

THE RUNNER'S WORLD

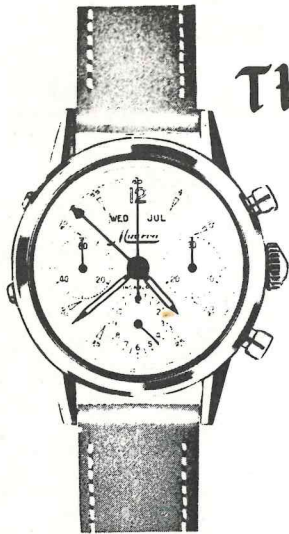
FORMERLY — DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS



January 1970

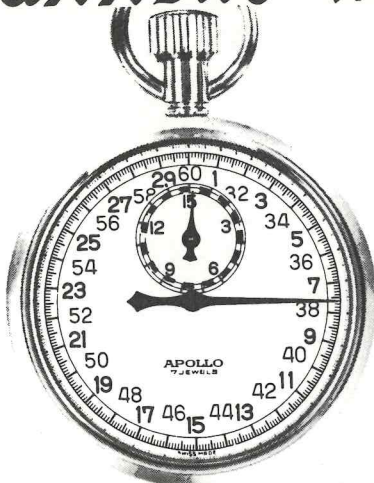
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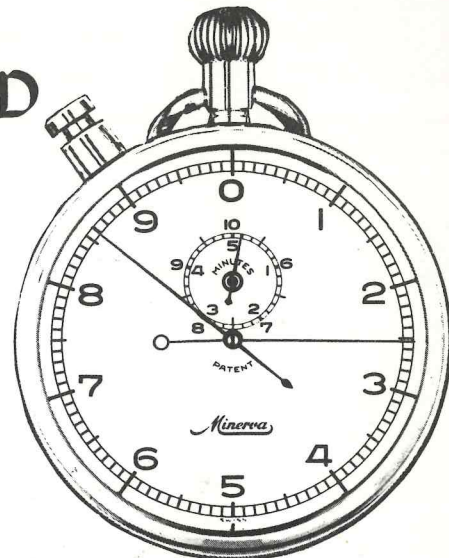
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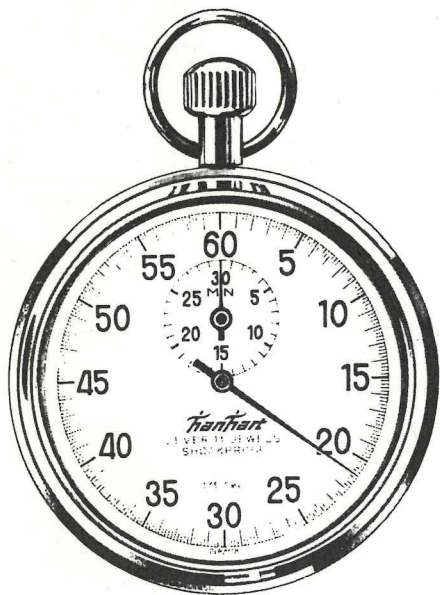
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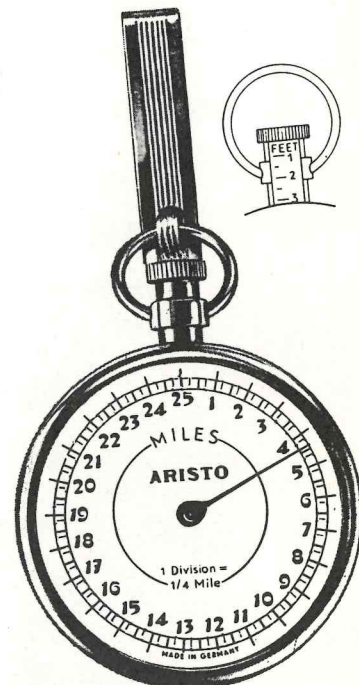
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Running Through This Issue

VOLUME V JANUARY, 1970 NUMBER ONE

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NOTICE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS: There has been some question as to when issues are mailed. The simple answer is that copies are mailed the 15th of the month. If you don't have your copy by the first of the next month, please write us then. There always seems to be lost issues. You can help us by keeping us posted on your current address. If possible, send it at least two weeks before you move. We have been sending replacement copies to people who moved and didn't inform us and thus lost an issue but as of January, 1970 we are doing this no more. For one thing it cost us 12¢ alone just to get your new address. If this does happen to you, we will gladly send you a replacement (if copies are still left) upon receipt of 50 cents. I hope you do understand. However, if you don't get your issue and you haven't moved, we will of course send you a replacement at no charge to you.

PLEASE NOTE THESE CHANGES: (Effective December 1, 1969)

- 1) Our magazine will no longer be called DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS but THE RUNNER'S WORLD.
- 2) Our address will be changed from: Box 1082, Manhattan, Kansas 66502 to: BOX 366, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94040.

Classifieds

Rates: 15 cents per word (general), 10 cents per word (meet notices).

STRENGTH, HEALTH AND LONGER LIFE THROUGH RUNNING — \$2.00 per copy available from and written by the WORLD MARATHON RUNNERS ASSOCIATION, Box 36522, Houston, Texas 77036

A UNIQUE DISTANCE RACE: THE CAMELLIA CAPITAL CENTURY 100 miles at 33 1/3 miles per day March 13-14-15, 1970 on three different flat, asphalt courses. One of the World Famous Camellia Festival Events in Sacramento, California. Inquiries to: Mr. Peter Mattei, 1050 North Point, San Francisco, California.

FREE — EIGHT PAGE CATALOG of distance running equipment and accessories, marathon shirts, Road Runner Club products, animal repellent Write: SPECIALTY SPORTS, Post Office Box 36522, Houston, Texas.

NINTH ANNUAL WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY MARATHON, Eastern Regional Championships, Sunday, 22 February 1970, sponsored by BELTSVILLE JAYCEES, Prizes to first 25 and first 10 Masters Marathon T-shirts to all finishers. Free overnight lodging write Brother Thomas, Ammdendale Institute, Christian Brothers, Beltsville, Md. 20705. Start 1:00 P.M. Chestnut Hills Shopping Center, Beltsville, Md. on U.S. 1 just north and outside of Washington Beltway (495) exit 27. Entry blank Lou Castagnola, 4806 Levada Terrace, Rockville, Md. 20853, \$1.00, Phone 301 929 3287.

COVER — GERRY LINDGREN(left) congratulates Runner-Up and last year's winner MIKE RYAN after winning the NCAA cross-country title with a recording breaking 28:59.2 over the six mile course. Ryan ran 29:01 for second and came really close to knock off Lingren for the title.

Photo by Jeff Johnson

Photo Quiz

NAME THIS PAST US GREAT



LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Thirty-two correct answers were received on last issue's quiz. JOHN McKEEN's post card was chosen and thus awarded the \$10.00 worth of books.

THE ANSWER:

BOB CARMAN

RULES: One entry per person. Simply give the pictured person's full name and submit answer on a post card. If more than one correct answer is received the winner will be decided by a drawing.

WINNER: \$10.00 gift certificate good for any books handled by TRW.

DEADLINE for this issue's contest: Feb. 15th.

Send all entries to:
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DISTANCE RUNNER OF THE YEAR DEREK CLAYTON



DEREK CLAYTON (Distance Runner of the year - 1969) shown here leading Dick Taylor(2), Mike Tagg(3), Ron Clarke(1) in a 10,000 meter in London, England. But of course his 2:08:33.6 world marathon best at Antwerp, Belgium on May 30th really helped to decide upon him as Distance Runner of the year. Photo by Peter Robins.

THE WORLD'S "TOP FIVE" DISTANCE RUNNERS OF 1969

Marathoners one-two-three! Improbably as it sounds, we've put Derek Clayton, Ron Hill and Jerome Drayton atop the world's male distance rankings for 1969. But before you go hollering that our road-racing prejudice is showing up a bit too strongly, let us explain the reasoning that went into the selections.

The year just concluded wasn't by any standard a trackman's year. Track racing had a traditional post-Olympic letdown, lacked real excitement and fast marks in quantity. With no world-represented meet to goal them, no trackman distinguished himself the way Kip Keino had done last year when he was named Runner of the Year, or Jim Ryun had done in 1966 and '67, or Ron Clarke in '65. There were starts, of course, but not the "supermen" we've been led to expect. On the track, we saw only one outdoor world record--Vladimir Dudin's steeplechase, and he was primarily a one-shot star, later missing the European championship. Only three or four other marks make the top 10 of all-time--Clark's 28:03.6 10,000 being best as it fell in behind three of his times from earlier years.

For their part, marathoners had ample opportunities for international get-togethers, which in turn offered us ample opportunity to compare them. Boston, Athens, Antwerp, Maxol, Toronto, European championship, Kocise, Seoul, Fukuoka. All had good worldwide representation. The year turned out the first, third, fifth and sixth fastest runners of all-time and some splendid

head-on confrontations.

Here's how we rated the world's runners and walkers, male and female, in 1969:

No. ONE - DEREK CLAYTON

DEREK CLAYTON (Australia)--The sore-leg situation that has dogged Derek throughout his career was with him at the end of 1968 and again at the end of 1969. But between the injuries he squeezed the finest marathon in history. On May 30 at Antwerp, Belgium, he powered the distance in 2:08:33.6--63 seconds faster than his made-in-Japan world best. A truer measure of its quality is the fact that no one else has ever broken 2:10 or come within two minutes of Clayton's time. He ran only one other important marathon, losing to Ron Hill by over two minutes at the Maxol International in England. That came after a hard summer of track racing and travel and after knotting up with cramps late in the race. A sore knee kept Clayton from running at Fukuoka in December, but even that absence and his loss to Hill can't wipe away the lead he established with is 2:08:33.6.

No. TWO - RON HILL

RON HILL (Great Britain)--Two huge victories, plus one impressive performance while losing, earn Hill his rating. First he outran the Maxol field that included Clayton, Olympic silver medalist Kenji Kimihara, Boston winner Yoshiaki Unetani and Bill Adcocks, the world's second swiftest ever. Hill won that one with a personal best of 2:13:42. Several weeks later, he overhauled Gaston Roelants in the last half-mile of the European championships to earn that important title. Ron's year ended with a second-placing 2:11:54.4 at Fukuoka--putting him fifth on the all-time list. Rain and mud doomed his 30-kilometer record try to failure. He missed by seven seconds.

No. THREE - JEROME DRAYTON

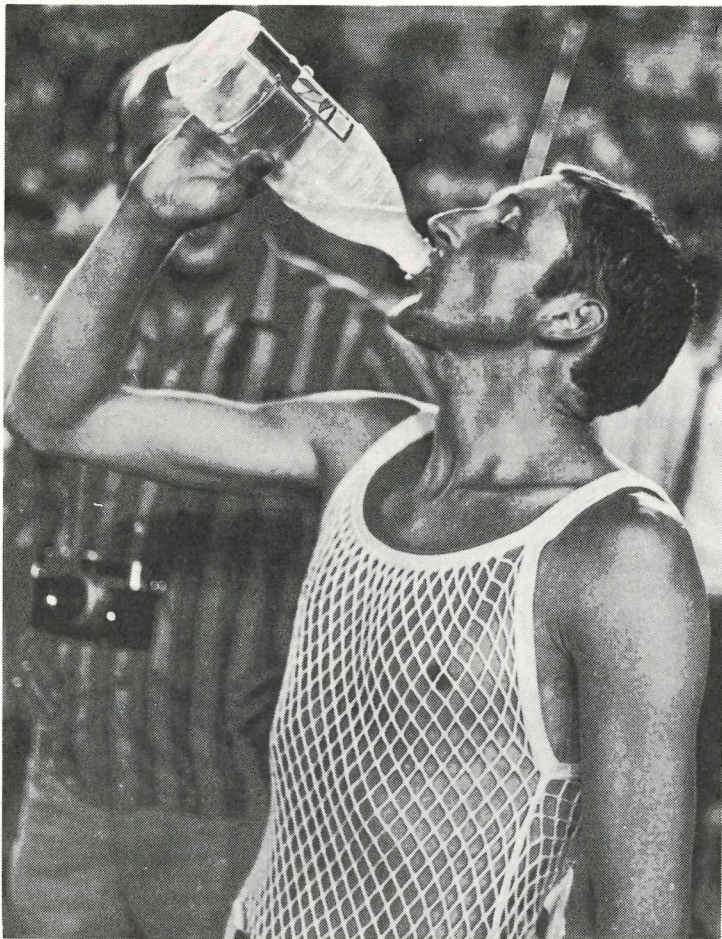
JEROME DRAYTON (Canada)--Drayton couldn't claim to be more than a marathoning novice when the year began. On top of that, he was injured at Boston. Once recovered, though, he blazed quite a path for himself as he quickly learned the ways of the sport. Drayton sputred 2:12:00 in mid-October--gaining a North American best and a trip to Japan's Fukuoka classic. Handling well the unaccustomed pressure of 2:11-2:13 marathoners rushing along at his heels, the Canadian won in 2:11:12.8. From novice, he'd progressed in a year to the third-fastest marathoner in history.

No. FOUR - RON CLARKE

RON CLARKE (Australia)--Clarke kept racing the way only Clarke can--often, always fast, and all over the world. He had significant losses (to George Young indoors, Dick Taylor and Jurgen May outdoors), but the overall quality of his racing--at home, in the United States and in Europe--overcame these reversals. A few of his feats: a short-lived indoor three-mile record, world leader at six miles and 10,000 meters (with times only he has bettered) and at two miles, and a comfortable 10,000 win in the Commonwealth-US-USSR gathering at Los Angeles.

No. FIVE - GEORGE YOUNG

GEORGE YOUNG (US)--An outdoor season undoubtedly would have moved George higher, but all he wanted was an indoor one to wipe away the frustra-



RON HILL (Runner-up for Distance Runner of the year - 1969) refreshing himself after his European Championships marathon win. Earlier in the year he won the Maxol International Marathon with a very fine 2:13:42. He beat the world's "bests" in that race. More recently he finished second to Jerome Drayton in the Fukuoka (Japan) marathon with an excellent 2:11:54.4. He now has the fifth best ever marathon time.

Photo by Mark Shearman

tion he harbored over not winning the Mexico City steeplechase. Young raced through the indoor circuit with 10 victories (stretching his unbeaten list to 17), including two against Clarke. He saved his record attempts until last. At two miles, he only managed to tie the 8:27.2 mark, and that disappointed him a bit. A week later at three, he lifted the record from Clarke with 13:09.6

Special mention goes to an additional five (in no order other than alphabetical): Bill Adcocks, who ran 2:11:07 on Athen's demanding marathon course before injuring his feet; Gaston Roelants, international cross-country champion and second-placer in the European marathon (after leading for 25½ miles); John Tarrant, world record setter at 100 miles; Dick Taylor, a conqueror of Clarke and the year's fastest in the three-mile and 5000; and Yoshiaki Unetani, Boston marathon titlist who broke the course record by two minutes.

US RUNNER

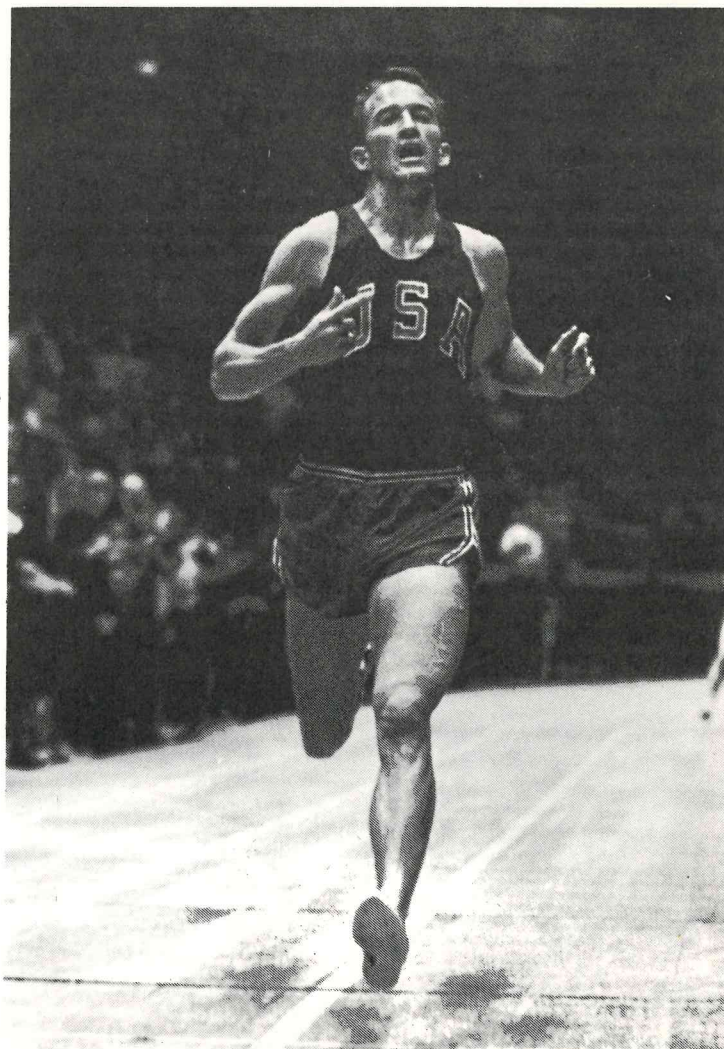
The honor goes, naturally to Young. It's also good that we single out Jack Bachelor (AAU six mile and cross-country winner), Ken Moore (setter of a US marathon best at 2:13:27.8), Bob Deines (who got the country's best for 50 miles) and Ron Daws (first American at Boston) for special recognition.

US SENIOR RUNNERS (40 and Older)

It's impossible to choose between Peter Mundle and Ted Corbitt since they operate in entirely different realms. Mundle, 41, won both the mile and two-mile by more than a minute at the US Masters championships and barely lost a tactical mile. Corbitt, 49, was brilliant at the long, long stuff. He finished second in the London-to-Brighton 52½-miler (with a time faster than the US 50-mile best) then remained in England for a track 100-miler, which he completed in 13½ hours. Jim McDonagh, a 45-year-old, deserves mention, too, for breaking 2:30 at Boston and winning the US 50-mile title.

US JUNIOR RUNNERS (19 and Younger)

Again we must break the selection into track and road categories. On the track, there's no doubt about the leader. Steve Prefontaine, 18, raced internationally in the style of Gerry Lindgren and Bruce Kidd. He went 5000 meters in 13:52 and had an 8:41 two-mile. Southern Californians Fred Ritcherson and Chuck Smead share number one road/long distance rating. Ritcherson, 19, traveled 12 miles 23 yards in an hour--a mark only two Americans ever have bettered. Smead sped a 2:23:04 marathon while still 17. In December, the two were headed for sub-2:20 marathons when they took a wrong turn in the AAU championship race.



GEORGE YOUNG (United States Runner of the Year - 1969) shown here in his last race of his career but it was a big one. He ran 13:09.8 for three-miles at the AAU meet which established a new world record. Photo by Jeff Johnson

US WOMAN

On track credentials alone, a good case could be made for young Francie Larrieu. The 16-year-old sister of one-time Olympian Ron Larrieu raced like a veteran in all her international encounters, beating Doris Brown twice and tying her American record of 4:16.8. But Doris outranks both Francie and half-miler Manning when cross-country results are considered. Mrs. Brown took her third straight international crown in the spring and renewed her hold on the national championship in the fall.

WORLD WALKERS

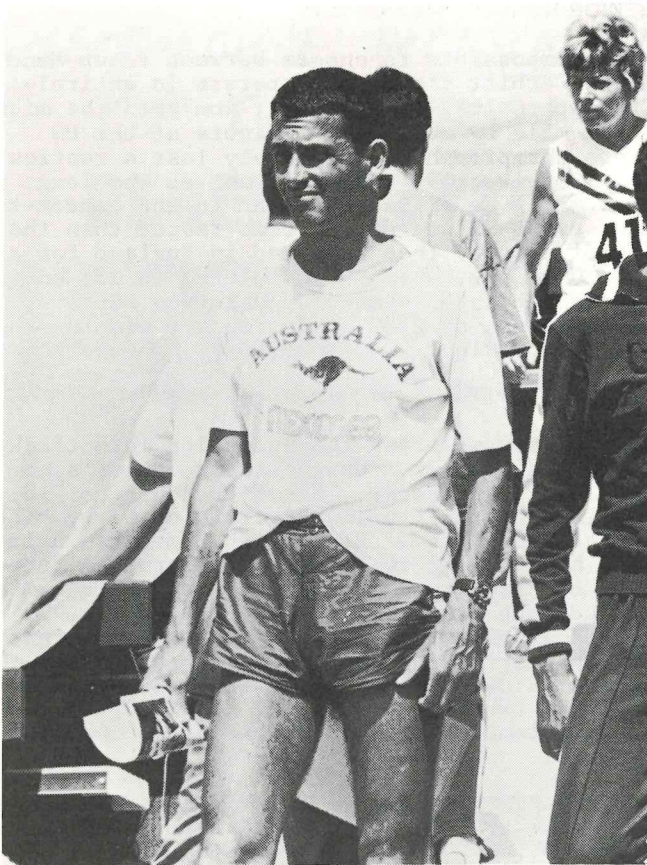
Christoph Hohne (East Germany) set a world record for 50 kilometers and won the European championship at that distance by some 2½ minutes. But Paul Nihill (Great Britain) also got a European title, at 20 kilometers, and earlier had beaten Olympic gold medalist Vladimir Golubnichiy at Los Angeles. If Hohne had won the Lugano Cup 100-kilometer, he might have been given world race walking honors outright, but he had problems in the long race and slipped to fourth. We have to split the number one ranking between Hohne and Nihill.



CHRISTOPH HOHNE-left-(shares our World Walker of the Year award with Paul Nihill) shown here walking off with the first place trophy at the European Champ.—50-km walk. P. Selzer right. Photo by Mark Shearman

US WALKER

Ron Laird. Who else? Not only did he add nine more national titles to his collection (he lost only the shortest--mile--and longest--50 kilometers, which he didn't finish), bringing the total to almost 50, but he also acquitted himself well internationally. Ron outwalked Olympic Bronze medalist Nikolay Smaga (USSR) in the US-Commonwealth-Soviet 20 kilometer, finishing behind Nihill and Golubnichiy. Then Laird won the West German and British duals. Special credit goes to Goetz Klopfer for his US bests of 9:17:59 in the London-Brighton 52½-miler.



RON CLARKE had another good season. Shown above at the closing ceremonies at the US vs. USSR & B.C. meet. Photo by Jeff Kroot

WORLD WOMEN

A handful of 1500-meter runners stand out prominently, plus a couple of two-lappers. Our selection though, is a longer distance lady, Jaroslava Jehlickova of Czechoslovakia, who wasn't prominent at all until the European championships. Her stunning performance there was enough to swing the balance in her favor. Paola Pigni of Italy set a world 1500 record of 4:13.2 in July, and Mia Gommers (Holland) was right behind at 4:13.5. Jehlickova came to the European gathering barely noticed at 4:20. But she left with a victory and a world record of 4:10.7, pulling Gommers and Pigni to the second and third fastest marks of all-time.

Consideration was also given 800-meter runners Madeline Manning (US), the world leader at 2:01.3, and Lilian Board (GB), the European champ, as well as Doris Brown (US), perennial international cross-country winner who was more than adequate at the 1500.



RON LAIRD (US Walker of the Year) coming in third in the US vs. USSR & B.C. meet this summer. His time was 1:32:27.0 for 20km. Photo by Jeff Kroot

A WORD ON -

THE RUNNER'S WORLD

BY JOE HENDERSON — EDITOR &
BOB ANDERSON — PUBLISHER

You're going through the first issue of Runner's World but have no doubt noted that the only significant changes are name, address and editorship. In reality, not even the last two had changed when this issue was published. While editor-to-be Joe Henderson completed his duties with Track & Field News, publisher Bob Anderson did most of the issue work at Manhattan, then moved the magazine's headquarters to our new Mountain View location.

Even with the new name, new home and new editor, our content, policies, philosophies and scope of coverage will stay pretty much as they have been. (The quality and depth of this coverage, of course, we'll always try to improve.) As Distance Running News/Runner's World begins its fifth year of life, the time is right to briefly spell out for you readers our basic intent.

The sport of track and field takes in a far-flung empire. For a single magazine to cover it completely, we'd need a weekly magazine the size of New York's phone book. Magazines must limit themselves to specialized aspects of the sport.

We're not really in direct competition with any other publication since our coverage is more or less unique. Arne Richards, an original member of the DRN editorial board, pointed out, "There is room in our sport for a good general mag like Track & Field News, a technical journal like Track Technique, a quick newsletter (Track Newsletter) for the real Tafnuts, a journal of record (Long Distance Log) and a feature/picture journal such as Runner's World." To that list we can add Women's Track & Field World, which covers the female side, and any number of non-US publications and smaller American ones. Each has its own field of concentration and we aren't trying to duplicate theirs. We have our field--the featurized treatment of distance running and walking in all forms they take--and no one else matches its scale.

Runner's World. That says what we try to write about. This title says it better, certainly, than Distance Running News did. Richards said, "I always felt that Distance Running News sounded like a news sheet, full of results like the Log." This thinking spurred the name change.

Runners, all types of runners. We don't limit ourselves to super-fit men in the late teens to early 30s age group who inherit both the ability and the luck to be national and world class. Our runners are men/boys, women/girls covering the entire spectrum of age and ability. Up till now, they've included only those who go from half-mile to who-knows-where in distance. Soon we'll be taking small steps into sprinting and hurdling, though the primary distance orientation will remain. The title ignores walkers, unfortunately. But they're close cousins to the runners and will retain their place in the magazine.

Not only is the magazine ABOUT runners, (and walkers) but it's produced BY and FOR runners (and walkers). Sports Illustrated reported recently that this country now has 10 million runners--obviously 90% of them being the most casual type of non-competitive joggers. The primary push of Runner's World is toward informing and inspiring a small number (not in our

wildest dreams do we ever figure to reach more than 1% of this 10 million) of these people who actually take to the road, track and/or country. Coaches, fans, officials, you'll all find stimulating material, but keep in mind that one question determines content: "Does this inform and inspire the runner and serve his best interests?"

"World" carries a double meaning. On the surface we, of course, want to give worldwide coverage and appeal. With its simplicity, long distance running is perhaps the most universal of Olympics included an African, an Oriental, an Australasian, a Middle Easterner and a European. From Indiana to India, California to New Caledonia, there are runners and their numbers are growing. We're gradually expanding our network of correspondents to make this a truly "world" magazine.

But "world" also takes on another, closer-to-home meaning. We're talking, too, about each runner's individual world. Each has his own unique surroundings and experiences. Runner's World intends to touch on every force which shapes the runner's personal world.

Statistics have an important role in our sport to be sure, but their role in Runner's World is minimal. Other magazines (T&FN's publications, LDL and WTFW particularly) go into good detail on them, and reprinting them would go against our basic intent. This is meant to be a practical magazine and results as such (other than the runner's own) serve little practical purpose. They also create what Bob Deines calls a "worship-the-winner ritual", and we're trying to avoid that.

Winning is beautiful, don't be mistaken on this point. Naturally we'll be giving winners coverage that far outweighs their percentage of the running population. Everyone likes identifying with success and wants to look into what makes others successful, hoping some of the magic will rub off. Winners have essential things to say, and they have a good platform here for saying them.

Five-minute milers and three-hour marathoners, too, have intriguing stories to tell, and they're just as welcome on our stage. In their own ways, they may be just as successful as their brothers who go a minute or an hour faster. If winning is beautiful, the pursuit of individual excellence is 99 times more so. Barely 1% of the world's runner's win major races regularly. All 100% of us, though, can succeed in making ourselves faster, fitter, freer--or whatever it is we run for.

Runner's World dedicates itself to promoting this unique stmosphere we have going, an atmosphere that allows individuals--any individual--to pursue the form of excellence we define for ourselves. Ours is the world's most democratic sport. Slow and fast, men and women, young and old, side by side, equally important. And that's the way we aim to keep it.

Runners seem to have liked Distance Running News' formula so far. Subscriptions tripled in 1969, and we expect them to double again this year. We're bursting with new ideas for Runner's World now that it's in its new home, but the basic thrust of content isn't going to change much. We've gotten on a track that runners seem to like, and RW isn't likely to get far off it. If our magazine helps you readers stay on your track--or road, or country courses--we've all succeeded.



KEN MOORE ran the Marathon for the United States at the Olympic Games but very few people considered him a "real" marathoner. Maybe his American best ever 2:13:27.8 at Fukuoka recently will change a few minds. Photo by Jeff Johnson



CROSS-COUNTRY is a tough sport and only the "strong" make it to the top. Here runners are struggling up Cemetery Hill on the Van Cortland Park Course where the NCAA race was held. This is the IC4A race in progress. Photo by Jeff Johnson.

THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Two Ken Moore statements are particularly relevant right now. When talking of the all-too-frequent interruptions in his training-racing routine, he said, "Broken bones, the intestinal protozoa of South America and the United States Army have all served to give me one to two months a year away from running. Someday I'm going to manage an entire year of training. Then you'll see something."

Even with his success as a track racer (an internationalist in the 10,000 during 1969) and his inexperience as a marathoner (he has tried only six), he's determined that he'll "make it my favorite racing distance."

Ken noted these sentiments in mid-summer when I mailed him a questionnaire for the book "Road Racers and Their Training". By December, he had gotten his "entire year"--or nearly that--and was ready to have a go at his "favorite distance". The place was Japan, where he'd lived since the September Pan-Pacific Games--more specifically, Fukuoka, Japan, a town whose marathon already has taken on legends after just four years of life. The race features a select international field, a flat and super-fast course, and hundreds of thousands of marathon-mad fans lining the course--millions more watching it live or taped on TV.

Derek Clayton had run 2:09 at Fukuoka in 1967. Bill Adcocks went 2:10 there last year, and pulled Amby Burfoot to 2:14:28.8--within a second of the American best.

It's of course highly notable that Jerome Drayton of Canada won this year's race, Ron Hill

of Great Britain was second, etc. Moore finished seventh, but in American terms, his race was every bit as good as the winner's. He ran 2:13:27.8, the first improvement of the nation's fastest since 1963... and by a full minute. He downed his own best by nearly 12 minutes. I haven't heard from or talked with Ken since then, but after getting a good sampling of his thinking from the questionnaire I'm sure he's more than pleased with this development.

Moore writes professionally, even while he serves his compulsory two years for Uncle Sam. His descriptions of running are eloquent, as he draws a spirit from it that all distance people sense but captures it in words that take a writer with his talent. Here are examples, written a couple of months before his 2:13 marathon:

On marathon plans: "Circumstances have prevented my entering any marathons besides the Olympic trials and final for nearly four years, but I am emphatic in making it my favorite racing distance. (The Army doesn't emphasize it, forcing me to wait until 1970 to race as often as I'd like--every 10 weeks seems ideal--so I'll stay eager for another few years.) The marathon presents, to me at least, as much an emotional problem as physical one. Roger Bannister claims he was able to use all his energies, psychic and bodily, in the space of one mile. It takes a bit longer for me, but I have the same sensation after a 26-mile effort. I'm drained, and it takes four or five days to completely recover (more if I've developed blisters). With

the exhaustion, However, comes a satisfaction that I've gone as deep into myself as I can. Only after a marathon can I enjoy the sense of having favorably impressed myself. I'm interested in training for and racing at even longer distances, figuring that as I grow stronger, mentally more resistant to fatigue, I'll have to lengthen my efforts to completely deplete my resources."

On tactics: "To be effective over the last six miles (of a marathon), one must harbor some sort of emotional as well as physical reserve. An intensive, highly competitive frame of mind over the early part of the run seems to evaporate after 20 miles. So I prefer to begin in a low key, sort of yawning-sleepy state of semi-consciousness. I watch the scenery and the other runners with appreciation rather than with any sort of competitive response. I chat with anyone so inclined (Kerry Pearce and I had an interesting, if disjointed, conversation about pace judgment during the first 17 miles of the Alamosa trials.). Later, entering the last six miles, I try to get enthusiastic about racing. A strong acceleration gives a lift and I can usually hold a new rhythm to the finish. It's more fun to pass people late in the race when it means something. The last six miles is the stage where I try to honestly use everything I have left. That, of necessity, hurts."

On training: "The feature which most sharply distinguishes my training from that of other national-class distance runners is one of easy and hard training days. I am not a talented runner in the sense of being able to recover from a heavy dose of hard running overnight. There are men--Clarke, Mills, Lindgren, for example-- who possess the irritating ability to run hard day after day with nothing but good results. But I'm not gifted with that amount of adaptive energy. Nor is the majority of distance bugs. So you might call my sort of training 'The Common Man's Answer to Igloi'. Rather than be content with only moderate workouts every day, I run to near-exhaustion once and use the next one or two days to recover.

"The basis of all training is that an organism is exposed to stress will adjust (get stronger or faster) if allowed to recover. But if it never rests, it just stays tired. I'm not in this to do work, I'm trying to improve. So I'm after the optimum formula of work, rest and racing, not the most difficult I can stand. I've found a dosage of one hard day and two easy brings improvement as quickly as any. It's something every runner must work out for himself, a judgment made no easier by coaches giving whole teams the same workouts, or men of the 'Hard work must make' school preaching daily pain. That sort of thing benefits only the prodigies. Being a decided non-prodigy, I have little use for it. Oregon coach Bill Bowerman, whose ideas I have been parroting these last paragraphs, took the better part of a month to convince me of them, commanding me to run no more than three miles on my easy days when I thought I could do four times that. That month, I improved from 9:11 to 8:48 for two miles. I decided then that giving up hopes of being a tireless animal in training had ample compensation. Since then, I've grown proud of 'loafing' while around me poor, deluded runners wheeze themselves out of contention."

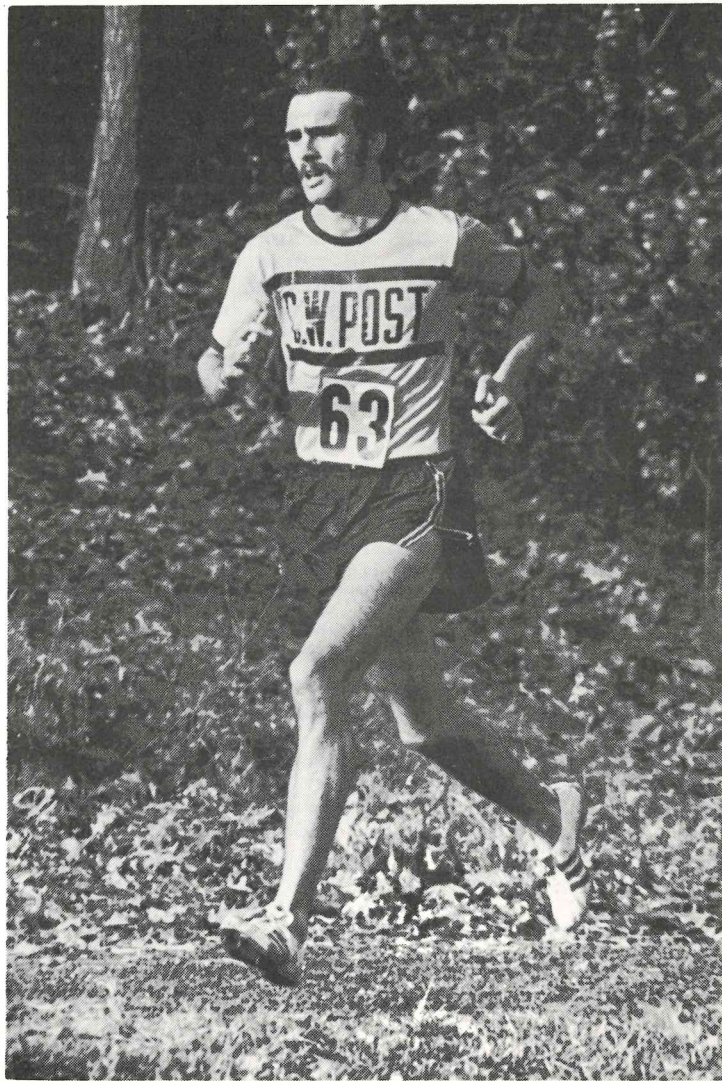
Cross country is truly a beautiful type of running, as you can see by the spread of pictures. It gets us off the roads and off the tracks for a couple of months each fall and presents us with all the beauty, variety and challenge nature can

dish out. Cross country can mean anything from flat grass courses to hilly trails. It's as varied as the number of courses runners travel. The US season takes runners from the heat of September to the sub-freezing snow of November, touching on all weather oddities in between.

Cross country is special, and it's popular. Almost every weekend this fall, 1000 runners of various ages and affiliations stormed around the well-worn path at New York's Van Cortlandt Park. Races ranged from high school freshman duals to the NCAA championships. The NCAA drew 250 of the collegiate elite--double the number that entered the race when it was lengthened to six miles several years ago. Almost 1000 women and girls entered the multi-division AAU championships in California. Five years ago, 25 had raced.

Cross country's specialness, if protected and promoted, can make present popularity look puny. I'm sure of it. The sport hasn't had the exposure that can push its participation level past that of track and road racing.

It's still a school-oriented form of running, and as good a job as the schools do they're a limited and limiting force. Student running lasts perhaps eight years if you're good enough to make it to college, four years or less if you're not. Competitive teams are limited to the five or seven fastest boys. Very few schools make any provision for girls. The AAU and clubs haven't picked up open cross country meet organization the



A RUNNER ON THE RUN. Ron Stonitsch - NCAA College Division XC Champ.
Photo by Jeff Johnson

way they have road races and all-comer track meets. So non-students generally don't get a season. They may, if fortunate, get a race or two.

The first and biggest need are more meets, preferably meets where ability is no barrier. Schools can open their non-championship races to any student who is fit and willing to race. It's a crime watching 14 dual-meet runners travel a course that's big enough for 10 times that many. AAU districts and clubs simply have to transfer their techniques for promoting wide-open road races from the road to the country.

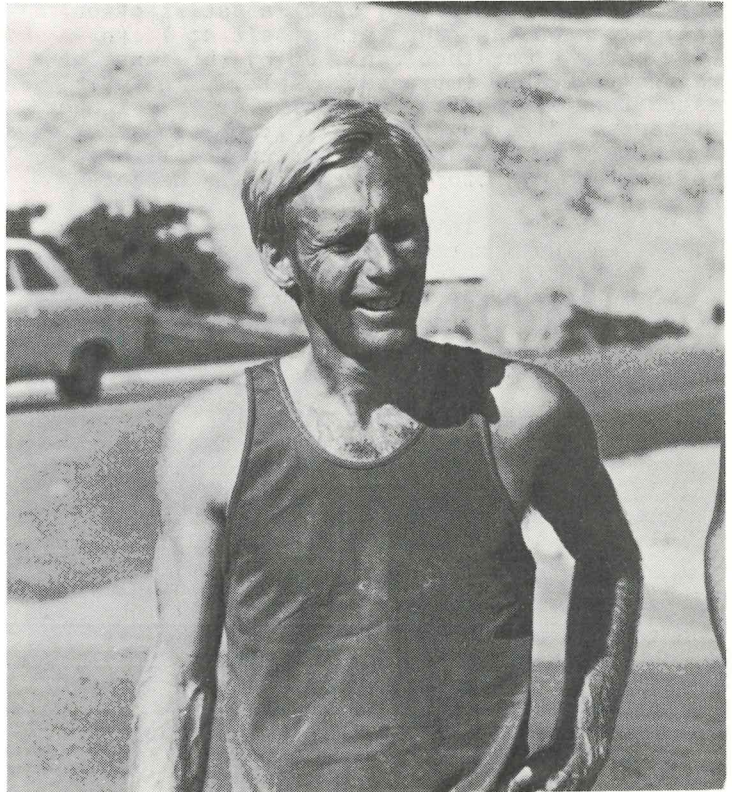
Once we have the meets, just let cross-country be itself. Let it be a welcome break from a year-long diet of roads and track, a brief return to nature where time and distance hangups relax. Too often we attempt to bend cross-country to the image of the track (and a lesser extent the roads), where distances are measured to the inch and records noted to the tenth-second. Cross-country comes off, under these circumstances, as a cheap imitation and somewhat disappointing since there's no way anyone is going to run as fast up and down hills as he does in flat circles.

Why not take a hint from the British? They're the world's number one cross country nuts, and their season spreads over nearly half the year. Abandon our sterile, manicured golf courses with timers are every quarter-mile post and take to the wilds as the British do. They go through farmers' plowed fields, along trails, in the woods, crashing through brush, splashing or jumping across creeks, ditches and fallen trees. There's no pattern. They use the terrain that's readily available. Distance are obscure approximations but don't really matter, anyway. Four-minute milers have their pace reduced to meaninglessness in this rough going, and they love it.

Finally, I'm in favor of keeping distance in a reasonably short, not extending them to, say nine or 10 miles as has been suggested. Races of 2-6 miles allow a broad range of appeal. Long distance types get plenty of long races already and can always drop down, while sprinters (those who normally go less than a mile) can step up without undue trauma. "Something-for-everyone" is a road racing phenomenon cross-country (to say nothing of track) can profitably copy.

LAST GASPS: Footnotes to last issue's flood of 50-mile-and-up information: Des O'Neill, a marathoner from Santa Barbara, Calif., and a training mate of ultra-distance man Bob Carman, wrote, "You Might add that super-distance represents medical problems that may force some reconsideration of the whole thing. As of Dec. 7, to the best of our knowledge, 15 of the 16 who finished that 50 (Pacific AAU at Rocklin, Calif.) were laid up 'poorly' with foot and tendon troubles, including Miss Schmidt. Significantly enough, the only survivor of the whole thing was John Pagliano, a podiatrist... And Corbitt, the greatest American at super-distance, is a physiotherapist who is his own best customer. Makes one think, no?" (The injury count at Rocklin wasn't quite that unanimous. At least three or four other runners besides Pagliano had no lasting effects. But still, the high casualty rate appeared to be more than coincidence.)

It's unfortunate that we must continually climb on the AAU's back, but its mistakes--however rare-- can't go unreported. The latest involved several Ann Arbor TC recruits at the AAU cross-country championships. Dave Wottle, Sid Sink and Bill Beatty (all from Ohio) were



JOHN PAGLIANO (a podiatrist) is one of only a few that competed in the 50-miler at Rocklin, Calif. that is now not injured. John finished second to Bob Deines. (Below) STEVE PREFONTAINE talks to DICK TAYLOR with GERRY LINDGREN looking on after the 5,000m in the G.B. vs. U.S.A. match this last summer. What's your guess on what is being said? I think I know. Photo by Mark Shearman Above by Kroot.

allowed to enter and run the race. All finished in the top 40. When officials found they weren't residents of the same AAU district as their club, they were disqualified. Not just the team. The three individuals, too. Two Michigan members of the club were left unmolested.

But while the AAU was committing one incident, it was correcting another. At the ruling body's December convention, Browning Ross was restored to full amateur standing (by a 30-1 vote). The Long Distance Log editor, you'll recall, was declared a professional earlier this year for selling running shoes--the profits going to pay off magazine debts. Brownie celebrated his victory by racing the very next week.

A new trend--husband-wife marathon teams. At least three couples finished the Boston race last spring. The Santa Barbara race in late September had two of them, Bob and Lyn Carman, and Owen and Ivy Gorman. The Pacific AAU marathon had two more, John and Mary Boitano, and Clarence and Kay Hall. The Boitanos not only had father and mother running, but the kids, too. Mike and Mary Etta both finished. They are eight and six years old.

Caption above.



OUT WALKING

BY MARTIN RUDOW

Accompanied by a spectacular lack of interest by the Mass Media, the AAU, and any potential sponsors, five hardy and evidently well-heeled American race walkers recently traveled to Switzerland to take part in the 8th annual Airolo to Chiasso Relay. As will be shown, we did very well to take fourth out of fourteen teams.

This was the first time that the U. S. has been represented in this event; and typically, our representatives had to pay their own way. In fact, available travel money was almost as important as walking ability to make the team, so we were very fortunate to field a strong team blending internationally experienced veterans with some of our most promising youngsters. Walker of the Year Ron Laird headed up our forces, along with two others with some international competition behind them, Bob Bowman and Bill Ranney. Two young East Coast athletes, Garry Westerfield and Steve Hayden, rounded out the squad.

Besides Laird, top athletes in the Relay included 1964 Olympic Games Gold Medalist Abdon Pamich (Italy); World Junior Record Holder Peter Schuster (West Germany); and long time Internationalist from Czechoslovakia, Alexander Bilek. Teams were also present from England, Sweden, Rumania, and Switzerland. Many of these teams had competed here before, and because of the difficulty of the course, this is a definite advantage. The opening relay leg drops from 7000 to 2000 feet, and from then on the way includes several formidable hills, as well as often unmarked crossroads.

The race itself saw us off to a rather slow start, coming in twelve minutes behind the leading Italian team. Experience was definitely a factor here as American Bill Ranney came in well behind several less-talented walkers. Ron Laird took the tag (no baton) from Bill, and walked a fine 25-kilometer leg, pulling us into fifth place. However, Ron's time was only third fastest, as both Pamich and Schuster recorded better marks.

Bob Bowman, a veteran walker with a history of erratic performances, took over from Ron and walked very well to pull closer to the leading teams. Bob was followed by Steve Hayden, who also showed well to record the second fastest time for his stint. Fellow Long Islander Garry Westerfield took over from Steve, to walk the final leg. Garry, in his first big competition, found himself in fast company, but managed to hang on and bring us home fourth overall.

The Italian team clearly showed its superiority by winning by almost 10 minutes. A team from London and the Swedish National Team also preceded the blue USA jerseys to the finish. Despite not winning, the boys were very pleased with their performances and the event in general.

Everyone involved was convinced that the expense was worthwhile, and is anxious to go back again next year. To add some more flavor, the Russians are planning to send a team. After hearing the stories from those who competed, we stay-at-homes are already starting to save our pennies. Of course, there is always a chance that some sponsor might come forward to finance this very worthy athletic endeavor. Are you listening, Ford Foundation?

With the promise of several overseas tours next year, some of our top men from 1968 have voiced their determination to get back with it

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THE CONTENTS -

Section One

- 1970 MARATHON CALENDAR - Name of marathon and date; race contact and location; 1969 winner and course record; entry fee and starting time
- MARATHON LISTS - North America top 100 - 1969, world top times - 1969, all-time lists, etc.

Section Two

- MEET THE MARATHONERS - Profiles on six great marathoners (Ken Moore, Derek Clayton, Check Smead, Bill Adcocks, Ron Hill, Jerome Drayton)

Section Three

- This section includes five articles which we feel can help you in your training and thinking toward the marathon. You'll have to buy a copy to find out what articles they are.

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again next year. The High Altitude Training Team members, 1968's best, showed rather mixed performance this year. Ron Laird, Bob Kitchen, and Tom Dooleyall made international teams; while Jim Hanley, John Kelly, Larry Walker, Bob Bowman, Ron Kulik, and Bill Ranney continued to compete with some success. Goetz Klopfer spent the summer in England, competing well. Larry Young and Don DeNoon retired, temporarily at least. Dave Romansky, Gerry Bocci, Martin Rudow, Ray Somers, and Rudy Haluza were all injured most of the year and never showed their best.

All of the injured and most of the others appear ready to go as hard-or harder- than ever next year. This is good news to all track fans, who were heartened by our walker's great showing in the Mexico Olympics. For the first time in decades, we as a country are ready to take on the world's best at Race Walking.

Runner's World Interview: TED CORBITT

Since 1962, Ted Corbitt has been taking lone-some journeys across the Atlantic to run splendid London-to-Brighton races. There's 52½ miles of rolling English countryside between the two cities. His efforts, early in the decade, earned him little attention in his own country, where even the marathon was still considered beyond human endurance and intelligence. But now, marathoning is firmly established and the marathoners, in growing numbers, are looking beyond that. The times are catching up with Corbitt, and he has developed into something of a folk hero among the distance set. He has been at it longer and more successfully than anyone in the country, and perhaps knows more of what's involved in this demanding activity than anyone in the world.

Ted, at 49 (he turned 50 in January), himself was "looking beyond". He'd gone 50 miles almost a dozen times and needed new tests. One-hundred miles on the track sounded challenging enough, he figured. So Corbitt, a New York physiotherapist who gets his mileage dodging traffic on city streets to and from work, mapped plans for a double. First, London-Brighton. Then, four weeks later, the 100-miler.

After putting together fantastic training mileages (he calmly reels off figures like 1000 miles a month--that's over 30 a day--and 83 to a session), he flew to England... ran 5:38:11 between London and Brighton (his best in five races there, and better than the then US best for 50 miles)... and set an American record--at least we think someone, sometime, has gone that far-- of 13:33:06 for the 100.

Here are the highlights from an absorbing hour-long telephone conversation Ted had with RW editor Joe Henderson recently:

RUNNER'S WORLD: When did you start preparing for this double in England, and what did the training involve?

CORBITT: Actual training, January 1968. I opened with 800 miles that month and I think I did 700 in February, but then I cut down and ran five marathons between then and mid-June. I'd set out in July to run 1200 miles. My intention was to go to the London-Brighton race in '68 and run both in '69. But it was a terribly hot month and I abandoned that mileage goal. I still would have gotten around 1100 miles if I hadn't had an accident with a dog. He grabbed my pants, and I hurt my leg trying to avoid him. I finished the workout, but when I got up the next morning and started to run to work I realized something was wrong. I felt so bad I cut the workout short. I couldn't run again, at all, for weeks. In fact, it hurt to walk. I started back gradually but didn't do much until November, when I ran the AAU 50--won that--and thought I was on my way again. The accident in July was the first time I couldn't run, and didn't run, since 1953. The orthopedic surgeon said it was a pulled back muscle. Then I got influenza a couple of weeks after the national 50. Of course, I couldn't run then. I was afraid to. I respect that sort of thing and didn't train much for quite awhile after that. I started training again for London-Brighton and the 100 in mid-June--after the Holyoke marathon.

RUNNER'S WORLD: How much mileage were you getting in this summer and early fall?

CORBITT: This was another crash program. I got into it again in the last two weeks in June. In July, I was trying for 1200 again, but again I abandoned the idea. I ran just over 1000 miles in July, and about 995 in August. I would have run more, but I had another accident with a dog

that scared me. My legs crashed into one and I landed flat on my back. A tendon in the front of my leg became sore and I thought an old shin injury was coming back. I really cut down in the last 10 days of August. I thought I was risking something even with what I did, but the tendon didn't get inflamed.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Were there any other setbacks before you went to England?

CORBITT: No. I was a little disappointed, though, that I actually passed an endurance peak in August. I was doing a lot of hard running and I cut down. Instead of doing 20 miles of running, I was doing 13½ or 15. On Labor Day week, my last hard week of running, I ended up running something over 300 in a seven-day period. After that, I cut down and started running fast again, but I never reached the speed peak I'd hoped for.

The runs were as fast as I could go, simulating racing almost. These were to toughen up and sort of rehearse racing. The longest was 83.3 miles. Labor Day weekend, I ran 70 miles each day for three days.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Did you finance your own trip or get help from outside?

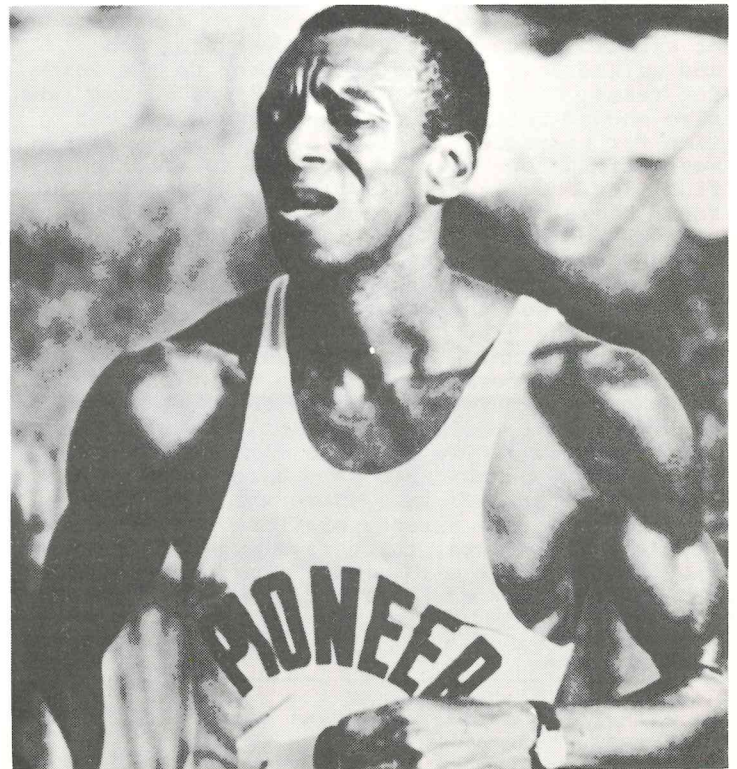
CORBITT: I had help, surprisingly. I had some help from my own club (the New York Pioneers) and some from the Road Runners Club travel fund. Indirectly, the RRC of England helped, too, with offers of quarters and things like that.

RUNNER'S WORLD: When did you go to England? And return?

CORBITT: Percy Cerutti, the Australian coach, says I never give myself a chance. This is basically true. I worked on Sept. 25th and had to rush to catch a plane. I arrived in England the 26th, and the Longon-Brighton race was the 28th. I came back the day after the 100 miler.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Tell a little about the general setting of the Longon-Brighton race.

CORBITT: The race starts at 7am under the Big



Ben clock tower. They hold it on Sundays now. It used to be on Saturdays, but it was changed two years ago to avoid Saturday morning traffic, which is tremendous getting out of London. It still builds up as you get close to Brighton, but leaving London is much easier.

I had an older fellow on a bike as handler. Apparently he was a little rusty on his riding, so they took him about 15 miles outside of town and dumped him on the road. At one point, he asked, "When do you want your next drink?" I held up one finger, meaning one mile. He must have thought I meant one hour, because there were a couple of hills before I saw him again, and those are long hills.

I wrote an article about this race in 1962, and I described the course as "seductive." It's like Boston, but instead of four miles of hills you have 10 miles. And instead of "Heartbreak Hill" you have "Dale Hill," which is a tremendous one ending at the 46-mile checkpoint. Then you have six miles generally downhill.

That 10 miles of hills really makes London-Brighton rugged. It's said that a marathon begins at 18 miles. It's around 30 miles or so in the 50 where the race begins. Where it "begins" on this course, there are 10 miles of hills. They're long, oh so long. Someone called the downgrade before Dale Hill the "Valley of Shattered Dreams."

RUNNER'S WORLD: What were your high and low spots along the way?

CORBITT: In 1962, I ran the first 20 miles in 2:02 and had a horrible time finishing. Tom Richards, with whom I stayed, said I shouldn't go as fast--ran around 2:08. I still wanted to see what would happen, and I found out. I did 2:02 again this time at 20 miles, and must have reached the marathon in 2:43-45. Then I had a letdown, a tremendous letdown, somewhere around 32 miles. It was as if I'd started to get Brand X energy. It took about three miles to come out of it. I was lucky to come out of it at all. Only the training I've down brought me out.

When I finished, though, I was really angry at myself. One of my goals was to finish pretty much exhausted, and I did not. When I finished I was so disgusted I was going to run right into the dressing area. Someone stopped me and started taking pictures.

RUNNER'S WORLD: But weren't you pleased with your time?

CORBITT: I'd better say yes. I can do a little better, I could have done better. I don't know how much, but every time I think of this I have to forget it--quick. I was too fresh. Comparing this to the first one in 1962 is like comparing night and day.

RUNNER'S WORLD: What did you do the four weeks between races?

CORBITT: After the first week, I went to Sweden to stay with a Swedish runner who's a member of our RRC--Soren Winge. He laid out training courses for me, but I couldn't push myself, even though I was much fresher after that London-Brighton race than any of the others there. It was as if I'd turned myself off. I could not push myself. I got back to London on a Saturday (not quite two weeks after L-B) and the next day I decided I was going to run--no matter how slow--for eight hours. I did. On Wednesday, I went out for eight hours again and went quite a bit farther. That woke me up, that week. The rest of the runs were short, but after this week I was strong and had some confidence again.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Now, can you fill me in on the general background of your 100-miler?

CORBITT: The race was on a quarter-mile track in Walton-on-Thames. It started at midnight and they used portable lights during the

night. It had rained the day before, Saturday Oct. 26, but fortunately it stopped. The track was damp, but not slippery. I wore a pair of Tiger shoes, the heaviest model. I'd tested them on one of my 62-mile runs--twice around Manhattan Island--and made some changes in the heels.

The Road Runners Club of England sponsored the race. They're quite experience and use the same standards as the IAAF. In case the IAAF ever became interested in 50- and 100-mile records, the marks would meet specifications. They had over 60 officials on hand for the 16 starters. Some were timers, lap recorders, dispensers of refreshments. They had a tent on the infield which was lit very well. Outside the tent, there were blackboards listing five-mile times and places and other information.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Did you ever have doubts about finishing?

CORBITT: Yeah. I had a pair of shorts on that gave me all kinds of trouble. They had elastic in the back but were secured in the front with a string. I went to make a stop to urinate at 32 miles or so. As luck would have it, I pulled the wrong string. It knotted. I fooled around with it for a few laps and finally stopped anyway without getting the string untied. After about 7½ hours, I had to make another forced stop. This was for a bowel movement. So I had to untie the string. I fooled with the knot for over a mile, losing time. Finally, I had to stand in the toilet beside the track and pick and pick and pick at that knot. With the same effort and another pair of shorts, I would have gone under 13:30.

This was only a part of what these shorts did to me. At around 65 miles, I found they had rubbed the skin off my thighs on both sides, especially the right. This is when I thought I wasn't going to finish. I couldn't run well with the pain. I've had this in workouts, and after awhile I can't run. This frightened me. The handlers discovered I had this problem and got some vaseline. I smeared it on both sides. No more problems.

RUNNER'S WORLD: What other physical sensations did you have while running in circles for 13½ hours?

CORBITT: This was going to be a conservative race, not as bold at the start as London-Brighton. I went through the first 50 miles in 6:13 and felt all right. I was hopeful I could run almost as fast for the second half, but of course I didn't. Somewhere along the way, I became aware of the fact that I was slowing up. I had no state of breathlessness at any point. I did almost step on the curb maybe a couple of dozen times, but this was because of a loss of attention. There was no problem with dizziness or discomfort. Very few runners would have any. If you're fit, it's no different from running two-mile on the track. It's just slower and there's more of it. I will say this, to finish it you've really got to stay...interested.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Did you have any problem with mental lapses?

CORBITT: After awhile, I sort of lost interest in looking at the blackboard. It was too much trouble trying to focus on the figures. Sometimes when I did want to check the board, to see if others were catching up, it would take two or three laps for the figures to register. But there were no mental lapses as such. The mental part came in somewhere after 11 hours, when I realized that everyone left in the race could finish if they could control their minds. In other words, there was no increase in discomfort. There was a certain amount of discomfort which had stabilized. If you wanted to

News Highlights

stick with it, probably you could finish. There was always a possibility of disaster, though. I remember I would slow up and start drinking, and several times I slowed up almost to the point of stopping. The dispensers were urging me not to stop completely, figuring I might cramp up. This was a possibility, I guess.

RUNNER'S WORLD: How many stops did you need during the race?

CORBITT: I needed only the two restroom stops. I drank on the run and had only a commercial orange drink. Coach (Joe) Yancey gave me a new New York Pioneer Club shirt before I left. I spilled some of the orange drink on the colored lettering of the shirt, and it completely faded out. This was powerful stuff. I could imagine what it was doing to my stomach.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Describe your immediate post-race feelings.

CORBITT: I'm looking at some pictures now, and they show me smiling. I wasn't conscious of it, but in all these pictures I'm smiling. I was glad just to have gotten the thing over with, and to have finished. You know, fellows were dropping out and I was saying to myself, "The two fellows in front (John Tarrant and Dave Box) and I can't afford to drop out. We've come too far and worked too hard." Those who lived nearby could quit. We couldn't entertain the idea.

When I went into the dressing room and took off my shoes, John Jewell (of the British RRC) asked if I had any trouble with my feet. I said no. Within a minute or so I realized I did have some pain in one toe. This got more and more painful, and I eventually lost the toenail. In fact, I lost two. I hadn't felt this at all during the race.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Did you have any long-lasting pains after the 100?

CORBITT: The toe. I had six days of pain with it. Before the race was over, my right wrist became very sore. Cerutti says the wrist should be locked, the elbow should move. In the process of trying to keep going as best I could, I flexed this wrist. Doing this for a long period set off the pain. The next day, both wrists were sore. I wondered how I'd handle my suitcase. I was able to run a little the morning after the race. In 1962, when I ran my first London-Brighton race, I couldn't run the next day. I couldn't get both feet off the ground.

RUNNER'S WORLD: Have you given yourself a vacation since you've been home?

CORBITT: I'm taking sort of a semi-rest. I'm doing less and less, but I've done some running--token running--every day. I raced a marathon at Philadelphia in 2:51 on Nov. 30. But I decided that if I kept trying to run really hard, I was just inviting an injury. That's my excuse.

WALTON-ON-THAMES, ENGLAND, Oct. 26--John Tarrant, a Britisher living in South Africa, set a world 100-mile record of 12:31:10--breaking the old mark by 15:14. Behind Tarrant and Dave Box (13:01:43) came 49-year-old American Ted Corbitt, with a US record of 13:33:06. (see interview with Corbitt in his issue)

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., Oct. 26--Jim McDonagh, 45, won the National AAU 50-mile run in 5:50:34, with Al Meehan a distant second in 6:31:18.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Nov. 15--Jerome Drayton, enjoying the best form of his life, dashed off with the Canadian cross-country championship. He ran 37:46.8 for 12 kilometers, opening a healthy gap on Nigel Evans (38:11.6).

WHEATON, ILL., Nov. 15--Ron Stonitsch set a five-mile course record of 24:53 while winning the NCAA college division cross-country title. He beat second-placer John Cragg by 13 seconds.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Nov. 22--Appropriately named Ralph Foote grabbed a surprising win in the NAIA cross-country meet, running 24:53 for five miles. Larbi Oukada, a Moroccan, finished two seconds back.

BRONX, N.Y., Nov. 24--Gerry Lindgren survived a late rush by defending champion Mike Ryan to win his third NCAA cross-country championship. Lindgren did 28:59.2--a record--over the six-mile Van Cortlandt Park course. Ryan ran 29:01. Other leaders: 3. Steve Prefontaine 29:12; 4. John Bednarski 29:17; 5. Art Dulong 29:27.

UNIVERSITY PARK, PA., Nov. 26--Jack Bachelor ran away with the USTFF cross-country title, doing 29:35 for six miles. Kerry Pearce and Bednarski ran 30:01 in second and third.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH., Nov. 29--With the only two rest days after his USTFF win, Bachelor made it a double in the AAU. His 30:49.8 on the slippery 10,000-meter course beat runner-up John Lawson by 11.2 sec. Comebacking Eamon O'Reilly ran third (31:02), Art Dulong fourth (31:03), and Ken Howse fifth (31:08).

INGLEWOOD, CALIF., Nov. 29--Doris Brown had an easy time winning her third National AAU women's cross-country crown. Mrs. Brown, who ran 10:56.2 for two miles, finished nearly 100 yards ahead of second-placing Cheryl Bridges (11:14). Pam Bagian, Vicki Foltz and Pat Cole--the next three finishers--also qualified for the International championships next spring.

CULVER CITY, CALIF., Dec. 7--With three leaders (Bryon Lowry, Fred Ritcherson and Chuck Smead) straying from the course, Tom Heionen won the National AAU marathon in 2:24:43. Other leaders: 2. Jack Leydig 2:28:52; 3. Dave Waco 2:30:07; 4. Bill Anderson 2:30:44; 5. Jim Davis 2:30:54. (see feature story this issue)

FUKUOKA, JAPAN, Dec. 7--A week after setting a Canadian six-mile record (27:41.8), Jerome Drayton won the world's most valued marathon prizes--the Fukuoka International title. His 2:11:12.8 is a North American best and puts him third on the all-time list. European champion Ron Hill was second with 2:11:54.4. In fourth, Pablo Garrido got a Mexican best of 2:12:52.8. And in seventh, Ken Moore lowered the fastest-ever by an American to 2:13:27.8.

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ON THE RUN

BY HAL HIGDON

Recently while on a trip to Detroit I contacted Lou Scott, formerly of Arizona State University, formerly of the US Olympic team, and currently living and teaching in the Motor City's east side area. I don't know how many readers of The Runner's World have visited Detroit's east side lately, but they don't sing "Dixie" in the schools there, baby. Lou Scott was raised in the Ghetto and he lives there now.

He planned to go for a road workout that afternoon, so I decided to join him. I dressed at his house and we started to run through the back streets and alleys toward Belle Isle, where he usually trains. As we jogged past the garbage cans and garages, dogs in the back yards would hear us coming and set up a clamor, barking and growling loudly. Fortunately tall fences and locked gates separated us from them, but I couldn't help thinking that if their masters knew there was a white cat running out back of their homes, they would have swung those gates wide. Instant dog meat. Lou Scott would go down the drain with me. "Too bad, man. You oughta know better than to run around with Whitey."

All runners, joggers, and walkers get harrassed by dogs, people, kids in cars. Lou Scott gets a different brand of harrassment. "I'll be running along and a car will come alongside me," he said. "The cat inside will roll down the window and I know what he's going to say: 'Nigger.' Then he peels out of there as though afraid I might get him.

"I don't react to it, because I don't even know what the word means. I looked it up in the dictionary and it says, 'low and degrading person,' and it didn't give a color. So as far as I'm concerned, that's not me."

At Arizona State Lou Scott had a white roommate. One day he said to Lou: "You know something, you're all right."

Scott looked up from his books and smiled: "Thanks, man. You're all right, too."

"No, I want to be serious. You do everything I do."

"Like what?" Scott asked.

His roommate replied: "You bathe every day, you study all the time, and you run like hell, man."

Lou Scott has succeeded in demolishing a number of stereotypes, one of them being that black men don't make good distance runners. This is a myth believed even by many blacks themselves. Recently I was riding in a car with Earl Rowe, who supervises Republic Steel's hard-core unemployable program. Somehow the subject got around to the relatively small number of blacks in the sport of long distance running. "Well, we make better sprinters," explained Rowe, who once ran 9.8. "For example, I have very slender legs."

A look at the finals (or even semifinals) of the AAU 100 seemingly would support Rowe's argument, however, I cited people like Lou Scott, Ted Corbitt, and Oscar Moore. I mentioned the success of the African distance runners at the last Olympics. In fact, the lack of any really good African sprinters would indicate that cultural rather than physical factors limited participation by Afro-Americans in the distance events.

There are several racial anomalies in the athletic world. We have Ralph Boston's but not Bob Seagren's. Perhaps it is because of a lack

of vaulting facilities in ghetto schools. We have Buck Buchanan's and Ernie Ladd's (in pro football), but no Hal Connolly's or Randy Matson's. I'm not sure I can explain that one unless most potential black whales look only to professional careers.

Proportionately, in terms of numbers of their race in the United States, blacks dominate the American Olympic track teams. If blacks got turned on to events like the hammer and marathon they might even eliminate all but a few whites from the team. I don't believe that blacks are physically superior to whites any more than I believe whites are superior mentally to blacks. That's part of the bullshit that both whites and blacks get fed in this racist society.

Blacks succeed in track partly because they have to be tough to survive. It means more to them to succeed. Athletics is one means by which they can pull themselves out of the ghetto. If you lived in a neighborhood where the police came through at 3:00 in the morning shooting their guns, you'd probably react fast to a starter's pistol too.

Only a few black athletes have infiltrated the American distance running ranks, because marathoners usually mature late in life. I never broke 5:00 for the mile until I got in college. I never got under 15:00 for three until after college when I began running for a club. Most blacks in the past haven't had the opportunity to continue competing via the college/club route. The white man has had his foot on the black man's back for so long that he has let damn few blacks go any further than high school. Blacks get scholarships, but usually for money sports. The University of Texas at El Paso (formerly Texas Western) won an NCAA basketball title with an all-black team. UTEP had problems with its 'uppety niggers' last year, so this fall it won the NCAA cross country title with a band of foreign mercenaries. Hired guns, they call them in the West.

For years the major club track teams were sponsored by white racist organizations such as the New York A.C. The racist clubs fortunately no longer dominate track in America. Last year we finally got rid of the New York A.C. track meet where only their honky members could buy the good seats. Hallelujah! But the New York A.C. attitudes still envelop the Olympic movement. When I visited an AAU official several years ago I got taken to the "club" for lunch. I wonder if Ralph Boston gets invited to lunch there?

We are meant to subscribe to an amateur code of behavior that maybe made sense a century ago when sports was for the swells; but it doesn't today. Which brings us back to Lou Scott. This fall he signed a contract with the new professional track group. His reasoning was simple: he had a wife and child and couldn't afford to pass up the money. He wouldn't compete in any pro races until after the first of the year, so I assumed he would run in the AAU cross country meet in his home town. He said, no. "You're crazy, man," I told him. "No one knows you signed that contract." He said it wouldn't be right. The amateur code continues to work to thwart the man who wasn't born rich. The old concept of amateurism is dying. Can't help by throwing some dirt on the grave? The running sport, the entire Olympic movement, needs to be conducted on an "open" basis. Tennis switched. Track could too.

Why? As I left the hone of Lou Scott, newly turned professional, he said to me: "I always wanted to run in the Boston Marathon. I guess now I'll never have the chance." It's even more our loss than his.

MARATHON THOUGHTS

BY RON DAWES

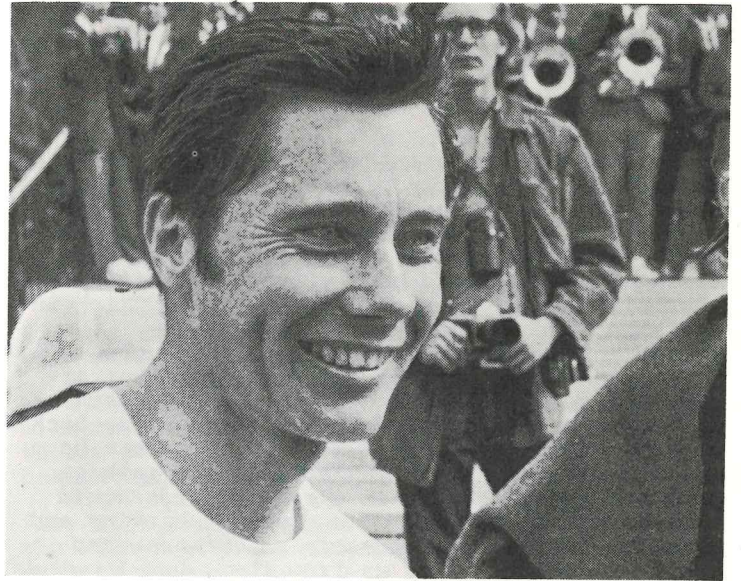
A marathoner can't beat a trip to Asia, where he is esteemed as the king of athletes and held in awe by those he meets. As a result of my finish this year at Boston, I was selected to represent the United States in the Korean International Marathon, held September 28. The race, which commemorates the U.N. landing at Inchon and the recapture of Seoul from the communists during the Korean War, attracts a large contingent of top foreign marathoners and must rank among the top sporting events in the world.

Abebe Bikila set the record at 2:17:04 when the race was last held in 1966, beating a strong pack of Japanese, Europeans, and Koreans. With Bikila in England recuperating from a broken neck suffered in an auto accident, Ethiopian coach Onni Niskanen brought in his two next swiftest men: Mamo Wolde, veteran of three Olympics and last year's gold medalist in the marathon and loser of the gold by one foot in the 10,000, and Merawi Gabru, sixth place marathon finisher at Mexico City. Not to be outdone, Japanese coach Sasaki Seiziro (who, incidently, finished fourth and fifth at Boston in 1953 and '54) brought in four men including Akkio Usami, who socked it out with Derek Clayton when he ran 2:08.36 in Antwerp, Belgium in May. Usami finished second in 2:11:27.8 which was fourth fastest ever.

Wolde, lean as a cheeta, appeared to be in superb shape and confidently told reporters, "I will win, of course." This was entirely possible because earlier this year he set a new Ethiopian record of 2:15:20 (don't forget, this was at 7400 feet altitude) even though hampered by a somewhat flattened foot. It seems that while running particularly fast one morning, Mamo inadvertently planted one of his feet under the wheel of a passing auto, seriously interrupting his pre-race training. In addition to the Japanese and Ethiopians, the Koreans entered 16 of their top runners, some of which have run below 2:20.

When in Seoul, one does not simply leave the hotel and go for a training run unless he possesses a matador's skill at dodging. Like Wolde's foot, he would be quickly flattened by the incessant stream of smelly buses, autos, carts and bicycles, most of which are driven by left over Kamikaze pilots from the Japanese occupation during WWII. Therefore, during my workouts on the road, I was accompanied by at least one official car which protected me along the congested route. Sometimes, there was a second car which crept along in front with newsmen and photographers hanging out the windows to record the session, the details of which would appear in the next days papers.

Amid all the running, sightseeing, press conferences and ceremonies, I became good friends with the Japanese runners and coach and also got acquainted, though to a lesser extent, with Ethiopian coach Niskanen and Mamo Wolde. Somehow, both Ethiopian runners caught colds on their way to Korea and stayed in their rooms the first couple of days. I saw them only once during this time as they hurriedly jumped into their car and hustled away for a workout. Since I had seen a newspaper photo showing them eating in their rooms, I erroneously sized them up to be an uncommunicative and secretive bunch. However, when they got better they came out and I was able to get an informal interview concerning training methods in Ethiopia. The Japanese were very out-



going in this respect and Usami, his coach, and I spent a good deal of time comparing training notes.

As the days passed and the race drew closer, the pressure became acute. It is one thing to run for yourself or your club, but to be the sole representative of your country among the toughest competitors is extremely nerve-racking. The style of living in Korea didn't help either because no one would let you forget the race. As soon as even a casual acquaintance learns you are one of the runners, he automatically appoints himself your personal well-wisher and thereafter extracts a complete rundown of your condition whenever you meet. Of course, you must be on your toes at meal times because a mouthful of the wrong stuff will insure gastro-intestinal flane-out during the race.

To be safe, the morning of the big day I ate my usual juice, sweet rolls and coffee and went back to my room to change and rest. The course, which on the map appeared to be relatively flat, was in fact deceptively difficult. Although not clear on the map, any run from a coastal city inland must be predominately uphill - and it was. Also, as I discovered during training, the prevailing winds would be against us. To complete the picture, the temperature was expected to approach 80°, long sections of the road had brick-sized rocks protruding where the surfacing had worn away, and black thick smog spewed out of the many WW II vintage buses that help pollute Seoul.

At precisely noon, the starters gun went off and 24 of us moved out together. Unlike Boston, where you can be running miserably and still have 2000 thumping feet behind you, you either moved out with the pack - there was only one - or you were in your own private race. Fortunately for a slow starter like myself, the initial pace felt comfortable and I tucked in with a couple of others at the rear of the group. Suddenly, I thought a hurricane had hit us, but as I glanced up I could see that it was only a helicopter moving down for a better look. The noisy beast was a tremendous irritant, kicking up clouds of dirt which it fanned into our eyes and mouths. Yet, but five-kilometers I was still running well, about 50 yards behind the leaders and, as the gap remained unchanged by 10-kilometers, I began to get thoughts of running up with the main bunch. A quick glance at the check point blackboard informed me that I had covered the distance in about 33:00, close to my planned 33:10.

Because of a misinterpretation of IAAF rules, no refreshments were allowed until 15-kilometers. This was unfortunate because by 10-kilometers I could already have used a cool drink. After 10-kilometers, I began to slip a little for when we hit 15-kilometers I noticed that the leaders were now 150 yards ahead. I didn't dwell on this long however, because I was watching for the blackboard to check my progress and, more importantly, the series of three tables with the refreshments. I never saw the blackboard, but more annoying I missed the first two tables because as the crowd pressed forward to see the runners, the tables were blocked from view. I did get a bottle at the third table but it was warm and woefully inadequate.

Between 15 and 20 kilometers I could definitely feel the effects of the headwind and heat and had lost additional ground, although I was beginning to catch some of those who had been up in front (but were now feeling worse than I). At 20-kilometers I got more warm sugar water and at 25 caught a glimpse of my time as I gulped my drink. It was 1:26+, which meant I had slowed almost four minutes from my 2:20 schedule. I didn't pick up, however, because by that time I knew that the worst was to come.

As we drew closer towards Seoul the crowds began to thicken and I became somewhat annoyed at the over-enthusiastic spectators, who in their effort to encourage waved flags so close to my face that I thought I would lose an eye. Somewhat sadistically, I enjoyed seeing the motorcycle police driving into the crowds of people that had pressed forward into the street. As the motorcycle approached, the crowds fell back, parting like the waters of the Red Sea did for Moses. The only words of encouragement I could discern yelled above the general roar were "I did!", evidently in reference to my Arab style cap (hankie trailing behind) that I wear on hot days. I am convinced that every Korean, if he knew nothing else, learned how to shout "I did!".

At 35-kilometers I got into trouble. It shouldn't have surprised me, really, when under the circumstances I cramped behind my right knee, but this of course meant that competitively the race was over. As a rule of thumb, I figure that I have about three miles of running before I will have to walk after the initial attack of cramps. Therefore, with roughly six miles to go I knew that to finish running would now be the main struggle. As I plodded on somewhere between six and seven-minute miles, I was amazed that no one was passing. Perhaps those behind were having their own problems. After a bit I could hear the crowd yelling behind and one of the Koreans flopped by looking so bad that I picked up the pace and began to haul him down. But another cramp changed my strategy and I reverted back to the main objective.

After that seemed eons, still no one else passed, although I was moving about as fast as a three-toed sloth. Eventually, I could see the stadium lights over the maze of buildings and knew I would finish. Wild, screaming Koreans packing the stadium gave the runners an energetic ovation as they ran the last 300 yards. Because of my pedestrian pace over the last three-four miles, I was physically fresh as I approached the track but as I tried to sprint the leg seized again and I jogged to eighth place in a discouraging 2:32:40.

Usami was lying on the grass as I walked stiff-legged onto the infield, and he forced a smile when he recognized me. Usami reached the finish in 2:20:18, almost two minutes ahead of Wolde, who was also sprawled out next to his coach not far away. Interestingly, Wolde's 2:22:07 was

nearly two minutes slower than his time at Mexico City's 7300-foot altitude, and obviously all the times were at least 10 minutes slower than one would expect under ideal conditions. As poorly as I felt I had run, I perked up somewhat when I discovered that I had beaten three of the Japanese.

I hung around the stadium long enough to watch the awards ceremony and then hurried back to the hotel. By the time I reached the lobby, I could feel the delayed effects of the race catching up and as I rode the elevator everything began to spin. Reaching my room before I really came apart became more important than reaching the finish line had been an hour earlier, and I gave genuine thanks that I barely made it.

A guest runner in Korea doesn't have much time to mope as it turned out. In spite of my private appraisal of my running, everyone congratulated me and by six that evening I had pried myself out of bed to attend a big bash which the sponsors threw in the runners' honor. I left Korea the next day still disappointed that I hadn't run the 2:18 - 2:20 I was capable of on a good day, but otherwise very favorably impressed with the warm reception all the runners received throughout their stay.

In retrospect, I couldn't help notice our AAU's usual attitude of neglect towards marathoners. To my knowledge, our AAU did not sponsor one US marathoner to any foreign competition this year. The trip I made was financed solely by the joint sponsorship of the Hankook Ilbo and the Korean Times newspapers. It seems strange that a country with the resources to send track teams to innumerable meets in Europe and elsewhere has to depend on Korean C.A.R.E. package to get one of our marathoners overseas. Of course, it is not secret that in international competition US runners are usually outclassed. However, this is not always true nor does it have to be in the future. Witness the fact that Amby Burfoot ran 2:14:28.8 in Fukuoka last December to essentially equal Buddy Edelen's American Record of 2:14:28 set in the "Poly" in England in 1965. When you have 1200 "marathoners" as you have at Boston nowadays, as well as all the other marathoners throughout the country, and only one has a chance at a foreign trip, this does little to encourage a new wave of excellence among the top runners.

With regards to marathon representation, it behooves anyone with a rational mind to figure out how some of the competitors are picked when an invitation is received by the AAU office. Last summer when the Canadian National Exhibition sent an invitation for three American marathoners to compete in the CNE Marathon, one would expect that the three runners who had demonstrated the best times during the 1969 season would have been contacted. I was disqualifying myself because of my selection for Korea. However, Jeff Reneau who ranked second (2:24:47) after Chuck Smead had to decline, never heard of the race until he read the results in Distance Running News. Instead, Amby Burfoot (2:29:50) and Gary Muhrcke (2:27:53) were chosen after Bob Deines. Being a good friend (I hope) of both Amby and Gary, I certainly do not begrudge them the opportunity to accept the invitation, but I do think it grossly unfair that Reneau was not even asked. (Incidentally, Jeff was in much better condition during the summer than he was at Boston, while Amby admitted several times that his teaching schedule was restricting his training.) I suppose I am biting the hand that fed me and I apologize if I seem an ingrate after enjoying generally good relations with the AAU, but I

(continued on page 37)

MASTERS MARATHON TUNE-UP

BY JOHN ROMERO

(Editor's note -- We asked John Romero, director of advertising, promotion and publicity for Hotel Sahara, to report on the Las Vegas running scent. John was just converted to distance running this year and lists a personal best in the mile of 4:20. "I was driving a Dodge, I think," says John. Here's how the cast of characters in Las Vegas shapes up.)

A bunch of Las Vegas Track Club runners were sitting around the other day trying to decide a club emblem to wear in the Masters Marathon here on Feb. 7.

Two guys held out for an iron lung. Three more wanted a Vaseline label. One guy wanted a picture of Jesus.

"We have a few militant factions," said Dick Small, the LVTC president, eyes hurtling wildly in his dome.

Small is a faction all by himself. In laying out courses for the club's regular Sunday morning runs he uses all the tenderness of a Marine Drill Instructor. He consults guys like the Marquis de Sade and Ellery Queen for directions. He'd put pointed bamboo sticks on the course if the guys would let him. His idea of an easy run is straight uphill for nine miles. Calm, clear days make him grumpy. His personal car is a tank.

LV Track Club events aren't particularly well attended since they're held on the desert outside of town. At the last meet three snakes and a lizard were in the gallery.

One guy, Bob Ackerman, attributes his success to sidewinders. Bob was loping along one day in a training run at the Nevada Test Site when a snake made a grab for him at the five-mile mark. Bob sprinted for a mile before he looked back. More snakes, more sprints, and Bob discovered fartlek training.

Shake a baby rattle around Ackerman and he'll do a 50-second 440. The quickest way to lose a race is to run up behind Bob and yell "snake!" He's run so long carrying a forked stick he's thinking of becoming a pole vaulter.

Anyway, with guys like Ackerman around competition is never dull. In fact, the club's events are more like parades than races. There are a lot of individualists in the group.

Small really set a great course last week. I don't know how much desert we covered but it was nice to see Gen. Rommel again. Some of the guys were a little worried when we passed a sign that read "Next Services, 35 miles," but everybody made it home.

There was a hill some of the fellows thought was a little much. I passed a Jeep that couldn't make it. Even the butterflies were resting halfway up.

I wouldn't say the spectators enjoyed it, but three guys passed out laughing.

I admit the procession was kind of odd. In front came Nick Kitt, the All-American Chest, eyes glazed, chin pointed toward the sky, intent on one thing-- wearing out the soles of his shoes.

Behind Nick came Ackerman. It's kind of interesting to watch him run, the way he leaps and vaults every rock and bush, jabbing the ground with this stick, occasionally bounding straight up in the air. Fastest Feet in the West

Next in line was John Cochran, the Gentle Jesus of distance running. John has this beard--

and--well, he looks like Jesus. He wears black knee socks, a College running shirt and a sweat band and he runs with the shortest stride in racing history.

I wouldn't say his stride is choppy, but he could pound a Tartan track to pieces in 20 minutes. He's received offers to beat carpets with his dogs. And that beard gives him a definite advantage. John won the one hour run with 9½ miles and his beard went another 36 feet, 3-1/2 inches. If he's ever in a close finish he'll win by a whisker.

Behind John came Don Murray, otherwise known as Mr. Machine. Don runs the whole race at the same pace, no matter what happens. If they put a wall in front of him he'd run through it. Don figures a race is easy if he doesn't have to scale a couple of cliffs and bleed three pints of blood.

A large group of guys came along next--people like Art Dakesian, the Artful Armenian, Chuck Heers, Sultan of the Senior Set, and John Drew, the Noted American Imperialist.

It's a frightening thing to look back and see Dakesian bearing down on you. He looks like he's chasing the guys ahead of him to commit murder. He runs like a man who is mad at the ground. He doesn't swing his arms the way most runners do -- he throws punches.

Heers trains by running the Desert Inn golf club and has the distinction of being the only moving hazard in the course. If the ball lands on his running shorts it's a free drop.

Drew is training to climb Mt. Everest and intends to visit Red China and conduct a few distance runs--no kidding. He's growing a red goatee just to keep in style.

And on and on it goes--the longest running comedy act ever to hit the Las Vegas Strip.

Your faithful reporter generally inhabits the rear--to get a better view of the field. The only time I passed the leaders this year was when the course doubled back on itself and they came running at me around a corner.

"Eeh...oh...ah...watch it, Mac!...don't you damn gusever move over?"



TULLOH'S "LONG" RUN

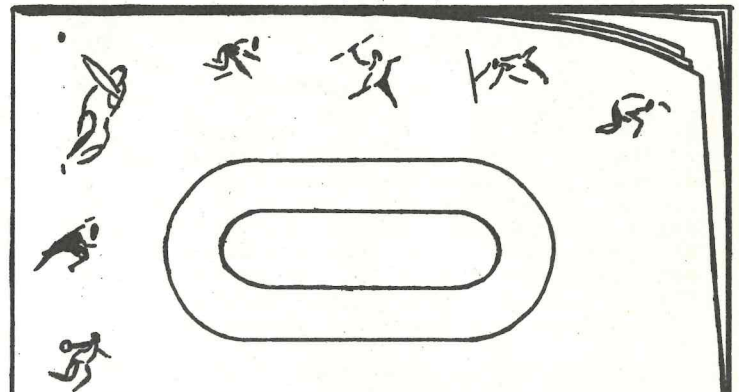
BY BRUCE TULLOH

From the runner's point of view the problem should be considered not so much as a 3000 mile run as a series of 45 mile runs, with all day to do them in. This cuts the problems down to such matters as eating, drinking and staying injury-free for two months on the road. In planning the run my object was to maintain my physical and mental condition as close to normal as possible. If I could maintain a constant equilibrium through all the different conditions I should be able to run 45 miles on the 60th day as easily as on the first. My target was Don Sheperd's 1964 performance of 73 days 8 hours; the remarkable thing about Shepherd's run was that he did it entirely without assistance, and the magnitude of his achievement and his doggedness impressed me more and more as I crossed the vast continent. I planned from the start to be well supported and to do the run in considerably less time. I set myself a target of improving Sheperd's time by a week. I chose the shortest route, which I worked out at about 2840 miles, though it turned out to be 2876; there was little difference between the 'central' route through Flagstaff and the 'Southern' through Phoenix, so I chose the latter, as it was less mountainous and there was less chance of snow.

I made a firm decision to go in April 1968, which gave me exactly 12 months for planning and training. By doing much letter writing I managed to secure a considerable amount of sponsorship, from Pan American Airways, British Leyland Motors, Caravans International and finally from Schweppes (U.S.A.), who came in at the last minute and provided enough to cover all our running expenses. In my training I worked up to 100 miles a week by Sept. '68, and thereafter tried to work up to 150, which was as much as I felt I could reasonably combine with my teaching job. There were many weeks when I didn't achieve this, but I was satisfied by my progress, which I measured by occasional days of 45 miles. At the beginning of December I did 90 miles in 2 days, and before Xmas 140 miles in 3 days; both of these runs were hard work, but in February, when I ran 220 miles in 5 days, I found that my body had adjusted itself to its new task, and had little trouble.

We left England on April 3rd, giving me over two weeks in Los Angeles to acclimatise and complete preparations. A week before the start I had an encouraging run over about 26 miles with Gene Comroe, Bob Deines and other marathon men, which came quite easily.

I started at 10 a.m. on April 21st, from City Hall, Los Angeles. I had scheduled myself 46 miles for the first day, which turned out to be hard, as it was 75° by noon, and I was in traffic all the way. At my first lunch stop I had a severe attack of cramp in both legs, but after taking plenty of liquid and salt tablets and a couple of hours rest I had no recurrence of the trouble. The second day was less sunny, and I did 48 miles, climbing 1500 feet in the last 6 miles, which was tiring. On the third and fourth days I went out into the desert, straight wide roads and the temperature in the eighties. I soon fell into a routine, never running more than 14 miles in a session, and seldom going for more than 3 miles in the heat of the day without a sponge and a drink. My wife accompanied me for most of the day, taking the car up in 3 or 4 mile stages, while my cousin towed our caravan with the other car. After each session, which would



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take 1½ - 2 hours, I would rest and have a snack in the caravan. At lunch time I would rest for as much as 3 hours, to avoid too much exposure to the desert sun. At this time I was starting at 6 or 7 a.m., and as soon as it got hot I would apply sun cream; in the middle of the day my garb was shorts, T-shirt, cap, sun-glasses, neck scarf, shoes and socks; after a couple of weeks I had a rich tan and ran for most of the time in shorts, shoes and socks, donning my T-shirt (with the sponsors name on it) only when a photographer or TV crew showed up.

In spite of my precautions I ran into injury trouble. I was not really fit enough for 300 miles a week in mainly hot conditions - the only way to get used to running all day is by running all day.

After four days I got very stiff in one thigh muscle, and had to walk for most of the next day. With massage and Ellimans Rub I was all right after a day's walking, but on the tenth day, having covered the 410 miles to Phoenix in 9 days, I became very stiff and strained in the left thigh; another days walking ensued (36 miles), which took me into the foothills of the mountains. The next day I was faced with 3000 feet of climbing and almost as much downhill running. Limping on my strained thigh led to a sharp attack of shin soreness in my right ankle, and I managed only 34 miles. The next day it was extremely painful, and I could only limp 19 miles. I bought a strong pair of boots, got a walking stick and determined to take it steadily until the injury was better. At no time did I think of giving up; it was just a matter of how long it was going to take, and I was confident that when I was fully adjusted I would be able to run 50 miles a day. The following day I managed 15

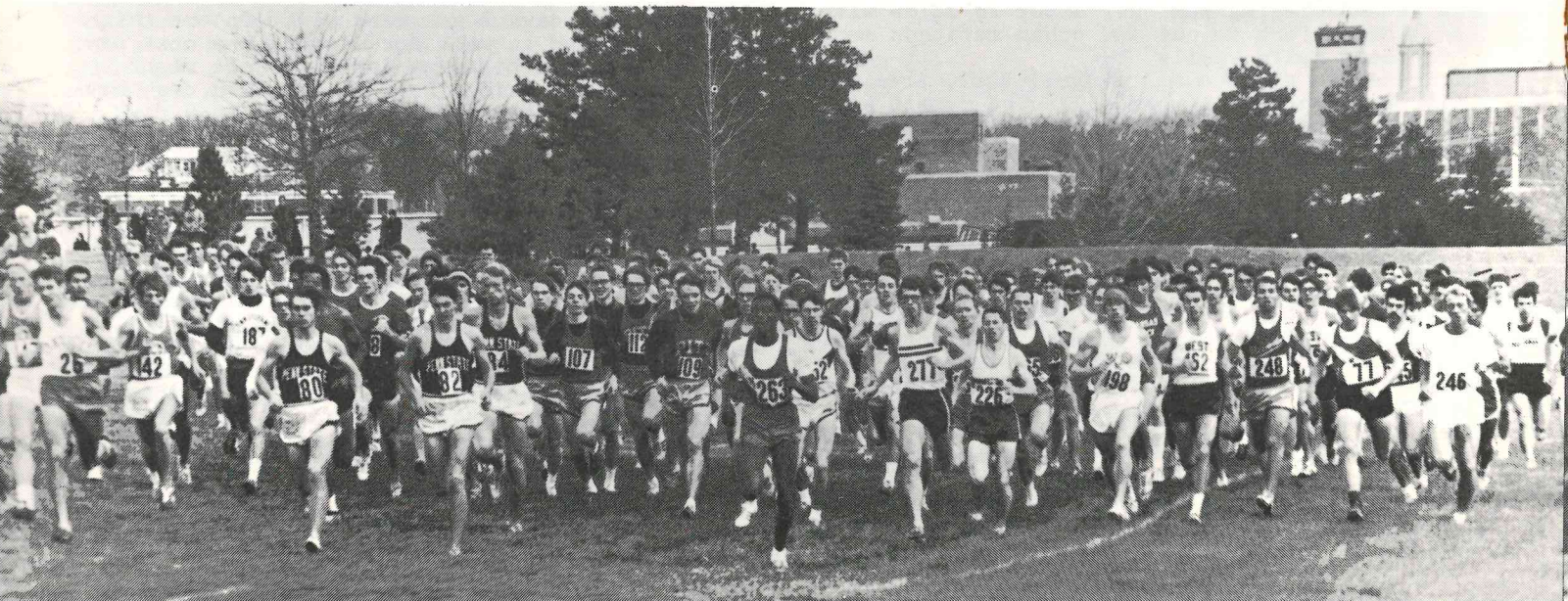
(continued on page 27)



ONCE AGAIN — cross-country! The USTFF cross-country championships were held at University Park (Penna.) on Nov. 26th. Below — the start. Above — Just past 1½ miles, leaders are Pearce & Bednarski of Texas-Elpaso, Pat Leddy(252) of Eastern Tennessee State and Dennis McGuire (226) of Iowa State. (Left) — Jack Bachelor—the winner with 29:35 for six miles. (OPPOSITE PAGE) The NCAA race - Gerry Lindgren leads with Steve

CROSS-COUNTRY — 1969

Prefontaine, John Bednarski (591) and Walsh. Later Mike Ryan gave fight but Lindgren came out on top with a record setting 28:59.2 for the six mile course. (OVER-LEAF RIGHT PAGE) Bachelor takes the lead from Eqmon O'Reilly after 2¾ miles in the AAU race in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan and never relinquished it. (OVER LEAF-LEFT PAGE) — (Top) The course was slippery and thus a few runners took to the ground. (Right) At the 2-mile point it was O'Reilly, Dulong, Crawford, Lawson and Bachelor calling the plays. (Left) Jack Bachelor on his way to his win. He ran 30:49.8 for the 10,000m course. John Lawson came next some 11.2 secs. back. Photos by Jeff Johnson









NATIONAL AAU MARATHON

BY JOE HENDERSON

Sprawling Los Angeles hadn't woke up yet. It was not quite seven on a Sunday morning and the freeways which weave a maze through the city were strangely empty and peaceful. The sun crept up lazily over the eastern rim of mountains, glowing bright red as if angry at having to get up so early.

The three of us in the car heading for Culver City weren't more than an hour removed from a deep sleep, but we were as excited as kids on Christmas morning. None of us admitted it, naturally. Twenty-five years of combined running experience and 25 total marathons are supposed to produce cool aloofness. But if we weren't excited, why was Bob Deines staring blankly out the window, obviously contemplating his injured achilles tendon rather than the freeway scenery? Why was Mike Spino so concerned about whether he should wear Adidas or Tigers? Why couldn't I keep a conversation alive for more than 20 seconds when running talks normally flow on for hours?

Marathon fever had us, of course. And we three weren't a bit unique. We were about the last of over 400 runners to arrive at Culver City recreation center, and there our tension and anticipation were multiplied maybe 1000 times. The Deineses and Fred Ritchersons mingled indiscriminately with four-hour types in the lineup for physicals. "This is the whole test," one of them said. "If you can stand out here in the cold for an hour and a half without freezing or falling over, they let you run."

This was called the National AAU Senior Marathon Championships. With 400 entrants, it was the biggest national championship ever held. But the "national" tag wasn't more than an incidental attraction. Not more than a dozen or two of the runners, none of them of national caliber, traveled from outside the Los Angeles area. And not more than a couple of per cent of the 400 had any visions of gaining national glory. For most, the simple chance to race a marathon was attraction enough.

Lineup followed lineup. First for numbers, then for physicals, then for precious bathroom space, finally for the race itself. But most runners endured the cramped noisy chaos relatively patiently, knowing that 2½ to five lonely hours on Culver City's streets would be theirs momentarily. All marathons are lonely, even when 400 runners fill the streets and regular knots of on-lookers watch them flow past. Pre-race conversation is always ritualistically carefree, "Oh, I just hope I can make it." "I'm in horrible shape." "Pick me up at 15 miles.", but always a bit disjointed as runners begin the essential process of looking inside themselves. This race was no different.

Like any race except the limited-entry international invitationals, this Western Hemisphere event has as much the atmosphere of a family gathering as an athletic event. It's more a be-in than a battle, and everyone who cares to enter is free to do his own thing, his own way. Curiously, lonely as it is, marathoning breeds closeness, even among athletes who may be separated by miles during the running. Here, total strangers as well as close friends exchanged good-byes at the starting line with best wishes and promises to meet again at the end.

It's always with a little awe that I approach the starting line of a big marathons. Conditioned by an early career of five and 10-man midwest races, crowds of 400 appear overwhelming. My

preoccupied mind can't take in impressions fast enough to recall them later on paper. There are Heinonen, and Ritcherson, and Smead, and Van Dellen, and others. People I've read about, even written about, now take human form. But early-career hero worshipping has conditioned me, too, to hesitate about approaching people this much "better" than me. No doubt they're as anxious to greet and be greeted as we sloggers are, but I keep my distance, talk to friends nearby whose names few of you would recognize, and try to take in the whole scene.

"Bang!" All at once, in mid-conversation, the whole scene began moving. The semi-guided (keep this in mind) tour of Culver City was underway. Leaders are already hidden from view by hundreds of heads, backs, arms and legs. I'll have no idea what's been happening up there until our fleeting meeting somewhere after their halfway point and before mine. The immediate impression of surroundings: this must be the mecca of teenage and middle-age marathoners. A quarter of the field seemed to be skinny-legged, tennis-shod kids and another quarter were wearing the gold and black uniforms and bald or grayed heads of the booming Seniors Track Club.

Culver City's course appears deceptively easy and conducive to fast times. It's nearly flat, winding the first six miles through movie sets, then taking a direct route to the Pacific Ocean, a turnaround near International Airport and a rerun of the same route in reverse.

But here are complications. The major one is that it could be as much as a half-mile beyond required length. Race officials and Bob Carman have carried on a long-running hassle over this point. They say it's "exact". He says he has walked every foot of it with a calibrated wheel and found it to be some 600 yards too long. Organizers added two more short blocks to the distance this time.

Plus, the roads get congested with Sunday drivers as the morning wears on. There's no danger, just distraction as cars race along just a few yards from our ears and low-flying, screeching jets further invade our thoughts. And the long, dead-flat and dead straight stretches of road also tend to wear on a weary mind. The worst is the five miles between 15 and 20, with an always-visible tower marking 20-miles. The 20-mile tower also marks the finish once another six-mile loop is completed. Many, many runners can't convince themselves to start this last loop. (I had given in to temptation there during both previous Culver City attempts.)

Back to the race. Meeting the returning leaders is always something of a high point, even if they're only seen briefly and they're four miles ahead. This is the only time every runner who has made it this far gets to look at each other.

First down the hill at about 15 miles was Ritcherson, a 19-year-old, with Byron Lowry sticking to his elbow. Both looked extremely fit and fast. Chuck Smead, 18, appeared even more determined than the first two as he came along ten yards later. Deines, maybe 50 yards back, flashed a peace "V" as we met. His smile and his pace seemed to say, "No achilles trouble." Tom Heinonen, with his distinctive shuffling stride, wasn't far behind Bob. Runner after runner passed by, occasionally offering a wave or a "Go!".

Running a race, particularly a slow one, is the poorest way to try and report it. After seeing the 15-mile lineup, I figured it should end with those five being the top five--Deines pulling up to challenge the two youngsters, and Lowry and Heinonen falling back a bit. The tragic turn of events that was coming was, of course, lost to me until the news came second-hand after the race.

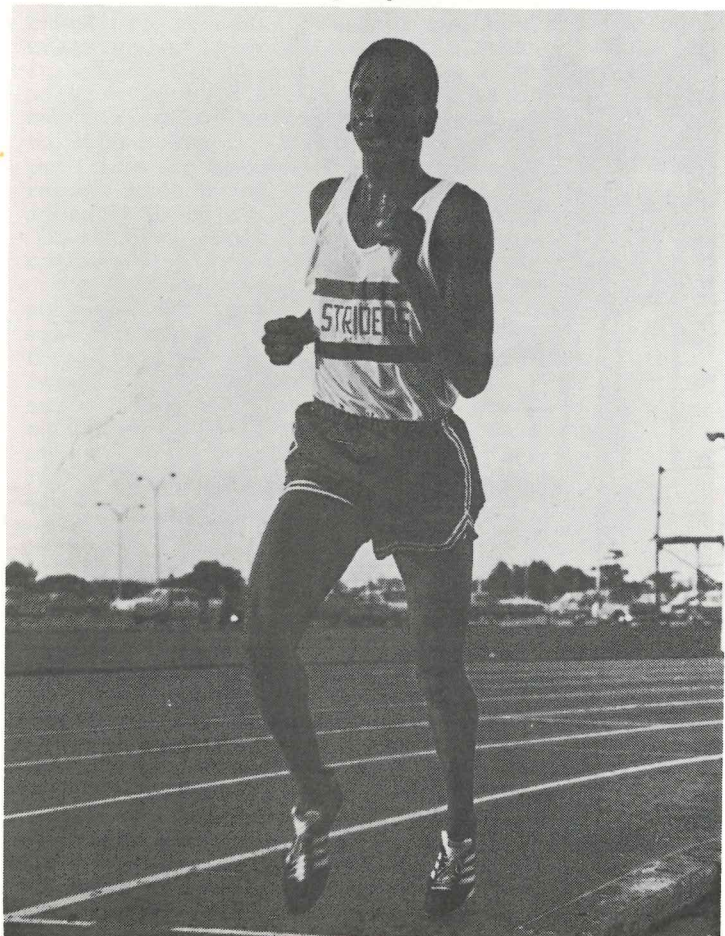
Deines broke it.

Ritcherson, Smead and Lowry had pounded through 20 miles together and into downtown Culver City. Moving along smartly and no doubt in something of a trance after 20 miles of hard running, they came upon a "Y" intersection--one of the few without a guide to direct the way. If the pavement contained an arrow, they missed it. Instead of taking the right branch of the "Y", up Washington Blvd., they went left on Culver. Ritcherson, Smead and Lowry went in a few unfortunates from possible sub-2:20 races and possible national championships to non-finishers.

That left Deines and Heinonen. Bob knew the course alright, but his achilles gave out at 22 miles and he walked. That left Heinonen. Though his victory was somewhat tainted by circumstances, he still ran 2:24:43--certainly a time he needn't be ashamed of. The Navy officer from Minneapolis (stationed in San Diego) finished more than four minutes ahead of second-placer Jack Leydig.

Runners sprinted, jogged, limped and walked in for nearly two hours after that, each concentrating as intently on completing his personal struggle as Heinonen has his. Those amazing high schoolers. Four of them--Craig Streichman, Mike Baer, George Khouri and Chris Hoffman--broke 2:40. Severe leg cramps seized Baer shortly afterward, but they couldn't keep him from smiling for very long. Those amazing "old" runners. Monty Montgomery at 62, was one of 83 people breaking three hours; he did 2:54:56. Jay Olson ran about 4:31; he's eight years old. Pete Strudwick finished again; he has no feet and bounds along on rubber pads.

If pre-race conversation was disjointed and ritualistic, post-race talk made up for it in boistrous, free-flowing style. No one talks



FRED RITCHERSON Photo by Jeff Johnson

more than a freshly-finished marathoner whose fatigue, relief and satisfaction bring out the stream of words stored up during the lonely miles on the road.

Most of the 400 packed the recreation center's dining room for the post-race meal and awards, raising a din no one seemed to mind. Syd Kronenthal, James Lloyd and the Helms Athletic Foundation try quite hard to make their race a "Boston West". A huge crew (one too few, though, as it turned out) mans the corners, water stations and five-mike time checkpoints. They provide a program and better-than-usual dressing arrangements. They even dish out stew to the runners, a Boston tradition.

But as well-handled as the race generally was, one slip-up crushed the management. Kronenthal appeared more upset than the three wayward runners, and he apologized repeatedly for the blunder. Heinonen appeared reluctant to think of himself as winner but said when he got his trophy, "I'm ecstatic about the time. And I'm happy I made the right decision at the corner of Washington and Culver."

"What about the other three?" someone from the crowd hollered. Kronenthal assured us that he'd talked with Lowry, Ritcherson and Smead, and that each was getting a watch as consolation. "They had every reason to be bitter," Syd commented, "but I was amazed that they weren't. In 25 years of dealing with athletes, I've never seen any who took a setback as big as this so well. Believe me, marathoners are the greatest sportsmen in the world."

How could any marathoner be bitter about a man who hands us rare flattery like that?

MEET THE CHAMP - TOM HEINONEN

(Editor's Note: This profile on AAU marathon champion Tom Heinonen is extracted from Joe Henderson's book, "Road Racers and Their Training", which will be published soon.)

Thomas George Heinonen. Stationed at San Diego, Calif., with the U.S. Navy (hometown, Minneapolis, Minn.). 5'10", 140 lbs. (24 years old, born July 1, 1945.) Occupation: aviation electronics technician. Began racing in 1958 at age 12. Self-coached.

Best times: 100y--11.8 (1963), 220y--25.0 (66), 440y--54.9 (65), 880y--1:58.8 (64), Mile--4:09 (67), 2 miles--8:55 (66), 3 miles--13:40 (67), 10 miles--51:21 (67), Marathon--2:18:30 (68 his first race longer than 10 miles).

Training description: "Since finishing collegiate eligibility (spring, 1966), I've not been in a stable training situation long enough to develop and employ a personalized workout system. However, the following is a synthesis of workouts from 1968-69 and is the basis on which I would train, given a 40-hour week and a moderate climate: a 15-30 mile run on Sunday, two days a week of fartlek (10 miles), a day or two of intervals (8 miles of total running) with continuous runs of 10-15 miles the remainder of the week. Total weekly distance varies from 70-95 miles. A second run each day, perhaps 4-6 miles or several 110s or 220s, would be fine but not a necessity. (I did 130 miles one week at Alamosa, but could never hope to do that and work a full week, too.) If the weather is miserable or there are no important races in sight, I substitute another 10-15 mile run for the interval work, which I find difficult--particularly alone.

"My training goal is minimum effort for maximum gain, trying to work as relaxed and effortlessly as possible. I seldom do long runs with great intensity, rather let my comfort dictate the pace. I sometimes dip under 6:00 pace, but only if that pace is enjoyable."

Recreation and Training Camps in Sweden

BY TED CORBITT

Training camps and recreational centers catering to long distance runners have appeared throughout the world. Some of these facilities are more useful to the athlete than others. Sweden has several such centers, most of them stressing simple equipment. The centers are sponsored by cities or universities or clubs or hotels. Ordinary citizens, students, athletes, hotel guests and in a few instances foreign national team members use these facilities. For the most part, the centers are open all year although the emphasis of activities changes with the seasons. The centers are located all over the country and more are to be built.

For track athletes, the most famous training center in Sweden is at Valadalen which revolves around the operation of a hotel. The hotel at this facility is closed between November and April.

The Uppsala University sports facility and the recreation center called Hemlingbystugan, in Gavle, Sweden will be described.

UPPSALA, SWEDEN--At Uppsala, the University has a sports complex in a large building for the use of athletes in a variety of sports. Adjacent to the building is a park leading to a forest, featuring trails, dirt roads, and paved roads on the periphery. Most roads in Sweden have an area "reserved" for cyclists and pedestrians. Another city forest is nearby. A stadium with a cinder track and other areas for other sports complete the center. There are other facilities located elsewhere in the city for athletes with special needs or in sports like rowing, wrestling, etc.

One might be puzzled at the speed at which most of the runners leaving the gymnasium start their runs, until it is discovered that they are timing themselves. There is what appears to be an industrial time clock on hand. Runners put a little green card into the clock (punchin), run, keeping the card, and punch the card again at the end of the run to get their times. The clock is outside and attended for two hours a day. At other times it is available inside the lobby of the gymnasium.

The gymnasium has a basketball court and exercise rooms including a well equipped weight training room. Next to the showers is a large indoor swimming pool and sauna bath unit. Most runners use the sauna at least twice a week to speed up recovery from training and to soften muscles made hard by training.

Soft drinks are sold in the lobby. Drinking water is also available.

There are facilities for women and the center is used by both sexes and all age groups. University and many club athletes use the facilities. The vast majority of the better athletes in Sweden represent clubs rather than schools, the opposite of the scene in the USA. The most frequently seen color of warm up (sweat) suits in Uppsala, Gavale and Stockholm, is blue. Some runners wear their club colors in training.

Non University athletes pay about twenty cents per visit to use the facilities for training. A towel is provided for seven cents. There is a scale in the dressing room and many runners keep records of their weights filed on index cards at the scale. Wallets and other valuables may be locked up in special small lockers in the lobby.

GAVLE, SWEDEN--Favle (population 80,000) is the home town of Gunder Haegg, the multi-record breaking wonder-runner during the early years of

World War II. The sports center to be described is HEMLINGBYSTUGAN, located on the outskirts of town. Haegg trained in another part of town. A bus from thd downtown area goes to within one-half mile of the dressing room building.

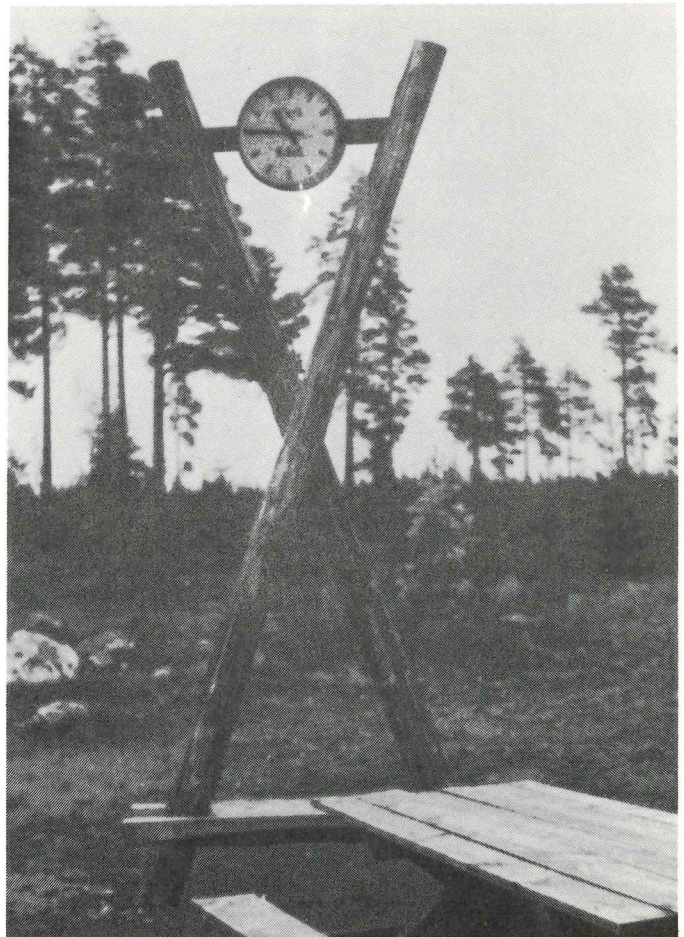
This recreation center is open all day and it services 600 to 700 visitors a day. They are of all ages, male and female, and they have various goals in mind from recreational walks over the scenic and peaceful trails to serious training by either ski or track athletes or others striving to get fit.

The dressing, shower, and sauna bath situation and the fees for usage are sililar to that at Uppsala. Otherwise the facilities are much less elaborate than at the University. There is an outdoor pool beside the shower and sauna areas, and there is a larger outdoor pool nearby.

A wide range of refreshments may be purchased in the central building. A number of other buildings dot the area around the skiing facilities.

The main exercise area is outdoors and features a number of home made chinning bars, barbells (with wooden weights), exercise boards for calisthenics, heaving logs of various weights, and wooden Roman Chairs for belly muscle exercises. There are some facilities for indoor exercises. Picnic areas are available in many locations.

The running training area, in a forest atmos-



Above is the "clock at start/finish of three running trails in Gavle, Sweden. Photo by Ted Coribtt

phere with characteristic sounds, features three running trails or circuits: two, three and five kilometers in length. All three loops start at the same point and share in common about 600 meters at the start and finish. The three and five kilometers loops share additional ground. All loops are scenic, thanks to plentiful vegetation and colorful bird life. The trails are well marked with identification signs and green plastic streamers attached to tree branches.

A number of walking trails criss-cross the running paths. All running paths are on gently rolling terrain; there are no big hills. Runners use spikeless shoes or orienteering shoes: a lightweight, low running shoe with short rubber cleats on the heels and soles.

There is a big clock at the start-finish point of the running loops.

The 5 kilometers loop is currently not suitable for hard running training; too many rocks and other obstacles, e.g. log bridges over wet areas, in certain parts. However, those runners who are familiar with this loop travel reasonably fast over it. This loop and the others are being improved.

The 3 kilometers loop is interesting and suitable for hard running training although care is needed in many sections. Generally, the surface is similar to the wooded hills in the New York City Van Cortlandt Park IC 4 A cross-country course (one of the most heavily used in the world).

Even more interesting is the 2 kilometers loop. It has a well drained, smooth, black colored surface: a mixture of dirt and rubber dust and shavings. Pine needles and a bit of saw dust in various sections complete the relatively smooth surfaced path.

Pine trees line both sides of the trail. Other trees are present in lesser numbers and includes trees whose leaves turn a brilliant golden color in the Fall. From the start and for each 100 meters there is a small sign of a pole indicating successive 100 meters, e.g. 100m, 200m, 300m, up to 2000 meters at the end of the circuit. The path is wide enough to accommodate two runners racing side by side with passing room in many spots. There is a slight upgrade over the final 300 meters. This loop passes over one paved roadway.

The surface of this loop is springy in one section, but is generally firm and suitable for speed running. Cross-country races are held on this circuit. The most unusual feature of this loop is that lights have been installed over the entire 2000 meters. The lamps are four to fifteen steps apart. The possibility of using this smooth running path at night is important in the Fall and Winter seasons when the amount of daylight decreases markedly.

In addition to the three running circuits there are several paths up a steep hill adjacent to the ski slope. Some runners use this for hill training.

There are plans to build additional recreation centers similar to Hemlingbystugan. The idea is to give more people an opportunity to use part of their leisure time to achieve and to maintain fitness for living better lives. Although these facilities are not built with the elite sportsmen in mind, there will be many athletes using the centers for training purposes.

miles of slow walking, including a 2000 foot drop and climb through the magnificent Salt River Canyon, and the day after 31 miles. I was now 6000 feet up, and for the following week noticed slight altitude effects, as we rose to 8000 feet. I seemed to tire more easily, but this may have been due to running with an injury, or to the cold. We had snow on three successive days while passing out of Arizona into New Mexico, and the temperature was below freezing when I started in the morning, though it had been 95° only 5 days previously. I could manage a sort of hobbling job for most of the day, but it was painful, and I could only cover 40 miles a day. Although the shin splints eased off I strained the Achilles tendon, and had to go back to the boot and walking for most of the day. It was only after 22 days on the road that I was able to run for a full day without injury trouble. Even then I was not clear, for after a thunderstorm I started getting pain in my left hip, probably caused by running for so long with a limp, and this persisted till I reached Amarillo, Texas on May 18th, recurring briefly for a couple of days in Oklahoma.

On May 24th I reached Oklahoma City, having covered 1390 miles almost 1500 miles in 31 days. I was fully adjusted to the task after a month on the road, and lost no further weight - I had dropped from 115 lbs. to 108 lbs. in the first four weeks. My diet was 'normal' throughout the trip. I took no supplements at all; I did buy a bottle of vitamin tablets before leaving home, and used to take one when I felt depressed, but didn't consume more than a dozen. Breakfast consisted of grapefruit or cereal, bacon or scrambled eggs, toast, marmalade and tea, lunch of cold meat, a large and varied salad, fruit, cheese, bread and butter, supper of three courses, varying from sausage and beans, to curries, steaks, enchiladas, spaghetti, risotto and fish dishes. I slept from 10:30 to 7 a.m. most nights, in our 11' x 7' Sprite caravan, and usually had a solid hours siesta after lunch. In the evenings we would swim if possible, and I would read and listen to music. In the cities, about once a week, we would go out for dinner or go to a drive-in movie, but I never felt like dancing!

Are there any lessons to be learnt from this, for the long distance runner? Certainly it is possible to run 340 miles a week, but there is no evidence that this does one any good for running shorter distances. I became very efficient at running at eight or nine miles an hour, but I do not think that I became any better at running at twelve miles an hour. What one can say is that the human body can be made to withstand as much as eight hours running a day, and if the mind can take it too, then it should be possible for runners to spend more time on training than they do at present.

At present I do not know of any firm plans to attack my time, but there is still room for improvement. I am sure that if I had been as fit when I left L.A. as I was when I left Oklahoma City that I could have done it 2 or three days faster, and a time of 60 days is quite possible - with luck.

Editors Note: Bruce Tulloh's time for the run was 64 days 21 hrs. 50 minutes, an average of just over 44 miles per day. The previous best time was 73 days 8 hours, set up by Don Shepherd (S.A.) in 1964.

A full account of his run is to be published in the spring by Mayflower Books, under the title 'Four Million Footsteps'.

PLEASE NOTE: On May 30th the first annual GOLDEN GATE MARATHON will be held. It should prove to be a "class" marathon. Write: Richard Perry, 330 Gonzalez Drive, San Francisco, Calif. On Feb. 28th - TRAILS END MARATHON (Seaside, Oregon) write: Chamber of Commerce, Seaside, Or.

WHAT SPORTS FOR GIRLS?

BY ROSE AND HAL HIGDON

(The following article was written in 1967 and appeared in the October, 1967 issue of Today's Health but we feel it is worth reprinting.)

Last winter a mammoth blizzard swept into the lower Great Lakes region, dumping more than two feet of snow on Chicago and paralyzing that city for almost a week. Yet before most citizens had shoveled their sidewalks, a hundred girls, laughing, giggling, unmindful of the weather, most of them not even in their teens, appeared as scheduled at a north side indoor pool for a competitive swimming meet.

"If it hadn't been for the snowstorm we would have had 300 girls," explained AAU (Amateur Athletic Union) swimming chairman Ken Pettigrew.

"Usually they outnumber the boys."

The world-famous Boston Marathon in April this year attracted 601 male starters and three female ones. Two of the three unofficially entered girls finished. "Girls' track and field has grown very rapidly, particularly in the last four years," says K. Glenn Shaw, a track statistician whose nine-year-old daughter Hene competes in the long jump. "In 1964, about 100 girls competed in the Pacific Association championship meet. Now even the local meets will draw 350-400 girls every week. We had 310 girl athletes at our state championships, 113 of them under age 11."

Muriel Davis Grossfeld, the 26-year-old coach of the United States Pan American women's gymnastics team, recently told a reporter: "When I started competing a dozen years ago I knew every girl gymnast in the country. Now I couldn't begin to count them. There must be at least 10,000."

Without question, athletic opportunities for females have begun to multiply, not only at the Olympic level but also in the elementary and high schools. More girls participate and more frequently. For a great many years virtually all U.S. girls have engaged in school physical education programs. The Girls Athletic Association has promoted sports for high school girls and the Womens Athletic Association has done the same for college coeds - including sponsoring interschool Play Days and Sport Days. So have other groups. Parents, teachers, and physicians agree that girls need exercise programs just as do boys. Yet many mothers wonder if they should encourage their daughters to engage in sports, in which ones, and to what extent. For instance, should the girls compete in interscholastic sports, as boys do?

The questions are raised by school officials faced with the decision of whether to sponsor girl's basketball and track teams. They are raised by mothers who worry about their daughters becoming either hurt, or too muscular and unfeminine. Finally the questions are raised by the girls themselves, who fear that boys don't like female athletes.

To answer these questions, TODAY'S HEALTH spoke with a broad sampling of physical educators and medical experts, but particularly we spoke with mothers and daughters themselves. We discovered as untrue certain "myths" that have inhibited female participation in athletics. We found that whether or not a particular sport was "feminine" depended mostly on the point of view of the beholder. We learned that, indeed, a revolution in attitudes concerning sports competition for women has begun, although society still fails to accept the girl athlete as readily as her brother. A double standard does exist.

For one thing, fewer sports are available for girls than for boys. We discovered that mothers, daughters, and educators alike unanimously disapproved of contact sports such as football or boxing. Nobody seriously considered weightlifting as a sport suitable for girls. "Anything that makes too many muscles is bad," said one mother of five children. "Many sports are simply too mannish," said another.

Sound reasons exist for not recommending the so-called contact sports for women. The female breasts and other organs can be injured seriously by a sudden blow. The danger of scars, broken teeth, or other results of injury probably are more of a psychological hazard for girls than for boys. Because of the differences in strength between males and females, direct competition between the sexes in most sports probably cannot be justified except on a purely recreational level such as in golf or skiing (or in a strictly skill sport such as shooting, where a woman competing against men recently won a gold medal in the Pan American Games). And certain cultural barriers justifiably remain.

"It would probably be culturally unacceptable for girls to participate in a collision sport such as football," says Fred V. Hein, Ph.D., head of the American Medical Association's Department of Health Education. "I suspect that the great bulk of American people would be reluctant to see girls go into weightlifting or wrestling. At the same time, there is something very appealing



Our DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS T-shirts are going fast but we still have a few left. However, when these go there will never be any more made up. Have yours yet? Men, women and children of all ages are buying them. Heather with black lettering. \$1.50 each or three for \$4.00 from: THE RUNNER'S WORLD, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. (The female is Mrs. W.B. Anderson Jr.)

about a woman in swimming, golf, or tennis, even at a national championship level. We value in this country certain attributes in men: bravery, strength, capacity to compete in vigorous sports. But in a woman we value social graces and femininity more. These are not necessarily lost in vigorous sports, but some sports are more graceful than others."

Most mothers interviewed approved of swimming as a sport acceptable for young ladies. They also like tumbling, or gymnastics. "I believe in any sport requires rhythm and balance," said one mother whose two grown daughters had been active in gymnastics. "Any sport that develops the whole body is good and is what girls should go into."

But not all parents or their children agreed on the acceptability for girls of other sports such as track and field, softball, or basketball. "The trouble with so many of the girls in these sports is that they look too much like boys," said one mother with eight children, four of them girls. Another mother disagreed: "Team sports are good for girls too. Just as much as boys, they need to learn about cooperation and teamwork. And it does them good to learn to get out and hit a baseball."

Part of the acceptability of any sport in a given community depends on which girls go out for it. We spoke with one girl, active in sports during elementary school, who entered junior high and decided against playing intramural sports. "The girls in it seemed so funny," she said. "None of them combed their hair or seemed to take care of their clothes."

In several states, high schools provide interscholastic basketball competition for girls as well as boys. When Jane Anne Jayroe was attending Laverne High School in Oklahoma she used to play in the girl's basketball game, rush to the dressing room to change clothes, then hurry back to the gym to serve as cheerleader for the boys' basketball game. She also played the organ at church. In her senior year, with Jane playing forward, Laverne High School made the finals of the state basketball championships for girls, losing only in the second overtime.

"When I reported for gym in college everyone stared at me," Jane told us recently, laughing as she did. "Most of the other girls wore ballet slippers but I had on heavy basketball shoes just like a boy might wear."

Yet no one who saw Jane Anne Jayroe play basketball could ever accuse her of being unfeminine. Last year she won the title of Miss America, which most people associate with beauty.

"Girls are groupish at any age level," one mother commented, "and if sports aren't in' they don't participate. All they need is one pretty girl who is a leader to get interested in a particular sport and her whole group will go along."

"Most girls don't compete in interscholastic sports," a teen-ager with two athletic-minded sisters told us, "well, because it's not cool." One place where at least one sport quite definitely rates as "cool" is the Long Beach Elementary School near Michigan City, Indiana, due to the influence of one of the teachers, Mrs. Herbert Ellison. Her daughter Bonnie contracted polio at age three and to speed her recovery Mrs. Ellison encouraged her to do tumbling exercises at a nearby park.

Bonnie eventually regained full use of her muscles, but her mother became so fascinated by the activity that she began to teach it to her fifth-grade class as part of her recreation program. At first she simply pushed desks aside and had the children tumble on mats in the back of the room, but demand on the part of the students in other grades forced her out into the

more roomy halls during recess, lunch periods, and after school.

"At first, I used to have boys as well as girls," says Mrs. Ellison. "But I decided that the boys had so many other opportunities in sports and I soon concentrated on the girls."

One fourth-grader whose mother had left her father acted withdrawn and would throw her lunch away, refusing to eat. Taken into tumbling class, she regained her interest in life. Another girl at first appeared repulsed by the thought of doing exercises. Coaxed into trying a few simple somersaults, she soon became one of the most proficient members of the class. Another girl, Melanie, displayed so much talent that Mrs. Ellison thinks she has Olympic potential.

Apart from mere sports ability, attractive young Melanie gets top grades in school and plays the concert violin. "Nobody can make fun of Melanie's other talents because of her athletic accomplishments," says her mother. "She's a better-balanced individual and her relationships with boys are improved because of sports."

A 10-year-old girl had been described by Mrs. Ellison as a colorless individual before taking an interest in tumbling. Mrs. Ellison now claims the girl has taken on a new zest for life.

"It makes me feel better," the girl says. "It seems my brain works more. My grades have improved. I'm more popular with the other kids now that I can do something better than them. I was the first in the class to do back hand-springs and everyone got so excited it made me feel good all over."

Many girls seem to fear that participation in athletics will make them less popular with boys, but usually the girls doing the most worrying are those not in sports. "The boys like me even more now," says one girl athlete. "If anything, it gives me more things to discuss with them."

Boys with whom we spoke had varying outlooks toward sports-minded girls depending upon their own athletic interests. One college student whose participation in sports might be best termed moderate reacted negatively toward women in athletics. "They shouldn't become involved if they're going to become obsessed with it," he said. "I don't feel sports are necessary. They don't necessarily bring out femininity and charm." (The same boy, however, didn't like girls who were "too fat.")

Another boy active as a tennis player took a different point of view. "There are no social pressures against girls in sports," he told us. "Every good athlete is wined and dined. Even the girls."

In a discussion over coffee with a group of four mothers, who among them had 19 children, one commented: "Boys don't like girls who are better than they are in sports." Immediately she was rebutted by another mother in the group who snapped: "Then those boys are simply immature!"

All four in that group had participated actively in high school athletics and had continued their sports interests after marriage, playing volleyball together every week. They recognized the advantages of sports in the area of physical conditioning, in feeling good, and in simply looking more attractive to their husbands. Another woman had previously commented to us: "The older you get, the more you owe your figure to what you do, rather than to what you inherited!"

The young daughter of Mrs. Jean Winter, one of the four mothers, always had obtained good grades in school until one year when in addition

to the A's and B's in the regular subjects she received a D in physical education. Mrs. Winter stormed in to see the gym instructor, a man, who shrugged off her complaint. "She got a D because she can't do anything," he explained.

"But she's not coordinated," pleaded the mother.

"I can't help that," replied the gym instructor. "She just can't do anything."

That summer Mrs. Winter instituted a program of daily exercises and discovered to her surprise that the more exercises her daughter did, the more she enjoyed them. "She became more outgoing and more confident," explained her mother. "She had been fat and she lost weight. She looked better. She came out of her shell and became more popular with her girl friends."

We also spoke with Glenn Shaw, who with his daughter had become interested in a girls' track club in California. According to Shaw: "The girls on our track club ranged in age from six to 16. They all felt better personally when they were in good physical condition. Their grades improved in school, much to the delight of their parents, and so did their poise and confidence. I think the improvement in personal confidence was the main reason for the higher grades!"

Shaw recalled one sixth-grade girl who appeared one night to join his team. At five feet, seven inches and 140 pounds, she towered above meet girls her age—as well as boys. "She thought she was big, clumsy, ugly, and just hated herself," says Shaw. "Her grades reflected her feelings. After a year, she developed into an outstanding shot putter, baseball thrower, and sprinter. She was beginning to get the feeling that she was not all bad. She's now nearly an A student in an accelerated scholastic program."

Another mother commented: "Sports give a person confidence. The girls involved in sports are often the kingpins of the school."

Nevertheless, certain myths about the participation of girls in sports do exist.

Myth Number One: Girls should not compete athletically during their menstrual periods.

According to Evalyn S. Gendel, M.D., of the Kansas Department of Health: "We have been over-protective about this phenomenon for years. Facts about menstruation, although well-documented and understood, have been colored by the folklore of the female subculture and the influence of women on men. In a number of articles and studies, it is generally concluded that participation in all sports activities, before, during, or after menstruation causes no deleterious effect on the normal menstrual cycle."

In studies made with 729 female Hungarian athletes, Dr. Gyula J. Erdelyi discovered that menstruation began initially at an average age of 13.5 years, or the same as for non-sportswomen. Studies by him and other researchers showed that during the actual menstrual period, half of the women athletes experienced no change in performances. Roughly a third declined in performance, while the remainder improved, causing him to conclude: "Generally the performances during the period are influenced more by psychological than physical factors."

At the 1956 Olympics, women competing during their menstrual periods won at least six gold medals.

Some girls bleed more or have more distress than others during their periods and may want to refrain from sports, or at least take it easy. But this is largely an individual matter.

Myth Number Two: Muscles built up in sports will cause complications later during pregnancy.

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used to fear that too tight muscles might make childbirth more difficult, but if such were the case obstetricians would not now prescribe exercises for expectant mothers. Actually, a woman with good muscle tone may experience fewer labor problems. If she has maintained good physical condition all her life without specially prescribed exercises she is well ahead of the average mother.

One study conducted by Doctor Erdelyi disclosed that 87.2 percent of female athletes delivered their babies faster than non-athletes. The time they spent in the second stage of labor was cut in half. Perhaps most significant, Doctor Erdelyi found no difference between champion athletes and second-class athletes, which seemingly shows that ease in childbirth results from general physical conditioning rather than from mere athletic talent. He also discovered the frequency of Caesarian sections to be 50 percent less among athletes.

At the Olympic Games in Melbourne, three track and field athletes competed while pregnant, and among the women Doctor Erdelyi studies, two-thirds of them continued their sports during the first three months of their pregnancy. However, he cautioned: "Although I could not prove any harmful effect of sports on pregnancy, I believe we should not generally approve of competitive sports during pregnancy. We must judge each case individually."

One other advantage athletic mothers possess is an apparent immunity from the back difficulties many women develop following pregnancy. Doctor Gendel identified lack of physical activity to be a major contributing factor toward chronic, severe, low backache.

Myth Number Three: Girls who compete in sports just aren't ladylike.

It's difficult to combat this statement with scientific research. For many years the image held by many Americans of girl track athletes was that of Tamara Press, the square-shouldered Russian Olympic shot and discus champion. But lately the public has become aware that the larger percentage of girls competing in sports—including those on the Russian team—are quite attractive young ladies. One of the girls who ran in the Boston Marathon this year was a part-time fashion model.

The fears of some girls that they might become muscle-bound by engaging in sports are largely unjustified. If anything, athletic activity will probably improve their posture and carriage, particularly for larger girls who often are self-conscious of their size. According to Eleonore Powell of the American Medical Association's Department of Foods and Nutrition (and a former competitive swimmer),

"Researchers have proved that very thin girls often can gain attractive weight on a scheduled exercise and sports program. Their muscles develop better tone and their appetites improve. Heavier girls may not necessarily lose weight, but they redistribute it better." Who could argue with a program that does that?

Actually, in many areas the question "should girls compete in sports?" is often made unnecessary by the question "can they compete in sports?" Despite giant strides in the past decade in the area of athletics for women, too little attention is given to girls. While citing the surplus of girls vs. boys in the AAU indoor swimming program, Ken Pettigrew admits one reason to be that the state high school association prohibits girls from competing interscholastically in anything but golf, tennis, swimming, or archery.

Intercollegiate competition for women in any sport remains a rarity. One attractive 16-year-old girl in Michigan City, Indiana, informed us: "I loved swimming. I really did. But after I got into high school there was no more competition for me." The local YMCA provided swimming meets only up to age 16. The high school (which had won the state basketball championships the previous year) didn't even have a swimming pool for boys or girls.

Yet jumping into a full-scale girls' inter-school sports program may not necessarily be the answer. Many educators who other wise applaud sports for women fear that increased emphasis may result in duplicating all the ills and evils apparent in the men's athletic programs. For example, nobody want active recruiting of women, with colleges bidding for the top girl athletes and offering under-the-table payments as they do for men. Concentrating only on championship-level girl athletes and ignoring the needs of the rest also would be a mistake.

"You find too many programs justified merely because of the Olympic Games," say Kenneth S. Clarke, Ph.D., of the American Medical Association. "If the only result of an increased interest in girls' sports is to provide opportunities for a few champions up at the top, it's not worth the effort. On the other hand, if we achieve Olympic gold medals because of a broad-based pyramid of activity opportunities for women then I'm all for it."

Others fear that girl athletes may be exploited for their broad appeal, given the opportunity to compete in the public arena without the opportunity to train properly. In some states

where girls' basketball is popular, the girls may get use of the school basketball court only when the boys aren't playing. On the other hand, if the girls have a better competitive record, the boys may get locked out of the gym. Neither situation is desirable.

Doctor Wesley and Doctor Clarke ticked off the five major points that should be observed in girls' as well as boys' sports programs: proper conditioning, careful coaching, good officiating, right equipment and facilities, and adequate medical care.

They recommend: (1) medical evaluation of a girl before she participates in any vigorous sport; (2) a broad-based physical-education program in all schools; (3) a sport which offers girls a fun-type challenge and one conducted under competent leadership; (4) participation which results in girls feeling good from having become fit and having performed or starred; (5) esthetic uniforms and practical conveniences and other considerations, such as hair dryers for girls after showering, so they don't have to go around all day with stringy hair; (6) avoiding stunt games where the prime purpose is to exploit the girls for the spectators' satisfaction, such as football games for girls.

Finally, according to Dr. Fred Hein: "Sports are becoming an integral part of the American culture. We hope that competition for women won't bring about a situation where they learn only to compete in certain sports they can't do when older. If competition grows, we hope much of it is in lifetime sports, ones that they can do for recreation and fitness all their lives. Running-jogging is such a sport."

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Law Enforcement Program Nets Jogger

BY JERRY WRIGHT

As a California attorney visiting our nation's Capital for a law conference, little did I realize that the stepped up law and order policy in the District of Columbia by the Nixon administration would affect me. But on the morning of October 10 at approximately 8 AM I found myself behind bars in a one man cell at a district jail lying on a perforated metal sheet with the fragrant scent of an adjacent toilet spoiling the fresh and clear morning that it had started out to be.

While in Washington for a two day conference I had decided to keep up my jogging and early on Thursday morning I had a great run from my hotel along the grassy mall on which the Washington Monument stands and then around the Tidal Basin to which the Jefferson Memorial is adjacent where I enjoyed the overhanging Japanese cherry trees. This was such a delightful run that the next morning, Friday, I decided to take the same route but instead make a right turn and go along the reflecting pool and around the Lincoln Memorial.

Early in the morning, about 7:30, I started out from the Statler-Hilton Hotel intending to swing past the White House, Washington Monument and up to the Lincoln Memorial. After passing the White House I went into the park area on which the monument stands and was enjoying running on the large grassy area. I approached Constitution Avenue which cuts this grassy area in half. When traffic had completely cleared, I crossed the avenue and made my way several hundred yards more up to the Washington Monument. At this time, I heard the roar of a motorcycle behind and a gruff voice saying "Hey buddy, come on over here." Thinking that it must be directed to someone else I moved on enjoying my run and suddenly the motorcycle riding over the grass caused me to abruptly stop. On it was a member of the elite park police of Washington, D.C. In his most "unpersonable" manner the park policeman, who was Officer D. B. Sohoran, informed me that I had committed the horrible crime of jaywalking and that he was going to have to give me a ticket.

He proceeded to start writing the ticket and when I gave my home address as San Francisco the police officer with concealed glee said "We're going to take you in," and he called for a patrol car. The police officer evidently intended to cause me as much trouble for this gross infraction of the law as he could no doubt being under strict instructions from President Nixon to clean up the District of Columbia. In a very few minutes the efficient mechanism of the park police had sent not one car but two patrol cars.

As the two patrol cars rolled up on the grass beside me a fourth park patrolman on foot, who no doubt was associated with the Washington Monument itself, was on the sidelines viewing the action and ready to give aid if needed. At this time, I was wondering how the grass would be affected by all these cars and motorcycles.

I was asked to enter the first patrol car and did so (and I might say with no drawn guns or even the close attention of the motorcycle policeman). What the purpose was of the second patrol car I never determined. On the ride to the district police station, 2301 L Street Northwest, I asked the patrolman in this car the reason for this policy of law enforcement and he had nothing whatsoever to say. This, of course,

reflected the typical police policy of support your fellow officer no matter how wrong he is.

Arriving at the police station I was told the bail would be \$5. At that time I was dressed in a T-shirt, running shorts (purchased from the Olympic Club of San Francisco of which I am a member and trimmed with the red colors of the club) and my German running shoes. I did not, of course, have any money with me. I asked to be released on my own recognizance since I was a lawyer and a member of the Patent Bar which has its headquarters in Washington and was informed that the police had no authority to do such a thing. Since it was 8 o'clock in the morning and no offices were yet open I had no one to call for the \$5 and I stated I now definitely wanted to go to court. He stated he could understand how I was a little upset and to remember that it was not the regular District of Columbia police who had arrested me but rather a member of the elite park police.

After a wait of about a half hour, the Black Miria was ready for me and off to court we went. I happened to be the only person in the district jail and thus had two patrolmen as my private chauffeurs. On the way to the Court House it was quite interesting looking out of the grill work of the back window of the police van at the commuters coming into Washington and their Government offices to work in the morning. No doubt when they looked back at my face they thought there goes another one of those despicable Washington law breakers that the efficient

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D. C. police have caught.

My van rolled into the basement of the Court House and I jumped out in my running shoes and shorts and up to the admittance desk. Nearby was a large cell holding about sixty fellow prisoners (90% Black). A mass of them rushed up to the bars and said looking at my running attire "What are you in for, indecent exposure?" I immediately, of course, defended my good name by stating it was the horrendous crime of jaywalking. This was met with a loud laugh and the prisoners in the holding cell were again reassured that the American system of justice was at work protecting society from harm.

Since I still appeared as a member in good standing of the white establishment (especially with my \$18 running shoes) the admittance officer stated that he wasn't going to put me in that cell for the court which would soon be in session. While in the holding cell (which again was almost entirely Black except for some white man in a business suit who was drunk and had run two red lights), I had a very pleasant half hour discussion with my fellow prisoners. Most of them were again minor traffic violators and people who hadn't paid tickets etc. One old Black gentleman, who stated he was fifty six years old and had never been in jail before, advised me that if I had run across Constitution Avenue I had only "jayrun" and therefore could not be guilty of the crime of jaywalking. Another co-prisoner had just returned from San Francisco and he sympathized with me for having to suffer the efficiency of the Washington police (I mean park police).

After a long wait the cell door opened and I along with my fellow criminals were ushered into a packed courtroom. My entrance with my running shorts and T-shirt caused a few raised eyebrows and stares. Since the group of about ten prisoners used up all the chairs in the back row I started to move up toward the front railing and the bailiff who was escorting us immediately ushered me back to a dark corner where he removed someone else who had been sitting there and placed me there instead. He was not going to let the mistake of a park police officer upset the decorum of this court.

The court was forming its general calendar assigning cases to trial, etc. and thur we sat for about a half hour until our cases were called. When my case was called I walked before the Bar of Justice and in front of dozens of patrolmen, attorneys and other law violators was asked to plea. Since the judge (Judge Nielson) didn't appear to be too amenable to public policy arguments I decided the best strategy was to plead guilty since I had hoped to leave town that afternoon and go back to San Francisco by plane. The kind of district attorney, after hearing my guilty plea, mumbled something to the judge and there was no fine or sentence.

Since I was still in my running clothes with no money (which of course was the reason for my appearance in this court in the first place) I asked the judge to expedite a ride back to my hotel. The judge said that he was merely a judge and had no power or authorization to furnish a ride and that why didn't I just turn around to the courtroom and ask if anyone could give me a ride. I did so and received only a number of dumbfounded stares. I then informed the judge that as a visiting California attorney I didn't regard this as a very hospitable attitude. The judge shook his head saying he couldn't do anything about it and that I might have to walk back. At that time a police officer who was in the witness box at the side of the room whispered to me to come over and offered me a ride. He said he was a fellow Californian having been a

member of the Los Angeles Police Department and intimidated that he would help me out of the jungle of this Washington, D. C. law. While still disturbed at Judge Nielson's un hospitable attitude I accepted the officer's offer. However, since he had to wait to testify in another case, a fellow attorney who happened to be in the court offered me a couple of dollars for a taxi and I accepted that and set off back to the hotel.

But first I had to recover my hotel key which was collected from me back at the district police station on L Street. I had unfortunately neglected to memorize the address of the station and the arresting and transporting officers were gone. A friendly attorney in the hallway volunteered the information that I could go to a liaison office in the basement for information. And so, still in my running clothes, I made my way through the crowded courthouse corridor down the stairs to the basement and to an office called the Police Liason Office. There a friendly police lieutenant (D.C. Police) who was curious why I was in the courthouse in my running clothes, started an investigation to find out to what district police station I had been taken. This took only about ten minutes and finally I got the proper L Street address.

A short hunt for a taxi and back to the district police station to get my hotel key. On the way I told the taxi driver my story and he mentioned that he had seen Senator Proxmire running to work several times. I asked if the Senator stopped for traffic lights or cut across streets in the middle of the block and the driver replied that at first the Washington police would stop all traffic for the Senator no matter what the light indicated. Apparently the Senator realized this was not a very egalitarian policy and he stops for all the lights (and to the best of my knowledge doesn't cross streets in the middle of the block either).

Finally, my friendly taxi driver and I found ourselves back at the hotel at 11:30 in the morning which I guess amounted to a four hour run (with a short interruption).

Has something happened to YOU that would be of interest to readers? Have you got some good training ideas to share? The point is that we are always looking for new writers and new stories. We can't pay you for your article but there's a good chance we'll use it. Let us hear from YOU.



MR. "IRON" - WALTER STACK by Fred Grace

In my book Walt Stack is the toughest 60-year-old maverick. At 62 he works at plastering and that's not computer work, Baby. For years he swung a 12-pound sledge at beef on the killing floor. His tattoos were given him by bulls that objected to leaving their harems.

His 1969 runs included the Pike's Peak falcon roost and the 100 and 50 mile toe taps. Only Jeeps can match his endurance.

Every morning Walt swims for an hour in the San Francisco Bay where the water is colder than a polar bear's nose. Weekends, after his long runs, he rows for hours. For a rest he pumps his bike 100 miles a week.

Walt's speech is saltier than dried mackarel. When quite small his Mom washed his mouth with soap. He liked it so well that to this day he doesn't wash with soap. He eats it.

My SOB's have always been better than my syntax but since I have been corresponding with Walt I can put the SDS to shame. (Fred is 72.)

ATHLETIC INJURIES

BY LARRY CARTER (UCLA Trainer)

(Reprinted from Senior T.C. Newsletter Volume 2 No. 10)

The most prevalent injuries from long distance running seems to involve the foot and achilles tendon. Strains of the arch, bruises of the heel and foot, and blisters are the most common foot problems. To a lesser extent shin splints are troublesome for some runners and occasional sore knees will develop. Muscle cramps, of course, continue to be an enigma to almost every runner who has trained hard over a period of time.

Many of the problems here discussed may be somewhat difficult to prevent because we don't know they're going to happen until they do. However, past experience will tell us our weaknesses and our susceptibility to particular injuries. In early conditioning and in resuming workouts after an extended lay-off, it is wise to remember what these are and take precautionary measures to avoid the same problems. In general, this writer feels the best single preventive measure for problems from the foot up to the low back is proper footwear for the individual. The shoe should fit, give proper support for the arch, and provide sufficient cushion for the feet to prevent bruises and sore knees and hips from pounding on hard surfaces.

Remember, our muscles and other structures were trained in our younger years to support say, 150 pounds. Now, beginning our 'comeback trail', our muscles have not only aged and atrophied, but we are perhaps 15-20 pounds heavier. We must protect these feet, legs and muscles. Therefore, it is felt that proper footwear is the first most important item in preventing injuries. After this of course is common sense in the training program which will not generally fall within the scope of this discussion.

Arch strains can develop slowly from overweight, improper training, ill fitting shoes, or a combination of these factors. Strains will occur also from stepping in a hole in rough terrain, or on some object that strains the arch. For support of the strained arch we use 1½ inch tape. We start just behind the ball of the foot, going to the outside and around the foot to pull up slightly on the instep. We usually use 3 overlapping strips going toward the ankle. We also recommend the "towel exercise" to strengthen the small muscles of the foot which form the arch of the foot. Spread a bath size towel on the floor, stand at one end with the toes just over the edge, then pull the towel up under the feet. Repeat 10 times. When this becomes easy, add weight to the end of the towel using weights, books, shoes, etc.

Achilles tendon soreness occurs from some form of over stretching or over work. This can happen from running on surfaces that are too soft as wet ground after a rain when the heel will sink down too far. Also, too much hill running before proper conditioning will put a great deal of stress on the achilles tendon. For relief of this condition many times a felt heel lift in the shoe will help. Some will build up the heel on the bottom of the shoe. Also, elimination of the causing factor will help if one can determine what it is. A gradual heel cord stretching program might help. Place the hands about shoulder height against the wall, then slowly allow the elbow to bend, leaning into the wall with the knees straight and keep the heels

on the floor. Lifting up on the toes will help strengthen the heel cords. As they get stronger, place a board under the ball of the foot to do the toe raises. Start with about a one inch board and progress to two or three inch boards.

Heel bruises and bruises of the ball of the foot arises from lack of adequate protection from the shoe. A heel cushion of soft rubber and/or running on grass will help this somewhat. A thin sponge rubber under the ball of the foot usually will eliminate the problem with the ball of the foot. Heel bruises take a long time to get well.

Shin splints usually occur during the early conditioning process and from too much running on hard surfaces. Again, shoes which provide adequate cushioning will help. Many times shin splints are from weak arches. The measure outlined above regarding taping of the arch and the towel exercise will aid in getting rid of shin splints. Severe shin splints may take months of work to eliminate.

Knee problems are not a common problem with long distance running. However, general soreness and aching will happen from over training or hill work. Usually, easy running on soft grass will eliminate this in a few days. Pain in and around the patellar ligament may develop from hard running up and down hills. This may require a lay-off from 2-3 days up to two weeks. Then of course, a gradual return to the former peak is required.

Muscle cramps occur to almost everyone eventually. Lack of salt in the tissue fluid and/or plain fatigue will cause cramps. Add extra salt to the diet in the form of salt tablets. Each individual will find out how many tablets to take according to the temperature and stress of a workout. When you stop having cramps you are taking enough salt. One or two is enough for some, while others may need up to twelve or sixteen per day. This need not be taken all at once. Some with each meal will take care of most cramp problems. As the body acclimatizes to the weather and the demands placed upon it by the training schedule, less salt will be needed. However, any extra hot day, or extra heavy session will require a little extra salt replacement in the body. If you feel you are taking enough salt but are still tired from the previous day's work-out then you are susceptible to cramps and other injuries regardless of salt intake, Gatorade, or any home brew you might like. The body just needs time to recover from fatigue no matter what you eat or drink or do. Sleep and rest (easy running) are essentials in recovery from fatigue.

Treatment of strains of the arch, ankle, and knee consists of ice-packs or ice water to the affected part for 20-30 minutes. Contrast baths also are quite helpful. Two minutes in ice water and three minutes in hot water for a 20-30 minute period is the usual procedure.

For cramps and other muscle soreness use hot baths or whirlpool. The water should be 104-110F. Time in the hot water is ten to fifteen minutes. An energetic and understanding wife or girl friend can pleasantly aid with gentle massage to relieve muscle soreness.

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UNSUNG HEROES OF AAU T&F

BY WALT STACK

Runners, jumpers, discus throwers, and shot putters, like all amateur athletes, derive a great sense of satisfaction from participation in their sports. This feeling is constantly being heightened by involvement in competitive meets where one savors the camaraderie, thrills at the competitive spirit, and, in general, receives acclaim and recognition. Amateur athletes receive substantial rewards just from competing, but what of men like the A.A.U. timekeepers -- those who do the clocking and recording of time? What of men like Vern Juhl, chief timekeeper of the Pacific Association of the A.A.U., and Bob De Celle, Chairman of track and field of the Pacific Association of the A.A.U. and, until this year, Commissioner of Long Distance Running?

For example, hardly a weekend passes that doesn't find Vern timing some kind of meet -- college, high school, church. Last year he put over 15,000 miles on his car just traveling to and from meets and marking roads for distance races. No expense money is ever sought.

The work of marking courses is extremely exacting. Four hours are required to measure a mile course scientifically, using steel tape, masking tape, concrete nails, and chalk. The 200 foot steel tape measures so accurately that the finished mile course is at most only a half inch in error. After the initial measuring, the course is retraced five times with a wheel instrument attached to an automobile to get the necessary three out of five markings. Such a method achieves a measurement more accurate than any in use by the local Bureau of Weights and Measures.

A runner, for instance, enjoys the breeze-shooting sessions before and after the race. The timekeeper, on the other hand, is busiest at those times and hardly gets to know the athletes. A timer of 15 years experience, like Juhl, is constantly being called on to help at colleges, school and track meets, swimming and boxing events and many more. Until recently, it was even necessary for him to pay for his own parking at the events where he, as usual, volunteered his services.

Such dedication is truly "toiling in the Lord's Vineyard." The closest thing to financial remuneration is the Internal Revenue Service's approval of writing off expenses as "charitable contributions." Both Bob and Vern have marked courses and kept time in rain, wind, and sleet. The mailman at least receives a salary for getting the mail through a storm, but he is no more steadfast and loyal in his dedication than these two scoutmasters who contribute so much time and effort to Northern California track and field through the Pacific Association of A.A.U. They work for the 1,500 runner program with the joy and devotion of a mother toward her brood or a priest toward his flock. Fortunately, unlike priests, their devotion does not induce a vow of celibacy and one can see by these two men's fine families that they don't spend all of their time marking courses and keeping score.

Vern is especially proud of A.A.U. impartiality and accuracy. His pride is reflected in an anecdote about a championship swim he was handling. (He cites this as the only complaint received in 15 years of timing.) One of his young sons, a national 50-yard swimming champ, was participating in the competition and won by one tenth of a second. Another swimmer challenged the judges' decision and made several nasty remarks. Vern carefully explained that even

though his watch showed that the complainant's time was the same as his son's, three watches are used in such meets and two out of three watches determine the outcome. Vern didn't even receive an apology.

These men, in addition to their other duties; have conducted schools for timers (to involve parents in helping in meets). In these schools, they have always stressed above all that one must never show preference for any contestant or even appear to prefer one competitor to another. These men reflect the high level of A.A.U. standards. They are truly the guardians of the fine reputation amateur athletics has not only in this area but nationally.

With this in mind, our running organization, the Dolphin South End Runners of San Francisco, plans to make a change in the timeless custom of athletes receiving awards from timekeepers. We think timekeepers should receive awards from runners. It is my privilege to salute these two fine men -- the Unsung Heroes of A.A.U. Track and Field.

Vern once said that "our greatest need is not praise or acclaim -- what we need are more volunteers." Show your appreciation to these two dedicated men by OFFERING YOUR HELP NEXT TIME IT IS NEEDED.



This guy from the University of Maryland didn't win the cross-country race but his effort was not without reward. With this type of reward we couldn't keep people from running. Photo by Jeff Johnson at NCAA

'MY DADDY WONNED THE RACE'

BY RITA HAMPSHIRE WINROW

(The following was written by Mrs. Ed Winrow after the 1968 Olympic Marathon Trails. Normally we wouldn't use articles about such dated events but we can make acceptions. Ed is now coaching at Valparaiso University. Let us know if you enjoy this kind of thing.)

Stride followed weary stride. The runner seemed almost exhausted, as he neared the completion of the 26.2 miles, high in the Rockies. The two hours and 35 minutes of sweat, sun, wind, blisters, fatigue, and occasional cramps, culminated at last. In the agony of watching, my impulse to shed tears yielded to another impulse, to breathe a sigh of relief that the marathon was over.

Three months earlier, my husband Ed, our four-year-old daughter Jennifer, and I had packed our belongings. We had headed for Alamosa, Colorado, on June 12 for the summer. For three days, we drove in our car, bursting at its seams with the possessions we had to carry. We felt like the Joad family of "Grapes of Wrath." Pans were stuffed under the seat. Jennifer's crayons had dropped into a sack of towels and adhered to them permanently because of the heat. It did not matter, for we were a contented family. Ed was going to begin training for the marathon.

Completely fatigued, we finally arrived in Alamosa, the site that the United States Amateur Athletic Union had chosen for the 1968 United States Olympic Marathon trials. Alamosa's altitude was comparable to the height in Mexico City with an elevation of 7,546 feet. The 1968 Olympic Games were to be held in Mexico City in October.

Never before in America had there been living together so many long-distance runners with the same goal. This goal was to make the United States Olympic Team by placing in the top three of the 126 entries.

We were fortunate that the most thoughtful and considerate track coach from Adams State College had the perfect furnished apartment for the three of us. We lived in a private home four miles west of Alamosa in the desert country.

Well, here we were, Now what? Of course, my husband would immediately need to train so that his mind and body would become accustomed to the altitude. We found that quite a good deal of sleep was needed the first two weeks before we were adjusted to the thinner air.

Our precise and rigid schedule commenced at once. One of the local garages hired my husband to work part time five days a week. This helped with our food budget.

Monday through Friday, Ed would rise at 6:00 A.M. and begin his 7.5 mile job along the winding Rio Grande. He passed through the rich green lettuce farms, along powdery dirt roads. Occasionally, he dodged sheep that were off to their feeding pastures. Some days he saw cattle grazing near the fence with their large eyes placidly fixed on the lonely figure jogging toward them... he met their gaze and then they disappeared from his sight. Sometimes, he had to climb a fence, because the farmer had locked the gate that led to the roadway. As Ed headed home, the yellow-orange sun seemed to peek from behind the great 14,000 foot Mt. Blanca.

Jennifer and I were ready to have breakfast with him after his quick shower. My daughter and I knew we must be cheerful and tolerant. We were needed to help father and husband compete in this event with a sharp and alert mind.

Breakfast had to be well balanced. It included boiled or scrambled eggs, dry unsugared or sweetened cereal, orange juice, toast, tea with

milk and honey, and all the vitamin supplements.

By eight o'clock Ed's work at the garage had begun. This next four hours was a time for Jennifer and me to entertain one another as we cleaned our apartment, read our library books, and painted. I planned the week-end trips that we would soon be taking into the captivating mountains of Colorado.

At noon we sat together for our lunch of sandwiches, whole milk, vegetable soup, and fresh fruit. Ed rested until 3:00 P.M.

It was then time to meet the many athletes who trained together. Ed usually covered about eight to twelve miles of aerobic running at this time. One group worked out on the track. Other fellows wearing their shirts with black and orange Occidental College, blue and white Boston A.A., navy blue and white Twin Cities Track Club, and yellow and red Marine Corps printed on them would be seen along the marathon route. Some jogged around the half-mile course in the shady village park.

Wives and children of other runners sauntered through the city zoo or swung on the swings that overlooked the murky river. Some jogged a mile in the college field house or on the track. Jennifer and I tried to jog a little each day. Then we swam in the excellent pool. We made numerous trips to the public library, and of course, the two grocery stores.

When a man is training under such a rigorous schedule, a family learns to enjoy activities without him. Our daughter realized that "daddy" was training to compete for the marathon. Jennifer, at four, enjoys jogging. Like me, she became aware of what competition is all about. The constant contest between rivals never ceases. This participation is healthy and what my husband has to do. He runs for honor, satisfaction, friendships, and recognition.

Every day the time came to carry all the damp sweat shirts, clammy shorts, and dark socks out to the clothesline to dry for the next run. The heavy training shoes had to be stuffed with newspaper to keep their shape.

We then sat down for a dinner of lean meat, green or yellow vegetables, green salad with low calorie dressing, whole milk, light dessert, and vitamin supplements of wheat germ oil. To Ed's meal were added ascorbic acid pills, salt tablets, and dextrose.

Sometimes after dinner there were discussions with the visiting athletes. They came from coast to coast, as far north as Maine and Oregon and as far south as Georgia. Many discussions took place about travel, education, and social life. Whatever it began with, the talk would lead to running. The majority of the men were running twenty to thirty miles per day. Why they ran, how long, how far, how fast, training schedules, and above all, the marathon, were the topics thrashed over and over.

It was early to bed about 10:00 P.M., and another day commenced in eight short hours.

With the beginning of the week ends, we headed into the highpasses and the snow-peaked mountains. Ed trained at the 10,000 to 14,000-foot altitudes on these occasions. Jennifer and I walked in the camp grounds and watched nature firsthand when we fed the chipmunks and hopped along the rocks in the swirling waters of the mountain riverbeds. We watched the trout swim in the eddies.

We always combined sightseeing with the training. One time Manitou Springs was our destination. There Ed competed with, some of the other marathoners in the famous Pikes Peak Marathon. The race takes between four and five hours. The men run to the very peak and then descend. Jennifer and I climbed part way up the mountain and

looked down onto the rich green valley and the varied colors of the pines and woods. Later we visited the little antique shops and saw the buffalo in the village park.

The Dunes National Park with the many rolling mounds of sand reaching a height of 700 feet made for excellent training. The athletes would run around and up and down these huge sand bluffs. Their footprints formed intricate designs. The mothers and children joined in the activities by walking and climbing to the summit of the dunes. It was easier said than done. We had to push the children from behind and crawl on all fours. Our competitive spirit remained with us until we reached the top.

The day of the trials was drawing nearer, Sunday, August 18. The last two weeks was the time the runners began to unwind their almost super-human intense training. Few words needed to be spoken. The top three of the marathon would make the trip to Mexico City.

Would Ed make the team? Since 1956 he had run between 40,000 and 45,000 miles in races and practice. During his athletic career he competed in thirty-one National Championships meets, winning three individual titles. He was a member of seven National Championship teams. His athletic awards include N.C.A.A. Small-College All-American Team in cross-country in 1960 and 1962, and Amateur Athletic Union All-American Team in 1966. He represented the United States in a State Department tour of South America in 1965. He was first alternate for the Pan American Games marathon in 1967.

The day arrived. The temperature was 75 degrees with low humidity. The wind was fifteen to twenty-five miles per hour, which meant running into the wind for part of the race.

Each of the 126 competitors was weighed in and his blood pressure was checked before he was allowed to step up for the start. What was going on in the minds of all these boys and men? They were all friends and had spent eight weeks together in their strenuous training. Now was the moment of the loneliness of the long distance runner. In his mind he had to decide whether he would lead or follow, or whom he would follow, when the race commenced. He was on his own. I knew this was a goal my husband had worked toward for twelve years and with greater emphasis in the last four years.

The spectators stood at the side. The gun went off at 3:00 P.M. and 252 pounding feet disappeared down the street to begin the 26.2 miles. The people of Alamosa turned out in great numbers to cheer these runners on.

The course followed a loop of 5.2 miles that was repeated five times. The salt left white blotches on the faces of some; others felt cramps and had to drop out. It was man against man, pushing until the body could push no more. The cool water, Gatorade, and tepid tea with lemon and sugar flowed into the mouths of the runners. I wanted to reach out to Ed as he moved up the pack of runners and give him some of my physical strength that I could see he needed in the last two miles of this grueling race. The feet continued to pound on.

It was over. Ed was sixth: sixth place, high enough for satisfaction, but too low for glory. It meant that he was third alternate for the United States Olympic team.

He had not made the team which was his goal; but he had another goal to reach for. This year he is to finish his graduate work in physical education to become a coach.

We need many goals in our lives. Some of

these goals are reached while others, more difficult, are not. If there was not any purpose to our lives, we would be overwhelmed with despair. When one goal is reached or becomes unobtainable, then another must take its place.

For Ed it was a process of evolution. It started in the cold of a New York City high school track with the 220-yard dash, and terminated in the small town of Alamosa in the heat of the day.

We shall never forget the great fellowship with the people of Alamosa and all the athletes who trained there for the marathon. We had made friends with people from all over the United States.

It was now time to head home. We shall never forget Jennifer's parting words to the race and summer. What she spoke was the perfect conclusion to the whole experience! "My daddy won the Race." Well, our "daddy" did win. He had won for himself the ability to reach for his new goal. He would now prepare to coach and advise future distance runners at a college or university.

MARATHON THOUGHTS - continued from page 17

believe that other marathoners are getting short-changed when it comes to making trips.

Enough politics. Let's see what the Japanese had to say about training: Usami generously prepared duplicates of his schedules before his 2:11:27.8, and also his workouts before the Seoul race. Many sessions (3-5 a week) are devoted to jogging. I worked out with them the Friday before the race and noted the following about their "40 - 50min. jog." To begin, they ran at about 8:00 per mile and increased this to about 6:30 within seven minutes. Then, 10-15 minutes of group stretching exercises and back to the track for the main workout. This was run slowly at first and gradually increased to about 6:00 per mile, which was faster than my schedule called for. I dropped out and watched them as they finished with some moderate-effort striding. Therefore, when "jog" appears in the schedule, it cannot simply be construed as a run at 7:00 per mile. Coach Sasaki also said that most of his boys work out one hour in the morning from 6:00 - 7:00. The P.M. workout would be a four-hour steady run.

The workouts which Onni Niskanen prescribes for his runners contrasts with those of the Japanese marathoners. Both Wolde and Gabru reside in Addis Ababa which is 8000 feet above sea level. Niskanen claims that his "boys" (Wolde is 37 years old and will be 40 when he runs at Munich) train once each day except Sunday, running from 6:00 to 7:00 A.M. before traffic gets heavy. He feels that one hour's work a day is all that is needed and remarked several times that Clayton and others that train like him are overworked. He added that, in his opinion, Ron Clarke was overtrained before the 1964 and '68 Olympics and had left his competitive zip in the workouts. As far as I could tell, Wolde, etc., do not run to a detailed schedule but follow a general weekly pattern of: two days cross-country, two days road running and two days on the track. These days are alternated, i.e., two days of the same kind of workout would not run in succession. The workouts get harder each day until Thursday, which is the hardest day, and then ease off again. Track training usually consists of 4-5 1500 meters at 4:12-15. The longest run they do in training is an infrequent hard 32 kilometers in 1:42-43 (remember, 8000 feet). I asked Niskanen if this was the same way that Bikila trained and he said that it was.

Reader's Comments

I just received the November issue of DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS and as always, I find it very interesting. In my opinion this magazine serves a great need of recognition for the many thousands of long distance runners and joggers, and you will realize much greater success in the years to come.

May I call your attention to a small article on Page 38 in which you reflect on the recent European track and field tour arranged by the AAU. It is indicated that the AAU has only a sliding interest in race walking and that a race walking event was arranged in Poland on the summer tour. Let me say there was no race walking event in either Oslo or Poland, and wherever this information came from, it is erroneous.

As for the interest of the Amateur Athletic Union in race walking, I feel the National Race Walking Committee should be congratulated for their interest in the sport and the dogmatic method with which many of our officials fight for what they feel is the right way to conduct this sport. Incidentally, the Amateur Athletic Union is the only organization in the United States that gives their undivided support and commits a full national committee to the conduct of that event.

Bob, I would hope your magazine would continue in the same manner it began - being very objective in certain areas of amateur officials. Some of our older track and field magazines have come to the point of editorializing which impresses its opinion on certain people. It is my opinion when comments are made regarding officials who freely give of their time to assist the program, it should be complimented rather than criticized in a national magazine.

I think you will agree if we are to have a good understanding and an outstanding nationwide program, there must be cooperation, friendship and understanding between the athletes and officials.

Ollan C. Cassell
AAU Track & Field Administrator
New York, New York

I am a bit disappointed with Pete Pozzoli's effort, when I read that he classifies England's Anne Smith as "mannish" in face and build. Perhaps I met a different Anne Smith when I was in England in 1968, because she appeared to me and my other American teammates as quite a pretty girl and a shapely swinger with one of the shortest min-skirts in town. Then he goes on to write that she was "over-rated" and not "Hall of Fame" material. It just so happens that Anne Smith was a better miler than a half-miler and she had to run the shorter distance because the 1500 meter run was not included in any international competitions. He conveniently left out in the same paragraph the fact that she had set world records in her specialties, the mile and 1500 in 1967 and had won many international victories in 1964 and 1965 over the half-mile distance.

Using Pozzoli's reasoning, another runner comes to mind when speaking of no victories on "important (whatever that means) occasions." This runner is also a mile specialist who had to drop down to the shorter half-mile for the same reason. She finished a "measly" second in the 1967 Pan American Games, a "poor" finish in the 1967 American vs. European match and an even "worse" fifth place in Mexico City. A real

failure? Not Hall of Fame material? On the contrary, Doris Brown has a fantastic overall career. Come on Pete baby, judge an athlete by her total record, not by a few self-chosen meets. Anne Smith was a great runner, as is Doris Brown.

I can think of another prolific runner who has "failed" to come through on "important occasions." Are you going to rate him only on the Olympic Games and other major championships? His name? Ron Clarke!

Natalie Rocha
Sacramento, Calif.

I want to comment on Joe Henderson's comments on the fairness of the ocean-to-bay marathon. I've run it and I certainly agree with his descriptions of its incredible toughness, yet I must disagree with his conclusion; it seems to me that such races--along with the super-distances--are specialties: no one is forced to run them and they do not constitute major championships. Each allows a special breed of runners to excel. The recent Double Dipsea is a case in point (you and I both ran it); it was more an accomplishment than a race.

These races serve a purpose similar to the super-distances in that they favor strength over speed; the relatively flat, long, long runs favor endurance rather than speed. Relatively speaking, most road races held in this area are 5-10 miles and fairly flat. They are what we call speed runs. I would, of course, oppose running the P.A.AAU Marathon over the Half-Moon-Bay to Belmont course, but as a special kind of test it definitely has its place. Many runners, I assure you, point their yearly training towards it as an ultimate.

Gerry Haslam
Mill Valley, Calif.

We feel that our readers comments are important thus we will be devoting one page to: "Letters to the Editors" in up-coming issues. We welcome your opinion on articles you read in THE RUNNER'S WORLD and/or running in general. All comments should be sent to: Letters, c/o THE RUNNER'S WORLD, Box 366, Mountain View, California 94040

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Jack Scott

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

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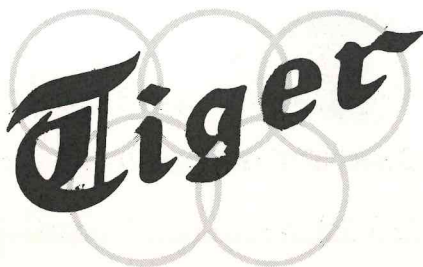
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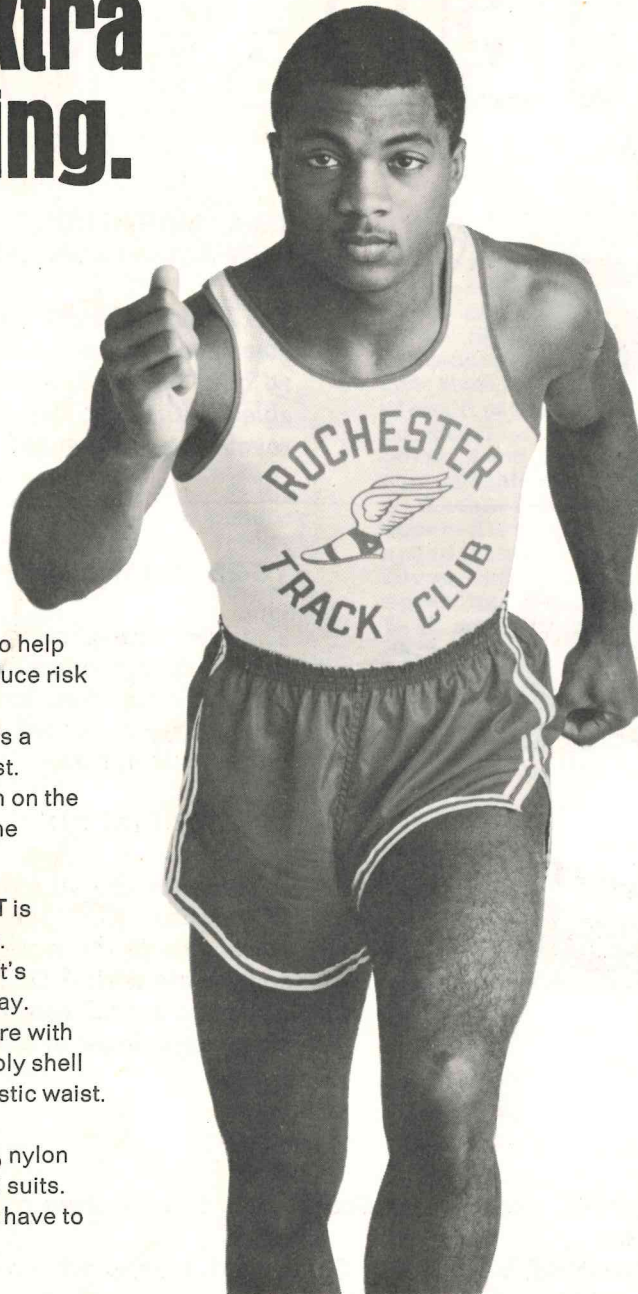
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