

THE RUNNER'S WORLD



July 1970

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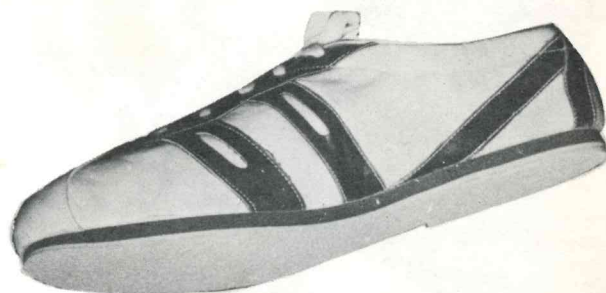
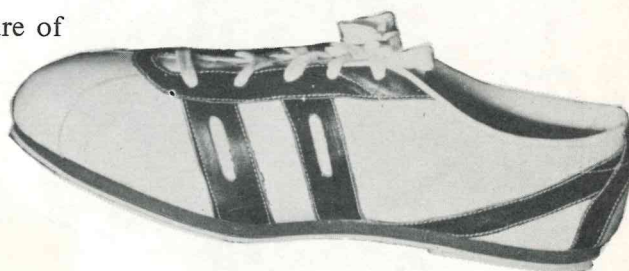
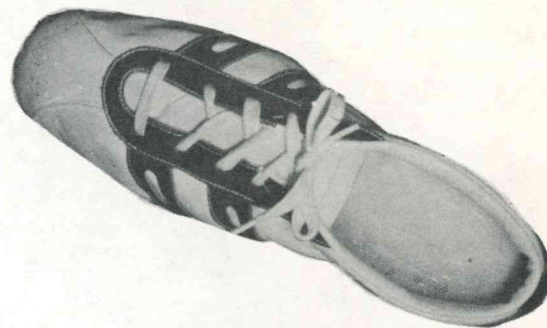
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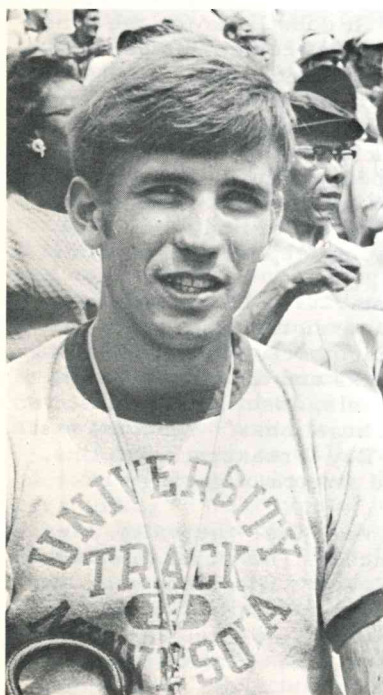


Photo Quiz

LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Sixty-three correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Ernie Sells (Berkeley, Calif.) was drawn and he was awarded \$10.00 worth of books.

THE ANSWER: Ron Daws

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 receives a \$10.00 gift certificate good for any books handled by Runner's World. DEADLINE for this issue's contest: Aug. 25.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO:
Photo Quiz, P.O. Box 366,
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Note from the PUBLISHER

We are starting to get more articles than we can use, but this is good. With all these articles coming in, we can become very selective and thus generally use only the articles we feel are "excellent." The same applies to photos.

So how about the others? Our policy is, if we don't feel your article is worthy of publication it is returned to you along with a letter explaining why. If it is not returned, then it is placed on file and when space becomes available it may be used. Of course, some articles are timely and if these become outdated they can never be used.

The point is this: if you write an article or send us a picture and it isn't used, don't give up. If you send us an article which is really excellent, then many times we will make space if necessary to get it in. We welcome your article(s) if you haven't submitted them before and additional ones from past writers. Again, we don't pay our writers.

Do you want to help us improve our magazine even more? The best way is to tell your friends about Runner's World and in fact sell subscriptions to RW. For each subscription you sell, we will give you a \$1.00 commission. All you do is sell the subscription, send us his name and address and his payment less \$1.00 for your commission. It's easy. Free selling aids can be sent upon request.

Bob Anderson

BOB ANDERSON
Publisher & President

Running Through This Issue

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ON THE COVER: Arthur Lydiard isn't coaching individual athletes any longer, but he's hardly a "man of the past." He's as up-to-date and active as ever—though in slightly different facets of the sport. See the lively interview beginning on page 8. (Copyrighted photo by Rick Levy)



Kerry O'Brien (58) of Australia tows along the Orange County Invitational two-mile field that includes (from left) Barry Brown, Gerry Lindgren, Jack Bacheler, Frank Shorter, John Kennedy, John Lawson and Ray Hughes. O'Brien outran the Americans with 8:41.2. (Donald Duke photo)

BY JOE HENDERSON

"You don't know how well you have it," I'm told by remotely-situated runners who must beat the bushes to scare up five or 10 others to make a race. To them, 1000- to 1500-man fields in the style of Boston and San Francisco's Bay-Breakers sound like the nearest thing to heaven on earth. In one place, on one day, there are more distance runners than they've seen in their lifetimes.

And many of us who run Boston and Bay-Breakers complain. We keep running them, naturally, since they're too good to bypass. But we come away from them realizing that racing can reflect the same population pressures that affect any too-large group crowded into too-small spaces.

Facilities can't take the crush. At Boston, the caravan of buses must cart the hundreds of marathoners to Hopkinton hours before the start. Once there, there's good-natured but distracting elbows in the ribs, stepping on toes and tripping over bodies filling every empty space. There are lines for physicals, lines for the restroom (only one, as far as I know) and --after the three or so hours it takes the overtaxed doctors, officials and heads to perform their duties for the mob--lines at the start. In San Francisco, the Bay-Breakers scene is identical. Checking-in must begin three hours before the 10 a. m. start.

The starts of both races are wild mixtures of jostling, joy at finally being free to run and panic at not being able to. At Boston, Byron Lowry was up near the front and lost his shoe in the first mad rush. By some miracle, he wasn't trampled under 2000 rubber soles. At San Francisco, those in mid- and back-pack WALKED across the starting line many seconds after the start. Earlier, there'd been a false start and it took five minutes to push everyone back up the street where they belonged.

The streets can't handle the pedestrian invasion.

Traffic is immobilized, which may be poetic justice but doesn't endear us to those who've let us trespass on the auto's strip.

We never really get spread out, and the finish line scene can get as chaotic as the start had been. Bay-Breakers' shortness (just under eight miles) means a runner comes home every second. Hard as they try, checkers can't log them in fast enough. If you happen to be 200th place or lower, you get to line up a good distance in front of the line and wait your turn to walk across. It does little for the time. And speaking of time, you must remember how much of it is required to put together the results of 1000-plus runners. Only if you brought along your personal timer will you get a result that day. Bay-Breakers people can check theirs several days later when the Examiner (the sponsor) dutifully prints a full page of finishers in its tiniest type. Boston has no such friend and must rely on limited media like Long Distance Log and Racing Report--which can't include everyone.

Then there's the post-race pollution problem. Innocently, like most polluters, the tired runners individually tear off their numbers and drop them on the street, drink their drinks and discard the cups, throw down their orange peels, lose their breakfasts. Collectively, they leave a huge mess. When the last runner eventually left the Bay-Breakers finish line, a depressing quarter-mile stretch of garbage remained.

But we can cope with all this--the waits, the crowding, the inconveniences. The worst thing about bigness is what it does to our relationships with and views of our co-runners. We get fed up with looking at them and just want to escape. We see so many people that we can't pick out the persons. It's hard enough finding those we know, let alone meeting new

ones. During the race, there's little chance to settle into a pace and just race. There's always a crowd around, pushing, spurting, threatening. At the end, overworked timers who are trying to do their job lash out angrily, like animals backed in a corner, at a big group of runners who are surrounding them trying to get their times. The friendliness and mutual respect-admiration that are the best features road racing has going for it suffer in the bargain.

Bigness isn't necessarily beautiful, and we can't always equate size with quality. But maybe the problems of overpopulation are inevitable price of popularity.

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Runners are more or less obsessed with examining and explaining what they're doing, verbally or on paper, even if they're only clarifying it for their own benefit. So it should be natural that as long distance running booms, we'd experience an accompanying boom in the production of running literature.

A lot of the new flow is getting away from the vital yet mundane recitals of how-he-trains and who-he-beat-and-how-fast. Writers are venturing deeper into areas of running's psychology, philosophy and sociology. They're using human thoughts and experiences to add life to the statistical framework.

Hal Higdon, who writes "On The Run" as one of his lesser ventures, may be the world's liveliest running writer. Hal is collecting material for a humorous book that'll be published later this year. They won't just be his own experiences. He wants help. "It occurred to me that one way to gather some stories would be to ask the readers of Runner's World to contribute some from their memory," Hal says. "You know, times when they were ravaged by vicious dogs, attacked by rapacious women, that sort of stuff." Sounds good. Write to Higdon at 2815 Lake Shore Drive, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Paul Bernstein, a 25-year-old marathoner (2:31:47 at Boston this spring) who holds a master's degree from Cambridge University and now attends Harvard's law school, has gotten into a fascinating study. He feels running is a "humanizing activity" and he's seeking opinions to prove or disprove the assumption. Let Paul tell about it:

"Today it is not possible to ignore the growing alienation among people within our society, both within the individual and between individuals. The feeling that one's work is irrelevant or dehumanizing, the difficulty of finding meaning in a 9-5 job, the fear that one feels walking down an unknown city street, the failure of passers-by to aid a person in distress, the 'nothing-can-be-done disease' are but a few symptoms of this alienation. On a very basic level, the individual must find a way of coming to terms with himself and his world, hopefully in a way that will lead to a greater realization of his talents and nature as a human being.

"I believe that running is a humanizing activity. I have often sensed some basic, usually unspoken, understanding among distance runners. I would like to ask all distance runners who feel so moved and have expressed, or tried to express, their feelings about running to write to me."

And he goes on to list a series of guideline questions: Do you observe this basic, unspoken understanding? What type of job do you have? Do you see distinctions between "amateur" and "professional" attitudes in running? Have you developed a philosophy about, or from, your running? Plus many sub-questions. Bernstein can be contacted at 49 Harborview Ave., Milford, Conn. 06460.

Finally, for what it's worth, I've put together a book called "Thoughts on the Run" which will be available in early fall. It has nearly 150 topics deal-

ing with thoughts, feelings and experiences--along the general lines of Higdon's and Bernstein's studies. In the end, these keep us running.

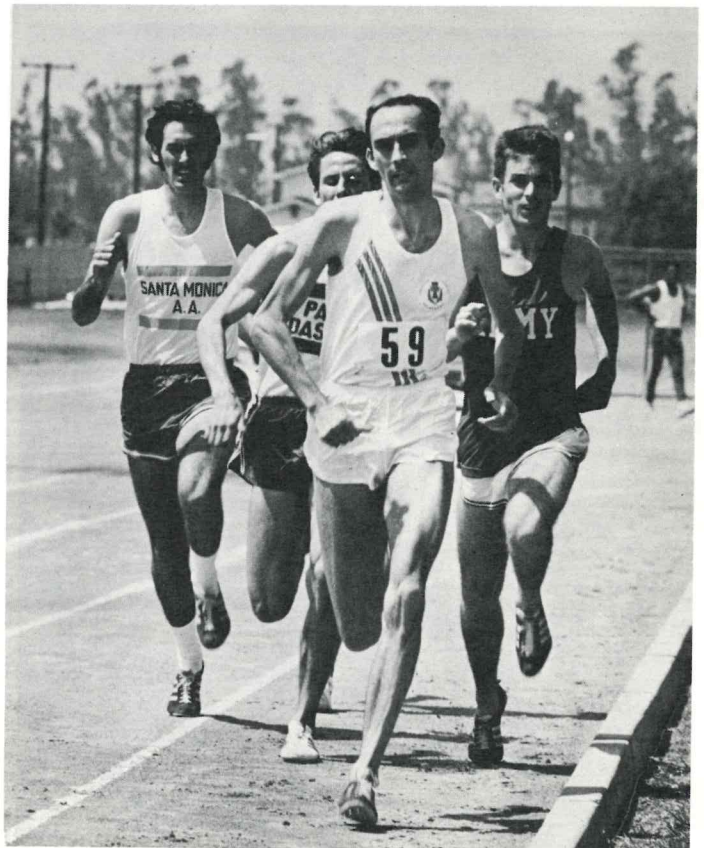
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Scattered here and there through various issues of Runner's World (and Distance Running News, when that was our name), there've been appeals for "runners' rights." The impassioned stories usually appeared when one of these illusive or imagined "rights" had been trampled on.

Well, we aren't really that hard to please--either the individuals themselves or the magazine's editors and writers. Runners aren't asking for much, in most cases: just a chance to run, with minimum complications, and to know what we ran. And if grievances are made known in some sort of civilized way, efforts are usually made to correct them. We have built-in protection. Runners themselves do a good part of the organizing and promotion, so they can easily understand what other runners saying.

Here, then, is a collection of the "rights" discussed earlier. Together, they form a long distance racer's "Bill of Rights":

- 1. He has the right to expect regular opportunities to get together with other runners for competition--no matter how humble the races might be, and even if he has to promote them himself. A racer can't race without races.
- 2. These races should be open to any and all sincere runners--free from restrictions of age, ability, sex, residence, etc. Distance running is a democratic, integrated sport.
- 3. Every interested runner deserves pre-race information, long enough in advance to allow preparation, and a post-race report of results. What good's a race if no one knows about it?



Francesco Arese, who has been referred to as "the Italian Herb Elliott" because of their similar appearance and running style, powers along ahead of (l-r) Rick Carr, John Mason and Bill Schabram during the Orange County mile. Arese won in 4:02.2. (Donald Duke photo)

● 4. The course should be measured and roughly the advertised distance, even if it's an odd distance. Both short and long courses punish the runner--one with false joy and the other with unnecessary discouragement.

● 5. It must be an easily-followed, well-marked and/or policed route with no possibility of getting lost. No one needs more or less distance this way, either.

● 6. Choose a location where traffic flow and hazards are minimal. Cars and runners don't co-exist comfortably.

● 7. Provide maximum protection from the weather--particularly heat and humidity--within the limits of the area's climate. No long, long races in mid-summer, no mid-day starts on hot days. They can kill.

● 8. Give en route aid. Split times are valuable information on progress. Water stops in longer races are invaluable protection (reread Right 7).

● 9. Everyone who's allowed to start should be allowed to finish. If you don't want slow runners, don't invite them. If they're willing to run the distance, someone should be willing to stand and time them.

● 10. Everyone who finishes must get a time and place, and be informed of them as soon as it's practical. These are all most of us have to gain from racing.

In return, the least we can do is thank the promoters for their work.

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Free as road running is trying to get, it still has remnants of uptightness.

The temperature at Redfield, Iowa, hovered in the low 80s and the sun was boring into the heads and backs of marathoners in the national AAU champion-



Who else but Steve Prefontaine should be allowed to lead a college three-mile these days? At 19 and still a freshman, Prefontaine is the country's fastest three-miler (13:12.8) and second-fastest miler (3:57.2) for the year. (Duke)

ship race. Somewhere along the hilly road between Adel and Redfield, August Jarvis did the natural thing. He stripped off his shirt and tossed it aside, relieving a bit of his discomfort.

But don't you know, August, that there's a rule against running shirtless? No one knows quite why. It was written too long ago to remember. But it's a rule. And since this was a national championship, officials were bound to uphold it.

August, of course, had to cross the finish line without his shirt. It was lying in a ditch some miles back. He was 11th. Sorry, you can't be counted. No shirt. He began looking for one, searching frantically as the minutes added up. One, two, three runners came in to fill the places he should have had.

Finally, August found the shirt the rules required. Any shirt. It didn't matter. It didn't matter that he'd run who-knows-how-many miles without one. He needed one to pass through a finish gate that had been as impenetrable as Checkpoint Charley.

Even aside from denying him and everyone else a little badly-needed comfort, the rule is silly. The shorts can just as well hold the number. If the rule's enforced in the name of modesty, it's out-moded prudishness. In this era of nudity on stage, in most movies, in family newspapers and near-nudity on the beaches, no one's going to be too shocked or offended by a bare chest. No one, anyway, who wouldn't already be shocked and offended by our bare legs.



Spreading out across the front row early in the Modesto 5000 are David Hindley, Gerry Lindgren, Rick Riley and Jerry Jobski. Lindgren later spurred away to a fairly easy win. (Bob Anderson photo)

DISTANCE RUNNING

News Highlights

● **SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**, May 3--Slow-starting Phil Camp raced to an easy win in the national AAU 15-kilometer road run. His 48:36.4 put him nearly a quarter-mile ahead of runner-up Tom Bache.

● **PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.**, May 3--Only one man, Herb Lorenz, finished the AAU regional marathon here. But his performance, 2:21:34.8, was more than newsworthy.

● **KARL-MARX-STADT, EAST GERMANY**, May 10--Jurgen Busch took the K-M-S international marathon with 2:14:41.2.

● **SKOVDE, SWEDEN**, May 17--Japanese national marathon coach Nobuyoshi Sadanaga proved to be quite a marathoner himself when he won the World Veteran championship at 2:23:52. Leading American, 58-year-old Dr. William Andberg, ran 2:51:44.

● **MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA**, May 23--Professional George Perdon unofficially broke the world 100-mile record with 12:25:09 after getting a "record" 96 miles 1426 yards in 12 hours en route.

● **WALTHAM, MASS.**, May 24--Irishman Pat McMahon rolled up 12 miles 341 yards in an hour for the best mark ever recorded in the United States.

● **BERKELEY, CALIF.**, May 30--Chuck LaBenz (3:56.9) pulled three other milers under four minutes, and Jack Bacheler (13:13.0) led Frank Shorter (13:13.8) and young Garry Bjorklund (13:16.6) across the line in the three-mile at the Kennedy Games.

● **HAMILTON, ONT.**, May 31--An athletes' boycott was barely averted (they were displeased over the noon starting time) and Andy Boychuk won the heat-filled Canadian marathon championship with 2:32:21. Bob Moore ran 2:35:38 for second.

● **EUGENE, ORE.**, June 5--It amounted to little more than an Oregon time-trial, but what a time-trial! Roscoe Divine 3:56.3, Steve Prefontaine 3:57.4, Dave Wilborn 3:58.2, Norm Treerise 3:59.1, Steve Savage 3:59.2. Ken Moore got a 28:38.0 six-mile.

● **BILLINGS, MONT.**, June 5-6--NAIA winners included Dennis Savage (mile, 4:05.2), Rex Maddaford (3-mile, 15:56.4; 6-mile, 29:47.6) and Larbi Oukada (steeplechase, 9:18.2). Musa Doganyard won the 880 at 1:50.9.

● **VIARREGGIO, ITALY**, June 5-7--Mike Mittelsteadt of the US Marines pulled off a big upset when he beat Olympic fourth-placer Ismail Akcay in the International Military marathon. Mike ran 2:21:21.

● **LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**, June 6--Chuck LaBenz and Jim Crawford both beat Marty Liquori in the mile, and Kerry O'Brien (13:42.2) won a fast 5000 at the Compton Invitational.

● **REDFIELD, IOWA**, June 7--Bob Fitts began his marathon career spectacularly by winning the national AAU championship. His 2:24:10.6 put him 5 1/2 minutes ahead of Ron Daws. Byron Lowry was third in 2:33:43.5.

● **WICHITA, KANS.**, June 12-13--USTFF winners: 880, Dave Wottle 1:47.8; mile--Keith Colburn 4:03.0; 3-mile--Sid Sink 13:47.2; 6-mile--Tom Hoffman 29:18.2; steeple--John Parker 9:03.4. High schooler Paul Hoffman won the marathon with 2:49:17.5.

● **ST. PAUL, MINN.**, June 12-13--Ron Stonitsch was the big gun as he won the six-mile in 28:47.0 and the three with 13:56.0. Other champions of the NCAA college division: 880, Mathias Michael 1:49.9; mile--Dennis Savage 4:07.0; steeple--Bryon Spradlin 9:01.8.

● **PORTLAND, ORE.**, June 13--Australian Kerry O'Brien ran away with the featured three-mile

COMING EVENTS

JULY

- 15-16 US vs. West Germany, Stuttgart, W.G.
- 17-25 British Commonwealth Games, Edinburgh
- 18 Hayward Invitational, Hayward, Calif.
- 18 Kila-Ha-Ya Marathon, Snohomish, Wash.
- 19 AAU Jr. 15-km. run, Chicago, Ill.
- 23-24 US vs. USSR, Leningrad, USSR
- 24 Pioneer Marathon, Salt Lake City, Utah
- 25 AAU Sr. One-Hour run, Santa Barbara, Calif. (also being run at five other sites)

AUGUST

- ? N. J. AAU Marathon, Gladstone, N. J.
- 1 AAU Sr. 25-km. run, Phelps, N. Y.
- 1 Ocean-to-Bay Marathon, Belmont, Calif.
- 2 Evergreen Marathon, Pullman, Wash.
- 5-6 US vs. Rumania (women), Bucharest, Rum.
- 15 Paavo Nurmi Marathon, Hurley, Wisc.
- 16 Pikes Peak Marathon, Manitou Springs, Colo.
- 17 National Junior Olympics, Knoxville, Tenn.
- 22 Greens-Winston Marathon, Winston-Salem, NC
- 22 Silver Dollar City Marathon, S. D. C., Mo.
- 23 Maxol International Marathon, Manchester, Eng.
- 29-30 Canadian Track Championships, Winnipeg, Man.
- 29-30 European Cup Finals, Stockholm, Sweden

SEPTEMBER

- 3-6 World University Games, Turin, Italy
- 5 AAU Jr. 50-mile run, Des Moines, Iowa
- 7 Heart of America Marathon, Columbia, Mo.
- 19 Equinox Marathon, College, Alaska
- 27 Santa Barbara Marathon, Santa Barbara, Cal.

in 13:11.0, leaving Ron Clarke (13:19.2) and Ken Moore (13:21.8--his best) well back. Doris Brown doubled with 2:06.5 and 4:45.5.

● **DES MOINES, IOWA**, June 18-20--Good distance running abounded at the NCAA: 880, Ken Swenson 1:46.3 (four others under 1:48.0); mile--Marty Liquori 3:59.9 (seven more at 4:04.0 or better); 3-mile--Steve Prefontaine 13:22.0 (five others under 13:40); 6-mile--Bob Bertelsen 27:57.6 (17 more at 29:40 or better!); steeple--Sid Sink 8:41.0 (in a driving rainstorm).

● **LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**, June 18-21--Richard Packard, who has dominated the US Masters marathon for the past two years, extended his mastery to the Senior Olympics, which he won in 2:44:05.

● **BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.**, June 26-27--Frank Shorter, the shadow behind Jack Bacheler most of the year, pulled ahead at the AAU meet. He won the incredibly close (the top six within 2.4 seconds) three-mile in 13:24.4 and intentionally tied with Bacheler in the six-mile with 27:24.0. That race provided the fastest mass finish ever by Americans as Garry Bjorklund (27:30.8) and Ken Moore (27:54.4) also dipped below 28 minutes. Bill Reilly (8:34.8) won a fast steeplechase from Bob Price (8:36.4), Howell Michael won the mile in 4:01.8 with eight others less than a second back, and Ken Swenson edged Mark Winzenried in the 880 (both 1:47.4).

● **LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**, July 3-4--Francie Larriau led all the way and pulled away powerfully from Doris Brown at the end to win the AAU 1500 meters in 4:20.8. Cheryl Toussaint (2:05.1) held off fast-finishing Francie Johnson (2:05.3) in the 880. Beth Bonner won the new 3000-meter run in 9:48.1.

● **BERLIN, WEST GERMANY**, July 4--Australian Kerry O'Brien, just arrived from the US, clipped two-tenths from the world steeplechase mark with 8:22.0.

● **SAN DIEGO, CALIF.**, July 5--Graham Parnell led the over-40 marathoners home at the US Masters meet with 2:45:10.2. Ted Corbitt won the over-50 division with 2:51:32.

Runner's World Interview: ARTHUR LYDIARD

BY JOE HENDERSON

Nine a. m. Monday morning. I'd just wandered into the office and started getting myself together. Just as I got down to scribbling a few questions for an interview with Arthur Lydiard, in walked Forrest Jamieson--a big, friendly man who employs Lydiard's principles both to his own running and with the runners he coaches. Forrest was acting as Arthur's unofficial host and public relations man during the New Zealander's short stay in our area.

Forrest was here a half-minute before we realized he wasn't alone. Standing quietly in the outer office was a little fit-looking man with wide, piercing blue eyes peering out from a deeply tanned face. The face had looked at me dozens of times as I'd read and reread his classic training book, *Run to the Top*. Now I was face to face with this apparently shy and quiet gentleman and the question sheet stopped at number two.

After the formalities of introductions and a bit of small-talk, we adjourned to Jamieson's living room for the interview. Lydiard, acting quite harried, took care of arrangements for the next stop on his tour--Reno--then settled down for the talk. I needn't have worried about not having enough questions.

Lydiard, I quickly realized, is an intense and talkative man when it comes to running and related matters. He's dead-sure his methods are right, and he's quick to say so. He has strong opinions, and he expresses them forthrightly. He's serious, rarely smiling, and his bits of humor nearly sneak past the listener unnoticed. Above all, he has a rich background of experimentation and experiences that he draws on regularly to back up his points. In the hour-long conversation, only sporadic and general questions were needed to send him off on a fascinating five-minute monologue.

Back in the early 1960s, Arthur Lydiard had the distance world by the throat. Theorists, even in his own country had scoffed at the idea that a large volume of slow training (many overlooked the fact that it was topped off by a considerable amount of fast "sharpening") could result in fast racing. Lydiard, who'd developed the methods for his own racing and only recently had applied them to a group of his Auckland neighbors, took a largely unnoticed band of those neighbors to the Olympics in Rome. Peter Snell won the 800, Murray Halberg won the 5000, Barrie Magee finished third in the marathon. Between Olympics, the New Zealanders got a rash of world records, then Snell won twice at Tokyo. The days of strict interval training were numbered.

Since writing *Run to the Top*, and since 1964, not much has been heard about Arthur Lydiard's athletes. The reason is simple enough. He hasn't coached many individuals since 1964. Instead, Arthur has concentrated on spreading his word to coaches who in turn pass it along to athletes. He did this as a Mexican and Finnish national coach, and has continued pressing his point at lecture after lecture in countries such as West Germany and the United States. Also, Lydiard has developed a shoe adapted to his sort of running. His traveling and lecturing give him ample openings for plugging the E. B. Sport International "Arthur Lydiard" model.

The evening after our interview, Lydiard spoke to an audience like those he sees nearly every day and used probably the same basic speech he uses every day. The talk got precious little publicity

("Who has he produced lately?" one newsman asked), but the word got out well enough through the running underground to draw a group of 150 to the school auditorium. The crowd included coaches, and Arthur knew it, yet he turned much of his fire to the shortcomings of the American coaching system. Many of the boys in the audience were still playing cowboys and Indians when Snell and Halberg were at their prime, yet they knew of Lydiard and his methods and sat in rapt attention.

They--coaches, young runners and mature ones alike--wouldn't let Arthur leave the auditorium for over an hour after he'd finished his lengthy formal presentation. They knew that what he said is valid, and they grasped for every last word.

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RW: Tell us a little about what you're doing in this country, some of your activities, your itinerary, sponsorship, etc.

LYDIARD: To start with, naturally I've got an interest in distance running. I started jogging and this has evolved from it. I trained athletes on the principle of aerobic training. Anyway, the point is, that's why I'm here--because of this interest. Originally, Carl Cooper invited me here through the US Track and Field Federation, and of course they don't have any money, so it was necessary to find the fares. He arranged this. I said I'd speak in this country for six weeks for no fees, which I'm happy to do. They pay my traveling expenses, but can't do any more than this. Consequently, it got to the stage where other people were interested in me talking to them. I'd already arranged in Germany for a road running shoe to be made. I've been training athletes on the roads for 25 years in my country, and being a shoemaker myself--having shares in a shoemaking company and managing it and making the shoes for my athletes--we never had the leg problems you people are having, and are going to have. I happened to mention this in Germany, anyway, and through this I got involved with a German shoe company in making a shoe which was going to be in my name. Through me bringing the franchise to a company in your country, Abbot Athletics Inc.--through a guy named Oliver Jackson, who used to be the coach at Abilene Christian--I'm here. They financed my touring around, under the auspices and control of the USTFF. So in other words, Oliver Jackson through Abbot Athletics is financing it, but I'm still working with the USTFF.

Anyway, this is very rewarding to me in the sense that I have the opportunity to speak to athletes and coaches throughout your country. I find them very open-minded and keen to learn. They realize, the American coach realizes, he has the thing mixed up. He knows this. But he doesn't know how the hell he's going to unravel it. I've been able to do this, I believe. The main problem with American coaches in the training they're using today is that they're using interval training, or repetition training, or excessive anaerobic (with an oxygen debt) training--put it any way you like. But they don't understand the physiological effects of this type of training. They don't understand how to evaluate it, and through very much erroneous information over a number of years that's been handed out by people, medical people, who should know better but don't, they've got the whole issue

confused. Even in jogging today you've got a man who's a doctor of medicine expounding the same theories that I disproved 15 years ago, to joggers, that in fact are medically wrong. I'm not mentioning names, I'm only mentioning this fact. For instance, I just mention that he's expounding a theory that to start with you must bring your pulse rate up to 150-180 beats a minute to get cardiac efficiency, when in actual fact the exact opposite is the case, because once you bring your pulse up to 150--and I'm now talking about the trained athlete--you start to train anaerobically. You're not training aerobically (with normal breathing). Now when you do lots of anaerobic training, or try to, it's not possible because it's not economic. So therefore if you're going to get cardiac efficiency you have to do a volume of training and the only way you can do it is aerobically, not anaerobically. So here we have a man expounding theories I proved 15 years ago were wrong, and he's telling people that are joggers today that this is what to do. This is why you get all screwed up, you see. You don't understand the fundamentals of what you're using.

RW: Are you saying that the heart rate should be, say, 130 during the exercise?

LYDIARD: Well, put it this way, you can't say it, because individuals are different. When you're talking about joggers, you're talking about age groups, too. You can't even turn around and say that 50-year-old men should do this or 30-year-old men should do that. I'll guarantee there are some 50-year-old men who have never exercised very much but have worked around and are active to a degree, as far as their cardiac systems are concerned, who are generally in better condition than some of these students sitting around the universities at 25 years of age. So you can't turn around and say anything about any individual or any age group. Everyone must be treated as an individual. Only they know themselves, and their medical doctors know these people as individuals. You can't set down hard and fast rules in these things. When I go to your universities, I see on the wall the training program for the week. As far as I'm concerned, you can't do it this way. This is why people have to understand the fundamentals of physiology and understand exercise evaluation and apply it to themselves as individuals. This is the only way you're going to succeed--in athletics or in jogging.

Very many people understand physiology as people who sit down and study it to pass examinations. But there are very many people walking around with degrees who can't apply their knowledge. They have photographic memories. They can pass any examination. They can just remember things and write them down without really understanding the practice and the value of their knowledge.

RW: How long have you been in this country, and how often have you spoken?

LYDIARD: I've been here since the 8th of January except I went to Europe for a little over a week and came back. I've spoken to very many tens of thousands of people. I've been traveling fast all the time and lecturing practically every day. I've been speaking primarily to athletes and coaches in universities and also to groups of coaches and some high school athletes.

RW: Is it true that your primary interest now is in coaching in a broader sense, not coaching individual athletes but educating coaches?

LYDIARD: I like to work with coaches to help their own athletes. This is my interest. This is just my feeling. I never took a penny off a New Zealander for helping him. Everything I did for New Zealand was done for nothing. It cost me money. So boys knocked on my door and asked me would I train them. I trained them. I didn't care if they were the

worst athletes in the community or the best. It didn't make any difference to me. But I never ever asked an athlete if I could train him. I wasn't interested in going after a good athlete and asking, could I train him. All these athletes I trained were kids who knocked on my door, who lived in the vicinity of my home. Now, joggers were the same. I never stuck my nose in and tried to tell anyone what to do. I lectured throughout the country about it and if anyone asked me to help them I helped them. You help an athlete and invariably the athlete is appreciative. That's all you expect from him--his respect and appreciation. The guy who I did the most for appreciated nothing I ever did for him and showed no respect whatsoever. And this is why I feel I don't want anything more to do with athletes. You know who it is. Everyone knows. This guy as far as I am concerned destroyed my faith in training athletes.

Then again, you go and get a man who's sick and you talk to him and he starts jogging. I've never killed anyone in my life in jogging. I've created jogging groups in many, many countries throughout the world. Jogging in this country is only small compared to Germany. It's growing, but you see you killed 36 people last year through jogging, through erroneous information, through people trying to make money from it, expounding theories that are wrong like I just talked about. Anyway, the point is, men who don't understand the practice, who are setting schedules for people to train to who've never trained an athlete in their life. They don't know, you see.

You start to work with joggers. You get a man who has had coronary attacks and he thinks he's going to die. In the next year he's a healthy, vigorous man, and he's so happy about it and his wife is so appreciative; she thought she was going to lose her husband. To me, this is rewarding. But then you go and spend three or four years, give all your free time, to an athlete and he'll just take it for granted. And that's no reward for me. Now I don't want any financial reward. I just want the appreciation of the people I help, and I can help a lot of people. So this is why I more or less threw the track training away.

RW: I guess by your tone that the response to your speaking has been quite satisfying.

LYDIARD: Yes, it has been. Two countries I've really enjoyed lecturing in, West Germany and your country because strangely enough your people... in many ways your people are gullible. That's why they get taken by these guys who give a lot of dope out. They're gullible for the simple reason that they are open minded and want to learn. And this is the unfortunate part of it. Some people are capitalizing on this. Other people can do a lot of good with a person who has an open mind. I've found that the coaches in your country generally are very keen to learn, and they really want to do a good job. And they're not biased in the sense that competition is intense--competition between the universities--and at the same time, though the coaches are against each other in competition, they try to help each other. This is a very healthy approach to track and field.

RW: Competition forces coaches to be pragmatic, continually looking for new and better methods. Is this what you're saying?

LYDIARD: No, not necessarily. The trouble is you've never had exercise evaluation in your country. You don't have sports medicine like they have in Germany, East or West. There's no way you people can really evaluate exercise. I know you're scientific. One university is doing this, another university is doing that, but you've got no coordination. In Germany, they have coordinated everything so they understand very clearly how to evaluate exercise. I was talking to a university coach the other day. He's a

guy who uses interval training. He said, "You have your method and I have my method." I said, "That's not so." I said you can't get away from the fundamentals of physiology and mechanics, and even psychology. You can't get away from these fundamentals. And if you do you won't get the best from your athletes. No one can argue with these basic facts. These physiological facts must always be observed. I don't care whether your racing program is different from mine, your climatic conditions are different. The fact is, you can't overlook fundamentals of physiology and mechanics.

I'll give you an instance. You've got people using interval training, or repetition training, whatever you like. They devise these anaerobic workouts--220s, 440s, 660s. They don't seem to understand that when you use this type of training what you're trying to do is increase the athlete's capacity to exercise anaerobically. This is governed by the steady state of the athlete and the ability to exercise aerobically. Now, it's physiologically impossible to increase this capacity above certain limits because it's governed by the steady state of the person. Therefore, if they haven't done the conditioning it's futile to get out there on the track and do lots of anaerobic work. It's no good making these intricate interval training programs because it's just a lot of eyewash. You and I are in condition. We can both run a marathon, okay? You go on a track and do 440s, I do 220s and he does 660s, whatever you like, but we all create an overload, and we all come in tired. We're going to get the same results. What I'm trying to say is the American coach is using something he doesn't understand. He's using these anaerobic workouts without understanding that he can only improve the athlete's capacity to exercise this way to a limited degree, to improve his ability to race faster over middle distances and distances. They're overdoing this, they're not evaluating it, they're not using it in the right intensity, the right volume and at the right time because they can't evaluate it, and they don't understand that these intricate interval training patterns are a lot of eyewash. All you have to do is create the overload, and the athlete knows when he has created that overload, whether it's 440s or 220s or whatever. And this capacity will be developed. In other words, they don't understand the fundamentals of what they're using.

RW: Can you tell me about some of your activities since you quit coaching individual athletes in 1964 and began traveling around the world?

LYDIARD: In 1964, I was in New Zealand for another two years. I was lecturing on jogging and conditioning for footballers and others. I changed the whole football training programs, hockey programs, that sort of thing. This is what I was mainly doing. But you reach sort of a saturation point as far as this is concerned, and on top of this I was getting sick of touring around New Zealand. I was never home and I didn't think I was achieving anything. I was okay financially. Always have been. I'm the sort of guy who's going to come through because I have confidence in myself. I'm not a money-maker. I don't believe in making a lot of money. I'll use money, but money will never use me, you know?

In 1961, I'd been invited to Finland and I refused to go. Then Bud Winter (ex-San Jose State coach) wrote to me about Mexico, and at the same time the Finns had asked me again, and another European country asked me would I go there. I had these three invitations, so I decided Mexico was the best bet. In early 1966, I went to Mexico. Of course the Mexicans couldn't understand a guy who wasn't interested in money, that was only interested in producing results and that's why I went there. They were messing around, playing around; they were downright dishonest--

--the people at the top. The athletes were some of the finest young men I've ever met, and I could have done a real fine job with them. The best athlete never even got to the Olympics--this boy Frederico Alvaro--the boy I trained to break the Mexican half-mile record. He was a real fine athlete and this Polish coach ruined him. You know what he made him do the morning of the Pre-Olympics? He made him swim an hour in the morning. You know why, don't you? To ruin his chances so I wouldn't get credit. The next year he would bring him through and get the credit. He never brought him through because he didn't understand what we were talking about--this evaluation and balancing of training for middle-distance running. This was the best athlete. That boy wanted to come to Finland to train under me, but the Mexican Olympic Committee wouldn't let him come. This is the sort of thing you're up against in Mexico. This Polish coach was a guy I helped in Poland, but he was trying to knife me every chance, and this was the sort of thing I didn't like.

I was there about eight months, and I trained the athletes for about four. I'll tell you what actually finished me off. There was thieving of my things (and) no cooperation whatsoever. Then there were the Communist coaches and the American coaches at each other's throats. It was a real Iron Curtain war down there. The Polish hurdle coach got me into it once, for no apparent reason. I threatened to punch him in the nose if he ever did it again. That sort of stopped that.

I realized that the Mexican athletes were training and weren't getting any competition. These kids were fit now. I had four guys run 2:26 for the marathon up there. No Mexican had ever run that before up there. Alfredo Penaloza, one of them, didn't even run better in the Olympics. This boy was great. I made the statement that he was the best long distance runner in Mexico. And then I took Juan Martinez and won his first championship. I'd only worked with these guys four months. I realized they wanted some incentive, that they had to get out of Mexico on a trip. So I went to the Olympic Committee and I said, okay, I'll arrange for them to go to New Zealand. You get a charter plane and fly them to New Zealand for a month and it won't cost anything--no expense for 20 people in New Zealand. I said, do you agree to this? They agreed. I went to them four times, laid it all out, and they said, yes, we agree, we'll do this. So I arranged with New Zealand and the whole thing was lined up. People were fighting to have these athletes stay with them. New Zealanders like to have athletes in their homes. The kids were ready to go, they had their inoculations and their visas all fixed up, all ready to go. A newspaper reporter came up to me and said, I think these guys are fooling you. They don't mean what they say. I said, ah, I don't believe it. He said, yeah, that's right. We had all these kids ready to go, and they were telling me lies all the time. You can just imagine how I felt. I went to the General (Jose Dias Clark) and said, "Listen, you think you're a big man. But when I leave this country we'll see just how big you are." I went to Canada and he lasted one week after I left. I reckon I did the best ever job for Mexico's Olympics because I got rid of that guy. He was an embarrassment to them. He'd done nothing down there. They put in a new man and what happened; everything started to go.

RW: Do you see any carryover effect from your stay there, just for that short time?

LYDIARD: Well, I got them working, put it that way. The American coaches couldn't get them to work, and I got them working. I put them out there on the roads. When we first started running, we had a bus and I got them out on the highways and I'm



PHOTO BY BOB ANDERSON

running along with them. At the end I have two athletes with me and all the rest are in the bus. I'm the guy that's running. So next time I say we're going for 30 kilometers. I said, the bus stops every five kilometers but the door will be locked. All the food and drinks are in the bus. We're just going to stop and take your times. The first day they're hobbling past the bus and they get 100 yards past and they're running again. I said, "Look, when we get to the end we're going to wait till the last guy finishes. I don't care if you go all day. I'll wait out there all day. If you want a drink or something, that's where you're going to get it--right at the end of 30 kilometers." So from then on they started to run, and I had them running all the time. Then they never thought about getting on the bus as they got fitter.

RW: It seems that throughout your career the fact that you run with your athletes has had a big motivational effect.

LYDIARD: I guess so. Well, no athlete respects a big, fat coach who's going to stand there and rest the watch on his stomach.

RW: After Mexico, where did you go? Was it on to Finland?

LYDIARD: I went home for a couple of months, but when the Finns learned I was home they wrote to me again. They asked me would I go there, and I said at my terms. I didn't think they'd accept, and I said I'd only go for two years. I went for two years. You can't do much in two years, but I've laid the foundation there. There hadn't been any Finnish records broken from 1960 to 1967. But when I left there two years later all the records--B-grade, A-grade, junior, women and senior, middle-distance and distance records--were all broken. They wouldn't give me any credit for this, but that's what happened.

RW: Were you coaching individual athletes, or primarily instructing coaches?

LYDIARD: I was working through the coaches. It's a big country, you know. There's only 4 1/2

million people, but there are 200,000 athletes. I started marathon races, big road races. Matter of fact, they would have given me an air ticket to go to Finland in April to see a big road race I started there-- a 60-mile road race between 10-man teams. I started a marathon race in February in a place called Turku. I didn't realize it got so damn cold. It was 25 degrees below zero (centigrade). Sixty-five started and 55 finished, and the winner--Pentti Rummakko--ran 2:27 at 25 below zero on ice and snow. They call that the "Arturi" marathon. My name is Arturi in Finnish. Rummakko is trained by a chap named Jor-maka, and he was trained on my program. I brought all the marathon times down. When I went there, there was a guy (I can't remember his name; he ran second in the Boston marathon once) whose best time was just over 2:20, and he was 36 years of age when I went there. He said he'd like to train with me. "You can't improve me," he said, "I'm too old. But I'd like to work with you--on your program." When he was 24, his fastest 5000 meters was 14:26. I cut his work down. He was doing too much marathon training, and had to get up more speed--more track training to balance his program. He ran in the Scandinavian marathon championships and ran 2:19--over a minute faster than he'd ever run before. Rummakko won it, and this man was second. Three weeks later, he goes on the track and runs his fastest-ever 5000 meters at the age of 36. He ran 14:22, only four seconds faster but 12 years later. He ran his fastest-ever just through balancing his program. (Rummakko finished fourth in this year's Boston marathon with 2:14:59.)

RW: Can you tell me more about your shoe that you talked of earlier?

LYDIARD: When you make a shoe, you have a good rubber heel to start with--a good rubber heel to alleviate the jar. If you put a big rubber heel on, it can't be all soft rubber; otherwise you'll start to roll. You've got shoes in this country with rubber heels that are too soft. They're too soft and they roll. You've got another shoe with a heel that's too narrow, and the guy's going to roll on it anyway. The shoes that are sold mostly in this country, the worst feature is the lasts are wrong. I've taken it up with these companies in Germany and tried to get them to change. But they won't. It costs them too much money, and they're selling them anyway. The lasts are straight, so your big toe is in the wrong place, forcing you to run on the side of your shoe. On top of that, the back bites in. I've been criticizing this for two years now in Europe, this back-biting. I've seen bursars grow on the heels of these kids. In this country, they're coming. Now you're starting in training to do what we've been doing for 25 years. You see these bumps coming out, and this is brought about by the most expensive shoes you buy. These people are now conscious of this, and they're trying to make out a feature of their new shoes that has a special back on it. This has made it worse, because it has now tightened the thing. It won't even stretch a little bit. These things are biting right in on the kids. Now you probably won't get a bursar this year, probably won't get it next year, but after about five years these things are going to form. Once they start to form, like a woman's bunion, they get bigger and bigger and bigger until you're going to have to have an operation to get in and cut this bone away from under the tendon. When you damage flesh and bone, bone grows first before the flesh, so you get a coating of bone, and another one, and another one, and progressively these things grow quicker and quicker. I can see this happening.

I was talking about this even before I got involved with this other German shoe company, E. B.

Sport International. I was in Germany talking with German athletes and coaches in Stuttgart, and I made the statement that you've got to run on the roads. You run on the roads for a specific reason. You run on the road because you get good friction or traction. When you get good friction or traction, you can run more economically. You're using less muscles, and you're only using the actual muscles needed to drive you forward, and this is what you want in running. Because you can run economically, you can run farther and faster aerobically, which allows you better cardiac efficiency. This is why we train on the roads. I didn't train kids on the road for nothing. I had a reason for everything I did. So I said, this is the way you should be training--on the roads. They said, we can't train on the roads. We get achilles tendon troubles, knee troubles, shin splints. I said, yeah, because you don't have good shoes. The point is, people don't understand shoes, you see. And they don't understand the events they're competing in.

The point is, the Germans said to me, we have the best shoes in the world. I said, you have the prettiest shoes in the world, you don't have the best shoes in the world. I said, I know you like to look pretty but they're not practical. So they argued. I said, give me any distance runners in the audience. Six guys came out. And these six guys run about 80-100 miles a week and wear two well-known brands of German shoes. They took off their shoes. Toenails off, sticking plaster, blisters, bursars. I said to this guy who argued with me, if that's what good shoes do to your feet, what the hell would bad shoes do to your feet? They knew they were wrong. I showed them my feet--no blisters, smooth skin all over. I'd been running 150 miles a week since I'd been in Germany. I don't have any blisters, all my toenails are there, no bursars, nothing. I'm just trying to point out to you if you want to keep up with the rest of the world you're going to have to get out and train on the roads. I'm not going to argue with you. I'm just pointing out, if you've got enough common sense to see what I'm telling you, you'll do what I'm saying.

So a guy comes up to me afterwards and says, "I represent a big shoe factory that manufactures the finest women's fashion shoes in Germany and exports all over the world. We're making sport shoes. We don't understand the practice of it. We'd like to make a good shoe." I went there for three weeks and we developed this shoe. We made new lasts, completely new lasts. I got this shoe, they made me a pair and I wore them for 10 months. The first six weeks I wore them, I ran in Denmark for 1000 miles. I ran 5000 miles in those shoes and never wore the upper out. I wore the heels down, but I didn't clean them, I didn't do anything. I was running in the tropics of Australia with the aborigines through salt water and mud and rocks and everything you could think of. I never wore socks. You should be able to put your foot in a brand new pair of shoes with no socks and run for two hours without getting a blister. You can do it with these shoes.

RW: Have some of your ideas about training for competitive athletics changed radically or mildly in the last few years?

LYDIARD: I see no reason to change. You've got to look at it this way. I was running from 1945 to 1960, using myself as a guinea pig, 15 years of practical experience. I realized over the years that progressively I learned that you could get younger people to do a bigger volume of aerobic training. We got a young boy like Rex Maddaford from my club. He's my son's mate--they trained together. He's being trained by a boy named McKnight, who I trained. McKnight's a very fine coach. Why's he a fine coach? Because he wasn't such a hell of a good athlete and he

had to learn to do things properly to get where he did. He broke New Zealand records. He's trained these boys very well, and he's laid the foundation for Maddaford. We've got another boy in our country, a 17-year-old who has run just over 14:00 for three miles. All come from our area, because they are being trained this way. So I see no reason to change. This training is based on physiological and mechanical fundamentals.

RW: Do you think some of the methods that have been developed by other people and under different names the last few years has been an outgrowth of your basic methods?

LYDIARD: Put it this way, there's only the Kenyans, and they're doing the volume of training. It's the same thing. The coach that was responsible for the Kenyans--the Englishman who was there since after the war and left after 1962, he laid the foundation for all this. He had them doing volume training. He was the first coach to bring the blacks to the Olympics--1956 at Melbourne--and they were his blacks from Kenya.

RW: How do you judge Ron Clarke's methods?

LYDIARD: Ron Clarke's methods and Ron Clarke's results came through our influence. I'll tell you the Ron Clarke story quickly. Ron was an interval trained athlete--probably the potentially greatest athlete--and he failed, so he stopped running in 1960. Then we got Vincent and Cook in 1961 with the Victorian Harriers team that came to New Zealand. Everywhere they went they got cleaned up. They got a real hiding. They came to Magee and me and said, what's wrong with us? We got them on the long aerobic training. So they went back and got on seven-minute mile training. Now your guys are doing this here. They're wrong, really. They're doing what Vincent and Cook did, and what I proved years ago was wrong. Okay, so you go out and run seven-minute miles. As you get fitter you don't go faster, you still run seven-minute miles--the long, slow jogging. Now Clarke, because he loved to run, went out and started running with them again on this long running. Ron had a hatred of interval training. Psychologically it was bad. But he started to enjoy this long aerobic training, because he loved to run. So he got fitter and fitter, but as he got fitter suddenly he realized that these guys were going too slow. They wouldn't go any faster. They kept this seven-minute mile running, so he started going faster and faster and faster, progressively. As his steady state rose, he ran his best aerobic speeds, so he improved. Now in 1962, what happened? Vincent went out and won the Empire Games steeplechase, Cook ran fifth in the six-mile and Clarke ran second to Halberg (in the three-mile). So they started to come through. But where did Vincent and Cook go from there on their seven-minute mile running? Nowhere. But Clarke improved continually. This was the foundation. But I could tell you much more about this. I influenced Clarke to go on interval or repetition training in Finland before he broke the six-mile and 10,000-meter world records. But Clarke got this long distance running not from Percy Cerutti but from Vincent and Cook coming to run in New Zealand in 1961. That's where it came from.

RW: How would you adapt your methods for a road-racing specialist who races nearly every week the year-round?

LYDIARD: You shouldn't be racing every week. I think the way we do it in our country is right. We have a road race every two weeks for those who want to use them. I don't say it's bad to have a road race every week. You don't have to race in them. Say the road runner wants to race twice a month, providing they're training runs and they're on a handicap

basis. They should be on a handicap basis so the joggers can have a run. Give them a half-hour start in a 10-mile race and it adds to the interest. In theory, they all finish together. I'd say it's a good idea if the guy knows what he's doing and he uses these races for training. The races should be 10 miles, or longer--10, 12, 15 miles. Occasionally, we put in a 20-mile, about every two months or so.

RW: What kind of "speed" training would you recommend for this type of average runner who's racing the year-round?

LYDIARD: You can't race well the year-round because your condition will only take you so far. If you're well conditioned and you realize when you're racing hard you can't train hard. If you compromise you can hold your form for three or four months, but then you're going to have to go back and start to build up again. But the point is that you can sort of train and race. This doesn't mean to say you're going to get your ultimate in racing, because if you go systematically about the thing you're going to get a higher plane of fitness. It's just a matter of what races they want to win and when they expect to run their best races. Bear in mind that you have to do anaerobic training, because when you're racing you're running anaerobically. You have to do anaerobic training, but this has to be in the right intensity and volume and at the right time. This is where the understanding has to come in. You have to realize it's futile to try and do it year-round in the conditioning period because you can only increase this capacity according to your steady state.

RW: You're firmly convinced that the basis of all training, whether mile or marathon, is aerobic running?

LYDIARD: It has to be. You have to get cardiac efficiency and the only way you can get cardiac efficiency is to do a volume of training. And the only way you can do a volume of training is if it's economic. If it's economic, it has to be aerobic--it can't be anaerobic. No one can argue with this. Hell, it's physiological fact, simple physiological fact that applies to every sport and every man in the street.

RW: I would imagine you'd disagree with the American universities' policy of running high-pressure races nine months of the year.

LYDIARD: Definitely. Definitely wrong. I'm explaining to the coaches how to set up programs. The



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boys only reach a bit of their potential. This is the point I'm making with Rex Maddaford. Rex Maddaford, what's he doing? He's jogging about 90 miles a week up there in New Mexico, and he comes down and he's up against boys who are doing what. They're racing against him on Saturday and he beats them on Saturday. He goes home and jogs 90 miles a week, right? Maybe he does a little bit of sharp work, 50-meter sprints or something. He doesn't get on the track. But what do the other guys do. They go home and run six 660s on Monday, 20 440s on Tuesday, 10 220s on Wednesday, Thursday they'll jog and Friday they've got to race him again. He beats them again. At Texas, at Kansas and at the Drake Reayls he beat them every time. He's not a mile runner, but he wins miles because they're training wrong and he's training right.

RW: How much running are you doing these days?

LYDIARD: Well, it's very erratic. Some weeks I run 150 miles and another time I mightn't run 10 miles. I stepped into a 12-mile with the Kansas State runners, six of them, and I beat one of them. We were going pretty fast. I ran the legs off one guy. He couldn't run with me. Two others took a short-cut. It was a training run, but it developed into a bit of a race.

I don't run anaerobically. I don't have any use for it. I don't do track training and I don't get in the joggers' miles. But put it this way, I can run 10 miles under an hour. I see these joggers' miles for men over 50, and they don't run much under 5:30. Hell, I could easily run a 5:30 mile and win those things without doing anaerobic training.

I don't say I run 150 miles every week. But down at Abilene Christian I ran 150 miles in six days--25 miles a day; we were running morning and evening.

RW: You're how old now?

LYDIARD: I'm 52, nearly 53. I could be fitter. I'm just under 5'6" and 140 pounds. I was a little lighter in my competitive days. You see, I was messing around with training in those days--experimenting. I never trained systematically the way I trained my athletes. At age 37, I was New Zealand marathon champion, and I stopped for two years. At 39, I came back to train with Ray Puckett. I had been working at two jobs. I ran second to him in the New Zealand marathon championship with 2:35 on a hot, sunny day. So at 39 years of age I could run 2:35. That was my last race.

RW: You obviously have kept a love for running over all these years.

LYDIARD: Oh, yeah, I like running. Put it this way, I was a jogger in 1945, and I'm still a jogger, and I've always considered myself a jogger rather than an athlete. But through trial and error with various systems--you name it and I've done it--I've arrived at my methods. It amuses me to hear people expounding theories I proved wrong years ago. They're going to mess around and ruin a lot of athletes, then find out years from now what I found out: that there are better ways of doing things. This is my main interest.

I just want to keep my steady state at a reasonable level so I can enjoy my life. People say to me, why the hell do you run so much. I say, look, if I didn't run I'd feel like you do, and I just don't like it. You people are staggering through your life. You just imagine the people who don't exercise. Their steady state is so low they barely have enough oxygen in their bodies to keep themselves functioning. They're dragging themselves through life. And you can't enjoy life that way. They've never known what it's like to be vigorous, healthy and fit, really fit. And to enjoy their life like a healthy, vigorous person.

MARATHONING-- SMALL-TOWN STYLE

BY HUGH SWEENY

"I'm so sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Weaver, but I'm afraid that we can't supply everyone in Redfield with their own marathon runner this year," explained Dr. Tyrus Peace over the phone. "Why don't you put in for one early next time? We're going to try for the Pan-Am trials next year, and if we get it, you make sure you're on the list."

If the runners who ran in the AAU marathon championship are asked, they will overwhelmingly agree that Redfield would be a wise choice for the location of future American marathons. Why Redfield? Like most runners who arrived in Redfield in the day or two prior to the race, I was highly sceptical about the choice of this small, Dallas County, Iowa, town of 935. When we got there, we joked about Iowa accents, the isolation of Redfield, the three TV stations (if you can reach Ames), and the one-story hospital. Surely these Iowans who had never produced a top marathoner would foul the race up so completely we'd wind up in Kansas or Nebraska or someplace like that. (The entire midwest looks the same to us "sophisticated" easterners and Californians!) But after two days in Redfield, our preconceptions were proved unfounded, our prejudices dispelled, and we began to think it might not be so boring to live in Iowa after all.

Redfield and the surrounding area proved to be fascinating, and full of local color. My generous host (all runners lived with local families during their entire stay in Redfield), Leo Harvey, had lived his entire life "on the Coon" (the Raccoon River passes Redfield) and was full of anecdotes. He told me about the time Bonnie and Clyde came to town. "They was little folks, about like young Woody over there, and I wasn't afraid to talk to 'em. But they didn't get no information from me. There was five in that gang, not four like in the movie. One of 'em was shot up the road a piece in Dexter, but Bonnie and Clyde got away. The movie wasn't too bad, though."

Leo also told me about playing baseball as a kid with Bob Feller. The "Van Meter Plowboy" lived about 18 miles from Redfield, and he was "playing ball night and day."

Dallas County residents refer to Redfield with a mixture of pride, humor and displeasure as "Little Chicago, the crime capital of Iowa." I talked to many high school students (a good way to get into what's happening anywhere), and their enthusiasm and spontaneity amazed me. I learned of what they thought to be Redfield's dirty laundry. "The kids in this town don't like pot; nobody uses it. But we sure drink a lot of beer--usually six-packs!" One blond-haired, angelic-looking 16-year-old boy told me he'd been suspended from school. "Oh, I been out of school three times now. This year I pushed the principal down the stairs. Last year I done quit on my own. And two years back I hit a teacher over the head with a hammer." The boy weighed about 90 pounds.

"Little Chicago" began to interest me. I talked to the policeman, Terry O'Neil, who had come to the US from Scotland and was now Redfield's police chief.

O'Neil had given me a driving ticket the night before (for backing through a stop sign on a typically deserted Redfield street at 11 p. m. The mayor chuckled and dismissed the case the next day.)

"No hard feelings about last night, Officer O'Neil," I said. "Of course not," said he, "but you violated the law in front of those kids on the corner, and I had to be strict because that way they learn I'll be strict on them." O'Neil, though strict, has tamed Redfield somewhat. Before he came, fights were commonplace. "People from Dexter, Adel and Linden would come into town, somebody'd say, '\$25 to the man can whip that fellow,' and they'd be off. We've none of that now." We noticed that Redfield residents always pause five seconds at stop signs. He even once arrested a veterinarian from Adel, going on an emergency call, for speeding. The horse died.

"This town's lost trade because of O'Neil, but he's settled things down," said one old-timer. "One night several weeks ago some of the kids showed their displeasure with the officer. They stole his police car while he was in the bar talking to the mayor, tried to dump it in the Coon, and finally burned it to the ground. That's why he drives a pickup truck now!" But I liked O'Neil after talking with him. Next time a marathon comes to Redfield, see if you can learn why a Scotsman would become the lawman in a small Iowa farm town. Surely, lad, it's beyond my ken!

Redfield lies in a very rich agricultural area. The Goodwin farm, largest in the region, is valued at over \$700 per acre. And the mushrooms grown in Redfield are a source of local pride. Two runners went on a mushroom hunting expedition the day before the race, and were running easily through the farmland when they came into some heavy grass. When news of Redfield's crop reaches the west coast, it's likely that hundreds of long-haired runners will descend on Redfield for the Pan-Am trials.

The race itself was perfectly conducted, and the homey atmosphere in Redfield was great. There were signs all over town welcoming the runners, and even "wellcoming" the marathoners. One sign said, "AAU Marathon, Dr. Peace, Go Boy, Go!" It was a pleasure to run in front of people with such enthusiasm for our sport. Being able to wake up, change into running clothes and walk to the starting line from the host's home for the 7 a. m. gun was appreciated by all.

Dr. Peace and the people of Redfield put in hundreds of hours' work and many dollars into the success of the race. Pre-race preparations included at least three mailings to the runners, asking what housing arrangements would be required, whether wives would accompany them, time of arrival at the Des Moines Airport (35 miles and 30 minute away), and a last-minute notice that post entries would be accepted. Dr. Peace's staff at the hospital did this, arranged the housing, and handled other paperwork.

Before the race, the Dexfield High School (Dexter and Redfield students attend the same school) woke up the town with a peppery medley of early-morning country music. Fifty members of the Lions Club helped with the race, as did the track team and the Scouts. The Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts handled the refreshment stands very efficiently. The stands, spaced two miles apart, contained a selection of water, tea and punch. One Scout would meet the runners 30 yards before the stand, ask what was wanted, and shout the information to the Scouts at the stand. The cups were a bit small, but Dr. Peace will correct that next year.

Hugh Sweeny, a graduate student at New York University, ran a 2:33 marathon last year shortly after his discharge from the army (he had been running in Korea for a year while stationed there). He found the heat at Redfield too much to cope with and wound up at 3:21.

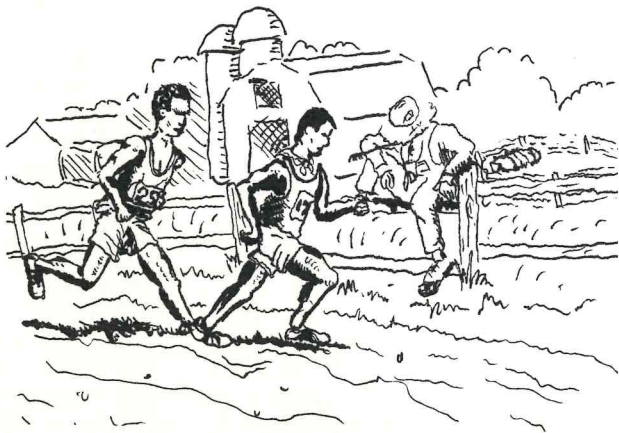
Dr. Peace, the osteopath mastermind behind the Redfield marathon, is a running fanatic in the Cerutti mold. Thirteen years ago at the age of 43 the native Long Islander suffered a severe heart attack. He had seen five of his doctor friends "plowed under" from heart trouble, and he didn't want to be number six. So he took up running. At first he could only run 70 yards, slowly, before encountering chest pains. After three years, he could run as far as five miles. Now he trains 15 miles daily, and 20 miles on Thursday and Sunday. That's right, folks, 115 per week by a 56-year-old ex-heart attack victim. Peace's running style resembles a bow-legged cowboy who just came down on his saddle horn. Or, as a spectator so colorfully told me, "He runs like he has a cob..." Well, you get the idea. The doctor's 4:02 marathon in 1968 must be an all-time best for practitioners of this particular style.

Peace always trains up and down the center of the road, and usually on the same course (there are only three or four roads leading out of Redfield). He prepares for his training by driving around and placing cans of "Mountain Dew" at strategic places along the course. Then, as he trots along his route, he drinks the well-situated beverage to keep him going. Cans of the drink even lined the marathon course.

Peace was anxious to receive all suggestions from runners about the conduct of the marathon. This time, the handling of the race was flawless--or nearly so. Times were called out at one, two, three, five, 10, 15 and 20 miles. Mile markers and refreshment stands were set up every two miles. The course was very well guided and marked. If only the water cups were bigger and the sun wasn't so bright!

The course itself looked flat. The Iowa sky is big and the level horizon looked flat. But the road over the last 10 miles was mostly uphill. The air in Iowa is clear, clean and unpolluted. Runners from New York, Los Angeles and other centers of "air pollution training" were often unable to cope with the sun as it passed unfiltered through clean air. Only Bob Fitts, the winner, really ran well, and as it was his first marathon he's surely capable of better time than his 2:24:10.

Bob Deines, the co-favorite, wasn't so fortunate. Deines was scheduled for his pre-induction physical the day after the race. He ran with Bruce Mortenson, Ron Daws and Byron Lowry for 10 miles (in 54:26) as that group followed far behind Fitts. But as Bob ran along the stoned road in Adel, his feet were blistered and he began to realize that it wasn't his day. He dropped out at 17 miles, deciding to save himself for his effort the next day. He took a tough workout before his physical, checked in at 6'2" and 133 pounds--six pounds underweight. He failed his physical. Bad luck, Bob!



DRAWING BY JEFF LOUGHRIDGE

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DR. PACKARD--MR. SENIOR MARATHONER

BY JOHN ROMERO

When Dr. Richard Packard showed up for the first annual World Left Turn Marathon Championship at Los Angeles, the Coliseum gatekeeper gave him a suspicious look.

I really think it was his sweatsuit that aroused the guard. It looked like a Thrift Shop reject. For all I know he picked it up from a guy on the corner practicing tie-dye. It looked like a lot of wrinkles glued together then laid on a riverbottom to dry.

So there sat Packard, 42 years old and skinny and little and helpless looking--wearing this creation and being unobtrusive. You really felt sorry for him.

When he took off the sweatsuit it was even worse. You just knew he was going to die on the spot from malnutrition. And he was wearing this old Boston Athletic Association mesh running top and baggy shorts that looked like they were tailored for Randy Matson.

Then the race started and Packard's whole personality changed. He turned into that tiger in the tire commercial that comes roaring out of a garage and runs over a broken bottle without missing a step. His eyes narrowed and his ears grew points. The marathon wasn't two miles old before he smelled the finish line.

Exactly two hours, forty-four minutes and five seconds later Packard turned nice guy again. But it was too late. He had already eaten up everybody else.

What Packard had done was win the first annual Senior Olympics (ages 40 and up) marathon on a course that set a world record for left turns--81, count 'em, 81. After the first 15 miles everybody in the field had a sort of permanent list to port.

Things were a little late in starting because Bill Emmerton, who set up the marathon, gave directions in Australian and it took a while for the translation to come through.

You could tell the athletes meant business right from the beginning. Pax Beale was wearing this shirt that said "San Francisco Eye and Ear Clinic Athletic Club" and it didn't draw a single laugh.

There were 19 starters plus Elaine Pedersen, a San Francisco girl who has such a great figure she almost ruined the whole thing. Everybody kept trying to run behind her.

The morning was cool and the sun was up there somewhere, skulking around.

"Pretty smoggy, isn't it?" one of the runners asked an official.

"No smog," said the official. "Haze."

The natives won't give you an inch.

The field poured around the Coliseum track three times then rushed expectantly outside to run 13 laps on a 1.8-mile course around the bowl. Right away I knew all Los Angeles wasn't waiting to greet us.

There was one guy asleep on a park bench. Another guy was walking his dog. A hippie was up early doing his hair. And that was about it.

The guy on the bench woke up after three laps. He kept rubbing his eyes and shaking his head and watching the runners for two more laps. Then he went back to sleep. I could just see him telling a friend, "Man, what a dream I had. There were these guys running around in their shorts."

Anyway, everybody kept running. It was kind of interesting at the corner of Santa Barbara and Figueroa where we kept passing the Figueroa Foot Clinic. If ever a bunch of guys needed help with their feet, it was this crew.

The Menlo-Santa Barbara corner was a tight one and you had to dodge a lot of broken glass when you made the turn. But there was this steel pole and by the second time around everybody was grabbing it with their left hands and kind of pivoting through the turn.

Emerton was calling off the laps in Australian as the runners passed. "Aite to gao," he chanted as Jim O'Neil of Sacramento ran by. O'Neil was horrified.

"What did he say?" O'Neil gasped.

I thought he was telling us the way to the bathroom, but maybe not.

You had to go back into the Coliseum after 13 laps and run another mile on the track to finish. This way everybody had a chance to watch everybody suffer.

I finished and tried to walk around looking like I had just been out for a walk and was really fresh. When nobody bought that I decided to go the other way and tried to throw up. I couldn't do that, either. Only the good runners throw up after a race. I was a total failure.

Meanwhile, Packard looked just like he had been out for a walk and was really fresh. If I know that guy he probably threw up, too, and hid it in the long jump pit.

There was one guy, Warren Blaney, who looked fresher than Packard. Of course, Warren didn't run the marathon but it was his idea that started the Senior Olympics. Warren kept walking around telling everyone things like, "The health of the nation begins with the individual," and, "If but for a fleeting moment we have awakened your thought to this example of constructive, healthy entertainment our purpose has been accomplished."

Warren also wrote an official poem called "Youth Eternal."

You can never tell. A lot of radical ideas are catching on these days.

1970 U.S. Marathon List

(Best times by US residents--including non-citizens--as of July 1; an athlete can be listed more than once)

1. Eamon O'Reilly (Athens AC)	2:11:12	4/20
2. Pat McMahon (Boston AA/Ireland)	2:14:53	4/20
3. Ken Moore (US Army)	2:19:47	4/20
4. Bill Clark (Philadelphia AC)	2:20:39.2	2/ 8
5. Moore--2	2:20:58	2/28
6. Mike Mittelsteadt (USMC)	2:21:21	6/14
7. Herb Lorenz (Penn AC)	2:21:34.8	5/ 3
8. Clark--2	2:22:17	4/20
9. Mike Mahler (Pacific Coast Club)	2:22:25	1/10
10. Ed Walkwitz (Mt Park AA)	2:23:26	4/20
11. Kerry Ragg (Hocking TC/NZ)	2:23:45	4/20
12. Bob Fitts (Millrose AA)	2:24:10.6	6/ 7
13. William Speck (Providence Coll)	2:24:43	4/20
14. Bob Deines (Otherways AC)	2:24:50	4/20
15. Vic Nelson (Kentucky U)	2:25:12	4/12
16. Amby Burfoot (Cent Conn AA)	2:25:27	4/20
17. John Loeschorn (USAF)	2:26:10	6/14
18. Tom Heinonen (US Navy)	2:26:23	1/10

(For more detailed statistical lists, plus results, schedules and profiles, subscribe to Racing Report--our twice-monthly newsletter. \$5.00 a year.)

John Romero's byline is familiar to regular RW readers. It now develops that he runs as well as he writes. The 43-year-old ran 2:57:12 in the race he describes--an improvement of 23 minutes in his second full marathon.

COMPUTER SETS FITZGERALD'S PACE

BY BILL DALY

Bill Fitzgerald spends his weekends competing on the running track instead of the more typical loafing on the beach or watching TV. If Bill were just out of college, his racing wouldn't be too unusual, but for a man of 44 it seems a little strenuous. His age is no handicap. At an all-comers track meet last summer, Bill entered the 880. At the starting line, one of the youthful participants quipped, "Who's the old man?" Bill responded by beating the field in 1:59.8--the world's best time for a man over 40.

Until three years ago, Fitzgerald's weekend recreation consisted of nothing more taxing than camping with his family of four. After seeing Jim Gorrell win the seniors mile in 1967, he decided he could do it, too, and began a jogging program to get in shape. Competitive running for the over-40 man was getting popular then, and he soon realized even that type of competition demands rigorous training. Bill now does a hard workout every day of the week, averaging 6-10 miles. It has paid off. Last year at San Diego, during the US Masters championships, he won the 440, 880 and mile and was a member of two winning relay teams.

Bill feels strongly that his accomplishments to date would not have been possible if it weren't for the computerized training system developed by co-worker Jim Gardner, a former half-miler, and Gerry Purdy. This unique approach utilizes computer-generated schedules for training activity and may be one of the most significant developments in the field of track coaching in recent years. The computerized training schedules are based on the theory, originated by Gardner, that there is a predictable relationship between the performance of a runner in competition and his capacity to do training sessions. Fitzgerald was among the first to use computerized schedules and was using them during their development in 1968 and 1969. The schedules worked so well with those who tested them that the authors decided the system was worthy of publication. The book, "Computerized Running Training Programs," will be released this fall.

Bill selects his workouts from the computer printed tables of interval runs. Depending on upcoming competition, he may employ speed work, pace work or endurance work--all of which are obtained from the schedules. Bill adjusts his training program three weeks prior to the schedules competition, when he starts stressing interval training. These are done on alternate days--Monday, Wednesday, Friday. Workouts consist of:

Warmup--Jog two miles then 8 x 55 at 7.5 seconds with jogging 165 between each; Interval runs (one of the following sets, jogging between each interval)--5 x 660 at 1:41, 5 x 220 at 26.5, 4 x 880 at 2:22.5, 10 x 220 at 28.5; Warmdown--two-mile jog when time permits.

Distance running is done on Tuesday, Thursday and sometimes Saturday. This consists of five-mile runs at 6:30 pace, or two to three miles at 5:30 pace. Depending on the competition for the weekend, an easy 10-mile early morning run is thrown in on Saturday. The weekend competition is classed as interval training.

Bill Daly is a co-worker of Fitzgerald and Gardner at TRW--the huge southern California industry, not The Runner's World. Daly, who shoots photos as well as writes, has a 14-year-old son who ran a 3:23 marathon recently.

MEET WILLIAM ANDBERG

Dr. William Andberg, a Minnesota veterinarian, is made of tough material. In younger days, he won an international snowshoe racing championship before lapsing into sedentary living. He played golf but became increasingly disenchanted with it, as if the Finnish blood in him was growing restless for more demanding activity. "My wife and I both made a hole-in-one," he said. "What else was there left to do in golf?"

Doc Andberg started jogging not quite four years ago. He wasn't jogging long. Within a year, he was racing marathons and training at a headlong rate. The "Gray Ghost" (he got the nickname because he runs through the cemetery at night) is still training fast and racing faster than ever. His latest improvement brought his marathon time down to 2:51:44. Not so amazing, you say? Read on.

This came in the World Veterans' race at Skovde, Sweden--a run limited to men over 40. Andberg wasn't even thinking of running marathons when he was 40. He didn't begin running at all until he'd passed his 55th birthday. Dr. Andberg celebrated his 59th on a couple of weeks after his 2:51 marathon.

WILLIAM G. ANDBERG. Anoka, Minn. (Twin Cities Track Club). 5'7", 134 lbs., 59 years old (born June 8, 1911, in Maine). Married, four children. Occupation: veterinarian. Began racing in 1967 at age 56. Self-coached.

BEST TIMES: Mile--5:18 (1970); 5 miles--28:50; 10 kms.--43:40; 15 kms.--59:00; Hour--9 miles 310 yds.; 10 miles--1:02:44; 20 kms.--1:20:35; Marathon--2:51:44 (70). (Ran a mile on snowshoes in 6:02 in 1932.) Normal racing range: 5 miles-marathon. Racing frequency: four marathons a year.

TRAINING: once a day, 7 days a week, 12 months a year, 60-70 miles a week. Longest-ever run: marathon.

DESCRIPTION: "It's hard to find training patterns for older runners. I tried twice a day training runs, but in three days I was so tired I slept for 12 hours straight. I don't keep a record of miles run per day for I find it meaningless. Stress quality running even if it is only two miles. I don't jog. I exert myself as much as I can; 10 miles in 62 minutes is not jogging. It doesn't do much good to just dawdle along. I run alone and find myself unconsciously pushing myself. If I'm tired before a practice run, I try a short nap, and this many times makes the difference between a poor and a good workout.

"I've been criticized for my poor running form, so I'm working on a smoother stride, but I'll probably forget it when I get into a race.

"I'm always wondering when I'll start slowing down due to age. Best compliment I've had came from a 19-year-old runner who said I had beaten him three times and he wondered when I was going to slow down. My ambition is to be number one in the 60-and-over class at the International Veterans' maraton in Germany in 1972."

• • • • •

A normal Monday, Wednesday and Friday interval workout for Bill when not training for competition will consist of:

Warmup--jog an easy mile then one mile of 8 x 55 at 7.5 with jogging 165 between each; Intervals (one of the following sets, jogging recovery)--10 x 220 at 28 seconds, 8 x 440 at 65.8, 6 x 660 at 1:47, 3 x 880 at 2:30, 4 x 1320 at 3:55; Warmdown--two-mile jog if time is available.

Tuesday and Thursday--normal distance runs of 7-10 miles at 6:45-7:00 per mile.

MEET FRANCIE LARRIEU

A few years back, a man named Ron Larrieu occasionally would come up with an excellent distance performance. He made an Olympic team and set a couple of American records. All in all, a career that established a good name for him in running circles.

Ron's little sister Francie was barely in her teens when he was doing his best running. But by the time she began her own running in 1966 she already had a good idea of the efforts required of an international runner. She decided she wanted to make those efforts, too.

By now, her 17th year, Francie is the most exciting young female distance runner on the US scene. A 4:16 for 1500 meters (that was last year), a sub-2:10 half, the speed to run a 26.2 220 and the endurance to run eight-mile races with men.

FRANCES ANNE LARRIEU. Sunnyvale, Calif. (San Jose Cindergals). 5'4 1/4", 100 lbs., 17 years old (born Nov. 23, 1952, at Palo Alto, Calif.) Single. Student. Began racing in 1966 at age 13. Coached by Estle "Auggie" Argabright.

BEST TIMES: 220--26.2 (1969); 880--2:08.0 (70); 1500m--4:16.8 (69); Mile--4:50 (70). Favorite distances: 880 and mile (or 1500).

TRAINING: once a day, 3-7 days a week, 10 months a year, 30-50 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 13 miles.

DESCRIPTION: "Mostly I do quality rather than quantity workouts. My coach believes in building to reach a peak. We start by slowly building (i. e., fewer workout sessions). As the season progresses, we work out more often and harder. After we reach our peak, we slack off until the next season when we start all over again. My coach believes those who start right in and are in top shape at the beginning of the season are all worn out when the big meets come around. At the start of the season, I have no fewer than three training sessions per week. As the season goes along, the more important the meets become, the more often I train.

"The conditions under which I live and train have made it perfect for me to do what I love, and do it well. I love my parents, my family, my friends, the girls on the team, my coach and his wife. Without them I wouldn't be anywhere."



PHOTO BY BOB ANDERSON



FRANCIE LARRIEU (Bob Anderson photo)

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SPRINTS

1. JOHN CARLOS, USA (3rd, '68 Olympic 200m)
2. JIM HINES, USA ('68 Olympic 100m champion)
3. CHARLIE GREENE, USA (3rd, '68 Olympic 100m)
4. ARMIN HARY, W. Ger. ('60 Olympic 100m champ)
5. TOMMIE SMITH, USA ('68 Olympic 200m champ)
6. LEE EVANS, USA ('68 Olympic 400m champion)
7. LARRY JAMES, USA (2nd, '68 Olympic 400m)

HURDLES

8. WILLIE DAVENPORT, USA ('68 Olympic HH champ)
9. GARY POWER, USA (1969 HH Internationalist)
10. EARL McCULLOUGH, USA (co-world record holder)
11. HAYES JONES, USA ('64 Olympic HH champion)
12. DAVE HEMERY, GB ('68 Olympic IH champion)
13. GEOFF VANDERSTOCK, USA (American record, IH)
14. RON WHITNEY, USA (6th, '68 Olympic IH)

DISTANCES

15. RALPH DOUBELL, Aust. ('68 Olympic 800m champ)
16. PETER SNELL, NZ ('64 Olympic 800m/1500m champ)
17. KIPCHOGE KEINO, Kenya ('68 Olympic 1500m champ)
18. JIM RYUN, USA (world records, 880, 1500m, mile)
19. GEORGE YOUNG, USA (US records, 2-mile & steeple)
20. AMOS BIWOTT, Kenya ('68 Olympic steeple champ)
21. RON CLARKE, Aust. (multi-world record holder)
22. NAFTALI TEMU, Kenya ('68 Olympic 10,000 champ)
23. MAMO WOLDE, Ethiopia ('68 Olympic marathon champ)

HIGH JUMP

24. DICK FOSBURY, USA ('68 Olympic champion)
25. ED CARUTHERS, USA (2nd, '68 Olympics)
26. REYNALDO BROWN, USA (5th, '68 Olympics)
27. OTIS BURRELL, USA (1964 Olympian)
28. VALERIY BRUMEL, USSR (world record holder)

LONG JUMP

29. BOB BEAMON, USA ('68 Olympic champ)
30. RALPH BOSTON, USA ('60 Olympic champ)
31. IGOR TER-OVANESYAN, USSR (ex-world record)
32. LYNN DAVIES, GB ('64 Olympic champion)

33. JERRY PROCTOR, USA (high school record-holder)
34. GAYLE HOPKINS, USA (1964 Olympian)

POLE VAULT

35. BOB SEAGREN, USA (1968 Olympic champion)
36. DICK RAILSBACK, USA (17'8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " vaulter)
37. JOHN PENNEL, USA (world record holder)
38. CASEY CARRIGAN, USA (high school record holder)
39. PAUL WILSON, USA (ex-world record holder)

TRIPLE JUMP

40. VIKTOR SANHEYEV, USSR (world record holder)
41. ART WALKER, USA (American record holder)
42. JOSEF SCHMIDT, Poland ('60 & '64 Olympic champ)

SHOT PUT

43. RANDY MATSON, USA (world record holder)
44. NEAL STEINHAUER, USA (second best of all-time)
45. GEORGE WOODS, USA (2nd, '68 Olympics)
46. KARL SALB, USA (1969 internationalist)
47. DAVE MAGGARD, USA (5th, '68 Olympics)
48. PARRY O'BRIEN, USA ('56 Olympic champion)
49. DALLAS LONG, USA ('64 Olympic champion)

DISCUS THROW

50. AL OERTER, USA (4-time Olympic champion)
51. JAY SILVESTER, USA (American record holder)
52. LUDVIK DANEK, Czech. (ex-world record holder)

JAVELIN THROW

53. JANIS LUSIS, USSR (1968 Olympic champion)
54. MARK MURRO, USA (American record holder)
55. FRANK COVELLI, USA (ex-American record holder)

HAMMER THROW

56. ROMUALD KLIM, USSR (1964 Olympic champion)
57. GYULA ZSIVOTZKY, Hungary ('68 Olympic champ)
58. HAL CONNOLLY, USA (1956 Olympic champion)
59. ED BURKE, USA (American record holder)
60. TOM GAGE, USA (1969 AAU champion)

--ON THE RUN--

BY HAL HIGDON

The Cold Duck was flowing in two colors--pink bubbly and white bubbly--in Room 311 of the Hotel Lenox after the big race. Considering the running conditions we had faced in the Boston marathon earlier that afternoon, the choice of that particular brand of champagne seemed quite appropriate. The party was sponsored by a group of San Franciscans who had run in the race, and they had hung some sort of obscene California flag on one wall, but at least no pictures of Governor Reagan were visible.

The television set was playing idiotically in the background, when all of a sudden cries went up for silence because Walter Cronkite was talking about the big race. Roughly a thousand men had run the marathon that day, and as far as I know, no more than 10 unofficially entered women--but 90% of the CBS coverage involved women in the race. As a reporter myself, I can understand that. It is the unusual that people want to hear about.

There were pictures of Sara Berman crossing the finish line, and some newsman thrust a microphone in her face and asked her why she ran. Sara barked back at him: "Why do people climb Mount Everest?" (We're going to have to get that girl a press secretary.)

Then the inscrutable Jock Semple appeared on the screen. Suddenly there was an outburst of shouts and boos, and I couldn't hear Jock's comments, but I imagine he said something similar to what he had told us the previous afternoon at the Road Runners Club meeting: that international rules prohibit women from competing against men, that he had no objection to them running if they wanted to do it on their own.

But what had astounded me was the boos. Well, maybe they were good-natured ones, or inspired by Cold Duck. But my reaction was: what right do these west coast finks have to boo Jock Semple? They deserve to have the Oakland cops lay it on their heads. They shouldn't boo Jock Semple. They should cheer him out of appreciation for the work he devotes to making the Boston marathon what it is. The same goes for Will Cloney and the dozens of other unquoted officials of the sponsoring Boston Athletic Association. Those party goers who were so quick to boo Jock should have been cheering instead of booing. They should have been down on their knees grovelling before that television set, offering homage for the work he does.

Unfortunately, many runners feel that Boston owes them something, instead of vice versa. Vince Chiappetta at the RRC meeting had told Jock that Boston is an institution. True. But who makes it an institution? The runners? Yes. The people who stand even in the rain to watch the race? Most certainly. The officials who do the dirty work of organizing the Boston marathon? Right on!

Having sponsored the national AAU 20-kilometer championship in Michigan City, Ind., several years ago I know something about the problems of race organization. I had to take a full week away from my work to organize that race, not to mention dribbles of time spent during the previous six months--and that was a race with only about a hundred competitors. On race day 20 or 30 non-runners were involved in seeing that the athletes had their day in the sun.

Consider then the logistical problems of a race where over a thousand people compete. For example: the numbers. The people who sell numbers print only three digits: like up to number 999. Several hundred other runners ran sounding like secret agents or experimental planes: A-27, X-33. Jock had to put

those letters on by hand. This was the same man they were booing in Room 311 after the race.

(Does anyone ever write thank you letters to the people at Boston following the race. Maybe we should start. Send the carbons to me.)

I believe I'm correct in summing up Vince Chiappetta's philosophy concerning Boston simply as: let 'em run. I too shared Vince's philosophy until recently. I looked forward to the day when 5000 runners would start at Boston, despite the problems those runners would cause. I thought those problems could be overcome through reorganization. From a competitor's point of view, the race is organized much better now with 1000 runners than it was 10 years ago with only a few hundred. But I have changed my mind to feel that restrictions on the field may be necessary.

Restrictions were imposed for the first time this year. To enter the lists at Boston, a runner had to have fulfilled one of three obligations: have run a marathon under four hours previously, have competed in at least two 10-mile races, or have gained the approval of his local AAU official.

Next year I suspect the BAA will eliminate the last two of those passes, and I agree with their thinking. Just because a man can run 10 miles on two occasions, that doesn't mean he can run 26. Likewise, knowing the level of competence of some of our coaches and officials, I'm not sure what their signatures on an entry blank would prove.

One does not decide to run Boston a week before the race. If a person is expected to go four hours at Boston, certainly he should be able to do that in a qualifying race. I don't think the Boston marathon should ever be a race only for the elite, but at least it should be limited to the reasonably competent.

And I think it pretty much worked out that way this year. Because of this year's restrictions, I half expected to see several hundred numberless runners. I saw very few. I also saw very few of the so-called "freaks" that Jock so detests. Maybe the weather scared them away, but the fantastic thing about Boston this year was that 833 runners finished under the four-hour level. Since probably only 1000 or so showed up at the starting line, that means damn few people dropped out. So obviously a four-hour restriction for 1971 would begin with that many already qualified.

I do feel, however, that certain improvements still can be made in the race. The start, for one. George Sheehan was telling me that last year he started in the rear and 50 seconds had gone by before he had crossed the starting line. That's quite a handicap, but the street is only so wide and there is no easy solution. In a sense, each additional unqualified runner added to the field shoves the serious marathoners--the George Sheehans, the Dick Kings, the Tom Woodalls--one notch farther back of the line. But simply because they are forced to begin so slowly, the tail-end runners probably avoid one hazard faced by the runners up front who, jammed in tightly together, risk being tripped or shoved when the gun sounds.

One solution would be to hold a rope about 50 yards behind the starting line with all the runners behind it. When the starter announces one minute to go, the rope could be walked slowly up to the regular starting line, which would allow the front runners to get some breathing room. (But don't drop the rope; otherwise a stampede might result.) And, of course, only the better runners should be allowed up in the



The Boston mob scene. (Jeff Johnson photo)

first half-dozen rows. With over a thousand starters we no longer can afford to let the 200-yard sprinters push out just for the benefit of photographers.

The other thing I would like to see at Boston is meaningful check points with times given to all in the field. Now we have checkpoints at distances like 6.7 miles and 10.4 miles and no times. There are triangular signs telling us there are 8 1/2 miles to go, but even these disappear early.

Wouldn't it be relatively simple to paint a line across the road at five-mile intervals and then send a man with a stopwatch to each point, and tell him to stay a while? At the Kosice marathon, they gave times every five kilometers and they do it by signboard (changing numbers every 30 seconds) so the runners know where they are.

But I suggest these improvements with some reservations, knowing that accomplishing them would just mean more work for Jock Semple, the man they booed in Room 311 the night of the Boston marathon.

Des O'Neill is an English teacher at Santa Barbara City College, and before taking this job he lived for some time in England. Des ran a 2:39:56 marathon last fall.

"Our Movie" Flops

BY DES O'NEILL

"The Games," a movie dealing with an Olympic marathon and based on the book of the same name by Hugh Atkinson, has just been released in this country. The date of release seems strange. Why not wait until 1972, take advantage of all the publicity attending the Munich Games, and attract many more customers? The release date and muted publicity are intended as a kindness to the public. They, at least, will not be conned into paying good money to see a very bad movie.

Since it's unlikely that another film on distance running will be made in your lifetime (especially after this one) you may feel impelled to see this one. It will be a mistake, but if you go don't just go and get mad; go prepared to laugh as you note the idiocies and inaccuracies of this production. A warning: Don't take a date. She'll come away convinced that all runners are crazy. Instead, make up a group from your club or school team, and go to hoot and holler.

Erich Segal, who should know better, wrote the screenplay. Gordon Pirie, who does know better, served as technical advisor. Michael Crawford, Ryan O'Neal and Charles Aznavour, who evidently don't know better, starred. None of these gentlemen has significantly advanced his career. Taking money under false pretences about sums up their contributions.

In casting the major roles, it might have been expected that some attention would be paid to plausibility. If all the major characters run, shouldn't the actors portraying them be able to run, or at least look like runners? Nothing of the sort; except for Crawford, who occasionally resembles (but doesn't run like) Dick Taylor, none of the stars are convincing. Aznavour, as Pavel Bendek, the Czech Iron Man (guess who) walks through his part amiably but absent-mindedly. In his first running scenes, his short legs blur. Fortunately, he never has to last longer than five seconds on his feet. Ryan O'Neal, as the ace American Scott Reynolds, runs from beer-parlor to bed-and-broad as though running anything, mile to marathon, were a natural activity for bored and overweight fraternity men.

The training scenes of all three have the realism and sense of involvement of a Walt Disney cartoon. Crawford staggers around in a steam room--heat acclimatization. O'Neal drinks beer and takes pills--better living through chemistry. Aznavour jogs down an endless road, urged on by a Communist Party sports commissar on a bicycle.

Plot has been another casualty of this production. There must have been a plot originally. Otherwise, why pay good money to Segal and Atkinson? See if you can discern any element of continuity whatever. Go ahead. Try.

There are a few women in the movie. I can't remember whether they're good-looking or not. It doesn't matter. They don't, either.

A great deal of the film was shot on location--Australia, Rome. Must have been expensive. Hopefully, the producers will never make any money on their investment. Serve them right.

Serve you right, too, if you go.

The book wasn't great. The movie is downright bad. The tragedy is that we know, from the 1936 and 1964 Olympic films, that interesting, artistic and dramatic movies can be made about running. Runners, as we all like to think, are interesting people, and a good movie might be made about them. This isn't the movie; we are still waiting.

--SHORT AND FAST--

BY JOE HENDERSON

Suddenly, the mind flashes back nearly two decades. George Rhoden is ambling lazily and loosely along the backstretch grass. But even in the first stages of his warmup, anyone can see he's a "class" sprinter. There's an unmistakable combination of grace and confidence. His lean frame is protected by the same bright yellow Jamaican sweats he wore while winning the 1952 Olympic 400 meters at Helsinki. His stride has the same bounce.

But this isn't 1952, it isn't Helsinki and it isn't the Olympics. It's a mid-summer 1970 all-comers meet at San Jose, Calif. It's the height of informality, even chaos. An assortment of pre-teen boys and girls scurry through an unending series of 50-yard dashes. Their parents and the impatient older runners wander across the track, no one quite knowing what's happening.

George Rhoden, the sprinter who has won an Olympic title, held world records and all that, was worried. He managed to hide it rather well behind his dazzling smile, but he was worried. He'd been challenged by a friend, Ed Hicks, and pointed out, "After all, he's only 34 years old." George is 43. He tested two pairs of shoes, checked his feet and legs with the professional concern of a podiatrist (which he is) and sought consoling words from Alphonse Juilland--a transplanted Frenchman who's the guru of senior sprinters.

Dr. Rhoden needn't have been concerned. The other three in the race are runners. They pulled and strained through the 100. Rhoden, with knees going almost unnaturally far up and out, is a sprinter. And he floated to a ridiculously easy win. He did 10.5. The challenger did 11.5. Hardly anyone noticed this race, but that didn't matter much to George. He was happy with his time.

It's this way every time the San Francisco foot doctor gets together with older sprinters. He's left to race the stopwatch. Juilland, a Stanford professor of linguistics who has had a big role in both the development of senior sprinting and George Rhoden's dominance of it, said, "George is really in a class by himself. There are maybe a half-dozen sprinters over 40 who can break 11 seconds. But George is three- to four-tenths better than any of them. And the 100 isn't even his best event. He's much better in the 220 and 440." Within the last few weeks, Rhoden had dashed 10.3 for the 100 and 23.3 for the 220--both over-40 "world records."

As Juilland told the story of senior sprinting with almost missionary zeal, Rhoden finished his warmdown and we all adjourned to the locker room for a chat. It really couldn't be called an interview. Too informal.

George told how he'd been lured back into active track by a fellow AAU official. "It was the spring of 1968. With absolutely no training, I got in a seniors' race at Berkeley. I ran 11.1, I think, but really got a scare from Alphonse here. It wasn't much fun. I hurt all over and wanted to quit right then, but the Professor started calling me every night. The only way to get him off my back was to keep running."

Rhoden went right on talking as he showered and slipped into a sharp business suit for a flight that night to the Senior Olympics in Los Angeles. He recalled his discouragement at losing the 1968 US Masters 100 and Professor Juilland's renewed phone campaign that pulled him out of it. "Last year I started training and started getting things together," Rhoden said. "I don't do much now, but it's better

than nothing. On Wednesdays I do my best work at UC Berkeley, running with the team there. Sometimes I even scare the boys a little. On two other nights, I run around my block on the road. That's it."

Talk got around to his potential. Earlier, Juilland, who's nothing if not optimistic, ventured that Rhoden will soon do "10.2 or below in the hundred, in the low 22s in the 220 and below 50 in the quarter." What do you think of these predictions, George? "Well, all things being equal--if the competition is good, the track is fast and I get stronger--I might be able to break 10-flat, and do around 22.5 in the 220. But I'm not mentally ready for an open quarter. You've really got to be ready for one of those." Rhoden hasn't run one since the early 1950s, but the Professor is working on him.

Both of them seemed more interested in promoting senior sprinting than in talking about themselves. While in the locker room, a 42-year-old reborn sprinter walked in and introduced himself. "I wish I'd known about this a long time ago," he said. "I just found out this spring that you have these kinds of races, and this is the first one I've been able to get in. Man, I ran 11.2, and this is my first race in 22 years!" Before he left, Rhoden and Juilland had jotted down his vital statistics and had all but signed him up for their team that would run the US Masters meet in July.

"There are people like him all over the country who'd sprint if they just had the chance," Juilland said. "But senior sprinting isn't as well developed as distance running. Older distance runners can race every week almost anywhere in the country. Outside of this area, there's almost nothing for sprinters. We didn't have anything, either, until two years ago. Then we took matters into our own hands and organized our own races. Now nearly every major indoor and outdoor meet around here has a senior race, as well as special events at Stanford's meets and all-comers like this one tonight. The effects are easy to see. We had four of six placers in last year's Masters meet."

Neither of the two accomplished senior sprinters would recommend that unfit men suddenly go out and sprint down the nearest straightaway. That would be more dangerous, they indicated, than trying to run a fast distance race when not prepared. But they also rejected a German doctor's warning that "no one over 40 should attempt to sprint." Rhoden, talking more like a doctor now than a sprinter, said, "It's like anything else having to do with physical fitness. You can't rush into it. I wouldn't advocate sprinting without getting into good condition first (though I did it). It's best to work up in stages, preparing the muscles, tendons, heart and lungs for the sudden bursts of effort."

Like most competitive seniors, Rhoden and Juilland are in the sport for the racing excitement, not primarily for the physical benefits. George says, "I really enjoy getting together with the chaps." Alphonse says, "I used to smoke three packs of cigarettes a day. I'd run 11.1 for the 100 and was called 'the fastest three-pack-a-day man in the world'. I didn't quit smoking because I was worried about cancer, or emphysema or heart disease. I quit because I wanted to improve my time by two-tenths."

May their number grow.

•••••

"At times I know I can win, I try to beat an imaginary opponent who can run just a little faster

than me," Chi Cheng proclaimed. She has been getting lots of imaginary opposition lately since, for now anyway, the 26-year-old Formosan has run out of human challengers.

Pick the event. 100 (she broke the world record by a whopping three-tenths of a second with 10.0 at Portland, June 14). 220 (another record, 22.6, plus a spectacular but windy 22.4). 440 (admittedly it's "too far for me; I only run it because my coach wants me to"; but at the Orange County Invitational, June 20, her 52.5 was just a tenth above the world record). 100-meter hurdles (the 13.2 at Orange matched her US all-comers mark). She long jumps, too.

Do you need some sort of perspective for that 100 mark? Maybe this will do: 9.7 placed in the men's race that night.

•••••

Whenever there's a raft of speedy sprint and hurdle times, the same disbelieving voices are heard as those who question distance course measurements. There was reason to wonder about the clockings at the USTFF meet in Wichita.

Thomas Hill, a capable hurdler but not one of the world's better known, suddenly blasted 13.1 in a windy heat. No one had gone that fast before. The 6'5" Arkansan Hill hadn't broken 13.4. He came back with a legal and record-tying 13.2. When he could do no better than fifth (13.9) the next week in the NCAA, knowing eyebrows went up. "So he ran 13.2, huh?" the hurdle fans said.

But at the AAU, Hill struck a blow for himself and the Wichita timers when he won the national title with 13.3. He and another of the strong new hurdlers, Marcus Walker (also 13.3), both beat the venerable Willie Davenport.

•••••

Evidently because he's a super-star and a man who speaks up, John Carlos isn't allowed to be injured. When Carlos, leg heavily bandaged to protect a sore muscle, pulled up and dropped out of the AAU 100 final, a local reporter labeled the incident, "More Carlos theatrics."

Whatever else you may feel about Carlos, he's not one to throw a race in the name of showmanship. He gets hurt like anyone else. The unfortunate thing about this injury was that it came in (so he says) his last race. He'll be missed. His bold statements such as, "Anyone who beats John Carlos this week will have to do 9.0," and his on- and off-track antics have done more to liven the bland image of track than any athlete in the last half-decade.

•••••

NEWS HIGHLIGHTS: Teresa Sukniewicz has much more than just a pretty face and nice legs (see photo in May 1970 RW). She's now the world's fastest female hurdler, having done 12.8 for 100 meters June 20 at Warsaw... Ralph Mann highlighted the NCAA meet by bringing the world 440-yard hurdle record down to 48.8. Wayne Collett got under the old mark, too, with 49.2. Collett's UCLA team paid tribute to Andy Young, mile relay runner killed earlier in the week in a traffic accident, with a surprising 3:06.1 victory. Other sprint/hurdle winners: 100--Eddie Hart 9.4; 220--Willie Turner 20.6; 440--Larry James 45.5; 120HH--Paul Gibson 13.6; 440 relay--California 40.3... Yet another 9.1 hundred has gone into the record books. Willie McGee tied the record at Houston, May 9.

Upsets of sorts marked the AAU sprints. With Carlos out, Ivory Crockett won his second straight 100 title at 9.3. Ben Vaughan pushed him hard in that race and won the 220 at 20.8. Outsider John Smith sneaked past Lee Evans at the end to take the quarter in 45.7. Ralph Mann got little argument in the 440 hurdles as he strided a 49.8 victory.

MEET RALPH MANN

If Ralph Mann weren't so attached to Brigham Young, he might want to consider transferring to Drake University in Des Moines. He and the Iowa school's Tartan track certainly agree with each other. In April, Ralph went there for the Drake Relays. He went back to the mountains of Utah with a 49.4 intermediate hurdle time--an American record and just a tick off the world best. Mann returned to Des Moines in June for the NCAA meet. He stormed around the track in 48.8--a half-second faster than anyone has ever gone the quarter-mile strewn with 10 barriers, and faster than anyone has hurdled any intermediate distance at low altitude.

RALPH V. MANN. Long Beach, Calif. (student at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah). 6'4", 186 lbs., 21 years old (born June 16, 1949, at Long Beach). Married. Began racing in 1966 at age 16.

BEST TIMES: 440--46.5 (1970); 120 high hurdles--13.9 (68); 440 intermediate hurdles--48.8 (70). Normal racing range: 220-440 yards. Favorite event: 440IH. Racing frequency: once or twice a week.

TRAINING: twice a day, 6 days a week, 11 1/2 months a year. 20-25 miles a week in pre-season, 10 miles a week during season. Longest-ever run: 8-10 miles.

DESCRIPTION: "It is my belief that to be successful in a race such as the 440IH, many areas of training must be developed. These include endurance, strength, speed, relaxation, stride pattern and insanity. Endurance from 440s (4 at 52-53, 7 minute rest) and 660s (2-4 at 1:25-1:30), strength from weights (yes, all you non-believers, weights!), speed from 220s (12 at 24-26) and 100s, relaxation and stride pattern from running the race, and insanity as a by-product of all the above. This is during the season. Preseason is devoted to distance and endurance. This is done by running 4-10 miles a day in the mountains (up hills). Weights are utilized three days a week (4-6 miles on these days; 6-10 miles on others).

"As compared to other hurdlers, my workouts are based more on strength than speed. Some may disagree, but as long as I run this race I will base my record on strength. When using 13 strides for seven hurdles, speed (super-speed) is not needed. A 23-second 220 cannot be considered a result of speed when running the hurdles. I do, however, go for 'speed' workouts at the end of the season. By this I mean 100s at 9.0-9.5 (running start) and 220s at 21.0-22.5 (running start). This, I feel, is the overall basis for my success."



RALPH MANN (Jeff Johnson photo)

THE BATON MUST GO ON

BY JOE HENDERSON

Observers with varying degrees of sympathy and involvement gave descriptions ranging from "fun," "a challenge" and "the world's longest interval workout" to "insanity," "torture" and "a direct descendent of 'They Shoot Horses'-like marathon dancing."

A 24-hour relay it was--the type of thing only a distance fanatic could go through and appreciate. There are lots of fanatics in the San Francisco Bay area willing to carry out strange schemes, and this was about as strange as they were likely to find.

Six full 10-man teams and one undermanned but game group got together for the day-long trial, which would be trying even for those who thought of it as "fun." The run might not have been so tough if each of us had taken, say, one 2-hour 40-minute bash and been done with it. We didn't. The running came in little one-mile bites, with our Runner's World team never getting more than 55 minutes rest between them. This made it an unsettling, go-stop, leg-rack-ing experience.

Here was the old editor--the anti-track, anti-intervals, anti-speed man--running mile after mile with the baton and liking it. Here he was, a fellow who has trouble averaging 5:38 miles when more than two of them are back-to-back going 26 at that rate, with short breaks and without much pushing. Maybe most amazing of all, here was the guy who rarely sacrifices his eight hours sleep going 36 without it and staying adequately awake.

I guess I got caught up in the excitement, the challenge, the close "family" atmosphere, or something. What else could explain eagerly and voluntarily enduring a day of inhumane living--sweat, dirt, cold, heat, sleeplessness, thirst, malnutrition?

We reduced life to its stark basics--running, resting, eating, drinking, talking. For a day, nothing existed but the activity inside Foothill College's chain-link fence. Run-rest, run-rest, run-rest, around the clock.



PHOTO BY WILLARD KEITH

We've had our chance. The 24-hour relay format has gotten an adequate test and passed it. So here's your chance, all you runners who get your kicks from really big challenges.

Twenty-four-hour relays--in a wild variety of forms--have been run often the last few years. Runner's World is trying to take advantage of this interest, and provide consistency and a means of comparison, by sponsoring a worldwide postal competition. Relays can be run any time, at any location, between now and Dec. 15. Try it!

The rules:

- Maximum of 10 runners, minimum of two.
- Run on a 440-yard track.
- Each man goes exactly one mile at a time.
- Only completed individual miles count toward the team's total (except at the end of the 24 hours, when exact yardage of the last partial mile is measured).
- Keep the same rotation (order of running) throughout the day; no substituting.
- If a man drops out (either during the run or missing his turn), he's out for good; the team must continue without him.
- Teams needn't run continuously but must resume running where they left off.
- At least one non-competitor must be on hand throughout to keep results.
- Report team's total mileage (along with individual names and miles run) as soon as possible. It isn't necessary to run the full 24 hours to be eligible for listing.

The pace shocked me--mine and everyone else's. I figured it'd be a jogging endurance test, that we didn't have any choice but to stay around six-minute miles. Jim Howell took off like a two-miler and did 4:41. Others weren't far back. Chris Berka followed Jim for our team with about five minutes. They had the lead. I thought I'd return a little sanity to the speed so loafed a 6:10.

"Why did you go so slow?" a non-runner close to many of our members shouted. "You lost the lead. You let the team down!" And there were only 23 3/4 hours to go.

We saw the day from every angle. The relay started about the time the sun was going down Friday, went on through a cool night with a full moon and one of the field's light towers spreading eerie half-light across the track, went into a new day that dawned with a dome of welcome fog, went through eight hours or so of unshaded hot sunshine and ended up where we'd started. The changes made the small enclosure seem like four different places.

I'd made up my mind days before that this couldn't be a serious competitive effort. Keeping up that kind of pressure would have had me climbing the fence by midnight. "Conserve" was the key word, not "compete." But an emotional outburst on my second mile indicated it didn't need to be quite as conservative as imagined. I was mad--mad at the guy who'd

read me out for the slow start and at the one beside me trying to race and at myself for getting uptight about a run that should at least be fun at the start. Half the third lap got sprinted and much of the fourth. The 5:15 wasn't hard.

From then on, everyone in our group fell into a pacing groove that held up most of the rest of the way despite constant doubts, pains and lethargy. Our standard line was, "This one's going to be the slow, easy one." But they never slowed much. We logged 258 miles 831 yards--5:35 per mile.

In every respect, my running was just pleasingly average. Others ran spectacularly. Howell had his first nine carries under 5:00 and averaged close to that. High schoolers John Marconi, Dennis O'Halloran and Chris Berka (a sophomore) weren't far back. Frank Hagerty weathered the run admirably with a severe cold, and Robin Clark carried bad chest cramps with him nearly every mile. Jim Engle, in only the third track run of his life, expressed disbelief at each of his 5:30-range miles and ate almost continuously between them. He made it through easier than any of us. As the run was entering its last three hours, he was devouring a baked chicken and romping with his year-old daughter between runs.

Our other two men didn't run at all comfortably. RW publisher Bob Anderson had averaged, at most, 10 miles a week in training over the past half-year. But this was HIS race (he got the idea, set the rules and did the excellent organization), and he was damn well going to finish it. His face with a dark two-day growth of beard grew mighty glum as the day passed. "It's not quite so much fun anymore," he said at 4 a. m. But he clung doggedly to sub-6:00 running.

Bob has a distance background, though. Tom Perez doesn't. The RW shipping clerk is a 440-880 man, and a good one. But he'd hardly run a step in a month. "I'm quitting," he'd say as each of his later miles ended and he stood wobbly-legged and contorted-faced. Team prodding kept him coming back, and he was the most satisfied man of all when it ended.



With over 20 hours of running behind her, 13-year-old Maria Carman (r) slogs on in stocking feet with a pacer at her side. She and her young teammates went all the way. (Willard Keith photo)

His last sprint was as fast as anyone's, and his smile was wider. He wouldn't have smiled if he'd quit five hours back.

Each of us had at least mild stomach trouble. (Mild back, chest and stomach cramps were with me from the third mile on.) That's unavoidable. No one could go 24 hours without eating, and when they ate they couldn't get much digesting done in less than an hour. We nibbled constantly--mostly high-carbohydrate junk like gumdrops, candy bars, rolls and potato chips--and drank gallons of Gatorade and sugary iced tea. Wives, girl friends, parents and other sympathetic bystanders provided more than we could possibly absorb, and the trackside bathrooms got steady use.

We brought sleeping bags, but sleeping was impossible. No sooner had we set up camp on the infield than on came the automatic sprinklers. Bob had thought of almost everything--showers, lights, bathrooms, food and drink, timers, publicity--but not this. We snatched up our belongings and fled the impending flood, slapping garbage cans over some of the gushers but not getting them all. The spray covered the first lane and was refreshing between 8:30 and 10. It wasn't so refreshing when it hit us as the sprinklers started again at 4 a. m. . By the time they finally shut down, the field had enough water to grow rice.

A little rest was the best most of us could expect. Once we'd crawled into sleeping bags and had "come down" from one run, it was time to start another. That break seemed to grow ever shorter as the hours passed. And since we'd moved onto the asphalt track, it was like trying to sleep on a pedestrian freeway. A "slap, slap, slap" of feet against track came every few seconds.

Our group set up an elaborate system for making sure everyone was up and on the line in time. We hardly needed it. Seldom did anyone need to be told it was his turn. Except Frank Hagerty. He had been through a bad week as counselor at a YMCA camp. The kids hadn't given him much peace. After one of his runs in the wee hours, he conked out. Jim Engle finished his run and came to an empty line. "Where's Frank? Where's Frank?" Bob was yelling. "Who forgot to wake up Frank?" Bob had forgotten to wake up Frank. Our system was so little used that it never really got perfected. This was the only time all night and day that our baton wasn't progressing.

At dawn, a most welcome time that gave a new perspective to the scene, the idea of sleeping was generally abandoned and we spent the rest of the day grabbing what rest we could in the sparse shade, and operated mainly on adrenalin.

The people. I can't say enough about the people. Our group came together as 10 detached individuals looking for a run. Most of us knew each other but weren't overly close. We left feeling like a family, a family who'd sometimes argued and gotten on each other's nerves but who'd helped and encouraged each other all night and day.

Competition broke down after the early hours. One team started with spikes on and by running dead-serious, race-like miles. They had worn down and quit by mid-morning. But we'd even gotten attached to them and hated to see them end it this way. Among the four groups who stuck it out all the way (plus the decimated team whose three survivors continued but with understandably long breaks), there was nothing but unreserved mutual respect and admiration. Everyone was fantastically friendly, from Walt Stack and his jolly collection of young ladies and over-30 men on the Dolphin-South End team from San Francisco (they went 218 miles), to the 19 amazingly tenacious kids of the Redwood City Striders (they ranged in age



Diane Rucker is 10. She weighs 65 pounds—or did before she started the 24-hour relay. Diane logged 22 separate miles. (Willard Keith)

from 10-17; four were girls) and their leader, Mike Ipsen. The first group went 247 miles and the younger one 219. The three Awalt Road Runners survivors, who'd gone home at noon to sleep, returned at five for the extra 25 miles they needed to reach their 203 total.

We spent a long time looking at each other and got to know nearly everyone. Mike Ipsen limping lap after lap on a damaged achilles tendon. Deaf-mute Dominic Ternullo getting instructions in improvised sign language. Debbie Teplow smiling through-out, though it was only her second race of any kind. Pudgy Marie Carman, 13, jogging along gallantly. Tiny 10-year-old Diane Rucker getting all but knocked down and drowned by a gush from the sprinklers. Two Redwood City youngsters handing off both the baton and a baseball cap. John Brennan cooking bacon on a camp stove at midnight. These impressions stick.

The officials and their officiating were equally perfect. They were as involved as we were, and watched nearly 1400 miles--6600 laps--go by without a slip. Two performed far beyond the call of duty. When a scheduled helper didn't show up, Walt Stack baked in the sun for over six hours while checking in the milers. Only his beer and his marathoner's endurance and enthusiasm kept him going. Burt Villarreal, a sub-48-second quartermiler at Foothill, took splits for the Runner's World team much of the night, then caught a few hours sleep there at the track, went to work all day as a lifeguard, came back at 5 p.m. and paced ailing runners, and finally recorded miles in the last hours.

The last miles were emotional experiences. After more than 23 hours of running, everyone was pushing their final turn. Some, like Dennis O'Halloran, were hitting in the 4:50 neighborhood. Those who weren't running were gathered around the finish line, cheering.

I pushed my last one. Couldn't help it. And as I dashed all-out up the final straightaway ("all-out" at this point may have meant normal six-mile pace), the impact of the whole thing hit me. The prolonged strain. The good pace. The relief at finishing. And most of all the "family" now waiting to greet me as I had them. If I was a bit choked up, it wasn't purely a physical reaction. Insanity isn't so bad sometimes.

MEET ED WALKWITZ

If you still have the May issue, look back at the photo of Ed Walkwitz finishing the Boston marathon. His face says it all. He's straining, almost crying, as his 26 miles ends. As well he should be. It's a cry of relief and joy as he's knocking over a half-hour from his best time. Ed is finishing a 2:23:26 marathon.

That's the only detail we had at hand then. Since then, the story has become more fascinating. For instance, he was 10 days shy of his 20th birthday when that race came. And he had made a total turn-about in training methods. Read on.

EDWARD WALKWITZ. South Hadley, Mass. (student at Springfield College). 6'1", 145 lbs., 20 years old (born May 1, 1950, at Holyoke, Mass.). Single. Began racing in 1967 at age 17. Coached by Vern Cox.

BEST TIMES: Mile--4:26.8 (1969); 2 miles--9:07 (70); 8 miles--39:11 (70); 10 miles--51:12 (70); 20 miles--1:49:06 (70); Marathon--2:23:26 (70). Normal racing range: 5-26 miles. Favorite distance: "the longer the better (maybe the marathon)."

TRAINING: twice a day (once on Sunday), 7 days most weeks, 12 months a year. "During the winter months I only run once a day, 60-65 miles a week. Other months of the year, 90-140 miles a week." Longest single workout: 15 miles.

DESCRIPTION: "For the first time in my life I enjoy running thanks to the discovery of the training value and enjoyment which can be gained from 8-12-mile runs at nice relaxed paces (6-8 minutes per mile). In my two previous years of running, I looked at training as a pain and enjoyed workouts very little. At that time a workout to me was a set of intervals or repetitions prescribed by the coach. Now it is 8-12-mile runs on road, grass, in forests and through mountains. The speed or interval workout is alien to my new approach to running.

"I use my races as the only workouts stressing speed. All other runs are at a seven-minute a mile calibre. It seems to work, for me anyway, for I've had my best times at all distances, including a 9:07 two-mile and the 2:23 marathon. Last spring my personal bests at these distances were 9:39.8 and 2:55. It has been a year since I've taken a new approach to training, and since that time I've only run in two track meets. I think my new methods could produce some good times on the track, but I haven't tried any half-miles, miles or three miles since changing to the easy distance approach. I'm almost certain a nine-flat two-mile and sub-4:15 mile will be produced."

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--OUT WALKING--

BY MARTIN RUDOW

From time to time we get comments on this column both from walkers and non-walkers. One of the most frequently asked questions is, "What are you trying to accomplish?" Well, "Out Walking" has been going for almost a year now, and apparently will continue for some time, so perhaps it is time to justify our existence.

Your columnist, a former walker with limited journalistic experience, was one of the earliest subscribers to Distance Running News (RW's original name). At that time there was some walking coverage, but it trickled away to almost nothing. A letter asking the reason for this lack brought a reply from Bob Anderson offering me the opportunity to start a column covering the world of race walking. Obviously, I accepted.

Our big purpose in this column is to give race walking more public exposure. We believe that most readers of Runner's World are interested in walking, and there surely is nowhere else that they can get information outside of purely walking publications. Many officials and athletes make sacrifices to do great things for the sport, but get little recognition. This column space is invaluable for that reason alone. How many readers would have been aware of our team's participation in the Airolo-Chiasso relay last fall, or the current effort to get women's race walking accepted by the AAU if they had not read it here?

Racing Report and the News Highlights in Runner's World give results of walking races. In "Out Walking" we hope to give the stories behind those results and the background of those who make the races possible.

•••••

As most readers know, Ron Laird has dominated American race walking for years. Others, like Rudy Haluza and Larry Young, have broken his domination from time to time, but year in and year out Ron has been our top man. Now it seems that another athlete has come along who may dominate the sport to an even greater extent.

Dave Romansky's string of victories and records this spring has been nothing short of amazing. To refresh your memories, Dave has set new US records at one, two, 15, 25 and 30 miles, as well as 1500 meters; and 20, 25, 35, 40 and 50 kilometers. Plus he has won national titles at one mile, 10, 15, 20 and 35 kilometers.

Dave is a big, strong and gutsy competitor who has put race walking ahead of all else in his life, and is now reaping the rewards of such sacrifice. It is difficult at this time to avoid making extravagant claims about Dave's future. For the immediate future, we would advise all readers to watch for the 20-kilometer results from Moscow this month. We can't see anyone in the world beating Dave this year, even the previously unbeatable Russians.

We'd like to give some details as to just how Dave has come on this year, how he trains, etc., but communicating with him has been difficult. Evidently he spends time that might have been used in writing letters in training instead--as he should.

•••••

Long overdue in any coverage of race walking is recognition to the officials who administer our sport. There are many officials and judges all over the country whose efforts are invaluable, but we'd like to single out two of them for the special contributions they make--and have made. Two men's work goes almost unnoticed by those outside the sport, Charlie

Silcock and Bruce MacDonald. They come from quite different athletic backgrounds, Charlie being a frustrated athlete and Bruce a three-time Olympian. Both have shown dedication and the ability to work hard on the administrative end of the sport, and their efforts have paid large dividends in the improvement of US walking talent.

Charlie, originally from the east, migrated to the west coast in the early 1960s. He had been active in walking in the New York metropolitan area but really got into it in the Los Angeles area. In the beginning, rewards were small. In one of the early races, only Bob Bowman, then a 21-year-old novice, showed up to compete. But Charlie refused to be daunted. Any SPAAU track official can tell you of the days when Charlie was present at every committee meeting, fighting for recognition for his sport. Every summer night would find him at all-comers meets, getting names and addresses of prospective walkers for his mailing lists.

Gradually, results appeared. East coast athletes moved west, hearing of the fine program Charlie was building. Fields for walking races became larger and larger, and quality athletes began to develop. Charlie became successful in getting walks included in big invitational track meets, attracting new recognition for walking. Such walking standouts as Larry Young, Jim Hanley and Larry Walker are direct products of Charlie's efforts during this time.

Charlie eventually got his "reward" for all his hard work. He moved back to New York and went to work for the AAU, which proved to be too much for one man to handle. Today, no longer employed by the AAU and not as intimately connected with the sport as in the past, Charlie nevertheless remains a vital influence in race walking.

Bruce MacDonald is one of those unfortunately rare athletes who achieves outstanding success as a competitor and remains in the sport after his competing days are through, to help improve it. What Bruce did for our walkers at the high altitude training camp in 1968 is a story that should have been told much sooner--as soon, in fact, as our successes in Mexico City became known.

Bruce was a member of the 1956, '60 and '64 Olympic teams as a 50-kilometer walker. In 1968, then 40 years old, he did not compete in the trials but showed up at South Lake Tahoe at his own expense, uninvited by AAU officials, to volunteer to help with coaching the walkers. Bruce is not a track coach whose career will be advanced by the honor of being an Olympic coach. He gave up summer employment and paid his own way across the country to help the sport he loves. The true amateur coach--coaching the last of the true amateurs.

As may be expected, the walkers were more or less shunted aside by most of the officials at South Lake Tahoe. Considering the reputation of US walkers at the time, such an attitude is understandable. Bruce took us over completely and no one worked harder than the athletes. He would be up at dawn to time such early-risers as Larry Young, and he'd still be out in the evening when Ron Laird finally got out of bed. In between, he'd quite possibly be up in the mountains timing 50-kilometer walkers on a six-hour stroll.

When the final trials were over, Bruce was presented with a plaque of appreciation from the high-altitude trainees, an award which I'm sure means as much to him as awards from three Olympic teams. The final results of Bruce's hard work can be seen

from the results of our team at the '96 Olympics.

Last year, Bruce was rightfully elected national chairman and did a great job, as could be expected. He even accompanied the relay team to Switzerland, at his own expense, of course. This year, in an unfortunate political ploy, Bruce was ousted from the position. While the job of national race walking chairman is thankless at best, we're sure that Bruce will be back in it eventually, because for him sacrifices for walking are a common thing.



TOM DOOLEY (Bob Anderson photo)

MEET TOM DOOLEY

Three years ago, a band of young walkers was beginning to change the entire makeup, quality and outlook of the American race walking establishment. Talented fellows like Larry Young, Goetz Klopfer and Tom Dooley had gotten into walking while they were still in their early 20s, had trained furiously and were arriving at international ability. This group and others were to be conspicuous in the next couple of years.

Dooley, a former distance runner, graduated to international walking in 1967. He made the Pan-American Games team that year, went on in 1968 to walk with the US Olympians and toured Europe last summer. An internationalist at 20 kilometers, he has been working down both his shorter and longer distance times this year and won the AAU two-mile.

TOM DOOLEY. San Carlos, Calif. (Athens Athletic Club). 5'10", 140 lbs., 24 years old (born Dec. 9, 1945, at San Francisco). Single. Occupation: teacher. Began race walking in 1966 at age 20. Self-coached.

BEST TIMES: Mile--6:29.5 (1968); 2 miles--13:37 (70); 10 kms.--43:50 (70); 20 kms.--1:33:39 (68); 15 miles--1:54:47 (70); 20 miles--2:39:30 (70).

RACE WALKING

News Highlights

• **DES MOINES, IA.,** April 26--Over a course best described as mountainous, Dave Romansky added another national title--this one 35 kilometers in 3:13:14.2. Canadian Robert Steadman was a minute back.

• **QUANTICO, VA.,** May 2--Dave Romansky walked the American mile record down to 6:10.4.

• **NUTLEY, N.J.,** May 10--Dave Romansky once again. This time the tall Olympian won the national AAU 15-kilometer title with 1:14:09. Ron Kulik finished exactly three minutes later in second.

• **CHICAGO, ILL.,** May 30--The latest of Dave Romansky's weekly walk doings was a victory in the national 10-kilometer. He did 44:22.8 on a Tartan track. Goetz Klopfer and Ron Laird were two-three.

• **PHILADELPHIA, PA.,** June 7--Another Romansky record--13:00.6 for a track two-mile.

• **BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.,** June 27--Sharp-eyed judges tossed out early leader Dave Romansky and caught Ron Laird and Goetz Klopfer for infractions in the stretch. But Tom Dooley's style remained impeccable as he walked to a 13:44.0 victory in the AAU two-mile.

• **EAST GERMANY,** July 4--Peter Frenkel lopped more than a minute off the world 20-kilometer record with 1:25:50.0.

COMING EVENTS

AUGUST

- 2 AAU Jr. 40-km., Long Branch, N. J.
- 16 AAU Sr. 40-km., Long Branch, N. J.
- 22 AAU Jr. 25-km., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEPTEMBER

- 12 AAU Sr. 50-km., Carpinteria, Calif.
- 27 AAU Sr. 25-km., Stony Brook, N. Y.



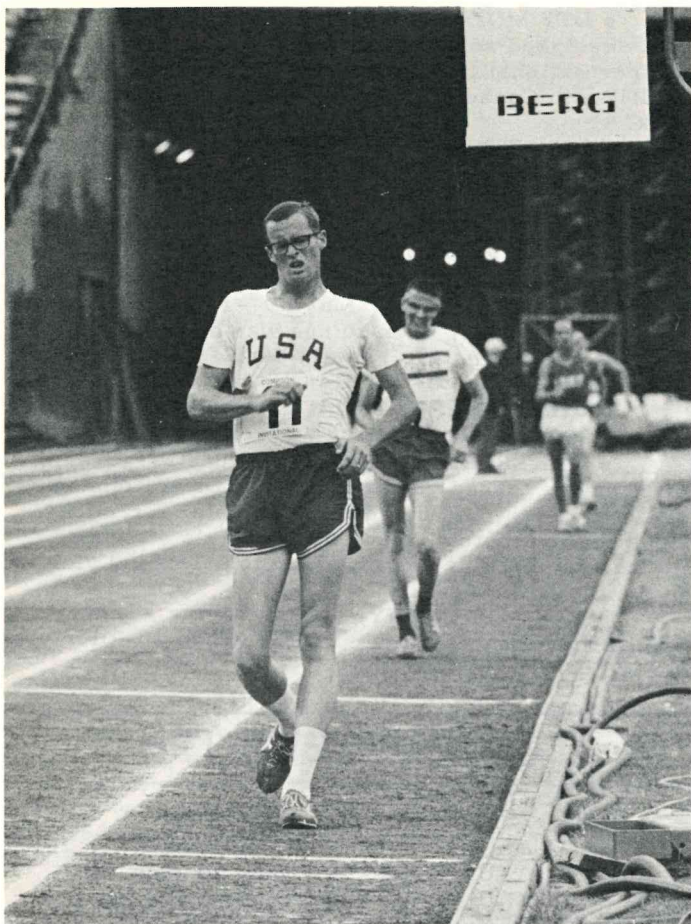
Normal racing range: 2-20 miles. Favorite distance: 20 kilometers. Racing frequency: once a month.

TRAINING: once a day, 7 days a week, 12 months a year, about 75 miles a week. Longest-ever walk: 50 kilometers.

DESCRIPTION: "For my training, I try to be as consistent as possible from week to week and month to month. Try to do the same type of workouts year-round. Have had the same workout pattern since 1966 and feel it helps me. I try to work on strength in the winter months and race longer distances (30-50 kms.), and when not racing on weekends do 35 kilometers on Sunday at 3:15 or better. I have sufficient speed so try to work on my weaker points: strength and endurance at very high speed. Intervals are done on Tuesday and Thursday and are either long interval-short rest (1320s with 220 rest at 6:45-7:00 mile pace) or sharpening work (330s with 110 rest at 6:35 mile pace, or 660s or one kilometers at 6:45 pace). Wednesday--10 kms. to 15 miles hard (7:10 pace for 10 kms., 7:50-8:10 for 15 miles). Friday--8 miles easy. Saturday--12 miles. Sunday--20-25 miles (8:20-9:00 pace).

"I'm trying to improve gradually over the next several years for a high peak. I don't try to peak too soon; breakdowns occur and it takes time to recover. I prefer to have one good effort in a race rather than two or three mediocre ones, and I try not to spread myself too thin. Race no more than twice a month."

JUDGING THE WALKS



Larry Walker, who set the American two-mile record earlier in the year and lost it to Dave Romansky, walks toward a 13:05.8 win at Compton. (Donald Duke)

BY RON LAIRD

Walk judges make sure that all athletes are walking legally and, therefore, competing under equal conditions. Just as there are men to see that the athlete does not foul in the running, jumping or throwing events, so must there be men to see that the rules of race walking are strictly followed. Here is what the official rule book says about judging:

(a) Race walking is a progression of steps so taken that unbroken contact with the ground is maintained; (b) The advancing foot of the walker must contact the ground before the rear foot leaves the ground. During the period of each step, in which a foot is on the ground, the leg shall be straightened (i. e., not bent at the knee) for at least one moment; (c) Competitors may be cautioned once; a second violation of above shall mean disqualification. A disqualified competitor must at once leave the track.

Broken contact with the ground, of course, is not legal race walking, but let's not call it running. The correct technical term is "lifting." If one is guilty of lifting, it will only take place when he is spread out, or in the "heel and toe" phase of his stride. At any other point in the athlete's stride, he is solidly on the ground and pulling himself forward.

Ironically, the exacting type of judging Ron Laird calls for in this article got him tossed out of the recent AAU two-mile. Still, he's one of the US's all-time greatest walkers, having won over 50 national championships.

The faster a person race walks, the more likely he is to be lifting, and the harder it will be to see this. Trying to get the human eye to see daylight under the advancing foot's heel and the trailing foot's toe, while the athlete is taking about four steps per second, is nearly a physical impossibility. So what you must look for are things, or indications, that will help determine the legality of the athlete's progression. Is there a sort of floating due to overstriding, or too high an arm swing? Does he look like he is sort of jogging, because there is not much hip twist, or the leg is being straightened too early, before the heel hits the ground?

The infraction of not straightening the leg, during the period of each step, is much easier to detect. What the athlete is doing here is taking an unfair push from the running muscles on the front of the thigh. The correct term for this is "creeping." If the walker is having trouble with his contact, it is most likely because of a problem in only one of his legs. Therefore, try and spot this bad leg and watch it more closely.

The best place to judge race walking is from a low kneeling, squatting or sitting position. You should be back at least five yards and off to the athlete's side. Judging from too far in front of him, or too far to the rear, is not fair because of an illusion which distorts and does not compliment his legality. then you have disqualified him. If one of the other judges has given him a caution then, of course, he is also out of the race. It only takes two cautions to disqualify. In the last 220 yards of a race, only one caution will disqualify the individual involved. He must then step off the track.

A good thing to do before the walk competition is to take each individual aside and have him demonstrate his racing pace style for you. At this time, you can make necessary criticisms or compliments. This is almost a must when the athletes involved are complete novices.

The success or failure of a race walking program will depend on your judging, so look at legality, be impartial and strict to the extent of harshness when it comes to making a decision.

You give a caution for lifting or creeping only. Simply yell out the competitor's name or number so that he knows he is being cautioned, and at the same time make a mental note or write down who you give it to. If you have been able to judge the walker more than once, and have given him more than one caution,

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AFRICA--THE AWAKENING DISTANCE POWER

BY GEOFF FENWICK

African athletics came of age on a warm September night in Rome in 1960. Abebe Bikila was not Africa's first great runner, but most of those before him had run disguised as French colonials. That night in Rome, Bikila ran in the colors of Ethiopia and he belonged, without any doubt, to the vast, still mysterious continent of Africa.

It is doubtful if anyone outside Ethiopia had heard of Bikila before his Olympic triumph. Afterwards, he became a symbol of African sporting emergence. "Abebe Bikila," people would call as I ran along African roads in the evening coolness years ago. Their voices were soft, scarcely audible above the incessant insect drone and the bullfrogs' tune. They were reminding me, quite gently, that somewhere not far to the north the world's greatest marathon runner would be training on the same sort of road and that both the road and the runner belonged to Africa.

It is 10 years since I first encountered African runners in their own territory and since then I have never ceased to be amazed at the toughness, resilience and natural talent which exist within them. The Olympic medalists are the mere tip of a huge pyramid of talent, much of it completely undeveloped.

Many theories have been advanced for Africans' ability in what might be termed the "natural" events (that is, those where technical expertise is not necessarily a decisive factor). It seems possible that the best theory is also the most simple. I think that African strength in the long and middle distance events is based firmly on the hardy, rigorous life that most Africans have to lead. Whenever I think about this, several pictures come back from my memories.

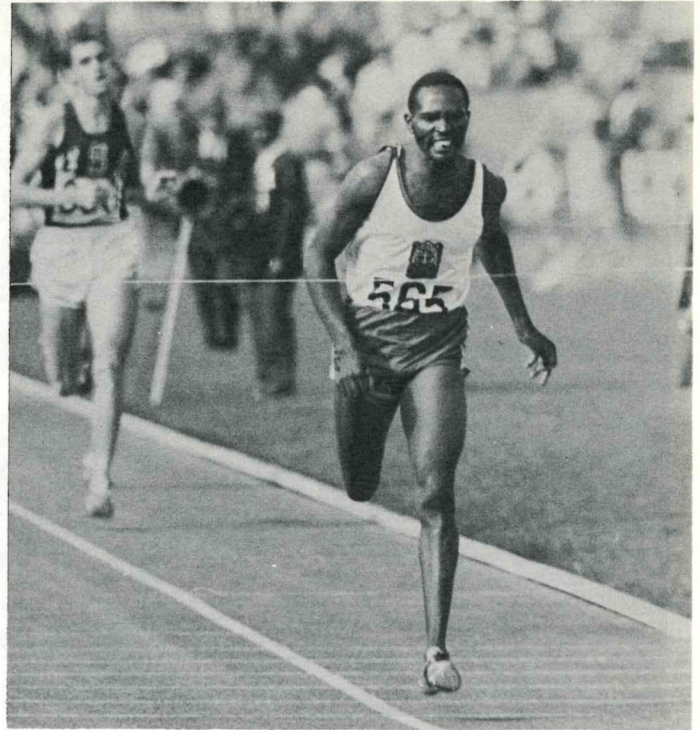
There is one of George, a near-veteran speeding along a dusty path between sugar canes on a blistering equatorial afternoon to record a shade over 50 minutes for 10 miles. Remarkable enough, but no more remarkable than the fact that two hours before, when we had reminded him it was time to leave his party, his yeasty breath had caused us to think that George's celebrations might wreak havoc on his running.

There is a memory of Turyamureba, a talented steeplechaser from one of East Africa's hill districts, pointing down to the stream at the bottom of a deep valley. "When you have to go down there for the day's water and carry it all the way back up here from the time you can first walk, it makes you tough," he said.

Another memory, concerned only with athletics in the widest sense, is of an old man, bowed beneath an outsized sack, struggling home from the market. It was early evening and no buses traveled the winding red earth road through the mountains after sunset. We gave him and his load a lift for 15 miles, and even then "home" was an indeterminate distance along a track that defied invasion by a four-wheeled vehicle. Had we not met him, the man would have walked home with his burden, and he was well into middle age.

Finally, a whole series of fleeting memories of athletes who came to the city half-trained and, often, half-fed yet who could, within a few weeks, reduce their times to near-world class levels.

Because Africans tend to be basically fit, they have no need, given good health and decent living conditions, to submit themselves to the tough preliminary slog implicit in the training of most distance runners. Nor do temporary retirements appear to affect their performances. Bikila, even in his best years, often had periods of semi-retirement. Naftali Temu, another Olympic gold medalist, also appears to be able to come back after a long rest and regain fitness



KIP KEINO (Horst Muller photo)

within a few weeks. Most of the best Kenyans have, in fact, been subject to a stop-go policy during the past few years because of their country's threatened boycott of international meetings due to possible participation by South Africa. These interruptions appear to have had no marked effect upon the Kenyans' running, although psychologically there must be only so much of this sort of treatment that any athlete can take.

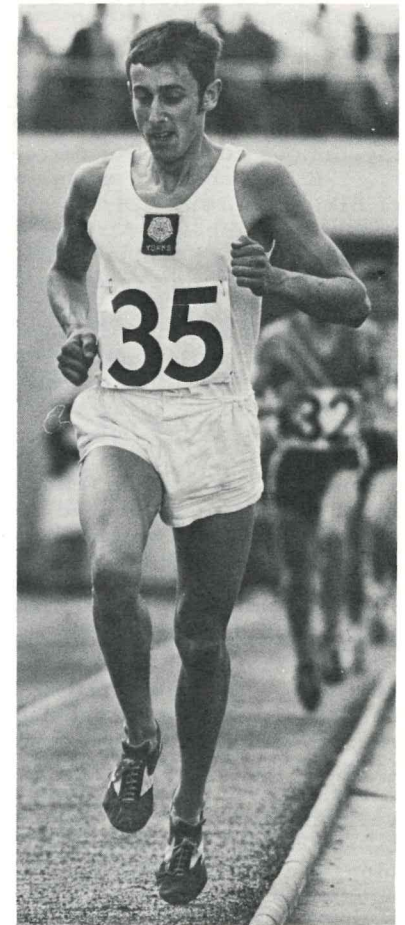
Bikila apart, who are the men who have contributed to Africa's rise in the 60s? There is the consistent Ethiopian Mamo Wolde, never brilliant but very dependable. Mohamed Gammoudi (Tunisia) and Wilson Kiprugut (Kenya) might fit into the same category. The medal-winning performances of the last two in the Tokyo Olympics confirmed that the running of Bikila was not just an isolated fluke. Then there are the newcomers Temu, Benjamin Kogo, Thomas Saisi and Robert Ouko; all of them matured in the mid- and late 60s. Finally there is Kipchoge Keino, who now has 10 years of running behind him. Keino epitomizes African success. Of all of Africa's great runners since Bikila, Keino is least subject to the claim that altitude, particularly in Mexico City, has been the principal cause of success. He is one of the most consistent runners on the international circuit and performs almost as well at 6000 feet as he does at sea level.

Each year, newcomers are making their mark on African athletics. At present, the trend is away from the middle distances and towards the longer sprints. There are nearly a dozen quarter-milers in Africa at present who could, or have, come close to an Olympic medal.

So there should be, you might say, for Africa is a continent and not a country. But resources in the way of coaching, facilities and competition are not very great. If they are not improved rapidly, the top of the pyramid might become too remote from the base and African running will be a thing of the past like the running of the Finns and the Hungarians of earlier times. We'll find out in the 70s.



LEFT: Dave Hemery (left) is still forsaking the intermediates in favor of the highs. And he's still winning. (Tony Duffy photo)



RIGHT: Trevor Wright, a star in the early-season British running, lost out in the trials for the Commonwealth Games 10,000 team. (Tony Duffy photo)

Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS

With all the emphasis on the Commonwealth Games this summer, most top athletes in Britain have been faced with the task of reaching a high standard at the right time to ensure selection on the team. The right time for most of those with English qualification was June 6 at the team trials in Leicester. But not all events were as closely contested as expected, and some of the results made strange reading. The 10,000 meters, for instance, saw the elimination of two who had been considered almost certain to qualify, Trevor Wright and Mike Tagg. The race went unexpectedly to Roger Matthews, a runner who has been showing reasonably good form but no more. His winning time of 28:59.8 looked well within the reach of several others, but for once England's reputed talent in this event failed to sparkle. Tagg was said to be suffering from some stomach disorder, which would account for his inconspicuous performance (fifth in 29:37.8) but it is difficult to know what went wrong in Trevor Wright's case as he had been running extremely well, had not been over-racing and looked capable of "walking" on to the Commonwealth team.

One event which did run to form, however, and was as exciting as anyone could wish for was the 800 meters in which the young powerhouse, John Davies, just held off a desperate finishing burst from the equally powerful Colin Campbell, both being given 1:47.7.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the season--one might have said "sensation" if it were not for the fact that sensations in Britain are strictly reserved for football--has been the voluntary withdrawal from the limelight of an athlete all were expecting great things from, Ricky Wilde. He had made such that it seemed a foregone conclusion that he would qualify for the Commonwealth team in either the 1500

or 5000. So promising were his performances (including a world indoor record at 3000 meters) that the national three-mile and 5000-meter records appeared to be at his mercy sometime during the season. But Wilde suddenly reached the conclusion that, for the time being at any rate, he had had enough of top class athletics.

Ricky is something of an enigma to many people. He has a great natural talent for running and can compete with distinction on comparatively little serious training. So why, people ask, should he wish to throw away the opportunities open to an athlete of his ability? But it must be borne in mind that even the Ricky Wildes cannot retain their place at the top in these days of fierce competition without bringing into into the sport that sense of dedication which is possessed by some but is alien to others. Wilde has enjoyed his career as an athlete because for him it has remained a pleasurable form of recreation at which he can do well without submitting himself to too strict a discipline in his daily life. He likes to join in the orienteering events from time to time and, in fact, most of his training has been of the more informal "fartlek" kind over the undulating roads and fields in the country district where he lives. For a time, he stepped up this type of training, and this was what brought his improvement. But the necessity to maintain such a routine over a lengthy period, plus the pressure of international competition which he could see would become ever more demanding, finally convinced him that he wanted no more of it. Whether at

some future time he will consider the thrills and satisfaction of international success outweigh his antipathy to all that goes with it is anyone's guess. He is young enough and certainly talented enough to make a successful comeback whenever he chooses, but for the time being this popular distance runner is for home competition only and will run purely to enjoy his athletics in the way which most appeals to him.

Two events not included in the special trials meeting at Leicester were the 5000 and marathon. In the case of the marathon, the form of Ron Hill and Bill Adcocks was so outstanding that they were automatic selections. The Polytechnic marathon, which included the AAA championship, was nominated as the event from which the third team place would be selected. Held on June 13 in heat wave conditions, the race attracted an entry of over 250. The winner was Don Faircloth, a 21-year-old who has been running well for several years at the shorter distances but has only come into the longer events this year. The Poly was his first attempt at the standard marathon distance and his time of 2:18:15 was very promising indeed for the heat took its toll on most of the runners. Faircloth had a minute to spare over the second man, Chris Wade, the British runner resident in Sweden who has been showing great form over there, including a win in the Swedish championship.

The 5000-meter trial race was scheduled for the British International Games at Edinburgh, and here at last was seen the kind of racing that inspires. After some speedy early pacemaking by Derek



Dick Taylor (9) and Ian McCafferty pound away at a pace that eventually gave Taylor a British 5000-meter record and put them both among the fastest men of all-time. Taylor did 13:26.2 (a mark only Ron Clarke and three others have better), and McCafferty ran 13:29.6. (Tony Duffy photo)

Graham, the fast tempo was taken up by Dick Taylor and Ian McCafferty. Taylor reached the 3000-meter mark in a highly promising 8:02.4. Continuing at the same headlong pace, he broke the tape in a new United Kingdom record of 13:26.2. McCafferty, too, gave a most impressive display in second place with 13:29.6, while the third man, Mike Baxter, ran 13:35.2.

This 5000 and the Emsley Carr mile which was also in the program provided a real tonic after the somewhat uneventful early season running. The mile was unique in that two brothers, Ian and Peter Stewart, fought out a tremendous battle for first place right to the bitter end. A first lap of 57.1 gave a promising start, and with the Stewarts making all the running, a good pace was maintained throughout. Both were given 3:57.4.

The Stewart Clan is striving mightily these days. In the Scottish championships, Lachie Stewart (not related to Ian and Peter) set a new all-comers and national record when winning the 10,000 meters in 28:33.4. Scottish marathon men were also in fine form, no fewer than six running the distance inside 2:20 in their championship. In a close finish, Jim Alder won with 2:17:11, but he was only three seconds in front of Don Macgregor.

BRITISH WOMEN

Middle distance performances are improving appreciably with increased competition and the incentive of selection for the Commonwealth Games. In an inter-district match at Edinburgh, Sheila Carey put in a burst unexpectedly early in the 800 and was then never in danger of being caught. She won in 2:07.8. The next three, although well behind Sheila, were all covered by half a second. Sheila continued her winning form when taking the 800 against the Netherlands in 2:06.9, with Noreen Braithwaite second in 2:07.8. Britain's 800-meter strength was well demonstrated when they easily won a 4 x 800 relay against West Germany in 8:27, which knocked six seconds off the previous best set by an East German team.

The 1500-meter times in the three district championships resulted in 12 with times under 4:40 (or the equivalent of a five-minute mile). The winners were Rita Ridley (south) 4:20.1, Noreen Braithwaite (north) 4:23.4, and Sheila Carey (midlands) 4:23.8. Rita continues to be Britain's number one, but others are beginning to improve at this comparatively new (for women) long track event, and with her rivals now closing in upon her Rita may well be pushed into world class before the season is out.

Among the younger girls, Lesley Cobden continues to impress. This 13-year-old has run 800 meters in 2:15.2 and 1500 in 4:43.5. Other promising young runners are Mary Sonner (aged 15), who has clocked 2:08.8, and Sandra Marquis, who turned in a 5:04.7 mile and a week later a 4:38.4 1500. These two clashed at 1500 meters and Sonner broke the tape in 4:37.6 with Marquis second in 4:41.8.

EUROPEANS

Little of note has been happening in the shorter events. In a duel with John Davies of England, Jozef Plachy, the Czech star, dropped out when Davies shot away at such speed on the second lap of the 800 that Plachy was quickly left many yards in arrears.

In an extremely closely-fought 1500 in Rome, Giani Del Buono led the way home in 3:43 with the next five all within three-fifths of a second of the winner. Second man was Kenyan Ben Jipcho, who later went on to finish fourth in the steeplechase (another close race). The race went to Georgi Tikhov of Bulgaria in 8:35.4, with Jipcho doing 8:38.2.

Distance running used to be thought the prerogative of more mature athletes, but the younger men are by no means lagging behind these days. Two such young ones showing more than usual promise are Manfred Kuschmann (East Germany), a 19-year-old who has run the 5000 in 13:53.2 and the 10,000 in 29:10.2, and a Polish runner of 21, Edward Mleczo, with a time of 28:49.4 for 10,000.

The French do not usually shine so brightly over distances beyond the 5000, and it is all the more interesting therefore to note the high standard reached in the one-hour race at Saint Maur. The winner, 35-year-old Gilbert Gauthier, achieved a new national record for 20 kilometers (60:20.2), then went on for a further record for the one-hour with 12 miles 623 yards. Ex-Olympic marathon champion, Alain Mimoun, now nearing his 50th birthday and still one of the greatest distance runners in the world from an age point of view, finished 10th, covering 11 miles 816 yards.

A fast marathon at Werther saw West German track star Lutz Philipp run 2:15:22.6.

Paola Pigni continues to show a clean pair of heels to her rivals. In Warsaw she won one 1500-meter race in 4:19, and she was again Queen of the Milers in an international race in Rome, where she defeated Britain's Lillian Board by 10 yards in 4:43.2. It is not only in Britain that the younger women athletes are beginning to surprise with their progress at the longer track events. East Germany, for instance, has Donner, a girl of 15, who has come along with a highly creditable 4:37.7 1500 meters.



The British pinned their Commonwealth distance hopes on lovely Rita Ridley, the 1500-meter maid. Rita, who has been as low as 4:20.1 for the distance, is the best of her country's strong contingent. (Tony Duffy photo)

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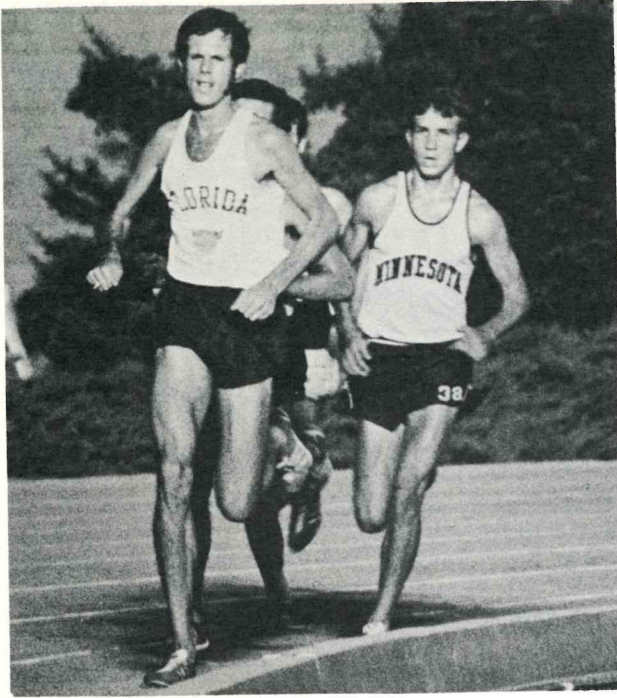
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MEET GARRY BJORKLUND



Garry Bjorklund takes a position that has become characteristic for him this early summer—too close behind Jack Bachelor and Frank Shorter (barely visible) for them to feel comfortable. (Donald Duke)

MEET JACK BACHELER

He's imposing. That's the first and most powerful impression one gets of Jack Bachelor, whether he's dashing through a three- or six-mile, or walking into a room in civilian clothes. He's big--6'6 5/8"--and he runs with powerful grace that must frighten the runners he towers over.

Yes, Jack is big and powerful and fast, and capable of winning races against almost anyone in the world. But he has had to come a long, long way to reach all but the bigness. He raced well in college, but no better than dozens of others who've long since abandoned the sport. Bachelor stuck with it, banged out a workable training method over the years, and a sensible view of the sport to go with it, and here he is.

JACK STANGL BACHELER. Gainesville, Fla. (Florida Track Club). 6'6 5/8", 170 lbs., 26 years old (born Dec. 30, 1943, at Washington, D. C.) Married, one child. Graduate student. Began racing in 1961 at age 17. Self-coached.

BEST TIMES: 440--51.8 (1969); mile--4:01.3 (69); 2 miles--8:31.8 (69); 3 miles--13:13.0 (70); 5000m--13:46.2 (70); 6 miles--27:24.0 (70). Normal racing range: 1-6 miles. Favorite: 3 or 6 miles. Racing frequency: about every other week.

TRAINING: twice a day, 7 days a week, 10 months a year. "Weekly mileage depends upon the time of year and whether or not there is a race that week. Last year, due to our summer heat and humidity and not being able to make any tours (studies), I took half of July and all of August off. September mileage got up to about 130 per week. October and November weeks averaged 130-135 miles. The indoor season averaged out to about 110 per week. Over the last two months non-meet mileage has been 130-175, and for meet weeks it has been 110-125."

DESCRIPTION: "Generally, workouts alternate between distance runs and interval training, although the bulk of the mileage is consumed by easy distance. Each morning begins with an easy run, most often

Maybe he just didn't know any better. There was Garry Bjorklund, barely 19 years old, a 13:40 three-miler, running along with Jack Bachelor and Frank Shorter and Rex Maddaford. A boy among men. Didn't he realize they were runners who bordered on world class?

Whether he did or not, it didn't seem to matter. Memorial Day at the Kennedy Games will be the day Bjorklund remembers for breaking through and almost pulling off a coup against the country's best three-milers. Only in the last lap could Bachelor and Shorter shake the kid. Even then, he ran 13:16.

Garry is accustomed to doing surprising things on the track. Coming from a farm in the cold north of Minnesota, he upstaged the warm-weather and big-city runners last year with the fastest high school mile in the country. He warmed up for that first big open test at Berkeley with a 4:03/13:40 mile and three-mile double at the Big 10 meet. Later, at the AAU meet, he did 27:30.8 in his six-mile debut.

He and 19-year-old cohort Steve Prefontaine (first, just ahead of Bjorklund, in the NCAA three-mile) give distance racing an exciting young tinge.

GARRY BRIAN BJORKLUND. Saginaw, Minn. (student at the University of Minnesota). 5'10 1/2", 143 lbs., 19 years old (born April 22, 1951, at Duluth, Minn.) Single. Began racing in 1965 at age 13. Coached by Roy Griak.

BEST TIMES: Mile--4:02.4 (1970); 2 miles--8:42 (70); 3 miles--13:16.6 (70); 6 miles--27:30.8 (70). Normal racing range: half-mile and up.

TRAINING: twice a day ("not every day"), 7 days a week, "try for 12" months a year. Longest-ever run: 20 kilometers. Weekly mileage ranges from 40 to 120.

DESCRIPTION: "Training depends on the type of race. We do a lot of long distance running, but also substantial interval work. In our distance work, we do quite a bit of hill running and often do fartlek. Interval work usually consists of 660s, 550s, 440s, 330s and 220s--tempo work.

"My basic philosophy is 'enjoy running.' When I stop enjoying running I will stop running."

•••••

about nine miles in 70 minutes. The main workout, whether distance or interval, is dictated by how I feel on a given day.

"Interval workouts are always run on one of three grassy fields without a watch. These workouts are designed with sets of different distances run at several paces, thus keeping the workout more lively and free of boredom. A typical workout might include a set of 660s (three easy), a set of 165s (one easy, one hard), a set of 440s (three at about 62 with 220 jog), a second set of 165s, a set of 220s (four at about 30 with 220 jog), a third set of 165s and a final set of 220s (four at about 27 with 220 jog).

"Distance runs are usually between seven and 10 miles. The pace varies from about seven minutes a mile to about five minutes, with most runs at a constant six.

"Probably the 'run for fun' philosophy is one of the justifications for running I hold to be most important. Training has always been a pleasurable experience for me. I try to make workouts both easy and short enough to keep them pleasant. Short and easy, however, describe workouts that would be a grim experience for many runners as well as myself several years ago. It has taken about eight years to build up to a point where 20 miles or so a day is relatively care-free and fun."

PREPARING THE PREP MARATHON

BY DICK SCULLY

The marathon for young runners has been for many years a frightening sceptre. Lack of knowledge has made it taboo for most high school coaches. They discouraged their boys from running it with reasons such as "too long," "too rugged" and "too harmful." I had heard many times that the boys who ran it were so sore or hurt that they couldn't work out for track for weeks. This may well have been true, but probably because they went into it unprepared. Often inadequate training was only one of the barriers the young runner had to knock down.

Ten years ago there were almost no teenagers running in marathons. Rulings like "No boy under 17 years old can run a distance over six miles" eliminated most youngsters, even though many ran much longer distances in training. The marathon, until recently, was thought to be for old-timers or those too slow for the short distances. The only school boys to run in the 26-mile race were those daring enough to go behind their coaches' backs and those lucky enough to be located where the race was being held.

I came into the marathon gradually. For years I had encouraged our boys at South Torrance High School to run all the off-season road races they could. I made it as easy as possible for them. I listed all the runs I could find, with the date, location, distance, time and awards for each event. There are distance races of all lengths over all types of terrain: hills, beaches, roads and parks. It was fun, the boys loved it and we had a great deal of success. The boys increased their trophy and medal collections tremendously. They seemed to have no trouble staying with and beating older, experienced runners, top collegians and the like. We formed car pools, and the parents got as excited as the kids. The list of meets grew, as well as the demand for copies of it. I got calls from boys from other schools for meet information.

For some, these meets were the highlight of the year. They enjoyed these long races more than the interscholastic competition simply because they were longer. Several years ago, I listed the Western Hemisphere marathon at Culver City. I had never attended this event. But George Watson, a boy on my team at the time, and a teammate went up and entered it, reporting it was fun and really not too difficult. This started me thinking: How would our hardcore distance training hold up during a grueling marathon? All local marathons happen to come at the end of cross-country and track seasons. So why not try them, without any change in the training program? Our longest training runs at the time were 18.6 miles and a hilly 17.4. For our purpose this seemed adequate. By now I had the runners thinking marathon.

My training methods have developed over 15 or more years of searching. Years ago, I was impressed with Franz Stampfl and his interval training. I must have been influenced also by Percy Cerutti. These men are two completely different types. Then came Arthur Lydiard. However, I found there was one big difference between these men and me. They were coaching super-stars and world record holders, while I was coaching and recruiting a lot of young boys who had never run any distance. Some had never walked very much. I was faced with a completely different picture. But this is not unique; so are hundreds of



Jim French, Chuck Harris and Mike Baer surround Coach Scully during a typical off-track distance workout. (Steve Griffith photo)

other coaches. So whatever I learned from the methods of these great coaches I adapted to fit my needs. Another difference is that these highly successful coaches are specialists; they coach a small stable of middle and long distance runners. The average American high school coach has the difficult task of teaching from 14-16 events. All running, jumping, throwing events.

The big thing I got from Lydiard was the assurance that I was on the right track. Unknowingly, I was already doing some of his training as early as 1960. We were taking training runs out to the "Cove" (only 6.6 miles out and back), but the important thing was that we were breaking away from the campus training. During these early years of "out-training" we never saw one other runner. We got strange looks and cat-calls from passing cars. But undaunted we pushed our boundaries out. This was all new and exciting; as far as we knew it wasn't done before. Of course some readers will say, "Back 20 years ago I was taking 15-20-mile runs." I'm sure many of the old salts were. But not many young 14- and 15-year-olds were at the time. There was concern about sore feet and sore legs because of a lot of pavement pounding. But I knew a lot of good runners who weren't affected much by it, so we continued. We were soon going 5-6 miles out on the Palos Verdes Peninsula. The run out was fast and competitive. There we would regroup and run back together at fairly easy pace.

We soon found that no distance was too far. The boys took pride in how far they could run. I also discovered we could get carried away on total mileage. Our goal wasn't to see how far one could run, but how fast over a shorter distance. Buddy Edelen once said that he felt you reached a point of diminishing returns at about 130 miles a week. Just before Jim French's injury he put in a brutal 240-mile week. (French, a 16-year-old, did 2:33 before encountering serious achilles tendon trouble.) The time element alone makes it difficult to go that far. Perhaps in the summer when the boys are on vacation there is time for maximum mileage. But during the school year and the competitive season, 100 miles a week is sufficient. Even this is rather difficult to do in the week of a meet that is of any significance.

Several years ago we were much more mileage conscious than today. We kept large mileage charts on the locker room walls (we still do). And we would try to increase totals each week. This got pretty hard to do after awhile. I could see us running on into darkness if we kept this up. There were some nights in late November when we came stumbling home by moonlight.

My feeling is that there is no substitute for the long run. But I try to get the right combination of

quality work and distance now. This fluctuates with what the total team needs. I don't tend to single out any particular star and give him special training. For the most part, the workouts are for the whole group.

I use interval work about one day a week, sometimes two. The intervals' regimentation gives the boys pace and develops quick recovery. We don't always do it on the track, however. Sometimes we use a park or a sandy beach. The basic work is 20 x 440, although we have done 30 and once 35. Another quality workout is called "hill loops." The loop is four-tenths of a mile, very steep on pavement. We total 20, 25 or so of these.

Another workout is called "location" running. This is a good mixture of intervals and distance. We run to location "A" and do intervals on grass, then run to location "B" for more intervals, and so on. The run from place to place is about 16 miles, a good run in itself. The "meat and potatoes" of the session would be the 7 1/2 miles of speed burners.

Tuesday is generally the day of the long run. We have about six runs that vary from 17-19 miles. We run slowly for the first 2-3 miles then get into the good fast tempo and away we go. The run usually takes 1 1/2-2 hours or more.

We also have "time-controlled" runs which work like this. If we go on a 14-mile run, there are five groups of about 15-18 boys. One boy is the "watch dog." He has a wrist watch. The first 5-7 minutes may be slow and easy, then comes a 30-60-second speed burst. Then every three minutes there's another 30-60-second burst. We work many variations from these.

Any coach with imagination can come up with original ideas of his own. There are many different ways to give workouts that will build strength, speed and stamina. I've mentioned only a few. We are learning more all the time, but the coach must be willing to experiment. Each year I do new things. Some are successful and some aren't too well received.

Our boys from freshmen to seniors have accepted the marathon as the ultimate run. It is a status symbol around South High to have completed one. And it's getting to be the "in" thing not only at our school but all over southern California.

When Craig Streichman broke into prominence three years ago as a sophomore by running 2:40 at Culver City, he shocked the oldsters. He then went to the Mission Bay marathon and finished second and a few months later ran 2:31:33--then the fastest prep marathon of all-time--in the Pre-Olympic trials. Before his junior track season, Craig suffered an injury that required a doctor's care. Upon examination, it was discovered he had severe curvature of the spine all his life. With modified training, he has run another marathon in 2:34. His lack of work somewhat slowed him, yet he also ran the third fastest three-mile (14:38) in the USTFF-sponsored national postal competition last fall. If Craig can train again the way he likes, he will run some more great marathons.

Then along came Jim French. Jim has a very interesting story. He came out for track about 1 1/2 months late in his sophomore year. He didn't know what event he wanted to try, and we had no place to put him. He was too slow for the short races and we were deep in distance runners. So I put him in the Class B 1320. He ran 4:07 and finished last. The next week he ran last again in 3:50. I put him in the two-mile and he ran 11:37. The next week he started

improving with 10:45. Then strange things began to happen. I matched him up with Craig for long distance runs. When he went with Craig he would practically kill himself to stay with him. He really liked the long ones by now and his times were dropping.

With less than three months running, Jim ran a marathon. He did 3:07 then got the shakes and chills. Jim had gone into minor shock. He recovered before long, but I only use this incident to illustrate how he was able to extend himself so much. He came back after six months more training and almost won at Mission Bay. He led for 23 miles, going very fast, before getting severe cramps and a misdirection. However, he still finished fifth in 2:33. Before picking up achilles problems, he was really coming along with 30:52 for six miles and 31:51 for 10,000--the latter a national age group record.

Another great prep runner was Chuck Smead. I had the pleasure of talking to Chuck in Eugene, Ore., several months before his first marathon. I invited Chuck to go on a run. We took off and after about 30 minutes we got lost and it started to rain. We just ran and ran. Chuck said he never had run in the rain; I said it's great, we love to--at least I do. We finally got our bearings about two hours later, so I guess I can say I ran with Chuck on his first marathon. We had a lot of fun as well as having a useful discussion on our training methods at South Torrance.

Several other boys have been successful under our program. We find ourselves holding several age group long distance marks. Mike Baer holds the record for 15 year olds with 2:34:21. Freshman Chuck Harris, who has a marathon time of 2:58:57, holds the freshman record and the 14-year-old mark for 10,000 meters with 36:06. If he continues running the long distances, he could be in a class with Smead and Fred Ritcherson (2:27 as a high schooler).

In conclusion, I would like to say that there is no instant success in long distance running. I am looking to the future for these boys, anticipating their best marks in their senior year and the years beyond. The great youthful marks are only a by-product of the training. We project our goals into the future. The biggest obstacle, of course, is injuries. For a boy to make it all the way, a lot of luck is involved. Everything has to break right for him.

I hope I have given some insight into the reasons for our success in the long distance running world. There isn't enough space here to cover all our training techniques, but hopefully this will give an idea of some of the methods that can be used to develop long distance runners. Much can be done with an average boy who has average ability. That's what most of our boys are.

The marathon movement is catching on in America. There are hundreds of teenagers capable of running well under three hours. And I'm certain there are dozens who can run under 2:30. With proper coaching and intelligent training, these boys can be the stars of tomorrow.

Dick Scully, as his story suggests, has been a pioneer in introducing high school boys to fast marathoning. Three of his runners, 16 and younger, have run between 2:31 and 2:37. Dick himself ran his first marathon recently and proudly reported he did 3:50.

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OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

"This is the thing that put me in analysis," said The Longtime Jogger. "These weekly road runs. I just can't give them up." Had the psychiatrist found the cause of his addiction? "He said I was trying to escape reality by avoiding the Sunday papers. I was resisting the reasonable necessity of the Vietnam war, he said. The common sense of Spiro Agnew; the lucid rationality of Melvin Laird; the pure logic of President Nixon. I was, he said, copping out on the American dream."

How had the psycho-therapy gone? "Would I be here if it worked?" asked the Jogger. "When Joe Frisco's shrink talked him out of betting or even thinking about horses, someone in need of the same cure asked Joe for his address. 'He lives,' said Frisco, 'about a mile and an eighth from here.' There's your answer. No talk about politics is going to cure an addict."

Had he given up hope of a cure? It was a little difficult to get his attention. "I'm starting to get psyched-up for the race," he explained. "If you get there feeling flat, the whole race can be wasted."

"The cure?" The Jogger was back. "I've finally found the answer--this sensitivity thing. I was at an encounter group last weekend and let the whole problem out. Said I wanted to live up to my responsibilities. Be the man America, my family and the community thought I was. Liberate myself from these road runs." And they told him how? "Just the opposite," said the Jogger. "Why not try being yourself, the leader suggested. Use the runs to find out who you are, to express yourself, communicate with others, open up. Today I'm going to see if it works."

"The job," said the Jogger, "is to find out just who you are. Not the person people want you to be or society says you should be. Then you can stop playing a role and start to develop. It is a very liberating idea."

Some official was blowing a whistle. A crowd of about 75 role players looking for liberation moved to the line. The front row was a mixture of lean, obviously competent college and club runners and eager high schoolers. In the back, the Jogger and his companions were exchanging non-verbal expressions of support and feelings--a handshake, a gripped shoulder, a pat on the rear. Then they were off.

Less than an hour later they came back. Singly at first. Then in small groups. About a third of the field had finished when the Jogger came into view. He was in agony. Head thrown back, every muscle straining. His face was the picture of exhaustion. He emitted strange noises and groans as he progressed toward the finish line.

Past the line he went to his knees and was picked up by two of the early finishers. They put him around their shoulders and began to walk him around. They looked very together. Around them were groups of happy runners all talking at once, with many handshakes and physical demonstrations of some bond among them. Fifteen minutes later the Jogger looked better than at the start. A little flushed but relaxed, contented and somehow complete--like an animal after the kill.

Had he learned anything? The Jogger was meditating. "This was a good one. In the jargon of the encounter group, I kept my mind on each step instead of the finish. I expressed brief but appropriate anger by shouting an obscenity at a dog and his owner. I ran with a group of strangers and we were on a first-name basis before the end of the race. And I exposed

my suffering and accepted group support at the end."

Back in the car we sat sipping some warm cola. Would he recommend a road run instead of an Eselen weekend? "First you have to get the message," he said, "that the world is crazy and you personally are a phoney. After that, any place you can become aware of yourself and others is as good as another. Just now a 10-mile race seems to be one of the better places for me."

It was nearing 10 o'clock. I saw a man come out on his lawn and pick up the Sunday Times. The "sane" world was just getting up.

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"Earth Day?" The Longtime Jogger looked up from taping his toes. "Every day is earth day for us. Ask us about the quality of the air. More air goes into the lungs of a daily runner than a carload of commuters. We live in what's left of nature. And none of us is complaining too much."

He adjusted his ragged turtle neck shirt. It had the penetrating aroma of two weeks without a wash. Behind him on the wall was a life-size poster of Arthur Newton, the legendary long-distance runner. Above Newton's left ear was a telephone number; astride his shoulder was a picture of Sara Berman finishing the Boston marathon, and below the poster was Newton's slogan: "Run in an easy and serene manner."

"That's the answer," said the Jogger. "Train, don't strain." It's the way to the real values of running. The environment doesn't make that much difference. The 26 miles from Hopkinton to Boston wouldn't draw visitors from the next county for their natural beauty. Those 1100 men, assorted women and ineligible minors were there for a different reason.

"That Earth Day crowd at Union Square?" They were right about the automobiles. Not the fumes. Just the automobiles--a big hazard for us runners. But nobody mentioned the dogs. We may get up a campaign against the dogs on our own."

What's so wrong with man's best friend? "He's usually someone else's best friend. We are the enemy. If it wasn't for pollution, we'd be sitting ducks for any hound that came along. Another case of what theologians call fortunate sin? "In a way," said the Jogger. "It's the discarded beer cans and the no-return bottles that save us. If approached by a dog of average size and discretion, the runner can maintain a dominant position if he has some roadside refuse to threaten the dog with."

"I may be full of DDT," the Jogger said, "but as long as it doesn't interfere with my times who cares?" Those guys who are worrying about something in the food eat too much of it anyway."

Did he have any ideas about limiting families? The Jogger thought for a while. "It may be the only thing," he said finally, "that will keep the Boston marathon fields down. This year one runner told me it took him a full minute to get to the starting line after the gun went off. Two kids to a family might help there."

He was about ready for his daily jaunt. He slipped into a sweat shirt despite the 70-degree heat. "The environment, contrary to what you read, just isn't tough enough. If I increase the heat this way, I increase the value of my workouts and acclimatize myself to the hot weather coming later. Those people who have just discovered ecology have a lot to learn about the adaptation of the body."

Could he be more specific? He could and would.

"The body can be taught to give up less and less salt by exercising at high temperatures. After two weeks the sweat contains only negligible quantities of salt. People can also adapt to cold. High altitude. And for all we know, to smog and polluted water."

He was going too far. Polluted water was the end. "There are people who would enjoy smoked dog if they didn't know what it was. Polluted water is no different. It may even be more pleasant to swim in than unpolluted water. Who knows?"

The Jogger was impatient to get on the road. "People were deteriorating before our air, water and food became suspect," he said. "Whatever we may end up with will still allow man to expand to his physical, social and spiritual limits. Technology will save technology. I have no fear of that. The fact that we are presented with the problems means we have the resources to solve them."

By now the stopwatch was on the ready. Did he have a final word? He did. "Innerspace. Innerspace is the major problem. A man must first learn to live with himself." The Longtime Jogger, running in an easy and serene manner, disappeared up the road.

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MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN (pictured at right)

Q: I have chondromalacia of my left patella and have had it for several years. Recently, my leg has given me much pain and I've had to stop running. There has been no fluid or swelling in the knee. What treatment do you recommend and can I start jogging again when this acute episode goes away? (Douglas Hammer, Durham, N. C.)

A: This may be the most frequent incapacitating knee problem sustained by distance runners. The diagnosis is made by the location of the pain (deep behind the kneecap) and also its character (increasing with use and after sitting long periods with knee bent). Physical findings are fluid or grating behind the kneecap. X-ray is not helpful in diagnosis, and even these physical findings are frequently negligible and even absent.

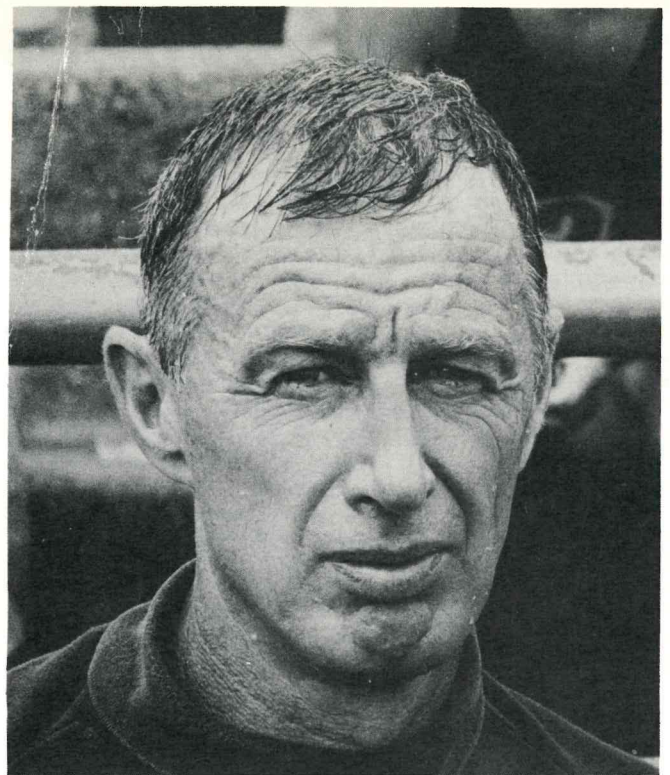
Treatment varies from simple rest to surgery, depending on severity and persistence of symptoms. Usually recommended are (1) isometric quadriceps exercises, (2) whirlpool baths or other forms of heat, (3) trial of butazolidine, (4) injection of steroids, (5) surgery (shaving damaged cartilage off the patella); a recent report by Benrey in *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery*, Marcy 1970, reports excellent results in only four of 21 patients but good in seven others. Return to jogging can hardly be guaranteed.

Recurrence may be prevented by reducing stress on the knee joint, i. e. restricting running to smooth level surfaces, avoiding hill running or on irregular grass surfaces or pasture lands. Integrity of the joint depends on quadriceps strength, and this should be maintained by isometric exercises. Steroid injections may be repeated, but there is a limit to this therapy.

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Q: Last fall I had to drop out of running for six weeks because of a tendon pull in the instep just ahead of the heel. This spring it happened again in the other foot. When I would reinjure it, a swelling would occur just ahead of the heel toward the inside. Both injuries just "came on" without specific trauma. Please advise me. (Robert Dellwo, Spokane, Wash.)

A: The description is a little vague, but it appears that you have either posterior tibial tendonitis due to an unstable foot or achilles tendonitis due to a short heel cord. For the posterior tibial, a suitable



longitudinal arch and a cupped heel lift made by a podiatrist or homemade should be helpful. A simple heel lift should straighten out the achilles.

An unstable or "rocking" foot can cause a variety of clinical manifestations which a podiatrist can help correct. A podiatrist oriented to distance runners' problems is an invaluable asset to any road running area.

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Q: In a recent race, a severe cramping pain grabbed me in the chest, shoulders and back. It obviously wasn't a heart attack since I'm still here to write about it, without apparent after-effects. What might it have been? (name withheld on request)

A: It obviously was a "stitch" or diaphragmic spasm. Whether this is due to lactic acid accumulation, electrolyte disturbances or other causes is the question.

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Since I don't live near any of my fellow "track" friends, I end up running mostly by myself. This sometimes causes me to get lonely or bored on some of my distance jaunts. I've been wondering, do you get more or the same amount of benefits out of splitting your planned daily mileage into two workouts, or doesn't it matter? (Ted Suita, Elizabeth, N. J.)

A: I suppose everyone has a remedy for boredom. It seems to me the first thing to ascertain is whether you are overtrained; a day or two off can sometimes do wonders. The second thing is to vary your course, especially if you have been using small loops out and back (or a single long loop) which leave little time for speculation about stopping the workout. Finally, I have the feeling that one-hour workouts probably are the most enjoyable, and if more distance is needed splitting the workout might help. There is no apparent difference in benefit if the mileage is done in sections.

The cause of boredom, of course, lies within oneself. It is the disease of modern man. The total running experience may in itself lead to the cure.

Dr. Sheehan welcomes medical questions which haven't been covered in detail previously and are of fairly widespread interest. Mail your questions to Runner's World, P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

HERE'S HOW: Finding Meaning in Times

BY JOE HENDERSON

If you're typical of the long running populace, distances and speeds range to the extremes. One week you may be going a mile on the track in 4 1/2 minutes. The next week the distance may be 26 miles which are covered at 6 1/2 minutes apiece. At some time during the year, you may touch a dozen distances between the extremes. The variety is nice. But hitting the different distances--some of them exotic ones like 7 1/2 and 22 miles--without staying long enough to let a pattern develop brings problems. How do I judge my marathon potential from a 7 1/2-miler? What sort of pace can I expect to carry for 22 miles? Does the quality of my 55-minute 10-mile compare favorably with my two-hour "20"?

Some runners aren't inhibited by thoughts of facts and figures. They blast through each race as if it were their first or last, not worrying about potential, pace or comparisons. Their simplicity is commendable. But others are more analytical. We crave a means for estimating and weighing times along the wide spectrum of distances that's open to us.

For want of a better system, let me describe the method I've worked out for finding present potential, pace and relative merits of races. Actually, I don't use it much. But once or twice a year it gets a quick glance and surprises me with its accuracy--both with my own times and those of others I've charted.

Basically, it involves plotting a graph with the pace per mile of various distances. It's obviously a fact that everyone--regardless of ability--gets progressively slower as distances grow (providing weather, course, condition and effort are similar from one race to the next). Everyone's slowdown curve has similar shape. As it sweeps upward, it climbs steeply in the low-mileage range then flattens out as it gets to longer distances. The normal slowdown between one- and two-mile pace, for instance, is about 20 seconds per mile, while between nine and 10 miles it shouldn't be more than two seconds.

Setting up a personal graph and using it isn't nearly as involved as explaining how. Here are the steps:

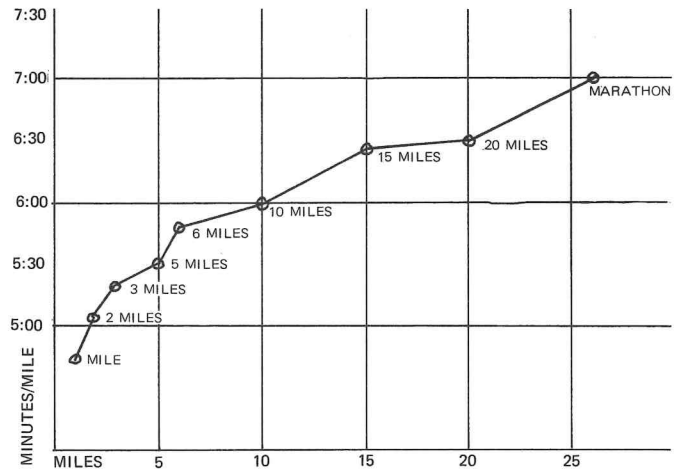
1. List your best times at all distances.
2. Compute per-mile averages.
3. On graph paper, list pace per mile vertically and distances in miles horizontally.
4. Plot on the page the per-mile averages for various distances.
5. Connect the dots with straight lines. (This probably ragged line is your actual performance "curve." It alone isn't a valuable indicator of potential.)
6. Several low points on the line will stand out. These performances are most indicative of your potential. Along the curve, there may be three or more of these. Find them (at least three; the more the better) and connect them to form a smooth, sweeping line. This is your potential curve, which can serve all sorts of purposes.
7. Mark various distances along the potential curve, along with per-mile pace indicated.
8. Figure potential total times as needed.
9. Make adjustments to the chart when new personal bests are set. It gets better with age and experience.
10. If you want finer measurements for the short track distances, break your times down into 440-yard, or even 220 or 110, pace and follow the same system. Non-Americans can adapt it to metric mea-

surements, i. e., 100-meter or kilometer pace.

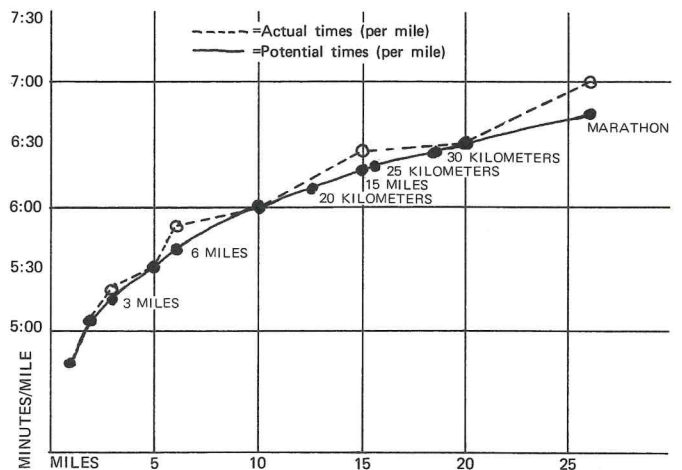
Let's plot the curve for a mythical runner, Super Jogger, who does everything from the mile to who-knows-what.

DISTANCE	BEST TIME	PER MILE
Mile	4:45	4:45
2-Mile	10:10	5:05
3-Mile	16:00	5:20
5-Mile	27:30	5:30
6-Mile	35:00	5:50
10-Mile	60:00	6:00
15-Mile	1:37:00	6:28
20-Mile	2:10:00	6:30
Marathon	3:03:00	7:00

His actual-time curve looks like this:



You'll notice that Super's one-, two-, five-, 10- and 20-mile times are relatively better than the others, and they form a regular upward progression of pace. So we use these as the base points for his potential curve, drawing a smooth line to make it. With that added, Mr. Jogger's chart now looks like this:



His times, then, indicate that he's capable of 33:40-45 (5:37 miles) in the six-mile instead of his 35:00 (5:50 miles). Potentially, he's a 2:56-57 marathoner rather than 3:03. Things like this are interesting to know, but the chart has more valuable and practical uses.

First, the graph represents a best-time curve and none of us runs his best time every time. But, unless we're in totally miserable condition, the gene-

ral shape of the potential curve doesn't change much. And--all things being equal--our condition doesn't vary radically from week to week. So perhaps the best use of the curve is in giving time differentials, which stay rather constant. Super Jogger averaged 6:10 per mile in his most recent 10-mile race. He's running 30 kilometers (18 2/3 miles) this week. What can he expect as a time? The chart says he normally should go 28 seconds per mile slower at that distance than 10 miles--or 6:38. His mile is 4:50, and the normal slowdown for two miles is 20 seconds. He's capable of two 5:10 miles, or 10:20.

The chart also gives Mr. Jogger an idea of the relative merits of his various races, of his progress. Say he's running 13.3 miles--a rare enough distance. Without the chart, he'd have no idea what "good time" means. He glances at his potential curve and finds he should run about 6:15 miles. He runs 6:12. It's a good time--much better comparatively, he sees, than any of his other long distances.

Super Jogger also can pick up some valuable practical advice on pacing. The most efficient way to pace a race, generally, is as steady as possible. If he has a good idea that he's able to run 5:50 miles for eight of them--even though he hasn't run that distance before--he can get on that pace right away instead of running like he's in a more familiar six-mile (too fast) or 10-mile (too slow).

A word of warning, though. Don't start taking the verdict of the chart too seriously. It's a handy guide giving rough figures, that's all. It knows nothing at all about such things as how many hills stand between the start and finish, how hot the day, how hot the competition, how accurate the distance, or how lively the human spirit--which is anything but predictable.

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Ode to "Also-Rans"

BY WILLIAM INDEK

Watch any road race and you will see this noblest of all men. Is it the sheer joy of pain that he courts, or is it a primitive cult of penitence? Perchance he is merely a mobile masochist.

To run, or not to run? Such a question never really enters the mind of the intrepid also-ran. Running itself is reason enough. Besides, if one was to delve too deeply it is quite plausible that this elite breed would be reduced to humble pedestrianism. Pavlov's dogs may have had more sense, you say.

Invariably, our hero is encased in a cocoon of self-satisfaction. Logicians trying to thus critically analyze any of his outer manifestations will encounter futility. You see some forms of his stock impelled with a seeming flourish while others will scurry by in a style that can at best be described as paroxysmatic.

Totally inscrutable is the way he appears to most of his fellow social beings, yet he himself delights in their passing frowns and insinuations of depravity. For the realization is that these people will never know the sheer feeling of complete involvement at the end of a 26-mile run. In an age of participatory democracy, he is a suitable creature of the times.

So do not feel sorry for the also-ran. He is a timeless person whose distant roots can be traced as far back as the Persian army--also-rans to the Athenian Pheidippides.

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"Run Silent, Run Deep" may seem apt for an old warm movie on submarines, but it is also a poignant expression for a certain type of athlete. The variant form I am speaking of is the inveterate also-ran who almost instinctively runs not for plaudits but for silent self-satisfaction. Mile after mile he plods on, even if he may be suffering some malfunction in his being.

The casual observer's naivete precludes his awareness of a unique marvel that exists before his very own eyes. Deep within the internal substance of our anti-hero there is a dramatic struggle taking place. With torment racking his body, a determined look upon his face and sweat abounding, he pushes on for a goal which only he can appreciate.

Aha, you say, he is only seeking martyrdom. However, martyrs require an audience to be appreciated and the also-rans' triumphs and tragedies are always subservient to the small winner class, and hence not seen.

But you may now ponder the question: What does occupy this creature's mind? Some may hum Gregorian chants in tempo with their stride, and so induce the Olympian Gods to come down and assist in those last torturous miles. Failing that, they can always hope that their term in purgatory will be reduced due to their type of indulgence activity.

Others are too busy trying to satiate a lugubrious respiratory system, grasping for precious oxygen, to think of other things. Oh how the elementary things of life are never appreciated until they're no longer present.

Practically all will, at one time or another, inquire of themselves: Why not quit now and be done with this self-inflicted pain? The reply will usually be in the negative, as dedication is the clay from which their flesh and soul have been molded.

Ontologically speaking, the Lord must have a special place reserved in his heart for the also-ran since he has created so many of them.

William Indek is the type of runner he writes about--the 25-mile-a-week man who looks at 4:40 as a formidable mile barrier. He's a 23-year-old junior high school teacher in Syracuse, N.Y.

A TRIUMPH OVER BLINDNESS

BY HARRY CORDELLOS

When I told people that I planned to run a marathon (and later after I'd run and finished it), they reacted with shocked disbelief. You see, I'm blind. And no one quite believed I could run 26 miles of open road in total darkness without encountering disaster. Understandably, they bombarded me with questions:

Isn't it scary to run on the open highway and not see where you are going? How can you keep from running into people or tripping? Have you ever approached this distance before? How could anybody every run for so long without having the scenery to take his mind off the pain of a marathon? What do you think about when you try such a thing?

Very few of these were answered until the Golden Gate marathon was over.

I knew from the beginning of the year that this would take many more training miles than I'd ever run before. I also knew that the big part of the battle was not my physical strength, but the attitude I would take to the starting line. "Keep above the situation." This was the key to my success or failure. I knew if I had any chance to make it I would have to stand ready for the first sign of panic and then turn my back on it. This worked for me in a deep swimming pool where control of the situation meant either drowning or being saved. But I did not know how it would operate when the alternatives were not this serious. All I had to do was run. Quitting might hurt my pride, but after three hours or so of constant running up and down hills in the heat, one might place different values on which is better, quitting or suffering. I only knew that many thoughts would run through my mind once the gun went off, and I would try to throw away the bad ones as soon as I could recognize them.

Two months before the May 30 race, I had still never run a hundred miles in one month. My partner for over 18 months, Bill Welsh, ran with me rain or shine, but we both had one setback after another. One must realize that when two work as one there are twice as many things that can go wrong. Four legs to gather shin splints, four ankles to sprain and so on. The first obstacle came when a low back injury prevented Bill from running long mileage with me. I soon had to accept the fact that he could not pace across the finish line with me.

Then one of our regular running companions, Jack Bettencourt, offered to train with me and go the full marathon distance as well. Our schedules did not allow for good regular training, but we both arrived to sign up on race day. Our confidence was high, but there were still more unknowns than we could count. As we left the finish line for the start, I wondered how long it would be before I returned, and if I did that day how in the world I would feel. STOP! This was the first bad thought that slipped into my mind and it already had me nervous. Before we knew it, we were at the starting line and were off and moving along the winding roads of Tiburon. I thought of how smooth the pace was and how tempting it was to blast off, but knew that we were not trained to run the same as we do for 10 miles. Then I thought, "A real marathon; it doesn't seem so bad after all." Just the word "marathon" gave me a few butterflies, but the first few miles kept me above the situation and I never enjoyed a course more. Then came five miles, a little slower than our 3 1/2-hour goal. Ten miles came and again I realized I was worrying about burning out, and I struggled a little to get that thought out of my mind. "A real marathon," I thought again, and could not help getting more determined than ever.

Mill Valley came at last, but it was not the Mill Valley I expected or wanted. The road suddenly got rough and bumpy. The temperature seemed to soar into the 90s and we found ourselves happy to maintain our pace and not try to make up for lost time. After being doused a few times with water, my number got soggy and drooped until it no longer would hold. Then what seemed an awfully long time later, we came upon the 15-mile mark. This was a shocker. How could it seem so long? Our pace slipped a few more minutes behind schedule and I began to worry about how the last 10 would feel.

Somebody on the roadside shouted, "What's everybody running for?" "A marathon," I commented with a sudden burst of confidence. The spectator repeated, "A marathon!" in surprise, and whatever else he said faded behind us. Again I realized that Jack and I were still strong, and we had no reason to doubt our ability to finish in a respectable time, even if we missed our goal of 3 1/2 hours.

Then came the run along the railroad tracks. I knew it was an automatic sprained ankle, but ran as if nothing was going to happen. Jack somehow got me through with not even a stagger. I never ran with fear in spite of what could have happened. We just kept going and soon hit the 20-mile mark, thinking about the big hill up to the bridge.

Having met and corresponded with Dr. Ken Cooper, author of "Aerobics," I thought of how great it would be to let him know that I finished the Golden Gate marathon, instead of just saying I participated in it. This made me go on with more confidence. A little farther along, I still had no terrible pain but needed something powerful to give me the final push, and I had it. I had thought of it several times through the race, but now it hit with full impact. On the night before the marathon, I received a telegram from Bill Welsh, who would have given anything to be with me in my first marathon attempt. His message simply said, "Good luck, partner; the word is confidence." That did it.

We passed several more runners and went over the top of the hill and headed toward the bridge. Again the road got rough and narrow, and then it happened. The noise of the freeway traffic got closer and louder and I could not hear anything. I felt a sharp metal object scrape my leg and then I caught my right foot on a vertical object. I knew I was going down. I was not strong enough to keep my footing. Jack pulled me away from the guardrail, but it was too late. I made a nosedive and bounced on the gravel road. Almost instantly I realized that I was not hurt, just skinned up a little.

We went on, probably without ever stopping forward motion. I ran behind Jack with my hand on his shoulder. In a split second, we invented a new technique of running. It was untested and uncertain. I fishtailed a few times and hit the rail again. This time, I staggered a little but did not fall. We had to finish now. The long-awaited Golden Gate Bridge seemed endless, but I had no real pain. I just realized

Harry Cordellos won't listen to doctors' advice. They told him he couldn't run or dive, that it would build the pressure in his damaged eyes to intolerable levels. He regularly runs road and track races and springs from the high board. He recently competed in a couple of mile swims in the open waters of the San Francisco Bay. Harry teaches physical education to the handicapped at California State College in Hayward.

four hours without smelling one miserable cigarette. In the stuffy, smoky world we work and live in, I wish I could run a marathon every week. Of course I don't have the body that could stand up to that, but it was truly the most beautiful course I have ever run.

As for fear of running, forget it. Though I have been considered by my mobility instructors as skilled in the use of the white cane, and though I travel free and relaxed, I cannot describe accurately what it was like to run completely free on the open road for 26 miles-plus and not worry about accidents or real problems. I had faith and confidence in Jack Bettencourt's ability to direct me. As long as he kept going ahead, I figured I would just keep bumping his arm or wrist and stay with him. Even the fall did not shake my confidence except at the moment it happened! The thought of finishing a marathon running all the way was too much for me to forget, so we realized the fall could not have been helped and just forgot it.

I can only say, "What a tremendous group of people these runners are!" So many of them have given me the encouragement and help to accomplish what is obviously the dream of every runner at some time in his career, to run a marathon. that after almost losing it all, I wanted to get it over with before anything else happened.

Everyone who ever ran a marathon knows how we felt at the finish line. We could not believe that we had run that distance without even stopping for a drink. Three hours and fifty minutes plus a few seconds was not what we had wanted, but we had conquered a marathon and we never had to walk a step. I even think I was running while recovering from the fall. Even as the stiffness set in and I found it hard to walk around, I knew there would be another marathon for me. I had heard too much about this "never-again" attitude. I know I will want to run many more marathons. It was the most satisfying and thrilling experience I have had in 32 years.

But what about those questions? Every marathon runner could write a book about his first marathon. If this summary does not seem too different from most of them, maybe blindness is not all the tragic handicap people often make it. As for the scenery, sure, I enjoyed it. It truly was the most beautiful marathon course I could have run. Maybe much of my outlook was shaped by the fact that I finished. It is true that I had seen some of the area when I had partial vision 15 years ago. But I sensed every tree and scenic point along the way. The sounds of encouraging spectators along the route, shouting and yelling at all of us, really kept me above the situation when I needed it. Even the roar of the traffic of the bridge, I heard people in cars screaming at us.

And, of course, there were the smells. I never felt closer to nature nor appreciated it so much as I did on May 30. When a car did go by and we inhaled the exhaust, I knew just what people have been getting at when they talk of the pollution problem. Most enjoyable was the thought that I was running for almost

.....

R.W. 24-HOUR RELAY

We're offering--for just the printing cost and the postage it takes to reach you--a eight-page pamphlet describing the 24-hour relay. It lists rules for the Runner's World-sponsored postal competition, procedures for organizing and carrying out a relay, highlights of relays already run, and more.

A must if you're planning to try the relay. Fascinating reading even if you're not going to run it. Get your copy by sending 25¢ to Runner's World, P. O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

RUNNING GRACE-FULLY

BY FRED GRACE

I've gotten more trophies for just staying alive than any runner has for winning. And it happened again at the Golden Gate marathon. I staggered across the finish line in 4:15 and was carried over to the officials' stand to receive my "Still Alive on May 30, 1970" award.

What was supposed to be a flat course turned out to have more ups and downs than the humps on a caravan of camels. Next year I'm going to train for the Golden Gate by climbing flag poles.

Hundreds of fans lined the course to cheer and help the self-flagellants. I was watered and hosed more often than at any time since I was in diapers. It may be a portent that senility is just around the corner.

.....

In about one more year, when Dr. William Andberg of Anoka, Minn., is 60, the Walt Stacks, Monty Montgomerys, Walt Fredericks and Johnny Kelleys are going to be harder pressed in the marathon than the army is to get out of Vietnam.

Doc Andberg ran the Skovde, Sweden, World Veterans Marathon in 2:51:44 and placed 31st in a field of nearly 300. Sixty runners broke three hours.

What are these fasties doing in veterans marathons? And how am I going to beat runners when I can't beat the walkers?

.....

When the average married couple reaches their 21st wedding anniversary, they can't run farther than from the living room to the john. And only if they're chewing on a pack of feena-lax.

So what would you say if I told you that there's a couple in southern California who celebrated their 21st wedding anniversary by running 21 miles? That I'm nuts? That they hadn't been doing their homework? That I'm not nuts is debatable only by me. But when I tell you that they have more kids than the old woman who lived in a shoe, I'm not weaving a gosamer tale. They have more offspring than I can count without the aid of my toes and fingers.

They're Isa and Jim Valera of Tustin, Calif. And they've been running only three years. Their friends ran from one mile to 21. A runner could start and quite anyplace along the route. Their oldest son used a station wagon to pick up those who had had it. Four made the complete run with them. It was covered by both pencil pushers and camera clickers. How about other couples celebrating in like manner?

I have promised to attend their 40th wedding anniversary run. Each has promised to push my wheel chair 20 miles.

.....

You've heard the ad, "In Hawaii we have energy to burn. We get it from sugar cane. And our sugar comes from sugar cane." Yes, but sugar cane is loaded. With vitamins and minerals, that is. Sugar is loaded with emptyness. Worse yet, sugar robs your body of B vitamins. Of which you have fewer than few if your'e eating white flower. Sugar gives you a fast boost. And then a fast kick on your energy's rear. Enjoy your sugar now. Later your wheel chair.

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In September 57 years ago I enrolled in the ninth grade. I was told that I needed glasses by a man who decided those things. I decided he was wrong. One of us was. I still don't wear them, and I use my eyes even more than I use my legs.

.....

While money doesn't buy health, it buys many things that impede it.

STRIDING ALONG

—BY BOB ANDERSON—

A quote from the Aviation Medical Bulletin: "Some men get their exercise by running down their friends, jumping to conclusions, side-stepping responsibility and pushing their luck"... In the last seven years, the weight of the average American male has gone up seven pounds and that of the female 11 pounds...

Track Technique editor Fred Wilt has been appointed head track coach and assistant professor of physical education at Colorado State University starting Jan. 1. He recently retired from the FBI... David Costill will have Derek Clayton at his Human Performance Laboratory in August for some testing. David is working on a book we hope to publish within a year...

The winner of this year's World Veteran marathon championship held in Skovde, Sweden, was none other than Nobuyoshi Sadanaga--former national coach of Japan. His time was 2:23:52... The next World Veteran (over-40) championship races are the 25-kilometer set for Karlovy-Vary, Czech, July 11, 1971, and the marathon scheduled for Cologne, West Germany, on Sept. 15, 1972...

Reasons for not running well in a certain marathon vary, but I think the "three deadly H's" hit many of them: Heat, Humidity and Hills... The runners from the San Francisco police department went south to challenge the Los Angeles "cops" to a relay race between the two cities--some 530 miles. The LA team, which finished, had a 15-mile lead when the SF runners dropped out 150 miles from the end... John Romero has informed us that there will still be a Las Vegas marathon next year. The date is Saturday, Feb. 6--the same date as the Anaheim race...

Ron Clarke has announced, as he annually does, that he will retire on Aug. 5 after running the 10,000 in the Commonwealth Games... Remember Archie San Romani Jr. and Keith Forman--sub-four-minute milers of the early 60s? They are both out jogging now around the streets of Eugene, Ore. Keith will be going to Tacoma, Wash., next fall to counsel and probably teach at a new community college there... The 12-mile feature race at the Springbank Road Races, Sept. 18, in London, Ontario, should prove to be a good one. Some of the runners that may participate include Ron Hill, Eamon O'Reilly, Pat McMahon, Jerome Drayton, Bob Moore, Andy Boychuk, Wayne Yetman, Bill Adcocks. For more information write Dave Prokop, 361 Glenrose Drive, London, Ont., Canada...

Pat Paulson did finish the Boston marathon, but it took him three days. He is apparently a reasonably serious jogger and used to be a distance runner in high school. Nevertheless, he ran the race in sections, a day at a time. He ran about 10-13 miles the first day, meeting people along the way. The second day he ran to Boston College and addressed the student body there (they had been on strike against tuition increases). The third day he ran in to the Prudential... Bob Ehrhart, director of the Drake Relays marathon, sent out a questionnaire asking the entered runners what they would like to drink during the marathon. Hal Higdon wrote back, "I'd prefer Coors beer if you can have it shipped in from Colorado."

The Aviation Medical Bulletin recently published an activity chart listing activities in order from least intensity of effort required to perform them at any given time to most intensity. One hundred activities were listed, including: 1. Billiards; 12. Softball; 16. House painting; 23. Bowling; 28. Golf (walk nine holes); 42. Pick and shovel work; 49. Walking up-

hill; 57. Dancing vigorously; 60. Jogging; (seven miles per hour); 63. Weight training; 70. Jogging (eight miles per hour); 75. Tennis (singles); 79. Basketball; 81. Climbing stairs (eight flights); 85. Mountain climbing; 88. Swimming (220 yards, continuous); 90. Running (10 miles per hour); 93. Digging (fast); 95. Bicycle riding at peak effort; 96. Distance running, maximum speed; 99. Cross-country skiing, maximum speed; 100. Repeated sprint running, maximum speed...

On Aug. 26, 1972, the Olympic flame will be lit in Munich to set the stage for the Olympic Games. The Olympic flame is to be brought from Olympia to Munich by bearers running by day and night over land only. Every torch-bearer will carry the torch 1000 meters. Five minutes are allowed for this, although the athlete must be capable of running double the distance in the event of a runner falling out, so that the exact calculated plan is not jeopardized...

Athletic scholarships are getting harder to come by as the colleges upgrade their academic standards. The policy is so tough at one midwest school that they won't give a football player his letter unless he can tell which one it is...

George Perdon of Australia recently ran 12:25:09 for 100 miles, breaking the world record by six minutes one second, but his record won't stand. George is a professional. To date, this is the only running event in which a professional's time is better than an amateur's... Jack Levy, age 18, finished 11th in the Yonkers marathon, averaging 5:42 per mile for his last six. He says he has run up to 308 miles in one week and averages 115-120--mostly LSD. Yonkers was his second marathon and he hopes for 2:37 or so at the Atlantic City race in October.

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Mark Winzenried (left) thought he'd won the AAU half-mile from Ken Swenson. He hadn't. Swenson nipped him in 1:47.4. (Jeff Johnson photo)

Reader's Comments

GETTING BACK TO NORMAL

I have several observations on the "Normal" story:

● It may be a great overstatement to suggest that Jack Scott is unpopular with American coaches; probably 99% don't know he exists. Of the others, I believe many will accuse him of weakening a just cause by using random jabs with a manure fork when a clever scalpel is called for.

● I am not convinced, either, that spectator sport is in decline. A thousand other pastimes (fishing, boating, skiing, snowmobiling, bowling, motorcycling, etc.) compete for the entertainment dollar. But the success of the National Football League, high school basketball, car races, National Hockey League, and others does not suggest that the 1000 marathoners at Boston have cleared the stadia.

● A "coach vs. athlete conflict"... I suggest that you have lost sight of the fact that various sports, various coaching methods and various approaches to sport meet the needs of a variety of people. To some, the pennants, team discipline, self-sought routine, bands and hokey that surround, say, college football detract from the joy of running, kicking, hitting, throwing and being hit. That's fine; let them get their jollies on the golf course, road running, cycling and in other free, individual sports. On the other hand, there are those for whom team play, close interpersonal relationships, team competition, the roar of the crowd and recognition from spectator sports are most conducive to their participation and enjoyment. Would you negate that?

As a third group category, there should also be a place for casual, club team sports--people who enjoy some aspects of the game and its associations but simply don't want to pay the price of consistent excellent. I suggest with a growing high school and college ennui from hyper-organized and high pressure kid sports, this area may well boom in the future.

Now I know nothing of Kevin Pusser or his situation, but it does seem reasonable that one entering a team must make some concessions to that team that may not seem integral to the "self-expression, freedom and fun of sport." What if one does not feel like running the day of the meet, even though he has "made the traveling squad" and deprived another of the chance to compete? What if one feels like having his hardest day of training the day before "the big meet?" What if one doesn't like to shower and stinks up the bus? These are surely matters for the individual, easy for us to comment on from afar, but tough as hell for a coach trying to provide opportunity for the maximum good for the many on the spot.

What if, as you suggest, the length of Pusser's hair is a minor matter and what the boy wants to know is, "How far can I push this system?"... "How much authority can I take?" What if, as Paul Torrance has identified, there is a certain "risk-taking, limit-seeking personality... one that is frustrated in not finding limits (either natural or arbitrary) on its behavior? From your description, it sounds as though neither Kevin Pusser nor Robert Troppman (the athletic director whose hair rule Pusser challenged) places much value on cross-country running and the Redwood High runners. Both must have lost sight of sport amid hair.

It's interesting that you see "The New Athlete" as finding freedom in breaking away from certain images, from campus contempt and indifference. Unless I misunderstand, the athlete you draw is hardly an "inner-directed," free man. He sounds preoccupied with appearances and images. It's interesting, too, that you see this particular type of person as

trying to break down the Puritan Ethic. Recently, I talked with a good sprinter-wide receiver-sociology major who remarked that he saw in the trend toward road racing-distance running-marathoning a new aceticism, a new Puritan self-denial--ritual labor without the joy of true play and group satisfactions of "structured" games. Such an attitude is not uncharacteristic of many team sport athletes who view training for running (and swimming) as masochism, grim and pleasureless. This may be no more narrow and absurd than for someone who can't see that showing up at four each day for grass drills, the sled, the bags, etc., is not an exorbitant price for the joy of good football.

You might also be interested in the reaction of this campus to the student strikes that followed the Cambodian involvement and Kent tragedy. Several of our individual sport athletes (track men, golfers and tennis players--"New Athlete" types) gave themselves to a week-long orgy of meditation, preaching and study, and in doing so gave up athletics for that period (or longer in some cases). Nearly all of our baseball players (who much more nearly fit the conventional "jock" image) continued in sport. One wonders, were they insensitive and unconcerned or were they simply recognizing sport as an integral part of their lives--past, present and future. One even went so far as to say that he had never seen athletic participation as a denial of his academic and social life in the past nor did he see it as an abdication of his political being now.

Now, I ask of you, recognize the place for athletics of all kinds and in all ways in the lives on or about a variety of people... for Scotts and Lombardis and Higdon's, and you and me.

Bill Huyck
Coach, Carleton College
Northfield, Minn.

● ● ● ●

My fellow coaches and I object to this type of "free-thinking junk." We try very hard to keep our young men looking like clean-cut young MEN. But then there is someone like Mr. Henderson to make it tougher.

I could write many pages about how we coaches feel about discipline and good grooming in sports (there is more to coaching than just coaching to win), but it would be a waste of time to discuss anything with you "free-thinkers."

People like Mr. Henderson are always writing about a person's "right." They never talk or write about someone else's right to hate long hair and what it stands for. I know it means nothing to you that a small group of coaches are displeased with this article. However, I'm doing the one thing I can do to show you my feelings. Please cancel my subscription immediately!

Richard Czarapata
Coach, Bay View H.S.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

● ● ● ●

Kudos to RW for "Getting Track Back to Normal." I'll bet that many people will miss its point, that in most places the "clean cut, early to bed, live track" life style which many coaches advocate just isn't normal. Why should a boy, just because he happens to enjoy training for track, be forced into a mold created by his coach for the 22 hours he is off the track? Why must he be set off from his classmates who are allowed to participate in current high school trends, no matter how far off base they may seem.

It seems to me that a coach, who would otherwise be out of contact with such a boy, would be happy to be able to influence him for the two hours per day he spends on the track.

Hugh Sweeny
Fanwood, N. J.

•••••

My best regards on a very fine article ("Getting Track Back to Normal," May 1970). The freedom in track (and especially cross-country and road races) has been my main source of pleasure. People of all kinds run (conservative, liberal, young, old, all types) and the unity and brotherhood is something the "straight world" (non-running, that is) could use a little more of.

Tom Johnson
Long Beach, Calif.

A RACE WITH TRAFFIC

We watched Jim McDonagh win the Holyoke (Mass.) marathon. Along the more than 10 miles of route we covered, we saw but one policeman hold up cars for runners. Ted Corbitt was nearly hit by two cars in succession merely 400 yards from the finish. McDonagh boldly held the middle of the lane, forcing cars to swing into the oncoming lane to pass him. (We say boldly because much of the time his presence was the only announcement to oncoming traffic that a race was in progress.) Through the center of Holyoke and up the long hills, McDonagh ran the median line as cars streamed past on either side. How he sped steadily through these intersections with lights operating as usual, we don't know.

The last 100 yards were bent around a sharp 180-degree turn up a narrow entrance into a crowded and noisy carnival area. The last 100 feet were run along a 10-foot-wide path past the rides and ticket windows and hundreds of disinterested and strolling patrons whose view of the race was limited to this dismal few feet. It would be just as exciting to attend a parachuting contest and have your view rivetted to the circular target area, never lifting your eyes skyward. You would see who won but you would miss all the beauty. Marathons and carnivals naturally evoke two separate moods--the former not quite tragic, the latter not really comic. They don't belong on the same stage.

Runners deserve a clear road, a marked course and a straightaway finish line with ardent fans. But the AAU has allowed the race to be a hazard and the finish a sideshow.

Donald & Susan Grant
Florence, Mass.

SMOG RUNNING

After reading Hal Higdon's article (On the Run, May 1970), I was moved to do a little investigation into what southern California long distance runners are inhaling as we go jogging merrily along footpath and freeway. For those of you who have never run in the smog, let me describe it for you. First, your eyes burn and water. Visibility is usually no further than a mile. The air is hazy and brown colored. After a few miles of jogging and inhaling all the ozone, sulfur and nitrous oxide, your lungs start to burn. Breathing becomes short, shallow and very painful. Near the conclusion of a workout, a mild case of diarrhea usually sets in. The skin takes up a peculiar "oily" smell. After completing a workout, there is usually a "smog hangover" that lasts a couple of days.

So congratulations to Hal Higdon for taking a stand. We do need clean air and parks to run in. But it will not come to pass until every runner strikes out against the polluters. They are not hard to find. You drive one every day.

Dr. John Pagliano
Pasadena, Calif.

MEDICAL NOTES

Marathoners are usually sickeningly interested in their bodies. I know I am. It's the only one I've got. Articles on the physiology of running, treatment of injuries, causes of injuries, etc., are always of interest. I know, after collapsing with heat stroke in Toronto last summer and spending a frightening night in the hospital. I was delighted to read later that brain damage was unavoidable and death quite likely following such collapse. (As my wife pointed out, I must have suffered brain damage, because I raced three days later and have carried on running ever since.)

Ray Will
Sarnia, Ont.

•••••

(This one stumped our "Medicine Man.")

If you know anything about the "numb-tongue syndrome" would you enlighten me? After a particularly long and hard race, my tongue goes numb and stiff. Imagine not being able to join the after-race yakking session because your tongue is hung up? While it may be a blessing to my running comrades--who get to miss my step-by-step replay of the race--and may lend an aura of serenity to my runner's image, I would like to avoid this frustrating case of "lingual bends."

Jim Engle
San Francisco, Calif.

THE ROLE OF WOMEN

As to girls running: I think girls should be girls and men should be men. I have nothing more against girls running than I do against guys playing with dolls and doll houses, or doing knitting and crocheting and sewing. I have nothing more against girls running than people would have against guys wearing dresses, or than they have against guys with long hair down to their shoulders. The world is full of double-minded hypocrites and narrow-minded idiots who think nothing at all about "tom-boys" and girls acting like males, but who are the first to rant and rave and ridicule "sissys" or any guy acting like or looking like girls in any way.

Wayne Duff
Lafayette, Ind.

•••••

Please do not send me "Runner's World" any more. It is not really of interest for me and there's no point in you just paying out postage, etc. Your magazine is a man's magazine and I personally don't like to see you trying to steal the women's market. Vince Reel doesn't try to cut into Track and Field News or Runner's World readership, nor does T&FN try to cut into WTFW readership. I'd favor seeing articles on distance women running in WTFW where they belong and not in a man's magazine where they're out of place, of no interest to 90%-plus of the readers and the handful interested are readers lost to WTFW.

Pete Pozzoli
Enfield Lock, England

•••••

I think it is great that you devote so much space to women in the magazine.

Natalie Rocha
Sacramento, Calif.

NEXT ISSUE: Dr. Cooper Interview

Next issue, we'll be featuring an interview with Dr. Kenneth Cooper--the "Aerobics" man. Cooper has studied the effects of running as extensively as anyone in history and has data on nearly a million test subjects. He releases in this interview some little-known facts uncovered in this testing. They relate not only heart attack victims and the generally unfit, but also to competitive distance runners.

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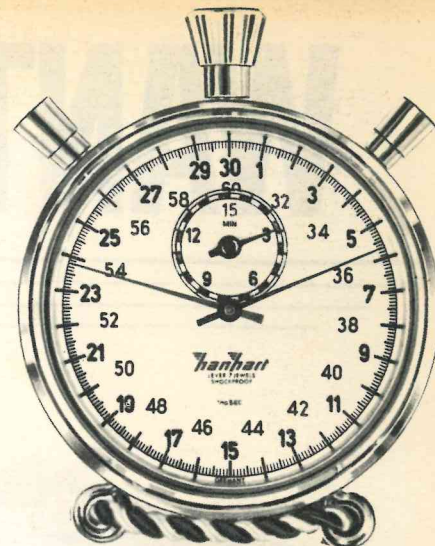


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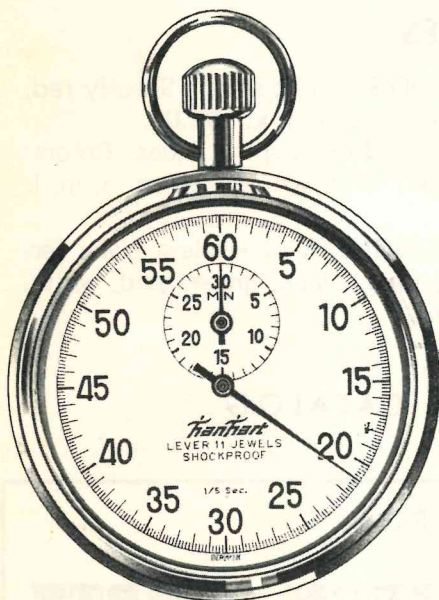


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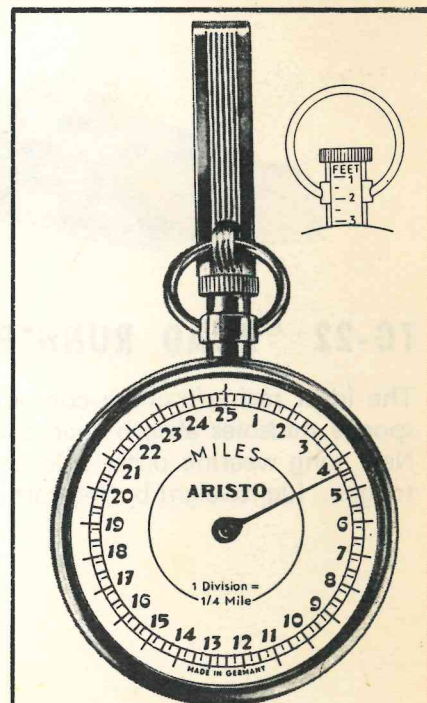
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