

THE RUNNER'S WORLD

FORMERLY - DISTANCE RUNNING NEWS



May 1970

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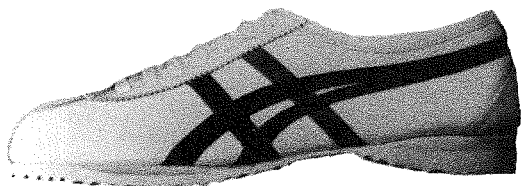
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Photo Quiz

NAME THIS 1968 US OLYMPIAN
(Running with an RW staff member)



LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Seventy-six correct answers were received. JOHN KAMP-MANN's post card was drawn and he was awarded \$10.00 worth of books.

THE ANSWER: JIM RYUN

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: June 15.

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



I feel that our collection of articles and pictures as a whole in this issue are the best to date. It's also our biggest issue by 16 pages--give us time we'll come out with a bigger issue yet.

For years now we have gotten hundreds of compliments but we don't deserve all the credit. Without all the great guys who write for us (and I might add that we do not pay for any articles published -- simply because we can't afford to) we wouldn't be any place. One such man is Dave Prokop (pictured at the left) who has another interview which I think is outstanding. His piece on Jerome Drayton was very well accepted by you and I am sure his interview with Marty Liquori will also interest you. Dave also provided us with alot of the information used in the text with the Boston Marathon feature. Thanks Dave--well done.

Our articles are even getting the attention of national magazines now. Jerry Wright's article in the Jan. issue was mentioned in Sport Ill. in their column Scorecard--April 13th. Interested in writing for us?

BOB ANDERSON
Publisher & President

Running Through This Issue

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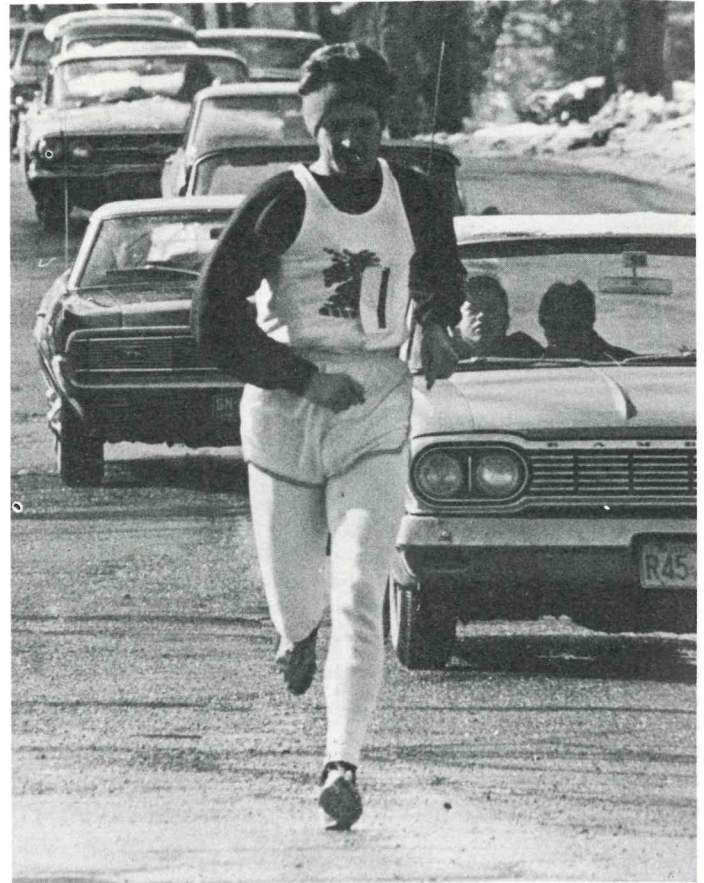
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ON THE COVER: Doris Brown comes home a winner, for the fourth year, in the Women's International. (Jeff Johnson photo)



A knot of runners cruises along a California seaside highway. Note Ray Darwin's bare feet. (Bob Anderson photo)



Warmly wrapped against the New England cold, Pat McMahon lines up traffic behind him. (Jeff Johnson photo)

THE DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Ever since David met Goliath, Jonah faced the whale and Noah took on the flood in classic Biblical mismatches, the struggle of the little guy against the big foe has made fascinating reading. Maybe because we're all, in reality, "little guys" struggling against big forces that threaten to overwhelm us, we identify with the small one. Our sympathies are with him.

Bruce Tulloh is a little guy who chose an awesome task for himself last year. He's a 5'7" English schoolteacher who must visit the local pub regularly to keep his weight above 120 pounds. During his career as an international trackman, Bruce accomplished things like running a 3:59 mile, winning a European championship and setting a couple of European records. His ability to go fast was obvious. But he never showed any particular talent or interest in going long. He seldom trained more than 50-70 miles a week, and he never went beyond 23 miles in a day's session.

Sitting talking of running with friends one night in late 1967, Tulloh suddenly proclaimed he was going to run across the United States. The 120-pounder intended to challenge the hulking North American continent--nearly 3000 miles of highways, deserts, mountains, cold, snow, rain, heat and humidity. Not only was he going to run from Los Angeles to New York, but he intended to do it a week faster than the 73-day "record" of Don Shepherd--an experienced super-distance man from South Africa.

I'm not giving away the ending when I tell you Tulloh made it as planned--even faster than planned. That's common knowledge. But the fascinating part

of the story isn't that he traveled 2876 miles in 64 days 21 hours and 50 minutes; it's the details of how he did it. Until now, that's been hidden in the minds of Bruce and a few close associates. Happily, Bruce himself has corrected that by writing a lively, lite-rate book on his journey--a paperback entitled "Four Million Footsteps." (Available from RW for \$1.95)

Tulloh's "Footsteps" isn't so much a report of a run as it is an adventure story and a microscopic look at America--every foot of it--by an outsider. He captures in fine style both his adventure, not always a pleasant one, and the not-always-complimentary description of America and its people. Though admittedly he was "obsessed with times and distances throughout the trip," he touches only lightly on these statistics. He digs deeply into his thoughts and feelings--the mixture of fear, joy, depression and euphoria that was with him all the way.

Bruce prepared for and planned his run with utmost care. He trained for a year, studied and re-studied potential routes, set down an exacting schedule, arranged for financial backing from a number of companies (notably Schewepe's) and had a small wagon train of a VW bus and two MG's (one pulling a trailer) carrying four passengers accompanying him.

The one thing he couldn't foresee was injuries. These provided the book's drama. At one time or another in the mountainous, desolate first third of his journey, Bruce's ankle, achilles tendon, knee and hip all pained him enough to prevent running. Imagine the level of his spirits, knowing he had 2000 miles ahead of him and legs that wouldn't go two run-

ning steps. He walked.

Slowly, Bruce healed. He made up lost miles by running up to 50 a day and finished fit. "This is the significant point, I feel," he writes. "The human body has far greater powers of endurance and adaptability than most people give it credit for. I did that run without a day's ill-health, without a day's rest and without any special diet or food supplement of any kind. What injuries I did get I recovered from completely, so that I was fitter as a running machine at the end of the 65 days than I was when I started."

I see maybe a dozen new running books a year. After awhile they take on a dull sameness that leaves me unexcited. Tulloh's book brought back old feelings I used to get in high school, when every piece of reading blinded me with inspiration and sent imagination racing far ahead of abilities. Briefly, before reality regained control, visions of following Tulloh's path across the country were strong in my mind.

Other who read this book won't be so easily put off. And, you know, some will make it. Runners-- little as they are--are like that.



Any beginning soldier, particularly a draftee, is going to find his life suddenly and violently disrupted. Gerry Lindgren's brief military experience was downright traumatic.

Gerry graduated from Washington State in late January. With a degree, a teaching contract and a "certain medical deferment" (his ulcers) going for him, he looked ahead to a career and a nice, uninterrupted stretch of training and racing.

The Selective Service System had plans of its own. They ordered him to report. Gerry just grinned and thought, "There's no way they can take me." Hours later he found himself deposited at Fort Lewis, Wash., getting his first tastes of military indoctrination.

It didn't take the army long to realize they could make better use of their ulcer-ridden recruit than marching him and putting him on K. P. A couple of days after being pulled into uniform, Gerry was pulled out of formation and told he'd be running an indoor two-mile at Los Angeles. No matter that he hadn't trained in three weeks. "I got the plane to L. A. at 5 p. m.," Gerry recalled, "arrived at 7 p. m. and the race started at 9:30. I did well for the first two laps--of the warmup."

Lindgren returned to Fort Lewis but wasn't assigned to a basic training company. His assignment was Runner, and his "commanding officer" was PFC Kenneth Moore, his roommate. "They had plans," Gerry said. "I was going to run in two international cross-country meets and maybe the Boston marathon. They asked me what I wanted to do, how I wanted to train. I told 'em I could use all day for three workouts."

Fortunately for Gerry, his ulcer kicked up again and his military career ended with a medical discharge after 47 days. With humor intact, he's progressing back toward full fitness. His army experience wasn't a total waste of his time and taxpayers' money. "I did learn how to salute," Lindgren said.



AAU officials work darn hard for little thanks, little attention and no material reward. They deserve us runners' admiration and appreciation just for being there. With that bit of praise, I hope they'll take in the proper spirit what's to follow. It isn't meant as an attack on officialdom but rather a plea for athletes' rights.

Two situations need correcting: the matter of forced drop-outs, and mis-measured courses.

The Drake Relays is a big, old and sophisti-

cated meet. But it clings to the idea that runners who drop a lap behind the leader aren't worthy of continuing. Jack Bachelor whipped along at 28-minute pace in this year's meet, meaning a number of runners at the 30-minute level were forcibly evicted from the track. Less than half the starters survived the cut.

The AAU indoor meet, a national championship featuring this country's and Canada's best runners, pulled a similar stunt. Officials tossed out guys who slipped as little as 160 yards behind the front-runner. Sub-14:00 three-milers were eliminated.

It's worse yet when road racers are picked up off the course after, say, four hours of a marathon, or if the watch is shut off at that time. It happens. And road officials can't plead "lack of room" or "interference with the fast runners" like track people can.

Here's the point. Runners enter races intending to finish. We usually pay for the privilege. The least officials can do for anyone they allow to start is allow them to finish. And if we're willing to run for four hours-plus, someone should be able to stand and time that long. Is that asking so much?

The measurement matter is more sticky. It's tough getting out and checking distances accurately, and mistakes are bound to occur. But I'm not criticizing honest mistakes. It's officials who refuse to alter obviously faulty courses who cheat runners.

For months, we were led to believe Bob Deines had set an American 50-mile "record" during a road race at Rocklin, Calif. Now it's made known that an early turn cut about a quarter-mile from each of the five-mile laps--about 2 1/2 miles total. When told of the marking error BEFORE the race, the official in charge refused to make the needed change.

Bob Carman is a member of the National AAU

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Standards Committee, the group that certifies course distances. He wrote of the Culver City marathon course, site of the 1969 National championship, "In 1965 I spent two days carefully measuring the course. It proved to be about 617 yards long. The race promoter resented the criticism, ignored my measurements and refused to even consider making the course the correct distance or even remeasuring it. They had claimed for some time that it was measured by some mysterious and never identified 'engineers, but they were never able or willing to produce any actual measurement date." An alteration was made for the National. The course was LENGTHENED slightly.

Long or short, the runner alone suffers.

•••••

As Fred Hurd's article in this issue ("Keeping Heat from Killing") tells, this seemingly gentle, non-contact sport of ours can kill and maim just as easily as boxing and football. Cases in point aren't hard to find.

Ron Holmes, a 37-year-old, collapsed after three miles of a race at Napa, Calif. He died a short time later of a heart irregularity.

Mike Kempfer, an Illinois high school runner, was training on a country road near his home. A car plowed into him, killing him instantly.

Kim Hartman, Michigan State's leading cross-country runner, was returning from practicing on the school's golf course. A car struck him, resulting in a concussion and serious knee damage.

Frank Niro, a New England road runner, was run down while training. He spent over a year in the hospital while his shattered body mended.

Three major dangers run with us: heat, traffic and ourselves. Temperature and traffic we can't control. But we can regulate circumstances enough to minimize their threats. We can always moderate our effort enough to keep running a building-up process, not a tearing-down one.

Tragedies like these hurt running. The uninformed say, "See, look what running did for them." What they don't see is that for every death and serious injury there are 1000 cases of running's rehabilitative effects.

Dr. Kenneth Cooper, the "Aerobics" man who'll be interviewed in the next issue of RW, tells of a

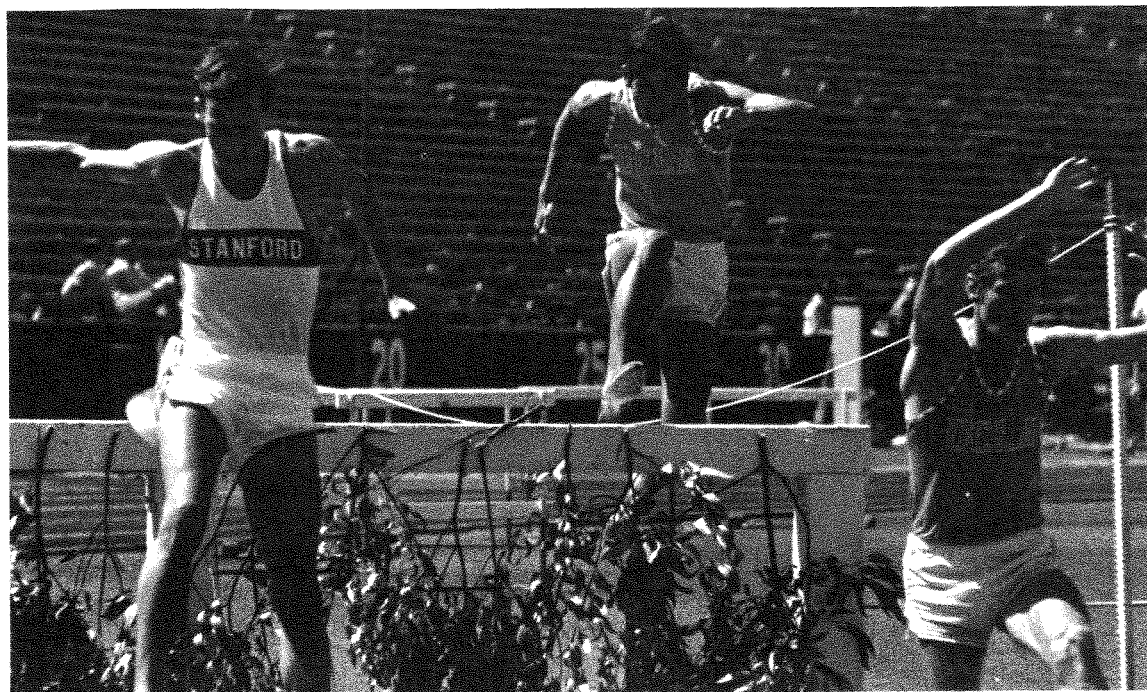


Gerry Lindgren (l) in earlier days, running with Bruce Kidd and Pyotr Bolotnikov (r). (Shearman)

test involving 15,000 airmen. One died while running early in the program. "It almost wiped out the whole program," Cooper said, "but the Chief of Staff made a very wise decision. He said it could have occurred by chance among 15,000 people, and he let the program continue. In the next six months we had no further heart attacks and no deaths. Just from statistics alone we could have predicted at least three heart attacks and at least one death." Another 12,000 airmen at the same bases weren't running. Nine had heart attacks and one died during the same period.

"So if you ask me how many people have been killed by aerobics and aerobics testing," Cooper said, "I'll come right back and ask you how many people wouldn't be here today if they hadn't been exercising."

"Normal" people keel over in the heat and get run down by cars, too.



Bob Anderson's photo catches steeplechasers at various stages of climb and descent. The subjects are (l-r) Chuck Menz, Jim Duarte and Randy Hartmann.

News Highlights

COMING EVENTS

• **DETROIT, MICH.**, March 13-14--Howell Michael upset slightly-injured Marty Liquori, 4:03.1 to 4:03.6, in the mile, and Jerry Richey took a fast two-mile at the NCAA Indoor championships. Richey ran 8:39.2, Alan Robinson 8:39.2, Dick Buerkle 8:41.0, Gary Bjorklund 8:42.0 and Ron Stonitsch 8:42.6.

• **VIENNA, AUSTRIA**, March 14-15--Ricky Wilde of Great Britain tore through 3000 meters in 7:47.0 for a world indoor record at the European championships. Other distance titles went to Henryk Szordykowski in the 1500 (3:48.8) and Yevgeniy Arzhanov in the 800 (1:51.0).

• **BRONX, N. Y.**, March 15--Herb Lorenz ran 2:28:28 to win the Cherry Tree marathon.

• **INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**, March 15--A missed turn chopped a mile from the Central Indiana Striders marathon. Charles Warthan did 2:32:43 for 25 miles.

• **FREDERICK, MD.**, March 21--Once again, for the fourth straight year, Doris Brown won the women's international cross-country championship. Her 15:04 for 2 1/2 miles gave Mrs. Brown a six-second advantage of Rita Ridley of England.

• **VICHY, FRANCE**, March 22--England's Mike Tagg, freshly recovered from a bout with the flu, got a surprising victory in the men's international cross-country. He beat Gaston Roelants by two seconds with 36:39.8 for about 7 1/2 miles.

• **ROCKVILLE, MD.**, March 22--Another missed turn, this one at the National AAU 30-kilometer championship. Eamon O'Reilly won the race that ended at 17 miles with 1:27:34. Pat McMahon was 41 seconds back in second.

• **ROCKLIN, CALIF.**, March 29--Running in blustery wind conditions and uncomfortable warmth, Byron Lowry won the AAU Regional marathon with 2:28:56.

• **HONOLULU, HAWAII**, April 5--The Hawaiian marathon title went to Mike Gregorio in 2:29:43. Ten-year-old Lars Cole finished eighth in 3:24:18.

• **BLAINE, WASH.**, April 11--Meet promoter Jim Pearson ran off with the Birch Bay marathon crown, running 2:43:40 in the first annual event.

• **ATHENS, OHIO**, April 12--Kentucky University trackman Vic Nelson, a marathon novice, clocked a fine 2:25:12 to win the Athens marathon.

• **OTSU, JAPAN**, April 12--Briton Bill Adcocks, recovered from his leg injuries, ran 2:13:46 and beat 1969 Boston winner Yoshiaki Unetani (2:14:49) in the Mainichi International marathon.

• **LAWRENCE, KANS.**, April 18--Chuck Ceronsky inaugurated the Kansas Relays marathon with a 2:29:14 victory.

• **BOSTON, MASS.**, April 20--As everyone must know by this time, Ron Hill blasted the Boston marathon course record with a 2:10:30, and Eamon O'Reilly got an American best of 2:11:12.

• **DES MOINES, IA.**, April 24-25--Kansas State's two-mile relay team of Dale Alexander (1:50.7), Dave Peterson (1:48.8), Bob Barratti (1:50.3) and Ken Swenson (1:46.5) lowered the American record to 7:16.4. Within the space of 19 hours, Jack Bachelor ran a 13:13.4 three-mile and 28:24.0 six-mile. Bruce Mortenson took the marathon with 2:33:27. All this at the Drake Relays.

• **EUGENE, ORE.**, April 25--Steve Prefontaine ripped through a solo 13:12.8 three-mile.

MAY

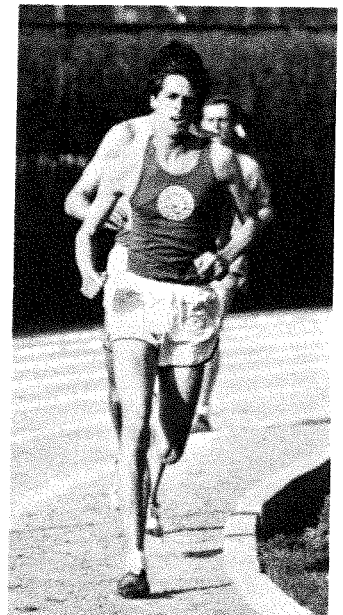
- 23 AAU Eastern Hour Run, (New England area)
- 23 California Relays, Modesto, Calif.
- 24 Marathon, Palos Verdes, Calif.
- 24 Bay to Breakers Run (7 3/4 miles), San Francis.
- 25 Plodders' Marathon, Brockton, Mass.
- 29-30 IC4A Track Championships, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 30 Golden Gate Marathon, San Francisco, Calif.
- 30 Gulf Federation Track, Houston, Tex.
- 30 Kennedy Games, Berkeley, Calif.

JUNE

- 5-6 Central Collegiate Conference, Bloomington, Ind.
- 5-6 International Military Championships, Italy
- 5-8 NAAI Track Championships, Billings, Mont.
- 6 Compton Invitational, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 7 AAU Marathon Championship, Redfield, Ia.
- 12-13 NCAA College Division Track, St. Paul, Minn.
- 12-13 USTFF Track Championships, Wichita, Kans.
- 13 Oregon Invitational Track, Eugene, Ore.
- 13 Sacramento Invitational Track, Sacramento, Cal.
- 13 Polytechnic Marathon, London, England
- 14 Marathon, Holyoke, Mass.
- 18-20 NCAA University Division Track, Des Moines, Ia.
- 18-21 Senior Olympics, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 19-20 AAU Junior Women's Track, St. Louis, Mo.
- 20 Golden West Invitational Track, Sacramento, Cal.
- 20 Orange County Invitational Track, Orange, Cal.
- 21 Longest Day Marathon, Brookings, S. D.
- 24-25 AAU Decathlon Championship, S. Lake Tahoe
- 26-27 AAU Men's Track Championships, Bakersfield
- 30-4 AAU Girl's & Women's Track, Los Angeles

JULY

- 2-5 US Master's Track Championships, San Diego
- 4 AAU 20-Km. Run Championship, Needham, Mass.
- 4 Marathon, Denver, Colo.
- 4 Sports Spree Marathon, Miles City, Mont.
- 5 All-Comers Marathon, Whitewater, Wisc.
- 5 Freedom Marathon, Monticello, Ill.
- 5 US Masters Marathon, San Diego, Calif.
- 7-8 US vs. France (track), Paris, Fr.
- 11 Mountain Marathon, Boone, N. C.
- 15-16 US vs. West Germany (track), Stuttgart, W. G.
- 17-25 British Commonwealth Games, Edinburgh, Scot.
- 23-24 US vs. USSR (track), Leningrad, USSR
- 25 AAU One-Hour Run (track), Santa Barbara, Cal.



Fast early-season winners from the Ohio Relays. LEFT: New Zealander Kerry Ragg completes his 13:51 three-mile. RIGHT: Bob Bertelson races toward his 28:46 six-mile. (Michael Oliver)

Runner's World Interview: MARTY LIQUORI

(PROFILE PHOTOS BY RON STANKO)

BY DAVE PROKOP

Steadily, unerringly, almost as if following some unseen script, Marty Liquori's running career has been gaining more and more lustre year to year. He ran 3:59.8 for the mile as a 17-year-old senior at Essex Catholic High School in Newark, N. J., made the 1968 US Olympic team just after his freshman year at Villanova University and reached the final of the Olympic 1500. Last year, while still a 19-year-old sophomore, he reached the very top of the pile--number one ranking in the world--beating the great Jim Ryun twice, winning eight of his nine outdoor mile races (including the IC4A, NCAA, AAU, US-Russia-Commonwealth and Americas vs. Europe). In addition, he recorded the year's fastest 1500 meters--3:37.2, second-fastest ever by an American.

With Kipchoge Keino getting older (he MUST be getting older) and Jim Ryun's future plans uncertain, 20-year-old Marty Liquori of Cedar Grove, N. J., must be regarded as the best bet for the gold medal in the 1500 at the '72 Olympics. And he's taking every possible step to be ready for the Olympics--even to the extent of planning the kind of job he'd like in the nine-month interval between his university graduation date and the Olympics (a finance major, he thinks a job as an insurance salesman would give him "enough time to train properly").

But the road to Munich won't be easy. Marty has been bothered by injuries at various points in his career (for instance, he could only finish second in this year's NCAA indoor mile after injuring a leg muscle in the heats). Plagued by weak arches, he must tape his feet carefully before every run. The only shoes he can wear on his long-distance runs are the ripple-soled New Balance model.

Then there's the pressure of being on top. The awesome pressure which once rested on the shoulders of Jim Ryun now rests, and is apparently beginning to make itself felt, on Marty's shoulders. It's obvious that Marty's ability to endure this pressure will determine his chances of success almost as much as his ability to run fast.

Marty first started running as a freshman in high school to get in shape for basketball. He had an undistinguished first year of running, never did get to play basketball. Then, during the summer after his freshman year, he started training seriously. From then on it was onwards and upwards. Under the expert guidance of Essex Catholic coach Fred Dwyer, former Villanova mile great, he ran 4:17.1 as a sophomore (age 15), 4:13.0 as a junior and finally the 3:59.8 in his last year, becoming the third high school four-minute miler (Jim Ryun and Tim Danielson coming before him.) To date, only these three have done it.

After high school, Marty moved on to Villanova, the east's top track school, where the east's top track coach, Jim "Jumbo" Elliott, has built a track dynasty over the years (19 Olympians to date) and where stand-out milers are nothing new. In addition to Dwyer, the school has had Ronnie Delany, Frank Murphy and Dave Patrick.

The mile is a classic race, and Marty Liquori brings some classic qualities to it--speed, stamina and more. He has what must come close to being the ideal physique for the mile: a leggy 6'0", 145-150 pounds. Meeting him, talking to him, you get the

impression he's an extremely tough competitor, determined, smart, cool, confident and impossible to intimidate. He is all of these. For proof, just look at this year's AAU indoor mile. In the race, Henryk Szordykowski of Poland got a half-stride on Marty right after the gun and tried to cut in. Marty held fast. Rather than break stride and probably forfeit the race, he put his hand on the Polish runner, held him off all the way around the turn, then blasted away to win. Szordykowski, a wily, experienced strategist, had picked the wrong guy to try to block off.

Marty Liquori was born in Montclair, N. J., on Sept. 11, 1949. His family has lived in Cedar Grove since he was five. He has two younger sisters and a 15-year-old brother, Steve, who has run 4:36 for the mile indoors this year. The father of the family, Marty Liquori Sr., owns a service station, which, in his case, is something like combining business with pleasure. He loves cars, used to race them. The father's interest in cars has rubbed off to the son. Marty was souping up cars before he had a driver's license and over the years has owned a series of Thunderbirds.

In the press, Marty Liquori has been presented as somewhat of a swinger--with the cars, the sideburns, the bell-bottom trousers, etc.--and compared to most trackmen he probably is. But when you assess him by the general standards, he's much more conservative than he is a swinger. You can figure it out for yourself. How much time is there to be a swinger, in the usual sense of that word, if you're trying to get a university education and also do all the hours of training to be a great miler?

The two days I was at Villanova, I never saw Marty near a pooltable. Nor did I see him in bell-bottom trousers. His yellow Thunderbird was left sitting idly in a parking lot. The only time I saw him in it was at the end of the second day as he headed home to Cedar Grove for his Easter vacation. I was surprised to hear he rarely goes into downtown Philadelphia. He admits he does take a drink, but explains, "I never drink the hard stuff. I just have an occasional beer--mostly in the summer to replace body salt." Girls? Well, Marty is probably a good looking a chap as ever charged down the homestretch of the mile, and a teammate of his told me that there are more than a few girls on the Villanova campus who'd like to go out with him. But Marty has a steady girlfriend back home and that's that.

Marty is perhaps most conservative in his future plans aside from track. At a time when college kids are seemingly in increasing protest, sitting-in, dropping-out, doing their own thing, a kid who plans for a future in business, talks of "establishing himself" in business is, most would say, conservative. Marty Liquori is such a kid. If one's environment has anything to do with shaping one's aims, Marty's desire to someday be a success in business is understandable. The three men who have had the greatest influence on his life, his father and his two coaches, all have been successful businessmen (Jumbo Elliott of Villanova is a wealthy owner of a company that deals in big contracting equipment, Fred Dwyer, who coached Marty in high school, was a sales representative for Hallmark Cards). Marty respects all three men for their business success and clearly hopes to follow in their

footsteps.

I interviewed Marty on March 24 and 25. It was spring in the Philadelphia area. Jumbo Elliott was away in Florida for the vacation he annually takes after the indoor season. But his distance and middle-distance runners, Marty included, were conscientiously working out on their own. From the red-brick Villanova athletic building, runners went out in twos and threes throughout the day, heading off in various directions on the numerous road courses Villanova runners run through the rich Mainline section of Philadelphia's western suburbs.

Due to Marty's tight class and training schedule, the interview was taped in three one-hour sessions. The interview was lengthy, for the Marty Liquori story, despite the fact that the best part is probably still to come, is already a colorful, intriguing one with many obvious areas for discussion.

RW: In a recent Sports Illustrated article, Marty, you were quoted as saying, "There's more success I want, but proving last year was no fluke drives me harder than any anticipated joy of winning." Exactly how much are you looking backwards now and how much are you looking ahead?

LIQUORI: Well, I think I really have only one goal--and that's Munich in 1972. As far as other things, I don't want last year to be my best year. That's mainly what I meant in that quote. If you only have one good year, people will think that it was luck or something. And I just want to disprove any notions to that effect, that 1969 wasn't luck and that I can keep this pace up until Munich.

RW: What are your aims for the upcoming outdoor season? Are you going to go out to do something special or simply let the season take its course?

LIQUORI: I'm just going to let it take its course. I want to run well in the NCAA and the AAU and go on the European tour. That's about all I'm really thinking about right now.

RW: When I said "something special" I was really asking whether or not you had any designs on Jim Ryun's 1500-meter and mile records.

LIQUORI: Yes, I knew that. No, I'll never quote any times.

RW: Well, let's look beyond this year. Do you, in fact, have any designs on these records?

LIQUORI: Well, everybody does, yeah. But I won't be greatly disappointed if it doesn't happen. Of course, I have designs but I think more than any world record I'd rather have the Olympic medal.

RW: Do you ever foresee going on a campaign to get these records?

LIQUORI: Oh yeah, after the Olympics. Well, either in the Olympic year or the year after. I don't want to have a great year the year before the Olympics and then in the Olympic year be let down psychologically.

RW: Among the many colorful quotes attributed to you is this one: "The only time I go under four minutes is if someone is holding a gun to my head." This statement obviously indicates a racer rather than a runner, someone concerned with winning rather than the stopwatch--a Ronnie Delany type of attitude.

LIQUORI: Well, I think anybody will say I'm a racer. The only time I really will run an all-out race is if the pressure's on me--like if we're in a race for the team title or if it's a big race like the NCAA or the AAU. In a small dual meet or something like that, I'll never run for time. In most indoor meets, I don't run for time, because we have too many of them.

People have to realize the way we run here at Villanova. Some of the top-ranked milers in the last few years may have run two or three indoor meets and

that's all. Here at Villanova this winter I ran for about 14 weekends straight indoors and it was more than 14 races. Some weekends I ran two races. So you have to realize you can't run your best time every week and you just try to win as many races as possible.

RW: What, in other words, is your attitude towards records?

LIQUORI: Personally, the only record I ever sought was to run four minutes in high school. Since then, the only thing I've tried to do is win races. When you're up-and-coming and you don't have a chance of winning a national championship your sole motivating force has to be a personal best time or something of that nature. But now, when I'm trying to win the championship and win the races, the motivating force is the competitive record. And I just feel that sooner or later you're going to get in a race where the pace is going to be fast and you'll be forced to run a fast time. I know this will happen in time, so there's no sense trying to go out and run these races by yourself. It's not going to take it out of you psychologically.

Last year I ran a lot of races, and I just tried to win most of them. In my last race of the year, I was pushed and I ended up running my best time (3:37.2 for 1500-meters in Stuttgart, winning at the Americas-Europe match). This is what I'd like to do this year.

RW: But supposing you wanted to run under 3:50, for instance, go out for some extraordinary time, to establish some glowing monument to your career, there may be no one to push you to that kind of performance.

LIQUORI: Well, maybe not. But I think that when Jim (Ryun) starts training again, well, there's going to be somebody around to run close to 3:50, and Keino can do it. If (Bodo) Tummler and Jurgen May get back in shape, you know, in the next Olympics, there's a possibility for that kind of a fast pace.

But running a fast time is really no monument to your greatness. We know that within 20 years the athletes are going to be surpassing anything we can do anyway. At most the records are going to last five or 10 years. Something like Jesse Owens' broad jump record is a great rarity.

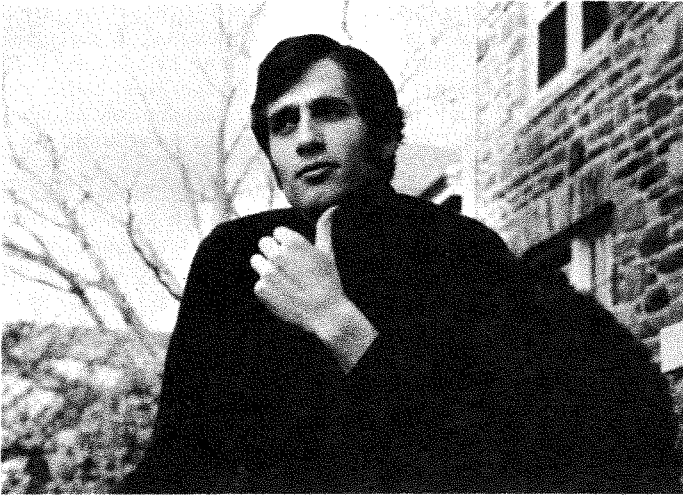
So the way you have to judge a person is by how he did against his competitors. You have to judge (Herb) Elliott as not having lost a mile race in his life and (Peter) Snell losing maybe a handful of times in his life and winning two gold medals in one Olympics. I think it's greater to demolish your competition week after week for two or three years and be number one in the world than to get one world record.

RW: You say "when Jim comes back." You sound pretty sure that he is, in fact, coming back.

LIQUORI: Yeah. I definitely think he's going to come back. I haven't spoken to him since the AAU last year. But I think that after he graduates this year, gets that out of the way, gets settled down in a job, he'll start running again. I think he still has a lot of run left in him and I don't think he'd like his career to end this way.

RW: You ran at high altitude in '68. How did the altitude affect you and other milers?

LIQUORI: Well, it was very bad when we first went up to the Olympic training camp. There was pain and we just couldn't run as fast. But by the time of the Olympics we'd been up there three months--two or three months--and although we couldn't run as fast as we could at sea level, at least we know something about our bodies and how fast they would react in altitude. Like, from experience, most of us found that the best way to run would be to go out slow and build up. Definitely the guy with a kick was at an advantage at altitude because you couldn't go out hard at the gun and try to set the pace, because that was



what you got.

Well, this explains what happened in the Olympics. Keino knew that if he went out fast in the 1500 final Ryun or anybody else from sea level (trying to stay with him) would build up an oxygen debt right away and just tie up. Jim knew this, too. That's why he went out slow and took the chance of catching him with his kick. Had he tried to stay with Keino through that 55-second first quarter he might not even have finished the race. A 55-second quarter would have been almost fatal.

RW: You made the '68 United States Olympic team at a very young age--18 or 19. Before the trials, how did you think you'd do?

LIQUORI: I thought Dave Patrick was going to be second and I thought I, Tom Von Ruden or Roscoe Divine was going to be third. Coming up to the final weeks of preparation, I thought Dave was in there. But as I explained earlier, he was training thinking he was already on the Olympic team and he wasn't peaking for the finals.

RW: What happened to you in Mexico City?

LIQUORI: Well, in Mexico City I was running fairly well the first two days, but at the end of the second race something went in my foot. I didn't think it was too serious. I thought it would go away during the final. I tried to numb it by icing it right up till minutes before the race. But even after a 220 it was just painful; I couldn't put my foot down. So I just had to drop out. I jogged around my four laps actually watching the race.

RW: Having run four minutes for the mile while still in high school, I would think a lot of people might be inclined to explain your achievement: "Well, the kid obviously had great natural talent."

LIQUORI: Well, people who don't really understand track usually say that kind of stuff. Anybody who knows what a four-minute mile is can tell you that you don't run four minutes just on natural talent. I worked hard in high school. That's no secret. Everybody who broke four minutes in high school worked hard. I ran right through the summer--I used to average 70 miles a week in the summer--and I ran the whole year round. I trained at least as hard as I do now. In some ways it was even tougher.

RW: One tends to be perhaps more fanatical when one starts.

LIQUORI: Right. I don't know if I don't have quite the same desire now, but I'd have to say I was in a totally different position in high school. It was a different kind of desire. I wanted things like to go to the AAU championships or to make a European tour or to run a four-minute mile. And maybe because you didn't know what these things were like because you had

never achieved them, your desire was even greater. Now I know what it's like and these things excite me less. Maybe as far as the Olympics go, I definitely get very excited about that--even more than before 1968. But in other things, like running a four-minute mile now, there's really no point in that. I mean, if it's a slow race, nobody's in the race, you run four minutes, it's no big deal.

RW: You started running as a freshman in high school but really got serious about running, immersed in the sport, the following summer. What triggered this?

LIQUORI: Well, towards the end of the year I started winning a few medals. You have different desires at different points in your career and I think at that time a little tin medal was enough to warrant the hard work. I didn't have many medals. I was playing in rock 'n roll bands and a few other things at the time.

RW: You're musically inclined, are you?

LIQUORI: Well, yeah, I was. I've kinda drifted away from it now.

RW: What instrument did you play?

LIQUORI: Guitar, the banjo. I studied guitar from the age of nine and at one time, before I started running, I figured this was the way I was going to go through college--you know, picking up \$25-30 a night in college playing with a band. I kept playing until about the first and second year in high school. I was out playing gigs before races and Mr. Dwyer told me I'd have to break that guitar over my knee or I'd never be a runner. So I gave it up--pretty happily, really, because I was pretty tired of all the (music) practices and I wanted to run instead.

But at that time I think that winning a few medals gave me a lot of incentive. And we did have one of the best varsity cross-country squads around. There was this atmosphere: "Alright. Everybody's going to work during the summer and when we come back we're going to be the best cross-country team in the east." And I sort of got caught up in this thing and the influence of Mr. Dwyer.

I went down to the shore with my family and my father gave me encouragement. We were going to stay three weeks and he told me, "Well, if you want to stay longer so you can run on the beaches, you can." So I stayed down there a little bit longer than the rest of the family, staying with my aunt to run every day on the beaches. I was getting in about 50-70 miles a week. When I came back to school, I was very strong and I was right up there with everybody else. By the end of my sophomore year, Mr. Dwyer finally let me run the mile. I ran a couple of 4:17 races and I started getting these remarks that I really had promise and I might get a scholarship to college.

RW: How much natural talent do you think you started out with?

LIQUORI: None really. When I first started running I couldn't run 60 seconds for the quarter and I couldn't make the cross-country team.

RW: So you would rate yourself as having been--at that time--a very ordinary character.

LIQUORI: Well, actually in my first year or so, Mr. Dwyer rated me below average.

RW: Have you ever had any physiological tests performed on you since then.

LIQUORI: I think we had a few up at the Olympic training camp in '68. Most of them I think I failed pretty miserably, at least in comparison with the other guys up there. I remember one test where we had to blow into something like a bag. I could hardly move the needle and Dave Patrick was pushing the needle way over to the other side. I guess my heart-beat's about normal, about 50 beats a minute. Of course, I have problems with my feet. That's the

only thing that ever bothers me. I just have bad feet--sort of soft ligaments and tendons.

RW: You've said some extremely complimentary things about both Fred Dwyer, your high school coach, and Jumbo Elliott, your coach here at Villanova. In particular, I recall a statement you made saying that you feel you've had the privilege of working under the two best distance coaches in America.

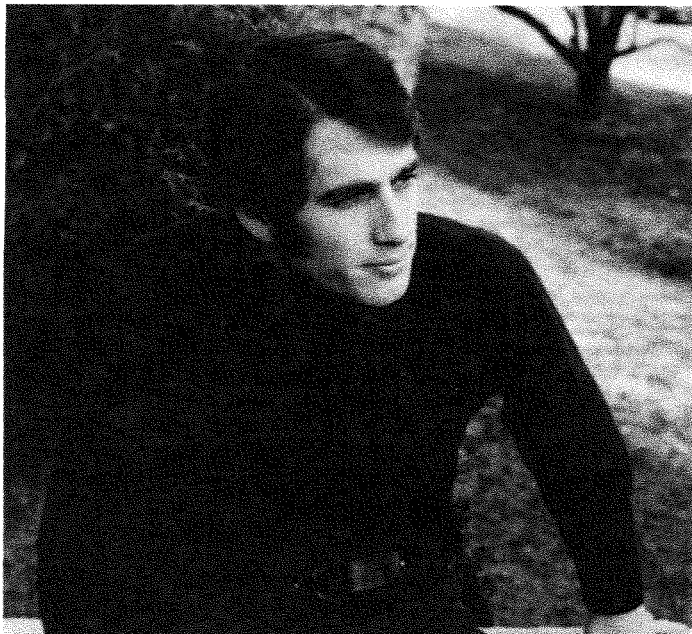
LIQUORI: Yeah. Well, I think so. Jumbo has definitely had as much success as anybody else. People try and set up arguments who's had the most success. But the way that Jumbo's had people run the whole indoor season, continually win, and then be around again for the outdoor season is really impressive. He knows what he wants to do with the runners and he can do it with them--over the whole year. There are a lot of coaches who are good and can bring you up to an excellent performance two or three times in a year, maybe at the end of the outdoor season. But he brings guys along at a high plateau from indoor season right on through the outdoor season. So I think he's one of the best, definitely.

And Fred Dwyer, he's still young. This is his first year of college coaching--he's at Manhattan in New York. I say he's one of the best because of the success he's had in high school. Before me, he'd had two or three 4:16 milers and good two-milers, you know, close to nine minutes. In my junior year, we had a four-mile relay that averaged 4:17 a man for four guys. So he had a lot of success in high school and I think he's really one of the best. I think he's really going to be good in college. In fact, Manhattan won the distance medley at the NCAA indoor meet. I think he had a lot to do with that victory.

RW: Fred Dwyer was an excellent miler in his own right. Having him as your high school coach must have been quite inspiring.

LIQUORI: Yeah. Well, like Jumbo, he had the respect of everyone on the team. There are a lot of coaches who come out in sweatsuits and jog around with the guys. Neither of them are like that. Jumbo, you know, I've never seen him in anything but a business suit and tie. He projects an image that makes people respect him. We respect him because we know he's not some coach grabbing the first job he can get but he's a successful businessman.

And with Mr. Dwyer, he had run fast and he was a successful businessman before he decided he wanted to get back to the sport and coach again. So he had the



respect and, of course, this is a big thing with the high school kids.

RW: To draw you back to the original question, did Fred Dwyer's reputation and stature as a miler in his own right affect you directly?

LIQUORI: Well, yeah, in certain ways. When he told you to do something, if it really sounded hard, you always knew in the back of your mind that he wouldn't ask you to do something that he hadn't been through himself and that he couldn't do himself. For some reason, he inspires confidence in his runners. Like I would hear of kids doing amazing workouts and I'd be doing a lot a hard work. With another coach who wasn't as successful, I would be saying to myself, "I'm doing all this hard work, what if this guy doesn't know what he's doing? I'm spending half my life training." But always with him, I would sort of laugh at the other kids, like "You're doing hard work but your coach doesn't know as much as my coach."

I've always said to myself that every step I've taken--both for Freddie and Jumbo--I've gotten some good out of it. I feel I've never done anything which was a waste of time. And this, in my mind, was very relaxing and took a lot of the worry out of training.

RW: What are the ideas of Fred Dwyer and Jumbo Elliott on the training for your event--the mile?

LIQUORI: Basically, they both believe in long distance work during the summer and fall, then pace-work on the track during the indoor season and the outdoor season. Freddie and Jumbo differ a little bit. Freddie stayed away from speedwork--maybe because of the bad experience he'd had with me. I always got injured. I think maybe at that young age my bones and ligaments weren't strong enough and when I did some speedwork I'd always pull something.

Jumbo, on the other hand, gets older boys, so he has them do a little more speedwork. That's about the only difference between them. In fact, Freddie has said to me that if he had had me in college he would, as I got older, have given me more speedwork.

I'm grateful that Freddie had me do so much distance work. I think the younger the runner the more distance work he needs because what young kids are lacking is strength. If you have a boy who's 16 he's going to benefit more by doing distance work and building up his strength. He could have all the speed in the world and keep working on that speed. But if he's a miler-two miler he's not going to have the strength to carry that speed through the race.

RW: Both men, obviously, advocate hard work.

LIQUORI: Well, Jumbo was once quoted as saying, "Hard work will get you nowhere." But if I said that right now I'd be a little bit out of context because he did say it three days before the IC4A, which is a big meet.

Jumbo advocates hard work, but there are only about six weeks out of the whole year where he does it. When he gives you hard work it's really hard.

RW: Could you give us an example?

LIQUORI: Well, at the beginning of the indoor season we still had a lot of time. And outdoors on our board track, out in the cold, you know, in the wind, snow and everything, where it's 30 degrees, we'd be doing 15 three-lapers, which is about 60 yards farther than a quarter, in about 65 seconds each, with a quarter in between.

So he's tough at certain times of the year. During the big meets he's not tough at all.

Freddie was tough, too, with the longer distance stuff. I got ahead of the competition in my league. So actually I would run races and train 5-10 miles after them. And the day before I'd run 12 miles. I used to hate him in high school: he worked me hard almost all the time. We had a 12-lap board track set up outdoors like the 11-lap track here at Villanova

and he would have me do things like 8-12 halves at about a 2:11 average.

RW: You made a somewhat amazing statement earlier when you said that in high school you trained as hard, if not harder, than you do now. Usually, it's the other way around: university age athletes train harder than high school athletes.

LIQUORI: Well, I may run a few more miles per week now than I did in high school, but in some respects I did work harder in high school. In high school the workouts were a lot tougher psychologically. Every workout was almost like a race. The atmosphere here isn't the same. I try to be a little bit more consistent. I don't go out now and really push myself to the limit on any one given day, whereas in high school I sometimes did that kind of stuff.

RW: Why don't you work harder now? Don't you think that working harder would put you in better condition?

LIQUORI: No, no. You see, when I worked hard in high school I'd work hard but I'd get hurt very often. Now I'm trying to be more consistent, win a lot of races. I never crash train, which is what a lot of kids do in high school. I'm able to keep myself psychologically up for training for a long period. Some runners, even some of the better runners in the country, might train very hard for a month and then slow their pace down because they're sick of it. But I think I don't really get as sick and tired of training as much as the next guy. And even if I'm sick of it I sort of force myself to run every day.

In training I'm sort of looking more towards longevity than really killing myself in any one year. I'm trying to pace myself, just like you pace yourself in a race. My training this year and next year is basically preparation for the Olympic Games. I don't do much speedwork because basically I just want to keep building up my strength until the Olympic year. And also, with my feet, if I do speedwork one day the next day my arches are hurting me; it's almost impossible to work out again. So I try and stick as much as possible to the longer stuff.

I think you have to pace yourself in training. You can do too much speedwork and you can do too much distance work. And you can overtrain. I think a lot of athletes are overtrained.

RW: Isn't placing such emphasis on one competition--the '72 Olympics--placing a lot of eggs in one basket? After all, the Olympics do come only once every four years. Anything could happen.

LIQUORI: Yeah. Putting all the emphasis on the Olympics does contradict our theory as far as the yearly races go. You know, some runners run every year with the sole thought of doing well in the NCAA or the AAU, and they train through every other race. Then if they fail or don't do as well as they expected in the NCAA or the AAU it's a very traumatic experience. You know, they've lost a race that they've been planning on for months and months and months. Some of them might even feel, "Well, I've worked so hard for this one and now I've lost it. I'm going to quit."

Jumbo tries to avoid this. His theory is that you should have a lot of races and take one almost on the same level as another. That way you have a lot of good experiences, you know, winning, a few bad experiences; so when you do lose it doesn't really shock you into wanting to give it all up.

But, I don't know. . . It's just a natural thing to plan for the Olympics. I think there's no way you can win it without approaching it this way. So it's not by choice and maybe it does go against our theory, but we have to do it.

RW: You're having problems now with your feet--an arch problem. You've had injuries before. What is

the situation with your instep problem now and, secondly, does the spectre of, shall we say, final injury which might force a complete halt in running bother you?

LIQUORI: Well, yeah. Constantly. It hangs over my head like a dark cloud. I think this is going to be my biggest problem in the future--these feet. Last year they hurt me quite a bit. The last four or five weeks of the track season I got to the point where I would only do two or three quarters all week.

Then I hurt my foot very badly at Stuttgart. I couldn't even run a step for three months, then for six months I was sort of on and off.

My feet do hurt when I get up in the morning after running on the track. I'm still worried this year that the same thing will happen as last year, that they will give out halfway. And I'm trying to avoid that right now. I try not to do too much speedwork. I tape my feet before every run. I try and exercise them every night. You know, I try and roll a towel up with my toes. I pick up marbles with my toes and roll a bottle on my arch to push it up.

RW: We've touched on your training several times. Could you describe your present training program in some detail?

LIQUORI: Well, you may run your best race in June or July but you start preparing for it the previous summer. I do about 70 miles a week in the summer. It's all distance work, off the track, at about 6:30-7:00 pace. Then, in September, when we come back to school, we may run for another month off the track, doing distance on the roads, trying to get in 100 miles a week--or at least the other guys on the team do. The last couple of cross-country seasons I've been hurt. So I haven't run a cross-country season since my freshman year. I think this had hurt me.

RW: Referring to this distance work, 6:30-7:00 per mile must be an extremely easy pace for you.

LIQUORI: Well, as far as the mile is concerned, I think people try to get the wrong thing out of distance. You don't get a workout out of distance running. I don't think it does very much for your lungs or your upper body or anything like that. Actually, all it does it speed up your pulse rate, gets the blood flowing for long periods of time and strengthens your legs. So my feeling is: rather than run 10 miles at a fast pace I'd rather do 15 miles at a slow pace. The longer you're jogging the better. Actually, a lot of people have commented that the way I and a few other guys here run our long runs--at really slow speeds--is harder than to go out and keep up a good pace.

RW: You train twice a day, don't you?

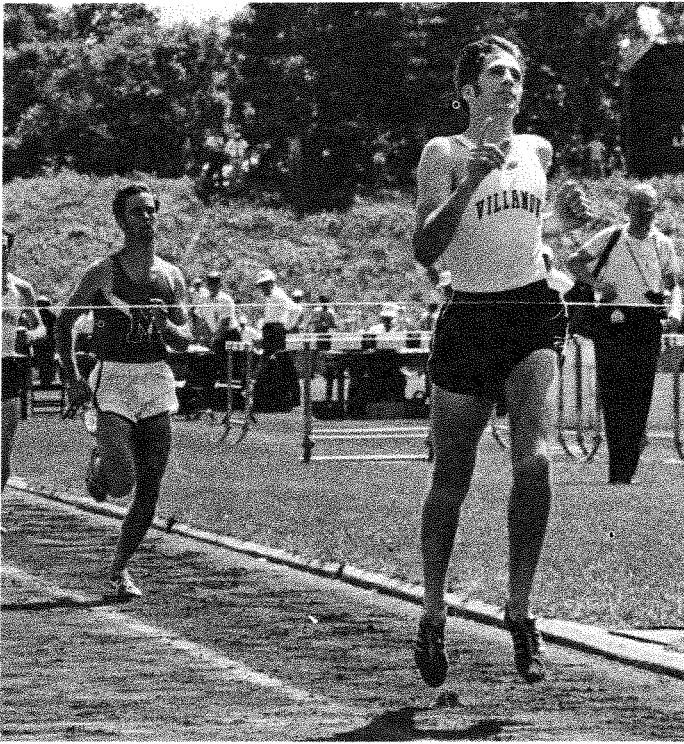
LIQUORI: Yes, whenever I can. When I'm running distance work I'll run five or six miles at 11 o'clock, then 10 miles around three or four.

RW: You had described your training up to the end of September.

LIQUORI: Yes. After that we start the cross-country season. We still keep up the distance work but we'll come on the track one day a week and do pace work--you know, 20 quarters, something like that. We usually start at 70 seconds and come down a second a week until we get to about 65-second pace.

Then it's the indoor season. Over the Christmas vacation I like to do longer stuff because I know it's going to be a long season. When we return to school we start working out three days a week on the outdoor board track and do distance the other days plus a race every weekend.

As I indicated earlier, some of these track workouts are really tough. Our basic workout is three-lappers and once we're in shape we try to keep around 60-second (per quarter) pace. The other track workouts are a variation on this basic workout.



"I'm number one," Marty Liquori appears to be signaling as he finishes last year's IC4A mile. (Jeff Johnson photo)

So that's the indoor season. After the last indoor meet, the NCAA championships, we go on the roads for about two weeks, doing distance work. The last couple of years we've had this dual meet with Tennessee to open our outdoor season. We'll go on the track maybe one or two days before the meet, loosen up a little, then run those races down there. Then we'll come back and start working on the track regularly. This is the hard part of the year and we'll really have some hard workouts. Our basic week, indoor season and outdoor season, is three days on the track--Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Then Thursday and Friday we do some distance, race Saturday and Sunday it's distance again.

RW: Jim Ryun was/is a great American track hero. Spectators and athletes alike have looked up to him, idolized him. Perhaps you did, too. Yet you were the instrument of his defeat, the guy that beat him. If I may prime the pump a little, I recall that you were somewhat subdued after last year's AAU meet. When someone asked you what was wrong you were supposed to have said, "Jim's not here."

LIQUORI: Right. Well, in the first place Jim had come along and given us our first great miler in years. So he had for many people become their hero. And when I came up and sort of started chipping away at the monument that he had built, I became somewhat of a villain. And I couldn't help but feel this way.

RW: You felt in your own mind that you had undertaken the role of a villain or that the people had begun to think of you as a villain?

LIQUORI: Both. Both. But I realized that it was something that had to be done. In a way I felt bad or sorry that it couldn't have been another way, that I had been the first one. But as it was I did feel a little bit of a villain to do this to somebody who symbolized to us our greatest asset in track and field.

RW: If, as you say, people thought of you as somewhat of a villain do you think they still see you this way?

LIQUORI: I don't think they do anymore. I

think initially they did because Jim was so established and I was the young kid from the east challenging him. Most of the people wanted to hang on to their old favorite rather than tie their emotions to a flashy new kid who most people figured was just a flash in the pan.

RW: To most people Jim Ryun would come through as a conservative, quiet, country-type of boy whereas you would seem less conservative, "brash"--to use your own word, more of the "city" type. Do you think this would have anything to do with the way the public would regard the two of you?

LIQUORI: Well, I guess you'd have to say that most of the people who follow track and field are conservative and everybody has their preferences. Maybe more people preferred his type for the top-notch miler. Maybe some people didn't want a side-burned, long-haired kid to represent our country. But I don't think that holds anymore.

I think that what really did play an important part is that a few of the stories that were advanced about me at first were hurriedly written things and actually didn't really study me. I always felt that it was easy for writers, if they were going to write a story about me, to write that I was the opposite of this and was the opposite of such-and-such, you know. It was always harder to say what I was and they seemed to have an easier time saying what I wasn't. And I think at first a false image got thrown on me because of such writing and possibly because of a few things I might have said without thinking.

RW: You refer to a "false image." What, in your mind, is that "false image"?

LIQUORI: Well, I think that some of the early magazine articles might have projected an image of somebody that drinks beer all the time and doesn't really think about track too much, and maybe it would lead some young kids to think that a miler doesn't have to train hard and think about track a great deal. Reading this they probably couldn't imagine me working out twice a day and putting four or five hours of my life each day into this.

It was false because it painted a picture of the way I enjoy life, which could lead many individuals to think that it was all fun and no hard work. You know that isn't true. Nobody who ever ran four minutes got there by fooling around.

RW: In other words, the true picture you would see of yourself is that you have a social side to your personality but also a hard-working side?

LIQUORI: Right. I'd like to think that I do everything in the right perspective.

RW: Do you see yourself now as America's best miler or America's best miler only in the absence of Jim Ryun?

LIQUORI: Well, no. I don't like to think of it that way. I think I've come into my own and last year and this upcoming year is going to show it. After Jim, you know, and the 3:51 miles it becomes easy to say that--that just because he's not running I'm on top. But I have some creditable times--3:54 or so. No, I don't like to think about it that way. I think most people do, though, and I don't blame them.

RW: In recent years we've had numerous athletes in the distance races who've performed marvelously while still in high school. People like you, Jim Ryun, Gerry Lindgren and Bruce Kidd are prime examples of this. On the other hand, there have been examples of athletes who showed tremendous promise, then petered out. How fast do you think a runner should be brought along?

LIQUORI: I think it's according to the individual. It never hurt Jim Ryun. He holds world records. He dominated his competition in the mile for several years. He failed to win the gold medal in the Olympics but, in my mind, for the distance races there

wasn't any '68 Olympics. I mean, in my mind he won that race. It was obvious that the runners from high altitude countries had a decided advantage.

When you look at the mile you find that regardless of what age the person starts running and comes to the top of the pile, they all seem to stay at the top about the same length of time--about four years. It was that way with Snell. Same thing with Elliott. And Jim was on top roughly the same length of time.

If Jim had arrived there later he might have run faster. I don't know. But I think that in our American system the high school kids and the kids in college better take it while they have the chance because once you're out of college the American way of life isn't as conducive to training and competing in track. I mean, 23 or 24 may be the age at which you're physically the strongest. But for most of us those are the years when we're getting out of college and trying to nail down a job. And by then may have other responsibilities--like a wife and child. So it becomes harder to train. I'm almost positive that once I graduate from Villanova, I'll never be able to train the way I can here. I don't think there are too many jobs that are going to allow me four hours a day to train.

RW: The article which appeared on you in Sports Illustrated in March ("A Monkey Rides the Easy Runner," March 2, 1970) focussed on the pressure you're now experiencing as the number one miler. Is that pressure as real and burdensome as the article suggested or was it an exaggeration?

LIQUORI: No, there's a great deal of pressure. A couple of years ago when I read about the pressure Jim was facing I thought it was exaggerated. It looked to me that, you know, what does he have to worry about? He's always winning and everything's fine for him.

But I can empathize with things that happened to him because I'm in the same position somewhat. Now I don't think the pressure was exaggerated. Being the number one miler, the number one man in the number one event, probably, in track and field, there's a lot of publicity and a lot of people watching what you're doing. The press builds you up as the person to beat all the time. Everything you say is quotable. When you lose it gets far more attention than when you win.

I mean, this has actually happened. I'll be with Chris (Mason) and Dick (Buerkle) and people will congratulate them and not say anything to me besides "hello," because it's taken for granted that I won. And if I win it's no great thing. But if I lose, you know, it's big news. And when I run the guy again it's played up as a "re-match" and all that.

So you really become afraid of losing, afraid of the press coming down on you, afraid of what people will say. And this plays on you more than enjoying the success of winning.

I once read where, after Jim lost in the Olympics, some old Olympic official said to him, "You let your country down." I would have liked to have hung him from the Olympic flagpole for saying something like that. How anybody like that could even get near the Olympics amazes me.

But athletes too often are judged by their failures when they should be judged by their successes. And unfortunately this is the negative attitude of most of the press.

RW: What specifically, can you do or try to do to bear up under the pressure?

LIQUORI: Basically, I try to put just enough pressure on myself to make me work hard but not so much that I'll worry. But sometimes it does get you down. You find yourself worrying too much about it. So you just have to say, "To hell with everybody. It's my personal thing" and try to shake it, try to divert yourself.

mile.

And, of course, the mile is associated with four minutes.

RW: You rose to number one this year and as you're finding out there's a great deal of pressure associated with being number one. There are still two years before the Olympic year. Would you, in retrospect, have liked to reach that position a little later--like the spring of '72?

LIQUORI: Well, maybe now that I think about it I'd have to say "yes." But when I was back there in June I wanted it NOW.

RW: You spoke earlier of the mile as being probably "the number one event in track." Certainly, the mile has long been regarded as the glamor event of track. I know you're probably prejudiced on this point, but do you see the mile as a "glamor" event, a "number one event"?

LIQUORI: Yeah, I think the mile is a glamor event. It's not too long and not too short--a race that requires both speed and stamina.

It's a basic measure of distance--you know, a MILE. Like 880 yards is an odd distance. So is 100 yards. But a mile--everyone can associate with a

RW: You've referred to the press a few times in our conversation. What are your feelings on the press?

LIQUORI: They really, a lot of times, paint an untrue picture. And you tend to get perturbed quite often. They seem to tend towards sensationalism. For instance, they show me as a swinger and Jim on the other end of the pole. That's because it's the easiest way for them to write a story: to contrast things.

I used to be concerned what the press said but it started to upset me too much and I just stopped reading the Philadelphia papers. I'll read the New York papers but not the Philadelphia papers.

RW: Have the Philadelphia writers been particularly rough on you.

LIQUORI: Well, the Philadelphia writers are funny. Even if they write a good story about you it's terrible. I don't know. They just have a knack of doing it. They just write in a negative attitude--like, if you win the greatest race in the world they'll say you missed the world record. They're unbelievable. They'd boo a cancer cure.

RW: Now that there is greater pressure and now that you've been running at a highly competitive level for five or six years, is training still an enjoyable experience to you--if it ever was--or is it drudgery?

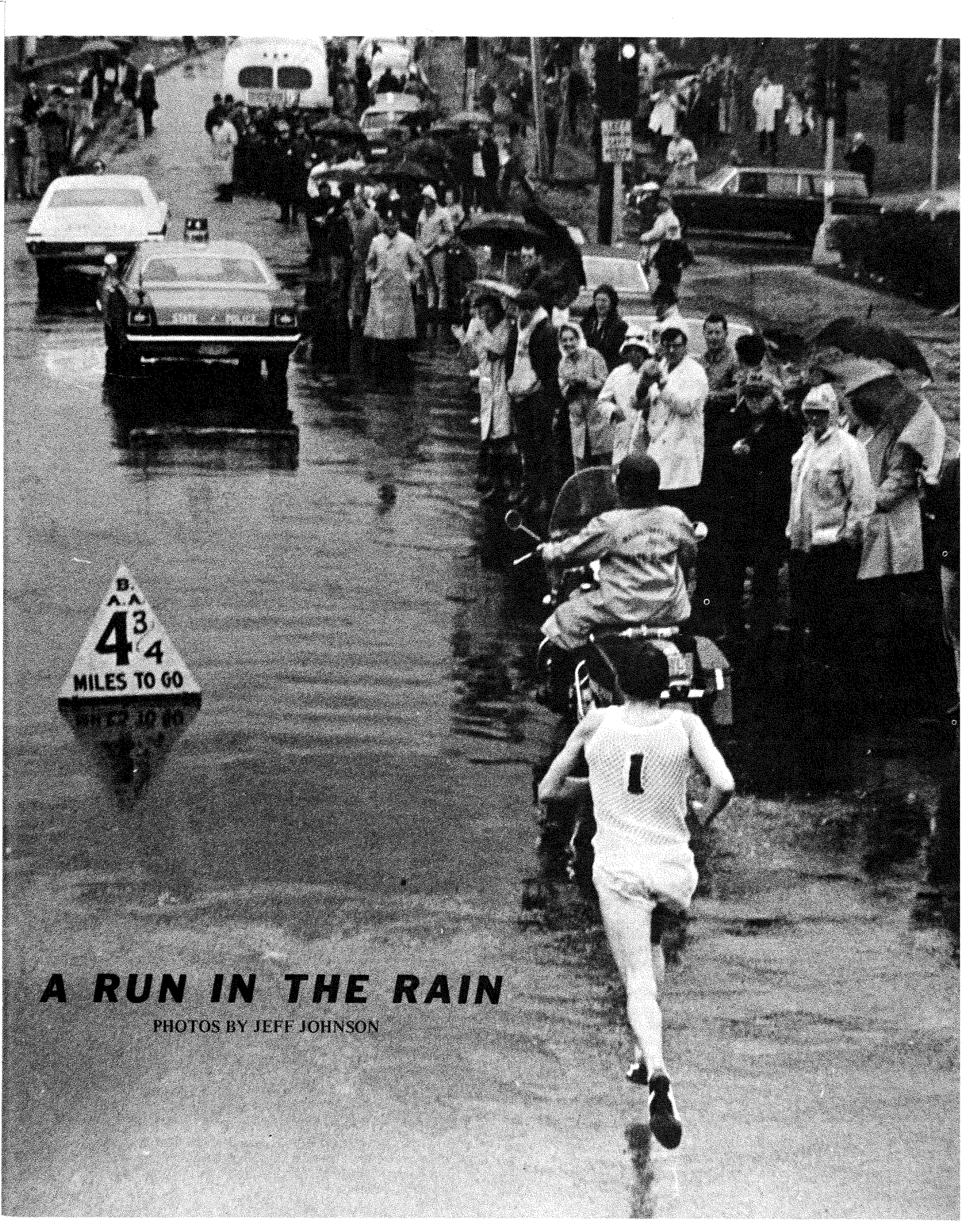
LIQUORI: (laughs) Well, I don't think it's changed much. It's always drudgery. Maybe two or three days out of 365 you might go out and really fell like training--like the first day of spring or something like that. But the rest of the time it's just something you put up with.

RW: Do you enjoy running?

LIQUORI: (pause) I hate to admit it but I guess I do--or I wouldn't be running for so long.

RW: In what sense do you enjoy running if you say, as so many of us say, the training does tend to be drudgery?

LIQUORI: Well, it's hard to pinpoint. There are different theories you might have on why you run--because it gives you a chance to think might be one reason. After a tough day at classes you're tired, tense, you might have a headache. Running gets rid of all that. (It's a) form of expression. Aw, for me I think the biggest thing is personal satisfaction. I didn't get up in the morning and just live a day. I've going 15 miles, which to me is accomplishing something every day. And the fact that I have this long-range goal and every day I'm taking more steps towards it, it's satisfying. You sleep better at night.



A RUN IN THE RAIN

PHOTOS BY JEFF JOHNSON



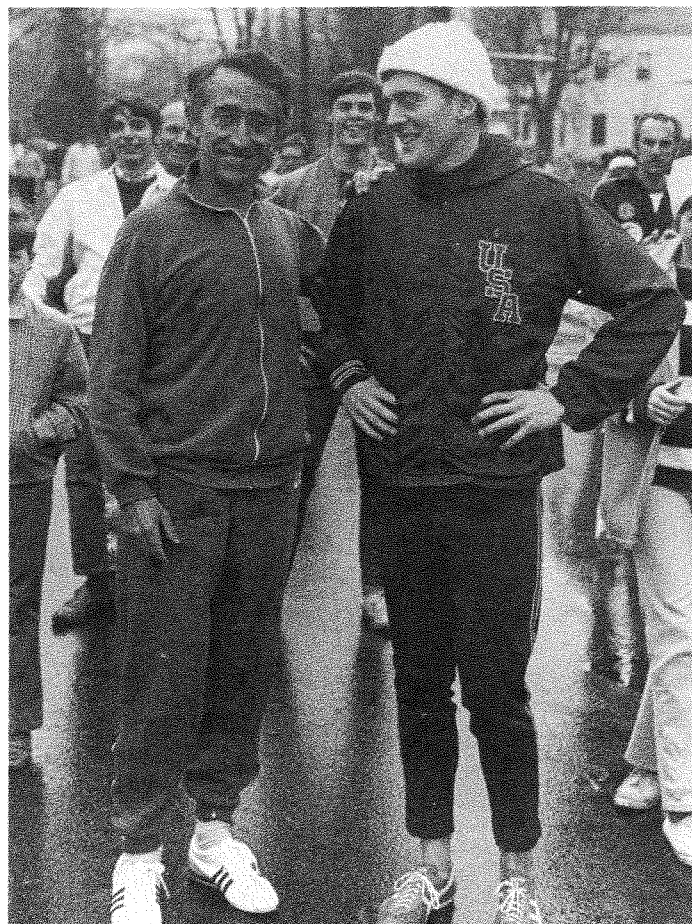
--BOSTON 1970

Let's start with the facts and figures before going on to more important things about the Boston marathon. The top 10: 1. Ron Hill (Great Britain) 2:10:30 (breaks record of 2:13:49); 2. Eamon O'Reilly (Athens AC) 2:11:12 (US best, beating Ken Moore's 2:13:27.8); 3. Pat McMahon (Ireland/Boston AA) 2:14:53; 4. Pentti Rummakko (Finland) 2:14:59; 5. Kalle Hakkarainen (Finland) 2:19:42; 6. Ken Moore (US Army) 2:19:47; 7. Bob Moore (Canada/Toronto OC) 2:20:07; 8. Andy Boychuk (Canada/Toronto OC) 2:21:06; 9. Bill Clark (Philadelphia AC) 2:22:17; 10. Wayne Yetman (Canada/Toronto OC) 2:22:32. Weather: 43 degrees, rain. Starters: 1011. Under three hours: 279. Finishers: who knows?

The campaign to limit the field by imposing entrance requirements had a mild effect. It cut the population for the first time in years--bringing it down from last year's peak of 1152. The entry list carried 1173 names, with such exotic numbers as X15 and A39 for those above 1000. It was, with nearly 300 sub-3:00 runners, easily the most able group ever assembled for this race--or possibly any open marathon.

Runner's World's untiring interviewer, Dave Prokop, found himself with too many subjects and too little time at Boston. No sooner had he finished his own race (in 3:02) than he was busy with pad and pencil.

First, Ron Hill: "I wasn't certain of winning until I made that last turn about 200 yards from the finish. I knew then that, if necessary, I could sprint the rest of the way. Before that I was just busting like hell, worrying like hell all the way. But this is a good thing to develop, you know: that fear. It keeps you moving." What of the highly-publicized "revenge" motive in racing Jerome Drayton? "That was a little exaggerated. This grudge business was



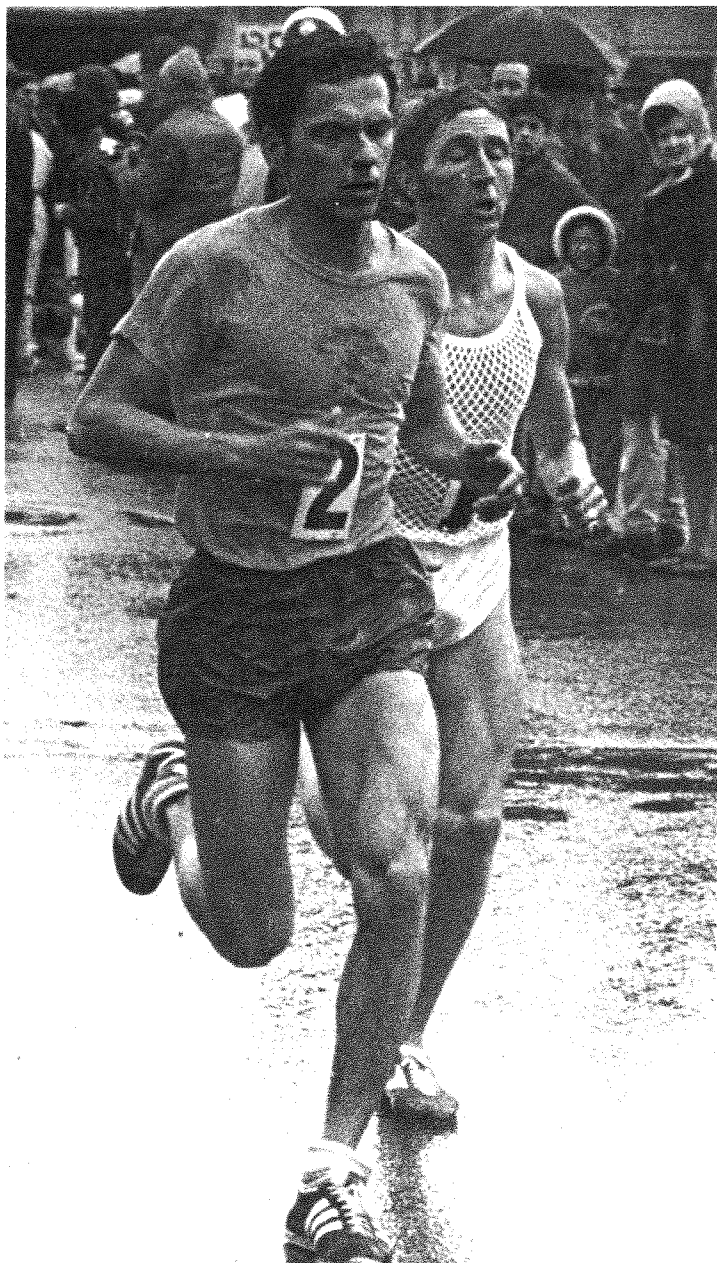
Pat Paulson—comedian, unsuccessful presidential candidate and would-be marathoner—joins Ken Moore and 1009 others at the start. Moore took just under 2:20 to finish. Paulson took three days, or so he claimed.

played up by the press. Sure, he beat me in Japan, I wanted to beat him here. But I don't hate the guy. It's hard to build up real dislike in this sport. It's a friendly sport with a lot of comradeship. In fact, before the race Drayton came up to me and we had a nice chat. We talked mostly about this year's British Empire Games.

Jerome Drayton, who dropped out midway through the race: "What happened is I got cold all of a sudden when that cold rain started falling at 10 miles, and my thighs just knotted up. I thought they would warm up but they didn't. It felt like I'd pulled my thigh muscles... (At 10 miles) I thought I would beat Hill. At first I was disappointed, but not after I read what we were at 10 miles (49:46 at 10.4)."

Eamon O'Reilly: "I felt good most of the way. The only thing about the conditions that occasionally bothered me was that at times it seemed to get very cold and I had to really grit my teeth... I was oblivious to time. I didn't know what time I was running. I just chased Hill all the way. I like to race, and when you're chasing someone you can often run a very fast time." Was he pushing all the way? "No. Actually I was trying not to push."

Ken Moore: "The first two ran the best two marathons ever. Had they had a better day, Clay-



ton's 2:08:33 would have been well beaten."

Bob Moore: "I've seldom been in such distress as I was in the last miles. Everytime that wind and rain blew, I had to fight for dear life."

It seemed rather ironic, RW contributor Bob Barney pointed out after watching Hill's race, that an Englishman should win the historic event less than 24 hours after the final musket shots had echoed away in the 1970 reenactment of the annual Patriot's Day battle between Middlesex militia and English Redcoats at Concord and Lexington.

Despite the cold, Hill ran in fishnet jersey and minimal shorts that have become somewhat of a trademark with him... He commented cryptically, "I've been on a special diet. No, I won't tell you the diet. It's my secret. If I tell you, everyone will know. I've been on it for eight days. Just say it involved high protein..." Ron ran several miles early on race day. "It's Monday," he said, "and that's the day I take two workouts." Actually he works out twice almost every day, running "about 7-7 1/2 miles to work and taking a detour for up to 12 miles home." ... Fellow members of the British Road Runners Club ("working class chaps, you know") chipped in to pay for Hill's trip. While in Boston, Hill stayed with Dave Williams. Williams had put up Dave McKenzie before his 1967 record run in similar weather conditions. Williams recently ordered air mail subscriptions to Runner's World for both winners.

For a Finnish runner, Pentti Rummakko had a lot of trouble with his finish. He mistook a painted pedestrian crosswalk for the final line as he raced along with Pat McMahon. Pentti leaned, sprint style, stumbled and fell. McMahon cruised across the actual line as Rummakko struggled to his feet. Last year, the Finn had been knocked down by spectator.

Jock Semple, with another of his classic statements, proclaimed before the race: "I don't discriminate against women. They're just not allowed to run in my race." Allowed or not, about 10 women ran. "We're not feminists," one of them said. "We do this for exercise." At least half the ladies finished in extremely fine shape. Sara Mae Berman, 33, ran about 3:05, apparently the second-best ever by a woman marathoner. The mother of an 11-year-old daughter was accompanied over the last couple of miles by her husband Larry. He had run 2:38, then jogged back to meet Sara. Nina Kuscsik, 31 years old and a mother of three, ran 3:12 and beat her husband. Sandra Zerranze, 35, a mother of five, ran 3:30. Diane Fournier, 23, and Kathy Switzer Miller (who Semple tried to toss out physically in 1967) both beat 3:35. Mrs. Kuscsik summed up their feelings: "You know, it's really great to run."

Runner's World was adequately represented. Photographer-writer Tom Derderian ran a splendid 2:29:57. Hal Higdon ran 2:43:13. Dave Prokop did about 3:02. And George Sheehan was ecstatic with his 3:03:51. The 52-year-old doctor's time was "a personal best, and done on pure LSD five days a week."

Gene Roberts attracted lots of attention for a 6:02 marathoner. But how many 6:02 marathoners do it in wheelchairs? Now that Roberts, who left his legs in Vietnam as the result of a land mine explosion, hopes to swim the English Channel now that he's over the Boston obstacle.

Odds and Ends: Pat Paulson, the comedian, ran for President in 1968. This year he ran at Boston. A confirmed jogger, he was last seen running through Hopkinton carrying an umbrella... Erich

With rain dousing them, Jerome Drayton (I) and Ron Hill pound through Framingham (6½ miles) together at record pace. Drayton later dropped out.



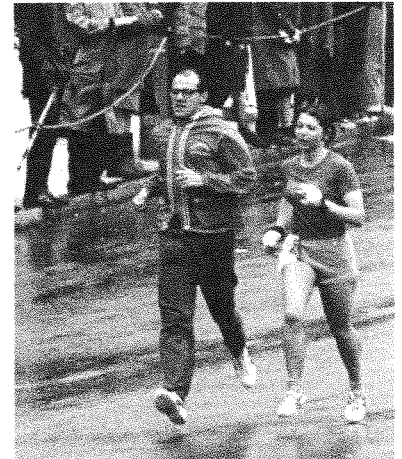
Segal, author of the best-selling novel "Love Story" was in his 14th consecutive marathon, holding up movie production of his book to travel across the country to compete. "It is an affirmation of suffering," said Segal of his running. He finished 325th. . . . It wasn't a good year for last year's American leaders. Ron Daws slipped from fourth to 47th. "I just exploded," said Daws. "I had never run in cold like this." Bob Deines ran his best race since picking up a foot injury 11 months earlier, but he went from sixth to 15th.

Jim McDonagh got a personal best of 2:28:49. He's 46, but he lost the "over-40 title" to Virgil Yehmert, 41, who ran 2:28:27. Ted Corbitt's 2:46 made him tops in the over-50 category. And John A. Kelley went 3:03 at age 62.

Ken Moore said, "I never felt worst. I was paralyzed by 20 miles. But I still had enough energy to smile when a young radical spotted my Army uniform, ran out and yelled, 'F--- the Army!'... The press bus and its occupants missed the finish. It was stranded in traffic at a nearby intersection... Twenty-third placer Moses Mayfield's eyesight is so poor he's legally classed as blind... The New York Times reported that Hill was running "a smooth, brutally consistent pace of 192 strides a minute." So that's what reporters do to pass the long miles.

Eamon O'Reilly borrowed a line from Tom

Those farther back are as much a part of the marathon as Ron Hill (above). The woman (r) is Sara Mae Berman gets help from husband Larry (who had earlier finished his 2:38 race) as she ends her 3:05 run. BELOW: Lacking in classy uniforms but not determination, this group still is competing in the last few yards. (right & bottom photos by Mary Rosenfeld)



Laris when he commented, "One marathon a year is plenty."... Younger Johnny Kelley, now 39, ran a commendable 2:36:50. A week earlier he had cracked a rib when he hit a fence post while trying to get away from a rampaging bull... And then there was Ed O'Connell, dean of the Fletcher School of Law and Medicine at Tufts University, whose plan was to be the first college dean to finish. Technically, he was, unless you count Steve Dean of Sacramento State College, who was 19th.

After running 5:05 here two years ago, Dr. Ralph Paffenbarger was told, in effect, that he "doesn't belong on the road with real marathoners." The 47-year-old physician did 2:52 this year. Obviously he didn't take the unnamed official's advice... Harold DeMoss, an airline pilot, passes his time at long layovers in places like Alaska, Japan, Hong Kong, Guam, Hawaii, Thailand and Australia by running. He ran his first long race last October. Here he did 2:48.

Boston supported two other road races, both short ones, the same day as the marathon... Free Gatorade was again available at both ends and along the route. But with the air temperature at 43 degrees, the vendors didn't do much business... The most appropriately-named entrant was one Real Tremblay of Montreal.





MEET EAMON O'REILLY

Eamon O'Reilly ran Boston's marathon in 1969. But his performance hardly earned him headlines. Neither very fit nor very serious, he finished somewhere back among the not-too-talented marathoners and the serious joggers. That was his test, his trial run over the Boston course.

The real thing came this year. Very fit and very serious, even if all but overlooked in the pre-race fanfare, Eamon ran like a demon. He came close enough to Ron Hill in the last few miles to create anxiety that didn't subside until Hill had arrived at the Prudential Center. O'Reilly arrived just 42 seconds later, his 2:11:12 the fastest any American had gone.

This marathoning precociousness isn't new to Eamon. Two years earlier, almost to the day, he'd done 2:16:39 in his first one. But injuries laid him out later that Olympic season, and he didn't run much more until the last few months.

EAMON O'REILLY. Washington, D. C. (Athens Athletic Club). 5'11", 136 lbs. Born June 2, 1944, in New Jersey. Married, two children. Graduate student in math at Georgetown. Began racing in 1960 at age 15. Self-coached.

BEST TIMES: 440--52.3 (1962); 880--1:53.8 (65); Mile--4:10.2 (65); 2 miles--8:41.0 (68); 3 miles--13:27.8 (68); 10,000m--29:17 (68); Marathon--2:11:12 (70). Normal racing range: 2 miles-

marathon. Favorite: 5000 meters.

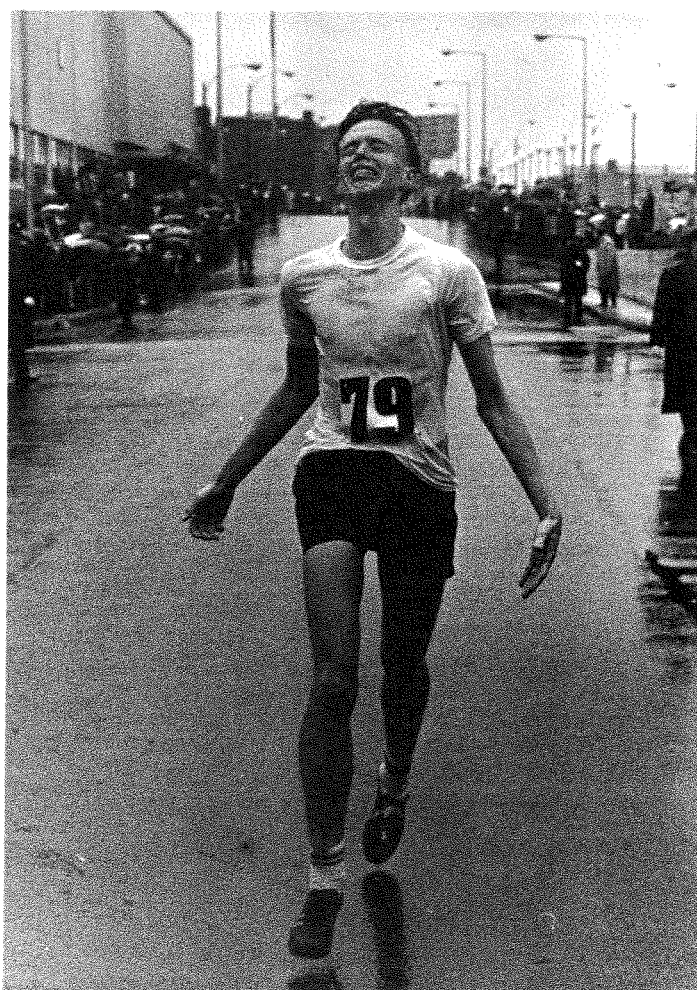
TRAINING: twice a day (except Sunday), 7 days a week. Months per year and mileage vary. Longest-ever run: marathon.

DESCRIPTION: "I run as I feel usually. That may be quite hard. Sometimes I run harder than I feel like doing, but in retrospect I think that more often does harm than good--especially in periods of tiredness following travel, hard racing and/or sickness.

"I vary my training depending on the upcoming races. For marathon racing, I train primarily on straight runs. Seven or eight miles in the morning at a comfy pace, 50 minutes or so for the workout. Ten, 12 or maybe even 15 in the evening on a hard day, part of it faster than the morning run. Occasional work on the track a la Bob Schul (a form of intervals).

"When training for shorter races, I find a combo of straight running and track work (short intervals in sets at variable paces). I don't like to spend more than 1 1/2 hours doing an afternoon workout.

"I have never trained more than 11 months straight. Not entirely by choice. Since 1967, I would have liked to train year-round, maybe easier at some point than the rest. But injuries have held me back. The last time I was off for a month was July 1969. That was because I aggravated the bad back I had left over from my injury in summer '68."



Ed Walkwitz's face the instant he crosses the Boston finish line captures the strain and emotion of marathoning. After miles and hours of intense effort and control, Walkwitz—as did many others—cries. It isn't solely a physical reaction. He has just taken 30 minutes from his best time to finish 12th in 2:23:26.

GETTING TRACK BACK TO NORMAL



The fact that Lowell Paul (l) chose to go bearded didn't preclude 1:47.9 half-miling. Doug Hardin (r) was an Olympic Trials 5000 finalist. (Jeff Johnson photos)

BY JOE HENDERSON

"I think it is the duty of the coach to encourage resource and initiative in each one of us. We do not want to become identical human beings, the servants of a new totalitarianism. We seek individual freedom in a world that of necessity imposes more and more restrictions. The less we can find freedom in our work the more we shall need to find freedom in the games we play."

Roger Bannister
(from *The First Four Minutes*)

An athletic director met with unaccustomed resistance when he handed down a "haircut-or-quit" edict to the cross-country runners of a suburban San Francisco high school. They didn't give in and troop off to the barbershop like docile young athletes are ex-

pected to. They didn't give up and abandon running, either. Four of them--with their fathers' backing--hailed school district officials into Federal District Court to test the hair rule's validity. The runners lost. But in the process they exposed issues that go far deeper than the scalp.

Jack Scott, already none too popular with the country's coaching establishment because of his outspoken stand on athletic freedom, is teaching a unique class at the University of California. He examines the role of athletics in the university setting--as is and as he thinks it should be. His basic theme is: sports should be an integrated school subject, judged on the same basis as biology and English--not a high-powered side business that gobbles the school's money and distorts its values. Coaches should be teachers, hired and paid to teach all qualified students--not autonomous totalitarians with free rein to pick their

pupils and run their lives. Athletes should be normal students--not mercenaries recruited solely for their muscle and for the sole purpose of contributing to a winning team.

With the possible exceptions of football and the Olympics, sports as spectacles are losing their power. The athlete isn't the hero he once was, and fewer people are willing to deal out dollars to watch them. In 1962, the US-Russia track match pulled in 162,000 spectators. Only about 30,000 watched the meet last summer. Indoor meets that formerly played to turn-away crowds now struggle along at the break-even point. But while spectating is lagging, participation is booming to unprecedented proportions. Boston's 1000 marathoners apparently prefer getting their athletic kicks first-hand.

Sports Illustrated has told the startling (to American readers, anyway) news that Ralph Doubell isn't above sipping Scotch and that Marty Liquori's socializing doesn't stop when his running starts. Last issue's Runner's World interview with Jerome Drayton showed, too, that running success and the good life are compatible. He said, "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. 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."

These aren't isolated happenings. In their own ways, the Hair Rebel, Jack Scott, the Boston Marathoner who'd rather do than watch and the Swinger who'd rather not live like a monk are trying to put some sense back in their sport. Overall, they're involved in a healthy movement back to where man runs sport, sport doesn't run man; a situation where the sport plays an important role in his life, yet one that is relevant and normal enough to yield new freedoms instead of imposing new restrictions.

Sports, as conceived, are structured play. Unfortunately, the structure has become more important than the play--particularly in the schools--and organized sports face a turbulent period while priorities get reshuffled. The new breed of athlete, with his new view of athletics and its place in his life, runs smack into a system where the values of discipline, sacrifice and victory still far outrank self-expression, freedom and fun. It comes down, in US schools, to a coach vs. athlete conflict.

That high school hair hassle would be small and silly if it only involved to-cut-or-not-to-cut. The wrangling got much deeper--down to the basic question of how much a boy must be willing to surrender to be an athlete and how much a coach can rightfully demand. Obviously, these boys and this coach never came to terms. Their views of sports were too far apart.

Robert Troppman, Redwood High School's athletic director and football coach, is a staunch defender of discipline. His term as a Marine Corps officer had hardened his beliefs. In court, he said, "We imposed a rule once that the boys could not date during the season. That one didn't last long." His hair rule wasn't being taken too seriously, either. The cross-country coach refused to enforce it. Troppman took matters into his own hands and issued the "cut-or-quit" order himself. Runners resisted, and the matter got terrifically involved after that.

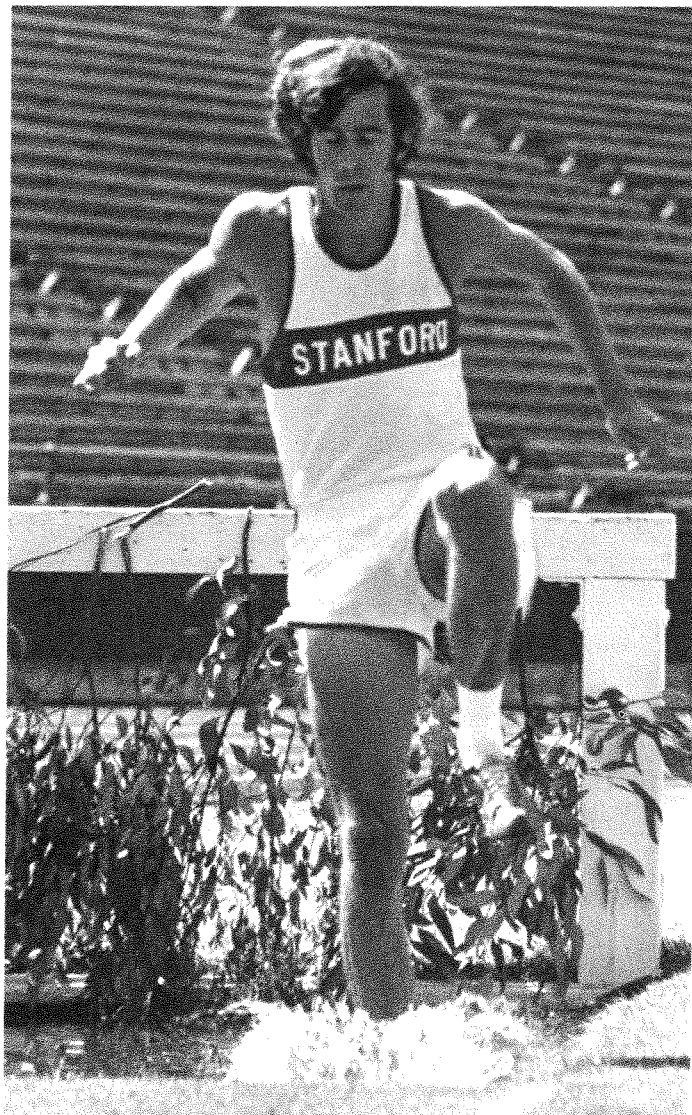
Gordon Pusser, a runner himself and father of two of the banned athletes, led the defense. He said, "The boys would be willing to accept two or three hours a day of authoritarian coaching discipline

necessary to their sport. They've proved it (his son Kevin was the team's leading runner, having done 14:20 for three miles). But they don't like to carry that discipline around with them all the time. That's what they would have to do if they cut their hair. If it had been any other thing, it would never have become an issue."

Discipline was the issue, not hair. The school's attorney argued, "Society demands discipline and responsibility and all Troppman was trying to do was to educate the young men into later meeting society's demands." Federal judge George B. Harris bought this line of thinking. In his decision he praised athletics for providing "a unique form for the development of discipline, individual sacrifice and teamwork not available in other school programs."

Troppman was ecstatic. He said, "It (the decision) reestablishes the authority of coaches to set reasonable rules of grooming and appearance. It was good for athletics and the future of athletics."

His form of athletics, anyway. The new style athlete, though--the free-thinking type that's perhaps more common in long distance running than any other sport--has had it up to here with Troppman's form of athletics. The Redwood High School case strengthened their feelings and drove untold others toward re-



Not so long ago, Stanford lost a freshman sprinter from England who refused to cut his hair. Times have changed, along with coaching attitudes. Brook Thomas sports longer locks than the banned sprinter. (Bob Anderson photo)

jecting the rigid and authoritarian approach.

Jack Scott, among others, says that discipline imposed from the outside by means of oppressive rules and regulations isn't really worth having. "Athletes tell me they need stern coaches, or else they wouldn't push themselves in practice," Scott writes. "Well, that in itself is a strike against the system. An athlete must lack personal discipline if he feels he must be led by the hand and cannot train on his own."

Worthwhile, lasting discipline, Scott suggests, flows from inside the individual. "Discipline," with its negative connotation, is hardly the proper word to describe this inner drive. "Commitment" comes closer to capturing the feeling of athletes who approach their sport willingly, even eagerly, without the pressure of a taskmaster.

Breaking free from excessive control is relatively easy compared to shaking off the "Jock" stereotypes that stand between athletes and normal existence. The thinking runs in opposite, equally unrealistic directions. On one side is the All-American Boy syndrome. If you're an athlete, you're in. You're popular and handsome, pure and hard-working. To adoring fans, you can do no wrong. You're what they wish they were.

Increasingly, though, athletics is becoming a symbol of the "straight" world and athletes are being viewed not only indifferently but often with contempt. On college campuses, particularly. If you're an athlete, you're rooted in a dull and repressive routine. You're a tool of the school, all muscle and no mind, a short-haired holdover from the 1950s, obsessed with irrelevant games.

The New Athlete doesn't live comfortably with either of these images. He doesn't want to be either put on a pedestal or put down because he happens to run or jump or throw or combine these. He wants his sport to compliment, add to and brighten, his life--not detract from the quality of his everyday liv-

ing. He's trying, personally, to break down the Puritan Ethic--the rigidity, grimness and sacrifice--which make sports resemble Army basic training camps or WCTU conventions. He's looking to fit running comfortably into his daily routine, not bend his schedule unnaturally to accommodate his racing and training bouts.

An approach like this is advisable for a talented and ambitious runner like Drayton or Doubell. A swinging social life, a career and a successful running hobby co-exist happily. Unlike abstaining athletes who fight themselves to keep active, Drayton and Doubell are looking ahead eagerly to years of running--and years of potential improvement.

For the run-of-the-mill plodder, the type who tries Boston year after year or races more for fun than profit, the "normal" approach is essential. With the material rewards he's getting, how long will he tolerate a drab, single-minded routine that may or may not result in a time two minutes faster than three hours or a place five notches higher than 100th?

With the right view, running can lead to living that is not only normal but "super-normal." Competition can and does bring us together as friends rather than separating us as foes. Running can yield a level of energy, fitness and relaxation unapproached by non-runners. It lets us eat better and more, sleep better on fewer hours, and it gives a way of sweating out "mornings-after" while sedentary drinking partners can only sit and moan.

Ron Daws has been on an Olympic team, among other international marathoning ventures. But he didn't reach this class until he was 30 and well settled into family and occupational life. If he hadn't had his running in sensible perspective, it's unlikely he would

Britain's cross-country championship didn't really have 2138 runners, but they did charge over this hill by the hundreds. The eventual winner, Trevor Wright, is number 716 at the leader's left. (Peter Tempest photo)



have come this far. Ron writes:

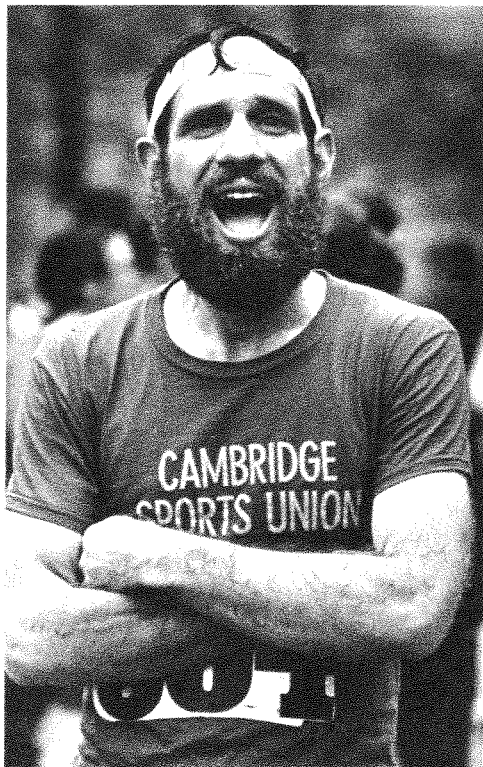
"Even if I didn't race, I would enjoy running as an entity in itself. There is pleasure in the comradeship of my teammates, and additionally I like knowing that I am fit. In many ways, running gives a special purpose to life that my job, etc., cannot. Contrary to what George Young and others would have you believe, one does not have to eliminate his social life to run. Young recently commented that he had not been able to see a movie with his wife in his last four years of competition. Let's face it, unless he was running 16 hours a day on the weekends he had three hours to see a flick if he really wanted to."

Daws continues, "My experience has been that in respect to one's social life running is, in fact, a catalyst in bringing people together and cementing the kinds of lasting friendships that probably would not have been made otherwise. A tally of my close friends revealed that every one either is or was a runner, and these included people from all over the US, Mexico, Canada, Australia, Turkey, etc., that I would have never met otherwise."

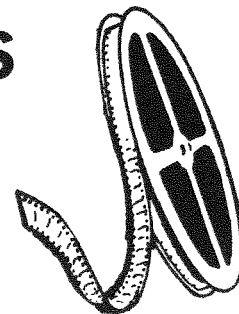
Daws reflects the thinking of distance runners in general, talented and not-so. It isn't surprising to learn that Jack Scott gets much of the material for his class and writings from this group. Two of his main disciples are Bob Deines and Mike Spino--both marathoners. Nor is it surprising to find that several of the Redwood High School Hair Rebels have road running backgrounds. The Pusser brothers, Kevin and Brian who were both booted from the team because of their lengthy locks, and their father all hit the roads regularly.

If it's true--as has been predicted in various publications recently--that sports are moving out of the spectator era and back to participation, then road racing may be a prototype for the sport of the future. It offers totally open opportunity to anyone who cares to try, and it offers friendly, free, uninhibited self-expression.

The rush to road racing isn't accidental. The urge for freedom is a difficult thing to repress. And as restriction piles upon restriction, even in sports, we have to take freedom where we find it.



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WHY JAPAN LEADS THE WORLD

Japanese support distance runners, even in weather like this. Tad Dobbs races a five-miler along spectator-lined streets. This is typical. In Japan, Dobbs writes, the marathoner has the same status as baseball players in the US. The nation has turned out more international winners and sub-2:20 runners than anyone else.



BY TAD DOBBS

Japan can be classified as the marathon capital of the world, having produced more world class marathon runners since 1951, when Shigeiki Tanaka first burst upon the scene and won the Boston marathon, than any other nation. As with any successful program, the greatest contributing factors are the support given and the large number of participants.

Support stems from three primary sources. The first is the athletic body which stages many track meets and road races to assure development of running potential. These officials have initiated the international marathon runs in Fukuoka, Beppu and Nagoya--runs which serve to test their own crop of runners against the world's best. This group also wholeheartedly supports sending marathon teams or individuals abroad to compete.

Then, there are the newspapers and TV stations rendering heavy support. Newspapers religiously cover marathon runs and break down such coverage to the minutest detail. Usually there is a full page devoted to the more outstanding runs. And TV coverage! That's something else. It is simply unbelievable. NHK, a government-owned and most popular TV station in Tokyo, covers many of the marathon runs from beginning to end and conducts a comprehensive interview with the winner. During the race at each 5000-meter mark the time of the leader is flashed on the screen together with the record time for that distance and any other important data. Later in the day, another TV station presents a rerun of the race. This is a one-hour program in which the winner is interviewed. While the more important facets of the race are being shown, the winner's face is superimposed

on the screen and he is seen giving comments or answering questions. If he is a foreigner, an interpreter is present. These stations are well aware of the national interest in such runs and assure the public adequate coverage.

Finally, there is the wonderful support given by the public. Any foreigner fortunate enough to be invited to run in Japan can attest to this fact. This is evidenced by the packed stadium where these runs start and finish, and the mass of humanity lining the entire marathon route, wildly cheering the runners on and waving flags. The public idolizes these runners as we do our baseball players.

One has to go deeper into the background of marathon running in this beautiful country to trace the reasons for its ability to produce more international marathon winners than any other country (Boston 1951, '53, '55, '65, '66, '69; Enschede, 1965; Windsor-Chiswick, 1965, '68; Asian Games, 1962, '66, '68; Olympic Games, 1936--second in '68, third in '64). In addition to the winning these international races, their record in having also taken second through fifth places in them is an enviable one.

In all probability, one of the biggest factors behind Japan's initial interest in this sport is physiological. The average Japanese prior to World War I stood only 5'3" to 5'5", and he thought himself best suited to this sport which would assure him some measure of success in international competition. He calculated that height was not a key factor to success. Japan's first attempt in big-time competition goes back to the 1912 Olympic Games. Nothing of great significance came from this marathon, nor from the 1920 Games. It was not until 1928 that the first evidence of international success came, when K. Yamada took fourth and S. Tsuda sixth in the marathon. From then on, Japanese have been consistently among the first 10 finishers, if not the first five. After World War II, the Japanese diet changed drastically, resulting in stronger and much taller children. Today's

Tad Dobbs, still an active runner though in his early 50s, recently returned from Japan after living there for nearly two decades. He draws his knowledge of that country's running from first-hand experience.

youth average around 5'9". This undoubtedly also has resulted in producing much stronger runners.

Another contributing factor to the production of more sub-2:20 marathoners (some 45 as of this writing) than any other nation is the sheer volume of youngsters coming into the system. The most appropriate comparison one could make would be with the American baseball farm system. Although they do not work in exactly the same manner, the channel of progression up through the ranks is similar by virtue of the large number coming into the system. The source is the high schools. The track program for these schools includes the 5000-meter run, and there are road races ranging from two to five miles. It is not uncommon to see many high school students running marathons and doing well. The roads all over the country are sprinkled with youngsters from 12 and up plugging away, mile after mile, with but one goal in mind--to become a marathon champion.

I think it is sheer nonsense to state that the Orientals mature much sooner than Caucasians. It is merely that they "get on with it" at a much earlier age and retire sooner. They very seldom run beyond the age of 30 because they must concentrate on earning a living. Hard training is time-consuming and this would detract from that goal.

The next stage of progression is the colleges. They afford unlimited opportunity for further development, and at this crucial time in their lives marathon runners appear to do their best. I suppose this is the result of having so much free time to train hard without any serious complications. It is from this source that the greatest supply of top-notch runners are drawn. I have yet to see one of Japan's top-ranked runners who was not a college student or graduate. There are running clubs, but their recruits are primarily college graduates. There are only two prominent, nationally-known clubs. The most famous is the Ricca Machine Club, sponsored by the Ricca Sewing Machine Co. Upon graduation, a good runner may also be picked up by a large corporation. He is given an easy job and ample time to train. The company benefits from this relationship by the publicity it receives if the runner does well. Also, many company executives are former runners and are keenly interested in the further development of an outstanding runner. But as stated above, the athlete rarely runs beyond his 30th year and retires gracefully.

The colleges always have 5000- and 10,000-meter runs in dual meets and the 20-kilometer and full marathon runs in championship meets. They have no organized cross-country program. This is compensated for, though, with road races held year-round. In the fall and winter, the colleges very actively participate in relay road races, ranging from 300 to 500 miles, which may take an entire week to complete. Each runner may go from six to 12 miles on his particular leg, depending on his capabilities, at least two or three times during the race. The competition between colleges in these relay races is very keen since winning is considered a matter of prestige.

Training facilities at the various colleges I saw and used were crude. The locker rooms, showers, baths were nothing to brag about. Heat in the winter was non-existent. The track team usually did all the maintenance work but did not seem to mind. In the colleges, team spirit was very strong.

Japan's recognized authority and driving force in distance running is an amiable gentleman named Shizo Kanakuri, president of the Japan Marathon Federation. He was the first marathoner from his country to appear in Olympic competition, running in the 1912 and 1920 Games. The knowledge he gained from competing abroad served as an invaluable aid in sparking keen interest in this sport. He was responsible for

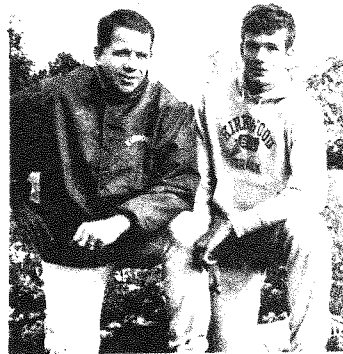
establishing running programs, training sites and developing the now-popular marathon relay races of which the most famous is the week-long Aomori to Tokyo run. These races serve well as a means of developing greater marathon potential. Kanakuri's last appearance abroad was when he accompanied the five-man team to Boston in 1953.

During the past few years, Nobuyoshi Sadanaga, a former national champion and sub-2:20 runner, has been designated coach of most teams going abroad. He has been instrumental in helping such runners achieve a greater measure of success. Coaching as it existed in colleges was very lax or non-existent. During training sessions which I have either observed or participated in at Chuo and Nippon Universities, I never saw a coach in attendance. It appeared to me that quite a few good runners did their own thing. Perhaps they were following a schedule outlined for them by a coach, but this was never made known to me. Prior to winning the 1953 Boston marathon, Keizo Yamada told me he trained on his own.

Once runners are selected to represent Japan in international competition, they are sent to special training sites for one to three months. The training received here is under Sadanaga's supervision and is quite vigorous. Most of the running is done on hilly terrain over soft country. When time-trials are held, they are on hard-surfaced roads, usually for 30 kilometers. If the runner is out of college and employed, he is usually granted a leave of absence with full pay. All his traveling equipment, which includes clothes from head to foot, luggage, sports equipment and what have you, is donated by various companies which manufacture such equipment.

Japanese training methods are basically the same as those used the world over. They, too, follow the

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Tad Dobbs got well acquainted with the Japanese and their running during his stay there, primarily because he joined them for competitions such as this one.

two-a-day training sessions, the only difference being the way the afternoon sessions are employed. The mornings consist of the usual, slow, easy runs of 8-10 miles over the roads or soft hilly terrain. The afternoon sessions are devoted to either road work or speed work on the track. The latter, of course, consists of interval work. The second portion is the one which may differ from methods practiced by other countries. It depends on individual needs (speed or endurance). The speed work may not only be done on the track but also on the roads. One thing is certain, though. The average Japanese marathoner spends about 75% of his training time on the roads. His speed work on the roads is employed in this fashion. Say, for instance, while doing a 30-kilometer time-trial he will break this distance into three segments: the first 10,000 will be run at three-fourths marathon pace; the next 5000 at one-half pace; the last 10,000 at full pace. They train a lot on speed work for the latter stages of the marathon since this is the portion that separates the men from the boys and has proven to be one of their weak spots in the past. During all the marathons I observed in Japan, the 30-35-kilometer marks proved to be the crucial point of the race. Such runners as Jeff Julian, Mike Ryan, Derek Clayton and Bill Adcocks have shown this in their performances at Fukuoka. During their training sessions, Japanese runners will pick up the pace tremendously in the later stages of the run to condition themselves to overcome this weak point. The total mileage during the day's combined sessions will not exceed 30 kilometers. It usually varies between 20 and 30 kilo-

eters. Once a month they will run the full marathon distance for confidence. They do not work with weights. They do lots of stretching exercises, and I believe the Japanese is one of the most loose and limber athletes I have ever seen. Most of their training sessions are topped off with an extremely hot bath. This is ritual in Japan and is quite relaxing.

Of course the hard training accomplished by the Japanese is a major contributing factor to their success, but perhaps we are overlooking a particular facet usually not associated with their foreign counterparts. This is the fierce nationalistic pride. One can only guess to what limits this has driven them in winning their races. The Japanese are a very proud people. The past belief in the divinity of the Emperor also plays a part in this nationalistic pride. It is a great source of pride if a Japanese youth can represent his country abroad. He will extend himself to untold limits to prove himself worthy of being chosen.

If one tends to doubt the part that nationalism, patriotism, call it what you will, contributes to the Japanese mental make-up, one only has to review the tragic death of Kokichi Tsuburaya. He was expected to win the 1964 Tokyo Olympic Games. This was played up heavily by the press. Unfortunately, these hopes did not materialize, for his energy was spent from having to run the 10,000 a few days before. After Abebe Bikila had come in the winner, Tsuburaya followed minutes later. He was on the track completing the last lap with a comfortable lead on Basil Heatley. However, during this lap Heatley slowly began to catch up. Coming into the final turn, Heatley overtook Tsuburaya and put on a tremendous burst to take second. This was a crushing blow to Tsuburaya, having lost second place so close to the finish line, and in front of the home crowd which included members of the Imperial household. To the average Caucasian runner, this would be part of the game, but not so with an Oriental. It was a humiliating defeat.

Tsuburaya resumed his training after the Games, and once again the press pinned their hopes on him to



Shigeki Tanaka, the 1951 Boston marathon winner, leads a track group including author Dobbs (496).

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come through in Mexico. His training did not respond to his satisfaction. He encountered achilles tendon trouble and some stomach ailments. This, together with the new mental burden imposed upon him, was simply too much for him to bear, and it played upon his conscience. Memories of his past performance did not help, either.

Finally, after much soul searching, he did what he thought was the honorable thing to do according to Japanese tradition. He slashed his wrists. The suicide note he left behind simply stated that he was sorry that he could not accomplish what so many relied upon him to do. He asked for their forgiveness. Suicide to the Japanese is a form of atonement.

Taking such circumstances into consideration, we therefore cannot discount this particular facet of the Japanese character and what part it actually plays in contributing to the success of its runners. One can only guess, but most assuredly not discount it by any means.

In conclusion, we can say that the overall reason for Japan's great success in this sport is simply the greater effort put into the program. The reason for its great popularity is its nationalistic pride in being able to carry successfully its country's colors abroad.



BY TAD DOBBS

Is interval running so new and revolutionary? I wonder. Perhaps we merely give this form of training a new name. The case in point I would like to make is this. In 1951, I was participating in a 10-mile run at Toronto. Before the race began, a Canadian friend of mind asked me if I'd like to meet Alf Shrubb. I was quite surprised since I had thought he was long gone. I had read a great deal about this great athlete and world record holder who ruled the track in distances ranging from 2-10 miles from 1900 to 1920. He and Paavo Nurmi were my idea of the type of runner I would like to be. We naturally talked about track and training methods. Shrubb stated that he did do speed work and this was in the form of fast two-mile runs (three repeats) with a 10-minute jog between. Needless to say, it was a most rewarding experience meeting this great athlete who was still a spry, wiry "young" man in his late 60s.

• • • •

A most interesting thing happened to me during the 1964 Tokyo Olympic Games. I was serving as an interpreter for the Polish team and frequented the Village sauna. On the day before the marathon I met Onni Niskanen, Abebe Bikila's coach, in the bath. We discussed his training programs for the Ethiopian runners and, of course, the condition of Abebe. I asked him how he thought Abebe would make out, especially since he had recently undergone an appendectomy. He stated that he was fit and would win the race in 2:12. He told me that Abebe was three minutes faster than his Rome Olympic time. Now this was the day before the race. He also stated that prior to leaving for Rome they told the Emperor of Ethiopia that Abebe would win in 2:14. He ran 2:15. They gave the Emperor the same assurance this time with the time stated above, 2:12. I was flabbergasted when Abebe won in 2:12:11.2. I was a bit disappointed, though, that Niskanen was 11 seconds off!

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--OUT WALKING--

BY MARTIN RUDOW

Every reader of Runner's World must be familiar with the marathon. If not an actual marathon competitor, distance running fans are at least well-versed in the particular stresses of the marathon. But how many are familiar with the stresses and strains of the long walks--50 kilometers and up?

The 50 is the longest internationally-contested distance, therefore is the equivalent of the marathon, the longest run in the Olympics. The demands of the 50-kilometer walk differ from those of the marathon, but there are also some similarities. For instance, the serious competitor in either is often looked upon as "some kind of a nut." But for comparison's sake, let's look at the demands that a marathon and a 50 put upon the bodies of athletes training for either.

The most obvious difference is that of time. The walker will be pounding away for some two hours after the marathoner has finished. When the runner is gathering strength for a finishing surge, the walker is settling down into his mid-race pace, concentrating on "grinding it out."

When the marathoner finishes, he will probably show more distress than a finishing walker simply because of the greater oxygen debt. The walker has been using more of his body's total muscular system, though, and may take longer to recover. Then there are the extremes in each case--Abebe Bikila doing gymnastics upon winning the Olympic marathon in Tokyo, and Chris Hohne casually rolling up the finishing tape at Mexico City. But we mere mortal runners and walkers may be chaffed, blistered, etc., about equally, although the walker has had to endure these discomforts for two hours longer than the runner.

One of the things that appeals most to us about marathoning is the amazing number of contestants in popular races. The runner, regardless of ability, will always have company along the way. By contrast, most 50-kilometer walks are painfully lonely affairs. Most top walkers can relate a story of some race early in their career when they hiked to the finish hours after the winner, with no one else in sight for over half the race.

Walking a 50 in the US requires a certain mental state that could be referred to, with a high degree of accuracy, both as "dedicated" and "insane." For the pain, inconvenience and sacrifice that one has to go through to achieve success, rewards are few. As Chris McCarthy, forerunner of the successful US distance walker, once put it, "In the US, as in just about every other country in the world, (several European exceptions now, Chris) the 50 is the least popular event. There is something inherent in the event which limits its popularity. Possibly because it conflicts with so many of the amenities in life, such as a home, a wife, a family, a job, community status, etc. If, after years of sacrifice and toil, a guy does happen to get really good at this event, and say he wins the Olympic title, then, provided he doesn't come from a country like the United States which is bloated with success, then he might, for a week or so, in his own country, be declared not to be the congenital idiot that others thought him to be, but merely some kind of harmless nut."

Compared to such dismal prospects, the successful marathoner is a Johnny Unitas. Buddy Edelen even made feature articles in the Saturday Evening Post. Perhaps its best even the slowest jogger can identify with the marathoner, while its doubtful that even a non-striking mailman can really empathize with a 50-kilometer walker.

Overseas pedestrians have it a little better. As related above, success at walking is more likely to be valued, as in 1960 when Don Thompson's 50-kilometer victory was Great Britain's only Olympic gold medal. Still, even abroad, the successful walker's name is not likely to be well known.

As is the case with running, interest in ultra-long events has picked up in walking circles in the last few years. Abroad, such men as Colin Young and H.D. Neilson were setting records in 24-hour track walks in the early 1960s. At that time in the US, such distances were unheard of. But in the latter half of the '60s, two distance track walks have become annual affairs. The distances are 50 and 100 miles, held in New Jersey and Missouri, respectively.

An Israeli, Shaul Ladany, set the US 50-mile record in 1967 with 8:11:41. He broke it easily this April by walking 7:52:04. Two hundred laps on the track sounds impressive, but even that pales when compared to the 100-mile record set in 1967 by Larry O'Neil, a (then) 61-year-old lumber executive, who plowed through 400 laps in 19:24:54. Both Ladany and O'Neil outlasted many faster walkers in their record efforts.

Internationally, the best known ultra-long walks are the Swiss 100-kilometer, the London-to-Brighton 52-miler, and the Centurions 100-mile walk in England. The formidable East Germans have cleaned up in the 100-kilometer in recent years, with Chris Hohne holding the course record--a mind-staggering 9:15:57. As far as we know, no American has ever completed this stern test.

The London-Brighton go is very popular in England, with fields in the hundreds not uncommon. Don Thompson dominated the race during the '60s. In fact, his last performance before his retirement was a second place here in 1968. The course record holder, however, is Italian Abdon Pamich who did 7:37:42 while beating Thompson in 1965. American participation in this event has been rare, and without much success until Olympian Goetz Klopfer took third in 1969.

The Centurion 100-mile walk is probably the most formidable of all. Merely finishing it qualifies one for lifelong membership in the Centurions Club. Only two Americans belong--Chris Clegg, who made it in 1948, and John Kelly, who survived the distance in 1965 in one of his first attempts at race walking. Total membership of the club is around 50, which says a lot for the perseverance of the British.

We'd like to close with a few encouraging words to the effect that interest in the ultra-long walks is picking up in our country. But, truthfully, it isn't. Not that this is hard to understand. But we hope that in the near future some athletic young man with a lot of perseverance will undertake the only seniors' track record that is also the open record--the 100-mile walk.

(A short note at the end to track purists: Despite exhaustive research, we have quite probably left out many significant performances and races in this article on distance walks. It just seems that there aren't many sources on this subject.)

• • • •

In this dawning era of "female rightists," a small group of women are currently campaigning for their right to compete in walking races. Believe it or not, we currently have several women active in walking competition, but on an unofficial basis. Now

the AAU Women's Track and Field Committee is considering legislation to make women's race walking an official event.

Unfortunately, some opposition to the idea does exist, but support is developing and we're hopeful that next year will see more and more women's walking races being held successfully all over the country. Right now, women compete mainly in the New England midwest and southern California areas. Since there is no official sanction for the event, records are not kept and the top competitors rarely get to compete against each other.

However, overseas a girl can compete in sponsored races, meet good competition and receive recognition for her efforts. The Scandinavian countries have traditionally led the way with large numbers of competitors and some very fast times. International matches are held. Currently, the "super-star" of women's race walking is Sweden's Mary Nilson. The thought of seeing a large field of healthy Scandinavian blondes race walking must cause even the most disinterested reader to perk up.

As a result of this European interest, there appears to be an excellent chance that women's race walking will be included in the Olympics in the very near future. While the US would be far behind other countries if this developed, things are not hopeless. There are currently a few American women who turn in respectable times and would be able to hold their own in international matches.

Probably the best of the crop is Detroit's Jeannie Bocci, wife of 1968 Olympic Trials finalist Jerry Bocci. While all records are unofficial, she holds all short marks--up to a sub-two hour 20-kilometer. In the longer distances, California's Brenda Whitman is supreme. On several occasions she has outlasted men in distances up to 30 kilometers. Both girls have been active in recruiting others to the sport and have built up their programs to the point where races can be held with some regularity.

Currently, though, most women must walk in men's races, when they are allowed. Until the AAU grants official approval to the event, and initiates national championships, we probably won't see the improvement we could. It's hoped that women can be liberated in this field, too, at the forthcoming Committee meeting.

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News Highlights

● SEATTLE, WASH., Feb. 22--Olympian Goetz Klopfer walked 80 laps of the track, picking up an American of 2:37:57 for 20 miles after getting a record 2:26:39 30 kilometers en route.

● COLUMBUS, OHIO, Feb. 28--The night after their AAU walking, Ron Laird and Floyd Godwin both came in under the American record for the indoor three-mile--Laird a narrow winner, 20:48.0 to 20:49.0.

● LAWRENCE TOWNSHIP, N. J., April 12--Dave Romansky collected a handful of American records--five to be exact--during a Tartan track walk. He reached 10 miles in 1:12:38.6, 20 kilometers in 1:31:10.2, 15 miles in 1:53:44.2, 25 kilometers in 1:58:08.0 and did 15 miles 1413 yards in two hours.

● POINT PLEASANT, N. J., April 19--A week after his multi-record race, Dave Romansky cut loose again and walked to an American 50-kilometer mark of 4:15:24. On the same track, Shaul Ladany of Israel won the Eastern Regional 50-mile championship with 7:52:04.

MEET FLOYD GODWIN

It was strictly out of depression and frustration that Floyd Godwin discovered he had the makings of a world-class race walker. In 1968, he had been headed toward that class as a marathoner, running 2:20:52. Then he broke a bone in his foot. Impatient to get active again, he found he could walk along at a good clip without too much pain. Floyd's walking progress was sensational. Within seven months, he went from a first-race 17:40 two-mile to an American record-breaking (though Ron Laird beat him to it by a second) 20:48 for three miles. Speed like this, plus years of marathon-induced endurance, make Godwin perhaps the hottest 20- and 50-kilometer prospect in the world.

FLOYD MARCUS GODWIN. Broomfield, Colo. (Denver TC). 6'1", 150 lbs. Born Jan. 12, 1945. Elementary school teacher. Married. Began race walking in Aug. 1969. Self-coached but helped by Ron Laird.

BEST TIMES: Mile--6:29.0; 2 miles--14:01.0; 3 miles--20:48.9; 6 miles--43:16.1; Hour--7 miles 593 yards; 30 kilometers--2:47:31; 10 miles--1:15:38; 15 kilometers--1:08:55.4. Normal racing range: "right now 10-20 kilometers." Favorite: 10 miles. Racing frequency: once every two months.

TRAINING: once a day in winter, twice in spring and summer, 6 days a week, 12 months a year. 45-65 miles a week in winter, 75-125 in summer. Longest-ever walk: 35 kilometers.

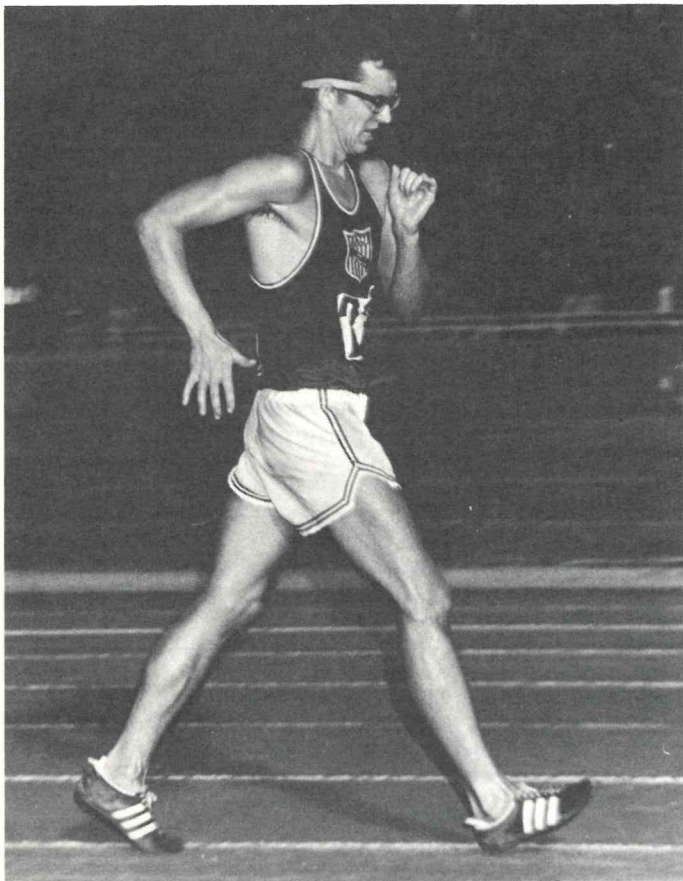
DESCRIPTION: "Having been in this sport only a few months, I find myself doing very similar workouts to my marathon days. Everything I do in intervals I do hard (race pace or faster), while in the longer workouts for distance I like to build. I start with 8 1/2-minute mile pace and after each mile I try to bring it down 5-10 seconds. So in a nine-mile walk, taken once or twice a week, I am walking my last few miles in 7 1/2-minute pace or faster. My last half-mile I walk like hell to get near a 7-minute pace.

"My workouts are cyclic in that they vary slightly from week to week unless I am training for a specific race. On weekends, I usually cover 11-21 miles at each session. During the week, I like to start off with intervals (e.g., 20-30 x 440 with 110-yard rest intervals). I do these much faster than race pace. Once a week, I work with mile reps as they not only give a sense of pace but they demand more of me, creating strength and stamina. This workout may include 4-6 miles at sub-7:00 with a half-mile slow walk and half-mile jog between them.

"During the week I like to race walk for time, a nine-mile course over rolling hills. It is tough to maintain 7 1/2-minute miles over it, especially with the altitude (5420 feet). Breaking 70 minutes on it gives me tremendous confidence. Since the beginning of the year I have been able to beat outstanding walkers rather badly, and I think I can attribute this to my type of race walk practice sessions, especially my interval workouts combined with my nine-mile time trials.

"I have found in my short experience with race walking that jogging is essential for walkers as it tends to reduce injuries in the lower back region. As you jog you use your lower back and abdominal muscles in a contrary fashion than when you are race walking. By jogging at the end of the workout you aid in creating a muscle tonus in the trunk and back region which is needed to avoid injuries due to muscle fatigue.

"Having never gone farther than 35 kilometers, I don't know about the 50-kilometer event. Right now I am doing well at the '20' and hope to make the US team this summer. If I don't, I'll shoot for the longer event in an attempt to be on the Lugano Cup team."



LESSONS FROM LAIRD

BY RON LAIRD

How would you like to try an event that might someday put you on the Olympic team, or on one of many other international teams this country has to offer? This event is so wide open that even an athlete with little natural ability--if he is willing to learn the technique and work hard at it--may develop into a national champion and an international team member.

I started at the age of 17 but sure wish I had started sooner. Before this, I had run hard in high school and the best I could do was 2:18 for the 880 and 5:13 for the mile. At age 19, I won my first national title and with it my first trip. As of now, I have represented the US on over a dozen different teams, set over 50 American records and won 50 national championship races. All in all, it amounts to a lot of wonderful trips, new friends, exciting experiences and USA sweat suits. The event that did all this for me, and can do it for you, is race walking.

Compared to running, race walking is actually very easy on your body. It does not require the same strenuous lifting of your body off the ground and the shock upon it when it lands. When you have mastered the technique of race walking, and gained some strength, you will feel a smooth, pulling flow along the ground. Of course, there will be pains such as shin splints, sore knees and aching hamstrings, but they will disappear. Here is how you do it:

Where running is a pushing movement, race walking is a pulling one. Forward speed is achieved by pulling the ground back to your heel as you take each step. By using a hip dropping and swinging motion, you get the quick leg speed needed for racing. Locking the knee back, as far as it will go, as soon as your heel hits the ground is also a must for speed. Now, all you need is a good forward body lean and a vigorous arm pumping action.

Do not be afraid to do the hip rolling motion, for that and the knee lock are the hardest things for the beginner to learn. Keep a body lean that will improve and maintain your forward speed. It should not be too far back or too far forward. Do not let fatigue or loss of concentration pull you back so that you are fighting your own body weight. The arms are bent and pumped vigorously, so as to give you speed and balance. Do not bring them up too high in the front, or rear. They should swing naturally across the chest in a pattern which is most comfortable to the individual.

Do not try to overstride or chop your stride and keep yourself from taking a full hip swing or drop. The stride of an individual should be kept as natural as possible. Improvement must come by taking more or quicker steps, not longer or shorter ones, and building the physical and mental endurance that will keep these steps going for a longer period of time.

Now then, the big strict rule about race walking is that you have to have one foot on the ground at all times. The heel of the forward leg must be on the ground before the toe of the rear leg can leave it. It is at this spread out, "heel and toe" stage of your stride that you will be off the ground, if you are going to be. The faster you go, the more likely you are to be coming off the ground. Doing this "lifting," as it is known, will get you disqualified by a race walking judge. Any bent-leg pushing, or "creeping" as it is called, will also get you disqualified. You will get one caution from a judge if you are walking illegally. If you get more than that, you have been disqualified and must leave the track or road.

The development of a good legal style will be your first training goal. This is a must! It will save you from the disappointments of disqualification later on, when you really start to get fast and strong. Your training can be done on any smooth surface, such as tracks or roads. Perhaps you like to train alone, which is fine. But to train with a friend or group at first is preferable so that you can correct any faults in each others' styles. Getting out on country or park roads is most enjoyable and will give you a good strength background. Start by going a half-hour and building it up to an hour. There are many different programs of fast and slow work that you may want to do, either on the track or out on the roads. Simply substitute fast and slow race walking for what has been done in running training programs.

Because of the vigorous action of the arms and hips, any tight-fitting training or racing clothes may quickly cause painful irritation. To eliminate this friction, simply use some vaseline on the areas involved. Track spikes are not worn for race walking because there is not enough heel support and as your leg swings through it just skims the ground. Spikes would trip you up. A good, soft, leather flat or low-cut sneaker is what you will want to train and race in. The cloth track flat just does not have the heel support needed to take that hard heel-pulling you will be doing. Blisters can be prevented with vaseline, adhesive tape or wearing a shoe that is a half-size larger. I even cut the pressure points on my tight fitting shoes with a razor blade.

Many of you will ask, why walk when it would be quicker to run? This would indeed be a very dull world if we were all made out of the same mold. There are so many different types of physical recreation that it would be foolish to assume that any one form was the best. Walking is one of the oldest and cheapest forms of developing a high degree of physical fitness and can be practiced anywhere. The benefits of it can be enjoyed and put to use through a complete lifetime. Even when competition is a thing of the past.

THAT LITTLE 3:02 MARATHON GIRL

BY JOE HENDERSON

Tucked in among an anxious, milling crowd of some 200 runners this brisk winter morning was a tiny girl hardly anyone was noticing. Covering her running suit and number was an oversized jacket. Under Tiger shoes that looked almost too big for her to lift, she had white knee-socks. She could quite easily have passed as a marathoner's 12-year-old sister, one who had borrowed his shoes and sweat top. Three hours plus a couple of minutes later in downtown Seaside, Ore., the sizeable crowd that had gathered to watch or run the town's first marathon, was buzzing excitedly about "that little girl."

Caroline Walker isn't 12 years old. She's 16, but at 5' 1/4", 89 pounds and with a shy, wide-eyed face that's the picture of innocence she looks years younger. And she didn't travel from Portland to Seaside to see others run a marathon. She came to run it herself. It wasn't a whim. With good tutoring from her coach, Mike Lehner (a three-time NCAA placer in the steeplechase while at Oregon in the early 1960s), Caroline was well prepared. Her training had been totaling something like 70 miles a week, and she'd gone as long as 18 miles in a session--farther than most of the males her age, and many older, in the race.

Men involved in their personal struggles with the three-hour barrier in this race got to witness the unprecedented sight of a young lady bounding along beside them mile after mile. Not all of them enjoyed it. Caroline put together 26.2 miles at slightly better than 7:00 each for what amounted to the finest race in the relatively short history of women's long distance running--a 3:02:53 marathon.

Pound for pound, inch for inch, possibly no one--male or female--has run as well as Miss Walker. Certainly no woman of any size or age. After she finished, understandably unprepared officials scurried around asking, "What's the women's record for the marathon? Did she break it?" With no evidence otherwise, they decided this was it.

Newsmen from track-conscious Oregon began calling the Runner's World office, seeking confirmation of the "record." Apparently, we told them, the women's marathon best had the 3:07:26 by West German Anni Erdkamp in 1967.

Caroline responded to the sudden notoriety with a pleasant mixture shyness, surprise and innocence. She told a reporter, "I've never held a record before. I don't know what to think. I never figured on something like this. I was just trying to finish. You see, I've never run this far before." While talking with Ken Moore (the winner in 2:20:58) after the race, she said she had experienced more "boredom" than fatigue. "I got tired, but it was nothing special. I felt about the same as I did in my longest training run."

Elaine Pedersen, the other woman in the race (she just missed her personal best with 3:42:33), was as excited about Caroline's run as Caroline was. So excited that she collected pages of information on the amazing little girl. Elaine reported that the young distance runner, a junior at Grant High School in Portland, "is just recovering from a severe case of anemia which put her out of competition for awhile. This



Surrounded by men but apparently not bothered a bit by them, tiny Caroline Walker hustles along toward her 3:02:53 marathon at Seaside, Ore. The 16-year-old got a women's world best. (Seaside Photo Shop photo)

is her comeback! (I feel weak!)... She is very shy--and running is obviously a big part of her life even though she doesn't verbalize a lot. A man who runs with her told me she was once warned that she couldn't run anymore due to foot problems. She said, in effect, "Try and stop me."

Caroline is equally sparing with her words when she writes. She returned this brief, yet revealing, answer to a training questionnaire: "My coach (Mike Lehner) and I follow a training schedule pretty much like that of the University of Oregon. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday are the hard track days. Monday, Wednesday and Friday are the easy days, with Sunday being a long run day. Before the race at Seaside, I had run 18 miles as the longest. Hard days are usually about an hour and 15 minutes, where the easy days are just easy running and it doesn't really matter how much."

She's not just a marathoner. Before Seaside, Caroline had shown glimpses of brilliance at more reasonable distances. In 1968, her first year of running, she had been Oregon women's cross-country champion and "runner of the year." This January, she raced Doris Brown in an indoor mile at Portland and did 5:15.3.

Caroline realizes that 5:15, though good, isn't Olympic caliber, and she knows the Olympics isn't likely to be adding a women's marathon. But still she got asked the stock question after Seaside: "What about your Olympic prospects?"

She handled the question skillfully: "I'd have to work on that. It's not just something you agree to do." Nor is running a marathon in 3:02:53.



WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL

ABOVE: At the starting line of the Women's International cross-country race at Frederick, Md., March 21, Doris Brown looks extremely non-chalant waiting for the gun. (Below) The day was overcast with a temperature of 40 degrees as the runners plunged ahead on their 2½-mile journey. (Top right) Barbara Banks (England) leads the field after three-fourths mile and all six British girls are running in the top nine. But by the 1½-mile mark Doris Brown takes the lead which she held to the end. (Far right) Francie Larriue and Pam Bagian at 1½ miles. Times: 1. Doris Brown (US) 15:04; 2. Rita Ridley (Eng) 15:11; 3. Thelma Flynn (Can) 15:14; 4. Barbara Banks (Eng) 15:21; 5. J. Page (Eng) 15:25; 6. M. MacSherry (Scot) 15:27; 7. G. Tivey (Eng) 15:30; 8. C. Haskett (Scot) 15:31; 9. A. O'Brien (Ire) 15:33; 10. P. Mullins (Ire) 15:34.

PHOTOS BY JEFF AND FRANCIE JOHNSON





MEET DORIS BROWN

U.S. women's distance running has gone through a spell of spectacular growth in the last four or five years--growing in competitive opportunities, numbers of runners, distances run and in ability of the top runners. Doris Brown and the sport have matured together. She has been in the front ranks all these years, and has seen young runners grow up to challenge her. But never quite catch her in cross-country. Mrs. Brown recently won her fourth straight international championship. It's there, in the long stuff, that her true interest lies. She wrote of the International: "My only complaints about the course were the long, flat finish and the shortness--both distinct prejudices!"

DORIS ELAINE SEVERTSEN BROWN. Seattle, Wash. (Falcon Track Club). 5'3 3/4", 115 lbs. Born Sept. 17, 1942, at Tacoma, Wash. College physical education instructor. Began training for racing in 1959 at age 16. Coached by Ken Foreman.

BEST TIMES: 800m--2:02.2 (1968); 1500m--4:16.8 (69); Mile--4:40.4 (67). Normal racing range: 800 meters to 2 1/2 miles. Favorite distance: "Long!"

TRAINING: twice a day, 7 days a week, 12 months a year. 70-100 miles a week. Longest-ever run: "approximated my own private marathon."

DESCRIPTION: "Five miles each morning--one hilly mile, three flat around a lake, back over the hilly. Cross-country season: long over-distance, hills, repeat miles (off track), variety! Indoor season: Muddy track workouts with two days of cross-country for the International meet in March. Repeat 220s, 440s, a couple of 660s, or 110-220-330-440 and down again. Mostly mile pace and attempts at speed work--150s off turns. Outdoor: some 150s, 75s, 100s each day at end of workouts. Mon.--220s (2 sets of 8 at under 30 seconds); Tue.--880 at mile pace and a couple of 330s; Wed.--110, 110, 220, 220, 330, 440 and down again; Thu.--cross-country; Fri.--440s, jog a lap between. I need speed but can't work on it much it seems because of some injury or other."

1970 U.S. Marathon List

(Best times by US citizens as of May 1)

1. Eamon O'Reilly (Athens AC)	2:11:12	4/20
2. Ken Moore (US Army)	2:19:47	4/20
3. Bill Clark (US Marines)	2:20:39	2/ 8
4. Moore--2	2:20:58	2/28
5. Clark--2	2:22:17	4/20
6. Mike Mahler (Pacific Coast Cl)	2:22:25	1/10
7. Ed Walkwitz (Mt Park AA)	2:23:26	4/20
8. William Speck (Providence Coll)	2:24:43	4/20
9. Bob Deines (Otherways AC)	2:24:50	4/20
10. Vic Nelson (Kentucky Univ)	2:25:12	4/12
11. Amby Burfoot (C Conn AA)	2:25:27	4/20
12. Tom Heinonen (US Navy)	2:26:23	1/10
13. Steve Dean (Sac State College)	2:26:54	2/ 7
14. John Loeschorn (USAF)	2:27:28	2/22
15. Griff Balthis (Del T&F Club)	2:27:29	4/20
16. Phil Camp (SC Striders)	2:27:37	1/10
17. Heinonen--2	2:28:02	2/ 7
18. Jim Colvin (Swarthmore Coll)	2:28:09	4/20
19. Moses Mayfield (Phila PC)	2:28:14	4/20
20. Fred Best (C Jersey TC)	2:28:20	4/20

(For more detailed lists of all sorts, results, "coming events" and profiles on top runners, subscribe to our new publication, Racing Report. 24 issues a year, \$5.00; \$9.00 for two years. P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.)



Doris Brown assumes her familiar perch atop the International cross-country victory stand. Rita Ridley (l) and Thelma Flynn join her. (Jeff Johnson photo)

Rates:

15 cents per word (general), 10 cents per word (meet notices)

Classifieds

THIRD ANNUAL MOUNTAIN MARATHON. July 11, 1970. Boone to Grandfather Mountain, N.C. Scenic, mountainous course. Finishes before thousands of spectators. Record--3:09:22. George Phillips, 3100 Briarcliffe Rd., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27106.

NATIONAL JUNIOR 10-KM. WALK. Portland, Ore., June 7. Write Don Jacobs, Box 23146, Tigard, Ore. 97223. Entries due June 1.

LONGEST DAY MARATHON. Sunday, June 21, 1970, 5:00 p.m., Brookings, S.D. Flat course. Awards to all finishers. Contact Track Coach, SDSU, Brookings, S.D. 57006.

8TH ANNUAL JACKRABBIT 15. Saturday, June 6, 1970, 8:00 a.m. 15.2-mile road race from White to Brookings, S.D. Contact Track Coach, SDSU, Brookings, S.D. 57006.

PIERCE BRIGADE MINI-MARATHON. Concord, N.H., Saturday, July 25, 6:00 p.m. NEAAU sanctioned. Second annual 15-mile road race honoring Franklin Pierce. 14 trophies, 36 medals. Address: P.O. Box 425, Concord, N.H. 03301.

SENIOR NATIONAL MARATHON, AAU (26 miles, 385 yards). June 7, 7:00 a.m. Redfield, Iowa (hospitality town of the midwest). Beautiful Iowa terrain. National and Iowa championship awards. Senior division. Excellent competition. Free lodging and food. Deadline for entries, May 30. Evening-before banquet. Contact Dr. T.C. Peace, Redfield, Iowa 50233. Tel. 833-2301.

FREE--20-page catalog of Distance Running Equipment and Accessories. Everything for the distance runner--marathon or track. Write SPECIALTY SPORTS, P.O. Box 36522, Houston, Tex. 77036. Sponsors of World Marathon Runners Association.

MEET GARY POWER

Gary Power has distinguished himself on a number of fronts. Most obviously, he has developed his hurdling to the point where he upset Olympic champion Willie Davenport twice during the indoor season just past. At 28, Gary is an "old" man in an event peopled primarily by late teens and early 20s collegians. Power, a former University of Omaha student, was well past college age when he reached international ability. With times of 13.6 legally and 13.5 with extra wind, he toured Europe with the US team last summer. An activist in the struggle for athletes' rights, he was at the front during the "revolt" that occurred there.

GARY POWER. Santa Monica, Calif. (Southern California Striders). 6'3", 195 lbs. Born March 25, 1942, at Gothenburg, Nebr. Science teacher. Single. Began racing in high school. Self-coached.

BEST TIMES: 100 yards--9.8 (1969); 60-yard high hurdles--6.9 (1970); 110-meter HH--13.6 (1969) (13.5 wind-aided, 1969). Favorite distance: 110-meter HH. Racing frequency: weekly in season.

TRAINING: 3 days a week, 10 months a year. Longest-ever run: 150 yards (!).

DESCRIPTION: "My training is broken down into three basic parts: technique work, 150s for conditioning and weight lifting for maintenance of strength. In this weight lifting, I emphasize a maximum of weight and a minimum of repetitions. My overall philosophy for my training is the same as that held for the event as a whole. I want to enjoy it. When track becomes a task, I'll find something else to occupy my time."

Britain's Dave Hemery (6), who's equally at home over the intermediate or high hurdles, leads decathlete Bill Toomey during a highs race in London. Hemery, a longtime US resident but an Olympic gold medalist for his native country, competes successfully in the flat races and decathlon as well as the hurdles. (Tony Duffy photo)

News Highlights

• **DETROIT, MICH.**, March 13-14--Herb Washington's world record-tying 60 (5.9) highlighted the short racing at the NCAA Indoor championships. Larry James won the 440 in 48.3, Rick Wohlhuter won the 600 in 1:09.5 and Thomas Hill won the 60-yard high hurdles in 6.9. James also contributed a 47.6 quarter to Villanova's mile relay victory.

• **VIENNA, AUSTRIA**, March 14-15--Soviet sprinters went wild in the European Indoor championships. Alexandr Bratchikov outran Andrzej Badenski of Poland for the 400 title, both running 46.8. The Russian 1600-meter relay team got a world record of 3:05.9, with Bratchikov sprinting 45.6. It was a 200-meter Tartan-covered track.

• **EL PASO, TEX.**, March 21--Unheralded Harrington Jackson got the sprint season flying with a 9.2 mark for 100 yards.

• **AUSTIN, TEX.**, April 3-4--Texas A&M's sprint relay teams, featuring the Mills brothers, came in for a share of the 880 world record at the Texas Relays. Donnie Rogers, Rockie Woods, Marvin Mills and brother Curtis ran 1:22.1.

• **KNOXVILLE, TENN.**, April 18--The day after doing 13.6, Willie Davenport got a 13.5 high hurdle clocking. That gave him a share of the seasonal lead with Herman Franklin.

• **DES MOINES, IA.**, April 24--After its earlier tie, Texas A&M grabbed sole ownership of that world 880 relay record with 1:21.7 at the Drake Relays--again with Donny Rogers, Rocky Woods, Marvin and Curtis Mills running. Ralph Mann clipped two-tenths of a second from the American 440 hurdles mark with 49.4 on the Tartan track.

• **SAN JOSE, CALIF.**, May 2--Lee Evans and John Carlos both got yearly bests in their events--Evans with a 45.8 quarter and Carlos with a 20.3 220. George Rhoden, 41, ran a 10.4 100.



'ARE WE REALLY SO DIFFERENT?'

BY KEN MOORE

I must have been 12 then, the age when Saturdays mean the most, and I was gripping the low wire fence at the north end of Hayward Field on the University of Oregon campus. Past me, every minute or so, pounded the collegiate milers vying for the Northern Division title of 1956. Their spikes made a wonderfully loud gnashing noise on the moist track. Although the crowd in the stands grew more and more excited as the race progressed, the runners' faces remained controlled, as if they were away from things in their concentration. Their eyes looked strange. Jim Bailey of Oregon and Australia won that race, powering smoothly by everyone on the last backstretch and moving through the curve and homestretch. I was speechless. Bailey's victory didn't overwhelm me nearly so much as did the speed of all the milers as time after time they stormed by my place at the fence. How could people run like that? They were so impressive that they struck me as somehow unnatural or mystical. There seemed a magical dimension separating the straining yet serene milers from the wondering boy.

Later, as a struggling high school miler, I felt that sense of separation again. The line of slender, lemon and green clad distance runners that has emerged from the university under the direction of track coach Bill Bowerman was really only beginning then. When, in 1960, from my vantage point on the infield (gained as a member of the crew that set and removed hurdles from the track), I saw Bill Dellinger run three miles in 13:43 to qualify for the Olympic Games in Rome, I sensed that what I was watching was not learnable. The Oregon distance runners I saw were so talented that they seemed to differ, not in degree but in kind, from ordinary, fatigue-prone mortals.

Besides, their very appearance supported the impression of a mysterious austerity, far removed from my preoccupation with milkshakes and hamburgers. Their fitness was accompanied by gaunt faces and hollow eyes. Their legs were corded and veined, their fat nonexistent. They were helpful to anatomy lecturers who had no cadavers handy. And when they ran, their expressions betrayed little of the pain they had to be feeling, the same pain that had this 16-year-old whimpering for minutes after each 5:04 mile. There was no getting around it. They were a different order of human being.

It's not true. They're not different. I realized that, finally, in 1968 when I ran in the Olympic marathon. The marathon started in the Plaza del Constitucion in the center of old Mexico City. The 85 entrants were led single file through the sunshine from the 400-year-old courthouse where they had made their final preparations. Walking to the start with the best from Kenya, Russia, Australia, Ethiopia, Japan, Great Britain and likely someone unknown who would whip them all, I felt somewhat out of place. The old separation, though muted, still seemed to exist between me and these wizened, hard bodies and burning eyes.

There were thousands of children in the crowd lining the streets, and because it is necessary not to get too excited at the beginning of a marathon, I watch-

Ken Moore, leading US finisher in the 1968 Olympic marathon and former holder of the American best in this event, is a sometimes professional writer (the army currently has him full-time). He wrote this story for the Old Oregon, revising it somewhat for our use.



KEN MOORE (Mark Shearman photo)

ed them rather than my competitors. Of course they were intent on us. One boy about 10 watched the line of runners from the shoulders of his father. He solemnly observed Naftali Temu of Kenya, who had already won the 10,000-meter gold medal, and then his black eyes fell on me. "Campion!" he said, and grinned ecstatically. I was relieved. If I looked more like a champion than a real one, I couldn't be too far out of place.

Through the course of the race, as I traded elbows with Ethiopian Abebe Bikila, the defending champion, and found myself leading for a section of about five miles before falling back with severe blisters, I realized that there was no longer any quality about my competitors that made them unattainably better than I was. But I had not changed. Over the last six miles, which ran gradually uphill to the stadium, I passed six men including Temu and teammate George Young, who had taken the bronze medal in the steeplechase. They were in far more difficulty than I, suffering from cramps, and I understood. It is the same for everybody.

I didn't win in Mexico, or come away with a medal, but since that day I think I have really belonged in the company of long distance runners. And I think now I can tell you something about them.

Bill Bowerman has said that my career as a runner demonstrates that "talent" in the distances is an elusive term, if it has any meaning at all. He calls me one of his least talented runners, and I suppose my record forces me to agree. I never won a race in high school. It takes me six months of conscientious training to compete well (Dave Wilborn has gone from a 4:20 mile in April to 3:56.2 in June). I need two days of rest after each hard workout (Arne Kvalheim needs only a good night's sleep to shake off the effects of a 20-mile run). And I am congenitally clumsy (Bow-

erman insisted I take a gymnastics and tumbling course after my sophomore year, explaining to the Oregon Club: "If I plan to enter this particular young man in a steeplechase again, I owe it to his parents to make sure he knows how to fall without killing himself. I make him take swimming last year.").

I explained all this once, by way of encouragement, to a beginning jogger, concluding, "So you see, talent or natural ability isn't the answer." "I see," was his reply, "so it must be derangement." I have never been completely able to refute that man's assertion. Good distance runners are crazy, I'm sure, in much the same way that politicians, corporation presidents and army generals are crazy. Their approach to their work hints of obsession. Some mild aberration is perhaps necessary to make it to the top in any field, to spur continued effort when the better adjusted have settled for the comfortable lower rungs.

Murray Halberg of New Zealand, the 1960 Olympic 5000-meter champion, grew up in a sports-oriented family but was severely injured in a rugby accident when he was 17 and lost the use of his left arm. With a vengeance he turned to running, nearly the only sport remaining to him. Friends have said his need to compensate for his disability accounts for his achieving two world records 10 years after his injury.

It is interesting that nearly all distance runners who are successful in college began serious training between the ages of 14 and 16. Perhaps the clear delineation of excellence found in running provides a solidity that balances the uncertain sands of adolescent society. I certainly felt less anxiety on the track than on the dance floor.

If he is honest, almost every runner will reveal a need to excel, or to prove something, that at first superseded his pure love of running. But I don't believe that condition persists. Running can get a hold on you. It is common, once a person becomes well conditioned, to run 20 miles through the hills and literally not feel tired. But the initial process of becoming fit is work, some of it exhausting, and to get through it (a year is about as short a time as one can expect; it took me three), it helps to have a psychological burr or two. When I am training well in Eugene, I run upwards of 100 miles a week. Thirty of them may be covered on one Sunday jaunt up the McKenzie River and 40 more in two hard workouts combining pace work on the track and running through Hendricks Park or around Spencer's Butte. The balance is done jogging around golf courses on recovery days.

I imagine it sounds somewhat masochistic, especially since much has been made in the sports pages of the physical pain necessary in running fast over a mile or more. Good distance men are reputed to possess either great resistance or little sensitivity to pain. I have heard coaches state flatly that if a boy doesn't have a high "pain threshold" he may as well forget about running a steeplechase. Yet I doubt whether runners as a group are any more brave when it comes to sitting in dentist chairs or receiving tetanus boosters than the general populace.

In the summer of 1967, I was included in a group of Oregon runners who were invited to Los Alamos, N.M., to participate in a United States Olympic Committee study of high altitude training and procedures. The price of our three-week vacation in the Rockies was to submit every Friday to a series of tests that measured the lactic acid content of our blood. Four cubic centimeters of blood were drawn from each of us before a three-mile time trial, four cc's within 10 seconds after finishing, four after one minute, and four more after five minutes. It seemed strange to our doctors that while we showed no reluctance to run ourselves into unconsciousness at the end of a hard workout (quite easy to do at 7500 feet), the mention

of another session with the needles set us all to whining like tormented alley cats.

The explanation, of course, is that we were used to our kind of pain. Over the years we had developed a familiarity with our bodies that let us know how much of the discomfort of extreme fatigue we could stand. Part of a runner's training consists of pushing back the limits of his mind, of proving to his doubting intellect that 66 seconds a lap for 12 laps won't reduce him to another cinder on the track. But the needle pain was relatively new and exposed our "innate toughness" for what it was: a learned specialty. In fact, as the tests continued, we did grow more accustomed to the pricking of our veins (although we never let on to the technicians).

Two weeks before the 1965 NCAA track championships, I broke my foot. As I sat in the doctor's office, an elderly fan hailed me and said, "Kenny, it's a good thing you're a philosophy major, 'cause you sure got enough to be philosophical about." I told him not to end his sentences with prepositions. But in a way very much different than he intended, that gentleman was right. Most distance runners are philosophers, out of a sort of necessity. A hundred miles a week is about 12 hours on the road. What can you do but think? Most of my undergraduate papers were conceived and written (later to be transcribed) at six-minute per mile pace through the forest behind Spencer's Butte. Yet when people ask if I ever wonder, running in the rain, whether it's all worth it, I have to tell them no.

It is hard for a runner to articulate his motivations, but the question remains (as it is likely to, in the face of any insight I may offer here): Why do we do it? Despite its physical joys, despite my having learned to live with its occasional discomforts, I admit that I would train with less intensity were it not for one aspect of running: The Race. This is not to say I thirst for constant victory. Winning is only a part of a successful race. Time is a factor, as is the immeasurable element of how close one comes to imagined potential. This, again, has to do with pain.

Human beings are reluctant to accept meaningless suffering. Families of dead soldiers refuse to believe such sacrifice could be in vain. In that way, the pain in a marathon's closing stages can be so great as to FORCE meaning upon the run. Men submit to the ordeal not in spite of the pain but because of it. Competitive urges can carry you for 10 or 15 miles, but then the distance and discomfort already endured scream that this must not be for nothing, so you go on.

Afterward, in the dressing room, men hang stiffly on one another, too exhausted to untie their shoes... and jabber uncontrollably. It sounds like a combination cocktail party and SDS caucus. The pain has made everything suffered so extraordinarily important that it HAS to be expressed. The cramp which siezed your left leg coming off the hills at 20 miles must be described in loving, urgent detail, if only to the wall, because nobody listens. Later, when you recover, you remember your babbling, and the others', and in an embarrassed sort of recognition, understand you shared something. It is the same for everybody.

Perhaps when one stops, when one comes to accept that this is merely the way pain works on minds, that there is no inherent meaning in repeating this sort of suffering, one will have died a little.

The enduring satisfaction of distance running is not in records that will inevitably be broken, not in knowing that you were the best (read: luckiest) on a given day. It lies in knowing that you learned how to be brave and to do something better than you first thought you could, and perhaps in knowing that you amazed a few people along the way.

--ON THE RUN--

BY HAL HIGDON

One of the absurdities of life is that many track men, road runners and walkers have moved, and are moving, to California to further their careers. If pressed, I could probably come up with the names of dozens of young men who have followed Horace Greeley's classic advice to go west. At times, I have been tempted to do the same.

The reasons seem obvious: plentiful competition, many active clubs, year-round outdoor training. Perhaps the last reason has the most appeal. No more slogging through snow-drifts. No danger of slipping on ice, or failing even to find a clear running surface at all. No frigid winds. No necessity to pile on double sweat suits, which make running at 7:00 pace for any length of time a Herculean achievement.

Personally, I enjoy cold weather. Perhaps it is the masochist in me surfacing. After all, if you don't obtain almost a sexual delight from pain, why run marathons at all? Some of my most pleasurable running memories come from my most miserable experiences--going 20 miles in a pounding Chicago rain, being pelted by hail while running on the beach, braving raw winds in the hills above Stuttgart, Germany, during one of Europe's coldest winters. On the other hand, I can understand why others might want to run in perpetual sunshine--but at what price?

Consider a few medical facts:

One California study of heart attack patients suggested a definite increase in death rates among those exposed to "freeway levels" of carbon monoxide. A New York City heart patient study showed "straining" of the heart under high carbon monoxide conditions. Among the 22 men working toll booths at either end of the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel, more than half suffered dizzy spells during one typical month. Five of these men experienced blackouts. A University of California report warned that concentrations in the California atmosphere will have reached "high toxic, if not lethal, levels." It occurs to me that while we may be prolonging our life by one activity (jogging), we may be shortening it by another activity (breathing polluted air). "We're flirting with something immeasurably worse than war or genocide," one of the organizers of Earth Day (the national pollution protest, April 22) told an interviewer for the New York Times recently, "and that's specie-cide. The death of man is involved here, and time is running out."

Specie-cide. Think about that for a moment.

I heard one report (which I've been unable to confirm) that on days of high smog in Los Angeles, the physical education activity in the grade schools is curtailed under the theory that they won't be breathing in so much polluted air. If children are endangering their health by doing pushups, what does that do for a long distance runner on a 100-mile-a-week workout schedule?

Let me toss some more statistics at you. The nation's 87 million cars account for 60% of pollution in the air, 90 million tons worth. The most toxic element of that is carbon monoxide (70 million tons a year) which remains in the air as long as five years before decomposing. Fresh air contains less than one-tenth of one part carbon monoxide. The average city's air contains 100 times that concentration. During business hours the air over Chicago, Denver, Philadelphia and Washington contains 300 times as much. Every day 8.3 million pounds of carbon monoxide belches from exhaust pipes in New York. In Los Angeles an annual day's driving produces 20

million pounds of this gas. It kills trees, plants and lawns along the freeways, and causes \$25 million in annual crop damage.

How do you feel now, all you track men who just moved to Los Angeles because you liked sunshine? As a matter of fact, you're lucky if you see the sun at all. I don't mean to bum-rap only California. The entire world is on an environmental collision course. Anybody who has seen much children's art knows that kids like to draw bright and cheery suns, sometimes with smiling faces. Educators recently discovered that during the last three or four years children living on the south side of Chicago have stopped drawing suns in their pictures. They look up at the sky and see overcast skies: smoke from the factories, the steel mills, the power plants. They assume this condition to be natural.

When I lived in Chicago in the early 60s, I would go for long distance runs on the lakefront in company with my friends: Harold Harris, Gar Williams, Arne Richards, others. These moments now provide pleasant memories. But frequently I would return home, blow my nose, and the mucous would be black.

I now live in the Indiana dunes where the air is relatively clear, but at about the time I moved they raped the dunes south of here (despite public protests) to construct two mammoth steel plants at Burns Ditch. The Big Steel executives said not to worry. The plants would contain the latest in anti-pollution devices. "Promises, Promises" is the name of a musical now playing Broadway. It also is playing in various industrial areas of the United States today. Talk to some of the people who live near those steel plants as to how effective the anti-pollution devices are. I've run from pollution, but it is pursuing me.

When I visited Cleveland last fall, John O'Neill, former RRC president, took me on a tour of the foundry where he works. The noise was ear-shattering. The heat was intense--and this was November.

The smell of urea used in one process just about made me puke. But most objectionable was the dust and dirt and other (if you coaches who buy this magazine for your high school libraries will forgive me) crap in the air. Most of the foremen were white; most of the workers were black. Outside the foundry, the lawns were littered with beer cans and broken gin bottles, left by workers from their lunch hour, barbituates to permit them to get up and return to work for four more hours. The foundry management couldn't understand why it had trouble getting people to work overtime on weekends, blamed it on the fact that "they" were just plain lazy. "It's a company union," John explained. "It doesn't push any harder than it has to. The attitude of the boss is that if the union demands too much, they'll shut down the shop." A sign on one wall offered a \$25 bonus for anyone responsible for hiring a new employee. They paid more than that for slaves before the Civil War. Smoke belched from overhead stacks, but not as much (so said John) as at the auto foundry outside town. A half-hour's visit, and the snot in my nose was black--ink black!

Yet we're supposed to salute the flag and praise the capitalistic system, recommending it to the underdeveloped countries who want to grow up and imitate America's great industrial machine. And we wonder why kids pop pills, and rip off, and rebel against the establishment, and become hippies, and we wonder also why riots break out in Cleveland's

Hough area where most of those foundry employees live in conditions not much better than those under which they work.

What's that got to do with long distance running?

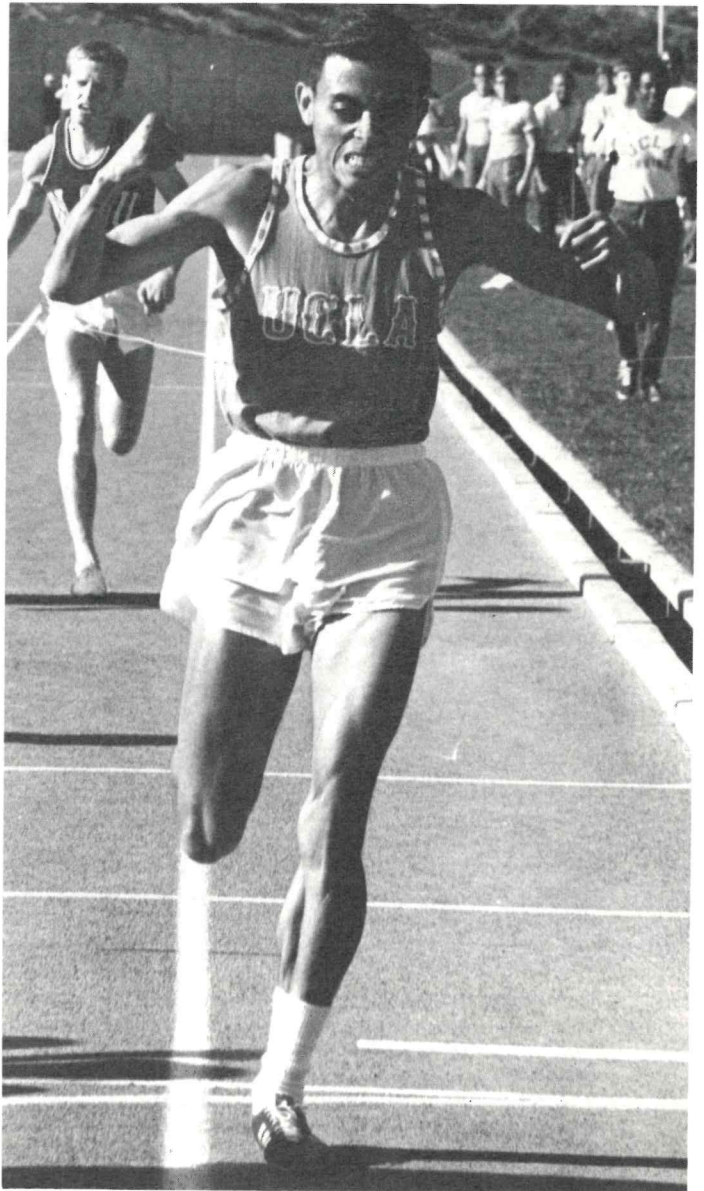
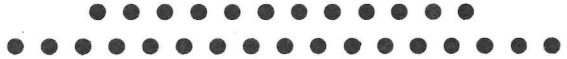
Plenty, because we run in the environment and the environment is on the way to going to hell--if we don't do something to change it.

The cross-country courses will disappear. Smoke and acid will eat away the forests through which we run. A continuous stream of cars and trucks and buses will blast us with their bad breath. As road runners, we cannot continue to run and jog through the countryside assuming it will be there forever. We should raise our voices along with those of conservationists and concerned citizens to demand that the fat-cat polluters be stopped in their tracks.

Be aware. The establishment can be challenged. It can be defeated--and you don't have to burn down a bank to succeed. That just pollutes the air even more. In Chicago, a group known as the Committee Against Pollution (CAP) has taken on Commonwealth Edison, the utility responsible for roughly 16% of the city's dirty air. Public pressure has been brought to bear on this organization and its unprincipled executives. The utility has already been pressured into switching to low-sulphur coal, but this is only one step. As I write this, CAP has collected the proxy rights to 18,000 shares of Commonwealth Edison stock. This isn't enough to overthrow the company management, but it is sufficient to provide a forum at the annual meeting to express public indignation. CAP also is gathering pledges from individuals and organizations willing to cease paying their electric bills unless that utility shows good faith in developing more effective anti-pollution controls. If Commonwealth Edison fails to bend, it will be ripped off. If it does

bend, then CAP can proceed against the other polluters: the big steel firms, the automotive companies, the oil refineries. President Nixon, in a calculated effort to divert public attention away from civil rights and Vietnam, has come out in favor of pollution controls. Fine. We'll accept the devil's help if he's willing to give it.

The Road Runners Club should be just as concerned about the battle for ecological survival as should conservation organizations such as the Sierra Club and the Izaak Walton League. We can't jog in a vacuum. Each individual runner should become aware of efforts in his own community to halt the polluters and should cooperate in every way possible. The inevitable result may be that even southern California distance runners will be able to breathe clean air once more.



"Oh, dammit. . . I won!" Hartzell Alpizar appears to be saying as he finishes a 13:45 three-mile. Earlier, he'd gotten a surprising 28:52 six-mile. (Dick O'Connor photo)

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Spotlight on England and Europe



BY WILF RICHARDS

The great occasion for cross-country runners throughout England is the National championships. As with the "Boston" for American marathoners, it attracts the cream of our distance runners, together with many hundreds of second- and third-raters and quite a few who would make no claim to a rating at all. The contest between clubs (for this is essentially an inter-club contest on a mammoth scale) is equally important and as keen as the individual battles. This competitive element is by no means confined to those in the higher echelon; those in the middle of the field, which means the ones finishing in the 400s and 500s, fight for their positions as fiercely as the leading groups. For the purpose of the present account, however, we must confine ourselves to the top few celebrities.

Three who were all strongly fancied for the English title this year were Mike Tagg, the 1969 winner, Dick Taylor, Britain's fastest six-miler, and Trevor Wright, the talented Northern champion. Others with intriguing possibilities were Dave Bedford, who had earlier performed the unique feat of winning the senior and junior Southern championships the same day, and Ricky Wilde, a Manchester runner whose improvement was so pronounced that he couldn't be ruled out.

The championship was held over a nine-mile course, mostly flat, at Blackpool, a northern seaside resort, in conditions which were not too pleasant but might have been worse. Dick Taylor made good use of his speed to gain an early lead from the 997 starters, with most of the other fancied runners in close attendance. Soon Taylor was away on his own, well ahead of Trevor Wright, who in turn had detached himself from the rest of the following group. At this point, it began to look as though the flat course was "Taylor-made" for the fast track man and that he would continue to run away from the field. But Wright

Mob scenes such as the US gets for the Boston marathon are a yearly occurrence for the British National cross-country—THE event for runners there. About 1000 started this race. (Mark Shearman photo)

stuck to his task and his brisk, steady pace eventually had its effect. He drew level with Taylor, then pounded ahead on his own. Meanwhile, Bedford, Mike Turner, Ron Grove and others were struggling for placings high enough to ensure international selection, with young Bedford outpacing the others in the closing stages. So it was, Wright the winner, 120 yards clear of Taylor, and Bedford taking third some 80 yards behind Taylor. Tagg, although back in 20th position in consequence of becoming a flu victim, was selected for the England team.

The International championship in Vichy, France, brought two surprises. The first was that Tagg, still not fully recovered from his indisposition, outpaced the field to score an unexpected victory, and the second that Belgian Gaston Roelants, whose earlier season running had given one the impression that his powers as a cross-country runner were on the wane, took second place, only just beaten in the final sprint.

Not so surprising was heavily-favored England's team victory. Wright ran well for third place, with Taylor again following him home, fourth, and England's remaining counters all in the first 14. France finished second and Belgium third.

Despite Tagg's brilliance in the International and Wright's impressive Northern and National wins, the runner who has stirred the pulses more than any other over the past few months has been Lancashire's Ricky Wilde. Here is one who has for several years been running at a consistently high level without ever "reaching for the stars." Mostly he has seemed to impress as a miler/three-miler, but when questioned on one occasion as to his possibilities as a top class miler, he replied that he lacked the necessary basic

speed and could not match the finishing burst of Britain's leading milers. Yet he has been close enough to the four-minute mile on more than one occasion to suggest that he could make the grade with specialized training. But he has always felt more "at home" as a three-miler, and this coming track season will no doubt see him concentrating on the 5000 meters. It will be no great surprise if he gathers in a new British record at this distance before the season is out.

Wilde is built, and runs, in what might be termed the classic English style--a modern Roger Bannister. He trains almost entirely over long distances on hilly country paths, fields and roads near his home, throwing in some faster stretches from time to time but mainly concerning himself with stamina work. On this training he has not only improved his cross-country performances considerably but has also distinguished himself on the indoor tracks, finishing with a brilliant European championship 3000-meter win in a world best time of 7:47.0. Even the great Harald Norpoth (second) could not match Wilde's long finishing burst and was 15 yards behind at the tape. Yes, I think we will be hearing further of Ricky Wilde over the next few months.

Ron Hill, hero of so many cross-country and road races, was treading lightly for much of the past few months, not wishing to eat into his physical reserves and mental powers of concentration with too many races while preparing for his big challenge in the Boston marathon. He had two races over shorter distances to test his speed and must have found some satisfaction from the outcome. The first was in winning the Sutton "7" (seven-mile road race) in which he went clean away from track international Alan Blinston over the final half-mile. Though not quite so successful in his next venture, the AAA 10-mile track championship, he did achieve the highly satisfactory time of 47:33.2 in finishing second to a very much in-form Trevor Wright, who took the title from Hill with 47:20.2. Conditions were by no means ideal for there was a very strong cold wind blowing throughout the race. Hill's best time in this event--46:44--is a world record and will take a lot to beat. If anyone is to do it over the next few years, it could well be Trevor Wright, who, at 23, is only now beginning to realize his full potential.

So Ron Hill, at the time of writing, was all set

Winner-to-be Yevgeniy Arzhanov (USSR) lags in last, watching Colin Campbell make the 800-meter pace at the European Indoor championships. (Horst Muller photo)



for his big test at Boston. When these notes appear the battle will have been fought and, I venture to suggest, a new course record may well have been established by the winner. Whether or not this proves to be Ron Hill, it is certain that he will never let up until the finish has been reached. For it is a characteristic of this great Lancashire runner that he "keeps right on to the end of the road," to quote the old Harry Lauder song, and if an outright victory eludes him, then his object will be to get as near as is humanly possible to winning. (Hill won in 2:10:30--a course record and third-fastest ever.)

In the meantime, Bill Adcocks, England's other world class marathon man, who has been out of racing through injury until fairly recently, shot back into prominence by winning one of the big Japanese international marathons--the Mainichi--in the fast time of 2:13:46--a record for this event. The 1969 Boston winner, Yoshiaki Unetani, was expected to win, and he certainly did not fail for want of trying. It was not until the last few miles that Adcocks was able to get on terms with the Japanese runner. Then the two fought it out to the end, with Unetani not quite able to match Adcocks' strong finishing burst and taking second in 2:14:19. Third was Tsumuguchi Suzuki in 2:18:01.

BRITISH WOMEN



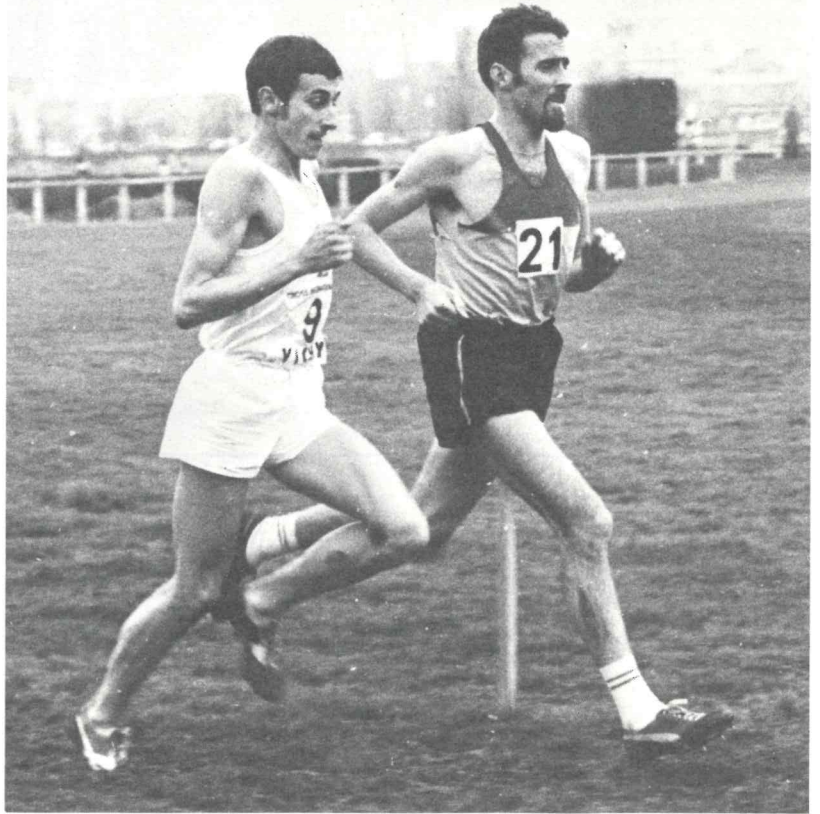
In England, the girls run cross-country like this--with the same enthusiasm as the men. (Tony Duffy photo)

As with the men, the National championship virtually ends the cross-country season and is the time when hundreds of our women distance runners are able to assess their standing as compared with their counterparts from other parts of the country. For the few, of course, the International remains. This year's National was held over a course of 3 1/2 miles, firm and suited to fast running though not lacking in hill work. At the half distance, there were six or seven runners fairly well bunched at the front. But soon after this Rita Ridley, the one most fancied to win, pushed on ahead, closely followed by Joyce



LEFT: Beauty and speed can be compatible. Poland's Teresa Sukniewicz is a world-class hurdler. (Tony Duffy photo)

BELOW: Defending champ Gaston Roelants (r) gets a push from Trevor Wright at the International. (Mark Shearman photo)



Smith, the girl who had previously scored a surprise victory over Rita in the Southern championship. This time Rita made sure her pursuer did not get within striking distance, and towards the end she went away for a clear win by 70 to 80 yards. Joan Page was a close third. Less than half a minute covered the first seven home, a fact which gave the England team a sound, compact look for the forthcoming International meeting in Maryland, USA.

As it happened, the England team almost did not make the journey to America after all. An increase in air fares added considerable to the cost of sending a team. But fortunately difficulties were overcome and the girls fully justified the decision to compete by placing their four counters in the first seven for an impressive team victory. Again Rita Ridley proved best of the English girls, but there was no holding the very talented American star, Doris Brown, who took the individual title for the fourth time.

While girls in Britain are busy preparing for some tough competition in their efforts to qualify for the Commonwealth Games, Anne Smith, former queen of milers over here and now living in New Zealand, has already secured a place on the New Zealand team by finishing second in their 800-meter championship. Anne's time was 2:06.7. Rita Ridley, who has taken over the mantle of Anne Smith, has had one early track race and must have felt pleased with the result. This was over the rather unusual distance of 2000 meters. Rita's time of 6:12.6 (5:00 miling pace for an extra lap) was good running for a cold, wintry day with a snow shower thrown in.

Indoor athletics have brought into prominence

a girl of unusual talent who looks destined for Olympic honors. Her name: Marilyn Neufville. In East Berlin, she gave a glimpse of her potential when winning the 400 meters by a decisive margin from Rita Kuhne in 54.8. This raised expectations of a challenging performance in the European indoor championships, despite the formidable opposition of the Continentals. Well, Marilyn's challenge was such a wholehearted and powerful one that she left the rest well behind with a new European best of 53.0. Perfectly built for this distance, Miss Neufville is still young and comparatively inexperienced, but her long, flowing stride should carry her to many more successes when the international program is in full swing.

EUROPEANS

Only a few odds and ends from Europe at this "in-between" time of year. Gaston Roelants is still a force to be reckoned with, though he is perhaps somewhat less consistent than in his prime. After winning once again his national cross-country championship, he was only just beaten by England's Mike Tagg for the international title. Not so good was his running in a 10,000-meter cross-country race in Milan where he had to be content with fourth place, nearly a minute behind winner Naftali Temu of Kenya. The marathon is said to be Roelants' main objective in the next Olympics, so we will no doubt see him in action in some of the big events at this distance in the near future.

ENGLAND'S 'BOSTON'

BY MICK HAMLIN

America has the Boston. Holland has the Enschede. Japan has the Fukuoka. Czechoslovakia has the Kosice. And Britain has the "Poly" or Windsor-Chiswick. The "Poly" race (organized by the Polytechnic Harriers, hence the affectionate Poly tag) has yielded world bests to Jim Peters, Morio Shigematsu, Basil Heatley and Bud Edelen in most recent times. Often claimed as a "short course" but runners who have never run it, I would suggest that anyone with that impression should contact a certain John Jewell--big-wheel in the Great Britain Road Runners Club and often erroneously referred to as the inventor of the inch.

Surprising as it may be to many, to run a race of farther than 10 miles in Britain one has to be over 21 years of age. As statistics show, this rule has had a bad effect on the event in Britain and explains why we have never attained a high standard (!). I hasten to add that in 1969 there were merely 100 Britons under 2:30.

I have run the Poly twice and placed 12th in 1967 (2:27:59). In 1966, I saved my marathon debut for the event as it carried a "Newcomer's Award." The entry was remarkable considering that all competitors have to have bettered three hours. But it wasn't the depth of the field--it was the class. The first three were to run in the European championships and the fourth, fifth and sixth would run the Commonwealth Games. An embarrassment of riches! Pre-race favorites included Ron Hill, Bill Adcocks, Jim Hogan, Brian Kilby, Jim Alder and a kid called Graham Taylor, who was also making his debut. Two weeks ago he had run a 20-mile road race in a cool 1:39:06, destroying a classy field.

The changing rooms were built in 1200 or thereabouts and are called Windsor Castle. As well as being the changing rooms and start, the castle also earns fame as being one of the homes of the monarch. Fortunately, she was not around this June afternoon as around 300 scantily clad, sweaty, scruffy individuals chose the tree or bush of their choice to urinate in or on. As well as the British "hard-nuts", there were these three Oriental-looking types warming up with "Nippon" emblazoned across their sweats (What club is that?). As if things weren't bad enough without bringing these guys over. Last year, three of them had dominated the event and the nearest we could offer up, by way of a domestic challenge, was Buddy Edelen. Well, at least he lived here!

Looking on the bright side, I had made a list of about 150 or so runners who could beat me. The

Here's the Poly marathon scene in 1965, when Morio Shigematsu (118) got his world best. (Mark Shearman photo)

day was muggy and hot, which meant that Graham Taylor was not going to run 2:10 after all.

We were soon off and on our 26-mile-plus journey to Chiswick. It was all a long time ago and I can remember that only four runners passed me en route as I worked through the field to finish 20th in 2:35:53. I did remember passing one of the Japanese at 24 miles, Hideo Hiroshima (a best of 2:16), and I remember being happy at finishing my first marathon. The winner was Taylor, who entered the stadium together with Jim Hogan, only to unleash a 63-second 440 and beat him by 27 seconds!

Unlike US races, only the winner gets a trophy and medals go down to about 50th or so (You complain about Boston?). No certificates, either, and no stew.



Villanova-trained Frank Murphy (42) of Ireland lost last summer's European outdoor 1500 by a tenth-second. Here, he's finishing second to Henryk Szordykowski by a similar margin indoors. (Horst Muller photo)

Ulf Hogberg of Sweden, who has been out of action with persistent injury for a long period, is gradually approaching his previous high standard. In Gothenburg, he won a 1500-meter race in 3:47.8. Francesco Arese, Italy's top 1500-meter man last season, stepped up his distance to 3000 meters in Genoa and scored a good win in 8:02.0. Nothing sensational appears to have come to light from the USSR. But Vyacheslav Alanov, with a 13:56.6 5000, appears all set for a successful season, and we will no doubt be hearing more of Yevgeniy Arzhanov who won the 800-meter European indoor championship in Vienna with 1:51.0. The 1500-meter title went to Poland's Henryk Szordykowski in 3:48.8, with Frank Murphy of Ireland giving him a good race to finish second. Russian women are also coming into the picture, with good indoor 1500 performances from Sobolyeva (4:24.7) and Bragina (4:28.2).



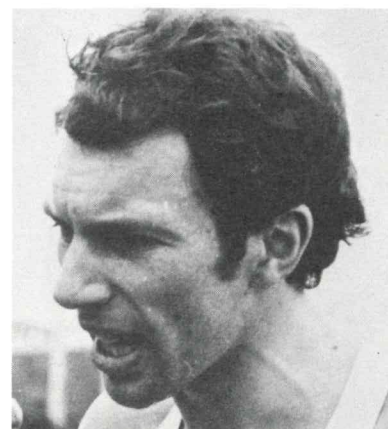
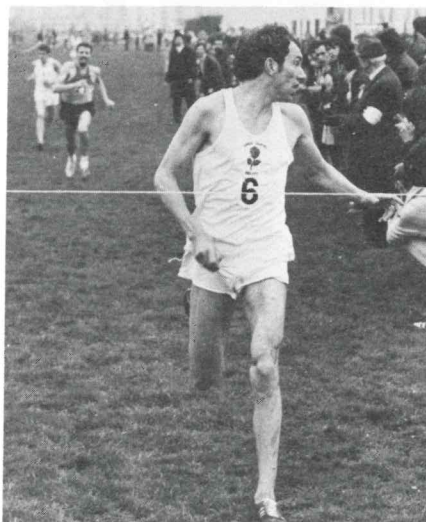
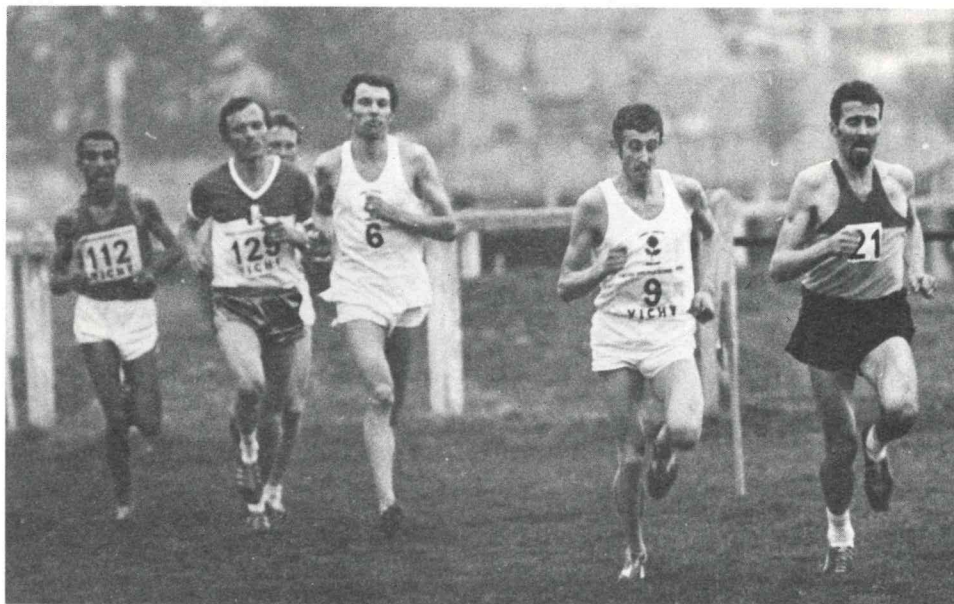
Mick Hamlin and his wife left Britain two years ago to tour the United States and Canada (see "Readers' Comments"). These are his recollections of his first marathon--the most famous race in his home country.



MEN'S INTERNATIONAL

THIS PAGE: The start of the Men's International cross-country championship in Vichy, France, March 22. 105 started the 12-kilometer—about 7½-mile—race and 103 finished. NEXT PAGE: (Top) The leaders—Mike Tagg (Eng), Gaston Roelants (Bel), Dick Taylor (Eng)—battle for the lead. (Middle right) Gaston Roelants and Trevor Wright thought they had broken the pack, but. . . (Left) Juan Hidalgo (Spain) is behind the leaders. (Bottom right) The winner Mike Tagg in 36:39.8 with Gaston Roelants second in 36:41.8 and Trevor Wright third in 36:44.6. Other places: 4. Dick Taylor 36:50.8; 5. Noel Tijou 37:03.2; 6. Ricky Wilde (Eng) 37:07.0. . .

PHOTOS BY MARK SHEARMAN

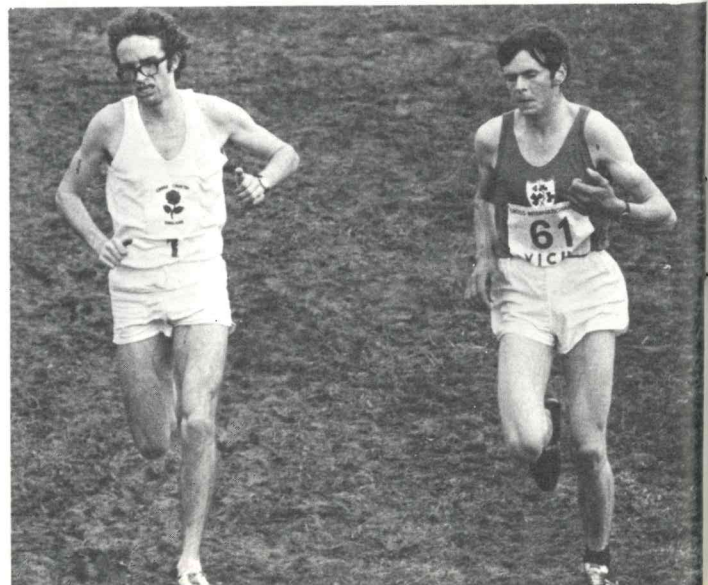
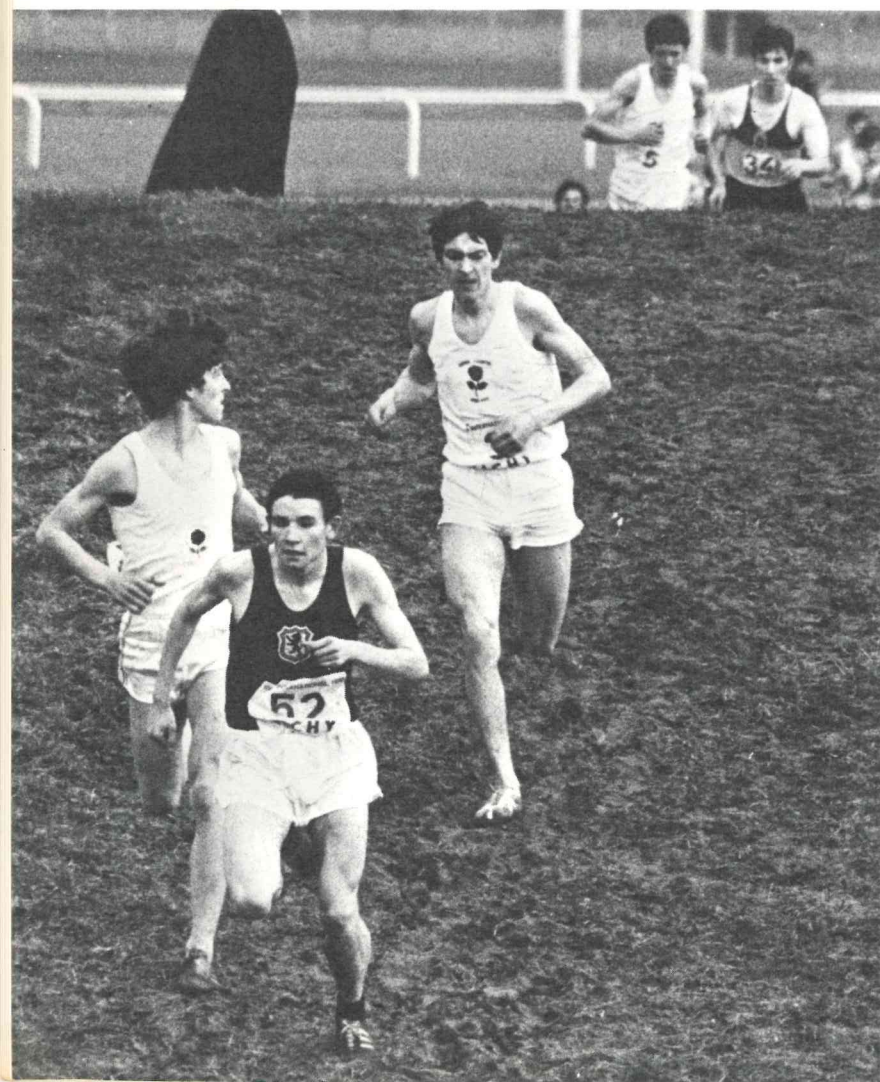




JUNIOR RACE

THIS PAGE: (Above) And the junior runners are off in their international race at Vichy, France. (Left) Colin Falconer (Scotland) leads Graham Tuck (England) as he gives the eye to teammate John Milton. England went on to win the team title. (Below) Jack Lane (I) of England and John Hartnett of Ireland locked in combat near the finish. Hartnett won with Lane second.

NEXT PAGE: (Top) Start of the women's race held in conjunction with the men's international. (Far right) Paola Pigni (Italy), left, and Zofia Kolakowska (Poland) battle for victory with Pigni coming out ahead in 10:38.4 to Kolakowski's 10:39.2. Ilja Keizer (Netherlands) in the background finished third with 10:43.8 and led her team to victory, with France second and Italy third. (Near right) The winner—Paola Pigni.





WOMEN'S RACE



AN ENJOYABLE JOURNEY TO FITNESS

BY JIM DUNNE

The year was 1965 and I was teaching at San Jose State College. At age 40 I became aware for the first time that I was not immortal, and the mirror quietly insisted that at 6'0", 187 pounds with a 36-inch waist, I was a bit "much." In spite of the fact that I was playing tennis three or four times a week and swimming almost daily, I was gaining weight steadily. I was neither in shape nor shapely.

It was Bud Winter, then track coach at San Jose, who suggested I take up running, or jogging, to get back into condition. So, at age 40, driven by fear and vanity--hardly the purest of motives--I began running again. In the early and difficult days, Bud was a constant source of kindness and encouragement. We talked long and often about running, conditioning, anatomy, physiology and kinesiology. He was, and is, an encyclopedia of information about the human body and running.

As best I remember, he started me running with some general "Helpful Hints to the Uninitiated:"

• 1. Before you start the program, have a doctor who knows something about athletic medicine assess your physical condition and offer whatever advice he feels necessary and wise.

• 2. You are a middle-aged man. Even if you forget it, your body won't.

• 3. Don't use others as a standard against which to measure yourself.

• 4. This will be an everyday undertaking. No one can get into condition "in a hurry." If you're not prepared to invest time and effort, don't bother at all.

• 5. Make your daily run a habit, so that when you don't run, you feel a sense of loss and dislocation.

• 6. Run as you feel. When you are tired, enjoy an easy day.

• 7. Your daily workout should leave you slightly fatigued, but refreshed. If you are deeply tired after a workout, you have gone beyond the limits of your condition. Either slow down or shorten your run.

• 8. Set reasonable and intelligent goals and then make sure you reach them.

• 9. Keep in mind the goals of your running: better health, keener fitness and PLEASURE. Don't let your daily runs become a tail that wags the dog.

• 10. Finally, each human being is different. Listen to and learn from others. However, remember that in the subtle and complex matter of conditioning each individual must determine for himself what is best.

Today, five springs and thousands of miles later, I weigh 150 pounds with a 30-inch waist. I have run two marathons and plan to run more. Neither was an ordeal. I ran the first in 3:33 and the second in 3:20.

My workout is one of the most enjoyable parts of my day. I run when I can, where I choose and with anyone I meet. Often I run alone and have learned to enjoy the solitude. In the beginning I ran a quarter-mile each day. Today, barring injuries, I average 50-60 miles a week. Included in that total is one long

run a week of 15-22 miles. I adjust my pace to the terrain, the weather, how I feel, the distance I plan to cover and always finish a run refreshed.

Bud gave me some helpful hints with which to start running and I have picked up some assorted facts about running, specifically, and conditioning, in general, in the past five years:

WORKOUT TIME: Because I enjoy sleeping I've never enjoyed running early in the morning. As a teacher I find lunch time and after school fits best into my schedule. There is no "best" time to run. Run when you can. Adjust your running schedule to the rest of your day, although it may be helpful to run at the same time every day.

WHERE SHOULD YOU RUN? Pullman (Wash.) is a lovely, hilly area with miles of wheatfields all around my home. It is easy for me to find scenic and challenging places to run. However, in New York I run through the streets and in Central Park; in San Francisco I run the hills and along the beaches; in Boulder I run up and down the hills behind the university. I NEVER run on a track if I can avoid it. Grass is a good surface on which to run, but it is often uneven and provides uncertain footing. Cement and asphalt are tough on the ankle and knee joints, but good shoes can help dissipate road shock. Dirt roads are really my favorite surface, but in the summer there is a dust problem and in the winter there is mud. Wherever you are, there is a place to run. NEVER run on uncertain or uneven terrain at night. It is too easy to sprain an ankle or twist a knee.

WHAT TO WEAR? Winters are severe (sub-zero temperatures and snow) and summers are hot and sunny in eastern Washington. I dress for the weather, but try to wear as little as possible at all times. Sweat suits are bulky, heavy and absorb water too easily for my taste. In cold weather I wear thermal underwear, tops and bottoms, nylon running pants, gloves, a wool hat and some kind of windbreaker. When the weather is warm and sunny, I wear only nylon running pants and socks. If I go without socks, I find that I pick up abrasions from the pebbles that find their way into my shoes. Jockey shorts are better for me than a jock-strap; the jock rubs my upper thighs. Cotton running pants take too long to dry after being soaked by rain, snow or sweat. For this reason, I wear nylon running pants.

VASELINE, MEDICATION AND SUCH: Before each workout I grease my body at points likely to suffer from friction: my feet, the groin and across my chest. On cold, windy days I use something to prevent my face and lips from chapping. Since I perspire heavily when I run I always take coated salt tablets before and after each workout to prevent ionic imbalance. I wear glasses when I run (I must; my eyesight is dreadful). To clean them I always stuff a clean rag or handkerchief in the waist of my running pants or in the pocket of my windbreaker.

SHOES: Each year I buy two or three pairs of running shoes. I wear the shoes down on the outside of both heels. The bad weather during the winter months causes the leather to crack after two or three months of steady use. Buy good shoes; it is an in-

Jim Dunne, as the story explains, is a runner who got going relatively late in life. The professor in the communications department at Washington State is now fully indoctrinated. He's organizing a marathon for Pullman, to be run Aug. 1.)

MEET FLORY RODD

telligent investment. It is all you have between you and the road. Tennis shoes are lightly constructed and do nothing to reduce road shock. For all-purpose and all-surface running, I like the Tiger Cortez best, although the small heel makes the shoe a bit unstable on uneven running surfaces. When I get the shoes re-heeled I always have the shoemaker put on a wider heel for greater balance. The Adidas Olympiade is a fine shoe, light and durable, but lacks sufficient padding beneath the ball of the foot. On grass and dirt roads the Tiger Boston is wonderful. Shoes, like the feet they protect, are a personal matter. Try many brands and types, but always wear good shoes. If possible, buy more than one pair so that in bad weather you will always have a dry pair to wear.

INJURIES: With the exception of broken bones, I suppose I've had every leg and foot injury known to man. However, except for an inflamed bursar (due to my own stupidity and interval running on a track), I've never had a serious or long-lasting injury. I've learned the average physician, particularly those whose medical training is two or three decades old, insist rest is the only cure for foot and leg injuries. I suggest you consult a qualified physical therapist or professional athletic trainer about injuries. After consulting these professionals, weigh all the advice you have been given, consider the extent of your injury, review your history of past injuries and how you have recovered from them, and then decide what to do. It has been my experience that few injuries require total abstinence from running. Cut back, slow down and let nature do its thing. I do not enjoy pain, nor do I think the ability to bear pain is a sign of manliness. However, I do think that when injuries occur, and they will, a judicious rescheduling of workout length and intensity will bring about a cure for most aches and pains.

WORKOUTS: One day a week I run long, covering 15-22 miles during that run. I've learned I cannot run hard and long every day. If I run hard one day, I pay the price in fatigue the next. Each workout is, in a real sense, part of the workout that preceded it and the one that will follow. I believe that a day off every now and then is helpful. My body and its reaction to workouts is my best stopwatch and my best calendar. I realize that body cycles play a part in each day's run. Run as you feel, not as the schedule dictates.

LEARN WHAT YOU CAN: I live in a small, rural community, but our library is full of books on running, training, stress, fatigue and many other related subjects. Learn all you can so that each minute of your workout will provide you with the maximum return on the investment of your time. Do not assume that if Peter Snell profited from a certain workout you will surely do the same, and to the same degree. Read Mihaly Igloi on interval training and Joe Henderson on LSD, and then adapt the theories of each to the needs of a middle-aged runner who will never win a gold medal, and who does not wish to compete against anyone.

SUMMARY: I've run thousands of miles in the last five years, most of them with pleasure. Bud Winter taught me, better than he knew, the value of setting reasonable goals, the importance of self-discipline... but most of all, the enjoyment I could find in running.

The odds and ends about running and conditioning that I have learned apply, almost exclusively, to me. Looking back I'm surprised how little I knew the human body in the beginning and how little I have learned. Hopefully, I've written something that may be of some small value to a fellow middle-aged runner.

Bud started me on a long road, but it has been a journey of pleasure, and that makes the trip worthwhile.

In an era of grim, nose-to-the-grindstone, year-round training and abstinence, Flory Rodd doesn't fit in. He trains like crazy for nine months of the year, pointing for "the only race that counts"--Boston. But during the other quarter of the year he turns away from running completely and goes back to his drinking and smoking. Maybe this is why the airline navigator's eyes and smile carry a perpetual gleam.

Flory never raced until he was 43. He did 3:05:51 at Boston. "I still hadn't kicked smoking," he says, "and got nervous before the start. I fired up two cigarettes as I stood there in my tee-shirt and sneakers. The other runners were aghast." Since then, he has come down to 2:45:38--which is quite a feat for a gentleman of 46 who's still hard pressed to break 5:15 in a single mile.

FLORY RODD. Alameda, Calif. (Northern California Seniors TC). 5'8", 150 lbs. Born Sept. 1923. United Airlines flight navigator. Single. Began running in 1966. Self-coached.

BEST TIMES: 30 kilometers--1:55:13 (1970); Marathon--2:45:38 (1970) (2:47:37 at Boston, 1969). Normal racing range: 5-26 miles. Favorite: marathon. Racing frequency: weekly.

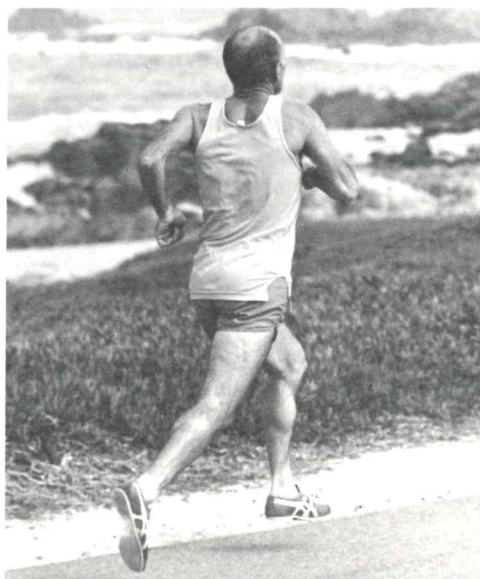
TRAINING: once a day, 7 days a week, 9 months a year. 110 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 26 miles.

DESCRIPTION: "My training philosophy is simply two days a week of 26-mile runs (8 1/2 minute pace) for stamina and strength, two days of intervals (two hours at 5:00 pace) for speed and two days at race pace (10-13 miles at 6:00). I run whatever weekly race is scheduled but don't taper off.

"I have a sneaky suspicion that the most important key is the twice a week 'race pace' running. It 'grooves' me into that pace and also accustoms me to maintaining that speed.

"The most important change in my training has been dropping twice a day workouts (in Jan. 1970). It's most gratifying to see that I've been doing much better since switching to running just once a day. That extra session can become a drag and make one lose interest in running altogether by changing the pleasure of training into a tedious, boring job. My times in all the shorter races have improved by two to three minutes.

"Additional training information: Olympia, Lucky Lager, Hamm's--Si! Chesterfields, Kents, Salems--No!"



Flory Rodd strides powerfully along a California beach road. At age 46, he has been running less than four years but owns a 2:45 marathon. (Bob Anderson photo)

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

Despite our multimillion dollar "health services" bill, the United States is the best place to be if you are sick--but one of the last places to be if you wish to remain well. Statistics show that the "overfed, under-exercised" United States is 37th in life expectancy for men 40 years of age. (We were 11th in 1949). Further, our women have a 6.8 years greater life expectancy than our men at that age, against 3.4 years in the leading countries.

People who plan to do something about this have formed the National Jogging Association, the brainchild of Lt. Gen. R. L. Bohannon, M. D. Gen. Bohannon, a 5'8 1/2", 150-pound jogger, boosts jogging as "the simplest, cheapest, least encumbered, most available and most efficient way to build up the heart and lungs." He looked for little or no help from the medical profession which he said had failed to recognize the current health gap--"the gap between absence of disease on one hand and true joie de vivre with all its energy, vitality and well-being on the other."

The 61-year-old general then spelled out a program of eight minutes calisthenics warmup, 20 minutes of walking-jogging or jogging, followed by a cool-down of five minutes of walking. All this to be done three times a week. "It is time," he said, "for every American to ascertain his proper program and get with it."

We had not yet finished our coffee and it appeared as if the general had told it all. But it was only the cavalry charge. His big weapons were still to come--Bob Richards and Kenneth Cooper. The general took time to introduce some celebrities. One was Lance Cross, the president of the New Zealand AAU. Earlier he had told us many New Zealanders actually ran to and from work in track suits. "After 5 p. m., the streets are alive with them." Every church, club and organization has a harrier team for the weekend races. Cross, a jogger himself, modestly ascribed the New Zealanders' longevity to the climate.

The Rev. Bob Richards was next. At 5'10" and 190 muscular pounds, Richards comes on strong anyway. But among the thin, starving joggers he was overpowering. His jaw muscles are bigger than the general's biceps. Within seconds, his presence filled the room. His voice and delivery controlled the audience. Even the members of the nation's press and TV were held by his dynamic personality.

"Fitness is the ability to do more," he said. And we all needed to do more--more on the job, more for our families, more for our country. The 43-year-old Richards, a two-time Olympic pole vault champion, said that the Olympic Games were a barometer of the national will. How our youth did in sports was a reflection of our national will and purpose. The fulfillment of the American Dream, he said, depended on a gigantic physical fitness program.

Cooper, the scientist who deals in facts and not rhetoric, remained impassive. A lean six-footer who seldom smiles, he is the author of the best seller (1.5 million copies) on physical fitness, "Aerobics," which is now in its 14th printing. Cooper spent four years of intensive research on the effect of various types of physical activity. His book is the product of that research. This methodical scientific approach has given his book a solid foundation. Solid enough to convince him that every American should follow his program.

For Cooper, this is the start of the "aerobic revolution." And like all revolutionaries he is impatient with the indifference of the general public.

"I'm like the farmer trying to argue with his mule," he says, adding: "I wish I had a two-by-four to get their attention." Bob Richards may be the two-by-four he's after.

•••••

Will jogging be only a temporary insanity like hula hoops, the twist and psycho-analysis? Such an opinion was advanced not long ago in a "Talk of the Town" column of the New Yorker. "Jogging is a pastime of overpowering ennui" according to this urbane commentator who sees only ultimate boredom for the jogger followed by a return to a "short snooze, a martini, and Huntley and Brinkley."

To those of us who are "mainline joggers" and get withdrawal symptoms if we go more than 48 hours without running, such opinions seem incredible. And to compare our consuming avocation adversely with golf and tennis because we lack the "coordination and physical skills to pursue these difficult, interesting sports without embarrassment" is to miss entirely the total involvement of running.

This is not to say that there won't be dropouts, and many of them, from the jogging program. Chesterton wrote that you should never do anything "merely because it is good for you." Those who do will invariably be found out and will return to more palatable pursuits. For those who endure, running will bring those values sought by all men: the habit of contemplation developed in solitary long runs; the art of conversation found again in running with a companion; the sense of community born in the communal anticipation, agony and eventual relaxation of the competitive race, and finally the development of maximum physical capabilities which in turn help us to find our maximal spiritual and intellectual potential.

This is no small package, and if the New Yorker essayist sees only boredom on the faces of the joggers he observes, it is because he views the harried look of the average urban dweller as normal. Paul White once said of the Boston marathon, "No one running from Hopkinton to Boston is worrying about his mortgage." What the joggers face shows is not boredom but contemplation, a contemplation which Thomas Aquinas described as man's highest activity save one, which is contemplation plus putting the fruits of that contemplation into action.

For all that, joggers might well be warned that only the full program including solitary jaunts, running companions and competitive races (no matter what level of ability) will produce the ultimate rewards of this classical form of human endeavor. We need not be reminded that the ultimate test of physical endurance is the marathon, the event which reduces all men to a common denominator and does eliminate, at least from any particular advantage, those with the "big serve" and a fine "iron game." It is the event of our new Greeks, the Stotans as the Australians call them--a mixture of stoic and Spartan who find "joy through pain."

The mask the jogger wears may conceal these. Meanwhile, be assured that true joggers will not be deterred by the New Yorker article any more than our forebears were discouraged a century ago by the editorial in the August 1868 Scientific American which accused oarsmen and long distance walkers of "pleading the old cant of promotion of health and all the rest of it" and warned that these activities would not be beneficial. We do indeed plead the old cant of health but are even more concerned about "all the rest of it," i. e., the contemplation, conversation and community that jogging offers.

MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

Q: Since October, I've been unable to train because my right hip is out of place and it pulled the sciatic nerve out with it. Two different chiropractors have worked on me without much success. Can you offer advice? (John Elwarner, Roseville, Mich.)

A: Sciatic nerve pain can be due to a variety of causes. The most serious would be a herniated nucleosus pulposus (so-called ruptured disc), which frequently requires surgery. Other causes include arthritis, spondylolithesis (slippage of the spine on the pelvis) or lordosis (swayback). X-rays are needed for diagnosis.

My experience (two years of suffering) and that of other runners including Pete McArdle and Buddy Edelen (both 1964 Olympic marathoners) has been that it is the most persistent and difficult of all running problems to treat. My best advice would be exercises to strengthen the abdominal muscles and flatten the back. Care should be taken not to use hyperextension exercises which can increase the pain. Hamstring stretching is also beneficial. The main requirement is patience. In practice, long slow distance seems relatively comfortable, but speed work usually aggravates the condition.

Q: I have been plagued with chronic tendonitis in my left Achilles tendon, and although I have been treated by an orthopedic physician I have yet to resume training without experiencing severe pain. Any suggestions? (William Freedman, Las Vegas)

A: This has also been a recurring complaint of mine--and most older runners. It is best treated with wearing training shoes with a good heel and inserting a surgical felt heel pad of sufficient thickness to make running comfortable. Stretching the heel cord prior to running is advisable. This can be accomplished by standing flat-footed about four feet from a wall and leaning into it. You should feel a pull in the heel cord and calf.

Whirlpool, untrasonic treatments and butazolidine given under the direction of a physician may give immediate help but the heel lift is the key. Occasionally steroid injection or removal of a bone spur is required.

Q: About a year ago I was hit on the side of my right knee while playing basketball. Several physicians have looked at it and said the ligaments were good and advised against an operation. But pain and stiffness still develop when I run over three miles. Can you give me information on this problem? (John Flower, Englewood, Fla.)

A: With longstanding difficulties, there is usually a mechanical problem--possibly a cartilage or chondromalacia of the patella. Use of knee exercises especially for the quadriceps is the best therapy for any knee problem. The knee is an extremely weak joint depending on ligaments on the sides but muscle power fore and aft.

A flat running surface is essential. Rough terrain and grass can give a wobble motion which will cause continuing distress and disability. Occasionally steroid injection directly into the joint can give remarkable relief. This saves the patient from long-

This is the first of what we hope will be Dr. Sheehan's regular "Medical Advice" columns. The practicing physician recently ran 3:02--a personal best at age 52--in the Boston marathon. Send your medical questions to him through the RW address.

term oral steroid therapy but may cause complicating joint damage if done repeatedly.

Q: I have flat feet. No arch whatsoever. Last August I pulled a tendon in my ankle and haven't been the same since. I've laid off running for a month at a time and taped my ankle when I started running, but every time I run halfway hard my ankle swelled and I had to limp for a week. What should I do? (Edward Zusik, Oakland, Calif.)

A: A distance runner's best friend among the medical profession is a good podiatrist. Any number of leg and ankle problems stem from the feet and footgear. A good arch with a protective layer of surgical felt extending to just short of the metatarsal heads (and feathered so it won't cut into the sole) can be shaped to the foot and give continual and pleasant running. There may be an associated heel cord problem in this runner's case, and an additional heel lift may be necessary.

Q: Could you supply me the information on the clothing needed in sub-zero weather so as not to freeze or damage ones lungs when running outside? (Gary Johnson, Battle Lake, Minn.)

A: The two main items in cold weather for my use are: 1. ski mask, and 2. double gloves, a pair of thermals with a pair of painter's gloves over them. Otherwise, thermal underwear both top and bottom under the ordinary gear and turtle neck sweater seems adequate.

Fears about "freezing the lungs" are unfounded. The ski mask can make almost any temperature or wind situation tolerable. Consultation with cross-country skiers may give further information on protective clothing for really cold weather.

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MEET REX MADDAFORD

New Zealand was the envy of the distance world from 1960 to '65. The remote little country with a population about 1% that of the US turned out three Olympic medalists and a succession of world record setters. New Zealand's world-leading era began fading, though, when Peter Snell retired. Since then, there've been only flashes of the former brilliance.

It's fitting that the man who drew the biggest fanfare to himself and his nation, Snell, should have a big role in a potential resurgence of power. He's coaching now, and his leading pupil is Rex Maddaford. His name gets more familiar to American readers. Rex, with a background of five New Zealand cross-country championships and four track titles, plus Olympic experience, came to this country this winter for schooling at Eastern Mew Mexico University. He promptly ran an 8:28.6 indoor two-mile--third-fastest ever. He's tough. And only 23.

REX MONTAGU MADDAFORD. Portales, N.M. 5'7", 140 lbs. Born March 9, 1947, at Auckland, N.Z. Single. Began racing in March 1961.

BEST TIMES: 880--1:53.0 (1969); mile--4:01.3 (66); 2 miles--8:28.6 (70); 3 miles--13:15 (69); 5000m--13:45 (69); 6 miles--27:22 (68); 10,000m--28:17.6 (68); marathon--2:23:17 (65). Normal racing range: 1-6 miles. Favorite: mile.

TRAINING: twice a day in summer, once in winter, 7 days a week, 12 months a year. 80-140 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 36 miles.

DESCRIPTION: "Being a New Zealander, I train under a Lydiard-type schedule. There is the long marathon build-up for about 15 weeks. I find 140 miles is just about right for me. Then I start to blend hill work and distance--eight weeks of this. I blend speed, hill and long work toward the racing period. As racing gets near, I lighten for the really important races but usually train right through the lesser events.

"Since I'm now in the American type track season, I find I'm racing more, so I've lightened my mid-week training in order to keep fairly fresh. In this way I can keep using these races as training and find I'm still able to run fairly good times.

"Although I've been training for nine years, I'm still not expecting to get to my best for another two years. As a junior (before age 20), I never raced very much. I picked all my races and made sure of gaining good places. To me this seemed more important than racing often and winning some, losing some. Up to age 19 I had never been beaten in cross-

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NATIONAL AAU MARATHON

JUNE 7th, 7am Redfield, Iowa

This year's National Marathon will be held in Redfield, Iowa (hospitality town of mid-west). Beautiful Iowa terrain. National & Iowa championship awards. Senior division. Excellent competition. FREE food & lodging. Deadline for entries May 30. Evening-before banquet.

Contact Dr. T.C. Peace, Redfield, Iowa 50233.

country. I do enjoy cross-country and for a long time enjoyed it more than track. Then it dawned on me that you can't become a top class world runner in it. So I started to concentrate on track.

"I started 100-mile-a-week training at the age of 15 and have not taken a rest since. So at the moment I've been training eight years and probably haven't missed a total of more than 30 days training in this time.

"If I was not a good runner and wasn't winning, I would still be running as I get enjoyment from the exercise and the people I meet."

MORNING RUN

BY JOHN SKOUSEN

John Skousen, already a veteran contributor to RW (see March 1970 issue), adds this bit of poetry and art. At age 14, he is a 2:55 marathoner.

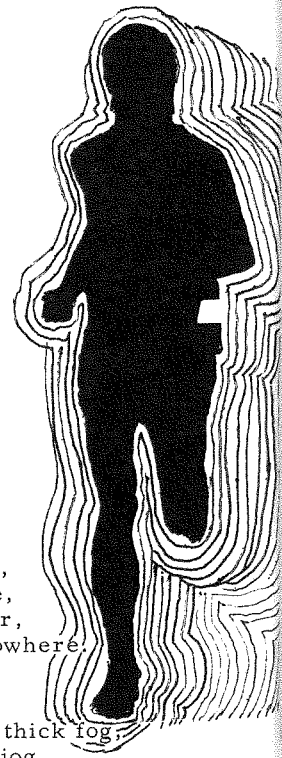
I droop out of bed, early before dawn,
Peel out my sweats, then shortly gone,
Slither out the door, into the brisk air,
The stars still shining, down from nowhere.

I trot along, at an easy pace,
The flowing air, numbing my face.
Mornings of training, through damp, thick fog,
Over paths, through mountains, on I jog.

During the run, my thoughts travel,
To the world around me, and the loose gravel.
As the miles melt away, and thoughts turn toward home,
I've nearly ended my early morning roam.

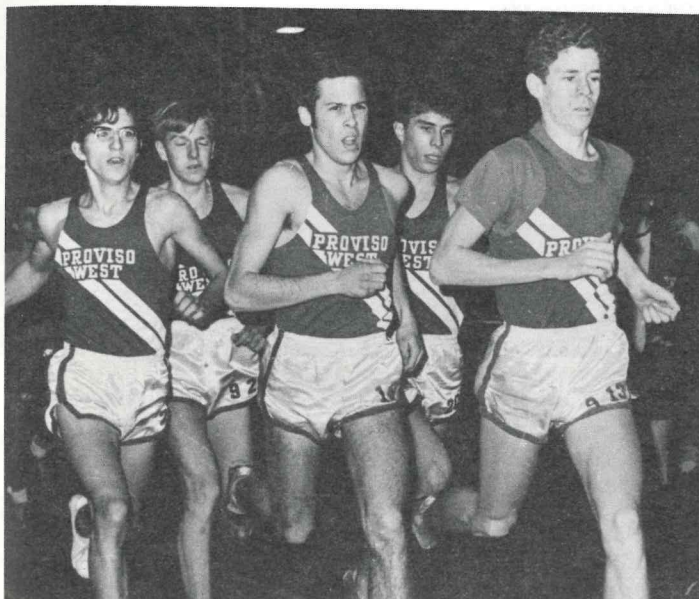
The mountains reveal their faint outline,
The thought of breakfast, sounding fine.
I pass through the neighborhood, then in the front door,
My cold feet comforted, by the warm floor.

The thought of the mornings, wonderful and fun,
During the satisfaction, the ease,
Of the early morning run.



TRAINING PREP RUNNERS TO COMPETE

BY SKIP STOLLEY



Author Stolley's Proviso West runners, primed as they are for competition rather than simply times, struggle for leadership of an indoor race.

training, and discontinued giving splits during races. Training tempos were redesignated according to effort ("fresh," "good speed," "hard," or "all-out"). All runners were instructed to run upfront with the leaders. When a boy could no longer stay with the leaders, he was told to drop out and jog for a few repetitions but to again run upfront when he returned to the group. In short, all attention was directed toward getting in front and staying together during competition.

The results were startling. We finished second in our conference meet, two points behind the eventual runner-up team in the state meet. Two days later, we beat the same team to win our district championship. That weekend, we beat the number one-rated team in Illinois in the sectional meet to qualify for the state, where we finished fifth.

We believe some of the advantages of our system are:

- 1. No boy is pre-assigned a position behind his teammates as he often would be if given times to run. Slower runners develop pride in being able to "hang" with the best runners longer and longer in training, and are no longer content falling behind early in the race--regardless of splits. The improvement made by our slower runners has been unbelievable.
- 2. The burden of always trying to exceed previous workout times is eliminated. Because efforts are always relative, runners are not discouraged by slow times under poor conditions or fatigue, and finish the most difficult workouts. When I occasionally check our boys with the watch, I usually find that they are running faster than I would have had them in the first place.
- 3. More freedom is made possible in training. Distances, tempos, terrain and locale can all easily be varied without fear of "hurting times" or of not being able to time the workout at all. Training is less routine and regimented, more relaxed and therefore more fun.
- 4. A team approach to distance running is employed to the fullest. Our best boys run just as fast, but their teammates try much harder to stay with them because that is the main objective of all their training. Personal goals are achieved through the group's success, resulting in tremendous team pride among our distance runners.
- 5. Finally, the emphasis is where it belongs in training--on preparing to compete and striving to win and place in the meets, instead of merely running to hit a certain time. After all, that's what you're training for in the first place.

We have continued this type of training during our indoor track season with similar success. By the end of our indoor season, we had outscored our opponents in the distance races nearly 4-1 on the varsity level. We had 11 half-milers between 1:55 and 2:05, 12 milers between 4:17 and 4:39, and 10 two-milers between 9:26 and 10:08. Only three of those boys are seniors.

Try it. You don't need a stopwatch to train or race fast. All you need is competition.

At Proviso West, we are fortunate to have a tremendous tradition of excellence in distance running. During the past six years, Proviso athletes have held national prep records in the sprint medley, two-mile, distance medley and four-mile relays. Our school records now stand at 1:51.4 for the 880, 4:08.7 for the mile and 8:56.7 for two miles.

Amazingly enough, FIVE other schools in our conference can point to similar achievements, truly making the West Suburban Conference one of the strongest in distance running in America. This fall, as for the past six years, six of the top eight teams in the Illinois state cross-country meet were from our conference. Non-placing times in our conference outdoor track meet would win titles in many states.

Thus, there exists a terrific obsession with running "big times" in our area. Most teams time, post and file every phase of their daily repetition and interval workouts. Athletes are as proud of their 40 quarters in 70 seconds with a 90-second interval as they are of their 4:20 miles. Races are planned with elaborate split schedules and it is commonplace to see coaches and managers sprinting back and forth across the infield of the track to give their two-milers 220 splits.

As a result, competition is often completely centered around the stopwatch. Winning in a slow time is usually a disappointment, but a good time is more than enough consolation for not placing. So it was this fall as we found ourselves with an outstanding cross-country team that just couldn't seem to win a close conference dual meet because our boys were running from one quarter-mile mark to another, completely oblivious to their teammates and opponents.

Finally, in desperation, we completely revised our training system during the final three weeks of the season. We no longer used a stopwatch in our

Young Skip Stolley, only a couple of years out of college, has a powerful program going at Proviso West High School—as the story indicates. He serves as head cross-country coach and assistant in track, and provides his distance runners with a bustling year-round program.

A relatively mild heat attack has struck down Bob Scharf, being consoled here by his wife. (Jeff Johnson photo)

HERE'S HOW: Keeping Heat from Killing

BY FRED HURD

"Watch for symptoms of headache, dizziness, nausea," cautioned the race director as he addressed 45 runners at the start of the 10-mile run. "These are the symptoms of heat stroke, an affliction serious enough to kill you. I know. I saw it happen to two boys in Reader, W.Va., in 1961. They died. If you feel the symptoms, slow down. I have felt them myself. They are controlled by regulating effort."

The temperature was 93 degrees--hottest in the three summers of the run. The field was the largest ever. The director took his place among the starters and off they went. At five miles, Nelson Hedley first became dizzy. At six miles, I came upon him unconscious but in the attendance of a coach. Feeling his wet, clammy forehead--a symptom of exhaustion, not stroke--I left him in the care of those already present. When I finished the race, I heard Hedley was being helped by the rescue squad. At 8:30 p. m., word was received that he was in the hospital in serious condition. So serious that his parents were called to come from Richmond, two hours distant.

The victim regained consciousness the next day with coherent speech and showed apparent improvement. The prognosis on Sunday was that he would live. Serious difficulties due to brain and kidney damage were discovered on Tuesday, however, and the patient was removed to a urological clinic in Richmond the next day. On Saturday, Aug. 9, Nelson Hedley died.

Despite my presence at a double occurrence of the same tragedy in 1961, despite race requirements for all entries to have coach's or doctor's okay, and despite warnings given at race start, what went wrong? Many things:

1. Victim had not had sufficient amount of training (low mileage).
2. Victim had not had sufficient type of training (speed work).
3. Victim had not had previous experience at distance approaching the 10-mile (competitively).
4. Victim had not trained for heat.
5. Victim was below 20 years of age. Relentless attitude of the teen runner is thought to be a factor.
6. Poor general condition as well as training are thought to have existed prior to race. Specifically, lack of sleep and possible incipient hepatitis have been inferred.
7. Requirement concerning coach's or doctor's certification was not met.

From my West Virginia experience, many of the same characteristics were observed to be common



to all three runners--specifically 3, 4 and 5, though knowledge was not as complete there as at Ahoskie. (West Virginia race was 11 miles, 94 degrees.)

The factors of youth, high ability and low training (for both heat and distance) seem to stand out most in my mind as causes. Despite all the above factors being against the runner, it is felt that heed to the lessons of competitive experience or others (pre-race warning) is sufficient to avert disaster.

The preceding has been intended for the runner, especially the novice at summer runs over three miles. The following is intended for directors, race attendants and coaches. The list is continued with number eight because all factors in the death are not attributable to the runner.

8. The transition from exhaustion (non-serious) to stroke (serious) was not observed for, nor known to be possible, to those those attending the runner. Heat exhaustion (pale, clammy skin, normal temperature) can precede heat stroke (red, hot skin, very high temperature). A first aid book says, "If response to heat exhaustion is not observed within an hour, get medical aid." I would amend that to say, "Be on the lookout for transition from exhaustion to stroke. At the onset of rising temperature and decreasing perspiration, rush patient to doctor immediately. Do not allow for emergency room delay. Do all possible to obtain immediate medical treatment." People in many medical facilities have little realization of the importance of time in heat stroke. This was apparent at both Reader and Ahoskie.

If any intervals of time whatsoever are available for first aid of heat stroke victim: (a) Apply cooling measures--cold bath, soaked sheets, removal of clothing, fan, anything--until pulse sinks below 110 or temperature below 101 degrees; (b) elevate head (opposite from treatment of exhaustion or shock); (c) administer one-half teaspoon of salt in a half glass of water every 15 minutes if victim is conscious and not nauseated; Gatorade in same quantities meets this requirement (one-half glass every 15 minutes); (d) monitor pulse and temperature as frequently as possible during cooling measures.

9. Also omitted from some first aid manuals is the fact that some symptoms of exhaustion and stroke can occur together. At the appearance of any of the signs of heat stroke, treat case entirely as stroke. The symptoms of heat stroke that DO NOT occur in heat exhaustion are: (a) dizziness, (b) red face, dry skin, (c) high temperature (over 102), (d) rapid pulse (over 110 per minute), (e) delirium (which was also present in all three cases, though first aid reference did not mention it).

An active road runner and promoter, Fred Hurd is largely responsible for building North Carolina racing to the point where it has regular competition and two full marathons during the season.

Hedley had a sweaty, pale face when observed at the six-mile mark. Unconsciousness could indicate stroke or exhaustion. It was later reported that he had become very dizzy and disoriented prior to collapse.

Detection of dizziness by the runner himself is sufficient warning that he must decrease his effort. When dizziness reaches the point of detection by others, the runner must be stopped and taken to immediate medical aid. Repeat: Appearance of any one of the above symptoms must be taken as indicating heat stroke, regardless of other indications.

10. While the warning at the start of the race may have helped some, its point evidently was not pressed strongly enough to help all. Regardless of unpleasantness of this message and possible "disheartening" effect, it should be pressed firmly enough so that no one fails to see clearly the danger involved. Added emphasis can be given this message by printing it on race information sheets.

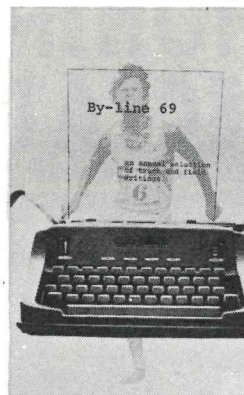
11. Certification of ability prior to a race must be, of all jobs, the one detail completed to 100% effectiveness. Almost every other job in race organization can go with doing "best as can." Certification of ability cannot. Many factors work against 100% upholding of this standard. The race director must be prepared to: (a) take the time (at first priority) to see the task is done; (b) face the unpleasant task of rejecting unknown entries that have traveled to the race claiming ignorance of the requirement. Pre-entries must be written to when requirement is lacking and entries on the day of the race must be rejected, at the starting line if necessary--all to the detriment of entries, entry fees and the popularity of the race director. Sufficient emphasis on the race information sheet with specific blank for certification of ability on entry form will ease the director's job in this respect. A sign stating this requirement should also be clearly visible in the registration area.

12. While intake of fluids is not common at distances up to 10 miles, the first aid solution (of which Gatorade is the most convenient form) should be readily available and even offered to runners by at least five miles, and preferably twice during the last five miles. Liquids were not offered at Ahsokie. Water was offered at five miles at Reader. It is not known what fluids were taken by the victims at either race. It should be emphasized to runners that fluids are a matter of performance and safety, and are especially important the longer the distance and the hotter the day.

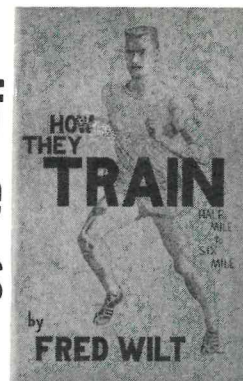
13. The knowledge of first aid for heat stroke among those in position to give it was poor at both Reader and Ahsokie. This was true of even semi-professional personnel (nurses, rescue squad, coaches). Recommended is as much pre-race instruction in first aid as possible. A sheet listing "Symptoms and Treatment for Heat Stroke and Heat Exhaustion" should be prepared, its best possible use being as a handout for those who may be in a position to use it.

Classifieds

Washington State University in Pullman has been chosen as an Olympic Training site for 30 of America's best distance runners: ten 5000 and 10,000 runners and ten marathoners. Camp will be held the last two weeks in July and first week in August. Many of these outstanding runners will compete in the first annual Evergreen Marathon, Aug. 2 (8 a. m.). Run with the best! For information write: Jim Dunne, Dept. of Communications, WSU, Pullman, Wash. 99163. \$1.00 entry fee. Dormitory housing available for \$2.50 a night per bed.



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CONDITIONING OF A SPECTATOR



BY NATALIE ROCHA

Boston fans (above & right)
gladly brave the rain and cold.
(Mary Rosenfeld photos)

The next time you run in a track meet or long distance race, look at the persons sitting in the stands or standing along the course. These people, the spectators, are as much a part of the event as the runners. At least they think so. They are mentally running every lap, mile and course that the runner is covering. I recently joined this group. A persistent injury had put an end to my running for awhile. For many meets to come I was to be a part of the pillow-blanket-and-binocular set that views running events from the other side of the fence. I soon found there was just as much action on that side as there was on the running side. My first venture into this spectator's world was a memorable one.

I had walked toward the stadium clutching my blanket and umbrella, wondering whether the three coats I was wearing would be enough to ward off the cold wind that was blowing and would protect me against the inevitable rain gathering in the threatening black clouds overhead. I approached the entrance gate with the question rumbling inside of me, "Shall I pay or not?" Why should I pay? After all, I gave them a meet record two years ago. Or was it three? Oh well, it was worth a try. I nonchalantly walked through the gate not daring to look anywhere but straight ahead. Suddenly I heard a voice barking at me.

"Hey, are you competing?" I mustered enough courage to look to my right to encounter the glare of a Chamber of Commerce volunteer, all splendor in his special track meet cap. "Well, uh," I stammered as I quickly glanced at my attire--jeans, tennis shoes, three jackets, umbrella and jacket. "No," I replied meekly.

"Well, that will be 50 cents."

"No discount for former runners," I queried kiddingly.

"Where's this athlete?" he demanded, scanning the line of people which had now doubled behind me.

"Well," I whispered, "I was." The man then went into hysterics. "You're not big enough to hold the finish tape, and you're telling me that you are a runner?" Fifty cents!"

I dug out my coins and gingerly placed them in the man's hand. Now safely through the gate and away from the smirks and laughter of the people in line, I made my way toward the track. The lights were beaming their illumination through the misty night air, making the track seem like a circus with all three rings in action. I searched the stadium for the best possible vantage point where I could put myself with all my paraphrenalia. It soon became obvious that the number of athletes and spectators was greater than the available bleacher space. People were standing around the fence that encircled the track. Well, at least I didn't have to sit on the long splintery bleachers that attack many a track viewer at lengthy night meets. I decided that the next best place to be was in the athletes' area.

After making this decision, I began to thread my way through the crowd to the end of the field where the athletes were warming up. I realized suddenly that I would have to confront another gate-keeper, this time decked out in a special vest to denote his higher place of authority. I stood back awhile conjuring up a fool-proof plan to get past the all-forbidden gate. "I've got it," I thought to myself. I gathered up all my gear, took a few deep breaths and started jogging toward the gate. As I got closer I could feel the vested-man's eyes watching me. My arches screamed with pain from the heavy load.

"Hey you!" I stopped. My shoulders got closer to my neck as I tried to conceal the red wave of color that was creeping up. "I've had it now," I

thought.

"You dropped your umbrella," he called. With a noticeable sigh of relief, I stooped down and grabbed it, all the while giving the down-looking man a sheepish grin. As I stood up, I offered a quick comment. "Well, I've got to run. I'll be late for my race." The monster-turned-well-wisher said, "Good luck, I hope you win." Under my breath I mumbled, "I have, if you only knew."

Finally in the grassy area, spotted by a few tents of shelter, I sat in a good viewing place and settled down to watch the night's activities. At that exact moment, the skies decided to let loose a torrent of wind and rain which seemed to be coming from straight above my head. Quickly, I wrapped my blanket around me and began to put up my umbrella when an unusually stiff wind blew across the field and turned my only shelter inside out. "What else can go wrong?" I groaned as I fought with the contraption. With the blanket around me and the umbrella, half-opened, resting on top of my head, I thought I must look like a wandering teepee.

Eventually, I gave up my portable tent and scurried over to the announcer's stand which was off the ground and protected overhead by draping canvas. Dry at last... but not for long. The sheets of pouring rain had made the canvas an instant overhead swimming pool, threatening any minute to let loose with its reservoir of water and drown the crowding people below. I looked up, saw the straining bulges begin to give way and quickly fled the impending disaster.

Moments after the onslaught began, it stopped as though it had never occurred. Runners dislodged themselves from under the bleachers. Quickly, as though they would melt from the rain, they positioned themselves around the track for a relay. Relays were always exciting at this meet. One turn of the track was in complete darkness. Strange things happened on that turn. Runners would go into it with a 25-yard lead and come out trailing by 25 yards. Once, two teams went into the turn for a relay exchange and only one runner came out with a baton. Funny thing, the other baton was never found. The runner swore that he had handed the baton to someone. That dark turn was always the fastest-run portion of a race. I had run the mile there one year, and I picked up the pace around that turn every time for fear of my life. It was a little nerve-racking, but it always made for a fast race! Even now, as a spectator, I avoided that turn.

During a lull in the schedule, I wandered over to get the final results of one of the women's events that hadn't been announced. After some unsuccessful inquiries and being sent from one official to the other, I decided to look for the result board. I searched in vain in one officials' tent and went over to the now-inundated announcer's stand. After looking around and irritating some more officials with my pleadings, I spotted some results boards under the stand itself. Unlady-like, I crawled under the structure, which was then quite waterlogged, and came across the long lost results. Gleelessly holding up my prize, I shouted some words of joy and made my way back to ground level. I arose in a circle of officials (all in their caps) and quickly had the board snatched from my hands. "We've been looking for this for hours," one of them exclaimed. They hustled off with my discovery to announce the results.

Now totally confused and discouraged, I decided that better fortune lie with the runners. So I made my way over to where the women milers were warming up. Once again I clutched my blanket around me as I noticed the steady mist was gradually turning into a downpour. I sought the shelter of one of the tents and from under its soggy roof gazed out at the girls

warming up. The drizzle didn't seem to bother them at all as they went through their routines of stretching and jogging. As I stood there freezing, I reflected back to the days when I was competing and was too nervous to notice the wind and rain that plagued many a track meet. The fact is that I couldn't notice it because I had to run anyway. The best way to combat bad weather then was to ignore it. Now, however, it was getting the best of me and I had no reason to ignore the inclement conditions.

The girls gathered in to check their names with the clerk of the course. I intentionally commented loudly to a former teammate, "Just a minute, I have to get my spikes," hoping to draw a few worried looks. Few worried looks. Only a coach of a sprinter, who was running the mile because there wasn't a 440 in the meet, looked distressed.

"You can't run! No, you can't run in this race," he snapped. To which I thought, "Oh yes I can, if everyone wants to be here until morning, I can walk and jog a mile in about three hours."

The girls peeled to their running suits in the cold, then rainless air. All looked nervous with faces drawn as they listened to the familiar instructions being given by the starter. With a few whistles echoing through the stadium, the gun was fired and all were off, leaving a trail of flying mud clods behind them.

I fumbled for my stopwatch buried by all the sweat clothing that had been piled on me by the girls. Too late. So I hurriedly walked over to the starting line to hear the splits as the girls went by the first 440. "72, 73..." I heard. The runners headed up the backstraight toward the dark turn. All escaped unharmed and unimpeded. As they went by the 880, I heard the rain-jacketed official call, "2:37, 2:38..." Too slow, I thought. Soon after, the girls got themselves into positions for the final frantic lap as they passed the 1320 in a blur of mud. The stadium came alive with everyone standing, screaming and pounding the nearest shoulder as a challenger sprinted madly trying to catch the leader who had a 25-yard lead with a 220 to go. I stuck my head out to look down the track, only to be pulled back and told to keep clear. The challenger was gaining with only 50 yards to go. With everyone going mad, the girls just did nip the tiring leader to win by two-tenths of a second. As the last runner eventually cross the finish, I heard the winner's time being announced: 5:14.4, five seconds off my meet record.

I went back to the grassy area feeling relieved and proud that my less-than-swift time had stood for all of two years. Rain interrupted my self-glory, however, as I drew my blanket around me once more and watched the final relay event being run before an empty stadium. After runners completed their part of the relay, they gathered up their gear and left the stadium.

Rain was coming down in great torrents shortly after, threatening to flood the field completely. Under my umbrella, I gazed out at the empty track from behind the flag-bordered warmup area and reflected on what a great night it had been. I gathered up my water-soaked belongings and walked on frozen feet past the deserted announcer's stand, out the athletes' gate and passed through the unguarded main entrance, all the while looking forward with great anticipation to my next meet. Holding my soggy blanket tightly around my shoulders and pressing the umbrella closer to my head, I made my way through the rain-spattered sidewalks to my car.

Little did I know that this first experience was just a sample of what was to follow. Every meet had its hazards and tortures that we spectators had to endure. At one long distance race on a gold course, I came upon a twofold problem. As I kept one eye on

the race, I had to watch for low-flying golf balls with the other. A couple of times, errant drives deposited balls not more than five yards from where I was standing.

I finally moved into the comfort and security of the clump of other spectators standing beneath a tree near the third hole green. Shortly thereafter, a ball thumped onto the green and rolled to a stop about five feet from where we were standing. The golfer strode up to the ball with an undeniable air of confidence. He boisterously ordered all of us to step back so that we would not be struck. Obliging, we quietly moved back to give him room. Who was watching the race now! None of us were. This was too good to miss. The golfer prepared himself for the shot for about a minute, then with a determined look managed to knock the ball three inches toward the green. Choking back our laughter, we watched him take another mighty swing and propel the ball forward another three inches. We couldn't hold back our laughter any longer. I suppose he wasn't used to a gallery, for he snatched the ball up and, after saying a few unrepeatable words, angrily marched across the fairway to the clubhouse. I felt that we were fortunate not to have had a gold club wrapped around one of our necks.

Recently, I sat through an all-day meet in unshaded cement bleacher seats. I ended up with paralysis of the body and resembled a cooked lobster for a

week thereafter. Another time I went to a stadium to watch a track meet and ended up watching a riot. It wasn't too bad watching the action from the stands. It was even a little more exciting than the running events. But when it spread to the bleachers I thought it was time to do a little running myself. Then, of course, there was the time I nearly collapsed from dizziness while walking up the stairs of a stadium that rivaled the pyramids in height. . .

I am thinking about starting a club for spectators. For workouts, we could sit in the stands for four hours in 100-degree weather. On rainy days, we could sit in the middle of the infield and practice holding our blankets and umbrellas and walking on frozen feet. For those numerous gold course cross-country races, we could stand in the middle of a fairway and dodge golf balls to practice our agility and toughness. And for that everyday track meet, we could practice balancing a hot dog and coke in one hand, with a cushion, stopwatch and binoculars in the other while stepping over bodies and feet going to our seats in the bleachers. Then, of course, we could do interval work up and down stadium stairs for conditioning. Let's see, 40 stairs in 30 seconds with a five-second rest would be. . .

Next time, take a look at that person on the other side of the fence, but don't challenge him to a contest of dodging golf balls or climbing stadium stairs. You might not survive.

Beauties of The Race

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

The race is the beauty part. Practice is fun, and laughs, and even tough with those interval halves. And there are those days when you don't even know you are running. Like when you drive to work and don't remember passing familiar places along the way. Practice can soothe you or exhaust you, but it's never the same as the race.

The time you put it all together is the race. For one thing there's the anxiety. The apprehension that must be minimized but not avoided. Or else you come to the starting line completely flat. But you can get too much of that peculiar empty feeling--the tightness in the stomach, the urge to yawn. The answer is enough adrenalin but not too much.

Next comes the warmup. An easy six minutes and the sweating starts. You search for indications. Will the day be good or bad? The warmup tells nothing.

On the line for that one silent moment. Then the start. Always faster than you remembered. The mind goes through the instructions. Relax. Push off with each stride. Run from the hips. Belly breathe.

At the half-mile mark you setting for a pace that keeps breathing just bearable. Everything makes a difference. Every change in footing--grass, cinder, dirt or stone. A grade that would escape a surveyor adds its toll. The environment occupies you completely. Windspeed and direction, temperature and humidity can either aid or hinder. Forget the watch; the course runs different every time.


A mile past and the first hill. Quite suddenly every step is an exquisite effort. The slope steepens and each foot takes its interminable time. The top comes and there is relief to bursting chest and aching legs. Now they come in series. Toil up and fly down. Then out onto the flats for the three-mile mark. There are the stop watches and your friends--an occasional face sharply seen. The hearing is keener than the eye. "They're dead up ahead. Get tough."

You're alone again remembering now is the time to make your move. Relax, the race is in front of you. So you push off. Run with your thighs. Use that trailing leg. And now comes Cemetery Hill with its easy winding approach. And then 100 yards straight up. The legs are gone. The breathing impossible. Your face is at your knees. Your thoughts turn to survival. But finally there is the crest. But not before an additional rise not seen from below. The incredible oxygen debt is finally paid off in a halting downhill stagger.

The flats once more. The finish in sight but you are beginning to come apart. Pain is now your companion. It warns you of a point that must not be passed. So you wait and endure until the moment for the final drive to the finish. Now. Now there is no tomorrow. The world and time have narrowed to this agony. Where the legs hurt, you hurt them more. But the chest can't be helped. The light is starting to go out. And then you're over the line.

Ten minutes later you wonder why you didn't push harder going up Cemetery Hill.

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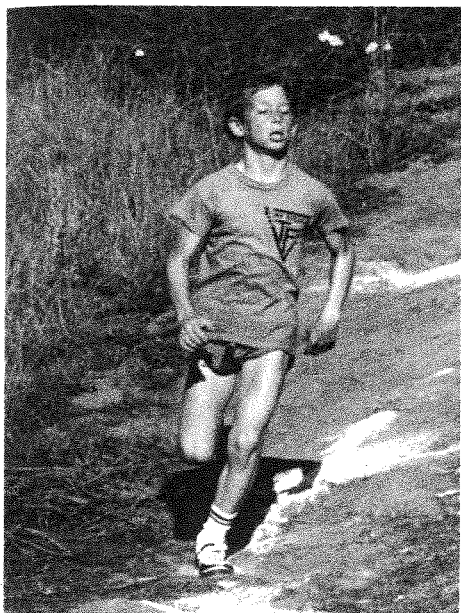
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THE AMAZING HARGUS FAMILY



Effects of a heart attack five years ago fully wiped away and with a 3:16 marathon behind him, Bill Hargus has his whole family running (right). The prodigy of the group is 10-year-old David (left), who already owns a 3:24 marathon. (Mike Murray)



BY TOM BACHE

Can distance running be a family sport like, say, boating? According to the Hargus'--Bill and Cathy, son David and daughters Robin and Sharon--the answer is an emphatic yes. As Bill says, "Running is a kind of religion accepted in varying degrees by all members of my family."

The story of the Hargus family and distance running begins not in high school, where Bill was a member of the track team as were hundreds of thousands of other Americans, nor at the University of California in Berkeley, where he received his degree in mechanical engineering in 1943. It truly begins in 1965 when, at age 43, Bill suffered a serious heart attack. Suddenly, his activity curtailed, life lost much of its flavor and the prospects for a better future seemed dim. Then, about a year later, Bill saw an article in the local newspaper about a program to rehabilitate heart attack victims being conducted by Drs. Cash and Boyer at San Diego State. The organized program was full at the time but, feeling he had nothing to lose, Bill began running on his own. At first he couldn't even run a 440, but after six months of dogged effort he was up to six miles per day. He was now a kind of extraordinarily hard-working jogger. Then one evening during a workout he met John Lafferty, and the decision to take the step from jogger to runner was nearly inevitable.

Those first few agonizing jogging sessions were done without the knowledge of his wife, but as the months passed and the runs got longer Cathy realized that if she wanted to see much of her husband she had better try running herself. So she, too, began finding her way into the world of running. Her effort and remarkable improvement stand as an example to the many others she has influenced to improve their own lives with exercise. The two daughters train sporadically and occasionally compete in club events. Bill points out the healthy lesson that is learned as they become conscious of the need to train if they want to

do their best.

David, 10, is a story in himself. Three years ago when Bill was struggling to run 1-2 miles on a backyard course he had set up, young David came out one day after his father had finished and ran two miles on his own. That was just the beginning as David gained strength with his father and both progressed toward their amazing performances in the 1969 Mission Bay marathon, David running an age-nine best of 3:41:29 and Bill capping his heart attack recovery with 3:16:07. In a recent conversation, Bill asked David what had motivated him in the beginning. David revealed that all that talk around the house about heart attacks and running had frightened him, and he decided to start running because he didn't want to have a heart attack.

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Tom Bache, a highly accomplished distance runner, edits the San Diego Track Club Newsletter. He wrote this story on the Hargus family for that publication and gave us permission to reprint it. Since then, 10-year-old David Hargus has run a 3:24:09 marathon—doing it in the heat at Las Vegas.

SOLUTIONS OF ALL SORTS

BY JOHN ROMERO

I don't want to appear an overnight expert on the subject of distance running, but the truth is I have been consulted by a number of good runners lately.

The reason is, I have a lot of ideas.

Bob Deines, for instance, turned to me at the start of the Las Vegas marathon and said, "Watch it, fella, you're on my foot." When a guy like Bob speaks to you it's sort of flattering.

Then Steve Dean, winner of that marathon, saw me at the 23-mile mark and asked poignantly, "Damn, how much farther?"

Dr. Alex Ratelle, the veteran runner from Minneapolis, recently said to me, "No, I've never heard of you."

The point is--these people speak to me. That means something.

Sometimes a new guy in a sport can bring objective thinking. It's not tied to a lot of old ideas that were not too hot to begin with. He has his own new way to handle things.

For instance, dogs never bother me when I run. You know why? It's because I smear myself with Irium. Dogs hate it. It makes them sneeze a lot and foam at the mouth. I admit Irium is not too easy to come by, but you might do what I do--keep your wife busy squeezing out those old Pepsodent tubes.

I never have any trouble with flatulence. It can be kind of embarrassing, especially when you're passing spectators, but a couple of spoonfuls of Boron before each race knocks it out completely. Cleans you right up.

My feet are in beautiful shape. I've never had a blister. I don't know what a toenail bruise looks like. I just slap on the Gardol before each run. Some of my friends prefer GL-70, but I think Gardol gets down between the toes a little better. Great stuff.

You get a tremendous last-mile kick if you mix a little Platformate with your oatmeal in the morning. I've never had such good mileage since I started it. Of course, you don't smell too good by the five-mile mark but if you've got a friend standing by who can hit you in the face with a rag full of Retsyn it's not a problem.

I'm experimenting with a couple of other things. They tell me Flouristan is great for lower back problems. And I've got a guy breeding those little hungry enzymes you see on television eating blood and grass stains. You never can tell when they might come in handy in a long run.

I'm absolutely convinced every distance runner has to be a positive thinker. In fact, thinking is a big part of my training. It's especially handy on windy days.

What you do is relax in front of the fire with a mug of organic apricot juice and think about running 15 miles at a six-minute pace. Try it. But be careful along about the 12-mile mark because your mind gets a little tired.

You guys with 880 brains might find this technique somewhat difficult. I think you have to have at least a 5000-meter brain to make it work.

I hear a lot of guys complaining about their ailments before races. Bad. You don't need any negative thoughts.

Just the other day I heard a runner say, "Jesus, I don't think I can make it two miles today." When you analyze that it's really silly. I mean, what the hell does Jesus care? He's no runner. He can't re-

RUNNING GRACE-FULLY

BY FRED GRACE

Not only am I the only one who has been lapped in the 440, but Las Vegas informed me that I have to speed up if I want to finish last in their marathon.

I have worked very hard to maintain my last-place record. Every year all the women and children beat me in the five or six marathons I run.

One time a father changed his son's diaper twice during the run. He wanted his kid to beat me cleanly.

Another time when I came in, a mother was nursing her baby. He had crawled in 10 minutes ahead of me.

For a change, in San Diego, a dog beat me instead of biting me. His master had warned him about biting sweaty runners.

Two years ago in Santa Barbara, a centipede beat me by three minutes. "What held you up?" I asked him. "A hundred blisters," he cried.

● ● ● ●

Pax Beale ("Confessions of a Quitter," March 1970 RW) is the biggest elephant jockey ever. Editor Henderson says he's 6'3", but he forgot to say that Pax was on his knees so your editor could reach the top of Pax's head.

In the 1969 Las Vegas marathon, Elaine Pedersen and I ran and swam the last 13 miles together. In 1970, Elaine and Pax took off like they were running 26 yards. King Size couldn't fool his legs and I caught up with him at about 18 miles. "Fred, you've got to bring Elaine in," he said. "Bring her in? She's at least a half-mile ahead of me," I told him.

With a look of disgust, or pain, Big Hurt took off to bring Elaine in.

In what seemed like a year, I caught up with them. They were walking. "Come on," I told Elaine. "I'm going to make it." She said, "I've had it." With every step I wished I had as much sense.

● ● ● ●

Since way back when environment meant one's drinking neighbors and ecology hadn't made Webster's, San Francisco and Los Angeles have been sticking out their tongues at each other. I've lived in both places and neither gets my vote for being a prodigy. Both have uglified their environment. And both have desecrated their ecology. Both are borrowing time at high interest. The kids born today may not live till tomorrow.

late. When he wants to go from place to place he just THINKS himself there. If they kept records on angels Jesus probably would be the world champion--but he's no runner.

I always say, "Jesus, I am definitely going to do well today."

Of course, I have wondered a few times if he heard me. I guess there are a lot of things you have to accept on faith.

Nutrition is very important. I have found food to be the best source of it. The best thing to do is eat nutrition every day and go to the bathroom a lot. And be careful of health experts.

I have a friend who takes so many tablets and capsules and oils and powders he never has time to eat. I think nutrition is great, but I think you have to eat, too.

Maybe by now you are convinced there are better ways to train and run. I hope so. It's about time all the old, confused traditions came to an end.

Recently, Jim Ryun announced that in early 1971 he will return to competitive running. This time, let's treat him more like a person and let him enjoy the sport he loves. There seem to be many people who think he is a "god like" machine who should break four minutes every time he runs... Funds have been made available by the US Olympic Committee for summer training camps for track and field athletes, including race walkers. The camp for distance runners and walkers will be held at Washington State University in Pullman during the last two weeks of July and the first week in August.

When people think of the marathon, names like Derek Clayton, Ron Hill, Ken Moore, Jerome Drayton, Abebe Bikila, the Japanese, etc., come to mind, but usually not Bill Adcocks. However, when Adcocks of England won the Otsu, Japan race in 2:13:46.2, he became the first man in history to have run four marathons under 2:14. His four fastest times are 2:10:47.8 (68), 2:11:07.2 (69), 2:12:16.8 (68) and 2:13:46.2 (70)... Barrie Williams, a 14-year-old freshman at North Torrance High in California, is really going to be some kind of runner. The age 14 mile record is 4:25.3, and Barrie has already clocked 4:27.0 and doesn't turn 15 till November.

Dr. Edward Bortz (former president of the American Medical Association) said recently, "If American men would accept an exercise program as a regular part of their lives, in three to five years we would cut the coronary death rate in half." Anybody still thinking about giving up their running/jogging/walking/hiking?... Miki Gorman, a charming and delightful little gal who holds the women's record for the 24-hour run (84 miles), plans to top 100 miles in a 24-hour run in October... The other day in Huntington Beach, Calif., Phil Carlon of the Seniors Track Club was stopped for running a red light, not in a car but on foot. The outcome of the case, i. e. a fine, etc., has not been reported.

A committee headed by David Pain is working on a World Senior track and field meet to be held the week following the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. When additional information becomes available, it will be covered in this column... The 82nd Annual AAU men's track championships are to be held June 26-27 at Memorial Stadium, Bakersfield, Calif. Qualifying marks are as follows: 100--9.4; 220--21.0; 440--46.8; 880--1:48.7; mile--4:02.8; 3-mile--13:49.4 (or 8:55 2-mile); 6-mile--29:56.4; (or 30:50 for 10,000m); steeplechase--8:56.8; 120 HH--13.9; 440IH--51.4; 2-mile walk--15:20. Entry blanks can be obtained by writing Meet Director Gil Bishop, 2105 24th St., Bakersfield, Calif. 93301.

In the March issue, our photo quiz picture was that of Jim Ryun. One of the entries was none other than Mrs. Gerald Ryun of Wichita, Kans.--Jim's mother... Francie Johnson (wife of photographer Jeff Johnson and AAU indoor 880 champion) recently ran a roughly 10-mile road race with husband Jeff and Ken Moore in 61:30. The women's world track record for 10 miles is 62:07... Southern Illinois University held a weekend Orienteering Workshop-Clinic April 4-5--a first in the United States. Haven't heard how it went.

The Curtis Country Lane marathon (Curtis, Nebr.) will not be held this year, and because the race director, Gene Somer, is moving from the area it is doubtful that the race will be continued... The Canton (Ohio) marathon has been postponed from May 23 to a fall date yet to be announced... A new marathon will be held in Pullman, Wash., Aug. 2.

The Evergreen marathon will be run in conjunction with the Olympic training camp. Contact Jim Dunne, WSU, Pullman, Wash. 99163.

Several Canadian marathon results were left out of our Marathon Handbook. These include: Canadian championship at Bratford, Ont., May 19, 1969--1. Chris Steer 2:31:44.6; 2. Ron Wallingford 2:35:25.6; 3. Ray Will 2:36:10.4. Nova Scotia championship at Dartmouth, July 12--1. Ray Will 2:22:47. CNE Marathon, Toronto, Aug. 20--8. Ray Will 2:27:53.8. Canada Games race at Dartmouth, Aug. 24--1. Jim Haddow 2:36:27.4; 2. Dave Lach 2:39:15. Why were these left out? Because we never got the information. If you ever run in a marathon, or in fact any race, don't assume we'll get the results from somebody else. Send them so we can make our handbook and our new semi-monthly newsletter Racing Report more complete.

We have many important people subscribing to Runner's World, including Charles Wine, US ambassador to Switzerland... Norman Bright, age 60, the Dipsea record holder, finished in a splendid 3:42:22 in the Seaside marathon. It was his first race in 24 years... Some of you may recognize our new printers in San Jose, Bill Mackey (a top senior miler) and Frank Cunningham (field events and some distance running). They are doing an excellent job with the printing... Ronald Owen Laird captured the Captain Ronald L. Zinn Memorial Trophy for the fifth time in its nine-year existence. The award is given annually to the outstanding race walker in the United States. The award was originally called the Mike Riban Jr. Trophy and was won by Ron Zinn three of its first four years. After Capt. Zinn's death in Vietnam, the name of the trophy was changed to honor his memory.

Don Jacobs reports that the 18th Annual Mt. Tabor race in Tel Aviv, April 4, had 4000 starters between the ages of eight and 75. The winner was Naftali Temu. 4000 starters, man!... As of April 24, our up-to-date 1970 world marathon list showed 22 runners under 2:20. Statistical lists of this sort are published in our new semi-monthly newsletter Racing Report regularly... Don Thompson, winner of the gold medal in the Rome Olympics for the 50-kilometer walk, last year retired from walking and returned to his old love--running. He competed in two marathons last year, and his best was 2:51:26.

The Northern California Seniors club has 103 members as of April 21--an increase of 47 in just a month... John Whewey (England) lost his world age best for the 3000-meter steeplechase when 17-year-old Eduardo Pinedo of Spain, who was born Oct. 27, 1951, covered the distance in 9:05.6 at La Coruna on Sept. 2, 1969. This run clipped 0.4 second off John's mark set last June 5... If you are a race walker or just a walking "nut" you should be subscribing to the Ohio Race Walker. Now in its sixth year, the monthly publication covers a lot more than just Ohio. It is only \$2.00 per year from Jack Mortland, 3184 Summit St., Columbus, Ohio 43202. It is well worth the two bucks... At the close of a recent issue of the Columbia Track Club Newsletter edited by Joe Duncan, the following appeared: "This thing is put out by Joe Duncan with help from four little Duncans --12 issues cost one dollar. SUBSCRIBE!" Good news from the midwest, with schedules. Write Joe Duncan, 4004 Defoe Dr., Columbia, Mo. 65201.

Send any bits of news and interesting items to Bob Anderson, Publisher, Runner's World, P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. Thank you!

Reader's Comments

If we can develop a "spirit" and enjoyment for running, the battle will be won. You wouldn't believe how these young athletes associate pain, discomfort, etc., with being a good athlete. They have the misconception that track is all or nothing. Some don't believe you can be good in basketball, dancing, etc., as well as running.

Ed Winrow
Track Coach, Valparaiso U.
Valparaiso, Ind.

I think Payton Jordan's recommendations of speed-tempo jogging ("Distance Running Scene," March 1970 RW) are medically indefensible, but as Talleyrand said of the murder of a popular French aristocrat, "It's worse than a crime; it's a blunder," for it can kill a jogger's enthusiasm. The essential of any enjoyable (and therefore consistent, and therefore beneficial) jogging program is Bowerman's "talk test." A pace allowing you to converse naturally with a companion. My other objections to Jordan's program (besides being potentially dangerous) are that it is inadequate, unfulfilling, potentially fatiguing (as is all speed work) and unproven.

George Sheehan, M. D.
Red Bank, N. J.

My wife and I have been over here (in the US and Canada) for nearly two years now and are leaving at the end of June. I have had a lot of races here and have met a lot of people who have given us a few square feet of floor to bed down on. We would like to say our thanks to all in Minnesota, Cleveland, California, Colorado, South Dakota, Milwaukee, Michigan, Indiana and all the other weird and wonderful places that once were just names on the atlas in school. If any of you guys should ever want to race/holiday in England, I can guarantee you a race any time of the year in any county. Whether we used your floor or not, you can use ours. You can reach us at 116, Uxbridge Road, Hanworth, Middlesex, England.

Mr. & Mrs. Mick Hamlin
Wandering in N. America

In the January issue on page 35, there is a picture of a guy from the University of Maryland and a girl. Would it be possible for you to send me that picture as it is of me and my fiance?

Kathy Kaminski
Schenectady, N. Y.

Distance runners tend to philosophize quite a bit, and RW very aptly provides a means for wide dissemination of their thoughts and ideas. The variety of methods propounded by your contributors seems to indicate that the only "secret" to success is hard work. What seems most important to me is that each individual develop a routine of workouts which is enjoyable as well as strenuous.

Capt. Bill Clark
FPO Seattle

Richard Amery's academic article ("Pacing in Distance Racing," March 1970 RW), while it has an orthodox application, completely ignores the fact that the orthodox style of running--an even-beat, even-swing and throw of the arms in exact opposition to the stride of the legs--makes it impossible for the athlete to run with full lung aeration. Since few if any athletes are observed to have other than this orthodox, stereotyped, ineffective style of running, tests made on

some of the top track athletes in Australia, submitted to running movements while their intake and exhalation was measured on a Spirometer, showed that none of them--using the orthodox running movements--more than one-quarter filled their lungs.

Amery's article deals only with what is, and makes no suggestions as to improved techniques, especially as to improved breathing. Run, run, run does little in this regard, or every runner who does 100 miles a week would run a four-minute mile. Even Ron Clarke has not accomplished that, some 14 years after doing 4:06.8 as an 18-year-old. Herb Elliott had run only 4:20 at the same age. But on intensive training, and strength development, within two months ran 4:04 and within another two months a sub-four-minute mile. All done on intensive training, strength development and greatly improved breathing techniques.

It can be assumed, when these techniques are better understood, taught and practiced, it will be normal to run two miles in eight minutes, probably three in 12, and the marathon in 2:02 or 2:04. The world has not seen what REAL running is, and can be. Should be!

Percy Wells Cerutty
Portsea, Australia

When you first came out with your publication, it was dedicated to "long distance running, steeplechasing and race walking," and I rejoiced--but not for long. The (race walking) articles became shorter, fewer and less interesting. As your magazine grew in popularity, I began to look for a word, a line, a paragraph, or possibly a little item on walking by starting at the back of the magazine and working forward. Most of the time I used the right tactic to find the shortest route to anything on race walking.

In short, you haven't "sold me" on Runner's World. I subscribe only because there might be something there I should know about, not because I think it is one of the greatest things going. I nearly did not renew. For one thing, I can't stomach the thought of someone making money off race walkers through subscriptions, sale of merchandise, film, or what-have-you. It is against my grain because I know how hard walkers have to scrape for money. I have the feeling that with your advertising rates and subscription rates, that you are doing much better than breaking even, which makes it a profit-making venture.
(name withheld)
New York, N. Y.

(Yes, the Runner's World is like any other business--we're a profit-making venture. But is that so bad? If the magazine was treated only as a hobby, we certainly couldn't send you a quality 64-page issue. This takes a lot of money and time to produce, and we're not talking about 20 hours a week or hundred of dollars but hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars.)

•••••

Next Issue: Arthur Lydiard

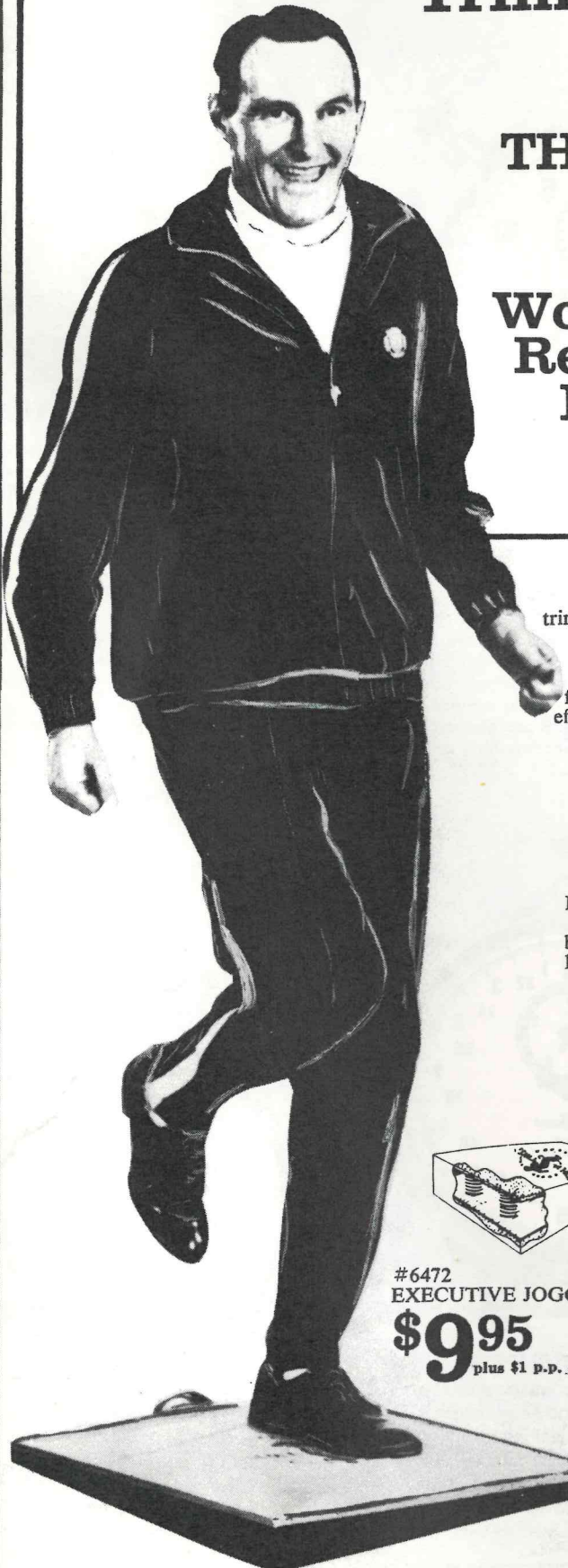
Next issue, we'll be featuring an interview with Arthur Lydiard--the New Zealand coach best-known for producing Olympic champions/world record holders Peter Snell and Murray Halberg. In the interview, he tells of his recent activities, reminisces a bit about his champions and digs into his thinking about the sport and training for it. He's an intense speaker with a lot to say.

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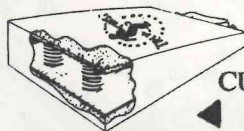
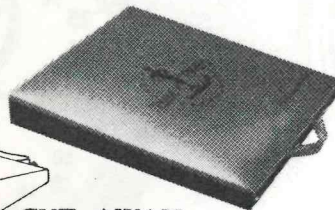
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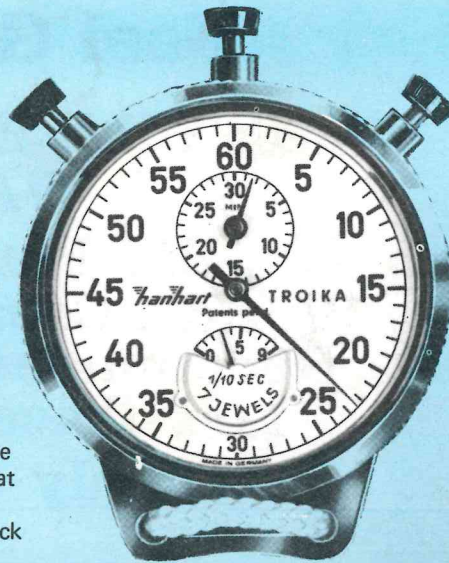
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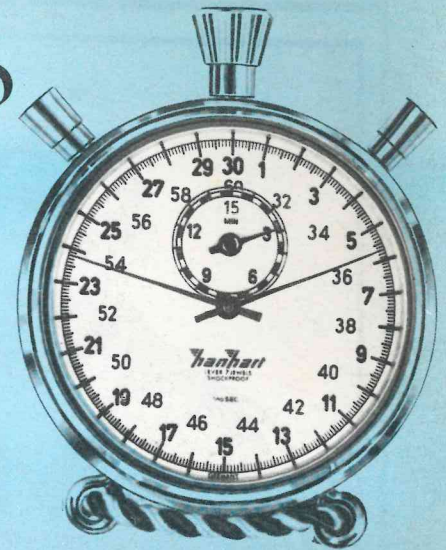
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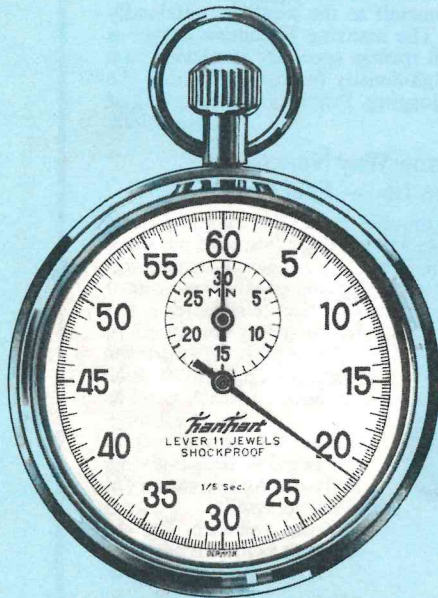
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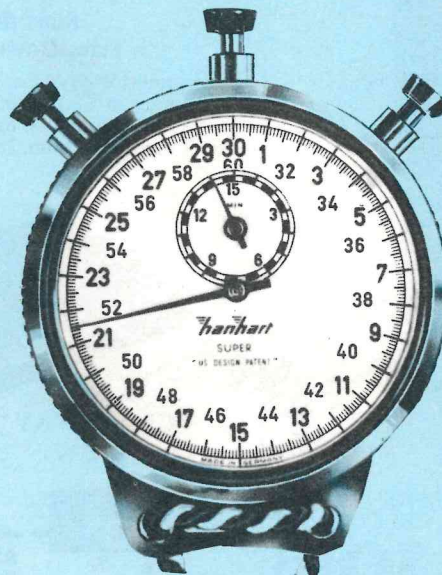
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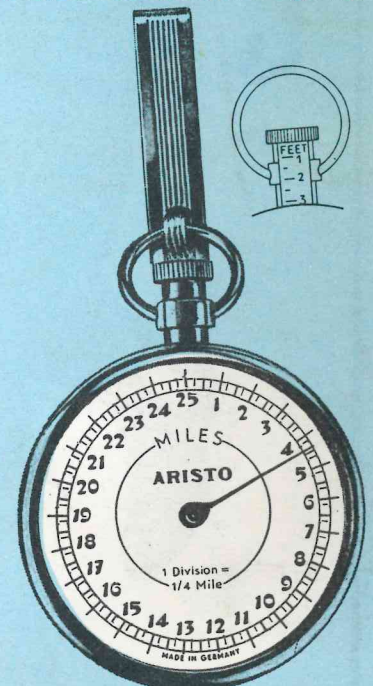
THE HANHART SPECIAL

The above watch is a good one for the distance runner for a number of reasons. It's heavy duty, it's easy to read both on the run or standing still, it's economically priced and it has a 60-face. Shock-, Dust-, Water protected. 7-Jewels, 1/5 second, 60 seconds face. Small dial registers up to 30 minutes. (List price \$28.00)
SPECIAL TRW PRICE - \$19.95



HANHART SUPER-10

A very handy watch which is easy to use and read. Light weight and ideal for the coach or runner. 30 seconds face, 1/10second, small dial registers up to 15 minutes.
TRW PRICE - \$14.50



25-MILE PEDOMETER

How long is your course? How far do you walk? These are just a couple questions that can be answered through the use of the pedometer. Worn in perpendicular position. Set hand of Pedometer to zero by turning screw in center of back. Set Pedometer to individual pace length by turning crown to desired length.
SPECIAL TRW PRICE - \$7.50

**SEND ALL ORDERS TO:
THE RUNNER'S WORLD
Post Office Box 366
Mountain View, Calif. 94040
(Calif. residents add 5% sales tax)**

ALL WATCHES ARE GUARANTEED FOR AT LEAST ONE YEAR BY THE MAKER. Money back if not fully satisfied.