 62-year-old Maurice Montgomery, running his second marathon, was the Over-40 champion in 40th place at a remarkable 3:00:19; and Fred Grace, 70, beat 60 other finishers with a 3:44:39. Both times are probably world-best age-group records.

Other results:

5. Jose Barela, una.	2:33:54
6. Roger Seymour, CSCLB	2:34:00
7. Ron Kurrle, CSCLB	2:34:14
8. Dave Waco, SC Striders	2:37:05
9. John Brennand, SBAC	2:39:08
10. Don Tonn, una. (Oregon)	2:39:29
11. James VanManen, SBAC	2:42:12
12. Jim Everett, una.	2:42:20
13. Mike Richey, ECTC	2:42:21
14. John Pagliano, STC A	2:42:53
15. Wendall Smith, una.	2:43:57
16. Mike Maron, BTC	2:43:58
17. Larry Pontinen, SBAC	2:44:05
18. Pat Egan, una.	2:45:06
19. Bill Anderson, SBAC	2:45:08
20. Rick Spavins, Occidental	2:45:39
21. James Frenett, SDS	2:45:52
22. Tom Sturak, SC Striders	2:46:39
23. Doug Schmenk, WDC	2:46:58
24. Ed Leighton, CSCLB	2:47:03
25. Richard Raya, GTC	2:47:37
26. Phil Carlon, STC A	2:47:50
27. Mike Baer, SDS	2:50:16
28. Wayne Akiyama, WDC	2:50:56
29. David Vahey una.	2:51:53
30. Ed Gookin, SDTC	2:53:42

The three individual National Jr. AAU Championship medals went to Ritcherson, Smead, and Barela. Though the Santa Barbara AC placed three men in the first 17, they were declared ineligible for the team championship on a questionable interpretation of an ambiguously worded AAU ruling (which needs clarification). Instead, gold medals went to the Seniors Track Club team of John Pagliano, Phil Carlon, and Bill Crum (25 points). California State College, Long Beach placed second with 26 points; the El Camino Track Club, third with 27.

Topographically, the Fifth Annual Mission Bay Marathon presented a stark contrast to Palos Verdes. No less "scenic," the certified two-lap course around San Diego's famous recreational area is to the eye flat all the way. It should be fast; but no winner has ever broken 2:30. Veterans of this race speak in brooding tones of its long, desolate, sun-drenched and shadeless stretches--especially the final two miles down a concrete esplanade beside the dazzling white beach. Even when the weather isn't hot (as it can be), they say, it seems hot. Then, too, with the exception of a few outstanding individuals like Mike Kimball, past

fields at Mission Bay have lacked competitive class.

This year, however, both the weather (58-62°) and the field (176 starters) had never been better; but events still conspired against an outstanding performance. As Meet Director Bill Gookin put it: "Our greatest challenge that no one could overcome was that the Las Vegas Marathon was scheduled two weeks later." (Next year, there will be a month between the two races.) Winner Tom Bache, former Purdue and Marine middle-distance runner, was of the opinion that any one of the top finishers should be able to go under 2:25 on the course--if they were in condition and "wanted to run it." Even though his time of 2:30:32.1 eclipsed Kimball's two-year-old record of 2:31:06.2, Bache said that he ran throughout at a pace slower than any he carries in workouts. Troubled with leg, back, and foot problems, he was undecided up to the last minute about starting his first-ever marathon.

Many of the better entrants--including Bob Deines, Gene Comroe, John Brennand, et al.--admittedly looking ahead to Las Vegas, were out only for a good long workout. A congenial and chatty group composed of nine of the top fifteen finishers, for example, was content with a 6:10-15/mi pace through ten miles, lagging almost seven minutes behind 16-year-old James French--who led for nearly 20 miles with splits of 27:07, 55:30, 1:23:50--and a full five minutes arrears of the easy running Bache. At this juncture, Deines decided to make it a hard long workout and covered his next 15 miles in 1:23:05 (54:50 between 10 and 20 mi), catching six leaders and finishing only a little over two minutes behind Bache. Young Chuck Smead also ran strongly over the final fifteen to take a solid fourth between Martins Ande and even younger Craig Sterling.

As at Palos Verdes, it was youth's day at Mission Bay: 52 of the 99 finishers were under 20; 16-year-old placed fifth and sixth; 15-year-olds Mike Baer (2:52:38) and Bruce Barker (3:11:30) took 19th and 42nd; Mark Ruggles, 12, clocked the fastest marathon for his age that anyone knows of with 3:17:20 in 48th place; and 9-year-old(!) David Hargus beat 28 finishers with 3:41:29--surely an Under-10 record. Following the race, there were interesting informal discussions among competitors and spectators (including Billy Mills) concerning the advisability of youngsters running marathons. The consensus seemed to be that while the physiological dangers were probably negligible, the psychological stresses were something else. As Tom Bache succinctly remarked to one pre-teen competitor's father, "the rewards of this kind of running are esoteric to say the least." Bill Gookin (who has to be one of the great combination competitor-officials) has tentatively proposed for next year's race a European-style Junior Division for runners under 19.

Results:

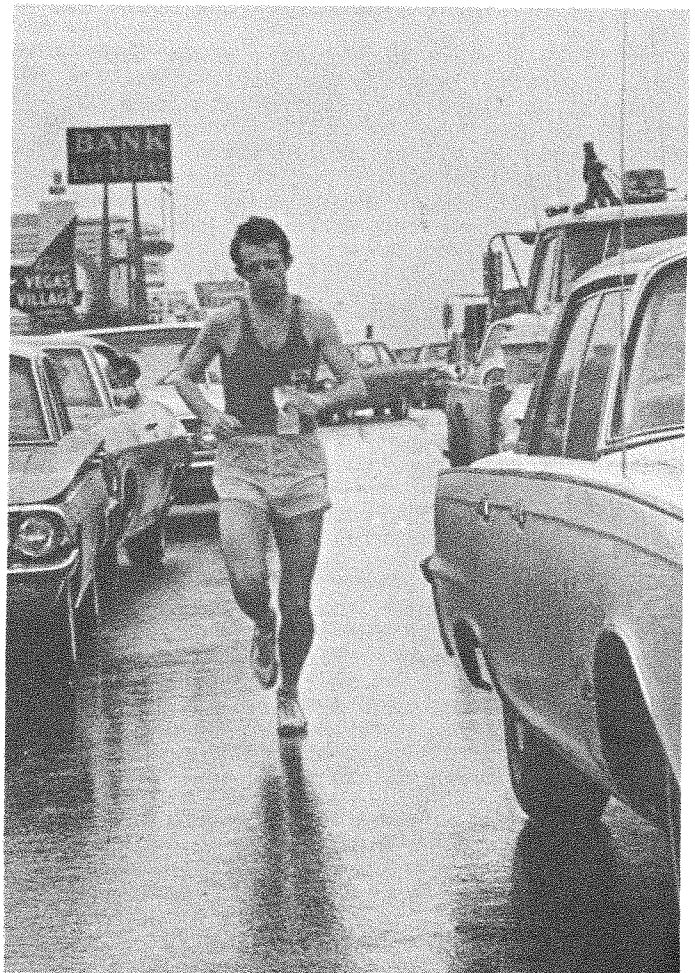
1. Tom Bache (25-years-old), SDTC 2:30:32.1
2. Bob Deines (21), Occidental 2:32:55
3. Martins Ande (20), una. 2:34:33
4. Chuck Smead (17), SBAC 2:35:59
5. Craig Sterling (16), SCAC 2:37:50
6. James French (16), SpDC 2:37:56
7. Bill Anderson (25), SBAC 2:38:06
8. Gene Comroe (26), SC Striders 2:40:07
9. John Brennand (33), SBAC 2:40:07
10. Jim VanManen (35), SBAC 2:40:50
11. John Pagliano (29), STC 2:44:07
12. Larry Mann (19), SDS 2:45:40
13. Bill Peck (28), una. 2:48:41
14. Tom Sturak (37), SC Striders 2:49:35
15. Phil Carlon (30), STC 2:49:37

16. Doug Schmenk, WDC 2:49:52
17. Don Sawyer (31), una. 2:50:35
18. Jeff King (20), SDS 2:52:28
19. Mike Baer (15), SpDC 2:52:38
20. Ed Leighton (20), ECTC 2:53:27
21. Clay Anderson (?), SCAC 2:54:36
22. Matt Hill (17), BTC 2:54:54
23. Dave Waco (36), SC Striders 2:55:31
24. Scott Claypoole (18), SDS 2:56:04
25. Charles Pearch (18), SDTC 2:56:06

Thirty-one runners finished under three hours. The Over-40 champion was Norm Lumian (41), who placed 39th in 3:11:08. Though Bache ended a dynasty of individual champions from the Santa Barbara AC, the north coast club captured the team title for the fifth straight year with 15 points, followed by the Southern California Striders (27), and San Diego State (31).

No one who was there is likely to forget the Las Vegas Sun Third World Masters Marathon. And no one will ever know precisely how fast Bob Deines ran to win. But one thing is certain: the Occidental College senior overcame the worst that nature and the best that man could offer in challenges to record the most impressive victory to date in his rapid and brilliant progress to the front rank of American marathoners.

The weather at Las Vegas this year would have inspired only an English cross-country runner--or English Channel swimmer. The rains came the night before and fell incessantly up to and throughout the race. Temperatures never rose above the mid-forties. Moments before the 164 starters answered the gun at a



PAT McMAHON in the middle stages of the World Masters Marathon in Las Vegas. He later finished 4th with 2:27:19 for the 27 plus mile course. McMahon won the event in 1968.

puddle-filled downtown intersection, word was received that the newly certified one-lap course was already in places blocked by flash floods impassable to vehicular traffic--marathoners be damned. Simultaneously with the runners, harried officials took off--to seek out detours. At a point about half-way along, there was no alternative but to ferry runners by car and truck across a knee-deep muddy torrent some 50 yards wide.

But don't get the idea that all was fun and games. The night before, many of the top runners were predicting (in tones of excitement subdued by mild terror) an opening pace of 5 min/mi; and even though the likes of Adcocks, Clayton, Wolde, and Burfoot didn't show, the prophecy came true.

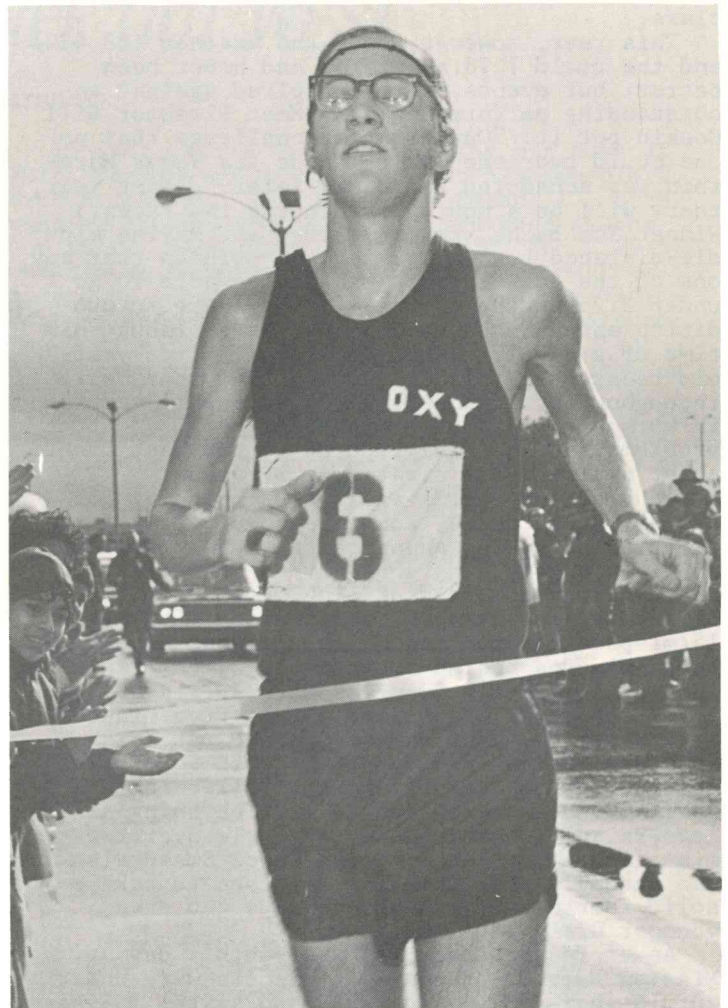
In the beginning there were the two Olympians--Irishman Pat McMahon, the defending champion, and the great Ismail Akcay of Turkey (4th at Mexico, and hot off a 2:13:43.6 performance at Fukuoka)--and Deines racing together over the slightly downhill opening miles. By four miles, McMahon had already fallen back, with Akcay--closely followed by Deines--pressing on past the 5-mile checkpoint a second or two under 25 minutes. Over the next five miles (slightly uphill), the two leaders "slackened," hitting 51:30 for 10 miles (due to circumstances the last official checkpoint), where Deines, feeling the pace too fast, let the Turk go. By 15 miles, Akcay was a minute up on Deines (who was clocking the fastest 15 mi of his life at an estimated 1:19). Was there a lost soul--even in Las Vegas--who now would have bet on the latter to win? (Anyhow Jimmy the Greek had picked Ron Daws.)

But if ever there were doubts about Bob Deines' competitive poise and world-class potential, he dispelled them in this race. At 19 miles he overtook the still strongly running Akcay, opened up a lead of 150 yards by the final mile, and leg-weary but in command broke the tape a full minute ahead in an announced time of 2:22:04 over an obviously long course.

U.S. Olympian Ron Daws finished third, full of run, ahead of a disgruntled looking McMahon and the 1967 champion Morris Aarbo of Canada. Following in close order came the ever-consistent Jose Barela, Gene Comroe, Roger Seymour, and Martins Ande. John Brennand garnered the tenth (the last) trophy by outsprinting Turkey's Aktas Huseyin in the final fifty yards. And Phil Camp, roaring in twelfth, may have covered the final 10 miles faster than anyone.

In the impromptu rerouting of the course, Meet Director Bill Selvins made certain that it would come out long ("Runners get mad if they run short"). Several remeasurements the following day indicated that the extra distance was between one-fifth and one-half mile. Settling on one-quarter mile as a fair addition, Selvin adjusted Deines winning time to 2:20:29 (which betters McMahon's 1968 record of 2:21:14). The following results show those times recorded for the distance actually run (i.e., approximately 26.45 miles):

1. Bob Deines, Occidental	2:22:04
2. Ismail Akcay, Turkey	2:23:04
3. Ron Daws, Twin Cities TC	2:26:37
4. Pat McMahon, OBU (Ireland)	2:27:19
5. Morris Aarbo, Canada	2:27:34
6. Jose Barela, una.	2:28:40
7. Gene Comroe, SC Striders	2:30:14
8. Roger Seymour, PCC	2:32:12
9. Martins Ande, una. (Nigeria)	2:32:35
10. John Brennand, SBAC	2:33:11
11. Aktas Huseyin, Turkey	2:33:14



BOB DEINES coming in the winner in the Third World Masters Marathon with 2:22:04 over the long flooded course.

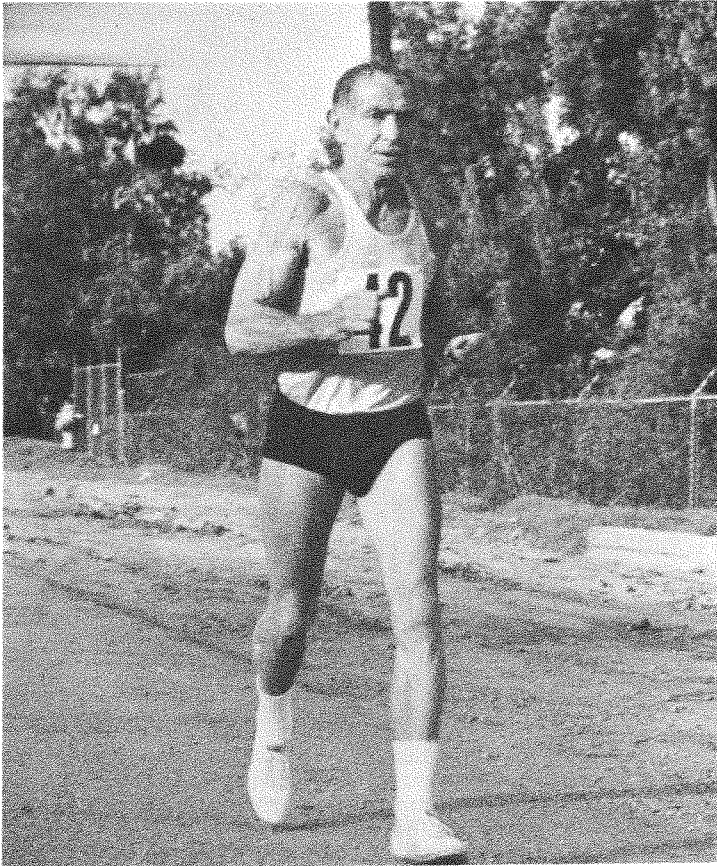
12. Phil Camp, Cal Poly (Pomona)	2:37:13
13. John Pagliano, STC A	2:40:46
14. Peter Mundle, SMAA	2:41:29
15. Bill Anderson, SBAC	2:42:42
16. Rich Raya, Glendale TC	2:43:22
17. Tulley Mann, No. Arizona U.	2:44:04
18. Phil Carlon, STC A	2:44:37
19. Jose Dones, SBAC	2:45:07
20. James VanManen, SBAC	2:46:32
21. Bill Peck, una.	2:47:00
22. Robert Darling, Olympic Club	2:48:00
23. Dough Butt, Marin AC	2:48:08
24. John Cavanaugh, Cal Poly (Pom)	2:49:07
25. Johny Faerber, Hawaii	2:51:22

There were 114 finishers, 32 under three hours. Indefatigable and versatile Pete Mundle (who recently set a new Seniors indoor mile record) retained his Over-40 title. Other age-group winners: Over-50, Paul Reese, 32nd, 2:59:32; Over-60, Walt Fredreck, 66th, 3:29:09; Under-16, Harry Nicholas (15), 43rd, 3:11:40. The Santa Barbara AC--which must be one of the strongest groups of marathoners ever assembled--took team honors, followed by the Twin Cities TC, and Santa Monica AA.

The Las Vegas Sun is determined to make this event one of the world's outstanding marathons. (The awards banquet along is worth the trip--and the pain.) Next year's running, scheduled for the first weekend in February, will feature a new and completely flat course. Again, many outstanding international and U.S. marathoners will be invited to compete. Given a break in the weather, a "world record" performance is a distinct possibility.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

BY HOWARD BARNES (President Senior Track Club)



My wife and I had the distinct pleasure of sharing a gourmet supper with Fred Grace a couple of evenings ago. It consisted of Peanut butter (from the local health foods store), non-fat dry milk, sunflower seed meal, sesame seed meal, wheat germ, honey and yogurt.

As Fred said, "this will stick to your ribs." And to the roof of my mouth also, Fred. As one wag wrote Fred, "I have an ulcer but when I read about what you eat, I would rather have my ulcer." I don't know what chemical changes occur when this gob of goop hits bottom, but I have found myself becoming addicted to it. And if you like peanut butter, you're in.

I find that talking to Fred Grace is like a shot in the arm to me. He is so full of vim, vigor and vitality that it is almost a sin that all of this should be centered in one individual. What if you: never had a headache, never had the flu, couldn't remember your last cold, could run a marathon on two pulled twitching calf muscles, didn't wear glasses (even to see the fine print), had all your own teeth, could get out and run 18 to 22 miles a day and lifted weights 6 nights a week...and you were 71-years-old to boot.

I heard about this man a couple of years ago and I didn't believe anything about him. That is, until I went over to see him and wound up asking him to join our club (Senior Track Club). And the next morning I went out and had my first ten mile workout. That is what this delightful codger with a glowing charm and ebullient manner does to the chaps who contact him. He is one man who doesn't think of age as a limiting factor when it comes to mental and physical endurance. He does exactly what he wants and puts his goals way out in the future. For this year he has set

two goals for himself. First, he intends to enter his first 100 mile race. This race, on the west coast, will be run over three days with 33 1/3 miles as an objective each day. Secondly, he wants to run in 12 marathons this year, if there will be 12 in the western half of the United States. Since he started running, competitively, in August of 1966, he has finished 10 marathons. Three of them were over four hours and seven of them were under four hours. Not bad for a chap who started running only five years ago.

Up until last October, Fred's workouts consisted of a 27 to 35 mile run every other day with weight lifting on alternate days. On the alternate days he would also try to get in a short 5 mile speed workout. These heavy duty sessions took 7 pounds off his five foot four frame and as a consequence, he didn't do as well as he expected in the Santa Barbara Marathon. Now, he has slowed down to a steady 18 to 22 mile jaunt every day with hills included. Fred commented, "Those hills are making my calves so darn big that it is raising cane with my pants." He

His best time for the classic marathon distance is a 3:38:07--and only seven days later, he was just 19 seconds slower in another marathon. Now he doesn't think about time anymore. He just wants to conquer the course. "What's a 3:30 to me--like a 15 second 100." His longest workout to date is a 42 miler. During this run, he wasn't physically tired but he was "going nuts mentally."

He gets up between 4:40 to 4:45 a.m. each day and is out pounding the ground by 5:40 a.m. Goes to bed by 11:00 p.m. He eats four meals a day: one consists of fruit, another of the above-mentioned "goop," another of fish or meat and the last one of the following: 6 spoons of non-fat dry milk, 4 spoonfulls of brewers lecithin, honey, blackstrap molasses, 2 spoonfulls of pure apply cider vinegar, yogurt and milk to thin it out. These four meals do not follow any particular sequence. In addition to this, his daily intake includes: 800 units of Vit. E, 5000 mg of Vit. C, 100,000 units of Vit. A and about a dozen kelp tablets. Now, Fred will be the first to admit that he is not entirely certain that this diet is the reason that many rank him as the perfect physical specimen of a man in his prime. But he is not going to take the chance and change it either. By the same token, he attributes most diseases to "lousy eating, lousy thinking and no exercise."

To him, all of life is a joy. He makes his running, not a chore, but a game. And one at which he is continually the master. I have heard him say, that if he felt any better he wouldn't know what to do. And when he doesn't know what to do, he heads out back to his gym. In there nestles 2500 pounds of weights. He uses them mostly for endurance. You know, like the time he did 2000 push-ups in one workout. His favorite past-time is to sucker anyone into his gym who thinks they qualify as a muscleman. Then he will let them pick the weight and the exercise and then proceed to beat them by only one repetition. He tired to get me to engage in a prone press contest utilizing only 50 pounds. No thanks, the only old man who is going to make a sucker out of me is Santa Claus.

Why did he increase his running to such extreme mileages? "Because, 2 miles is not a run, its a ballet exercise." His formula on how to run hills: "Cry your way up." Although Fred may be No. 1 in the world in many ways, the distinction of which he is most proud is: "I still am the only guy in the world who has been lapped in the 220."

Mrs. Cherrie Bridges ...And She's a Distance Runner?

Females are now beginning to discover that unlike some other activities running-jogging does not build those unwanted bulky muscles but merely keeps the body "tuned-up." Among other things, it is an easy and fun way to keep the weight in line without a lot of time and money involved.

Some of these females have taken their running more serious than others and our "cover-girl" is a prime example. Mrs. Cherrie Bridges started running distances in the summer of 1965 when her coach (now her husband) suggested that she might do better here than in the sprints. Since then she has made one trip to England and is getting ready for her second (International Cross-Country meet), it appears that they made a wise decision.

Mrs. Bridges presently is attending Indiana State University where she is majoring in Physical Education. Born in Indianapolis, Indiana on the 25th of December of 1947, she now stands 5' 8" and weighs 125 pounds with a shape of 37-25-36.

Best Marks? They look like this: 100 - 12.3; 220 - 27.3; 440 - 59.9; 660 - 1:38; 880 - 2:17.8; Mile - 5:05.1; 1500 - 4:42.8; 2-mile - 10:58. (Road Runs) 4-mile 23:40; 10-mile - 61:43; 14-mile - 1:29:37. Yes, she is indeed a distance runner.

Major Championships Won: (Cross-Country) 1965-1966-1968 - Mid-West Regional Championship 1967 - Junior Nationals; 1968 - Ill. State Champ.

National Cross-Country Meets:
 1965 - Cambridge, Massachusetts 5th 50 competed
 1966 - St. Louis, Missouri 4th 107 "
 1967 - Albuquerque, New Mexico 7th 115 "
 1968 - Frederick, Maryland 4th 127 "

1968 - Competed in the World Championships in Blackburn, England--ran 4th for U.S.A. and 11th in the meet. The U.S. Team won by one point over England's team.

Recent Training: July - this is the month she rests from running and goes into a weight train-



Cherrie with the International Cross-Country Trophy.



Cherrie Bridges checking times with coach-husband Larry.

ing program which will last for eight weeks. During the month of August with with weight training she also jogs and strides back into shape. The first week she will cover 30 miles; 2nd & 3rd - 40 miles; and the 4th 50 miles.

Sept-Oct-Nov - cross-country season... mileage ranged from 60 to 70 miles per week.

Sample week: 9-1-68 8-mile run, 60 minutes
 9-2-68 2-mile jog; 3-mile fartlek; 1-mile stride; 1-mile warm down = 7 miles
 9-3-68 3½-mile warm up; 4-mile fartlek; 3½-mile warm down = 11mi
 9-4-68 3½-mile warm up; 30 hills about 100 yards; 3½-mile warm down = 11½-miles
 9-5-68 A.M. 6½-mile jog
 P.M. 8-mile run = 14½-miles
 9-6-68 A.M. 1-mile warm up; 4 X 1-mile runs in 5:45 (10 min jog rest), 1-mile warm down
 P.M. 5-miles of hill running total for the day = 14 miles
 9-7-68 A.M. 5-mile jog
 P.M. 1-mile warm up; 8 X ½-mile hill runs - 3:07 average
 1-mile warm down = 13 miles

Total for Week = 79 miles.

During the 1968 season Cherrie won ten cross-country meets and placed 4th in the Nationals.

December - marathon type training running 8-14-miles per day averaging around 80-miles per week.

January-February - During this month she will do both indoor and outdoor running. The indoor workouts include interval training while the outdoor workouts is the over-distance.

March-April-May-June - Will start out with long interval runs such as 10 X 440 in 76 with a 220 jog between. At the end of this period it would look more like 6 X 440 in 66 with a 220 jog.

Cherrie trains 46-48 weeks per year running usually 6 days a week.

Goals: (this Spring) 440 - 58; 880 - 2:13; mile - 4:58; 1500m - 4:38. (Best of Luck)



BOOKS

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

JOGGING WITH
ARTHUR LYDIARD

The greatest killer of men—and women—in the privileged nations of the world is not the motor-car. It is not cancer. It is coronary thrombosis, the premature disease of the heart which snatches life indiscriminately and needlessly.

In New Zealand, heart disease kills almost one of every two people who die each year from statistically listed causes. The death-rate from heart disease has climbed nearly 200 per cent since the turn of the century. For every person killed in accidents, seven die of heart disease.

Here, in *Run for Your Life*, Garth Gilmour presents what he believes is one answer to this grave problem, the regular controlled exercise of jogging, as advocated for several years by world-famous athletic coach Arthur Lydiard and now propounded with equal enthusiasm by hundreds of disciples throughout New Zealand and overseas.

Exclusive paperbound edition is now available only from DRN at \$1.95. (Hardcover - \$3.50)

1965 - 126pp.

OUT IN FRONT

The longer-distance races at the Olympic Games are always fascinating events. This book is a study of distance competition from its origins in ancient Greece to the present day, not as a mere set of statistics, but as a segment of human history and psychology. The author, who is a social historian, explains not simply what records are broken but how and why and by what sort of people.

What makes men pit the limit of their physical resources against time and gravitation?

Why have performances improved so astoundingly in the past twenty years?

How far will they go?

The author writes from personal knowledge of many of the greatest runners since W. G. George (whom, as a small boy, he knew and admired). He has been helped by several recent champions, especially Emil Zatopek, whom he regards as the architect of the breakthrough from Nurmi to Ron Clarke.

George Gretton competed at distances from two miles up to the Marathon. He set up two University records at Oxford in 1929. The high spots of his international competition were two races against Paavo Nurmi, in both of which he finished second, and in one of which Nurmi broke a record which had stood for 16 years.

This book is meant not merely for lovers of athletics, but for all those who believe that the proper study of mankind is man.

157pp. 1968 \$3.95

THE LONELY BREED

Embracing the period 1886 to 1966, covering 21 individuals from 11 countries, this book is about distance runners and especially about men. Not the smiling heroes of an adoring public; nor the treadmill automatons of an age of science—for *no* man is a machine. Just men who ran and who can collectively be called 'The Lonely Breed'. Lonely, that is, in the way that anyone who gives his all to something is alone.

These are the chosen 21: Walter George, Ted Flack, Jean Bouin, Paavo Nurmi, Arthur Newton, Jack Lovelock, Arne Andersson, Sydney Wooderson, Arthur Lydiard, Emil Zatopek, Horace Ashenfelter, John Landy, Vladimir Kuts, Gordon Pirie, Herb Elliott, Abebe Bikila, Murray Halberg, Peter Snell, Gerry Lindgren, Neville Scott, Jim Hogan.

Most of the names are distinguished but it was the man rather than the 'name' which earned selection, and not all of the names are world-famous. Neither are the various races, selected and re-enacted to demonstrate the character of each man, necessarily marked by gold medals or world records. Indeed, some of the lesser-known races may prove the most interesting.

Norman Harris journeyed through Europe to Australia and New Zealand to collaborate with Ron Clarke and returned via the U.S.A. A great deal of time, travel and money was spent in obtaining original and revealing material, viewing old films, reading personal papers—for example, letters which Ted Flack wrote to his family in Melbourne from the 1896 Olympics at Athens. In short, the authors have either seen all their subjects or gained original material from private sources. They have produced a book which reaches far beyond the normal confines of 'sports-writing'.

187pp. 1967 \$4.95

RUN TO THE TOP

BY ARTHUR LYDIARD

AT ROME in 1960 the world discovered that a New Zealand coach called Arthur Lydiard actually knew what he was talking about; two of his brightest pupils, Murray Halberg and Peter Snell, won gold medals on the Olympic track and a third, Barry Magee, ran the fastest marathon ever recorded by a white man. From Rome, Lydiard's runners went on to nine world records.

Lydiard's continued success with relatively unknown runners and his world-wide talks on the physiological fundamentals of fitness have brought him increasing recognition. In 1966 he trained Mexican runners and is currently official coach to the Finland Amateur Athletic Association. Athletes in both East and West Germany follow his principles; Japanese mara-

thon runners achieved world prominence after studying with him. He evolved his technique by doing it himself and teaches by his own example; at fifty he runs better than when he competed for New Zealand in the 1950 Empire Games marathon and finished thirteenth.

Recently Lydiard has streamlined and refined his original schedules, reducing the track training period from twelve weeks to ten. Athletes all over the world have been clamouring for a new edition of his book; here it is, thoroughly revised and up to date, with entirely new photographs and, as well as an important new section for women athletes, the complete new training schedules published for the first time and with the endorsement of the men who ran nearly a dozen world records in proving them.

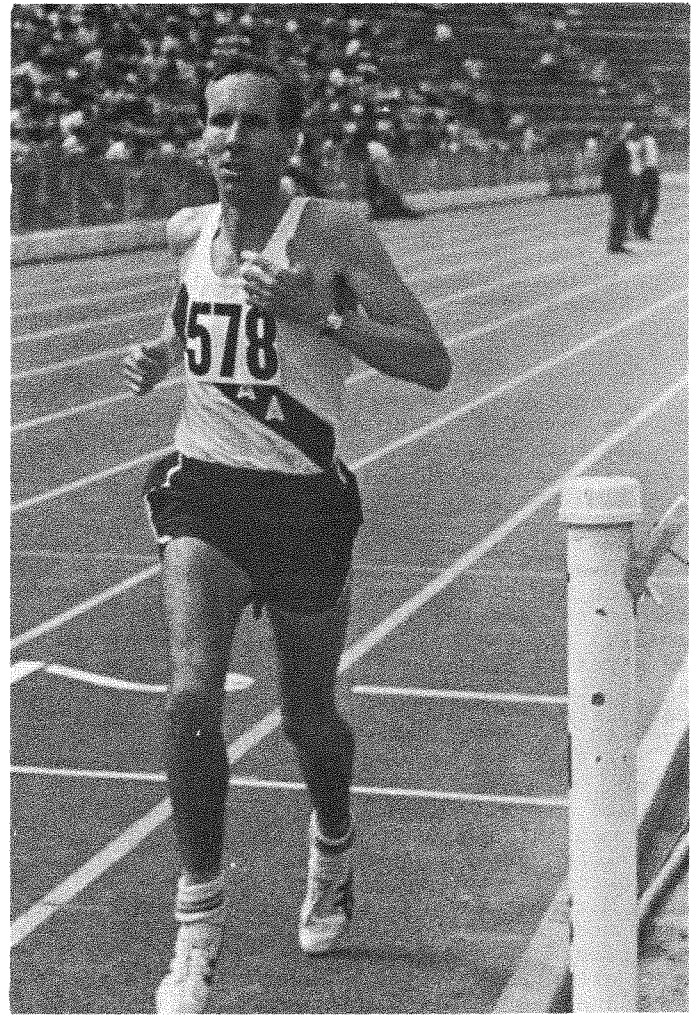
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1968 - \$4.95

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OLD JOHNNY KELLEY, winner of the Boston Marathon in 1935 and 1945, still active at age sixty-one. Photo by Jeff Johnson



PETE MUNDLE, "king" of the Master's Mile, has one lap to go in his mile in the San Diego Meet June 1, 1968. Time: 4:34.3. Photo Murdock

OVER-40 RUNNING and THE MASTERS MILE

BY JAMES HARTSHORNE

The over-40 runner has been around for many years, perhaps almost as long as running itself. In the past his numbers have been relatively few and his efforts were directed largely towards the longer distances which, more often than not, took him out on the inconspicuous sideroads for his training and kept him pretty well hidden from the public as well as his fellow runners. When he competed, he was usually buried in the pack so that his younger rivals often overlooked him and the public rarely knew he existed. To the dedicated runner, old or young, such lack of attention is of little significance since loneliness is second nature to distance running.

Few are the great runners of the past who have continued competition after school or college. This, of course, is not peculiar to running but reflects the broader picture of the rapid decline or complete cessation of active sports participation of our young men after leaving their institutions of learning. Indeed, it seems the greater the school athlete the worse his chances of being a model physical specimen in later life. The reasons for this lamentable state of affairs are many. Surely among the most important must be the easy living and many diversions of modern day life that wean us away from the healthier but more rugged discipline of sports competition: the general ignorance and

misconceptions that dictate, even among many of the medical profession, that vigorous exercise is something the adult past 30 would do better to avoid; and the short-sightedness of organized sports in the States that almost completely ignores the senior citizen in its program. Although far from ideal, the Europeans are considerably saner about their approach to organized sports than we are, particularly in regards to where they place the emphasis. Their academic institutions give far less time to sports than the States, allowing the young adult more efficient use of his time for the main purpose of such institutions--learning. After leaving the academic life many young adults--a good number of whom have participated in little, if any, sports while in school--join one of the many available sports clubs to begin work on their bodies at a time in life when it really counts.

Although relatively few in numbers, the Europeans have had sports clubs for the senior athlete for some years now. The Veterans Athletic Club in England, to name but one, was founded in 1931 and has met continuously since its inception... even through the devastating years of World War II. In the States such clubs have been virtually unknown until recently. One of the most active, influential, and fastest

growing clubs of this kind is the Seniors Track Club which operates in the area of Los Angeles. This organization was formed with a handful of men in January 1966 with the main purpose of promoting and establishing events for the over-40 runner. Under the able and forceful leadership of such men as Howard Barnes and Stan Stafford membership has shot to over 150 in just three years. Through affiliation with such organizations as the RRC of America and the German International Older Men's Distance Club they have strengthened their position, and by initiating or co-sponsoring such things as a national age-group cross-country championships and the U.S. Masters T & F Championships (the greatest meet of them all) they have proved their worth as a moving force in the promotion of senior running events.

The Road Runners Club of America, founded in 1957 by the incomparable Browning Ross (who also gives us the Long Distance Log), has given a much needed boost to distance running in this country. It is perhaps only fitting that a branch of this organization under the leadership of such men as Aldo Scandurra and Joe Kleinerman should receive the credit for being the first to give special recognition to the senior runner as a result of their establishing an over-45 age division in many of their RRC meets in the early sixties. Today Kleinerman is running an over-40, over-45, and over-50 division in all of the N.Y. Met RRC weekly races from five miles on up.

Gabe Mirkin with the help of Hugh Jascourt, both medical doctors, started the first "Run For Your Life" program in Baltimore in 1964. The following year, when he moved to nearby Washington, Mirkin began a similar program which, on some meet days, became associated with events sanctioned by the RRC and the AAU. The RFYL runs are by definition non-competitive and open to all except those actively engaged in competition. To reduce the spread in times and make it more interesting to the senior runners, Mirkin soon introduced a system of handicap. Although not ideal, this appeared to be a move in the right direction and soon led to the introduction of age-group runs which culminated in RRC National Championship events specifically for the over-40 runner.

Having grabbed a slice of the cake for their very own, in so far as the longer distance road runs and cross-country events are concerned, the senior runners now turned their attention to the shorter track races. The first Masters Mile ("Masters" being equivalent to "Seniors," "Veterans," or "Old Timers"--listed in order of descending popularity) devised especially for the 40-and-over runner, was born in Balboa Stadium as part of the San Diego Invitational Track & Field Meet on June 11, 1966. Skeptics among the officials questioned the wisdom of such an event lest it produce a dud, or far worse, a cardiac. Fortunately, neither of these fears materialized and the throng of 10,000 that cheered the senior runners through each lap of that mile convinced the skeptics that the Masters Mile was not a lemon but a winner with a refreshing new look. In the surprisingly short span of but two years the Masters Mile has been added to the programs of most of the major track meets in California. That the mile turned out to be the chosen running event adopted for the over-40 group in the majority of these large meets is not surprising since it is short enough to squeeze into many of the already crowded programs and yet long enough for the runners to develop tactical maneuvers and the spectators to generate interest.

On the East coast an aspiring Masters Miler from Ithaca, N.Y. watched the developing trend in the West with more than casual interest. In the winter of 1968 he convinced the necessary officials at Cornell University that it would be a democratic gesture for them to add a Masters Mile to the first annual Cornell Indoor Invitational. Since this was something quite new to the East, an arduous search was necessary to locate the most accomplished senior milers east of the Mississippi. Fearing a dearth of willing milers at this age-level, the promotor was pleasantly taxed to beg for extra program time in order to accommodate over 20 eager senior contestants who would be run in two sections. As the West had already learned, the Masters Mile proved a real success and stole the show. Masters Miles soon appeared in Colby College's Invitational, the DC AAU Championships, and the Danvers Mass. Kiwanis Track Meet; and promises of serious consideration were given for 1969 in the Boston Garden's Mass. K of C Meet, the Heptagonal Championships, and the outdoor Penn. Relays.

The 1969 Mass. K of C Meet held in the Boston Garden was the first real test in the East of the Masters Mile's spectator appeal. The race produced no real stragglers, the lead was passed about among three of the main contenders, and the finish produced a real cliff-hanger that witnessed Ted Vogel, 1948 Olympic marathoner, "out-chest" Jim Hartshorne for the winner's circle. Sixty-one-year-old Johnny Kelley, better known as "Mr. Marathon" or "01' Kel," was the only man lapped and then only on the last lap. The crowd cheered enthusiastically throughout



JAMES HARTSHORNE wins the mile event in the Heptagonal Games over Joseph Burns with 4:46.0. Dr. Sheehan followed with 4:47.7 (a National best for 50-year-olds). Photo by Tom Hartshorne



(Above) Master's Mile at the "Cow" Palace with 440 to go. No. 9=Bill Fitzgerald (1st) with 4:51.2. No. 2=Don Picket (3rd) with 4:55.7. No. 3=Bill Mackey (4th) with →



4:56.0. Not shown Gene Haynes (2nd) with 4:54.0. John Cherry was fifth also under 5:00 -- 4:58.8. (Above) Start of the race in San Francisco. Photos by Jeff Kroot

the race and on 01' Kel's last lap they rose to their feet with shouts of approval to bring him home in the impressive time of 5:19. The press was most responsive to the event and trumpeted such phrases as "brought down the house" and "hit of the year."

Jim Gorrell (47), a bread salesman from Apple Valley, California, took command of that first Masters Mile in Balboa Stadium on June 11, 1966 and during the next two years he reigned as the supreme king of this event. Each time he established a personal best time it also became a National Masters Mile record. Beginning with a 4:55.4 in Balboa Stadium, he gradually lowered his mark and the National Masters record to the 4:43.1 which won him the event in the 1968 San Diego Indoor Invitational. During this period Gorrell displayed an enviable competitive drive, for although he was frequently challenged down to the tape, he never lost a Seniors Mile race. On the East coast the spotlight favored no one person for long. Brownie Ross (44) took the first big one at Cornell's January 1968 Indoor Invitational with an impressive 4:45.0. This was the ex-Olympic Steeplechaser's first and last attempt at the Masters Mile, but it was enough to serve notice on the rest of the field that he had a considerable way to go before bottoming-out at this distance. Jim Hartshorne (45) took over the lead sport at this point for the remaining Masters Miles run in the East last year, and in June checked in for the 1st U.S. Masters T & F Championships to take home the National Masters Mile title as a result of his win in a close tactical race.

Peter Mundle (40), a newcomer to the Seniors ranks, is probably the most outstanding over-40 runner actively engaged in competition at this time. During the past year this trim, quiet-mannered mathematician has established National Seniors records in the three-mile (14:53.2), two-mile (9:36.8), and the one-mile (4:30.0) runs. It was at the latter distance last June that Mundle put an end to Gorrell's West coast reign. As impressive as these times are when compared to his contemporaries they by no means represent his full potential. A pupil of the famed taskmaster Igloi, Mundle might well be the master at all distances from the 880 through the marathon were he to concentrate on each individually for any length of time. His enviable mile times alone are far below those of any other senior runner to date, and when one realizes these times were all established with

no one nearby to nudge him, one wonders where he may eventually deposit the Masters Mile mark. Leaving his natural God-given talents aside, one might gain some understanding of this phenomenon's performances when one realizes that an average interval workout for him might consist of 20-440's interspersed with 10-220's and a heavy workout could push him to 40-440's and 30-220's in alternate set of ten!

One might briefly review the current status of the Masters Mile in this country in so far as its present position in the track world and its outlook for the future are concerned. Although most of the major indoor and outdoor track meets now feature this event in California, the Masters Mile is just beginning to enjoy a portion of the limelight in the East. Regarding the availability of runners and their qualifications to supply the necessary manpower for this event, the East and West coasts are about on a par. At the time of writing there are approximately 15 senior milers on each coast who are running below the seniors "five-minute barrier" -- the bulk of them in the 4:50's, about ten of them in the 4:40's, and only one of them consistently in the 4:30's. Although the running fields have been reasonably well balanced on both coasts in the past, the West has produced a more consistent winner--first with Gorrell and more recently with Mundle.

In the East Ross led off with the opener followed by Hartshorne for a few rounds, and most recently Vogel and Packard (the 40-year-old Masters Marathon Champion) have come to the fore to share in the honors. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to predict the appeal of this event in the future for either the spectators or the runners themselves; but one thing is certain, as with other athletic endeavors, the times will get better and better. Dare we predict a possible limit? With Mundle already at 4:30 with no one to push him, surely a figure in the teens is not unrealistic. But then who remembers that wonder from England who at age 40 came over to this country and ran the fastest mile of his life while a freshman at McNeece College? Give up? Why, Fred Norris, of course! One yes, his time? 4:13! Did someone ask about the "four minute barrier" and the Masters Mile? ...well, I've stuck my neck out far enough at this point!

SPOTLIGHT ON ENGLAND & EUROPE

BY WILF RICHARDS (European Editor)

Perhaps the most interesting of Britain's rising stars to come into the limelight this season is the young Yorkshire distance runner, Trevor Wright. There were some promising performances from him last season and now he seems to have matured into a prospect with a potential as great as any in Britain today. In December he travelled to Belgium for a victory in a 7km cross-country race at Dour, then the following week scored an impressive win against top-class home competition in the annual Harry Whitehurst race at Sheffield. His time for the heavy 7½ mile course was 37-14, and he left such seasoned runners as Gerry North and former International champion Roy Fowler well behind.

On January 5th he was abroad again for a 9km cross-country race in Spain, where he ran clean away from the opposition to win by 150 yards. Despite these early season successes, when the first of the major cross-country championships was held--the inter-County event sponsored by the Daily Telegraph--few gave Wright more than an outside chance of a place among the first three, for this was a race in which all the "big guns" were included in the huge field of 347 starters drawn from every county in England. But the Yorkshireman soon proved that he was extremely fit and ready for true championship performances. Without ever looking at all fatigued he pulled away at the half distance and was 150 yards ahead of the next man at the finish of the 7½ mile journey.

Second in the inter-County race was Mike Tagg, another of the younger brigade who is improving each year. Not that Tagg is by any means a novice in top class company. Although still in his early twenties he has been capable of winning international races for the past two or three years and is regarded as one of the most consistently good distance runners we have. Now he seems destined to move into the select group who can be said to have truly reached the summit. He gained selection on merit for the Olympic 10,000 metres event and although, like so many others, his time at Mexico was below standard he certainly justified his place on the team. He had a quiet time competitively after the Games but early in December gave a hint of things to come by setting up a new record in the Osterley Park Relay, when, a week or two later, gained a comfortable victory in the Jean Bouin Memorial 7km cross-country race at Marseilles.

One event in which Britain always seems to be able to produce champions of world class is the marathon. One can recall two outstanding pre-war performers, Sam Ferris and Ernie Harper (both Olympic silver medalists), followed in more modern times by the record breaking Jim Peters and, later still, the two Coventry Godiva "greats," Brian Kilby and Basil Heatley. Now we have a third Coventry man who is following with rare distinction in the footsteps of his two clubmates, Bill Adcocks, who ran into fifth place in the Olympic marathon. In the famous Japanese race, the Asahi marathon, Adcocks improved on his previous best time of 2-12-16.8 when coming home well ahead of his nearest rival, Unetani of Japan, to record a remarkable 2-10-47.8, the second fastest marathon ever. It takes several years for a runner to reach his peak at this event and although Adcocks is a seasoned 27-year-old he has not been concentrating so long at the marathon distance that further improvement can be ruled out. For the next Olympic Games in 1972 at Munich Bill Adcocks could well

be the man Britain has been waiting so long for --an Olympic marathon winner.

Among the most promising of Britain's youngsters now on the threshold of senior status is one, Andy Holden, a 20-year-old Lancastrian with an abundance of stamina and a certain amount of ability (though lacking somewhat in technique) for steeplechasing. He was showing good form early in the season when competing for his club in the Waterloo Festival Road Relay at Liverpool, in which he not only had the fastest time but also set up a new course record of 8-51 for the two mile circuit. A month later he defeated a good class field when running for the University Athletic Union in a representative match. Next came the Lancashire County Championship, in which he did well to finish 5th and earn himself a place on the Lancashire team for the big inter-country championship. Here he excelled himself by finishing ninth, well ahead of some of Britain's star seniors of international vintage. This promising start was consolidated in the traditional Nos Galan (Wales) New Years Eve 4-mile road race. This event, which starts at 11-45 p.m. so as to "let the New Year in," is always well supported and the field on this occasion included some of the country's leading distance runners. Holden was in fine form, winning in a new record time for the event of 18 min. 1sec. to beat Manchester's Ricky Wilde (18-23), with John Whetton (indoor specialist) 3rd in 18-48. Whetton had already won the one mile event, which took place some eight hours earlier, and was out for a "double."

Indoor athletics in Britain has never achieved anything like the support or popularity that it has in America, possibly because of our devotion to cross-country and road running, which claims the undivided attention of almost all the distance runners, and to football or rugby, in which many of the short distance and field events athletes take part, as winter activities. But efforts are increasingly being made to provide athletes with facilities for indoor competition and this winter several meetings have been arranged at Gosford. The A.A.A. held its indoor championships there and although the distance events produced nothing out of the ordinary there was encouragement to be gained by the number taking part and the efforts made by some of the younger runners to master the unusual technique required when competing indoors on a small track. In the 800 metres R. Adams won his race from the front in 1-51.1 while J. Greatrex gained second place from the back in 1-51.3. Walter Wilkinson had his expected victory in the 1500 metres--but only just--with a time of 3-49.3. Ian McCafferty made a welcome return to form to take the 3000 metres in 8-08.4, and Derek Balkeley, a steadily improving runner from Lancashire, surprised a few with his win in the 2000 metres steeplechase, time 3-36.6.

Mention has already been made of some of Britain's young seniors, but one who is well inside the senior age group but who has already made quite a name for himself is 18-year-old David Bedford. In a 4 mile race in Barcelona he finished third behind Allan Rushmer and Dick Taylor. In another fine performance he took second place to Martin Hyman in the Portsmouth 5 mile road race. Hyman (a mature 35-year-old) beat the course record with a time of 24min. 17 sec., with Bedford, also inside the record, showing 24-25. Dave Bedford has a best time of 8min. 50sec. for 2 miles and 13-54.6 for 3 miles. He has also run the 10,000 metres in 32min. 16 sec. If he can avoid over-racing for the next year or two (no easy matter when one is young and ambitious) he could by 1972 be one of Britain's main hopes for the 5000m at Munich.

*Bedford has since done 28:24.4 for 10km
on English record + 13th best ever*

Scottish runner Lachie Stewart is one whose ability seems not to have been fully realised, despite some highly promising performances during the past few years. He is at present in excellent form and will be one to take into account when the stars of the cross-country world meet in the International Championships at Edinburgh. One of his best recent races was a great win in the 8000 metres international cross-country race at Elgoibar in Spain. In a fighting finish he defeated Haro of Spain, with two Ethiopians next in order. Mamo Wolde of Olympic fame finished 7th.

LADIES

Cross-country running now claims as many adherents among the girls and ladies as does the track--perhaps more. An increasing number of schools include the sport in their recreational facilities and there are League matches which cater for all age groups. In addition there are district, area and national championships, most of which are very well supported. Nor is there any concession made as regards to the type of course. The distance covered are shorter than with male runners, but the terrain remains much the same with hills, mud and slush, and occasionally snow and ice, all considered "part of the game."

In the Northern part of the country Sandra Kirk, a girl who has emerged successfully from the younger age groups, scored an impressive

win in the Lancashire championship, while Madeline Ibbotson, wife of the ex-British mile record holder, took the Yorkshire title. In the South, Iris Lincoln, Bridget Cushen and Pam Davies were well matched in a 3 mile cross-country race at Bexley, but Iris Lincoln's fast finish gave her the victory in 19min. 15sec. from Bridget Cushen (19-21) and Pam Davies (19-23).

In a Southern Counties meeting there was a total turnout of over 300 for the three age-group races. Again Iris Lincoln asserted her superiority over Bridget and Pam, and again there was little between them at the finish. But on this occasion it was Iris's twin sister, Rita, who beat all three, and by quite a comfortable margin too. **EUROPE**

Gaston Roelants, the great Belgian distance runner, is evidently back to something like his former place at the top. The stylish record breaker accounted for yet another best time when winning for the fifth time the Sao Paulo mid-night race on New Years Eve. He was in remarkable form and went clean away from Japan's Sawaki in the closing stages to record a time of 24min. 32.9sec. to Sawaki's 24-51.1. An 8000 metres cross-country race in Blankenberge, with a 5000 crowd turning out to watch, found Roelants again accounting for the opposition, though young Dave Bedford, challenged magnificently in taking second place for England.

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COMPLETE GUIDE TO HIGH SCHOOL TRACK & FIELD COACHING, Ray Kring. A new book by an ex-world class athlete and one of California's most successful high school coaches. Fills a gap in track literature and will be a "must" for every prep coach's library. Chapters cover selling your program, organization of practice, putting on a meet, coaching all events, making equipment, etc. 1968 235pp. Ill. \$10.95

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MODERN TRAINING FOR RUNNING, Ken Doherty. Definitive text with chapters on motivation in endurance running; holism in endurance running; role of the coach; physiology; systems of training; style and pace; etc. 280pp. Ill. 1964 \$9.95

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OUT IN FRONT George Gretton's new book on the distance runner's struggle against pain, the clock, and his competition. Written from the point of view of a one-time distance competitor (Gretton twice ran against Nurmi), this is a book for all track lovers. Many of track's greatest personalities are examined: Clarke, Zatopek, Nurmi, etc. and an absorbing historical survey of distance running is presented. Very highly recommended. 1968 157pp. Ill. \$3.95

THE LONELY BREED Ron Clarke and Norman Harris. This great new book delves into "the lonely breed" of distance runners. Twenty-one runners of past and present from 11 countries are looked at, with the focus on one race from their careers which gives insight into their personality and competitive character: Walter George, Arthur Newton, Jean Bouin, Nurmi, Lovelock, Wooderson, Zatopek, Ashenfelter, Pirie, Snell, Elliott, Gerry Lindgren, etc. Fine reading for fans and athletes. 1967 Ill. 187pp. \$4.95

FOUR OF THE BEST Part Two

BY WILF RICHARDS (European Editor)

(Part One in the January issue dealt with two famous figures from the pre-1914 era. Below we look at our third great distance runner, whose career started after the 1914 World War.)

In the 1920s at a time when Finland was fast becoming a nation of athletic repute there was no athlete in the world who could compare with the greatest of all the great Finns, Paavo Nurmi. The name was truly a magic one. From his first Olympic victories at Antwerp in 1920 to his final competitive effort in 1932, he was almost unbeaten. The sports journalists found various titles for him--the Flying Finn, the Phantom Finn, and Peerless Paavo were a few--and all were fully justified. So invulnerable was he in competition that on the very rare occasions that he was beaten one was left wondering whether for once he was not concerned with winning. When, for instance, he came to the end of a tour of the U.S.A. and Canada, having completed a total of 54 races without defeat, and was beaten in the 55th, American sports writers suggested that he allowed the home runner to win out of politeness. But as the race in question was an 880 (too short for Nurmi's range of distances) he could well have been relegated to 2nd place on merit.

It was said that Paavo Nurmi was no more talented than most other young Finns when he made his introduction to competitive athletics as a youth of 17. His time for a 3000 metre race for novices was 10min. 6.5sec., nothing out of the ordinary. But he did win the race and that decided him to continue with the sport and to train seriously for improvement. Even at this early age the determination, confidence and dedication of the true champion were apparent, though it was not for another five years that his carefully planned efforts had taken him to the top. Nurmi's spare time was strictly limited, for his father had died when Paavo was still a young boy and he had to help out at home. But he made the most of the time available and worked out a method of training to suit his particular circumstances. He aimed at maximum physical fitness, cutting out everything which he thought might be detrimental, such as late nights, drinking and smoking.

So, after five years of training and racing at "ordinary" levels, Nurmi was at last ready for international recognition, and in 1920 he won his place on Finland's Olympic team at the age of 23. The Games were at Antwerp that year and Nurmi was beaten in a close finish in the 5,000 metres to Guillemot of France, but he took the gold medals in both the 10,000 metres and the cross-country run. Paavo Nurmi had arrived!

By the following year he was almost invincible. At Stockholm he set a new world record for 10,000 metres (30-40.2), then turned his attention to the shorter distances, and in particular to the classic mile. Again it was the Stockholm track, with Wide (Finnish by birth but now of Swedish nationality) as his main opponent. Edwin Wide was a doughty opponent, but Nurmi won with no sign of distress in a new world record time of 4min. 10.4sec.

Over the next few years Paavo Nurmi became more than just another top class runner; more even than the best distance man in the world. He made an impression on the sporting world such as few athletes before or since have done. Quite apart from the amazing superiority of his per-



"The Phantom Finn"

formances, he stood apart, and above, all others as a personality. There was, for instance, his habit of carrying a watch in his hand when racing. It would seem that he knew just what times his opponents were capable of, and saw to it that his laps were reeled off at the precise speed to ensure victory without eating too much into his own resources. Nurmi himself never appeared at all distressed; his races were run with a calmness and complete authority which must have been most disconcerting to the other competitors.

Athletics journalists had plenty to enthuse over in their writings of the Flying Finn, but they were given little encouragement when it came to their favourite "human interest" topics. His uncommunicative disposition, plus his dedication in training, and ruthlessness in racing, caused the sports writers to depict him more as a machine than a human being. His lack of any sort of flamboyance in victory or visible disappointment on the rare occasions of defeat would not endear him to most sports correspondents, who usually look for expressions of emotion with which to embellish their accounts. But all this was probably less than just to Nurmi, whose sole purpose was to do a job, and to do it well.

In the 1924 Olympics in Paris, Nurmi won the 1500 metres and 5,000 metres within the space of 1½ hours. He also came home well ahead of the rest of the field in the cross-country race. This was the notorious cross-country race, held in such overpowering heat that only 15 out of the 39 starters were able to complete the course. But so little affected was Nurmi that he was out again the following day to score his fourth success of the Games in the 3,000 metres team race.

By the time the 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam

came round, Paavo Nurmi was a clear favourite to win anything for which he was entered. But misfortune overtook him. After a victory in the 10,000 metres he injured himself in the steeplechase heat and had to be content with the silver medal in the final. He was also beaten into second place in the 5,000 metres. It is significant of the reputation Nurmi had acquired that, following the Amsterdam Games, it was being hinted that his powers were on the wane. A first and two seconds in the Olympics was, with him, regarded as a failure.

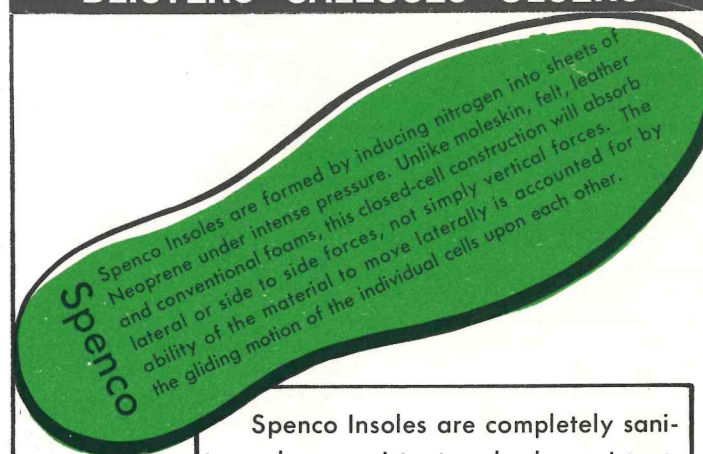
But Nurmi was still anything but a spent force, though now his appearances were less frequent than previously and it seems evident that he was purposely limiting his racing so as to avoid eating into his resources too much. Still, 1930 saw him setting a new world record for 20,000 metres. The Flying Finn was always "news" and now it was said that he had lost his speed and was concentrating on the longer distances so that he would not have to face the younger Finnish runners who were fast achieving reputations for themselves. Nurmi's reply came in 1931 when he joined his compatriots Lehtinen, Iso-Hollo and Virtanen in an attempt on the world 2 mile record. The record was duly beaten--and it was Nurmi who became the new record holder. This time, instead of dictating the pace he left that to the others and then strode powerfully away from them towards the finish for a new record of 8-59.4.

When Nurmi won the Finish trial race over the marathon distance in the fast time of 2-22-03.8 everything appeared to be working towards yet another victory for the impregnable Finn in the 1932 Games marathon at Los Angeles. But, unhappily for him and the Finnish nation in general, trouble was brewing over the question of alleged excessive expenses in which Nurmi was said to be involved. The International Federation barred him from further competition and although the Finnish authorities contested the decision on the grounds that no real proof had been submitted, the career of this remarkable runner came to an unfortunate end and we could only wonder what might have been the outcome had he been able to have a final fling in the Los Angeles marathon.

Paavo Nurmi did, of course, make one further public appearance. This was twenty years later when, by now a mature man of 55, the former supreme Olympic champion carried the torch for the final 1/4 mile circuit at the Helsinki Games, and even the undemonstrable Nurmi must have been thrilled by the tremendous reception accorded to him as he encircled the track, the old stride long and powerful as of yore even if its speed of movement was less in evidence. **NEXT ISSUE:** Part three will deal with our fourth and last runner of our "Four Of The Best."



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Letters

(If you disagree or agree with something you find in DRN or about distance running in general, this is where you can voice your opinion. Address all letters to: John R. Anderson, Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502. Letters for the May issue are needed by April 15th.)

I enjoyed the article on the cross-country boys from Albany, Wisconsin for selfish reasons.

I have two boys age 11 and 13 who I believe were born to be runners--slight built and lean. The boys are now members of the Ohio River Road Runners. Since being a member of the club, Steve trains every day unless he is sick and logs 56 to 70 miles per week. He has already run in a 12-mile and in (4) 10-mile races plus a number of shorter races.

Bruce has done best with the shorter races with his favorite the one mile run. Both have won a number of trophies.

My comment: What can be done to get more Grade Schools to have cross-country teams like Albany, Wisconsin? Thanks to Coach Bob White for this fine article in DRN.

Wayne Poling
Dayton, Ohio

Just a few kind words on Coach Bob White's article on Distance Running in Junior High.

This was for me without doubt the most entirely engrossing article I have read yet in DRN. On the part of Coach White it shows a great love to his work and more important the boys.

At present I am working at a guidance school in recreation with Junior High School boys. At dinner the other evening I started a discussion on the Junior High distance running program and was amazed at the interest. This led to a match mile race in the gym between two of the 8th graders of 22 tough laps.

The Albany Public School system has to be first. It is top flight, pure and simple. Let us hope that more schools will follow in the steps laid down by Bob White.

Well done Bob White and continued success in the future.

Pete Burkhart
Manomet, Mass.

In regard to DRN's January, 1969 listing of the "Top Five Distance Runners of 1968."

I really couldn't say who to drop from the "Top Five" to make room, but with the competitive year George Young had it seems to me he deserved to be ranked.

Steve Hidden
Jersey City, New Jersey

Classifieds

(Rates: 15 cents per word (general), 10 cents per word (meet notices).
Copy for the May issue is needed by April 15th.)

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DISTANCE RUNNING NOTES

There are many reasons why runners work hard for an up-coming race but I think a recent incident in England ranks high on the unusual list. John Lewis, age 21, put in long hours of training to insure his success as a member of the cross-country team for the reform school at Dover. On the day of the race he set off with the other runners in an inter-school race and took such a lead that authorities are still looking for him...

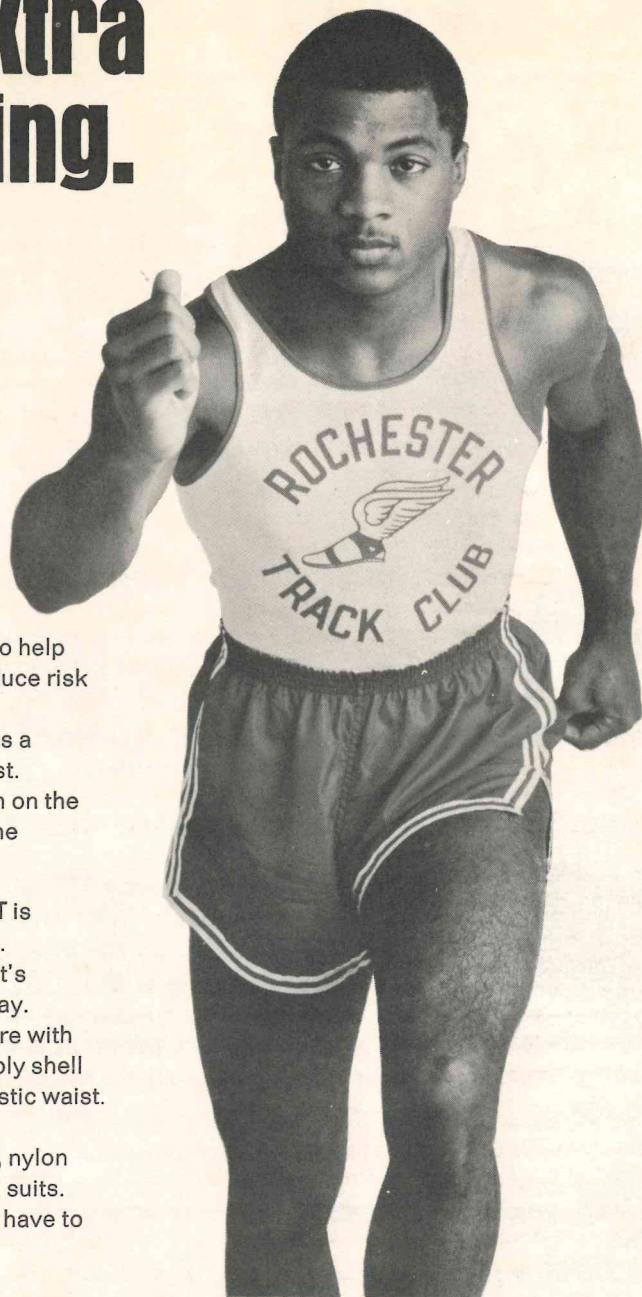
Robert Brown of Sweden writes: "M. F. Hogberg, the Swedish middle-distance runner who was temporarily forced out of athletics on medical advice, has now returned to the athletic scene--with the full backing of his doctors." Hogberg, the 22-year-old Gothenburger with a best time over 1500 meters of 3:39.9 was Sweden's big hope for an Olympic medal. That was until medical opinion, during the pre-Olympic examination, shattered both his and his country's dreams by revealing a heart fault. However, at Christmas of 1968, after detailed examinations, doctors gave Hogberg the "all-clear" and now the hard climb back to the top has started with daily workouts at his club, IFK Lindiop in Stockholm. How does it feel to train hard again after many months of idleness? "Just fine," says Hogberg. "Obviously I am not at the same level of fitness as I was at the same time last year, but then I had the American tour to drive me on." Hogberg was in the States last February competing in indoor meets and won three out of his four races with a best time over 1500 meters of 3:42.1...

Is it possible to tell accurately the outcome of a marathon race using only a thermometer? Dr. O. G. Edholm, head of the division of human physiology at the National Institute for Medical Research in London, reports that athletes' body temperatures just after a race tell how they finished. The first has the highest temperature, the last the lowest, with the others strung between in proper order. One winner has been recorded with a temperature of 106 degrees, near the point at which a human being is in serious trouble...

This spring in Emporia, Kansas at the State Teachers College a physical education course in jogging will be offered for the first time. The course will provide one hour of credit toward the women's physical education department's requirements. Mrs. Edith Molden will be the instructor for the class which will be limited to 35 coeds. The course will be structured on a self competition basis with each student competing against her own past performance...

In October of 1968 the Canton YMCA completed the Fourth Annual National YMCA 3000 Mile Marathon in a record breaking time of 4½ days. Among the 25 runners and three alternates (including Joe Van Horn, Marathon Chairman) was one lone woman--Susan Bailey a 25-year-old housewife and mother of two children. "Super Sue" finished third among the 28 runners with 208 miles, an average of 46 miles per day. Says Susan, "I started training for the marathon in September by running 12 or 13 miles a couple times a day. About four days before the marathon I let up on the running...During the marathon I would run about two hours which would be about ten miles. Then I would stop for about an hour to an hour and a half. When I wasn't running I would shower and eat toast, cereal, fresh fruit and drink a lot of liquids. And then back out to run until I had forty some miles in each day..."

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