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FORMERLY — DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS



March 1970

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Note from the PUBLISHER

As you look through this issue (first one printed outside of Kansas) you may notice a "new" look done to further improve our magazine. First of all, you may notice that this issue seems more organized than ever before. This is the result of Joe Henderson--our new editor. Secondly, we have changed the type on you. Recently we purchased an IBM Executive--with a carbon ribbon--typewriter and we feel our type is now much easier to read. Thirdly, we have just laid-out the issue a little bit different than in the past. In the near future we have other "new" things planned --like color, more pages, more pictures, etc. Keep telling your friends about us because this helps us reach new heights even faster.

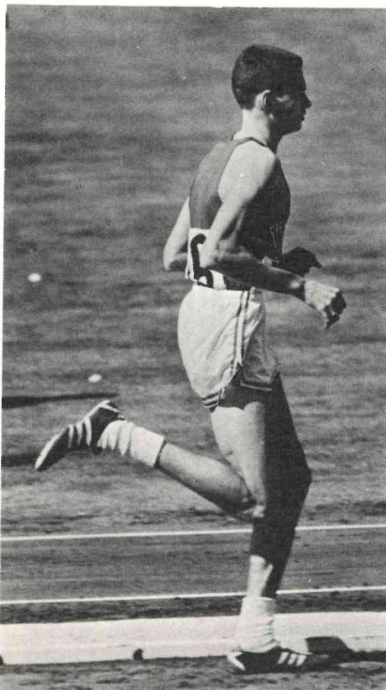
We have had some letters about orders mailed to us between Dec. 25 and Jan. 10. People, the reason for the delay was our move (we didn't actually get out here until Jan. 3), and I hope you won't feel we are always this slow in getting out our orders. We still aren't completely set up, but within the next 2-3 weeks we'll be able to ship orders within 1-4 days after receiving them if the merchandise is in stock. If you are ever in the San Francisco Bay area, our office address is 95 Main St., Los Altos. Come by and see us and our set-up.

You'll find the work of several new writers in this issue. They are Dr. George Sheehan, Dave Prokop and Elio Trifari, who have agreed to write regularly for us. Welcome, men, to our staff. Also, I would like to mention our new photo suppliers: Tony Duffy, Ron Linstead, Horst Muller, Peter Tempest, Helmut Kreiger, Michael Oliver, Dick O'Connor and Donald Duke. Also cartoonist Rick Vasquez. Thanks, men, and keep the pictures coming. If anyone else wants to help our here, please drop me a line.

In closing, I want to mention that we are very proud to announce that we'll be the co-sponsor of the first annual Golden Gate Marathon (May 30th, San Francisco). It should prove to be a great one, and I hope many of our readers can make this one.

Photo Quiz

NAME THIS
WORLD RECORD HOLDER



LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Sixty-four correct answers were received. RICH NEHRING's post card was drawn and he was awarded \$10.00 worth of books.

THE ANSWER:
DYROL BURLESON

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: April 15.

Send all entries to:
Photo Quiz, P.O. Box 366,
Mountain View, Calif. 94040

Running Through This Issue

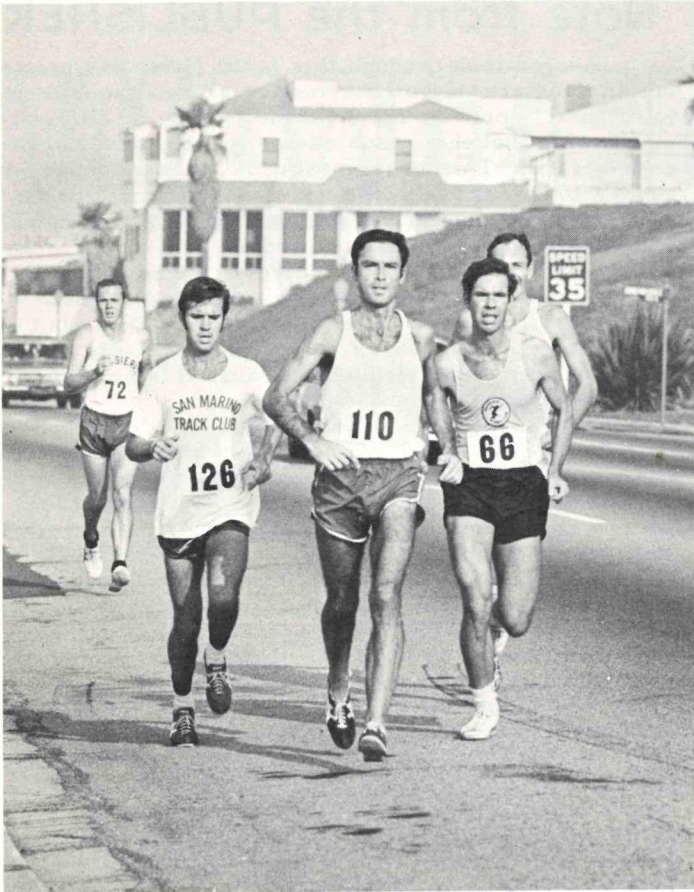
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ON THE COVER: Marathoner Jerome Drayton and his winnings.
See Drayton interview on page 8. (London Free Press photo)



Chugging along toward the halfway mark in the National AAU mara-
 tion are (l-r) Al Haas (126), Des O'Neil (110), Dave Vahey (66) and
 John Spurr. (Donald Duke photo)



A rock-filled, swiftly flowing stream presents obvious hazards for
 this group of men and women in a recent northern California cross-
 country race. Methods of crossing vary widely. (Tom Perez photo)

THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Runner's World received a complaining letter not long ago saying, in effect: "You guys quit giving so darn much attention to the Boston marathon. It's not the only race in the country, you know!" Obviously it isn't the only race--not even the only important one. But this reader is expressing a minority opinion. For every letter like his, we get 25 asking: "Please, how can I enter the Boston marathon?" "When is the race?" "What are the qualifications?" Boston, like it or not, is the biggest news in road racing, and minimizing our coverage of it would be like Track & Field News reporting the Olympics on page 23, or Sports Illustrated telling of the World Series in "Scorecard."

Boston's 1970 road show won't be any less an attraction, or much less of a headache for Will Cloney, Jock Semple and their cohorts on the organizational end. Knowing I'm adding to their burdens, I hesitate to mention the vital particulars of the race here. But runners want to know. The 74th annual run-in will be Monday, April 20. A \$2.00 toll is collected from each runner who mails his entry form to Cloney, the race chairman, in care of the Boston AA Athletic Committee, Boston Garden, Boston 02114. Entries close April 3.

Semple handles a good deal of the legwork for the race, and absorbs much of the worry and criticism that goes with trying to make 1000-plus runners happy. By January, he desk in Boston Garden, where he works as a physical therapist, already was covered with

letters containing the same type of Boston marathon questions we get. The entry explosion (the field tripled in size between 1966 and 1969) finally has snapped his never-too-durable patience.

"I used to welcome this chore and figure I was putting something back into the sport that I enjoyed and which did so much for me," said Jock, who over three decades has seen the race as athlete, coach and official. "But this enthusiasm has been dulled by the number of requests from people who by no stretch of the imagination can be compared even to joggers. I don't mind the work and headaches, but the 52-inch waist guys and the six- and seven-hour derelicts are a little exasperating." These "clowns", as he calls them, are Jock's pet gripe. It's them he wants to weed from the field that mushroomed to 1152 last April.

Stamped boldly atop this year's entry form is the word "INVITATIONAL." It doesn't mean this will be another Fukuoka, where no one slower than 2:30 need apply. What Semple and Cloney are saying is that for the first time there'll be efforts to keep out Jock's "clowns." Reading on, we find a list of requirements, at least one of which must be met to gain entry: 1. complete a past marathon within four hours; 2. finish two races of 10 miles in the last year; 3. have a college coach's or AAU district chairman's statement that you're fit enough to break four hours. "THIS IS NOT A JOGGING RACE" adds emphasis to the conditions.

Semple still has a heart. "We will try and enforce these requirements," he says, "but of course we'll be sensible enough to stretch a point. So far we have given a lot of leeway, but if the race still grows next year we will be more drastic. This is in the form of an experiment." He's realistic, too. Even with restrictions he predicts a record starting crowd of "1200 or more this year... and this is too many. I would rather see around 800, but would settle for 1000 as optimum."

Meanwhile, runners from all directions are making plans for their pilgrimage to the Mecca of marathoning. Few sincere racers are going to be cut by the new rules. Nor, unfortunately, very many insincere ones since rules don't concern them much. That's okay. They'll get their just reward at 10 miles, or six, or earlier.

The international aspect of the race, which is a world apart from 99% of the runners, is taking on best-ever shape. At our March 1 deadline, little was definite. But Canadian Jerome Drayton, the Fukuoka winner, is certain to be racing--most likely against several Japanese and Mexicans, and possibly against European champion Ron Hill. Semple reported, "Pat McMahon was in Puerto Rico and he brought back word that the Japanese are coming. The Mexicans don't know, but they are always last-minute entries. The Road Runners Club of England is raising money in hopes of sending Hill.

"You can bet your last dollar, as usual, that we will have the best--and the worst--at the Hopkinton starting line."

A CHAMPIONSHIP AT REDFIELD, IOWA?

Redfield, Iowa, may have 1000 residents if the census includes cats, dogs and chickens. The tiny farm-based community 30 miles west of Des Moines hardly looks like a marathoning center in the tradition of Yonkers and Culver City. Yet, unlikely as the location appears, the National AAU has handed its prized championship race to Redfield. The persistent and persuasive talents of a local doctor, Tyrus Peace, and the district AAU chairman, Harold "Butch" Hammer, convinced national leaders that a little Iowa town and a big marathon championship are a compatible combination.

Peace, a 56-year-old osteopath and road runner with quite a story of his own, has whipped up "marathon fever" in his hometown. The national race on June 7 may lack the sophistication of past championships, but judging by Peace's efforts with last year's Junior Nationals it's bound to be a first-class race tinged with the unique, homey flavor of small-town hospitality.

Redfield has no hotels or motels. But the good doctor promises, "We'll be able to accommodate everyone who enters." For last year's marathon, members of the Lions Club opened their doors to out-of-town runners. Volunteers turned out to officiate. Runners, unaccustomed to such attention, were treated like visiting royalty at a night-before feast. Things went beautifully, and everyone seemed to love it--marathoners and townspeople alike--even in 10-degree March weather. Early-June temperatures, which usually aren't outrageously hot (the race starts at 7 a. m.), should make the setting even more agreeable.

Dr. Peace will be running the race as well as overseeing its organization. Several years ago, he cured himself of angina pectoris pains by taking up running. "I'm enthusiastic, but I'm not too good," says the doctor, who now logs 100 miles a week in two-a-day sessions on roads which soon will be carrying some of the country's best marathoners. Peace will be pleased if he does four hours.

Hammer's role has been to push Iowa from a no-race program to a bustling schedule of 40 or so open events a year within half a decade. The young runner-walker from Des Moines decided, in 1965, the best way to correct the bleak prospects for distance men was to start his own races--no matter how humble. With him, me and three others racing five miles, the street wasn't overcrowded the first time. The only significance of that race was that it got a small group going. The group grew, as it can and does anywhere that racing opportunities are provided. When I went back to Iowa last year for a visit, after two years away from that running scene, finding 25 runners anxious to go 18 miles was a pleasant shock. We couldn't have talked two into going that far a couple of years earlier.

Besides Redfield's marathon, Iowa also landed the National AAU Junior 50-mile championship. Shows what can be done by a few pushy individuals who quit complaining about "no races" and begin making their own.

THE AAU'S CALENDAR

The AAU's Long Distance and Road Running Committee meeting at Miami Beach in December produced the full schedule of championship races. Others are: 15 km. --May 3 at San Diego, Calif.; 20 km. --July 4 at Needham, Mass.; 25 km. --Aug. 1 at Phelps, N. Y.; 30 km. --March 29 at Rockville, Md.; 50-mile--Oct. 18 at Rocklin, Calif.; cross-country--Nov. 28 at Chicago, Ill.; one-hour--July 25 at Santa Barbara, Calif. (with postal races also held in Central, Middle Atlantic, Missouri Valley, New England and Southern Associations).

Other significant news from the gathering included a decision to send a three-man US team to the Kocise international marathon in Czechoslovakia in October... the naming of six marathons (two in the east,

THE RUNNER'S WORLD



Drawn for Runner's World by Rick Vasquez

two in the midwest and two on the west coast) as regional championships, with the winners going to the Nationals expenses-paid. . . Browning Ross' election to a third term as national long distance chairman. . . agreement to call all meets for men over 40 "veterans" and above 50 "masters" . . . reaffirming the special rule allowing disqualified athletes (such as coaches, who are considered "professionals") to regain partial amateur standing once they reach 40. They can compete in long races with the AAU's blessing. That's a too-short progressive step.

JORDAN SAYS, 'QUALITY NOT QUANTITY'

Payton Jordan considers jogging boring, possibly damaging. The Olympic coach's point is debatable, particularly in light of the alternative he offers. But still he has produced, with the sponsorship of the Tea Council of the USA, an interesting little booklet called "Running for Fun and Fitness for Everyone." You can't beat the price. It's available free from Runner's World.

Jordan, track coach at Stanford, tells the benefits of his methods for gaining and maintaining fitness. He recommends mildly fast 70-yard spurts ("run as fast as you can and still maintain full body control") separated by walking. He says straight jogging puts more pressure on the heart and legs than does this speed-tempo type training.

"I don't want to negate the value of jogging," says Jordan. "I just feel there are more beneficial forms of physical fitness." He claims the "quality-not-quantity," "stress-without-distress" method is not only more beneficial but "is less time-consuming and less likely to become monotonous. Thirty minutes is the maximum time for a full day's effort in quality conditioning."

Coach Jordan's ideas are well-tested and obviously have merit. But there are enough runners around who consider interval-type training distasteful and enough of them with ailing muscles and tendons to make me wonder if the misuses of this running can't have worse consequences than the misuses of jogging. Particularly for folks without a background of gentle conditioning.

LAST GASPS

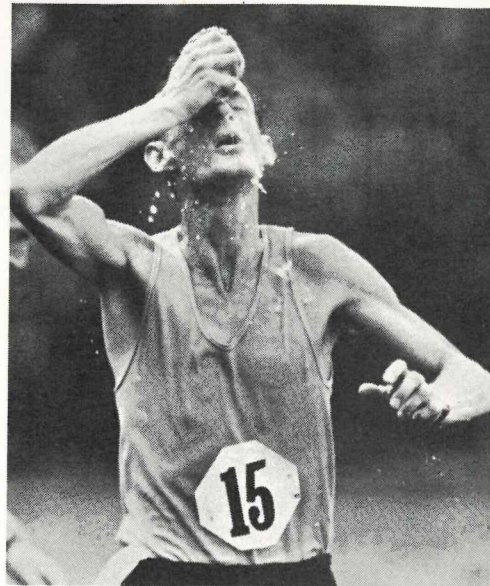
Small (some not so small), specialized, localized publications on the subjects we cover in our magazine are popping up all over the country. For some reason, distance runners and walkers seem driven to put their thoughts down on paper. The efforts range from the weekly and humorous one-page sheet put out by John Romero of the Las Vegas Track Club, to the printed "Missouri Valley Star," a tabloid newspaper. Two of the most comprehensive I've seen are the "Seniors Track Club Newsletter," edited by John Pagliano, and the "West Valley Track Club Newsletter," which Jack Leydig puts together. Both run a dozen or more pages monthly with articles and photos whose appeal isn't limited to club members. We'd like to get on the subscription list of any and all such publications.

The runner-turned-walker trend isn't likely to reach fad proportions. But many marathoners are trying the sport which isn't as closely related to running as it appears. Floyd Godwin, a 2:20 marathoner in 1968, has been most successful. John Rose, himself a converted runner, writes, "Just over six months ago, when he started walking, I could beat him and so could several of my kids. Now Godwin is winning major meets and has a 6:35 mile. Bet he makes the Olympic team in '72." Bob Deines had a go at walking, too. Ten minutes after running a 14:35 three-mile, he decided to try race walking. His mile time of 8:04.2 won't scare Laird and Godwin, but Bob's form looked mighty good for a first-timer.

Joe Henderson's ROAD RACERS and Their Training

JUST
OFF
THE
PRESS!

ONLY
\$2.50!



This new book is the result of a searching 43-part questionnaire sent out in the summer of 1969 to top road racers by distance buff and writer—now Runner's World editor—Joe Henderson. And it forms, because of the terrific response from the runners, really the first comprehensive survey of the sport, its people, their ideas and personalities. The book is a bonanza for runners and coaches for its virtually limitless fund of information on training methods, workout routines, personal statistics and data on more than 60 runners of various classes and abilities.

Some of the athletes covered are:

WORLD CLASS:

Derek Clayton
Ron Hill
Pablo Garrido
Bob Moore (Can.)
Bill Adcocks
Tim Johnston
Jim Alder
Mike Ryan (NZ)

TOP AMERICANS:

Amby Burfoot
Ken Moore
Ron Daws
Hal Higdon

Mike Kimball

Wayne Van Dellen
Gar Williams

THE YOUNGSTERS:

Chuck Smead
David Hargus
Jim French
Craig Streichman
Jim Everett
Barry Geisler

THE SENIORS:

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Walt Stack

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John Pagliano
Tom Osler
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Great reading for every fan!

But it's not only an essential book for the coach & athlete—it's great reading for the fan, too. There is an article on the rise of popularity in marathoning—and why. A very interesting chapter tells why runners run (taken from their individual responses) and is a revealing study of the tremendous variety of reasons people push themselves over 10 or 26 miles or so. There is also a piece on the evolution of distance training methods thru the years, and a chapter gives runners' comments on various topics: advice to young runners, shoes, boredom & its relief, injuries, retirement, coaching, etc.

It's 96 pages of sheer pleasure and information. With 15 photos. Order your copy today. Just \$2.50. Order from:

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Write also for our free Track & Field Market Place catalog of books, films and film loops, Olympic tours and posters, track jewelry, stop watches, coaching aids and equipment, etc.—everything for track and field.

News Highlights

Coming

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, Jan. 1--Mexico's Juan Martinez hustled around the five-plus mile course in 24:02.4, accompanied by the cheering of thousands of spectators celebrating the new decade's arrival, to win the Sao Silvestre New Year's Eve classic. US representative Eamon O'Reilly finished fourth, 15 seconds back.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Jan. 10--Mike Mahler clipped 10 minutes from his best, and about as much from the course record, while winning the Mission Bay marathon in 2:22:25. AAU champ Tom Heinonen was second with 2:26:23.

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M., Jan. 24--Doubell lopped a half-second from Peter Snell's eight-year-old 1000 record with 2:05.5. Ken Swenson got an American best of 2:07.7, while Tom Von Ruden tied the old mark of 2:07.8.

TORONTO, ONT., Feb. 5--Bob Finlay came up with the fastest-ever indoor three-mile by a Canadian--13:19.0--to handily beat marathoner Jerome Drayton (whose own 13:27.2 was a personal best) at the Telegram-Maple Leaf Games.

LAS VEGAS, NEV., Feb. 7--Heat took a high toll (94 of the 187 starters didn't finish). But 20-year-old Steve Dean made it through the Las Vegas marathon nicely, winning in 2:26:54 after a wisely cautious beginning. Tom Heinonen was second in 2:28:02.

BEPPU, JAPAN, Feb. 8--While Olympic medalist Kenji Kimihara was winning the Beppu marathon in 2:17:12.0, American Bill Clark was producing the best race of his life--2:20:39.2.

SAN BLAS, PUERTO RICO, Feb. 8--Three days after running his three-mile best, Jerome Drayton beat a classy international field in the San Blas half-marathon. Racing in 85-degree heat on a hilly course, Drayton ran 1:07:09 to win by a half-minute. Jose Garcia Gaspar (Mex) was second, Pablo Garrido (Mex) third and Bob Moore (Can) fourth.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Feb. 13--Australian Kerry O'Brien whipped countryman Ron Clarke, 8:36.6 to 8:38.8, in the featured two-mile at the LA Times Indoor Games.

HOUSTON, TEX., Feb. 14-15--Relay records went tumbling--unofficially--at the USTFF Indoor championships. With Ken Swenson dashing anchor half-miles of 1:47.9 and 1:47.1, Kansas State did 7:22.4 in the two-mile and 3:17.3 in the sprint medley. Houston got a 2:53.0 three-quarters from Moroccan Mehdi Jaouhar and a 3:59.8 mile from Len Hilton en route to a 9:34.0 distance medley--second-fastest anywhere. None of the record races will be considered, however, since they came on an oversized 352-yard track.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Feb. 20--This 11-lap indoor track is known for its speed. Juris Luzins used it to good advantage, coming within a tenth-second of the world 1000 record by running 2:05.6. New Zealander Rex Maddaford ran the third-fastest two-mile of indoor history with 8:28.6. Both faster marks have come on this track.

NEW YORK, N.Y., Feb. 21--Tom Von Ruden, who lost his American 1000-yard mark to Luzins the night before, gained control of the world 1000-meter record with 2:21.0 at the Olympic Invitational.

NEW YORK, N.Y., Feb. 27--Juris Luzins (1000, 2:06.2), Marty Liquori (mile, 4:00.9) and Art Dulong (3-mile, 13:19.6) got fast victories in the AAU indoor. Francie Kraker Johnson won the women's 880.

SEASIDE, ORE., Feb. 28--Ken Moore, in his first marathon since Fukuoka, easily took the Trail's End race at 2:20:58.0.

MARCH

- 22 International C-C (men), Vichy, France
- 22 International C-C (women), Frederick, Md.
- 29 AAU 30-km. Championship, Rockville, Md.
- 29 AAU Regional Marathon, Rocklin, Calif.

APRIL

- 3-4 Canadian Indoor Championships, Saskatoon
- 5 Hawaiian Marathon, Honolulu, Hawaii
- 10-11 Texas Relays, Austin, Tex.
- 11 Birch Bay Marathon, Blaine, Wash.
- 12 Athens Marathon, Athens, Ohio
- 16-18 Kansas Relays, Lawrence, Kans.
- 18 Kansas Relays Marathon, Lawrence, Kans.
- 20 Boston Marathon, Boston, Mass.
- 22-25 Drake Relays, Des Moines, Iowa
- 24-25 Penn Relays, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 24-25 Mt. San Antonio Relays, Walnut, Calif.
- 25 USTFF Marathon, Championship, Des Moines, Ia.

MAY

- 3 AAU 15-km. Championship, San Diego, Calif.
- 12-13 West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.
- 17 Yonkers Marathon, Yonkers, N.Y.
- 23 Canton Marathon, Canton, Ohio
- 23 Palos Verdes Marathon, Palos Verdes, Calif.
- 25 Plodders' Marathon, Brockton, Mass.
- 27 California Relays, Modesto, Calif.
- 30 Country Lane Marathon, Curtis, Nebr.
- 30 Golden Gate Marathon, San Francisco, Calif.

JUNE

- 5-6 NAIA Track Championships, Billings, Mont.
- 7 AAU Marathon Championship, Redfield, Iowa
- 12-13 NCAA College Track Champs., St. Paul, Minn.
- 12-13 USTFF Track Championships, Wichita, Kans.
- 18-20 NCAA University Track Champs, Des Moines, Ia.
- 26-27 AAU Track Championships (men), Bakersfield

JULY

- 8-9 US vs. France, Paris, France
- 15-16 US vs. West Germany, Stuttgart, W. Ger.
- 18-25 British Commonwealth Games, Edinburgh, Scot.
- 23-24 US vs. USSR, Leningrad, USSR

(Entry information on all marathons is included in the 1970 Marathon Handbook, available from Runner's World for \$1.50.)

Classifieds

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

NATIONAL AAU SENIOR 30-KILOMETER CHAMPIONSHIP, Sunday, March 22, 1 p.m., Rockville, Md. Sponsored by Rockville, Md., Jaycees. 25 awards in 30-kilo race. Program includes ladies one-mile, over-40 one-mile, age group competition (15 years maximum) one-mile and Run For Your Life two-mile. All on all-weather track. Course record: Frank Pflaging (BOC), 1969, 1:36:19.6. 3-loop course in suburban area. ENTRY: \$1.00 all races. Entry form from Lou Castagnola, 4806 Levada Terrace, Rockville, Md. 20853. RACE INFORMATION: on year-round races in Washington area, Larry Noel, 105 Northway Road, Greenbelt, Md. 20770, phone (301) 474-9362. LOCATION: Robert Peary Senior High School, about 5 miles north of Washington D.C. Beltway (495) east of 70S (also US 240) and Route 586 Viers Mill Rd. At intersection of Viers Mill Rd. and Aspen Hill go on Aspen Hill 4 blocks to left on Arctic to school.

1970 SENIOR NATIONAL MARATHON CHAMPIONSHIP. Redfield, Iowa, June 7, 7 a.m. Course certified 26 miles 385 yards. Iowa terrain of rolling plains. AAU sanctioned, open to all AAU registrants. Free lodging and meals for athletes. Lions Club sponsorship. Contact Dr. T.C. Peace, Redfield, Iowa 50233. Senior division and special trophies.

Runner's World Interview: JEROME DRAYTON

BY DAVE PROKOP

Night had fallen last Aug. 20 and the streets of Toronto were brightly lit. A mile from the finish of the Canadian National Exhibition international marathon, distance runner Jerome Drayton, a spectator this time, stood beside the road amid a small group of people--mainly race officials--awaiting the arrival of the lead runners. A slim, handsome figure in a stylish double-breasted suit, colored shirt and polished ankle-high boots, he fingered a stopwatch and wondered good-naturedly whether his Canadian marathon record of 2:16:11 would survive the night. Mile after mile the lead runners had rolled along at a clip which seriously threatened the record while Drayton, still not completely recovered from a serious injury to his legs in April, could only stand by and watch.

Down the road the leader appeared, Jeff Julian in New Zealand black. Running strongly, arms slung low, he came past the checkpoint with about a minute in hand on Drayton's record pace. But the first Canadian still hadn't gone by and almost three minutes were to elapse before he did.

Jerome Drayton, to whom records mean personal satisfaction and retaining records perpetuates the satisfaction, smiled in the knowledge that at least his Canadian native record would remain intact. Then he turned to his coach, Paul Poce, and, in the tone of a man who's had one close call too many, said, "I'm really going to go for a fast time in the marathon at Detroit."

The track world knows the rest. On Oct. 19, on a cool, drizzly day at Detroit's Belle Isle, he raced through a hard-to-believe 2:12:00 marathon, making a shambles of the North American record. Only 49 days later, he ran even faster, pushing relentlessly through an Oriental downpour to win Japan's Fukuoka international marathon--closest thing to a world championship race in the sport--in 2:11:12.8.

No one else, ever, had produced a marathon double like that. And stuck unobtrusively between the two great runs was a 27:41.8 six-mile, run in, of all things, a time trial at Vancouver exactly a week before Fukuoka ("I just wanted to see how strong I was"). The Canadian record, held by Bruce Kidd, had stood at 27:56--15 seconds slower.

Suddenly, Jerome Drayton was/is one of the world's great distance runners. The authoritative Track & Field News ranked him the number one marathoner of 1969, ahead of England's Ron Hill, whom he beat at Fukuoka, and world record holder Derek Clayton. Runner's World ranked him third in its rating of the top distance runners of '69, placing him behind Clayton and Hill, and ahead of the great Ron Clarke. And it was clear to everyone who cared to examine the facts that the young Canadian was the most sensational newcomer on the international distance running scene since 1967, when Clayton made his breakthrough.

Despite his brilliant running (he's now third-fastest marathoner of all-time, behind Clayton and Bill Adcocks), Drayton remains unheralded and unknown in his own country. In fact, he's probably far better known in Japan and perhaps even in England than he is in Canada. When he flew back to Toronto after his Fukuoka victory, he was greeted by three people--coach Poce, one photographer and one reporter (and the latter two would not have been there if Poce hadn't called them). The Toronto Globe and Mail wrote: "Jerome Drayton returned home from his greatest triumph last night but was able to avoid being crushed at the airport." Amazingly, he wasn't even selected as Canada's track and field athlete of the year. The award went to a 16-year-old girl high jumper, Debbie Brill, who had done 5'10" going over the bar backwards, a la Dick Fosbury.

The object of such surprising indifference in his own country is a dark-haired, wiry 5'9", 135-pound chartered accounting trainee. Just turned 25, he drives a little English sports car, likes music, dancing, parties, girls, fashionable clothes and, perhaps above all else, being his own man. Whether he's running a race or living life day to day, he cares little what the bystanders think. Perhaps the best proof of this was his decision, in early '69, to change his name legally from Peter Buniak to Jerome Peter Drayton. He's extremely independent, strong-willed and unusually candid ("I think that was a stupid way to run a race," he said of one opponent's tactics after a race this year). In contrast to his present penchant for the gregarious life, he's been known, in the past, as a loner, somewhat withdrawn and reticent, uncommunicative with strangers, hard to meet and even harder to get to know. Born of Ukrainian parents in Germany in 1945 (he came to Canada in 1956 at age 11), he still speaks with a trace of an accent. The "world" in "world record", for instance, comes out "world".

He competes for that bottomless pit of distance running talent known as the Toronto Olympic Club (six members of the '68 Canadian Olympic team--Andy Boychuk, Dave Ellis, Bob Finlay, Dave Bailey, Abigail Hoffman and Drayton himself). In action, he's the paragon of relaxed, economical motion. He runs flatfooted, with a strikingly low leg action, almost a shuffle, which enables him to glide effortlessly over the ground. Already a complete runner, he is, apparently, getting better still, his most recent block-busting performance being a splendid double in which he ran a personal best 13:27.2 in an indoor three-mile, then three days later beat an international field that included teams from Japan, Mexico, the United States and Canada in the tough San Blas, Puerto Rico, half-marathon (21.1 kilometers).

Drayton displayed an obvious talent for running from the day he first stepped on the track in 1963 at Mimico High School in suburban Toronto and, untrained, won the 440, 880, mile and two-mile in the school championships. In subsequent years, training irregularly, he performed well but not spectacularly. Poce says, "He was known as a guy who could bash the training for two months, then lose enthusiasm." In Toronto track circles, the story on Drayton became: "Tremendous talent--if only he'd really get serious about running."

In October 1967 he did. Intent on making the

Dave Prokop's interview represents one of the longest, as well as most fascinating, features we've ever carried. He talked with his friend Drayton for four hours, transcribed the taped talk onto 51 typed pages, then struggled to get it down to final length. Prokop, a former journalist and now an English teacher, will be doing regular stories for RW in the future. He's a marathoner, naturally.

Canadian Olympic team and fully conscious his on-again, off-again training wouldn't suffice, he began piling up more than 100 miles a week, week after week after week.

Things started happening. He ran 28:22 for six miles and 48:48 for 10 (a Canadian record) the next spring. In June he ran his first marathon, winning in 2:23:57 at Detroit over teammate Boychuk, gold medalist in the event at the '67 Pan-American Games. In the Canadian Olympic trials he won the 10,000 but was left off the team. A few weeks later he ran a Canadian record 2:16:11 marathon--he second effort over the distance. At the 11th hour he was included on the Canadian team as a marathoner.

Mexico City was a disaster for him. Weakened by dysentery, he had to drop out after 15 miles. The Boston marathon in '69 was another disaster. Although highly trained, he had to drop out after only two miles because of injury.

After that came the long, slow recovery and eventually the return to form. He ran his first race in August, then scored a major international victory on Sept. 13 in the Springbank 12 at London, Ont., beating the second, third, fourth, fifth and eighth finishers from April's Boston marathon. Later in September, he ran a Canadian record 29:08 finishing sixth in the 10,000 meters at the Pan-Pacific Games in Tokyo. He followed this with a record-breaking victory in a five-mile road race at Guelph, Ont. Then came Detroit.

In this exclusive interview, conducted by Runner's World correspondent Dave Prokop in Toronto on Jan. 10--coincidentally Drayton's 25th birthday--Canada's brilliant distance runner talks freely about his success in '69, his approach to racing, why he changed his name, how he trains, and numerous other subjects.

RW: In view of your great performances in late '69, the obvious question is, has such resounding success been a surprise to you?

DRAYTON: No, I wouldn't say so. Actually, I knew that someday I was going to have a breakthrough and that it would come in the near future. I thought Boston would be it because I was getting used to running more than 100 miles per week and it seemed easy. I was in fantastic shape at Boston--definitely in sub-2:15 shape--but, of course, I got fouled up.

Well, Detroit turned out to be the breakthrough, even though the race was fairly hard and once I stopped I could feel the pain. Japan, on the other hand, was so easy. There was no pain whatsoever when I finished. I mean, I was stiff in the legs but you get that always. Otherwise, I was really fine. I knew that my breakthrough was complete.

RW: How did that injury around the time of Boston develop?

DRAYTON: I did a lot of running that winter in a fieldhouse, and the tight corners hurt my legs. My muscles seemed to give way, became very sore.

Before Boston, I had two road races here in Toronto and each time my legs seemed to get worse. I had severe muscle cramps after I finished. Then at Boston the pain just shot up from my ankles to my knees in both legs after two miles, and I went from five-minute pace to eight-minute pace. There was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

RW: How long did it take you to get over that injury, which I believe was diagnosed as a severe case of shin splints, wasn't it?

DRAYTON: That's right. Well, I had to lay off completely for three weeks. I couldn't even jog. Once I did start jogging I could only do about 50 miles a week for about three-four weeks. By then it was almost July and the Pan-Pacific Games were coming

up. So I started running 150 miles a week right off the bat. I did that for three weeks, but then I cut down to 70-80 miles. It was too humid. I just couldn't take it anymore. Around Aug. 10, I decided to take a gamble and enter the 10,000 at the Eastern Canadian championships. The gamble paid off: I won. From there on I raced about once every two or three weeks, and each time my legs kept getting better. The last true test was the 10,000 in Tokyo at the Pan-Pacific Games. I still had to test myself on the track with spikes on. Well, in that race I led all the way except the last lap, where five runners outkicked me. But the important thing is, my legs felt fine.

RW: The Detroit marathon in October was not a particularly important race. There was nothing at stake. Yet you chose that race as the time and the place for a major effort. Could you summarize what your objectives were in going into that race?

DRAYTON: Well, I had three reasons for running in Detroit. One was to break my own (Canadian) record of 2:16:11 which I didn't think was very good at the time. The second, which I think was more important than the first, was to see whether I could finish it--because the last two had been flops for me, Boston and Mexico. Even though I was injured in one and sick in the other, you know, you still get this funny feeling that maybe the marathon's a jinx. You step to the line, you have 26 miles to go, and you're starting to think, "I flopped the last two times, maybe I'll flop again." Thirdly, I wanted an invitation to Fukuoka and Detroit was my chance. I understood that they were going to invite the top 1969 marathoner of Canada. So all I had to run, actually, was 2:18 and I would get the trip.

I planned to run five minutes per mile as long as I could, and it worked out well. But I was tired after 15 miles. I don't know; I guess it's because it was a five-lap course and after three times around you get sick of it.

RW: One of the amazing things about that Detroit race is that you were able to run so fast with no one pressing you. The next runner was 15 minutes behind you. You seem to operate exceptionally well under those circumstances--out on your own, no one to bother you, just going against the clock.

DRAYTON: Well, when I'm out on my own I'm very relaxed. I don't have to worry about anybody behind me so I just concentrate on time. But in a marathon, running on your own like that can be monotonous.

RW: Do you actually run better when you've broken away from the field?

DRAYTON: Well, I feel more comfortable. But having runners beside me doesn't bother me. It used to but not now. In fact, I use 'em now. If they're beside me and going fast enough for me, I'll let them do the pacesetting and I'll just relax. But if I feel the pace slacken, then I'll take the lead right away.

RW: Your objective in Japan was 2:10 wasn't it?

DRAYTON: Yes, 2:10 or even faster--providing the conditions were perfect, which they weren't.

RW: And the objective also was to win.

DRAYTON: Yes. Well, once I found out that Clayton and Adcocks weren't there I couldn't see why I shouldn't win. They asked everybody what they thought the winning time would be, and I said 2:10, which was my goal.

RW: Suppose Clayton and Adcocks had been there, and healthy, how would you have rated your chances?

DRAYTON: I still would have rated myself equal to Clayton and Adcocks. But I don't think I would have been as confident of winning. Certainly my time would have been faster. I don't think Clayton and Adcocks would have fooled around.

RW: It was raining heavily the day of the race in Japan. Obviously, you didn't think the weather conditions were too bad to follow through on your plan of running 2:10.

DRAYTON: No. The conditions actually weren't too bad. I suppose it would have been better if it hadn't rained so much. It was pretty bad at first when we stood around waiting for the start. You know, you get cold, with this rain pelting down on you. Then, at the start, we had to run 2 1/2 times around a track that was completely under water. So our socks and shoes were completely wet even before we'd finished half a mile. But I think once we got going, out on the pavement, it seemed alright. It was fairly mild.

RW: In the race you were on your own after a mile, weren't you? They just didn't go.

DRAYTON: No, they didn't go at all. I turned around a few times just to see whether anyone was at least attempting something. But it was just me and then a big, huge pack 20-30 yards behind me.

RW: What went through your mind at that time? Did you think, "Now I've got them."?

DRAYTON: No, I didn't. For one thing they didn't give us splits until the 5000-meter mark. So between the time I went out in front and the 5000... well, you kinda wonder, you know, what you're doing, whether you're going out too fast, you may blow up. So I was actually gambling, hoping that my time wouldn't be too bad at the 5000. And when I did get there it was 15:10--only five seconds faster than I wanted to do. Well, from there on I knew I had the race in the bag. I was running at the pace that I wanted to run and I felt excellent at it, in perfect condition. The gap between myself and the pack was increasing all the time. So I just said to myself, "Okay, you've got it in the bag. Just relax and run it hard all the way."

RW: Ron Hill was moving up on you in the late stages of the race. Were you aware of this?

DRAYTON: No, I wasn't. But I could see him enter the stadium just as I was going into the last bend. So he was about 200 yards behind me.

RW: Suppose Hill had seriously threatened at the end. Could you have pulled out an extra effort to hold him off?

DRAYTON: Oh, yeah. I was strong all the way. I just let up at the end because time didn't seem to matter to me anymore. I had looked back at about 35 kilometers, couldn't see anyone, so I just said, "To hell with it. I'll just run to the finish." It probably cost me about 30 seconds. But if Hill had really got close to me I would have known it and I would have got going again.

RW: The Fukuoka course is obviously very fast. What kind of a course is it?

DRAYTON: It's very flat most of the way. The few hills on the course are so gradual they wouldn't effect your pace at all. It's an out-and-back course. I think that plays a big part. I don't know, once you turn around at the halfway point it doesn't seem to matter anymore how many miles you've got to go. You know you're on your way home.

RW: Fukuoka today ranks as the world's highest-calibre marathon. Consequently, one would assume there must be no small degree of pressure on the competitors in the race. Were you at all nervous, worried about the race?

DRAYTON: No, I wasn't. I think, personally, the best thing to do is just take these things in stride, not to worry about them. This is what I did when I ran my 48:48 10-mile and my 2:16:11 marathon in '68. Each time it worked out well.

On the other hand, in the case of both Mexico in '68 and the Boston marathon last spring I really



Nick DiCorpo photo

worked myself up to it--trained hard for months, concentrated completely on the race and what I wanted to do in it. Each time I got fouled up at the last minute. It hits you hard, spending all that time preparing for one race and it doesn't pay off.

It's almost like an "I-don't-care" attitude. Some people might think that if you don't care you'll tend to slow down, let the guy go. But I don't do this. I'll go after him if I know I can, and I can now. But still I won't get uptight about a race.

RW: Do you think you can maintain such a casual, relaxed attitude when you have such important events as this year's Boston marathon and the British Empire Games coming up?

DRAYTON: Yes, I think so. Well, for one thing I don't think about the British Empire Games or Boston right now. As a matter of fact, the only time I think about track is when I'm actually training or racing.

I used to be fanatic about track before, but not now. I don't even read track magazines that much anymore. Like this magazine from California, Track & Field News. I used to read it about four times, over and over. Now? I got one last night--the December issue. I was through it in three minutes flat. I just read the headlines, look at some of the pictures and then throw it in the garbage. I don't even save them anymore.

No, I try to get away from track. I try and live, you know, just like any other guy--just enjoy myself. After my evening workout is over I shower and I just think about what I'm going to do the rest of the evening. And it certainly won't be reading about track.

RW: As early as September--a month before your breakthrough in Detroit--you had said you goal in running was "to get a few world records and a gold medal".

DRAYTON: Yes. I think unless you strive for something there's no sense running--unless, of course, you're doing it just for health. I can't see myself enjoying running 150 miles a week just to race and be in the middle of the pack. And I don't enjoy running just to run. I have an ambition and that's to get world records or gold medals, either one or both. I'm prepared to do the hard work for it if I know I'm going to get anywhere and I know I'm going to get somewhere because I work pretty hard at it.

RW: What does that mean to you--a world record?

DRAYTON: (Pause) Satisfaction that I've finally achieved something that I've tried hard for,

something that I wanted. I think being number one in the world is the greatest satisfaction that you can get.

Winning is nice, but to me it's not really the ultimate challenge because to win a race or even to be the best in the country, like Canada, I wouldn't have to run 150 miles a week. If I just wanted to win races I'd probably run 60-70 miles a week and be satisfied with that. But I do want to hold records and I want to get them as fast as possible. And I realize the only way to do it is to train hard--run around 150 miles a week--and to go hard in races.

RW: You habitually run a hard pace in your races, don't you?

DRAYTON: Oh, yes. I go for time all the time. When I race I go to my limit--even if I don't want to. It's automatic. Sometimes I'll say to myself, "Slow down for awhile, just a quarter of a mile." But it just doesn't work. After about 10 yards I just seem to pick it up again, even if I'm in real pain.

No, I don't like to ease off because you start easing off and you're gonna ease off a lot. And it'll hurt your final time. Besides, I think the only way you can achieve something like a world record is by running faster and faster all the time.

RW: There are reports that you're planning on going after the world 10-mile record this year. Is that right?

DRAYTON: Yes. I think I can get it, now that I know I can run less than five minutes per mile for 26 and also that I ran 27:41 for six miles. Also, at the moment, the 10-mile world record would seem to be one of the easiest world records to break.

RW: In the hope of further probing what motivates you as a runner, let me ask you this: do you run to prove anything to yourself?

DRAYTON: No, I don't think so. I'm not really running to prove anything to myself. I took up running because I enjoyed it. I mean, the first time I saw anybody run I suppose I was like everybody else, saying to myself, "Now why would anybody want to do that--just go out and run? How can you get anything out of that?" But then I got involved in it and I enjoyed it.

I played different games. I used to play lacrosse before I took up running, and I enjoyed it a lot. But one day I saw somebody get paralyzed--broke his back. Well, that was it. I just dropped my stick right there and said, "To hell with that. There's just no way I'm going to play lacrosse anymore." Besides, you didn't really get anything out of lacrosse. You didn't travel, for instance. You just played a game. I used to play pool a lot. I made a lot of money at it. I lost a lot of money. But then I just got sick of playing pool.

RW: Are you a good pool player?

DRAYTON: Oh, yeah... well, I had my own cue. I used to spend as much as 12 hours a day on the weekends in the pool hall. But then I got sick of playing pool--the smoke, the atmosphere. It bothered me all of a sudden. I just wanted to get out.

Well, I just had to do something in my spare time so I tried running. I have tremendous energy and I have to use it on something--whether it's lacrosse, or going out and playing pool with the guys, or running.

RW: Did you give up pool altogether when you started running?

DRAYTON: Well, no. I was still playing pool while I was running. This is one of the reasons why I was running on and off for a few years. Well, I guess I didn't have the willpower to go through with the necessary amount of training. I would train for two-three months, then quit and go back to the pool hall to play four or five hours everyday and 12 hours a day on the weekends.

RW: What an amazing transformation--from pool hall to a running track!

DRAYTON: Well, this is what I mean about running. I do it as an enjoyment. Just because I'm starting to run well I'm not going to change my habits. I'm not going to stick to a particular diet or start worrying about getting to bed at a certain hour. I don't go for this. I still play pool the odd time, but I don't play that long. I like to go out and enjoy myself. I like to live fairly wild. I do a lot of dancing. I go to a lot of parties, meet a lot of people. I don't let my running interfere with these things and, on the other hand, I don't let these things interfere with my running.

RW: Yet, haven't you been a rather reticent person in the past, even somewhat of a loner?

DRAYTON: Yeah, I suppose I have definitely been a loner. I'm the only child in the family and up to 18 years of age I didn't really do anything socially. I never used to meet people, I never went out with girls or anything like that. I suppose I was what you would call shy. I didn't really have the nerve to go up to anybody and say something without actually knowing the person in the first place.

But now I don't have any problems meeting people. I suppose traveling helps. You have to meet people, somebody is bound to talk to you. And it gets easier to talk to people. All of a sudden it's nothing. You know, you just talk to a stranger like you already knew him.

RW: In the early months of 1969 you amazed the basically conservative people who make up the track set in Canada by announcing you had changed your name from Peter Buniak to Jerome Drayton. Why did you change your name?

DRAYTON: My name had bothered me. I never did like the name--and this has nothing to do with my background. I mean, I don't care what I am--whether I'm Russian or Canadian or American or what. But I just didn't like the sound of it. Everytime I got introduced--and when you're in business you get introduced a lot--I'd sort of feel uncomfortable. That bothered me a lot.

So I said to myself, "One of these days I'm going to change it." And I finally did. I just didn't know how to go about it. Otherwise, I would have changed it a long time ago.



Nick DiCorpo photo



Drayton is nearly as potent on the track as on the road. Here he leads teammate Bob Finlay in a race at Toronto. (Nick DiCorpo)

Then I just happened to be auditing some books for a law firm. I decided to ask one of the lawyers how I'd go about changing my name. He showed me one of his law books. I read up on it and within two months I filed an application for a change of name.

RW: How did you settle on "Jerome Drayton"?

DRAYTON: I had two first names that I was interested in. One was "Jules" and the other "Jerome". Finally, we decided on "Jerome". "Drayton" was picked out of a phone book. We wrote down around 30 names and we just tried the sound of them with "Jerome" and we decided on "Drayton".

But I've been reading in the papers lately--I think these people are idiots--that I changed my name so I could somehow run faster. They think I've taken my names from Harry Jerome and Paul Drayton. That's a lot of bull. I ought to call those people and tell them to have their heads examined.

RW: Since you started running in '63 you've been with the Toronto Olympic Club which is, of course, exceptionally strong in the distance events. What has running for Toronto Olympic and coach Paul Poce meant to you?

DRAYTON: To be truthful, it doesn't really matter to me which club I run for. The club, as a unit, doesn't mean that much to me. I'm with TOC because of Paul. Not because he tells me what to do, because he doesn't. I do my own training, I set up my own schedules, if I do set them up. Paul knows I'm

very independent and don't like anyone telling me what to do. But as a person Paul is tremendous, and this is the reason why I stay with him. I consider him my best friend. As a coach he's helpful in providing me with incentive. He has faith in me, in what I'm capable of doing and he tells me these things. He reveals his faithfulness in me. I think that's enough to provide me with the incentive to train hard. And with each success I realize Paul was right in the first place and I keep going.

RW: Did Paul help you in your earlier days by actually setting up training schedules for you?

DRAYTON: Oh, yeah. I have to give him credit for getting me started because I went into it blindly. I didn't know what to do. I thought just warming up for three miles was a terrific workout. Somebody had to show me what to do, and Paul has to get all the credit for that.

But, like I say, I'm very independent and eventually I started training on my own. As the months went by, Paul realized that my way of training was alright for me, that leaving me alone would be better for me because I knew what I was doing. And it's worked out very well.

RW: It's been said that among your clubmates you've been known to make statements such as "when I win in Munich in '72" and "There's no way you're going to beat me today". Would you call yourself a cocky person?

DRAYTON: No, I don't think I'm cocky. I may have said that to a couple of guys in the club, but I think if you ask them they would tell you that I wasn't serious, just funning around.

No, take the international trips I've been on, for example. I never go up to somebody else and say, "There's no way you're going to beat me today." I leave them alone. You know, I try to keep away from them. I don't want anybody to talk to me and I don't want to talk to anybody.

RW: Now that you've achieved such status in the marathon and also have a 27:41 six-mile behind you, which distance do you see as your main event?

DRAYTON: I can't really answer that. I like running on the track, so I like the two miles, three miles and six miles. I also like the marathon, although I don't think I'd like to run too many marathons.

I don't like to stick to one race. I think you can score in at least two events--if they're fairly close together--like six miles and the marathon, or the 5000 meters and 10,000 meters.

I suppose I realize now that the marathon is where my greatest potential lies, but that 27:41 shows me that I've got the ability for at least a bronze or silver medal in the six-mile at the British Empire Games. If I'm pressed for an answer, I think I'd have to say the six-miles is still my favorite event.

RW: What are your feelings about not being selected Canada's track and field athlete for '69?

DRAYTON: Doesn't bother me at all. I don't care.

RW: What about the general lack of attention from the Canadian public and press?

DRAYTON: Well, to tell you the truth, I don't really care either. I mean, I buy the newspapers, I try and save the clippings, eventually I'd like to put together a scrapbook. But it doesn't bother me just how much they write about me or what. Well, it does matter "what" become some of these idiots keep referring back to my change of name, making a big thing about it and coming up with this Harry Jerome-Paul Drayton business. But it doesn't bother me whether I get attention or not.

Here in Canada we went through the Bruce Kidd era and the Bill Crothers era. And the public can't seem to get away from it. They seem to think, "Well, is he as good as Bruce Kidd?" Sure, Kidd was a good runner. But this type of attitude by the public isn't helping the new runners.

This publicity thing doesn't bother me. Like I say, I don't care what others think, what my background is and so forth. I do these things for myself, actually. This is all personal satisfaction.

RW: Behind every successful runner there's a successful training program. What's yours?

DRAYTON: Well, there's nothing complicated about it. I usually do the same thing every day: I try and run between 15 and 22 miles a day. On a weekly basis I run somewhere between 120 and 160, and the average is usually 140-150.

In training I don't set a specific pace. I just run the way I feel. I keep reading about some people who run five minutes per mile and stay at it no matter how they feel. Well, I don't do this at all. If I feel lousy at the start I'll probably run only seven minutes per mile. But gradually I loosen up, I get warm and by the time I finish I'm down to five minutes myself.

RW: In your races in the last half-year you've been running like a runner with endless energy. But surely you must hit days in training where you feel tired like everyone else.

DRAYTON: I do get tired--quite often actually. And when I do I usually cut my workout down. But I don't miss it. I don't usually miss a day because that's bad. Even if you are tired you should do something--even if it's only five miles. At least you're keeping it going day to day.

This is one of the reasons why I split my workouts into two sessions a day. If you're going to do 150 miles a week you have to run 22 miles a day. And if you're going to do this every night in one workout you're going to get sick and tired of it. Every morning and even at work that's all you're going to think about: "Geez, I'm going to have to go out tonight and bang off 22 miles."

So I usually do seven-eight miles in the morning. I may feel I'm dead after that, but this is just something I have to put up with. Besides, I know that at night I only have to do 13-14 miles or so, which isn't that long for me. And in my second workout I usually feel better. It takes me about seven to eight miles to warm up. So doing the morning run I seem to be almost automatically ready for a good workout when I go out at night. Actually, it's when I don't do a workout in the morning that I feel bad at night.

RW: You do two workouts a day every day?

DRAYTON: Actually, in the winter I usually get in three or four double workouts a week. But if I go out once a day I usually hit as much as 18 miles. Once it gets warmer, however, I have no trouble running twice a day.

RW: You obviously don't subscribe to the increasingly-popular Long Slow Distance method of training, where one never gets much below 7:00-6:30 lper mile.

DRAYTON: No. I may start my workouts at about seven minutes per mile, but I don't stay around there. I usually end up around 5:30 or even five minutes per mile all the time. To me, it hurts my legs to run slow. This is one of the reasons I don't like to go slow in races--it makes me feel tired. And, you know, once you feel tired you've had it. So I like to keep a fast tempo--just keep fresh, sort of alive.

RW: Do you prepare any differently for a track race--say, a 10,000--than for a marathon?

DRAYTON: No, I don't. I suppose that's why I improve in my 10,000 slower than I do in the marathon. But it's coming now.

RW: You don't do any speedwork?

DRAYTON: Not on the track. I may do a few sections where I train... you know, while I do an eight-mile run I may do half-mile bursts. But they're not very fast. They're maybe 4:40 per mile pace. I used to go on the track, but speedwork's not for me.

RW: Why do you say that?

DRAYTON: Well, it doesn't work for me. About two-three years ago I spent all spring entirely on interval training, running mile repetitions, half-mile repetitions. Even though I was able to do these workouts well, once I started racing I couldn't do anything. I was running well below par.

RW: Do you ever go out and run to exhaustion in training?

DRAYTON: No, I don't. There wouldn't be any enjoyment in that at all. I train hard sometimes, but not flat-out.

RW: What is the greatest mileage you've ever recorded in a week?

DRAYTON: 190.

RW: You've read, I presume, about Derek Clayton's prodigious mileage in training.

DRAYTON: Yes, I have. I don't approve of Clayton's methods at all. I talked to him in Puerto Rico (in February 1969) and I asked him about his training before Mexico. I had understood that he was supposed to have trained as much as 200 miles a week for six months. I asked him if that was true and he said, "No," on the average he was 160, but he had hit 200 miles the odd time. And he told me he would never touch it again because he had had a knee operation.

This 200-miles-a-week business, once you start doing that track controls you, you don't control track anymore. So you can't really enjoy it because you miss one morning workout or one evening workout, that's it; you're not going to get 200 in and you get frustrated about it.

From what I've read about Clayton he's obsessed with track. I think that's the wrong attitude.

RW: Considering the emphasis you place on records, you must have a great deal of respect for Clayton.

DRAYTON: Oh, yeah, I have a lot of respect for Clayton. Obviously, he's made the marathon a fast event, a hard event. The marathon used to be something that you'd go into because you weren't fast enough for the 5000 or the 10,000. But now you've got to run less than five minutes per mile just to win a marathon. So he's really made something out of it.

But I also respect some marathoners whose best times are slower than mine--like Ron Hill. He's been around a long time and he's always performed well.

RW: Have you given any thought to how fast the marathon might be run within, say, the next eight years?

DRAYTON: I think the marathon record still has a long way to go. I believe two hours can be reached within eight years in the marathon, and I'd like to think I'd be one of the guys to do it. I'm fairly young and I'd like to carry on for quite a few years. I'd like to try and make the '76 Olympics. I'll only be 31 then. That's not a bad age for marathoners.

RW: How fast do you think you might run the marathon in the next year or so?

DRAYTON: I have an invitation to Fukuoka again next December. I think I could get the world record there, providing the conditions are right. I don't see any reason why I couldn't get the record there--unless Clayton breaks it himself before then, brings it down to 2:07 or even 2:06.

Las Vegas 'Death March'

BY JOHN ROMERO

First of all, let me dispel a few rumors concerning the Las Vegas marathon. The run in no way resembled the Bataan Death March. The guys at Bataan were in better shape at the finish. The course was perfectly flat, as advertised--except for two nine-mile hills. And the heat wasn't bad at all. The reason the Las Vegas guys did so well was because they wore asbestos suits.

Really, it was a thrilling sight to see 187 runners break from the starting line and 30 of them drop out in the first quarter-mile. It was like one of those old movies where the good guys make a mass charge at the enemy and all over you see guys clutch their throats and stumble and fall, gasping things like, "I'm finished... give 'em hell, Bruce... gurgle."

Bob Deines was having achilles tendon problems early in the race and felt that running the last 15 miles on one foot was asking too much. You find a lot of temperamental guys like that in distance running.

The real crowd-pleaser was Curly Cochran of Las Vegas, who kept applying various degrees of the senior citizen psych on the younger runners. Well, what would you think if you saw a guy ahead of you suddenly pull to the side of the road, climb into an easy chair, put his feet up and start watching TV? The only trouble was, it was daytime TV--and after a couple of minutes of that you have to start running again.

Everyone got serious after about 10 miles, when the course turned upward toward the first hill. I wouldn't say it was high, but you had to run through a cloud to reach the 15-mile mark. There was this sign near the peak, "Look out for low-flying eagles." A little bit higher and everybody in the race would have qualified as an astronaut.

Phil Camp and Mike Mahler led up the hill, with Jack Leydig close behind. But moving up was this wild kid, Steve Dean, flopping along with one shoe untied, and everybody just knew he was running too fast and about ready for the basket. Dean confirmed everyone's worst suspicions when he barged into the lead at the crest, running like a berserk stork.

"That's inexperience for you," muttered one bystander. Meanwhile, Dean kept careening around corners and up hills and actually began to pull away. This put the newspaper guys covering the race in a panic, because nobody knew who he was. Finally, somebody discovered he was from Sacramento State and had won another marathon, and suddenly everything changed. The same guys who were yelling "inexperience" were now yelling, "Look at that veteran go!"

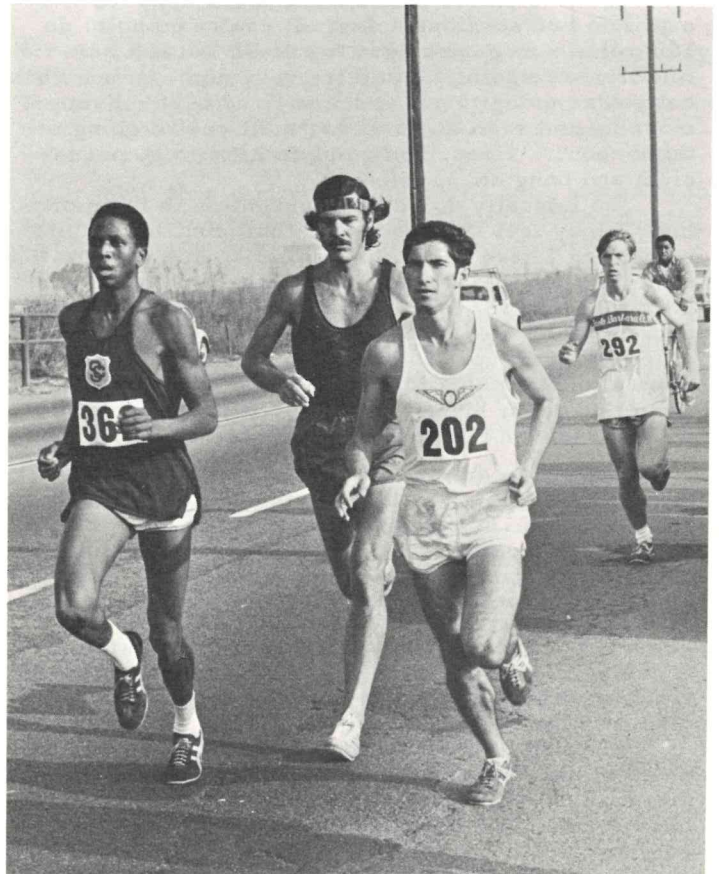
The Las Vegas rooters were giving Dean polite shouts of encouragement, but for the pride of the Las Vegas Track Club--clean-living, clean-smiling Bob Ackerman--they came apart. Here was Bob, the epitome of nice guys, pearly teeth glinting in the sunlight, radiant with health and energy and a lot of other nice things, striding along confidently in the first 20. Bob looks so happy when he runs it discourages his opposition. As the pain increases Bob smiles a little wider. He was practically delirious with joy at the finish. He was 24th in 2:58:34. To him, the race was a laughter.

All this time, poor Dean was having a beautiful attack of stomach cramps. I guess you could say he was running more and liking it less. Anyway, there is something appealing about a college kid in his early 20s who can summon that kind of courage and tenacity and strength. So there was Steve, running for democracy and the flag and cherry pie and dissent and long hair and bell bottoms and even Nixon. He was out of his head, was what he was. Steve managed to stay in front to win in 2:26:54, a little over a minute ahead of Tom Heinonen, who gave it the old charge from way back over the last six miles.

Your correspondent suffered an attack of cowardice and failed to finish. Actually, I caught the flu at 18 miles. That and a sprained body.

Ninety-three souls made it to the finish line, where there was much joy and retching and throwing up and heat prostration. Watching such happiness makes you wonder why everybody doesn't run.

The sponsoring Las Vegas TC was pleased with the event. A few guys wanted to throw in some more hills--those were the guys who didn't run--but they were quickly clubbed into insensibility. The consensus was to repeat the entire delightful race next year.



A quartet of ill-fated marathoners. Fred Ritcherson (362), Byron Lowry (202) and Chuck Smead (292) all strayed from the course while leading the AAU. Headbanded Mike Mahler won the San Diego marathon but dropped out of both this race at Culver City and the heated affair at Las Vegas. (Don Chadez photo)

John Romero is director of publicity, promotion and advertising for the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas. He was included in the majority that didn't finish this year's Vegas marathon.

Confessions of a Quitter

BY PAX BEALE

The Las Vegas marathon is a must for anyone foolish enough to run a 26-mile 385-yard race. Plenty of fun and games, and Las Vegas is a town that could even make a big promotion out of a tiddley-winks game.

However, catastrophe struck this year's race. The weather was HOT, and the bright sun seemed to pound onto the pavement. I won't tell you the reported temperature because it won't impress anyone, but on the road it was hot as hell! The black asphalt sucked up the heat like a blotter. Everyone seemed to get blisters galore in shoes which heretofore were not a problem.

This was to be my race of the year. I had increased my training from 36 to 48 miles weekly and had even dieted down to 201 pounds. This was Vegas... the jackpot... the works. I would never find time to train 48 miles per week again. My cohort, Elaine "Petie" Pedersen, averaged 22 miles per week for 12 weeks with one 20-mile preparatory run.

I learned a bitter lesson, and hope others learn from it. If you have a pre-race strategy, stick to it! I was aiming for a 3:36 race. Not fast, but in my league I count anything as an accomplishment--if I finish. Petie figured she would be slower.

Petie raced through 10 miles in 76 minutes--3:19 marathon pace. I hit 10 in 77:30. The original goal was 82:30. You can put money in the bank, but you can also get greedy. Six minutes 30 seconds ahead of schedule is too much, and Petie would pay dearly for this later. The sun seldom loses.

In the Boston marathon, the losers' bus is always patrolling to pick up dropouts. Las Vegas must like to save transfer fees. Instead of a van-type bus, they had ambulances patrolling. Thanks a lot! The ambulance pulled alongside of me. Those who have known the total wiped-out feeling know how short tempers can get. I didn't wave the ambulance over to me. I admit I couldn't have looked like "Baby" Bikila at the Tokyo Olympics, but I didn't want to be baited into quitting. The hospital "do-gooder" smiled to indicate they were ready for my body. I was mad enough to hit him, but not strong enough. I thought spitting would be sufficient to express my views. I failed due to lack of fire power and ammunition (no saliva).

I then went deep into my bag of tricks, remembering the first dirty sign I had secretly learned when I was about 10 years old. I gave him the gesture, which can best be described as half of the peace symbol. For you old seniors, I should say half of the V for victory. At least I communicated with them. They drove off looking for other victims.

When I finally caught Petie again (she had gained a quarter-mile at a "pit stop"), she said she couldn't breathe and complained of muscle spasms in her chest. Sure signs of heat prostration. The only cures for heat prostration are plenty of rest and liquids. We walked a block, then ran some more.

Someone yelled, "Twenty-one mile mark!" Without saying anything to each other, we knew 21 miles was also the end of this 26-mile race--at least for us.

Our journey was over. We crashed! It was to be the worst kind of quit. This one was a "drive in" quit as opposed to a "walk in" quit.

The change in one's psychological perserverance from "do or die for dear old Hudson High" to "I don't give a damn; I just want to quit" is a strange metamorphosis, difficult to relate. Even more strange is that two hours, two quarts of Gatorade, five pop-sicles and a quart of water later, you wonder if you really had to quit. Were you "chicken"? The mind is not retentive of unpleasant memories. The pain that forced the stopping of the forward locomotion at 21 miles is no longer present. Quitting didn't involve exhausted muscles as much as an overall drain of stamina. Recovery can be quite rapid. Too rapid, perhaps, for it forces you to challenge the need to have "crashed".

However, a quit is a quit, regardless of precisely how you crash into it. I wonder if with each quit there isn't a slight permanent erosion of intestinal fortitude. Do you become like the prize fighter, who once knocked out theoretically finds it easier to succumb to a subsequent potential knockout punch?

Quits are not selective to a specific sport or calibre of athlete. Ask Jim Ryun. Our running abilities don't have any common characteristics, but what motivates our respective running abilities now have lots in common. Ask Muhammad Ali why he had to be forcibly pushed back into action against Sonny Liston. Ryun and Ali have logged in quits. We now have logged in a quit.

I don't respect quitters. My kind of hero is a Ron Clarke, Lee Evans or a Bill Toomey. Like, baby, they don't even know the meaning of the word quit. We are taught to always run through the finish line, not ease up early. How about a complete stop at 21 miles? If in fact the mind is a memory bank for each quit, then a lot of runners left a little something on the Boulder City Highway between Las Vegas and Henderson, Nev. The mind is not a blackboard. You can't ever erase a quit. It is permanently embossed in your gray matter.

For those who have never quit a race, there is no way to describe a "crash" other than say once the decision is made it is relatively painless. You just don't care anymore, and so you quit. Until you reach that moment of truth, it is a living hell. You are playing an introspective "brinkmanship" until you lose. Two facts have been indelibly inscribed in your mind: Pheidippides, the original Greek marathon runner who legged it across the plains of Marathon to announce a victory over the Persians was "no hero" in your book. Furthermore, you will never run another marathon.

However, there is only one way to conquer the problem of a crash, so they say. You have to get up into the big sky again soon, or you may never get over that "gut" reaction.

That night in our sleep, we must have been in communication with Pheidippides. The next morning as we rendezvoused for breakfast at the Sahara, all the talk was about someplace called Seaside, Ore., and its first marathon, Feb. 28. Someone said it was at the end of the Lewis and Clark Trail, which was several thousand miles long. Someone else said the course may have been longer, but they took the northern, cooler route. Lewis and Clarke wouldn't have made it to the 15-mile mark yesterday.

We decided we had to get over our crash fast. We don't know exactly where Seaside, Ore., is. But we knew on Feb. 28 we would be there trying to show those lumberjacks that we city slickers don't intend to crash again. Smile, Pheidippides, smile.

A familiar name to regular RW readers, Pax Beale offers another humorous, thoughtful insight into what it's like for a 6'3", 200-pounder to run a marathon. He's a 39-year-old San Francisco hospital administrator.

Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS



Dave Bedford, Trevor Wright, Bernard Plain, Mike Tagg and Dick Taylor line up in that order during a British race. (Ron Linstead photo)

There are certain fundamental differences between winter season activities in Britain and those in the United States. Cross-country running takes up most of the October-March period in Britain. Championship events of varying importance are numerous. They are the Country championships early in the new year, followed by the Inter-Country. A little later, we have the District races, leading to the Area and finally the National. In addition, there are University and College championships and, for younger boys and girls, several schools contests.

Sporadic indoor competition has been attempted from time to time over the years, but it is only comparatively recently that a serious effort has been made to cater to those who still wish to race shorter distances. These indoor events are now beginning to catch on, though one cannot visualize their assuming the importance of the American season for a good many years yet. At the AAA indoor championships at Cosford, several performances were distinctly encouraging. Colin Campbell, one of Britain's leading 400-meter runners, was impressive in his defeat of established half-milers. His 1:49.6 was not, perhaps, sensational, but the manner of his 12-yard victory made one feel he will be the man to watch if he decides to tackle the 800 seriously. Equally stimulating was Ricky Wilde's victory in the 3000 meters over Scot Ian McCafferty. Wilde entered the event mainly as an experiment to see how he could perform on cross-country build-up only. The result was entirely satisfactory. He tore away from McCafferty with 660 yards to go and won by 30 yards in 7:59.2.

Wilde has surprised many by his big improvement over the country. This started early in the new year with a totally unexpected win in the Lancashire County championship in which he scored over Mike Turner in a thrilling finishing burst, with such internationalists as Ron Hill and Mike Freary left well be-

hind. The crucial test for Wilde came in the Northern championship held on the testing nine-mile Graves Park course at Sheffield under conditions suited to more rugged runners than Wilde. Snow, hail and sleet were whipped by a biting wind, almost gale-force at times. Trevor Wright lost no time making his presence felt. Before half the nine miles, he had detached himself cleanly and convincingly from the group. Running with apparent ease, even up the steepest hill (which had to be climbed four times), Wright seemed almost to float along while others were floundering in the muddy sections or laboring up the slopes. It ended with Wright first in 45:35, Alan Blinston second in 45:53 and Wilde third in 45:59.

Meanwhile, Dave Bedford, most promising of Britain's young distance runners, was making history on the heavy Parliament Hill course in London. After easily winning the Southern championship, he turned out less than half an hour later to win the junior six-mile by a minute. Bedford is said to cover anything up to 200 miles a week and is probably the most dedicated runner we have. His double victory in the Southern championships was not against weak opposition. In the senior event, he disposed of Bob and Dave Holt, Bob Ellis, Bob Richardson and Gerry North. Tall, young Bedford (he's 20) has set himself an almost incredible schedule of training, and one cannot help but wonder how long he will be able to maintain such pressure, self-imposed though it is. He has not been without his setbacks through injury, but nothing seems to have daunted his enthusiasm. It remains to be seen whether he can vanquish such established stars as Trevor Wright, Dick Taylor, Alan Blinston and Ricky Wilde in the National race over a flat nine-mile course at Blackpool.

In Scotland a small, select field turned out to attack Jeff Julian's 40-mile track record. The half-distance was reached in 1:54:23 by Alastair Wood and

Steve Taylor, and they passed the marathon distance in 2:29:21. Taylor kept with his clubmate for a few more miles, the 30 being passed in 2:51:05. Soon after, Wood was left on his own, but he was in great form and kept a good steady pace going for the remaining 10 miles. He broke the tape in a fine world best time of 3:49:49.

BRITISH WOMEN

Rita Ridley, Britain's number one miler, may well prove to be equally dominant over the fields when the women's National championships are held in late February. She showed the form necessary when running clean away from the opposition early in the Southern Inter-County race and then pressing on unchallenged to win by 100 yards from Margaret McSherry and Liz Parncutt. This was followed by a similarly convincing win in the National Inter-County championships. Susan Barnes, 16, ran surprisingly well to finish only about 80 yards behind. Rita has not had matters quite all her own way, though. In the Southern championship, Joyce Smith pushed ahead in the later stages and in a close finish beat Rita. Joyce, by the way, had a previous win in this race--10 years ago!

In the Northern championships, held in Yorkshire over a tough four-mile course with hills, mud and a strong wind to contend with, Barbara Banks soon split the field with her forcing tactics. She went on to win easily in 25:09 from Madeline Ibbotson (wife of former mile record holder, Derek Ibbotson). Thelwyn Bateman's victory in the Midland's race was



Dick Taylor charges up a hill en route to his victory in the British Inter-Counties cross-country gathering. (Ron Linstead photo)

not easily gained. She had to sprint to get past Angela Lovell on the finishing straight.

EUROPEANS

In several European countries cross-country running has almost as big a following as in Britain. But, generally speaking, courses tend to be a good deal shorter and less arduous. This is probably due to their somewhat different approach to the winter sport. The British do not in general regard cross-country running simply as a good method of building up for the track. To them it is a sport in its own right. If the track runners wish to take part (and almost all of the milers and over do) they are welcome --but not on special terms. British courses are rarely shorter than seven miles for senior runners, with nine miles the standard distance for championships. It is expected that certain restraints on speed will be included, such as rough ground, plowland or other heavy surfaces and, where possible, hills of varying degrees of steepness. In the European countries, however, it is customary for courses to be below 10,000 meters and for them to be over fast, flat going, with short laps to attract spectators. In this way, the athlete whose main interest lies in track running is given every chance of excelling also in the winter sport. Which is better? Well, each to his own liking. No doubt an insight into the character of the British and European countries could be gained from a study of these two approaches.

In Spain, cross-country running is regarded more as a spectator sport than a popular national pastime. International events involving small, select teams are arranged and are surprisingly well attended. An international event of this kind at Granollers brought together a number of leading distance runners, including Olympic champion Mohamed Gammoudi, who is not quite the force he was but is still a formidable opponent. Other notables taking part were Dick Taylor and Trevor Wright of Britain, Javier Salgado of Spain, Edgard Salve of Belgium and the Italian 1500-meter specialist Francesco Arese. Gammoudi, unfortunately, had to retire when injured by a fall while still up in the leading group. Wright moved ahead well before the finish and won in 24:09 from Zaddem of Tunisia (24:17.8), with Taylor next in 24:22. British runners seem to revel in their visits to Spain. No doubt the warmer conditions make a welcome change from what they are accustomed to at home. In another international event at Elgoibar, Scottish runner Lachie Stewart, in fine form this season, scored a decisive victory, beating Salgado of Spain by 70 yards. Again it was a British runner who led the way in Spain when Mike Tagg outsprinted Tunisia's Zaddem at San Sebastian. The home country's main contestant, Salgado, finished fifth and Gammoudi eighth. Some idea of the popularity of this event may be judged by the attendance--20,000!

Eddy van Butsele of Belgium should prove a hard runner to beat in the International championship in March. The Belgians, in fact, are likely to play a prominent part as a team in the International. They are nearest to Britain in their approach to cross-country running. Some of their potential was evident in the European club championship held in Belgium over an eight-kilometer course. Although West German Lutz Philipp came home first (by 45 seconds), the Belgians easily accounted for team honors with Salve second and their other counters third, fourth and eighth. Van Butsele was not competing in this race, but he has been a consistent winner in others.

Not much indoor news from Europe. Exciting times will undoubtedly emerge when the top Europeans meet in their indoor championships in Vienna in mid-March.

Pigni Opens New Areas for Women

BY ELIO TRIFARI



Favorites Paola Pigni (201) and Maria Gommers (213) dash along side-by-side early in European 1500 championship. An unpleasant surprise was awaiting them. (Mark Shearman photo)

"I'm running and competing for a new definition of 'woman'. Until now, females were considered as an inferior race by philosophers and writers--a sort of superior animal without arts sensibility, with scarce abilities in all branches of human activity. So it was in sports, where women are simply tolerated, even today. I think if a girl wants to do something in a particular field, she can do it as well as a boy, because both can develop the same abilities if they start from the same point and receive the same instruction. I'm running for that: to demonstrate what a woman can be, what a woman IS, and I'm dedicating my efforts not only to the men but also--or particularly--to other women, to show them what they can do to realize their possibilities."

This seems to be the declaration of a female politician or of a woman deeply involved in the problems of our modern society. Yet this was the text of an interview with Italian Paola Pigni shortly before the European championships last September in Athens, where Paola was favored for the 1500-meter title. She placed only third after a dramatic final lap.

For a more comprehensive evaluation of this girl, we must say something about her life. Born in Milan on Dec. 30, 1945, daughter of former opera tenor Renzo Pigni and a Spanish mother, she graduated from a German high school. This fact prevents her entry into the PE Superior Institute of Italy still today.

According to the "legend", Paola became interested in track and field after seeing boys and girls going to training in an old stadium near her home. Paola's first strides weren't particularly promising. She began as a sprinter and long jumper, but a foot injury and a better aptitude at 100 and 200 meters convinced her first coach, Renzo Testa, to limit her to dashes. Paola showed since her first activity an extraordinary desire to succeed, and her training's continuity and dedication became immediately legendary. But her running appearance was rather unaesthetic: a "jumping" style, as someone called it, a series of "hops" while her arms were held wide and behind the torso--a combination giving the look of

Elio Trifari joins the RW staff with this story on hometown girl Paola Pigni. Trifari, a 25-year-old engineering student from Naples, learned English by studying track magazines. He writes for several European publications, and his chief interest is race walking--a subject he'll cover for us regularly beginning next issue.

bad coordination. Now a world class runner, she has little evident relationship with the image of the "old" Pigni. One who sees her for the first time can notice a style only a little undulating, the last trace of great past faults.

If you have a girl who cannot go under 12.7 for 100 meters and 25.4 for 200 after four years of training, you'll try to convince her to increase her distance. So Paola started specific preparation for the 400, lowering her best from a mere 58.1 to a significant 55.8 in one season, 1966. The same year, on the basis of a good winter training on longer distances including cross-country, she also tried 800 meters. She won the national title in her third race over the distance.

At the 1966 European championships Paola, still doubling at 400 and 800 meters, was a starter in both events but didn't reach either final.

That was her last season of serious competition over 400 meters, where she improved the national standard to 54.2. Her future was over longer distances, and a decisive turning point of her career happened after the European champs, when she began working with Enrico Arcelli, who had a great part in Paola's evolution, and Bruno Cacchi, her actual coach.

Cacchi, a southern Italian and long distance student, was determined to find someone on whom he could test his theories. Generally, he was a follower of Arthur Lydiard's methods, but he also employed a special way of training, publicized during those years by German Ernst van Aaken and now well known as long slow/steady distance (LSD). Very hard with his pupils, Cacchi is an ideal coach for athletes with high motivation, and Paola is one of them.

"I'm unable to run so long at so slow pace," was Paola's first answer to the Cacchi schedule, and only after Dr. Arcelli accompanied her, running at her pace, was the girl convinced there was nothing difficult in LSD if a not-so-young man could do the same work.

Hard training and frequent style corrections gave Paola consistent improvement in the 800, where she went to 2:05.1 (from 2:07.2) in the space of 12 months. Distance training, however, was building her for an explosion in the new women's event--1500 meters. In the meantime, she became even more a distance "fanatic". Her road training went more and

more beyond the Cacchi schedule and it was ever more difficult to control her sessions. "I'm unable to run at reduced pace," she said, "and I'm even faster than my schedule calls for during my training on the track."

At this point, only Dr. Arcelli was confident of Paola's possibilities to conquer the world record. The 1500-meter scene was dominated by Mia Gommers of Holland after the "Anne Smith era", and Cacchi was so dubious that he promised Paola a new car if she became a world record holder.

At the end of 1968 cross-country season, she entered the only European women's race of international relevance (apart from the international championship), the French "Cross de L'Humanite", organized by the French Communist newspaper, L'Humanite and attracting a large entrance of East European runners. Paola surprised all, winning easily against talented runners such as Russians Lyudmila Braghina and Alla Kolyesnikova-Krivoshchekova and showing that the great amount of work accumulated during her 20 months of training under Bruno Cacchi was paying the first dividends. "I don't really know how I won," said Paola after the race, her first international success. "I did nothing else than running and sprinting in view of the finish line, and nobody followed me."

Time was coming to try the 1500. Paola did it in a solo race in Milan in the spring of 1968, clocking 4:21.2--not so bad for a neophyte! It became immediately clear that 1500-meters was the best available distance for her, even if she didn't run the distance again that season. She concentrated on the 800, looking toward the Olympic Games, and came to Mexico with times of 2:04.6 and 2:04.8. But there, after an easy heat, she committed many errors and was completely "shut-out" when her semi came to a hectic point. Even worse was her 400 appearance, where she didn't pass the heat.

The following is a known story: the early-season miles, with a best of 4:41.2 without opposition, the two great duels with Gommers, at Milan in July (4:12.4 against 4:15.0, world record), and in the Europe vs. Americas meet (4:13.2 against 4:13.5) and the gigantic disappointment of Athens.

The story of that race was published throughout the world, trying to explain how a clear favorite and a comfortable leader (15 yards ahead of Gommers) 80 yards before the finish line could lose the continental title against a girl who was next-to-last until the last lap. Czech Jaroslava Jehlickova came out of the hat while Paola was recovering her energies for the final sprint and surprised the Italian runner so much that Paola, after a brief, desperate reaction, remained flat-footed, also losing second place to a more experienced Gommers. Someone said after the race that perhaps things would have been different if Paola had known Jehlickova. But who would give even the title of "darkhorse" to a girl who had run the 1500 only five times and no better than 4:20.1 (about eight seconds off the world record!) and suffered a foot injury two weeks before the meet, an ailment that made her a non-starter in the 800 heat? However, when one wins in the new world record time of 4:10.7 as the Czech did, all other comments are irrelevant.

That was only the second time I saw Paola manifesting an emotion after a race. The first occurred in Milan, after he world record race, when she ran across the track calling "mama, mama" while the crowd--HER crowd--was applauding her as she had probably never dreamed. In Athens, she was the picture of desolation. The first answer she gave to journalists who wanted from her the how and the why was, "Have you ever run a 1500-meter race?" Little after, we could see the true Paola when she said, "The world record will be mine, next year." The

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event was over. A new season, new races were her new objectives.

Generally speaking, it's difficult for Paola to show satisfaction after a race. "I've run very badly, I'm unhappy," are her frequent sayings just after finishing, whether she wins or loses. A very reserved girl, Paola refused to receive an award two years ago because the ceremony would be in a night club at about 11 p. m.--too late for her. She starts her typical day at about 6 a. m. with a session of LSD before going to work (she has a job in the correspondence office of a Milan industry for her good knowledge of foreign languages, but she's still aiming to enter the PE Institute). Normally, she does track work after 6 p. m. (1 1/2-2 hours) with her trainer.

Dedication is perhaps an insufficient term to illustrate Paola's determination. Cacchi says: "Now, long distances are no more a problem for Paola. She is able to run 3000 meters, 5000 or even more if she wants--and she really wants (she had a test at 5000 in the spring of 1969, clocking 16:17.4--a world best for women--and was timed in 9:22 for 3000 meters and 15:53.6 for 5000 shortly before leaving for Athens). Perhaps Paola was born too early as there are no races longer than 1500 meters for women. A 3000 couldn't have any other winner than Paola today. I think in the future girls will run these distances. In the meantime, Paola must be content with running for the future."

So deep a relationship between coach and athlete could not have had any other end than a marriage or a rapid divorce. Paola and Bruno chose the first solution and will marry in March. So new problems are coming for Paola: the old ones of training and working at the same time; the new ones of a marriage, a new family. But these should not be real problems for a girl who lives for a new definition of "woman."

Sprinters and Hurdlers, Take Note

Middle-class sprinters and hurdlers, the "silent majority" of the short distances, are becoming the most discriminated-against group in track and field. The five-minute-or-slower miler or three-hour-or-slower marathoner can race to his heart's content in most areas of the country. Comparable 11-flat 100 men and 16-flat high hurdlers are lucky if they race at all. If you're below 18 years old and in school, or above 40 and in shape, you might get to compete. If you're between these ages and aren't too fast, you probably can't.

Sprints and hurdles are glamorous, explosive events. They're beautiful to watch and fun to do. But the US track establishment, in present form, is set up only to accommodate athletes born with talent. A half-dozen or so sprinters and hurdlers make a high school and college team. Others, with no openings, usually quit. With sparse opportunities awaiting them when they graduate, most of those who sprinted and hurdled in school don't last long afterwards. It takes Charlie Greene-type or Leon Coleman-type ability to persuade them to continue.

It's a shame. For there must be as many people--from as diverse a range of abilities, ages and backgrounds--who'd like to sprint and hurdle as those who thrive on road and cross-country racing. But not only do they have limited or non-existent opportunity, they also face the prevalent attitude that sprinting and hurdling slowly isn't socially acceptable; you've got to be great or not do it at all. The greatest thing distance running has going for it is that it has all but wiped away this type of thinking. Everyone is welcome to come and express himself, try and improve himself. It doesn't matter where or when he finishes. Short-distance track racers could take an important lesson from their long-running cousins.

All-comer meets are the best possible remedy for the middle-class sprinter's and hurdler's plight.

They're easy enough to arrange and manage, and they help free the sport from its "elite" mentality by opening it up to slower people.

California has been a leader in this unrestricted type of competition. Both the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas have meets almost nightly during the summer. On summer evenings in our area (the northern part of the state), we see hints of the spirit that makes the road scene so alive. Runners of all types and speeds, in all manner of dress and hair style, dash madly around the track. There's a hint of chaos, and it certainly isn't a spectator event. But it lacks the rigidity and grimness too often associated with more formal meets. There's no lack of effort here, but it's happy effort mixed freely with casual conversation.

Even here, though, the all-comer idea isn't carried far enough. It's limited primarily to eight-week periods in winter and summer. It caters to the schools by coming either before their regular season, to be used as preparation, or after, to allow more chances for good marks. In the spring--March to May when track interest is highest and the season is going full-speed--runners not good enough to make school or club teams are left to train in isolation. They can't even dream of racing in the Mt. SAC Relays, or at Fresno or Modesto. They need a chance, even if it's only the informal, small-time chance offered by all-comer meets.

In our new sprint/hurdle section, we'll be telling what's happening with the stars of the sport, true. But we'll also be trying to promote this idea that the 11.0 sprinter and 16.0 hurdler deserve to run, too. We hate to see participation determined solely by something as cold and impersonal as a reading on a stopwatch, whether the person involved is a sprinter, hurdler, distance runner or walker.

News Highlights

COLLEGE PARK, MD., Jan. 9--Running over a bouncy new track, John Carlos (5.9 for 60 yards) and Willie Davenport (6.8 for the 60-yard high hurdles) tied world indoor records at the CYO Invitational.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, Jan. 10--It was a long time coming. Thirty-one years ago, Barney Ewell set the 50-yard record of 5.1. Not until tonight, when Kirk Clayton did 5.0, had anyone run faster.

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M., Jan. 24--Kathy Hammond strided gracefully through 600 yards in 1:22.7--setting a women's indoor world record. Another record came to Cliff Branch, who equaled the men's 60 mark of 5.9.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., Jan. 30-31--Earl Harris had quite a weekend. He broke a 17-year-old world indoor record with 30.4 for 300 yards, later tied that and gained a share of the 60 best with 5.9.

TORONTO, ONT., Feb. 5--Cheryl Toussaint lowered Kathy Hammond's women's indoor 600 record to by a half-second to 1:22.2, and Chi Cheng raced the 50-yard highs in a record 6.5.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 7--John Carlos came up with his third record--tying 5.9 clocking for 60 yards--his second this year--at the All-Eastern meet.

INGLEWOOD, CALIF., Feb. 13--Martin McGrady and Lee Evans tore through the greatest 600 race of all-time, and left Ralph Doubell watching from a distance. McGrady caught Evans at the end and won, though both got the record of 1:08.7.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 14--Tired from a long flight and from a record race the night before, Martin McGrady still managed to break the day-old 600 mark with 1:08.5--this time on a spacious 220 track. Jim Green and Larry Highbaugh tied for the 70 title and tied the world record of 6.8. In the women's 70-yard hurdles, Mamie Rallins matched the mark of 8.8.

HOUSTON, TEX., Feb. 14-15--Oversized track notwithstanding, there was some mighty fancy running at the USTFF indoor championships. Texas A&M, anchored by Curtis Mills' 44.6 quarter, sped home with 3:05.7 in the mile relay. Twice, Fred Newhouse dipped below the recognized 440 mark--with 46.0 in the heat and 45.6 in the final.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., Feb. 20--Lee Evans, smarting from his loss to Martin McGrady the week before, burned nearly a second from the world indoor 500 record with 54.5 at the San Diego Invitational.

NEW YORK, N.Y., Feb. 27--This McGrady is getting beyond the realm of imagination. Until two weeks ago, no one had ever run faster than 1:09.2 for 600 yards on an 11-lap track. Tonight, McGrady lowered the world record to 1:07.6! Lee Evans ran 1:08.0. In the shorter races at the AAU championships, Charlie Greene beat John Carlos in the 60, and Willie Davenport won the highs. Chi Cheng, a Formosan who lives in the US, grabbed women's titles in the 60, 60 hurdles and long jump.

Building Speed Simply, Safely

BY BRUCE SHAW

(Reprinted From Modern Athlete and Coach)

Too often we read articles in coaching journals headed "The Development of Speed in Sprinters." To me this seems to imply that there is something else to be developed in sprinters and that speed is only one part of their job. Still others will break speed down into its component parts. They talk of developing the athlete's cadence, stride length or ankle thrust. It appears that this approach is merely pseudo-scientific pedantry. Sprinters are, after all, only fast runners, and if coaches would look at them as that they would not be frequently distracted into side issues--usually to the athlete's detriment. Of course, cadence, stride length, speed-endurance, strength, technique and other factors must be improved, but only in so far as they aid the athlete in getting from the blocks to the tape in less time. The stopwatch is a better judge of your coaching excellence than the Harvard Step Test or the dynamometer.

In my coaching I have used two different kinds of preparation for our fast sprinters. For the first two years a very orthodox approach with: intervals, repetitions, high speed runs, some explosive work and heavy weights for strength. This produced what must have been a very fit bunch of athletes, but not the fastest--nor as fast as I thought they should be, so I decided to try to make them really fast.

It appears to me that most coaches believe speed is best improved by singling out what they regard as the weakest point in the athlete's running and strengthening it. So we find that if an athlete fades at the end of 200 meters his training diet is made to include a great deal of work over 300 meters. If he appears to lose ground in the start, then obviously he must need lots of starting practice.

My basis is different. I believe that a runner can be made to run faster, measured on the stopwatch or in miles per hour, because speed is a product of the brain. Neuro-muscular coordination is most important to be capable of running fast. Frankly, I do not know whether neuro-muscular coordination can be made perfect, but my experience indicates that it can be improved and that a reasonably well coordinated athlete can be made to operate faster. An athlete who lacks coordination cannot run fast no matter how hard he tries because the antagonist muscles never give in and he is continually fighting himself. The perfect speed man can run fast because his brain is capable of signaling clear commands which keep the muscles operating in perfect sequence. Of course, this is not all the story. His muscles must have sufficient strength to complete the movement fast enough, his cardio-vascular system must be capable of supplying the muscles with sufficient oxygen and clear away the waste products to sustain the rapidity of movement. Techniques, like starting, must also be taught to fit in with the natural coordination.

Continuous running practice and work on strength, stamina, speed-endurance and technique improve neuro-muscular coordination and in turn make the neuro-motor controls operate faster. All

Bruce Shaw, an Australian club coach, has enjoyed considerable success with the sprint methods described here. His junior athletes (under 20) have won a number of Victorian state titles, and two 220 men improved by over a second apiece last year to 21.6 and 21.7.

these aspects should be developed simultaneously, and at no stage should the fast runner concentrate only on one, because no matter how hard he works on the secondary aspects he won't run faster until his brain allows him to do it. By concentrating on the heart and the muscles and not on the neuro-motor controls, the athlete is more likely to restrict his speed than increase it. The control room has been ignored.

At Moorabbin (the author's club), neuro-motor speed and efficiency are improved by the use of varied-pace and acceleration running. Our accelerations are exactly what they say. The athlete starts running slowly and gradually builds up until he reaches top speed. At this point, he attempts to exceed top speed and then immediately ceases all effort and coasts to a halt. It is possible to do about six of these accelerations per session, as more would be of little use because the continued repetition could defect the purpose of the exercise. At first, 110 yards is set for the complete run (including deceleration). Later in the season, this is extended to 130 yards on the assumption that the extra distance is now required to reach the improved top speed gradually. Even if only partly true, this is of good psychological value.

Varied pace running involves hitting two peaks of speed in a given distance. The athlete accelerates for about 50 yards, attempting to reach his top speed, then he coasts for 30-50 yards with a slight speed reduction and finally accelerates again. We have found

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that the second peak is usually faster than the first, even though the athlete thinks he has achieved top speed during his first acceleration. Varied-pace runs are made over distances of 130, 150 and 180 yards. The different distances are used mainly to prevent boredom, although they do have some different effect. The shorter distances require quicker acceleration, the medium distances develop top speed, and the longer ones aid in the development of speed-endurance, provided the coasting phase is extended and the speed not allowed to drop too much.

To enable the athlete to sustain his speed we use, in the main, two types of work. First, degenerations from 200 yards down to 130 yards at a sustained high speed. Two runs are made at a distance before dropping down to the next. The second type is variable speed 330 yards. In these, the distance is broken up into three distinct phases. The first is covered at a good strong pace, just below top speed; in the second phase, speed is reduced to about three-fourths pace, and in the final phase the athlete runs at top speed. Sometimes a 330 with a the second phase run flat-out is used to prevent getting in the habit of slowing down in the backstraight. Early in the winter season, we use some fartlek and interval work to give the athlete the stamina to be able to get through the tough pre- and early-season workouts.

Strength is developed through what I call "resistance conditioning", to distinguish it from heavy weights. A 75-pound barbell is used for very fast sets of half-squats, calf-raises, split-jumps and squat-jumps for the legs. Side-twists, bench-presses, bicep-curls, sit-ups and trunk-leans are also in the program. However, I am not entirely satisfied with this system and plan to resume using heavier weights for specific muscle groups.

No specific work is included to improve cadence or stride length as the neuro-muscular coordination work is thought to be sufficient. Technique work is done usually right after the athlete's warm-up.

A typical winter schedule might look something like this: Sunday-- 2 x 330 variable speed, 2 x 660, 6 x 150 accelerations, resistance conditioning. Monday-- 2 x 110 accelerations, 6 x 150 varied pace, 2 x 180 varied pace with extended section acceleration, resistance conditioning. Tuesday-- 2-mile jog. Wednesday-- 12-16 x 150 intervals; resistance conditioning. Thursday-- 2-mile jog. Friday-- 2 x 200; 2 x 180; 2 x 160; 2 x 130 degenerations. Sunday-- technique work.

By the middle of the track season, the schedule would look something like this: Sunday-- 4 x 130 accelerations, 3 x 330 variable, technique resistance. Monday-- 4 x 150 varied pace, 2 x 110 accelerations, 2 x 180 sustained speed, starts. Tuesday-- 2 x 180 sustained, 2 x 180 varied pace with extended acceleration, 2 x 90 rapid accelerations, 4 x 30 starts from blocks. Wednesday-- 3 x 110 accelerations, 2 x 150 varied pace, 4 x 50 from blocks. Thursday-- unspecified accelerations, varied pace and block work.

Apart from the actual increases in speed, the system has a number of other advantages in the effective development of mid-race acceleration, the flexibility of the program and its inherent safety. For example, one of the sprinters, David Kent (who improved by a second to 21.6 for 220 yards shortly after going on this type of training), was always a strong runner, but he developed his ability to actually accelerate or find another gear halfway through a race. This has a double advantage as at a time when the other athletes have reached their top speed, the sight of somebody moving through the field makes the others attempt to find an extra bit, with loss of relaxation and concentration and consequently speed. David, by the way, won all Victorian junior races in this manner, showing that all other things being equal the athlete with mid-race acceleration is superior.

Another keynote of the system is its flexibility. The coach has an almost unlimited variety of work at his fingertips to add interest to training, which can follow both seasonal and weekly patterns. Variations in distance within a type of training can be made with little physical affect but with great psychological impact. By running a varied-pace 180 yards, in place of 130 yards, both speed-endurance and speed can be improved. This can also be achieved by holding the top speed reached in the second acceleration of a varied-pace 150 yards. Other variations can be made in recovery time and the number of repetitions to produce different effects. This is in contrast to conventional forms of training, where varying the distance of the run dictates the speed and recovery time.

During the entire (1969) season, not one of our athletes pulled a muscle, showing, I think, the value of the slow build-up to top speed in training. To explode into top speed invites pulled leg muscles as some momentary loss of coordination must be expected with the wild bursting into maximum speed. Provided sufficient starting practice (where the risk of injury is not so great because the athlete is moving from rest according to a practiced routine) is given, there seems to be no need for extensive explosive work.

At Moorabbin, we have been excited by this approach to sprint training. Admittedly, we were not responsible for inventing the new approach, but we recognized its advantages and adapted the system to our needs. As a result, athletes who have been in the past summed up as having limited potential have left their critics behind.

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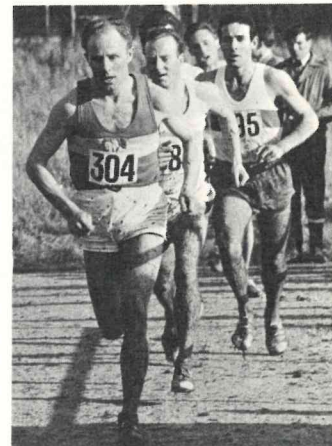
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3. WALKING

'69 AAU 2-mile, European Games Budapest 20 km. & 50 km., '69 AAU Indoor Mile, Ron Laird, Paul Nihill, Christoph Hohne, US/USSR/Comm. '69 20 km., Ken Mathews, Bernard Nemerich.

4. STEEPLCHASING

1968 Olympics, George Young, Amos Biwott, GB vs. France '69, NCAA and AAU '69, Benjamin Kogo & Conrad Nightingale, Tom Donnelly, Gaston Roelants, Maurice Herriot.

5. WOMEN'S DISTANCE RUNNING

Madeline Manning, Doris Brown, European Games Budapest, 1964 Olympics, European Games Athens, Lillian Board, Vera Nikolic, Ann Packer, Francie Larrieu, 1968 Olympics.

6. MARATHONING

1965 & '66 Poly Marathon, European Games Budapest, Shigematsu on his way to world best of 2:12:00 in 1965, Boston 1968 & '69, Holyoke 1968, Culver City 1969 (2), European Games Athens.

7. MARATHONERS

Amby Burfoot, Mamo Wolde, Ron Daws, Ken Moore, Derek Clayton, Buddy Edelen, Brian Kilby, Jim Hogan, Bob Deines, Basil Heatley.

8. GREAT DISTANCE RUNNERS

FOREIGN—Ron Clarke, Peter Snell, Ralph Doubell, Dick Taylor, Ron Hill, Gaston Roelants, Mel Batty, Martin Hyman, Michel Jazy, Kip Keino.

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AAU INDOOR ACTION

PHOTOS BY JEFF JOHNSON

UPPER LEFT: Laurie Barr (1) beats Nancy Ben-
son and Dianne Kummer in the 220. UPPER
RIGHT: Hurdler-middle distance runner Beth Hut-
son dashes through a relay. LOWER LEFT: Char-
lie Greene (1) nips John Carlos in the 60. LOWER
RIGHT: Jeff Johnson managed to keep cool and
shoot this picture of wife Francie winning the 880.





ABOVE: Getting away on their fast three-mile journey are (from inside lane out) Bob Finlay, Art Dulong (winner in 13:19.6), Jack Bacheler, Jerome Drayton, etc. (Exclusive photo for Runner's World)

BELOW: Juris Luzins (W&M) steps along in front of the 1000 field. He raced to a brilliant 2:06.2.
RIGHT: An angered Marty Liquori glares back at Henryk Szordykowski while finishing a 4:00.9 mile. They'd had an elbow encounter earlier.





The rivalry renewed, Peter Mundle (8) and Bill Fitzgerald to to it again in a senior's mile. Fitzgerald's superior speed wins this one at San Francisco's Cow Palace as he runs 4:35. (Kroot)

Books on Distance Running

1970

Marathon Handbook

This booklet--a Runner's World publication--covers US marathoning like it's never been covered before. Filling the 56 pages are such practical and enlightening features as a complete list of 1970 US marathons, plus vital entry information... five valuable articles (LSD, Bob Deines, Preparation and Recovery, Ultra-Marathoner, Running--Business or Art?)... training data on six top marathoners (Derek Clayton, Bill Adcocks, Ron Hill, Jerome Clayton, Ken Moore, Chuck Smead)... and an in-depth look at the best marathon times of 1969 (world and North American) and all-time (world, US). 1970. 56pp. \$1.50.

Long Slow Distance

Training's a pain? Not everyone thinks so. Joe Henderson's book--LSD (Long Slow Distance), The Humane Way to Train--describes a pleasurable alternative to the "pain=gain" school of thinking. It's as simple as ambling down the road at a relaxed pace of, say, seven minutes a mile. Yet it's effective enough to allow Amby Burfoot to win the Boston marathon and come within a second of the US best time. Slow training brought Bob Deines to US record 50-mile form. Drawing on the experiences of Burfoot, Deines and four other runners of varied abilities, the book examines the whys and hows of LSD. 1969. 64pp. \$2.00.

Run to the Top

Arthur Lydiard is a revolutionary. He turned training theory upside down in the early 1960s when his marathon-trained middle- and long-distance runners ram-paged through the Olympics and ravaged the records. Peter Snell and Murray Halberg, pupils of New Zealander Lydiard, reopened the running world's eyes to the values and beauties of 100-miles-a-week road training. Lydiard, who developed and tested his methods on himself while he was a marathoner, has in this revised version of Run to the Top one of the most valuable technical handbooks ever written. 1968. 149pp. \$4.95.

Others

1970 HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL--Biggest and best ever at 64 pages of feature articles, photos, records and all sorts of statistics. A real bargain at \$1.00.

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OUT WALKING

BY MARTIN RUDOW

Several publications, sporting and otherwise, have had their lists of outstanding performers of the 1960s. One category where we are sure to score a scoop, however, is ours: the top race walkers. Because of the varying accuracy of road courses, and judging difficulties, we look more toward victories in international competition than toward fast times and world records in making our selections. Information on international walking competition, while difficult to gather, is available mainly from personal correspondence and a yearly magazine of results and times. Drawing on all available sources, our picks for the top five pedestrians of the 60s are:

1. VLADIMIR GOLUBNICHYIY (USSR). Although he has never shown brilliance at all distances, this Russian's dominance of the Olympic Games 20-kilometer walk cannot be overlooked. He ushered in--and closed out--the Olympic decade with victories at Rome and Mexico City. In between, he "slumped" to third at Tokyo. In non-Olympic years, Golubnichiy was consistently near the top at all sprint distances. (For a more complete account of this remarkable athlete's career, see the September 1969 DRN.)

2. CHRISTOPH HOHNE (East Germany). The stocky East German's smashing 50-kilometer victory at Mexico City was one of the most impressive performances in track and field history. Besides winning his gold medal, Hohne has dominated the 50-kilometer walk all over Europe since 1965. He also has demonstrated ability at sprint distances and, at the other end of the spectrum, is world record holder for 100 kilometers.

3. KENNETH MATHEWS (Great Britain). Possibly the greatest natural walker of all-time, the tall and well-muscled Mathews won convincingly over all sprint distances in the early 60s. Although the heat put him in the hospital in the 1960 Olympics, both in the 1962 European championships and at Tokyo in 1964 he was absolutely untouchable.

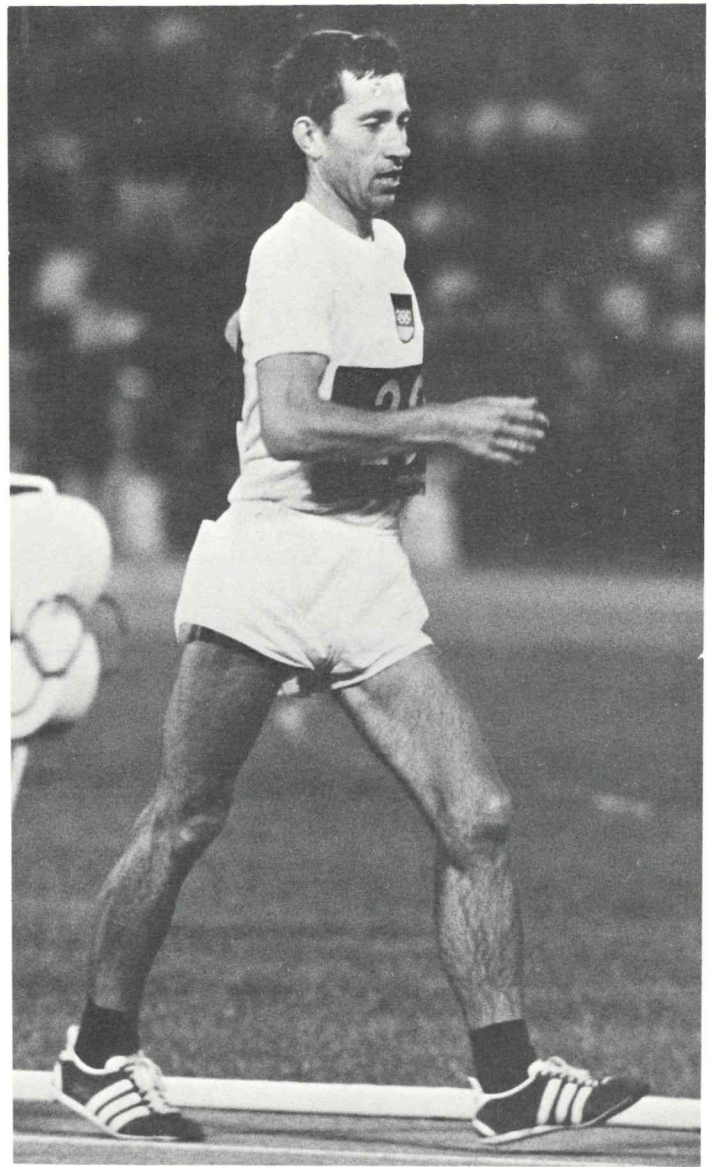
4. ABDON PAMICH (Italy). A tough all-distance threat, Pamich was at his best in the 50-kilometer walk in the mid-60s. Unable to acclimatize at Mexico City, he was an early "dnf". But his bronze at Rome and gold at Tokyo mark him as one of the best. Not through yet at 36, Abdon showed well through 1969.

5. PAUL NIHILL (Great Britain). This almost painfully thin Englishman may yet prove to be the best walker of all-time. In 1969, he was unbeatable in the sprint distances both at home and abroad, finishing the year with a win in the European championships. Paul showed his distance ability with a close second to Pamich at Tokyo, but he too fell victim to the thin air of Mexico City.

The best Americans of the 60s appear to have been Ron Laird (all-time leader in titles won), Rudy Haluza (aging veteran a great fourth at 20 kilometers in Mexico City), Larry Young (only a three-year career but had tremendous successes), Ron Zinn (first American to achieve international success) and Chris McCarthy (showed the way, physically and spiritually in the early 60s).

U.S. STEPS FORWARD

The 1960s saw the Soviet Union still on top as a nation, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of stylishly quick walkers. While Golubnichiy won the gold medals, such men as Nicolay Smaga and Anatoliy Vedjakov also recorded fast times and won important titles. Another Iron Curtain country, East Germany, produced an impressive stable of distance walkers during the later 60s. Hohne led the way, with other top men including Dieter Lindner and Kurt Sakow-



CHRISTOPH HOHNE (Horst Muller photo)

ski. Great Britain also produced some great walkers. Besides the above-mentioned Mathews and Nihill, Don Thompson (1960 Olympic 50-kilometer gold medalist) and Peter Fullager did well internationally. Other top walkers around the world included Noel Freeman, Australia (second 1960, fourth 1964 Olympic 20-kilometer walks), and John Lungren, Sweden (at age 44, silver medalist in 50 kilometers at Rome).

Unlikely as it seemed 10 years ago, the nation that made the most progress during the past decade was the United States. In 1960 we were, frankly, outclassed at Rome. Our only conceivable threat, Rudy Haluza, was sick, so our bests were 19ths by Ron Zinn (20 km.) and Ron Laird (50 km.).

In the early 60s, two men showed the way for US pedestrians. Complete opposites personally, West Pointer Ron Zinn and professional student Chris McCarthy showed that Americans could compete successfully with Europeans. Zinn, as tough and determined a competitor as we are ever likely to see, culminated his all-too-brief career with a sixth at Tokyo. For the first time, an American walker had challenged seriously for an Olympic placing. Tragically, Zinn was killed in Vietnam the following year. At 50 kilometers, a semi-beatnik at the University of Chicago became the first American to ever undertake a serious distance walking training schedule. Although he did not improve on Laird's 1960 19th placing at

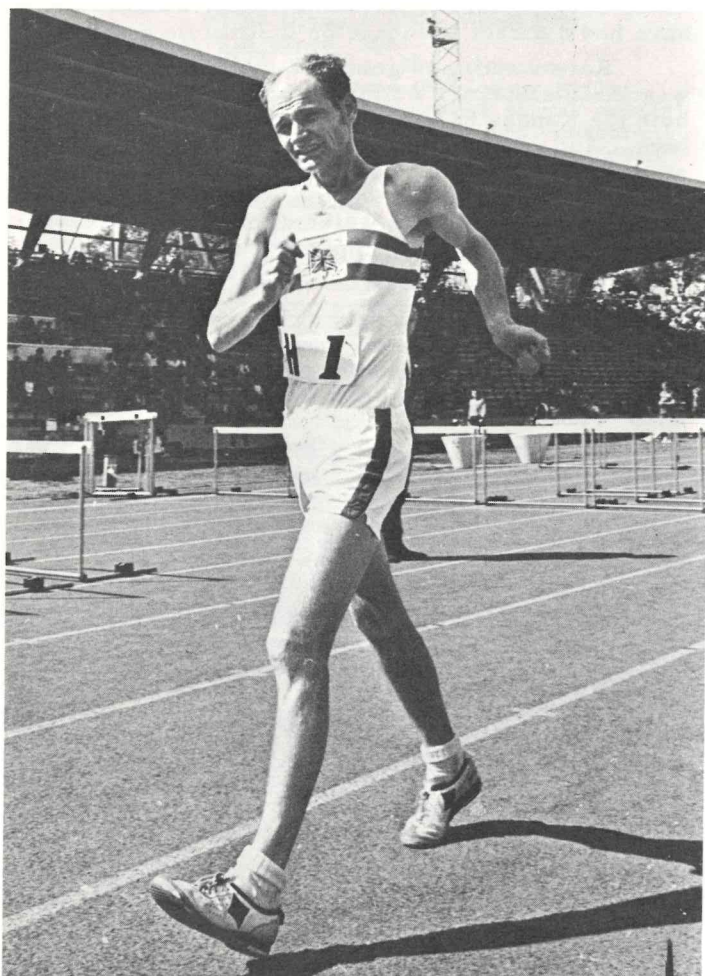
Tokyo, Chris had succeeded in awakening interest in the 50-kilometer walk.

The second half of the decade brought our country to the fore in walking competition. Warning of our growing strength was given to the rest of the world before 1968 notably by three walkers, Rudy Haluza, Ron Laird and Larry Young. Haluza and Laird both scored international victories in the sprint distances, while Young became the first bona fide 50-kilometer walker we have ever had. With these three showing the way, others followed to give us team strength at all distances.

To the uninitiated, used to dismal Olympic walking by Americans, our 1968 performances were nothing short of spectacular. Haluza walked brilliantly at 20 kilometers, challenging for the lead most of the way, finally finishing a strong fourth. In the "50", Young scored an amazing third, moving impressively through the pack over the last 10 kilometers. The sight of an American on the victory stand for the 50-kilometer walk had to be the least-predicted of the entire Olympic track program.

Admittedly, when compared to an almost monotonous total of medals piled up by the US team in the sprint and field events, one bronze medal does not sound impressive. But considering the improvement shown over previous Olympics, it's obvious why knowledgeable track fans were delighted by our showing.

With participation and interest quickening all over the world, the sport as a whole looks forward to a decade of increasing acceptance. Britain, East Germany and the Soviet Union will probably remain dominant as nations, while we in the US will be hoping for another decade of progress similar to the one just ended.



PAUL NIHILL (Mark Shearman photo)

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News Highlights

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Dec. 28--Olympian Dave Romansky went through a swift 1:12:56.5 ten-mile--about 1:30 pace for 20 kilometers--to win by over 13 minutes.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 17--Romansky again. This time he got the second-fastest indoor mile ever with 6:12.8.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 27--And again. Dave walked a 6:14.0 mile for the AAU title.

Coming

- AAU SENIOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS
- Feb. 27 Indoor Mile, New York, N. Y.
 - Apr. 25 35 Kilometers, Des Moines, Iowa
 - May 2 15 Kilometers, Nutley, N. J.
 - May 23 20 Kilometers, East McKeesport, Pa.
 - May 30 10 Kilometers, Chicago, Ill.
 - June 27 Track 2 Miles, Bakersfield, Calif.
 - Aug. 16 40 Kilometers, Long Branch, N. J.
 - Sept. 12 50 Kilometers, Carpenteria, Calif.
 - Sept. 27 25 Kilometers, Long Island, N. Y.
 - Oct. 4 One-Hour, Walnut, Calif.
 - (no date) 30 Kilometers, Atlantic City, N. J.
- AAU JUNIOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS
- Mar. 14 50 Kilometers, Los Angeles, Calif.
 - Apr. 29 20 Kilometers, Lakewood, Calif.
 - May 9 30 Kilometers, Newburyport, Mass.
 - June 7 10 Kilometers, Portland, Ore.
 - July 12 15 Kilometers, Spokane, Wash.
 - Aug. 22 25 Kilometers, Sharon, Pa.
 - Nov. 28 35 Kilometers, Kansas City, Mo.
 - (no date) One-Hour, Montana
 - (no date) 40 Kilometers, Long Branch, N. J.

What Young Walkers Can Do

BY JOHN ROSE

"Give me two years in any major city in the United States and I can come up with a national championship team." The sport being discussed was race walking. The speaker was Charles Silcock, former national walking chairman. And the place was Alamosa, Colo. -- site of the 1968 Olympic walking trials. Silcock added that the walkers would need only the desire to excel and the willingness to put in the long hours necessary to become walkers of national calibre.

Two years earlier, in 1966, the National AAU Junior Olympic committee had added race walking to its program. The small but enthusiastic core of US walking buffs felt that to become competitive internationally the US must recognize race walking as a sport and introduce it to young boys. Junior Olympic competition was the first step.

Silcock's idea was carried back to the Missouri Valley Association and applied to a group of boys in the theory that by training when your competition doesn't and then training harder when he does, and then training harder when he does train, your chances of winning are pretty good.

The Silcock concept proved out. In 1969, seven boys representing the West Kansas Track Club from La Crosse entered 10 Junior Olympic race walking events. They won five national championships outright and placed in the top five spots five more times!

Their season started in January when they began training on the second floor hallway of the old grade school building. Early sessions amounted to walking 20 minutes non-stop. After a month, they were race walking more than an hour on the same non-stop schedule. In the hallway, they turned around every 32 yards!

First competition came in April when they entered the Association one-hour championship. Twelve-year-old Steve Herrman covered 5 miles 1108 yards for 11th place in the open competition. The boys walked again early in May in a junior 10 kilometers. Herrman stormed through the walk in 1:07 but just held off 11-year-old teammate Tony Waldschmidt for first. The Mid-America Meet of Miles on Memorial Day included five race walks. The West Kansas boys won all but one, including the open event. The next day, we drove to Colorado for the Rocky Mountain AAU championships, where 17-year-old Paul Ide won the open two-mile with Herrman placing third.

The Kansas Junior Olympics came early in June with Waldschmidt winning two walks and the 440-yard dash in the 10-11 age group. Herrman won all three walks in the junior division with teammate Jerry Oborny getting seconds in the mile and two-mile. Bruce Renberger won both walks in the intermediate division, and Ide took the senior three- and six-mile.

With only two weeks to go before the final Missouri Valley Junior Olympic championships (times for national tabulation can only come

from a final Association meet), the West Kansas walkers hit two-a-day practices for the next 10 days--one in the sun at mid-day and one about sundown.

Due to a time shortage, the walks were all held in the evening of the final meet. Ide lost to Steve Nelson in the mile as Nelson's 7:10.5 set a national record. Ide clocked 7:30.2 and then won the three-mile in 26:22.3 for a national mark. When other qualifiers failed to appear for the six-mile, Ide was awarded the title after a token lap. But this left him without a time for national tabulation. The national title went in 61:01. A week after the Junior Olympic meet, Ide clocked under 55 minutes. He ended up first in the national three-mile and fourth in the mile.

Long-striding Renberger won both his events in the intermediate division, and his three-mile time was good for third nationally. But the big punch for the WVTC came with Herrman in the junior events. He was virtually alone in every race as he either broke or established national marks in all three walks (880, 3:40.5; mile, 8:44.5; two-mile, 19:24.0), and he did it in back-to-back fashion. Waldschmidt won the 10-11 age group mile in record time.

This would be a good place to point out that judging in the Missouri Valley age-group walking program has been excellent. Head judge Fred Barrett, a former British champion, is on hand at practically every event. Backing him up are Dr. G. W. Kelling, Fred Young, Bob Chapin and Robert Young (father of Olympian Larry Young). They have been a great help in the development of Missouri Valley walkers and have had a direct influence on their style and form.

Race walking is gaining a foothold in the mid-west. This spring, walking events are scheduled in both the Kansas Relays and the Colorado Indoor Relays. And, fortunately, in most areas the judging is staying abreast of the walkers.

At this point in the game, the West Kansas age-group walkers are back walking the 32-yard second floor hallway to the accompaniment of a loud phonograph and dim closet lights.

John Rose, a runner-walker himself, has been responsible for sparking the interest and providing the advice necessary to bring these young West Kansas Track Club walkers to national prominence.



Walking at its best—
European 20-kilometer championship
start in 1966. (Mark Shearman photo)



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

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

WOMEN'S LOOPS

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

THE RUNNER'S WORLD, BOX 366, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94040

(FORMERLY DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS)

Watch It! Here Come the Girls

BY NATALIE ROCHA

*"Here we come again
Catch us if you can
Got to get a move on
We will run with all our might
Catch us if you can. . ."*

These words belong to a song popular many years ago among the teeny-bopper set. The song is old now and is not really "in" with today's new generation of teenagers. However, there is one group that could very well use these words as their theme song. Those tiny girls age 13 and under who swarm over the cross-country courses and tracks around the United States, huffing and puffing merrily while running mile after mile. Track is their "fad", and it's bound to stay that way for a long, long time.

I remember those midget runners as obstacles to avoid while running our intervals on the track. "Track!" we would shout to these intruders, warning them to get out of the way. But invariably they would turn around with surprised looks, freeze in their tracks, and we would all turn into a jumbled mass of arms and legs spread-eagled over the first three lanes. The number of injuries suffered in such confrontations is too large to recall, and too painful. All I remember is that we were always the slowest to get up, while the age-groupers scurried to their feet and were half-a-lap away before we could regain our composure.

All of us would vow that we wouldn't step another foot on the track if we heard the patter of little feet and saw the freckled faces of the age-group set. Sure enough, next practice, there they would be. We always complained a lot, relented, and put on our gear in preparation for another battle.

Nowadays it's a different story. The older runners arrange their workouts around the age-groupers' schedule. Where we used to outnumber and dominate them, they now outnumber us 3-1, and we better get out of the way when we hear a shrill "Track!". If we hesitate for one second, we will be trampled by at least 20 little feet. And those are spiked feet. No more tennies for these track sophisticates. It's class all the way, even down to size 1 1/2.

Worst of all, it's not the collisions that cause the most injuries these days. It's the injuries suffered while trying to outdo, or keep up with, these balls of fire. It is becoming a regular female battle, and I'm afraid we older gals are gradually sinking into the sunset with spike marks up and down our backs.

Take, for instance, the latest National AAU cross-country championships. Those little ones outnumbered the older girls by 196 runners. Why, it's getting downright embarrassing! The Junior National championships were the same. They outnumbered the women finishers, 180-88. This was the case in almost every meet held last fall.

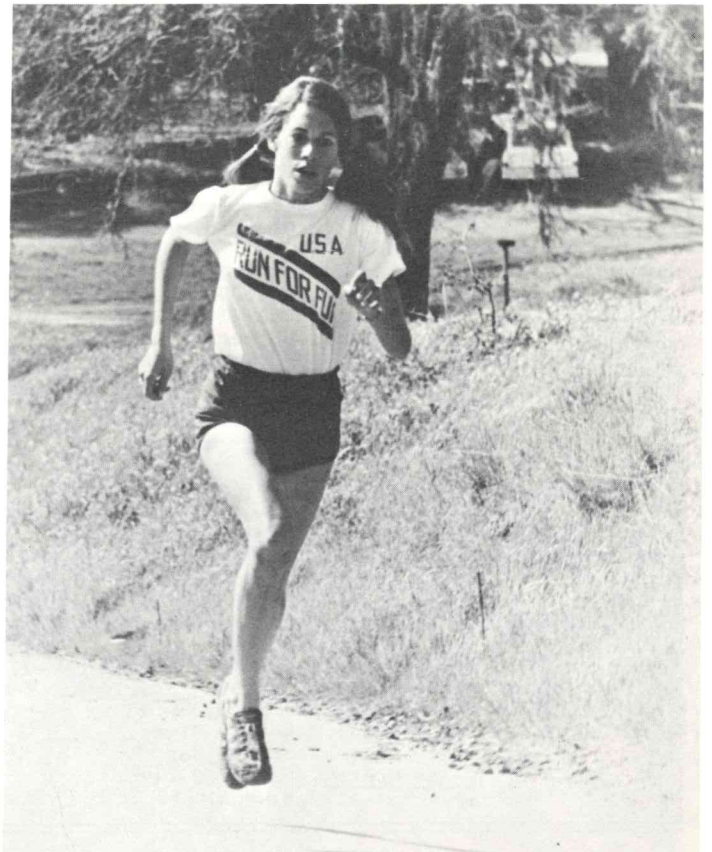
These age-groupers are tearing up the cross-country courses and tracks with their great running. Records are no obstacle. It's run, run, run; the sky's the limit. The smallest of the group are the squirts in the 9-and-under division. They have found a new love besides jacks and hop-scotch. It's, "I'll

race ya around the block," or, "Hey, dad, let's go take a two-mile jog." Just go to a track meet this season, or visit a cross-country race next fall, and you'll watch 50 heats of the 100, 220, 440 and relays, or watch regiments of pint-sized harriers scurry over hill and dale. Elsewhere, you might view a tot nonchalantly trotting a 26-mile 385-yard marathon. (See story on 6-year-old Maryetta Boitano in this issue.)

In cross-country, the 9-and-unders were becoming so large a group that for the first time they were given their own race in the national championships last fall. Eighty-three took off that morning at a dead sprint and hardly slowed down until they entered the finish chute. Lezlie Peterson of the San Jose Cindergals won that race by eight seconds, a large margin for this group. It's getting so three-quarters of a mile is a speed race, so the AAU is consenting to increase the distance to one mile.

The 10-11s are even stronger. After all, with all that background as a 9-year-old you've got to improve, right? When I was that age, it was a chore to run to the dinner table. These precocious youngsters are clicking off miles as if they were machines. The 880 isn't talked about as "two whole laps around!" but "Gee, only two laps around?" Joyce Wolak of the Ontario-Montclair Cheetahs led the 1969 two-lappers with 2:27.6, and the one-lappers with 63.0.

The 10-11 cross-country queen of 1969 was Doreen Assumma of the Rialto Road Runners. She led 120 finishers into the chute last November in one of the wildest finishes ever viewed. Groups of 30 or more runners crossed the line within 11 seconds of each other at times. The distance just wasn't far



A successful graduate of age-group running, Francie Larrieu, became an internationalist last summer at age 16. (Tom Perez photo)

Natalie Rocha is a college student and distance runner with the Will's Spiketees—a Sacramento, Calif., club that's one of the country's best.



Cross-country is where the girls are. Natalie Rocha's photo at left shows a young group during last fall's National AAU race. In Michael Oliver's pictures, Pam Bagian leads a group (below) through the snow and Mickey Tupper (right) goes alone in Ohio races.



enough to separate the runners, so next year the distance will be extended to 1 1/4 miles.

The most prolific age group is the 12-13-year-olds, and rightly so with all those years of running behind them. Tanya Gould of Phoenix headed the 1969 list of 880 runners with 2:20.3. Twenty-four others registered times of 2:27.5 or better.

These youngsters can run a mile in track competition, and have they been running! Two in particular, both Debbies--Debbie Heald and Debbie Roth. Heald, a member of the La Mirada Meteors, ran a record 5:07.6 in early 1969, then was injured and never really regained her form that season. She had won the national 12-13 cross-country championship in 1968 and was on her way to a record season when misfortune struck. She has since recovered and ran a 5:06.3 mile in January.

Debbie Roth of Oregon had a fantastic year in 1969. She tied Debbie Norris' 880 record of 2:17.6 and recorded a national mile best at 5:02.6. But that's not all. In her last competition before turning 14, she entered a mile against older women and proceeded to place second and become the first 13-and-under girl to break five minutes with 4:59.6.

With Heald and Roth both turning 14, the 1969 national cross-country title for this age group was left wide open. Patty Cape of the Long Beach Comets filled the gap admirably as she outsprinted favored Debra Johnson of the Rialto Road Runners up the last hill to the finish.

What happens to these runners after they graduate into the 14-and-over bracket? Oh, for some it takes a little while to work their way to the top again, but for others it doesn't take so long. Debbie Roth went to the National AAU track championships a few weeks after her 14th birthday and finished a brilliant fourth at 1500 meters with 4:39.2. Debbie Norris of the Southern California Missiles kept improving until she recorded a world age 14 best of 2:12.9 in the 880. Jackie Thompson of San Diego improved as a 14-year-old to times of 55.5 and 24.5. And others keep getting faster and faster.

The older girls are running for their lives. They're starting to lose the battle at meets as well as practice sessions. Oh, they're not close to being overthrown, but I can't help thinking about all those 9-and-unders trudging mile after mile, day after day. It's bound to pay off.

The other day, I went to a local age-group practice. I wanted to ask some of the 9-and-unders why they run. Much to my chagrin, I discovered the only way I was going to get to talk to any of them was to run alongside. So I cinched up my laces, took a couple of deep breaths and proceeded to sprint madly trying to keep up.

"Why do you run?" I panted sporadically to one freckled girl. "Oh," she said, without any sign of breathlessness, "it beats belonging to Brownies, and how many girls my age can say they've flown to Albuquerque for a national championship?"

A girl next to her shouted over the sound of feet hitting the hard dirt track, "I like to beat all the boys at school!"

I could feel my arches begin to collapse.

"Hey," said another, eyes twinkling and pigtailed bouncing, "didn't you used to run the mile?" "Well," I started. But I didn't get another word out as my left calf became completely paralyzed with a cramp.

"Achhh!" I groaned. "Rest here and pick us up when we come around again," one shouted over her shoulder as they rounded the curve in a cloud of dust. "Great!" I thought. Now I was probably crippled for a week at least. "I can't let them see me in such bad shape," I cried as I frantically tried to rub the cramp out. It seemed I had rubbed my calf for about 15 seconds when I heard the sound of running feet coming up behind me.

"Track!"

"Oh," I groaned. "Here they come again!" In one great blur of color and dust they were past me as I started into a limping run.

"Catch us if you can!" they shouted.

Not many will in this 1970 season.

--ON THE RUN--

BY HAL HIGDON

On a recent visit to the west coast last December, I stopped by the offices of Track & Field News. Joe Henderson still had a week or two's duty remaining before being discharged to become full-time editor of Runner's World, so we chatted. Joe suggested that since we were about to enter a new decade, why not do a column on the upsurge of distance running during the 60s? Maybe it was a subtle means of telling me to stop writing stories that cause readers to write in and threaten to cancel their subscriptions.

Joe's suggestion seemed logical. Every magazine from Modern Plumbing to True Confessions ran a story last January discussing the decade past or present. In keeping with my traditional posture of never finishing first when it counted, I thought maybe I'd treat the subject for this March issue of Runner's World.

Thesis: That the sport of long distance running has increased tremendously in popularity during the last 10 years. (Got that, sports fans?)

Actually, at the risk of betraying my age, my memories as a runner go back much farther than one decade. The year I ran my first road race was 1952. That was my junior year in college and I had travelled to California for the NCAA and AAU track meets, failing to place in either. But it had offered me my first close look at the big time, and I returned to Chicago eager and anxious to continue in competition over the summer. I wanted to return to school in the fall in top shape for cross-country. But where could I race?

The logical solution seemed to be: call the local AAU office. I did, but learned to my disappoint-

ment that they knew neither of any nearby track meets nor road races that summer. I left my name and number in case anything developed, but my spirit had been broken. I continued to train for a couple of weeks afterwards, because at that time I thought that unless you stopped running gradually over a period of weeks your heart muscles would atrophy, turn to fat, and you would die clutching your chest of athlete's heart. (That's me, the college graduate.) Eventually, however, I quit training and spent the rest of the summer at the beach.

About a month later I was sitting at the breakfast table reading the Chicago Tribune and eating my usual bowl of Wheaties. (This was long before the presence of Bob Richards on television made me switch to Bran Flakes.) Finishing the contents of the bowl I started eating a grapefruit, but halfway through, my jaw dropped, my spoon bearing a yet-to-be-nibbled slice stopped in mid-air. A minor headline on page three of the sports section announced: "NATIONAL 15-KILOMETER RUN HERE TODAY."

The AAU had failed me. Not only was there a road race in Chicago, but it was the national championships. Christ! Why hadn't anybody told me? Most humiliating, the race was scheduled to begin at 9:00 a. m. in Jackson Park, less than a mile from my home. I glanced at the kitchen clock: 8:00. I had only an hour to get to the starting line and talk my way into the field. This I did without too much difficulty, and if anybody checks the record books they will discover I finished 11th in a time somewhat over an hour. Ten awards, naturally. This was even less an accomplishment than you think, since I believe only about 15 runners finished. (So much for any nutritive claims for Wheaties.) The race was won by John DiCommandrea, the greatest Italian-American long distance runner from Boston in Michigan Normal's history.

That was back in the dark ages of distance running in this country. At that time for marathoners it was Boston, Yonkers, then train in obscurity for 11 months. Some of the old-timers tell me that the sport had boomed between the world wars, but then had died. I suppose the coast-to-coast Bunion Derby existed as one evidence of past health. (By the way, if you haven't done so already, go out and see: "They Shoot Horses Don't They?") At one time they even had a race in Chicago that began on the top floor of a downtown skyscraper and wound its way down a flight of stairs before reaching the street. And you complained of being boxed in last year at Boston?

But the reminiscences of the old-timers did me little good when I emerged from college in 1953. At that time there were exactly four races a year in Chicago for a long distance runner: two miles indoors and three outdoors at the Central AAU track championships and a pair of 5000-meter cross-country races in the fall. To add insult to injury, the cross-country races occurred within two days of each other around Thanksgiving. If you weren't attached to a school team, you might as well retire.

Needless to say, this no longer is true. Seventeen years past that day of ignomy in Jackson Park, there is so much competition in the midwest that a runner must pick and choose. The spark was ignited by Ted Haydon and the University of Chicago Track Club, then as the numbers in his meets swelled to sometimes 500 and 600, others began to sponsor events. Each summer now there are four or five all-comers meets a week in the Chicago area. Road

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Running Grace-fully

BY FRED GRACE

The easiest thing a runner can do is to have a dog chew on his leg. And he doesn't have to be an advertisement for Tiger Marathons. All he needs is to be able to move. I know. I'm the slowest runner and the dogs' best morsel.

I've been bitten so often the Health Department is quarantining me and commiserating with the hounds because I won't cooperate in their pleasure. If the dog is man's best friend, I hope to be delivered from his enemy.

English fox hunters have invited me to run in their hunts. They have offered me a five-minute handicap and a fish and chips banquet if I prove elusive. Otherwise, I'm the hounds' feast.

I used to carry a rock in each hand when I ran. But I quit when the dogs started throwing them back. Once I ran into a southpaw mutt that was faster than Sandy Koufax before he went network. The mutt bounced a rock off my back that hurt so much I had to hold my breath for a week. I turned blue and it was summer. I looked like a baby Dr. Spock forgot to spank on delivery.

Once I was running in a park where a bitch and four boy friends were running intervals. The males paid no attention to me, but the bitch decided I had IT and took after me. And so did the jealous mutts.

I ran to and climbed the flag pole where I stayed until sundown. When the attendant took down the flag, he asked me what I was doing on the pole. When I told him, he reported me to the SPCA. That august body charged me with cruelty to dogs. I had deprived them of their bite. A dog, I was told, cannot live on bark alone.

COURSE FOR THE FUTURE

The out-and-back marathon course in this day of a car to every juvenile delinquent, mixed-up adult and senile senior citizens is as sexy as mico-minis on grandma. It's as silly as the departed twanging a harp instead of running on Cloud Nine.

At present there are as many people policing the long courses as nuts running them. Yet, in California, finishing an out-and-in marathon off a stretcher requires more luck than rolling seven sevens with honest galloping dominos.

Today, before getting his driver's license, a prospective driver has to know that a guy in a track suit won't scratch is fenders or dent his grill. Long distance runners' bodies, they are taught, are softer than their brains. And their brains are too mushy for egg foo young.

So the marathon course will now have to be four to six miles run repeatedly, like a "Come Up to Kool" commercial.

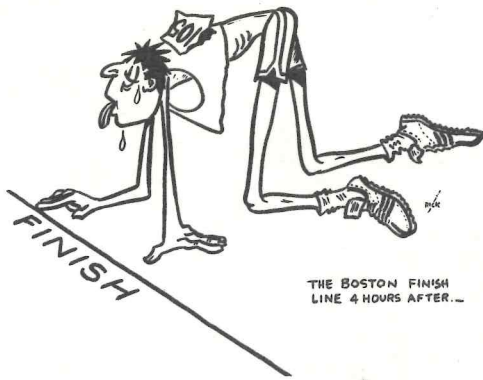
One or two Boy or Girl Scouts can do their good deed by pointing the direction of the turns the first time around. And then passing Girl Scout cookies and Gatorade to the junkies.

A few non-runners who can count to six can record the laps elapsed. And one guy with a tick-tock can keep track of the agony still to come.

For the sake of ecology, a portable john should be stationed somewhere along the course.

Trophies can be awarded as runners stagger across the finish line. And even when I'm running, the Arabs can fold their tents and silently fade away 4 1/2 hours after the start of the run.

And practically every neighborhood could sponsor a marathon. If the citizens are nuts.



Drawn for Runner's World by Rick Vasquez

runs have sprung up in neighboring towns.

Likewise, competition has spread to places such as New Orleans, Little Rock and Denver where there had been little previous action. Back in 1963 I wrote an article on the Boston marathon which appeared in Sports Illustrated. Partially because of it, I suspect, a record number of runners appeared at the starting line in Hopkinton the following April. Check me on this Jock Semple, but I believe the figure was 234.

We all know what has happened to the numbers game at Boston during the interim. There should be about 1500 of us lonely long distance runners at Boston this year. Maybe more. Marathon races unfounded before 1963 now attract entry lists in excess of that former Boston entry.

We now are in a golden age so far as opportunity to race goes. I'm not certain how much credit should go to our organizing bodies: the NCAA and AAU. Ollan Cassell writes and suggests that we should be thankful for the help we get from officials --and I agree. But I also look around me and see some of the same people in power who were there when I couldn't get information about a national championship being held in my own back yard.

Despite the abundance of races, things aren't as good as they should be. I attribute this to the pointless feud between the two alphabet associations mentioned above. That it should drag on this long is a national disgrace. A pox on both their houses. They should be cooperating to further athletics rather than wasting their time in intramural quarrels. At my request, Steve Kearney, a student at Ball State, attended the Indiana AAU meeting last fall. He said he felt a bit on the spot, as a representative of an NCAA organization, because many of the speakers felt obliged to tell the assembly what a great job the AAU was doing while the NCAA crew were a bunch of rotten eggs. It reminds me of my kids bickering over who called whom what. How do we ever expect to solve serious national problems such as Vietnam and racism when we can't settle a silly sports feud?

This column began as a simple reminiscence on a decade of progress. But see, Joe Henderson, our troublemakers won't be stilled. I thought that as a protest against the stupidity of our athletic governing bodies I would stand at the starting line of the Boston marathon this year and burn my AAU card. Then I realized the protest would be futile. Even though I dutifully sent my \$1.50 to Indiana AAU headquarters last October, they never sent me a card. (Are they trying to tell me something?) It would be a shallow protest to burn an AAU card that was a year out of date. My only opportunity for fame at Boston in 1970, or at least for notoriety, has passed.

If anyone else with a more-current card wants to protest, however, send it to me and we'll have a warm habachi in Hopkinton awaiting it.

TARRANT THRIVES ON HIS TROUBLES

(Editor's Note: The feature on John Tarrant, new world record holder for 100 miles, begins with African editor Geoff Fenwick's discussion of Tarrant's trials and troubles. Following is a poem expressing the feelings of Tarrant's 15-year-old son Roger as they suffered through the 12½-hour race.)

BY GEOFF FENWICK

Last October, John Tarrant ran 400 times around the track at Walton-on-Thames, England, averaging about 7 1/2 minutes per mile. His time of 12 hours 31 minutes 10 seconds represented almost four consecutive marathons of 3:17 and was a world record for 100 miles.

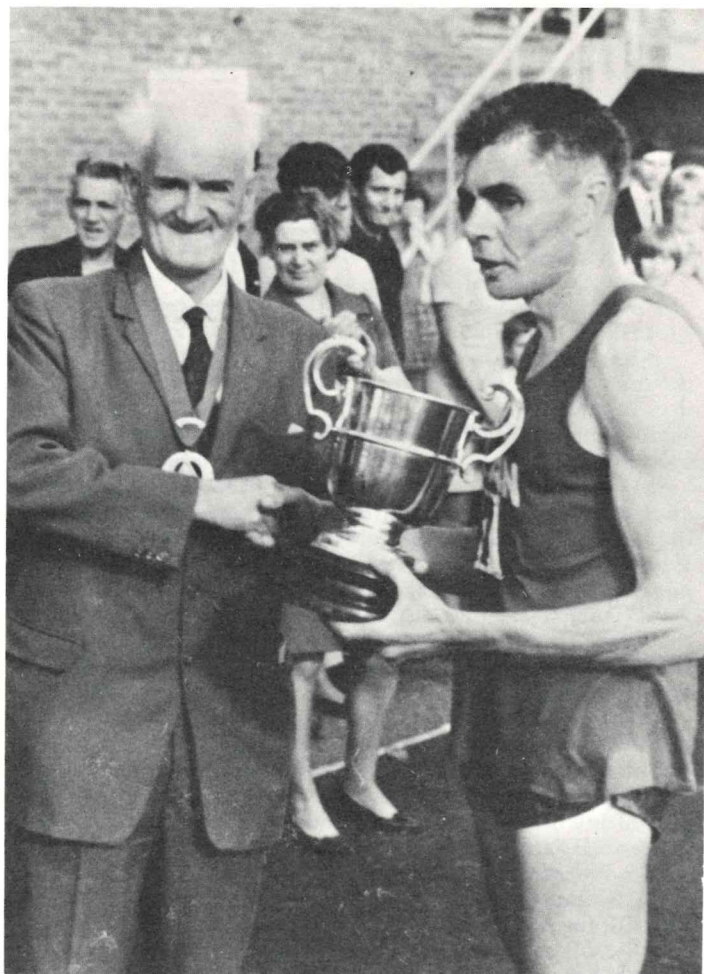
Beyond the running fraternity, such feats go unnoticed and unacclaimed. The most likely response for the man in the street is, "What did he have to do that for?" And although such statements fail to understand the man's motivation and physical and mental endurance, they will not worry John. If you gave him a nail file and asked him to hack down the Rock of Gibraltar, he would probably try--which is just as well for John, because this is the attitude he needs.

Some 20 years ago, Tarrant was a professional boxer of sorts. As Wilf Richards recalled in an earlier edition of this magazine, he retired early and made less than \$60. Afterwards, he became interested in running. At first he couldn't compete as an amateur, but he took advantage of the Second Great Truth of long distance road running: whether you have entered a race or not there is nothing to stop you running along the public highway. If a hundred other people happen to be running along it at the same time, that is just a coincidence. In other words, the public highway is public. (The First Great Truth is that however big a scrubber you are there is nothing to stop you competing in the same open race as a 2:10 marathoner, even though the timekeeper might have gone home for his supper before you finish.)

Only the Second Great Truth applied to John, and because he frequently finished near the front in races he wasn't competing in he became known as "The Ghost Runner". Eventually, his amateur status was restored, and by 1962 he had established himself as one of Britain's better marathon runners. In normal circumstances, a British vest and an international trip would have been assured, but a reinstated professional is not allowed the privilege of competing for his country, even when his sport has been boxing--or tiddly-winks for that matter.

Tarrant's case evoked a lot of sympathy, but the embarrassing situation appeared to solve itself when he began to slow down slightly and turned his attention to the ultra-long distance road races. Within a few years, Tarrant had taken over from Bernard Gomersall as Britain's foremost extra-long distance competitor. By 1967, he had won almost every race in the country of 30 miles or more, besides setting a number of long distance track records. Not unnaturally, he looked further afield for fresh challenges. The most obvious one was the Comrades' marathon, held annually in South Africa.

Once again John's past balked his efforts. The



Tarrant receives his 100-mile prize. (Don Turner photo)

rules did not allow him to compete outside Britain, even as an individual. Twice since then, John has retaliated against a rule he obviously considers obsolescent by reverting to his former role of "Ghost". He has yet to win the Comrades', however, and currently he is in South Africa preparing for the 1970 version of this ultra-long distance classic.

Rules are rules, but it seems harsh that Tarrant should be denied international competition when others have allegedly received, one way or another, sums far in excess of the amount he earned from boxing without forfeiting their amateur status. Not surprisingly, athletics administration has come in for criticism from Tarrant. Despite this, individual officials usually have a grudging admiration for him and, in many cases, a tacit dislike of the rule that disqualifies him.

The long fight has left its mark. Some people would probably say he's bitter. Watch him in a race or look at photographs and you'll see doggedness, obstinancy, determination and maybe bitterness written on his face. Yet adversity seems to drive him to greater effort. Without the challenge of this situation, John might well have left the running scene long ago. For to underline his point, he has to remain at or near the top year in, year out. Nobody listens to an also-ran.

Ironically, circumstances might force John to become a professional one day. Should this happen, he might well forge a reputation as great as that of the late Arthur Newton. Even Bruce Tulloh's trans-American record is not beyond him. But until 1970 at least, the Ghost will still be around, running against amateurs and haunting not a few consciences.

The Poetry of 100 Miles

BY ROGER TARRANT

At the stroke of 12, not morning but night
The race of a lifetime began.
A race it would be till the tape was in sight.
One runner was Tarrant, with an unlifted ban.

A boxer as a youth, Tarrant once had been.
But then to athletics, for he was more keen.
But Tarrant didn't know this couldn't be done
And now for England he could never run.

But now let's switch to this 100-mile race.
Bentley is leading with a steady pace.
And Tarrant at the moment is in second place.
But another grueling "90" is still left to face.

On one curve of the track is Tarrant's friend Mick
And with stopwatch in hand is his brother Vic.
Of course his wife and son are there, too,
To watch this 100-miler through.

Tarrant now is in the lead
And running with all the gifts of speed.
Boxy is now in second place
And Bentley now has slowed down his pace.

Tarrant now has a very bad spell,
And Boxy is sprinting and running like hell.
With Corbitt running in third place
It is a very exciting race.

Boxy now gives Tarrant some stick
And Tarrant stops to be violently sick.
Boxy now sets a cracking pace
And for the very first time gets lead of the race.

The Savages runner gets three laps clear.
But Tarrant's not out, he's still very much here.
But it looks as if Boxy is going to win.
But a furious battle is about to begin.

Boxy is running like a man on fire.
He's truly a man that people admire.
But don't forget Tarrant, he's still in the race
And setting up a furious pace.

Boxy thinks old Tarrant's done.
But still there is a long way to run.
Soon there's a lull in Boxy's speed
And Tarrant soon regains the lead.

His Mum and Dad, Maysie and Jack
Are watching him run round this 1/4 track.
For Tarrant now, there's not far to go
To break the world record, he's hoping to do.

Bentley has now joined his brother.
They run then walk and talk to each other.
His brother runs most of the way
And then he decides to call it a day.

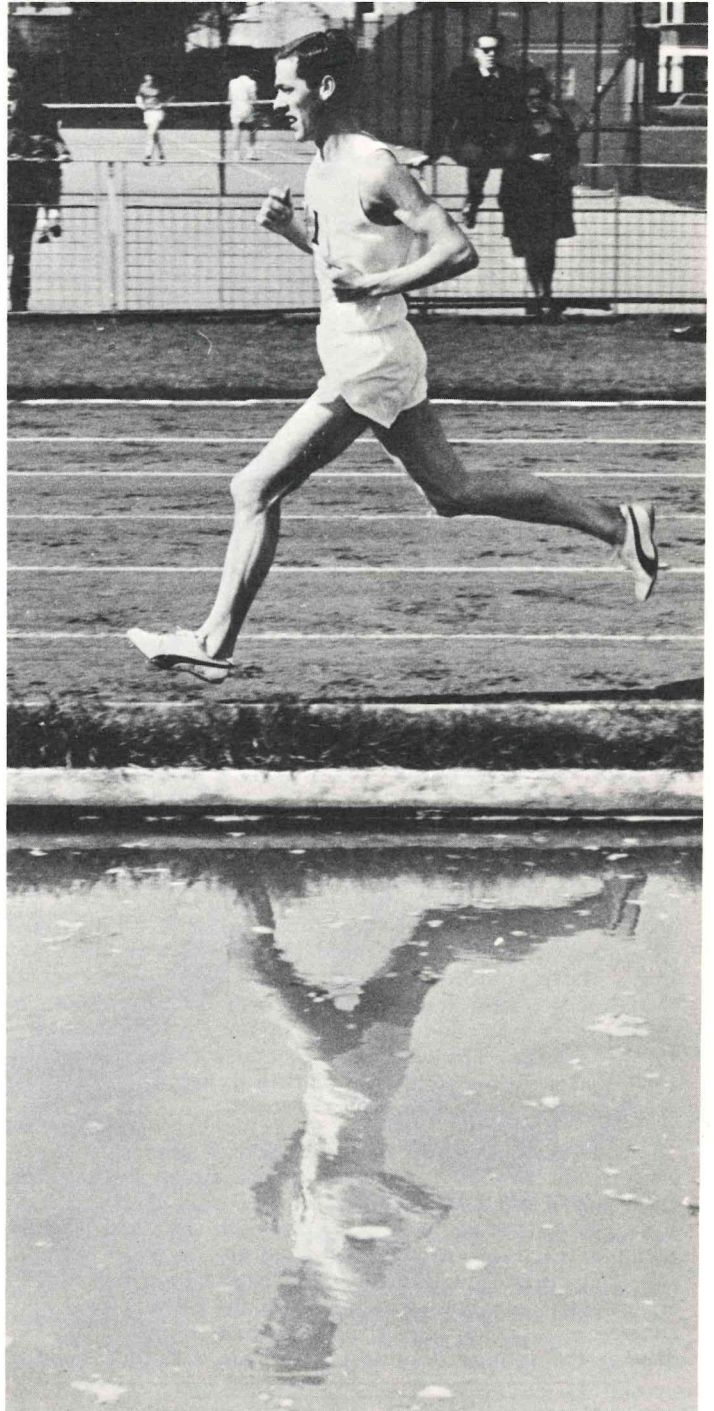
For Tarrant now, there's the bell to hear
And the crowd claps and starts to cheer.
One more lap is left to go.
So go man Tarrant, don't go slow.

For the record, Tarrant he's well inside.
He's giving all the energy he's still got supplied.
Tarrant breaks the world record, as he passes the line.
12:31:10 is his time.

Davey Box he's the next one past
Who in the early stages had gone too fast.
Ted Corbitt of America, he's next past the line,
A very fit man for 49.

For Bentley, there's still a few miles of run,
Handkerchief on head, to protect from the sun.
Walking and running individual laps,
He finishes fourth amidst cheers and claps.

So to Africa, now Tarrant must fly.
His wife is heartbroken, and has a good cry.
But for the Comrades' he must prepare for next May,
And then to decide, whether to come back home or stay.



Running with his reflection, Mel Batty was headed for a world 10-mile record a few years back. (Mark Shearman photo)

A Family that Plays Together...

BY WALT STACK

Mary Lucille Boitano, 46 years of age, mother of seven children, 5-feet tall, weighing in at 104 pounds (formerly considerably more). Her 8-year-old son Mike, 59 pounds, just a little bigger than Dennis the Menace of cartoon fame. Six-year-old Maryetta, 41 pounds, who looks like Goldilocks of the fairytale books. Father John, a 48-year-old San Francisco machinist.

Typical as they may sound, the Boitanos are far from the ordinary American family. Last December at the Pacific AAU marathon, these four Boitanos all made it through the tough 26 miles 385 yards. Their times, 4 1/2 hours more or less, aren't really important. The fact that all finished their first marathon try was thrill enough for them.

Though mother's and father's running was incredible enough, it was young Mike and Maryetta who captured the public's fancy. Since these youngsters--probably the youngest runners to finish an official marathon--ran this race, people are asking, How?, When? Where? What are they like? How long have they been running? Are they some kind of freaks, disguised dwarfs? Or as one nasty person said when Maryetta, then 5, was the first female to cross the finish line of 700 runners in the 1968 Dipsea run, "She must have started running somewhere near the finish line after hiding until it was time to run in." Many couldn't imagine those short legs running up Cardiac Hill and down Steep Ravine in one of the toughest cross-country races in the United States. Within a year, she was able to run a Double Dipsea, 13.4 miles in a round trip of this grueling run, in slightly over three hours.

The mother and two youngsters started running in March 1967, just two years ago. Father John, after a year and a half of being the only Boitano runner, persuaded spouse Mary Lucille that 130 pounds was too much for a 5'0" little woman to pack around and that running would help her high blood pressure and kidney ailments--aside from the purely selfish reason of wanting the family's moral support to diminish the lonesomeness of his long distance running.

Walt Stack, who's over 60 but still runs races as long as 100 miles, is a San Franciscan and close friend of the Boitanos. He has helped get and keep them interested in the sport.



Father and son, Mike and John Boitano, stick together through a cross-country race. (Tom Perez)

Her running fixed the blood pressure, the kidneys and brought her weight down to 104. Mary Lucille readily admits that blondes do have more fun... if they are running regularly.

Mother and two children ran a mile three times a week for the first 60 days--one lap around the Polo Field in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. In the next two months, they raised it to two miles. And by July 4 (less than six months after beginning), they ran a five-mile race in one hour. Within two years, they have brought their times down to 40 minutes for mother and 35 minutes for Michael and Maryetta.

Sceptics ask, are the kids being pushed? "At first, mother pretended they were faster," John said, "but in a short time pretense was no longer necessary. They WERE faster.

"How did we keep them running for over four hours in a tough 26-mile race? Keep them? There was no keeping! Everytime a car stopped with refreshments, I asked them if they would like to get in." Many times, John, who ran ahead with young Maryetta, tried to persuade her that maybe she should stop and wait for mama and Mike or get in a car. She cried and cried but wouldn't stop. She was determined to make it. Imagine this little creature crying, "I won't quit papa. I want to finish..."

The year before in the same race, in blinding rain and hail, Mike stopped and quit at the 10-mile mark. The hail was too much for him and the warm car looked good to a 7-year-old. Mary Lucille, his mother, ran 16 miles before she quit, stopped only by her bladder and her inhibitions. This writer psych-ed these inhibitions away during the year. No rain, hail, bladder or anything else will ever again stop this little blonde from her objective.

The children are checked regularly by a pediatrician, whose only admonition is, "Both children can run as long as it holds their interest." Mrs. Boitano's doctor says, "Don't stop running!"

Despite innumerable press notices, television appearances, two citations by Sports Illustrated and an invitation to appear on the "What's My Line" TV show in New York, the children are quite shy and modest.

A rewording of an old cliché, "A family that runs together stays together," has much validity in this case. Last year, the family ran a thousand miles apiece and were in over two score races. The general acclaim and recognition have added a new dimension to their life. They do everything better and enjoy it more, John emphasizes. He means EVERYTHING.

Mother was asked, "Are the children easier to handle when they are tired after a run?" She replied, "They are never tired, always full of life. They never run out of gas."

Several times, Mrs. Boitano has heard young high school runners saying (not maliciously), "Look at this old lady and kids. They'll never make it." One of the joys of the run is to see the raised eyebrows and open mouths of the youths when they see Mary Lucille, Michael, and Maryetta running in. She says, "It's worth the entry fee."

Not too many years ago, a female was not respectable if her name appeared in the press more than three times (birth, death and marriage). Mary Lucille says, "If having fun running isn't respectable then I guess I'll just have to settle for not being respectable."

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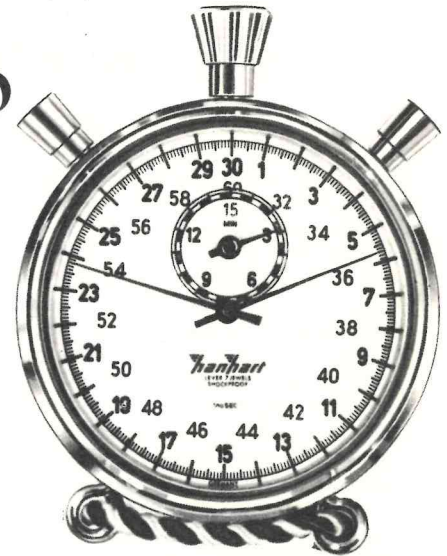
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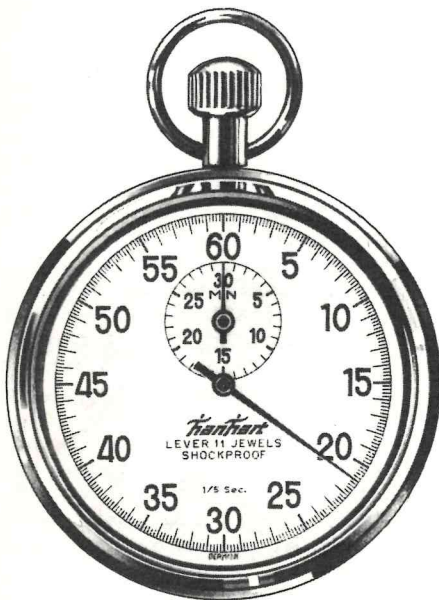


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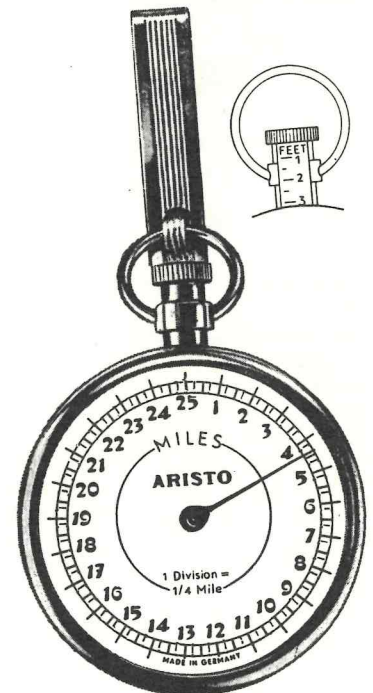
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Is 'Torture' Needed?

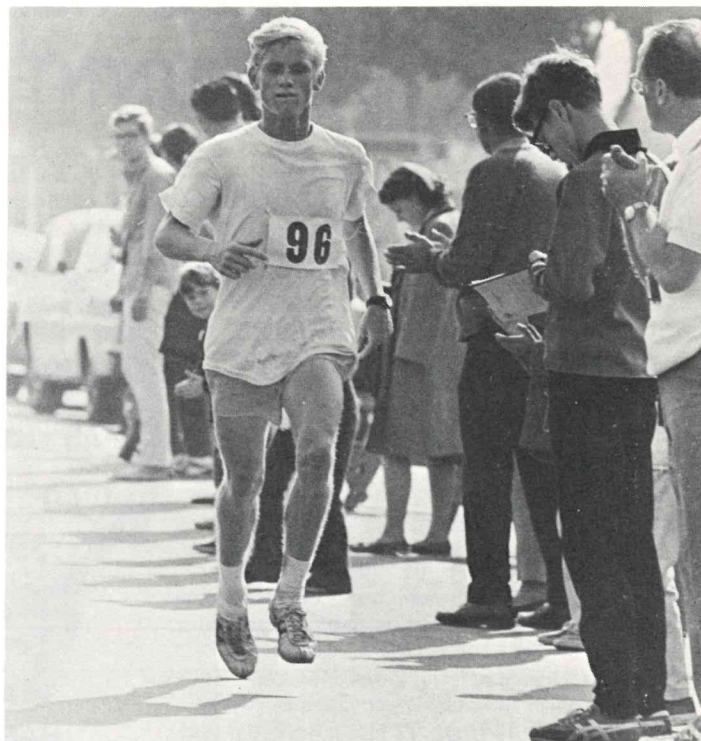
BY JOHN SKOUSEN

When I first began to run, I thought that in order to run fast in cross-country meets I would have to go out and run myself "beet red". I was wrong. I've found that I can run really slow, really long (10-20 miles) and come up with a good marathon time.

While I was "torture" training, I ran my first marathon in 3:26:43. I was happy with my time, but I almost didn't make it. Then I took up LSD (long slow distance) training. I just called it "mile-age". Putting in 60-80 miles per six-day week, I ran an effortless 3:18:29 at Palos Verdes in May 1969. Then I ran more distance, with speed workouts every once in a while, and chopped a half-minute off my two-mile time.

Averaging 15-25 miles per day, I ran at Mission Bay with the 14-year-old age group record in mind (2:58:57). I ran and felt good, did the first half in 1:28 and the second in 1:27:50, surprising myself and everyone else with 2:55:50. The following week I ran nine miles a day. The week after this, my coach, David Japps, had me on 20 miles a day again.

Then came Las Vegas. By the time the race was to begin, the temperature was 75 degrees. I was getting scared of the heat. The race started and



CHRIS HOFFMAN (Don Chadez photo)



THIS?



OR THIS?

I got out scared and fast, covering five miles in 31 minutes. Then I hit an upgrade on Boulder Highway but wasn't affected--much. I got thirsty fast, and by 10 miles (63 minutes) runners were dropping out because of the sun, I was sweating like a weasel, I drank like a duck and felt like a cooked one.

Then I hit the hills. By the time I passed 15 miles in 1:38:24 and went up a one-mile killer hill where Mike Mahler dropped out, I was slowing down. At 20 miles, I was "drained" and ran with my brain, not my legs. My legs were sore all over. They've never felt like that before. I was about 2:20 at 20 miles. My mom stopped beside the road and said, "We'll meet you at the finish." Expecting to hear me to say "Go ahead," she was surprised when I said, "If I can make it!" I barely choked that.

I suffered home in 3:00:06, feeling real out-done. I thought I'd run about 2:45.

I'm about to begin school track in the three-fourths mile. That's going to mean "torture" training again, so if you don't hear from me ever again you'll know why!

Southern California high school freshman John Skousen has not only outstanding running ability for a 14-year-old, but he's also unusually articulate. At San Diego in January, he ran the fastest-ever marathon for a boy his age. This account of his recent running is accompanied by his cartoons.

More Super-Preps

BY WALT LANGE

Two juniors from St. Bernard High School in Playa del Rey, Calif., recently established themselves as the seventh and ninth fastest high school marathoners in history. George Khouri (2:35:35) and Chris Hoffman (2:38:15) made their marks at Culver City, Dec. 7, 1969. The story behind their performances suggests a wholesale revision is about to occur in the high school marathon all-time list as more youngsters take the event seriously, and more opportunities are given them to race at the distance. Prior to 1968, no prep had broken 2:40. But in the two years since, 11 boys have accomplished the feat.

Hoffman had given considerable indication that he has the makings of a fine marathoner. During the 1969 track season, he ran 4:27.5, 9:33.0, and in the summer established a new sophomore record of 14:26.0 for three miles. He also ran 32:20.0 for 10,000 meters--new records for his age and class. Even so, the Culver City race was the first time he had run continuously farther than 15 miles. Exactly a year earlier, at the Palos Verdes marathon, Hoffman dropped out at seven miles and unhesitatingly declared all marathoners nuts.

Khouri's performance serves as an inspiration to all distance men not gifted with the track ability of a Hoffman. George had two marathons prior to Culver City. At the 1968 Palos Verdes marathon, he ran 3:03:43 in his first attempt. He followed with 2:58 on the same course in May 1969. During cross-country season, he was often third man on his team and had a 10:01 two-mile best. With these credentials he ran the 2:35--faster than six minutes a mile and good for 19th place.

As a sequel to their marathons, Hoffman and Knouri came up with bests for the two-mile at an all-comers meet Jan. 31. Hoffman ran 9:21, Khouri 9:45, times which should get quicker as their training program takes them into quality track work.

Walt Lange, Runner's World's high school marathon expert, formerly coached the subjects of this story at St. Bernard.

Trance May Replace Prance

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN



SHEEHAN
(Jeff Johnson)

"When it's pouring with rain and you're bowling along through the wet," said Peter Snell about jogging, "there's a satisfaction of knowing you're out there and the others aren't."

Joggers are wondering whether that satisfaction is enough. Their sport has survived charges that it is dangerous (Dr. Harry Johnson of the Life Extension Institute found that 29 of 30 cardiologists in his survey recommended against jogging for sedentary men over 50); boring (The New Yorker has called it a pastime of overpowering ennui); and ineffectual (The American Medical Association says the "burden of proof still rests with those who state that jogging will prevent coronary disease").

Now they are being told jogging is safe, interesting and effective--but unnecessary. It can be replaced by something as simple as hypnosis or Hatha Yoga. All because of a research project on heart disease done at the Toronto Rehabilitation Centre.

The Canadian physicians divided their post-coronary heart patients into two groups. One group was given a program of daily jogging and exercise. The other was put into the hands of psychiatrist E. Harvey Doney (himself a heart victim who practices self-hypnosis), who induced the patients into a hypnotic trance. They imagined themselves jogging or pictured themselves in a beautiful meadow filling their lungs with wonderful fresh air and "feeling the oxygen going through the whole body and reaching the heart."

The results after a year? Identical improvement in both groups. Weight and body fat down; increase in grip strength and E/G tracings; lowering of blood pressure, and lessening of the adrenalin production by the body.

Should these findings shake joggers down to their arch supports? Or cause my friend at Abercrombie to run a clearance sale on those Executive Jogger things? Of course not. If they keep their cool they can see what all this means.

It means, for one thing, that heart disease and nervous tension are intimately connected. John Hunter, who first described coronary disease and was himself a sufferer, wrote, "I am at the mercy of any fool who can aggravate me." This notion of stress and irritation was echoed recently by a leading German heart specialist, Berthold Kern. Kern blames "agitation and aggravation"--and not obesity, excessive cigarette smoking and high cholesterol--for heart attacks.

The Canadian study also suggests that there are a variety of ways of relaxing and overcoming feelings of tension--of which jogging is only one. One alternate method that comes to mind is Hatha Yoga. And we may be in for a revival of hypnosis and yoga in the sports and fitness fields.

George Sheehan is a practicing physician, a cardiologist. But the 51-year-old New Jerseyan's interest and understanding aren't, by any means, limited to medical topics. A regular newspaper columnist, his writings are rich in literary and philosophical illustrations. His contributions are a welcome addition to our pages.

Hatha Yoga was over a thousand years old when it burst on the sports scene in the person of Lou Nova, poet and heavyweight boxer. It was an inauspicious start. Nova blew in from California with his yoga exercises and his "cosmic punch". He was, said the west coast scribes, a cinch to take Joe Louis and join the immortals. They were right in one respect. Nova did attain immortality. He became the first and only man to make Louis smile. His cosmic punch missed by so much it broke the Brown Bomber up. But only temporarily as Louis soon had the poet in a prolonged meditative pose on the canvas.

Yoga has since surfaced to better press in the form of mini-yoga, said to be the secret of Jean-Claude Killy and his French teammates. "You cannot win races," said Killy, "if you are not relaxed." And under the direction of coach Honore Bonnet the French skiers did 30 minutes of yoga exercises a day. The object: keep the mind loose and the body limber. "The purpose," explained Bonnet, "is to liberate the mind and relax the body."

This is the yoga story. Yoga, according to Mrs. Dee Sabol who teaches in the Middletown adult education classes, is not aimed at developing muscles and endurance but "to get the most out of life; to be serene and free of pain."

Hypnosis aims for the same thing. The emphasis, says Dr. Doney, is always on relaxed physical and mental well-being; bolstering the patients' confidence and stressing his capabilities. "It is best suited for handling excessive emotional tension in patients," says psychiatrist Lewis Wolberg of the New York Medical College, and adds, "It has never gained the acceptance it deserves as a meritorious adjunct in medicine."

And no wonder. What with Bill Veeck trying to hypnotize his hapless St. Louis Browns out of the American League cellar; the Dodgers mesmerizing Don Newcombe into an airplane, and Detroit hiring a Svengali to treat their wild rookie right-hander Bill Faul.

The key word is adjunct. To be used with physical exercise--not in place of it. The jogger (and other athletes) can be assured that hypnosis alone will not make him fit or allow him to do endurance effort without fatigue. But he should also know that 30 minutes of jogging three times a week is sufficient for conditioning--if not competition.

Why then must joggers go out almost every day for their 3-5-mile jaunts? Obviously, say the yoga and hypnosis enthusiasts, because they are addicts, mainliners, and this trip is a TRIP. The way to kick the jogging habit (or grass or even hard stuff) is the pleasant, effortless asanas (yoga postures) or the Elysian Fields conjured up in the droning voice of your psychiatrist.

No one in his right mind (they are telling us) who can be turned on by standing on his head for three minutes (or taking five in a hypnotic trance) is going to get suited up and run an hour over the hills to achieve the same effect--much less smoke pot.

Whatever the final consensus, this dialogue should remind the rest of us that e. e. cummings said it best when he wrote:

*little man
in a hurry
full of an
important worry
halt stop forget delay
wait*

Saga of a 5000-Mile Jogger

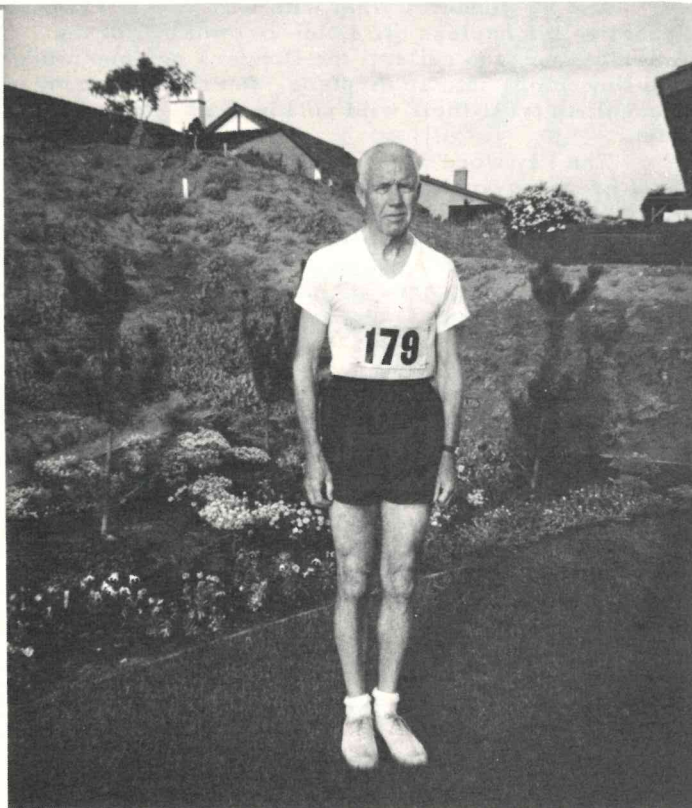
BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

(Reprinted from Red Bank Register)

"I found myself in an endless desert without compass or guide," writes philosopher Paul Weiss about the world of sports in "Sport--A Philosophic Inquiry." He is not alone. Sport (and the athletes who compete in it) is proving a "terra incognita" that is intriguing the best thinkers and writers of our land.

From Weiss' philosophic work through the novels of Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth and recent films like Downhill Racer, sports fans have been treated to attempts to explain the mystery of sport--its attraction and ultimate meaning. The bewilderment of these explorers is easy to understand. Especially when they meet natives like Marvin Rothenstein, the country's most active non-competitive runner and the author of "There A Human Being in that Sweatsuit." Last year this 42-year-old, 5'6", 120-pound product of the Washington Height streets in New York, former stickball player and now a summer camp operator, logged a total of 5000 miles. He collects miles the way some people collect stamps. His book chronicles his progress from failure as a high school athlete to his present consuming preoccupation with running.

Sports seem to have a special attraction for him. He met his wife, Lenny, at a Sunday softball game and took her on their first date to a track meet at Randall's Island. We were not told whether Lenny was prepared for his later monomania, but as a phys ed major at NYU she must have suspected something. The something turned out to be 5:15 a. m. jaunts on the local high school track. And another hour or more session later in the day. Last year Rothenstein's day-break efforts ("All you do is get up and get going



Mileage-wise, David Fowler isn't quite in Rothenstein's league. But then Marvin isn't 70 years old, either. Fowler, a retired Army officer, stays fit on something like 1000 miles a year.

without thinking how stupid it is") and his afternoon practices averaged 430 miles a month. He missed only one day all year.

He has other small peculiarities. Prefers to run on a track (although he has a number of other routes mapped out). Has little gimmicks to liven up 10 miles of laps on a quarter-mile track: switching car keys or a handkerchief to either hand every four laps; rewarding himself with a lifesaver every eighth lap. He also gets help from letting certain songs go through his mind; "Buckle Down Winsocki" and "76 Trombones" seem to be right for his tempo. This musical whimsy is not unique. Joe Burns, a very capable masters' distance runner, practices to the beat of "No Other Love".

In all, Rothenstein's contribution to the mystique of the dedicated athlete consists of 58 thoughts or statements on long distance running. There is little quarrel with what is written. There is nothing that is new or startling for the running fraternity.

What we want to know is not there. At least explicitly. What makes a man get out of bed at 5:15 a. m. every day of the year? Why devote yourself to a program which fits a person to compete and then not compete? Is there something in running beyond fitness? Rothenstein has no satisfactory answers. Who has? Brian Glanville's novel, "The Olympian", which has a miler as a protagonist, shows, says the author, "the mythic outside of sport as well as the inside--whose mere depiction tends to shatter the myth." Should we look to the sports journalists, the columnist, the TV commentators for the romantic outside of sports? Or to the inside story of those cold, grubby, irritating discouragements that occupy the athlete's day? Which is the truth? Glanville has chosen well. His miler, Ike Low, is a direct descendant of Don Quixote. His novel, like that of Cervantes, tries to resolve the paradox between the realm of romance and that of reality.

Rothenstein has accepted the obligation common to all men, that they do the best they can in every case. He had dedicated himself to this. And has, as Weiss says, prevented his body from acting on impulse; made it the servant of achieving excellence. Those 5000 miles are subsumed to become part of the runner--contribute to and are part of his consciousness. His Pensees tell us no more.

Philip Roth shows more insight. He has Alex Portnoy grieve over his lost days as a centerfielder for the Seebees AC when he knew exactly, down to the finest, smallest particular how a centerfielder should conduct himself. "There are," says Portnoy, "people who feel in life the ease, the self-assurance, the essential affiliation with what is going on that I used to feel as centerfielder for the Seebees... Oh, to be a centerfielder, a centerfielder--and nothing more." Spectators feel the same way. Art student Joan Roberts-Brown writes, "Making a touchdown must be one of the most exciting things in the world. To be in the right place at the right time doing the right thing. That is controlling your destiny."

Can sport be quite that serious and important?

Roth, Glanville and Rothenstein say so, as does Wilfrid Sheed, a card-carrying intellectual if there ever was one, who has written, "Sports reveal character by reducing man to his nerves and to the primal tryst in the mud."

You won't learn that kind of stuff reading the front page. (This book available from Runner's World for \$2.00)

STRIDING ALONG

BY BOB ANDERSON

The Kansas Relays, under the direction of Bob Timmons, has added several events to this year's program. Those added include the "senior" (over 35) mile, the mile walk and the marathon. Those interested in further information can write Timmons, c/o Kansas Relays, Lawrence, Kans. 66044. These events will be held Saturday, April 18... One of the oldest world records on the books was broken at Calgary, Canada, in early January. Kirk Clayton clocked 5.0 for the 50-yard event indoors, breaking Barney Ewell's record of 5.1 set in 1939... Thomas Coyne of the RRC is in need of race schedules for a "major" list the group is putting together. Will club secretaries send their 1970 schedules to: Tom Coyne, 1548 Spruce Drive, Kalamazoo, Mich. 49001... We have received two additions to our list of marathons in the 1970 Marathon Handbook (plus the Kansas Relays race mentioned earlier). They are the Silver Dollar City marathon (Silver Dollar City, Mo.) set for Aug. 22 (write Coach Fred Lyon, Western Illinois University, Macomb, Ill. 61455) and the Canton marathon (Canton, Ohio) set for May 23 (write Canton YMCA)...

New Zealand's great three and six miler, Rex Maddaford, is now on a track scholarship at Eastern New Mexico University, where he's also been given the responsibility of looking after the cross-country team. The 24-year-old, Peter Snell-coached New Zealander says he thinks he'll pass up this year's British Empire Games because he's "sickened" at the manner in which the Games are being turned into a "political football" by the threat of boycott by some African countries over apartheid in South Africa.

Bruce Kidd is reported to be looking great in training at Toronto. But the former teenage distance phenomenon, now in his mid-20s, isn't saying much about his plans other than the non-committal "It'll take me about another year before I'm in top shape." The inside story is that he'll make a strong bid to grab a spot on this year's Canadian British Empire Games team...

How did the "Sao Silvestre" race in Sao Paulo, Brazil, manage to attract a good selection of world class runners and get vast pre-race radio, television and press coverage? Well, maybe the \$24,000 the state granted them helped some...

John Finlay, identical twin brother of Canadian international Bob Finlay (11th in the 1968 Olympic 5000), is training hard in Toronto and hopeful of getting back on equal terms with his brother (whom he used to beat when they were in high school). On Feb. 5, at the Telegram-Maple Leaf indoor Games in Toronto, John, now attending the University of Toronto, won the university two-mile in his best of 8:54.2.

The Illinois Track Club's open indoor meet Feb. 20 had some very interesting results. Ed Winrow, now track coach at Valparaiso University, won the two-mile for those 30-39 by over 40 seconds with 9:38.2. David Merrick of Lincoln-Way High School (New Lenox, Ill.) ran 8:56.8 for two miles--a world record for 16-year-olds and the second-best ever run by a high schooler indoors... Janet Newman, our ace correspondent from the University of Oregon, informs us that "Steve Prefontaine is running extremely well, as usual. On Feb. 21, he ran a six-mile time trial (on the new all-weather track) in 28:20!"

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HERE'S HOW: Pacing in Distance Racing

BY RICHARD AMERY

(Reprinted from *Modern Athlete and Coach*)

Pacing in endurance events is probably one of the most widely used and abused terms in athletics. The aim of this paper is to present a physiological and psychological background on which to base theories of pacing. For purposes of clarity, the paper is divided into sections involving (1) physiological aspects, (2) practical examples and application, (3) psychological aspects.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ASPECTS

There seems to be general agreement that energy resulting from muscular activity is chemical energy contained in high-energy phosphate compounds, notably adenosine triphosphate (ATP). Other energy sources cannot be transformed directly into mechanical energy; they can only be employed for the resynthesis of ATP. This resynthesis is essential for work of any length of time, since otherwise the source of energy would be rapidly depleted due to the limited amount of phosphate compounds in the muscle.

Endurance-type activities are thus dependent on this resynthesis of APT, a reaction coupled with exergonic reactions (e. g., in extreme cases, the breakdown to glycogen to fatigue-producing lactic acid). The splitting of the high-energy phosphate and the glycolysis are anaerobic reactions, and both are reversible. The energy for resynthesis is furnished by the oxidation of foodstuffs.

Experimental evidence indicates that lactic acid is produced only in exercise of high aerobic power. Because of this, oxygen debt incurred by lower work rates cannot depend on the glycolytic mechanism. Exercise severity beyond the maximal aerobic power capacity will be sustained only by the glycol mechanism. Although it has been mentioned that lactic acid formation occurs only when the aerobic mechanisms of the body are incapable of coping with the stresses placed on them (and, therefore, in submaximal aerobic work there should be no lactic acid build-up), some experiments indicate that even in submaximal aerobic work there is lactic acid formation. Saiki et al (1) found at 70-80% of maximum aerobic power the trained athlete did in fact experience lactic acid formation (although only a fraction of those levels reached in exercise to exhaustion). Continued exercise at this level of severity, however, caused the lactic acid to diminish almost to the pre-exercise level. Exercise at 90-100% of the maximal aerobic level caused a similar sharp increase with a maximum reached somewhat later (at about four minutes, compared to two at 70-80%). Once attained, this level remained constant, with only very slight dropoff.

Thus, it can be seen that submaximal work at a rate of 70-80% of the maximal aerobic power not only does not cause lactic acid build-up, but can in fact serve to lessen the amount present. From this it appears that

lactic acid formation in submaximal work occurs only when the oxidative system is insufficient to meet the demand--namely, at the initiation of exercise when a temporary state of oxygen shortage is encountered.

Experiments indicate that oxygen uptake does not reach its maximal level until well into the exercise (be it at submaximal aerobic levels or the commonly described "steady state", or at levels where an oxygen debt is being accumulated) and that while this maximal oxygen uptake level is being reached, lactic acid is being formed. Thus, at virtually whatever speed a race is to be run, an early accumulation of lactic acid will occur. What are the implications of this in a race? Firstly, it gives a guide to the importance of one aspect of warm-up, highlighting the need to have the body absorbing oxygen above resting levels before the event actually begins. Secondly, it gives a guide to the manner in which the race should be run.

From the physiological evidence presented, the most efficient method of attaining the fastest time for a distance race above 800 meters appears to be (1) a fast start followed by (2) as near even pace as possible for the remainder of the race. Why a fast start? The reasons are both practical and physiological. From the practical viewpoint, it places the runner in a position where he has fewer competitors to pass during the race, thus his total distance run will be less. The physiological effect of a fast start is that it will serve to rapidly raise both oxygen intake and recovery oxidation to their maximum values. Lactic acid accumulation will occur, it is true, but it occurs in both the slow and the fast starter--without the slow starter gaining any of the advantages of the fast one. Once past this initial "fast-start" phase of, say, 200 meters, why should even pace be adopted? Because for a given work output, when working to exhaustion, lactic acid build-up proceeds at a uniform rate to its maximum value--whereon work ceases. Since oxygen requirement varies with the cube of the running speed, it is imperative that the runner remain within strict limits of his capacities. Only a minor variation in speed may be crucial if trying

A past contributor to Runner's World, Australian Richard Amery has here his longest and potentially most valuable article. He is a physical educator, active distance runner and a writer for the Australian technical journal, Modern Athlete and Coach--the magazine in which this work first appeared.



Pole Henryk Szordykowski outlasts John Mason in the SunKist Invitational mile. (Dick O'Connor photo)

for a fast time. The faster the total time (and hence closer to the athlete's limits), the more significant this becomes.


PRACTICAL ASPECTS

Examination of most fast races reveals that most runners do, in fact, adhere quite closely to even-pace running, with the exceptions of first and last laps. As has been pointed out, the faster-than-average first lap is probably more of a help than a hinderance, while the last lap will nearly always remain an unknown due to factors such as competition, spectator support, etc. Let us consider, for example, three of Vladimir Kuts' greatest races. Kuts, a notorious front runner best remembered for his violent changes of pace, was, in fact, when running for time rather than victory, quite an even-pace runner if we disregard his first and last laps. His first race to be considered was his 13:51.6 5000-meter defeat (at the hands of Chris Chataway) in 1954. Leading virtually the whole way, Kuts' middle 10 laps varied between 62.4 and 70.0 seconds--a difference of 7.6 seconds--while the average deviation from the average lap speed (middle 10 laps) was 1.76 seconds. With such a wide variation of pace it is probably not surprising to recall that only 10 days later he again broke the world record. During 1955, Kuts got yet another record, this time running 13:46.6. In this faster race, the average deviation of lap times (middle 10 laps) came down to 0.8 seconds. In his final world record race, in 1957, Kuts covered the distance in 13:35.0. His middle 10 laps were covered between 64.4 and 67.6 seconds, a maximum difference of 3.2 seconds, while the average deviation dropped to a mere 0.7. Thus, his fastest race was probably also his most evenly paced.

Undoubtedly the greatest runner against the watch in modern times, let us consider two of Ron Clarke's greatest runs over three miles and 5000 meters. At Compton in 1965, he completed 5000 in 13:25.8. His middle 10 laps varied between 64.3 and 66.8--a difference of 2.5 seconds. His average deviation was only 0.66 second. Later that year, he went under 13 minutes for three miles for the first time, recording 12:52.4. His middle 10 laps varied between 63.8 and 66.4--a 2.6-second difference. However, his average deviation dropped to 0.52--probably as low as one could reasonably expect to get. Such even-pace running is probably a major reason why Clarke is able to record so many fast times with or without opposition. It is probably also a reason why so many others have set personal bests while running in the same race.

Another great race that reveals the necessity of even pacing is Kipchoge Keino's world record 3000 meters of 7:39.6. The middle five laps of this 7 1/2-lap race varied only between 61.0 and 63.0. The average deviation in lap times was only 0.5. Thus, for all





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the talk about his uninhibited running, the simple fact remains that probably his greatest race was also his most even.

From these examples it can be seen that for athletes to run their fastest possible times, they must stay as close to even pace as they are capable. Needless to say, the closer an athlete approaches his limits, the closer he should approach even pace. Likewise, as records come down so can lap times be expected to approach uniformity.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS

Here we come to what is probably the most difficult aspect to analyze in distance running. Why is it that some rise to the big occasion while others fold under pressure? As is well known, some can run fast only when there is fierce competition, while others achieve their best times if they are able to run their own race with little opposition. Some, of course, are lucky enough to be able to master both situations, but such athletes are few and far between.

Some runners perform best if they are able to take the pace out fast and continue to hold the lead. Such compulsive front runners seem to be able to relax more easily and hence run better once in the lead. Councilman (2) refers to such athletes as "agonists." Such a tactic hurts everyone in the race, but either through training or personality the "agonist" is better able to withstand the pain. Probably the greatest example of such an athlete was Kuts, who only knew one method of racing--from the front and hard all the way.

For the true even-pace runner, his biggest problem will be psychological. It is one thing to plan a race for even pace running. It is quite another to do it. If a person plans to run steady 70-second laps for 5000 meters it will require great mental effort if, after two or three laps, he is 10 seconds behind the leader.

Above all, for even pace running, the athlete must have great faith, both in himself and in the method he is using. He must be certain in his own mind that in the closing stages he will have caught the tiring front runners and be fresher when he has done so. By coaching, training and explanation, the coach should try to instill in his charges the values of even-pace running, for it is by this method they will approach most nearly their absolute limits. The athlete himself must believe in the efficacy of even pace, for in distance running, as in other events, doubt means defeat.

(References: 1. Saiki, et al. Lactic Acid Production in Submaximal Muscular Exercise--paper presented to International Altitude Symposium, 1966. 2. Councilman, J. The Science of Swimming; Prentice-Hall, 1968.)

Reader's Comments

Regarding your article "On The Run" (January 1970), Mr. Higdon should be on the run with the trash you allow him to write for your otherwise fine magazine. This country has had its share of racial troubles and the news media has done its share in building up the problem. You are news media and you let Higdon use your book to bring his race feelings to the reader.

Negroes of course have their place in your book... but not the way Higdon writes. Maybe Higdon can run and maybe he can write, but he hasn't shown it in your book. If he is your friend and you want to help him, give him a few bucks to sit in a corner and count subscriptions. But for my part get his trash out of your book.

W. B. Snyder
York, Pa.

I look forward to reading Hal Higdon's "On The Run" each issue and consider it one of the most stimulating articles in the magazine.

Charles H. Green
Northfield, Minn.

Ole! and all that for Higdon's fine column in Runner's World. I am most happy that someone else feels as I do about this business of "superiority-inferiority; what blacks can do and can't do." I have waged a constant fight on this. I installed cross-country at (Kentucky State College) a number of years back just to expose racist thinking on this. We won the NCAA College Division cross-country (1964) with an all-black team. Central State College in Ohio won two College Division championships with teams that were all black except for one competitor. So I KNOW that blacks (as well as yellows, pinks, whites, etc.) can do what their ambitions and drives lead them to.

My biggest fight has been to get black coaches to not only be good "run" coaches, but also coaches of the field events and distances. Sadly, they are believers of the racist thoughts. They, too, have been brainwashed. Just this fall, such an athletically endowed group at the Southwestern Athletic Conference (Grambling, Southern, Texas Southern, etc.) ran its first conference cross-country meet--ever!

William Exum
Track Coach, Kentucky State
Frankfort, Ky.

Thanks for your column "Unbelievable Pete Strudwick (November 1969). I ran another marathon at Culver City with my 10-year-old son, Ivan. Ivan repeated his exceptional time of 3:48. I ran 4:37 that is (1) 68 minutes faster than before (nearly three minutes a mile faster), (2) almost 20% faster, (3) about 5.7 miles per hour, (4) 23 minutes faster than my goal, (5) one hell of a thrill! A 3 1/2-4 hour marathon now appears possible for me. Say, anyone for a footless race? (Ed.--The writer has no feet and bounces along on padded stumps.)

Peter H. Strudwick
La Palma, Calif.

Contrary to your and Pam Schmidt's claim at being the first girl to run in a 50-mile race, many girls have run in such races. Some have also finished. Results of the Comrades' marathon (54-plus miles) in South Africa have been: 1923, Miss Hayward 11 hours 35 minutes; 1931, Miss Watson 11 hours-plus; 1966, Maureen Holland 9:30, Maria Hutchinson (a mother of six) 9:45. At least one American tested

this course: A. Nelson finished 44th in 1955 with a time of 9:57:57.

M. Hamlin
Fort Francis, Ontario

I have read with much interest and appreciation the tribute to Ted Corbitt (November 1969). I have known Ted since the Olympic Games in Helsinki in 1952, when I sat beside him in a bus-run over the marathon course. I evaluate Ted Corbitt as one of the all-time greats in distance running in the world. I rank Ted along with Arthur Newton and many others of equal repute. No distance runner in the history of athletics has shown consistency as has Ted. No athlete I have heard of succeeded as has Ted, nor competed in so many marathons and distance events even up to 100 miles. I honor no athlete more than I honor Ted Corbitt. To which I would add, I have found no man of greater character, kindness and modesty.

Percy Wells Cerutti
Portsea, Victoria, Australia

I was extremely pleased with the fact that CBS staged that series of meets on television (last summer). However, I feel that too much time was wasted and significant events were not shown. First of all, too much time was wasted in interviews with the competitors. In one case, one athlete's remarks had to be translated into two languages before it was interpreted in English. I am really in favor of interviews, but think that the time should be taken up in actual events. One hour for a meet isn't very much time. The information about the individual's training and profession should be given by the announced during the course of the event. Time was also wasted in the introduction of the program. Almost all of the of the viewing should be directed toward the individual events themselves. True, most of the wasted time was devoted to commercials, which I'm sure can't presently be helped.

Larry Langer
Emporia, Kans.

The number of typing errors in Runner's World is a disgrace. It turns what would otherwise be a great magazine into a third-rate publication. Shape up and do a little proofreading.

David W. Bronson
Vienna, Va.

Next Issue: Doctors' Advice

Runners get hurt and they get sick. We all have this common human weakness. Runner's World can't promise to take away your pain and make up for your missed training days. But we might be able to help you and others in your condition. Starting next issue, we'll carry a regular column on running-related (we stress this point, running-related) complaints. The readers ask the questions. George Sheehan, a practicing physician as well as a distance runner, will answer some of them himself and deal out others to a panel of specialists. Mail your medical questions to RW, P. O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. We can't promise they'll be answered, but if they are problems shared by a fairly large segment of the running, we'll try.



STARS OF THE SIXTIES - In this first of a series of dedications to running greats of the decade just past, the fitting subject is Peter Snell. The powerful New Zealander's influence on the style of half-miling and miling was profound as he won three Olympic titles and broke a half-dozen world records. (Mark Shearman photo)

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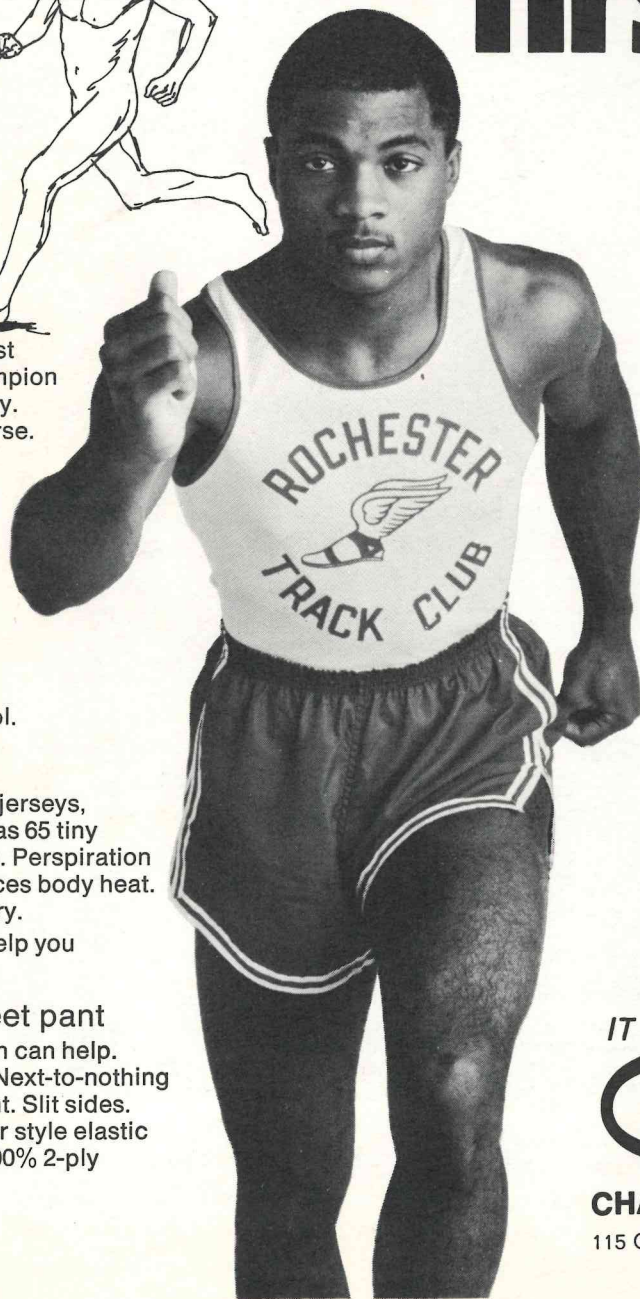


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