

DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS

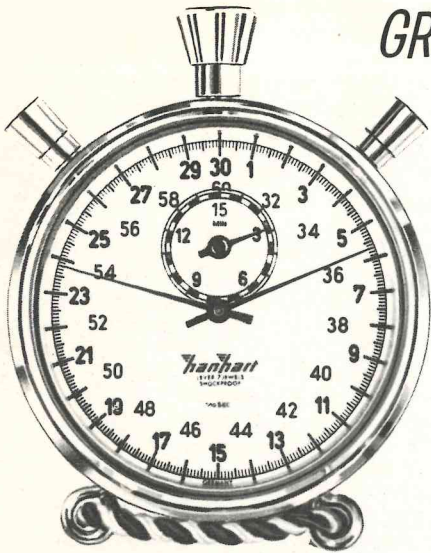
THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RUNNING MAGAZINE



MAY, 1969

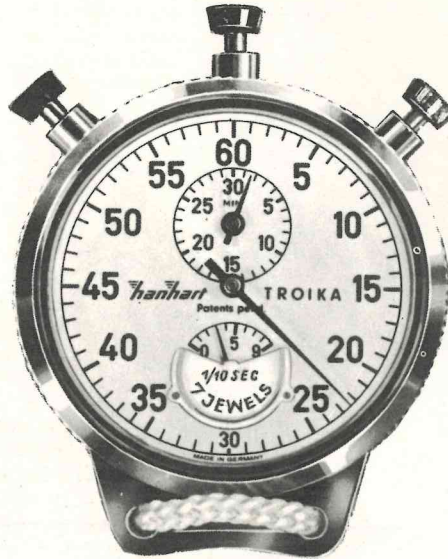
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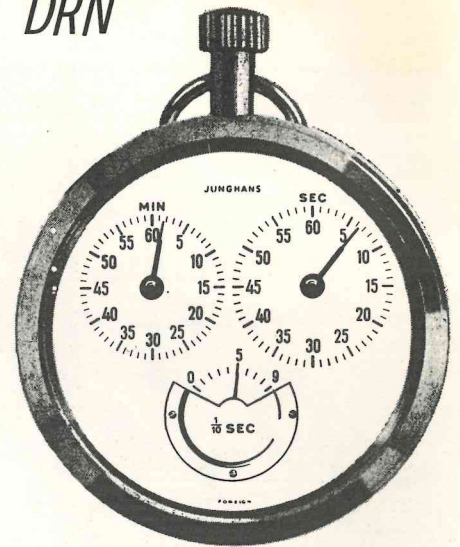
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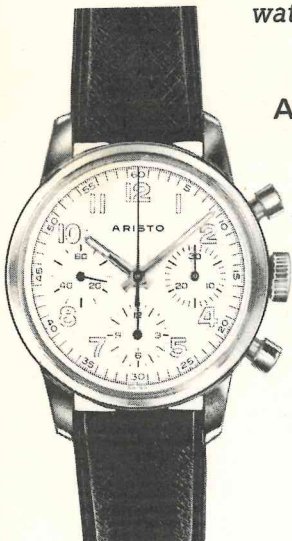
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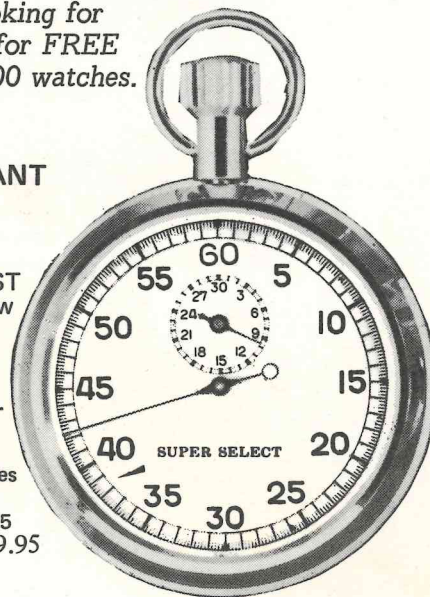
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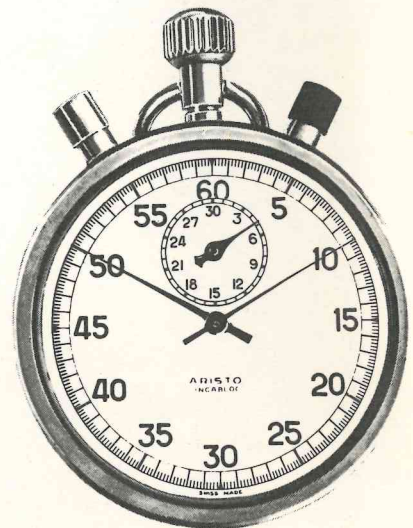
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I am pleased to welcome Hal Higdon to our regular staff who will join Joe Henderson as our Chief Editorial Assistants. Hal has already written several articles for DRN including his outstanding piece "Patriots' Day In Boston" which received many favorable comments. In this issue he has another fine article, "A Summer Of Finnish Potatoes And Glory" and in the up-coming July we will feature his article "The Pursuit of Excellence"(a story on Jim Ryun). Besides these featured stories Hal will write a regular column entitled "On The Run." Glad to have you with us Hal and I know our readers agree with me.

We encourage reader response to articles which appear in DRN. This is the only way we know what you want. Here are a couple of letters about one feature and we welcome your comment.

The March issue of DRN was really great. I especially enjoyed the articles by Hal Higdon, Joe Henderson, and Dave Costill.

Also, I think the feature on personal training ideas is a great one and I hope to see it as a regular feature. To me, it is more interesting to see the training ideas of the "average" runner than those of the top performers. Keep up the great work.

Neil Weygandt
Philadelphia, Penn.

I think I will like your "Personal Training Ideas" but I think the article would cut more ice and have more meaning if the fellows who wrote this were well known to other runners. It may be just that I am rather ignorant of many of the top runners in the country, but I must confess I do not know who Michael Attenua is. He may well be great, but unless your readers know he is "somebody" they are not likely to want to know what he thinks or does.

James Hartshorne
Ithaca, New York

(Ed. We have had many letters concerning this new feature and so far it seems that there are just as many no's for this feature as there are yes's. Because of this, we are going to hold this feature out this time round and wait for more reader response. If you like the feature, please do write. If you don't like it, let us know this too.)

Photo Quiz

NAME THIS RACE DIRECTOR



LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Forty-four correct answers were received on last issue's quiz. JUDY IKENBERRY'S post card was chosen and thus awarded the \$10.00 worth of books. THE ANSWER: FRANCIE KRAKER

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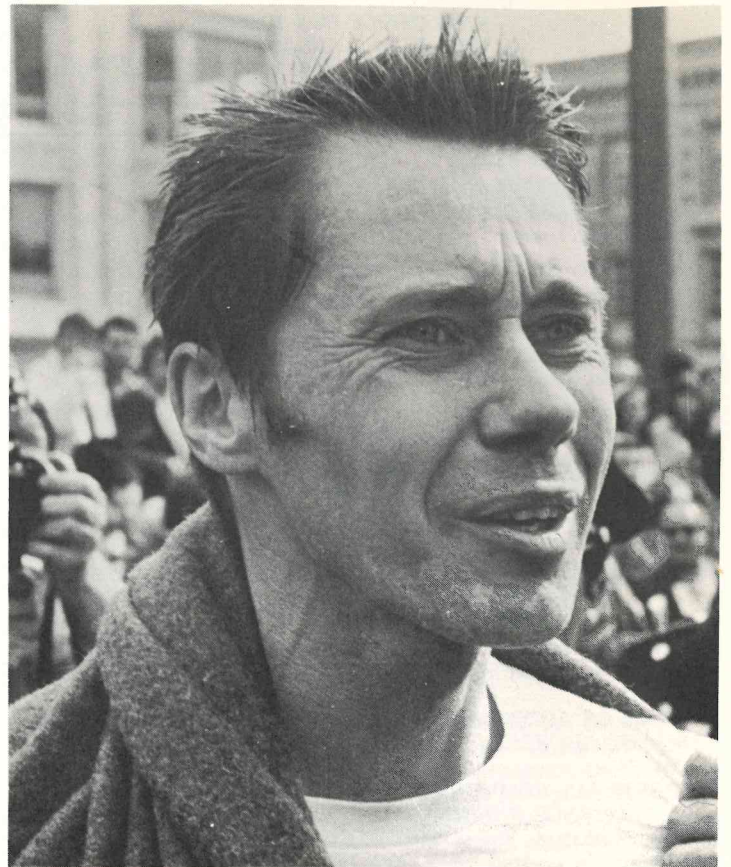
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COVER-PHOTO: The pack at the Boston Marathon pursues Unetani (the winner) out of Natick (10½ miles). Members of the pack include No. 12 - Perez, Costa Rica; No. C35 - Garrido, Mexico; No. C34 - Penalzoa, Mexico; No. C33 - Garcia, Mexico; No. 8 - Rummakko, Finland.
Photo by Jeff Johnson



GEORGE YOUNG leading BOB FINLAY (Canada) in the AAU 3-mile indoors. Young later announced his retirement. Photo by Johnson



RON DAWS after finishing 4th and the first American in this year's Boston Marathon. His time was 2:20:23. Photo by J. Johnson

THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

True, George Young possesses a one-in-a-billion combination of ability and attitude that earned him his role among track history's greats. It just took him a heck of a long time to realize that the combination was there. A less patient individual might well have retired without ever knowing.

Nothing in George's high school running in little, remote Silver City, N.M., during the early 1950s suggested he'd be setting world records nearly two decades later. "My first race--in 1950--was a 50-yard," he recalled. "I lost." Young ran nothing more than short relay legs as a prep.

Even at the University of Arizona, where he stayed through 1959, George wasn't displaying anything resembling world class. A 9:12.6 two-mile is a long way from the 8:22 that came nine years later.

Anyone who hadn't shown more than 4:13-9:12 ability by his senior year in college--particularly in that era when post-college running wasn't as "in" as now--might decide he'd had enough. But George Young isn't just "anyone," and if he's anything it's persistent.

Perhaps the best thing that happened to George was when he and the steeplechase got together. It gave him the only real opening for international competition available at a time when US steeplechasing standards weren't particularly high. In 1968, Young's unique ability allowed a choice of Olympic events--steeple, 500) and marathon, and a 10,000 spot would likely have been his if he'd cared to seek it. In 1960, he had only one rather fleeting hope--the rather

weak steeplechase.

George, the novice steepler, seized his opportunity and over the next eight years competed in three Olympics, brought the American record down in several installments to 8:30.6 and gave his country its first serious threat in the event since Horace Ashenfelter. Not only that, but he branched out into other events successfully enough to gain worldwide respect at every flat race from mile to marathon.

Young's racing trademark, beyond his tenacious ability to glue himself to any pacesetter, was his searing kick. After sticking with the pace so well through his career, and looking a couple of years ago like he was ready to go, his finish was something sensational.

Stuck out in Casa Grande, Arizona, where non-school competition is about as rare as mid-summer rain, Young skipped racing completely for almost a year after a more or less undistinguished 1967 indoor season. His long-lasting ulcer problems were draining his enthusiasm. "I have had stomach problems ever since college," he said in early 1968. "It runs in the family. In fact, my eight-year-old son has ulcers. It was pretty bad for me last year. But if I don't worry too much I will be all right. My doctor says, though, if I worry about a race for two weeks I will be in the hospital."

George gave high praise to his mail-order coach, Jim Fox, for relieving the worry burden. "It is very important to me not to have to worry about training or anything." George said during the same early-68 interview. "Jim is just a

small college coach at New Mexico Western but he is the best in the country. Having a coach helps me a lot. It takes away the burden of planning my workouts. And I get in harder workouts. When I was all by myself it wasn't too hard to talk myself into changing to a shorter run on some of the dark, cold winter mornings. Now I follow Jim's schedule and it helps. I have put in two a day since September and am making good progress."

What an understatement that turned out to be! From the time Young resumed racing in January 1968 until he quit for good 14 months later, he lost only once--by the mere margin of a second under conditions that left him at quite a lot more than a second's disadvantage.

That loss in the Olympic final didn't sit easily with the 31-year-old Young, and he's quick to admit it drove him on for a few more months. Those were some fine months, too. Even runners in the class of indoor record holders Ron Clarke and Kerry Pearce couldn't come close.

In the end, George had to do the pacesetting himself. What better end could a runner ask for than a record-tying 8:27.2 two-mile one week and a three-mile mark all his own of 13:09.8 the next?

Evidently this type of finish satisfied Young, who was out to "prove to myself and others that I was a good runner." He may have summed up the whole attitude that kept him going so long when he said, "I hate to quit. You always hate to quit when you're winning. But it would be awfully hard to quit as a loser also."

On each year's Patriots Day, the Massachusetts holiday where present-day marathoners get more attention than long-dead patriots, runners fall into two distinct categories. We have the ever-growing number of runners who are actually traveling the almost sacred path from Hopkinton Green to Boston's Prudential Tower, and often wishing they weren't as the miles pass by. And then there is the other group, ever-growing as well. They couldn't, for various reasons, make it to the race of races and they're wishing like everything that some magic force would suddenly transport them to the starting line.

I was in that second group this year, sad to say. Though I've run the race just once, my mind has gone through that 26 miles a thousand times. Pleasant memories don't fade easily. And on April 21st at 9 a.m. (allowing a three-hour time adjustment for the distance between my body in California and my mind that was with the 1152 bodies assembling in Hopkinton for their long journey) I was mentally running it again. It's weird the way flashbacks on the Boston experience reappear over and over again, even two years later. Surely there can't be many races that hurt as much NOT to run as to actually do it.

Boston has a history, a tradition, a mystical quality that is uniquely Boston's. No one could deliberately set out now and create anything to match it. This is the poor man's Olympics, and in some ways it even outshines the only older race--the Games' marathon which only pre-dates Boston by a few months. The Olympic marathon resembles a floating crap game jumping as it does from continent to continent once every four years. Boston is as stable as the New Englanders who've kept it going for 73 years, and it follows a course that has hardly changed in all those years. How could anyone change a course that was baptized--and is rewatered each year--with the very blood, sweat, and tears of 10,000 marathoners?

Olympic marathons are the races of kings, limited to those blessed with youth, speed and luck. Representatives of the royalty get to

Boston, of course, but this remains the race for the people. Whether participatory democracy or anarchy, it's hard to say.

Ironically and sadly, though, the Boston Marathon in the form we "peasants" know and love it could very well be destroyed by the same fame that has made it what it is. The 1000 and more entrants, nice folks that they are as individuals, create some staggering logistical headaches as a mass. The makeshift dressing room and the bathrooms can't accommodate them ("Get out of here or I'll throw you out of the race!" an official screamed at me when in desperation I invaded the special-guest athletes' room in search of an unoccupied stall.), the roads aren't wide enough to handle them, the facilities at the other end of the 26-mile route can't handle them, and--possibly worst of all--an overworked Jock Simple can't handle them.

The only solution to the worsening Patriot's traffic jam may be somehow limiting the racing crowd's size, distasteful as a move like this sounds to us poor-but-honest marathoners who think we might get cut out in the process. Grumbings about the field's size have been coming from Boston as the number of entrants suddenly exploded from the manageable 200 range to over 1000 within just a few years. Rumors of drastic limitations accompany the grumbling.

It doesn't really seem necessary, though, or even desirable that Boston surrender its something-for-everyone flavor to save itself from overpopulation. No one wants a 20-man international invitational, I dare say. Not the hundreds of thousands of sidewalk observers who identify with the also-rans, not the overwhelming bulk of the runners nor even the officials. Beneath their scowling faces and harsh words, they must get a little joy out of seeing 12-year-olds and 70-year-olds--even women--make it through their race.

Lots of compromises are available short of limiting the field to a hand-picked group of 2:30-and-under men. Two simple moves could cut the entrance numbers--or at least bring out only the "true-prepared" marathoner officials seem to want. First, prospective Hopkinton-to-Boston trotters could be limited to runners who'd gone the distance previously in competition, possibly stipulating that the race had to be within the past year. A requirement like this is easy enough to check out and could eliminate unprepared first-timers who make up maybe a quarter of the Boston field. Let them experiment in less-crowded races. In 1968, there were 39 other full marathons scattered around the country.

Then, too, runners from Boston and nearby areas could be required to meet a liberal qualifying standard--something like four hours. North-

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easterners form a top-heavy percentage of the starting mob, and it's a lot more tempting for a man with no travel or lodging expenses to jump-in the race for "kicks" or "just a workout." The Californian, say, who may be shelling out \$300 and more for his plane ride, hotel room and meals, isn't likely to view the race quite so casually. If he's a proven marathoner, which undoubtedly he is if he's investing this heavily in his trip, waive the four-hour time limit.

Boston isn't the "world's biggest free ride" that the hard-working Mr. Semple and others make it out to be. Every runner who enters it pays big, one way or another. We willingly pays his way there in the money sense, as well as in the effort of physical preparation and putting that preparation to its ultimate test. Who has or wants a free ride? All we marathoners ask is a chance to pay our own toll to travel probably the highest-priced 26 miles of road in the world.

Anyone who has experienced the morning-after unpleasantness of a mere 26-miler may appreciate the story that's coming. The distance-wild Pacific AAU association--which already had a 32-mile race, a 50-mile, a 72-mile relay and three marathons in the last year--got together a 100-mile endurance test in March. Not in one stretch but on the installment plan--33 1/3 a day on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

This Paul Reese and Pete League-organized race at Sacramento provided enough fascinating stories to fill pages in DRN, not just a small corner of this column.

Take winner Darryl Beardall. It's interesting enough that he covered the three flat, entirely different 33 1/3-mile segments in 3:56:00, 3:47:06 and 3:56:27 for an 11:49:33 total--a hundred miles at a hair over seven minutes each.

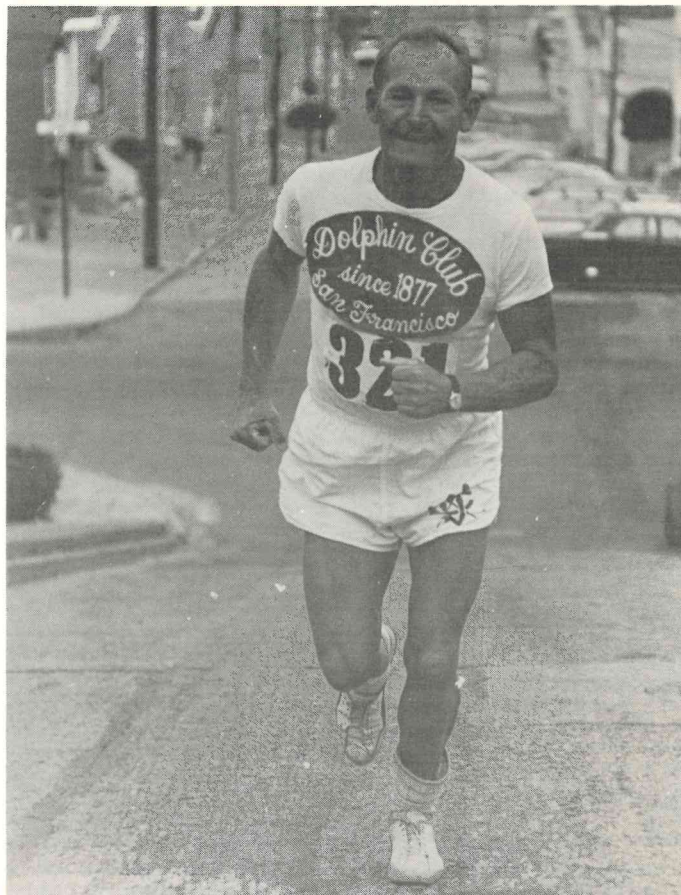
That's nice running to be sure. But running wasn't all 32-year-old Darryl was doing that week-end. He worked all night Thursday as a railroad telegrapher in Santa Rosa, then had his wife rush him to Sacramento, 100 miles away, for the 9 a.m. start. And he went back to work Friday night. And Saturday night. Beardall got Sunday off.

Second of the 10 finishers, Peter Mattei, 45, trailed Beardall by over an hour. The businessman from San Francisco is the Pacific AAU's distance chairman. And if his races run with the clocklike precision he does, they are among the world's best. Peter's splits varied less than a minute: 4:26:00, 4:26:19, 4:25:20.

Instigator Reese, a 49-year-old former Marine officer, wasn't about to let anything stop him--even a Cadillac. Halfway through his first day's trek, Paul was trotting down the wrong side of the road when the big car travelling about 40 hit him and rolled him into the ditch. Reese was less worried about his injuries than about the distance he'd lost to Pete Hanson (eventual third-placer despite serious achilles tendon pain). Running on a liberally-bandaged left leg, Reese not only finished that section of the race but held onto fourth place.

Next, less than a minute apart, came quite a pair. Desi Rodriguez, 15, started at not much faster than a walk--taking 6:24 the first day--then came on strong his last two stints to barely beat Walter Stack, the world's youngest 61-year-old. Stack, just to make sure he could handle an assignment like this, ran an identical 100 miler three weeks earlier. He's made of tough material. Joyous Walter gets up at 3:15 daily for a 10-mile run. Then he plunges into the icy San Francisco Bay for a swim. Then he rides his bike to work, where he carries 100-pound platters of mortar up and down ladders all day.

Walter wasn't the oldest. He left that title to the kind of over-70 super-marathoners, Fred



WALTER STACK, 61, trains on the hills of San Francisco. Joe Henderson calls him the youngest 61-year-old in the world. Photo by Steve Murdock

Grace. Los Angelino Fred, 71, cut through Friday's wind, Saturday's sunshine, and Sunday's downpour to finish eighth in something less than 19½ hours.

Mike Ipsen, the final survivor, made up in patience for what he lacked in preparation. The Redwood City Striders' coach had hardly run at all in months. So he simply walked about 95 of the 100 miles and needed almost 27 hours to do it. Even that is something of an accomplishment.

In England, they're said to run "real cross-country." That may be the case in the normal way of thinking about such things. But Bruce Tulloh's cross-country isn't the normally defined type. This Englishman had to come to the United States for his real run--a run across the country, all 3000 miles of it. It's quite a task the former trackman (13:12 three-miler) has set for himself. He started in Los Angeles April 19 and hopes to reach New York 60 days later--a 45-mile-a-day pace that would put him six days ahead of South African Don Shepherd's 1964 "record."

After reading Shepherd's 600-plus-page account of his cross-country journey, all I can say is Tulloh's in for a lot more rugged going than he ever had in his track career. And while best wishes go with him, it's hard not to think he'll be extremely lucky to arrive in New York on foot.

The South African was a hardened veteran of such ultra-long hours on the roads, day after day. And he still met with a fantastic assortment of physical ailments that threatened almost daily to bring him down. If this happened to a man who'd run from one end of England to the other and across South Africa as warmups, what will become of a man who has never even gone farther than a competitive 26-miler.

Best of luck, Bruce. But regardless of whether you break Shepherd's record and by how much, his will will be an impossible feat to top. Without financing (Shepherd sailed to the US by freighter and took a Greyhound across the country, paying his own way), with no one accompanying him, and with only the few pounds of supplies on his back plus a can't-quit heart, he crossed the continent.

Even the wagon-training pioneers had better odds.

LAST GASPS: Bob Richards, the Wheaties man with the big smile and the confidence to take on the world, is planning something of a cross-country run himself. But his is more of a publicity gimmick to promote physical fitness, and he'll fudge a little by bicycling between towns. He's reported to have many thousands of dollars waiting at the end, too, indicating his motives aren't altogether altruistic....Untouchable senior miler Peter Mundle is becoming more so. Twice in two weeks during the indoor season he continued lowering the over-40 best: 4:27.4 at Los Angeles and 4:26.3 at San Diego....Leo Duarte, a 2:15 25-miler fame, is at it again. He ran what probably amounts to an indoor marathon record with 2:45:56.4 for 262 laps on a board track.

Don Smith finished 110th in the Arizona Admissions Day marathon with 5:32--in a wheelchair. "I would have gotten my goal of 5½ hours," Smith said, "if I hadn't had to stop at stoplights."... Four months after receiving a new heart, Perrin Johnston, 54, of Toronto was up to two miles a day of jogging....And Olympic champion Joe Dearkin of Great Britain can't bring himself to retiring from competitive running. The 1908 gold medalist is now 90 and claims, "As long as I can walk, I shall run."...Now let's hear again your excuses for not running. Too feeble? Too old?

Coming Events

If you have a race or meeting coming up that you wish to bring to the attention of over 10,000 people who read DRN, this is where you should advertise it. We get many requests daily for this sort of information and because there are so many races, we feel that this is the only way to handle the situation.

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MINI-MARATHON, 14-mile road race with 14 trophies to mark centenary of 14th U.S. President, sponsored by Pierce Brigade, P.O. Box 425, Concord, N.H. Starts State House Plaza 6 p.m. Friday, July 25, 1969. N.E. AAU sanctioned. Minibags for all finishers. Free lockers, towels, showers, swim at YMCA. Top finishers from far places sought as early entrants for newspaper publicity.

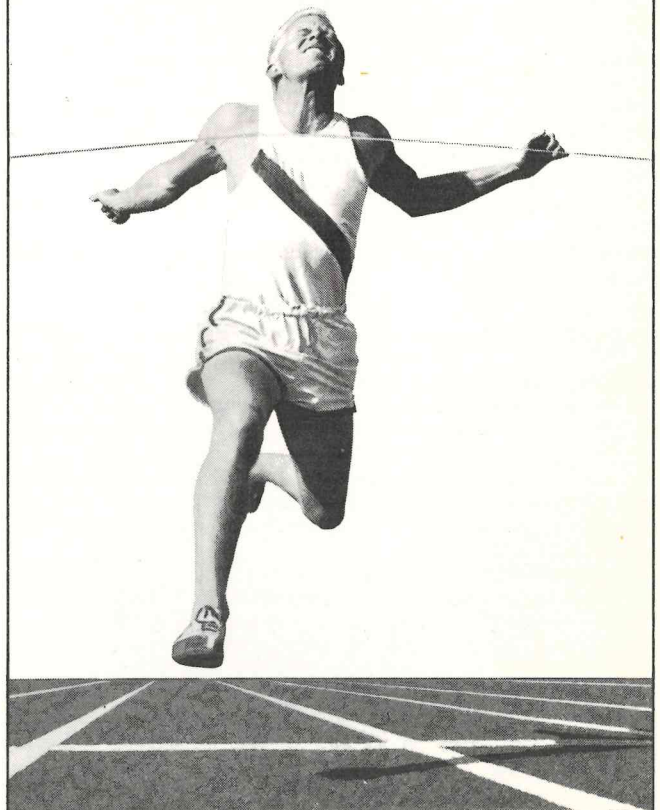
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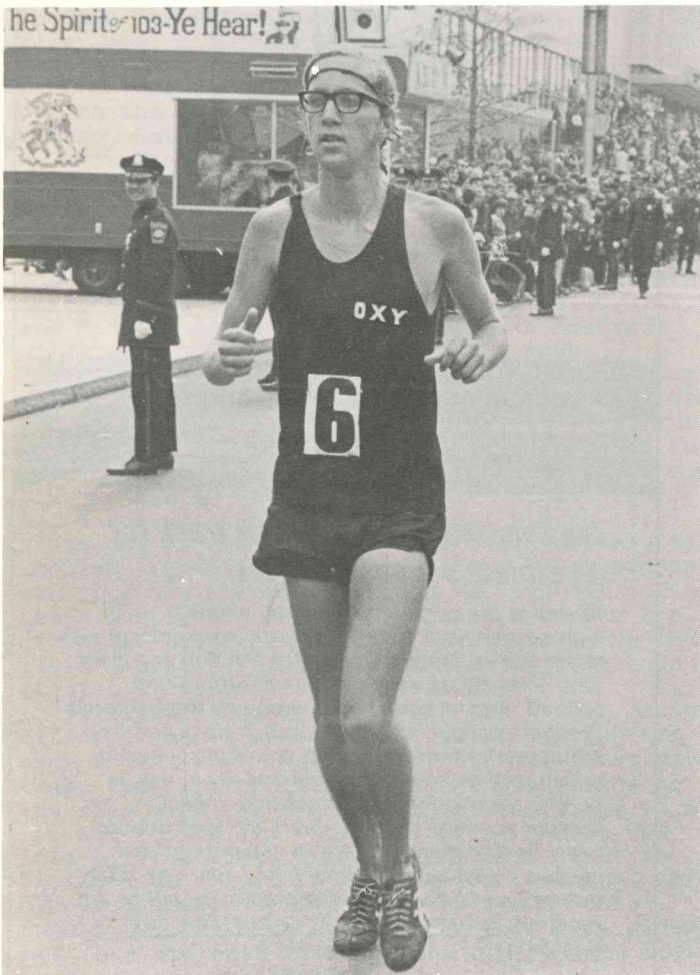
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THE BOSTON MARATHON: The "Jogger" Controversy

BY JEFF JOHNSON

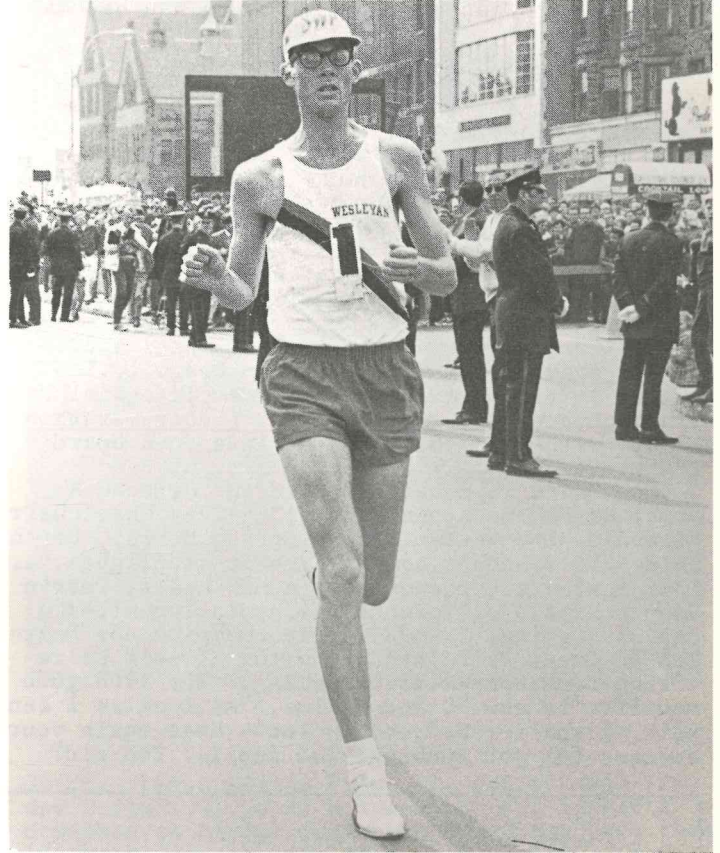
The Boston Marathon has been called the world's second most prestigious marathon, the race marathoners would want most to win, after the Olympic marathon. This year's Boston race had 1152 starters, the majority of them, in the words of BAA official Jock Semple, "joggers, idiots, and prank runners." Each year's Boston race sets a new record for entries, and the increase is due largely to the jogging craze, and the lure of the Boston tradition. The problems related to accommodating such enormous fields have given rise to the suggestion that future BAA Marathon entries be limited to accomplished athletes. The opinions of some of this year's competitors, themselves proven "class" runners, were solicited.

"DO JOGGERS BELONG IN THE BOSTON MARATHON?"



Bob Deines (Occidental College), 6th place, 2:22:49--One of the reasons that running is such a great sport is that everyone is allowed to compete, regardless of ability, as long as he has the desire. The Boston Marathon, being the biggest and most popular race in America, affords many runners their chance to run in the same race as the top runners in the world. I believe that this opportunity should not be cut off. The recent initiation of the \$2 entry fee should more than make up for the administrative problems that the large number of "joggers" presents. If the BAA is still financially burdened by the race, I'm sure they would find little trouble

getting contributions from the people and businesses of Boston. If this help were solicited, the Boston Marathon could easily become the undisputed top marathon in the world outside of the Olympics.



Amby Burfoot (Central Connecticut AA), 17th place, 2:29:07--The reason that the Boston Marathon is such a great race is that it is the most "democratic" marathon in the world. Only a Joe Namath can play in the Super Bowl and only a Carl Yastremski can play in the World Series, but anyone can compete in the Boston Marathon. All one has to do is put in an appearance on the appointed day and take off at the noon gun. Regrettably, a \$2 entry fee has been instituted over the past two years. This, the B.A.A. insists, is necessary because of the mounting number of competitors and accompanying costs. The B.A.A. has been crying a song of financial woes for several years, but it is a totally unneeded lament. The marathon is an institution around Boston. The B.A.A. could easily raise thousands of dollars from the public and industrial contributions. With these funds they could meet the undeniably rising costs of the race, eliminate the damn entry fee, and most importantly, invite foreign talent. Every other "classic" marathon has a large budget to pay expenses for some of the world's top marathoners. The B.A.A. has never paid expenses to anyone. Can you imagine what the B.A.A. Marathon would be if there were 1200 starters who paid their own way into the race because they love it, plus two Africans, an Australian and New Zealander, several Easterners, several Europeans, several Latin Americans, and anyone else whose past performances warrant an appearance at Boston? Let's not do anything that will detract from the prestige and glamor of the B.A.A. Marathon. Let's make it THE non-Olympic classic.



Peter Stipe



Eric Walther

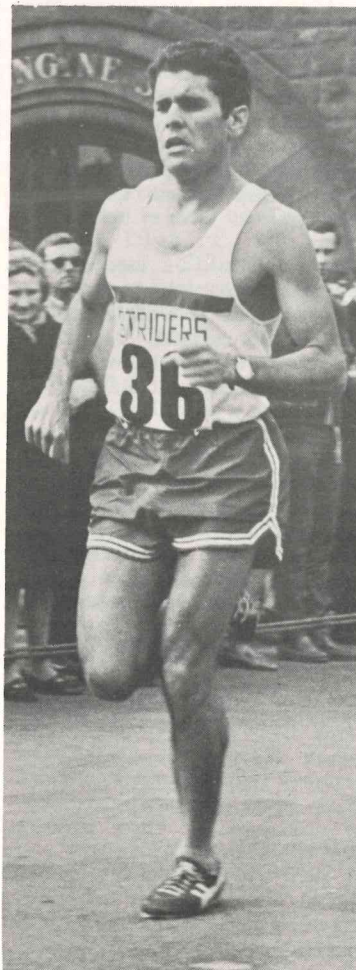
Peter Stipe (Boston AA), 23rd place, 2:31:50 --I see little reason why joggers should not be allowed to run in the Boston Marathon, as long as they have to start in the rear of the pack in Hopkinton so they do not interfere with the serious competitors. They each must contribute \$2, and they know what an ordeal it will be. If they still want to try it, they should have this opportunity. Whether they finish or not, their \$2 will help meet the expenses of the race.

Eric Walther (St. Anthony's Boy's Club), 44th place, 2:39:15--There is a unique atmosphere surrounding an event where the worst can compete with the best, and something unique about the warm reception for the race by the people of Boston. It must be a great encouragement for less serious runners to be competing in such a race. Besides, what's wrong with it? The only problem is at the start, and this could be solved by a less haphazard method of seeding at the starting line. The Las Vegas Marathon, with a faster course and free accommodations to quality runners, may soon outdo Boston as the class American marathon. The presence of thousands of runners may soon be all that keeps Boston unique, the tradition alive.

Gene Comroe (Southern California Striders), 45th place, 2:39:22--Why not? Boston is, with little question, the most prestigious marathon in the world next to the Olympic marathon. The Olympiad is limited in entry for obvious reasons, but Boston is the only other major marathon that isn't--and it stands above the others. I think that this is because it is Everyman's race. I don't think that 100-200,000 people would turn out to see 50 runners run quickly by. I think the tradition of the race is dependent on the plodders who trail behind, and I would not like to see Boston lose the tradition by cutting any

of those who would try to take on the challenge presented by the race. A marathon is an individual's battle with himself. Every runner should have a chance to wage this battle and have the company of others of similar ability. By allowing all to compete, this is insured.

Art Dudley (Oregon TC), 96th place, 2:51:14--Jogging itself is done for health reasons, as Bill Bowerman (co-author of "Jogging") teaches it. Most joggers have only run 7 or 8 mile training runs, and by running a marathon they are a health hazard to themselves. Competition defeats the purpose of jogging. Moreover, joggers clutter up the field and make the race into a Halloween party, a farce. For the serious runner, the mass of joggers at the start is trouble. Along the route they are a hazard to themselves and to traffic which can't be kept off the course all day. They are an unnecessary nuisance.



Gene Comroe



Art Dudley

Phil Ryan (Boston AA), 42nd place, 2:38:46--The Boston Marathon has, in its richest tradition, developed various reasons to run in the race for every participant. Everyone who competes has set some sort of goal or objective, regardless of ability. This goal will vary for every runner; it may be just to finish the race, beat a previous time, win a bet, etc. Where else but in running can a person satisfy a natural, wholesome human instinct in gaining some degree of satisfaction from his life. So why limit this race to people of above average running ability, who will have other opportunities to compete with the "elite" Olympic running class? Let those people, whether they be joggers or average AAU runners, compete, and thus allow them to gain their own spot in the sun.

A Summer of Finnish Potatoes and Glory

BY HAL HIGDON (With illustrations by Higdon)

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The year 1956 will be remembered eternally in the annals of American track as the year of the long distance runner. Prior to that date few American two-milers or three-milers ever ventured any further overseas than Staten Island. This was in track's dark ages, before the US/Russian dual meet provided foreign exposure for two men in each event, including distance runs. Each year following the final event at the National AAU championships, the track and field committee would meet and select athletes for European tours. If you made the semifinals in the sprints you received as reward a two-week running vacation in Scandinavia. If you won the steeplechase you wouldn't even get bus fare back to the hotel.

Then in 1956 the Finnish government sprinkled manna from heaven. Finland, of course, once spawned Paavo Nurmi, and it mattered little that recent victories in international distance races went mostly to Russians and Australians. Nurmi's homeland generously offered to sponsor a trip for several "young and promising" American distance runners. A chosen eight would come to Finland and train five weeks under their best Finnish distance coaches.

Those chosen formed a "Who's Who" of men not good enough to make our Olympic team that year. Airman Jerry Smartt, later of Houston University, had finished fourth in the 10,000 meters Olympic trials. Joe Villareal had just set an NCAA freshman mile record at the University of Texas. George King of New York University and Mal Robertson of the University of Southern California made the trip. Then there was Ike Matza, another N.Y.U. runner whose competitive record has long since faded from memory, but whose name will live as long as they kindle the Olympic torch because of an incident one year later at the Maccabean Games in Israel. Ike won both the 800 and 1500 meters. After his second victory they led Ike into the stands and introduced him to David Ben-Gurion, prime minister of Israel.

"So you're Matza the runner," said Ben-Gurion.
"So you're Ben-Gurion the prime minister,"

was Matza's reply. That's what they call chutzpah.

One other athlete made the Finnish tour that year, a stocky little junior from the University of North Carolina, totally unknown at that time except to maybe the readers of Track & Field News. It was Jim Beatty. I was in Berlin running in the C.I.S.M. championships as a member of the US Army when I received a telegram from AAU secretary Dan Ferris informing me of my selection to the team.

Because the Army had another meet for me to run in Stuttgart, I flew into Helsinki two weeks late to be met by Ray White, a member of the U.S. Consulate staff. "The others left for the training camp at Vierumaki," he explained. Vierumaki was only 160 kilometers north of Helsinki, but getting there took an entire morning of rides on wood-burning trains. When my train paused finally at what the conductor announced as Vierumaki, I looked out the window and saw no houses, no station, nothing but trees. It looked like an advertisement for Hamm's beer. I descended and the train abandoned me and my bags in little more than a clearing.

Within seconds, however, a Volkswagon Microbus appeared on a gravel road. A dark-haired youth with horn-rimmed glasses, wearing Bermuda shorts and a button-down shirt, jumped out and

thrust one hand toward me. "Welcome to Finland, Daddy," he said. It was Ike Matza. A bit of the Bronx had been transported to the Sylvan woods.

We drove to the real Vierumaki, some ten minutes away, a four-or-five-story brightly painted white building that guarded a blue lake on one side, a soccer field on another, and a brick-red running track on the other. I learned the camp had been built by prison labor. Paths darted off into the woods in all directions promising myriads of adventures for the venture-some long distance runner.

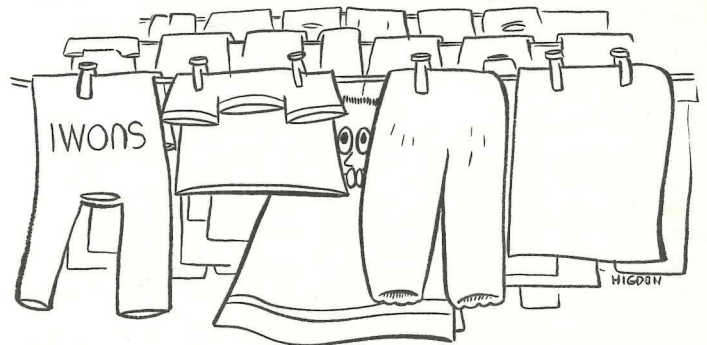
After arriving I set off along one of the paths on a jog with Joe Villareal and my new roommate Mal Robertson, then reported on the track to Doug Raymond, the American official accompanying the squad. Doug now coaches at Kent State. At that time he was at Boston University as anyone who heard him talk might have guessed. "Jeh-ree is going to do some kwah-tuhs," he said. "Why don't you join him?"

I first imagined kwah-tuhs to be some sort of Hindu exercise you performed while squatting on the floor, but Jerry Smartt explained that when a proper Bostonian said kwah-tuhs he really meant runs of 440 yards on the track.

"Oh, quarters!" I said.

"Now you're tracking the dialect," replied Smartt.

We ran two dozen kwah-tuhs, took another swing through the woods to cool off, then prepared ourselves for the truly agonizing part of the workout: hanging up our sweat clothes. Under ordinary circumstances this would have proved no ordeal, but after each workout all the Finnish athletes would hang their sweats in a single hot room to dry them for the next workout. Entering this drying room was somewhat like visiting an outhouse after it had been vacated by a skunk. "Men have walked into that room and not emerged alive," warned Jim Beatty.



After a shower I appeared for dinner in the main dining room. Russia may be famous for caviar. Italy is known for spaghetti. My epicurean memories of Finland cater mostly around sour milk and potatoes. George King, dressed in plaid Bermuda shorts, had finished eating and sat talking with Anitti Viskari. That April Viskari had won the Boston Marathon in record time. Viskari didn't understand English which proved fortunate since King was telling him: "You are the ugliest man in the entire Northern Hemisphere."

Viskari apparently thought himself being paid a compliment so he smilingly responded: "Hyva, Hyva." Hyva is the Finnish word for good.

King clasped Viskari around the shoulder with a friendly hug and grinned at him: "If you say

Hyva one more time you son of a bitch, I'm going to take this potato and stuff it up your ass."

Viskari grinned back like a jack-o-lantern.

Recreational activities at Vierumaki consisted of a movie two or three times a week, usually a training film teaching you how to perfect your technique in some obscure, for us, event. "What's the movie tonight?" I heard Matza ask Smartt.

"Abbott and Costello Learn the Hop-Step-Jump," Smartt replied.

"Oh, I saw that last week."

So on most nights we played poker. The games occurred in the quarters (say: kwah-tuhs) of Doug Raymond, since one prerequisite for any AAU coach is to bring poker chips. Eeles Landstrom, a Finnish pole vaulter who had attended the University of Michigan, joined us. So did Grant Scruggs, a teammate of Landstrom's who was of Indian descent. Grant was bumming his way around Finland that summer with a guitar and a pair of track shoes. He ran the 440 at home, but it didn't take him long to discover that the Finns ranked as the world's worst sprinters, so he switched to the 100 and 200 meters. In meets where the distance races went in near world records, Scruggs could win the sprints in times that wouldn't have placed at a Cub scout picnic in America. Since the meet promoters gave expensive pieces of silverware for prizes, Scruggs accumulated a better hope chest than a Long Island debutante. He rattled when he walked.

My introduction to poker proved disastrous. I had arrived late and the others had two weeks of practice behind them. I was like a lamb among Mafia gamblers. When I had kings someone else had aces. My straights would be covered by flushes in other hands. The pile of Finnish money before me began to erode like mud on a California hillside. Finally I emerged from the poker room shaking, my fortune vanished, my future prospects in life blighted. I crumpled limply on the bed in my room.

"How much did you lose?" inquired Mal Robertson, peeking from behind a well-thumbed copy of Track & Field News.

I pondered the full extent of my catastrophe for a few moments then answered with a shudder: "I lost 310 marks!"

"My God," said Robertson. "That's nearly a dollar!"

For even the most dedicated athlete, a life consisting of nothing but running, potatoes, and poker left something to be desired, so we cheered loudly on learning that Jim Beatty had promoted a ride into town. Jim was a hustler even in those days. He had arranged for transportation to and from our wilderness station by Microbus. We would catch the train into Lahti, the nearest big town, and return around midnight.

Lahti proved to be a town with about the same number of people (and same amount of nocturnal delights) as Fargo, North Dakota. We descended en masse on the nearest theatre where an American movie was playing. Its name has long escaped me, but to our surprise we discovered the dialogue to be in English. Running on the bottom of the screen were both Swedish and Finnish subtitles. As one who has suffered through numerous undubbed Ingemar Bergmann pictures I sat back and relaxed while the natives went blind.

Following the movie we discovered a night club and a three-piece combo trying to sound like Benny Goodman. After a few rounds of lemonade Beatty decided that the combo lacked one item: a vocalist. To be more precise, it lacked Jim Beatty as a vocalist. He rose from his chair.

"Jim, come back," I called after him. "You'll cause an international incident."

"Stay cool, McGoo." He called me that because at the time I used to do a reasonable imitation of the voice of Mr. McGoo. Jim added, "I sing with the University of North Carolina Glee Club."

"But this isn't North Carolina."

As I recall Beatty sang one song with the combo playing another. Nevertheless, the night clubbers applauded him warmly. Little did they realize they were watching the public debut of a later ABC television matinee idol. He returned to our table a grin on his face as wide as a pole vault runway is long: "How did I do?"

George King answered him: "Jim, if you had been running the mile you wouldn't have broken five minutes."

The following afternoon Ike Matza and I went for a warmup jog in the woods, took a wrong turn, and lost our way. We finally stumbled back to the camp two hours later and collapsed on the grass. "No wonder the Finns make good marathoners," wheezed Matza. "A few adventures like that and they're in shape."

The Finnish coach Armas Valste came out to watch us train. I was doing interval workouts, that is; alternating fast and slow laps on the track. I'd run anywhere from ten to several dozen fast quarters in this manner. While in Germany I had trained most of the winter with Stefan Lupfert, the German indoor 3000 meter champion. Thus I had acquired the European training tempo and jogged the slow laps faster than most Americans. This impressed Valste quite a bit. "You jog the slow laps very well," he told me one day.

I started to ask him about the fast laps but he walked away.

"I think he's trying to tell you something," said Matza.

I had competed continuously since the Olympic Trials a month and a half before, so found myself in better shape than most of the others. Of those on the tour Jim Beatty impressed me the most, but his style had one flaw. "He seems to overstride," I told Valste one day and the Finnish coach agreed. (After our tour Beatty ran another year at North Carolina, retired, they reappeared in 1959 on the West Coast running under the former Hungarian coach, Mihaly Igloi. The next time I saw Jim he was running the mile under four minutes, but what impressed me most was not his times but his style. He seemed to have cut his stride in half.)

Our tour to Finland had been designed for training rather than competition, but several of us got itchy spikes and requested some races. Finally coach Raymond announced that competition had been arranged. "We're going to Kajaani," he said.

We rushed immediately to the nearest map and located Kajaani, a pinprick of a town a few millimeters (on the map at least) under the dotted line representing the Arctic Circle. "Doug," moaned Ike Matza. "We'll need snowshoes instead of track shoes."

Only half our group made the trip, the others staying to run in the meet nearer camp. It took a full night of travel on wood-burning trains to reach Kajaani. Our arrival, however, proved to be the greatest American triumph since MacArthur's return to Bataan. We stepped from the train to be engulfed by hundreds of grinning Finns thrusting bouquets in our hands. A band oom-pahhed above the cheers. After appropriate handshakes and bows our hosts propelled us into waiting taxis to be driven to the hotel. By-

town's main street advertising "4 AMERICANIASIAS", which apparently meant us. There was some undecipherable Finnish writing and finally the names in massive red letters: "MATZA, BEATTY, HIGDON, ROBERTSON." In the hotel lobby we sat in soft armchairs while a cordon of reporters pumped questions at us through an interpreter. It was a decade too early, but you would have thought us the Beatles.

In Paris you visit the Louvre. In Rome you see St. Peter's. In Athens you ascend to the Acropolis. In Kajaani we were shown a sawmill. In all due respect, it was a rather impressive sawmill, if you liked sawmills. That afternoon we stood on a catwalk and saw gigantic tree trunks sent rolling between high-pressure streams of water which stripped off the bark before a screaming blade ripped them apart. I nudged Robertson: "That's what I'm going to do to you in the race." In track it is important to know exactly the right moment to begin to "psych" your opponent.

Pausing in the machine shop we were brought before a man in his sixties working at a drill press. "Finland's first two-meter high jumper," our host informed us. This impressed me more than the logs. Two meters converts to more than six-and-a-half feet, and considering the man's current age, he had been a much better athlete against his competition than I was against mine. "Will you be at the meet tomorrow?" I asked. There was a flood of Finnish words between the man and our interpreter.

"What did he say?" I asked the interpreter.

"He said everyone will be at the meet tomorrow."

The former high jumper didn't exaggerate.

Kajaani, with a population of 10,000 seemed to have turned out at least that many spectators--maybe more. They jammed the stadium and spilled out around the field. In the two-day meet I won twice over Robertson at 3000 and 5000 meters while Matza and Beatty traded wins over each other at 800 and 1500 meters. We received beautiful silver spoons as prizes.

If the entire town had appeared at the track meet, at least half that number must have accompanied us to the train station to bid us goodbye. There were speeches and handshakes all to the accompaniment of the oom-pah band. The meet sponsors presented each of us with another bouquet while Doug Raymond received a floral piece that would have brought Man O'War to his knees.

We boarded the train to secure our space on the sleeping car. I had begun to stow my bags, my bouquet, and the various other gifts I had received, on the upper bunk when a woman entered my compartment followed by the conductor. Judging from their conversation she planned to sleep in my compartment that night. I wouldn't have minded, but she was rather ugly.

Then I heard Doug Raymond's voice come booming through the train corridor: "My God, these reservations are for tomorrow night!"

Quickly we examined our tickets and discovered indeed, the reservations were for Monday and tonight was Sunday. Hooray for the AAU! If we stayed on the train we would have to stand all the way home to Vierumaki, a dim prospect because it was about a twelve-hour ride. "We've got to get off," shouted Raymond and we dove for our baggage.

At that moment our Finnish friends gave



forth a large hip-hip-hooray and began to wave handkerchiefs at us. The band was playing again. "Oh my God," said Doug clutching one hand over his balding head. The prospect of staying and a second farewell of that magnitude seemed more fearsome than twelve hours without sleep. "It's in the interests of better Finnish American relations," he shrugged as we chugged out of the station.

Several stops later the conductor found us seats in one of the coaches. During the night Jim Beatty made friends with a fellow passenger, a man bound for Helsinki. He could speak perhaps two dozen words of English. He had relatives in Minnesota, or some such place. In Lahti we had to change trains. The Helsinki-bound train had a ten minute layover and Jim's friend bounded down onto the platform with us and grasped our bags. "No, no," protested Doug Raymond, but the Finn was off toward the ticket counter with the speed of a Paavo Nurmi.

"Goodbye, Goodbye," we pleaded. "For pete's sake, how do you say sayonara in Finnish?" said Beatty. But our train companion by then was introducing us to the station master as his personal friends, "Americaniasias!" He informed the station master that we deserved special attention. Finally with us safe aboard our Vierumaki-bound train he turned and his face went white. His train to Helsinki with all of his bags had left the station leaving him stranded in Lahti. He ran down the tracks, half crying, half screaming, as though his train might discover him missing and halt.

"I wonder what that will do to Finnish-American relations," sighed Matza.

The following week we moved from Vierumaki to Otaniemi, a suburb of Helsinki. We stayed in what had been the Russian Olympic village during the 1952 Olympic Games. Staying there at that time was the Swedish track team which would compete against Finland that weekend. The smorgasbord provided for the Swedes proved more delectable than our milk and potato diet at Vierumaki. We had a track nearby to run on and also paths along the bay. On one training run George King and several others went running past a sauna and surprised a group of ladies, who, after their hot air bath, had plunged naked into the bay. After that we didn't do as much training on the track.

Another competition was arranged for us one Monday evening in Tampere where Emil Zatopek once had run. We arrived in town to an only slightly less tumultuous reception than in Kajaani. Scruggs, his guitar slung over one shoulder, already contemplated the prizes he would receive for winning both the 100 and 200 meter dash. When we checked the entry list he prodded me with his elbow: "Only three are entered in the 200 meter low hurdles. How can you miss?"

As a confirmed steeplechaser I accepted the challenge. At the starting line I learned that only three were entered in one qualifying heat, I was number four. I was also number four at the finish line having taken roughly 30 seconds to complete the race. Even then I came close to qualifying for the finals.

I had disgraced my country, however. It was as though the bright red, white, and blue shield on my running jersey had faded in hue and shrunk in size. The Finns could comprehend an American distance racer losing but American sprinters or hurdlers are supposed to be seven feet tall, black as the earth, and swift as the wind. Several of the fans whistled at me as I jogged back to the starting line to get my sweat clothes. In Europe the whistle is the equivalent

of throwing pennies on the ice at our hockey games.

I astounded my critics a half hour later by lining up for the 5000 meters. I silenced them by kicking home in the last lap for a five yard victory over their local champion in what for me was a personal best time. Beatty meanwhile had won the 1500 meters in a time that three years later he would consider mediocre even for a mile.

Earlier that spring I ran on an Army team that had tried, and narrowly failed, to break the American 6000 meter relay record. The race consisted of four times 1500 meters, the metric equivalent of our four mile relay. Because Americans seldom ran this event the listed national record was mediocre, having been set in 1933. I suggested to Doug Raymond that we attempt to set a new record, so he coaxed the Finnish sponsors into adding that event to their meet. King, Matza, Beatty, and Villareal would make the team.

At the starting line, however, we discovered no Finnish team had responded to the challenge. To provide competition the three of us, Higdon, Smartt, and Robertson who had already run 5000 meters formed a team, drafting Scruggs as our fourth man. We paced our lead team for a few laps then reduced speed to pace them again when lapped. I finished the second leg and handed the baton to Scruggs who instead of running forward started jogging backwards looking for Jim Beatty. Doug Raymond stood in the infield open-mouthed. "My God," he muttered. "If Dan Ferris hears of this we'll all be suspended." Nevertheless, the time of 16:09.0 by the "United States National Team" went into the books as a record and remained there until the American Olympic team broke it in 1964.

We returned to Otaniemi for one last week of training. Life off the track had become bearable by then. Matza had discovered some girls in the record department of Helsinki's largest department store who were quite communicative with Americans. (In fact, two among our group managed to get laid. No notice of this event was carried in Track & Field News.)

The following weekend we travelled to Turku on Finland's west coast. Turku is to track fans what Louisville is to horse-players. Arriving in town we passed immediately by a statue in the town square of a naked runner, Finland's most famous son: Paavo Nurmi. Matza stared at it astounded: "Imagine that. Having to go through life naked in your own town square."

Later when I stepped onto the black cinders of the Turku track I felt a thrill. It had felt the footbeats of many, if not most, of the great runners over the past half century. John Landy had set the world mile record of 3:58.0 on the same track only a few years before. According to legend the Turku track was springier, faster, firmer than all other tracks in the world. I could feel no difference as I jogged around the oval, but perhaps Turku's track was imbued with a spirit, the same spirit the Finns say lurks in the timbers of their saunas which cause old people to be carried to the sauna to die and pregnant women to go there for the act of childbirth.

The level of competition in Turku proved higher than either of our two previous meets. Beatty and Matza ran third and fourth in the mile behind Finland's Olavi Vuorisalo and Sweden's Ingemar Erickson. Scruggs got edged out of first place in the 200 meters by Pentti Rekola. At the starting line of the 3000 meters I discovered myself standing next to Matti Nurmi, none other than Paavo's son. My God! I felt like kneeling and making the sign of the cross. May I kiss your ring, sire? Matti was a mere shadow of his

standers applauded the taxis as we passed. I caught a glimpse of a giant poster along the father, however, and I thought I had the race won until the last straightaway when Nurmi and another Finn outsprinted me to the finish.

I had run within a few seconds of my best time and the following day I did better a personal record while placing third in the steeplechase on a day so cold I half expected the water jump to be covered with ice. By then it was mid-September. I fled with my silver spoon direct to the sauna and sat in the upper bleachers allowing the 200 degree heat to sink into my bones. Suddenly a woman attendant walked into the room. Since I had nothing on but my dignity I scrambled for a towel, but the equally naked Finns just smiled. "I suppose after a couple of experiences like that," said Matza, "you wouldn't mind being cast naked in bronze in the town square."

My teammates returned to America, but I had several weeks before resuming Army duties in Germany so I plotted a series of meets through Scandinavia. In Stockholm the Swedish AAU found me lodging in a sports camp on the outskirts of town. After a half hour train ride I eyed a taxicab, but two Swedish sportsmen also bound for the camp waved for me to walk with them. They had light bags, but I had a suitcase with practically all my earthly possessions inside. After ten minutes of mostly uphill walking I began to weave like a YMCA runner in the Boston Marathon.

One of the Swedes grasped my suitcase to help me. His eyebrows arched: "What do you have in here? A *kugel*?" *Kugel* means shot. Actually the suitcase was burdened with silver-wear, my wages for training.

"You should have taken the taxi," said my Swedish friend.

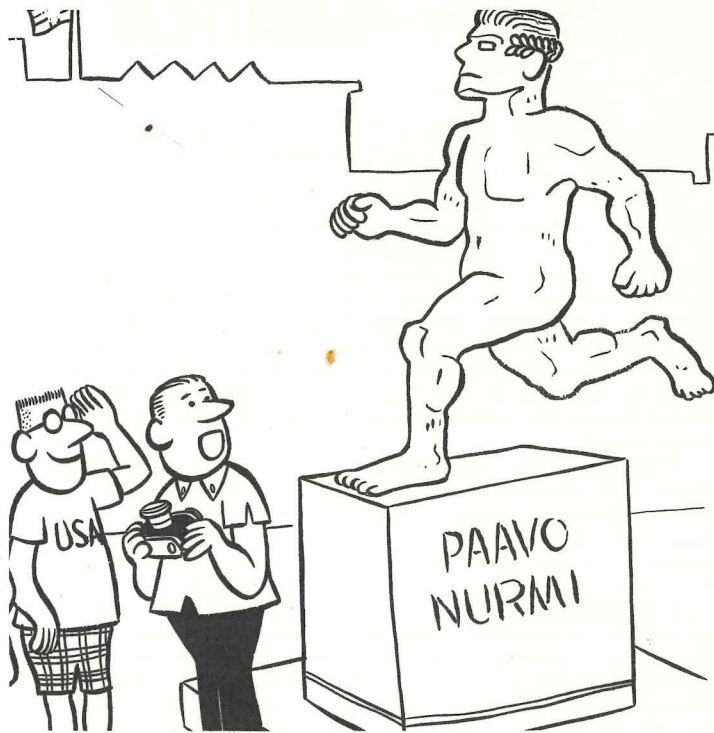
I tried to smile back.

The next morning I was up at 6:00 A.M. to catch a train bound south for Vastervik, a town on the Baltic sea. I met Erik Uddebom, a tall, blonde shot-putter who had been with the Swedish team at Otaniemi. We arrived mid-afternoon after three changes of train. They were electric powered in Sweden. I left Erik in the hotel and walked toward the harbor with my camera.

I had been standing on a pier for a few minutes when a nearby school disgorged several dozen youngsters for recess. They swarmed out onto the pier to determine my identity. They were astounded to discover me as an American. Apparently no American--not even an American tourist--had ever visited this far-off place. The fact that I was an American athlete put me on a par with their king and queen.

Like all Scandinavian children they studied English in school and therefore could practice on me. "Is your car green?" one asked. "What is your dog's name?" asked another. Dogs chase runners and thus all runners hate dogs in the way that elephants dislike mice. I tried to express this to them. It seemed that most of their questions sounded as though they had been lifted directly out of lesson three of the second year English grammar book. When I tried to ask them questions they mostly just smiled and shifted the conversation back to my mythical dog. I lined them up for a picture and then they went running back into school promising to be at the track meet that evening.

The nights were longer now in mid-September and darkness descended on our meet early. The stadium had only enough lights to illuminate



the fifty or so yards of track immediately before the crowd. The rest of the oval track was dark, lit every ten or twenty yards by flashlight-size lights on the ground itself. The 100 meter dash started in darkness. You heard the gun and three or four seconds later the runners appeared sprinting in the light. The best 100 time in Sweden that year was run in Vastervik that evening, I suspect that Bobby Morrow would have gone 8.5 under similar conditions.

I ran my 5000 meter race entirely in the second lane, afraid to approach a curbing that I couldn't see and might trip over. Victory was easy though the time was slow and they offered me a choice of prizes. The prizes were laid out on a table. It reminded me of a wedding banquet. A month earlier in Holland I had finished second in a race and received a bicycle light. The winner got an electric razor. I didn't own a bicycle; I didn't even own a Volkswagen. At Vastervik I received finally an electric razor as my victor's reward, but I would have settled for a bicycle light--if they could have given it to me before the race.

At the end of the meet the stands emptied into the field and it seemed everyone went straight for me. All those I had met at the school were there and they seemed to have brought ten friends each. For half an hour I stood barefoot on the grass in the chilly evening signing every scrap of paper thrust at me. If an election had been held the next day I, a second-string runner in my own country, would have been Vastervik's next mayor. I finally went inside the dressing room, not to a hot sauna but instead to a cold shower.

That was the peak of my glory and my last victory. I ran three other races in Sweden, Denmark, and Germany and unexplainably ran slower each time. After returning to duty with the Army in Stuttgart, Germany, the glands on the side of my neck began to swell like balloons. I had mononucleosis and spent the next two months in the Army hospital. I never discovered whether it was caused by signing autographs barefoot, the department store girls in Helsinki, or maybe all those Finnish potatoes.

THE mini-MARATHON

BY CARL BELL

The distance of 14 miles for a road race may achieve popularity as the result of pioneering in Concord, New Hampshire this summer.

It wasn't that somebody thought half a marathon is better than none. An organization called the Pierce Brigade which is trying to preserve the family home of Franklin Pierce wanted an event to mark a 100th anniversary. Speeches, parades and beard-growing contests were shunned as too ordinary for a Pierce Centennial. Since one of the members had a cross-country runner in the family, a road race was proposed--a 14-mile route to honor the 14th U.S. President.

The distance, a little over half a marathon, suggested the name Mini-Marathon. The title, in turn produced other ideas. Girls in mini outfits are to serve as guides along the course. And mini bags will be presented to every finisher.

The race is set for Friday, July 25th at 6 p.m. over a course that will pass a number of sites associated with President Pierce who lived in Concord in the 1840's and was one of New Hampshire's leading lawyers. If the girls in the white mini-skirts are visually distracting, the runners' hearing will also be put to the test. Within the first mile, entrants will run the gauntlet between the ranks of a drum and bugle corps. But after the pack leaves Main Street, the course should be quieter though just as interesting.

Walkie-talkies are to be used at various points to let the finish-line spectators know how the race is progressing. Boy-and-girl teams will man oasis stations along the more desolate parts of the course, and it is hoped that none of these couples will take to the woods when their services are needed. Paper cups of water



Since Franklin Pierce was the 14th U.S. President, the course for the Concord, N.H. Mini-Marathon was laid out to cover 14 miles with 14 trophies for the finishers. The road race will highlight observance of the Pierce Centenary in the Granite State July 25th.

for dousing and oranges cut in quarters will be available as the runners pass the roadside tables.

Naturally, a 14-mile road race should award 14 trophies, and they will be handed out as soon as possible after the finish so spectators and photographers will be on hand for the presentation. While the race starts at the Franklin Pierce statue in front of the State House, it will finish three blocks away at Central Fire Station. This is not because the firemen will have water, oxygen and resuscitation service available but because the finish line is next door to the YMCA. In that building, runners can shower and swim, with towels and lockers provided free.

A parking lot opposite the finish line has been secured for spectators and the soft-drink wagon. It is here that the citizens' band radio van will be parked to broadcast results to the onlookers. The final stretch will be down a sloping street so that the runners can be seen when a quarter mile away.

How the committee is financing the event may be helpful to groups in other cities. Among the fund-raising ideas that were successful, selling zip-code books worked the best. Money was also raised with benefit movies and hawking commemorative pencils. Selling merchandise through discount mail-order catalogs failed to draw interest. While organizations and industries can be encouraged to contribute such things as trophies, expenses like printing, postage and special police are difficult to have anybody sponsor, so a little cash in the treasury is a necessity.

Whether this Mini-Marathon will inspire similar races throughout the country is a question which probably won't be answered for some months. But before that time, it appears from the success of the pioneer venture to date that a Second Annual Mini-Marathon in New Hampshire's capital city in 1970 is assured.



President Franklin Pierce looks approvingly on some of the Mini-Marathon girls who will serve as guides for the 14-mile road race.

LSD THE HUMAN WAY TO TRAIN

BY JOE HENDERSON

Train slower, race faster, enjoy the whole process. Sounds great, huh? Great and impossible. I'll agree with that conclusion. I've trained slower and easier, raced faster and easier, and enjoyed the whole process for 2½ years now. And still I can only conclude, "It can't happen."

Everything we've been led to believe about distance training points to one hard and fast principle: training has to be hard and fast. Habitually skeptical distance runners, brought up as we all are believing in this principle, aren't easily convinced there's a more pleasant alternative. If I hadn't lived through the experience, I would have laughed off any suggestion of running 4:27 miles on training that's no faster than 7:27. Ed Winrow would have doubted the wisdom, too, of anyone who told him he could go two miles in 8:55 without going much faster per MILE in practice. Jeff Kroot would have doubted his chances of improving his marathon best by over an hour...with slower training. It doesn't make sense. But it has worked.

We three aren't unique, and we haven't found anything new and startling. Runners everywhere are rediscovering the slowness and simplicity which are as old as the sport itself but have been buried for a time beneath the complex science of modern methods. Independently, Ed, Jeff and I have reached the same conclusion that hundreds of other runners must have. There's a lot to be said for the regular use of LSD--long, slow distance in this case.

LSD isn't the miracle we've all been waiting for, nor is it the answer to all that ails us distance runners. I'm not making any such claims. If there's a message to get across it's this: Simple, practical and painless training may give great racing results, moderately good ones, or just mediocre ones. Whichever it gives, LSD makes the route to the results a much more pleasant and humane one. It's a route I've found myself quite anxious to follow, even if it leads nowhere.

This article isn't being passed off as an attempt at scientific study. It simply is meant to share the experiences and unexpected results three runners have had since stumbling onto a method that consists of nothing more medium-to-long runs at steady, comfortable "speeds" (a term that hardly fits our seven-to-eight minutes per mile shuffle). Without help from each other, Ed Winrow in New York, Jeff Kroot in California, and I in Iowa all came to strikingly similar conclusions about "The Method," which still has not picked up an accepted name.

Though our abilities vary rather widely, Winrow, Kroot and I have so much in common that there's little doubt our nearly identical conclusions about LSD aren't just coincidence. All three are roughly the same age (in the 25-28 range). All trained seriously and intensively for about eight years before cutting speed drastically. All turned off the speed not in hopes of racing faster but to shake a discouraging series of foot and/or leg problems. All now run similar amounts (60-80 miles a week) and paces (averaging roughly 7½ minutes per mile; little if anything that could be called "speed-work"). All experienced improvements ranging from moderate to huge after the revolution. And all race over a wide variety of distances, mile to marathon.

Of the three, Winrow races by far the most successfully. New Yorker Ed, 28, burst into



Ed Winrow (no. 36) sharing the early lead with Matthews in the 1968 Boston Marathon. Photo by Jeff Johnson

whatever prominence road runners are given when, in 1966, he won three National AAU distance titles (one-hour, 25 and 30 kilometers) and raced home among the top 10 in five other championship races.

My slowdown had just begun when I met Ed at the AAU 15-kilometer race in St. Paul. He told this skeptical listener that he was totaling no more than 60-70 miles a week, between seven and eight minutes per mile. My first glimmerings of "He might just have something there" came when I watched him race 9 1/3 miles on the track at 5:00 pace.

That was in 1966. His ideas haven't changed substantially since. Ed recently wrote this detailed explanation of the evolution, content and results of his slow running.

"I began slow running out of necessity. During my last two years in college (where bests were 4:21.6, 9:21.0 and 14:29.0), I had six pulled leg muscles. In the fall of 1963, I received another slight pull in the calf and decided to slow down and enjoy running on the grass, road, etc.

"Nothing happened until I ran a 40:40 eight-mile in the spring of 1964, bettering (Olympians) Oscar Moore and Peter McArdle's course record, and ran a 9:13.8 two-mile on the track. I was running 45 miles a week but racing often. I was not running as slowly as now, but about 6:00-6:30 pace.

"By 1966, I was doing 65-85 miles a week at much slower pace. Now it is 7:30-8:00 per mile and my (mile and two-mile racing) times are 8:55.8 and 4:15.8 (the mile as part of an 8:57.8 double in 1968, after a 10-mile morning run).

"Last year, I did one pace workout in 10, usually running 2 x 1320 at 3:28-32 or 8 x 440 in 68-70 seconds. But sometimes I would go a month without any pace or speed work. This year I got suckered into the idea of running 8:40-45 with two or three speed workouts a week and progressively got worse (9:04.0 at Cleveland).

"On three weeks of all slow training in January, I ran 9:02.8 easily. A week later I finished second to (world record holder and Olympic champion steeplechaser Gaston) Roelants at 21.6 kilometers in Puerto Rico by about a minute. Roelants claimed to be in great shape, so I guess it was a decent performance for only four

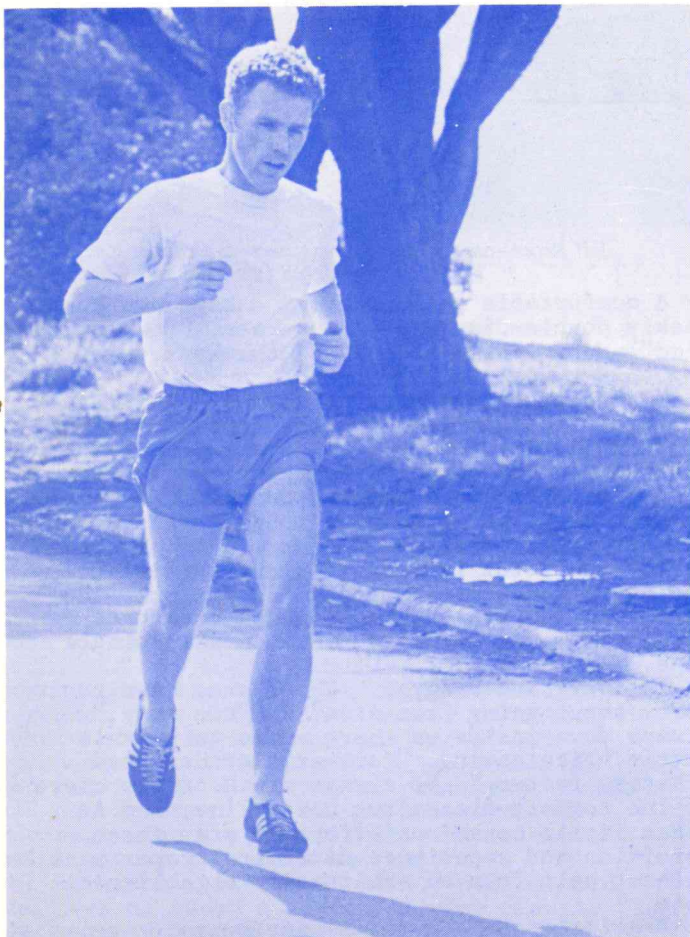
weeks of slow running--12-15 miles per day, sometimes in two workouts (at 7:30-8:00 pace). My mile average for the tough half-marathon course was about 5:02 or 5:04. Amby (Burfoot), (Canadian Olympian Peter) Buniak, (Australian marathon "world record holder" Derek) Clayton, etc., were more than a minute behind. I was so relaxed I didn't even warm up for the race."

Ed outlined the program he followed during the rugged Indiana winter just ended. He's doing graduate study in physical education at Ball State University in Muncie. Monday--8-12 miles, Tuesday--15 miles, Wednesday--15-20 miles in two installments, Thursday--10-12 miles, Friday--8-10 miles, Saturday--12-15 miles (two runs), Sunday--15-22 miles or race.

This puts him in the 80-100 mile range, still quite comfortable when compared with other runners getting his results (and less). How many 8:55 two-milers seldom train faster than 7½ minutes per mile and/or over 100 miles per week?

Jeff Kroot isn't an 8:55 two-miler, and because of definitely limited speed (his best mile still is only 4:38) probably can't count on becoming one. But his racing speed-up since his training slowdown has been phenomenal.

Jeff, 26, of Berkeley, Calif., had leg troubles all through 1967. Training sporadically, his weight was hovering in the 170-180 range and his times were carrying similar unwanted, unneeded bulk. He'd been running since 1959, but as yet had personal bests that read like 10:12 for two miles, 16:24 for three, 33:51 for six, 1:16 for 20 kilometers, 2:21 for 30 and 4:07 for the marathon. Jeff will readily admit, those longer road runs were quite a chore for a man his size. He seldom got through them without stopping.



Joe Henderson on one of his daily training runs. Photo by Jeff Kroot

Kroot's inspiration came in November 1967, in the form of Tom Osler's excellent little pamphlet "Conditioning of the Long Distance Runner." It's perhaps the most valuable piece of writing yet produced on the long slow distance topic. Adjusting Tom's flexible recommendations to his own circumstances, Jeff set off...slowly. The injury bugaboo vanished, along with his excess weight.

A month after his revolution, Jeff tried a marathon. He still needed a little sitting down and a lot of walking to make the course in 3:44. By spring, though, he was pulling surprises at all distances. On mileage that totaled (and still does) 60-65/week, including a regular weekend 24-miler, he blasted home 24th in the 900-man Bay-to-Breakers race, improving his best by 4½ minutes for the 7 ¾-mile dash across San Francisco. His marathon time, after six months on the slow stuff, was down to 3:00:17. He improved by a half-hour (to 1:50) over 30 kilometers.

By the time his LSD training was a year old, Kroot had slimmed down by 30 pounds to 148. His marathon was better by over an hour at 2:50. In the sprints, he raced a 9:55 two-mile (17-second improvement), 15:28 three-mile (56 secs. off), and 32:58 10,000 meters (over two minutes better, comparatively, than his 33:51 six-mile).

Jeff's routine this winter and early spring, while preparing for Boston, followed this pattern: Sunday--4 miles, Monday through Thursday--8 miles, Friday--4 miles, Saturday--24-28 miles.

The guy who for months had told me, "I've tried slow running before and it doesn't work for me; I just get slower," now is the method's firmest believer. You can see why.

It's presumptuous of me even to include myself in this story if we're looking only at Winrow-type success or Kroot-type improvements. While times have changed only modestly, though, LSD training has totally revised my view of the sport and altered some long-held beliefs about it.

Really, "my new distance running" wasn't my invention. I'd used it twice for fairly long periods--1960-61 and 1964. Both eras, I realize in retrospect, include some of my best racing. But both times I became disillusioned with long runs and dropped them. They were hard, boring and time-consuming, and the returns didn't seem to match the time/effort investment. It's clear now what the problem was. I took these "long" runs wrong-- too fast, too short and too infrequently--and for the wrong reason--instant transformation into one of the world's great middle-distance racers. We all have our fantasies.

My big switch came in August 1966, at which time eight years of steady running had produced such PRs as 4:18, 9:27, 15:11 and 32:35. Two happenings brought on the slowdown--a craving to try the Boston Marathon and more or less constant calf and achilles tendon soreness from too much fast running on hard roads. Racing already had slowed itself down pretty effectively. The most recent mile had taken a painful 4:44 and a two-mile in 10:19.

I was racing slowly already, without much enjoyment and satisfaction. So I figured, why not make the training comfortable enough to enjoy and the races long enough to yield satisfaction--no matter how slow. LSD allowed both. I came into full-time slow running this time with low aims and no illusions about any sudden success.

After 2½ years of undiluted LSD, I can report that it has pretty well lived up to expectations.

Timewise, nothing startling has occurred. But time isn't everything, and pleasant non-stop-watch surprises have popped up all along the way. This method, I'm still finding, works in strange ways, but it hasn't been a bad trip at all.

The improvement-decline pattern has been anything but logical. Training at 7½ minutes should produce best results in races where paces are similar. Things like 30 kilometers and up. My best marathon was the first one, a 2:49:48 at Boston which came only seven months after switching to LSD and with nothing longer than 15 miles in the two months preceding that April 1967 race. Doing everything "right"--regular running, plenty of good long ones and all--when preparing for five subsequent marathons, none have been below 3:02.

Thirty-kilometer experience would be even more deflating if I were only hung-up on time. In 1963, training no longer than four miles, my first 30-kilo race took 1:54:45. On 2½ years of "right" training, I've progressed to a most recent 2:04:04.

In my terms, anyway, this is still progress because before LSD I couldn't have run 26 miles --at any speed, let alone comfortably in practice as now happens. It's progress because I can handle great distances without trauma. It took weeks to shake the pronounced limping that followed the first and fastest 30-kilometers.

The fast times may not be here, but neither are the anxiety and awe that preceded anything longer than a mile, nor the awful fatigue and pain that followed it. Marathons are no longer an "Everest" and that's the best thing that's happened. I've learned to take distance running in stride, even if the strides are a mite slow.

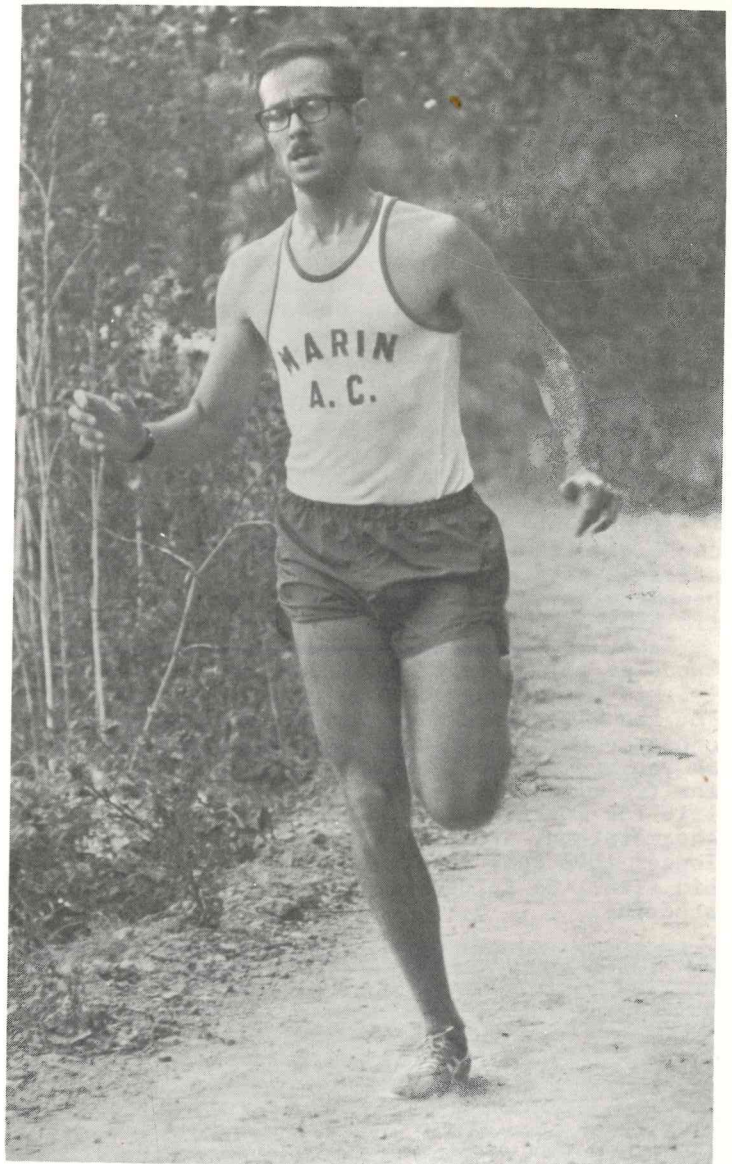
The mile has given my ideas of training logic their strongest jolt. It should, it seems, have slowed down in direct relation to training. Once I'd completely rid myself of speed (A real battle, I might add; the hardest adjustment in the changeover was slowing down enough to allow going longer.) and the distance brought itself to the 50-60 miles a week level it stuck on, a 12-lap indoor mile was the first available sprint. Five minutes, I figured. Maybe 4:50. It took only 4:37. And a few weeks later it came down to 4:33.

By mid-1968, the mile time improved to 4:28, with a 15:19 three-mile following just a half-hour later. And the most recent mile effort was 4:27.

Whenever I get to doubting "the method's" benefits, I think back to my first long racing attempt after the revolution. Fifteen kilometers, in perfect weather on a Tartan track, took just under 57 minutes. En route to an hour run two years later, on a track that resembled a long-jump pit, the distance sailed by in 3½ minutes less.

For what it's worth, my schedule has evolved into something like this. Sunday, Monday and Friday--half hour; Tuesday through Thursday--one-hour; Saturday--two to three hours, or a race. I intentionally limited it to seven hours of running a week--an average of no more than an hour a day. This seems to allow adequate fitness for anything from a mile to a marathon while still keeping the sport in the realm of a hobby rather than a second job.

And just as intentionally, I stick with time running instead of distance. I have my needed goal/measurement but not the natural compulsion to hurry that accompanies running on set courses for measured distances. An hour's an hour, and it isn't going to pass any quicker by rushing through the run. So I naturally take it comfortably. That's the whole idea of LSD.



Jeff Kroot--one of our photographers--is a runner too.
Photo by Tina Kroot (his wife)

A comfortable pace, regular dosage and the weekly double-distance (in my case, "double-time") run. These seem to be the keys to making this system work.

"Comfortable" is hard to define. This is comfort by comparison, not the type of comfort found in a warm bed or a hot shower. Relative to all-out races, the daily practices are comfortable. There's no heavy breathing, no laboring for every step, no urge to quit before the time is up. To try and set down a precise pace where this point is reached would be ridiculous. The variation between runners is not only too huge, but feelings of individuals fluctuate wildly from day to day and even within single runs.

Ed, Jeff and I agree. There's no need to worry about going "too slow" or "too easy." Always down inside us there seems to be this little voice saying, "farther, farther" and "faster, faster." We always stick pretty close to the comfort-discomfort borderline, and it takes little conscious effort to stay there. Intuition and experience determine proper pace, without help from an arbitrarily established pace.

Regularity hardly needs mentioning. Every runner who's the slightest bit serious about it already has all the regularity he needs. Ron

Clarke said recently that the key to his success is continuous year to year improvement without peaks and valleys in his schedule. He has improved right along since 1962, using each upward step as a building block for the next. His peak, he said, is "where I happen to be at the moment."

Only three factors should prevent running from being ever-more-efficient: faulty training methods, loss of interest, or physical breakdown. With us three, anyway, the method has succeeded--as most any will--in producing good racing results. But its real beauty shows through in the other two factors. None of us three previously lame-legged runners has had a disabling injury since switching to slowness.

And I can't remember when last feeling bored with running. On the contrary, running time is looked forward to, and the rare days off are almost always involuntary ones. Believe me, before unhurried-unworried running took over, things weren't this way.

Ed takes a weekly jaunt of up to 22 miles, Jeff goes 24, I go something over two hours. We've all concluded we need one run that's twice as long as the average ones. I have no proof of this, and can't explain completely why it works this way, but the regular comfortable double-distance run could be the most important key of all. Going twice the customary distance stimulates the big endurance gains that the shorter in-between runs consolidate. The extended ones provide confidence in the ability to handle great distances, they break up the same-distance-every-day pattern, and they make the shorter runs of the other six days a week seem shorter yet--and much, much easier.

I've found several times that abstaining from double-timing even for a few weeks brings an abrupt nosedive in racing times, as well as sluggishness in all my practice running. Each time, the return to weekly "doubles" has wiped away these symptoms.

Here this article has carried on for pages and pages, implying all along just what I didn't want it to imply--that LSD training is some kind of instant "Answer," a message Ed Winrow, Jeff Kroot and Joe Henderson have been appointed to spread to a world of eagerly waiting distance runners. It isn't.

There are problems involved. "The biggest problem with slow running," Winrow says, "is the mental adjustment to the stress, speed and fatigue of racing." However, he added, "racing will definitely eliminate this."

Kroot cautioned, against "pushing the idea of slow running off on everyone." He said there are some types of runners who'd be destroyed by it, those interested mainly in quick, short-term success and those who won't be shaken from their conviction that hard-and-fast running is the only way to obtain it.

We're simply offering an alternative, not an answer. After all, Ed is perfectly correct when he says, "All of the physical systems can work." If LSD works, anything will. It's true worth, though, really isn't in how it improves a runner from X to Y in Z number of miles. The beauty comes in its potential to return humaneness to a sport some of us think has gone too far in the direction of grimness, drudgery and complexity. LSD allows something of a return to the joy, simplicity and relative painlessness the sport has to offer. "All of the physical systems can work," Winrow said. And then he added a key qualifying clause. "But the best system is the most enjoyable one and the one in which you don't destroy 90% of the runners under your care."

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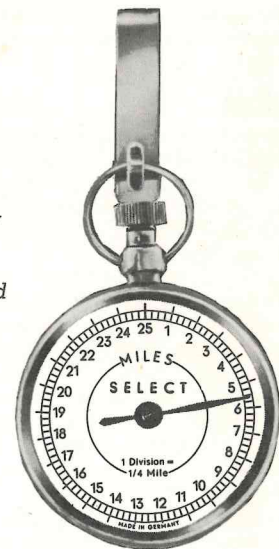
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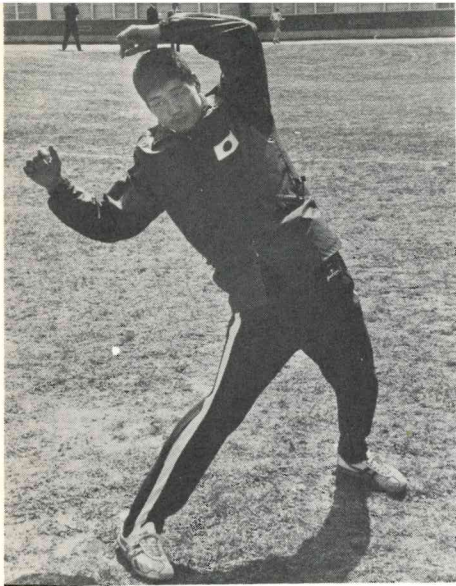
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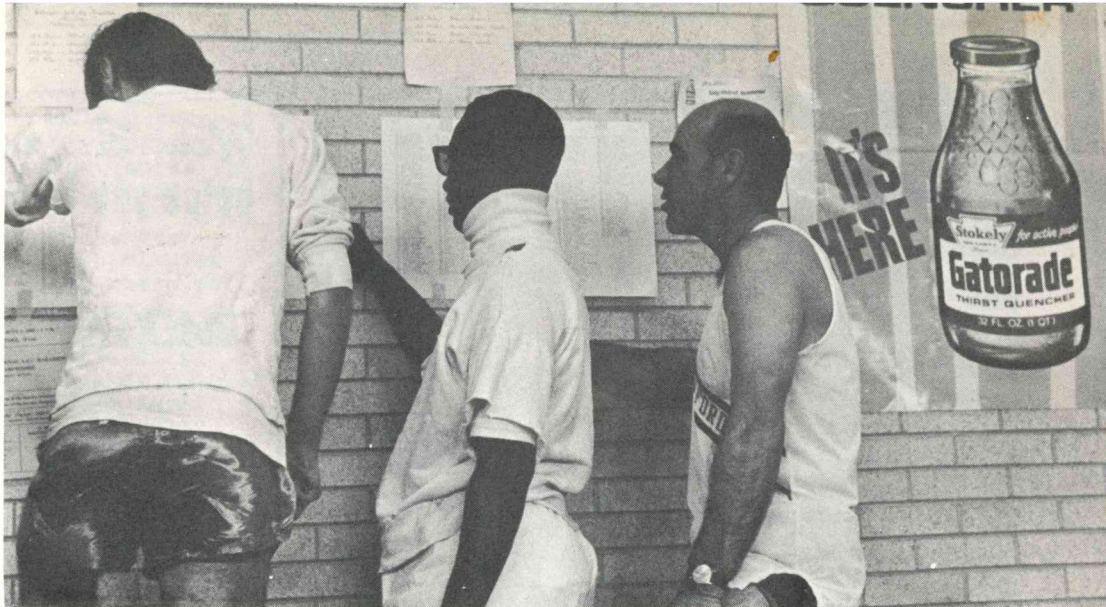


A fast-training friend has observed, "Arguing training methods is as futile as arguing religion or politics. There aren't any completely right or completely wrong answers, though everyone naturally thinks his is the best system."

It all comes down to each runner defining "right" and "best" in his own terms. Without attempting to make like preachers or politicians, Winrow, Kroot and I can say we've found the way --our way.



Yoshiaki Unetani, a boyish-looking 24-year-old physical education instructor from Hiroshima, Japan loosens up for the 26-mile 385-yard race.



Competitors check their numbers at the gym in Hopkinton before the race that is to start at noon. (Below) The 73rd Annual Boston Marathon held April 21st drew over 1200 entries with the starting field at 1152—a record. Of these 1152 starters 678 made it to the Prudential Center (the finish) under the four hour mark.

THE 1969 BOSTON MARATHON

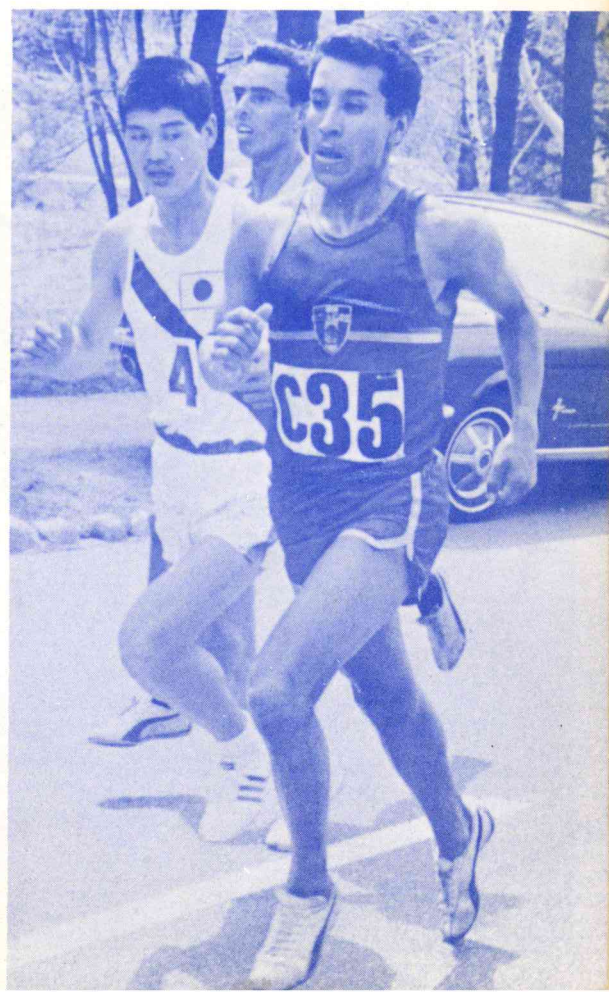
PHOTOS BY JEFF JOHNSON

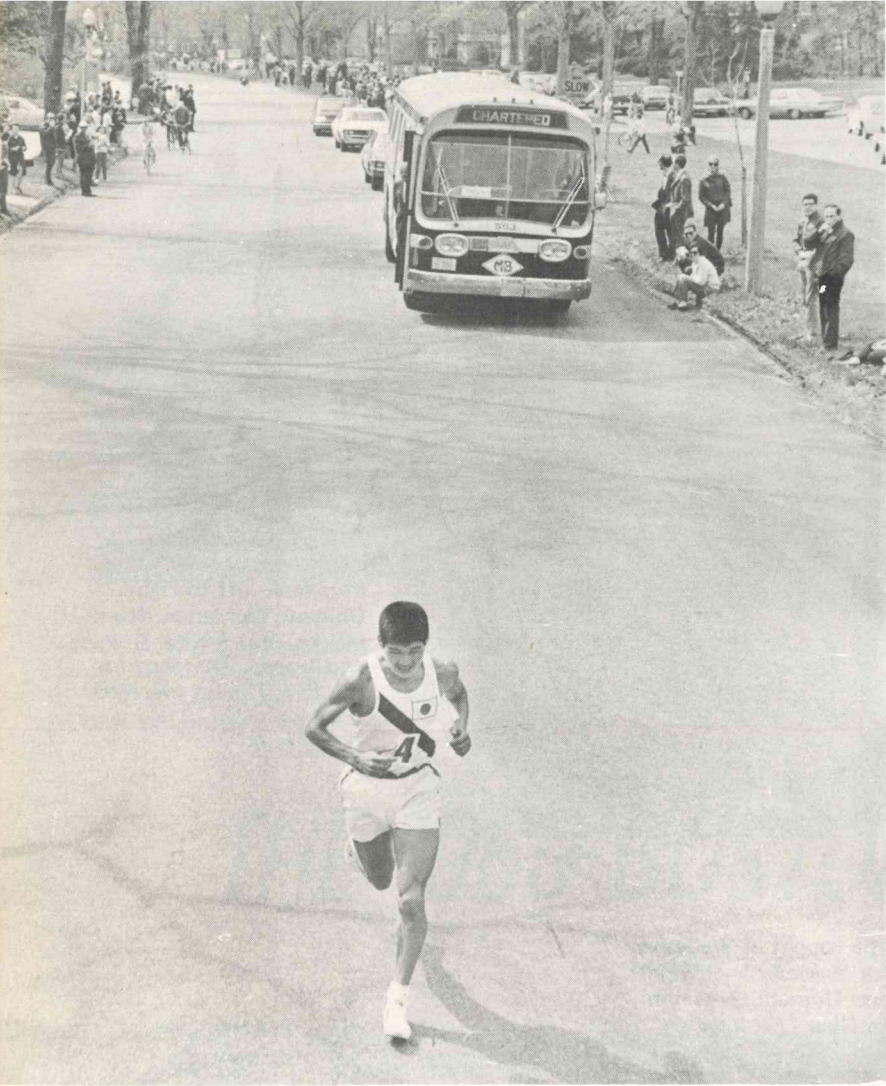




The leaders enter Ashland (4-miles)—left to right: Unetani, McMahon, Rumakko, Yamashita, Deines, and Lopez. The pace for the first 7-miles averaged 4:43 per mile. They were flying here.

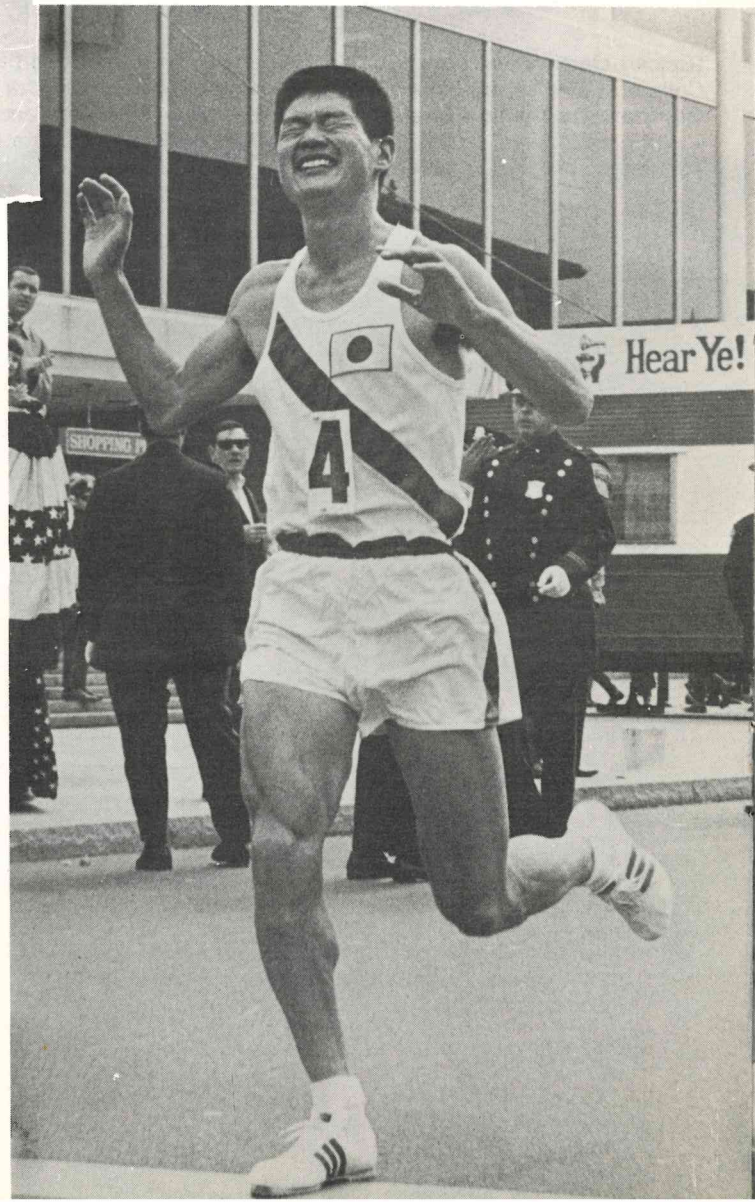
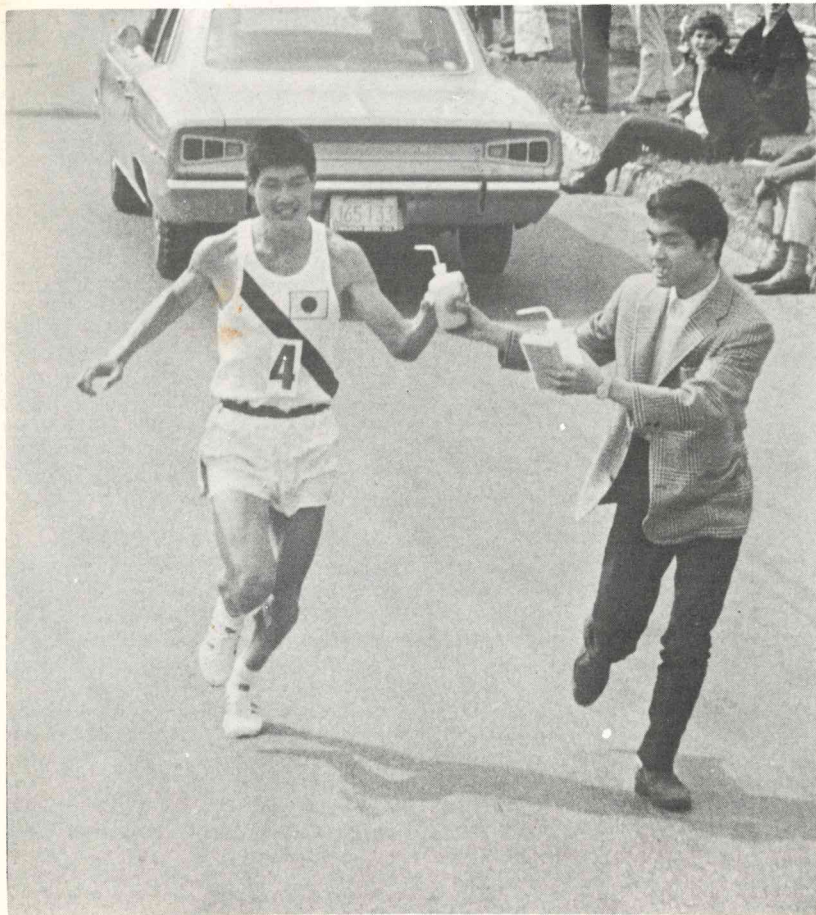
(Below) Unetani had built up a good lead, but he is about to be caught at Wellesley College (10 miles) by Pablo Garrivo Lugo and Alfredo Penalzoa of Mexico. (Right) Garrido takes the lead briefly, entering Wellesley (13 miles), and Unetani gives him a quick once-over. With them is Rafael Angel Perez of Costa Rica. He later encountered some rough going on the hills and faded to 36th with 2:36:49.





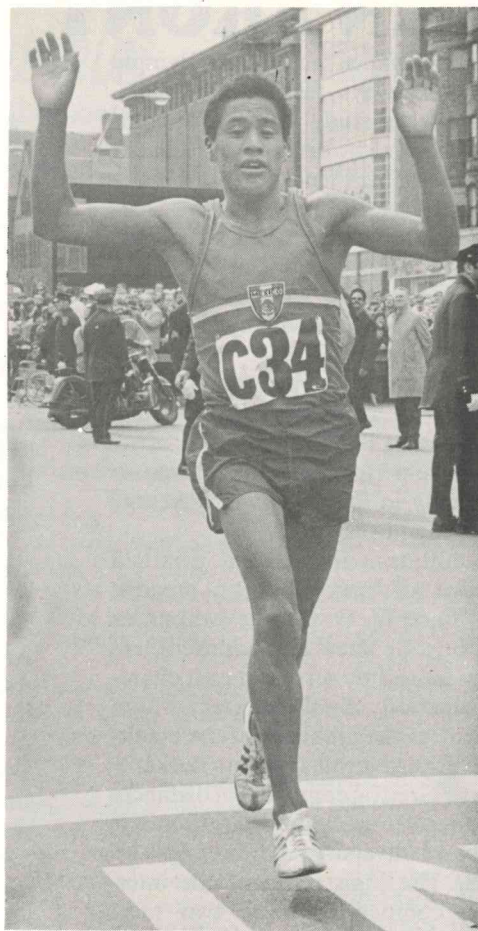
The Results

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. Yoshiaki Unetani, Japan | 2:13:49 |
| 2. Pablo Garrivo Lugo, Mexico | 2:17:30 |
| 3. Alfredo Penalzoza, Mexico | 2:19:56 |
| 4. Ron Daws, Twin Cities T. C. | 2:20:23 |
| 5. Robert Moore, Toronto Olym. | 2:21:28 |
| 6. Robert D. Deines, Occidental | 2:22:49 |
| 7. Jose Garcia, Gaspar, Mexico | 2:23:16 |
| 8. Pat McMahon, BAA | 2:23:24 |
| 9. Phil Hamilton, Royal Navy | 2:23:46 |
| 10. Pentti Rummakko, Finland | 2:24:14 |
| 11. Jeffrey K. Reneau, Twin Cities | 2:24:42 |
| 12. Martins Ande, Occidental U. | 2:26:58 |
| 13. Gary Muhrcke, Milrose A.A. | 2:27:53 |
| 14. Dimitrios Vouros, Athens | 2:28:40 |
| 15. Jim McDonagh, Millrose, A.A. | 2:29:07 |
| 16. Joe Clare, Royal Navy | 2:29:16 |
| 17. Ambrose Burfoot, Central Con. | 2:29:50 |
| 18. James Colvin, Harrisburgh A.A. | 2:29:58 |
| 19. Wayne Yetman, Ontario | 2:30:23 |
| 20. Frank Pflaging, Baltimore | 2:30:43 |
| 21. Danny McFadzean, Royal Navy | 2:30:54 |
| 22. John J. Kelley, BAA | 2:31:36 |
| 23. Peter Stipe, BAA | 2:31:50 |
| 24. Ronald Gaff, N. Medford Club | 2:32:42 |
| 25. Paul Thompson, Tufts | 2:33:22 |





PABLO GARRIDO LUGO— Mexico
2nd 2:17:30



ALFRED PENALOZA— Mexico
3rd 2:19:56



RON DAWS—First American—4th 2:20:23

(Opposite page) — Upper left—Unetani all alone through the Newton Hills. He averaged 5:03 per mile over the hills, including "Heartbreak Hill," and left his pursuers far behind. — Lower left: Unetani takes refreshments for the first time at 20 miles. — Lower right—Unetani wins in record time—2:13:49.

(This page) — Lower left—Winner Unetani with Will Cloney (left), Race Director and Kevin White, Boston Mayor.

BOOKS

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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, Vladimír 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

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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 worldwide 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-

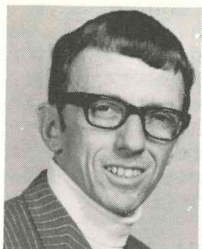
thon runners achieved world prominence after studying with him. He evolved his technique by doing it himself and teaches by his own example; at fifty he runs better than when he competed for New Zealand in the 1950 Empire Games marathon and finished thirteenth.

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.

149 pages plus 17 pages of pictures.
1968 - \$4.95

ON THE RUN

BY HAL HIGDON



"On The Run" will be a regular feature by Hal Higdon in the coming issues of DRN. Hal is not only an excellent writer (he has had articles in Sports Illustrated, Playboy, Better Homes and Gardens, etc.) but also a very fine runner. We welcome reader comments on points that Hal brings out in his articles.

One of the first persons I encountered on arriving in Alamosa, Colorado last August four days prior to the Olympic trial marathon was Lou Castagnola. "This is the damnest place," Lou said shaking his head. "You can run out of town in any direction without fear of getting lost. All you have to do is stop and look until you spot Alamosa's water tower. You can see it for 30 miles in all directions."

Lou referred to the flatness of the terrain. Despite being surrounded on all sides by precipitous mountains, the valley in which Alamosa's water tower served as center pinnacle was flatter than a Kansas wheatfield--and about as interesting scenically.

That wasn't the only complaint those quartered in Alamosa had about the training camp where they slept and ran for a month before the trials. Alamosa, normally almost a desert-dry village, had been deluged by rain that summer. As a result there was standing water on the track (which naturally had no drains). Mosquitoes swarmed in unprecedented quantities. There was a single flick in town, only a couple of passable restaurants (the Campus Cafe will never get four stars in Michelin's guide), and the high livers had to content themselves with staying up late to watch the Johnny Carson show on the Albuquerque channel--or was it Pueblo.

Nevertheless, the pluses at Alamosa last summer far outweighed the minuses. For one thing, all the studs were there. Normally, an Olympic trail will attract the best simply because that is the nature of the game. But at Alamosa, a good percentage of the best were in town, living and training together for a full month before the climactic competition.

This was because of an unprecedented decision by the US Olympic Committee and AAU long distance running committee to provide training camps for its most gifted athletes. Of course, in 1968 this was a necessity. The Olympics were to be held at the 7349 foot altitude of Mexico City. All the physiologists agreed that for our athletes to have any chance at Mexico they must have the opportunity to acclimatize themselves--not merely before the Games, but also before the trials.

Thus 20 athletes--the winners of the six pre-trial marathons plus 14 more with fast times--were given transportation to, and lodging at, the Olympic trial site. More important, the dormitory doors were swung open to permit other unqualified athletes to live and train at their own expense. There were also quarters for runners with families, although unfortunately this didn't become known until the last minute.

It was the first true opportunity marathoners in this country have had to experience communal living and training, and the visibility of the water tower notwithstanding, I feel that most athletes involved enjoyed the experience.

And I feel that an "Alamosa" should be repeated. Not merely in 1972, but every summer.

There was a need for a high-altitude training camp in 1968. There will be no need for such a camp in 1972, nor in the years between

Olympiads. But there are many reasons for continuing such a camp on an annual basis.

One strong reason is the meaninglessness of our so-called "national" championships. If you include the indoor and outdoor AAU track meets, there are ten times each year when a long distance runner can win a championship. Eight of these titles are squeezed into the last six months of 1969. As a result many of these races become little more than glorified regional championships. Every now and then the New York AC will bankroll a Peter McArdle or an Ed Winrow to a majority of these races, but in most cases the better runners pick and race in the two or three national championships nearer their home. If there were a single kilometer championship each year, everyone would manage to make it, but there's not, so the fields are spread thin.

As it now stands, the Boston Marathon is the only American race that consistently attracts major fields--and it's not even a title race. I'm not in favor of curtailing the current AAU schedule, but I do favor spotlighting at least one race each summer as sort of a super-run to which all the studs can be attracted.

This would be simple to accomplish. Sponsor an Alamosa-type training camp. Schedule the race for the end of the summer and make living facilities available for athletes--and most important, families of athletes. Name a half dozen other races as qualifying runs. Establish a fund to pay the winners' way to the super-race. Get the AAU, and the USOC, and the RRC to contribute. Select a site which not only can easily be reached, but which provides other divertissements as well. Provide other competitions nearby: track meets, walking races, women's races. The possibilities are endless.

We are entering the era of the family runner. I would like to see more opportunities for family running vacations. I stopped with my family in Alamosa while on a long vacation swing in the West which eventually culminated in the Heart of America Marathon in Columbia, Missouri. My family spent part of another summer living on Cape Cod while I ran in New England road races. My wife and children enjoyed it, and so did I. Before getting married I had spent a month in Scandinavia where the Finns and Swedes have a number of sports camps for their athletes, to which they can bring their families. We really don't have that sort of opportunity here in North America. I'm sure more runners would schedule racing vacations if assured that their families wouldn't become bored. And maybe more out-of-school runners would continue in competition if they had something such as this to point for.

An ideal site might be someplace like Columbia. It's central. There's a running tradition. There's plenty of vacation scenery in the nearby Ozarks. I presume the University of Missouri must have some empty dormitories in the summer. It could be a great site for a super-race. But there must be other such areas, or towns, who would be willing to do what Alamosa did. Duluth? Littleton, Colorado? Or Alamosa itself.

It may be too late to organize such a super-race and training camp for the summer of 1969. But I would like to see someone show up at the AAU convention next fall with plans for the summer of 1970. The Pan American Games are not that far away, nor are--for that matter--the Olympic Games. Whether or not such a camp becomes part of a qualifying system for international races, I would like to see this become a permanent fixture on our long distance running schedule.

Rhythm-Ratio Breathing

BY GRACE BUTCHER

About three years ago I became aware of what might be called "breathing patterns" when I ran. Why this awareness began just then, after so many years of running, I don't know. Breathing is one aspect of running that is seldom given much attention in the "how-to" books.

There are three valid benefits in the kind of breathing techniques I've worked out: one has to do with psychology; one with natural balance; the third, with alleviating pain. I'm uncertain about the physiological validity of my technique. Since many DRN readers are qualified to comment on this, I would welcome discussion.

This technique falls into two areas: the ratio of inhalations and exhalations to the number of steps taken, and which side the breathing is done on. I realize that last statement sounds like the lead-in to a discussion on Yoga! It is not, however.

WARMING UP -

In the easy running or jogging of the warm up, the breathing is very easy, deep and relaxed. I have found that usually I can inhale for four steps, or four counts--left, right, left, right--and exhale for the same four counts during most of a mile warmup. This run is usually followed by exercises and/or short runs gradually increasing in speed.

"Wind sprints" suggest faster running, while "striding" is perhaps thought of as a more relaxed speed work, closer to racing tempo than to sprinting. However, either serves one purpose: it bridges the gap between slow warmup running and the racing tempo. The breathing for this kind of running will shorten up a bit. The ratio will drop to probably 3:3 (three steps for each inhalation, three for each exhalation) or possibly even 2:2.

TRAINING AND RACING-

Next, when the actual training or race is begun, the breathing ratio will usually be 3:3 at first, dropping to 2:2 as the run continues. No matter what my training may consist of--whether a long run or repeats--the breathing can begin at 3:3, with a downshift to 2:2 when the body feels the need. This need is felt toward the end of each run, whether it be five miles or 440 yards. I find that as fatigue sets in, the downshift comes sooner and sooner in each repetition.

It may be obvious to any runner that his breathing is deep when he begins and becomes shorter as he continues. But the important factor here is not so much the "how" of this kind of breathing, but the "why."

BREATHING THE CENTER OF CONCENTRATION-

A definite effort to concentrate on even, rhythmical breathing will help smooth out almost anyone's style. A ragged, unbalanced breathing rhythm can't contribute anything to the economy of movement so necessary to the runner. The enforced rhythm of 3:3 or 2:2 breathing makes the runner feel like a real running machine. And even more important, the concentration on the "1-2-3, 1-2-3" inhalation-exhalation (e.g.) gives the runner a center of concentration that is not the fatigue he is feeling, or the strong wind, or how hot or cold it is, or the pain he feels. He concentrates on the breathing itself. Other factors, including fatigue, become less of a distraction. The breathing rhythm becomes like a world in itself. The runner "lives" there, relatively insulated from everything else.

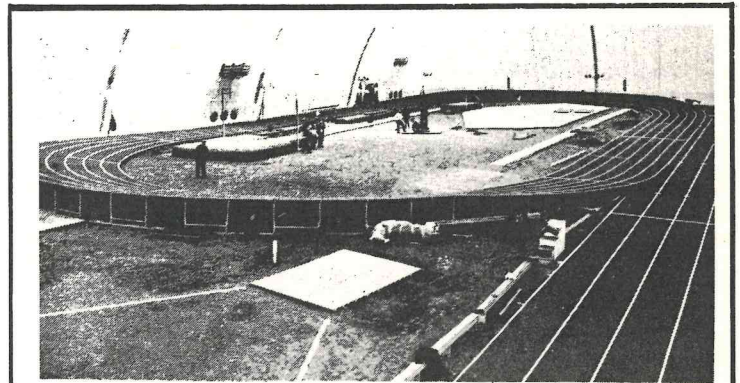
Concentration on breathing is a well-known meditation device, and the over-all effect is the

same in running. Training with high school boys during this past cross-country season (many of whom I could beat), I was often asked why I wasn't breathing hard, compared to the shallow, ragged breathing many of them were doing. Hearing the explanation, some seemed able to pick up the technique right away while others tried for a while and gave up. I assume anyone could use it with some practice.

EVENNESS-

Why insist on the same number of steps for inhalations and exhalations? Why 3:3 or 2:2, rather than 3:2 or 4:3? It seems to me that only the same number of each leads to a balanced feeling. I've discovered that at the end of a very hard race, the ratio may break down to an uneven 1:2 (one in, two out); while this seems to result from the normal oxygen debt accumulation, it also results in a kind of "galloping" feeling, rather than the marvelously balanced feeling that even breathing gives. Therefore, I try to maintain a 2:2 ratio as long as I possibly can.

How do I know when to let the rhythm drop? As I said, most runs seem to start in a 3:3 ratio. I maintain this as long as it's comfortable. After a while, find it a strain to inhale while running three steps. This means it's time to drop down to 2:2. Yes, it takes an effort of will to maintain the ratio, but if that effort results in a smoother, actually easier run, then I feel it's worth while. It's often necessary to let everything go in the finishing stages of a hard run. The rhythm may then be lost in the body's desperate effort to give all it's got. But maintaining the balance and rhythm for as long as possible has allowed me a more powerful run than I was capable of before.



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NATURAL "BALANCE"-

Now, to go to another aspect of breathing: natural balance. During hard running, there is a big lift and drop of the body as you inhale and exhale. As you begin experimenting with the feel of the "rhythm-ratio" breathing, you will become aware that most of the time your breathing will be mainly on one side. To explain: every athlete leads with one side of his body more naturally than with the other. A hurdler tries to use the same lead leg all the time. The long jumper hits the board with the same take-off foot all the time; the high jumper pushes off with the same foot. Why? Because for some reason it feels right to him. He can handle his body better that way.

Even the breathing itself feels more natural on one side than the other. Here is how you determine which side you're breathing on naturally. As you exhale, I feel that because of the natural drop of the chest area, the foot that hits the ground on the first stride of the exhalation is set ever so slightly more firmly on the ground. In other words, if on the first step of the exhalation, your right foot hits the ground, then you are said to be breathing on the right side. In a 2:2 breathing, you breathe in "1-2" and out "1-2." On the "1" of the exhalation, note which foot is hitting the ground. And I think that if you repeat this experiment, you'll find that usually it's the same foot. Your body has adapted itself to a certain pattern.

I have found that during the main part of a run, I deliberately breathe 3:3 on the left foot, but that in my finishing effort I change over to 2:2 on the right foot. With the breathing on the left side, I seem to run more easily, more economically. But my right foot (which was also my push-off foot for hurdling, long jumping and high jumping) seems more capable of an explosive push than my left. Therefore, I put my breathing on the right side (i.e. let the "1" of the exhalation be when the right foot hits the ground) to achieve the greatest speed at the finish.

Now then, the third advantage of this awareness of "which side" your breathing is on is one that has seemed to me almost magical at times. We are all aware that we must often run with pain. In a long run, pain may appear and disappear in various parts of the feet and legs throughout the race. Or we may be forced to run with a definite injury of some sort. This kind of breathing can



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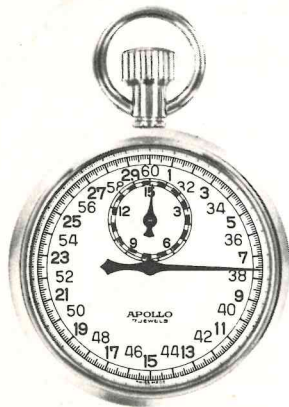
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be used to alleviate pain. Suppose I'm doing a long training run, and breathing, per usual, on the left side (exhaling when the left foot hits the ground). But along comes a pain in my left leg somewhere. Then I simply shift the breathing over to the right foot. I feel that because of the natural drop of the body as it exhales, the side that bears the brunt of the first step of the exhalation also must carry an ever-so-subtle difference in weight distribution. If my left leg hurt, and I am also breathing on the left side, there is more strain on that side than on the right side. Therefore, to take some of the strain off a muscle, tendon, or whatever is hurting, I put the breathing on the other side. During the course of a long run, I may have to make this switch a number of times as the aches and pains come and go. So even though I may feel better balanced breathing on one particular side, it's well worth it to shift sides if I am being bothered by pain.

There is another situation in which this choice of sides may be of advantage. In running indoors when a much greater body lean is necessary to handle the tight curves, placing the breathing on the left or inside foot seems to enable me to establish better balance on the curves. If all the weight has to be thrown to the left, but the breathing is being carried out on the right side, it seems to me that you're working against your own body's efforts.

This whole idea of "rhythm-ratio breathing," is really a simply one. It's easy to show: a few gestures while jogging do what all these words have attempted to. This concentration on breathing has made wonderful differences in my own results; I hope it can be used by all runners.

Watches

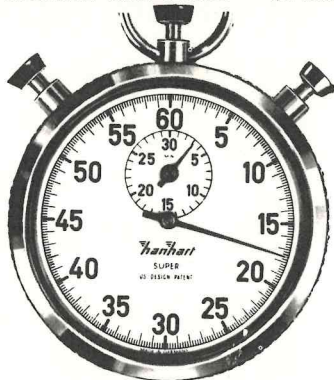


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FOUR OF THE BEST Part Three

BY WILF RICHARDS (European Editor)

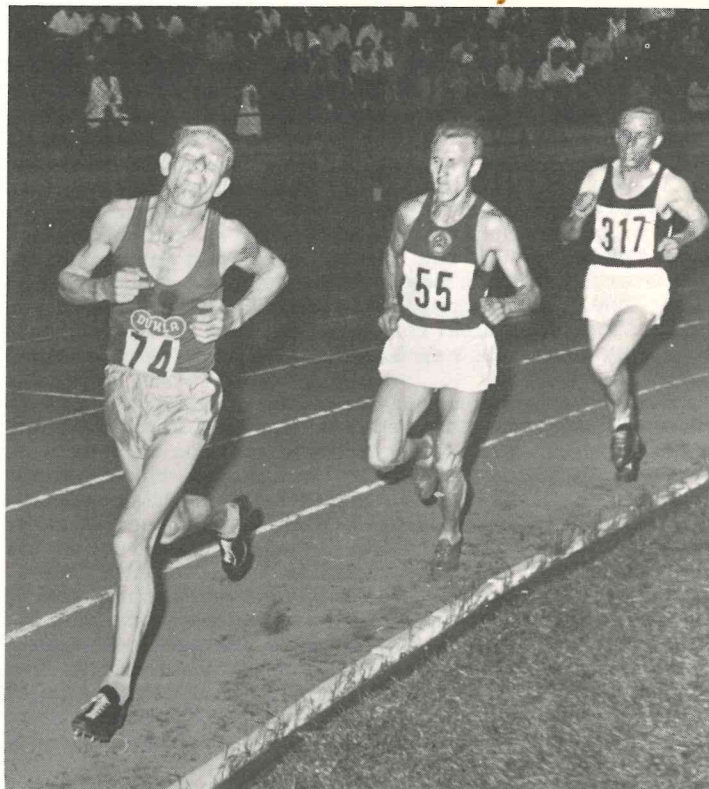
My final choice in this series is represented by the only one whose career is likely to have been contemporary with all but the oldest of our readers. W.G. George and Alfred Shrubbs (Nos. 1 and 2) ran in the early days of our sport prior to the 1914 War, while Paavo Nurmi, the third selection, made his name famous in the years between the two Wars. But the performances and characteristics of No. 4 are recent enough to be still fresh in the memory of many of our present day distance runners. And who indeed could that be other than the remarkable Czech triple Olympic winner, Emil Zatopek.

In range of distance, consistency of performance and degree of supremacy over all contemporaries, Nurmi and Zatopek had much in common. Each was almost unbeatable over a lengthy period and each towards the end of his career extended his racing distance to the marathon event for the first time--and crowned the attempt with a victory, though in Nurmi's case his triumph was a national one only and a probable Olympic one was denied him owing to loss of amateur status.

Emil Zatopek was one of the most dedicated of all distance runners once he had really set his sights on the road to the top. But he was not over-enthusiastic when in 1941 he took his first diffident steps along the golden road to fame in the world of athletics and there were few early signs of the potential world-beater. But he possessed certain qualities which help in those aspiring to greatness. There was the inborn desire to perform any task to the utmost of his ability, and he also soon proved that he had an inquiring mind which would not automatically accept without question the methods of training then considered standard. He quickly became convinced that such methods were far from satisfactory and so began to evolve a system of his own, which was developed as the years passed until it became the talk of the world.

There was nothing sensational about Zatopek's progress over the first few years. Up to 1946 (he was then aged 24) his best time for 5,000m was no faster than 14-25.8. But the gradual build-up of his preparation and his keen desire for improvement now began to have effect and his time was down to 14-08 by the following year and, moreover, he was winning important races. One which gave him more than usual satisfaction was an unexpected victory over the Finnish champion, Heino, probably the most feared opponent of those days in the realm of distance running.

Emil Zatopek really came to the fore in a world-wide sense in the London Olympic Games of 1948. The 10,000 metres event was held on a suffocatingly hot, thundery evening. The great Heino, favourite for the title, quickly assumed the role of pacemaker, striding out in Nurmi-like majesty, with the rest of the field strung out behind him. For the first few laps Zatopek laid well back, looking anything but a serious contender for Olympic honours. But when the pace at the front inevitably began to ease as the heat and humidity took its toll, the Czech runner, by maintaining his own pace, quickly made inroads into Heino's lead. Before long he was there at the front, and spectators began to take note of this strange athlete who looked the perfect novice with his constant glances behind him, his raising and dropping of the arms, his grimacing facial expressions. But that perpetually hurrying step was having its effect and, almost suddenly, it was seen that Heino was no longer there. Many had not seen his retirement from



EMIL ZATOPEK leading with his typical form.

the race; one lap he was there still looking powerful, the next time round he was gone. Zatopek was now away on his own, driving himself along, and now that the pressure was off he looked more like a champion. There was continuous applause as he ran his last few laps, well ahead of the rest, and as he broke the tape there was only one man, Mimoun, who had not been lapped.

So did the formidable Zatopek make his mark on the Olympic Games--and the world was to hear much more of him in the ensuing years. But first there was another event to be tackled at these Games of 1948. He had been entered for the 5,000 meters also, and few will forget his dramatic challenge in the final lap when, having dropped fully 30 yards behind the Belgian runner, Gaston Reiff, and with the Dutch stylist Slijkhuis about half way between the two, Zatopek suddenly made up his mind that all was not yet lost. With head up and arms moving like pistons, he charged along past the Dutch runner and all but caught Reiff, who just managed to hold him off as the line was crossed.

For the next few years Emil Zatopek was supreme over all others at the 10,000 metres distance and was beaten only rarely at other events. He set a number of world records, including one for the hour run, during which time he covered a distance of almost 12½ miles. His training routine, which he never made any attempt to hide from others, grew more and more strenuous. He seemed to thrive on an enormous amount of interval running. His routine was built up on the theory that speed was required in order that the fast pace of a first class field could be followed without distress, so he aimed to run a number of 400s or 220s at about racing speed for the distance he was currently concentrating on. But he knew that stamina had also to be built up so that racing speed could be maintained to the finish. To help in this direction he set himself to run a great number of these 440s or 220s and would jog briskly for 220 between each fast

effort.

Where he differed from most athletes' version of interval training was that his fast sections were appreciably slower than the speed generally adopted, but this was compensated by ensuring that the jogs between did not become too slow. His "standard" routine was to run 20 x 400 metres plus 10 x 200 metres, but there were occasions, mainly when he was preparing for a particularly long race or record attempt, when he would extend this considerably, covering as many as 40 x 400 metres. All this training was carried out regardless of weather (and they do get some severe weather in Czechoslovakia). He never had his training runs timed but just ran at the pace he felt was needed.

Although in range of distance and quality of performance he had a good deal in common with Paavo Nurmi, Zatopek differed quite a lot in many respects from the former illustrious world beater. Where Nurmi was regarded as the strong, silent man who took victory and defeat alike with no sign of emotion whatever, Zatopek was much more the extrovert, though by no means a flamboyant, showy type of man. The Czech liked to be friendly with everyone and was dismayed if any of his rival competitors seemed to wish to remain aloof. That he was greatly admired by the Czech people goes without saying, but he was also an extremely popular figure in other countries too. There was never any suggestion of doubtful tactics in the Zatopek make-up, nor any of the "hate" principle which certain coaches and one or two athletes seem to think necessary for victory.

We will pass on now to the year 1952 and the Helsinki Olympic Games. Zatopek had now reached the age of thirty. He had achieved many notable victories since his introduction to the Olympic scene in London in 1948, and had had his share of misfortune also with injury and illness. But all these were overcome just as Zatopek overcame fatigue in his training and races. He held world records and had gained international victories on the road and across-country as well as on the track. Now in the 1952 Games he was entered for the 5,000 and 10,000 metres, and there was even a rumour that he may also tackle the marathon, though this was a distance far beyond anything he had ever tackled before.

As in London, Zatopek left the early pace-making to others in the 10,000 metres event and for the first few laps kept fairly well back. As before, the pace at the front slackened and soon Zatopek was leading the field. Only Mimoun, always Zatopek's shadow, clung on as Zatopek pounded round and round the track. Towards the end even Mimoun had to give way and the Czech locomotive, as he was sometimes called, continued on his winning way for an Olympic victory and an Olympic record of 29min. 17sec.

Then came the 5,000 metres. Could Zatopek achieve what he had just failed to do in London and gain this double victory? Many felt doubtful, for there were several runners of world class ability likely to be contesting this event; runners, moreover, who had profited by the lead Zatopek himself and some others had given in showing what was possible with greatly increased training. Here at Helsinki the 5,000 metres looked like being the race of the Games, with Zatopek perhaps a slight favourite on account of his great reputation, but with others like the German, Schade, the British runners, Chataway and Pirie, and, inevitably, the French Algerian Mimoun, all running at their peak and capable of holding the great Emil. In addition there was the 1948 5,000 metre winner, Gaston Reiff, to be taken into account. True he was not in quite the same form

as at the London Games, but he was there to defend his title and was still a definite danger.

And this indeed did prove to be the Race of the Games. The pace was fast from the start, with Schade leading for most of the first half of the race. Zatopek, following his usual tactics, ran more easily in the early stages but was there with the rest at the appropriate time. With a mile to go Reiff made a sudden burst in an effort to open up a gap as he had done in London, but this time his rivals were better trained and hung on. The Belgian kept in the lead for another two laps, then Pirie went past and there were changes of position all round in the leading group as excitement mounted. The final lap was one to be remembered for all time. Reiff had been dropped, but Chataway, Pirie, Schade, Mimoun and Zatopek were all bunched close together pushing the pace hard, each with a chance of pulling off this race of a lifetime. As they rounded the final bend, Chris Chataway caught the curbstone with his foot and crashed to the cinders. For him the fight was over. Zatopek was now tearing round the others with Mimoun like a terrier on his heels and Schade doing all he could to keep up the pressure. And that is how they finished, Zatopek first in a new Olympic record of 14-06.6, Mimoun second in 14-07.4 and Schade third in 14-08.6. Pirie, who had fallen away in the final dash, was fourth, and Chataway an exhausted fifth.

Then came the marathon. And apparently the fabulous Czech was attempting the impossible--a third gold medal in an event much farther than his previous racing limit. He, in fact, was the novice this time, not the master. Or so it seemed. But Zatopek's uncanny sense of pace was equal to the test and as the long race wore on there was Emil among the leaders, studying their reactions to any change of pace and generally weighing up his chances against such runners as Jim Peters, the British champion and fastest marathon man in the world, and the Swedish star Jansson. Jansson and Zatopek ran together in the lead after Peters had been dropped, then Zatopek's pace began to take effect and there he was in front on his own. And that is where he stayed. He received a tremendous ovation as he entered the Stadium at Helsinki to win his third gold medal, once again in a new Olympic record time of 2hr. 23min. 3sec.

Thus did Emil Zatopek achieve immortality in the realm of athletics. To beat the best in the world at three such events as the 5,000 metres, 10,000 metres and the marathon, and achieve Olympic records in each sounds more like fiction than fact. But that was the measure of Zatopek's greatness, and few will quarrel with his inclusion in my "Four of the Best" series. And perhaps taking all things into account he may also be thought as the Best of the Four.

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WEIGHT-LIFTING FOR DISTANCE RUNNERS

BY NICHOLAS G. COSTES—former American Marathon champion, led the U.S. Marathoners home in the Melbourne Olympics

Long distance runners may be classified into three groups. The first group rejects weight-lifting altogether. They argue that it invariably tightens muscle, resulting in a short stride. The second group lifts only light weights. They say the added strength is beneficial and, on the contrary, the stride lengthens. The third group works with heavy poundages. They claim that super-strength is necessary, even for distance runners, but that light weights are useless except for beginners.

In each of these groups belong world class athletes of the past and present. Murray Halberg and his mates from New Zealand do not lift weights. Albert Thomas, Dr. Roger Bannister and Gordon Pirie utilize light weights. Herb Elliott and Vladimir Kuts, now a coach, work with heavy weights.

Bannister's case is known to many. Upon the advice of Dr. Curston, Bannister began lifting after his defeat in the 1952 Olympics. Two years later, doubtlessly stronger, he ran history's first sub-four minute mile. John Landy, another lifter, broke Bannister's record within the month.

Kuts, however, gave weight-lifting its biggest boost. At Melbourne in 1956 he was the marvel of his rivals. They said that he resembled a wrestler, not a runner. His bulky arms, bulging chest, and pouterous legs were atypical, compared to his opponents. His style of running differed, too. He ran more like a half-miler, forcibly pumping the arms, lifting the knees high, and kicking up high in back. His victories in the distances confirmed, it seemed, the new method of training.

Yet, in spite of these advances, weight-lifting for distance runners is still a debatable issue. This is especially true when world records toppled to non-lifters like Halberg. Until research is done with large groups of runners to observe the effects of such resistance exercises on speed and stamina, the point will remain unsettled. Nevertheless, in other areas, studies reveal that weight-trained individuals do better than non-weight lifters in standardized fitness tests. Whether or not a correlation exists for runners also, little can be stated positively in favor of weight-lifting.

The purpose of this paper, therefore, is not to itemize the merits of weight-lifting for runners. Instead, besides outlining a brief plan of weight-training, it admits the short-comings of many weight routines. The beginner may be helped in avoiding excess strain or tightness by common-sense progression, so that a fair evaluation is made. It must be remembered that distance runners are not specialists at weight-lifting, using it only to improve speed and stamina.

A good book on weight-lifting should be read, as most of the material here is supplementary. Bob Hoffman, U.S. Olympic coach, has written several books on the subject and they are worth the time to read. Unfortunately, not much applies directly to runners, though the fundamentals are the same for all athletics.

FUNDAMENTALS

The following are explained thoroughly in other sources. They are included in a list to cite their importance:

- 1) Use a broad spectrum of lifts; the more the better

- 2) Begin with light poundages
 - 3) Avoid the "cheating principle" ("Free style exercise" or not in strict lifting style.)
 - 4) Work out every other day, usually.
- A corollary to the above, not found in current books, includes these:
- 1) Counter-stretch after each lift; i.e., stretch the muscles which were worked
 - 2) Lift before running, or, if desired, after the warmup
 - 3) Avoid two hard workouts--of weight--lifting and running--the same day
 - 4) Minimize or stop lifting if lightness persists when running

PROGRESSION

Books and magazines on weight-lifting stress progression. The essential aim is to get as strong as possible, gradually increasing the poundages. For purists, the process has no end, except when old age interferes.

The runner who lifts light weights is not concerned with progression. He is quite satisfied to tone muscle and maintain a status quo. To him, weight-lifting is a very small part of training.

Those who work with heavy poundages desire great strength, even at the peril of running form. The poundages are increased freely according to the body's response. Weight-lifting here is a major part of training.

The heavy-weight lifter splits the season into three divisions, early, middle and late. After the initial build-up he may lift three, four, or perhaps five days a week, especially in the winter. In the meantime, whether the workout calls for slow or fast intervals, the effort is severe. He tapers off drastically to regain form prior to the racing season. Thereafter he continues to lift with heavy weights about once a week to keep toned.

The chief problem of the heavy-weight-lifter is muscular tightness. Running form always suffers a setback following a hard bout with the weights, more so with squats. Usually three or four days, or occasionally a week is needed to loosen muscles. Counter-stretching offers temporary relief, not a cure; massage is not much better. Kuts, paragon of the heavy lifters, was accompanied everywhere by his masseur.

QUESTIONABLE ROUTINES

Lifts which place a strain on the lower back are questionable. Human anatomy with its biped structure is incapable of heavy lifting from a stand without incurring injury. Three notorious lifts include the press, snatch, clean and jerk. These are used in competition. Specialists wear a thick, wide leather belt. This support "binds" the back muscles in the same manner that taping "binds" damaged groin muscles of sprinters. The force exerted by the load passes down a narrow section of the lumbar vertebrae. With a pronounced lean-back, the force is centered to a still narrower section. Injuries are common. Recently, a shot putter at State, working without a belt, sustained a painful dislocation of a lumbar vertebra while clean and jerking. He spent a week (the physician advised two weeks) in traction. Runners should not test their strength with these lifts, not solely because of the danger involved, but because of a chronic tightness which develops in the small of the back.

Squats are excluded in many programs. Anti-squatters warn of the strain to the knee joint and the excessive tightness produced on the hamstrings. Pro-squatters, admitting the factor of

tightness, disclaim injuries to the knee joint, asserting that it is strengthened instead. They advise beginning with half-squats, advancing to full squats when ready, and regulating the need according to the tightness produced. Half-squats with heavy weights and full-squats with light weights appear as the best procedure. Squatting routines are restricted to the early and middle weight-training seasons.

Anklet weights are commercially new. Standard anklets contain two or three pounds of buckshot in each. At present nobody knows when and how often to use them. Overuse may be noted if a chronic shuffle develops. A half-miler at State, after jogging eight miles with anklet weights, suffered an avulsed (torn off) achilles tendon; it was his fourth outing with them.

The split routine, working the upper body one day, the lower body the next is highly undesirable for runners. Advance weight-lifters frequently use this system. A sensible ratio for runners is 5 to 1, that is five upper body workouts to one lower body workouts.

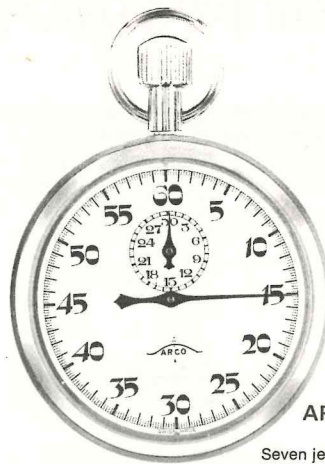
Resistance running--up hills or sand dunes, in ankle-deep water, against the wind--has become a standard part of training. Like weight-lifting routines, resistance running is generally limited to the early and middle seasons. Muscular tightness is observed in the upper body, especially the chest and elbows, after even a mild workout of this type. For those who need more of these workouts, once a week or less is permissible during the racing season.

A BROAD SPECTRUM OF EXERCISES

Different muscle groups respond when the position or a part of the body is changed. For example, the standard push-up shows the hands spread at shoulder width. The push-up with fingers interlaced, palms inverted and flat on the floor, brings slightly different muscles into play. Or, when the hands are spread widely, still other muscle groups come into action. If these push-ups are done off three chairs, one chair for each arm and one for the legs, more muscles contract if the body is allowed to dip low between them. This exercise, by the way, is one of the quickest ways to "blow up" the chest. These various push-ups are related, and may be termed as a "family."

Almost all routines are similarly classified. In curling a barbell, placement of the hands--standard, narrow, or wide grip--affects slightly different muscles. Doing the curls standing upright, sitting down, bending over, or squatting brings on more variation. Squats, likewise, are not limited to the standard half or full squat; placement of the feet close together, far apart, feet inverted, feet everted affect various muscles and specific areas of the arch of the feet. Moreover, modified one-leg squats with one leg on a chair is another variation. The situp, a supposedly unimportant exercise, provides a tremendous challenge to abdominal muscles if done with the buttocks resting near the end of a bench. The feet must be anchored, with either a harness or an associate holding the ankles. Extreme backbend (hyper-extension) is obtained; variations include doing the situp with one leg fully flexed, the other extended and anchored, both fully flexed and anchored, with a weight, held behind the head, increasing the poundage as desired.

A broad spectrum of exercises intends to strengthen the body as a whole, not just a part of the body, as is the main of advanced body builders who glory in the size of the biceps. For distance runners, any over-developed muscle group resulting from an activity aside from running will seriously hinder form. On the other



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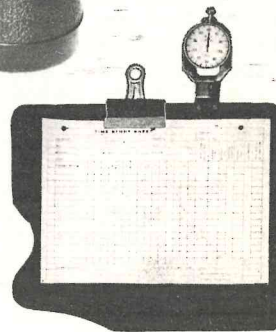
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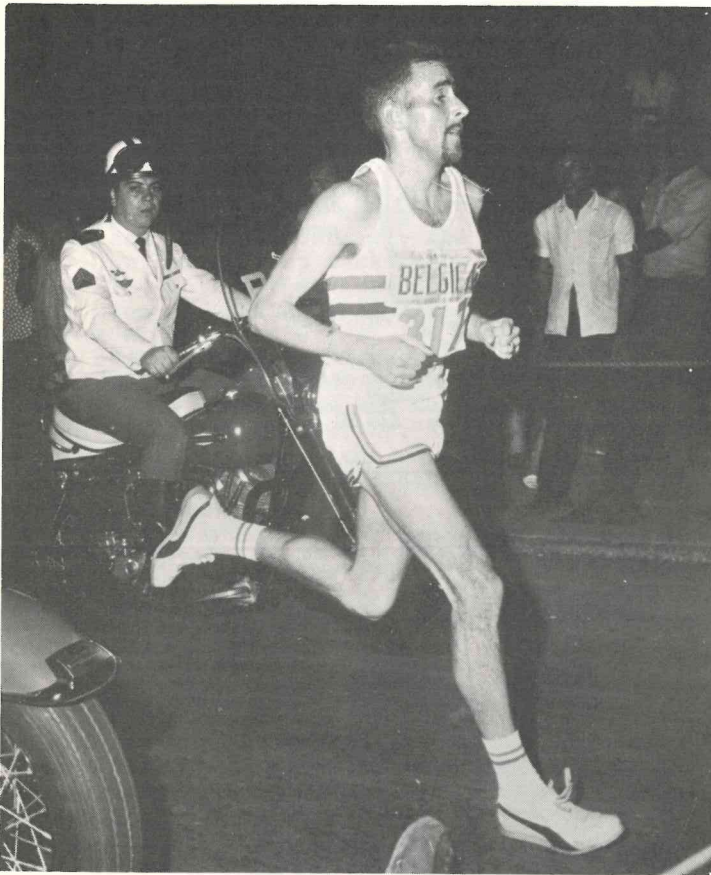


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hand, any seriously underdeveloped part would obviously not contribute to from. Marathoners, for instance, seem pathetically underdeveloped externally, delighting in plodding the great distance with rationed energies. Their spindly arms, slender legs, and typically flat chests almost eliminate them from the shorter distances. Added strength, proportionally distributed, through the media of weight-training may not wholly entice them to try sprints such as the five and ten kilometers, but it could make them run their specialty a bit faster.

SPOTLIGHT ON ENGLAND & EUROPE

BY WILF RICHARDS (European Editor)



GASTON ROELANTS of Belgium, bread and all, won the International Cross-Country race by 150 yards.

The devotion of British distance runners to cross-country running has been criticised by some coaches and, more particularly, by certain athletics journalists, who blame our attitude to the popular winter sport for disappointing performances in the major international and Olympic track events. Others contend that cross-country running is a sport in its own right and should not be "watered down" in the doubtful chance that some improvement in cons of this idea, the District, Area and National Cross-Country Championships still attract the vast majority of our middle and long distance runners, and indeed many consider the winning of a National title just as important and desirable as gaining a A.A.A. track championship.

This season it was the diminutive Yorkshire runner, Trevor Wright, who seemed most likely to secure the English title, for early season events had seen him carrying all before him. One or two international victories and an inter-counties win were followed by another decisive victory in the Northern Championship, run over a snow-covered course on a cold, windy day with a 10-minute blizzard included to add spice to the conditions. Wright overcame all this and some strong opposition to finish 120 yards ahead of the greatly improved Mike Baxter (also from Yorkshire), with young Andy Holden third.

The Southern Championship resulted in an equally convincing victory for Tim Johnston, who had Bob Holt and Bob Richardson behind him. The scene was therefore set for a great tussle for National honours, with the Northern and Southern title holders likely to be strongly challenged by Mike Tagg.

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As it happened events proved somewhat different from general expectations. First, the notorious Parliament Hill Fields (London) where the National Championships were held, were at their most treacherous. With over a thousand runners thrashing their way through the sticky, oozing mud, much of the course was arduous in the extreme. Nor did the bitter wind, almost gale force in places, did anything to ease conditions. Undoubtedly some suffered more than others from this type of running and there were one or two minor surprises among the early placings as well as some disappointments for others less prominent than usual.

Yet most of the established stars did as well as expected to lend support to the view that "the cream always comes to the top." But it was not Yorkshire's Trevor Wright who stole the show, nor Tim Johnston who, unfortunately, had gone down with bronchitis and was unable to run. Superlative running on the part of Mike Tagg, no stylist, but a strong, fit and very determined runner, took him into the lead before the half way mark and it was not long after that he began to draw away from the opposition to score by one of the biggest margins for years. Coventry's Dick Taylor, now recovered from a long spell of below-form performances mainly on account of injury, looked impressive in second place, 300 yards behind Tagg and 120 yards ahead of the Northern champion Trevor Wright.

And so to the International, held this year at Clydebank, in Scotland. There was some doubt whether Tagg would be able to compete owing to University exams but he did manage to make it after all. Although an absentee from the National, Tim Johnston had been included in the English team subject to fitness, and he too was there on the day. Although the "going" was very much firmer than at Parliament Hill Fields, the international course was considered an unusually tough one, with some steep slopes to be negotiated. Gaston Roelants, the much travelled Belgian star, overcame everything, including a determined challenge from Dick Taylor about the middle of the race, and simply ran away from the rest of the field to win by 150 yards from Taylor, with Scotland's controversial Ian McCafferty showing his true form in third place. England had an easy team victory, with Tagg 4th, Johnston 8th (thus justifying his selection), Turner 12th, Wright 14th and Richardson 17th.

There were over 100 runners, and the teams represented included one from the U.S.A., for whom W. Clark in 11th place was the only one to show up at all well. England scored 57 points, France 2nd place had 121, Belgium was 3rd with 125, New Zealand 4th (160), Scotland 5th (179), Spain 6th (203), Morocco 7th (228), U.S.A. 8th (369), Wales 9th (372), Ireland 10th (389), Tunisia 11th (461), N. Ireland 12th (480) and Canada 13th (489).

One of England's leading distance runners for many years, Ron Hill, has been through a period of frustrating performances owing to sickness, but he is now well on the way to full fitness and should be back in the limelight within the next few weeks. There should be some extremely interesting tussles being fought during the coming season at distances from 3 mile upwards. Trevor Wright, Mike Tagg, Ian Stewart, Alan Blinston, Tony Simmons, Andy Holden are among the younger runners likely to be challenging the more established favourites such as Ron Hill, Tim Johnston, Dick Taylor, Ian McCafferty and Allan Rushmer. What will happen at the middle distances is anyone's guess at present. John Davies, who showed such promise in his first season in top class senior company last year, is still not completely

recovered from the injury which denied him a run in the Olympic 800 metres. Will the indoor specialist Bob Adams take Davies' place as our leading contender? Will there be anyone to challenge Wilkinson for the 1500 metres/mile distance? It is too early to form an opinion at this stage, but we sadly need a few young seniors with the right temperament, the determination to succeed and, perhaps above all, the willingness to take chances, to lead us back into our former "golden age" of Bannister, Chataway, Hewson, Ken Wood and company. Perhaps the British Milers Club, which is designed with just this in mind, will succeed, but it is, in the last resort, in the hands of the runners themselves.

LADIES

If the United States failed to cover themselves with glory in the men's cross-country International, their women certainly compensated when placing their first three counters in the leading four home, with Doris Brown taking the individual honour for the third time. The race was held at Clydebank, Scotland, in conjunction with the men's race, and was over a distance of 2½ miles. The first English girl was 18-year-old Phyllis Lewis in 6th position, with Margaret Beacham and Pam Davies not far behind her in 8th and 9th placings, and Mrs. Ibbotson at 15th occupying the final scoring position. Giving solid support to Doris Brown was M. Dickson (2nd), C. Bridges (4th) and V. Foltz (16th). New Zealand took second in the team placings.

The race would have been even more interesting with the inclusion of the Lincoln twins. Rita, who



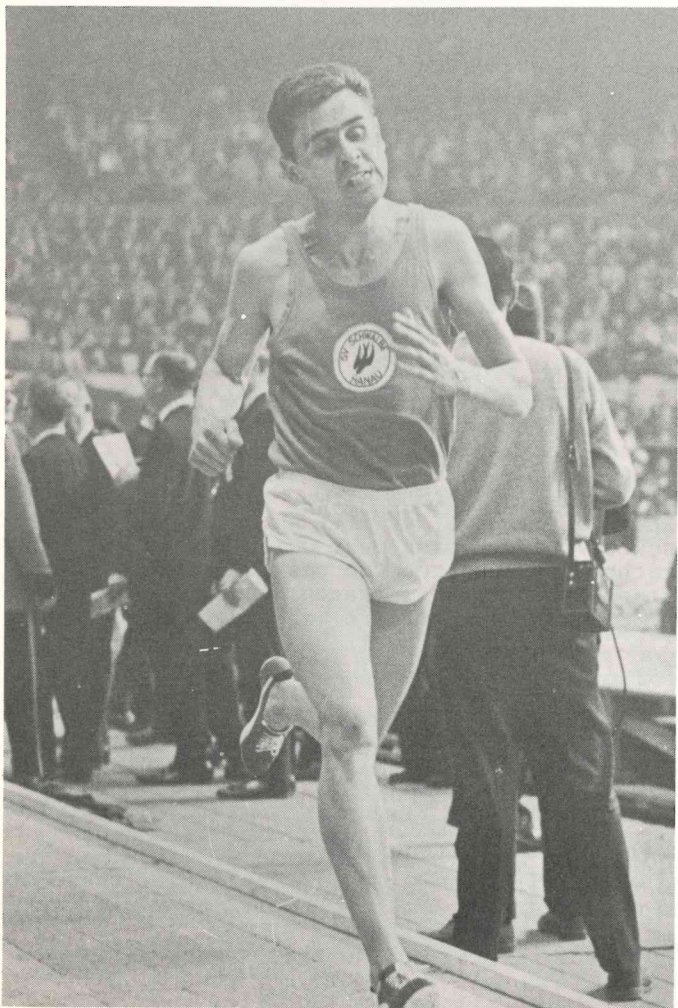
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JURGEN MAY (West Germany) posted a fine 3:41.4 1500m during the 1969 indoor season. Photo by Jeff Johnson

had previously won the National championship, was being married, with her sister Iris acting as bridesmaid. Rita Lincoln, when winning the National title, had been 49 seconds ahead of Phyllis Lewis, and there is little doubt that she would have been battling it out with the leading group if she had been at Clydebank.

At a winter meeting of track events in the London area, a South African group of girls who had hoped to take part in the International cross-country event, but had been barred, gave a good account of themselves in a special 3,000 metres women's race. They supplied the winner, M. Hancock, who clocked 10min. 13.8secs. in beating the British girl Brenda Cushen, and also had the 3rd, 4th and 5th home.

EUROPE

There have been some interesting indoor meetings, with many performances well up to standard and a few worthy of special note. One of the latter must surely be the European Indoor Games 800 metres win of D. Fromm (East Germany), whose time of 1-46.6 is most impressive. Dieter Fromm is one of the younger stars who had some promising times to his credit last year. Only a few yards behind him came Szordykowski of Poland with a time of 1-47.1, with Noel Carroll of Eira an excellent third in 1-47.6. Another performance of outstanding merit is Jurgen May's 1500 metre win of 3min. 41.4sec at Dortmund. At the same distance we have a 3-42.9 clocking in Moscow by U.S.S.R. runner, Zhilobovskij.

At the Athens International Marathon Bill Adcocks of the United Kingdom won with 2:11:07.2, the thrid fastest time in history, over Japan's K. Kimihara who recorded 2:13:25.8. In San Vitore Ilona, Italy Kip Kenio won a 10km race in 29:50.0. Mamo Wolde (Etho) was fourth in 30:15.4.

SOUTH TORRANCE - PREP MARATHON POWER

BY WALT LANGE

The recent youth movement in marathon racing has sparked new interest in an event long neglected in the U.S. For years the marathon seemed to be the exclusive property of the older generation; runners resorted to the long grind following failures in the shorter track events. But times have changed, high school boys are running 100 miles a week and finding that 26 miles isn't that far after all.

One of the first to serve notice to the old folks was Craig Streichman, of South High School in Torrance, Calif. In December, 1967, as a 15-year-old sophomore, he finished 17th in the Culver City Marathon with a time of 2:40:07. The next month in Las Vegas, Bob Yslas of Madera High School ran the distance in 2:38:43 for a new prep best. Streichman established a new mark with a 2:33:23 in May of last year, finishing 9th in the Olympic Qualifying race at Culver City. The present standard is 2:27:01 by Fred Ritcherson of Salesian in Los Angeles. This was Ritcherson's debut at the distance which he narrowly lost to Bob Deines. The young negro did have impressive track credentials going into his first marathon: 9:04.4 for two miles with a 60 second last quarter.

The current all-time prep list looks like this:

2:27:01	Fred Ritcherson	Salesian, L.A.	1968
2:29:57	Paul Smead	Santa Paula, Cal	1968
2:33:23	Craig Streichman	South, Torrance	1968
2:37:56	Jim French	South, Torrance	1968
2:38:43	Bob Yslas	Madera, Calif.	1968
2:40:00	Gene Carson	Redlands, Calif.	1962
2:40:01	Leon Jasionowski	Servite, Detroit	1963
2:50:16	Mike Baer	South, Torrance	1968
2:50:56	Wayne Akiyama	Westminster, Cal.	1968
2:52:38	Ron Johnson	West, Torrance	1967



1967 Cross-Country Championship team--front row Sparks and Mitchell; second row Walker, Rico, Watson, Coach Scully, Underwood, and Doyle.

With three out of the ten best ever preps, South Torrance obviously must have a successful distance program. The Spartans have been a distance power in Southern California for a great many years. Their cross-country record since 1960 is 71-10, their track teams have won 73 and lost 25 in the same period. In 1967 South won the CIF Southern Section large school championships, and were runnersup the previous two years. One of the best athletes at South was Jeff Marsee, a 9:06.0 two-miler now competing for USC. Currently the school can boast of Decker Underwood, with marks of 4:12.8r and 9:13. The two mile has been a regular track event in Southern California high schools for only five seasons, yet South has had nine runners under the 9:40 mark.

The motivating force behind the Spartans success is Dick Scully, graduate of Drake, where he ran a 2:17 1000. He attended Nott Terrace High in Schenectady, New York, in the early 1940's, and coached for two years at Oklahoma University before his tenure at South Torrance. Scully resumed running seven years ago after attending an Arthur Lydiard clinic. He has completed a 17 mile run, and has hopes of finishing a marathon sometime.

THE TRAINING PROGRAM

South is gifted with one of the most variable training environments anywhere. The campus is at the foot of the Palos Verdes Hills, less than two miles from the beach. Nearby are up to twelve miles of bridle paths, the hilly Palos Verdes golf course, as well as unlimited miles of blacktop roads, roads over which the Palos Verdes Marathon has been run the past two years. For Portsea-type train, Torrance beach is one of the few Southern California beaches with steep sandhills. The school itself has a fine track and grass field for interval and sprint workouts.

Scully has relied on the theories of Lydiard, except that he has adapted them to the demands of high school track and cross-country competition. The team points for one or two big races during a season, and trains through most other competitions. Jim French, a junior, recently ran eight miles to attend a dual meet with another school. He won the two mile in 9:34.7, then ran the eight miles home. Scully feels that there are too many meets on their schedule; he would prefer a meet every two weeks.

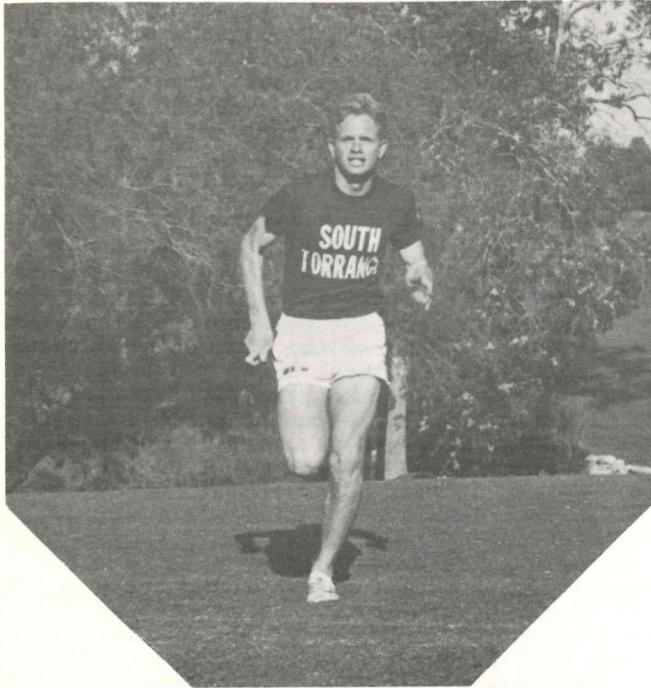
The only secret to the team's success is hard work. Although the team rarely runs double sessions, they still manage 100 miles some weeks, and 80-90 is typical. Workouts are varied as much as possible to avoid monotony. Scully seldom schedules workouts ahead of time, and has found



Craig Streichman (right) and Jim French (left) along the shore of the Pacific Ocean--not far from their high school.

that when he has, after a few days he is forced to alter it. On light mileage days--10 miles--the runners have put in a tough 10 miles, but speed work and hill work throughout is not uncommon.

Scully has outlined a long list of courses for his runners--the toughest called "over the top," a 17.4 mile blacktop road run with lots of hills. Scully keeps a large calendar posted in the dressing room, with each day's mileage marked on it. One day in November is labeled "The Five Heroes," this was the day that five boys ran "over the top" in very hot and smoggy weather. When asked about some of the toughest workouts his athletes have done, Scully recalls several times the team running 15 440's on the track, and then going on a 15-mile run afterwards. Last February, Jeff Marsee, on semester break from USC, put in a 40-mile day in three sessions.



Decker Underwood

The team does quite a bit of "location running" running to a certain location and doing speed work or hill sprints at that location. Weekly, the quad will do what Scully calls "circuit training," a six lap change of pace workout: 660 (1:34-40), 110 jog, 330 (50), 110 jog, 220 (32), 220 stride, 220 sprint, 330 jog, 8x55 sprint and jog. The circuit is repeated two or three times, and a six to ten mile run follows.

PERSONALITIES-THE BREED

Scully has observed that the successful runner tends to be withdrawn, competitive, and somewhat of a loner. The gifted new recruit seldom lasts, and for every twenty freshman, only six remain on the squad by their senior year. Craig Streichman, endowed with only fair speed, at times seems to have an unlimited appetite for hard work. Boys who run away from him in the sprint workouts, find the tables drastically reversed during the long run into the hills afterward.

Recruiting is an important factor in the South Torrance program. As an aid, Scully has produced a 20 minute film which he shows to freshman P.E. classes. The film depicts the team working out at various locations, and has been used by Scully at clinics and workshops in the Los Angeles area. Future plans call for a more lengthy film entitled "A Day in the Life of a Long Distance Runner."

High schoolers are just beginning to take their marathoning seriously. Two of South's finest

runners, Marsee and Underwood, have never run the distance, mostly because of the lack of an opportunity. George Watson, a 9:22.0 two-miler at South last year, was the first Spartan to try the distance. He entered the Culver City Marathon as a lark, and finished under three hours. Now the runners at South don't just run to finish; they are competing. Runners from South are pointing for the next Palos Verdes Marathon, in late May, and its quite possible three of them will break 2:40 in the same race. Next December, with only Underwood graduating, there just may be five Spartans under the 2:40 mark.

SOUTH TORRANCE ALL-TIME LISTS

2-Mile		1-Mile	
9:06.0	Jeff Marsee '67	4:12.8r	Decker Underwood '69
9:12.7	Lenny Jay '66	4:18.7	Jeff Marsee '66
9:13.0	D. Underwood	4:19.6	Lenny Jay '66
9:22.0	George Watson	4:19.7	Wes Fox '64
9:26.0	Wes Fox '64	4:20.2	Dave Ledford '64
9:31.0	C. Streichman	4:23.0	Bruce Hamilton '63
9:34.7	Jim French '69	4:24.0	Jim Perry '62
9:36.0	Bruce Hamilton	4:27.0	George Watson '68
9:38.0	Dave Ledford	4:28.0	Craig Streichman '68
9:50.0	Mike Baer '68	4:28.6	Don Garner '63

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A COFFEE BREAK WITH PETE

BY HOWARD BARNES (President Senior Track Club)



PETER MUNDLE winning the Master's Mile at San Diego on June 1, 1968 with a fine time of 4:34.3.

Photo by Steve Murdock

Had a cup of coffee the other day with the hottest senior runner of our time, Peter Mundle. Pete is a lightly built chap who goes 5'11", weights in at 140 pounds and has a computer for a brain. When he isn't out training or playing golf, he works as a mathematician for a research oriented company on the west coast. Oh, I forgot to mention that it was my second cup of coffee of the day and Pete's sixth. He was only two thirds through his daily intake of nine cups of caffeine. Now I know why he was only able to run 4:26.3 indoors this season. Man alive, on nine cups a day I would be ready for the intensive care ward but it doesn't even faze his glass lined stomach.

Pete is also a real nut for good old fashioned food, you know, like do-nuts, burritos and balogna sandwiches... For the easterners in our audience who don't know what a burrito is, it is refried beans, hot sauce, cheese, hot sauce, meat and hot sauce all wrapped up in a flour tortilla. Yummy, and naturally you have to wash that mess down with a cup of Brazil's best. To satisfy the concientious people who hang around him, he condescendingly takes a daily ration of vitamin C and calcium tablets. Hold on to your stomachs, men, for here is the champ's eating habits:

- 8:30 a.m. - Two eggs, toast, juice, coffee (black) with honey.
- 1:00 p.m. - Burritos, two do-nuts, chocolate bar with black coffee.
- 4:00 p.m. - Two sandwiches. Balogna or salami with cheese on dark bread with you know what to wash them down.
- 9:45 p.m. - Steak or ground beef, vegetable, no potatoes, really digs the salads and lots

of ice cream. Don't ask me what he drinks because my stomach can't take it.

He eats four times a day just to keep the 140 pounds distributed evenly on his frame. He says he has done a lot of research into the diet of distance runners and has found out that it doesn't make any difference as to what you eat because the body will just throw it off after it utilizes what it wants from the food. Boy, just wait until my wife reads that. Out goes my closet full of pills and in comes that new dress.

Pete started running as a high school sophomore and had a best of 2:08 in the 880 and 4:42 in the mile. He was just as proficient as a golfer and in between races made all-state in golf. At one stage he was one of the three best milers in school but he decided to enter the state high school golf tournament instead of the state track meet and he wound up in fifth place. His high school track coach hasn't talked to him since then. Pete attended Oregon University where he posted a 4:24 in the mile and a 9:32 in the two mile. You could actually call Pete the father of Oregon distance running because Coach Bill Bowerman used him as a human Guinea pig in figuring out the best distance training method. Now, don't all of you senior runners start lining up at the coach's door for testing purposes. I think the key to Pete's success is the fact that he has engaged in steady year round running since 1952.

After Pete got out of college, he became one of the first members of the legendary Southern California Striders track club. Pete spent 1957 in England where he promptly went out of his mind and joined two running clubs. One of the clubs had Ibbotson as a member and Pete gained great experience through training with him. He spoke, with great affection, about the English camaraderie and running as a way of life attitude. Running was more fun in England because of this fellowship as opposed to the American serious-mindedness toward training. In 1961, Coach Mihaly Igloi came along and Pete has been one of his very apt pupils ever since. By the way, he has run every day since 1961. His incentive to continue training and running is no different than most others as he likes to run, wants to maintain a high level of fitness for his health's sake and he loves the competition.

Like a lot of senior males, he keeps a putter and a portable golf cup in his front room. But unlike most duffers, he still shoots in the low 80's and with consistent practice drops down into the 60's. Golf seems to run (sorry) in the family and he almost turned pro as did his brother who is a pro at one of the Oregon country clubs.

Pete trains once a day and the training session usually lasts from 2 to 3½ hours. He is always moving during this time with constant jogging and running--no walking. He jogs fast to keep his circulation moving at a rapid rate. From this description, one might gather that running dominates his entire life but he says that he completely forgets about running until the next training session. He works towards a goal but always projects himself past that particular goal. He trains by himself, but under the direction of Coach Igloi, every evening between 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. The workouts consist of interval training. He uses no watch but rather goes by different sets of gears. Here is a sample workout:

- Warm up for 30 minutes by easy jogging.
- 3 sets of 220 x 15 with 110 jog between each 220.

- Between each set, he jogs two laps on a grass course and then does 6 x 660.
- Warm down by doing 10 to 20 100 yard stride out to relax and loosen him up to prevent stiffness.

During cold weather, he wears two t-shirts and up to three sweat shirts. He does this because he is susceptible to pneumonia although he contracts few colds throughout the year. He has never had a bad injury (isn't that enough to make a senior runner cry) but he gets minor ankle sprains all the time and consequently wraps his ankles during practice and competitive racing. He says he has a weak stomach and one can usually hear him coming during the latter stages of races from 6 miles and up. (Kinda heaves his way along so to say.) Hate to tell you, Pete baby, but I can give you nine reasons for that delicate stomach condition... He has a very buoyant manner and gives the Cheshire cat a race in the smile department. The only time you ever see him get discouraged is when an injury forces him to run slower. When he sustains (hate that word 'suffers') an injury, he never lays off and just runs them out. He feels the biggest mistake a senior runner makes is to lay off during an injury. He trains and races in the same shoes until they positively wear out. Any brand of shoe only lasts 5 months with the pounding they receive.

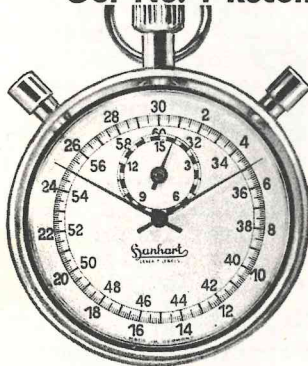
His basic attitude toward running and training hasn't changed since turning 40; running is just more fun now. The fun is the chance to prove what a guy in his age bracket can achieve. Here is what he has achieved since becoming a senior runner:

Mile - indoor: 4:26.3 6-Mile: 31:28.4
 outdoor: 4:30 10-Mile: 55:03
 2-Mile: 9:36 Hour Run: 10mi 1568yds
 3-Mile: 14:53 Marathon: 2:36

Here are his all-time best marks:

Mile: 4:16.4; 2-Mile: 9:10.7; 3-Mile: 14:30;
 5000m: 15:05; 10,000m: 31:15; 6-Mile: 30:08;
 10-Mile: 52:15; Marathon: 2:24:45

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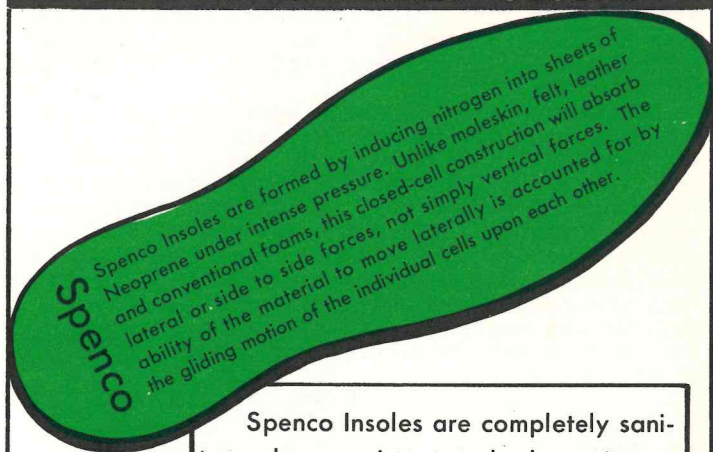
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Letters

A WORD ON BOSTON--

As a marathon novice, I was naturally scared about the up-coming event. I was excited however, about making Boston my initial marathon appearance. At times I thought it was rather presumptuous of me. After all I had heard so much about the grueling Boston course. Was it as tough as the newspaper accounts made it out to be? Would I be able to take the hills? Would I be able to survive the course? Had I come all this way to meet failure? These thoughts raced through my mind, as they did across the minds of over a 1000 other runners I am sure. All these uneasy thoughts were put aside however, by the the consolation that I had at last made the journey to Boston.

After being bussed to Hopkinton the real confusion began when we had to take physical exams. A handful of doctors had to give a perfunctory physical to a thousand people. Why is the pre-race physical such a necessity? If all the entrants at Boston passed their physical it only goes to show that anyone can pass these ridiculous and time consuming "examinations," for at Boston you saw the widest variety of fit and unfit specimens.

No amount of money would have been adequate enough to compensate for the "atmosphere" present at Hopkinton; in the gym and in the warm-up area. Everyone was interested in everyone else, renewing old friendships, making new ones, comparing training. I had a chance to talk with some of the Central American runners. One runner from Guatemala told me that his hands were numb from the cold and he was wishing it would warm up. He was wearing a sweat suit at the time and the weather was 55 degrees and sunny. This just shows what a drastically different view of a race various people may have. For instance I had heard much about the cruel hills of Boston. I was cautioned and warned by many experienced runners to go out slow or they would affect me. I was told over and over again to be ready. The result? I spent most of the race wondering where these cruel hills were for I never found them.

Instead I found Boston to be one of the easiest road courses I have ever been on. I should add however that I did train on a rather difficult course for Boston, and that I passed runners by handfuls on the "hills."

No story on the Boston Marathon would be complete without some mention of the crowds. Many runners who may have stopped and walked didn't mainly because of the cheering and spectators calling out his name. The crowds' enthusiasm and cheering is unmeasurable as far as minutes and seconds are concerned but it's nice to know it's there.

Ralph J. Anievas (U.S. Army)
Fort Riley, Kansas

Dave Anderson (Mission South, Kansas) and Jon Callen (Wichita East, Kansas) battled right down to the wire in the high school two-mile at the Kansas Relays. Both were timed in 9:03.4 for the distance--best so far in the nation for the distance....

"When I am not busy sifting requests for money and deciding which group merits our backing, I am moving about the country (New Zealand) making speeches, mainly to teen-agers," Peter Snell said. "I stress the importances of physical fitness and urge them not to smoke." Rothmans, the backer of the Sport Foundation and Snell's employer, is New Zealand's leading tobacconist.

DISTANCE RUNNING NOTES

Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia, 1960-64 Olympic marathon champion, suffered severe injuries to his neck in a car accident near Addis Ababa and was admitted to Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Bucks. His condition was stated to be satisfactory, but it would be several weeks before the chances of his recovery could be assessed...Gaston Roelants is training 31 miles per day doing 19 miles of over-distance in the morning and 12 miles of interval training over 200 meters in the afternoon. His work as a publicist in Belgium for aperitifs allows him the time. His wife looks after-their sports-goods shop at Louvain. Asked about the future by Neil Allen of Worlds Sports he said, "This season I hope to regain my European record for 10,000m and beat 28min, though I have no thoughts of beating Ron Clarke's world record of 27:39.4. I have no intention of doing the steeplechase for I suffer from water on the knee and there's too much risk involved against the hurdles. It's a pity for I've run 7:48.6 in a 3,000m on the flat without any real opposition. In the steeplechase I think I could have done at least 8:21.0. "As far as the European championships in Athens are concern, it'll be the 10,000m for me. Perhaps the marathon. But on the first possible occasion this year I'm going to attack my world record for the hour. I can do even better."....

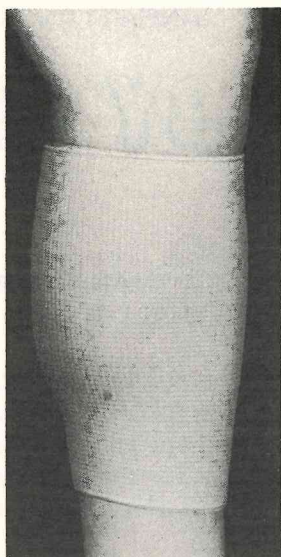
Bill Adcocks, the top marathoner in England and the world with a best time of 2:10:47.8 and most recently a 2:11:07.2 in Athens, has run the following on the track: 1-Mile - 4:15.2; 2-Mile - 8:51.6; 3-Mile - 13:45.8; 6-Mile - 27:51.8. His training is high-quality and at never less than 5:30 per mile pace. He aims to run about six miles before going to work, then up to 11 miles in the evening (with a best time of around 54min. for the latter distance). On Sunday mornings he runs a standard 22 miles course in 1:57 to 2:05.A blind runner, B. Smith, finished 41st of 92 starters in a recent New Zealand marathon race clocking 3:04:38....

The Big Eight has had some outstanding distance times so far this season. Jim Ryun ran 13:29.3 for three miles May 2nd while his teammate Jim Neihouse hit 1:49.6 for the 880. Ken Swenson, Kansas State, ran 1:50.3 the same weekend. Swenson ran 1:47.6 for the half in the 2-mile relay at the Kansas Relays. Ryun in the same meet anchored his team distance medley with 3:57.6 for the mile and their total time of 9:33 was a world record....

The Arizona Admissions Day Marathon was just not in the cards for Charlie Short. Charley left Los Angeles on a Continental flight to Tuscon Friday night; however, just outside Phoenix, a bomb threat was called in. The plane had to make an emergency landing. Charley ran his fastest 880 ever in exiting the aircraft. No bomb was found, o the flight continued to Tuscon. Due to the delay, there was no transportation available at the airport. So he had to rent a car. Upon arriving on the downtown scene, the marathon headquarters were locked and there were no motel vacancies. Charlie had to sleep in the car. The next day dawned hot and dry. The course is run through the desert with no shade and no cloud cover available. At the 20 mile mark, Charley noticed his sunburn was becoming unbearable, and had to drop out. He suffered severe sunburn to his hands and the backs of both legs. Maybe next year...

DRN is in the process of planning a tour to the Olympic Games in Munich. There is much to be worked out

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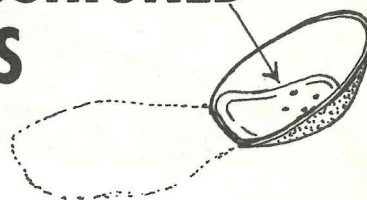
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