

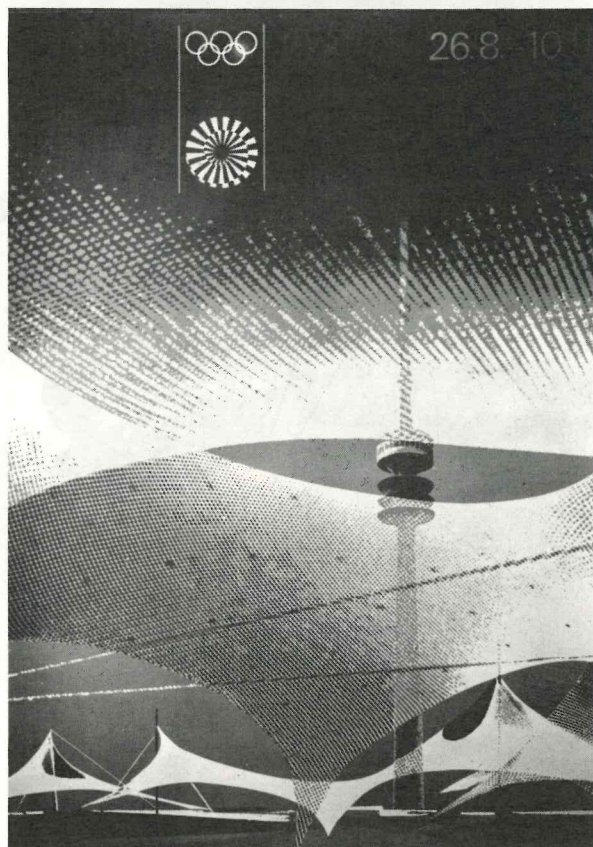
# ***RUNNER'S WORLD***

NOVEMBER, 1970 • 50 cents





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**ARTISTS**—Jim Howell; Jeff Loughridge; John Skousen; Rick Vasquez.

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**NEXT ISSUE**

*Runner's World* celebrates its fifth anniversary in January by featuring another outstanding Dave Prokop interview—this one with Derek Clayton, the Australian who owns the fastest marathon of all-time. Other highlights include selections for athletes of the year, an examination of German distance training, and a special feature on Bill Dellinger.

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VOLUME V

NOVEMBER, 1970

NUMBER SIX

## Running Through This Issue

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Need it even be mentioned that Ron Hill currently is the best marathoner going? Victories at Boston and the Commonwealth Games speak highly of his ability. The lucid seven-page interview by Dave Prokop digs into Hill's thoughts on himself, his methods, his opponents, and the event he currently leads.

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COVER PHOTO: Ron Hill (left), subject of this issue's *Runner's World* interview, accepts congratulations from Jerome Drayton after a recent race. (Victor Aziz)



# CASE AGAINST BOSTON'S BAN

BY HAL HIGDON

To turn back its flood of entries, the Boston marathon has clamped stiffer requirements on prospective runners. Next year, a runner will have to prove that he has run 3:30 or better before he can enter, or that he owns comparable times at shorter distances. Hal Higdon, a man who has no personal worries about the limit, still doesn't like it. The Runner's World senior contributor speaks out here with opinions that basically reflect those of the magazine's publisher and editor.

Boston has clamped down a 3:30 limit on entrants for next year. I protest strongly. I would go along with 4:00, but chopping it down to 3:30 really is going to put out a large number of sincere runners. I comprehend the problems facing the Boston management. The numbers have grown beyond their ability to cope (although the limits imposed last year seemed to keep the field down around 1000, and calling for 4:00 might hold the dam for another year). But many alternatives are available short of the drastic one taken.

Imposing such a severe limit—and where do you go next, to 3:15, to 3:00, to an exclusive race for champions a la Canadian Exhibition?—will cause the Boston marathon to lose its great appeal, that of being a race where the world's worst could line up alongside the world's best. I'll admit that some people don't belong in the field. As a result of my survey of last year's field, I've discovered that several runners had trained for only a few months, and only 20-25 miles a week, yet had finished under 4:00. And one of those told me he had pushed up near the front at the start, thereby crowding some real runners back. This is a problem. However, many more sincere runners who *do* belong will be eliminated arbitrarily under the new time limit.

Finances apparently are a major problem, and too much of a burden is placed on the Boston AA. Why should they be responsible for the entire funding of this international event? For those of you who complained about the recent \$2 entry fee imposed on marathon entrants, you can partially blame me. I was one of those who suggested to Jock Semple that runners be taxed for their participation. After all, we invest thousands of hours in training for the race and budget sometimes \$200-300 for transportation to get there. We certainly can afford to pay an entry fee. If money is the big hangup, I don't see why Boston can't raise its entry fee to \$5, and I wouldn't consider \$25 out of the question.

Perhaps if we are going to discriminate on the basis of time, the marathoners should pay an entry fee in relation to their speed. Anyone under 2:21:55 (to pick one arbitrary figure) would run free, whereas a 4:00 runner might be taxed \$25. Then use this money to establish a year-round Boston marathon office, with a full-time secretary to handle plans for the race, and possibly part-time help in April. This would free Jock from answering the phone (one runner called this year to ask if he should wear spikes) and allow him to go back to his job as a trainer. Thus relieved of that pressure, he might be easier to get along with.

The runners should be taxed only as a last resort. Why isn't the city picking up the tab? Where's the Chamber of Commerce? Surely somebody in Boston must realize the value of the fantastic publicity the city gets, not to mention the amount of money spent by visitors who often bring wives

and children, stay in hotels, eat in restaurants, etc. Chicago doesn't turn away any big-spending conventions of comparable size and stature.

As a matter of fact, if the Road Runners Club were worth a damn (which it isn't, as presently organized), it would take charge of the event. The secretary hired to handle BAA correspondence could handle RRC business the rest of the year. Why have an organization if it is going to function without a decent treasury? The RRC should take over sponsorship and perhaps benefit from the potential in fundraising. God but this sport of ours is poorly organized! It must be possible to turn some profit (which then could be plowed back into the sport) out of an event that attracts 1000 runners and 300,000 spectators. One of my suggestions of a decade ago, which nobody seemed to feel needed implementing, was that the RRC (or BAA) should provide programs and sell them along the marathon route to spectators. And at the same time sell ads in the program to local merchants. I'll bet you could raise \$100,000 alone off a promotion such as that and use the money to run the race first class with a full-time race director and secretary.

Here's one possibility which would save the race for the champion runners, but allow the common man time to compete too. Designate a separate champion division and identify those runners with red numbers instead of black numbers. Start them at high noon and let them go their way. Knock the standard down to 3:00, or 2:45 for participation in this section of the race. Or 2:30, if you want to make it exclusive.

Then once the big runners have cleared the line, let the unwashed thousands appear, five minutes later, or maybe a half-hour later. Send them off to do their thing. Maybe the Boston marathon needs to be conducted in waves. One incentive to improving your time would be to start in the next wave (with green instead of blue or red or black numbers).

Still another possibility would be to not have a regular starting time. Allow the runners to start the race anytime beginning at 6:00 a.m. and maybe running until 2:00 p.m. Have them check in at the start—maybe even provide a time clock for punching their number with the proper time—and then check out at the finish line when they happen to straggle across. You might have to provide several time clocks in case of crowds. Or run it all off the computer. Then have a race within the race for the red-numbered athletes.

I'm grasping at straws because I hate to see the Boston marathon lose its character and thus become just another marathon. I am sure that if it becomes exclusive it will lose its stature and go downhill. It would be too easy for a Culver City or a Golden Gate or a Paavo Nurmi to declare itself *the* marathon just by counting numbers.

Runners must react, and react strongly, in this matter. I do think that the Boston marathon is on the verge of legislating itself out of existence. We don't want to lose it. I was half-kidding about burning my AAU card last year, and anyway we didn't have an issue. Now we do, and if the plodders do turn up in sufficient numbers we might consider having a mass burning by the runners of all abilities at the starting line, thereby having everybody run anonymously.

I am almost tempted to say, let's organize a boycott of the race next year, but this might simply give some of the sorely pressed sponsors an excuse to give up the race entirely. We don't want to lose Boston. But Boston without the plodders, and even the freaks, maybe isn't Boston.





Distance running at its purest and best—over 500 runners of all ages and sizes start this year's Palos Verdes marathon. If rules were enforced to their fullest, many of these runners wouldn't be here. (Donald Duke)

# ***DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE***

BY JOE HENDERSON

An open letter to Browning Ross, editor of *Long Distance Log* and chairman of the national AAU long distance running committee.

Dear Browning:

You'll be out here in San Francisco in December for the national AAU convention. Be careful when you come. Dissent and demonstrating are a way of life in this city, and even as sedate a bunch of people as long distance runners can get caught up in it.

It wasn't surprising, a few months ago, to see women stalking around the starting line at the Bay to Breakers race, carrying picket signs. It's here in San Francisco where women's liberation enjoys its greatest following, and the ladies were following the normal trend of that movement. Arbitrarily, women are shut out of many fields strictly because of sex. Not for lack of ability, but merely because they're women. They're no longer accepting their fate with a quiet smile.

The field these women had been shut out of was a running one. Ordinarily, San Francisco area running officials ignore the ban on integrated races (I guess there is a ban; I couldn't uncover it in the AAU's *Official Track and Field Handbook*) and let women race at will. This "let 'em run" attitude has drawn a group of maybe two dozen women into long distance running (meaning everything up to marathon; occasionally even beyond). But the biggest race in the area

and the country—this year it had over 1300 "official" entrants—still excludes women. They don't accept it quietly.

The signs weren't overly original. They read, "AAU Unfair to Women," "Who Says Women Can't Run," "Let Us Run," and "We're Human, Too." Of course this demonstration didn't earn them official recognition. The women didn't really expect immediate results. But they ran anyway, some even managing—through a variety of tricks—to slip into the results.

Only the overt demonstration makes this situation different from ones in other running capitals—particularly Boston, where the women's invasion is vigorously and unsuccessfully resisted. Women want to run the marathon. They do run. The only effect the rule has is to create hard feelings and a class of rule-breakers whose only crime is wanting to participate.

Women are the major victims of AAU rules and policies which may have been written with good intent but have grown creaky, limiting and irrelevant with time. Other runners occasionally get hit by these rules, too. Sometimes it's the underaged boy, or the man who strips off his shirt to escape the heat, or even the runner who refuses to pay a doctor \$20 to be told what he already knows—that he's perfectly fit. Rules and policies drawn up to promote running and protect runners are having the effect of preventing running.

Since you've taken over the job as AAU long distance chairman, you've put priorities where they should be—with the



interests of individual runners before all else. And you've surrounded yourself with a like-thinking committee. This is wonderful. You have runners themselves in a position to defend other runners, and to make meaningful changes.

The first change should be updating the rule book, repealing policies which arbitrarily limit participation and adding new ones which spell out the rights to run freely. You might write a simple statement like this into the rule book:

"No amateur runner can be eliminated systematically from AAU-sanctioned long distance races because of sex, age, or ethnic background. In certain instances, entry limitations may be made on the basis of ability alone. Other races are open to all runners who can certify they have the fitness to complete the distance (runners under 18 must also have parental permission). All runners allowed to start a race must also be allowed to finish if they are willing and able, and obey competitive rules."

There are lots of ramifications to this paragraph:

- Obviously, it would open the way for full men-women integration. The ladies have demonstrated everyone's satisfaction that they're as eager to run distances and as capable of it as most males. Caroline Walker, a 16-year-old Oregon girl, ran a 3:02 marathon last winter. Not many 16-year-old boys do that, nor train the 80-100 miles a week necessary to do it. She deserves to race, and the progressive promoter of that marathon gave her full opportunity and recognition. The women at Boston didn't have official blessing, yet they ran anyway. Sara Berman did 3:05. Nina Kuscsik did 3:10. Both are in their 30s and are mothers of three. Three more women ran 3:35 or better. Protection of male supremacy is perhaps the only honest argument for continuing to bar these women.

- Age limitations would come down completely, though in practice they've already been nearly abolished. AAU rules state only that an athlete 17 and under must have the written approval of parent or guardian. Some officials, though, still frown on having either the very young runner (say, 12 or below) or the very old (60s and up) in their races. There's an unfounded fear that the little ones will do permanent damage to their growing bodies, or that the old ones will be hit with a seizure. There's actually little danger as long as normal precautions—which apply to all runners—are taken. Runners as old as 73 and as young as 6 are completing marathons regularly, and with no apparent ill effects.

- Though I personally dislike them and feel they go against the grain of the sport, room is left for "invitational" races such as Boston is becoming and the new race in Anaheim, Calif., will be. But the distance racing policy statement allows ability to be the only criterion—not sex, age or ethnic background. Of course there'd still be special races of various types—for women, kids, seniors, etc. In other words, for those who can't expect to compete equally with men at their prime. Again, it's more an ability breakdown than one based on sex or age. Races advertised as open should be truly open.

- Certification of training and complete a distance is a much more realistic requirement than being asked to produce a medical slip. Definitely every runner should have regular check-ups and doctor's approval before he even starts a running program. But good general health doesn't mean the same thing as adequate running fitness. A runner can be perfectly healthy and still collapse 18 miles into a marathon because he's inadequately fit. Proof of training and competitive ability are more reliable indicators of potential to get through a race safely.

- Perhaps the most distasteful happening in the sport to us slow runners is the forced dropout. How would the officials feel if they were five miles along in a six-mile track

race and were suddenly jerked off the track because they'd been lapped? Or if they finished a marathon in 4:01, only to find that official timing had stopped at four hours? Both of these happen. If promoters accept a runner's entry and his dollar, the least they can let him do is finish—unless he's in the last stages of exhaustion and it's in *his* best interest to pull him off the course.

- Naturally, it's another matter altogether (and within official rights) to disqualify a runner who cuts corners or punches a competitor in the mouth. Many rules covering the conduct of competition and proper and useful. Others are plain silly and are irregularly applied. The rule book says, "Clothing must be . . . worn as not to make an indecent display of the competitor's person. It shall be the duty of the (officials) to see that each and every contestant is properly attired." We wouldn't want spectators to be offended, so we don't run around nude. But who, in this liberal age, is offended by the sight of a man's bare chest? Most race officials don't worry about shirtless runners. They might get excited if women stripped to the waist, but that hasn't happened yet. Some stuffy old men, though, equate bare male chests with indecency, and they apply the appearance rule to toss out the offender. It happened to a runner named August Jarvis in this year's national AAU marathon. Yet was he really "indecent"? Had he breached public morals by displaying a bit too much skin? Hardly. It's time this and other rules are reviewed and clarified before some narrow-minded zealot begins requiring us to wear white shirts, sport coats and neckties.

There's nothing radical in these suggestions. All they intend to do is bring rules in line with reality. Since they are regularly and openly flouted, the present rules are worse than no rules at all. I realize these changes may not come this year, or even next. But at least we can go to work lobbying for them.



If we are to believe an eastern newspaper reporter, the jogging fad has, so to speak, run its course.

John T. McGowan, writing in the *Newark (N.J.) Evening News*, theorizes, "The jogger is going the way of the bison and the marathon dancer. You just don't see many of them around anymore. A year ago, jogging clubs jammed shore boardwalks and high school tracks in the early morning and evening. But high school tracks have gone relatively unused this summer, and joggers are infrequent enough sights to attract attention again."

The reporter cites other indicators to support his case that the jogging movement is slowing to a standstill. He quotes a department store spokesman, who moans that the sales of jogging suits, shoes and Executive Joggers have declined drastically in recent months. Bookstores, McGowan says, are selling half or less the number of how-to-jog books compared to last year's rate. Officials cancelled a local jog-in because "we were afraid no one would show up."

"Those who worked up the nerve to run in public last year and the year before," McGowan wrote, "have apparently run out of either nerve or energy."

Maybe so. Maybe the jogging *fad* is dying. Maybe it's best that it is.

Shortly after reading this somewhat disturbing article—disturbing for many reasons, professional as well as personal—I came across other evidence that help set my thinking straight. One such piece was a column written by Charles McCabe, resident philosopher at the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He was expounding this time on the general subject of "passionate fads."

"Our concern with passionate fads," McCabe wrote, "is



related to another phenomenon of our time, our short span of attention, which gets shorter every day. Our minds are unrelentingly bombed with information, or something like it, by the media. Soon or late, we tire of everything that is told us, every bit of advocacy that is thrust upon us."

Jogging got media attention for a spell. The "in" activity attracted an instant following, and as with most fads the joggers-come-lately were more concerned with current fashion than with long-term commitment. Here lies the root of jogging's decline in fad value. "For an idea to be fashionable is ominous," said philosopher George Santayana, "since it must afterwards be always old-fashioned." Old-fashioned ideas and activities are tossed aside as quickly as fashionable styles had been grabbed up.

Reporter McGowan misinterpreted the signs. The *fad* of jogging may indeed be on its last legs. Jogging itself. . . Wait a minute. Let's do away with that term right now—too many faddish connotations. Running itself is going stronger than ever.

The stylish jogger may be a disappearing breed. He may no longer huff and puff along the street, conspicuous by his unfitness, funny clothes and new shoes. Groups may no longer converge en masse on local high school tracks. Book sales, and sales of those perversions called "Executive Joggers" may be off. Runners are with us, though, in greater numbers than ever. The running world simply has a way of absorbing jogging graduates and leaving them relatively invisible.

Daily running is—by choice or necessity—a solitary activity, or at most one that's done in pairs and trios. Few true runners need or want the support of the type of crowds McGowan mentions. They slip out inconspicuously. Few with any sense of adventure or aesthetics would spend his time circling a track or — worse — a gymnasium. They don't need jogging books or the various other items that get-rich-quick promoters rushed onto the market to exploit a craze. There are good running books and products. Unfortunately, the shallow, shoddy, exploitive ones seemed to get the most advertising and the widest distribution. Justice is catching up with them.

Just because running lives on the back streets of sports, generally out of view and unnoticed, there's no evidence to show that it's anything but alive and growing. Road racing is only one small phase of the total running scene, yet it's most indicative of the unseen growth. Last year there were about 45 marathon races in the United States. In 1970, there are 75. Marathons and other road races are absorbing jogging graduates at an astounding rate, and events in all parts of the country have fields numbering from the hundreds to above 1000. But again it's all but invisible. Aside from Boston, who ever sees or reads about a road race? Here in the San Francisco area, where *Runner's World* is located, 1970 races regularly brought together 200-300 runners. Yet only two events all year got even token coverage in the local press. One was sponsored by a San Francisco newspaper, which was committed to doing a story.

McGowan had a telling line in his article which read: "The YMCA reported that it still does a brisk jogging trade. 'But then, we always did,' a man said, 'long before the fad set in.'" Running and runners were with us long before this brief spell of stylishness. And we'll be on the streets and tracks long after the public attention span attaches itself to another amusement.

If the fad is dying, let it go quickly. With the dead weight of jogging—the non-committed faddists and those who've fed on them—gone, maybe we can put running back on the quiet, personal, simple terms that are its true personality.

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# Runner's World

## Interview: RON HILL

BY DAVE PROKOP

After the 1972 Olympics, Ron Hill plans to write a book on his running career. The title, he has almost definitely decided, will be *The Long Hard Road*. If he decides to describe all his accomplishments in distance running, it will be a long book. And if he decides to discuss in detail all aspects of his approach to the sport—something he's not prepared to do now but says he will then—his book will be as informative and enlightening as it will be long.

For 5'6", 126-pound Dr. Ron Hill of England is a *runner's runner*. There's no other way to put it. Start and finish, if you like, with the fact that he's now the world's leading marathoner—on the strength of his sensational victories this year in the Boston marathon and Commonwealth Games marathon. Then add the following:

In a country that boasts tremendous depth in the distance events, he has made the national team for *every* renewal of the Olympic Games, the European Games and the Commonwealth Games since 1962.

He has excelled in every type of distance competition—track, cross-country and, of course, road racing. On the track, his accomplishments have included a seventh in the 10,000 in the 1968 Olympics and several world records at distances between 10 miles and 25,000 meters (he still holds two). In his first love, cross-country, he has won the terribly competitive British championship twice ('65 and '67) and finished second in the International twice.

His ideas on training, tactics and techniques are entirely his own, distilled painstakingly from years of experience. So meticulously has he concerned himself with the details of running he has even become involved in the design and innovation of various track equipment (see photo).

At age 32, and well into his second decade of highly-competitive running, the Bolton textile research chemist is neither physically nor mentally tired of the sport. "I'm rarin' to go," he says. "I'm enjoying running. I feel almost everything's in front of me yet. Why should I start to look back?"

Perhaps Ron Hill's greatest quality as a runner's runner is that he's a champion with whom the average runner can easily identify. He talks of the days when he was a "scrubber," of being so petrified with nervousness before a big race he could hardly move, of the long struggle year to year for "marginal improvement." And it is because of this—the route, the "long hard road"—that he has taken to get where he is today—that Ron Hill is a particularly inspiring runner as well as a great one.

In one definite sense, Ron's rise to the top in the marathon was predictable. As far back as '64, he had run 2:14:12. It was the second fastest time in the world for the marathon, as his 2:09:28 is now, and led English track followers to wonder how good he might become if he concentrated on the marathon. This he failed to do, in fact, until 1969, when he decided the breakthrough that he's long sought in the 10,000 wasn't going to come. Since approximately that time, his record in the marathon has been little short of fantastic:

- 1969 British championship (Maxol marathon)—1st in 2:13:42 (beating world record holder Derek Clayton)
- 1969 European Games marathon—1st in 2:16:47.8
- 1969 Fukuoka marathon—2nd in 2:11:54.4 (to Jerome Drayton's winning 2:11:12.8)

- 1970 Boston marathon—1st in 2:10:30
- 1970 Commonwealth Games marathon—1st in 2:09:28

(in a race pitting the four fastest marathoners in history—Hill, Clayton, Drayton and Bill Adcocks—he won decisively)

Now he has abandoned all serious plans in cross-country, his first love, as well and has set his sights squarely on the marathon in next year's European Games and the 1972 Olympic Games. Sometime before the Olympics, he says, he'd like to run under 2:07 for the marathon.

I interviewed Ron Oct. 4 at Bright's Grove, Ont., where he, his wife May and their two sons, Stephen, 7, and Graham, 5, were vacationing. It was a week after Ron's exciting sprint-finish victory over Canadian rival Jerome Drayton in the Springbank 12-mile road race in London, Ont. He was on one of his "rest" training periods: two workouts a day of two miles each. As a result, there was plenty of time for conversation, and I took full advantage of the situation.

●●●●

**RW:** *Could you—in words—plumb the depth of the satisfaction you now feel at having accomplished so much over the past two years?*

**Hill:** Well, I'm satisfied just recently to have won the three big races—the Commonwealth, the Boston and, before that, the European marathon in 1969. It's been an ambition of mine to win a gold medal. This is sort of the ultimate achievement in athletics. The ultimate is to win an Olympic gold medal, and then, in my opinion, next in ranking are a European gold medal and then a Commonwealth gold medal. So I've got the second and third, and coming from a background in the long days when I was what we call in England a "scrubber" was not winning anything apart from the local races, there's a terrific feeling to winning something like that.

I think it's probably a lot more satisfying in that you've had to work so bloody hard for it. You're not a born champion. You're not winning races right from the time you start running in school. You've had to work for it, and even up to the time when you win the gold medal it's never even seemed a possibility.

The satisfaction I've got so far, and I'm reasonably satisfied with what I've done—in fact, I'm *very* satisfied—but the fact I'm very satisfied is because I've worked so long and been near the top, what I call "near the top," and never quite made it. And suddenly it's just come good for me.

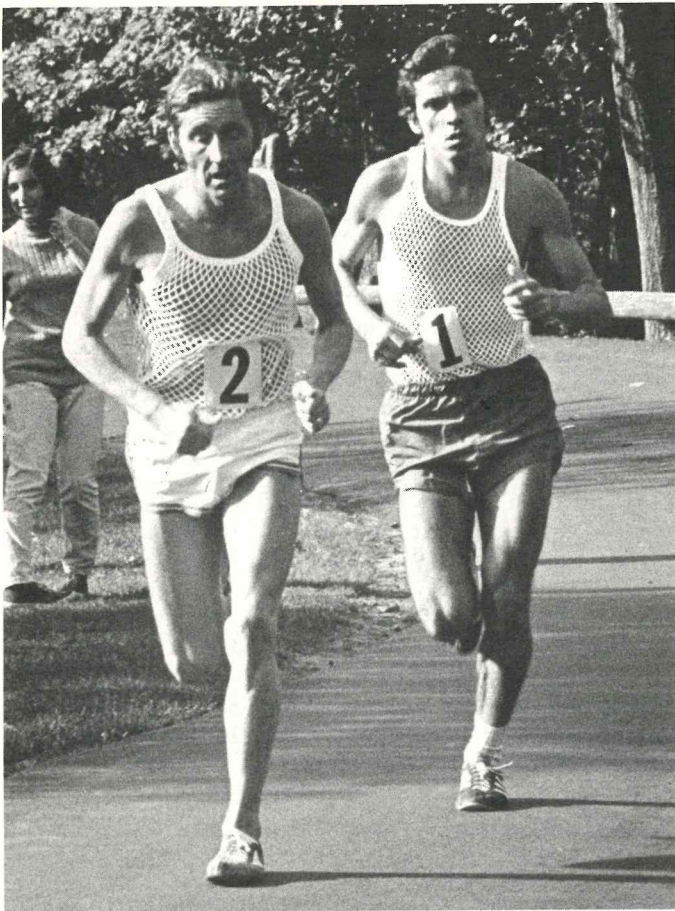
But the satisfaction isn't so great that I feel everything's over.

**RW:** *Which gold medal victory was more satisfying—the European Games or the Commonwealth Games?*

**Hill:** Winning the Commonwealth gold medal. . . well, I'm not boasting or anything, but it wasn't the same as winning that first gold medal (at the European Games). You know, it was almost as if I'd hit on the pattern. I had a job to do, I did the jog and, in a way, I suppose I did the job well. But that was it. There wasn't the same feeling of achievement that there was after the Athens victory.

But this is a good thing, I think. It's almost as if I'm accepting that this is the kind of competition that I'm in and





Hill (left) and Jerome Drayton, two of the world's four best marathoners of all-time, match hot paces in the recent Springbank International 12-mile race. (Rick Levy photo)

I'm in with a damn good chance. And this is the sort of attitude that I want to take with me to Munich, all being well. I mean, Munich's two years away from the time we're talking, and I realize a lot can happen to a runner in two years. But if I can just keep in good condition and if I can take this attitude to Munich, I'm going to be in there with a chance for a medal.

All this is what I hope to achieve. This would give the ultimate satisfaction—a gold medal in Munich. But, you know, a silver or bronze would be nice to have, too.

**RW:** *Some people have called your 2:10:30 at Boston under those terrible conditions of cold and rain the greatest marathon of all time. How good a performance do you think it was?*

**Hill:** I don't know. I can't really say. To me competition is competition. The main thing is winning the race. You know, it was the same for me at Edinburgh. The fact that I did 2:09:28 doesn't really fill me with any great enthusiasm at all. Okay, it's 2:09:28. It's not the fastest time in the world, but I won the race that way. If it had been 3:09:28 and I had still won, I would probably have been almost as happy. Competition is running against men. It's not just times, although I would like at some stage to get the fastest time in the world because this would help me when it comes to competition. If you're the fastest man in the world, you're psychologically one-up on the next man, almost.

**RW:** *You've set several world records. How important have these been to you? Some runners talk about world records as being one of their great goals.*

**Hill:** It's like everything else. They're always more valu-

able when you haven't got them. When you have got them, they become rather less meaningful. This is human nature, I suppose.

I've stated somewhere that one of my ambitions has been to be a world record holder. But the world records that I've got now, and the world records that I've had, I've never thought, "This is the ultimate." I'm sure I could knock at least a minute off my 15-mile and 25,000 (meter) world records. In the 10-mile, I'm sure, if I picked the right time, in my present state of fitness and stage of my career, I reckon I can run just under 46 minutes. But it's not sufficiently important for me to try and train for a given 10-mile race and attempt to break the world record. I'm just not interested. I'm interested in winning the European marathon next year and going for the Olympics in '72.

**RW:** *What about the actual psychological preparation on the day of the race? Could you give us some indication of how you set yourself up psychologically on the day of the race?*

**Hill:** I don't want to give too much away on this. . . The fear of running a long race can come from the fact that you know it's going to be physically painful. And unless you're a masochist, nobody likes pain. I certainly don't like pain. And if you dwell on this, it can make you nervous. Also, you can be overawed by the fact that you're in international competition. There's no doubt about it, one can get very, very nervous before a big race—at least, in my case, I used to get very nervous before a big race.

I've now developed some way of turning off thoughts of the race, some way I can step outside myself. I can even talk about the race in terms of what it's going to involve physically and where the pain is going to come and what it's going to be like and how distressing it's going to be without actually thinking that the guy who's speaking is going to be in that position so many hours hence. Don't ask me how I can do this, but I just can.

Sometimes you just slip. Maybe you just think, "Christ, four hours to go." But immediately you know this is a bad thing. Whereas in the past I used to start thinking about the race hours before, now I can just switch right away from it and forget about the race until just a few minutes before the start. And this, to me, has been a great help because I used to get really scared before competitions—so scared that it effected my physical performance. But now it doesn't bother me at all.

**RW:** *Could you give us a good example of where you lacked this self-control and it was very detrimental to your performance?*

**Hill:** Well, in Tokyo in 1964 is the best example. When I went to Tokyo, I was the second fastest man in the world over six miles and also the second fastest man in the world over the marathon, as I am now, in fact. But the night before the 10,000 I was thinking, "Tomorrow's the 10,000 meters." There I was lying in bed, turning it over and over in my mind. And the first thing I thought about when I woke up was, "Today's the day. It's the 10,000 meters." The stomach turned over. I didn't want to get out of bed. Finally, I dragged myself out.

During the warmup, my legs felt like lead and I was just dragging them around the track. There was no desire to get into the competition. In fact, the only desire was to get away from it. If somehow I could have got out of it, I wouldn't have run at all. The gun went. That was it. I was just dead from the soles of my feet upwards. And I couldn't do anything about it. I was lapped. I finished a disgusting 18th. I was really ashamed of the performance I'd given, and that was that.



As I say, now I'm sure that I can go out and give everything that I've got, give the best that I've got. And the psychological part of it, the worrying part of it is not there anymore.

**RW:** *I suppose this self-control largely comes in step with one's emerging ability, perhaps can only come in step with one's emerging ability.*

**Hill:** Yeah. But I can remember one specific instance in my case—well, the Maxol marathon last year. Derek Clayton's best time was 2:08:33.6. My best marathon then was only 2:14:12, which I'd done in the Polytechnic marathon in 1964. I'd never run faster than that; in fact, I'd run a damn sight slower than that right up to '69. But I was able to go on television that night before the race with Clayton and talk about the race. People were asking, "How does a marathon feel?" and "What is going to be the winning time tomorrow?" Clayton was talking about times six or seven minutes faster than I'd ever run, but this didn't bother me at all. It's almost like a split personality. I was talking about the race, well and good. I was talking about how Ron Hill was going to run the race, but the Ron Hill who was going to run in that race wasn't in that television studio. The guy in that studio was Ron Hill, you know, normal guy.

**RW:** *What kind of a person is Ron Hill? How would you describe yourself?*

**Hill:** Well, I'm just a normal sort of person, in my opinion. I'm two people really. I'm a runner for one thing, as most people know me, but on the other hand I'm just a family man with a job to do who fits in training into a routine and runs to work and back instead of driving a car. I don't think too much about running when I'm at work. In fact, I don't like people asking me about racing when I'm at work. I'm away from that scene altogether.

**RW:** *Have you always been this way, or just recently?*

**Hill:** I think I've been this way all along. You know, running is a personal thing with me. I mean, if a guy smokes I don't ask him how his smoking has been going this last week.

**RW:** *You must have several interests and hobbies.*

**Hill:** Well, I collect anything and everything, both consciously and on an ephemeral basis—stamps, coins, envelopes from different parts of the world, books on running. I've got a big collection of books anyway. I like to read—when I've got the time. Of course, with a young family, time is at a premium and I don't get much time these days. I like to go away on a holiday with the family. I like to take my wife out occasionally. During the week if there's a nice film or good program on television I like to sit with my feet up and watch that. So from that point of view, I'm just the same as the guy next door.

People try to make you different. I've written something about this for the book. It suddenly struck me when I was running: I'm not different, but people all the time are trying to make me different. I'm trying to resist this.

Running has given me a self-respect that I don't talk about. I don't sort of shout this from the houses. It gives you a confidence and self-respect so that you can go into a room full of people and you can talk to them. But this doesn't change me at all. I'm still just the same as the guy next door. I'm still the same bloke I was back in '54-'55 when I was racing as hard as I do now.

**RW:** *This may be a difficult, if not impossible, question for you to answer, but how much natural talent do you think you started out with?*

**Hill:** Well, let's look back to the first time I ever raced. This was in 1951 or 1952, I forget. It was the junior cross-

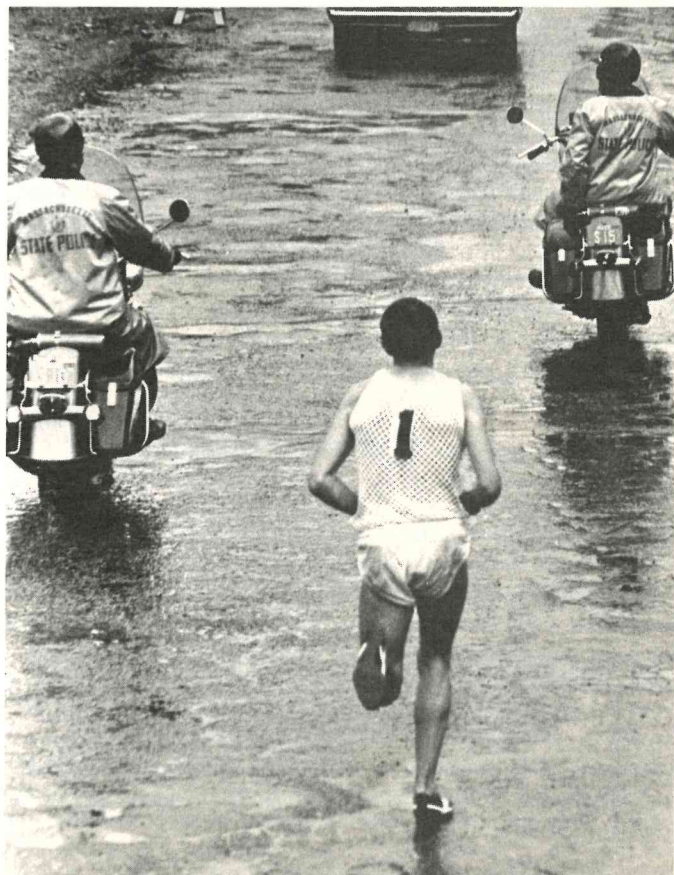
country championships at school for first formers, what we call "first formers," and second formers. I'd be probably 12 years old at the time. About 120-130 people set off, of my age group and slightly older. And in that first race I ever ran, I was ninth. Now this is raw runners, no training, just natural ability. So I'm in the top five percent, as I say, from a "nothing" baseline—no training. And this channels me into being a runner.

How much natural ability I had from an athletic point of view is difficult to say. By the time 1956 came along I would finish, well, 223rd out of maybe 500 or 600. So I'm in the top 50 percent of the small percentage of people that go into athletics. In other words, I'm a long way from being a champion. The people who were the champions, when I think of the boys who were at school with me, were always absolutely miles in front. They, to me, were the natural runners. They were the cream of the few who could run.

If I had been one of these people, whether I'd be where I am now I don't know. I think probably success in youth tends to mitigate against anybody really struggling hard to become something. I'm sure there must be guys who when they read my name as, you know, winning a big race or something, that say, "Christ, I used to beat that guy when I was at school." But possibly because it was so easy for them then—everything was going their way—they would not have been able to take the really *hard* competition had they gone on to an athletic career. I don't know. I feel that having struggled certainly helps.

**RW:** *In your early years, as throughout your career, I take it you worked very hard.*

**Hill:** I didn't work that hard in training when I first started to run, although I used to try very hard in all the races



Complete with Hill-designed shirt, shorts and shoes, Ron Hill moves away from the field at Boston. (Jeff Johnson photo)



I entered—really hard, sort of feeling physically sick at the end of a race and being scared stiff of going out the next week or the next day, thinking, “I don’t want to go through that again.” But I always turned up the following week for another race.

As I say, the races were struggles but the training was just the type of training you did to call yourself a “harrier.” I was in Clayton-le-Moors Harriers then. To be one of the harriers you went out and ran three or four times a week. Every runner did this. And he ran in the races. If he was good he won the race. If he wasn’t so good he finished 60th or 20th or 40th. And he met his own rivals in that part of the field—you know, in the 20s or 30s, wherever he happened to be in the field. And if he trained and didn’t stop training he might just come up one week and beat these runners. But there was no question at all of beating the guy who won the race.

And I suppose this marginal improvement is what I’ve been searching for all the time throughout my running career—wanting to become the school champion, wanting to become the club champion as a junior or a youth, wanting to become a university champion. And every time there’s been no question of any sort of major breakthrough or even a possibility of becoming an international champion. It’s just been this slowly improving performance where the standards I’ve set myself have become higher and higher.

**RW:** *You say that your training has “evolved.” When did you first have the feeling that you had developed a training routine which was near perfect for you?*

**Hill:** Aw, 1968. I think that was the turning point. In 1968, I was up to, oh, 5000 miles that particular year. My training had crept up to 120 miles per week. That year I decided to have a definite training plan up to a big race and the big race that particular year was, of course, the Olympics in Mexico City. I decided that I wanted to run the marathon and I would give myself about a three-month build-up to that particular race. The only snag was, the British trial was held about eight weeks before the marathon was held in Mexico, which only gave me four weeks to get in some sort of shape to get in the team in the marathon. As a result, I finished, in fact, fourth in the trial and was left out of the team for the marathon; ended up doing the 10,000 meters instead.

Well, I carried on the training I was hoping to apply for the marathon and I ended up being as fit as I’ve ever been in my life for that race. At Mexico City, I finished seventh in the 10,000 meters. At first I was very disappointed because seventh is seventh and it’s nowhere. I mean, when you’re outside the first three it’s just one of the minor placings. But on reflection seventh wasn’t too bad. Every runner in front of me had had at least six months altitude training—Ron Clarke was about the minimum with six months—while my altitude training totalled two weeks.

So, as I say, on reflection seventh was not a bad achievement and I realized then, the way I was feeling in training and the condition that I felt I was in, that this was really the right training program for me. And I’ve been working on these lines ever since.

But things don’t stand still. My best time for the marathon at present is 2:09:28. I want to do better. I want to go faster. And, therefore, I’ve got one or two things up my sleeve that I’m gongi to work on.

If I had more time I could probably experiment a bit more. But as it is I’m training 15 hours a week, I’ve got to work 40 hours a week, I’ve got a family and I just can’t possibly do any more training without any major disruptions.

**RW:** *You say you’d possibly do more if you had the time, but I’ve also heard you express disapproval of people*

*running mileages like 200 miles per week.*

**Hill:** Well, I would try to do a bit more but it would never be in the order of 200 miles per week.

**RW:** *Why wouldn’t you run 200 miles a week if you had the time?*

**Hill:** Well, in my opinion, it produces short-term results. You can point to one or two people in Britain who are having good success at present on 200 miles a week: Roger Matthews, fourth in the Commonwealth 10,000; Dave Bedford, who didn’t actually make the Commonwealth team but ran a 28:06 10,000 recently. This is good running; these people have pulled themselves right up pretty quickly. But I don’t think they’ll last. I don’t think this 200 miles a week business is good for the body even.

Matthews, I think, was hospitalized with kidney trouble. He was dehydrating himself by running this 200 miles a week. I’ve seen him in Edinburgh walking around a corridor in his pajamas and sort of shoes, and he looked like he was crippled. I thought, “He must have an injury or something.” So I said, “Hello, Roger, what’s up?” He said, “Oh, I’ve always got to walk around like this for 10 minutes before I can ever run. I’m so stiff when I wake up.”

Well, this to me isn’t natural. How long is the guy going to last? I mean, Clayton was on this high mileage thing and he’s suffered one or two bad injuries—knee damage and things like that. I think this is what it leads to.

The beauty of my system now is I never go out long enough to get really physically tired.

**RW:** *I’ve heard several runners of stature express the opinion that the maximum number of years of intense training and competition a runner can take is approximately four years. You have obviously disproved this.*

**Hill:** Yeah, I would have thought so. I’ve had my ups and downs. I’ve trained twice a day, off and on, since 1958. So that puts it at 12 years. I think the longest break in that 12 years is about 10 days off. Since 1964 I’ve never missed training even one session. That’s training twice a day six days a week and once on Sundays and never even missed once.

And, you know, I’m not fed up with the sport either physically or mentally. I’m rarin’ to go. I feel almost everything’s in front of me yet. I’ve got things I want to achieve. I think I’m on the right lines for training. I’m enjoying running. Why the hell should I start to look back at all?

**RW:** *Not missing a single training session in six years is little short of amazing. Surely in that length of time there have been occasions when you’ve been injured or ill.*

**Hill:** Oh, yeah. Well, look at that (pointing to a scar on the inside of his right ankle). I had four stitches in there 17 days before the Maxol marathon when I beat Clayton. But I got up the next morning and hobbled three miles in about 25 minutes to half an hour. There was no question of not training. Seventeen days later I did 2:13-odd and beat Clayton by two minutes.

**RW:** *Was that gash the worst thing you’ve ever had to train through?*

**Hill:** No. The worst thing I ever had was some sort of back problem. I don’t know exactly what it was. I just got these terrific pains in my back and I could hardly walk. To get out of bed I had to roll off the bed, get on all fours and then lift myself up with my arms. I got down to one mile that morning. I think I was in tears all the way and it took me 10 minutes to do one mile. But I still went out.

**RW:** *Surely going out under those conditions would*



*not contribute anything to your conditioning. You would be just as well off staying in bed.*

**Hill:** Yeah, but it's symbolic. I'm saying that nothing's going to stop me. Even when things get tough, nothing's going to stop my training. And I'm hoping that some of this will carry over to a race. When things get tough in a race I'm not going to give up, I'm not going to stop. I'm going to go on.

People say I'm lucky I get no injuries. I get injuries—my fair share of injuries. After Edinburgh my right knee swelled to twice its size. I've training through injuries before and I just went out and jogged. But I was really worried. I thought, "Christ, you've run these fast marathons, five of them within 12 months and now you're just cracking up like Derek Clayton did."

But 10 days later I'd forgotten all about it. This is the way injuries go with me. I can only remember them by looking back in the training log.

**RW:** *You've never had a coach, have you?*

**Hill:** No. I've never even had an advisor. All my training ideas have been built from my own experience, and have had various reasons behind them. The training has sort of evolved. Until 1958, I trained very sporadically—two or three times a week building up to four or five times a week. Runs of seven miles seemed like a double marathon to me in those days, and if somebody had told me then, when I was 18 or 19, that I'd be doing a seven-mile session every morning before breakfast when I was 28-29 I wouldn't have believed it.

In 1957, I went up to Manchester University, joined the cross-country team and began to feel that I'd like to run a little better. I found I was running well one week over cross-country and then for the next two weeks I was having very bad performances. I thought, "Well, possibly it's because I'm not recovering quickly enough. And how can I get round this?" So it was then, in 1958, that I started training twice a day—in other words, to get my body used to accepting a quick recovery.

From 1958 onwards, my mileage slowly crept up, until in 1961 I did about 4000 miles. In 1961 I was training what I would call really hard. I couldn't possibly carry out the sessions I did then. And it frightens me to look back to see what I was doing. Whereas these days I go out and jog seven miles in the morning, in those days I'd go out at 6:30 in the morning and do fartlek right from the word "go." The next morning I'd go out and as soon as I went out the door I'd look at my watch to the second and run flat out for five miles and almost be sick on the doorstep when I got back.

And this was just the mornings. The nights were even worst—you know, 20 hard quarters, that sort of thing. I did quite a bit of training in those days with John Whetton, who was European 1500-meter champion last year. He was at Manchester University the same time as I was, and we used to hammer each other over these quarters, doing alternate ones with a 220 interval. So I was running probably nine really hard sessions a week.

The significant part of it is—I say "significant," I don't really know how significant it is—is that this got me into international class running. In 1962, I made the Lancashire cross-country team for the first time, and then I made the England team, finishing 11th in the International. In 1961, I had run my first marathon and managed to win this in 2:24:22. In '62, I won the second marathon I ran—the Polytechnic marathon, in something like 2:20—and as a result was selected to run for Britain in the marathon at the European Games in Belgrade. I thought I was quite fit when I went there, but in the race I dropped out after 30 kilometers. It was the last race I ever dropped out of.

I couldn't understand what had happened. I was fit



Jim Alder (left) congratulates Hill after Ron's victory at the European Games. Alder finished third. (Mark Shearman)

and everything, but at 30 kilometers I just came to a halt. I thought, "Well, some things happen. It's just one of those things." And I tried to carry on training. But there was just nothing there at all.

So I looked back through my training logs and tried to work out why this had happened. And the reason was I'd been training for 18 months, twice a day, hard, and I just ran everything out of myself. So ever since then I've been taking two months, two separate months, in the year where I go down to a very low mileage—two miles in the morning, two miles in the evening, jogging—to build up a platform to start training on again.

**RW:** *Your training now is markedly different from what you were doing in '61, isn't it?*

**Hill:** Well, my specific training is secret and not for publication. But I'm willing to give you the general outline. The training varies week to week but basically I run 7½ miles to work each morning and I run between seven miles and 12 miles home, you know, taking a detour to get the extra mileage on the longer runs. On Saturdays I do five miles in the morning and race in the afternoon. If there's no race, I run 13 miles. On Sunday, I do about 20 miles.

**RW:** *When I first read your training schedule in one of the track publications, my reaction was that there had to be more to it than that. It just seemed too simple.*

**Hill:** Well, yeah. There is more to it than that. In my present training set-up, I think I'm sort of a pioneer. I don't think anybody else is doing the same thing that I'm doing. If you read books, you pick up little things over the years, you try things. I've invented training sessions that are unique to me—I'm sure nobody else does them—designed to give acceleration, to give speed, to make a workout hard but interesting so that one doesn't get tired of training, so that one doesn't start to dread training. You've got to do a certain amount of hard work in training; it can't all be just easy running. And you've got to make the training interesting. If it's just hard, the time will come when you don't want to do it. And if you don't want to do it, you'll stop doing it. And if you stop doing it, you won't be a good athlete.



**RW:** *Much of your training is along long, slow lines, isn't it?*

**Hill:** Yeah. I've been doing it for years. I reckon I operate in the morning at about seven-minute mile pace. I don't feel that I'm going slow, but when I get to work it's taken me 55 minutes to run 7½ miles.

It doesn't worry me at all. At one stage of my training I used to time every run and write it down. Then after a good while on this I said, "Christ, what's the point?" Every time I was trying to beat the previous time that I'd done. And if I did a slow time I was worrying all day. So I just thought, "Right, chuck the watch away and just run as you feel." So about 85% of my running now is more or less slow running. Three times a week I'll push myself hard, but the rest of the time I just like to sort of jog along and think. Sometimes I can run for miles and not realize that I've been running.

**RW:** *You're supposed to have used a special diet before some of your top marathons in which there's an extremely high protein intake and then a few days before the race a quick conversion to a high carbohydrate intake. Is that right?*

**Hill:** Essentially it is, yeah. That's a secret as well, but essentially that's it. I'm still working on that to some extent.

**RW:** *When are you going to "tell all" about these finite things pertaining to diet, training and so forth?*

**Hill:** After Munich, in the book. I look at it this way: I've had to work bloody hard over a long period of time to learn these lessons. I had to work a lot of things out for myself, attend to minor details you probably wouldn't believe. I'm willing to do these little things to give myself the extra point-ought-one percent of a chance. I'll be happy to reveal these things after Munich but I don't see why the hell I should tell everyone else what I'm doing now. If I could stop everybody wearing string vests, I would do it. But this is one innovation, obviously, you can't slap a patent on because everybody can wear a vest like that. I see Drayton's got one now.

**RW:** *Were you the very first to wear a string vest?*

**Hill:** Well, let me say I'd never noticed any before. But since I first wore one in 1968, they've started to appear all over the place.

**RW:** *How is it you came to wear the string vest anyway?*

**Hill:** I was trying to work on a design for a vest which would give the maximum possible ventilation and, therefore, control heat build-up. I tried all sorts of cut-away vests. You'll see one or two pictures of me wearing all sorts of fantastic contraptions. Very revealing. These never worked.

But suddenly it hit me, "Why not a string vest? It solves all the problems. The air blows through it. There's no need to have cut-away things which tend to ride around."

You know, when I ran the 1:36:28 for 20 miles I was wearing experimental shorts and an experimental vest, and I spent half the day hitching the damn things around into position. I'm sure it cost me at least half a minute. In other words, I could have got under 1:36 but for that.

**RW:** *Tell us about the shoes. Few people, I'm sure, are aware that the shoes you wore at Boston and the Commonwealth Games are shoes of your own design.*

**Hill:** You know that the top athletes get their shoes given to them. I used to get my shoes from a German firm until early '68. Then a British firm, Reebok, quite local to where I live—about 10 miles from where I live—came along and said, "Would you like to wear our shoes?" So I said, "Yeah." But they didn't have a very good road racing shoe. So I thought, "I'll see if I can get them to make, in my opinion, the best

road racing shoe in the world." And this was the result (holding up the shoe).

I wanted a road racing shoe which would obviously be as light as you could possibly get it and I wanted a road racing shoe which was based on a spike last. You know, when you put on a good pair of spikes you feel good, you feel that you're going to run well, you feel light, the shoe grips the whole of your foot pretty well. But you put on a road racing shoe and you've got something that's fairly heavy and probably a bit ill-fitting. You don't get this feeling of well-being at all.

So I got them to make this shoe from kangaroo leather, which is extremely light, built on a spike last so that the shoe is rather like the sole of a spike, slight heel on the back, very thin at the front but there's a nylon plate in there which prevents chippings or sharp stones bothering your feet at all. And also, to make the thing cooler for long-distance running, there's a series of ventilation holes along the top of the shoe. These holes make quite a difference actually. The first time you ever put a pair of these shoes on they really feel cool. At any rate, I've worn these in all the marathons I've run over the last two years, and I think they're a great shoe myself.

**RW:** *Psychology plays an important part in a runner's success. The picture of you that has emerged is that you're now a master at psychology. Do you see yourself as being particularly strong in that area?*

**Hill:** (Pause) I don't know how I can really answer that question. Let me just say one thing in which I believe. In athletics, by and large, there are winners and losers. Take any field of runners—there are winners and losers. It's when the



Hill (right) involved in the sport he considers his "first love"—cross-country. (Ron Linstead photo)



winner thinks he can win and when the losers think the winner can win that the guy's got it made. And this is the situation you've got to try to develop. And this only comes from winning races and getting a reputation.

**RW:** *What I really was trying to get at is this: running against people like Clayton, Drayton, Adcocks, Alder, the idea is to develop a mental as well as physical mastery, right?*

**Hill:** Well, one is really part of the other. (Pause) Again I don't want to go into this too much. When people start to talk about things like this before a big race, my mode of operation is to opt out, sit tight and sit quiet. And this is what I'd like to do now.

**RW:** *One of your great rivals, Jerome Drayton, says he doesn't use tactics; he just goes out and runs. I take it you think very differently about tactics and the necessity for tactics.*

**Hill:** Yeah. Well, there are tactics. I mean, there must be strategems that people can employ in races. It's not just sort of going out and running as hard as you can, in my opinion anyway. Mind you, going flat out from the start is one way of doing it. Guys at school used to do this. They were so far above everybody else they just went out and ran as hard as they could and there wasn't a cat's chance in hell of staying with them. But this sort of natural selection doesn't exist to the same extent in top-calibre running. People are well trained and the difference between the top four or five in the world is so small that there's got to be more to it than just going out and running flat out. I mean, the difference in abilities on a given day is such that a guy only needs to be one percent below form and he's had it. So you've got to know whether you're running well and adopt the right tactics. Take a hypothetical case. Say you're feeling off. Now is the way to win the race to go flat out from the start and just kill yourself off? This wouldn't be my reaction to a race if I knew I wasn't feeling 100 percent.

Obviously, it's the most satisfying way to win a race—blast off and go as fast as you can from the start. And this is almost the way that I won in Edinburgh. I went out with them until six or seven miles, then I took the lead and dictated the pace from there on. But you can't always do this.

**RW:** *Reading between the lines of what you've been saying, I gather that in a marathon you wouldn't push yourself to the maximum and go for time from the outset—unless, of course, you were going for a record.*

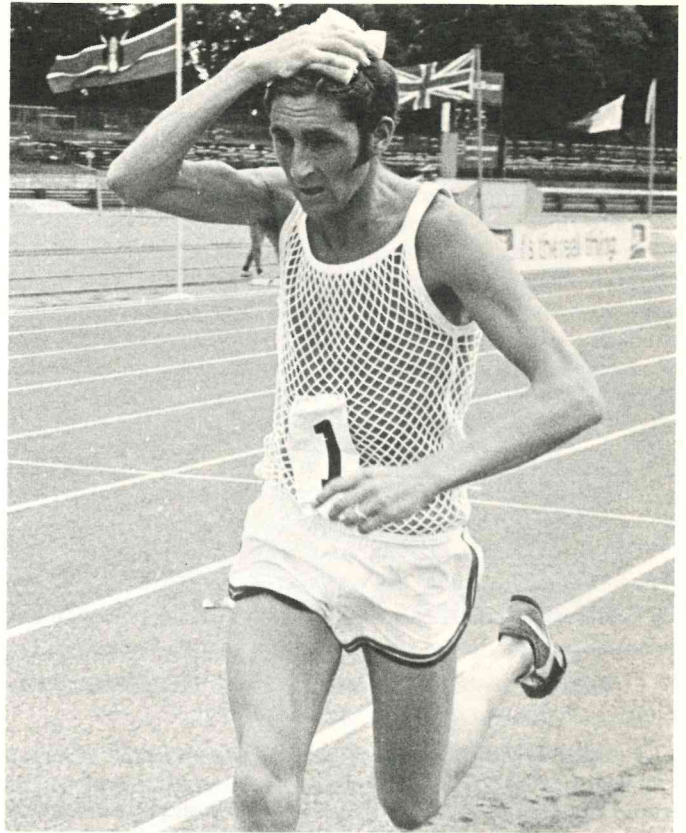
**Hill:** I'm willing to do that sometime in the not-too-distant future because I would like to run sub-2:08. It's one of the things I want to do. I've said this before: before Munich I'd like to run sub-2:07. I'd like to just clip 2:07.

**RW:** *How would you like the running world to remember you?*

**Hill:** (Long pause) Well, I'd like the running world to remember me as the Olympic champion in '72 and the man who first broke 2:06 for the marathon. At present, I'd probably be soon forgotten. I'd be a name in the record book—you know, the Commonwealth champion and the Boston champion. I don't know, possibly the Commonwealth may go down as a great race because, you know, there were some good people in the race. We'll have to wait and see.

But I don't know. I tend to think I'm still just ordinary Ron Hill, which I am. To me, Edinburgh didn't see all that fantastic. I mean, I said after the race that I didn't have a particularly good day. It wasn't one of my best days at all.

But the thing about my running is not to achieve something that people will remember me by. I don't think any runner is running so that, on a particular day, he's going to go out



One victory that escaped Hill this year was the 30-kilometer track run where Jim Alder set a world record. Ron, who finished third, also broke the record. (Mark Shearman photo)

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“I'm sort of a pioneer. I've invented training sessions that are unique to me—I'm sure nobody else does them—designed to give acceleration, to give speed, to make a workout hard but interesting so that one does not get tired of training, so that one doesn't start to dread training.”

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and say, “I'm going to do something today that people will remember me by.” There's no question of this. At least, it's never entered my head before. That's why, when you put the question to me, I had to stop and think.

**RW:** *You're going back to run in Fukuoka (Japan) in December, aren't you?*

**Hill:** Yeah.

**RW:** *What, if anything, could you tell us about what you'd like to achieve there?*

**Hill:** I can't tell you anything about that.

**RW:** *Well, let me give you a leading question then. There's been talk in certain circles about a possible world record at Fukuoka this year. If I were to tell you that it will take a world record to win there this year, what would you say?*

**Hill:** I think you'd be right.



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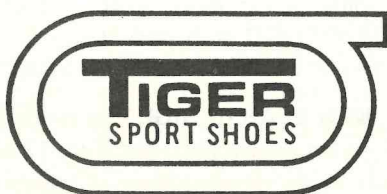
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# RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

● **Durban, South Africa**—Two Daves, Bagshaw and Box, ran one-two in the classic Comrades 54-mile run from Pietermaritzburg. Bagshaw ran 5:51:27 to win from a field of 825 starters, of which 636 finished.

● **Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 5**—Californian John Pagliano, who ran last for the first several miles and wandered from the course for some distance late in the race, won the AAU Junior 50-mile championship in 5:53:08.7. Bob Hunnerdosse (5:59:04) was just under six hours, and Ed Walkwitz 45 seconds over.

● **Toronto, Ont., Sept. 6**—After a season filled with more frustration than one runner should have to bear (dropouts in his two marathons—Boston and Commonwealth Games—after being one of the world's best in that event last year), Jerome Drayton found happiness. It came in the form of a world 10-mile record of 46:37.6, which broke by 6½ seconds Ron Hill's mark. Drayton sped through mile splits of 4:36, 9:11, 13:50, 18:33, 23:15, 27:57, 32:38, 37:20 and 42:01 en route. Although a good distance back, Bob Moore (48:49.6) and Bob Fitts (48:58.2) both got commendable times.

● **Spokane, Wash., Sept. 13**—Phil Burkwist, 20, swept to a 2:25:26 clocking in the first marathon of his life.

● **College, Alaska, Sept. 19**—Over 900 runners, joggers and hikers began the Equinox marathon covering mountain-side roads and trails. More than 700 finished, with Chris Haines becoming the first runner ever to break three hours on the rugged course. Chris ran 2:59:01.

● **Everett, Wash., Sept. 20**—A one-hour run dropout unofficially set four world records. Vicki Foltz passed four miles in 23:05.2, five in 29:07.8, six in 35:00.6 and 10,000 meters in 36:13.8 for the fastest times ever recorded by a woman. A sore leg forced her out at that point. Meanwhile, Don Kardong went 11 miles 1525 yards in the hour, and Jim Shepard was 19 yards back.

● **London, Ontario, Sept. 27**—The Springbank International Road Races lived up to their billing as "class" events (*RW*, September 1970). Ron Hill and Jerome Drayton hooked up in a match that brought them home nearly three minutes below the record. Hill broke clear from Drayton late in the race to win in 55:34.6 for 11.6 miles; Drayton ran 55:49.6. Andy Boychuk (57:17.8) and Mike Kimball (57:29.8) also broke the record, and record holder Amby Burfoot just missed it while running fifth. Frank Shorter continued his superb running by winning the 4½-mile race from a strong field. He did 19:52.8 for the shorter race. Jack Bacheler, just off a summer vacation, was fifth.

● **Brighton, England, Sept. 27**—Joe Clare picked up one of the most prestigious prizes in super-distance running when he won the London to Brighton 52½-miler in 5:41:08. He won by 14 minutes on the hot day.

● **Kosice, Czechoslovakia, Oct. 4**—While Mikhail Gorelov of the Soviet Union was winning an international marathon here with 2:16:26.2, the best "world record holder" Derek Clayton could manage was fifth in 2:21:10.

● **Rocklin, Calif., Oct. 18**—Imagine this. After racing for more than five hours, less than three seconds separated Bob Deines and Skip Houk at the end of the AAU 50-mile championship. Deines ran 5:15:19.2, Houk 5:15:22.0, and four other runners got below the best time ever recorded by an American. (*see feature story in this issue*)

● **Detroit, Mich., Oct. 18**—Jerome Drayton completed his first marathon of the year with a 2:23:08 victory.

# COMING EVENTS

## November

- 14 Western Athletic Conference cross-country, El Paso, Tex.
- 14 Pacific-8 Conference cross-country, Pullman, Wash.
- 14 Canadian Intercollegiate cross-country, Vancouver, B.C.
- 14 Central Collegiate cross-country, Carbondale, Ill.
- 14 Big 10 Conference cross-country, East Lansing, Mich.
- 14 NCAA College Division cross-country, Wheaton, Ill.
- 16 IC4A cross-country, Bronx, N.Y. (Van Cortlandt Park)
- 16 Southeastern Conference cross-country, Birmingham, Ala.
- 21 AAU Junior cross-country, San Diego, Calif. (Balboa Park)
- 21 AAU Junior 20-kilometer, Albuquerque, N.M.
- 21 NAIA cross-country, Liberty, Mo.
- 21 USTFF Western cross-country, Fresno, Calif.
- 21 Houston marathon, Houston, Tex.
- 22 New Jersey AAU marathon, Peapack-Gladstone, N.J.
- 23 NCAA University cross-country, Williamsburg, Va.
- 26 USTFF cross-country, University Park, Pa.
- 26 Ft. Phantom Hill marathon, Abilene, Tex.
- 28 AAU Women's and Girls' cross-country, St. Louis, Mo.
- 28 AAU Senior cross-country, Chicago, Ill. (Washington Pk.)
- 29 William Ruthrauff marathon, Philadelphia, Pa.

## December

- 5 North Central marathon, Naperville, Ill.
- 6 Western Hemisphere marathon, Culver City, Calif.
- 13 Pacific AAU marathon, Petaluma, Calif.
- 26 Atlanta marathon, Atlanta, Ga.

## January

- 9 Mission Bay marathon, San Diego, Calif.
- 9 Madera marathon, Madera, Calif.
- 16 Beaumont marathon, Beaumont, Tex.
- 23 Duraleigh marathon, Durham to Raleigh, N.C.
- 30 Ground Hog Day marathon, Petit Jean State Park, Ark.

# CLASSIFIED NOTICES

RATES: 15 cents a word (general), 10 cents a word (meet notices)

**DISTANCE RUNNERS** — Run in the 1971 Mardi Gras Marathon, Sunday, February 21, then see the greatest free show on earth — Mardi Gras, Tuesday, February 23. Four days, room and board, \$20 total cost, accommodations for 150 runners. Limited travel assistance to top marathoners. A great opportunity, Yes; but open to legitimate marathoners only. For details contact: Dick Cochran, New Orleans Track Club, 1329 Melody Drive, Metairie, Louisiana 70002.

**GREENBELT, MD.**, Sunday 29 November 1970, 1:00 p.m., 20-Mile Road Run, Sponsored by Greenbelt Jaycees, 5-mile handicap, 1-mile ladies run, 2-mile. 4 Loop course, 10 miles east of Washington, D.C., at Washington Beltway (495) and Baltimore-Washington Parkway. Post entries. Information about this and other D.C. area races, Larry Noel, 105 Northway Road, Greenbelt, Md. 20770, 301 474-9362.

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# A REJECTION OF "BIGNESS"

BY KEN MOORE

Big-time marathoning will come to Anaheim, Calif., in February when a dozen of the world's leaders compete in the World Masters race—a Grand Prix-style event in and around the baseball stadium. Promoters are distributing 200,000 free tickets, hoping to fill the stadium. One runner who won't be there is Ken Moore. In this open letter to the meet director, Moore eloquently explains why he is declining a position in the exclusive field. We reprint it here (at Ken's suggestion) not to dampen enthusiasm for an admirable project, but to present one top runner's view of the sport and his role in it.

Dear Sir:

I just received your invitation to the World Masters marathon in February, and it occurs to me that I am not understood. Let me try to explain my feelings about running marathons.

I began running long distances as training for track races at Oregon, and grew to enjoy it for its own sake. The countryside here is green and varied, with many quiet roads through forests and beside clear streams. The air is seldom anything but that, pure air (although sometimes diluted with pure rain). I have come to value my long runs, alone or with others, as recreational experiences. I don't seem to need large, cheering crowds or savage races against the best runners in the world to justify my running 25 or 30 miles on Saturday afternoons.

Now, as I understand it from your flyer and letter, you propose to have 12 men race a marathon, alternating miles on a baseball infield and a stadium parking lot. Thirty thousand people will take in this spectacle, during the lull moments of which they will be kept awake by a fife and drum corps.

Your aim of generating interest in marathon running is commendable. But do you think many of your 30,000 spectators will be so enthralled by the sight of 12 wheezing men wobbling around a ball park that they will begin a sensible program of jogging, leading eventually to a true enjoyment of running? I don't.

You may certainly disagree, but there isn't enough violence, enough blood (except that seeping from our shoes) in marathon running to enable it to pull in spectators. I don't believe marathon runners would have it any other way. Spectators, especially in areas which have professional teams, are obtrusive, rude people who act as though their partisanship towards an athlete gives them ownership as well.

I don't run for other people.

You plan to conduct two marathons in one day, adding a morning section for everyone not competing in the 12-man Masters race. This is difficult for me to understand. Why is it not possible for everyone to run together? It seems that providing an opportunity for young runners to race the world's best would do more toward generating interest in the sport than removing such an opportunity. Were I to come, I would ask to run the morning section.

I have tried to explain why, despite your kind offer of expenses, I don't find this my kind of race.

I decline your invitation.

Cordially,

Kenny Moore

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# The Relevance of Running

BY JOE HENDERSON

"A man is rich in proportion to the things he can do without," wrote Henry David Thoreau—a true "drop-out." Thoreau learned to live a full, natural, rich life by stripping away the trappings—the material "necessities"—of 19th century living and splitting for Walden Pond. There he could think, read, write, work and accumulate the riches that don't cost anything.

Now, 100 years later, America has taken on much more of the illusion of richness than Thoreau ever could have envisioned. But as material wealth piles up, the quality of life seems to grow steadily poorer and shallower.

There aren't any Walden Ponds left to run to. They're all polluted, on private property surrounded by barbed-wire fences, or are parks with flush toilets and camper trucks on their banks.

If Thoreau were living today, he might have to find his "Walden" on a long run.

While wealth brings relief from financial poverty, it can replace it with new poverty of the spiritual and physical sort. The highest paying jobs also tend to be those with the most obligations, responsibilities and restrictions. They're necessary, and can be rewarding, but they can also take their toll in health and life-style if there isn't a safety valve to release pressure.

Roger Bannister, of four-minute mile fame and now a prominent British physician, wrote of this in his book *The First Four Minutes*, "We seek individual freedom in a world that of necessity imposes more and more restrictions. The less we find freedom in our work, the more we shall need to find freedom in the games we play."

Bannister uses the concept of "freedom." He could just as easily say "creativity," "self-expression," "self-discovery," "meaningful social relationships," "relevance" or "humanism." The point is that the military-industrial society in all its complexity has robbed us of simple yet essential human values and activities that we must rediscover if life is to retain its quality and we're to retain our sanity.

Running in itself isn't so big and important that it has magical, mystical powers to cure all our personal and societal ills. But it is (or can be) a highly valuable aid to getting our values and priorities screwed back around. And it can give a meaningful anchor we can grab ahold of to keep from being tossed about quite so much by all the alienation and irrelevance swirling around us.

Running's real values are its aloneness and togetherness.

Aloneness is a beautiful quality that's all but smothered in this cramped, collective society. Individual action that's personally meaningful is rare. A much-neglected benefit of long distance running is that, by necessity or choice, the runner spends lots of time alone with himself and his thoughts. He does his own thinking, planning, questioning, suffering, discovering and creating. His running is his, no one else's. If it's important to him, that's all that matters.

I almost always run alone. I prefer it. Getting out alone in the early-morning air forces the cobwebs from my brain and allows me to think for an hour or so. There's no radio shouting at me, no TV or stereo, nothing that has to be read or written, no conversation, no busywork. Just thinking.

The thoughts cover the whole range. Sometimes I think about running. Usually the thinking runs off in other directions. Not many people get together and talk with themselves for an hour a day. A solitary runner has to—I should say, gets to—and it's an enlightening, creative experience.

The "togetherness" is, of course, equally real and vitally important. Wherever one goes in running—whether the setting is high school track or Olympic marathon—there's going to be plenty of spirited interrelating. The sport, by its nature, encourages this, and only the amount varies. For many reasons, the socializing is strongest among the road running fraternity.

Many factors go into the togetherness we feel. Mainly there's an unspoken mutual understanding of how fellow runners feel and think. There's mutual admiration and respect as well. We have common bonds that don't allow any other runner to really be a stranger. Although many of us aren't the type who comfortably approach strangers, we can readily and comfortably go up and start gabbing with a runner we've never met. I regularly meet other runners on the road. We almost instinctively exchange waves and words, though we may never have seen each other before. It's hard to imagine doing this with drivers on the same road.

Maybe a sometimes hostile non-running public influences this attitude of closeness, too. Oppressed peoples traditionally band together for support and protection. We see this among black people, whose common skin color and common heritage of ill treatment brings them closer to each other. A black accustomed to being ignored, stared at, ridiculed, or even persecuted feels particularly attracted to another friendly black face. A runner who has weathered miles of stares, jeers, wild drivers and yapping dogs is relieved to see another runner going through the same treatment.

Human hostility, though, isn't a big thing. And as running's physical values become more and more widely recognized, whatever there is of it should decrease. Environmental hostility is more common. We all have to face the insults of weather, distance, terrain and the like, and having friendly folks for support makes struggling against an unyielding environment easier.

The factor of distance has perhaps more to do than anything else with the sincere friendship runners feel toward each other. As distance grows, the struggle becomes progressively more personal and less man-to-man. Competition, with all its separating and depersonalizing effects, shrinks in importance. Every man has his own race to run, and that's that. He welcomes company, but winning in its commonly-accepted definition becomes all but inconsequential.

Bob Deines commented after a 50-mile race last fall (which he won, and got what was thought to be an American "record") that he was amazed how friendly everyone was. Each time he met someone on the out-and-back 10-lap course, they exchanged good wishes. When they finished, there was no what he called "worship-the-winner ritual" among the runners. They admired him, but they didn't envy him. They were too busy taking satisfaction with their own 50-milers. They had "won," too.

This feeling that "everyone can win, no matter where

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"Running's real values are its aloneness and togetherness."





Where else but in marathoning would competitors—who've raced for over 2½ hours—grab hands at the end for an intentional tie? (Don Chadez photo)

you place" draws all sorts of people to road running and greatly enhances its social benefits. There'll be men and women, fast and slow, fat and skinny, five years old and 75. Before the race, much more so afterward, and even en route, there's talking, talking, talking. And it isn't all, by any means, about "how fast I ran, how well I finished."

In my own case, I do far, far more running than needed for mere fitness. And yet I don't do enough for really good racing. The daily hour has to be explained in terms of the beautiful aloneness it gives.

My interest in racing for racing's sake and its time-place rewards (usually none) isn't high. I could quite easily keep running as I do without ever racing. But I keep racing—almost weekly—for its beautiful togetherness.

But not everyone agrees. This fact came to me rather shockingly while in college. Group training was mandatory. "You get lazy and don't push yourself," we were told. Subtle pressures were applied to view opposing teams as "the enemy." At one race, a longtime friend (who happened to run with another school) turned and ran the other way when I approached him with hand extended. He later told me that his coach had ordered, "Don't talk to guys from the other team. It's a sign of weakness." My own coach's motto was, "Second place ain't worth a damn." To him, there was no value in running except winning, or at least that's the impression he gave.

Philosopher Marshall McLuhan has written that since the spread of the mass media, style has become more important than content. The media depends on making instant impressions. They hit the listener, viewer or reader with a message that will stick, whether they're selling corn flakes, a candidate or a concept.

It's flashy, witty and catchy, this first impression. And usually superficial.

In our fast-paced, impersonal society, we try desperately to create impressions and identities. To make someone notice in a world that doesn't see. To make someone remember in a world that doesn't care to remember. The style, the surface, becomes all-important as an attention-grabber and an impression maker.

Running's barely-visible content is far different from the style it shows the public. The style gets the attention. The competition, the times and places, the crowd, the prizes and

publicity, the team score, the trips and scholarships, the health, the pain and strain. This is the surface that writers write about, coaches preach about, fans cheer about, runners brag about. All these surface features have powerful immediate lure and certain fleeting value—particularly if they lead us to discovering what's hidden beneath. But fast times, high places and the like are available to very few runners. Measuring a man's success and worth with these numbers and comparisons, giving them undue attention, dehumanizes the sport the same way high-productivity industrialization dehumanizes individual workers.

Aloneness and togetherness are available to everyone, and are the relevant essentials of all running. Strip away the surface images and running can still survive if there's a solid base of self-awareness and mutual admiration-respect. Without them, the surface is a fragile shell that's shattered by the slightest trauma.

Paul Bernstein, who's studying the relevance and humanizing benefits of distance running for a possible book, says a number of high-level runners have mentioned to him that they receive no more than "superficial freeing and socializing" benefits. I can see how some runners might feel this way. They get so tangled in the web of ambition, recognition, schedules, times, work and worry that personal, social and natural contacts do, indeed, become superficial to them. It's too bad.

Getting together with ourselves, others and the air and the earth seem plenty natural and human and relevant to me. I'd hate to think that thinking, talking, traveling along the ground and breathing the air were "superficial" activities. But maybe that's how far society and "civilization" have come by the last third of the 20th century. Maybe that's how poor we've become in the process of getting rich.

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# --ON THE RUN--

BY HAL HIGDON

It was a good summer. Towns such as Redfield and Hurley made it so.

Back in 1965 my family spent August in New England, hitting the road racing circuit, competing sometimes two or three times a week in places such as Holden and Salem and Ware. There were trophies, prizes, good competition. New England was a Horn of Plenty, a veritable cornucopia of delights for the long distance runner. I enjoyed myself, and my family enjoyed itself, because there were people to meet and things to see. A couple of the races were combined with carnivals. You don't feel apologetic about training five and six days a week when your family can share your fun.

It has always been that way in New England. I am happy to report that finally it is getting that way elsewhere in the United States, too. At least the midwest has signs of turning into a Horn of Plenty for road runners, too. A case in point is Redfield, Iowa—site of the national marathon championships. My road atlas lists the population of Redfield at 966 people. It is an ideal community for a road race. In Chicago, New York, or Los Angeles you could host the Olympic Trials, possibly even the Games, and the majority of the people would turn from their television sets only long enough to say, "Oh, izzat right? Bring me another Coors."

But in Redfield, the entire town cared—largely due to the yeoman work of fellow marathoner Dr. T.C. Peace. There were "Welcome Marathoners" signs throughout the town. The townspeople opened their homes to the runners. We were provided by one farm family with a mobile home to live in the night before the race. We were guided to the home by the mayor of the town, who proceeded to sit around and chat with us. (Somehow I don't think Dick Daley would have given us the same treatment in Chicago.) We wandered into town that night and attended an auction on the main street, more entertaining than any X-rated big-city film.

Much of the race wound through typical Iowa farm country, beautiful, charming, peaceful (no pun intended). I carry one memory of the race with me. I had gone out fast with the leaders, then began to lose contact after four or five miles. A short time later we moved through a slight "dip" (not quite a valley) in the countryside leading up to a 90-degree turn to the left. As I moved through the dip I looked several hundred yards and saw the lead runners move through the turn. The slight angle between me in the dip and them on the other road placed the lead runners exactly on the horizon. I could see Fitts, Daws, Deines, the rest, silhouetted against the clear Iowa sky. It is moments such as these that make running worthwhile.

The morning was hot and we bucked a wind the last eight miles, but I can hardly blame Dr. Peace for that. What *is* encouraging is that finally we have come to realize the wisdom of running our summer long distance races early in the morning or late in the evening.

One sour note was sounded at Redfield, however. Augie Jarvis (a former Boston marathon roommate of mine) nearly was disqualified for crossing the finish line minus his shirt. Originally I had frowned on shirtless runners, perhaps under the theory: "If I have to wear one, everyone should wear one."

But later during the summer at the "Panther Pant" in Charleston, Ill., race organizer Tom Woodall stood at the starting line on a muggy morning and *suggested* that runners in the 20-kilometer race remove their shirts. And I thought, why not?

What is more important, the health of the athletes or blind obedience to a rule? Woodall had radicalized me.

Even Indiana has blossomed forth as a summer haven for road runners. I say "even" because when I first moved into the state a half dozen years ago I tried to promote a regular schedule of distance runs throughout the year. I had some success for a couple of years, but several key people moved out of the state and the program dwindled. But this summer there were races in Valparaiso, Elkhart, Indianapolis, Chesterton and several other cities. Mostly the fields were small (30 or 40 runners) with sparse prizes, but I didn't hear any complaints. I claim no credit for this running renaissance in my state. It simply has happened and I rejoice at the fact. Would you believe that there was a marathon in Grand Rapids, Mich., this fall? Grand Rapids, Mich.! It fits in with the pattern.

Seventy-two runners appeared at the starting line of a race I sponsored near my home in Michigan City, despite my announcement on the entry blanks that the showers would have cold water, that the course was so difficult that nobody could possibly run a good time, and that since I planned to put no monitors on the turns each runner was responsible for not getting lost. On top of that, an attempt to record finishers by tape failed so badly that I still haven't figured out who placed where.

I expect more than a hundred entrants next year.

One of the competitors was Tim Wason, a student at Principia College. A couple of weeks later, I competed in his race in suburban Glen Ellyn, Ill. Each Thursday evening during the summer Tim and several of his friends sponsor a series of cross-country races at different distances and for various age groups in one of the local parks. A hundred or so runners show up, pay a small fee to enter, and receive a ribbon if they place. Very low pressure. A number of the high school coaches encourage their runners to come over and race in the meets, for fun, with no worry whether or not they'll disgrace the honor of their school by winning or losing. Glen Ellyn is where it's happening, baby, and Glen Ellyn isn't an isolated case, even in the Chicago area.

Toward the end of the summer I drove to Hurley, Wisc., to run in the Paavo Nurmi marathon. My family was with me; we planned to go canoeing up in the Minnesota wilderness the following week. The Paavo Nurmi race is connected with the Olympia Sports Village, which is run by Tom Rosandich, an opinionated but lovable SOB, a former Marine captain who (having lived once in Indonesia) wore a sarong around the camp even when the Green Bay Packers trained there this summer.

Bob Anderson (*RW* publisher) visited the Sports Village the previous year and was almost booted out of camp by Tom for fomenting an athletes' revolt. Anyone who would kick Anderson out of camp can't be all bad.

Anyway, here's this marathon race 400 miles from nowhere—I mean, *really* in the boondocks—only in its second year of operation, and 216 runners show up. *Two hundred sixteen!* The Boston marathon was in business nearly 70 years before that many runners entered.

And it was great. We started out in some tiny village, even smaller than Redfield, surrounded by piney trees, and just as the starter raised his gun it began to rain. It was like an act of God. The whole field of runners applauded. When the word spreads that Rosandich has that sort of control over the weather, he'll have 5000 starters next year.



# ACHILLES TENDON SUFFERER FINDS RELIEF

BY BOB CARMAN

I have had a great deal of trouble with my right achilles tendon for the past few years. Since 1966 or so, I have been unable even to jog without pain in the tendon. All the standard and non-standard treatments were applied to no avail. I have been soaked (hot and cold); infra-red and ultra-violated; taped and strapped; fed salt, vitamins A, B (1 through 12), C, D, E and K, wheat germ oil, cod liver oil, castor oil, etc; had heels added inside and outside my shoes; changed running surfaces from grass to road to sand to track to grass and so on; tried fartlek, interval training, LSD, SSD and even LFD; gave up sex, tried hourly sex; had cortisone shots to the point where one massive dose knocked me unconscious; have been plied with various medicines from aspirin to muscle relaxants to anti-inflammatory enzymes (and probably inflammatory enzymes if there are any); taken pills of all persuasions from thyroidal to hemorrhoidal; been vibrated with ultrasound, x-rays, ice massage and galvanic shocks. I have even tried—God forbid—rest.

All to no avail. For the past four years I have not run a step without pain. Now this would be delightful if I were one of your common, garden-variety, masochist runners. But I find that excessive pain has an inhibiting effect on my running.

My discomfort reached a peak while I was engaged in a public execution known as the last six miles of a 50-miler. I managed to drag on to the finish but afterward the tendon problem had escalated so that I was unable to walk properly, and I managed only 10 weeks of three miles a day jogging in the succeeding nine months. A succession of doctors examined my right foot, agreed that all was not well and recommended rest (I sat it out for 10 straight weeks), cortisone shots (by mid-April I had cortisone for blood), and a highly-esteemed sports surgeon noted for his ability to rebuild pro-baseballers and basketballers recommended that I take up swimming or bridge.

Two bright spots then emerged: (1) Ron Pickering, British national track coach and a personal friend, visiting during the holidays, diagnosed it as the latest episode in a chronic partial rupture of the achilles tendon—a condition that could be corrected by surgery. He advised me to “go for the op.” (2) I met a very bright MD who did some detective work, decided Pickering was right, and thought he knew how to correct it.

The doctor's theory was that the right calcaneus (or heel bone) was rubbing against the interior side of the achilles tendon and cutting through it. On June 16, he went in and found that the calcaneus, rather than being reasonably rounded on its upper outer edge was squarish and sharp and had cut through nearly 40% of the tendon. (Fifty miles is hard enough; I don't really need a handicap.) He removed a one-half inch thick wedge of bone from the calcaneus and repaired the severed tendon.

He predicts that I will regain full use of the tendon but approximately a year will be needed for complete healing of the damage done over the past 6-10 years. In an effort to speed up the healing process, I loaded up on vitamins—especially very large doses of E and C, for a month before the operation and since that time. The results have been gratifying. He predicted 3-6 weeks in a cast, and I was out of the cast in two weeks. He

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*Bob Carman, a 39-year-old college professor from southern California, ran a 2:22:17 marathon in 1960—before he encountered the tendon miseries he describes here.*

predicted several weeks on crutches after the cast, and three weeks after the operation I was able to walk (or perform a reasonable imitation thereof). I began to jog in August, and am coming back slowly but with relatively little pain.

I do not know if there is any lesson here for you fellow achilles tendon sufferers. But I suspect that the achilles problems we runners experience are of four sorts: (1) simple tendonitis; (2) chronic tendonitis; (3) partial rupture; (4) chronic partial rupture. The first may be alleviated by changing your training location (to grass or beach or track or something different), by putting heels on your shoes, running less, or by rest. The usual medic strategy seems to be to treat all achilles injuries as if they were simple tendonitis and ignore all other possibilities. The second ailment is a chronic mystery and may require cortisone shots and/or extended rest. Partial rupture requires complete rest or even immobilization for a time. Chronic partial rupture, which I apparently have had for the past several years, requires surgery and, in my case, elimination of underlying causal factors. In any but slight partial rupture, surgery will probably be needed if full functioning is to be regained. The difficulty lies in determining which of these problems is the cause of the symptoms of tendon pain experienced. That determination is very difficult since all four problems have almost identical outward appearances. I have no solutions. I simply present one man's problem and (we hope) solution in hopes that it may be instructive to others.

*(Reprinted from Seniors Track Club Newsletter)*

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## CLASSIFIED NOTICES

RATES: 15 cents a word (general), 10 cents a word (meet notices)

**ANAHEIM DAY. . . TWO MARATHONS. . . ALL FLAT** Saturday, February 6, 1971. . . start and finish at Anaheim Stadium. . . 7 a.m. Vigorade Marathon. . . Awards to all finishers under five hours. . . 1 p.m. World Masters Marathon: Limited to 12 selected World Class Runners. For first time in marathon history, runners will be visible to spectators throughout the race. . . Drill Team Entertainment. . . Bugle and Drum Corps. . . Cheerleaders. . . Awards Ceremonies at a Dinner Banquet. . . Entry Blanks will be enclosed in next issue of Runner's World or write: Richard Doyle, 232 S. Lemon St. Anaheim, Calif. 92805.

**ANNOUNCING: USTFF - Beaumont Marathon, January 16, 1971** — Beaumont, Texas. For entry blanks and information write: Carl Babcock, Head Track Coach, Athletic Department, Lamar State College, Beaumont, Texas 77705.

**VETERAN ATHLETES**, Join the U.S. Masters International Track Team. See the '72 Munich Olympics and compete in London and Cologne in International Track Meets, Cross-country, and World Veteran Marathon. Age group competition. Non-competitors included for trip. Contact David H.R. Pain, 1160 Via Espana, La Jolla, California 92037. Group limited to 500.

**MISSION BAY MARATHON**, Saturday, January 9, 1971. Get best marathon time on this double circuit of San Diego's Mission Bay in Pacific-moderated winter weather. For entry information write Ken Bernard, P.O. Box 10512, San Diego, California 92110. Certified 26-mile 385-yard course.

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# --OUT WALKING--

BY MARTIN RUDOW

Due to a knee operation, I was not able to make the trip to West Germany for the Lugano Cup races. But just at press time I received results of the competition. It seems hopes for a high US placing were a little over-optimistic, but the team still performed acceptably. The US tied for fifth of eight teams.

This year's version of the Lugano Cup had the strongest field ever, with East Germany, sparked by firsts at both 20 and 50 kilometers, edging the USSR for the team title. In the 20, veteran internationalist Hans Reimann took the gold with a spectacular 1:26:54. He beat current and past world record holders Peter Frenkel (EG), Vladimir Golubinchiy (USSR) and Gennadiy Agapov (USSR) to do so. Reportedly it was a terrific race, with the top six men walking hip to hip most of the way. Biggest surprise was the 15th-place finish of Britain's Paul Nihill, last year's European titlist at this distance. Paul, who has been out most of the year due to jaundice, started well, but the effects of his disease had left him too weak to take the blazing pace.

Mexico City gold medalist Chris Hohne of East Germany took the 50-kilometer with a very good 4:04:35. East Germans and Soviets took all of the top six places, something that could have been predicted from their performances all season long. The field was more strung out than in the 20, with 10 minutes separating the top six.

Dave Romansky was the US's top finisher in either race, with eighth in the 20. Right behind him came Tom Dooley, walking his finest race in international competition. This was the first time all year that an American walker had seriously challenged Romansky. Farther back, in 23 and 24, were Ron Daniel and Ron Kulik. In the 50, John Knifton was the top American in 16th place, with a fine 4:28:41—the second fastest time ever for an American in international competition. Rounding out the team were Goetz Klopfer in 19th, and Bob Kitchen in 22nd. Jim Lopes failed to finish.

The results speak for themselves. Not only the US, but the rest of the world as well, has a lot of catching up to do. Over the last few years, East Germany and the Soviet Union have been building extremely strong teams, and the gap between them and the rest of the world seems to be increasing.



Elsewhere, two ultra-long distance walks dominated the news. Walking's most famous ultra-distance race, the London to Brighton 52½-miler, had a rare foreign winner this year. Israel's Shaul Ladany traveled over from New York, where he is residing temporarily, and won the event handily.

Ladany reportedly started at a very fast pace, and pulled away from the large (85 starters) field until the 20-mile mark, where he was challenged by veteran English walker Ray Middleton. Shaul managed to pick up the pace again near the end, however, and won by four minutes. His final time of 7:46:37 has been surpassed only by Olympic gold medalists Don Thomson and Abdon Pamich.

Shaul has been on the American race walking scene off and on since 1966, when he came to study for a masters degree in business at Columbia University. He showed brilliance at distance walks with US all-comers record for 50 miles in 1967 and '68. He represented Israel at Mexico City but fell victim to dysentery and finished well back at 50 kilometers.

Shaul was accompanied by his training partner John

Markon (Senior Olympics champ) who took 20th place. Tales of their summer-long training program have trickled out of the east. Eight-hour strolls were common, right through the blistering east coast summer. At one time, Shaul's legs were

## WALKING HIGHLIGHTS

- **Brighton, England, Sept. 5**—Dr. Shaul Ladany, an Israeli who has lived in the United States, walked a fast 7:46:37 to win the 52½-mile London to Brighton race.
- **Santa Barbara, Calif., Sept. 13**—Two recently naturalized US citizens, John Knifton (formerly of Great Britain) and John Kelly (Ireland), took the top two places in the important AAU Senior 50-kilometer championship, which determined the makeup of the US international team. Knifton walked 4:35:02, 40-year-old Kelly did 4:37:53.8, and Bob Kitchen and Goetz Klopfer took the next two places.
- **Toronto, Ont., Sept. 20**—An American, Jerry Bocci, easily outwalked the field to win the Canadian 50-kilometer championship in 4:54:57.1. Meanwhile, his wife Jeanne did 5:45:20.
- **Stony Brook, N.Y., Sept. 25**—Walking through a thunder and lightning storm, Dave Romansky added the 25-kilometer AAU title to his hoard, doing 1:59:05 to beat John Knifton by about five minutes.
- **Columbia, Mo., Sept. 26-27**—Larry O'Neil, a 64-year-old from Montana, steadily clicked off the track laps almost around the clock as he went 100 miles in 20:42:42. Another veteran, 56-year-old John Argo of Ontario, was the only other walker to finish the 100 miles within the 24-hour time limit.
- **Walnut, Calif., Oct. 4**—The top seven finishers bettered seven miles in the hotly-competitive AAU Senior one-hour championship. Larry Walker made 7 miles 1611 yards, and Ron Laird 7 miles 1065 yards to lead the parade.
- **Eschborn, West Germany, Oct. 10-11**—East Germans and Soviets dominated the Lugano Cup—the world walking championships—as expected. Athletes from the two countries took the top six spots in both the 20- and 50-kilometer events. East German Hans Reimann (EG) won the 20 in 1:26:54.6 (Americans Dave Romansky and Tom Dooley placed nine and 10). Christoph Hohne (EG) led 50-kilometer walkers with 4:04:35.2 (John Knifton of the US finished 16th).
- **Atlantic City, N.J., Oct. 11**—Ron Laird showed a heartening return to form as he easily won the AAU Senior 25-kilometer title in 2:37:11.4. Laird, who didn't qualify for the Lugano Cup team, finished three minutes ahead of Bill Ranney here.

## COMING EVENTS

### November

- 21-2 Ohio TC Carnival (7 & 15 mi.) Worthington, Ohio
- 28 AAU Junior 35-kilometer, Kansas City, Mo.
- 29 Coney Island 10-mile, Brooklyn, N.Y.

### December

- 26 Holiday 10-mile, Chicago, Ill.
- 27 10-mile, Asbury Park, N.J.



covered to the knees with "jock rash," yet even this did not stop him. This kind of training doggedness paid off for both Ladany and Markon as they surprised the British with their good showings.

In the US, another (even longer) one, the fourth annual 100-mile track walk, was held in September at Columbia, Mo. Winner for the fourth straight year was the amazing 64-year-old Montana lumber company executive Larry O'Neil. Larry has never been beaten in this affair, although in 1969 he failed to finish but went the farthest. This year Larry's time of 20:42:42 was faster than his 1968 time but over an hour slower than his 1967 record. Despite some grumblings from his doctor, Larry shows up every year for the national 50-kilometer (where he was a medalist last year), and the 100-miler. He is an outstanding competitor for his age at any distance, but at 100 miles he never has been challenged.

This year's 100 did have another finisher, for the first time—a Canadian canoeist and snowshoe racer John Argo from Mattawa, Ontario. John, 56, hiked the distance in 23:22. Obviously he wasn't challenging the leader, but it must have been nice for Larry to have someone else on the track with him over the last 20 or 30 miles.

A field of 19 started, and with only two finishers it seems that here is an opportunity for someone with strong feet and a strong bladder to take a crack at a "new frontier" in athletics. But don't count out Larry O'Neil yet. We'd give him about 37 more good years. Going 100 at 100 we can see, but 100 at 101 is too much!

••••

With the fate of women's race walking in this country still uncertain, the girls are taking matters into their own hands

and competing unofficially in men's races. The results have been especially impressive of late.

Brenda Whitman has had to surrender her title of best woman distance walker to Detroit's Jeanne Bocci. Jeanne recently covered 50 kilometers in the slightly amazing time of 5:45:20. This is by far the best time ever for a woman in this event. Her interval times at 25 kilometers and up may have been records also. Unfortunately, world records at these distances are not kept, but we've never heard of faster times.

Jeanne also turned in an even more impressive performance in last month's national 30-kilometer championship. She finished 15th, ahead of over half the starting field (all men) with a time of 3:15—only 37 minutes behind Ron Laird's winning time.

One of Jeanne's protegee's, 14-year-old Stella Palamar-chuk, is attempting to compile a list of woman race walkers for use at the AAU national convention, where the plea for official status for the sport will be made. Any names, plus ages and addresses, should be sent to Stella at 6357 Crescent Ave., Cornwell Heights, Pa. 19020.

## MEET GOETZ KLOPFER

Oh, sure. Winning a national walking championship is an honor, just like picking one up in any sport. But its value is depleted somewhat by the fact that there isn't one lone walking champion. Within a year—taking into account outdoor track, indoor track, the host of road distances, junior and senior—as many as 20 athletes might claim the title.

Goetz Klopfer is on all counts one of the United States' very best race walkers, and he surely must attempt about as many of these national races as anyone. Yet when we asked him to list his titles, he answered, "Damned if I know. I never won a national championship."

Aside from the frustration involved, it must not matter much. German-born Goetz (or "Gutz" if you prefer), along with Larry Young and Tom Dooley, has played a big role in the US walking surge that began in about 1967. Klopfer, now 28 but still young by long distance walking standards, has been on nearly every American 50-kilometer team since then.

Goetz placed 10th in the Mexico City Olympic "50". He'd like nothing better than to return to his homeland two years from now and improve, say, seven or so places.

**Goetz H. Klopfer.** Seattle, Wash. (Athens Athletic Club). 28 years old (born June 25, 1942), 5'6", 130 lbs. Occupation: engineer. Began race walking in 1962 at age 20. Self-coached.

**Racing:** 3 kms.—12:50 (1969); 10 kms.—44:55 (1970); 15 kms.—1:08:19 (70); 20 kms.—1:32:24 (69); 30 kms.—2:26:37 (1970); 20 miles—2:37:51 (1970); 50 kms.—4:25:04 (1969); 52½ miles (London-Brighton)—8:19:13 (69). Normal racing range: 3 kms. to 50 kms. Racing frequency: every two weeks.

**Training:** once a day, 6-7 days a week, 12 months a year, 50-90 miles a week. Longest-ever training walk: 43 miles.

**Comments:** "Mon.—easy stroll, 6-10 miles, or nothing to recover from weekend session; weight training for shoulders. Tue.—intervals, 12 x 880 at 3:25, 95 sec. rest, or 10 x 1 km. at 4:25, or 20 x 440 at 1:40 (can't always do them). Wed.—road spin, 10 miles at 7:30-8:00 pace, plus weight training. Thu.—same as Tuesday. Fri.—same as Monday. Sat.—race, and intervals afterwards to get strength at speed when fatigued. Sun.—4-5 hour stroll. If no race on Saturday or Sunday, then a time-trial at anything from 10 to 50 kilometers. Usually can complete a full week only once every three weeks at best."

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"EVERYTHING FOR THE DISTANCE RUNNER"



# 50 Miles of Pure Drama

BY JOE HENDERSON

"I've never seen Bob looking so serious," two of Bob Deines' longtime friends said with mixed pride and amazement as they watched him go through the late phases of his 50-mile run. When talking of Deines, though, you have to put statements like this into proper perspective. He's the epitome of hang-looseness—a slow-talking, drolly-humorous 23-year-old who doesn't move faster than a controlled shuffle except when chasing or being chased in a race. A "serious" race for Bob Deines is anyone else's rather carefree practice jaunt.

We pulled into Rocklin, Calif., 45 minutes before the 8 o'clock start. Already the biggest names in the exclusive sport of super-marathoning were there, milling nervously. Ted Corbitt, whose 5:38:11 in last year's London to Brighton 52½-miler also stood as the country's best 50-mile time. Skip Houk, the ex-boxer who ran 5:38:16 on this course two years ago. Darryl Beardall, who finished only 11 seconds behind Houk in that race. Jim McDonagh, the transplanted Irishman defending his AAU title. John Pagliano, winner of the AAU's junior championship just six weeks earlier. But not Deines.

Eight o'clock arrived. Still no Deines. "I thought we'd started (from Oakland) in plenty of time," Bob said later. "But when we got to Sacramento (some 20 miles away by freeway) and saw a clock saying a quarter till eight, I said, 'uh, oh.'"

If the relative crush of entries—45 men/boys and one woman—hadn't held up registration, Deines wouldn't have made it. "Here come the freaks," an unkind observer remarked as Deines and his long-haired, bearded friends drove up at 8:05. Fresh off a 100-mile ride but typically unruffled, he blended into the starting group for an inconspicuous role he was to maintain for the next four hours.

Rocklin is a most unlikely setting for anything as strenuous as running 50 miles. For anything tougher on a Sunday morning, in fact, than mowing the lawn or riding a cart around the rambling "Whitney National Golf Course."

As we ran through the wide and deserted streets of the upper middle class housing development, one runner with a large imagination, said, "There's a real drama taking place right here in front of these people's houses, and they don't even know it. They'll be sleeping through the first part of the race and watching football behind their closed doors during the last part."

But along with its indifference, Rocklin offers a safe, uncomplicated and generally flat four-lane road that's five miles to a circuit. This year it really was five miles a lap, too. In 1969, Deines had run 5:22 on the course, but a recheck of his route indicated mismarking had resulted in a 47-mile race. No mistake this time. AAU officials came up with measurements of five miles one foot and five miles 10 feet. After going five laps of the race, Dave Waco exclaimed, "This course has to be long!" He didn't leave it at opinion. He promptly dropped out, pulled a calibrated measuring wheel from his car and proceeded to walk a lap. On his return, he happily volunteered, "Well, you're right. I get 17 feet too long, which is well within the allowable limit."

Houk and Beardall got away fast and looked as if they were going to decide the winner between themselves. But ob-

servers, I included, are too used to judging races in mile and 10-mile terms. "Contact" doesn't mean a whole lot in a race this long, where fatigue-induced disaster hovers over the imprudent. Even when they were leading by many minutes in the middle laps, Skip and Darryl knew this. On 90-degree turns, both looked intently to the side to see who might be closing in on them.

By 10 miles, a classic pattern already had shown itself. It was "racers" (Houk and Beardall) vs. "pacers" (Deines, Corbitt and McDonagh). The front-runners were trying to build a lead no one could make up. The followers were counting on a slowdown upfront.

The leaders lapped me just after they'd passed 25 miles. They were understandably serious. By contrast, a "serious" Deines—though concentrating more than usual—pulled off the road into an open field as he passed me a mile farther along. As he answered nature's call, he smiled and said, "Last stop for 30 miles. I guess it's better to do it now than later."

All joking aside, Deines wanted to win, and with a fast time. Rick Spavins, Bob's college buddy while they were at Occidental and the man who helped get him hooked on slow training, commented, "I couldn't believe him this week. He was eating right, sleeping right, and doing too much training and worrying—just like an athlete is supposed to. But not like Bob usually does."

During the race, too, Bob actually was worrying. "I didn't want to get more than two minutes behind," he said. "But at 30 miles Skip and Darryl were almost 4½ minutes ahead, and they were just as far ahead at 35 miles."

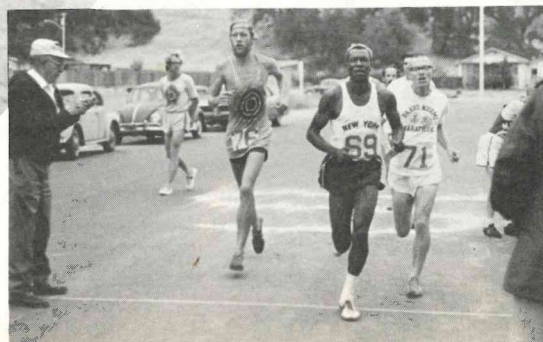
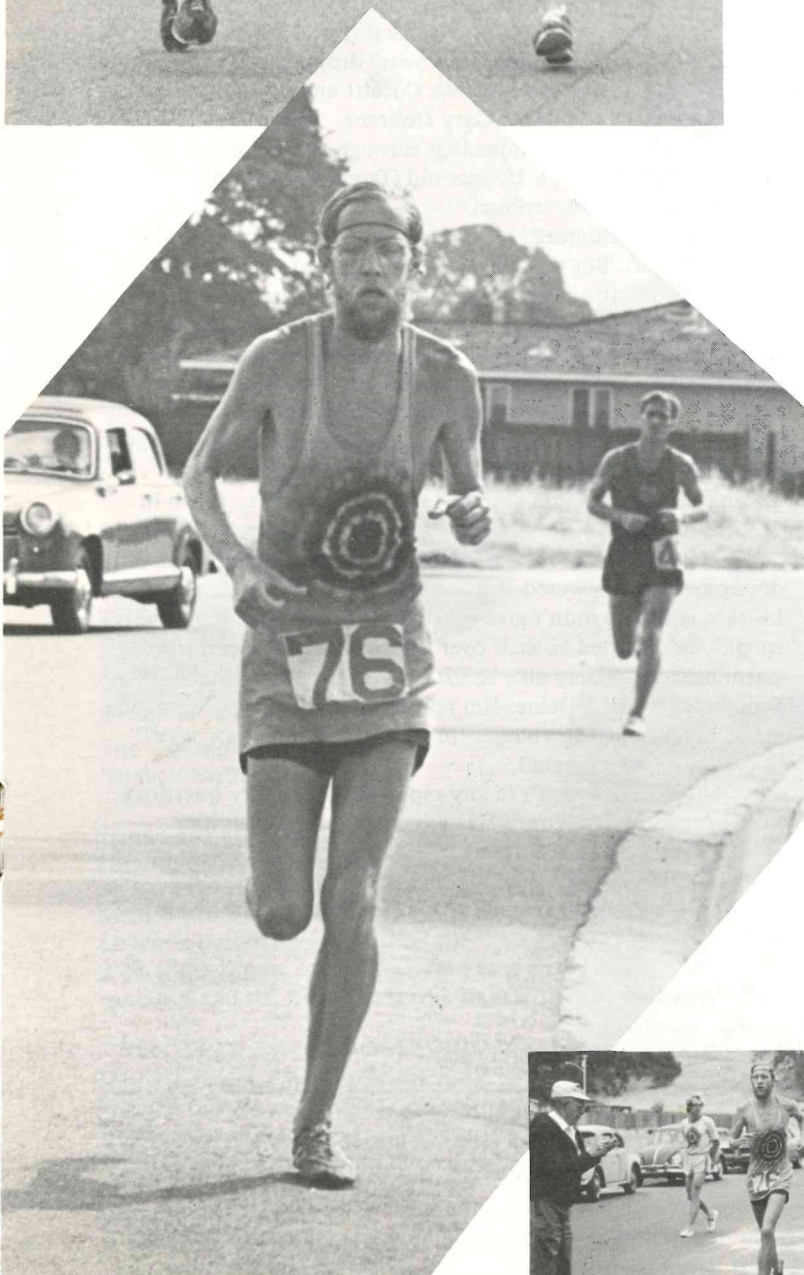
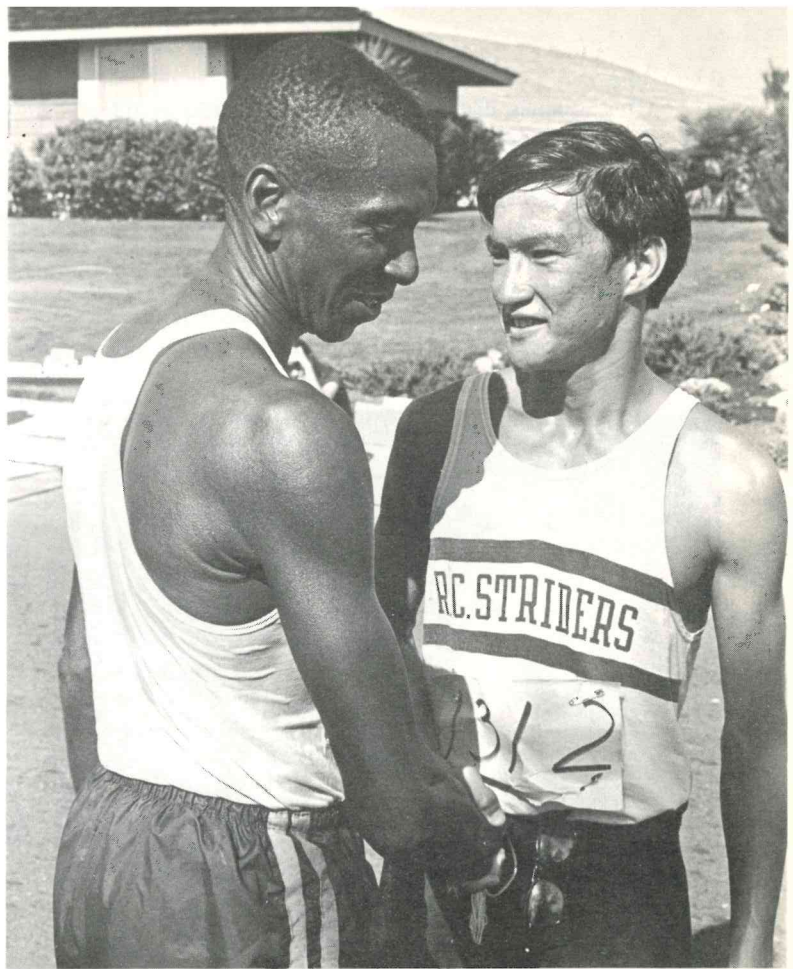
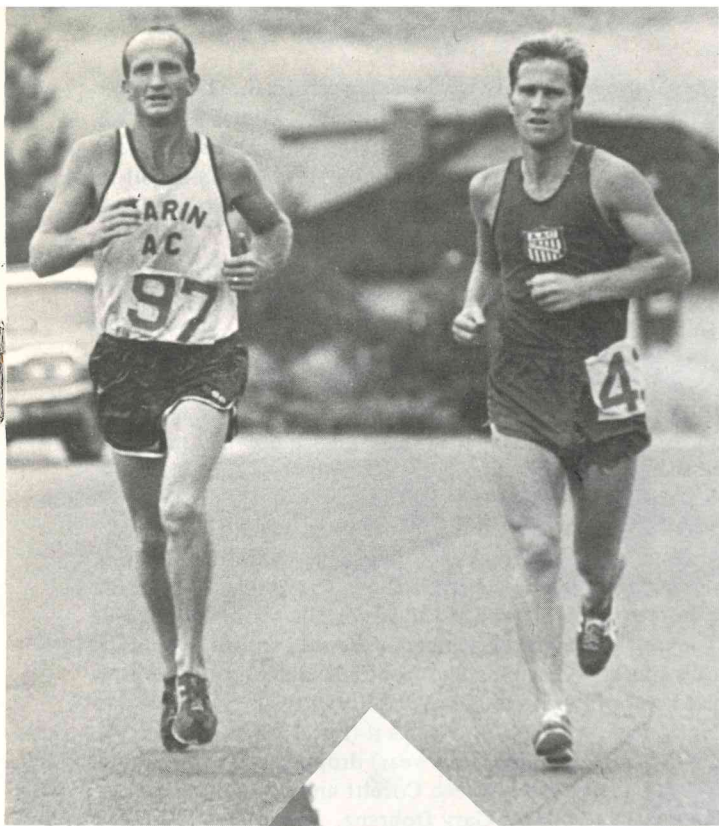
That's where the competitor that's so cleverly hidden inside Bob Deines took over. After seven laps in the 31- to 32-minute range, he ripped through one in 29:46 (more than halving the margin), and another in 29:48. This took him past the 45-mile point—where officials signalled a "gun lap"—eight seconds in front of Houk. Beardall had slipped a bit.

Well, if he's made up that much, it looks like a runaway, observers were saying. "I went great for about a mile," Deines said, "but then those two fast laps hit me. I started dying." Houk had lost his lead and had let Deines get a about a hundred yards ahead, but he hadn't lost his cool and his fight.

I'd quit by this time and was content with spectating. The finish line sits in a valley, with the course visible for less than a quarter-mile in the direction that the runners come from. The last lap seemed to be taking hours. I became aware of time for the first time when an official hollered, "There's five hours." A check of the pace chart showed that both runners had reached 45 miles in under 4:42. They needed a 31-minute finish to bring them in under the world best of 5:12:40.

That 5:12 came and went, but it hardly mattered. Before anyone had time to think about it, the unmistakable figure of Deines—tie-dyed orange jersey clinging to his ribs, blond hair bouncing at shoulder length—popped over the rise a few hundred yards away. Seconds later someone yelled, "My God, there's Houk! They're right together, and Skip's closing in." Indeed he was, his stocky figure a marked contrast to Deines' tall and





**PHOTOS BY JEFF KROOT**

TOP LEFT: Darryl Beardall (left) and Skip Houk lead at halfway.

TOP RIGHT: 50-year-old Ted Corbitt greets 18-year-old Jose Cortez.

LOWER LEFT: One-half-mile to go.

BOTTOM CENTER: Deines, Corbitt, Ken Young (71) and Jim McDonagh (stopped at right) pass 10 miles.

ABOVE: Houk, his wife looking on, recovers from his near-miss effort.



skinny one.

After 50 miles, distance ran out 50 yards too soon for Skip. He was maybe 10 yards behind and closing fast when Deines met the tape.

In a way, it was too bad they couldn't have tied in a race as dramatic as this one. After Houk had made most of the pace for 45 miles, and Deines made up 4½ minutes on him, there shouldn't have had to be a loser. Particularly when less than three seconds separated them. What's three seconds spread over 50 miles—five-hundredths of a second per mile?



They'd produced truly world class performances—leading perhaps the best race ever run at this distance. Deines 5:15:19.2, Houk 5:15:22. Beardall, the victim of lung and ankle ailments a month ago which kept him from running the London-Brighton 52½-miler (fellow runners in the San Francisco area donated money for his trip), finished with a brave 5:18:55.

That's not all. Next came an 18-year-old. Young Jose Cortez actually was zeroing in on the leaders through 45 miles—getting within a couple of minutes of Beardall. But then cramps socked him. He stopped at his car and put on sweat pants before starting his slow and difficult lap. Still he ran 5:30:42. Next came John Pagliano, the freshest looking finisher of all, at 5:33:03. Somehow it was reassuring to glance down at his feet and see mangled toenails. He's a podiatrist—a foot doctor—yet he's afflicted like the rest of us.

Ted Corbitt completed the front group which all finished under the unofficial US best for the distance. Although Ted ran faster comparatively last year (5:38:11 for 52½ miles), this 5:34:01 was his best actual "50", and at the age of 50. "I'm just not able to push myself in training any more," Ted said within five minutes of his finish. "Last year I got over 300 miles a few weeks. This year I was only able to get over 200 twice."

McDonagh, who's 46 and looks it (but doesn't run like it; he owns a 2:28 marathon this year) dropped out after 35 miles, leaving a huge gap between Corbitt and the next man, the first first-time 50-miler Gary Dobrenz. Eventually 26 runners of the original 46 made it through, among them a 63-year-old (Walt Stack), a 12-year-old (David Cortez, Jose's brother) and the lone woman.

Natalie Cullimore, 32, did hard bicycle riding since she was a teenager. But recently a doctor discovered she had degenerative arthritis in her neck, and ruled out further cycling. Wearing a protective collar around her neck, she ran her first race this April, a 14-miler. In August she ran a marathon. Now this. She told her husband, a non-runner, "Promise me you won't even let me think of quitting." She never looked like she was thinking of it, as she smiled the sweetest smile imaginable as she completed each of the 10 five-mile laps. After passing the marathon in about 3:35, she went on to finish in 7:35:57.

Meanwhile, Houk was looking as strong as he always does once he'd showered and dressed, and if he was disappointed his face certainly didn't give him away. Deines was thoroughly spent. He sprawled himself over the back seat of a car, sipping warm beer and barely able to lift his arm for a handshake. Still, he managed a Deines-ism before falling to sleep. Someone asked him, "What do you get for running 50 miles, anyway?" "Sore feet," he answered.

I figured he wasn't in any mood for more silly questions just then, so I waited until Monday afternoon to call him.

"How do you feel today?"

"Worse than if I'd kept going yesterday afternoon."

"How did your feelings this year compare with those last year?"

"I liked last year's race better. This one wasn't really as exciting as that one. It was all new then. Now it's like running a long marathon."

Deines was back to normal.

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Within seconds of finishing his fast and spectacularly close 50-mile run, Bob Deines headed for a suburban lawn and hosed down his warm and weary legs. Deines had come from 4½ minutes behind Skip Houk to win by less than three seconds. (Jeff Kroot photo)



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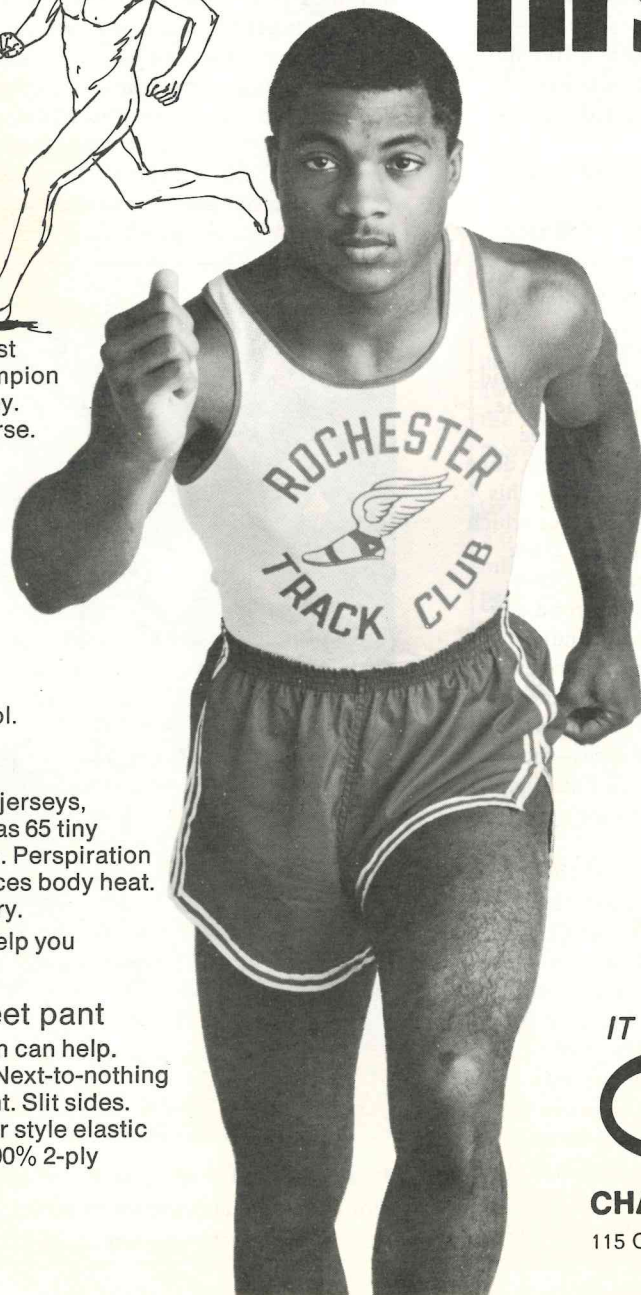


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# Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS

*Runner's World's* policy is to present as comprehensive a picture of athletic endeavor as possible. We read not only of the great names in our sport, but also of others not so widely renowned for their achievements who for one reason or another make their contribution to the enrichment of athletics. One such runner is, I feel, worthy of mention. He could almost be described as an "unknown" so far as the standard events are concerned, yet he has achieved a place right at the top in one sphere of athletics that has been gaining steadily in popularity in England recently. This is that unique combination of cross-country, hill climbing and marathon running known as the "fell" race.

Not so many years ago, the fell race was very much a local affair, the competitors being confined mainly to a few hardy athletes whose stamina has been developed through constant walking and running among the hills where they lived. But as fell races began to receive increasing publicity, long distance flat runners from other areas came into the picture. Here was something new for them, something quite different from the cross-country run and the marathon. It was in fact a mixture of both, with punishing ascents and hazardous descents also included.

If you were to ask any follower of the standard events who Jeff Norman is, they would have to do some pretty hard thinking. But to those whose interests include fell racing, Jeff has made quite a name for himself over the past year or two—so much so that he now is regarded by many as "King of the Mountain."

In many ways, Jeff Norman's success is surprising. He always has lived in one of the flattest parts of the country, and is neither built like a hill climber nor is his running action the kind one usually associates with fell running. He has a free stride and higher than usual back lift, and all his training is done on the flat roads and paths around his home. But despite this environment and style of running, it is the tough fell race which has fired his imagination and at which he has made his mark.

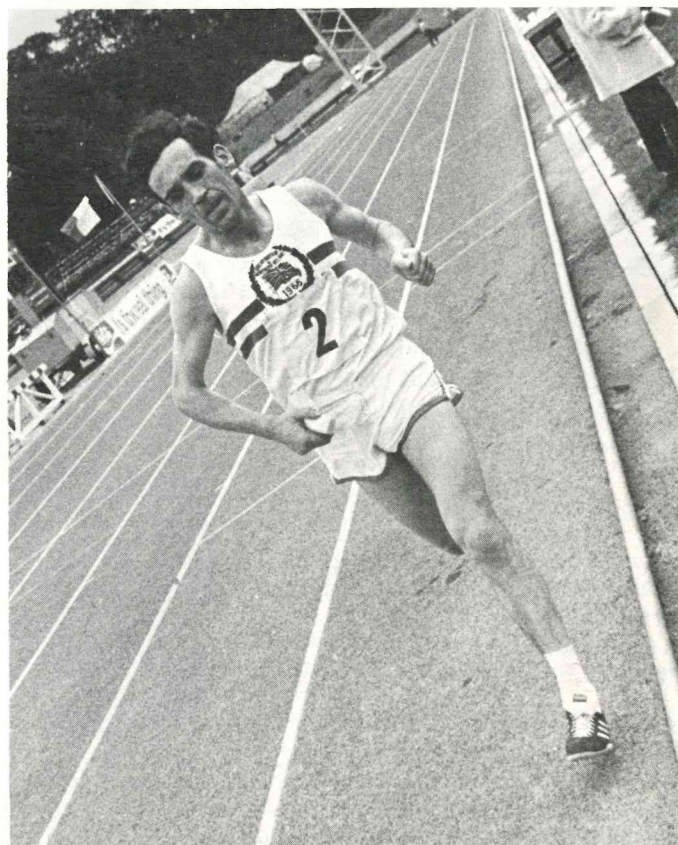
In 1964 at the age of 19, Norman accompanied other runners on a 20-mile training run—a distance well beyond anything he had tried before. He completed it without undue trouble, and it was apparent that it was in the endurance events that he was most likely to succeed. He was too young then to think of marathons (21 being the lower age limit in England), so he turned his attention to one of the shorter fell races—the Rivington Pike. He found the going tough, but his finishing position of 14th encouraged him, and he ran the race again in 1965.

By now, Jeff had set his heart on competing in the fell race classic known as the Three Peaks. This is an extremely severe event of about 22 miles in which Ingleborough (2373 feet), Pen-y-Ghent (2273) and Whernside (2414) have to be negotiated. This was a formidable task indeed for a runner unsure of his fitness and with a totally inadequate build-up (a series of minor injuries had hampered him since he pushed his training up from 40 to 80 miles a week). Jeff set off with the rest, many of whom like himself were there just to prove they could complete the course. He was delighted to get through the race without breaking down, but he frankly admits that he had a very rough time indeed. All the same, his appetite for this kind of competition had been whetted and he was more determined than ever to get among the leading group.

After another year of injuries and frustration, Jeff was able to get in a stretch of 40 miles per week training with relatively little trouble in 1967 and felt fit enough to tackle the Three Peaks again. This time he completed the course inside 3½ hours, finishing 27th of 120 starters. (Here it is interesting to note how the race has caught on in recent years. When first held in 1954, there were only six competitors, and the winning time was 3:48. These days one can expect up to 200 entries and a winning time in the region of 2¾ hours.)

In 1968, Norman began emerging as one of fell racing's top devotees. Now able to put in a regular 70 miles per week with occasional excursions to 100, he began to make real headway at last. In the Rivington Pike event he placed second to clubmate Alan Blinston (an Olympian), and followed this with a great run in the Three Peaks. Mike Davies, a fell race specialist who held the course record of 2:47, won the race for the fourth year in succession. Norman finished third in 2:47:59. The following year he placed second to Colin Robinson, a strong and speedy runner for many years on track, road and country. In the spring of 1970, Jeff's dream came true as he overcame all hazards, including stretches covered with snow and others ankle deep in slush, to win the Three Peaks race. After several other fell race victories, he now was accepted as a fitting candidate for the title "King of the Mountains."

One other event remained to be tackled, the mighty Ben Nevis. Jeff was not overkeen on this particular race, which



It isn't a tilted track, just an unusual camera angle, that gives Jim Alder the appearance of running downhill. Even on the flat, he flew—setting a world 30-kilometer record. (Shearman)



# CONQUERING BEN NEVIS

BY IAN MAC MILLAN

The toughest fell race of all is the Ben Nevis. It is not as long as the Three Peaks, which takes over 2½ hours to complete, but Ben Nevis is Britain's highest mountain and so the race to its peak and back has compelling claims as the country's toughest race.

The mountain's height of 4418 feet may seem puny by American standards, but the race starts at sea level and Ben Nevis is not to be taken lightly as it has claimed more lives than the famous Eiger of Switzerland.

The motivation behind distance running is similar to that behind mountain climbing as in both sports there is a challenge, a similar physical and mental striving to reach a goal and the same sense of achievement when the goal is reached. This partly explains the attraction of the Ben Nevis race, but also there is the feeling that if one comes through this race unscathed one need fear nothing else the world of athletics has to offer.

The Ben race has been held annually since 1895, and for a long time it was dominated by the citizens of Fort William and the surrounding district of Lochaber, who made expert use of their local knowledge. In more recent times, the lure of the Mountain has brought men of stature from all over Britain, and in 1964 Peter Hall set the record of 1:38:56 which seems likely to last for a very long time as the route which the runners follow is annually deteriorating.

I had my first taste of the race in 1968 when, with two club mates from Canterbury, I traveled up to the Scottish Highlands. We camped in the shadow of the mountain itself, although we learned that the peak which ominously crouched over us was not the summit; it was another 1000 feet up and hidden in mist. It was a somewhat apprehensive runner who awoke on the day of the race, looked out of the tent and saw the mountain still dark and angry-looking and hiding the morning sun.

Nevertheless, at 2:30 we three innocents from the lowlands were driven to the start along with 200 others, and at 3 o'clock we were away. The course started with a two-mile run to the foot of the mountain and then up a rock-strewn path which wound its way up the towering mountain across slopes and waterfalls and up into the mist. It had been a warm summer's day at the start, but the temperature at the summit was 30 degrees below that at sea level. Soon the sweat dripping down our faces turned icy.

The ascent was negotiated satisfactorily by us lowlanders, and I was 10th at the top. The return journey was another matter. Luckily one's memory is selective and my recollection of coming down is a jumbled memory of twisted ankles, rocks crashing into my feet and through the soles of my thin running shoes, punctuated every so often by the sight of well-shod Scottish feet flying past in an avalanche of stones.

The memory that will remain is that of a runner going twice as fast as me down the outside of a track, stubbing his toe, and coming within an inch of taking the direct route and no doubt winning the race posthumously. I lost 20 places going down, made up three on the road and finished 26th in 1:59:17. Mike Davies of Reading, a specialist, won in 1:39:29.

My legs would not support me for five days after the race, and I remember being helped down steps by old ladies. But the challenge of the race had caught me and, along with my teammates, I was back in 1969, placing 12th in 1:54:38, and am looking forward to more Ben races in the future.



Rita Ridley (81) and Christa Merten (91) both set national records in this 1500-meter race—Ridley of Great Britain winning in 4:15.4 and West German Merten running 4:16.0. (Peter Tempest photo)

offers little opportunity for straightforward running and has more than an element of danger on some of the descents. Again he came out with a victory, and became the first one to reach the summit in the lead and to win the race itself.

During this three-year period, 1968-70, Jeff's performances at the more standard events also improved considerably. In the Freckleton half-marathon, he came second to Ron Hill with a time of 1:06:18. During this race, he went through the 10-mile mark in his best-ever time of 50:42. He turned in a time of 2:26:35 for the 1970 Polytechnic marathon. Not entirely satisfied with this performance, Jeff put in a period of training in excess of 100 miles per week and the result was a win in the Preston to Morecambe Milk Marathon with 2:22:17.

And this is how things stand to date. Many people are of the opinion that Jeff can emulate his more famous clubmate, Alan Blinston, and enter the international class; not in the track events but at the marathon. His best track times—57.8 (440), 2:03 (880), 4:21 (mile) and 14:51 (5000m)—indicate a lack of basic speed. But there is no lack of stamina, and if he is able to train systematically over the next year or two without too many interruptions through injury, his chances of gaining international status as a marathon man cannot be too remote.

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*Ian MacMillan, despite his ventures into mountain racing, is primarily a flat-land distance racer. In 1969, at age 30, he got his best time of 2:20:34.*

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## ONE FAMILY--11 MARATHONERS

BY JOE HENDERSON

Runners came striding and/or struggling home in the early-morning Missouri sunshine that had already shoved the temperature to above 80 muggy degrees. Eventually, 53 of the 67 runners who'd started the Heart of America marathon got to the end. Considering the day and the location, that's both a good-sized field and a high percentage of survivors.

However, for Fred Phelps and his family it wasn't an entirely satisfying occasion. They were involved in their first official marathon. Only one of the brood had broken four hours, "and we'd all done it in practice previously," the Baptist pastor from Topeka noted.

Well, if it hadn't been more than an ordinary day for the Phelps' in time terms, they at least could take consolation in the fact that they'd produced a family togetherness story to top all others. Marathoning has had family groups before, but none approaching this magnitude.

Mark Phelps arrived at the finish line first. The 16-year-old waited there for over three hours, greeting in order, father Fred, 40; sister Kathy, 15; brother Fred, 17; then Jon, 10; Nate, 11; Margie, 14; Shirley, 12; Becky, 9; Tim, 7, and finally eight-year-old Liz. A total of 11—over 20% of the finishers from the same family.

Three more Phelps girls, ages 2, 4 and 5, had to watch. "They all run regularly now," says their father, "but they just can't run 26 miles yet." Pastor Phelps' wife Margie, mother of the 13, watched, too, though she's quite capable of keeping up with the rest for five miles and more of their daily training.

Eighteen months ago, a Wheaties box changed their lives in a way not even Bob Richards could fathom. At the time, both father and mother were about 50 pounds overweight and—does it even have to be mentioned—inactive.

"We began running as a family in May 1969," Pastor Phelps relates, "after getting the idea from the back of the cereal box whereon jogging was recommended in conjunction with better nutrition as an aid to improved health and fitness. Progress was slow at first, but we kept at it, rarely missing a day, and in all kinds of weather. I mean rain, snow, heat, humidity, whatever—even running when snow drifts were several feet high. The results have been most gratifying, to say the least,

in terms of improved health for all and a marvelous sense of fitness and well-being. It is difficult for us to understand now why everybody doesn't run every day."

By the time the family had adjusted to the new activity (the parents naturally took a lot longer to adapt than the children), they'd become thoroughly engrossed in the idea of covering long distances. They fell into a routine that involves rounding up the group and trooping off to a high school track near their home for a long, leisurely-paced run. The 15 Phelps nearly fill the track by themselves for an hour and a half each evening. The older children log eight miles or more, while the 4- and 5-year-old go about five miles with their mother, and the 2-year-old "walks-jogs-toddles" about two miles.

Once a week they go for their big outing. "The Heart of America marathon was our first official one, but we have run the distance several times," Pastor Phelps says. Once a week we try to hit the road to some small town nearby, going 20-26 miles." He goes on to tell of a run from Topeka to Lawrence in July, and another to the town of Valley Falls in August. In the latter, a full marathon, times ranged from 3:15 for Mark (16) and Fred, Jr. (17) to 3:49 for Tim (7) and Liz (8). They had no qualms at all about making the distance at Columbia after this. And none had any trouble doing it. This earned them the disbelieving admiration of hardened marathon veterans—many of whom stopped somewhere short of the end.

The first marathon experience got the Phelps all the more eager for others. "We plan to run in all the marathons within reasonable traveling distance from Topeka," says father.

Between them, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps have shed 100 pounds of excess weight. The children have remained injury-free. All are eager. "The children are all enthusiastic about their running," Fred, Sr. remarks. "They actually talk seriously among themselves about running as a family across Kansas (some 400 miles), going 40-50 miles per day. And after another year or two of training, running as a family across the US, a la Bruce Tulloh. At this point, I would not bet that we would not do it, either."

Within the same year or two, when mother Margie and her three youngest daughters get into the marathon, who knows? There could be as many as 15 of them racing. Imagine that. Five full teams.



## MEET VICKI FOLTZ

We have the word of one who should know, her husband Don, that Vicki Foltz is a perfectionist, and that she viewed one of the finest performances of her career as something of a personal failure. True, Vicki did set unofficial world records at four, five and six miles, and 10,000 meters. But the fact that she dropped out before the one-hour race ended upset Mrs. Foltz a bit. "Her records were actually a by-product of what she considered a failure," Don said. "She wanted to go over 10 miles in an hour. But being such a perfectionist she dropped out early when a tightening leg muscle threatened to cause her to run slower than six-minute mile pace."

Granted, women don't run beyond two miles often enough so that an accurate set of statistics exist for the longer distances. But as far as the Foltzes and the RW staff can determine, no female has run faster than Vicki's splits of 23:05.2 (four miles), 29:07.8 (five), 35:00.6 (six) and 36:13.8 (10,000).

The four-time cross-country internationalist, who also owns some splendid times in the short track runs, recently altered her training after getting fed up with persistent injuries. She's now making better use of the country roads surrounding her Washington home, and seeing less of the track.

**Victoria S. Foltz.** Monroe, Wash. (Falcon Track Club). 26 years old (born Feb. 4, 1944, at Ljubljana, Yugoslavia), 5'4", 116 lbs. Married, one child. Began racing in 1964 at age 20. Coached by Ken Foreman and husband Don.

**Racing:** 800m—2:09.8 (1968); 1500m—4:26.2 (69), plus longer distance times listed above (70). Normal racing range: 800m through cross-country distances. Favorite distance: "longer the better." Frequency of racing: once a week.

**Training:** once a day, six days a week, 12 months a year, 40-50 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 18 miles.

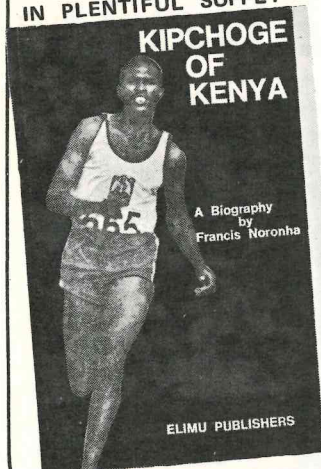
**Comments:** "I have changed over from a strictly structured twice-a-day schedule with emphasis on pace, speed and interval work to once a day training of a very flexible nature. It generally features three-day cycles of two relatively hard workouts and one easy day. For example, a long steady run the first day (10 miles and up over interesting and challenging country roads and smooth, soft forest trails), slow pace-short rest interval running in the woods the second day (e.g., 330s at 60 seconds, 110 jog), and light fartlek on forest trails the third day.

"In short, in order to continue running after two very injury prone and discouraging years (1969-70), I am running less and enjoying it more, with the idea that if success comes, fine—if not, I'm having fun anyway and am concentrating more on other things in life. I hope this fall and winter to continue building up a durable and injury proof foundation by means of gradually and progressively lengthening distance runs to marathon size, and to improve slow interval and pace work through quantity of reps, shortness of recovery and ease of running rather than speed. If and when my marathon goals are reached, I will return to the track for another hopeful attempt at getting a long-awaited breakthrough in the 800-1500 runs through more formal and intense pace, interval and speed work on a track."

Vicki Foltz (left) successfully stepped up to longer distances this fall. She got world bests in the unconventional four-mile through 10,000-meter events. With her in this picture at the AAU championships are Francie Larrieu (center) and 14-year-old Debbie Heald (Meteors). (Jeff Johnson photo)

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## ALL-TIME WORLD MARATHON LIST

Here, courtesy of RW international statistician Roger Gynn and his book *International Marathon Statistics*, is a listing of all-time world leading marathon performances. Information includes rank, name, age, country, time and year.

1. Derek Clayton (26, Aust)	2:08:33.6	1969
2. Ron Hill (31, Great Britain)	2:09:28.0	1970
3. Derek Clayton (25)—2	2:09:36.4	1967
4. Ron Hill (31)—2	2:10:30.0	1970
5. Bill Adcocks (27, Gr. Britain)	2:10:47.8	1968
6. Bill Adcocks (27)—2	2:11:07.2	1969
7. Eamon O'Reilly (25, US)	2:11:12.0	1970
8. Jerome Drayton (24, Canada)	2:11:12.8	1969
9. Seiichiro Sasaki (22, Japan)	2:11:17.0	1967
10. Akio Usami (25, Japan)	2:11:27.8	1969
11. Ron Hill (31)—3	2:11:54.4	1969
12. Morio Shigematsu (24, Japan)	2:12:00.0	1965
Jerome Drayton (24)—2	2:12:00.0	1969
14. Hayami Tanimura (25, Japan)	2:12:03.4	1969
15. Jim Alder (30, Great Britain)	2:12:04.0	1970
16. Abebe Bikila (32, Ethiopia)	2:12:11.2	1964
17. Bill Adcocks (26)—3	2:12:16.8	1968
18. Don Faircloth (21, G Britain)	2:12:19.0	1970
19. Dave McKenzie (24, NZ)	2:12:25.8	1967
20. Yoshiaki Unetani (24, Japan)	2:12:40.6	1968
21. Pablo Garrido (31, Mexico)	2:12:52.8	1969
22. Toshiharu Sasaki (23, Japan)	2:13:06.4	1969
23. Akio Yoshida (25, Japan)	2:13:21.0	1969
24. Seiichiro Sasaki (22)—2	2:13:06.4	1968
25. Kenji Kimihara (28, Japan)	2:13:25.8	1969
26. Niculae Mustata (27, Ruman)	2:13:26.2	1968
27. Ken Moore (26, US)	2:13:27.8	1969
28. Kenji Kimihara (26)—2	2:13:33.4	1967
29. Tadaaki Ueoka (26, Japan)	2:13:37.6	1968
30. Seiichiro Sasaki (21)—3	2:13:38.6	1967

## RUNNING GRACE-FULLY

BY FRED GRACE

A marathon makes more wishful thinkers than a day at the races or a weekend at Las Vegas. A guy old enough to know better asked me if when he got up to three miles he should try a marathon. When he got up to three miles, I told him, he should have his marbles counted to see if he had any left.

Because I'm an age freak, I'm better known to the average person than most good runners. Therefore, many first-timers talk to me before the start of a 26-miler. Few have run farther than 10-12 miles but want advice on how to become instant marathoners. I tell them to take it easy and be happy if they make five miles more than they have been running. But at the gun they take off and are hurting shortly after five miles.

No beginner can gut out 15-20 miles. It's murder for an experienced marathoner if he has to do it. But he has built up for it. So get in shape before you try your first 26er. Take it easy and finish. Even if it takes you five hours.



Col. "Aerobics" Cooper thinks I may have blindly stumbled on the fact that magnesium prevents leg cramps. But, Colonel, I was crampless long before magnesium made the "faddist" market. I use it because it's a heart powerizer. The calcium I've taken for years prevents cramps and rheumatism. But go ahead, Colonel, plug magnesium for a cramp preventer. That'll be *one* goody runners will be taking.



Now that "The Man" has told you to eat the boxes and throw away the Whatsies, remember—I told you so years ago. And that goes for Pop Ems, Rice Atonics, Orange Minuses and Grannie Goosems. You can't put something in when you swallow nothing.

## "RUNNING'S NOT NATURAL"

BY PERCY CERUTTY

One of the beliefs, or ideas, that has no credence in reality is that we are "natural" runners, and that little or nothing else is required except run, run, run. Nothing could be further from the truth.

If we examine any facet of nature, what do we find? That it is *not* natural to run or walk. If we examine primitives and children, we find that both run as "naturals" with very low arm carriage for a very short distance, but at a reasonably fast speed. Asked to run a longer distance, both the primitives and children run quite slowly and with a lope that makes for easy effort but little speed.

It is easy to run a long distance in this manner, even for untrained primitives. Almost any primitive, and without any training at all, can run up to 20 miles. Even civilized persons who have maintained some form of fitness can do the same thing, at least after two or three weeks training. It is because it is relatively easy to do long runs that the cult of extensive (i.e., long and slow) training has grown to the dimensions it has in athletics. But, have no doubt, it is the lazy athlete's way out, as it is evidence of little or no thought as to the relation between the training and the event being trained for.

Because any person can learn by rote anything at all that is taught in school does not mean that person has other than

memory. The ability to memorize has little to do with analytical faculties or a faculty for original thought. Athletes read; or, worse, someone tells them. The someone can pose as an authority without having any experience as to what he teaches. For instance, a sprinter trying to teach middle distance runners. All that any such "coach" can do is to talk about what he believes he sees, or deduces, or what someone else has said or is reputed to have done.

So any absurdity can be accepted by the incredulous, but believing, athlete. And away they go, believing and doing. Believing all the nostrums put forward by this one or that and without ever examining the truth or relationship.

I will provide an example. When Gunder Hagg, a Swede, set a world record of 4:01.4 for the mile, most of the rest of the world was at war. This fact was ignored. It was assumed that because this athlete ran a fraction of a second faster than another athlete, as was the case, anything that Hagg did must be right, therefore copied. It was observed that Hagg had a high kick-up; it was assumed that must be correct and best for all. It was found that Hagg ran on dirt tracks; so all over the world perfectly good grass tracks were torn up and replaced by clays and dirt.

Make no mistake. Don't confuse current fashion with "nature." Don't blindly accept fashion as fact.



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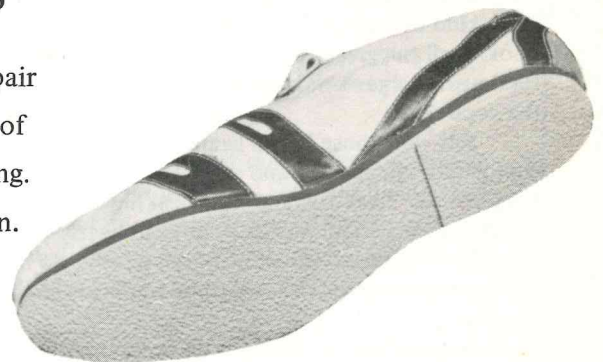
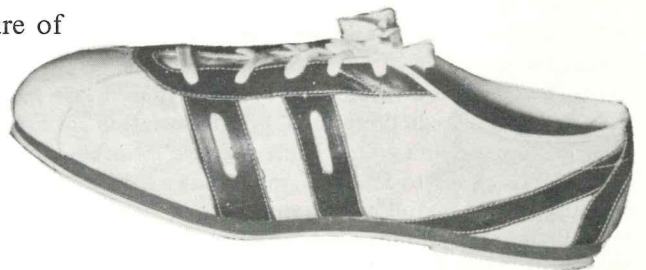
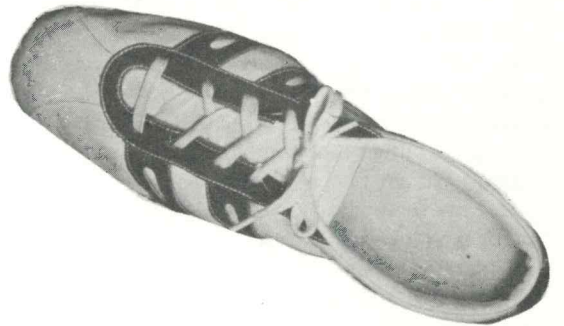
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# IMPRESSIONS OF A SHY CHAMPION

BY JOHN PARKER

First impression: shy. Wait, not strong enough. Give it an *extremely* shy, or possibly a trite but on-target *painfully* shy. ("I used to have this thing in school, when I was called on to recite in class. I remember one day I just sat there trying to say something, but all that would come out was little choking noises. I think I ran out of the room in tears.")

Easy to approach, hard to break through to. "Run with you in the morning?" "OK." Little knowing smile. Lots of undergrads had been that route. Lasted maybe three days of 5½ miles at 6:30 a.m. But he just cranked on, every morning, never a miss, even mornings of races. They would learn; maybe this one would be different.

Lot of three-word conversations. Occasional outburst about training methods, about some new silly coaching idea. Hmm. Maybe a person lurking somewhere in that lanky machine after all.

Then he does a 13:35 three-mile in a trial. Easy. No big grins, no daring predictions, usual post-race elation consisting of "Gee, things didn't go too badly, I guess." Nothing more. Next morning back to 5½ again, me feeling a little awed. Tell me what to do. I'll follow you anywhere.

Phone call morning after returning from conference indoor meet. "Did all right, eh?" he asks. "Not too badly, I guess." Unintentional mimicry. Sure, not too bad. 4:10 indoors and my best the year before a blazing 4:28.

And back the next morning to 5½, this time feeling more camaraderie; not equals of course, but not a fawning camp-follower anymore. Same frequency now. Little looser. Talks a little about serious things, little burning things way down that found expression only in 20 miles a day.

Bob Day and the Olympic Trials at Tahoe. Offers a tie and promptly forgets it when the phototimer catches him a smidgen ahead. "Felt great," Day said. The pictures showed Bach grinning, slapping him on the behind as they came across. Day's face looking like a tombstone. Felt great, he said. Should have raised a stink, but what the hell. Made the team; did it easy. Maybe he forgot (not likely, but what the hell). Anyway, what do you do when you're the type of guy who almost fainted trying to recite in class? Naw, just let it ride.

Lots of little burning things like that. Being taken for some kind of strange freak. Never be any good, the tall one. Look at all the greats, Lindgren, Clarke, Zatopek. Short guys. He'll just be a gawky also-ran. Forget him and concentrate on the good ones.

But with those things came something else. Something completely unexpected and a little out of character. A dry-tongue man. Real dry, and not speaking of cotton-mouth either; talking about having your head neatly pared off at the shoulders by about four well-chosen words. So don't get out of line unless you care to shovel some hot coals back in his direction.

But at times he turned it on himself with amazing results. Calling home after '70 AAU at Bakersfield, way down. Hadn't

lost a three to an American since '67, but had taken the short end from Lindgren, Riley and Shorter that night.

"Yes operator, collect please. This is Jack Bachelor," said the man with just a tiny hint of pride. Then turned, covered the mouthpiece and said, "Or at least it used to be."

And then the waitress in Miami. "Is that a Seabreeze High class ring?" pointing to his finger. Nope, Olympic team ring. "Oh," she said, unimpressed and a little disappointed. He looked disappointed, too. Like he was sorry he wasn't a Seabreeze Sand Crab. But you can't have everything.

And then came Shorter. Shorter on Bachelor: "I really like him. He's a kind of gentle person. Except on the track where he rips you to shreds, of course." Bachelor on Shorter: "Say, he's getting pretty tough. I mean, real tough. . . little bastard."

But Shorter makes it that much easier to do the long, gentle-like training. Long in the morning. Smooth, long intervals in the afternoon. Cranking on, 120, 135, 160 a week. Geometric spirals. And races. Always one-two or tied. And the banter. Knock Shorter, no kick. Knock Bachelor, always worrying. "Obsessive compulsive," pronounces Shorter. "Better than being slow," taunts Bachelor. "Soon as you get somewhere you start worrying about whether you'll catch the plane to leave on time." "No kick." On it goes. Takes a little sting out of a 10-miler, but hard to laugh when you're out of breath.

How about Munich? "Nice place." But he knows what you mean. He gets it after every big victory, and all the local sports writers gather around to ask intelligent questions like "The 5000 meters, is that three miles or six miles?" or "When will you run a three-minute mile?" and "What did you think about today's race?"

Bad question. Same answer. "Things went not too badly, I guess." But Munich? Just have to see. If things keep going well, I guess there's always the possibility." Always careful, never assertive, never definite. Except about one thing.

Five and a half, next morning. And then worry about catching the plane.



---

*Bachelor's good friend and running partner, John Parker, is a law student at the University of Florida. John won the USTFF steeplechase this spring and placed second in the three-mile—losing by inches.*



## MEET FRANK SHORTER

When it comes time for choosing the Distance Runner of the Year for 1970, people who indulge in such exercises had better look long and hard at the credentials of one Frank Shorter. The least they could do would be to recognize him with a "Surprise of '70" award.

Frank won the NCAA six-mile (his first six) in 1969. He was an internationalist. Fine. But he remained rather anonymous when the names of the world's, even the country's, leading distance runners were mentioned. Suddenly, a year later, we start hearing that he's an Olympic contender at 10,000 meters.

What happened? Well, for one thing, Frank doubled his training mileage from the 70 a week he did while at Yale to the 120-150 he does now. And he slowed it down to put it more in line with the pacing of his longer racing distances.

But the big factor probably was his connection with Jack Bachelier. Shorter, who spent the year floating from one part of the country to another, landed for several months in Gainesville, Fla. There he trained with Jack, soaked up many of his philosophies, helped Bachelier as well as established such a close relationship that even races had a hard time separating them. They tied in their two six-miles (including the AAU) and only a few tenths-seconds came between them in their "threes."

While Bachelier stayed home in Gainesville all summer, Shorter established himself as a solid world-caliber runner in Europe. The big race, of course, was his smashing 28:22 win in the 10,000 of the Soviet meet.

**Frank Charles Shorter.** Boulder, Colo. (Florida Track Club). 23 years old (born Oct. 31, 1947, at Munich, West Germany), 5'11", 135 lbs. Graduate student. Married. Began racing in 1963 at age 15. Coached by Bob Giegengack until June 1969.

**Racing:** Mile—4:06.4 (1969); 2 miles—8:42 (70); 3 miles—13:13.8 (70); 5000m—13:42 (70); 6 miles—27:27 (70); 10,000m—28:22 (70); 3000m—7:57 (70). Normal racing range: 2-6 miles/10,000m. Favorite distance: 10,000m. Frequency: "one six-mile or 10,000 every two weeks at *most*."

**Training:** twice a day, 7 days a week, 12 months a year, 120-150 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 16 miles.

**Comments:** "My basic procedure is to run long, fairly hard distance all the time, except for the three times a week I do long interval workouts. I try to go about 20 miles a day every day, including the day of the interval training. The interval system is any variation off the basic idea of running repeats that adds up to two or three miles (miles, three-quarters, halves, etc.), trying to cut down on the interval rest.

"Finding the limit to which you can push the mileage and still get commensurate return for the effort is important. Otherwise, you break down and lose everything. Jack (Bachelier) runs a bit farther than I do, but I run it a little faster. Obviously there is nothing secret about what I do. I just try to remain consistent."

Not even six miles of hard racing in the national championship can separate Jack Bachelier (left) and Frank Shorter. By choice, the two training partners tied for first in this race. Earlier, Shorter had won the three-mile. Both had profited greatly from their months of 20-miles-a-day training in Florida. (Dick O'Connor photo)

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# MEDICAL ADVICE

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BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

**Q:** *What, if any, is the connection (physiological, psychological) between drinking (alcohol) and running ability and performance? How, and why, do they mutually help or hinder each other, if there is any effect at all?* (Christian Rugh, East Rochester, N.Y.)

**A:** The effect of alcohol on running ability and the effect of running on the ability to handle alcohol have been the subject I suspect of many individual experiments. However, there is no definitive scientific statement as yet on this problem. Dr. Ken Cooper in his *New Aerobics* gives this answer: "Some people can tolerate small amounts of alcohol without impairing their physical performance. Others find it impossible to get anywhere near their top performance with any alcohol intake, no matter how small. That is why many professional athletes refrain from alcohol for at least 36-48 hours before a sports event. Since individual tolerance varies so greatly, it is difficult to set standards other than to say that abstinence is the only absolute way to assure no impairment in performance."

I know Jim McDonagh, who still is a highly competitive marathoner although in his mid-40s he is reputed to put away eight or nine beers a day. Joe Kleinerman tells me in the old days runners frequently used a little pre-race brandy in wintry weather.

Experiments at the University of Texas by Gunnar Blomquist support animal experiments that alcohol in blood concentration below 200 milligrams per 100 grams of blood has no significant depressive effect on maximal performance of the normal heart. However, there is a *definite decrease* in ability to handle submaximal work loads. The circulatory adjustments made after alcohol intake are similar to those made by the body when dehydration and, what Blomquist terms, "other agents and conditions interfering with the regulation of work at lower intensities." The dose required to reach 200 mgm. was six ounces of Vodka on an empty stomach. Maximal effects occurred two hours after taking the alcohol.

My reaction is that if the effect of alcohol on the circulatory system is the same as with moderate to severe loss of body fluid, it will surely affect the long distance runner.

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**Q:** *Recently, I drank about six cups of coffee and three hours later ran for two hours in hot, humid weather. For several hours after the workout, I had painful urination, above average heart beat and slow recovery. Would you like to comment on the effects of coffee on running?* (Harold DeMoss, Sunnyvale, Calif.)

**A:** There are 100-150 mgm. of caffeine in a cup of coffee, so in your case you may have taken in as much as 900mgm. which is a good-sized dose. The effects of caffeine are stimulation of the nervous system, increase in metabolism, increased excretion of fluid and rapid heart action. When these effects are added to exposure to hot, humid weather, you are liable to have an inordinate amount of stress applied to your cardiovascular system, resulting in slow recovery and rapid heart beat. The urinary symptoms might be due to concentrated urine or uric acid crystalization.

In general, caffeine is to be avoided if possible. There is a noticeable letdown two to four hours after ingestion, usually accompanied by low blood sugar and loss of nervous energy. Some people like myself are coffee addicts and are worse off without it.

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**Q:** *Returning to training after a three-week vacation layoff, I experienced urination of blood. This occurred only after each training session, not continually throughout the day. What are the possible causes?* (Don Sommer, San Francisco)

**A:** Blood in the urine is a frequent finding after vigorous, exhausting effort, mostly among long distance runners and crew members. One study revealed microscopic evidence of blood in the urines of 50-80% of long distance runners tested. Blood in the urine from exertion is an innocuous condition, and almost always of no clinical significance. Should it persist, however, further diagnostic studies including x-rays should be done.

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**Q:** *In the past year, I have increased my recreation to 75 miles per week. My heart beat has changed from 72 in January 1969 to 50 in March 1970. Recently, I have been annoyed by a lightness and slight dizziness when changing my posture abruptly from a bending or stooping position to a standing position. Is this because of my slower heart beat? Should it merit concern and further medical examination?* (Gordon Schafer, Holt, Mich.)

**A:** You have had much the same experience I have had. With progressive training the pulse becomes slower. Mine started at about 65 and now is usually 48. I also have had the same dizziness that you have experienced. I believe, however, that this is due to what is called orthostatic hypotension—a fall in blood pressure in the upright position, opposite to what should happen. I also seem to find this more prominent when I do speed work and tend to overtrain.

Recent studies in Israel suggest this can be overcome by strengthening the stomach muscles with situps. In any case, it is of no concern except where overtraining may cause poorer performances.

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**Q:** *I suffer from hay fever during part of the cross-country season, and I take a pill for it called Disoprophol Chronot, which contains antihistamines. I am wondering if there is anything better because these pills make me drowsy and seem to take a lot out of me during races.* (Marc Thompson, Mission, Kans.)

**A:** There are two approaches to take on your problem: (1) Take *co-seasonal* (immediate) *desensitization shots* during the hay fever season. This is the minimal desensitization you can take and is usually fairly (but not completely) effective. (2) Switch to antihistamines in other chemical groups. There are seven or eight major chemical groups of these drugs. Reactions are very individualistic and cannot be predicted. The drug that makes one drowsy won't bother someone else.

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**Q:** *Recently, I have been plagued by severe side aches whenever I attempt an afternoon workout. I sometimes run in the morning, right after breakfast (30 minutes to an hour after), with no ill effects. But at 2 in the afternoon, I have a side stitch after about 200 yards of a slow distance run. What might be the problem?* (Mike Palmer, Corona, Calif.)

**A:** What you describe is the runner's "stitch." As far as we know, this is a spasm of the diaphragm muscle which separates the lungs from the abdomen. This spasm would be akin to a charley horse in the calf, which you know can be quite painful. The cause or causes are not quite clear. (1) A full stomach or full colon seems to make a runner more susceptible. (2) They seem to occur more frequently early in training. (3) They seem to be more frequent with improper warmups. Too







# JUNIOR HIGH PRODUCES A 4:24 MILER

BY HUGH SWEENEY

Long ago, in terms of the progress being made in high school distance running, a 4:47 mile wasn't a bad performance. In the early '60s, a team with four or five runners in the 4:40-4:50 range would expect to have a decent cross-country team the next fall—especially if “everybody is back.”

Last season, George Miller of Scotch Plains, N.J., coached a track team which had seven milers under 5:00. These seven averaged 4:47 (the fastest was 4:24), but unfortunately for Miller everybody isn't back. Four have gone on to high school. That's right, high school. What made Miller's runners unusual last year was the fact that they were *junior* high school boys.

I first noticed his Park JHS runners jogging through the streets of town last winter. I didn't think the junior high had an indoor track program, and found it hard to believe they were training for spring track in January. I have a hard enough time myself, running outdoors in January and February. Why in the world were these little guys doing it?

During the spring, I began to train on occasion with the Scotch Plains varsity because I could work out with sophomore Vince Cartier (4:17 and 9:12) and junior Gary Proto (1:53 and 4:17). Almost every day, the Park runners came to the high school track to practice. They seemed to be doing good workouts, so I asked their coach, bearded 29-year-old math teacher Miller, what was going on. Miller, who never ran track until his recent appearances in local all-comers meets but is now a full-fledged track nut, was proud to fill me in on the details.

It seems that Park's success last year was the result of a modified long slow distance (LSD) training program coupled with a heavy racing schedule based on the age-group program of the New York Road Runners Club.

Miller has been a track coach for five years, but only recently—when Proto did 4:41 in ninth grade—did he catch the “distance coaching bug” and devote his major efforts to this group. In 1969, he organized a cross-country team. At the end of the season, Miller heard that he was going to lose two of his top runners to other sports. This was too much for him.

“I decided right then to organize a winter track team,” he said. “One of the boys was a natural athlete, and he would have done so well in basketball that we'd never get him back out for track.”

One of the winter team's first outings was a December three-mile in Asbury Park. Kurt Steiner, a lively booster of age-group track was there, and he gave Miller a New York RRC schedule of road races and age-group meets for the rest of the winter. Miller decided to take his boys to these to give them competition and to maintain their interest in running. Most of the road runs were two, three or more miles. Since it was too cold for much speedwork in the winter, and since Miller decided the boys would need more endurance for the winter meets, he changed their training from being basically interval-oriented to an almost entirely road-distance program.

He sent the boys to the roads almost every day. Eight miles was the longest run. More typical would be six miles at an easy pace, or three miles fairly hard. Most of it was relaxed, though, because the Sunday age-group or road runs served as speed workouts.

As Miller has learned since, what he was having his boys do was a form of LSD. He had never heard of Joe Henderson or Bob Deines, or any of the other disciples of the popular method. He independently arrived at the solution of running a lot of easy overdistance, and his team was successful. More

important, the boys really liked it. Their favorite running site was Jockey Hollow Park in Morristown, N.J.—one of George Washington's winter encampments, which still contains many remnants of the 1780 era. One day, the boys jogged right into the filming of a movie about the Revolutionary War. The actors, dressed as soldiers, were firing blanks at each other, and the runners found themselves caught in the crossfire. The boys fled after receiving a few choice words from the director of the film, whose footage had been ruined. This is the kind of excitement they'd never find during a standard track workout.

When the warmer weather came, Miller had the boys do the usual track workouts, but sent them for long runs two or three times a week. Because of the hard winter's training, meets against other ninth-grade teams invariably resulted in sweeps for the Park distance men. As a result, Miller found that he didn't have to rest his boys before unimportant dual meets. They were strong enough to train hard the day before a meet and do well in the meet also. Unimportant races were therefore treated as training sessions.

Miller calculated that from September to June, his distance boys competed 66 times. But at the end of the year, when he went over the list of races with the runners they could point to only 12 meets in which they were under any kind of pressure at all. The other 50-odd runs were just glorified practice sessions. But each boy had a shoebox full of medals to show for his work. The feeling seemed to be, “We're not doing anything else on a Sunday morning anyway. Why not go with Mr. Miller to a road race? They're fun, and it's nice to travel.”

They traveled a lot on foot, too. After “away” dual meets, the distance runners felt there was no sense in waiting for the high jump and long jump to finish. So they'd top off the day by jogging home. As they would often beat the bus back, some sprinters would sometimes join them, to save time and “just to see if we could do it.”

The best runner of the group last spring was ninth grader Tim Provost, a 15-year-old without much skill in other sports but great ability in track. *Scholastic Coach* magazine recently listed Tim as the fastest freshman miler in the country for 1970. His workouts prior to his 4:24.7 mile are as follows: (They give an idea of the typical Park JHS training during the spring of 1970; splits for the other boys were, of course, slower).

Sun.—mile road race; Mon.—4:47 mile race plus 3-mile jog; Tue.—8 miles in 49:00; Wed.—3.7 miles in 21:24; Thu.—2 x 440 (65 sec.), 3 x 880 (2:13, 2:18; 2:15); Fri.—440 race in 56.5; Sat.—easy 4 miles; Sun.—easy 5 miles; Mon.—880 race in 2:08 plus 9 miles; Tue.—4 x 440 (62-63), 4 x 880 (2:12-2:15), 1320 (3:28); Wed.—sick; Thu.—880 race in 2:03.4; Fri.—jog 2 miles; Sat.—mile race in 4:24.7. His mileage was only about 30 per week at this point.

The boys ran one big road race—a 4.85-miler at Greenwich, Conn., on Memorial Day. The race had 229 starters of all ages. Four Park runners finished in the top 28. So, relatively speaking, I'd say that the boys, because of their background of road training, do better as the distance increases.

Good as these young runners are, however, they get little support from the school. Miller pays expenses to road runs from his own pocket, and the boys had to sell candy last fall to earn money for cross-country sweats and uniforms. It appears that the school supports only recreational programs which “keep the boys off the street.” Technically speaking, this one definitely doesn't.



# --SHORT AND FAST--

BY JOE HENDERSON

"Short and Fast" has led a short and fast life. This is an account of its demise, at the tender age of seven months. From all indications, it died of neglect, and there'll be few mourners among the distance purists who grudgingly surrendered a precious page to this intruder from another world.

I'm not mourning, I'll assure you of that. Sprint and hurdle coverage has been nothing but an Excedrin headache from the beginning. The problem was two-sided. Reader-contributors submitted no articles, no material, no comments or suggestions, not even a criticism. Meaning the editor has had to stumble along blindly, throwing together often trivial material and stretching out the meaty tidbits beyond the limits of palatability to produce a column worthy of the title. And for what? An uninspiring and unsatisfying blank. Not even so much as a short note, pro or con.

We like to call this an athlete-oriented magazine. But not even the sprinters and hurdlers seem much interested in *Runner's World* including their ideas and experiences. A solid indicator of this indifference is the return rate of our "Meet So-and-So" questionnaire forms.

Since the first of the year, 60 of these have gone out to runners and walkers of various types. We're out-and-out begging for material, so have no right to expect 100% response. Forty or 50% would be adequate. The actual return rate of 55% is appreciated.

Bear with me a minute while I dabble in statistics. They seem to get to the root of the problem. Only 16% of the sprinters/hurdlers filled out their questionnaires—only Gary Power and Ralph Mann (both hurdlers) from among a dozen candidates. The situation improves drastically with distance: 43% among longer track runners, 79% for marathoners and other road runners, and 80% for the race walkers.

We'd like to avoid the image of a "marathoners' magazine," and talk to all runners. But there's no doubt as to where the real interest lies—the editor's, readers' and contributors'. A half-dozen articles come in a week—many unsolicited. Most are long distance related, a few talk about walks, none mentions sprints or hurdles. None ever has. We get dozens of letters weekly. Many of them contain a note of comment on content, but none of the comments mentions sprints or hurdles or ever has.

Factors beyond pure disinterest may explain the difficulty in dredging up sprint/hurdle material. There's no doubt that *RW* has cultivated a distance-oriented readership. The magazine had nothing but distance material for four years. And it could be, too, that marathoners and race walkers are considerably hungrier for attention than the "more glamorous" (in sports page terms) speed men and women.

But in the past few months it has become more apparent than ever that there's more separating sprinters and distance men than speed and length of their running. In general terms, there are vast differences in attitude and approach.

Sprint and hurdle races may symbolize the American character. The events are fast, exciting, powerful and violent bursts. The athletes match the activities. In spirit, even casual spectators can identify with and admire them. Distance running is slower, quieter, more prolonged, less visual. Casual fans find it difficult to understand how or why anyone would run more than a quarter-mile.

Sprinting and hurdling, both from the attention and participation standpoints, are spectator sports. They center on

the elite. A man either cuts it competitively or he quits to become a spectator. These events have developed nothing comparable to the mass participation, everyone's-welcome situation of distance running in the 1970s.

The very speed which makes sprinting/hurdling so exciting to do and watch may block the development of deep, lasting commitment and appreciation that's an essential part of distance running. Little soul-searching can take place in a blind dash lasting less than a minute, and satisfaction normally rests in a high place or fast time. As distances grow, there's more time to savor the experiences of the run. A point comes on the distance scale where the run itself—aside from places and times—is meaningful and satisfying.

I once read of a quarter-miler who, when asked what he thought about while running, said, "My biggest problem is keeping from getting bored on the backstretch." Yet in the book *Road Racers and Their Training*, one 50-miler commented that he has "never been bored while running." Others wrote long accounts on the importance of savoring their experiences over a long trek. This split in attitudes sums up the wide differences between short and long distance athletes.

In attitude terms, the sprinters and hurdlers apparently are closer to field eventers, baseball and football players than to the type of runners making up most of the *RW* audience. We may be closer to people such as bicyclists and back-packers than sprinter/hurdlers. We're certainly closer to race walkers, who differ only in pace and style. The worlds of the road runner and walker are surprisingly alike, and most experiences are shared. While the world of track sprinting and hurdling is strangely alien, and there's a gap in understanding separating us from its residents.

This tirade isn't meant to knock sprinters and hurdlers, any more than it's trying to scold readers for not wanting to hear about them. I'm just saying that there's no use beating a dead topic. For now, "Short and Fast" is put to rest. Not buried, necessarily, but put into early retirement until it can justify its return. Material on sprinting and hurdling which meets the same standards of quality and interest as the rest that goes into *RW* won't automatically be excluded. But at the same time we aren't going to arbitrarily force sub-standard stories in simply because they *should* be there. Particularly when our files are overflowing with good distance articles.

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*Marathon Handbook 1971* is well into the production process, and will be available for purchase the first week in January. This is both a plug for the all-new and greatly improved edition of the *Handbook*. But at the same time it's a plea for help.

If you're sponsoring a marathon race, US or Canadian, in 1971, or have any information on one, please let us know about it. This is particularly crucial in the case of races being run for the first time next year. The heart of the *Handbook* is the marathon calendar, which includes detailed information on races. We want to make it as complete and useful as possible.

Other features of the book will be a combined look at Ron Hill, Derek Clayton and Jerome Drayton, a story on women's marathoning, one on the role of age in the marathon, plus the regular statistical lists (the 1970 US chart includes all runners who broke three hours during the year).

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# Hangups of a Sex Researcher

BY JOHN ROMERO

Listen, in the beginning I want to say I'm no deviate. I'm just a reporter trying to do a job.

The editor of *Runner's World* gave me an assignment—find out if distance running has any effect on a guy's sex life—and that's what I'm trying to do.

You think this is an easy assignment? You think it's easy to come up to a guy and say, "Uh, um. . . I was wondering if all the running you do, uh, has any effect. . . um, ah. . . on your capacity to, uh, ah. . . I mean I was wondering if you find it any easier to. . . ah. . . I mean does your wife. . . do you find your endurance in the bedroom. . . um, ah?"

The first time I tried this approach on a guy was just before the start of a race. He pulled me over to the side where his wife couldn't hear.

"You know something, Buddy, or are you just fishing around?" he said.

I mean, that's the kind of response I was getting. Here I was a purely clinical interviewer and right away everybody was suspicious.

For a while in the beginning I thought I was asking the wrong person. That is, I thought maybe I ought to try asking the wife. So I approached the wife of a friend of mine who runs and I stammered around a lot trying to get her to understand what I wanted. She called her husband over.

"What the hell are you," he asked, "a degenerate?"

I gave that up right away. The rumor was starting to

spread that I was a guy to stay away from.

For a while I thought about making up a lot of answers and writing a phony story, but the challenge was getting to me. I wanted somebody to give me an answer—any kind of an answer.

I didn't want my next subject to be influenced by reports of my previous blunders, so I called a runner I know in New York. I had this list of questions in front of the phone, and I even jotted down a few introductory comments to put him at ease.

"Hullo, Max," I said.

"How ya doing?" he asked.

"How's your sex life, Max?" I said.

"Win some, lose some," said Max, who is not married.

"I'd like to know how running has helped your sex drive,"

I said.

"You mean you wanta know. . ."

"Yeah, I wondered how you. . ."

"You mean if I could. . ."

"Yeah, I mean when you start. . ."

"Oh, you wanta know how many. . ."

"Now you got the idea. . . I mean, how is it?"

"Oh. . . okay."

I told Max it was nice to talk to him again and that we would run together on my next trip east—lies like that—and got off the phone.



I really thought about giving up the whole thing at this point. I couldn't get an answer from anybody. And what was worse, the other runners at the track were giving me funny looks—like I was a mad rapist or something.

I knew it was really getting bad the day there was this little girl at the track and when I ran past, her mother grabbed her up and gave me a dirty look.

Not long after that, a new runner moved to Las Vegas and we were out on a long slow run one day when he started talking about his wife.

"I brought my wife with me to Las Vegas," he said. "You know how you pack a lot of things you don't need."

"Hah, hah," I said, "very funny." I really didn't feel like a lot of old jokes.

"She likes my running," this guy said, "because it's improved our sex life so much. You should see how my endurance has increased. And I have a lot more desire now. The whole running experience has just rejuvenated my body."

I ran along for another 20 yards before what this guy had said sunk in.

"Wait a second," I said, "has running had any effect on your sex life?"

We ran along side by side for another 20 yards and this guy gave me a strange look.

"Didn't I just answer that question?" he asked.

So that's how my survey got started. I had my first answer before I even asked a decent question. Now I had a technique, a way to get guys talking about what running does for their sex life.

I couldn't wait to try it out—and maybe that's where I was a little too hasty. The next week there was a 10-mile road run and I fell in alongside this jogger so I could try my new method.

"Great, isn't it?" I said.

This guy hawked up a huge mouthful of phlegm and spit it into the road. "Yup," he said.

We ran along in silence for another quarter-mile or so. I couldn't get over the way that phlegm just laid in the road, all golden and quivering and shaking. It was a masterpiece.

"I bet your wife really likes your running," I said.

"She hates it," this guy said.

"But she likes what it does for you," I said.

"She hates what it does for me," he said.

"She can't kick about the great shape you're in," I said.

"She kicks about everything," this guy said. "She hates running, she hates me, she hates everything. Why do you think I get out and bust my ass like this? I do it to get away from her."

I remember I picked up my pace pretty fast shortly after

## ATHLETES OF THE YEAR

January's issue will include the annual guessing game known as "Athletes of the Year" selections. An international panel of 35 distance running and race walking writers will do the voting. However, we'd also like to get the opinions of *Runner's World* readers and indicate your feelings on the matter.

Simply list your picks for the following: (1) top five male distance runners (800 meters and up) in the world for 1970; (2) best female distance runner in the world; (3) leading world race walker; (4) top US male runner; (5) best US female runner; (6) leading US race walker; (7) top US junior (19 and under) runner; (8) top US senior (40 and over) runner.

Mail your selections to *Runner's World*.

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that. I didn't want to get a shot of phlegm in the shorts while I was pulling away.

As a kind of last resort, I sought out one of the older runners. This guy wasn't exactly ancient, but I thought maybe he might be more understanding than a younger guy. You know—willing to joke about it.

He looked glum when I finally asked him point-blank if running helped his sex life.

"Quitting smoking is better," he said, still looking glum.

"What kind of an answer is that?" I asked, a little exasperated.

"They used to tell me not to have sex the night before a race," he said. He looked discouraged. "I lost a hell of a lot of action that way and at my age there's no way to get it back."

I could see at this point the project was a disaster. I had no story, had lost a couple of friends and the other runners weren't too sure about me anymore.

So I did the only thing I could do. I wrote down all my own experiences. Then I sat back and read through them. It was worse than the other guys I interviewed. I couldn't even level with myself.

So I figured—here's a lesson. Leave research to the pros, the doctors and the scientists, the scholarly guys with their long questionnaires.

Then I had this idea. Why not pose as a representative from a professional research outfit, go to a lot of marathons and carry a clipboard, wear a short-brimmed hat and a mustache, smoke a pipe? Not bad. It might work. It just might.

So the next time you're warming up for a marathon and this little guy comes around asking questions, take a minute to think about your answer. You could wind up in a best seller.



# HERE'S HOW: Promoting a Marathon

BY RALPH DAVIS

I feel somewhat like the novice fisherman who goes out and catches the biggest one of the day and then sits down to relate to others, many of whom are pros, just how one goes about catching the big one. I don't think we do things much differently in the mechanics of putting on the Trail's End race at Seaside, Ore. However, we may have run across a unique "marathon lure" which drew over 200 runners to the first annual race and prompted many encouraging letters from those who ran that highly successful marathon.

The key to marathon organizing appears to lie with the philosophy that *the interest of the marathoners shall be kept uppermost in all the planning*. The entire event must be staged for the participants. In keeping with this philosophy, the Trail's End marathon was so organized. It was not perfect, but we strived to make it so. We strive, in fact, to make the Trail's End race the best in the world.

We set out by selecting two very capable and energetic co-chairmen who could ramrod things in the local area, Bill Fague and John Rippet, who worked with coach Neil Main of Seaside High School. These three gentlemen were the real cogs in the local machinery. Dozens of others helped me immeasurably in making the race a reality and a success.

Great names are important in order to give a marathon the prestige necessary for press coverage. Ken Moore and Bob Deines made this possible. It also takes great, dedicated fun-runners such as Flory Rodd, Pax Beale and Elaine Pedersen, and doctors Larry Hilt and Gordon Sherbeck. No one was barred entry if they met basic qualifications. The results of such radical thinking were most rewarding. The ages ranged from 11 to 70, and it is a well-known fact that Caroline Walker, 16, broke the world record for women. We think a marathon has room for all who are physically fit, have participated in preparatory training, are game, and start with the idea of finishing. Marathoning is one sport where the slower runners do not impede the performances of faster runner. Everyone is off and running at his or her own pace.

Marathoning is a multiple challenge thing where each contestant has a goal that is important. This goal can encompass merely finishing to shooting for a world record. For example, in our marathon there was Ken Moore going on and on at five minutes per mile pace. There were others going for that three-hour barrier, and still others trying to get under four hours, while some simply wanted to finish. All would be given their split times and overall finish place and time. These were important, because there would be another year and a new challenge—that of breaking last year's performance.

We were fortunate that we took Jock Semple's suggestion of starting and finishing in the same area. This saved us the complicated busing of athletes, clothing, etc. We are, therefore, not so concerned as Boston about the large number of entries.

It might be appropriate to relate some of the feelings of

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*Ralph Davis, newly converted marathon enthusiast, has put in 16 years as track and cross-country coach at Portland State University in Oregon. He maintains a summer home in Seaside, site of the Trail's End marathon.*



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**"The key to marathon organizing appears to lie with the philosophy that the interest of the marathoners shall be kept uppermost in all the planning."**

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one whose experience in marathoning was purely vicarious and yet organized a race of this magnitude. There was really very little anxiety during the three months of preparation. But on the morning of the big event (4 a.m.) I awoke with a large lump in my throat that practically gagged me, and the low dark clouds and strong westerly wind didn't help matters. While making the final check of the course and posting the humor signs, an icy rain came which penetrated my windbreaker and numbed my fingers. Along with the elements came the whirling thought of, what has been forgotten? Is all in readiness? I decided to make a final rundown of the check list (thank God for this device). Even though all appeared gloomy with the running conditions, the completed check list indicated that all was in running order—all engines were go, as it were.

Now all that remained was a break in the weather to give us the conditions suitable for good times. The gods must have been with us, because suddenly the wind shifted from west to east, and the dark, moist clouds were blown out to sea, leaving old Sol shining in all his glory. By starting time, the wind had subsided, and we were ready for the ribbon-cutting ceremony which would open up the trail to the first marathon in Oregon.

The runners were pleased to have the results of the run,



including split times for all 225 contestants, available 30 minutes after the last runner crossed the finish line. Awards were presented and special recognition was given to individuals. Certificates were passed out to each contestant individually—a certificate bearing his name and time. The award ceremony followed a post-run meal. Instant replay TV was to have been available, but we'll have to wait until next year for that. Photos of the runners will also be available by awards time in the future.

Since the check list turned out to be the most significant stabilizing factor in the conduct of the marathon, it might be useful to reprint portions of it to show how our race was structured.

## TRAIL'S END MARATHON CHECKLIST — 1970

### ● Course:

1. Select one which will provide good footing, a variety of scenery and an opportunity for fast times.
2. Survey distance and secure AAU certification.
3. Paint start and finish lines.
4. Cut and paint brilliant red tin strips (2" x 4") and cement-nail these to the asphalt or concrete as reference points—one strip to each mile for the first three miles, one at each five-mile check point, one at the feeding station points (located a short distance past the time check-points).
5. The day prior to the run, paint lines on the roadway at all check-points. As additional aids to the runners, each mile was painted and underlined. Paint directional arrows on pavement for turns.
6. Draw a detailed map of the course.
7. Build portable standing signs to warn runners of approaching time checks and refreshment stands.
8. Paint humor signs and select appropriate locations (e.g., "Blister Poppers, 5 for \$1.00. Dead ahead.")

### ● Awards:

1. Select perpetual trophy, winner's trophy, laurel crown, 20 all-gold medallions with red, white and blue neck ribbons (engrave order of finish on the back).
2. Certificates—parchment, 6" by 9", available to all who finish.
3. Award presentation ceremony, including distribution of awards and certificates, special introductions and talks.

### ● Buildings:

1. Seaside Hotel Lewis and Clark Room for shelter, refreshments and first aid following the finish.
2. High school—dressing and shower facilities, cafetorium for post-run meal, gymnasium for award ceremony.

### ● Vehicles:

1. School bus to carry trainer, and pick up anyone who drops out.
2. Seven mobile radio-equipped units—one as lead car, one as tail car, one at each time check-point, sound truck at start-finish.
3. Press courtesy car.

### ● Personnel/Officials:

1. Fourteen timers.
2. One finish judge.
3. One finish recorder.
4. One finish recorder assistant.
5. Twenty-six trail monitors, or one for each turn.
6. Forty-eight refreshment stewards.
7. Three award presenters.
8. One time recorder and assistant at each time check-point.
9. One recorder of entry numbers and an assistant at each time check-point.
10. One starter.
11. Two announcers at sound truck.
12. One announcers' helper who has master list of all contestants.
13. Six walkie-talkie operators.
14. Local police for controlling traffic.
15. Four flagmen for traffic control.
16. State patrolman or county sheriff to assist flagmen.
17. Three printers to letter names and times on certificates.
18. Publicity director.
19. Cook and staff for post-marathon meal.

20. One person to hand out meal tickets to finishers.
21. Twenty persons for crowd control.

### ● Publicity:

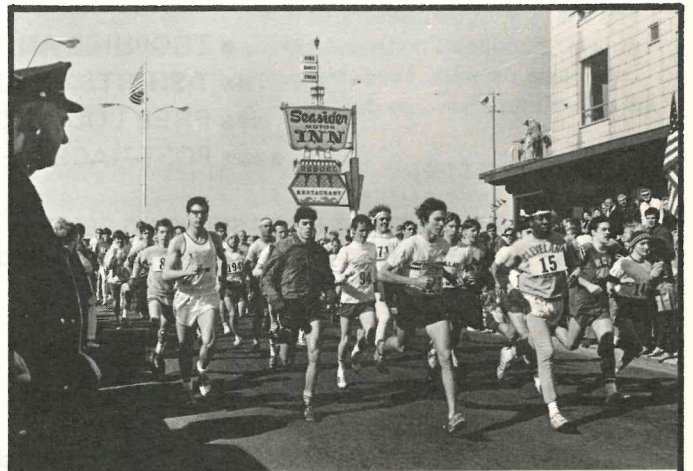
1. Radio
2. Television
3. Sports magazines.
4. All Oregon newspapers.
5. Track and running clubs.
6. College and high school coaches.
7. Display of awards before race.
8. Get information to press, radio and television immediately after race.
9. Photos of start, during race, finish and of the awards presentation.

### ● Duties of Marathon Secretary:

1. Mail out entry forms as directed and/or requested by contestants.
2. File the returned forms alphabetically.
3. On Feb. 24, compile a master list of competitors.
4. Arrange the entry numbers in numerical order. Place these, informational material, etc., in the contestant's packet.
5. Reply to all contestants who enter, and supply them with the following: map of course, registration procedures, information on dressing and shower facilities, post-run meal menu, time schedule, additional information as needed.

### ● General Information and Procedures:

1. AAU Sanction.
2. Crowd restraining ropes at start/finish.
3. Secure all items of equipment needed for the race, and assure that they get to the proper place.
4. Coordination meeting and instructions to persons involved—contestants, officials, newsmen, etc.
5. Suggestion boxes for contestants and officials.
6. Follow-up letters to contestants.
7. Thank-you letters to all officials, including a request for suggestions on making the marathon more efficient.



## TRAIL'S END MARATHON

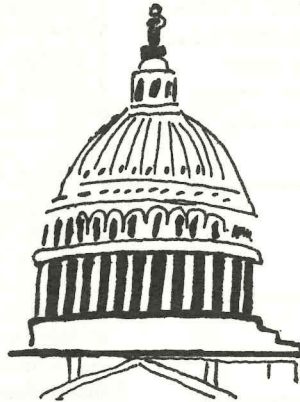
SEASIDE, OREGON  
February 27, 1971 (11 a.m.)

The runner is king at Seaside. Everything from the fast, well-marked out-and-back course to the post-race meal and awards ceremony is patterned to produce a satisfying and enjoyable marathon for everyone who participates. Highly successful inaugural race in 1970 drew over 200 starters and featured a women's world record.

For information write: Chamber of Commerce  
20 North Columbia  
Seaside, Oregon 97138



# 10TH ANNUAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY MARATHON



**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

**SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1971, 1:00 P.M.**

FULL MARATHON (26 MILES 385 YARDS) ON AAU CERTIFIED COURSE — 3 LOOPS OVER THE ROLLING TERRAIN OF SUBURBAN WASHINGTON, COURSE RECORD 2:22 — LOU CASTAGNOLA - 1967

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RACE STARTS AT CHESTNUT HILLS SHOPPING CENTER, US 1 AT MONTGOMERY AVE., BELTSVILLE, MD.  
EXIT 27 FROM BELTWAY—US 495

## SEE THE NATION'S CAPITAL DURING THE 3-DAY WEEKEND

Official Entry Blank

### WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY MARATHON

c/o David Bronson

2530 Drexel St., Vienna, Virginia 22180, Phone (703) 560-4249

A.A.U. NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

ENTRY FEE OF \$2.00  
MUST ACCOMPANY  
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CHECKS PAYABLE TO  
D.C. ROAD RUNNERS.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

[ ] I request free lodging. (NOTE: Requests must be received by January 23.)

I hereby release the sponsors and officials of the Washington Birthday Marathon to be held on February 14, 1971, from all damages or injuries incurring during or arising out of my participation in this event.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_



# STRIDING ALONG

—BY BOB ANDERSON—

Former Australian world record holder at two and three miles, Alby Thomas, is planning a comeback this winter. Thomas, who now lives in New York, is now 35 years old. But his "coach" Bill Emerton reports that, "Alby never has let himself get out of shape, and he'll be ready to go. Recently, in New York, he won an open 5000-meter event, and then two weeks after that he won a five-mile cross-country run in Australia by 200 yards in 25 minutes. He has done 8:50 in a two-mile time trial, and by the start of the indoor season I will have him ready to run in the 8:30s. You'll remember that he set a world three-mile record the first time he ever ran indoors."

The National Jogging Association is compiling a list of jogging trails in the United States. If interested in having your trail listed, write Frank Greenberg, 717 Lewis Tower, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. . . The United States' only official one-day 100-mile run will be held at Sacramento, Calif., on March 14, 1971. It replaces the three-day 100-miler held at Sacramento the last two years. For information on this road run, contact Paul Reese, 2789 17th St., Sacramento, Calif. 95818.

Jack Scott, author of *Athletics for Athletes*, has formed the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society in Oakland, Calif. Scott says, "I conceive the Institute as an independent organization, free of reprisals, to aid and abet any party interested in humanizing sports." The focal point of the Institute will be an advisory board of figures in sports—scholars, journalists, coaches and athletes. Plans include the study of drug use by athletes, scholarship fund for black athletes, and a pamphlet outlining an athlete's legal rights.

The Glen Ellyn (Ill.) Running Club had a total attendance of 1150 at its 10 cross-country and two road races during the summer. College student Tim Wason was in charge of the program, which was so successful financially that proceeds were used to send 15 runners to the Paavo Nurmi marathon in Wisconsin. . . For the second year, Pax Beale of San Francisco produced a feature-length color film of the Dipsea run in northern California. Over 1000 runners competed in the Dipsea (a handicap race won by 60-year-old Norman Bright, who'd set the record 33 years earlier while losing, and ironically saw it fall this year).

Bob Campbell, New England AAU distance chairman, reports that his district will have had "well over 200 distance races for the year" by the time 1970 ends. . . The planned three-man tour to the Kosice marathon in Czechoslovakia partially fell through. Only Bob Fitts (of an intended team of Fitts, Ron Daws and Byron Lowry) got to make the trip. . . The mini, midi and maxi have been in the news lately in the fashion department. And now they are riding into the running scene. In Grand Rapids, Mich., on Nov. 7 there were to be Maxi (26 miles 385 yards), Midi (13 miles) and Mini (6½ miles) races. I think the maxi is beginning to catch on.

Should any readers be amateur radio operators, John P. Trent, 1700 Tudor Road, Anchorage, Alaska 99502, would be interested in contacting you on morse code (CW) at 0300 hours Greenwich Mean Time on 14050 Kilohertz. John, at age 52, has run 4747 miles since Oct. 17, 1966. . . We are getting unusual medical questions such as: "Is there anything I can do to make my feet grow? I have a tough time finding running shoes my size."

The Equinox marathon has an idea other races might do well to copy. They have two divisions—one for the true marathoners, and another for hikers/joggers who are encouraged to try and make the distance, no matter how slowly. The rugged

trail run at the town of College had 194 starters in the running section this year, 750 in the hiking/jogging section. Over 700 finished the two events.

From New Zealand marathoner Jack Foster: "By an odd twist of fate, Sylvia Potts, who stumbled and fell a yard or two from the tape in the Commonwealth Games 800, won the New Zealand women's cross-country championship last month when Heather Thompson stumbled and fell a few yards from the finish, while leading. Poetic justice?"

Here are a couple of good quotes: "Why do I run? Running is reason enough." (Tom O'Hara) "If everyone in the world were an athlete, we'd stand a better chance for peace. We'd break each other's records, not each other's heads." (Vasily Kuznetsov)

John Mwanika, a Ugandan marathon runner, was killed when struck by a car while taking part in the East African championship. . . The next International Veterans 25-kilometer championship race will be held in Czechoslovakia on July 11, 1971. . . Bill Selvin has organized a relay beginning in Los Angeles and ending in Las Vegas. The 300+ mile relay will be run by 12 runners—all over 60 years of age. Each runner will run for any distance he wants, and then pass off to the next man in line. The name of the relay is the "Life Begins at 60 Super-Marathon" and it will be held Thanksgiving weekend.

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## ALL-TIME U.S. MARATHON LIST

*The list here includes the best marathon times ever run by American athletes, and is an abbreviated form of the one which will appear in the 1971 Marathon Handbook. Information consists of the performance's rank, athlete's name, age, a notation of a man's second, third, etc., mark on the list, the time and the year it was made.*

1. Eamon O'Reilly (25)	2:11:12.0	1970
2. Ken Moore (26)	2:13:27.8	1969
3. Bud Edelen (25)	2:14:28.0	1963
4. Amby Burfoot (22)	2:14:28.8	1968
5. Bud Edelen (27)—2	2:14:34.0	1965
6. Bud Edelen (26)—3	2:15:09.6	1963
7. Eamon O'Reilly (23)—2	2:16:39.8	1968
8. Tom Laris (26)	2:16:48.0	1967
9. Lou Castagnola (30)	2:17:48.0	1967
10. Bud Edelen (27)—4	2:18:12.4	1964
11. Norm Higgins (29)	2:18:26.0	1966
12. Tom Heinonen (22)	2:18:29.4	1968
13. Mike Hazilla	2:18:46.5	1966
14. Bud Edelen (25)—5	2:18:56.8	1962
15. Norm Higgins (29)—2	2:19:13.0	1965
16. Ken Moore (26)—2	2:19:47.0	1970
17. John Kelley (26)	2:20:05.0	1957
18. John Kelley (29)—2	2:20:13.6	1960
19. Ralph Buschmann (25)	2:20:20.0	1965
20. Ron Daws (32)	2:20:23.0	1969
21. Bill Clark (26)	2:20:39.2	1970
22. Herb Lorenz (31)	2:20:40.8	1970
23. Steve Matthews (26)	2:20:41.0	1968
24. Bob Deines (20)	2:20:48.0	1968
25. Floyd Godwin (23)	2:20:52.0	1968
26. John Kelley (27)—3	2:20:55.6	1958
27. Ken Moore (26)—3	2:20:58.0	1970

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# READERS' COMMENTS

## LYDIARD

The interview with Arthur Lydiard (July 1970 *RW*) was, of course, fascinating, as are the glimpses into the minds of any great men. He reveals almost classically the *sine qua non* of nearly all such individuals (or "prime movers," as they are sometimes called)—an unswerving, unquestioned, indomitable faith in himself and belief that he is right. It is also the secret of their success because this profound faith is transmitted to and acquired by their followers. In Biblical terms, this kind of absolute faith, once incorporated in a person's life, can move mountains.

In the case of a coach, as long as he and his athletes have this absolute faith in their method of training, the actual method is of little real significance. Hence, the observable: coaches with widely differing approaches to training have all produced champions. Scientifically, we have barely scratched the surface in our understanding of the physiology of conditioning, and witchcraft (or whatever you want to call it) continues to play a very prominent role. The Witchcraft Factor is extremely high with Mr. Lydiard and all those of his genre (e.g., Vince Lombardi) and is the key difference, often, between average success and greatness.

*A.M. La Sorsa  
Manistique, Mich.*

## PACING

Pacing one's self ("Guide to Perfect Pacing," September 1970 *RW*) entails some energy which may not be measurable. I'm sure you have found in interval work that having someone to run with or behind makes it much easier. So in a three- to five-mile race, staying with the front runners for the first half or mile may not take as much out of you as you think.

*George Sheehan  
RW Senior Editor  
Red Bank, N.J.*

## Photo Quiz

### NAME THIS FORMER TEENAGE SENSATION

#### LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Seventy-one correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Dan Dunn (Fresh Meadows, N.Y.) was drawn and he was awarded \$10 worth of books.

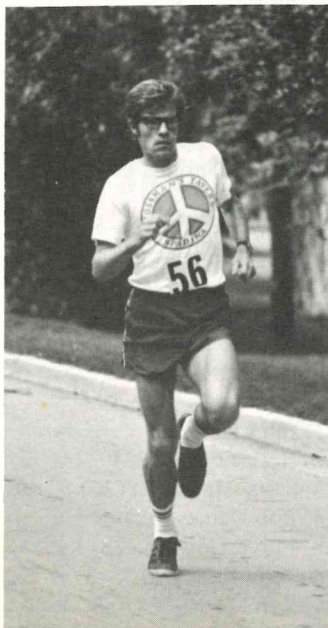
#### THE ANSWER:

Ken Swenson

**RULES:** One entry per family. 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: Dec. 7

**SEND ALL ENTRIES TO:**  
Photo Quiz, P.O. Box 366,  
Mountain View, Calif. 94040



## THE CASE OF THE \$5.00 ENTRY FEE

Fred Grace has a perfect right to object to a \$5.00 entry fee for the US Masters championships ("Running Grace-fully," September 1970 *RW*). However, his comment that the "promoter picks up more folding stuff than there are dead fish in the rivers" borders on being libelous (and) is totally without basis in fact. Had Fred bothered to do his homework, he could have ascertained that the US Masters (with luck) is about a break-even proposition. Secondly, any profit made is the property of the San Diego Track Club, a non-profit organization dedicated to furthering fitness and running.

It's now about time to trot Fred off to some quiet spot where he can consume as much yogurt and ground nuts as he may desire and indulge in his hobby of making unfounded attacks on others. It is incumbent on *Runner's World*, however, not to permit its valuable pages to be abused in such a manner.

*David Pain, Chairman  
US Masters Championships  
San Diego, Calif.*

I think it is dis-Grace-ful for someone in Fred's position writing an article to be read by hundreds of US Masters participants, and attempting to lead them into a belief that they were "taken." The Masters lost \$1017.47 in 1970.

*Bill Stock  
San Diego Track Club  
San Diego, Calif.*

## SECOND BEST

I was tripping merrily through the hills of Redwood Park. After I had been running for 45 minutes and thinking how wonderful it was, I decided it was the best thing I could do with my time. I was thinking how I couldn't be any happier doing anything else. Then I noticed a young couple in the grass off to the side of a clearing. They didn't see me. I turned and ran down the mountain thinking how great it is to be doing the *second best* possible thing with my time.

*Tom Jogginspieler  
Oakland, Calif.*

## SHOE PREJUDICE

As an amateur, I have always looked upon track publications as the effect of zealous enthusiasm for the sport. *Track & Field News* and *Runner's World* seemed to personify this type of amateur dedication and love of competition. Your most recent issue changed all of the above thoughts. Not only did the magazine display the attributes of a business out for all possible profits, but advertised its own product and wrote an article trumpeting it as the most advanced shoe on the market. Every magazine I have ever read has separated its articles from advertisements. Not only was the article on Lydiard's shoe ("How Good is Lydiard's Shoe?" September 1970) totally prejudiced, but the only source of supply was through your own magazine! This reaches beyond the area of poor business policy to being totally unethical.

It's obvious that all you want is the amateur's money and don't really care how you do it. I'd cancel my subscription except I want you to go to the expense of sending all the magazines due me.

*CPT Scott Taylor  
US Modern Pentathlon Team  
Fort Sam Houston, Tex.*



# Great Watch Buys



## MINERVA CHRONOGRAPH

Here it is—the COMPLETE watch. Right there on your wrist, handy and compact as any wristwatch, is a multi-purpose instrument that (1) allows split-second, stopwatch precision timing of your own racing and training; (2) tells the time of day; (3) registers the day and date. Ideal for the man who doesn't mind paying a bit more for a top-quality timepiece.

(17 jewels, non-magnetic, water-resistant, shock-resistant, with stainless steel case and "time-out" feature.)

**SPECIAL RW PRICE—\$89.50.**

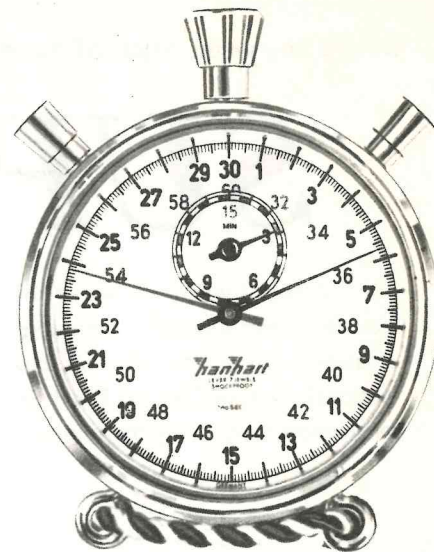


## HANHART "TROIKA"

Eliminate the confusion of timing long distance races with the easy-to-use, easy-to-read "Troika." Its 60-second face, combined with 30-minute and tenth-second inner dials make it the most practical distance timing watch on the market. And it's durable enough to take the pounding of constant use.

(7 jewels, Wing Model, winding mechanism in rear.)

**SPECIAL RW PRICE—\$21.95.**

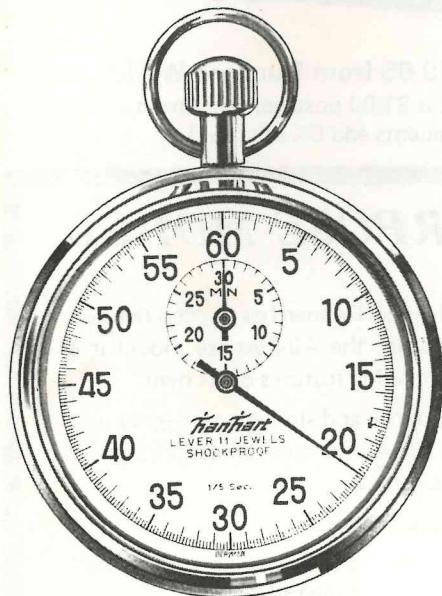


## DOUBLE-HAND SPLIT-TIMER

Time all finishers to the tenth-second. Catch exact splits of all relay team members. ALL ON THE SAME WATCH! The two-handed split timer lets you do it. Its split hand can be stopped whenever necessary, read, then returned to the regular hand with a flick of a button. All the while, the regular hand continues its running time undisturbed. "Splits" can be taken as fast as you can read 'em.

(7 jewels, tenth-second, small dial registers up to 15 minutes, two side return buttons.)

**SPECIAL RW PRICE—\$42.95.**



## THE HANHART SPECIAL

Another easy-reading, low-cost model especially suited to the long distance runner. 60-second face and the half-hour inner dial make the Hanhart Special all but foolproof. Heavy duty—shock-, dust- and water-protected. Records to the fifth-second.

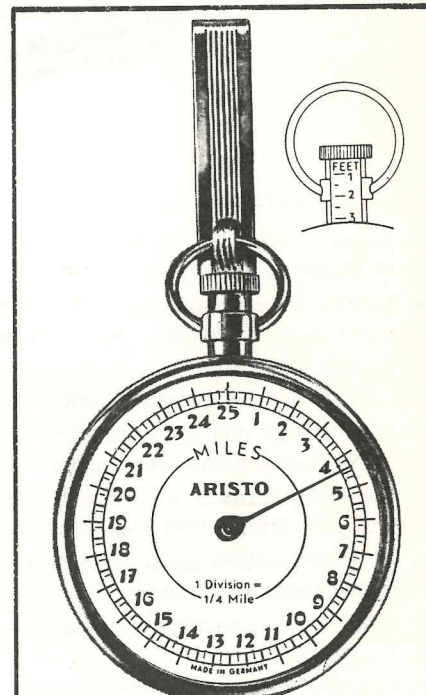
**SPECIAL RW PRICE—\$19.95.**



## HANHART SUPER-10

Our highly recommended economy watch—ruggedly constructed for hard use, easy to operate, and it has its 30-second face divided into tenth-second increments. Well-suited to the needs of athletes, coaches and fans.

**RW PRICE—\$14.50.**



## 25-MILE PEDOMETER

Everyone who travels big distances on foot is anxious to know just how far he's gone. The Pedometer can give the answer. Simply adjust it for individual stride length, hang it from your waistband or pocket and take off—knowing you'll know your distance.

**RW PRICE—\$7.50.**

All watches are guaranteed for at least one year by the maker.

# RUNNER'S WORLD

POST OFFICE BOX 366

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF. 94040