

RUNNER'S WORLD

SEPTEMBER, 1970 • 50 cents



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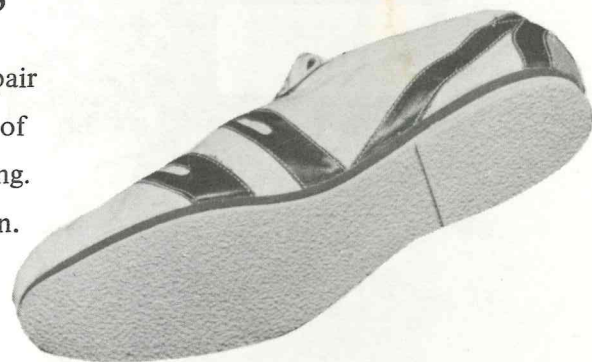
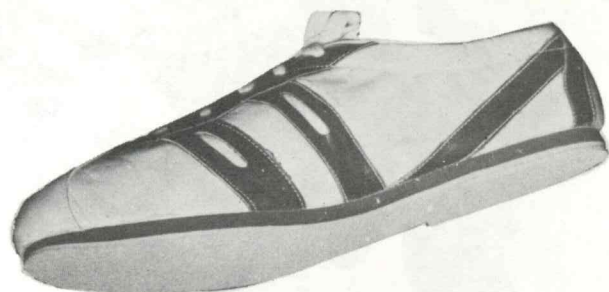
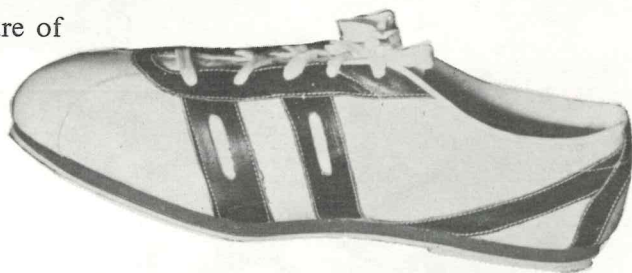
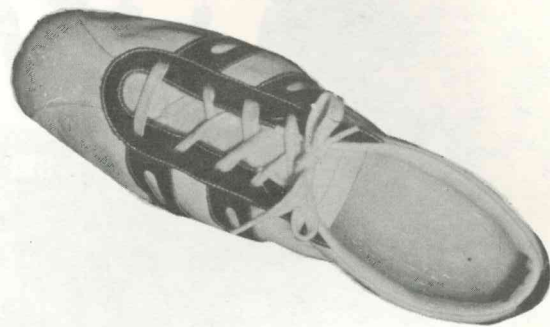
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NEXT ISSUE

Dave Prokop will interview Ron Hill, undoubtedly the hottest marathoner going. Also planned are a "Here's How" on marathon organizing by Ralph Davis, and an article by Joe Henderson called "The Relevance of Running."

RUNNER'S WORLD

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"Everything for the Runner"

VOLUME V

SEPTEMBER, 1970

NUMBER FIVE

Running Through This Issue

ISSUE HIGHLIGHTS

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INTERVIEW/KENNETH COOPER, by Joe Henderson

Lots of authors have tried, but none has been as effective as Dr. Kenneth Cooper in getting the country's decaying population moving toward physical fitness again. The originator of the Aerobics program and author of the best-selling book, *Aerobics*, tells of his methods—and why they rely so heavily on running.

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SPRINGBANK—A CLASS RACE, by Dave Prokop

Without a big organization, without a huge budget and without a tradition to draw on, the Springbank Road Races in London, Ont., already have developed into the finest international event in North America—short of Boston. Prokop, who does a good part of the race promotion, tells how it has come so far in just two years.

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VIEWS OF MARATHONING, by Jim Dunne, and CAMP COMEDY FROM PULLMAN, by Tom Derderian

Marathoners and 5000-10,000 runners gathered in Pullman, Wash., this summer for an Olympic Training Camp. From the camp comes, first, an interview with four marathoners—Phil Camp, Tom Heinonen, Herb Lorenz and Byron Lowry—digging into many facets of the event. Following is Tom Derderian's (Tom was a "camper") humorous look at the off-track and off-road happenings.

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COVER PHOTO: Tony Duffy captures the saddest moment of the Commonwealth Games—Kerry O'Brien's (25) tumble into the water pit while leading.

WHERE R.W. IS HEADING

Runner's World circulation has jumped by more than 50% since the move to California and the name change earlier in the year. The magazine is bigger. The content is better (an obvious value judgment). We've expanded into book publishing, shoe selling, Editorial Servicing and have added a newsletter called *Racing Report*.

This isn't back-patting, nor is what follows an apology—only an explanation and clarification. *RW* is growing fast and changing fast—maybe too fast. In the rush, sometimes there are glaringly obvious goofs on our end, and at times when seeing our content-style-appearance-name-location changes readers might ask, "What the heck are those guys trying to prove?"

Every day's mail brings complimentary letters—some embarrassingly so. If we bothered to count, praise might outrank criticism 9-1, which is gratifying since it's normally human nature to write to publications only when moved by anger. We get enough good comments to assure us that *RW* is headed in the right direction, though detours come occasionally. No need laboring that point anymore.

The critical comments come, too. Some deal with sloppy editing/proofreading (there were some beauties in the July issue) and super-slow mail service (six weeks to the east coast is ridiculous). It's impossible to offer a legitimate defense for these. They're clear-cut, right or wrong.

Style and content of the magazine are the shady areas open to controversy and most capable of producing confusion. Controversy is okay. We thrive on stories provocative enough to draw the type of fire you often see in "Readers' Comments," and there'll be no backing away from any worthwhile article just because it might make some reader, advertiser or editor angry. Hal Higdon definitely will stay, with free rein to write as he wishes. And we won't quit publishing articles like "Getting Track Back to Normal" (May 1970) because a few coaches take offense. On the other hand, we won't ignore thoughtful rebuttals.

Evidently, from the feedback we get, there's still considerable confusion over *RW's* overall editorial policy. A reader asked, "Why didn't you do big stories on the national and international track meets this summer? They're the most important meets of the year, and you hardly had a thing."

When the new editor took over in January, he spelled out certain guidelines for *RW* content. He said, "This isn't a news magazine." We'd gotten almost completely away from results reporting then, and have gone even farther now. The last major holdout was eliminated this issue when "Spotlight on England and Europe" got a new feature format. News Highlights stay to touch the tip of the results, but if you want more details you'll have to see other publications. Our twice-monthly *Racing Report* is one.

If we aren't a results magazine, we certainly aren't a public relations outfit. Recently, an irate race director complained, "You really hurt us by not printing a story about our race. We needed that publicity in the worst way." He may have needed the publicity, but the editor decided that readers didn't need to hear it at the expense of other material. Look at it this way. There are 70 marathons and hundreds of shorter races in the

country this year. A race must have some mighty unique features to warrant being reported after its news value has gone stale. The Redfield, Iowa, marathon or the 24-hour relay (July 1970) might get a story because of their redeeming feature value, but the NCAA track championships won't if it's "just another meet."

There are better ways of using space than filling it with lists of numbers, which have a definite place in the sport but are of limited interest and value. This is a participant-oriented magazine, appealing to active runners and walkers. We've never checked this figure closely, but estimates are that 75% or more of our readers actively participate in the sports. Their interest isn't detached and esoteric. They're personally involved. They don't need what marathoner Tom Heinonen called a "hero-worshipping" magazine. They need one that "talks to the runner himself."

Typical *RW* readers are more interested in their own times than those of the nation's and world's leaders. They're most concerned with proving and improving themselves. They want material that gives them the straight poop on how to train and race, what shoes to wear, what fellow runners are doing and thinking, things like that.

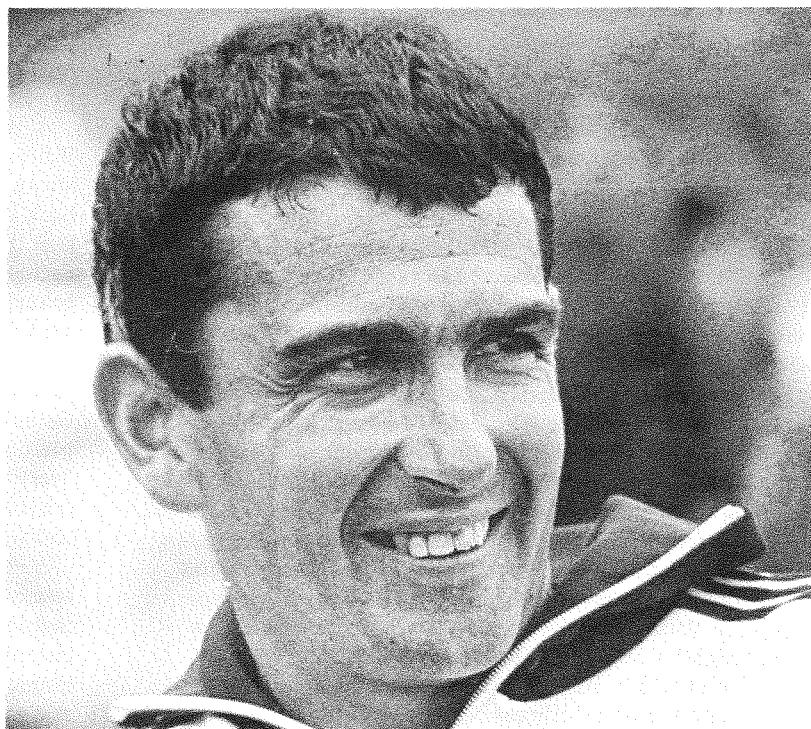
We're a long ways past the point where we were struggling to fill pages. More material comes in than we could use in a year of 100-page issues. Three criteria (beyond mere technical quality) determine what's selected for publication and what's rejected: 1. Is the topic a fresh, original contribution to running/walking literature? 2. Does it have the active runner's/walker's interest at heart? 3. Can he gain practical advice from it?

It's satisfying to have a half-dozen articles a week arrive which meet these standards. Apparently, they're as fun to write as they are to read. As the number and quality of submissions continue to increase, competition for always-tight space gets tougher, and the overall class of content improves. Then comes the problem—returning to writers unpublished stories which should see print somewhere. Really good material is being rejected, but rejection is still rejection.

We're working in the direction of becoming a forum-type magazine offering a wide range of opinions. We want opinionated pieces, so long as they're well-backed by facts and varying viewpoints are exposed. Keep the stories flooding in. One suggestion: before doing an article, write to the editor in advance explaining your plans; he'll give you a general idea whether it fits into *RW* plans. Most likely, if the earlier-listed criteria are met, we'll make it fit.

Some big changes in the magazine's appearance are due within the next few months. One came in this issue with the use of our new IBM Composer type-setting machine. We'll spring other, more radical, departures from tradition on you later. But general content policies won't change much. The idea that participation is more valuable than results is radical enough already.

BOB ANDERSON, President & Publisher
JOE HENDERSON, Editor



Lachie Stewart (center man in left photo) symbolizes the frustration that has stalked Ron Clarke (11) throughout his international career. Stewart's kick prevented Clarke from winning what would have been his first international games title—the Commonwealth 10,000. (Tempest & Shearman)

DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Ron Clarke's big moment loomed 100 yards away. He could see the finish line of the British Commonwealth Games 10,000, and he was leading. Ron had broken lots of tapes, as well as lots of records, but never anything this big. This was his last try. "The 1972 Olympics in Munich are out of the question for me," the 33-year-old Australian had said when he'd announced he was quitting the big-time rat-race. "I just couldn't reach the top again."

Clarke's main rival, Dick Taylor, had fallen a comfortable distance behind. But just when Ron may have been thinking, "Finally I'm going to kill the idea that I can't win the big ones," a stoked-up Scot named Lachie Stewart took off. Riding the crest of his countrymen's wild cheering, Stewart swept past and into the tape that should have been Clarke's. Stewart had improved by nearly a half-minute. Clarke had run easily his best race of the year. His fifth international silver medal was little consolation.

After two more anti-climactic races, Ron Clarke retired a somewhat bitter man who's best remembered not for the great deal he accomplished but rather for the little he didn't. It's a sad commentary on the state of running spectatorism.

"Look at Clarke," the broad-butted track nut snarled from his seat high above the Olympic track in Mexico a couple of years back. "Failed again. He's just not a winner." It was as if Ron were the lead actor in a play and he'd failed in his entertainment role. The critic brought judgment swiftly and

harshly. It didn't seem to matter that Clarke wasn't acting. He'd run his guts out in the unfamiliar air, had gone the last few laps semi-conscious, and was now on his back beside the track sucking oxygen from a bottle to revive himself. At sea level, he could set a world record and recover with two breaths, but not here.

Ron had written in his book, *The Unforgiving Minute*, "What seems to confuse people is my belief that after the event the result is unimportant. I maintain that enjoyment is gained from the competition itself, from the intense battle between evenly balanced competitors, and that then the result scarcely matters. Often when I have easily won a race I have felt less elated than when I have narrowly lost in a close, exciting finish."

The viewing public, though, doesn't think in Ron's sensible terms. Public interest rides with winners. The demand is for supermen, and Clarke didn't oblige. He did some "super" things like running two or three races a week faster than anyone else could dream of going in a career. But his displays of vulnerability generated the attention and, unfortunately, the criticism.

This had to affect him. After Mexico City, his public statements began taking on hints of defensiveness and bitterness. Ron misinterpreted a story I'd written (explaining that the Kenyans and other Africans quite possibly could have won at any altitude), viewing it as a slap at him. "You're just like the rest of the writers," he wrote. "You comment on a situa-

tion you know nothing about. The story you wrote is an insult to every low-altitude athlete who competed in Mexico.”

Even two years later, as he got ready for his Commonwealth race, memories of Mexico City clouded Clarke’s mind. He said the Kenyans lacked the ability to repeat their Mexico City activities. He hinted that the only reason he’d stuck around the last two years was to clear his record, and he talked with a profound sense of relief about his upcoming retirement.

This is the Ron Clarke who, a few years earlier, had written that he didn’t brood over lost races. He had said, “Possibly through being cheerful after a defeat, people have concluded that I’m too mild a fellow, and that if I possessed a fierce desire to win I should be weeping tears of blood. The public demand for fanaticism among sportsmen is alarming. It has grown over the last couple of decades because of this unwise emphasis on the result being all important. . . Mass preoccupation with results, amounting almost to hysteria, is a very unhealthy phenomenon.”

Ron didn’t used to brood, yet apparently the unyielding press and public demand for fanaticism eroded his spirit and the continued pressure of hard racing robbed his running of its joy. In the end he seemed to be running to prove to the world that he wasn’t a failure.

The unselfish, articulate, humane man who’d given so much to the sport got little thanks from it. He was, in terms of consistent high-quality racing, as great as any runner in history. But he’s remembered not for the hundreds of races he rescued from mediocrity, only for the handful of big ones he wasn’t lucky enough to win.

Perhaps he brought it on himself, being as good as he was. The disadvantage of front-running is inherent, and Clarke was nearly always a front-runner. He had no one to watch. Everyone behind was aiming at him. In his big races, Ron was always the big man, the world record holder, the favorite. “Cut down Clarke” was the name of the game. His game had to be “run like hell and hope no one can stay with me.” A super-charged Billy Mills, Naftali Temu or Lachie Stewart was always there, clinging desperately and/or ripping away at an unheard of rate, to spoil Ron’s Olympic and Commonwealth hopes. Every upstart had him as a definite target, and he rarely had the luxury of one of his own.

In his book, Clarke called success an “impostor” with pitfalls as big as its attractions. The more success he found, the more he realized its fickle nature. When he failed to meet the demands of hero-hungry fans, many turned on him, labeling him “failure.” It’d be a shame if he retired believing it.



Running’s brand of “racism” has nothing to do with skin tone. This type rises from an obsession with racing—with speed and success—that’s so powerful it distorts the meaning of running and the view of the people who practice it.

A mid-2:20s American marathoner (whose anonymity is protected because he’s really a fine, sincere fellow, not the ogre this article might make him out to be) observed recently that the national races are becoming big “all-comers meets” for joggers. “I’m not knocking the joggers too much,” he said. “They should be allowed to have races once in a while. But too many races around the country are just big jogger events. I think real big-time racing should not be mixed with jogging. Each should have separate programs. In some races in Japan, if you fall farther than 15 or 20 minutes behind the leader, you are out of the race. People don’t belong in a race if, in a national championship, they are going to take 3½ hours to finish (a marathon). I think this is ridiculous.”

He’s calling for separatism—apartheid based strictly on ability to make fast times. Not separate-but-equal. The

“joggers” (i.e., anyone 15 or 20 minutes behind him) can have their own races “once in a while,” but this is to be second-rate racing. The good events—the Bostons and Culver Cities—are to be reserved for him and his big-timers. *This* is ridiculous.

Since he mentioned Japan, let’s talk about that country. It has lots of fast marathoners, lots of interest. Tad Dobbs wrote about them in his *Runner’s World* article a few issues back (“Why Japan Leads the World,” May 1970). He hinted that the entire push of marathoning in Japan is toward international competition. Runners with international promise are brought up through the ranks, both driven and pampered, and worked into a nationalistic frenzy. This frenzy, and a “failure” (he finished third in the Olympic marathon before the home folks), drove Kokichi Tsuburaya to suicide after the 1964 Games. Marathoning in Japan is single-minded, demanding and patterned for the elite. Japanese marathoners, Dobbs wrote, “very seldom run beyond the age of 30 because they must concentrate on earning a living. Hard training is time-consuming and this would detract from that goal.”

American road running has taken on entirely different emphasis. Except for rare “racists,” the attitude is overwhelmingly relaxed, free and democratic. It isn’t centered on the potential internationalists. They may have the “guns” in their ranks, but the “joggers” have the numbers in theirs. There’s a vast range of runners—a good many of them well over 30 years old, not detracting from their jobs and other obligations with single-minded training, and considerably more than 15-20 minutes behind the leaders—who won’t take kindly to being excluded from big races they’ve helped create. In their numbers, they have the power to prevent it.

There’s more. The big-time marathoner spilled more of his “racist” philosophies when he blasted LSD-type training—a method he neither has given a fair test nor understands but which he seems to associate with lazy, bored “joggers.”

He said, “Some people do it (long, slow training) because they think it’s a real easy way to run really fast marathons, but I haven’t seen an LSDer run under 2:20 yet. . . I just can’t see plodding along. Running seven minutes (a mile). . . well, I feel like I can almost walk faster than that. . . I’d just go nuts.”

Aside from the fact that his argument can be easily and thoroughly refuted (e.g., 90% or more of Ron Hill’s running is closer to seven-minute pace than five-minute, and he has been considerably below 2:20), the statements themselves give away the speaker’s underlying view of running.

This runner apparently doesn’t care much for running. It shows in what he says. Oh, he must love the trappings that go with high-level racing, and he works hard to get them. But running itself evidently is just tolerated.

If the jogger-knocker really valued running, he’d be calling for wide-open racing. He’d realize there’s more to running than winning, and he’d be trying to get others to realize it, not recommending kicking the laggards off the course and ridiculing the 3½-hour marathoner.

If this fellow and his fast friends really liked running, they wouldn’t be so concerned with rushing through it. They talk of training as if it were a Chinese water torture. They’re so conditioned to the pains of racing that they’re blind to the joys and benefits of a relaxed run. Anything less than race pace yields nothing more than boredom (“I’d go nuts”) and guilt (“easy way”).

As long as these unfortunate “class” marathoners have their good racing and its trappings (attention, awards, trips, training camps) they’ll tolerate running. But when the high-level success stops, then what?

The “joggers” like running itself and stick with it. They have to like to run or they wouldn’t do it. It’s all they have.

News Highlights

● **Los Angeles, Calif., June 18-21**—Bill Fitzgerald got another of his narrow wins over Peter Mundle, 4:13.6 to 4:13.9 for 1500 meters, at the Senior Olympics. But Mundle got an easy victory in the 5000 at 15:42.3.

● **Knoxville, Tenn., June 27**—What better name for an hour run winner than Grant Colehour? Grant went 11 miles 1234 yards on the Tartan track before time ran out.

● **San Diego, Calif., July 2-4**—Peter Mundle doubled with victories in the two-mile (9:49.8) and six-mile (31:36.8), and was runner-up to Jim Van Tatenhove (4:31.8) in the mile at the US Masters (over-40) championships. Willis Kleinsasser pushed a fine 2:01.1 half-mile, and Graham Parnell got a 15:35.2 three-mile win to go along with his marathon title.

● **Whitewater, Wisc., July 4**—Jim Vedder added his name to the burgeoning list of sub-2:30 marathoners when he won the Whitewater race in 2:28:30.

● **Woodland Hills, Calif., July 8**—And another veterans' record for Peter Mundle—this one a 9:28.0 two-mile.

● **Paris, France, July 8-9**—Ken Moore and Garry Bjorklund brought down their 10,000-meter bests in a tight race with the French—Moore winning in 28:47.6 and Bjorklund only 2.8 seconds back in fourth. Bill Reilly got another nice steeplechase time—8:35.8 in second place.

● **Bourne, Mass., July 12**—Two young collegians, Art Dulong (first in 1:03:15) and Dan Moynihan (second in 1:04:14) outran AAU marathon champion Bob Fitts (third, 1:04:44) and a strong field in the AAU 20-kilometer race.

● **Stuttgart, West Germany, July 15-16**—Taking full advantage of his powerful drive to the finish, Ken Swenson raced to an American 800-meter record of 1:44.8 against the West Germans. Walter Adams, a tenth back, tied the European mark. Steve Prefontaine ran a 13:39.6 5000 behind Harald Norpoth.

● **Bethesda, Md., July 16**—Mike Graves went 11 miles 1202 yards in the eastern section of the AAU one-hour run.

● **Edinburgh, Scotland, July 17-25**—The Commonwealth Games was filled with fine distance running, most notable of which was Ron Hill's 2:09:28—second-fastest ever—during one of the fastest mass marathon finishes in history. Seven men were under 2:17. Ron Clarke lost out to Scot Lachie Stewart's kick in the 10,000, and was well behind Ian Stewart's European record-setting 13:22.8 5000. Kip Keino won the men's 1500 (3:36.6) and Rita Ridley the women's (4:18.8).

● **Pullman, Wash., July 20-21**—"Campers" at Washington State thoroughly destroyed the *Runner's World* 24-hour relay record when a 10-man team of trackmen went 295 miles 269 yards. Bill Scobey averaged 4:42.1 for his 30 miles. A second team, this one composed of marathoners, went 289+ miles.

● **Leningrad, USSR, July 23-24**—Frank Shorter broke away from a splendid field early in the 10,000 and went on by himself to a 28:22.8 win—five seconds off the US record. In the women's 800, young Cheryl Toussaint surprised the Soviets with a 2:05.6 victory.

● **Santa Barbara, Calif., July 25**—With results of seven regional races in and tabulated, Pat McMahon's 12-mile 341-yard total easily emerged as best in the AAU one-hour run. Richard Woelk, who won the race here, was second overall with 11 miles 1497 yards. Ed Ramirez had 11, 1414.

COMING EVENTS

September

- 27 Santa Barbara marathon, Santa Barbara, Calif.
27 Springbank 12-mile (international field), London, Ontario

October

- 11 City of Lakes marathon, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
11 Amoco marathon, Canton, Ohio
11 Winola marathon, Indianola, Iowa
17 AAU Junior hour run, New England area
18 AAU Senior 50-mile, Rocklin, Calif.
18 Motor City marathon, Detroit, Mich.
18 Tri-States marathon, Falls City, Nebr.
25 AAU Junior & RRC marathon, Atlantic City, N.J.
25 Ohio River RRC marathon, Monroe, Ohio

November

- 1 AAU Junior 30-kilometer, Boulder, Colo.
1 AAU Senior 3000-meter team race, Bronx, N.Y.
14 AAU Junior cross-country (10 kilometers), San Diego, Cal.
14 NCAA College cross-country (5 miles), Wheaton, Ill.
21 AAU Junior 20-kilometer, Albuquerque, N.M.
21 Marathon, Galveston, Tex.
23 NCAA University cross-country (6 miles), Williamsburg, Va
25 USTFF cross-country (6 miles), University Park, Pa.
26 Federation marathon, Abilene, Tex.
28 AAU Senior cross-country (10 kilometers), Chicago, Ill.
29 William Ruthrauff marathon, Philadelphia, Pa.



● **Eugene, Ore., Aug. 1**—A group of half-milers gathered here for an Olympic Training Camp broke the listed American two-mile relay record with 7:16.2. However, Marcel Philippe (1:49.1), Dean Bjerke (1:50.4), Ralph Schultz (1:48.9) and Lowell Paul (1:47.8) probably won't get credit for the mark because they aren't on the same college or club team.

● **Pullman, Wash., Aug. 2**—Vic Nelson, who was spending a few weeks here at the US Olympic Distance Camp, raced the first Evergreen marathon in 2:23:38, ahead of Jim Backus (2:25:52) and Phil Camp (2:26:36).

● **Bucharest, Romania, Aug. 5-6**—American women got some excellent times against the Romanians: Cheryl Toussaint and Francie Johnson both 2:04.8 in the 800, Francie Larrieu and Mrs. Johnson both 4:17.3 in the 1500.

● **Manitou Springs, Colo., Aug. 15**—Steve Gauchupin won his fifth straight Pikes Peak marathon with 3:45:52. Peter Mattei set a veterans' record of 4:39:10.

● **Mill Valley, Calif., Aug. 15**—Bill Scobey, fresh out of the US Olympic camp at Pullman, was headed for an American hour run record when stitches struck. As it was, he missed by less than 50 yards with 12 miles, 184 yards. Bill Clark missed 12 miles by 73 yards.

● **Hurley, Wisc., Aug. 15**—Minnesota Bruce Mortensen finished a mile in front at the Paavo Nurmi marathon, running 2:25:02.8.

● **Toronto, Ont., Aug. 24**—Jack Foster, the amazing 38-year-old New Zealander who four weeks earlier had run 2:14 in the Commonwealth race, won the CNE international invitational marathon in 2:16:23.8. New Zealanders filled the next two spots, and Herb Lorenz, the first US finisher, set a personal best of 2:20:40.8 while placing sixth.

● **London, England, Sept. 5**—Jim Alder clipped 55 seconds from the world 30-kilometer record, running 1:31:30.4, to pace a record assault that also included Kenya's 7:11.6 in the men's 3200-meter relay and Great Britain's 8:25.0 in the women's.

Runner's World Interview: KENNETH COOPER

BY JOE HENDERSON

In 1968, Dr. Kenneth Cooper of the Air Force tied his physical fitness studies together in a book called "Aerobics." His book and his methods have become perhaps the most significant contributors to mass fitness ever to come along. In this interview, Dr. Cooper discusses his background as a runner and the big part running plays in "Aerobics."

Attendance at the speech was mandatory, and the Coast Guardsmen were responding in a fashion typical of military men under orders. They filed into the dreary auditorium dutifully, but with minimum enthusiasm. Slouching into folding chairs, they lit their cigarettes and carried on a full-volume BS session. Oh well, they seemed to be saying, at least we're missing work for awhile.

"Quiet!" a young officer ordered. "Douse the cigarettes, and give the speaker your attention." He hardly needed to say it. Before the guest had talked five minutes, they'd be ashamed to light up and their attention would be fully voluntary.

Before he says a word, Lt. Col. Kenneth Cooper commands respect. The Air Force doctor is tall, trim and military in bearing, and he looks at his listeners with a steady, confident gaze. Handling uninspired audiences is his specialty.

Calmly, yet with obvious conviction, Dr. Cooper leaps into the job of convincing. A decade of research has given him solid information to work with, and hundreds of speeches have polished his presentation. He marches out the facts and statistics: "Heart disease is the big killer". . . "Smoking damages the heart". . . "So does obesity". . . "The average American, of all ages, is dangerously unfit." The listeners have no trouble at all identifying with these frightening figures.

Just when he gets them sitting up straight, sufficiently scared, Dr. Cooper hits the audience with an alternative—"aerobic exercise." This group is, for the most part, uninitiated, so he explains to them that this simply means low-level, sustained activity that raises the heart's beating rate but still allows normal breathing. Running, swimming, walking cycling—all of them will do. "But jogging and running are definitely the most practical and efficient," he says, to the delight of those of us who like to think that.

With specific cases, many of them quite startling, and with slides he shows there's a clear, sure and not too difficult way to escape physical decay. He's not talking about producing athletic heroes, just normal, fit people. "Anyone can do it," he claims, pointing to his "convincers" in the audience—Elaine Pedersen, Walt Stack and Harry Cordellos. Elaine, obviously, is a woman, Walt is 62 years old, and Harry is blind. All have run and are still running competitive long distances.

The speech ends. Maybe, Cooper hopes, a few of the Coast Guardsmen will hang onto his message. Those of us who stayed for an informal chat needed no dramatic convincing. Cordellos (who began running a couple of years ago, using Cooper's first *Aerobics* book as a convincer), Stack, RW publisher Bob Anderson and I swear by the activity. So with us the doctor got more relaxed and more technical in his discussion, as he would that night when talking to a medical group.

He left us with no doubt that he's a runner. He knows the sport, his background (including two Boston marathons) is in it, he still runs almost daily, most of his testing is with runners, and—as he said in his speech—he's sure it's the "most practical and efficient" of exercises. Others are fine, but our discussion naturally centered on our favorite.

Keep this in mind when reading what Dr. Cooper has to say. The words are backed by tests on 800,000 subjects—most of them Air Force trainees (the Air Force has adopted "Aerobics" as its official conditioning program). When he recommends so-and-so in such-and-such amount, Cooper isn't guessing. Book-buyers who've been shucked by dozens of pseudo-authoritative exercise programs seem to sense this one makes sense. Cooper's original *Aerobics*, published in 1968, has sold two million copies and created huge demand for the recently-released *New Aerobics*.

Dr. Cooper isn't concerned with training for competition. That's for those with special abilities, interests and needs. He's deeply concerned with physical decay and is dedicated to preventive and rehabilitative activity. Everyone can use that.



RW: *What is your personal running background, and what running do you do now?*

Cooper: I ran the Boston marathon in 1962 (3:53) and '63 (3:20). Actually, it was impossible for me to do enough training. I wanted to break three hours, and you've got to run at least 100 miles a week to do that. I was working on my second doctorate, was a resident at a hospital in Boston and was taking Russian on the side. I worked up to about 75 miles a week, which is the most I could train.

I've been running for many years. I was state champion (Oklahoma) in the mile in high school back in 1949 with 4:30. It was good in those days but wouldn't even qualify for the regionals now. I went to college, the University of Oklahoma, on a track scholarship but only ran track for three years before starting medical school. My times dropped to about 4:18 for the mile and 1:56 for the half.

After I got into medical school, I kind of deteriorated. I was up to 196 pounds. (I'm 175 now, and 6'1½"). This is really too heavy for my long distance running. I was weighing 165 in high school and college.) This was back in 1959, and I began to notice the association between lack of fitness and many medical problems. Tonight (at a talk to a doctors' group) I'll go into more detail on some of the relationships between medical problems and inactivity—such as heart disease, ulcers, adult diabetes, high blood pressure and some very strange relationships like migraine headaches. Some people have told me their migraine problem improved or was eliminated once they started exercising. I see cases like this in my own medical practice.

I started exercising again in late 1959 when I transferred to the Air Force. Being assigned to the School of Aerospace Medicine in San Antonio gave me the opportunity to reactivate my interest.

Now I run about 15-20 miles a week, trying to run five days. More frequently it's four. You see, I'm travelling a lot. Last year I was gone from home 132 days. The last two days

I've been in Beverly Hills and ran three miles at 6 o'clock in the morning. Really, I saw lots of people out running. I didn't recognize any of them, but I'm sure some were in the movie business. If you really want to see something, there's a four-lane road with a wide median that goes out to the ocean in Los Angeles. Any time of day you go there you'll see literally dozens of people running, and at five or six in the afternoon there's a stampede. It has been amazing to me to see the surge of interest in running.

RW: *You're almost committed to running now that you've written the book, aren't you?*

Cooper: It's kind of funny. You know, I'm almost afraid to run with anyone anymore. It's like I'm the fastest gun in the west. I was back east not long ago and a YMCA sponsored a "Run with Cooper." About 250 people came out, and I nearly killed myself trying to run four miles with a 60-year-old man.

RW: *Isn't it true that you took a 40-mile run about a year ago?*

Cooper: That was a "Miles for Children" in San Antonio, actually more of a walk than a run. It was highly successful. We had sponsors that pledged so much per mile, and all the money went to charity. There were check-points every four miles. You carried a card and stopped each four miles to get it stamped. We had 7000 entrants. To get 7000 people in San Antonio to do anything is an accomplishment. But to get them to come out and participate in this 40-mile event was really good for the city. We raised nearly \$50,000. Of the 7000 starters we had 650 finishers, including a 70-year-old woman and an 11-year-old girl. I came in fourth overall (7 hours 45 minutes). Even my wife made it. She walked it in 12 hours.

RW: *Does your wife follow a regular training program?*

Cooper: Yes, she has to to keep peace in the family. She runs 1½ miles in 11-12 minutes. Our four-year-old daughter rides along in a stroller. Seriously, we've used a stroller for the last two years because we can't always get a baby sitter when we run. I probably hold the world record for 1½ miles up and down hills pushing a 30-pound daughter in a stroller.

RW: *What are your reactions to Payton Jordan's claims (in the booklet *Running for Fun and Fitness*) that fast intervals are superior to slow jogging as a conditioner?*

Cooper: The question, "Should you sprint or should you get involved in low-level endurance activity?" was asked by several physicians writing in to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Two of us, the famous cardiologist Larry Lamb and I, answered it. Both of us—and exercise physiologists are in almost unanimous agreement—said it was ill-advised and potentially dangerous to use this interval-type training. Of course, using intervals for competition training is very important, but here we are talking about preventive medicine conditioning.

In fact, there was a study reported in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* back in March 1967 by Dr. Roskam, a famous German physiologist. The title was "Optimum Patterns of Exercise for Healthy Adults." This article reported that the safest and most effective way for the average adult to participate in exercise programs, to achieve a training effect, is to use low-level sustained activity, not sprinting.

You have to think of the training effect as the peak of a pyramid, and there are a variety of ways you can reach this peak. A study reported by Bouchard, Hollmann and Venrath revealed that with as little as three minutes a day—easily within five minutes a day—you can get a training effect. But the requirement is that you have to exercise in excess of 95% of your maximum capacity. This means you would have to work at a

heart rate of 190 beats per minute for 3-5 minutes. This is potentially dangerous for older people. At the other extreme, if you want to work three hours a day with a maximum heart rate of only 100-110, you can still get a training effect. This is the reason it's possible for older people to get a training effect strictly with a walking program.

What would you predict as the maximum heart rate for an average 40-year-old walking a mile in 14 minutes? We're doing a large study now evaluating this response. The average heart rate appears to be about 135 beats per minute. A number of studies have shown that if you reach a threshold value of 130 beats per minute you start getting a training effect. Therefore it's possible in either 3-5 minutes a day or 2-3 hours a day, but you have to be realistic. We still feel that 10-20 minutes of exercise a day is a realistic time. And I can prove statistically, from thousands of tests, that 30 points a week (his simplified rating system for the benefits of exercise; a mile in 6:30-8:00 is worth five points) will take 80-85% of the people in this program up to a maximum oxygen consumption of 42 (milliliters per kilogram of body weight); age-adjusted, a more or less minimum consumption for adequate fitness. This means that if you're about 50 years of age, we'll accept an oxygen consumption of 36 as satisfactory. Over 80% of the people we've tested have reached that level on a minimum of 30 points per week.

RW: *As an Air Force doctor, you're in a position—one possibly no one else in history has been in—to test masses of people for the effects of exercise. Will your tests continue?*

Cooper: I will be leaving the service soon. However, I hope to continue as a civilian consultant and continue with the responsibility for the Air Force "Aerobics" testing program.

RW: *How has the Aerobics plan been accepted?*

Cooper: The original book is in its 15th printing and was revised in October 1969, primarily to de-emphasize the initial 12-minute testing for people past 35 years of age. That's the biggest criticism I've had with the first book. Sales are about 1.6 million copies in paperback, and the total for hard-back, soft-back and all other versions is over two million.

In the *New Aerobics*, I have a whole chapter devoted to physical fitness testing, a chapter on the physical examination, the age-adjusted exercise charts, and then we have a chapter strictly for women, and one of the most popular chapters of the book I'm sure is going to be the one about indoor exercising. All the things I've responded to in the second book have resulted from questions arising from the first book. We have over 6000 letters.

My wife acts as my secretary. I dictate answers to the letters in rough form, then she takes and finalizes them. We get about 100-150 letters a week on the average. We once sent out 66 letters in one day. I haven't had a vacation now in two years. It's just going, going, going. Last Friday I was in California for one day. I spent 7½ hours in an airplane and was on the ground only an hour and a half. I came back to California on Monday and was in Los Angeles for three days to do publicity for the second book and was on three television shows.

RW: *Have you seen any noticeable effect in people using your Aerobics program as you've traveled around the country?*

Cooper: I don't think there's any question that in the last two years there's been a remarkable increase in the number of people running. I can tell it, too, by the response of people at presentations, particularly at the YMCA sessions that are open to the public.

I see a change occurring in the medical profession. Two years ago, when *Aerobics* first came out, the AMA wasn't too interested. Now I work as a consultant to the AMA and had a

major article ("Guidelines in the Management of the Exercising Patient") published in the March 1970 *AMA Journal*. I also work for the American Heart Association and spoke at several of their conventions last year.

This whole field of exercise in preventive and rehabilitative medicine is new. Very few people are qualified in the field. It disturbs me to see physicians who recognize the values of exercise in heart disease but make poor recommendations. It's a matter of education, and right now this education isn't available for the average physician. Exercise physiology and the use of exercise in prevention and rehabilitation, is not ordinarily taught in medical school. Now I think this is going to be changed. It will be changed in the next few years to the extent that it probably will become a medical specialty. In fact, at the University of Washington they have started a special residency program in physical fitness and sports medicine. We're going to see this field of medicine gaining considerably more stature.

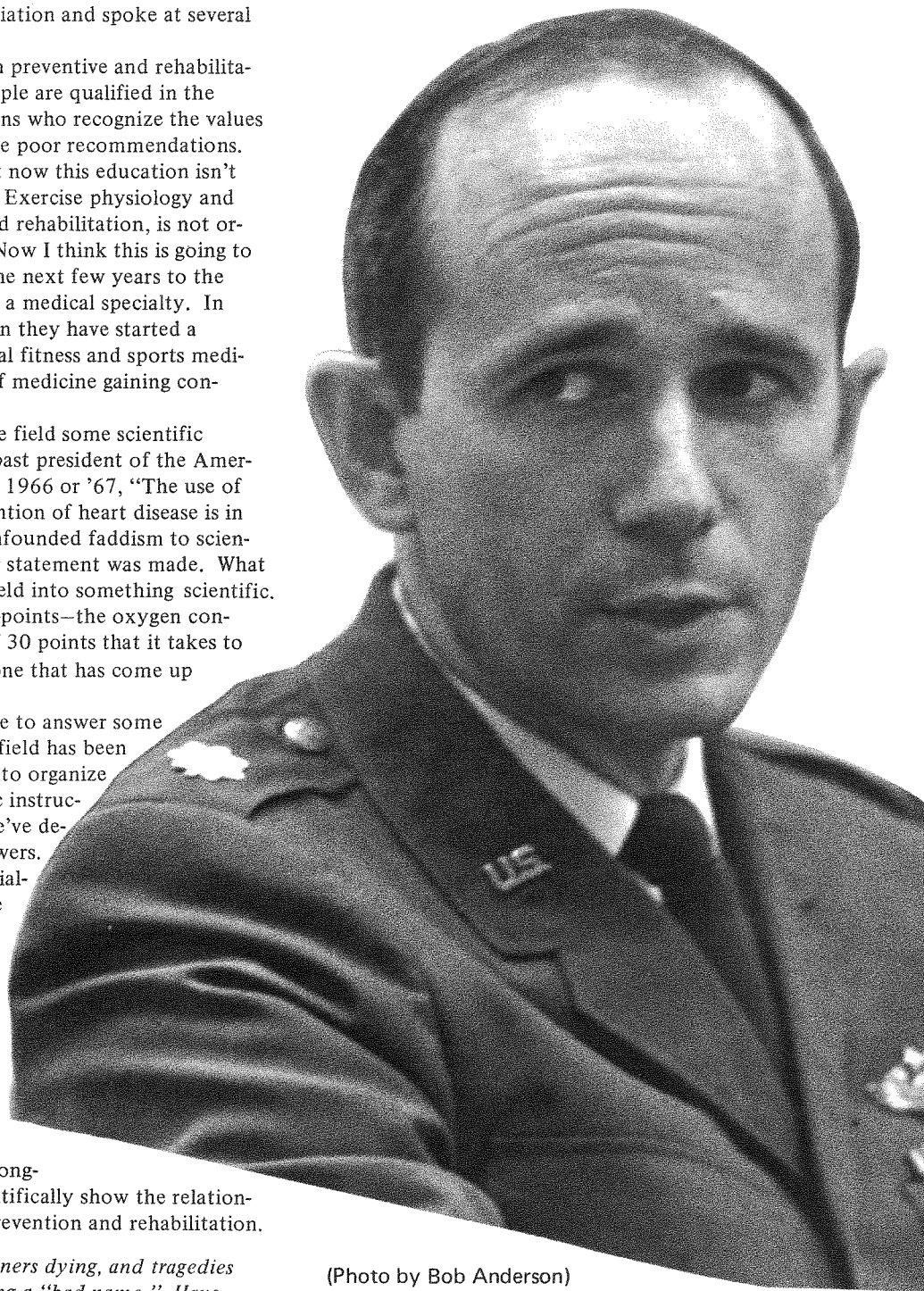
We're trying to give this whole field some scientific sophistication. Carlton Chapman, past president of the American Heart Association, said back in 1966 or '67, "The use of exercise in the treatment and prevention of heart disease is in a painful state of transition from unfounded faddism to scientific legitimacy." And never a truer statement was made. What I'm trying to do is put this whole field into something scientific. I've arbitrarily developed some end-points—the oxygen consumption of 42, the weekly total of 30 points that it takes to maintain that level—yet there's no one that has come up with anything better.

After a few years, we'll be able to answer some questions. But for many years this field has been chaos because no one has ever tried to organize it or tried to develop some scientific instructions or specific guidelines. Now we've developed them and we're getting answers. At our clinic in Dallas (the one specializing in preventive and rehabilitative medicine, which Cooper will open when he's released from the Air Force) we'll have a research institute, and one of our objectives there will be to establish a data repository so that people who are tested in our lab can be retested at six-month or yearly intervals and then followed over the next five or 10 years in an effort to establish a longitudinal study in which we can scientifically show the relationship between exercise and disease prevention and rehabilitation.

RW: *We regularly hear of runners dying, and tragedies such as these give running and jogging a "bad name." Have similar things happened to your test subjects, and what were the causes?*

Cooper: At our Air Force training center at Lackland, we have an occasional death. Down there, some people say, "This is bad. So exercise must be all bad."

We can't just look at something and say it's "bad." Let me give you an example. In an Air Force study that we conducted at five bases in the summer of 1968, we had 15,146 men involved in exercise programs. We had our initial 12-minute test. (This is one reason we eliminated it.) We said, "Now don't push yourself, but if you don't meet your category of fitness, you've got to go into this progressive exercise program." On the one hand we were saying, "Don't push!" But on the other we were penalizing those who didn't push. So we had



(Photo by Bob Anderson)

"... We're trying to make conditioning a science. It has been an art in the past. This whole field of physical education, training and the use of exercise has been an art, and we're trying to make it a science."

people pushing. We had one man, 51 years of age, who had a heart attack 45 minutes after the run and died 11 days later.

This was bad. It almost wiped out the whole program. But the Chief of Staff made a very wise decision. He said it could have occurred by chance when testing 15,000 people, and he let the program continue. In the next six months we had no further heart attacks and no deaths. Just from statistics alone we could have predicted at least three heart attacks and at least one death among this large group of men. At these same five bases, there were 12,000 men who weren't on the exercise programs. They sat back and laughed at their buddies. During this period, their group had nine heart attacks and two deaths. So if you ask me how many people have been killed by aerobics and aerobics testing, I'll come right back and ask you how many people wouldn't be here today if they hadn't been exercising.

RW: *What, if any, research are you doing on the competitive distance runner? And what are possible applications of Aerobics research for this type of athlete?*

Cooper: I haven't really been that concerned with them. I'm interested, but since I have to limit my field I just don't have time to work with them. All I can do is observe people who are running successful marathons, or who are running sub-4:00 miles, excellent 10,000-meter runs and all this. They are way up there as far as points are concerned. Like 500 points a week. I dare say that a good marathoner is going to have to continually get at least 500 points a week—or 100 miles. At least 100 miles. This is pretty well recognized now for building the necessary aerobic capacity.

We've learned a lot about the training of athletes over the past few years. I'm still mad at my college coach because he cut me back. I used to run long distances. I really enjoyed this in high school, running 10, 15, 20 miles. I won the state championship in the mile and didn't even have a coach. I learned myself by trial and error that this (long running) helped me. But when I got to college—this was prior to the time of the first sub-4:00 miles—the theory was that if a man was to break 4:00 he would have to be a fellow who could run 100 yards in 9.8. We ran 100s and 220s, and we stopped running the long distances. The coaches thought it would take the spring out of our legs. Well, I got disgusted one weekend and went out and ran about 15 miles. And, boy, that coach chewed me out for the next two weeks after that. "It'll take the spring out of your legs," he kept saying. But it wouldn't have. I'm sure I could have brought my times way down if I'd continued training the way I always had.

RW: *You tested several marathoners at Las Vegas this spring. Were there any significant conclusions?*

Cooper: Yes, and we also conducted studies on runners at Boston last year. To our surprise, we found in those tested at Boston, the only electrolyte that really dropped was magnesium. And you know a decrease in the level of magnesium is a serious problem because it causes muscle cramps and cardiac irritability. Fred Grace (72-year-old marathoner) takes large doses of Dolomite. He takes it because it makes him feel better, he says. But Dolomite contains 485 milligrams of magnesium per teaspoon. He may have inadvertently stumbled onto this, because the major change we saw in our tests was the drop in magnesium. The other electrolytes—chloride, potassium, calcium—showed no significant change. This indicates a runner should watch his intake of magnesium.

The other thing we studied (at Las Vegas) was the LDH isoenzymes. These are important because anytime you cut off the blood supply to a muscle, the muscle cell ruptures and then there is an increase in the production of these isoenzymes. We use them when diagnosing a heart attack. The isoenzymes can be broken down into five fractions. If you traumatize a muscle,

you get an increase in one fraction. Injury to the heart causes an increase in another fraction. We knew before Las Vegas that the total LDH isoenzyme level goes up in long distance running. We wanted to find if this was due to muscle or heart trauma. We were happy to find that there was no effect we could see on the heart in these highly conditioned marathoners.

These tests represent steps in the right direction. We're trying to make conditioning a science. It has been an art in the past. This whole field of physical education, training and the use of exercise has been an art, and we're trying to make it a science.

RW: *The health benefits of Aerobics are well documented. But among highly conditioned competitive runners there seems to be a reversing effect where they're more prone to be ill, injured or tense. Why is this?*

Cooper: What's happening there is that you're getting yourself in a chronic state of fatigue. You super-train your system to the extent that you can expect more problems to occur. This is possible once a runner overtrains. On the way up, there's an optimum level. Once you exceed that, you may start to break down.

RW: *Do you, or do you think you should, give emphasis to the idea that running can be enjoyable and not just therapy?*

Cooper: Curtis Mitchell wrote a book called *The Joys of Jogging*. There's a lot of truth to what he says. But I don't find any particular joy in running. I guess I've been running so long that I've simply become obsessed with it. I have to do it. If I miss it for three or four days I really start to deteriorate, physically and mentally. Even if you look at it as hard work and no fun, the benefits are so remarkable that it's impossible for me to think of quitting.

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* Letters on file.

LEWIS, 103, OUTRUNS OLD AGE

BY WALT STACK

Larry Lewis is special—and not merely because he has managed to survive for 103 years. There isn't another like him in the world, as you'll quickly realize when you read of the man's personality and life style. I'll assure you, he does a hell of a lot more than "merely survive."

For instance, he returned from Alaska recently and called to tell me of his activities there. He told of running three miles at Ketchikan in 17:04, and five miles at Juneau in 29:06, plus 100 yards in 15-something. Now I can't swear to the accuracy of these marks, but I'm sure Larry was well prepared for runs like this. Running has been part of his daily routine for about 85 years.

While preparing this story on my good friend Larry, I asked a dozen runners who've met him, "What makes him so special?"

"Tremendous strength." He can easily lift a 275-pound man. "Phenomenal memory." He not only can remember a runner he met at a track meet years ago, but he can remember his time. Yes, to the second. "Vitality." He exudes it. When he officiated at the Golden Gate marathon, Larry proved to be more lively than a lot of the runners. Others were impressed with his "quick response and wit, his articulateness."

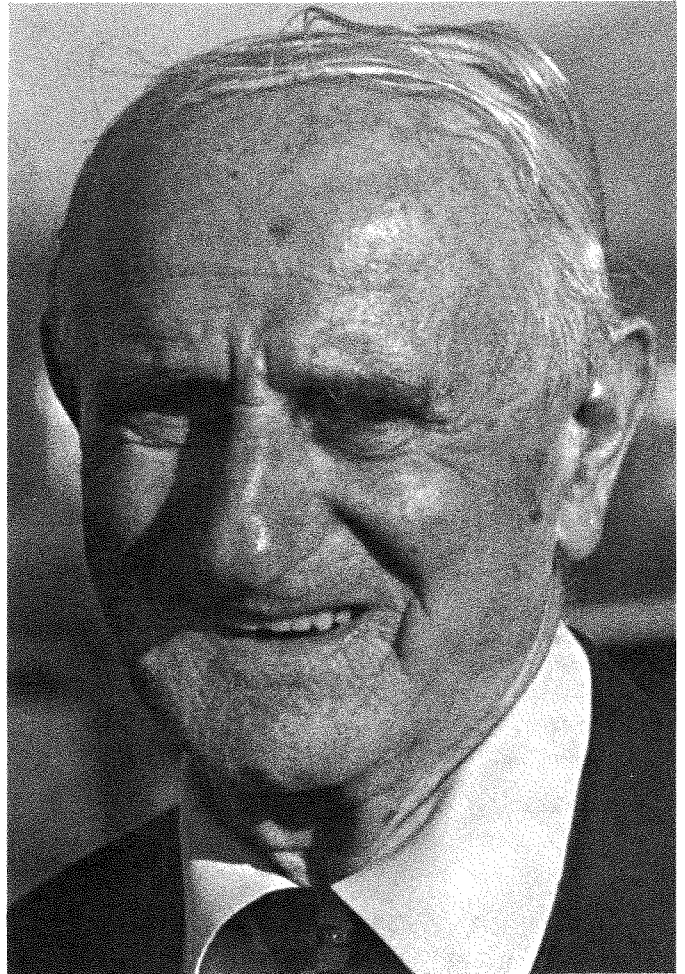
Lewis still works a full day as a banquet waiter at San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel. His hand is so steady he never spills soup down the customers' necks, his eyes are so good he can read the telephone book without glasses, and his hearing so sharp he can hear the rattle of a customer's tip at 50 paces. And no one will ever mistake the wiry little man for Yul Brynner.

During the Mother's Day ritual at the San Francisco Masonic Hall, which I attended with him, he was introduced by the chairman as being a member for 81 years. Yet most people who meet him insist he isn't a day over 70, some even say 60. Certainly not as old as 80.

Running may or may not have a part in his longevity, but it's still a big part of his day. Every morning at 4:30, Larry is in Golden Gate Park doing his six miles. Then as an encore he walks five miles to work. Ripley's "Believe it or Not" almost didn't believe him when they did a thing on his exercise routine.

Lewis, who remembers Custer's Last Stand, was born in the Indian town of Maha-uturo—now better known as Phoenix, Ariz. Back in the 1880s, he joined the circus as an acrobat for Barnum and Bailey. He has been jogging since. As an associate of the great magician, Harry Houdini, for many years, Lewis made over a dozen trips around the world with him. At the World Masters track meet in San Diego last year, Larry escaped a straight jacket, innumerable handcuffs and chains in less than five minutes. He can be seen performing at kiddie shows for the Masons and other charity affairs and is to be found every year on Skid Row carving the old sea gull for the stiff at the Salvation Army's annual Thanksgiving dinner.

Some weeks he works many hours overtime. I suggested that he was going to be the richest man in Marlboro country



This man, Larry Lewis, was born two years after the Civil War's end. He began running in the mid-1880s, and he retains the zest to go six miles a day—at age 103. (Bob Anderson photo)

(marble orchard or graveyard to you). He said he likes his work and wants to build a trust fund for his young bride (a few decades younger than he. His godfather is 129, he told me. Larry himself didn't start as a waiter at the St. Francis until he was 80.

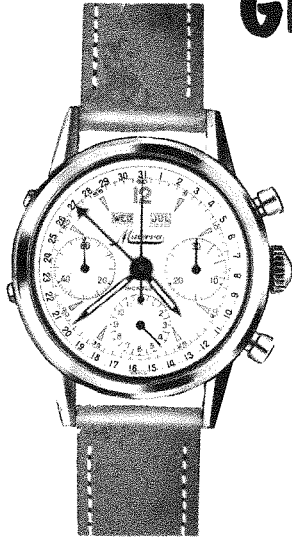
He has been examined by the most distinguished medical men, and all leave in amazement. Most recent to examine him was Thomas Cureton, member of the President's Council on Physical Fitness and author of scores of books and articles on athletes and their physical condition. Cureton expects to publish a paper on this amazing man who's a marvel of physical fitness.

Larry doesn't drink alcohol or smoke. His advice to people with weight problems is: 1. Exercise; 2. Strengthen the wrist muscles so you can have strength enough to push away from the table at the right time.

As friendly and outgoing as Larry seems when he's in public, he's very much a loner as a runner. The grand gentleman is non-competitive by nature, and despite his nearly 85 years of regular running he has never raced seriously. Very few others have had the honor of running with him. But then not many—at any age—have the drive to roll out at 4:30 a.m. to go six miles.

Compared with Lewis, Walt Stack is a mere youngster of 62. Walt is also an active distance runner. He and Lewis, both San Franciscans, are longtime friends.

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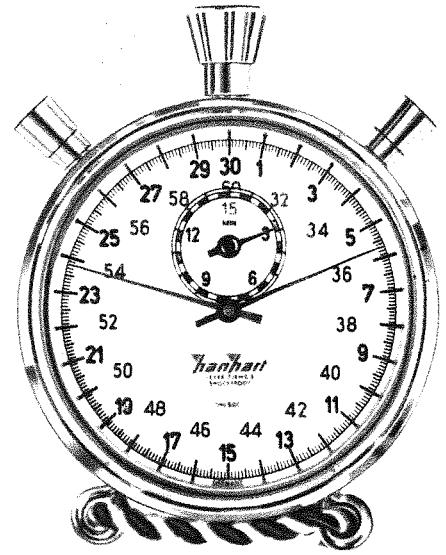


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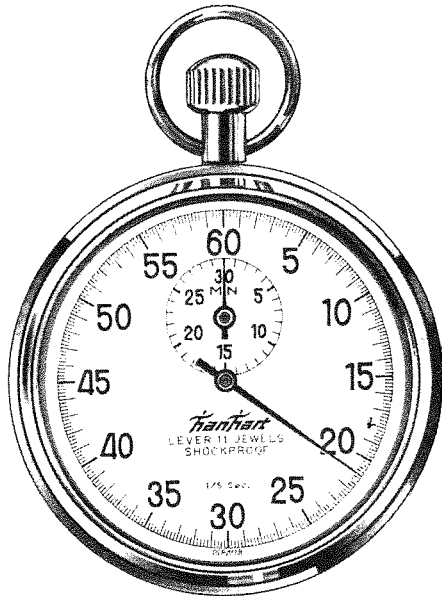


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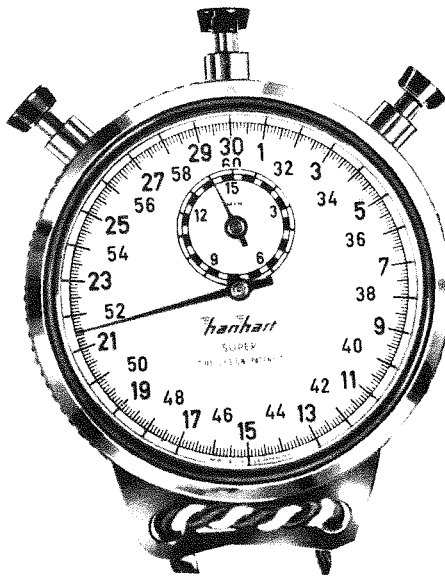
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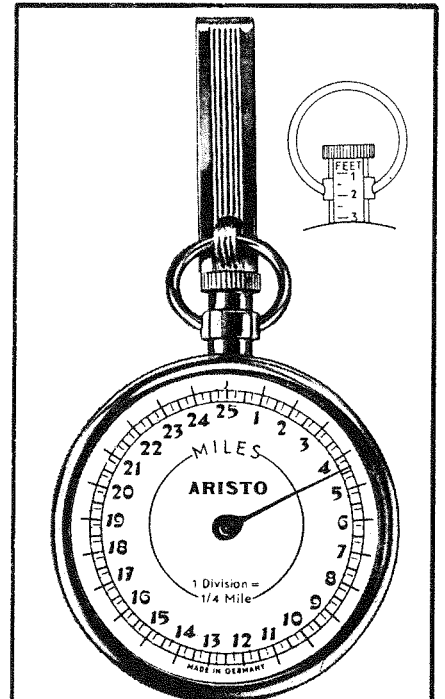
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SPRINGBANK ROAD RACES



SPRINGBANK – A CLASS RACE

BY DAVE PROKOP

Originated only three years ago, the Springbank International Road Races have become what one leading runner calls "a connoisseur's road running competition." Here, Runner's World senior contributor and Springbank meet director Dave Prokop relates the story of this unique event in London, Ontario.

I was on the microphone introducing the competitors for the open 12-mile, the feature race, at last year's Springbank Road Races. As the impressive list of names piled up—"Jerome Drayton. . . Pablo Garrido. . . Bob Moore. . . Ron Daws. . . Pat McMahon. . . Alfredo Penaloza. . . Ambrose Burfoot"—I couldn't help but notice the reaction of two high school-age boys standing just off to the right of the announcing stand. They looked at each other, wearing identical smiles of disbelief on their faces. Then one summed up the feelings of both: "Wow!"

Perhaps it is a little hard to believe. London, Ontario—the home of the Springbank Road Races—has almost no distance running tradition, unlike its neighbor cities like Guelph, whose Guelph Road races date back to 1894, or Hamilton, his-

As the story indicates, Dave Prokop is intimately involved in the organization and running of the Springbank races. He competes regularly in other events, as well as contributing frequent articles to Runner's World.

PHOTO ABOVE: The field gets underway in the high school three-mile, the first race in the first Springbank Road Races in 1968. (Nick DiCorpo photo)

torically Canada's road racing capital, or Toronto, home of such distance stalwarts as Bruce Kidd, Dave Ellis, Bob Finlay and Jerome Drayton. Yet London hosts an event which last year featured seven 1968 Olympians. And this year's competition, held Sept. 27, appeared to have an even stronger lineup (including Ron Hill and Jerome Drayton).

How did such an event befall this quiet, pleasant southwestern Ontario city? To get the answers, one must look at Springbank Park—a scenic congregation of trees, grass, gentle slopes and winding roads neatly tucked against the gentle Thames River of London's west side. It is essentially this scenic beauty of Springbank Park which led to the organizing of the races back in 1968. At the time, I was training regularly with two senior runners, Dr. Bill McInnis and Alf Brendon. We had all run the Boston marathon the year before. We all felt it would be wonderful for our home city to have a road running event. What really clinched it was Springbank Park. Every time we would run on its tree-shaded roads, we would mutter that this would be a superb setting for a road running competition.

We decided to form the Springbank Road Race Association. I recall suggesting this somewhat impressive-sounding name as much to hide the fact we were only three in number

as to serve any functional purpose. Since Bill and Alf had never run a race until the year before, whereas I had close to 10 years experience in the sport, I understandably took the lead in forging the overall concept of the races. Bill, a prominent neurologist, undertook the task of laying the groundwork for financial and moral support locally. Alf, a science teacher, became our liaison man with the city parks department, which we found, incidentally, totally cooperative from the beginning.

In drawing up the blueprint for Springbank as an athletic event, my feeling was that we should try to do something exceptional. Ordinarily, such a high-flown aim might not have come to mind. But with the natural setting Springbank provided and the ideas on road running and racing I had in mind, such an aim came as a matter of course.

Selecting the best time of year for the event was no problem. September, obviously. That is the ideal month for road racing, coming after the track season and before cross-country. It is also the time of year when the greatest number of runners could be expected to be in the best condition for the kind of races we planned—an open 12-mile, open 4½-mile, high school three-mile and seniors' six-mile (men over 40).

Spectators, from the beginning, were a matter of important consideration here. My feeling always has been that road running, top quality road running, is an excellent spectator sport. What could be more dramatic, more intense, more suspenseful than the type of struggle waged at the front of the top road races? But, alas, the durable and enduring road runner is a player whose stage is usually the open road and whose audience is sparse. Thus, they are players whose best performances go largely unwitnessed and unappreciated. Even at Boston, a spectator would have to be either a race-car driver or a traffic violator—preferably both—to be able to see more than snippets of the drama.

Springbank provided a golden opportunity to cut across this problem. By pure good fortune, Springbank happened to have an obvious three-mile road circuit—a flattened oval in shape, where spectators could see the runners for at least half of each lap but, too, the circuit was in every sense a good and interesting race course.

Amby Burfoot said of the of the course after winning the 12-mile in 1968, "Ordinarily, I don't like a lap course. But this is a beautiful course, as pretty as any course can be. And it has enough changes in the terrain to make it enjoyable."

In striving towards the ideal in a road running competition, the runners themselves were of the utmost importance. After all, the runners make the competition what it is. In my capacity as meet director, it was my responsibility to get the runners to Springbank. In 1968 this was no mean task, considering that the event was in its first year and London, as I said, was quite unknown as a road running center.

The way to overcome this, I knew, was to take a more forceful and positive attitude than the usual churn-out-the-entry-forms-and-mail-'em-out approach. About three weeks before our event, I packed a bag full of pre-race literature and drove to Toronto for the Canadian Olympic track trials, determined to meet personally with as many distance runners as possible. Before that weekend was over, I had most of Canada's better distance men at least aware of our event, if not downright convinced they should compete in it. To this day I guess I'm one of the few road race directors who hauls a pile of programs around with him almost everywhere he goes and actively recruits runners, any age, any ability.

After that weekend, I knew we would have a field. But the spice, the flavor of international competition was still missing. Despite the fact we had little or no money for travel expenses to athletes, I felt a little planning and ingenuity would

accomplish the desired end. And, as you'll see, the solution was quite simple, really.

First, Andy Boychuk, who won the 1967 Pan-American Games marathon, lived in Sarnia, only 55 miles from London. I had talked to him and felt sure he would run our open 12, providing the Canadian Olympic team didn't leave for Mexico before the weekend of our race. As it turned out, it left a day after, and he agreed to compete at Springbank.

Secondly, Amby Burfoot of Connecticut had won the Boston marathon that spring. I felt quite certain Amby would make the US Olympic team and would thus be unavailable in mid-September. However, a groin injury dashed Amby's Olympic hopes. The day I learned he had failed to make the US team, I was on the phone to Connecticut. He was extremely interested in our event. Two days and one phone call later, we had completed arrangements to have Amby run at Springbank. Thus it was that, for the grand sum of \$115, the cost of a return airline ticket from Connecticut to London, we had a race pitting the 1967 Pan-American Games marathon champion and the 1968 Boston marathon champion. Today I'm convinced that when they ran at Springbank in September 1968 Amby and Andy were the best two marathoners in North America. Burfoot won our race in 58:28—still a course record—and Boychuk ran 60:54 in second.

After such an exciting and, we felt, successful first year, we surged forward with added vigor last year, assembling close to 200 runners for the four races, including Jerome Drayton, Pat McMahan, Pablo Garrido, Alfredo Penalzoa, Lou Scott, Bob Finlay and Ron Daws—all 1968 Olympians, and Burfoot, Ron Wallingford, Bob Moore, Grant McLaren and Jacinto Savinal (completing Mexico's three-man team).

Drayton, in his first road race since injury had knocked him out of the Boston marathon, won the 12-mile easily in 58:48.1. Following him home were Moore, McMahan, Savinal, Garrido, Penalzoa, Burfoot, Brian Armstrong, Daws and Wallingford.

Ever since the format of four races for Springbank was formulated, it has been the intention to keep the 12 and 4½ on a par. In '69 the 4½ was able to take its place beside the longer race as a true international-calibre competition. Canada's Olympic 5000-meter finalist, Bob Finlay, won in a record 20:46.8, Grant McLaren finishing second and American Lou Scott finishing third.

Now we come to Springbank 1970. At this writing, we have commitments from Ron Hill and Drayton, who have become probably the first great road racing rivalry of the '70s. Their entry lays the foundation for one of the year's most competitive and exciting road races. We have also invited Eamon O'Reilly, Burfoot, Boychuk, McMahan, Garrido and Bob Moore. for the 12, and Finlay, Art Dulong, Rex Maddaford, Dick Buerkle, McLaren and Frank Shorter for the 4½.

This summer we decided to formally change the name of the Springbank Road Races to the Springbank *International* Road Races. I think you can see why.

Two years out, going on three, the Springbank formula, in our view, has proved itself. The four races, the calibre of competition, the beautiful course, the annual post-race reception (hosted last year by the City of London), the Hall of Fame ceremonies (with induction of new Canadian greats each year), the ever-increasing number of spectators—all of these combine to make this competition "the premier event of its kind in the world," as we have said in our publicity material. Assessing the entire Springbank set-up after last year's races, Amby Burfoot said, "This has become a real connoisseur's road running competition."

Still, we try to add to and refine our operation each

year. We've added several active members to the Springbank Road Race Association (it now totals about a dozen people), made renewed efforts to sell the television people on the idea of telecasting our event, set up a financial committee and a publicity committee, and upgraded our efforts to promote the race locally. Gerard Cote, at Springbank last year for the Hall of Fame induction ceremonies, told me, "With runners like this you should have a crowd of 10,000 here." We fell probably 8000 short of that.

Last year, we published our first full-fledged race program, 28 pages in length, complete with articles and a six-page pictorial section on the previous year's competition. The program not only serves a functional purpose on race day but makes an important contribution to the development of race tradition. Race tradition is, to be sure, a cumulative thing, growing and mellowing as the years pass. But there are several things one can do to hasten its development. You can, for instance, standardize the distances, as we've done, to permit the simple comparison of performances year to year. You can also publish literature pertaining to the competition's history (a program, for instance), and you can, and should, ensure that a good photographic record of the competition is maintained. We have an invaluable file of hundreds of photographs (by Nick DiCorpo and Mike Turk of Toronto) taken over the past two years at Springbank.

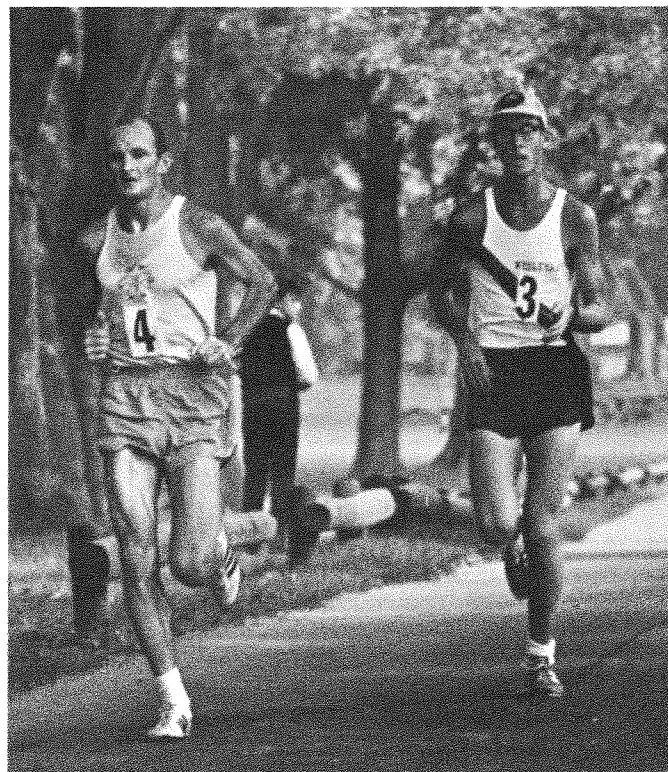
One question I would think you would have asked yourself long before now is: How is Springbank financed? Jose Tomas Rojas, director of the San Blas (Puerto Rico) half-marathon which draws an international field, told me that for 1970 the central government was going to contribute \$10,000, the city was giving \$2000 and the regional government an additional \$2000.

At Springbank we have no such high-powered financial support, nor anything remotely resembling it. To date we have received no money from the Canadian or the Ontario governments, the Canadian Track and Field Association or the Canadian Physical Fitness and Recreation Council. Nor have we been able to enlist any business firm to contribute a substantial sum to our cause (say, \$1000 or more), although we have had more modest contributions from a limited number of London firms. The City of London has helped, but in the form of a reception for athletes and officials rather than in the form of a cash contribution.

Where then does the money come from? Our financial campaign is a diversified one. In very simple terms we raise money by: a) approaching local businesses for contributions; b) offering people honorary associate memberships (\$15) or honorary full memberships (\$25) in the Springbank Road Race Association; c) going to local service clubs and organizations for support; d) selling advertisements in our race program, and e) charging athletes a \$1.00 entry fee (paradoxically, we do not charge spectators admission). We're confident from these sources we will realize our 1970 budget objective: \$3000.

Yes, I did say \$3000. One of the big fallacies in road running is that it costs a veritable fortune to stage a major competition. It doesn't. One of the greatest sources of pride to me as meet director is that we were able to assemble the field we did last year for the modest budget of \$650 for travel expenses. This year our budget for travel is \$2000.

Having said it doesn't take vast sums of money to stage a competition like Springbank, let me hasten to add that it does take a vast amount of planning and work—hours and hours and hours of work. This year, for instance, I have written somewhere in the vicinity of 100 personal letters, made numerous phone calls and several trips out of town on race business, have written almost all of the articles for our race program (which



Andy Boychuk (left) keeps pace with eventual winner Amby Burfoot during the first Springbank 12-mile. (N. DiCorpo)

has been expanded this year), sold most of the 40 or so ads that will appear in the program, mailed almost 1000 entry forms to clubs, schools and individuals, sat in on numerous meetings, prepared several press releases and. . . well, you get the idea.

Sometimes even I begin to wonder whether it's all worth it. I always come up with the same answer. To me, Springbank has meant satisfaction beyond words, more satisfaction than I have ever experienced as a runner or probably ever will experience as a runner.

Besides, I honestly think we have the greatest overall concept in road racing going here. And as long as the event is contributing meaningfully to the sport, the work is more than worth it.

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11½-MILE AAU-SANCTIONED RUN. Beautiful course around White Rock Lake. First Saturday of each month. Write Cross-Country Club of Dallas, P.O. Box 38233, Dallas, Texas 75238.

RACE INFORMATION on long distance races year-round in the Washington, D.C., area from Larry Noel, 105 Northway Road, Greenbelt, Md. 20770. Phone (301) 474-9362.

ILLINOIS TRACK CLUB open races on Oct. 4 (5-mile handicap), Oct. 25 (8-mile and 20-kilometer), Nov. 15 (4-mile and 25-kilometer). Awards in following divisions: Men's Open, Women's Open, High School, 30-39, 40 and Over. For further information contact Steve Goldberg, College of Law, University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill. 61820.

I AM ORGANIZING the Boston Marathon Masters Association for runners who ran this classic as masters. Give details. Ed Granowitz, 2953 Ave. W, Apt. 5D, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.

In Pursuit of a Fantasy

BY CRIS CUSACK

Many a runner gives up the sport, then decides later that he misses it more than he ever thought he could. Something lures him back into it. In this article, "Cris" Cusack, a 31-year-old writer and psychologist from San Francisco, attempts to pin down that "something." While the experiences are generally autobiographical, most of us who run can easily see ourselves in what he says. Cris wrote this article more than a year ago, but he kept it to himself until, in his words, "I had some achievement as a runner." He recently finished his first marathon—a hot, hilly one in which he ran 3:09.

It all begins in fantasy. He puts his glass on the bar, turns, and is out the door before he realizes his last beer is gone. He has resolved to stop drinking—but that is not the fantasy. The fantasy is believing he can run again as he ran before.

Picture the next day. Cold air constricts his lungs and sour spirals of fluid swirl in his throat. Uphill stretches pain his limbs and shave his breath. Small rises in the road loom as great barriers and are individually conquered. He stops, exhausted. He has run two miles. *Last year he did 20.*

He rests with too little hope to plan or to imagine plan. He reflects on his first reward, a diminutive sense of good feeling balanced exactly with the merit of his effort. He has opened the door. The light has seeped in and is brighter than the shadow in the room in which he was trapped.

Morning runs, hazel dawns, amber dews. Sunrise dreams. Plan-cycles revolve in his mind: first sparks of aspiration. Months ago he had a pride. It had a name, a place, a time. *He did 20.* First a slight digress, then a neglect took it from him. Some half-expectant returns, but none with the touch in it. Now a new-again.

He begins again with a return to the roads and an inward return to the heart. He gains color, all sounds are musical, every touch is soft or smooth or warm. He reaches a balanced pride: a dual respect for what he has done and what he has yet to do. At night his mind turns over the images of his recent efforts and those of his brighter past. Flashes of the new and the old dance before him, each finding the other an odd reflection.

He is a long way away, a small figure. The ugly hills hover over him, manifold. Fatigue weighs upon his shoulders; his limbs turn taut and tender. The whole of it rises before him, frightening. Not just pain, torment, worry, frustration—but fear. He devises a toy, a game. A ritual for running. A ritual in a few days of rest, in hope, anticipation, freedom, lethargy. All earned, to be repeated, to be earned again. The ritual is a gift. He puts it away today, opens it tomorrow.

Tomorrow he returns, rotates the ritual. Runs for time, for speed, for hope, for future. Runs mile of new wonder, miles of purely smooth flowing, all with an ease, all with a magical and persistent strength, all without need for explanation or logic. That day and that night, a long arm of exuberance extends through him, lifting him into a lightness of feeling that holds him above the ground. There's a surging in his chest, a new freedom; barriers have given way. The air is a buoyant bubble of purity; the ground is a springboard of foam. Lightness is everywhere. Power thrusts beneath it all, contained, returned to itself after the unleashing, gathering itself again. Pride is there under the skin like muscle gained, solid and

material within him. The mind slowly settles; everything blends.

He rotates the ritual. Midway between hope and calculation, he plans. He plans and dreams and works. His hopes glimmer, shine, dazzle his ego. His mind skirts the edge of rationality in its wish to move beyond reason. The intangibility of success, of failure frightens him. He runs. . .

The marathon: a myth in his life, a fantasy of the past, and a haunt of the future. There's the feeling that this is the last chance. One life. Daylight sun and heat harass his sleep—he works at night. He enters the Ocean to Bay marathon, discovering too late that it is one of the toughest in the country (ask him on Aug. 2 in the evening if it isn't one of the toughest), but lucky for him (ask him if he wasn't lucky), he arrives too late at the starting line. He drives a few miles up the winding road, say at most six miles, to a mountainside fire trail. He watches the climbing runners, the also-rans now struggling with less than a quarter, 25%, a fourth, of the course behind them. He sees the unconditioned teenagers running with football jerseys hanging from their waists, the oldsters, bearded, white-headed, robust, sweat-soaked, the women and the children, all running on, *the whole troupe passing him by.* He decides to join, to attempt the last 20, to give it a go. He strips, wipes vaseline on his thighs, his feet, his face, ties his shoes, puts a sweatband to his head, and runs off, rambling into the shadow-enclosed, hushed and secret world of the upcoming. . .

He ran 13 miles on that mountain, up and down, stopping toward the end to retch and then to quit, but proud to have climbed it all without pausing, proud to have passed so many runners. They cried and coughed and cursed and wobbled and walked. It was nearly 90 degrees in the shade, only two runners broke three hours, he failed to finish—but that was the beginning.

That was the beginning, and today when he runs particularly well, or when the day has been particularly beautiful, his love for it all gets the best of him. He begins again to build fanciful dreams, candied constructions in pink and pastel, flimsy visions of attainments beyond him. His heart leaps and his body antipates. In his delirium he envisions a great and powerful run, paced to perfection, confronted through every pain to the perfect end. But it all ends in fantasy.

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Meet Herb Lorenz

1970 U.S. Marathon List

Don't be surprised if you don't recognize the name in the headline. But don't be surprised, either, if you start hearing more and more of him in the next few years. For years, Herb Lorenz has quietly been running some of the best five to 10-mile races on the east coast. Unless you happen to be racing him or you study the pages of *Long Distance Log*, you'd never know it. Not much other magazine space is spent describing the feats of five- to 10-mile road runners.

Herb picked up leg injuries two years ago. In many ways this has been a lucky break for him. It has forced him to revise his training (from track intervals to steady road runs) and look to longer racing distances.

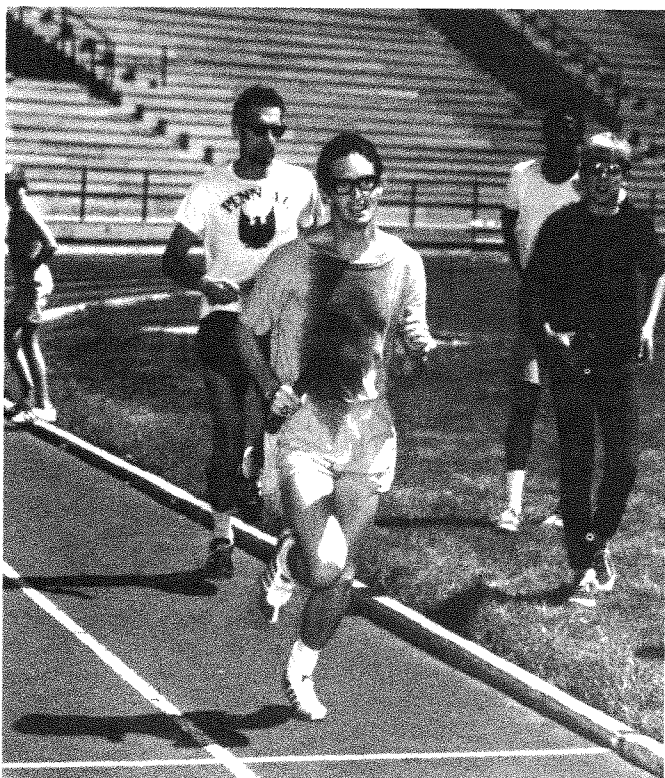
Earlier this year, with no one pushing him (he was the only finisher), Lorenz ran 2:21:34.8. That earned him a trip to the summer Olympic Training Camp at Pullman, Wash., and later an opportunity to race in the Canadian international, where he reduced his best time by about a minute.

Herb already has speed. He has run a sub-50-second quarter and 4:06 mile. Now he's adding marathon endurance and experience. He could be returning to the country of his birth—Germany—two years from now.

Herbert Lorenz. Cinnaminson, N.J. (Penn AC). 6'1", 165 lbs., 31 years old (born April 7, 1939, at Frankfurt, Germany). Married, two children. Occupation: teacher. Began racing in 1960 at age 21. Self-coached.

Best Times: 440—49.7 (1966); 880—1:52.8 (67); Mile—4:06.2 (67); 2 miles—8:55 (67); 3 miles—13:49 (66); 6 miles—29:19 (70); Marathon—2:20:40.8 (70). Normal racing range: 880 to marathon. Favorite distance: 10 miles and up. Racing frequency: once every two or three weeks.

Training: once or twice a day, six days a week, 11 months



Herb Lorenz follows Gerry Lindgren during an orge of track running—the 24-hour relay at Pullman, Wash.

This list—similar to, but far less extensive than, the one which will appear in the 1971 Marathon Handbook—includes the best times this year by US residents; citizens as well as non-citizens. Listed are rank, name, age (if available), state of residence, time and date of run. (Marks received by Sept. 1)

1. Eamon O'Reilly, 25 (DC)	2:11:12	20 Apr
2. Pat McMahon, 28 (Ireland/Mass)	2:14:53	20 Apr
3. Ken Moore, 26 (Wash)	2:19:47	20 Apr
4. Bill Clark, 26 (Pa)	2:20:39.2	2 Feb
5. Herb Lorenz, 31 (NJ)	2:20:40.8	24 Aug
6. Ken Moore—2	2:20:58	28 Apr
7. Mike Mittelstaedt (Va)	2:21:21	14 Jun
8. Herb Lorenz—2	2:21:34.8	3 May
9. Bill Clark—2	2:22:17	20 Apr
10. Mike Mahler, 26 (Calif)	2:22:25	10 Jan
11. Ed Walkwitz, 19 (Mass)	2:23:26	20 Apr
12. Vic Nelson, 21 (Ohio)	2:23:38	2 Aug
13. Kerry Ragg (New Zealand/Ohio)	2:23:45	20 Apr
14. Bob Fitts, 27 (Wisc)	2:24:10.6	7 Jun
15. William Speck (RI)	2:24:43	20 Apr
16. Bob Deines, 22 (Calif)	2:24:50	20 Apr
17. Bruce Mortenson, 26 (Minn)	2:25:02.8	15 Aug
18. Vic Nelson—2	2:25:12	12 Apr
19. Amby Burfoot, 23 (Conn)	2:25:27	20 Apr
20. Jim Backus (Calif)	2:25:52	2 Aug
21. John Loeschhorn (Calif)	2:26:10	14 Jun
22. Tom Heinonen, 24 (Calif)	2:26:23	10 Jan
23. Phil Camp, 22 (Calif)	2:26:37	2 Aug
24. Steve Dean, 20 (Calif)	2:26:54	7 Feb
25. John Loeschhorn—2	2:27:28	22 Feb
26. Grif Balthis, 28 (Del)	2:27:29	20 Apr
27. Chuck Ceronsky (Minn)	2:27:34	18 Apr
28. Phil Camp—2	2:27:37	10 Jan
Steve Dean—2	2:27:37	20 Apr
30. Tom Heinonen—2	2:28:02	7 Feb
31. Jim Colvin, 21 (Pa)	2:28:09	20 Apr
32. Moses Mayfield (Pa)	2:28:14	20 Apr
33. Fred Best, 34 (NJ)	2:28:20	20 Apr

a year, about 80 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 30 miles.

Description: "Due to injuries in 1968 and '69, my training has taken an about-face. Having done mostly interval training in the past, I now train mostly on distance, but still like to go on the track once a week for an interval workout of 660s, 880s or miles. I also had to move up my racing distances to the longer runs, including the marathon.

"I train once a day, usually six days a week. Three or four times a week I like to go for five miles easy in the morning. My training runs are usually 10-12 miles with an occasional 15- or 20-miler. The pace varies anywhere from 5:30-6:30, depending on how I feel and the length of the run. I enjoy running in the fall, winter and spring best. In New Jersey, the weather is unbearable during July and August, so I take it easy or take off during this time. (Due to the training camp at Washington State, this year has been an exception.)

"I run because I enjoy it as a hobby. I have never had the pressure so often imposed by coaches, which I feel has enabled me to stay competitive much longer. I'm associated with a great group of individuals among whom I have a certain amount of success. Last but not least, I feel running is a healthy activity which contributes a little more to the body than playing darts or shooting pool with the boys at the local gin mill."

JOGGING AS MENTAL THERAPY

BY FRANK GREENBERG

To a Jogger-Come-Lately, whose introduction to the distance running mystique came at age 36 (and thereafter grew intensely, but exclusively on jogs) it was important for me to get more involved with jogging than my daily runs would bring. My most exciting adventure in discovering a related field has been administering, on a voluntary basis, a jogging program at a mental hospital.

It took some selling on my part to get the program going. To me, it was a logical extension of guitar playing I already was doing at the same hospital. But, as this idea was important to me, I prepared a detailed, analytical proposal of my feelings. What male has not experienced that satisfied, tired and perspired feeling which so many times follows a successful venture in athletics? Oh, how the good times are remembered for years and years. Then, the plain release of tension and energies available.

I probably spoke on elements that were very basic to a hospital program director and far too clinical for the physical education director, who must have arrived at a "give it a try" conclusion early in my complicated and diagrammed presentation. First step won, almost by default.

Next, the orientation meeting with patients who had voiced interest. I was surprised by the turnout and interested in the backgrounds of those who were initially attracted. There was an ex-boxer who used to run three miles as roadwork twice a day. There was a former high school cross-country runner who remembered the acceptance and notoriety he'd experienced as a member of a team. I must admit that a nervous jogger answered some of his precise questions, which later proved to be raised more to impress the group with his knowledge than to test me. But I saw in his eyes a glow one sees when a favorite subject is being kicked around by someone, and right there, I believe, the whole thing became worthwhile.

A most surprising category which appeared at the meeting just wanted to achieve something in some area, and for them this program was the most rewarding as it later became evident to them that (1) one just cannot be too awkward for jogging, (2) there are no strike-outs to embarrass a jogger, and (3) no one drops a touchdown pass in this program. To accommodate this group, no predetermined distances were established and many forms of competition were removed. It became "run till you are tired, walk 25 steps and, when you feel better, start again." All did it. All improved, both with more laps and less walking. All felt a part of it. Jogging actually became an emotionally comfortable experience.

I designed a personal performance chart for each participant, and it proved to be very helpful. I recorded laps, progress achieved, their comments on each workout, plus their response to a different specific question I would raise before each run. Typical questions would regard a preference to type of foot-strike, or recovery reaction to a hand-drop-and-wriggle motion I introduced to relax joggers when one felt winded or fatigued.

Frank Greenberg is a 37-year-old attorney in Philadelphia. As he says here, he's a newcomer to jogging and as yet hasn't gotten the urge to compete in distance races. His mental hospital work is strictly on a volunteer hobby basis.

Some adaptations due to this type of program were introduced. Doctors' clearance was necessary, with added investigation into the area of medication which almost every patient was taking. I would casually suggest some additional individual jogging without me, which was eagerly promised by some, but almost never accomplished. Attention span is short. Not only does this become evident at meetings, but while jogging there was a great tendency to sprint and thereby finish quickly when winded rather than methodically jog for a period of time.

The program never ends. New and old patients take part. When population levels drop, which is cyclical to conform to internship completions, we quit for awhile. Then I receive a phone call and I start moving my appointments around to clear time for the next run.

Understand, I have no educational background in either physical education or mental health. I am fully ignorant of any studies that may have been made in this field. But, as an avid jogger, I continually feel much gratification in just observing another's performance improve and by creating for another an emotional and physical release. Maybe the true goal of this running thing is just getting yourself to feel better. What satisfaction there is in helping another in some way when you know they are in a conflict situation! Even if it is only a little bit. Even if it is only temporary.

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HOW GOOD IS LYDIARD'S SHOE?

BY JOE HENDERSON

No sooner had the July issue been mailed than the expected response came back.

"I read the Lydiard interview. Where can I get the shoes he mentioned?"

"My feet are wrecked. Help me get a pair of those shoes."

"Give me more information. These Lydiard shoes sound too good to be true."

"I've tried every shoe and I'm still suffering. Maybe this is the one."

Runners never abandon their search for the perfect shoe. When Arthur Lydiard let the news out that he'd developed one which promised to prevent everything from fallen arches to foot odor (*Runner's World* Interview, July 1970), they were begging to try a pair.

This shoe fetish is quite understandable. We live by our feet. Each foot hits the ground some 800 times a mile, and the only thing between it and the hard pavement is a thin coating of leather (or nylon, or canvas) and rubber.

What might be invisible differences for the sedentary man on the street whose on-foot movement amounts to walking to lunch or catching a cab can be catastrophic for runners on the street whose jaunts are measured in miles. A tiny defect in a seam can bring disabling blisters. An upper that's a bit tight can tear away toenails. A biting heel can irritate the achilles tendon and spawn bursae misery.

Everyone who has ever slipped on a pair of running shoes has suffered a degree of foot complaints. Few like unnecessary suffering, so Lydiard's shoe description comes out sounding inviting. It's an advertiser's dream, a market as receptive (you might even say "desperate") as this.

The US distributor, Abbott Athletics, Inc., hardly needs to do any convincing. All it needs to do, it seems, is hold up a pair of Lydiard shoes and say, "Here they are folks. Come and get 'em," and be careful that they aren't trampled in the rush or lynched by angered buyers who order too late to share in the limited supply.

They'll come running, that is, if the shoes are half as good as Lydiard claims, and he makes some incredible claims. I can't say how valid they are. I've never run in the "Arthur Lydiard" model, having only slipped on a sample pair of the wrong size. Few Americans have seen them, since they won't be arriving in quantity from the West German factory until later this fall.

All we can do is take Arthur's word, keeping two things in mind. (1) He's a tough-minded perfectionist who has the road runner's interests at heart; (2) He gets a certain percentage of the sales from the shoes and isn't likely to travel around the world knocking them in interviews with magazine reporters. Weigh these facts carefully as you read. And consider, too, that since *Runner's World* is handling these shoes this article may reflect similar biases.

If you read last issue's interview, you'll recall that Lydiard is a strong-willed gentleman who expresses himself in absolutes. There's little hedging when he speaks. He saves a special supply of venom for Adidas and Puma, whose West German and worldwide markets Lydiard is trying to crash with his model—manufactured at Nuremberg by the E.B. Sport International Company.

"Adidas and Puma aren't quality shoemakers," Lydiard says as he begins warming up on one of his pet topics. "I'm a shoemaker and I know they don't make quality shoes. They're astute people, and they make pretty things—things that attract us. So kids pay \$22 for a pair of shoes, knowing they will lose their big toenail or get blisters."

Lydiard isn't merely cashing in on his coaching fame by lending his name to the Sport International model. He has been involved in shoemaking as long as running, having managed a factory in New Zealand and fashioned shoes for himself and his athletes for years.

"I've been training athletes on the roads for 25 years in my country," he says, "and I've been making shoes for them. We never had the leg problems you (American) people are having, and are going to have."

When the E.B. Sport International management contacted him about the shoe, he jumped right into the designing process. His type of last, his type of cushioning, his type of heel, his type of upper went into the final product.

"The worst feature of most of the shoes sold in this country is that the lasts (the molds that shape the sole) are wrong," he explains. "They don't conform to the shape of the foot. The lasts are straight, so your big toe is in the wrong place, forcing you to run on the side of your foot." The feature affects balance, he says, as well as accelerating wear on the outside edges of the sole.

"On top of that, the back bites in. (The other German companies) are featuring a special back on their new shoes. This has made it worse, because it has now tightened the thing. I've seen bursae grow on the heels of kids who wear them. You see these bumps come out, and this is brought on by the most expensive shoes you can buy. Once they start to form, they get bigger and bigger. And you're going to have to operate to cut this bone away from under the tendon."

Lydiard pulls out his cutaway version of his shoe, and in his mile-a-minute style lists its features so fast it's hard to absorb them. He talks like a good teacher, or a good salesman.

● **Injury-preventing:** "When you make a shoe, you have to have a good rubber heel to start with—to alleviate the jar. But it can't be so soft and narrow that you roll. This shoe has both hard and soft layers of rubber. The back is straight. It doesn't bite in and irritate the tendons and bursae. The heel holds the foot like an egg cup, and there's an adequate arch support. Everything inside is nice and soft."

● **Blister-proofing:** "You can put your foot into a brand new pair of these shoes with no socks and run for two hours without getting a blister."

● **Shock-absorbing:** "You can run downhill full-speed and not tear your legs apart."

● **Balance:** "You run on top of the shoe, not on the side. The shape of the last, the cupped heel and the rubber support keep you on top."

● **Non-slip sole:** "You can run on glass ice."

● **Weather-resistant:** "The suede (reversed) leather repels water. You can wear the shoes in snow and ice, yet they don't get hard. They stay nice and soft and keep the feet warm. But I don't find them overly hot when running in the Australian tropics."

Lydiard tells of his own rugged shoe testing. "I wore a pair for 10 months, ran 5000 miles, in all conditions, and never wore out the uppers. I wore the heels down, but I didn't clean them. I didn't do anything. Look at my feet—no blisters, no bursae problems, smooth skin all over, all my toenails are here, though I never wore socks."

Lydiard obviously has jumped into the shoe business with both feet. What's his interest? "I've never been a guy that's been interested in making a lot of money. But what annoyed me is that I've been promoting road running and jogging throughout the world, and what has this meant? A lot of money is being made in road running shoes, right? And who's the company making it? Adidas. And what did Adidas ever do for track and field? What have they ever given the sport? They've undermined the sport, undermined amateurism and caused a lot of problems. I've always wanted to give something to the sport, and so do those who'll be making and distributing the shoes."

With typical Lydiard certainty, jaw set hard and blue eyes piercing his listeners, he ends his narration about the shoes by saying, "I'll tell you this. Once a boy wears a pair of these shoes in training, he'll never wear anything else."

Whoa, now. Before you make out your check and order a pair special delivery, consider a few less glowing facts about the E.B. Sport International "Arthur Lydiard" model.

The biggest single problem in the immediate future is supply. The German factory is turning out about 1000 pairs a month, but this can hardly feed the hungry home market, let alone fill foreign demands. Don't count on fast delivery.

Sport International is attempting to crash a field where three companies already have strong footholds—Adidas and Puma among trackmen, Adidas and Tiger for the roads. All have loyal users who aren't likely to be weaned away except by a far superior product.

Adidas, as Lydiard says, is a "pretty" shoe with prestige. Tiger, the choice of the majority of road men in this country, is inexpensive. The "Lydiard" appears bulky and inflexible, (mostly illusion created by the supporting rim of rubber; "they weigh only one pound two ounces," the designer says), and is colored an unfamiliar gray with red trim. And the new shoe is rather expensive—at \$19.95 roughly the same price as Adidas road running shoes and nearly double that of Tiger models. Whether or not "Lydiards" are more comfortable and wear two or three times as long doesn't matter much when you don't have the 20 bucks.

Lydiard has put his name on a quality pair of shoes. No doubt about that. He calls it "a real jogger's and road runner's shoe," which may be the case. But if we're looking for a "perfect shoe" that prevents and /or cures all ills, forget it. This isn't it, nor is any other.

Running is natural. Binding up the feet and racing 26 miles on hard pavement isn't. As long as runners press their natural limits, there'll be problems that bad shoes may compound but good ones don't necessarily eliminate.

--OUT WALKING--

BY MARTIN RUDOW

With a fairly successful European tour behind them, top US walkers are now looking forward to their big effort of the year, the World Championships of Race Walking—the Lugano Cup races at Escborn, East Germany, in October. Teams from every European country are expected to be present, and we'll have an excellent chance to see how our walking talent measures up against the rest of the world, here halfway between Olympic years.

This will be the fifth Lugano Cup, but only the second in which the US has participated. In 1965 Charlie Silcock, the national walking chairman, tried to get a team together to go over, but financing plans fell through. It may have been just as well, for we had only one walker—Ron Laird—anywhere near ready to take on the Europeans. In 1967 it was a different story, however, as such up and comers as Larry Young, Tom Dooley and Goetz Klopfer were ready for international competition.

Bruce McDonald organized the team, and went along as coach/manager. Besides the above walkers, Jack Mortland and Jim Clinton were team members. All paid their own way, to Bad Saarow, East Germany. Laird did well, coming in just behind two Russians for third at 20 kilometers. The other US walkers all gained invaluable international experience. Of the six, four made the next year's Olympic team.

This year McDonald made a trip from his home on Long Island out to Los Angeles to make a request to the USOC for funds to send a team over. Bruce must have made one hell of a speech, for he got the USOC and the AAU to co-sponsor a complete team of eight athletes, plus a coach and a judge. Both the Lugano Cup and the Chiasso Relay will be taken in. Since we have never been hesitant in the past to criticize the lack of support for US walking efforts, we are glad to acknowledge gratefully this support.

The team at 20 kilometers has been decided. It will con-

sist of Dave Romansky, Tom Dooley (the pair who made the European trip this summer), Ron Kulick and Steve Hayden. Unfortunately, the 50-kilometer trial isn't until press time, but the team members will probably come from Ron Laird, Bob Kitchen, Bob Bowman, Goetz Klopfer, Bill Ranney or Bryon Overton—any of whom would make a good showing.

Competition looks extremely tough this year, with both East and West German walkers recording outstanding times all summer, and of course England and Russia are traditionally the strongest walking nations in the world. Beating any of these countries would certainly be a feather in our sweat band.

I hope to take in this meet myself, so next issue look for a first-hand report on the US's first serious attempt to take on the world in walking competition.

● ● ● ●

The weekend of Aug. 22-23 saw the start of what is hoped will eventually become the Western Hemisphere walking championships—our own "Lugano Cup." Admittedly, it was a small start, with only the US and Canada competing, but at least precedent was established. Invitations were sent to other countries, and it was hoped that Mexicans would compete, but evidently the meet was finalized too late to give them ample notice. As it was, two teams of four walkers each competed over 20-kilometer and 20-mile distances. The events were held at Toronto, at the site of the Canadian National Exposition.

Canada was missing two of its biggest stars, Olympians Karl-Heinz Merschenz and Felix Capella, while the US was led by top men Dave Romansky and Ron Laird. Canada's hopes lay mainly with the veteran, Alex Oakley, fresh from the British Commonwealth 20-mile walk.

Both races were walked on a track, under fairly decent weather conditions—something of a rarity in Toronto this time of year. A rock-playing band in the stands helped the boys along somewhat. Laird won the 20-kilometer after an early

Noel Freeman (number 16) is barely a blur in the background here, but he caught leaders Shaun Lightman (114) and Ron Wallwork (135) to win the Commonwealth 20-mile walk. (Mark Shearman photo)



tussle with Canada's Marcel Jobin, who eventually faded to fourth, giving the Americans a 1-2-3 sweep. Laird's time was 1:35:14. The 20-mile saw Romansky win handily, setting two more US records in the process: 30 kilometers in 2:25:33 and 20 miles in 2:37:20.

The event was organized by Bruce McDonald, in hopes that it will pave the way for future events involving, eventually, all the nations of the Western Hemisphere. Tentative plans call for the next meet to be held in Toronto, with one race only since many smaller countries cannot yet field complete teams for two races.



The recently completed British Commonwealth Games included the walking victory of the most unknown of top-flight international competitors, Noel Freeman of Australia. He recorded an excellent time of 2:33:35 for 20 miles to win the title convincingly. Freeman rarely gets to race outside of his own country so is unknown to the average track fan. When he does compete internationally, he always gives a good account of himself.

Freeman first gained notice at the tender age of 21 with a silver medal in the 1960 Olympics, losing the 20-kilometer title to Vladimir Golubnichiy by only four seconds. He was narrowly beaten out for another medal at Tokyo, finishing fourth. In 1968 he did not make his national team, being disqualified in his country's trials.

Still only 31, but with 10 years of successful international competition behind him, Freeman will undoubtedly continue to do well in the "big meets" and cannot be discounted as a possible medalist in the 1972 Olympics.



RACE WALKING

News Highlights

● **Los Angeles, Calif., June 19-20**—John Kelly dominated Senior Olympics walking by winning the 5000 meters in 24:48.7 and the 10,000 in 52:36.8. John Markon placed second in both.

● **San Diego, Calif., July 4**—John Kelly extended his over-40 walking dominance to the US Masters meet, where he won the mile (7:12.5) and 20 kilometers (1:42:55).

● **Paris, France, July 8**—Dave Romansky (1:31:56.8) and Tom Dooley (1:34:54.4) swept the 20-kilometer walk against the French.

● **Spokane, Wash., July 12**—The name's plenty familiar, but not in a walking story. Gerry Lindgren, the runner, finished second to Steve Giever in the AAU Junior 15-kilometer race.

● **Stuttgart, West Germany, July 15**—Dave Romansky broke the American 10,000-meter record with 43:03.8 while winning against the West Germans.

● **Edinburgh, Scotland, July 18**—Australian Noel Freeman won the Commonwealth Games' 20-mile race in 2:33:33.

● **Leningrad, USSR, July 23**—Though he lost his first race of the European tour, Dave Romansky stayed within close range of the always-tough Russians during the dual meet. Dave was less than 1½ minutes behind Olympic champion Vladimir Golubnichiy while finishing fourth in 1:29:59.0. Tom Dooley walked 1:32:31 while placing sixth in the 20-kilometer race.

● **Long Branch, N.J., Aug. 9**—Shortly after returning from Europe, Dave Romansky added another US title by taking the 40-kilometer. Dave walked 3:32:29, finishing about a quarter-mile ahead of Israeli Shaul Ladany.

Meet John Kelly

John Kelly took a familiar route into long-distance walking. He came, as others have, via long-distance running. The switch didn't come until he'd passed his 37th birthday, yet nothing he'd accomplished in a good, long running career approached the strides he has made as a walker. Less than two years after transferring, Kelly was walking for Ireland in the 1968 Olympics.

In everything from walking to marriage, the Irish are notably late starters. Kelly (who's still single) didn't get involved in competitive running until he was 32—after a decade of boxing. Still, he got in a 2:28:55 marathon and longer racing before stubborn leg pains stopped him in 1965.

This year, Kelly found a new and relatively unexploited world to conquer. He turned 40, making him eligible for the veterans' races. Between the Senior Olympics and US Masters meets, he won four titles.

Regardless of age, he's one of his adopted country's best walkers.

John Joseph Kelly. Santa Monica, Calif. (Southern California Striders). 6'2", 168 lbs., 40 years old (born Oct. 6, 1929). Single. Occupation: park ranger. Began training for walking in 1966 at age 37. Self-coached.

Best Times: Mile—6:42 (1968); 2 miles—14:02 (68); 10 kms.—45:48 (70); 10 miles—1:16:31 (67); 20 miles—2:47 (68); 50 kms.—4:25:24 (68). Favorite distance: 50 kilometers.

Training: twice a day, six days a week, 12 months a year, 50 miles a week in winter, 65 in summer. Longest-ever walk: 100 miles (22:53).

Description: "In 1965 I had a bad tendon pull, and the doctor and Johnny Johnson, the Giants' football trainer, advised me to give up running. It was then that I took up walking, and in my first race I won the National Junior 40-kilometer. For the next couple of years, I mixed slow running and walking, but in 1967 I gave up running altogether to try and make the '68 Olympics. I enjoyed running more than walking, but I would never have made the Olympics at running. I was getting a lot of stitches in my races up till last year. So I had my teeth looked into and I am never troubled with stitches anymore after getting my teeth fixed. So I guess that's why I have gotten some of my best times since I turned 40. I blame getting sick in Mexico on this. I was in great shape, putting in 120 miles a week and blew it all the week before the 50-kilometer."

COMING EVENTS

September

26-7 100-mile, Columbia, Mo.

27 AAU Senior 25-kilometer, Stony Brook, N.Y.

October

4 AAU Senior one-hour, Walnut, Calif.

10-1 Lugano Cup (20- & 50-kilometer), Escborn, E.G.

11 AAU Senior 30-kilometer, Atlantic City, N.J.

16-7 114-km. relay, Airolo to Chiasso, Switzerland

November

7 Met AAU 50-kilometer, Long Island, N.Y.

8 MV AAU 50-kilometer, Jefferson City, Mo.

21-2 Distance Carnival (7 & 15 mi.), Worthington, Ohio

29 Coney Island 10-mile, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Once it was the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, now it's just the British Commonwealth Games, and pretty soon it'll be the Commonwealth Games. As the title gets less impressive, so the standard of the Games gets more so. With us back in the sceptred isle (after an extended stay in North America), and The Games here as well, my wife and I were at the side of the road waving our thumbs in the direction of Edinburgh—hitching being more acceptable in the old world. I had bundled enough training gear to last two weeks, added a raincoat and umbrella, and caught the train to the outside of London—no mean feat in itself.

A few trucks, cars and horses later, we crossed Hadrian's wall and entered the land of the Haggis. The wall was built by someone to keep someone out; I can't remember which way 'round it was. As soon as we got to Edinburgh, I went out for a run in a big park. The Africans were running around in two sweatsuits, gloves, facemasks and nylon jackets to protect themselves against the Scottish summer. A whole herd of sheep were resident in the park, making the going very slippery. Guys were running up and down hills, cyclists were bombing around, sheep were staring in amazement.

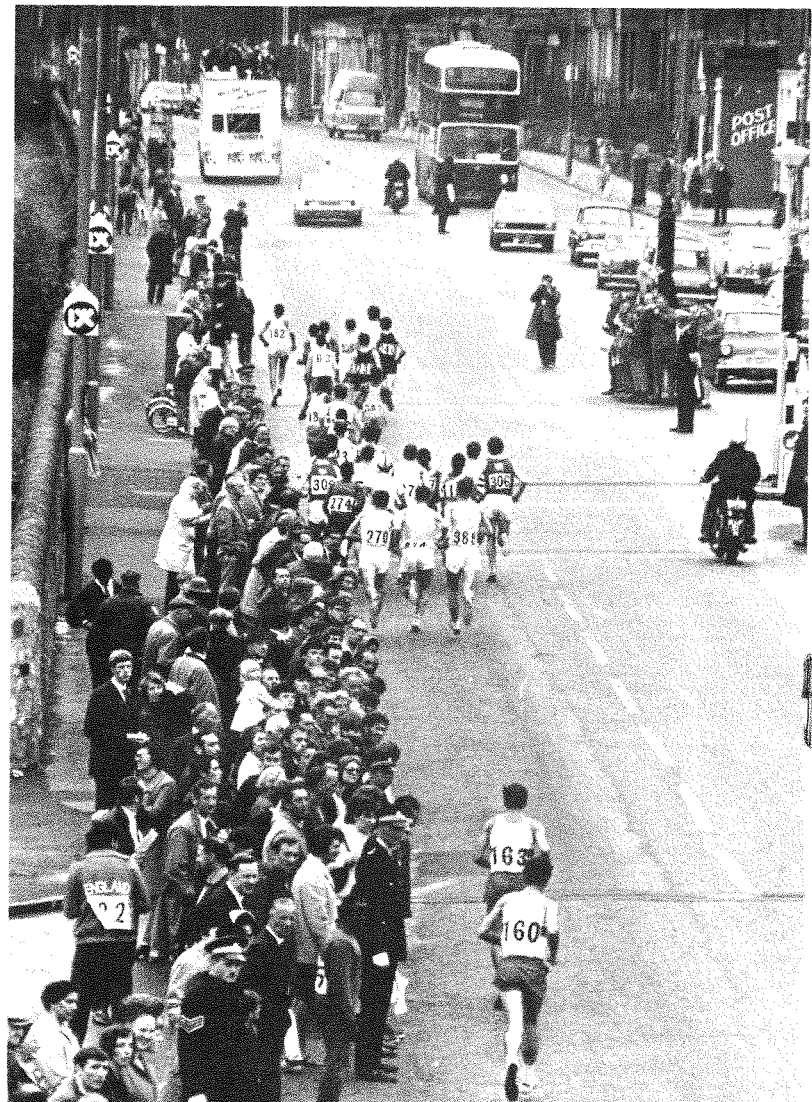
Track activity began the following day with just a few sprint heats to whet the appetite. On my training run I passed the village where the competitors were imprisoned. As I ran by there was a member of the Canadian team outside in full regalia waiting for fans to ask his autograph. I ran back the other way at the end of my run and he was still there. We had breakfast, I showered and as we went to the Stadium we saw him still there. Such dedication to the public.

The second day's track saw the 10,000. It was drizzling as the field went off. Throughout the race I shook with excitement as one after another world class runner fell off the pace. At the bell it was Ron Clarke, Dick Taylor and Lachie Stewart in contention. With 200 to go, Clarke moved out fast and many of us thought that he had at last won what it almost seemed was his by divine right. But into the straight it was Lachie Stewart in front for the first time in the race to win in 28:11.8 to 28:13.6. The crowd went wild for the Scot's victory, but... so many were thinking of Clarke, without doubt the distance runner's distance runner, a runner-up yet again, albeit in a time that may have exceeded his expectations.

We then had a couple of days without track, so I got in a long run and my wife and I went 'round the city with marathoner Bob Moore. The 102-mile cycle race was to be held over 32 laps of the park where I was training. Before the event, they would employ dogs to rout the sheep, definitely a sight not to be missed. And somehow they would also clear the roads of all the crud. No, the dogs couldn't manage that; they would get people to do it.

The night after watching Kip Keino win the 1500, I was feeling rough. Then I rounded a bend and saw a figure ahead of me in a green sweatsuit. I gained on him until I could read "Kenya" in large letters on the back. This pleased me; perhaps I was not so bad after all. I passed him with a rush but he hung with me. I decided to be friendly and after a mile I asked him what event he was in. To which he replied that tomorrow he was in a semi-final of the light-middleweight boxing and was trying to sweat off some weight. I made a big effort and dropped him on a hill.

With Drayton, Clayton, Hill, Adcocks, Temu, Alder and many more in the marathon, it had to excite. Derek Clayton was supposed to have said that Jim Alder would only win if it was snowing. Alder had won in Kingston, Jamaica, four years ago and I don't remember much snow there. "Alder hasn't the class" was Jerome Drayton's opinion as he was just certain that he himself was the man to win. Well, two hours nine min-



FROM EDINBURGH

PHOTOS BY MARK SHEARMAN



ABOVE: Steeplechasers at various stages of water hold clearance, with Amos Biwott leading in unmistakable style.

BELOW LEFT: Ron Hill (108) is with the lead group of marathoners as they string out through the streets of Edinburgh.

BELOW RIGHT: Dick Taylor tows the 10,000 men through the early laps, with Ron Clarke sitting a cautious 10th.

utes and 28 seconds after the start, Ron Hill showed us again who is the world's best right now. I know that Ron has many fans in the US since last April, and he, like Clarke, is a runner's runner. I remember a letter in *Athletics Weekly* a few years ago about how Hill cannot reproduce the results in the big-time. I hope the writer of that letter still follows the results. Alder, sans class, finished next in 2:12:04. With times like this, it's just as well that he lacks class. Imagine what he'd do if he had it! Those waiting for Drayton and Clayton to show up were kicked out of the stadium after eight hours.

While Hill and all were doing it on the road, back at the Tartan (with the Games in Scotland it had to be held on Tartan, after all) the steeplechase was happening. Kerry O'Brien looked as much a certainty as any could, but he fell in the oasis on the fifth lap and fellow Aussie Tony Manning ran away with it in a fast 8:26.2.

On the last day we had the final of the 800, and Ralph Doubell was surprisingly left out of the medals as Kenya's Robert Ouko ran in the winner in 1:46.8. The 5000 had been built up as the race of the Games for a couple of months in advance, and after the marathon and the 10,000 it had to be a goodie. A first lap of 70 nearly saw the 40,000 crowd get up and leave, but Dick Taylor decided that a race is for running fast and that this was enough clowning around. He went to the front and steadily quickened the pace throughout. One by one such notables as Bob Finlay, Derek Graham, Lachie Stewart and eventually, and rather sadly, Ron Clarke all had to let go. With a couple of laps left Ian McCafferty, Keino and Ian Stewart swept past the now-spent Taylor and progressively got faster yet. For the second time this week it was a Stewart, though unrelated, who triumphed. Ian put in a lap in the 54-55 range to win in 13:22.8—the second-fastest ever.

And now it's over, the athletes are home again, the spectators are home again, and I am waiting for the thousands of slides I took. In 1974 a lot of the same names and a lot of new ones will go to Christchurch, N.Z., for the Commonwealth Games. But right now I am imagining what it's like hitching to Helsinki for the European championships next year, and some meet that's on in Munich the following year. Politics, commercialism, Brundage, apartheid and white shoes permitting.





ABOVE: Kip Keino, who's always "up" for the big ones, won more or less as he pleased from Dick Quax in the 1500. Keino ran 3:36.6.

BELOW LEFT: The 800-meter women reach halfway, with Cheryl Peasley (421), Pat Lowe (466) and Gloria Dourass upfront.

BELOW RIGHT: Rita Ridley (472) lets Joan Page do the pacing early in the 1500. Miss Ridley raced up to win in 4:18.8.



Meet Jack Foster

For a man who doesn't train, Jack Foster is a marvel. He's 38 years old—a runner for less than six of those years. A New Zealander, he made his country's marathon team for the recent Commonwealth Games in Scotland. Reading one of Jack's frequent letters to *Runner's World* before the meet, he sounded more like a tourist than a competitor.

We were pleasantly shocked when news of the marathoners behind Ron Hill filtered in here to read of one Jack Foster of New Zealand running 2:14:44. Jack himself hadn't quite gotten used to the idea of thinking of himself as a 2:14 marathoner. On his questionnaire he wrote, "I feel flattered. This has usually been reserved for the big winners. Must be the age fascination."

Don't be put off by the first line. Jack does lots of running, but no "training." He doesn't like to think of his running (which he does in fairly large daily doses) in terms of grim preparation. Whatever he calls his form of exercise, it has taken him a long ways. His philosophies are somewhat unique among runners at his level.

John Charles Foster. Rotorua, New Zealand (Rotorua Harrier Club). 5'9", 136 lbs., 38 years old. Married, four children. Occupation: costing clerk. Began racing in 1965 at age 33. Self-coached.

Best Times: 440—56.2 (1967); 880—2:03 (69); Mile—4:20 (68); 3 miles—14:10 (65); 6 miles—28:47 (70); 10,000m—29:53 (70); 10 miles—48:11 (70); Marathon—2:14:44 (70); 30 miles—2:47:31 (68). Favorite distance—12 kilometer cross-country (if it's good country, not flat park). Racing frequency—weekly, if races are not over 6-8 miles; monthly if races are long.

Training: ("I don't like this word!") usually once a day,

6 days a week, 12 months a year. Longest-ever run: 30 miles.

Description: "I don't think of running as 'training.' When I was asked about training and schedules last time, I told the guy, 'I didn't train. I just went for a run each day.' He didn't quite figure that one. 'Training' to me is repetition 220s and 440s, tough sessions on the roads at or near five-minute per mile pace, etc. If this is what the physiologists and sports specialist doctors have come up with to be a champ, then I must remain a mug runner and enjoy my evening sessions in the hills.

"I run from three to 15 miles on five days per week over hilly sheep farming country or through forest tracks. Sunday is the highlight of the week when I do 20 miles or more with the lads from my club, enjoying the leg-pulling and general good fellowship. The miles pass very quickly though at about 6:30 pace. The rest of my running is done alone. I do 12 or 15 'fastish' on the evenings I feel good, and as little as three miles slowly when I feel poor. Fastish could be around 5:10 to 5:30 pace.

"I'm not serious enough to force myself out every day, and usually there is one day a week when I don't make it. It has to be a pleasure to go for a run, looked forward to while I'm at work. Otherwise, no dice. This fact, that I'm not prepared to let running be anything but one of the pleasures of my life, is the reason that I fail by just so much. My string of 'places' perhaps testifies more to this. However, this doesn't bother me. Neither does the prospect of running 2:30 or even 2:50 marathons in the future.

"I'm self-coached but have read Percy Cerutti, Arthur Lydiard and Arthur Newton. I go along with Percy, all the way even to lifting heavy weights at certain times of the year although I do this because I like it, not because I think it may improve my running. Maybe I don't move like Percy recommends, and I certainly can't cultivate the mental outlook he advocates, but I get good value for my low mileage 'his way'—the resistance way."

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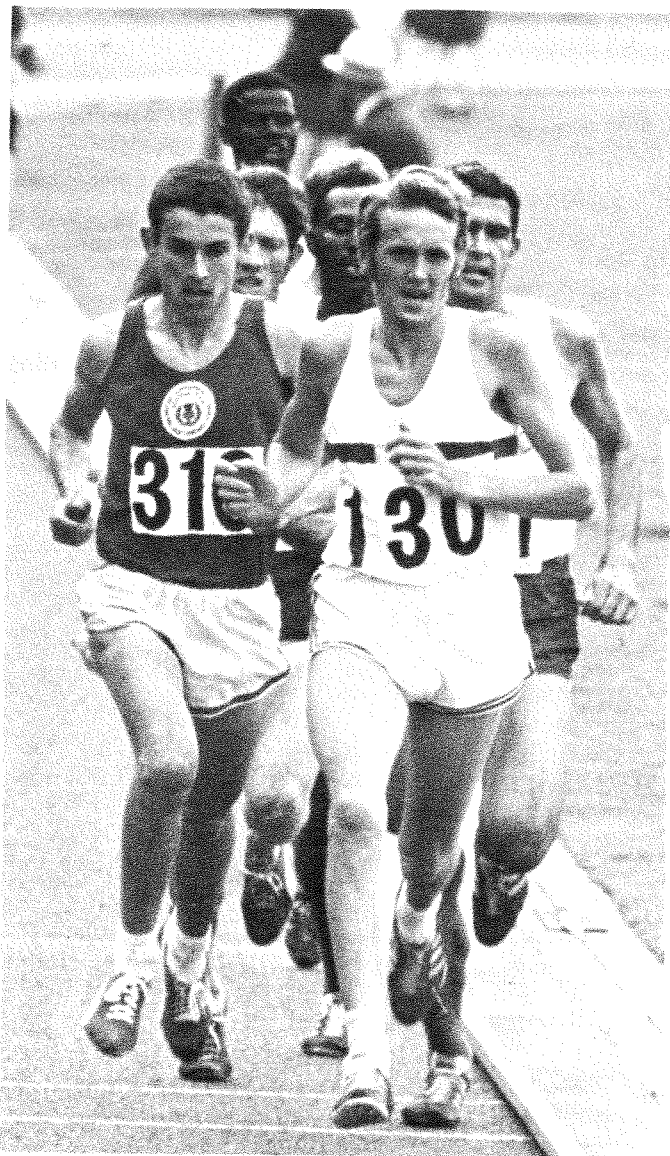


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Spotlight on England and Europe



BY WILF RICHARDS

Spotlight on England and Europe takes on a new look this issue, as we bring it more in line with the feature approach of the rest of *Runner's World*. Once a results-oriented column, "Spotlight" will now be concentrating on articles covering all facets of running in England and Europe.

LSD—long slow, or long steady, distance—is a form of training being tried and adopted by more and more athletes, some of whom have been converted to this type of preparation after frustrating results from the more widely practiced interval method. But although it is only comparatively recently that LSD has been tried on anything but a very small scale, one very great runner quickly saw its value as long ago as 1922. Some older readers will no doubt guess that I am referring to the incomparable Arthur Newton, a long distance runner who—more than any other—proved the immense improvement possible by the application day after day of long, easy running. What sort of person was this Arthur F.H. Newton? And what were

PHOTO LEFT: Ron Clarke—blocked here by Ian Stewart (310, who was en route to a European record) and Dick Taylor (130)—makes his last attempt for a Commonwealth gold medal, in the 5000. Ron finished fifth. (Mark Shearman photo)

his methods and achievements?

My first meeting with him was in 1942 when billeted for a short time in London while serving in the Forces during the war. I was able to call on him a few times and found him to be a most charming, unassuming person, a quiet-spoken man. The product of a more gentle, less hectic age, he would listen courteously and attentively to what you had to say and then make his own point clearly and concisely. He would at that time be about 60 or 61, of medium height and slight build. Although he had retired from serious running eight years earlier, he still followed his old habit of rising at 5 a.m. for a training run of anything up to 12 miles. He kept this up for many years.

I kept in touch with Mr. Newton (he was *always* "Mr. Newton," never "Arthur," to all but his relatives) by correspondence and annual visits for a good many years more. When I started a magazine—*Athletics Review*—after the war, he kindly offered to help by writing regular articles for us (for as long as we wanted them). He continued to do this without any thought of payment for the full 12 years the magazine lasted. He was always ready to help without fuss or bother, and I will always regard him as one of the finest men, in every sense of the word, with whom it has been my privilege to be acquainted. And now for some of his ideas and performances.

Mr. Newton, son of a Norfolk clergyman, settled in South Africa in 1901 and eventually bought a farm on which he produced first-grade cotton and tobacco. He seemed destined to spend the rest of his life as a reasonably prosperous farmer with never a thought of athletics. But fate ordained otherwise and a change of government in South Africa brought Newton's farming endeavors to an effective halt. His land, which had been developed extensively, was now included in a "native territory" belt. The crops were ruined through lack of labor. He decided to fight the case for himself and for the sake of others. Looking for some means of getting into the public eye (which, under normal circumstances, was the last thing he desired, but which now had become necessary), he decided to tackle the Comrades' marathon, a 54-mile event run between Durban and Pietermaritzburg over rough and hilly roads.

So it was that Arthur Newton, then a healthy, mature man of 39 who had done nothing in the athletics line since his schooldays, started preparing for one of the toughest of events. He was a pure novice, but one with a clear, logical turn of mind, and it soon became apparent that he needed to put in a lot of mileage over the five months still remaining before the race, and that training would have to be on a daily basis. Obviously, too, the speed would need to be kept down. So he worked on these lines, gradually adding to his weekly mileage but never attempting anything approaching racing pace. Even so, he found the task of running 54 miles a distinctly formidable one, and though he won he knew that he would need another 12 months of solid work to produce what he considered to be a performance outstanding enough to excite.

Newton carried on. He did make a name for himself as intended, though it did little good to the cause he was fighting,

and for him it was farewell to farming and to his home. He covered a total of 9000 miles on foot during the next 12 months and won the Comrades' race again in so convincing a fashion that he was persuaded to tackle the 50-mile world record, then standing at 6:13:58. He ran 5:53:05, and later went 100 miles in 14:44 for another record. Both these records were achieved on hilly roads, mostly unpaved, and it was apparent that the time could be improved under more favorable conditions. Joe Binks, probably the best known athletics correspondent of all-time, arranged for the records to be attacked on the London-Brighton and London-Bath roads. Newton completed the 50 in 5:38:42 and the 100 in 14:22:10, both well inside the previous records.

Later, Newton turned professional and took part in the two transcontinental (Los Angeles-New York) races. He struck misfortune each time. In the first race he had gained a lead of nine hours in elapsed time after 500 miles but was forced to withdraw because of persistent tendon trouble which got steadily worse. He was going well again the following year after a steadier start when a car ran into him, breaking his shoulder among other damage. He was hospitalized but after treatment insisted on rejoining the caravan which accompanied the runners. As soon as he had recovered enough to trot slowly, he was back on the road helping those having a bad time and in need of encouragement. He, of course, could take no further part in the race himself.

As a professional, Newton improved his 100-mile time to 14:06 and also achieved a 24-hour world best with 152 miles 540 yards. The 100 was his last record effort for he was by then 51 years old. He continued to train almost daily and wrote a good deal for various magazines. He was always willing to help anyone who sought his advice—and many did. Jackie Mekler, and several other South African distance runners, made Newton's home their headquarters when over in England for the London-Brighton and other events.

As well as his contributions to magazines, Newton wrote four books—*Running*, *Running in Three Continents*, *Commonsense Athletics* and *Races and Training*. His methods were formulated from practical experience backed by a reasoning mind, and much of what he advocated later became incorporated in the famous Lydiard system. Neither placed any value in such things as weight training, both considering that strength could best be improved the natural way through hill work. Newton contended that if his ideas were sound for long distance runners, then they must also be correct for the middle distance men, and even for sprinters. In other words, a sprinter, instead of practicing bursts at full speed would do better to run less intensively but more often, aiming all the time to improve his action and make his style of movement as economical and efficient as possible. Top speeds would be confined to races. There were many critics of these ideas, of course, and in the main Arthur Newton was regarded as an authority on super-long distance running but out of touch with the standard track events.

As has been pointed out in *Runner's World* and elsewhere, the idea of improving one's speed by means of long, steady runs sounds so illogical that most athletes resist attempting it. But through the publicity now being given to the idea it may well be that an increasing number will come to the same way of thinking, or at least will attempt the "new" method, and we shall see Newton's theories being substantiated to a greater degree than most people would have thought possible.



From all accounts, the popularity of long distance events among veteran age groups is on an ever-increasing scale in the United States. Apart from races specially arranged for the over-

40s, most open marathons contain competitors well on into the senior-citizen class. In England, too, runners like Ron Franklin have proved that the veterans can still compete with distinction against their younger brethren. In Europe, and particularly Holland, special events on an international scale for veterans are a regular feature of the athletic calendar, and some remarkably good performances are achieved in these.

Among this class of stalwarts, few, I think, will be able to surpass the feats of Sweden's Eric Ostbye who, at the age of 48, not only performs extremely well at the marathon for a veteran but can be regarded as a first-class runner anyhow, regardless of age, with times inside 2½ hours to his credit. Although a few of his feats have been published, very little seems to have come to light of the man himself. I have, however, been fortunate enough to obtain just a few details of this exceptionally fine veteran from a friend in Sweden, Jan Lind.

Erik Ostbye is Norwegian-born but has lived in Sweden since he was a small child. He has been a vegetarian for most of his adult life. It was not until he was a mature 32 that he became interested in long distance running, though he had competed (not too successfully) in the middle distance events at an earlier age. His best time for the 1500 meters was a somewhat mediocre 4:21.

Prior to an important race, Ostbye puts into operation a specific dieting system. In the main, this consists of having very light meals, or even fasting entirely, for a few days, then stoking up with a plentiful quantity of carbohydrates for the final four days before the race. He also has cut out milk from his diet. He never takes anything to drink during a marathon as he feels that it upsets the function of the body.

Erik is rather below average height and of medium build. A railway worker in Gothenburg, he has started a new club which goes by the name of Solvikingarna (or Sun Vikings). One of the rules upon which he insists is that there will be no smoking or drinking among club members. Most of them also follow his example on the question of a vegetarian diet. In the European 25-kilometer championship, it was this club which won the team competition.

Ostbye confines himself mostly to the long distances on the roads and concerns himself hardly at all with track running. He did compete in a 10,000-meter race at age 43 and recorded about 32:30, a reasonable enough performance for his age but well removed from his marathon times at a later age. As an instance, he was class enough to finish third behind Chris Wade and Ulf Johansson in the 1969 Swedish marathon championship.

For training, he relies almost entirely on distance running across country, never going so fast as to become badly out of breath. The week before the 1967 Swedish marathon championship, which he won, his training went like this: Sunday—25 miles, Monday—12, Tuesday—18, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday—15 miles each, Saturday—rest (the day before the race). Altogether, Ostbye has won four national marathon championships and has been among the first three in most of the others in which he has competed.

Last year, he easily won a 20-kilometer race for veterans (40 and over), finishing a quarter-mile ahead of his nearest rival in an excellent time of 1:06:26. A week later, he was out again in a veteran's 30-kilometer race, and here he also was in a class of his own—winning by almost a mile in 1:50:31.

This fine Swedish runner is a perfect example to those athletes who wonder whether it is worth continuing after the age of 40. Not all, of course, are likely to meet with the success Ostbye has attained, but a continuation of the sport that has given them so much health and pleasure can do nothing but good.

--SHORT AND FAST--

Now, what was that we said last issue about George Rhoden being "in a class by himself" among senior sprinters? George is as good as ever, but no sooner had that line gone down on paper than he got an instant challenger in the person of Richard Stolpe.

Stolpe is a 44-year-old Navy captain from Nebraska who quietly got in shape for the big west coast veterans' meets (Senior Olympics at Los Angeles and US Masters at San Diego) by sprinting with his son, a college quarter-miler.

LA provided him a stunning debut. Rhoden handled Stolpe rather easily in the 100-meter dash, winning by two-tenths with 11.2. But in the 200, George needed a 22.8 to turn back the Navy man. Stolpe came on even stronger at San Diego, when he and Rhoden ran 10.3 in the 100-yard heats and 10.4 in the final—Rhoden winning. Stolpe had the 220 to himself, and he collected a world veterans' record of 23.0. Unlike distance running, where three or four runners consistently do the winning, senior sprinting apparently isn't as settled as it seems. There must be dozens of Richard Stolpe's around the country who need only the opportunity he had. Suddenly, he has made that phase of the sport considerably more uncertain and exciting.

Meanwhile, at San Diego, senior sprinting's super-promoter—Alphonse Juilland (see July issue's "Short and Fast") made the breakthrough he sacrificed his three-pack-a-day cigarette habit to get. The 48-year-old professor sprinted 10.9 for 100 yards.

Leo Walczuk's day wasn't quite so happy. The 52-year-old flew into the tape a bit too fast. His toupee left him, and he had an embarrassing minute as he rushed back down the track to retrieve it. Things like this don't happen among the young sprinters.

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Americans seem to have a hard time believing anyone else in the world can sprint or hurdle—particularly Europeans. When Valeriy Borzov beat the US sprinters at Leningrad, the track, the weather and the starter got the blame. When Guy Drut and Dave Hemery high hurdled 13.3 and 13.4 at Zurich again credit was given to an overly generous man with the gun. This could well be.

But it does the Europeans a great disservice if the validity of their marks is automatically dismissed. They have something going for them that we generally lack. That is, they concentrate on technical excellence to get the most from their innate talent. It's most evident when a well-drilled team of Frenchmen beats a highly-talented collection of US individuals in the 400-meter relay. When the Americans, who obviously have more native ability in their ranks, run a sloppy race, someone like the French relayists, Borzov or Allain Sarteur (winner of the US-France 100) will be there to beat them. Also, occasionally there comes along a Jean-Claude Nallet, who runs the race of his life (48.6 in the 400-meter hurdles) for a startling upset.

Inborn speed is essential in sprinting, regardless of the level of competition. But speed alone isn't enough. Getting the most from that speed requires considerable attention to technique and training. Tenth-seconds come off reluctantly at these distances, but when they do they separate winners from losers.

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News Highlights: Several women's world records have tumbled since the July report. Chi Cheng had a role again

as she sprinted 22.4 for 200 meters (as well as tying the 100 meter mark of 11.0). Marilyn Neufville, a 17-year-old London schoolgirl, chose (much to the dismay of the English) to represent her native Jamaica in the Commonwealth Games. The pressure was on to prove that her decision was correct. She set a world 400-meter record with 51.0. East German Karin Balzer lowered the much-abused 100-meter hurdles record by a tenth-second to 12.7.

Sprint/hurdle highlights of the US tour of Europe were Mavis Laing's American 200-meter record (23.2; the 16-year-old also had 23.4 and 23.5 races while winning all three races). Pat Johnson's 13.3 US mark in the 100-meter hurdles, Ben Vaughan's windy 10.0 100 and Willie Turner's 20.3 200.



Chi Cheng's world record collection grew again since last issue when she added the 200-meter mark of 22.4 during a West German meet. (Jeff Johnson photo)

New

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SPRINTS

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

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

HURDLES

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

POLE VAULT

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

DISTANCES

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

TRIPLE JUMP

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

HIGH JUMP

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

SHOT PUT

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

LONG JUMP

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

DISCUS THROW

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

JAVELIN THROW

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

HAMMER THROW

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

VIEWS OF MARATHONING

BY JIM DUNNE

The Olympic Training Camp at Pullman, Wash., which brought together 36 of the country's leading marathoners and long-distance trackmen, provided a unique opportunity for fascinating story material. Jim Dunne gathered four marathoners in his office at Washington State, where he's a professor in the communications department, for a long and detailed interview. The highlights of the talk with Phil Camp (whose best is 2:26:36), Tom Heinonen (2:18:30), Byron Lowry (2:28:56) and Herb Lorenz (2:20:40) appear here.

QUESTION: *How do you train?*

Camp: I train once a day, seldom running over 15 miles, nor training more than five days straight without easing up for a race. In other words, I don't care to train through a weekend. I find when I train more than five days straight I start feeling tired and I get bored with running. . . I consider training over hills an automatic fartlek. To me, it's hard speed work. Coming down the hill is the rest period. During my long runs, I run about six minutes a mile or faster.

Heinonen: I try to do three days a week of long easy running, generally once a day. I like to do intervals, maybe once a week, but I find it really hard to do them by myself. During my long runs, I run at whatever pace I feel comfortable. I almost never push the pace.

Lowry: I like to keep some kind of quality in my workouts. Most of my runs won't exceed 18 miles, maybe 20 miles if I'm lucky. Since I'm not running more than 18-20 miles, I try to get the amount of work out of it that I think I need. Unless I'm really tired, or it's a rough course, it's very seldom that I run slower than six minutes a mile. I like to do speed runs of 8-10 miles—pretty fast. I think the speed run is better (than intervals) for road racing or cross-country racing. I try to do intervals once a week, or once every other week.

Lorenz: I used to do strictly interval training. Recently I've found that I'm susceptible to injuries through intervals, so I cut them out altogether. I do strictly distance and stay away from the track.

QUESTION: *Herb mentioned that he was susceptible to injuries when he did interval training. Is that true of the rest of you?*

Camp: (In my first three years of running) I didn't compete much because I had shin splints. I found the way to get around the problem was to get off the track, hang up the spikes forever. I never use them anymore. I like to run inside the track, on grass without shoes.

Lowry: In college I had trouble with interval training, mostly because I did work faster than I had to. I try to stay away from it now. The most I'll do is once a week, on grass.

QUESTION: *What are your thoughts on LSD (long slow distance)?*

Camp: It's going to work for some people and it's not going to work for others. I can't take it. Training like that gets boring after awhile. The longer you're on the road the sicker you get of training.

Heinonen: I find that it's so slow that it's really uncomfortable and it just takes too long. It's really not that much longer, maybe 15% longer to run a particular distance, but it's extremely boring. Maybe after awhile you get used

to going that slow. But I can't see running slow just for the sake of running slow.

Lorenz: It's just too slow for me. The disadvantage, another disadvantage for me, is the time factor. I don't think I can run as far or put in as many miles as I'd like to.

QUESTION: *How often, within a year, can you compete in marathon races and be at the top of your form?*

Camp: I think that two a year, or maybe one a year, is the ideal situation. The marathon is not the kind of race where you're going to put it all together over and over again.

Heinonen: One or two a year, if you know exactly what you're aiming for. The big problem is no one seems to know which marathons are the important ones. Running even one or two a year for no reason at all is pretty silly. If we had a national championship or a Boston that we knew was the big important race, not only to get the fast time but perhaps to get the trips overseas which are available. . . But no one seems to know who is going to get them now.

Lowry: I think maybe in the future I'd like to run one or two a year. Let's say a qualifying meet which would be used to qualify a runner for the Pan-Am Games, and then if you made the team you'd run the Games. Or if you were running a trial which would qualify you for a meet. I would run if it were clear what is at stake. I can't really see running lots of races just for the sport of it. It just takes too much preparation and training.

Lorenz: Personally I think marathons should be banned between the end of April and maybe the end of September. I think the hot weather of summer takes a lot out of a runner and it takes a tremendous amount of time to recover between races. . . The championship should be a classic event. It should be held at a place where you can achieve a fast time. You should have maybe not perfect weather, but ideal weather conditions. You should not have it where some nut throws a mountain right in the middle of the race and you almost have to crawl up.

QUESTION: *Some runners prefer hot weather and some like to run on cool days. What is your preference?*

Camp: I feel you're short-changing yourself when you run in the heat. It takes more out of you and you're not getting as much out of a workout. You can't run as hard or as far on a hot day. I love to train when it rains because I feel that I can run so much harder and so much longer.

Heinonen: It should be pretty obvious to people now that what seems to them to be cold, wet, miserable weather really isn't that bad for running marathons. You have pictures of Boston here on the board in your office. People like Eddie Walkwitz run 2:23 and Eamon (O'Reilly) runs 2:11. When you run in weather that cools your body temperature is going to be lower and over a long period of time there is going to be much less stress involved than on a day that it is even, say, 65 degrees. Cold and windy days are probably the best all around.

QUESTION: *You live back east, Herb. What do you do about heat and humidity when you train and when you race?*

Lorenz: In the summertime I have to change my training pattern. I have to go out about five in the morning. Even then it's about 70 degrees, and the humidity is about 95. I get very discouraged. I don't begin to liven up until the middle of

September, when it gets real nice.

QUESTION: *Except for O'Reilly at Boston this year, Americans aren't really world class marathon runners, or they haven't been in years past. Why?*

Camp: Perhaps it's just like the steeplechase, or the steeplechase used to be. Perhaps it's just not an event that the Americans pursue, or have been pursuing enough in the past to bring it along and be competitive with the other countries of the world. It probably is just going to be a matter of time now before we do it. We have the makings of the best in the world right here in our country. We've got everything going for us. I



Like his cohorts at the Olympic Training Camp in Washington, Byron Lowry has definite ideas on marathoning—and his results give the opinions added validity. (Bob Anderson photo)

can't see why Americans can't have as many or more world class marathon runners as any other country.

Heinonen: American track runners are starting to be really feared. The American track scene is really developing (in the longer distances). Eventually, the next step will be the American marathoner developing. Now we've got hundreds and hundreds of people running marathons all over. . . and lots of young people, too. It seems like the interest is really there now.

Lorenz: I think we're sort of short-changing ourselves because if you take a close look at where these outstanding times by foreign runners were posted you'll find that about 80% of the races were run at three or four places. One of these is the Fukuoka marathon, and there are a couple of others. We put ourselves down as inferior, but I think it is the type of courses we run, as compared to the type they run.

Heinonen: This whole matter may be a question of geography. We've got such a big country, and no money to travel. We very seldom get more than three or four good marathons together at the same time. For instance, at Culver City (1969 AAU championship), Gene Comroe said, "This field is hamburger." There were only five of us who had any chance of winning or running a decent time. In Japan, you've got a small country and all those people, and they can all get together easily. In Great Britain, the same thing. When you get a lot of good people together, they're naturally going to run a lot faster. We're not going to solve this problem unless we can somehow get a lot of money and get people transported to a central location to run those big races.

QUESTION: *Describe what you consider to be an ideal marathon course.*

Camp: An ideal marathon situation would be a course that is perfectly flat, did not come back on itself at any point, was one large 26-mile circuit through a heavily wooded forest with trees shading the road with great crowds of fans cheering. This is the ideal situation. . . but of course this is fantasy.

Lowry: To me, when I'm really humming along and I have it all together, I don't care about what I'm looking at.

Lorenz: I like loops. I don't like to go out and be out nowhere for 13 miles and then have to come back. Simply, I like to get fast times. Maybe run five or six-mile loops. Being an old track runner, and being brought up on interval training, I like to get some sort of a split, to know what I'm doing and where I am. I like the loop, especially towards the end when I can gauge myself and where I have to go yet.

QUESTION: *Will the two-hour barrier be broken? If so, how soon?*

Camp: I hate to say this, but I don't think it ever will. You must draw the line somewhere, and I think that "somewhere" is right around two hours.

Heinonen: I think two hours for a marathon is something like 4:37 or 4:37 a mile. First you have to break the 10-mile record, and nobody has run that fast on a track for 10 miles. It is just the same as people running a three-minute mile. That takes a 45-second quarter. There aren't too many people who can run a 45-second quarter. So people are going to have to start doing that first. I'm not going to say it *can't* be done, but it's going to be a heck of a long time.

Lowry: I think we may have to evolve a little bit more as humans before somebody does it. What we have right now as a human being, I don't think will do it.

Lorenz: A two-hour marathon is eight minutes off, which is a long, long way. The two-hour marathon may start at the top of Pike's Peak and then run downhill.

CAMP COMEDY FROM PULLMAN

BY TOM DERDERIAN

Some strange sounds echoed through the wheat fields of Pullman, Wash., during the US Olympic Training Camp held there during July and August. Like Alvin Penka telling Dick Buerkle, "If you tried to count the number of times that Jim Ryun whipped Marty Liquori, you'd be busier than a one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest." Alvin, a distance man from Fort Hays State, talks in his native Kansas language, which bald-headed Buerkle, a college-educated (Villanova) easterner finds hilarious. Buerkle—whose name is pronounced like Berkeley, the radical school in California—is a funny guy himself. He and Ron Stonitsch of C.W. Post College on Long Island make the greatest comedy team since Abbott and Costello. And their sort of humor—along with Penka's and that of various others—made the three weeks at camp a lively occasion for the 36 track distancemen and marathoners assembled.

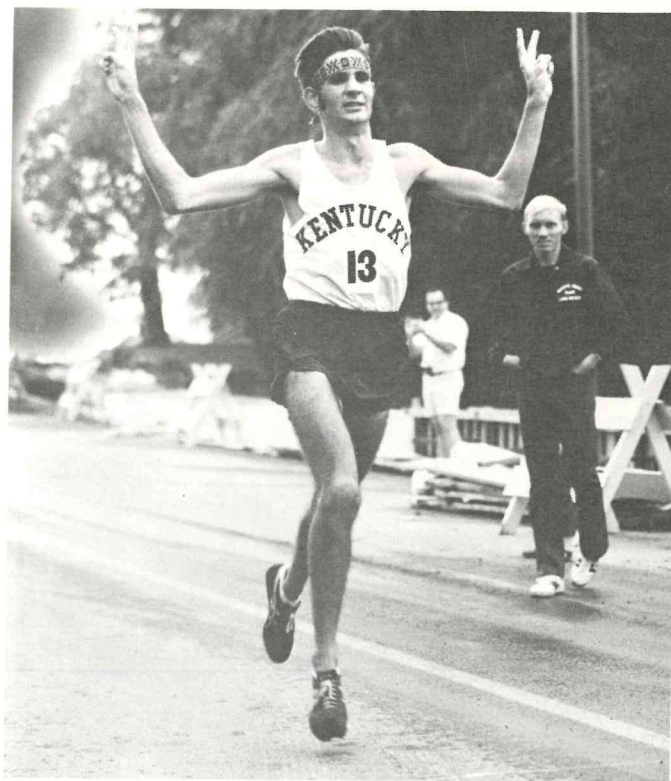
Buerkle and Stonitsch, for instance, went downtown and bought railroad train driver's overalls and paraded to dinner wearing only the baggy, strapped and striped pants. The next day Penka bought a pair. Then there was the time the circus came to town and the dynamic duo got painted. "Stone" got a mouth with wings painted on his chest, and Buerkle got an eye on his navel. They proudly marched to dinner to show the rest of the campers. The circus left before Alvin could get painted.

Gerry Lindgren is also a comedian of sorts. He walks up to these two girls, see, and he says to one of them: "Hey, I got an idea. Let's both you and me get brooms, and we can be broom mates and sweep together." Gerry sells insurance, and we are sure he will have a long and successful career.

Meanwhile, Chuck LaBenz had a war with the "Cougar Cagers," a slew of high school basketball players. A water war. The runners were housed on the 11th floor of the dorm, and the basketball players occupied the lower 10 floors. So, you see, Chuck found himself outnumbered and trapped. He called to fellow Arizonan and former blackjack dealer Jerry Jobski for help. Together, with Penka watching, they found balloons and string, filled the balloons with water and dangled them temptingly in front of the basketball players' windows. When an unwary Cougar Cager reached out and broke the balloon, he'd turn and look up and laugh, and get a face full of water from Jobski's Gatorade bottle.

Dude number one (John Loeschhorn) and Dude number two (Marshall Adams), both of the North Carolina Track Club, went for a run to the Moscow Mountains in Idaho and ended up running 40 miles. They returned to hear that the members of the camp were going to try to break the world record for the 24-hour realy the next day. They moaned, and watched.

Another echo in the air: "What are we doing in Dent, Idaho?!" What indeed were these distance runners doing in Dent, Idaho? The bus driver didn't know, and coach John Chaplin (assistant at Washington State, and camp director) didn't know. They were returning from spending the day playing softball beside the Snake River and running through the Nez Perce Indian reservation. The bus driver had stopped to ask directions, but we had been driving for 10 miles on a hot dirt road and it got narrower until we reached a store and gas station called Dent. Dent isn't on any maps. We drove along a river in a scenic canyon when everyone decided they wanted



Vic Nelson came in from this marathon at Pullman, still wet from the welcome rain, and played "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" on the piano. Jerry Jobski watches Vic finish.

to go for a swim. The bus stopped, 30 guys ran out, stripped naked and plunged into the clear, rushing river while Coach Chaplin stood on the bank like a nervous mother and shouted, "Don't go past the rocks!"

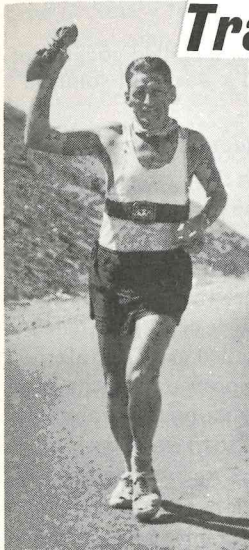
Everyone wanted Coach Chaplin—a super-promoter—to arrange for it to rain on the day of the marathon. It had been sunny and hot every day at Pullman, except for the brief hail storm that bruised Bob Bertelsen, who was caught out in it during a run. We don't know how Chaplin managed, but it rained the morning of the race. Winner Vic Nelson, 2:23:38, walked into the clubhouse after his victory, wet with rain and sweat, sat down at the piano and played a line or two of "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" and got up and walked out. During the camp, Vic must have performed Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant" 10 times. He knew all the words—all 25 minutes worth. But he didn't know *all* the verses to any other song. He knew lots of beginnings but no endings, except the long one.

Of all the highly conditioned athletes at camp, none could match old coach Roy Chernock of C.W. ("C.W. who?") Post as a softball player. Phil Camp proved to be the long distance Frisbee champion, while Bill ("Mad Dog") Scobey had the most classic style. Peter Stipe and Jim Colvin were in downtown Pullman in a Pizza joint trying to convince a young lady that they were part of the Olympic Frisbee Training Camp.

Herb Lorenz grew a beard and Bill Ripple uses moustache wax. Dick Buerkle does not. And Alvin Penka has Alvin Penka tattooed on his arm. This is beginning to sound like a gossip column, so I'd better stop.

Tom Derderian, a versatile writer-photographer, spent three weeks at the camp. His sub-2:30 marathon at Boston this year earned him the trip from Massachusetts, where he recently graduated from the state university.

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RUNNING GRACE-FULLY

BY FRED GRACE

Maurice "Monty" Montgomery is built like a thistle and runs like the wind. If he lost five pounds he'd look like a Bic pen.

The first time Monty competed—off a racing bike—was in a four-miler for seniors only. No one had seen him before and everyone felt sorry for him. After the race started, everyone felt sorry for himself. When the others got to Monty, he was resting in his trophy—a loving cup.

Monty's second run was an 18-miler. He wore a bike racer's vest. The pockets were bulging with sandwiches, bananas and quarts of milk. He wasn't taking any chances of starving in case he got lost.

Everyone wishes Monty well except the senior runners. Lately he has been beating the 40s and the 50s as well as the 60-year-olds. No one wants to be quoted, but many believe he's related to the Flying Nun. How else could this thistle-built 62-year-old run all his marathons under three hours?



Naming Arnold Palmer the Athlete of the World in 1969 was like naming Jack the Ripper Boy Scout of the Year. It was like the Pope naming the Church of Satan to the Ecumenical Council. It was like the cast of Hair attending a fashion show.

The most strenuous thing a golfer does is sign his score card. He need to be only strong enough to pick up his check at the finish. He need to be only fast enough to drive to the bank before it closes. He can be built fore and aft instead of up and down.

In naming Arnie the Athlete of 1969, no marathoner was even considered. Yet running 26 miles 385 yards in two hours and 10 minutes is like hitting 17 holes in one in an 18-hole game. It's like spending 10 continuous years, night and day, putting. It would take a relay team of 104 golfers to finish a marathon. Any takers?



Like Lemmings, born to plunge into the sea, some men are born to lose. Such a man is Bill Selvin, teacher, track coach and marathon entrepreneur.

Until he saw me run, Bill had been a winner. Since then, he can't win for losing. The first time he saw me run, Bill decided to promote me. That's like promoting the bag of bones blindfolded horse after the bull gores it. It's like betting that man, the polluter, will overcome pollution.

Bill wants to promote me in a run from Los Angeles' city hall to San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. Then he wants to promote me in a jaunt from the Angel Stadium to the Statue of Liberty. I think I can hoof them. Why, then, doesn't Bill promote them? Because my wife, Helen, won't let him. And Bill, being a bachelor, doesn't know how to cope with her. And I, being married to her, don't know either.



Now that the Los Angeles and San Diego Senior "Olympics" are over, I want to put in another growl. Why? Because I'm opposed to promoters making money off senior athletes. At five dollars for the first event and three each for any others the senior enters, the promoter picks up more folding stuff than there are dead fish in our rivers. Than oil leaks in off-shore drilling. And water, salt and sugar in isotonic thirst quenchers.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

"Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun,"
—Noel Coward

So, unfortunately, do distance runners, baseball players and sundry other athletes performing for pay or glory. Many are unprepared, although the precautions are few, acclimatization easy and the rules while in action easy to follow. Hot weather, unlike high altitude which discriminates decisively in favor of long-term mountain residents, plays no favorites. Anyone, be he Bedouin, Eskimo or an All-American from Wyoming, can adapt to the heat. Recent experiments testing Arabs from the Sahara, Bantus, Bushmen and Caucasians from South Africa and Australia have shown that the ability to adapt is equal in all these divergent groups.

Within a group, people of slender build do make a better adjustment because of a relatively larger surface for sweating and heat loss. For all, however, acclimatization can be a simple two-week process of progressive exposure to work in the heat.

"... Although the English are effete, they are quite impervious to heat."

The ability to handle heat, then, is a learned function of our body. That we know. But we still have difficulty in expressing the exact mathematical formula for this heat stress. Present equations usually include two or more of the climatic measurements with most relying on some combination of heat and humidity. The most practical instrument in this regard is the wet bulb thermometer which measures the relative humidity. It first received attention when it was used at the US Marine base in Parris Island, where there had been numerous casualties and some deaths due to training in hot, muggy weather. Physiologists established a wet bulb reading of 70 degrees as the danger line. Utilization of this standard virtually eliminated the heat injury problem.

"... In Rangoon the heat of noon is something the natives shun."

The body reacts to heat in two ways: 1. Increasing the circulation of the blood, and 2. Altering the sweating mechanism. In the well-conditioned athlete, the cardiac and circulatory function is already at a peak, so little adjustment is made there. The sweating regulation, however, can be greatly modified. First, as one becomes acclimated to the heat, the sweat contains less and less salt, thereby minimizing salt loss. Sweating is also initiated at a lower temperature, allowing earlier loss from evaporation.

"... They put their Scotch and rye down—and lie down."

The replacement of fluids is a key maneuver in the prevention of heat exhaustion and heat stroke. The amount of water needed varies with the temperature, the humidity and the physical activity, but it can be amazing. Workers in the Sahara commonly drink about six quarts a day. General Rommel's troops received 2½ gallons a day. The nature of these fluids is now receiving serious study. The introduction of Gatorade and Sportade has promoted the idea of salt-sugar-potassium mixtures rather than the once accepted salt tablets. Since the heat acclimated individual puts out a sweat low in salt but high in potassium, the new thirst quenchers make sense. And have received support from the competitors. Dr. Shamadan at Arizona State University reports that both football and basketball players felt the salt-potassium drinks were more effective than the salt tablet. He also carried his study to

Vietnam, where helicopter pilots voted for a chilled cocktail of orange juice (a high potassium drink) and a weak salt solution as the best preventive for heat symptoms.

"... In Bengal to move at all, is seldom if ever done."

The annals of sport are replete with the catastrophic effects of heat during athletic events. The most notable in recent memory was the 1967 Holyoke marathon (subsequently known as the "Holyoke Massacre"). The temperature was 92 degrees and the humidity was 97%. As deadly a combination as ever concocted for a major race (although perhaps equaled by the 1909 Boston 97-degree horror recalled as "The Inferno"). Only 38 of 125 quality runners vying for positions on the Pan-American team were able to finish. And among the dropouts were Tom Laris and Lou Castagnola, the first two American finishers in the Boston marathon. Lack of acclimatization and poor pace judgment did most of them in.

"... In Bangkok at 12 o'clock they foam at the mouth and run."

The truth is that you can become acclimated to heat anywhere and at any time of the year. A little forethought can protect you from unexpected tragedies. One of America's best distance runners, Ed Winrow, maintains year-round acclimatization by the simple expedient of wearing two sets of sweats whenever he practices. This method of training allowed Buddy Edelen to come here from the cool climate of England to win the 1964 Yonkers marathon in 91-degree heat by 10 minutes over his closest rival.

Heat indeed can be beautiful—if you are ready for it and your opponents are not. But just why we accept the challenge of such torturous hot weather competition remains a mystery. Except to Dostoevsky, who once wrote, "Man is something extraordinary, passionately in love with suffering, and that is a fact."

•••••

Would you believe there are people in America in trouble from trying too hard? This information, however implausible, happens to be true. And not a mere handful of dedicated nuts. All over the country, runners, tennis players, football and baseball players, golfers and athletes of all description—pro, amateur, weekend and what have you—are consulting their physicians because of symptoms due to trying too hard.

The first wave of these patients caught the medical profession by surprise. Doctors are accustomed to seeing man's attempt to maximize himself—but only for ill. They are adjusted to fat, indolent clientele—to a practice in which most diseases are self-inflicted, maximizing but in the wrong direction.

A direction indicated by the latest mortality figures issued by the New York State Department of Health which showed new records in four diseases (all of which seem to be the responsibility of the victim)—death by auto, by cirrhosis of the liver, cancer of the lung and dope addiction.

This gloomy group, however, have become interspersed with an odd bunch who come to the office because of foot, leg, arm and other pains due to excessive activity. "It all began," the patient will say, "after I start to run 100 miles a week." Or, "I'd been averaging three hours of tennis a day without trouble when I changed my racket (or swing)." Or, "I wonder if 36 holes three times a week is too much."

Medics trained to disease rather than overuse confronted

these self-maximizers in disbelief. And were unable to give any advice except to cease and desist from such foolishness. A most unsatisfactory prescription for any athlete but especially disappointing to one passionate enough to devote the amount of time necessary to develop this type of ailment.

That amount of time has been estimated to be five times what athletes put in to training prior to World War II. Distance runners, because of the success of the revolutionary ideas of Arthur Lydiard, are running up to 20 miles a day—a distance during which each foot strikes the ground 17,000 times. No wonder any number of “overuse syndromes” occur in this category of athletics. No surprise, therefore, that we have to deal with stress fractures, shin splints, fallen arches, achilles tendonitis. If even a microscopic difficulty is repeated 17,000 times, something has to give.

Others on this long list of unfortunate people include javelin throwers (elbows), surfers (who develop a swelling just below the knee from kneeling as they paddle out through the surf), golfers (wrists and elbows), walkers (arch strains) and joggers (painful achilles tendons where the load on takeoff is in the order of a half a ton to the square inch).

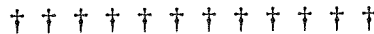
Perhaps the most distressing of all the miseries incurred by athletes has been the muscle pull, particularly in the thigh. Not only because of the temporary disability resulting from it (and frequently it can mean out for the season) but also the probability of recurrence. Thousands of professional and ama-

teur competitors are subject each year to pain, inconvenience and mental torment by this problem. So it is encouraging—and symptomatic of present interest in sports medicine—that a really scientific work has been done on this disorder. And a significant attempt made to establish or reject some of the theories previously proposed.

This study by Lee Burkett of San Diego State College used five members of the San Diego Chargers and 12 track athletes with 50 athletes used as controls. His research showed that the difference in the ability to bend the right and left knee was associated with muscle pulls, as was the strength (in either leg) of the muscles which bent the knee versus the muscles that straightened it. The obvious inference would be to use exercise to create a balance between the two great opposing muscle groups in the thigh—those fore (the quadriceps) and those aft (the hamstrings).

Burkett's work is only one of literally thousands of new efforts to analyze the impact of sports on human physiology and disease. Last year, over 300 specialists participated in the European Congress of Sports Medicine. This year, courses, congresses and symposia on sports medicine are springing up all over the United States.

The word is now out to all self-maximizers who have been trying drugs, booze, butts and calories. Exercise will soon be safe for the average citizen.



MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

Q: *Due to constant pounding I have developed a very bad case of bursitis in my right knee, which had been injured several years ago. After several shots of cortisone, over a period of 1½ months, the knee has not improved. It is just about impossible even to jog. What steps should I follow to remedy this situation?* (William Indek, Dewitt, N.Y.)

A: Bursitis in the knee is usually infra-patellar and should respond to cortisone. The pain in this type of problem is felt on complete extension (straightening of the leg). Lack of response means faulty diagnosis. It could be chondromalacia, for instance—a much more resistant type of knee problem—or a torn cartilage. In either, with lack of response to cortisone, surgery may be required. Recently, heavy doses of aspirin—eight daily for weeks—has been suggested with chondromalacia.



Q: *Sometimes during physical activity in cold weather, I get extremely cold hands which become impossible to warm, even when running vigorously and well wrapped up. On cessation of the activity, my pulse rate drops to about 24, vision and hearing become restricted, I become extremely dizzy but have never passed out. After these attacks, my hands remain extremely painful and stiff for 24 hours, and I am very tired for a similar period.*

In my 20s, my normal “walk around” pulse was 36, I began regular running 1½ years ago and find now that my pulse is rarely that low. It is also quite erratic. What causes it to be generally higher now than 10 years ago, even though I'm running? (Ray Will, Sarnia, Ontario)

A: You apparently have a bradycardia (slow pulse) of startling degree. I do believe that other top flight runners have pulse rates in your range and I would regard it as an interesting, but not a worrisome, phenomenon.

The variation of the pulse may be due to eating, excitement, position and a variety of other factors. Again, it is not

unusual for a pulse to vary, and 12 beats per minute is not too great.

The attacks sound like some sort of vasospastic (problem with the blood vessels) due to cold intolerance. The persistent stiffness and general constitutional reaction is, again, unusual, but may be due to release of some toxic materials in the tissues during this spasm.

I doubt whether either condition—the slow pulse certainly, and probably the cold hands—have any serious implications and should not be allowed to interfere with your running.



(General comments on the avoidance and cure of achilles tendon troubles.)

The suggestion to use heel pads in all shoes, slippers, etc., as well as running shoes is a good one, as is using heat on the tendon before running.

We middle-aged runners, having nothing left but deceit and trickery, have to really get down to kinetics and physiology. Many of us have poor form and tend to overtrain or train for speed instead of strength.

I think the LSD training with a flat running form similar to that of Ed Winrow, the Oregon group and others provide the best results. I try during my slow training to simulate my racing form with maximum push-off but never letting my foot travel ahead of my knee.



Recently, I wrote you in regard to my tongue—all numb and hung-up after a tough run. Since my letter appeared in RW (July 1970 “Readers’ Comments”), I have had a lot of advice, some silly, some sage, some unprintable. But nobody seemed to know the root of my problem. I still don’t have any expert information, but a running pal of mine located something on it. It appears in Dr. Scheussler’s Biochemistry, by J.B. Chapman. In this text, numbness of the tongue is listed as a calcarea phosphate (phosphate of lime) deficiency. So now I go around munching sunflower and sesame seeds by the fistful. My friend said this would make up the deficiency. (Jim Engle, San Francisco, Calif.)

--ON THE RUN--

BY HAL HIGDON

An open letter to Nikos Philippides:

Dear Nick:

I hope you will not mind my addressing you by a nickname, but we Americans are rather forward people. I also apologize for taking almost a month to answer your letter requesting information, but particularly during the summer months I receive at least a letter a day asking some question or another about running. Most questioners, like you, fail to enclose a stamped return envelope—but that is another matter.

The main reason I have not answered you sooner is that I wanted to give some thought to the questions you raised. Also, I thought you might best be answered in an open letter through the pages of my regular column in *Runner's World*. I hope you do not object. If you do, you have exactly two days after you receive this letter to stop the presses.

First of all, I want to wish you good luck when you return in about a year to your native country, Greece. While in the service in 1955 I travelled with a military team that competed in the CISM meet in Athens. It was the first big track meet in Greece since the war and the people jammed the Olympic stadium to watch it. The King and Queen appeared, too. We had on our team that year Ira Murchison, who later set a world record in the 100; Pete Retzlaff, now the general manager of the Philadelphia Eagles, and a second-rate steeplechaser named Higdon.

I mention the steeplechase only because the Greeks at that time had only one world-class runner—Georgi Papavasiliov (and I'm probably misspelling his name). Georgi ran the 3000-meter steeplechase. As a result, the trophies awarded in that event far outshone those given for other events. The silver cup I won for second that meet was twice as large as the first-place prizes won by Murchison and Retzlaff. But I'm digressing. As you can see, I have a fondness for things Greek.

You state in your letter: "I am concerned with the lack of Olympic competitive spirit among the Greeks; and the thing that makes me lose more sleep is the fact that to begin with, the Olympic Games originated there! Are the Greeks so well satisfied with the feats of their illustrious ancestors as to consider sufficient honor the unfurling of their national flag at the beginning and the end of the ceremonies only, without them initiating some conscientious effort to see it up the pole in between?"

You write to me as a member of the AAU improvement recommendation sub-committee (I didn't even know I belonged). You desire to "make a survey of valuable opinion from the members of that superb modern race (the Americans)." You want to know what makes the Americans constant winners in the Olympics and why the Greeks do so poorly? First of all, I am honored that you should seek my opinion.

My good friend and neighbor Harry Mark Petrakis, being of Greek descent, might be better equipped to answer your question. Harry wrote that excellent book *Dream of Kings*, from which was made a rotten movie starring Anthony Quinn. A few months ago Harry took me (and several others) to dinner at the Diana restaurant in Chicago. It is just west of the Loop area across the expressway, and if you get in to town you should go there, Nick, since it is the most magnificent restaurant in Chicago. Some scenes from Harry's movie had been filmed at the Diana, so as soon as we arrived the manager swept us past a two-block long line of tourists and to the table of honor. A bottle of ouzo was immediately brought to our

table. The waiter didn't offer us menus. He simply stated: "The lamb is the best dish of the house tonight. You will like it." He was absolutely right. I would put my life in the hands of that Greek waiter.

Nick, I'm off on another digression. Anyway, Harry Petrakis claims that there are two types of people in this world: citizens of Athens and barbarians.

If you accept that as a logical statement—and I do—then the obvious reason that we Americans do better at the Olympic Games than the Greek founders is that we are more barbaric. The Russians recently defeated the American touring team in track, thus it must follow that they are even more barbaric than we (although when I consider what's going on now in Vietnam, I am inclined to doubt that).

If you recall, we barbarians have dominated the modern Olympics since its founding in 1896. Only a dozen or so Americans travelled by boat to that first Olympic Games, and they won just about everything except the marathon, which thankfully went to Spiridon Loues, a Greek shepherd. But I guess he was a barbarian, too. He lived outside the city.

Americans excel in sports for a number of reasons. Perhaps the most important reason is the latent professionalism that exists at most of our NCAA institutions where winning seems worth the price. Likewise, with the rich private organizations whose members enjoyed having jocks on the property so they could call the place an athletic club. And being an affluent nation, we have been blessed with more leisure time, more facilities, things like that. Then don't overlook the fact that on a numbers basis Americans should win a large share of the Olympic medals—as should the Russians. In terms of medals per person, the Finns and New Zealanders have showed more success than we.

But that's beside the point. What, I think, is the point is that the number of Olympic gold medals is important only if it is a reflection of the base rather than the peak of the pyramid. Sports are important as they relate to the numbers of people able to enjoy them. We are now in the midst of a jogging boom in this country; that is more important than the gold medal Billy Mills won at Tokyo in 1964. Don't get me wrong, Nick. I cheered when I first heard of Billy's victory.

If Ohio State University spends tens of thousands of dollars to put 40 men on a football field Saturday afternoon to entertain 100,000 people, then I'm also for that. I might question whether this represents amateurism at its purest, but there's no sense fencing over words. I was about to make an interesting analogy, but I guess it was the Romans, not the Greeks, who turned out by the thousands to see the gladiators battle and the Christians devoured by lions.

Nick, I was about to go winging off on another digression. What I was about to say is that I'm all in favor of the Olympic Games. Hear me out—Hooray Olympics! But there's no sense getting all hung up over the gold medal bit. Isn't there an old cliché somewhere that says it's taking part, not winning, that counts. This may be the rationale of a man at that awkward age—too old to win against the collegians yet too young for master's competition—but I think it is true. I believe it is true. When you go to Greece, do all you can to improve the health and sportsmanship of your countrymen, but do not worry if the Greek flag fails to fly over the Olympic stadium. There are other things in life more important: truth, beauty, happiness. Bring on the ouzo!

"Look, Back on the Course . . ."

BY BILL INDEK

This is a sequel to the stories, "Ode to Also-Rans," which Bill Indek had published in the July issue. Indek is an active distance runner, 23 years old, from New York state.

Unable to leap tall obstacles in a single bound, considerably slower than a speeding bullet, less powerful than a speeding locomotive. Look! Way, way back there on the course. It's Super Also-Ran.

By day he poses as a mild mannered quasi-pedestrian while fighting an unending battle for truth, justice and a self-satisfying clocking.

In our first exposure to this unique person, we find him changing his clothes in a phone booth and then going through his warmup (e.g., jog a 10-minute mile, eight situps, five push-ups, three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree). As the time approaches for commencement into headlong flight (the race), a wild flock of butterflies suddenly emerges within his digestive system; a touch of mysticism perhaps.

With just seconds remaining before the start, he momentarily de-transcends back to mere humanism as nature beckons. How absurd it is that he has to lower himself to such a plane as he is about to exceed mortality.

First call for competitors. He now strips off his disguise (i.e., sweats), and the crowd moves back and stands awe-struck as they realize that amongst them there stands Super Also-Ran.

The runners take their mark, and with the gun our hero is off in a cloud of dust. Twenty feet later he assumes his position in the natural order of things—dead last.

Hours later he crosses the finish line and retires to his phone booth in order to depart incognito. As the humble mortals look around for him, they realize that even if he cannot be found, their own lives have been improved for his having passed their way—albeit not too quickly.



Runner's World Magazine would like to extend this invitation to all staff members, friends and other interested persons to see the 1972 Olympic Games with us.

See the OLYMPIC GAMES with **RUNNER'S WORLD**

The Olympic Games is the world's greatest sporting event, and Runner's World magazine is putting together a tour to the 1972 version at Munich that should be outstanding. This tour is exclusively Runner's World—we are not joining any other U.S. group. The cost for the three-week tour will be about \$950 from San Francisco, and about \$750 from New York.

Included in the tour:

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- Other Personal Items
- Expert Services of Runner's World Staff

More information will be available later, as we have our travel agency in London working on it now. BUT, we need to know if you are interested today. Tickets and housing will be in great demand, and your reservation is needed as soon as possible. If you think you would like to join our tour, a \$50 deposit per person holds your spot. Of course, this deposit is refundable at any time.

We look forward to having you on our tour. Bob Anderson, President, Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

JOIN TODAY!

HERE'S HOW: Guide to Perfect Pacing

BY JOE HENDERSON

"Tactics can still be used," writes coach Arthur Lydiard of New Zealand in his book *Run to the Top*, "but their days are numbered." His theme is that plotting, jostling, "burn-'em-off" or "sit-and-kick" racing is doomed. As distance running talent oozes into every corner of the earth and over all levels of competition, racing has no choice but to return to its purest and simplest form—getting from Point A to Point B the fastest way possible. Competition demands making the fullest and most efficient use of energy resources. And these resources definitely are limited. When every runner is pushing to his limit, there's but one tactic: grooving in on the most level pace possible (i.e., the most efficient, least energy-wasting) and clinging to it all the way. Runners with the most innate resources, and those who use them best, win—not those who make best use of trickery and/or deceit.

The fastest races, the world records, already are being run in this regular-pace, no-nonsense manner. Most recent record races, particularly those by prolific mark-maker Ron Clarke, have followed a similar pattern: a non-tactical run, nearly solo after the early laps, with laps flowing past a computer-like regularity. In his record two-mile, for instance, Clarke's mile times varied by only 0.6-second. By choice, chance or necessity, as a premium is placed on faster, more demanding racing, there's a leveling of pace and a tendency for each runner to find his own level.

Not many world record breakers are going to be reading this article. They don't need it. The point I'm trying to push is that regular pace is the best way for *everyone* to get the most from his racing, not just the Ron Clarkes and Derek Claytons. In fact, it gets more important the lower we stand on the placing scale. To Clarke and Clayton, victory means winning the Olympics or the Commonwealth Games. They're willing to gamble with a wild pacing scheme that may mean disaster. To Joe Jogger, however, success probably means no more than running strongly all the way and getting a time that compares well with his previous ones. With the rewards not normally lucrative enough to gamble for, and the odds for disaster heavily against him, he's wisest to go with his own, regular pace. That way he's most likely to get his strong race and good time, and least likely to hit the proverbial wall.

"Proper pace" is too elusive a concept to capture in 1-2-3 steps. It's impossible to plan down to the tenth of a second. Fact is, it's not even wise to try and cut it down that closely. Over-concern with times and splits and such places artificial limits on running and destroys natural spontaneity. Without a head full of figures and a stopwatch at every quarter-mile, perfect pacing can come naturally. Simply understand a few principles, consider your limits and needs, and heed the messages of experience and intuition.

Runners, all runners, are ruled by several physiological facts:

- As Richard Amery emphasized in his March 1970 *RW* article ("Pacing in Distance Racing"), the most efficient way to run is even pace, with slight variations in the first few and last

few yards.

- Generally, it's pace that kills, not distance. Well-conditioned athletes don't have problems when they simply go long—even as long as a marathon. All of them have, or can have, problems when they go long and fast.

- The effects of unwise pacing multiply. A fast early pace isn't "money in the bank." It's a severe drain on limited resources. Once they're gone, there's no replacement coming in this race. A pace outside the safety range (which appears to be about five seconds per mile faster than "even") during the first half of the race costs double—or worse—later on. The payment for a one-second speedup in the early laps is a two-second slowdown in the late ones.

You see runners trying to violate these rules all the time . . . and failing. Their operation and validity is most obvious when comparing high school with big-time miles. The typical prep pattern is "go as fast as I can for as long as I can." Out they go in a mad rush—62 seconds. That dampens enthusiasm, but they force themselves on through a 72-second lap—2:14



Gaston Roelants took full advantage of his ability during the evenly-paced one-hour run that gave him two world records. Obviously, this isn't that race. (Peter Tempest photo)

at the half. Chest and legs tighten from lack of oxygen. Spirit wanes. The third lap falls off to a 78-second trudge. There's a slight renewal on the last painful lap of 70. But the final time of this wildly-paced mile is only 4:46. The second half was 18 seconds slower than the first—hardly a strong, efficient mile.

Big-time milers operate differently. Invariably, in the fast races, there's a controlled start—no furious burst. There's a gradual rise in effort through the first three laps, though pace remains level. Then comes a fast finish. That makes for a second half that's a bit faster than the first. In both his world record 1500 and mile, Jim Ryun ran this way. The last half of the 1500 was 4.9 seconds quicker than the first, and he produced a 6.7-second speedup in his mile.

Lydiard, former mile record holder Peter Snell's coach, writes, "In my opinion, the best way to get the full benefit of ability in the mile is to go out with the attitude that it is a half-mile race, and as far as you are concerned the time to start putting on the pressure is when the first half-mile is behind you. It is a psychological approach. Undoubtedly, even-pace running is the best way to get the best out of yourself."

The problem of pacing becomes more critical, and the effects of pacing more visible, as distances grow. The psychological-physiological (they're intimately related and inseparable) impact on a miler may lead to a big slowdown, but he doesn't have to suffer very long. He can finish. But the marathoner gets hit by a double blow. The distance is so long and the early pace seemingly so casual that he's tempted to go out and blast the first several miles. Reaching halfway or so already tired, and with so much ground left to cover, a new temptation arises. The urge to quit. In a typical marathon, 10 to 50% of the starters surrender to it.

"Tactical" racing, attempting to "stay up" as long as possible, leads to nine bad races for every good experience it yields. Most runners who try sticking with the leader have no business running that fast. One by one, in a "survival of the fittest" pattern, they fall off the pace and end up running slower and finishing farther back than if they'd lagged back in 30th place at the start. It's a hard thing to do, keeping your head while those around you are losing theirs and sprinting wildly. But there's ample reward when your own pace and patience pick up struggling runners farther down the road. You feel like a happy, well-fed vulture. And the experience gives you great faith in the system.

The first step, forget tactics. Concentrate on coming as close as possible to your present potential by clinging to a level pace. Experience teaches what you can and can't get by with in the way of speed.

Second, view the race as a whole. You're operating over a full, fixed distance with a limited, fixed quantity of energy. The trick is to spread the energy over the distance. What have you proved by going out and leading the first quarter-mile and squandering so much of the precious reserves that you struggle home 10th? There aren't any prizes for first-quarter leaders. Have you proved an more by passing a best-ever 10-mile en route to a marathon then not making it to the finish? Regardless of the qualifications, it's still a "dnf." And these are never very satisfying.

Third, keep up with the times—your times. They are a handy gauge of racing efficiency. The one best guide, a simple enough one to check, is the comparison of first- and second-half marks. The closer they are to equal, the more efficient the spreading of energy over distance has been. These splits shouldn't vary more than five seconds per mile on either side of equality.

Inexperienced racers normally err in starting too fast. If one of them finds his mile splits are 2:15 and 2:30—a 15-

second slowdown—he'd be wise to cut his starting pace back to 2:20 next time. It's also possible to begin too cautiously and not be able to make up lost time. Mile splits of 2:30 and 2:15—a 15-second speedup—aren't bringing the most from his ability, either. He should start faster next time.

This 10 seconds per mile range (five on either side of even) has a rather solid basis. The chart below lists 24 world records from 800 meters to marathon. Only four times (Peter Snell's 800, Jim Ryun's mile and Ron Hill's 15-mile and 25-kilometer) do the split comparisons fall outside this zone—and they by a scant few tenths of seconds. In the super-marathons, 50 and 100 miles, sheer distance complicates pacing and the slowdowns are greater.

(The chart lists distance of the race, the world record time and who set it, times for the first half and the last half of the run, and the average slowdown per mile of the race during the second half.)

Race	Time (by)	First	Last	Diff.
800m	1:44.3 (Snell)	50.7	53.6	+5.8
	1:44.3 (Doubell)	51.5	52.8	+2.6
880y	1:44.9 (Ryun)	53.3	51.6	-3.4
1000m	2:16.2 (May)	1:07.3	1:08.9	+2.5
	2:16.2 (Kemper)	1:08.0	1:08.2	+0.3
1500m	3:33.1 (Ryun)	1:49.0	1:44.1	-5.4
Mile	3:51.1 (Ryun)	1:58.9	1:52.2	-6.7
2000m	4:56.2 (Jazy)	2:29.2	2:27.0	-1.7
3000m	7:39.6 (Keino)	3:49.3	3:50.3	+0.5
2 miles	8:19.6 (Clarke)	4:09.5	4:10.1	+0.3
3 miles	12:50.4 (Clarke)	(during 5000m race below)		
5000m	13:16.6 (Clarke)	6:37.0	6:39.6	+0.8
6 miles	26:47.0 (Clarke)	(during 10,000m race below)		
10,000m	27:39.4 (Clarke)	13:45.0	13:54.4	+1.5
10 miles	46:44.0 (Hill)	23:13.0	23:31.0	+1.8
20 kms.	58:06.2 (Roelants)	(during hour race below)		
Hour	12m1474y (Roelants)	6, 617	6, 799	-2.1
15 miles	1:12:48.2 (Hill)	(during 25 km. race below)		
25 kms.	1:15:22.6 (Hill)	37:30.0	38:52.6	+5.3
30 kms.	1:32:25.4 (Hogan)	45:26.4	46:59.0	+4.8
20 miles	1:40:58.6 (Alder)	(during two-hour race below)		
2 hours	23m1071y (Alder)	11, 1500	11, 1331	+1.1
Marathon	2:08:33.6 (Clayton)	1:03:50	1:04:43.6	+2.1
40 miles	3:49:49.0 (Wood)	1:53:23	1:55:26	+1.3
50 miles	5:12:40.0 (Phillips)	2:30:24	2:42:16	+14.2
100 miles	12:31:10 (Tarrant)	5:58:14	6:32:56	+20.8

If world record setters race this way, it's hard to argue with the wisdom of steady pacing. But as long as there's man-to-man distance running, we'll probably have runners who begin their miles as if they were quarters and finish them as if they were marathons. And they'll be saying, "I gave up. . . no guts." To those who need advice most and are least likely to see it, I offer this classic statement ("classic" meaning already published in *RW*) from Ken Moore, former US record holder in the marathon:

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

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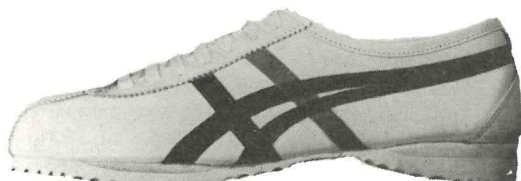
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STRIDING ALONG

—BY BOB ANDERSON—

Our law enforcement officers, as related by Bob Gardner: "On a cold Saturday morning, two of my teammates from the University of Illinois track team and I left our dormitory at 6:30 a.m. for a 17-mile run. I was a sophomore at the time, running with Ken Howse and Tony Cherot. We were running along the railroad tracks when a uniformed policeman pointed a pistol at us and yelled at us to stop. We thought he was joking because we had our University sweats and stocking caps on and we weighed 375 pounds combined (Kenny is the biggest at 135 pounds). He yelled a second time and we stopped. . . Suddenly nine cops began converging on us. We were frisked for weapons (one cop even checked the inside of our socks, which we wore as gloves) and handcuffed us, hands behind our backs. Each of us was put in one squad car with policemen, and we were driven to the station. The cops made us sit down once inside the station. We were supposed to tell them what we were doing running at 6:30 in the morning. They said that an electrical store near the tracks had been robbed, and we were the suspects! We thought about telephoning coach Bob Wright, but he was away at a track meet in Wisconsin. I guess the cops must have believed us in the end, for they released us after half an hour. . . Justice prevailed after all; we ran our 17 miles that afternoon—up to neighboring Rantoul—and caught the 6:42 train back to Champaign (we carried the train fare in our shoes; good thing the cops didn't check there!)"

The Glenwood Manor in Overland Park, Kans., is one of the best motels in the United States. It has 275 rooms and 35 banquet rooms, the largest of which seats 850 persons. In addition to its pool and covered patio dining area (featuring a chuck wagon buffet), it offers on its 120 acres a western museum, a 60-acre picnic ground with a 15-acre lake for swimming, boating and fishing; two softball diamonds; a volleyball court; a badminton court; a horseshoe pitch; an 18-hole putting green; a four-hole pitch-and-putt golf course; a children's playground; a sauna; a health club, and two championship tennis courts, where it stages a \$10,000 invitational tournament each spring. But here's the real feature. In addition to all of this it has put in a half-mile "jogging track" and is the only hotel in America with such a track. I have nothing to do with the motel, but I have seen it and I recommend it to anyone who is travelling in the Kansas City area.

Our 24-hour relay is gaining interest throughout the United States, with relays popping up every weekend or so. As of Aug. 28, the standings are as follows: 1. Olympic Training Camp "Red" 295 miles 269 yards (Pullman, Wash.—July 20-21); 2. Olympic Training Camp "Blue" 289 miles 1512 yards (Pullman); 3. Atomic City Track Club 272 miles 632 yards (Los Alamos, N.M.—Aug. 8-9); 4. Honeysuckle Track Club 266 miles 896 yards (Eugene, Ore.—Aug. 16-17); 5. *Runner's World* Magazine 258 miles 831 yards (Los Altos Hills, Calif.—June 19-20); 6. Redwood City Striders "A" 247 miles 674 yards (Los Altos Hills); 7. Dallas Area Runners 245 miles 97 yards (Richardson, Tex.—July 28-29); 8. Seniors Track Club 232 miles 55 yards (Long Beach, Calif.—Aug. 1-2); 9. Three-Tenths 230 miles 1273 yards (Eugene); 10. Redwood City Striders "B" 219 miles 372 yards (Los Altos Hills); 11. Dolphin South End 218 miles 482 yards (Los Altos Hills); 12. Oregon TC All-Girl Team 206 miles 1434 yards (Eugene). A booklet describing the *Runner's World* 24-hour relay is available from our office, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. Rules, suggestions, etc., are covered in this eight-page creation.

There have been some interesting distance marks turned in by young runners this summer. Darrell Hatfield, a freshman in high school, ran 32:38.6 for six miles and 33:38.6 for 10,000 meters, and then ran 10 miles 1440 yards for the one hour event. All three are freshman and age 15 records. Mike Gilleran, sophomore, ran 15:15.2 for 5000 meters, and Mike Butynes, sophomore, ran 14:20.0 for three miles. Both are sophomore records. Keven Burnsed, age 6, lowered the age-group mile record from 7:35.2 to 6:48.1 at Gainesville, Fla., July 3. Mark Smuda (Scotch Plains, N.J.) is a brilliant 13-year-old who has run 4:45.6 (mile), 16:48.0 (3-mile) and 34:51.0 (6-mile) for age records this year. John Weston (Fountain Valley, Calif), the age 13 one-hour record holder (9 miles 1442 yards) laid claim to a freshman and age 14 steeplechase record in his first attempt at the distance with 10:48.6. He later claimed an age 14 5000-meter record of 16:50.0 en route to a 35:24 10,000 time.

TIDBITS: Chuck Smead spent a month this spring with his leg in a cast—achilles tendon trouble. . . New southern California senior club—"Master Striders"—a branch of the S. C. Striders. . . The US's first orienteering championship (cross-country sport involving navigation) will be held Oct. 16-18 at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. For more information about the sport and this championship write Andrew H. Marcec, University Extension Services, SIU, Carbondale, Ill. 62901. . . A continuous round-the-clock 1000-mile relay was recently held in Northbrook, Ill. The team started June 14 and finished the 19th. Pete Farwell ran 98¼ miles, Bob Warren 90½, Mike McCune 76½ and 27 others participated. . . A headline in the Oregon Journal read, "Pre Runs 3:40 Two-Mile." The article did go on to say that Steve Prefontaine turned in a fast early season time of 8:40 while winning the two-mile. Another headline in the same paper read, "Willie Clocks 9.3 Quarter, 20.9 Furlong." I would suggest that the paper check its heads more carefully.

QUOTES: "To me training every night is a foregone conclusion. Training to me is a natural thing, just as natural as getting up in the morning, or going to sleep at night; as natural as that, therefore, most athletes, true athletes, do not think about training itself as being the result of sacrifices." (Lillian Board, England)

"Athletics is a way of life and, if it is not so then you might as well pack it up." (Ian Stewart, Scotland)

"I'm addicted—a habitual runner. Anyone who goes out and runs every day without hope of success and without outside pressure is hooked. . . To me my morning runs aren't 'training'—they are just runs. It's a time when I can have fun and just think about anything." (Joe Henderson)

COMING SOON — 1971 MARATHON HANDBOOK

Work is well along already on the 1971 version of our highly popular *Marathon Handbook*. It'll be all new, and bigger and better than the 1970 *Handbook*. Included in the 64-page book which will be available about Jan. 15, 1971, are details on races scheduled for the new year, feature articles, training profiles, photos, and lists of the leading US and world marathoners of 1970 and all-time. *Every* US runner who broke three hours during the year will be listed.

If you're planning to sponsor a marathon in 1971, please get the essential information to us as early as possible to assure publicity.

DEBBIE HEALD --4:47 AT 14

BY NATALIE ROCHA

When a runner is 14 years old, a mile in something as low as 4:47 indicates good preparation and promises better things to come even if it doesn't win much. But when it's a 14-year-old *girl* doing this kind of times, she's not only a fantastic prospect but she's already doing considerable winning in women's running circles.

Debbie Heald, a southern Californian, is such a girl. The slender 5'4", 104-pound runner already has an impressive list of age records and an even more exciting competitive record. Her best times to date: 440-61.8; 880-2:16.4; 1320-3:36.5; mile-4:47.5; 3000m-10:03.8; 2 miles-10:43.0. She has won five district AAU championships, three state titles and two national championships since starting running in the fall of 1966. In her initial attempt at racing, Debbie won a cross-country meet, and in that first competitive season she won seven of nine races, including the district 11-and-under championship. It was then that her coach, Roy Swett, said, "Perhaps it is folly to speak of national championships for an 11-year-old, but if there is a youngster who has the potential to achieve greatness, Debbie is the one."

Coach Swett's prediction became a reality this past summer when Debbie won the National AAU girls' mile championship in 4:51.3. Yet Debbie doesn't consider this among her greatest accomplishments. She expresses greater joy and satisfaction in winning the 12-13 national cross-country championship in 1968 and running her 4:47.5 mile this June while placing a close second to Doris Brown.

Like many other runners, the road to the national title has not been one of physical ease for Debbie. She has broken metatarsal bones in her foot on three different occasions, one requiring special shoes and a cast that kept her out of action for seven weeks. In 1969, she severely pulled a hamstring muscle, which ended her running for that season. When it finally healed sufficiently to resume competition, she reinjured it and was out for another month.

Debbie's training is carefully guided by her coach, who also watches after the other members of the La Mirada Meteors. The early cross-country season is devoted exclusively to distance running. The average week will involve about 100 miles. Two-a-day workouts are done four or five days a week. As the

season progresses, interval training is gradually brought into the program until four or five days are devoted to it. The distances run in the interval training are between 120 and 1100 yards, most of it on the grass inside the track.

In mid-season, Debbie runs nine or 10 workouts weekly, with distance in the morning (usually five miles) and intervals in the afternoon. In the last month of the season, long runs are cut down to one a week (general 12 miles the day after a race; her longest-ever run is 18 miles), with fartlek and interval training taking up the rest of the week. During this period, the length of the interval runs is shortened and the number of repetitions is cut down with the emphasis being placed on speed.

Debbie, a sophomore in high school, intends to keep running "as long as I am still interested in working out and running in meets."

Again the words of her coach, when Debbie was an aspiring 11-year-old, are recalled: "I think the track world will be hearing about this little girl in the future. She's on her way up." Well, the future is here, and with it is seen Debbie Heald—very near the top.

Meet Bob Bertelsen

The colleges of the country, contrary to surface appearances, aren't hotbeds of distance running talent. They march out platoons of sprinters and hurdlers, lots of fine half-milers and milers. But the flow begins tailing off when the distances climb beyond three miles. The emphasis (scoring team points in meets where distances stop at two or three miles) and the frequency of competition work against a young man who wants to specialize in the six-mile and longer races while going to college.

Bob Bertelsen is lucky. He happened to fall into a conference, the Mid-American, which recognizes the six-mile as an integral part of its regular program. His coach at Ohio University, Stan Huntsman, allows Bob to concentrate on developing his six-mile talents, and the results have made themselves obvious.

Bertelsen, who at 13:46 was far from being the fastest shorter distance man in the NCAA six-mile field, tore away from that field (the fastest in the meet's history) to win by more than 100 yards in 27:57.6.

Robert Louis Bertelsen. Elmira, N.Y. (student at Ohio University). 6'0", 140 lbs., 22 years old (born Sept. 2, 1948, at Towanda, Pa.). Single. Coached by Stan Huntsman.

Best Times: 2 miles-8:54 (1969); 3 miles-13:46 (70); 6 miles-27:57.6 (70). Normal racing range: 2-6 miles. Favorite distance: 6 miles. Racing frequency: five times a season.

Training: twice a day, six days a week, 12 months a year, about 85-90 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 17 miles.

Description: "I use alternate days of interval and distance training, usually going 5-7 miles in the morning and at least 10 in the afternoon workout. During the interval training, I run at a 68-69-second pace and feel very relaxed. I think that relaxation is vital in distance running. When I run distance, I usually go how I feel. Sometimes I may go for a timed run over seven or eight miles."

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READERS' COMMENTS

MAIL SERVICE

I'm beginning to feel it's a crummy fascist plot the post office has cooked up (not getting my issues of *Runner's World* here promptly). They have opened my mail and read about my LSD training. The local narcs must have tipped my postman that I'm a "head."

*Bill Ingraham
Cambridge, Mass.*

COMPLAINTS TO AAU

Distance runners—5000, 10,000 and marathon—must now train an extraordinary amount to have any hope of success (on the international level), and beyond that live a very restricted life style. For a married athlete, that means family, too. The return for this investment is not assured for even the best. An injury, illness or decree can put an end to a season in an instant. (e.g., Gerry Lindgren's injury in 1968, my inability to finish the AAU six-mile at Bakersfield because of injuries, and Jack Bachelor's not going to Leningrad because he couldn't take as much time away from school as required by the AAU).

I had hoped to get some races in August. I was working in July and couldn't have gone to the dual meets even if I had qualified. But thinking long range, I feel that I cannot reach my best at 10,000/marathon without racing against large and good fields in the 10,000. I don't think I can expect to beat (Ron) Hill and (Mamo) Wolde and others who run fast 10,000s at the marathon without more international experience on the track. Now I have to wait another year, and of course I'm upset. But then that is the general problem. I'm not criticizing choosing the team by taking the first two. I think it's a good system. I just wonder if some races can't be found for the others who need to be brought along, too.

At the AAU meet, five lanes of the 440 hurdles were empty in the heats, five lanes where athletes could have been getting invaluable experience. (The AAU meet has pressure like no other.) Other events were similar. The object seemed to be to conduct a championship with as few people in it as possible (an exaggeration, of course). Constant development of athletes is someone's job, and if the AAU abdicates it to the NCAA, they reinforce NCAA arguments against themselves.

There are many other things that look very strange to me. The Compton meet with only 12,000 people attending in a city that bid for the 1976 Olympic Games. Track on TV every weekend (many times without even a mention of a 5000 or 10,000) and yet no money for athletes to get to meets unless the meet director picks up the tab. No publicity, no expense money. After the Boston marathon and 13:47 (for 5000 meters) at the King Games, I could not get an invitation to another single meet. Others from the east had similar problems, including Bill Reilly, an Olympic steeplechaser who won the AAU with 8:34.

Before I go on endlessly, let me conclude with this. The International Cross-Country Union seems to have agreed to allow the US to compete. Why are we represented by the military team? I know several good runners who paid their way to last fall's AAU meet to be qualified just in case a real team was sent this year. It wasn't.

*Eamon O'Reilly
(2nd in 1970 Boston marathon)
Washington, D.C.*

COURSES

My annoyance with long distance (road) running is its

lack of conformity on distances. Good grief, 8 2/3 miles, 9.1 miles, stuff like that drives me wild. Standardize it!

*Hugh Gardner
Redwood City, Calif.*

DRAYTON'S DROPOUT

I feel quite badly about Drayton (Canadian marathoner Jerome) dropping out of the Commonwealth race after 16 miles. It begins to look more and more that Jerome's attitude is either win or bust (i.e., drop out). I understand even Paul Poce, his coach, admitted as much to the press after the race. The tragedy of it all is Drayton surely must be the second or, at worst, third best marathoner in the world. And he hasn't been competing that long. All of us here—and I mean *all*—would be most proud to see Jerome on that victory stand number two to (Ron) Hill. That would be a great accomplishment and, I think, would pave the way for even greater accomplishments. This way there is nothing. That, more than anything else, makes me, as a road running buff, very sad.

*Dave Prokop
London, Ont., Canada*

REGARDING HIGDON

Last issue (May), Hal Higdon wrote something about "accepting the devil's help" in reference to President Nixon. This issue (July), he was glad not to see pictures of Governor Reagan. Higdon can believe anything he wants, but if he is going to criticize politicians or our political system, why doesn't he write a critical essay and publish it in the appropriate place? I am not interested in reading irrelevant, opinionated remarks slyly slipped into an article on running. It is offensive and bad journalism.

*Peter Levin
Chicago, Ill.*

Great damage can be done by the irresponsible reporting of "On the Run" (July issue), and such drivel should not go unchallenged. A grave injustice has been done to California runners, inflicted by "reporter" Hal Higdon. As reported, there was indeed a champagne party following the Boston marathon in Room 311 of the Lenox Hotel. By what means freeloader Higdon was present I don't know, but I suggest we be more selective in our invitations next year. We Californians had looked forward to the Walter Chronkite Show for two reasons: to hear his report on the Boston marathon and to view his interview with Jock Semple. Standing directly behind Mr. Semple's right shoulder was yours truly, and when I appeared on the screen my fink friends soundly booed me. Perhaps they were booing my running performance, which left a lot to be desired, but make no mistake, it was O'Neil they were booing and not Mr. Semple.

*Jim O'Neil
Sacramento, Calif.*

FREE DISCUSSION

I have viewed *RW* as a sort of forum for all ideas expressed by coaches and runners, printing even letters such as Mr. Czarpata's (July 1970) which took an unfair stand against "our magazine." I think a valuable lesson may be derived from this. Not only in regards to athletics, but in all of the controversies which surround us, open and fair discussion is essential to mutual understanding. To turn off the radio because the news is bad, to avoid helping someone in need so as not to become involved, to be so fed up with politics you do not make it to the polls on election day only contributes to a disease which is rapidly manifesting itself

among America's most vital asset, her people. If being a "free-thinker" is being unafraid to stand up for my rights as an individual, to express my views and listen to those of others, and to respect people for what they are rather than how they look, then I will always be a "free-thinker."

Lowell Wilson
Evansville, Ind.

I want to share the following comment that was made by Brian Mitchell, a British AAA Senior Honorary Coach: "I have recently started subscribing to *Runner's World*, and find it just about the most fertile piece of athletics literature around." I not only agree with my friend Brian but would go so far as to say your magazine is the finest of its type in the world today. I do not say this because I agree with the opinions of all your writers, for I most certainly do not, but because you are willing to tackle head on some of the critical problems facing all of us involved in athletics.

Jack Scott, Institute for the Study
of Sport and Society
Berkeley, Calif.

Please do *not* cancel my subscription. When will these narrow-minded nits learn to run their own races, reach their own potential and keep their grimy little minds out of the lives of others? These people (who cancel their subscriptions in disagreement over editorial content) are so narrow-minded that if they fell on a pin they would be blinded in both eyes.

Bob Carman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

PHYSIOLOGY

On training, Arthur Lydiard ("Interview," July 1970) stresses knowledge of physiology and evaluating an athlete properly, but he is vague as to what the actual physiological signs are which determine the sort of training to be done. Specifically, what besides intuition led Lydiard to cut down the work of the 36-year-old Finnish distance runner and to have the runner do more track training. As a coach, as well as a runner, the most puzzling problem for me is trying to compre-

hend why some of my kids thrive on LSD (aerobic) while others seem to improve much more with track (anaerobic) work. Why? Is it physiological, psychological (a kid works harder at the type of training he prefers)?

Geoff Pietsch
Miami, Fla.

In your account of the 24-hour relay, you say that a man couldn't go 24 hours without eating. You are probably making a conscious exaggeration, but that statement got to me. I keep wondering how much you really know about man's capabilities in the realm of fasting (definition of fasting—ingesting nothing but pure water into the body for an indeterminate number of days, *not* starvation, *not* malnutrition). The physiologic rest which fasting provides is the natural reaction and need of all animals when overwork, overeating, broken bones and other vital calamities occur. Man and certain of the domestic animals are the only ones who have perverted their instincts so much as to be unaware that total rest is a prerequisite for the sick body. My experience after many fasts over the past four years (two of three weeks duration) was that I was in the best health ever and capable of more strenuous and exhausting work than ever before.

Don Grant
Florence, Mass.

I would like to comment on an article that appeared in the March issue, "Pacing in Distance Racing" by Richard Amery. He makes the mistake of oversimplifying the physiology of muscle metabolism, and then draws a conclusion based upon this which cannot be physiologically supported. He states that lactic acid is produced only in exercise of high aerobic power. This is not true, as lactic acid will be produced whenever glycogen or glucose (energy source) are broken down in an environment of relative oxygen lack. What he forgets, or doesn't realize, is that this type of environment exists at the beginning of work, regardless of intensity. The amount produced at the beginning will depend on the severity of work and ability of one's heart to increase the blood flow and hence oxygen to the working muscle.

It's true, as Amery states, that a fast beginning (and hence a high work load) will result in the fastest acquiring of one's maximal heart rate and oxygen consumption, but the lactic acid level of the blood will probably be higher. The greater differential between the beginning work load and one's resting oxygen consumption, the more lactic acid will be produced (this principle explains the value of a warmup besides warming up muscle). Hence a fast start which increases this differential is not justified—at least physiologically.

Bob Fitts
AAU marathon champion, and
doctoral candidate in physiology
Madison, Wisc.

Seldom have I enjoyed or benefitted more from a distance running article than I did from your interview with Arthur Lydiard (July 1970). As a track and cross-country coach as well as a runner, I felt that his words of wisdom express the best possible methods of training middle-distance and distance runners. In fact, we are basing our entire cross-country program this fall on long slow distance, a la Lydiard, Henderson, Osler.

Wilfred Schnier
Dayton, Ohio

PHILOSOPHY

Running for fun is the secret to it all. Road running is not all fast times and prizes. It's the people you meet and the friendships that grow around the competitions.

Pete Burkhart
Manomet, Mass.

Photo Quiz

LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Eighty-One correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Steve Kadel (Hastings, Neb.) was drawn and he was awarded \$10.00 worth of books.

THE ANSWER:

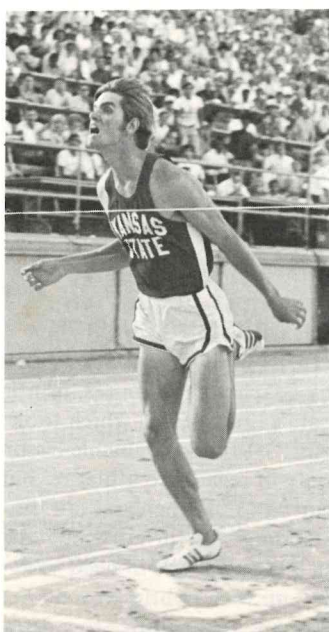
Garry Bjorklund

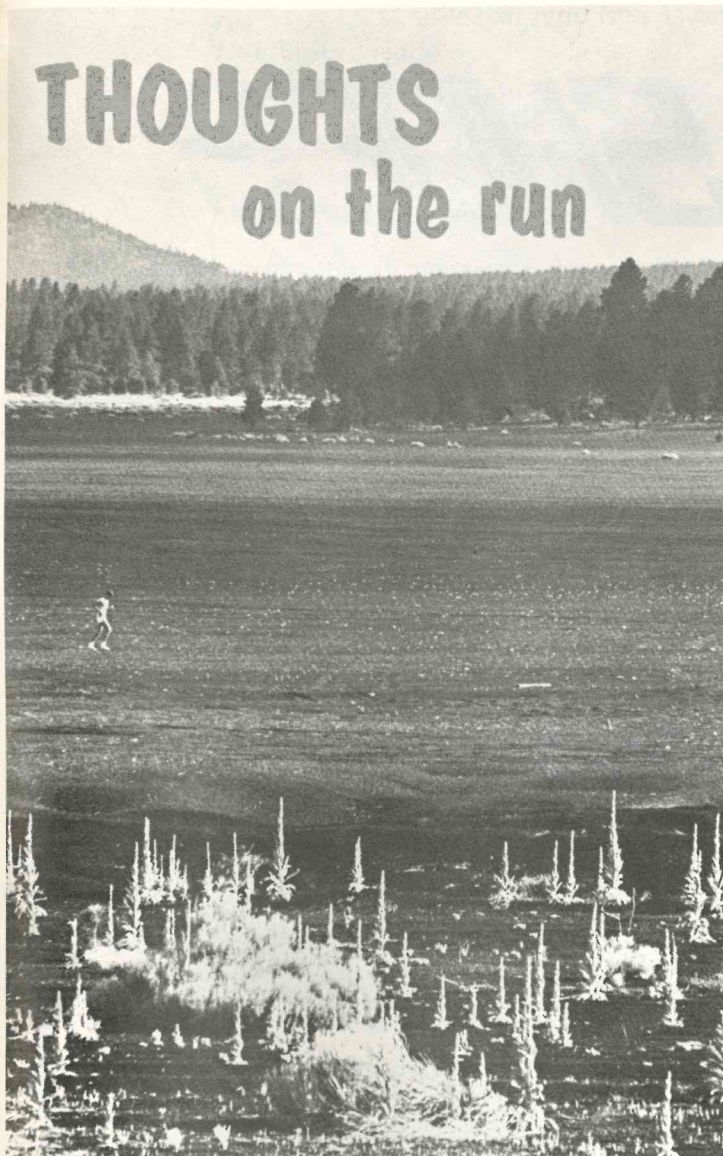
RULES: One entry per family. Simply give the pictured person's full name and submit answer on a post card. If more than one correct answer is received, the winner will be decided by a drawing.

WINNER receives a \$10.00 gift certificate good for any books handled by *Runner's World*. Deadline for this issue's contest: Oct. 25

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Z is for "Zero"...

When a run ends, what is there to show for it? Very little. The material balance sits near zero. No prizes. No publicity. No notice outside the limited world of runners and friends.

I got exactly what I sought from the run—nothing. Nothing that can be put in objective, tangible terms, anyway.

Bob Dylan, my favorite source of quotes, wrote:

"When you ain't got nothin', you got nothin' to lose."

My version would be: When you want nothing more than the basic freedom, fun and fitness running can give everyone, how *can* you lose?

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—Arthur Lydiard, 1970

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