

RUNNER'S WORLD

JULY, 1971 • 75 cents



GEORGE YOUNG

PUBLISHER & PRESIDENT

Bob Anderson

EDITOR

Joe Henderson

EUROPEAN EDITOR

Wilf Richards

INTERNATIONAL STATISTICIAN

Roger Gynn

SENIOR CONTRIBUTORS — Percy

Cerutti (Australia); Ted Corbitt; Geoff Fenwick (Africa); Fred Grace; Hal Higdon; Dave Prokop (Canada); John Romero; Martin Rudow; George Sheehan; Pat Tarnawsky.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS—Richard

Amery (Australia); Tom Bache; Pax Beale; Pete Burkhart; Bob Carman; Nat Cirulnick; Nick Costes; David Costill; Elliott Denman; Tom Derderian; Jim Dunne; Frank Greenberg; Mick Hamlin (England); Bill Indek; Don Jacobs; Janet Newman; Des O'Neill; Arne Richards; Natalie Rocha; Walt Stack; Skip Stolley; Tom Sturak; Hugh Sweeny.

ARTISTS—Bill Canfield; Jeff Loughridge.

PHOTOGRAPHERS — Don Chadez;

Rich Clarkson; Tony Duffy (England); Donald Duke; Bill Foster; John Goegel; Bill Herriott (Canada); Jeff Johnson; Jeff Kroot; Rick Levy; Ron Linstead (England); Horst Muller (West Germany); Steve Murdock; Dick O'Connor; Ed Reed; Mark Shearman (England); Peter Tempest (England); Walt Westerholm; Don Wilkinson.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY (Jan., March, May, July, Sept., Nov.). Mailed the first of the publishing month. Printed by Hatcher Trade Press, San Carlos, Calif.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—One year \$3.00; two years \$5.00 (same for US and foreign). Add \$2.00 per year for first class mailing; \$3.00 per year for air mail. Foreign air mail rates on request. Single copies and back issues 75 cents each.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Please keep us notified of current address. *Runner's World* cannot be forwarded.

NEXT ISSUE

The booming world of veterans running gets well-deserved coverage in the September issue. There'll be features from the US Masters meet in San Diego and from the international 25-kilometer championship race in Czechoslovakia. Tom Sturak—an entrant in the race—will report the "25." Also, an examination of the biggest waste in running—injuries.

RUNNER'S WORLD

POST OFFICE BOX 366

2562 MIDDLEFIELD ROAD

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94040 U.S.A.

PHONE — (415) 969-9700

"Everything for the Runner"

VOLUME VI

JULY 1971

NUMBER FOUR

Running Through This Issue

ISSUE HIGHLIGHTS

10

RUNNER'S WORLD INTERVIEW/ALVARO MEJIA

The surprise of Boston—Colombian Alvaro Mejia—speaks of the incredible success that has come his way in his brief marathon career, and the up-and-down track career that led to it.

20

MAKING THE EUGENE SCENE

Eugene, Ore. A runner's paradise, or so the legend goes. Runners from all over the country got a taste of Eugene's hospitality when they assembled there in June for the AAU marathon championship.

24

HOW YOUNG STAYS THAT WAY

George Young is back, and he's better than ever as he approaches his 34th birthday. In this detailed article, George himself tells how he has maintained his world-class form for nearly 12 years—and why.

31

BEATING MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Tom Osler has put together one of the more practical articles *Runner's World* has published. He goes beyond complaining about the dog menace. He offers proven methods of combatting it.

OTHER FEATURES

Examining the Medical Exam	4	1971's Best Marathoners	29
Distance Running Scene	5	Mexico's Distance Uprising	30
Running Highlights	16	Tough Times at Tender Ages	33
Running Coming Events	17	World's Best Non-Runner	34
<i>Runner's World</i> Postals	17	"Jogging Isn't Enough"	36
Women's Wanderings	18	Running Grace-fully	37
On the Run	19	Coping with Heated Battles	38
Out Walking	22	Medical Advice	40
Walking Coming Events	22	Off the Beaten Track	41
Walking Highlights	22	Photo-Choice	42
Really Covering the 50-Mile	23	Striding Along	43
Spotlight on England/Europe	26	Worth Repeating	44
US-Britain—A Comparison	28	Readers' Comments	45

COVER: After a year away from competitive running, George Young returned. Within a few months, he'd collected the American 5000 record. (Tom Perez photo)

PUBLISHER & PRESIDENT

Bob Anderson

EDITOR

Joe Henderson

EUROPEAN EDITOR

Wilf Richards

INTERNATIONAL STATISTICIAN

Roger Gynn

SENIOR CONTRIBUTORS — Percy

Cerutty (Australia); Ted Corbitt; Geoff Fenwick (Africa); Fred Grace; Hal Higdon; Dave Prokop (Canada); John Romero; Martin Rudow; George Sheehan; Pat Tarnawsky.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS—Richard

Amery (Australia); Tom Bache; Pax Beale; Pete Burkhart; Bob Carman; Nat Cirulnick; Nick Costes; David Costill; Elliott Denman; Tom Derderian; Jim Dunne; Frank Greenberg; Mick Hamlin (England); Bill Indek; Don Jacobs; Janet Newman; Des O'Neill; Arne Richards; Natalie Rocha; Walt Stack; Skip Stolley; Tom Sturak; Hugh Sweeny.

ARTISTS—Bill Canfield; Jeff Loughridge.

PHOTOGRAPHERS — Don Chadez;

Rich Clarkson; Tony Duffy (England); Donald Duke; Bill Foster; John Goegel; Bill Herriott (Canada); Jeff Johnson; Jeff Kroot; Rick Levy; Ron Linstead (England); Horst Muller (West Germany); Steve Murdock; Dick O'Connor; Ed Reed; Mark Shearman (England); Peter Tempest (England); Walt Westerholm; Don Wilkinson.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY (Jan., March, May, July, Sept., Nov.). Mailed the first of the publishing month. Printed by Hatcher Trade Press, San Carlos, Calif.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—One year \$3.00; two years \$5.00 (same for US and foreign). Add \$2.00 per year for first class mailing; \$3.00 per year for air mail. Foreign air mail rates on request. Single copies and back issues 75 cents each.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Please keep us notified of current address. *Runner's World* cannot be forwarded.

NEXT ISSUE

The booming world of veterans running gets well-deserved coverage in the September issue. There'll be features from the US Masters meet in San Diego and from the international 25-kilometer championship race in Czechoslovakia. Tom Sturak—an entrant in the race—will report the "25." Also, an examination of the biggest waste in running—injuries.

RUNNER'S WORLD

POST OFFICE BOX 366

2562 MIDDLEFIELD ROAD

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94040 U.S.A.

PHONE — (415) 969-9700

"Everything for the Runner"

VOLUME VI

JULY 1971

NUMBER FOUR

*Running
Through This Issue*

ISSUE HIGHLIGHTS

10

RUNNER'S WORLD INTERVIEW/ALVARO MEJIA

The surprise of Boston—Colombian Alvaro Mejia—speaks of the incredible success that has come his way in his brief marathon career, and the up-and-down track career that led to it.

20

MAKING THE EUGENE SCENE

Eugene, Ore. A runner's paradise, or so the legend goes. Runners from all over the country got a taste of Eugene's hospitality when they assembled there in June for the AAU marathon championship.

24

HOW YOUNG STAYS THAT WAY

George Young is back, and he's better than ever as he approaches his 34th birthday. In this detailed article, George himself tells how he has maintained his world-class form for nearly 12 years—and why.

31

BEATING MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Tom Osler has put together one of the more practical articles *Runner's World* has published. He goes beyond complaining about the dog menace. He offers proven methods of combating it.

OTHER FEATURES

Examining the Medical Exam	4	1971's Best Marathoners	29
Distance Running Scene	5	Mexico's Distance Uprising	30
Running Highlights	16	Tough Times at Tender Ages	33
Running Coming Events	17	World's Best Non-Runner	34
<i>Runner's World</i> Postals	17	"Jogging Isn't Enough"	36
Women's Wanderings	18	Running Grace-fully	37
On the Run	19	Coping with Heated Battles	38
Out Walking	22	Medical Advice	40
Walking Coming Events	22	Off the Beaten Track	41
Walking Highlights	22	Photo-Choice	42
Really Covering the 50-Mile	23	Striding Along	43
Spotlight on England/Europe	26	Worth Repeating	44
US-Britain—A Comparison	28	Readers' Comments	45

COVER: After a year away from competitive running, George Young returned. Within a few months, he'd collected the American 5000 record. (Tom Perez photo)

EXAMINING THE MEDICAL EXAM

BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Recently, more and more race organizers have been requiring, as condition of entry for their races, a recent medical certificate of fitness. This requirement is in addition to the normal waiver of rights in the entry form, with which all runners are familiar. Since the waiver as written protects the organizers from most (but not all) legal liability, the additional requirement of medical certification is presumably intended to protect the runner from himself, to screen out the insufficiently trained or physiologically handicapped—those really unable to run a long race without risk to themselves.

Were this all that were involved, the requirement would be not only acceptable to all of us but eminently desirable. However, as most of us know, the question of medical certification involves more than merely good health and general physical fitness. It is also an inconvenience, an unnecessary expense, and finally and most importantly almost useless as a screening device for the unfit. Consider the following points:

- Waste of time in making medical appointments, getting certificates, sending them in with entries and (sometimes) getting them back.

- Cost of each examination and certificate varies from \$15-\$25 as of my last check (pun). Multiply this by the necessity of going through the process of paying its price four times each year (90-day intervals) and your running is costing you an additional \$60 to \$100 per year—unless you have a doctor in the family or can wangle a certificate from a school physician in connection with a team physical. For the majority of us, out of school and running for a club or independently, it is a major expense.

- Probably the most serious objection to the whole requirement is the uselessness of the average medical exam for showing or proving anything, a uselessness to which most of us can attest from experience. The exam takes five minutes at most—heart and lungs by percussion and stethoscope, and a blood-pressure reading. No more; hopefully no less. Quite aside from the irritation most of us feel at paying good money for this perfunctory laying on of hands, it seems obvious that few doctors could certify to much more than the mere fact of life on the basis of such an exam.

Very few doctors (and most will admit this themselves) have any idea of the physical conditioning necessary for, say, a marathon and couldn't testify to the existence of such conditioning on the basis of anything short of a full day's battery of tests. Most doctors would accept the ability to run five miles in a straight line without stopping as overwhelming evidence of massive fitness—which we know it isn't. A few conservative doctors, on the other hand, don't think that anyone has any business running five miles, let alone 25, and won't certify to a thing, although they may charge you for the exam anyway. I've had that happen, too.

But under no circumstances does the average exam mean anything or show very much. Gross congenital abnormality might be detected, but very little else. And in any case such abnormalities would have been picked up long since by a childhood pediatrician or in an athletic team

physical. Certain easily-spotted abnormalities which might lead an inexperienced (with runners) doctor, quite properly, to refuse certification may be not only no bar to running but may actually indicate great fitness. I once had a doctor triumphantly discover my "enlarged" heart and advise me strongly against violent exercise, and we all know similar stories—runners with various squishes, squeaks and thumps in their hearts who have been running successfully for years, and probably beating the brains out of a lot of healthy runners, too.

On any logical or physiological grounds, the requirement of medical certification is nonsense, and should be replaced with something more effective and less expensive to the competitor. I am not suggesting that we dispense altogether with medical supervision. I do believe, however, that something more practical, more convenient and far cheaper might and should be tried. I tentatively suggest the following:

- 1. Anyone beginning running, or resuming after a long layoff, should be urged or required to have a *complete* physical exam—not the five-minute special referred to above.

- 2. Let the existing waiver in the entry form stand as is and even expand it, impressing upon athletes that it is their responsibility to be fit and trained.

- 3. Allow promoters of long races (15 miles and over, perhaps) to ask for proof of a racing or training record at shorter or equal distances.

- 4. Encourage promoters to choose courses and starting times with an eye to the runners' well-being.

- 5. Provide all runners in long races with adequate water and other necessities.

- 6. Provide runners with information on heat stroke and other possible troubles—symptoms, warnings, treatment. The same for all officials and support personnel.

- 7. *Those qualified to judge* should watch all runners carefully for signs of trouble, and taken them off the course at once when further running would truly endanger them. In almost every case in which a runner has died as a direct result of racing, he collapsed and was then "sportingly" allowed to continue. Most of these deaths have occurred in heat. Ironically, almost all the victims had medical certification.

- 8. Keep records on all runners removed from races on medical grounds. Require complete physical exams, including an EKG, before admitting them to future races.

- 9. If promoters still wish to insist upon a medical exam, then let them provide their own physician.

- 10. Finally, all of us should make efforts, even if unwanted, unappreciated and unnecessary, to share with younger runners what experience and caution we have gained.

We need a full examination of this issue and the relevant rules. Once we do come up with a solution, it may be necessary to enforce it by boycotting races put on by promoters who arrange all things for their own convenience and freedom from legal liability, without regard to the convenience of and cost to the runner.

DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

"Any race with more than 50 runners is too big, too impersonal to handle effectively."

**Distance Running Scene
March 1971 RW**

"The mere suggestion of a requirement (time limit to restrict entries) is unnecessary and damaging."

**Distance Running Scene
May 1971 RW**

Obviously, the author has certain conflicts in his thinking. On the one hand, he's urging smaller races. On the other, he's opposing any restriction on the growth of races.

More than one person has pointed out the inconsistency of these stands. But it may not be so much my illogical thinking as it is a basic paradox in the sport itself.

Two of distance running's great benefits are the aloneness and the togetherness it offers (see "The Relevance of Running," November 1970 RW). The feeling that you're having a unique, personal experience, and that you can relate closely with others having similar experiences.

I won't press the point much more, except to say that when a runner runs in isolation (an increasingly rare occurrence), he misses out on the togetherness aspect; races are important, if only for that reason. And that's reason enough why everyone should have the chance to race.

But races can go to the other extreme (increasingly common). They can get so big that *both* aloneness and togetherness suffer.

Take Boston, for instance. Yes, it's still an exciting experience running that race. But how unique can you feel when you see runners like yourself spread from here to the horizon? And how closely can you relate with an anonymous mob of 800-plus marathoners?

Boston and a few other super-big races have an obvious problem: Too many people for the logistical mechanism of the events. The choices are: improve the logistics, limit the number of runners, or let things go and tumble into anarchy.

Jock Semple, who as a key man in the Boston organization is faced with these choices, asked me, "Would you rather see this race open to all the flotsam and jetsam who want to run, or try to keep it for bona fide runners like we are trying to do?"

It's easy for me to peck out, "Everyone should be allowed to run. It's the nature and tradition of the sport." I'm speaking idealistically. I'm not on the firing line with Jock, facing the practical consequences of a race with 1000 or 2000 runners.

Time limits, however, aren't the answer. They're arbitrary. Times (particularly times that may have been run years earlier) are faulty gauges of ability, conditioning and commitment. A naturally fast 20-year-old with 20 miles a week of training may jog 3:29 as a lark. An untalented 50-year-old may bust his ass for a year to run 3:31.

When Jock asked me for my opinion on a limitation, I told him this: "If it becomes necessary to limit entries, as it obviously has at Boston, I'd say limit it to those who have

finished a marathon since the previous Boston. Make them qualify alright, but by proving they can make it through a marathon currently, instead of basing it on what they did 'sometime' in the past, or on times at somewhat unrelated distances like 10 and 15 miles, or on marathon times, *period*. This would eliminate a lot of 'one-race wonders' and would have the side effect of strengthening every other race in the country."

The crush of people at Boston has made its overpopulation obvious. Maybe nothing short of severe controls will reverse it. If that is necessary, Boston could become a victim of its own popularity.

But to finally get back to the original point, even the not-so-big events—the races with 200 and 300 entrants—have their subtle growing pains. These are mostly absorbed by the runner instead of the sponsor.

This is what happens when races get too crowded. When anonymity creeps in, human values get crowded out. Number values replace them.

While it would be hard to tell friend John Smith he's not welcome to run our little neighborhood race, it's easy to

THAT WOMEN'S MILE AT BERKELEY



This race touched off an incredible eight days of miling by women. Francie Larrieu (leading) and Francie Johnson (on her outside) ran perhaps the best competitive mile in US history—Larrieu with an American record 4:41.5 and Johnson 4:42.5. Doris Brown did 4:41.3 the next day; 4:39.6 the next week. (Tom Perez)

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS: A limited number of defective May issues (pages missing, etc.) accidentally got mailed. If you received one, let us know. We'll replace it with a good one.

tell hundreds of unknown John Smiths they can't run the Boston or AAU marathons.

Anonymity works in strange ways. Perfectly honorable individuals, who'd never bilk their friends, think nothing of cheating and robbing strangers. We all do it, subtly or not.

In the "good old days," I could leave my belongings untended while I toured the countryside. My friends wouldn't steal my stuff, any more than I'd steal theirs.

At a big road race in Napa, Calif., a couple of months ago, officials left the day's take—\$275 in entry fees—unguarded for a few seconds. It disappeared.

Whether we're stealing entry fees or being stolen from, taking someone's right to run or having it taken, everyone is losing. The sport has grown. But it hasn't matured.

Gaining maturity means recognizing the human values of running—the satisfying personal and group experiences—and taking steps to protect them. A logical first step is to recognize the limitations of bigness, growing in the direction of more *racers* of manageable size rather than merely piling runners on top of each other in a few overpopulated events. Spread the wealth.



Dr. Meyer Friedman doesn't like running. Lots of people don't like running. But when Dr. Friedman says he doesn't like it, he speaks from a lofty perch in the medical profession. The San Francisco heart specialist, director of the Harold Brunn Institute, has done extensive research into cases of sudden death resulting from strenuous exercise. He has dug up incriminating evidence against running.

Recently, an Associated Press story quoted Dr. Friedman as saying he had under study 50 cases of instantaneous death linked with exercise. He pointed an accusing finger at jogging, saying that for those over 30 it can be deadly "because there is no better way to accentuate competitiveness." The person with a "pusher-type" personality, he said, jogs only because he thinks he needs the exercise, not for the pleasure it can give.

Two *Runner's World* contributors, both with medical connections, were quick to jump on Dr. Friedman's statements.

First Pax Beale, administrator of the San Francisco Cathedral Hill Medical Center, asked Dr. Friedman for clarification and more information.

The doctor answered, "I did not state that we had 50 cases of instantaneous death which we directly traced to jogging. Actually, although we have 50 cases under study, only 10 have been completed. Of these 10 deaths, two were directly due to jogging."

Dr. Friedman then launched into a full-scale attack that touched on the philosophical aspects of running.

"Since there is utterly no rigidly acceptable evidence that exercise staves off heart disease, no matter what various physicians say, and since jogging itself is a dull, mechanical sort of exercise, I see no reason to subject the human mind and body to this sort of miserableness. The only joy I can see out of jogging is the glow of health that must follow after one finishes the rather wretched chore of churning along the pathways. I believe such a feeling of good health can come from milder forms of exercise which one also enjoys while doing the exercise. . . I violently object to jogging."

Regardless of his medical credentials, this statement isn't likely to enhance his image among runners who see their sport as far more than heart attack immunization. He gives his blanket condemnation of running from extremely shaky ground. He knows all too well what's happening in our chests, but fails to understand what's happening in our heads.

As far as he goes on the medical aspects, Dr. Friedman

may be entirely correct. I'm sure I'm not qualified to comment. Our columnist, George Sheehan, is qualified. He's a physician, an internist. Even Dr. Sheehan chose not to argue with his colleague on medical grounds. He merely told Dr. Friedman that what he'd said was "controversial."

"What is not controversial," says Sheehan as he steps into the philosophical arena, "are the benefits those suited to it (and I stress this) get from running. It is not some future addition to the years of their life. It is an exhilaration, a completeness, a satisfaction experienced in the doing—and in the present."

Sheehan concludes by saying that not everyone—"or even the great majority of people"—can be runners or will enjoy being runners. But for the minority of devotees, it's a "total experience"—artistic expression rather than mechanical tedium.

Let me illustrate with a personal example what Dr. Sheehan is saying. Perhaps it will explain why some of us are totally committed to running, while others "violently object" to it.

Of necessity, a good part of the work here at *Runner's World* is unromantic and uncreative. Much of it is mechanical secretarial labor that must go into getting a finished magazine to you. When doing the secretarial work, I sit and flail away at the typewriter, same as when I'm composing a story. But when merely transferring words from one page to another, I'm only performing a mechanical function. Boredom arrives quickly.

Writing is altogether different. It's harder, more demanding, for one thing. But there's no problem plunking down at the typing table and staying there for hours without my mind drifting from the subject—or to sleep.

The difference between typing and writing is in relative levels of interest, involvement, commitment and creativity. Mechanical typing—without these—is work, even if it lasts only 15 minutes. Writing for four hours is exhilarating.

I read of a psychological study along this line. Subjects were told, "Draw a simple face—a circle, three dots and a line, and repeat it for as long as you can." The longest anyone could last was 30 minutes. Most quit in 10 or less. Yet artists, performing the same basic physical act, often work years on a single painting. They have the essential mental attachments that the line-drawers lack.

All this points to two facts:

- Creative activity is stimulating rather than boring, and it involves an intricate blend of physical and mental factors which can't be separated.

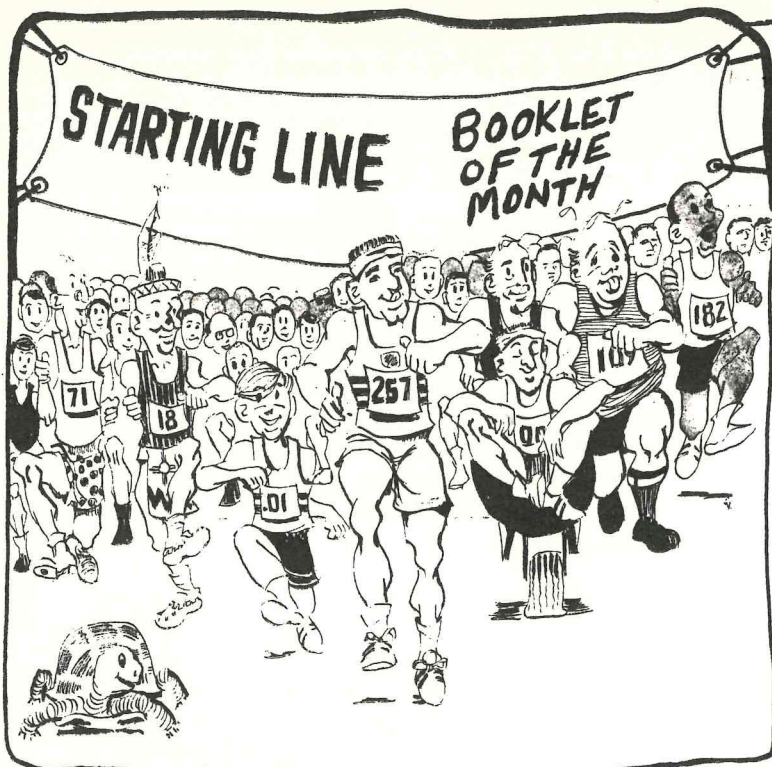
- To be truly attached to an activity, one must be creatively involved.

Because of this, running only because it's "good for the heart, lungs and legs" is empty and futile. It won't last a month unless the runner forms strong emotional ties.

Running only for fitness is like sculpting to strengthen the arm. It's like writing only to improve finger coordination. It's like reading only to exercise the eyes.

Runners who keep running don't do so out of fear for their future health, nor because they've learned to tolerate a "dull, mechanical sort of miserableness." Running long distances, more than being a love of labor, must be a labor of love.

Writing of Sigmund Freud, nationally-syndicated columnist Sydney J. Harris speculated, "Freud said that 'love and work' were all a person needed for happiness. He neglected to all that you must love your work, and work at your love. But only a handful of mankind are this lucky or this wise."



Runner's World BOOKLET OF THE MONTH

When the booklet "All About Distance Running Shoes" came off the press in July, an entirely new concept in running publications was born. The Runner's World Booklet of the Month series. Each of the booklets, compiled by expert specialists in their field, delves into a single topic. They explore the topic in depth that's impossible to reach within the space limitations of a magazine. Booklets contain 24 to 120 pages of fresh and valuable reading material—no reprints. The first booklet is now available; the first year's schedule is complete. Here's a year coming from each of them:

- **Marathon Handbook**—This popular publication, covering the booming world of marathoning in all its facets, becomes a highlight of the booklet series.
- **Distance Running Almanac**—Plans are to make this annual volume the biggest and most complete source of running facts, figures, history and trivia available.
- **Training**—We foresee doing booklets on a wide variety of methods, ranging from slowest to fastest, simplest to most complex.
- **The Basics**—Diet, shoes, equipment, medicine, psychology. All these vital topics deserve far greater discussion than they've gotten previously. We'll discuss them.
- **Biography/Interviews**—Literally dozens of fascinating figures in the sport are potential subjects for one of these personality booklets.

● **Great Races**—Certain events carry such legend and importance that it takes a booklet to do them justice. We're planning one on Boston's marathon; at least two on the 1972 Olympics.

● **Divisions of the Sport**—Cross-country, ultra-marathoning, seniors, youths, women, race walking. The possibilities are endless.

● **Behind the Scenes**—For the coaches and administrators who give the sport its form, hints on doing a more effective job of it.

● **Photos**—Only pictures can capture the "look", as well as something of the "feel" of distance running. We'll devote entire booklets to picture stories.

THE FIRST BOOKLET

ALL ABOUT DISTANCE RUNNING SHOES

The best possible performances demand the best possible footwear. "All About Distance Running Shoes" strips away the mask of advertising slogans to give an honest appraisal of what comprises "the best possible footwear."

Over 800 practicing distance athletes provided the raw material for this most extensive examination of shoes. It's a complete buyer's/wearer's guide, destined to become as indispensable to shoe owners as shoestrings.

Includes detailed descriptions of the leading models of flats, spikes, walking shoes and new models. . . Tips on caring for and repairing shoes. . . A discussion of foot and leg injuries. . . Barefoot running. . . "The Perfect Shoe."

E2 pages, loaded with valuable material. Just \$1.50.

(Coming in August—"The Varied World of Cross-Country")

You have your choice. Buy the single booklets that interest you. They are priced from \$1.00 to \$2.50 each. They're also available on a series subscription basis. To assure yourself of receiving all the booklets, as soon as they're published, subscribe at the rate of \$12.00 a year; \$20.00 for two years. It's more convenient this way. And it saves you \$6.00 or more yearly. If you want one of the booklets, chances are you'll be wanting them all. Subscribe and save!

BOOKLET OF THE MONTH

Please enter my subscription for "Booklet of the Month":

___ One year \$12.00 ___ Two years \$20.00

Runner's World, P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

NAME.....

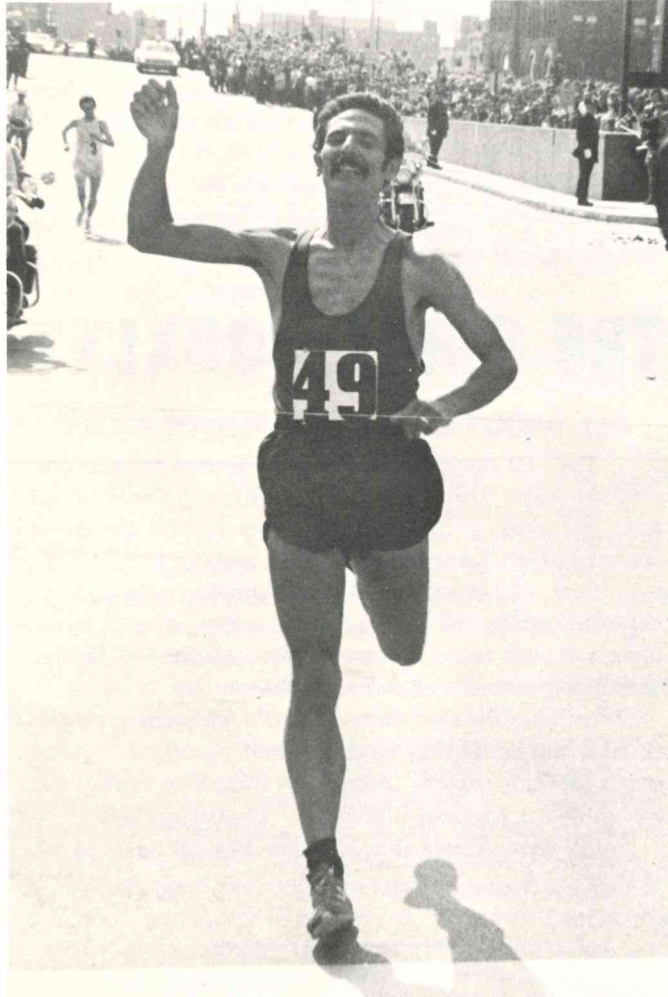
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

Runner's World Interview: ALVARO MEJIA

BY JOE HENDERSON

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN ROMERO



Alvaro Mejia's triumphant moment at Boston. (Jeff Johnson)

Florcz. You ever try to pronounce Florcz? You know Florcz, don't you? Florcz won the Boston marathon.

Actually, his name isn't Florcz. It's Mejia—Alvaro Mejia Florez, if you want to be precise. But around Redwood City, Calif., where he runs for the West Valley Track Club, it's just Alvaro Mejia.

When they printed the Boston marathon program somebody made a little mistake and Mejia's name came out Alvaro M. Florcz. It was just a little typographical error. It could have happened to any one of a thousand guys running at Boston on April 19. But it happened to the winner.

Of course, if the Boston officials had known what Mejia's northern California buddies knew, they would have double checked his name. Mejia's pals, you understand, knew beyond any doubt that Alvaro was going to win.

"Listen," said Flory Rodd, a tough senior runner, "I'll tell you how this thing is going to go. Alvaro is going to stay on McMahon's shoulder for 25, maybe 26 miles. Then he is going to beat him to death. He's going to win it."

Other friends of Mejia's from northern California listened to Rodd's analysis and wagged their heads solemnly in agreement. The only disagreement was the spot for Mejia to make

his move. "The last mile," said one guy. "The last 600 yards," said somebody else.

Jim O'Neil, another senior runner who kept calling Mejia "Elvira," was positive about the outcome. "When Elvira won the West Valley marathon in March, he did the last mile in 4:41," he said. "He is absolutely going to murder McMahon. Hell, his 2:17 at West Valley is the fastest in the country, isn't it?"

So who was I to argue with such confidence? I became a friend of Mejia's, too.

Thus bound together by a common faith, we plunged into the Boston newspapers to read about our hero. Nothing. Not a word. Not the ghost of a syllable. McMahon had a lot of ink—and a picture. So did Erich Segal, the author. So did a couple of Finns with completely unpronounceable names—worse than Florcz. Not only was poor Mejia's name wrong, but nobody, apparently, had ever heard of him. We cursed and fumed and yelled a lot of dirty words. But Florcz it was in the program and anonymous he was going to stay.

After breakfast on Sunday a bunch of us went out to ride the course. Mejia was along, and Byron Lowry and Flory.

Mejia's eyes widened when he saw the Hopkinton gymnasium where the runners dressed. I think he was scouting for Johns.

We started over the course and Mejia kept tugging at his chin and scribbling notes on a piece of paper. "Leetle heels," he said, "not so bad."

When we came to Heartbreak Hill Mejia really came alive. With delight. He looked like a kid at a party.

"Did you see that?" said Flory. "Alvaro knows he can make it through here okay. Boy, what he is going to do to that McMahon in the homestretch." His eyes rolled toward heaven and hurtled around in his dome a couple of times.

So we drove on down Beacon Street and up toward the finish line and made the final left turn and drove by the end of the race. And Mejia was smiling and silent and dreaming of how he would stay on McMahon's shoulder and destroy him in the rush to the tape.

At the Hopkinton gym the next morning, the two guys who drew the reporters were McMahon and Segal. Poor old Florcz was all by himself in the parking lot, oiling up with Vaseline.

Finally a reporter came up. "Listen, Florcz," he said. "I got you in the pool."

Mejia rubbed some Vaseline in his crotch and gazed at the reporter sadly. Somebody finally got Mejia's right name into the conversation and mentioned that 2:17 a month before, and the press guy perked up visibly.

Pretty soon everybody walked down to the starting line and started taking off sweats. The sun had banished the clouds now and it was warm. Everybody had pretty fancy sweats with broad collars and stripes. But poor Florcz had his wife's swimming warmups. They said "Santa Clara," and the name over the left chest read "Terri Stickles." Mejia's wife was an Olympic swimmer a few years back. He handed the sweats to Vern Baker, a buddy of mine who was along. Lowry did too.

When I saw the horde of runners at the starting line I knew Mejia and Lowry had no chance to come out alive, even though they were up front. Lowry had a shoe torn off last year and was almost trampled to death when he bent over to pick it up. But when the race started they spurted, looking over both shoulders like desperate men, running with mincing steps to break free of the panting mob behind them.

Then they were free, moving out strongly—with both shoes on.

“Let’s get going,” yelled our driver. “We’ll just make it to the halfway mark at Wellesley.” I didn’t know how true that was.

As we tried to make our way through the maddening Boston road system, we started picking up the radio reports. “The Irishman, favored Pat McMahon, is leading the annual BAA marathon,” said the announcer. “But he is leading by only a few feet over several other runners including the two Finns, a Costa Rican, Bill Clark, Byron Lowry, and . . . um . . . ah . . . Florcz.” He pronounced it “Florks.”

The announcer droned on. “Both Clark and, ah, Florcz are from the West Valley Track Club,” he said. “I don’t know where it is, but I think it’s in the United States.”

All of us in the car muttered, “Jesus Christ,” in unison, followed by a lot of other things that would close down the magazine if I wrote them.

As the runners drove on through Natick and approached Wellesley the announcer had to mention poor Florcz more often—because there he was, running off McMahon’s shoulder with those sad eyes and wrinkled black outfit and sweaty moustache.

No kidding, he would announce the life history of the other seven leaders and poor Florcz would barely rate a mention. I think he was rubbing his hand across his mouth when he pronounced Florcz. I also think he was a little worried that he had the name wrong and he didn’t know what the hell to do.

We were a bunch of screaming idiots in Wellesley as the leaders came through in a know, puffing up a gentle grade. There was Lowry and Clark and Florcz, running in lockstep with McMahon.

“Hang in there Byron,” we screamed. “Attaboy Alvaro,” we shouted. We also shook our fists a lot and launched a few kicks at the ground.

Getting out of Wellesley and into Boston was as hard as getting out of Hopkinton and into Wellesley. I felt like my life was rushing before my eyes. “My God,” I groaned. “We are just going to make it again.”

The announcer came on again. “The field has broken up at the 17-mile mark,” he said. “The Finns have dropped back. So have Clark and Lowry. McMahon is now the leader, but only by a couple of feet over this boy Florcz, running a marvelous race.”

“Good Lord,” somebody in the car whispered softly, “he’s going to do it.”

The next report came in from Boston College, at the top of the last big hill. It was still McMahon and Florcz.

A funny thing happened after that. The radio kept giving race reports, but poor old Florcz was mentioned less and less. He was still there, right off McMahon’s shoulder, but it was becoming embarrassing. Nobody knew who he was. They kept trying to make believe he didn’t exist, that it was strictly a McMahon race. I felt sorry for the radio guys. They must have been panicky for details on poor Florcz, and I think they realized by now his name wasn’t Florcz.

In one of the late reports the announcer actually called him Florez. But I think he was guessing.

When we reached the finish line the crowd was ridiculous—

10 deep everywhere, held back by big thick ropes and tough looking policemen on horses. On the inside a bunch of very official looking people wearing ribbons were walking around.

Vern grabbed Mejia’s sweats. “Here,” he said, handing me Lowry’s sweats. Suddenly we had passes. We brushed through the crowd toward the finish line. “I got the winner’s sweats,” Vern kept yelling, pushing past people. “And I got Lowry’s sweats,” I yelled, following closely.

We reached the ropes, showed the sweats to a policeman and climbed through like we knew where we were going. We were 10 feet from the finish line at that point. “I don’t think we ought to press it,” I whispered to Vern, so we laid back a little.

All of a sudden I realized I was next to the guy who had been giving the radio race reports. He was talking into a microphone about this being the most thrilling BAA marathon in history and how it looked like McMahon was going to win it and how this boy Florcz had been giving him a tremendous battle.

I grabbed one of his assistants. “Listen,” I said, “it’s Mejia, not Florcz. You better write it down and hand it to him because you wouldn’t want to announce the winner’s name wrong, would you?”

All this time there was a reporter next to me, listening. “What’s his name?” he said. I looked at his clipboard. He already had written in McMahon as first and Florcz as second, with a line after each guy for his time.

“Mejia,” I said. I spelled it. Then I gave him a quick background on Mejia. The reporter was impressed. “You his coach?” he said. “No,” I said, “but that guy over there has his sweat suit.”

Suddenly there was a lot of screaming and imploring from the crowd around us. At the far end of the corridor of humanity outlining the downhill sprint to the finish line, a white-clad figure exploded into view. It was McMahon, skinny legs pumping desperately.

Mejia, in his dark singlet and pants, had blended into the crowd. But he seemed to materialize alongside of McMahon, then burst ahead, drawing away with every stride.

“My God,” a man next to me choked, “he’s beating McMahon.”

“Mejia!” I yelled, shaking my fist. A couple of reporters looked at me and frowned. It was understandable. Since they didn’t know his name they must have thought I was screaming something dirty in Spanish.

“Mejia!” I yelled again. “Mejia, Mejia, Mejia,” I kept shouting crazily, brandishing my fist and waving Lowry’s sweat suit with the other hand.

Coming down the straightaway to the finish line Mejia ran powerfully and confidently—just as he had planned it. It was an incredible dream come true. Like little boys fantacizing, Mejia and his friends had lived the race over and over. Together they had run every step, together they had timed the last-minute surge—and together they executed McMahon.

Mejia’s followers, a pathetic few of us, grabbed him as he came across the line. We staggered together to the fountain and Mejia plunged in, cooling his feet in the icy water. Every-body was babbling crazily.

“Florcz!” cried a reporter, waving a clipboard.

“Oh, for Christ’s sake,” I said, glaring at him.

“What’s the matter with you, buddy?” the reporter said. “I’m trying to interview the winner. Now will you lemme through?”

John Romero wasn’t able to run Boston because of an injury, but he went there from Las Vegas anyway to watch and report.

Four days after his victory at Boston, Joe Henderson interviewed Alvaro Mejia. He and wife Terri were in the midst of packing for their move to Colombia, Alvaro's native country, where he'd be returning to work for the government. During his two-year stay in California, Mejia had weathered more than a few hard times—injuries, language problems, employment difficulties. But as we sat in Terri's parents' living room—with her Olympic bronze medal (in swimming) on one side of the room and his Boston marathon trophy on the table, and their young son Christopher sitting quietly on Terri's lap—Alvaro reflected without bitterness on his California experience. He answered some of the questions in English. Others Terri translated and paraphrased. From the conversation, this much was clear. Alvaro had come to the United States in 1969 as a world-class runner—an Olympian at 10,000 meters and a national hero in Colombia. He's returning home faster, fitter and more experienced.

RW: *After your success now at Boston and Burlingame (West Valley marathon in March, where he ran 2:17:22.2 in his first race), how do you regard the marathon? Do you regard that as being your prime event?*

Mejia: I don't know yet. The thing is, in the marathon I don't normally get as many blisters as I do on the track. The marathon might be a good race for that reason. But it takes longer than running 10,000 meters.

RW: *You had once said that you thought it was "too long." Do you still feel that way?*

Mejia: Yes. The last one was too long. Oh, boy! My feet were burning the whole race—from the four-mile point—and I thought it was a very long race. But the one in Burlingame, I didn't have any blisters. When I finished the race, the first thing I told Terri was, "I'm not tired. That wasn't hard." Everyone had said marathons were terrible, but this one wasn't. I put holes in my shoes before it and my feet were cool. The day before Boston it was rainy and cool, and I didn't put the holes in my shoes. The next day it was sunny and hot.

RW: *One thing that the Boston papers said was that "this (warm temperature) is Mejia's weather." This wouldn't seem to make much sense, since both Bogota (Colombia, Mejia's home town) and the San Francisco Bay area are cool.*

Mejia: Yes, Bogota is below zero (Centigrade) a lot. It's about 3000 meters (9000 feet) altitude.

RW: *What did you feel your chances were when you went to Boston, considering you had a good time in your first race?*

Mejia: I was thinking, when I knew not too many good guys were in the competition, I knew I would be in good competition with (Pat) McMahon. I felt strong the week before. One day on the track I ran 30 minutes for six miles, easy. I felt good.

RW: *You went over the course the day before the race. What were your impressions?*

Mejia: I think that this course is really fast. There are 20 hills, but maybe altogether they total two miles. The thing is, you feel it in the upper legs—too much downhill. We don't train too much on running downhill. After I'd seen the course, it didn't surprise me about Ron Hill's time (2:10:30 in 1970). That doesn't mean that I could run like Ron Hill, but his time doesn't surprise me. I felt I could run maybe 2:15 on that course, providing the conditions were good. Sunday, when I drove over the course, it was cold and rainy. Not wet rainy, but misty. A beautiful day for a marathon. I took the leather

punch and was going to put the holes in my shoes. When I saw the weather and the course, I said there was no need.

RW: *What were your feelings as you lined up at the starting line for the race?*

Mejia: The night before I was thinking, the Japanese aren't here, Hill's not here, Drayton's not here. McMahon was the favorite to win the race, and I felt like I could run with McMahon. I'm a real pessimist and I never really say anything in advance, but I thought, "We'll see what happens tomorrow." I was pretty confident. At the start of the race, I thought, "I'm going to run with McMahon because he has more experience than I do. I was more afraid of (Bill) Clark than I was of McMahon. He (Clark) said he was ready. I thought I could fight the race out, but I also had the reservation that I'd only run one marathon before. Anything can happen. You can feel great at the start, then at 10 or 15 miles something can hit you."

RW: *Was it your plan to stay with McMahon as long as you did?*

Mejia: I was talking with Clark and (Byron) Lowry early in the race. The first 10 miles were easy. We had the feeling that he (McMahon) was waiting for the hills. But I like to run in hills, too. That's where I always plan to take off. Then my feet started to get hot. From then on, my problem was my feet. My feet were my enemy, not the other guys.

RW: *Reports were that at one point you thought you'd have to stop. When was that?*

Mejia: At about four or five miles, I had to stop at a water puddle. I felt that if I didn't find water, I was going to have to pull out. I was looking for a gas station or something, then I saw some water puddles. I thought, "Great!" then at the next water puddle I stopped and started splashing it on my feet. . . I found that where it was white pavement instead of black macadam, it felt so good. It was like running on ice.

There were two or three times when I felt like stopping. One of them was before the hills, when I felt if the blisters were hurting me this soon I didn't know how I was going to finish. They kept getting worse and worse; they don't get any better. But I kept saying, well, let's see if I can go another mile and another mile. I just set out tiny goals. I was praying that the clouds would come out, that it would become overcast so that my feet would cool off during the race. There were two or three times, especially on the really dark pavement, that my feet got so bad it was just terrible. I just kept setting little goals instead of dropping out.

RW: *You and McMahon pulled away at the beginning of the hills. Did you feel strong at that point, and that you could stay with him?*

Mejia: I felt good. That was McMahon's move, the hills. I stuck with him. I felt that McMahon was really dead towards the end of the race. He kept taking water every few hundred yards. That let me know that he was tired.

McMahon wouldn't let me past. During the whole race, he wouldn't even let me come up to the side of him, to his shoulder. I'd come up to the side of him, and McMahon would cut over in front of me. I had to break my stride to keep from tripping him. That would have gone over great in Boston if I'd tripped McMahon. McMahon didn't want me to run in front. He had set the pace the whole way. I wanted to set the pace for awhile, but he wouldn't let me. He kept coming over in front of me. Some people just like to run in front.

RW: *Were you planning then to make a move when you did (with about 150 yards left)? Were you confident that you could sprint away?*

Mejia: I planned to beat him in the sprint. Physically, I felt like I could have pulled away, but my feet were just too bad. So I planned to try and outspurt him rather than pull away earlier. I've always felt strong in the last lap of a race. I once ran 55 (seconds) in the last lap of a 10,000. So I was confident in my finish. I didn't know about McMahon's finish since I'd never run against him, but I felt he was more tired than I was.

The one blister (from a six-mile race two weeks earlier) that wouldn't cure was right in the middle of the ball of my foot. About two miles from the end of the marathon, I stepped on a rock, right on that spot. I almost stopped, right on the spot. It almost sent me right up to the sky. I ran on the side of my foot for a half-mile or so. That was the worst part of the whole race.

There's a little uphill before the turn (approaching the finish line). That's where I planned to start sprinting. I picked up my pace just a little bit, and McMahon stayed where he was. I knew right away that he couldn't respond to the faster speed. I knew that I had him beat there. Up until that point, I didn't really know how McMahon was going to finish.

RW: *Have you been able to put your victory at Boston into kind of a perspective yet, how it may eventually influence your entire running career?*

Mejia: It was good to win at Boston. I would have liked to run a better time. In Colombia, I was something of a celebrity anyway, and Boston isn't going to make any difference really. It will sort of refreshen people's minds after I've been out of the country for two years that I'm still around. I couldn't go to a movie or any public place down there without signing autographs. I would have been happier being fifth at Boston, but with 2:15. I wanted a better time. After seeing the course

the day before, I thought it was going to be a lot better time.

RW: *Did you start training for the marathon itself, or were you just running on the roads as part of your distance training for track?*

Mejia: I think for running good marathons, you have to run good track, too. I need the speed. Not too much, but some. My serious training has been going now only about eight weeks—since I lost my job. I do a little more speed training each day, but not too much. Every day I increase a little because I like to run on the track. Right now I'd like to improve my (track) times. This is the reason for my running.

RW: *Do you think the primary reason you've started running these road races is because they're so available here (in northern California)? It's about the only type of running that's available on a regular basis.*

Mejia: I've been hungry for more track, but there just isn't any. And when I was working, I wasn't able to train the way I would have needed to to run the big track races. Road races are fun, too. The people are so nice and everything.

RW: *You were winning most of the road races in the area. Did this influence you to go into the marathon?*

Mejia: Yes, because I increased the distance little by little. The longest race I'd ever run in Colombia was a half-marathon before I came to the United States. Here I ran 25 kilometers, and then 30 kilometers was the longest before the marathon.

RW: *I would imagine, too, that the fact you've been surrounded by people who run marathons has influenced you.*

Mejia: Terri always bothered me about this. She'd say, "How can you be a distance runner for 13 years and not run a marathon?" I got ready to run a marathon in December of 1969, but came down with a terrible cold about a week before and didn't run it.

RW: *What were your reactions, then, to the Burlingame marathon, your first one, which you won in a fast time?*

Mejia: Oh, I felt good. But since it was the first time, maybe it was a lucky day. Now I think I can run a little faster. Not too much, but a little bit.

RW: *You mentioned losing your job a couple of months before Boston. What kind of work were you doing?*

Mejia: I was a metal-spinner. You know, with a metal lathe. I was on my feet all day, pushing with both legs. One injury I got was from pushing with one leg. I strained a calf.

RW: *It must have been hard to train at all after working all day. Were you training more than once a day at that time?*

Mejia: Only once. I tried to run over a hundred miles a week. I got sick. It was almost a relief to get laid off the job. Before, I couldn't do a hundred miles a week. Now I'm doing 140 and I feel better.

RW: *What did this training before Boston involve?*



A smiling Mejia settles in with the lead pack early in the Boston running. With him are (l-r) Salminen, Lowry, McMahon, Vitale, Clark, Nikkari and Perez. (Jeff Johnson)

Mejia: Sunday I did 20-23 miles in one run. Monday, I trained three times. In the morning, I did six miles or seven, easy. At noon, six miles and maybe five 220s fast. In the afternoon, I ran eight quarters in 62-63 or hill repetitions of one minute. Tuesday, I ran two times—in the morning seven miles, and in the afternoon 14. Wednesday, I ran three times—the same as Monday. Sometimes I'd change a little, running seven miles fast in the afternoon. Thursday, I ran seven in the morning and 15-16 in the afternoon. Friday, I ran three times. Saturday, I ran twice. Sometimes I'd run over 145 miles a week. I felt good, you know.

RW: *Was this the first time in your life that you'd been able to train this way with no other burdens on you?*

Mejia: Yes. Psychologically, it makes a big difference. When I got to Boston I felt that I was well trained. I couldn't have been better trained. All I had been doing was training. I didn't have any excuses. But there had been other times, when I was working, I was so tired that when I got to the start of the race I'd already lost.

RW: *But didn't you run into some trouble about two weeks before Boston, when you blistered your feet in the six-mile track race?*

Mejia: I almost gave up going. The two days afterwards (after the six-mile), I went out and ran. I was stepping on the side of my foot to avoid pain and I got a hip problem. I stopped training one day, trained the next, missed the next. I missed three days of training in that week. But the week before Boston I ran 124 miles. I ran 24 miles on Sunday. Monday, I ran 23. Each day I ran almost 20 miles. For five days, I ran long.

RW: *You're returning to Colombia shortly, and that's where the Pan-American Games will be held this summer. Which race, or races, do you plan to run there, and at the Olympics next year?*

Mejia: Now, when I get back to Colombia, I will try everything on the track. I like track more. I'll try to avoid blisters. If I can, I'll try both the 10,000 and marathon. If not, I'll go into the marathon.

RW: *Let's backtrack a bit here and talk about your background. Can you review when and how you got started running?*

Mejia: I was sort of born with a thing about sports. Some people just like sports and some don't, you know. When I was little, I used to have races around the block with my friends, like "let's see who can last the longest running around the block." We didn't know that it had anything to do with track. We didn't know that track existed.

Cycling and soccer are the big sports in Colombia. For a long time, I bothered my dad to get me a racing bike. My dad got me one when I was 13, so I took up cycling, and entered a lot of cycling races. Long road races. When I was 17, I went in the military academy. They have a sports day for the military—cycling events and a footrace, 1500 meters on the track. I was going to enter the cycling. When I got there, my bike broke down. I wanted to do something, so I entered the 1500 meters. I won it. The military academy kept me running.

It was really hard because track was so behind times. In 1960, I'd train with the real good distance runners down there. They'd say, "Let's go do cross-country today, 20 minutes." That was it.

Jose Neira (a 1500-meter man) and I started investigating methods and started running longer and longer. We kind of revolutionized training methods down there. The coaches didn't know anything. It's hard to get literature in Spanish. I did some of my best times training 20 minutes cross-country.

RW: *Have you ever had a coach?*

Mejia: A man named Profesor Lopez helped me when I was young. He was like a P.E. teacher. The national track coach's name is Carlos Avila. He is still one of my best friends. He helped me a whole lot, but they are still ignorant to the modern methods. I was too until I started traveling and started getting magazines and books. I learned more about distance running than anyone knew in Colombia. When I started running about 100 miles a week, which is unheard of down there, Carlos Avila told me, "You shouldn't do that. You're going to hurt yourself." People along the line helped to the point that they could help, then I sort of outgrew them.

RW: *When you were developing, how much support did you get from the sports ruling body at home?*

Mejia: In 1964, I had to pay my way to Spain so I could get qualifying marks for the Tokyo Olympics. I paid \$1000 of my own money.

RW: *The first time most people outside of Colombia heard of you was when you won the 5000 and 10,000 at the Pre-Olympic meet in Mexico City in 1966. How did winning there affect your career?*

Mejia: When I went to Mexico, I knew that those guys (Gaston Roelants, Mohamed Gammoudi, Ron Clarke, etc.) just weren't training for running at altitude. I knew it was the altitude that beat them and not me. But it made me feel good just the same to know that I beat the big names. No matter what the conditions were, it makes you feel good. But it really didn't change my outlook on running, because I knew. . . I got a big kick out of everyone saying that I was a threat to win in Mexico (1968 Olympics). I knew that these guys from Nairobi (Kenya) are from altitude, too, and they're guys who run 28 minutes for 10,000 meters. So I used to laugh when people called me a threat to win. I thought I'd finish in the top 10. I finished 10th.

RW: *What were you doing between those races in 1966 and the early part of 1968, when you came to the United States for several races?*

Mejia: I had an injury in my left calf. They invited me to run the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden in 1967—a two-mile on the track. I dropped out at two laps. I had pulled a muscle in training a couple of days before. I had about eight months with that leg problem. Sometimes I was jogging, sometimes not running at all. I couldn't shake it. When I started running again, I stepped on a rock in training and hurt my right foot. I couldn't even walk on it. Whenever I walked on it I got a sharp pain.

I was invited to go to Russia, East Germany and Czechoslovakia on a *political* tour. I was invited to represent Colombia at a youth convention. They had me see some of the best sports doctors in Russia and East Germany. They suggested that they put the foot in a cast, immobilize it for about six weeks. When I got home, I did this. Then slowly, slowly I started getting back in condition. In October (1967), I started running again.

There was so much pressure because there was less than a year to get ready for the Olympics. I'd been out almost a whole year with injuries.

RW: *Was that pressure from people at home, or from yourself?*

Mejia: The press in Colombia. They kept, because of my wins in the Pre-Olympics, saying I was going to win a gold medal. Colombia has never won a medal in any sport in the Olympics. They kept saying I was going to win the gold medal, but I knew I couldn't.

RW: Did you come to the United States in the spring of 1968 to try and get some competition, to try and sharpen up for Mexico?

Mejia: The main problem in South America is competition. I was always frustrated because I never had time to train properly. Most runners, except maybe in the United States where they aren't helped by the government, are training full-time. It's hard psychologically when you get up on the line and know that the man next to you is doing nothing but training. You're beat before you start the race.

RW: Were there more problems then in 1968, injuries and the like?

Mejia: I was trying to do too much in preparation. I thought I wasn't getting ready fast enough. I went home right after the AAU meet in Sacramento. Three weeks later at a meet in Lima, I ran 29:10 (10,000 meters). I felt great. Just after that I started doing a lot of interval training and a lot of speed work trying to get ready. Too much. After that, everything went right down the drain. I felt rotten. I never felt good again before the Olympics. Three weeks before the Olympics, I had a bad stomach problem. I think it was from too much training—too much speed work. I don't know how I even managed to run in Mexico.

After the Olympics, too. When I came up here to get married, I'd spend all day sleeping. I was still sick.

RW: How long was it until you started feeling good again?

Mejia: I quit running for several months. We bought a camper and drove to Colombia, and had a fabulous time. Every once in a while on the trip I'd say, "I'm going to go out and jog awhile." But I never did. My legs always felt tired. Finally, little by little, I started running again when we got back to Colombia.

RW: What kind of work were you doing in Colombia?

Mejia: We had a little family business. It was metal-spinning, only we owned the business. I wasn't doing the metal-spinning, but I ran the business. When my mother and father died, I supported my six brothers and sisters for 11 years. The year my father died was when I began running, when I was 17. I had to quit school when I was 17 and take over the business to support my mother and six brothers and sisters.

RW: What, generally, is the running situation in your country?

Mejia: The runners in Colombia, because running is a sport that you can do anywhere, and just about wear anything on your feet, is for the very low class people. It's the poor people's sport. Consequently, because most runners are poor, they are running to get some fame so they can get up in life. They can improve their level of living. It's a medium for them to come up in the world. It's even to feed them. Some of the better runners down there are getting fed because they run well.

In Colombia, they're kind of ignorant as far as track goes. Because I once won the San Sylvestre race in Brazil, they think I'm the greatest in the world. To them, this is bigger than Boston.

Cycling and soccer are the big sports. Track's not really a big sport.

But Colombia has some good distance runners. (Augustin) Calle finished 17th at Boston. He's been living in New York for two years. There's a boy in Colombia named Victor Mora who won the South American Games in the 5000 and 10,000. There's another boy named Castebianco who is studying in Puerto Rico. He has beaten Mora in races down there. They have some of the best distance runners in South America.

RW: Do you feel getting back to the high altitude (Bogota is over 9000 feet) is going to help you?

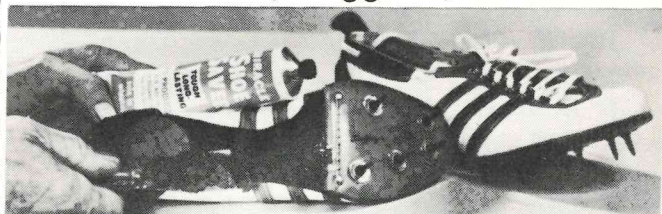
Mejia: I have a plan that I'm going to start out very, very slowly. I went down for five weeks at Christmas time. I went out to run the first day, went out 15 minutes from home and had to walk back. I'd been running 100 miles a week before the trip. I had a headache for two days. After that, I came back very slowly. Towards the end of the five weeks, I was training fairly well and got back into shape. I caught a cold, and had some stomach problems because of the change of diet. When I got back here, I hadn't trained for a week. Two days later, I entered a 20-kilometer race and felt fabulous coming down to sea level. I had oxygen I didn't know what to do with. I never felt tired the whole race. The altitude is a factor.

RW: After you get back to Colombia, will you have more chances to race internationally than you did previously?

Mejia: I have a friend, Jose Neira, who has really arranged for us to come down there. He has written, saying there is a possibility of a trip to Germany in June, and the South American Games in Lima—that's not too international—and there's talk about a trip to Athens. It's mainly rumor. That's the way it is there. They just had a couple of invitations (for trips), and they didn't send any runners. They didn't want to send Victor Mora because they wanted him to save himself for the Pan-American Games. They think you shouldn't compete. The only way to get ready is by competing.

They have this thinking that if you go out of the country you have to win. The press and everybody says if you go out of the country you have to win. You're a complete failure if you're second. If I'd been living there and had gone to Boston and finished second, I would have been a failure. I "failed" at the Olympics because I got 10th place. I was a complete failure.

A Real Money-Saving Boon For Runners, Joggers, Walkers!



SOLE SAVER
Protects, Repairs Soles and Heels
Makes Shoes Last 10 Times Longer

Just Spread It On Like Butter

Runners — here's your money-saving dream come true. Instead of throwing away old, worn shoes, or having expensive repair bills, use SOLE SAVER on soles and heels. It's so simple. SOLE SAVER is a black, paste-like material that spreads on like butter and is water, fire and skid resistant. It prolongs life of new shoes as well as rebuilds soles and heels of old shoes. Try it. You will be amazed at how it can save money for you, too. 4½ oz. Tube — \$1.95, ½ Pint can — \$2.25, Pint — \$3.95, Quart — \$5.95, ppd. Order today, you'll be glad you did.

Carpet Products Co., Dept. RW-1
P. O. Box "S", Central Square, New York 13036

Enclosed is \$ _____ for which please send me postpaid SOLE SAVER as checked below:

- 4½ oz. Tube -Pint Can
 -½ Pint Can -Quart Can

Carpet Products Co.
Dept. RW-1, P. O. Box "S"
Central Square
New York 13036

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RW: Now that you've won at Boston, you'll no doubt get invitations to run international marathons. Which races would you like to run?

Mejia: I would like to run Fukuoka (Japan). It's fast. I wouldn't want to go back to Boston. After you win, it's tough to go back the next year.

RW: Can you guess at what your potential might be, timewise, in the 5000, 10,000 and marathon?

Mejia: What I've really been frustrated about is that I ran my best 5000-meter time in 1964—13:53. Clarke was only doing 13:40 then. I improved from 15 minutes to 13:53 in a matter of a few months. Since then I've never been able to improve that time. The media has sort of absorbed me. I couldn't train properly, couldn't get out of the country to compete. Consequently, I've never bettered that time. So what I want to do is break 13:50 and break 29 minutes. I know I can do it because I did these marks (13:53 and 29:10) so long ago, and I'm so much better trained now. . . I'd like to break 2:15 in the marathon. I think 2:15 is the cutoff point of the real good ones.

RW: Do you anticipate that you'll have more support and more time to train when you return to Colombia?

Mejia: Yeah. Sports have changed there because they're having the Pan-American Games. They're more interested in supporting athletes. They've just realized that they don't have a chance for a medal. That's why they want me to come back.

Some important man in the press said, "If you help the athletes, it'll go to their heads. They'll take the money or whatever help you give them and they'll eat and drink and not train. They'll live off the fat of their fame." But the attitude is slowly changing.

The ministry of education has gotten me a job where I won't have to work hard all day; where I'll have time to train properly. They're turning in the right direction. They're turning in the right direction as far as helping athletes. I hope they'll be receptive to some of the things I've learned up here to get some of these programs going. The problem is to get the people to change their attitudes. That's the hardest thing.

RW: How long do you intend to keep running competitively?

Mejia: Maybe two or three years more. I don't know. All the people now are training too much. It's almost a full-time job.

RW: Will there come a time when you'll want to coach?

Mejia: Yes. But only distance runners. I don't believe in a coach who says he's a track coach and knows everything. It's impossible. If I were a coach, I'd want to be able to give them what I didn't have. The know-how, how to train, how to pre-

pare for big competition—which no one knew down there. Also, I think it's really great when a coach can go out and train with the kids. I'll keep running. Even if I quit competing, I'll keep running. So I'll be able to run with them and give the distance runners what I didn't have.

RW: What have been the overall effects, both good and bad, of your two-year stay in California?

Mejia: The most fabulous thing here was the runners and the running. It was really fabulous. This has been sort of my salvation. The job was so hard. I'd come home from work and say, "I can't stand it another day." Somehow I'd make it through the five days and the weekend would come. I'd go to a meet and it would completely refresh me for Monday morning again.

On the jobs I've had, I was discriminated against because I couldn't defend myself speaking Spanish. I'd keep everything inside because I couldn't talk, then I'd come home and explode. I'd go out and run and work off my frustrations. If it hadn't been for running, we wouldn't have lasted six months here.

A RUNNER IN THE DARK



Harry Cordellos (left) needed no special dispensation to run at Boston. Having run in the low-3:20s, he was fully qualified for it. Fellow runners in the San Francisco area collected his fare. What's so unusual about all this? Nothing other than the fact that Harry is blind. Note how his partner Larry Fox grabs his arm to get his past a rough spot. Normally, Harry runs free—occasionally touching arms to get his bearings. (Jeff Johnson)

USE STIM-O-STAM TO

REPLENISH BODY SALTS LOST THROUGH PERSPIRATION
DURING VIGOROUS PHYSICAL EXERCISE

Recommended by such NAME COACHES as:

Bill McClure and Oliver Jackson, Abilene Christian
College * Ralph Higgins and Ralph Tate, Oklahoma
State University * Emory Bellard, San Angelo High
School, Texas * Vern Wolfe, University of Southern
California * Jack Patterson, University of Texas

SOLD THROUGH SPORTING GOODS DEALERS

Abbott Athletics, Inc. Box 1264, Abilene, Texas 79604

SUPER SHOES

ARTHUR L. LYDIARD -Road Runner

\$19.95 from Runner's World**
(plus \$1.00 postage; California
residents add 5% sales tax)



****SPECIAL QUANTITY DISCOUNTS:**
6-12 pairs — \$18.95 each; 13 or more —
\$17.95 each. We pay the postage on
quantity orders. Calif. residents add 5%
state sales tax.

THE COMMENTS THAT COUNT

The most telling comments on the Arthur Lydiard shoes come not from the promoters, but from the users who wear them day in, day out. Some unsolicited samples of runner reactions:

"I consider the Lydiard shoes the finest shoe for training on the market today. The soles were beginning to wear, but my applications of liquid rubber (available at shoe repair shops) gives me many more miles on the shoe." (T.H.M., Dallas, Texas)

"The back of the heel of the Lydiard shoe blistered my heels at first, but once I got used to the style I am more than happy with them." (G.P., Boone, North Carolina)

"The cupped heel, as far as I'm concerned, is worth the price of admission for running comfort and balance. I do agree with the generally-known concept that there is no perfect shoe. But I like my Lydiards." (H.G., Mountain View, California)

"My Lydiard shoes are the greatest. They're more comfortable than a pair of slippers, and unlike all other shoe brands, the Lydiard shoes don't feel like track shoes." (B.G., La Mirada, California)

ON THE SHOE THAT FEATURES. . .

- Extra-soft, extra-smooth inside surface for maximum comfort, minimum irritation.
- Multi-layer sole and heel cushioning to minimize road shock and yet maintain flexibility.
- Cupped heel and adequate arch support designed to guard these highly vulnerable areas against injury.
- Balancing features to insure the stability of the runner, and to give proper foot-to-ground contact.
- Weather-resistant upper—gray suede leather trimmed with red—that keeps its softness as miles pile up.
- Non-slip sole that grips even on rain-covered and icy streets.

ORDER NOW AND SAVE! In September, there will be a price rise for the Road Runner. All sizes except 7 and 7½ now in stock for rapid shipment.

ORDERING SUGGESTIONS: Lydiard shoes are generally running the same size as US "tie" shoes. If you order with this in mind, you should get a proper fit. However, if you send a tracing of your foot, we can be more certain of supplying your exact size. The shoes come in sizes 3-13

RUNNER'S WORLD, Post Office Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

● **Lawrence, Kans., April 17**—Jim Ryun celebrated his homecoming to the Kansas Relays by running a 3:55.8 mile, his fastest since 1967. Frank Shorter buzzed a 13:08.6 three.

● **Knoxville, Tenn., April 17**—Jerome Liebenberg couldn't have outlined a much tougher double for himself. After running an 8:32.2 steeplechase—second fastest in US history—he figured he needed a little more training. So he came back 45 minutes later and ran a 28:54.2 six-mile.

● **Des Moines, Iowa, April 23-24**—Frank Shorter enjoyed a fine 20 hours of running as he won the three-mile in 13:07.0 then barely held off Garry Bjorklund in the six-mile the next morning, 27:24.4 to 27:24.6. Jack Bacheler, Charles Messenger and John Jones also were well under 28 minutes. Bruce Mortenson won the marathon at 2:27:23.

● **Quantico, Va., April 30-May 1**—In a meet labeled the "Women's Pan-Am Trials"—though it was by no means certain that leaders here would indeed go to Cali—Doris Brown and Terri Crawford ran one-two in the 800 meters with times of 2:05.5 and 2:05.8.

● **Liverpool, N.Y., May 8**—Blessed with uncomfortable but cooling rain, the First Trust marathon went off splendidly. Mike Kimball (2:24:43), Ken Mueller (2:27:05) and Ralph Thomas (2:29:25) took the top three spots, and Kathy Miller got one of the better women's marks of all-time with 3:15:28.

● **Philadelphia, Pa., May 9**—In another fast race on the same weekend, Herb Lorenz qualified for the AAU marathon trip with a 2:23:46.2. But the big news was a women's world best by 18-year-old Beth Bonner. Beth, a cross-country internationalist who's trained by walker Dave Romansky, ran 3:01:42 in her first marathon.

● **Waltham, Mass., May 14**—While Pat McMahon was winning the New England hour run, Sara Berman was working on a US women's record for the event. She got it by covering 9 miles 332 yards.

● **Bakersfield, Calif., May 15**—George Young is not only back, but he's better than ever. He broke the American 5000-meter record—and beat Frank Shorter and Jack Bacheler—with a 13:32.2 clocking. Shorter ran 13:35.0, Bacheler 13:37.2—bests-ever for both.

● **Philadelphia, Pa., May 16**—They called it the "Dream Mile" and made the Jim Ryun-Marty Liquori match out to be the race of the century. It may not have been that, but it was special. After a slow start (2:03 half), Liquori took charge, tried to pull away and won by a step in 3:54.6. Ryun finished two-tenths back.

● **Chicago, Ill., May 16**—Ken Young, who's willing to circle the track endlessly to set records at seldom-run distances, has added two more—25 miles (2:37:01) and 30 miles (3:11:57).

● **Palos Verdes, Calif., May 22**—Behind winner Eddie Cadena (who ran 2:23:34), the Palos Verdes marathon was littered with spectacular age-group marks. Fourteen-year-old Mitch Kingery ran 2:39:43; David Cortez, 13, did 2:53:34; Monty Montgomery, 64, had 2:53:53 (his best ever), and David Hargus, 11, went 3:09:15. The women were equally impressive, 12-year-old Mary Decker running 3:09:47 and Betty Wake 3:10:57.

● **Toronto, Ontario, May 23**—John Cliff, a rather unknown figure in Canadian marathoning, won his national championship with 2:24:57, leading Garry Harrison and veteran

internationalist Bob Moore. Fourth-placing Art Taylor ran 2:27:22. He's over 40 years old.

● **San Francisco, Calif., May 23**—When Kenny Moore won the Bay to Breakers 7.8-mile race, he had some 2200 runners following him—the biggest group ever assembled for a US race.

● **Brockton, Mass., May 30**—It was called the "Plodders' marathon" but Sara Mae Berman wasn't plodding. Setting her sights firmly on Beth Bonner's new women's world best, Mrs. Berman raced to a strong 3:00:35—over a minute better than Beth's time—and missed the three-hour barrier only when she faltered slightly in the last five miles.

● **Berkeley, Calif., June 5**—Steady-pacing Francie Larrieu and converted half-miler Francie Johnson combined to run the best women's mile in US history. Miss Larrieu's slightly stronger kick gave her a 4:41.5 victory and an American record. Mrs. Johnson, at 4:42.5, was only three-tenths above Doris Brown's old mark, and young Eileen Claugus ran 4:45.5.

● **Tacoma, Wash., June 6**—Doris Brown wasted no time in getting back her American mile mark. Less than 24 hours after Francie Larrieu ran 4:41.5, Doris ran two-tenths better.

● **Eugene, Ore., June 6**—Never has the country seen a stronger or more representative national marathon championship. With the AAU footing the bills for regional winners, and the Pan-American team places at stake, nearly all the best US runners competed. The spirited competition on a flat course resulted in a 2:16:48.6 victory for Ken Moore. Frank Shorter, in his first marathon, kept company with Ken for 24 miles before letting loose, but he still ran 2:17:44.5 for the second Pan-Am berth. Herb Lorenz got his first sub-2:20 race with 2:19:16.7, and John Vitale (2:20:05) and Bill Scobey (2:20:35) weren't far back. One-fourth of the finishers broke 2½ hours.

● **Portland, Ore., June 12**—Doris Brown cracked through the 4:40 barrier for the first time when she raced an American women's mile record of 4:39.6—better than both her outdoor (4:41.3) and indoor (4:40.4) bests.

● **Manchester, England, June 13**—Ron Hill—in his first marathon of the year—won one of the best mass races ever with 2:12:39. Ten men broke 2:17 as Trevor Wright ran 2:13:27 in his first marathon, and Jurgen Bush did 2:14:03.

EVERGREEN MARATHON

PULLMAN, WASH.

Sunday, August 1, 1971 — 8:00 a.m.

Trophies to first three, age-group trophies 30-39, 40-49, and older if runners enter. Special award to first woman finisher; certificates to all finishers. Dormitory housing available at \$2.50 per bed per night.

Contact: Jim Dunne
Box 133
Pullman, Wash. 99163
(509) 332-1917

COMING EVENTS

Primarily, these are running events. However, some of the track meets include walking races. All known marathons in the three-month period are listed. For complete information on coming events and for up-to-date, detailed results, see "Racing Report"—a twice-monthly RW publication.

JULY

- ? Montana Sports Spree marathon, Miles City, Mont.
- 1 Canada Day marathon, Toronto, Ontario
- 2-3 US Masters track and field, San Diego, Calif.
- 2-3 US-USSR-World All-Stars, Berkeley, Calif.
- 4 US Masters marathon, San Diego, Calif.
- 4 Freedom marathon, Champaign, Ill.
- 4 Whitewater marathon, Whitewater, Wisc.
- 4 AAU Senior 20-kilometer, Bloomington, Minn.
- 6-7 AAU Girls' championships, Bakersfield, Calif.
- 9-10 AAU Women's championships, Bakersfield, Calif.
- 10 Mountain marathon, Boone-Grandfather Mt., N.C.
- 10 Redwood Empire marathon, Arcata, Calif.
- 10 Calgary Stampede marathon, Calgary, Alberta
- 16-17 US vs. Africa, Durham, N.C.
- 17 AAU Junior Men's championships, Chicago, Ill.
- 17-19 Northwest Seniors, Gresham, Ore.
- 18 Cyclone Country marathon, Ames, Iowa
- 18 AAU Junior 25-kilometer, Syracuse, N.Y.
- 19 Northwest Seniors marathon, Gresham, Ore.
- 24 Sioux Valley TC Classic, Sioux City, Iowa
- 24 AAU Senior & Junior one-hour, Santa Barbara, Cal.
- 24 Pioneer marathon, Salt Lake City, Utah
- 24 or 30 Police Games marathon, Toronto, Ontario
- 30-31 National Junior Championships, Bowling Green, O.
- 31 Ocean-Bay marathon, Martins Beach-Belmont, Cal.
- 30-13 Pan-American Games, Cali, Colombia

AUGUST

- ? Silver Dollar marathon, Silver Dollar City, Mo.
- 1 Evergreen marathon, Pullman, Wash.
- 7 AAU Senior 15-kilometer, Littleton, Colo.
- 8 Resurrection Pass marathon, Anchorage, Alaska
- 10-15 European Championships, Helsinki, Finland
- 12 AAU Junior Olympics, Air Force Academy, Colo.
- 14 Paavo Nurmi marathon, Hurley, Wisc.
- 15 Pike's Peak marathon, Manitou Springs, Colo.
- 19-21 International Military Champs, Turku, Finland
- 21 Greens-Winston marathon, Greensboro-Winston-Salem

SEPTEMBER

- ? Pittsburgh marathon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 4 AAU Junior 50-mile, Des Moines, Iowa
- 5 or 12 Tour of Albuquerque marathon, Albuquerque, NM
- 5 or 12 Spokane marathon, Spokane, Wash.
- 6 Labor Day marathon, Salt Lake City, Utah
- 6 Heart of America marathon, Columbia, Mo.
- 11 AAU Senior 25-kilometer, Dedham, Mass.
- 12 AAU Junior 30-kilometer, Atlantic City, N.J.
- 18 Equinox marathon, College, Alaska
- 19 New York marathon, New York, N.Y.
- 26 RRC marathon, Atlantic City, N.J.
- 26 AAU Junior 20-kilometer, Windham, N.H.
- 26 Boardwalk marathon, Toronto, Ontario

POSTAL RACES

No sooner had the track season ended (it hasn't even ended yet for some of the runners) than the expected flood of 24-hour relay attempts came. In late May and early June, at least a half-dozen teams tried it, many with excellent results.

A group from Furman University carried the baton all day to raise funds for teammates competing in the NCAA championships. The 10 runners netted 277 miles 896 yards and some cash. The mileage total is third-highest in the event's history, and best by a non-all-star aggregation.

Several days late, a combined team from Carleton and St. Olaf Colleges in Minnesota piled up 274 miles 141 yards—fourth-best of all-time.

It isn't just the run-for-funners who are captivated by the 24-hour relay idea. Note that the William and Mary team—which totaled 245 miles—had Howell Michael running the first leg. He was AAU mile champion in 1970.

By the time most of you read this, the biggest relay of them all will have been run. The *Runner's World* Sponsored event at Los Altos Hills, Calif., on July 9-10 was expected to attract 20 or more teams. One club alone was entering five separate teams!

This year's standings as of June 15 are:

Mileage	Team (State)	Date
277m 896y	Furman University (SC)	21-22 May
274m 141y	Carleton-St. Olaf (Minn)	25-26 May
265m 156y	Mad River Runners (Cal)	8-9 Jan
247m 1740y	Summit TC (Wash)	12-13 Jun
245m 440y	William & Mary (Va)	1-2 Jun
240m 880y	Ram Runners (HS/Wash)	12-13 Jun
236m 818y	Middletown H.S. (Pa)	28-29 May
224m 487y	Buzz's Boys (Ohio)	Jun
220m 1660y	Dover H.S. (NJ)	11-12 Jun
218m 1470y	Monmouth H.S. (NJ)	6-7 Mar

(For full details on promoting a 24-hour relay, write to Bob Anderson, Publisher, *Runner's World*, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.)



The stated purpose for opening up the RW two-hour postal competition to all comers was to encourage more participation in the long track distances—the record distances. And thus produce higher standards, both in individual and national records.

Although runners haven't rushed to the event in the same numbers as the 24-hour relay, the records have come to those who've tried.

Ken Young, a 29-year-old from Chicago, became the latest record breaker (joining Bill Clark, who set five US marks in February) when he ran the fastest 25- and 30-mile times in mid-May. The marks came during a two-hour run. Ken obviously kept going past the normal cutoff.

Actually, the two-hour designation is a misnomer. Runners can choose any of the standard distances beyond one-hour. Twenty kilometers, 15 miles, 25 and 30 miles, 20 miles on up. Mail your results to us. We're keeping track of all the long distances.

Leaders by event:

20 kilometers—Bill Clark 1:04:31.6.; 15 miles—Bill Clark 1:17:53.4; 25 kilometers—Bill Clark 1:20:42.8; 30 kilometers—Bill Clark 1:37:33.0; 20 miles—Bill Clark 1:44:56.4; 2 hours—Bill Clark 22m 1254y, 25 miles—Ken Young 2:37:01; Marathon—Ken Young 2:45:28 (26¼ miles); 30 miles—Ken Young 3:11:58.2.

WOMEN'S WANDERINGS

BY PAT TARNAWSKY

Pat Tarnawsky has agreed to write a regular column on women's distance running. This is the first. We have no intention of segregating women into this little corner of the magazine and won't knock out regular feature articles. But this is a place for tidbits that may not get published otherwise. Material may be submitted either to RW or to Pat. Her address is Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570; phone (914) 769-7000, extension 2093 weekdays.

● New women's marathon world bests are suddenly coming in like a waterfall. First, Beth Bonner's sensational 3:01:42 in Philadelphia of May 9 (sensational because it was her first try at the distance). Now Sara Berman's 3 hours 35 seconds in Massachusetts on May 30. By the time these lines see print, some sister might have cracked three.

Sara has tried several times to claim a world best. This time all the pieces fell together, including nice drizzly weather and a comfortable four-lap course. Her husband, Larry, ran with her to pace her.

"I did get sorta tired on the second lap," Sara told me, "and fell a couple minutes behind. But on the third I made contact with a couple of runners ahead of me and got back on schedule. Larry kept yelling at me to hurry, so I picked up the last mile, then sprinted the last 600 yards. When I reached the finish, I was actually going into oxygen debt. "But on the whole it was my most even marathon. Not like those races where you run 10 miles feeling good and then the man with the hammer hits you on the head."

Neither of these bests got the press coverage they deserved. Beth Bonner's made it onto the AP, and Sara's made it into the Boston papers. But for god's sake. The most abject female plodders can get yards of coverage when they crash Boston, but when the best of us set world marks, it gets a couple of inches of type. This doesn't make sense.

AAU chairman Browning Ross has been announcing these non-kosher bests along with kosher results. But people on the scene—race directors, coaches, etc.—can get extra, more picturesque coverage. And the more local and national publicity we get for this absurd problem of non-sanctioned women distance runners, the closer we'll be to solving it. The press has shown itself keenly sympathetic to the women—but only when we get the info to them in a professional manner.

So when that sister breaks three hours, somebody please get straight on the phone after the race. Call the AP,

UPI. Call your local newspapers and TV stations. In fact if it's a name woman runner who starts the race with record-breaking in mind, alert the local media several days in advance, along with the PR for the rest of the race, so they can make plans to send a photographer.

News, unfortunately, isn't "what happens." News is what the pencil-pushing editor decides to put on the page. If he decides not to put it there—or if nobody tells him about it—then it isn't news.

● When it comes to clothes, women runners have to put utility first—but fashion sometimes runs a close second. At Boston there was Nina Kuscsik's red turtleneck sweater and my purple pantyhose. But the most eye-zapping visual was Kathy Miller. There she was at the starting line in a black body stocking with a white Grecian mini-tunic over it. The ensemble matched her Adidas perfectly. She caused numbers of eyes to swivel away from Erich Segal.

● New York City women who want to run have a tough time. One friend of mine has a good athletic background and natural speed, and was getting an enthusiastic five miles daily around the jogging path in Central Park. Then she was attacked five times in broad daylight. She managed to run away from the toughs all five times. But she finally decided to take up yoga.

● The women's lib movement is finally, slowly, creakily getting around to discovering physical fitness. After all, what doth it profit thee to get thy head together if thy body is a mess? A group of Berkeley women have opened the first Women's Clinic in the country.

In addition to offering medical and psychological counseling, they will try to get the sisters to jog, swim, bike, etc.

● Four New York-area male marathoners were on the "David Susskind Show." The guys tried hard to pry a woman runner onto the show, too, but Susskind apparently doesn't dig women runners.

● The Road Runners Club is conversing with Will Cloney about making women "unofficially official" at Boston next year. Nothing is sure yet, but the conversations have been very amiable.

● Four women marathoners (about one-eighth of the total currently active!) have already volunteered to jump on the treadmill for the research study announced in the last RW. Now at last we will find out what awful unspeakable things, if any, marathoning does to the feminine mystique.



Sara Berman wanted the women's marathon record. She wanted it before Beth Bonner had reduced it to 3:01:42. Sara wanted it even more after that. Three weeks after Beth's run, Mrs. Berman—with husband Larry's pacing—got the long-sought mark with 3:00:35. (Levy)

ON THE RUN

BY HAL HIGDON

"If all you accomplish is to raise some money for a few hungry people, then you will have missed the whole point of today's activities." Those were my words to the crowd one Saturday morning in May.

What was the point? I wasn't entirely sure myself, but I knew it had to be more than fund-raising. I was addressing a crowd of maybe a thousand Michigan City youngsters a few minutes before they started their "Hike for Hunger." Similar hikes were going on that weekend all over the world.

Each youth had a sponsor. The sponsor would pay a set sum for each mile that youth walked. The money collected would be divided between the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation and local projects. In Michigan City the money went to a YMCA summer camp, a black neighborhood organization and a therapy center.

My running companion Ralph Pidcock had a sponsor who eventually would contribute \$78 to those projects. I raised \$39. But forget the money for a minute and consider another aspect of the event.

Only a few days before, I had read a quote from Spiro Agnew in which he had said: "I am sick and tired of demonstrations." He was referring, of course, to the May disturbances in Washington. But here was another demonstration—an outpouring of good-will and togetherness. Could the vice-president condemn this demonstration, too? I think not. I hope not.

I had learned of the hike only a week before. One of the high school student organizers called to ask me to participate and also say a few words. I had planned to run in a track meet that same day in Chicago, but how could I say no?

The organizers had picked a winding course through Michigan City, which during the week was identified as first 25, then 24, and finally 26 miles. Quite uncertified.

It made no sense for me, personally, to walk such a distance; I chose to run. I also recruited Ralph Pidcock. Ralph is chairman of the local United Fund and had a time of 3:39 in the 1970 Boston marathon. (He couldn't qualify in 1971.)

There was no gun. Everybody simply moved out, walking south along Franklin Street, Michigan City's main boulevard. Ralph and I started behind and slowly made our way through the pack. A few people up ahead also were running. One high schooler told me a friend had bet \$10 that he couldn't beat me to the first checkpoint. I should have disapproved of his latent professionalism, but I only smiled.

At 3.5 miles we stopped at the first checkpoint, had our cards marked, and refused an offer of a doughnut. (This was a hike for hunger, wasn't it?) When I made a pit-stop in a gas station at around five miles, Ralph moved on ahead. I found myself jogging with a high school track team member. His name was Mike, but I never had seen it in any box scores. The local coaches apparently had discouraged participation in the event for perhaps understandable reasons. But Mike was an also-ran and it didn't matter what shape he was in for next week's team races. He ran with me to around 10 miles, then said he would rest and continue at a slower pace. Ralph Pidcock, meanwhile, was still ahead. With no fear of disqualification, or loss of honor, I cut a corner to catch him.

By now we had outrun the support troops. Nobody would be at future checkpoints to stamp our cards. Since the course passed my house, we stopped for Gatorade and I changed shoes.

I concentrated my effort in trying to slow Ralph down. He was much nearer his limit than I, and I feared he would extend himself too much in the hike and be unable to race well in a planned marathon the following weekend. At around 22 miles, a train blocked our path and forced us to wait. I welcomed this intrusion since Ralph had begun to feel tired.

A mile farther, we cut through a parking lot where several youngsters solicited signatures for a petition. They wanted trade with communist nations halted. Being a believer in ping pong diplomacy, I declined to sign and ran on. Different strokes for different folks.

We reached the starting point and found the stadium locked with nobody present. We had arrived back too soon; all the organizers were out around the course. Our "time" was 3:35:45. This was four minutes faster than Ralph's marathon best, but who knows the exact distance? Does it matter?

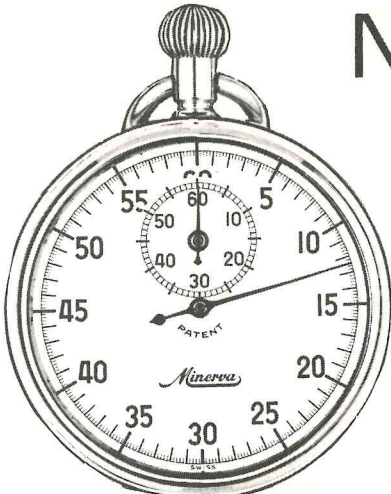
Feeling untired, I considered going another lap, but nobody was there to encourage this lunatic idea. We drove backwards over the course toward my house and saw nobody until the 19-mile checkpoint. Then it was Mike, the boy who had run with me near the start. Shortly after we left him, he had been attacked and bitten by a St. Bernard dog. Fate.

We soon saw more of the hikers—some limping, some carrying their shoes, some slumped on the grass, some walking or even trotting happily along toward their goal.

To most of the readers of *Runner's World*, 26 miles covered in 6-8 hours might seem a ho-hum achievement. Difficulty arises only as speeds increase. But this is our own jaded viewpoint. The majority of the hikers accomplished more for themselves in that day than we might accomplish in a month of speed running.

I understand that the Hike for Hunger may continue as an annual event. Marathoners should join this movement—but humbly. I would hate to see the hike turn into just another race. Even my glancing at my watch as I reached the finish was perhaps an assault on the spirit of the happening.

"Happening" is the best way to describe it. Perhaps now that the Boston marathon has closed itself to the untalented, we need a new symbolic Everest to ascend each spring.



NEW

MINERVA
"SPECIAL"

An ideal watch for the long runs! 60-second sweep hand; 60-minute inner dial for fast and easy reading. Seven jewels.

Now only \$26.25

Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

MAKING THE EUGENE SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Eugene. Jogging capital of the world. City of the mile mystique. Visions of a green and yellow blur of invincible distance runners going back into the fifties—Prefontaine, Kvalheim, Moore, Bell, Burlinson, Grelle, Dellinger, Bailey. An all-knowing Bowerman skillfully manipulating this utopia from his home in the hills above the Willamette valley.

Eugene. There's a tinge of magic in the name. The running press has created the impression that this is an unreal oasis where the runner is king, where the streets are clogged with joggers from sunup to sundown, where the stadium is clogged with fans heaping praise on their running heroes, where the cool climate is as kind to the runner as is the city's populace.

Runners throughout the country—the world—carry mental pictures like this around in their heads. Images of running on Eugene's streets and on the track at Hayward Field, the magic rubbing off and they too becoming invincible.

In early June, a select sampling of marathoners from every corner of the United States got to see this supposed mecca first-hand. Those entering the AAU marathon championship and Pan-American Games trial race got to compete for attention with a local intra-squad meet—a fund-raising affair with 100% Eugene talent that would pack the stadium without the added attraction of a marathon.

As the marathoners arrived in town Saturday, they found not refreshing coolness but clammy mid-70s temperatures. But a local runner assured those he talked with that, "It changes fast here. Fifteen minutes from now, it could be raining." With the sky a deep blue, and the race only a day away, he wasn't convincing. "Wait and see," he said. "Tomorrow evening (the race was to start at 5 p.m.) it will be overcast, if not raining."

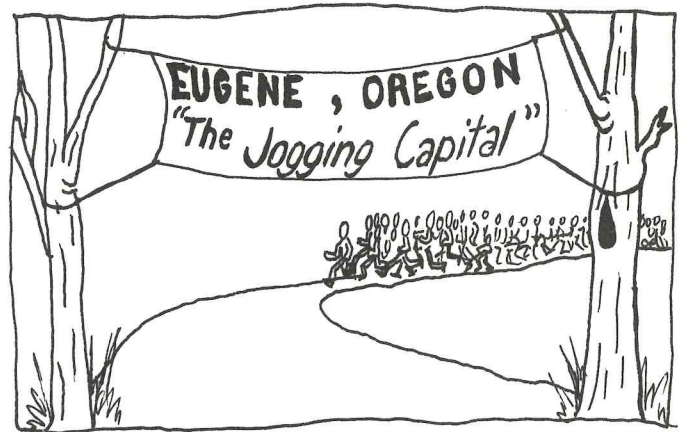
Naturally, the first place for a runner to head in Eugene is towards Hayward Field. While we checked into the Eugene Hotel—marathon headquarters—lanky Jack Bachelier was returning from that direction—bathed in sweat, tanned and wearing a worried look. Others headed for the University of Oregon's stadium on campus, an easy 10 minutes away.

Hayward Field has a quaint majesty about it. It's stands are covered, a tribute to Eugene's loyal fans. They keep dry while their heroes toil in the elements. It's Saturday afternoon and runners fill the sandy-colored artificial track, hoping perhaps that some of its super-ghosts would mystically come up through the track to possess them. The university's runners, visiting marathoners and a portion of the town's vast jogging population (estimated at 5000) mix indiscriminately.

But leaving the track, a lone runner is quickly snapped from his dream world. As one jogs back toward the hotel, teenage boys in the back of a truck hoot jeeringly, "Give up. You'll never make it." College boys, waiting to pick up their dates at a dorm, sneer and mumble, "Faster, man." Pedestrians gawk. Even here. It's a letdown, even for those who encounter the same hostile greetings daily at home.

Eugene, as becomes apparent in the first few hours of a runner's stay there, is a paradox.

I bumped into an old friend in the hotel, a migrant to Eugene who was leaving after a year's stay. He explained the paradox. "It's a myth about Eugene being the running capital of the world. There's nothing for the non-collegiate non-star. Sure, they have some of the greatest runners in the world here,



and they're supposed to have thousands of joggers. But they tried to have some road races during the winter. Two half-marathons and a marathon. I ran the half-marathons, and there were seven guys in one and six in the other. There are plenty of runners, but they lack a solid AAU organization, and no one seems to care about pushing it."

This paradoxical attitude—that running is great but racing is only for the stars—was reflected in the AAU championship marathon. Though original threats to limit the field to sub-2:45 were softened somewhat as the race approached, many runners were frightened away. I talked with one whose entry was rejected. He drove up from California anyway, just to watch. But those who did enter were treated to perhaps the best AAU championship ever. Definitely the best in terms of fast times.

Sunday—race day—was endless. Runners, accustomed to racing early, found it hard to cope with the late afternoon start. Making it harder was a cool, cloudy sky that they uniformly predicted would clear and warm by 5 p.m.

Bachelier was back from his morning run by 7:30. He never misses his morning run. Bob Fitts, last year's winner,

NINTH ANNUAL EQUINOX MARATHON

UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA, COLLEGE, ALASKA
SEPTEMBER 18, 1971

A difficult, scenic course, going from 440 feet elevation to 2032 feet and back over ski, hiking and wild game trails. Some dirt road but NO ASPHALT OR PAVING.

Divisions for men and women in age groups 10-18, 19-34, and 35 and older. Hikers may also participate.

Trophies to top five runners in each class and colorful Equinox Marathon patches to all finishers.

Current records: Men 2:59:01, senior men 4:20:49, boys 3:18:18, women 4:32:54, senior women 4:40:03, girls 4:25:24.

For information and entry forms, write:

EQUINOX MARATHON
Phys. Ed. Dept., University of Alaska
College, Alaska 99701

jogged down the street with Byron Lowry. People once familiar only as names, or pictures, or voices on the telephone lingered in the lobby or roamed the streets, alone or in little clumps, trying to pass the time. "It's like waiting for an execution," said one.

Frank Shorter paused at a large map of the marathon course in the lobby. He studied it with a concerned look, then walked out with a slight limp. He'd picked up blisters in a track race the previous day. This was to be his first race. He had reason to be concerned. Five minutes later, we watched him run a three-mile at Berkeley, Calif. It was eerie, even with full knowledge that this was a taped TV replay.

Kenny Moore, who was instrumental both in bringing the AAU race to Eugene and in bringing Bachelor and Shorter, came to the hotel to pick up his friends for the short drive to Hayward Field. Kenny discovered, as he was walking out, that he'd left his number at home (number one, naturally).

"Say, can I borrow one of your ones?" he asked me.

I figured, "Why not?" Numbers were arranged by time, and I was 115. It didn't bother me moving up 100 places and becoming number 15, Mike Kimball. But Moore decided there was an easier solution to his dilemma. It wouldn't have mattered what he wore. Who in Eugene wasn't going to know Kenny Moore?

Pre-meet ballyhoo centered on the mile that would feature Jim Ryun, Steve Prefontaine and Arne Kvalheim. World record talk was in the air. Hayward Field was nearly filled before the marathon started. Fans were looking up names in the program and hollering to marathoners on the track below—a la Boston. Runners who never warmed up for a race this long before were prancing around, with numbers in full view, eating up the unaccustomed attention.

As the marathoners began their three laps of preliminary running on the track, the crowd roared. They didn't stop roaring until the last runner had exited onto the road. Everyone started too fast. Moore said later, "The crowd got me so excited that I was up in the wind for the first five miles." He wasn't alone.

The Oregon people thought of everything. It was sunny and warm when the runners left the stadium. Before they'd gone five miles, a heavy overcast protected them from the sun. It stayed until just after the last runner had finished, and a receding sun shone on an empty stadium. The thought must have been crossing a lot of minds: "Maybe there is something magic happening here." But, unfortunately, the sun was replaced by a wind that was wicked on some open stretches.

Even as the race went on, there were dizzying paradoxes.

For perhaps the first time—at least in a non-Olympic year—it was a *true* national championship. Runners came from Florida, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, New York, Minnesota, Canada (that makes it *international*), and of course the three west coast states.

But there were fewer than 130 runners interested enough in the race—or brave enough—to enter it. Only 103 started. By contrast, the Seaside marathon, a few months earlier and only a few miles to the northwest, had 350—mostly local.

And the field was really "quality"—as planned. Orville Atkins, who's been in the game as long as anyone who ran at Eugene and has run in most of the big races, said, "It's the best field of Americans ever assembled. I could run a better race here than I did at Boston and finish lower." (He finished 21st—four places higher than at Boston—in about the same time.)

But the field lacked the usual mix. The runners who did show up were almost uniformly lean and superfit, young and serious. Not more than a handful were over 35. No one was what you could call a plodder. (Several of the slower ones men-

tioned that they were running only because they felt they had to represent the shunned slower class.) And not one female tried to run, officially or otherwise.

Organization was superb. Eugene, with years of experience with track meets, is programmed for this sort of thing. From Saturday's check-in to Sunday night's free banquet, everything was planned and came off as planned.

But the usual air of relaxed informality seemed to be lacking. A seasoned marathoner said with a note of loss, "I haven't been this nervous since I was a miler in high school. I feel like I just *have* to do something really spectacular."

The crowd in the stadium. Too much! It had swelled to 12,000—with a proportional increase in noise level—by the time runners straggled back in. The welcome given everyone shot extra life into even the most miserable slogger.

But the people on the road were something else. They may have cared for the leaders. (I never saw them after they left the track.) They weren't concerned with the laggard. A few clapped politely. But at least an equal number went out of their way to be nasty. Drivers—a few, not all by any means—honked impatiently. Two kids in Springfield took great delight in tossing stones at one tail-ender (they missed). Others merely tossed insults—"You're last. Why don't you drop out?" . . . "Why are you going so slow?" . . . "You look terrible. You'll never make it." That sort of thing.

As Dickens once wrote, "It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. . . ." And another long-dead writer—was it Shakespeare?—said, "All's well that ends well."

If there were bad times on the road, it was the best of times when runners filed back into the stadium. Never had most of them received a greeting like that. For a crowd like this, they would have submitted to 26 miles 385 yards on *the track*. When Moore entered Hayward Field first, the greeting echoed all the way out to the stragglers six miles away—on the other side of the Willamette. Everyone else, all the way down to three hours and 26 minutes, got a welcome that was only slightly toned down from Moore's.

Instead of a sideshow, the marathon ended up being a feature. The mile—even though Arne Kvalheim ran 3:56.4 to beat Steve Prefontaine in a chilling duel—was an anticlimax. Jim Ryun contracted hay fever—one of Eugene's lesser-known but potent hazards—and was content to ease home in 10th place. Even in Ryun's presence, the Twilight mile ended up being what it's always been—a glorified intra-squad race.

The marathoners retreated to the Eugene Hotel, where the Oregon Track Club was laying on a terrific feast for them.

Suddenly, there wasn't the separation any more between fast and slow. Runners mingled indiscriminately, and jabbered as only tired, relieved runners can.

Jack Bachelor sat across from me. He'd dropped out at 18 miles with a calf cramp. Would he try another marathon? "It's hard to say," Jack said. "If anything, having dropped out makes me want to run again."

Frank Shorter sat down with Jack. He looked more dejected than his training partner. When he finished, Frank had been smiling. But it was a smile of relief more than a smile of relaxation. "I was just happy to be done," Frank said. As he said it, he had a distinct shade of green on his face, and he wasn't eating. He had told Moore at 20 miles, "Why couldn't Pheidippides have died here?"

The marathon—the great equalizer. Bachelor had pointed to the race for six months but lost out to a severe calf cramp. Shorter had finished second, but his nausea was keeping him from appreciating it just then.

Pain has a way of breaking down the barriers man tries to erect with his qualifying times and places.

OUT WALKING

BY MARTIN RUDOW

If stock was sold on the fortunes of United States race walking, that stock would have paralleled the rest of the market this year—many high and low points, but the overall trend slightly higher. Now, with the summer's international meets upon us, the Olympics little more than a year away, a prediction of overall strength is still hard to make.

When the strength of a program rests with a very few individuals, obviously the condition of those individuals is of general concern. So there was concern in large amounts this winter when Dave Romansky, top man last year, abruptly quit the sport after a disagreement with the judges following his disqualification in the national indoor mile. Dave's domination of the sport last year was so complete that no one took his retirement seriously, except Dave himself. He did not train a step for almost two months.

During this time, Goetz Klopfer and Tom Dooley were both recording very fast times in their infrequent races, and always-dangerous Ron Laird was looking more like the Laird of old. These three, and a few east coast walkers like John Knifton and Ron Daniel, showed promise of filling the sizeable void left by the retirement of Romansky. Still, doing that looked like an awesome task.

In May, there were encouraging developments, however, First, Larry Young showed that he is seriously on the comeback trail, as the 1968 Olympic bronze medalist (in the 50-kilometer) once again appeared on the scene and won the national 35-kilometer handily over Ron Laird. Having Larry back is a tremendous boost to US walking hopes, as he is possibly the best-ever dependable stylist and a tough competitor.

Recently, the Pan-American Games 20-kilometer trial showed that, by and large, walking fortunes are once again on the upswing. It was the best quality-of-times finish ever seen on the continent, as the first 12 were under 1:40.

Romansky, reportedly convinced by his wife to return to training, showed up but obviously was far off his best. He eventually was disqualified, but not before he had fallen well out of contention. After the race he was again serious about his retirement. While we certainly hope that Dave doesn't hold to his present plans, it looks as if there are several competitors who are ready to assume his role as top man. This race upheld that belief.

The two Bay Area bombers, Dooley and Klopfer, showed their heels to the rest of the field of 40, with Dooley taking the win very impressively. Larry Young continued to show flashes of his former brilliance and took third, not too far behind the leaders. Larry looked very strong and may be ready for a good medium-altitude 50 kilometers by Pan-American Games time. Laird may be the second American at 20 kilometers at the Pan-Ams, if Young and Klopfer walk the 50 as expected.

Behind these top men, some very significant things happened. John Knifton and John Kelly, top 50-kilometer men a

COMING EVENTS

JULY

- 4 US Masters 20-kilometer, San Diego, Calif.
- 4 AAU Junior 10-kilometer, Denver, Colo.

AUGUST

- 8 AAU Junior 40-kilometer, Long Branch, N.J.
- 22 AAU Junior 15-kilometer, Santa Monica, Calif.

SEPTEMBER

- 6 AAU Senior 30-kilometer, Black Diamond, Wash.
- 11 AAU Junior 35-kilometer, Kalispell, Mont.
- 18-19 100-mile, Columbia, Mo.
- 19 AAU Senior 25-kilometer, Westbury, N.Y.

WALKING HIGHLIGHTS

● **Westbury, N.Y., April 4**—Transplanted Englishman John Knifton unofficially broke the American record for 50 kilometers when he walked 4:10:42 on the roads. Ron Kulik finished second at 4:15:31.

● **Berlin, East Germany, April 11**—Christoph Hohne collected another world record—this one at 30 kilometers, which he walked in 2:15:16.0. Peter Frenkel led the race at two hours, where his 16 miles 993 yards was also a record.

● **West Long Branch, N.J., April 18**—While Elliott Denman was walking to a 50-mile victory (in 8:55:26), John Knifton settled for going 50 kilometers and setting en route American records at 35 (2:57:27.6) and 40 (3:24:25.5) kilometers and 25 miles (3:24:25.5).

● **Pomona, Calif., May 2**—Larry Young gathered up the first AAU championship of his comeback when he outwalked Ron Laird in the Senior 35-kilometer, 3:02:22 to 3:04:11.

● **Portland, Ore., May 9**—Todd Scully won the AAU Junior 20-kilometer title with 1:44:40.

● **San Francisco, Calif., May 23**—This was one of the big ones, and the quality of the field showed it. In the Senior 20-kilometer championship—the Pan-American and other international games qualifying race—Tom Dooley (1:32:18) and Goetz Klopfer (1:32:38) went one-two. Behind them came: 3. Larry Young 1:33:34; 4. Ron Laird 1:34:26; 5. John Knifton 1:35:08; 6. Floyd Godwin 1:35:13.

● **Chicago, Ill., May 29**—After his fourth-place finish in the 20-kilometer, Ron Laird bounced back six days later to win the national 10-kilometer with 47:09.9, beating Floyd Godwin by less than nine seconds.

● **Cedar Grove, N.J., June 12**—Three years and a long layoff after winning his Olympic medal, Larry Young is on another international team. He qualified for the Pan-Am Games by winning the AAU 50-kilometer championship in 4:18:29.2. John Knifton picked up the other spot with his 4:19:23 race. Behind them came Gary Westerfield (4:21:05), Goetz Klopfer (4:21:31), Ron Kulik (4:28:29),

RACE WALKING STATISTICS

The marks of nearly every active US walker are included in this 40-page goldmine of statistics. In-depth lists for all the standard events for the 1969 and '70 seasons. \$1.25 from RW, Box 366, Mountain View, Ca. 94040.

year ago, walked very strongly, giving depth at both distances. And in a very encouraging performance, Floyd Godwin, a hot prospect who has been injury-ridden for over a year, walked very well and reportedly without pain.

Unfortunately, there is no Lugano Cup this year to give a gauge of US strength against the rest of the world. But from personal observations, I believe that the outlook is good.

●●●●

Like the book title *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*, women's walking in this country has been in such a sorry state for years that it has to be getting better. The AAU's sanction of women's and girls' walking has given the sport a tremendous boost, as was hoped. At least in California, where races now draw girls of all ages from the many girls track teams active in the area. This is also happening in other parts of the country.

Before the official sanctioning of the sport, three competitors were quite active in recruiting others of their sex to the sport—Brenda Whitman, Jeannie Bocci and Stella Palamarchuk. Now they are reaping the inevitable rewards of such promotion; the other girls are starting to give them some tough competition. Stella and Jeannie are still on top in their areas (east coast and midwest respectively), but out west Brenda ran into some stiff competition from Katie McIntyre, a long-time “run-for-fun” enthusiast who has changed to “walking for winning,” Katie, by the way, was a one-time classmate of Jack Mortland, 1964 Olympian in walking.

We're hoping that several of the top distaff walkers can get together for a non-scoring exhibition walk which is scheduled as part of the women's track and field championships in Bakersfield in July. A good turnout may further convince AAU officials that race walking for women is already a success.

REALLY COVERING THE 50-MILE

BY ELLIOTT DENMAN

The *Asbury Park Press*, as one of New Jersey's most progressive newspapers, believes in sending its staff man to cover the major, breaking events of the day. That being the case, it was a natural for the *Press* to send out its man most experienced in this sort of thing to cover the 6th annual Eastern Regional AAU 50-mile walking championship at nearby Monmouth College in West Long Branch on April 18. The man was me.

I may as well admit now that I did just a little bit more than sit on the sidelines and take notes as the event unfurled over the 200 laps of the track. As the New Jersey AAU walking chairman, there were many organizing details to be arranged. As president of the Shore Athletic Club, there was the job of getting my team in shape for the tough, tough event that is unique in the US as the only track 50-miler. I also walked it.

There were 17 of us in the race. Ten had declared themselves for the full 50-mile distance, four opted to go the 50-kilometer (31-mile) route, and three youngsters were to go the shorter Olympic distance of 20 kilometers (12.4 miles). It took about 2½ hours for the pattern of the race to become clear. Ron Kulik has been installed the 50-mile favorite as soon as he declared for the distance. After all, he had a recent 4:15 50-kilometer race under his belt. But Kulik went to the sidelines after 18 miles, putting Howie Jacobson in the lead. Jacobson, however, went out at 22½ miles, and that's when the real 50-milers took over.

(While this was happening, John Knifton was breaking US records at 25 miles, 35 and 40 kilometers, en route to his 50-kilometer assignment, and leaving internationalists Dave Romansky and Ron Daniel on the sidelines.)

I had started fairly briskly and went through 10 miles in 1:43:07 and 20 in 3:25:59. George Braceland, a spry youngster of 57 with decathlon ambitions, was nearly as brisk. Tagging along were Jack Blackburn, the “baby” of the field at 35; Montana's Larry O'Neil, the US 100-mile champion making his debut in the east against this field of “sprinters,” and Don Johnson, the US Masters champion in



ELLIOTT DENMAN

the over-50 20-kilo walk.

By 35 miles, Braceland had dropped back by 2½ laps, but he dug in and came up strongly in the last few miles. The end came none too soon for me in 8:55:26. As I sat down, Braceland took his final lap and finished in 8:58:05. Blackburn had just enough to hold off O'Neil for third, 9:46:29

to 9:46:20. Johnson, despite numerous leg and foot miseries, struggled home in 10:33:05.

For all the finishers except Blackburn, this “ultra” walking stuff was nothing new. I had walked the London-to-Brighton 52½-miler in England in 1965, '67 and '69. Since we're in an odd year again, I'll admit that the Eastern Regional 50 was a way of warming up for the “Brighton.” Johnson hopes to be on the starting line, too, when Big Ben strikes 7 a.m. on Sept. 4. Braceland now has four track 50s under his belt and has finished second the last four years. Johnson also has finished the 50 four times, and both he and Braceland have one “Brighton” to their credit. O'Neil of course is the unchallenged king of the 100-mile distance and monopolizer of honors in the annual track 100 at Columbia, Mo. Blackburn, who just missed the US Olympic team as a 10,000-meter runner in 1956, just missed it again at both Olympic walking distances in 1960 and has been a top-notcher at the shorter walk distance ever since.

I was pleased with the triumph, naturally. It was almost as big a moment as making the US Olympic team in 1956. I was nowhere near the meet and American records. But winning's the thing, isn't it?

The race was something else—all in a day's work. I was back at my *Asbury Press* desk as usual that night.

George Young has had an on-again, off-again career as a runner. Each time he comes back from one of his long layoffs, he comes back better than ever. After the 1969 indoor season—where he collected world indoor records at two and three miles—he “retired.” But this winter, fortified by high-altitude training at Flagstaff, Ariz. (where he’s attending graduate school at Northern Arizona University), he returned. In May, George broke the American 5000-meter record.

Young, now almost 34, is a hard trainer and a gritty competitor—and a man with solid ideas on why he’s doing what he does. He gives a sample here.

Contrary to appearances, he isn’t preparing for the Olympics. He says, “No, I don’t have any designs on Munich. I plan to take a coaching job at a junior college next year, and according to the good ol’ AAU I would lose my eligibility.” But don’t be surprised if George shows up for his fourth straight Games.

Probably the greatest distance runner in the world, as far as records go, is Ron Clarke—recently retired. Ron, over a period of years, has held many world records. Like myself, he found it hard to explain why he had run for such a long time. He said he enjoyed running because he knew he could force his body to do things other people could not do. He felt his endurance was much more than anybody else’s, and that this in itself was an achievement, whether or not he won on the track.

What Ron says is correct. You run to increase your endurance. And here I’m not talking so much of physical endurance. I ran more than 100 miles a week for a few years to increase my physical endurance. In all seriousness, it wasn’t too hard to run 100 miles a week—physically. Mentally, however, it was hard to get out of bed at six o’clock in the morning, and it still is for me. Mentally it is much harder to run 100 miles a week than physically.

In the Book of Romans it says: “Let us exalt in our sufferings because we know that suffering trains us to endure.” Endurance brings us proof that we have stood the test, and this is grounds for hope. I think there is a tremendous thought in this as far as training goes.

If each one of us would run just a little bit farther, harder and faster than our competition, every day, we’d be a success. I don’t believe there is any way you can help from being one. Because our endurance will have been increased over that of our opponents. I know it’s hard to always work a little harder than everybody else, but there’s an old saying that a person who loves roses is not afraid of the briars or the brambles.

For a long time I didn’t have any great physical stature, and I’m not particularly fast. My wife agreed, but added that I was a lot harder-headed than most people. Nevertheless, the reason for my winning all my races in one year’s time was the fact that I did just a little bit more. It was very minimal. In terms of mileage it wasn’t any more, in terms of speed it wasn’t any more. But it was just a bit more consistent. It was so little that it did not hurt any more. I wondered why I had run for so many years without realizing that if I trained a little harder I would have been much better.

I’ve found that there is no *one* right way to get into

condition. And there is no secret as to how to get into top condition. There is one answer to the whole thing and that is *consistency*. You have to start from Point X and work to Point Y, consistently. This includes three things. Number one is strength and endurance. This is both muscular and cardio-respiratory endurance. Secondly, after you acquire a certain degree of strength/endurance, you work on speed. The third factor is mental toughness, and this results from achieving the first two. You have to work on these aspects in this order.

In May of 1967, I was in the hospital with bleeding ulcers. This was the time I made my final decision. Either I would quit at that time or do something more before I quit. I decided to keep going.

I started off in September running 12 quarters at 70-71 seconds with a one-minute interval. At the end of six months, I was running the same 12 quarters with the same one-minute interval in 60 seconds. I started off running 12 352-yard runs (one-fifth mile) at 52-53 seconds. At the end of six months, I was running 46-47. There was the same sort of progression with 330s and 220s.

On my interval training, after about the first three or four months, everything I did was faster than race pace. Also, I never ran a time-trial. I rarely run longer than about a mile because I can’t go faster than race pace, and I believe you have to train faster than you race.

My workouts were—and still are—short in duration;

HOW YOUNG ST



Young, eventual bronze medalist, hangs off the pace early in the 1968 Olympic steeplechase. (Don Wilkinson photo)

no more than 45 minutes. Unless you are strictly a marathoner, I believe that if you're spending more than 1½ hours on the track you're sitting down part of the time, or you're not running fast enough, or your intervals are too long. My intervals are short, and my warmup and cooldown are at 5½-minute mile pace, so they are part of my workout rather than part of my enjoyment period. If you want to go for a jog and sightsee, fine. I don't want to stay out on the track for an hour and a half, as I don't have that much fun. I want to get my workout done and get in.

The morning run in September of 1967 was a very slow, easy 4-5 miles. Around the first of December, I moved this to 7½ miles, which I ran in around 50 minutes. By the first of May, I was running it consistently at 41-42 minutes. This is about 5:30 per mile. Early in the season, I took long runs at least once a week. Later in the season, sometimes two a week. At the beginning, 12 miles was a long run. I got up to 20 miles. Normally I work twice a day six days a week and take a long run the seventh day.

If I wanted to concentrate on marathoning, I would probably continue training about two more years. However, I would do more long runs. I went through a mental torment (in 1968) of why to run a marathon and whether or not to finish. The long runs help overcome this. I remember going through the same thing with my first few steeplechases. I felt this was no race for man to run; the horses should have kept it. But after experiencing the race several

times, I no longer feel this way.

I believe my overall program of running 440s, etc., prepares me to run any race from the mile to the marathon. A lot of marathoners don't agree with this, but then I don't believe marathoners know how to train yet, either. Some people say I shouldn't have run the marathon at Mexico City because my program hadn't prepared me for it. The fact is that I beat them all at the trials, and I believe I could have done the same thing at Mexico City if I could have gotten enough liquids down. I found that you have to slow down to get liquids down. Have you ever tired putting Gatorade in your eye. That's what I did. In that marathon, I got cramps from the bottom of my toes to the top of my buttocks with 4000 meters to go. Six months later my hamstrings were still sore.

I run by myself. I think this is a very positive factor. I think everyone should try to do it, at least part of the time. If it takes someone else to go with you to force you to do your workout, what's going to happen when you step on the track? When you race, you're by yourself. Sure, you're running with people, but also you're alone. And if you can't go out by yourself for a hard 15- or 20-miler and keep pushing it, if you can't do your 440s on the track by yourself and make yourself push it, then you're not going to be able to do it in a race, either. I have seen hundreds of runners who were physically in better condition than I was. Mentally, however, they were not, so consequently they couldn't win the race.

I have run completely by myself for the past 11 or 12 years. Eventually, I didn't want anybody else around, because when I was doing my workout I was in a world all my own. I was running races. Every time I run one of those 12 quarters I am running against somebody—maybe Ron Clarke, maybe the Russians, but always against somebody. I do this every day. Otherwise I wouldn't be able to get up at 6:00 in the morning. When I sit up on the side of the bed and think about going back to sleep, the one thing that pops into my mind is that the Russians are over there training right now. And before I know it, I am out the door running.

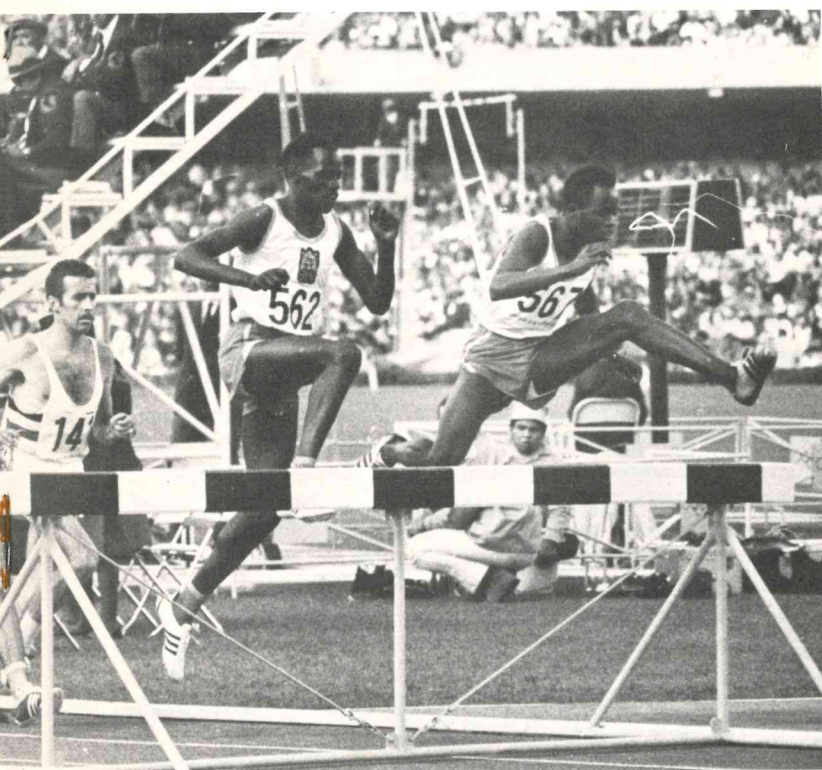
Another thing I accomplish by running alone is learning to evaluate myself. I believe a runner should consistently evaluate himself physically and mentally. Coaches should coach youngsters to the point where they can do this themselves. You ought to be able to evaluate what you are doing, what you *can* do and whether you are at the point you should be in your progression.

I am never totally fresh in training, nor completely dead. When I speak of training as hard as you can, I mean without injuring yourself. You train to the point—that very fine line—beyond which you would start tearing your body down. Then you stop for that workout. Physically, I am tired all the time. I just maintain this level of tiredness without pushing the workouts too hard. Only seldom do I purposely take it easy.

I believe that if you run for 20 years, as I have, you ought to progress every year and every month of the year as you run. Your times will steadily improve. How long can a person compete and win? I believe I will live to see a person 40 years of age break four minutes in the mile. I am 33, and I feel I can compete for 10 more years. I don't see any reason why a person could not make an Olympic team at 40 years of age. If you can keep your mental conditioning at a high level, you can compete.

AYS THAT WAY

BY GEORGE YOUNG



Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS

Welsh runners, because of the comparative isolation of most of them from athletics centers, do not make the headlines nearly as often as their more fortunate English cousins. But two among several who are beginning to make their mark on the distance running scene are Bernard Plain and Malcolm Thomas.

Bernard Plain, Welsh record holder at 5000 and 10,000 meters, is very proud of his Welsh nationality. Quite a number of promising Welsh runners leave Wales and move into the London area where there is ample competition and a better opportunity of attracting the attention of selectors. Bernard, however, decided that he would remain in his native Cardiff and take his chance of making the grade. He has been fortunate, as he readily admits, in getting a job at the sports stadium, so that he is not lacking for facilities.

Last year was a big year for 24-year-old Plain, and the year which earned him the opportunity to run against the athlete he most admires—Ron Clarke. This was in the Commonwealth Games, in which 5'8½", 130-pound Plain set Welsh records of 14:02 in the 5000 and 28:51.6 for 10,000. He feels sure that his time in the longer race would have been appreciably better had he run more sensibly. He forced his way into the lead at 6000 meters, a bold move too early in such a high-class field, and paid the penalty when the pressure was applied a lap or two later.

Training has progressed from his early four or five runs a week, mostly on the track, to the twice-daily routine totaling 100-125 miles per week which he now uses. Usually this works out as an easy 20-25 miles on Sunday, and for the rest of the week 10 miles in the morning and six in the evening. The pace varies, most of the running being at a steady speed but with one or two hard sessions and some fartlek included. Winter and summer training are similar except that in the track season he will speed up the fartlek sessions and will also put in some shorter, faster efforts such as 15 x 400 meters in 65 seconds with a 60-second recovery, or 15 x 200 in 28 with a 60-second recovery.

Asked about his plans for the future, Bernard says he is aiming for a place on the British team for the European championships this summer and then for the 1972 Olympics. He

LOOK OUT, LIQUORI AND RYUN



Walter Wilkinson's 3:56.6 paces a fast early-season mile in Britain. Peter Stewart ran 3:57.4 and Brendan Foster 3:58.5. (Mark Shearman photo)

hopes to raise his standards high enough to ensure himself a regular place on British international teams. A good marathon is also at the back of his mind, and this seems quite a possibility as he already this year has achieved a time of 1:41:52 for 20 miles, and his best 10-mile track time of 48:16.8 is another indication that he possesses the stamina-speed combination required for success at the longer distances.

With British standards so high in all events from three miles upwards, Bernard's ambitions will not be attained without a great deal of dedicated effort, perseverance and mental stability. There is plenty of evidence that the Welsh record holder has his full share of such attributes, and we can expect to hear a lot more of Bernard Plain over the next few years.

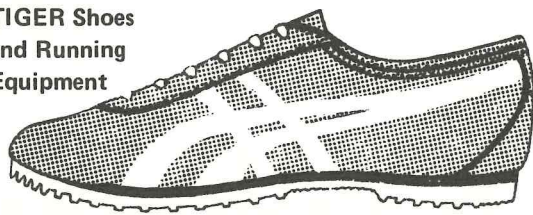
Malcolm Thomas really came under the spotlight when running into second place in this year's British national cross-country championship, beating the favorite, Trevor Wright (see May 1971 "Spotlight") in the process. Not that Thomas was unknown by any means. He had already enjoyed a fair measure of success for the past few years and was the reigning Welsh champion. But perhaps because of his lack of success on the track (for reasons which will be explained) few people expected him to figure so prominently against the top English runners. But there was no fluke about this and his second in the national was followed by a highly creditable sixth at the international in Spain.

Thomas, 22, just under six feet in height and strongly built at 158 pounds, is a civil engineer living and working in Sheffield, Yorkshire. He was interested in athletics from as early an age as 10. He competed as a 13-year-old but without

Now Open

'*RUNNING UNLIMITED*'

TIGER Shoes
and Running
Equipment



Come by our store or write—

**RUNNING UNLIMITED, 407 California, Palo
Alto, California 94306 (415) 328-4274**

Hours: M-F—11:30-5:30; Sat—10-3

success, and it was not until he reached the age of 16 that any evidence of above-average ability appeared. In the school cross-country championships he suddenly found that this was where his talents lay. He beat all comers, including those two years older than himself. This was the incentive he needed, and he joined the local club and started training.

After several rather uneventful seasons, Malcolm made his first international cross-country team two years ago, placing 33rd (one place behind America's Tracy Smith).

The 1970 cross-country season was less satisfactory as Malcolm was out of running for nearly three months through injury. He still managed to win the Welsh title and finish 14th in the nation with only eight weeks training behind him. And so to the 1970 cross-country season, with a first in the Welsh, second in the national and sixth in the international. But what of his track performances?

Here we come to the main difference between Thomas and Plain. Whereas Bernard has managed to steer fairly clear from injury, Malcolm has found himself a victim each track season. As he himself puts it, "You can say that my injury list is the most impressive record I hold." Just consider these facts: summer 1967—two consecutive hairline stress fractures, one in each shin; summer 1968—felt exhausted after first-ever full winter's training; diagnosed as blood disorder and took several months to recover; summer 1969—fell down a quarry and twisted ankle, which turned into achilles tendon trouble and lasted months; winter 1969-70—hairline fracture in leg close to knee; summer 1970—series of tendon problems.

I asked him what effect this frustrating series of injuries has had upon him; has it made him wonder whether it is all worthwhile? His answer, to me, reveals the character of a true champion. Here is his reply: "The deep depression of injury just increases the driving force to run again."

Thomas has found by trial and error that longish runs at a steady pace are the most enjoyable and profitable in his particular case. He aims for 80-90 miles a week over the country and on roads, mostly at a moderate rather than slow speed. Improvement has come with increase in mileage from the 30 or so he was doing in his earlier days. Usually he does four miles in the lunch hour and 10 in the evening. During the earlier part of the week, he tends to make the pace somewhat faster, then gradually easing off with a single session only on Friday so as to be ready and eager for Saturday's cross-country race. Other ideas which he puts into practice are: (1) to race on three consecutive Saturdays and then to train only for the next two, and (2) to include an early morning run for a fortnight before an important race. This, he says, is "killing," but he regards it as a necessary mental test.

Naturally, Malcolm's most pressing desire is to enjoy a trouble-free summer season and to break through on the track as he has done so effectively over the country. Understandably, in view of his misfortunes so far, he does not plan on a long term basis but just sets realistic goals month by month, with two or three major races to be given special attention. As to the "why" of running, this is what he says:

"I suppose it can be described as enjoyment on three levels. On a daily basis it is the physical outlet, getting out in the country and just plain running. Also there is the feeling of real fitness. On a weekly level, it takes you out of the normal routine. The whole ritual of traveling to a race, being a member of a team, and the fantastic number of people I've got to know through running. The final level is getting success for the work put in, knowing you are running well, winning, and the material perks like trips abroad. But unless the first two levels of enjoyment are felt, then the latter level is nowhere, in my opinion."

SAVE ————— SAVE

The summer running season is upon us, and it's time to order a new pair of Tiger running shoes to use while the old ones are being resoled. To entice you, we are now offering one-third off on the Tiger "Boston." This shoe combines a full length, double-layered foam cushion with a long wearing (semi-ripple sole and soft leather uppers. A fine training flat, its light weight makes it suitable for road racing. The regular price—\$14.95. Now only \$9.95.

Also available at \$5 off are our top quality double-knit 100% acrylic sweat suits—now \$9.95; and the popular blister-proof Spenco neoprene insoles for \$2.95—a 25% saving.

Item	Size	Color	Price
Tiger "Boston"			\$9.95
Sweat Suit (2 piece; chest size)	s (34-36) m (38-40) l (42-44) xl (46-48)	red, green or blue	\$9.95
Spenco Insole (same as shoe size)			\$2.95

(Add \$1.00 for postage; California residents add 5% sales tax.)

Send orders to:

the running shop • larkspur

CALIFORNIA 94939

Phone: (415) 924-6370

U.S. AND BRITAIN--A COMPARISON

BY MICK HAMLIN

My last race in the US was the Jackrabbit 15-mile in South Dakota (incidentally, a very well-run event). I won in 1:25:24. My first race after arriving back in the United Kingdom was a 15-miler, eight weeks after the South Dakota race. I was 15th in 1:21:57. In that example, you have one basic difference between the two countries. In Britain, there are a lot more people running fast in the same race. And with people running fast all around you, you pull out a bit more yourself.

In Britain, we all live a lot closer together. Traveling is a harder business on our roads, but there are always a lot of people drawn together for races. In "open" races (i.e., those advertised), you can confidently expect a field of 100 to start. The "classic" events naturally draw more.

Whereas a distance runner in the Twin Cities area of Minnesota rarely journeys farther than Wisconsin or South Dakota, in Britain northerners regularly journey to the south and midlands. The distance is probably the same, but the number of people and population centers—and therefore clubs and runners and races—are more.

A distance runner in the counties bordering London can literally run a road race almost every week—if he can take it. Most don't, of course. But nevertheless the fields usually hover around the 100 mark.

I don't want to say too much about the standard of the British runners. Probably to say that 50 Britons beat 2:27 this last year in the marathon is enough. But the marathon is *not* the best event in Britain. The standard is probably higher in 10-milers, where both marathoners and six-milers will turn out. There were 50 British six-milers under 29:00 last year, and all hit the roads regularly.

This leads me to another point. I personally think there are too many marathons promoted in the US. A group of people gets together and decides to promote a race. They decide on a marathon. Probably that marathon is the only event within traveling distance for a lot of runners. So they all have a go at it. Maybe they have never raced

before. Okay, I know it's the classic distance. Olympics, romance, drama and all that stuff, but don't forget the discomfort involved as well. A few more 10s and 15s would be a better idea. You don't get good at the marathon by running nothing but marathons. I would hazard a guess that there are no more than a dozen marathons annually in the United Kingdom.

Let me make a few observations as an outsider to your setup. An outsider who eight months ago was an insider.

Great strides (an appropriate expression) have been made recently, in 1970 alone even. More people are taking to distance events in the US. Thankfully, a lot of coaches are catching on, and thankfully a lot of runners are managing to exist without being babied by "coach." The two jokes Europeans have had about US track are about your distance runners and the "coach." Thankfully, not so many runners nowadays think that the coach makes the sun rise and set.

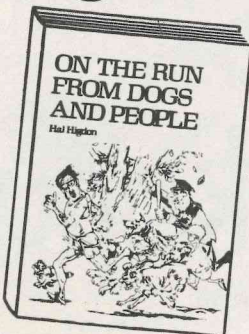
This last year, your marathon rankings improved no end, and with trackmen moving in, collegians moving in with them, then "I have to admit it's getting better, getting better all the time." (Who sang that?)

So now, before I get accused of waving the Union Jack in everyone's eyes, let me just add that you over there have the marathon tradition, not the British. You have had both Thomas Hicks (1904) and Johnny Hayes (1908) win the Olympic marathon. Britain still awaits its first Olympic marathon victor. I'm not partisan. I'll cheer for the Yanks in Munich. I hope they come fourth, fifth and sixth!

As an afterthought, I would add that in the US runners seem a bit more friendly and interested in the sport as a whole. Somehow British runners give me the impression of being more "cut-throat" and perhaps a bit more concerned with "beating" rather than running for its own sake. Perhaps I'm wrong. I hope I am.

Mick Hamlin, a native of England, spent much of 1969 and '70 living, traveling and running in North America. He is a regular Runner's World contributor.

On the Run from Dogs and People



by Hal Higdon

The world of the runner is a strange, special, and often humorous one. Despite clashing with cars, neighbors, policemen, and dogs, the runner continues on his way seemingly oblivious to the slings and laughter of the non-running spectator.

Hal Higdon presents a lively and entertaining survey of the sport concentrating on the many runners and joggers he knows personally. He has wittily captured their stories with the keen perception only another runner could possess. Hal did very well in the 1960 Olympic trials; he's won several national running titles; he has competed in the Boston Marathon nine times (in 1964 he was the first American across the finish line). He's a runner's runner.

\$5.95 from Runner's World
P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

MARATHON HANDBOOKS

1970

The original Marathon Handbook has articles that are as valuable and interesting now as when they were written.

- "Meet the Marathoners"—profiles on the stars of the sport: Derek Clayton, Ron Hill, Jerome Drayton, Bill Adcocks, Ken Moore, Chuck Smead.

- Features on Bob Deines, Ted Corbitt, recovering from a marathon, and more.

- 1969 world and North American statistical lists.

54 pages, many photos—\$1.50.

1971

No book has ever covered the marathon like this one—a completely revised and updated version of Marathon Handbook.

- Marathon Calendar—a complete schedule of US and Canadian races for 1971.

- Who's Who in Marathoning—brief looks at 10 top runners.

- Articles on women marathoners, Jim McDonagh, the 50-mile, etc.

- And full statistical lists—including ALL sub-3:00 Americans and Canadians.

64 pages, well-illustrated—\$175..

RUNNER'S WORLD MAGAZINE, BOX 366, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF. 94040

1971's BEST MARATHONERS

These are brief lists of the best 1971 marathons run in the world, US and Canada through June 6. Roger Gynn Compiled the world times. Send all corrections to Runner's World.

UNITED STATES

2:16:48.6 Ken Moore (27, Ore)
 2:17:22.2 Alvaro Mejia (30, Cal/Colombia)
 2:17:44.5 Frank Shorter (23, Fla)
 2:18:47.4 Pat McMahon (29, Mass/Ireland)
 2:19:16.7 Herb Lorenz (32, NJ)
 2:20:05 John Vitale (22, Conn)
 2:20:18 Scott Bringham (22, Utah)
 2:20:35 Bill Scobey (26, Calif)
 2:21:09.8 Bruce Mortenson (27, Minn)
 2:22:00 Tom Robinson (20, Wash)
 2:22:10 Jeff Galloway (25, Fla)
 2:22:23 Johan Halberstadt (21, Ok/SA)
 2:22:33 Byron Lowry (24, Calif)
 2:22:38 Bill Clark (27, Calif)
 2:23:06 Skip Houk (29, Calif)
 2:23:23 Art Coolidge (24, NY)
 2:23:24 Charlie Harris (30, Calif)
 2:23:34 Eddie Cadena (Calif)
 2:23:44.2 Tom Fleming (19, NJ)
 2:23:47.2 Steve Dean (21, Calif)
 2:23:54 Willie Speck (RI)
 2:24:19 Doug Schmenk (20, Calif)
 2:24:43 Mike Kimball (30, Ohio)
 2:25:16 Chuck Walker (18, Ariz)
 2:25:29 Augustin Calle (NY/Colombia)
 2:25:52 Bob Thurston (27, DC)
 2:25:58 Fred Best (35, NJ)
 2:26:24 Moses Mayfield (26, Pa)
 2:26:25 Bill Norris (Ore)
 2:26:42 Jerry Jobski (26, Ariz)
 2:27:05 Ken Mueller (34, Mass)
 2:27:11 Bob Deines (23, Calif)
 2:27:17 Jack Fultz (Va)

CANADA

2:22:53 Garry Harrison (33, BC)
 2:24:57 John Cliff (Ont)
 2:25:21 Ron Wallingford (37, Ont)
 2:26:52 Paul Hoffman (29, Alta)
 2:27:22 Art Taylor (40+, Ont)
 2:28:21 Charlie Thorne (23, BC)
 2:28:53 Robert Kochan (Sask)
 2:31:41 Ray Will (33, Ont)
 2:32:17 John Mowatt (Ont)
 2:32:52 Ernie Wilson (Man)

WORLD

2:12:39 Ron Hill (32, GB)
 2:13:27 Trevor Wright (24, GB)
 2:13:45.2 Hayami Tanimura (26, Japan)
 2:14:03 Jurgen Busch (25, EG)
 2:14:58.6 Don Faircloth (22, GB)
 2:15:19 Jeff Julian (35, NZ)
 2:15:21 Colin Kirkham (26, GB)
 2:15:27 Alex Wight (28, GB)
 2:15:43 Jim Alder (31, GB)
 2:15:43 Jim Wight (26, GB)

US WOMEN

3:00:35 Sara Berman (34, Mass)
 3:01:42 Beth Bonner (18, Del)
 3:09:00 Nina Kuscsik (32, NY)
 3:09:47 Mary Decker (12, Calif)
 3:10:57 Betty Wake (33, Calif)
 3:15:28 Kathy Miller (24, NY)
 3:18:00 Natalie Cullimore (33, Calif)
 3:26:27 Donna Gookin (34, Calif)
 3:26:28 Vicki Foltz (27, Wash)

US AGES 40-49

2:33:03 Virgil Yehmert (42, Ohio)
 2:33:13 Jim McDonagh (47, NY)
 2:42:06 T. A. de Lusignan (40, Calif)
 2:43:47 Peter Mundle (42, Calif)
 2:44:09 John Kelley (40, Calif)

US AGES 50-59

2:42:47 Ted Corbitt (51, NY)
 2:51:04 Paul Reese (53, Calif)
 2:52:00 Richard Steiner (51, Calif)
 3:04:05 Wayne Zook (53, Calif)
 3:04:33 Bill Tribou (50+, Conn)

US AGES 60 AND UP

2:53:53 Monty Montgomery (64, Calif)
 3:08:23 Norman Bright (61, Wash)
 3:28:43 Jim Bole (63, Calif)
 3:35:54 John Kelley (63, Mass)
 3:42:17 Walt Frederick (63, Calif)

US AGES 17-19

2:23:44.2 Tom Fleming (19, NJ)
 2:25:16 Chuck Walker (18, Ariz)
 2:28:02 Chuck Smead (19, Calif)
 2:28:03 Justin Gubbins (19, DC)
 2:28:21 Jose Cortez (19, Calif)

US AGES 14-16

2:39:43 Mitch Kingery (14, Calif)
 2:40:14 Shawn Vallas (16, Calif)
 2:40:19 Tim Nix (16, Ore)
 2:40:38 Russ Daggett (15, Wash)
 2:41:09 Robert Waugh (16, Ariz)

US AGES 11-13

2:53:34 David Cortez (13, Calif)
 3:09:15 David Hargus (11, Calif)
 3:09:27 Mary Decker (12, Calif)
 3:13:57.9 Joel Bowman (13, Wash)
 3:13:57.9 Seth Bowman (12, Wash)

US AGES 10 AND UNDER

3:24:34 Bill Tracey (10, Calif)
 3:28:18 Mike Boitano (9, Calif)
 3:44:11 David Jaeger (10, Calif)
 3:46:21 Mary Etta Boitano (8, Calif)
 3:48:56 Russell Riddell (9, Calif)

MEXICO'S DISTANCE UPRISING

BY PETE BURKHART

Distance running is really on the upswing in Mexico. The 1968 Olympics were a milestone, bringing long runs firmly in front of the public. The exploits of Juan Martinez in his fourth-place finishes in the 5000 and 10,000 meters opened the door to many youths seeking to represent Mexico in international competition.

All of the major cities have distance runners working out at universities and sports centers. The heaviest concentration of athletes is in the Mexico City area. Here, in the facilities of the Centro Deportivo Olimpico Mexicano, the most promising of the long distance runners work out under the tutelage of national coach Tadeus Kempka, preparing now for this summer's Pan-American Games.

I am living in the city of Puebla, which is about a two-hour drive southeast of Mexico City. Not a day goes by that you can't find the newspapers crammed with information about distance running and track. It is really an encouragement to the younger athletes on their way up.

Mexico has set a high standard for the Pan-American Games. In fact, the country may not send any sprinters at all to compete. Full emphasis is going to the distance men, and there are plenty of good ones.

As the Games approach, Juan Martinez has popped back into training and is running 20 miles daily. He has been on a long layoff as a result of injuries and the depression of not gaining a medal in '68. He won the Sao Paulo (Brazil) midnight run a year ago against a tough field, but even this didn't help his memories of the past Olympics. He plans to specialize in the 5000 at Cali. For the 1972 Olympics, he wants to double in the 10,000 and marathon. To this end, he will travel to Germany this summer to compete in a marathon.

For the distance races on the track, the runners are working out at a 185-kilometers-a-week (115 miles) level. This involves repetitions of 1200, 2000 and 3000 meters. Once a week they run a 20-kilometer workout on the road. The marathoners are covering 220-240 kilometers (135-150 miles) each week. They are running this in cycles of preparation over two-week periods. This, as with the track men, involves high quantities of interval work. All training for these potential Pan-American Games runners is outlined by coach Kempka.

The 1968 Olympics didn't bring any medals to the Mexican delegation in the distance events. However, it will be a surprise to see them shut out at the Pan-American Games.

Meanwhile, for the non-internationalists, most running down here is done in a club system such as exists in the United States. The major problem seems to be a lack of information from the central sports system in Mexico City to the other large cities in the republic. If an athlete is training for competition, he really has to search diligently to find when and where the races are. If he lives in Mexico City, he is somewhat better off, but he still must have inside scoops from other runners. I do quite a bit of running at a local track, and close by is the state sports information center. They admit there is a lack of sufficient contact, but instead of correcting it they say "manana"—which means, eventually all will be well.

There is also a sports equipment problem down here. In Puebla, it is impossible to purchase shoes to run in. You have

to go down to Mexico City to get some, and the brands are limited due to the import quota. So I've been plugging away in soft jogging shoes. The shoes that appear on runners at races are so worn it is hard to recognize what they were originally.

I don't find any major problems with the altitude. I ran in a 7000-meter hill race. It started above the city at about 7700 feet elevation, and then went uphill to a forested ridge before returning. I'll admit that I had to walk at 9000 feet just a bit. There were 140 starters, mostly soldiers, and the race went up a tank trail. It was fast. The winner did 26 minutes and was way out in front. I was sandwiched in the middle.

I've started running daily after about five years of just jogging. I train on the flats; at 7300 feet I don't look for hills. If you go out in the early morning as the sun comes out, it is quite rare not to encounter another runner. Which speaks well for Mexican distance running—present and future.

Pete Burkhart, a transplanted New Englander, is a long-time contributor to Runner's World and understandably gives a good deal of his attention to Latin American runners.

GO AHEAD



*NO INSEAMS
TO CHAFE AND BLISTER*

Go ahead — with full use of your abilities. Run in NEW BALANCE shoes — designed according to orthopedic principles to give you natural foot action and built-in performance. NEW BALANCE shoes come in widths for better fit and comfort and the special design helps prevent foot, leg and knee problems. Inside and out, NEW BALANCE has more going for you. Go ahead — get a pair on — you'll like the action.

SHOES
are a runner's
most important
equipment

Developed under Orthopedic Principles in Cooperation
with Nationally Known Coaches

SEND FOR CATALOG R

CANADA: Michel Rose
6976 Des Erables #3
Montreal 330, Quebec

NEW BALANCE

ATHLETIC SHOE CO.
174 BELMONT ST. WATERTOWN, MASS. 02172

BEATING MAN'S BEST FRIEND

BY TOM OSLER

Recently, I overheard two runners talking about their difficulties with dogs during training. Both had been bitten. The problem seems to be widespread. When I changed jobs to teach mathematics at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute last fall, I was surprised to find that the athletic department had issued a spray dog repellent to cross-country runners after two had been bitten. It seems to me that this is unfortunate, since knowledge of the proper technique for encountering dogs is all but certain to result in nothing worse than loud barking. In some 17 years of consistent racing and training, I have approached dogs in the manner described below, and never once have had real difficulty.

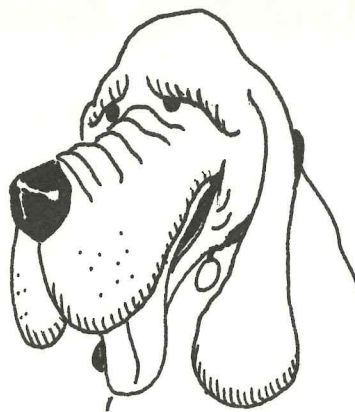
Before describing a particular approach to the handling of animals, let's look at a few facts concerning dog psychology and physiology.

- 1. You can't outrun a dog.
- 2. Many dogs, who are otherwise calm, are alarmed by the sight of a man running.
- 3. The closer you are to the dog's home, the more aggressive he becomes.
- 4. Dogs seem to enjoy chasing (and sometimes biting) persons who they sense *fear* them.
- 5. Dogs are natural cowards. They simply will not engage a man who does not appear to fear them, and who gestures in a manner which seems aggressive to them.
- 6. Dogs are more readily held at bay by fear than by pain. (If I were attacked by a dog pack, I imagine it would be better to have a garbage can lid than a knife. Beating on the lid with a stick should create sound which frightens off almost any animal.
- 7. Stopping usually placates the dog.
- 8. When a dog bites a man, it is almost always by attacking him from the rear.

Now that we understand something about Fido's thoughts and methods, let's discuss a practical way of applying this information to our all-too-frequent encounters.

You're running down the road, and there he is, some 50-100 yards away, alert and snarling. He begins to run at you. Just continue so as not to appear alarmed until he is about 8-10 yards away. He has probably maneuvered so as to be at your side or rear. Now turn quickly toward him, shouting loudly "stop" or "halt," and gesture threateningly with your arms. At this point, many dogs retreat, some stop about 3-5 yards away and bark, and very, very few continue to come (say, 1 in 1000). In the first case, the battle is all but over. You have frightened the dog and he feels you are his superior. You can now continue on your way, but keep an eye on him to make sure he does not run at you from the rear (in which case you repeat the above procedure).

Sometimes the dog stops and menaces you from a short distance, thereby making it difficult to continue running without the threat of being bitten. In this case, reach down for a stick, stone or can and threaten him with it. The simple act of reaching for an instrument usually causes the dog to lose heart. After all, he knows that when his master reaches for a strap, he has reason for fear. The dog has learned before that man is far more dangerous with something in his hand.



In the rare case that the dog continues to run at you (this happens to me about twice a year), run at him and give him a good kick. Simultaneously shout at him. He should now back off. I have never had the encounter continue

beyond this. Should the dog continue to attack, you realize that you are confronting an animal which is a public menace. Time for restraint has passed. Strike hard and fast at his nose, gouge out an eye, or grab a leg and break it.

Some important don'ts: Never run away from an attacking animal. He's a cinch to catch any bi-ped, and just might get away with a few ounces of tender road runner. And never let the animal run at you, at close range, from the rear. Remember, he is a natural coward and avoids face-to-face confrontation.

Spray repellents are not the answer to our problem; good technique is. Remember, the dog doesn't know any better and almost always is restrained by the simple act of shouting aggressively at him.

Also, if you have a problem right now with a dog on your favorite course, he probably is convinced that you are afraid of him. This is bad. The next time you encounter him, carry a few small stones or a stick and throw them at him as he approaches. This initial artillery should convince him that you've changed ways.

Finally, it doesn't seem to be easy for those who have experienced difficulty with dogs to overcome their fear. Repeating the above techniques, and discovering first-hand that they are effective, should in time develop the runner's self-confidence. He should thereby find that he grows more and more effective in controlling animals as they will instinctively sense his lack of fear.

Tom Osler, a mathematics professor and veteran marathoner, is the author of the booklet The Conditioning of Long Distance Runners.



Whether you are already jogging. . . or still in the thinking-about-it stage, membership in the NJA will take you an important stride forward.

For Fitness—mail this coupon today!

National Jogging Association
Suite 513 Washington Medical Bldg.
1801 Eye St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

- Please send full information on NJA membership.
- Forward 32-page booklet "Guidelines For Successful Jogging." (Enclose \$1.00)

Name
Address
City State Zip

TIGER shoes were first in the racing world with nylon uppers. It was almost four years ago when our new uppers gave American runners 2 great advantages over traditional leather:

- 1 — Lighter weight
- 2 — Greater comfort

These features caused our nylon shoes to zoom in popularity and today 3 of our best-selling models have nylon uppers.

But with success has come imitation.

Other brands are now "introducing" track shoes with nylon uppers.

We no longer have the ONLY nylon shoes, but we have the BEST.



The Original Nylons



TIGER

BLUE RIBBON SPORTS

N. WESTERN OFFICE
6900 S.W. Haines Rd.
Plaza 1
Tigard, Oregon 97223
Tel. (503) 639-8803

S. WESTERN OFFICE
9073 Washington Blvd.
Culver City, Cal. 90230
Tel. (213) 836-4848

S. EASTERN OFFICE
5568 S.W. Eighth
Coral Gables, Fla. 33134
Tel. (305) 445-5642

N. EASTERN OFFICE
75 Middlesex Avenue
Natick, Mass. 01760
Tel. (617) 655-1180



THE MID-ATLANTIC MARATHON

Joseph Carr runs his marathons the hard way. A petty officer assigned to the aircraft carrier *Intrepid*, Carr was at sea this year when the Boston marathon occurred. Carr didn't quietly accept his fate. He staked out a track on the ship's expansive flight deck. Not a normal track but an irregular, figure-eight affair. Then he set out to run a marathon on it—"the only full marathon ever run on a ship crossing the Atlantic," he called it. Eleven shipmates started with him, but all abandoned him later. With the ship rolling and pitching and the wind blowing a steady 30 miles per hour, Carr completed the 131+ laps in 3:25:48—nearly a half-hour faster than he ran at Boston last year.

TOUGH TIMES AT TENDER AGES

For a boy—any boy—age 14 is a time of turmoil. Revolutionary physical changes and entrance into high school place him on what Ken Moore aptly describes as "the uncertain sands of adolescent society." Serious considerations such as gaining peer-group status, scoring points with the other sex and handling facial outbursts occupy the 14-year-old boy's mind. Running long distances isn't often a serious consideration.

But some find that running does have something to offer, a certain steadying influence. Moore recalls his own youthful turn to distance running by speculating, "Perhaps the clear delineation of excellence found in running provides a solidity that balances the uncertain sands. . . I certainly felt less anxiety on the track than on the dance floor."

Whatever the reason, some 14-year-olds grasp the sport with intensity and enthusiasm that's hard to match in other age groups.

Two examples:

Hugh Miller began running in October 1969. He was 13½ years old then, an inch over five feet tall, considerably under 100 pounds. Less than a half-year later, the wiry little Californian finished a three-day 100-miler. Fifteen months after his debut, Hugh set an international age-14 record in the marathon by running 2:43:04.

Mitch Kingery never raced before last June. Less than a year after starting, Mitch broke Miller's 14-year-old record with an incredible 2:39:40 marathon at Palos Verdes. Kingery—a more powerful-looking runner than Miller, though at 5'6" and 118 pounds he's no giant—finished 14th in a 400-man field.

Hugh and Mitch are both northern Californians—Miller from Sacramento and Kingery from Redwood City—but they've never raced each other in the marathon. They'll both be 15 by the time they do (Miller had his birthday in March and Kingery is 15 in July), but the prospects of such a match are intriguing.

While Miller has only raced the distance once, he says it's undoubtedly his favorite event. And he looks as though he can go the distance considerably faster than he did the

first time. He ran his 2:43 at Madera, Calif., in January. The winter wind whipped across the unprotected valley at 30 m.p.h., "and it was so bad you wouldn't have believed it," he says. Keep in mind that Hugh weighs less than 100 pounds.

Kingery, on the other hand, is already a veteran at marathoning, having run in a half-dozen times his first year. He runs with a club, the Redwood City Striders, that does marathons as frequently as most people run miles. That's no exaggeration. Within a month this winter, several club members ran four of them. Yet Mitch says he prefers his races a bit shorter, say 10-15 miles.

Both young runners have benefitted from good advice from the start. Miller takes his coaching from Doug Butt and Walt Lange, both active distance men. Kingery is coached by Mike Ipsen of 100-mile fame (see "Looking for Loneliness," May 1971 *RW*). "He's rough as hell," Mitch says.

It naturally follows that the two have made the most of their limited training time. Neither has much fear of long distances, either in racing or training.

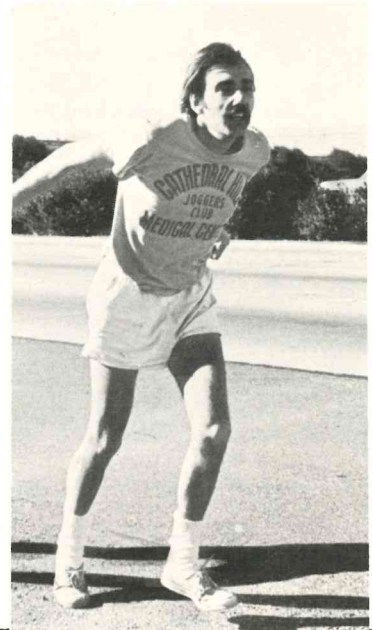
Miller figures he averages 75 miles a week, but said recently, "I plan on bringing it up to at least 90 when I get back to marathon training. I try to do a lot of speed work during cross-country and track seasons, and to get as many miles as possible (long, slow distance) between the seasons. This summer I would like to do 100 miles a week, alternating speed and LSD."

Kingery, who already has covered 50 miles in a single run, says, "My distance varies accordingly for track, road races (short ones) and marathons. For track, I do 1½ hours of speedwork per day. For short road races, 10-13 miles a day at seven minutes per mile. For marathons, 15-20 miles a day at seven-minute pace." He figures this works out to 100 miles a week.

At an uncertain age, these two runners are certain of where they want to go. And they're impatient to get there. No one can say what the long-range effects of their early, enthusiastic and intensive burst of running might be. But when you're 14, you aren't overly concerned about that.



Adventurer Kenneth Crutchlow (below, and left with running partner Pax Beale).



WORLD'S LEADING NON-RUNNER

BY JOE HENDERSON

Kenneth F. Crutchlow isn't even a runner. He'll tell you so himself. He's a lot of things—far-ranging hitchhiker, compulsive gambler, story-teller, opportunist, instinctive attention-attractor. All this, but not a runner.

Yet this 27-year-old, who calls London home although he spends precious little time there, accidentally found himself doing plenty of running in the last five months of 1970. With no training to back him up, in quick succession he—

- crossed Death Valley, in 130-degree midday heat; the 130-mile trek required a total of 57 hours.
- traveled from Los Angeles to San Francisco—550 miles—in 10 (“almost 11, actually”) days.
- relayed almost non-stop across California—280 miles, including a climb to 7000-foot elevation—in 67 hours.

The receptionist at the Cathedral Hill Medical Center rings for Ken Crutchlow. Down the hall bounces a slim, slightly stooped fellow dressed in baggy green janitor's uniform and well-worn sneakers (the ones in which he's done all his running). A mustache is beginning to sprout, and his straight, dark hair creeps over his collar and ears. Until more lucrative opportunities come along, or his feet tell him it's time to move on, Crutchlow is working as a handyman at the small hospital operated by marathoner Paxton Beale.

It becomes apparent right away that this isn't an everyday janitor. “Come into my office,” he shouts as he motions with his hand. It isn't really his office, but its normal occupant has gone home early. Ken props his sneakered feet up on the desk. Then he launches into two almost unbroken hours of spinning tales about his travels.

He's different. It's evident in the way he dresses, the stories he tells, his incredible adventures. Ken learned years ago that he had to have gimmicks if he was going to attract any attention. And attention is as vital to the resourceful Englishman as food and water.

He took to the roads—hitchhiking—in 1965 and hasn't stopped or worked at anything but odd jobs since. Without his gimmicks—combined with a lot of gall—he couldn't possibly have survived these six years. Not only is he surviving, he's thriving.

Dressed in the carefully-cultivated fashion of the British upper class—pin-striped suit, bowler hat, school tie, and an umbrella and leather case—Ken hitched around the world in 1968. No mere leisurely journey was this. He was racing it. Both contestants started with 10 pounds (about \$24) in their pockets. The stakes—a pint of beer. Ken completed it in grand style, with \$19 of the original \$24 still in his pocket. His opponent dropped out.

It Crutchlow is a different sort of hitchhiker and a different sort of janitor, he's completely unreal in the role of long distance runner.

“This running started totally by accident,” Ken recalls. “I hadn't done any running since 1965, when I'd do about eight miles a week with my mates from the rowing club—to become a better oarsman.

“In 1970, my friend John Fairfax had rowed across the Atlantic by himself, and along the way he'd killed a shark with his knife. He made the remark, ‘Though I walk through the valley of death, I'll fear no evil, 'cause I'm the meanest SOB in the valley.’ Something like that. Well, I repeated it later and mixed it up a bit. I said, ‘Though I walk through death valley. . .’ John told me, ‘You could never walk through Death Valley.’ I'm never one to pass up a challenge, so I said, ‘Walk it, hell. I'll run it! And off I went to California.’”

Between Ken's arrival on the west coast and the Death Valley assault, he rode a bicycle to Mexico City (after three-tenths of a mile of preparatory riding) in 21 days. He won a bet of two pints of beer for the 2085-mile trip.

By now, Crutchlow's excursions were attracting a bit of attention. He found himself a sponsor for the Death Valley run when Clark's of London—marker of, appropriately enough, Desert Boots—agreed to foot his bills.

"But before the run they began hedging a bit," Ken says, "They asked me, 'How hot does it get there?' I told them 130 degrees in the air and 180 or 190 on the ground. They were sincerely worried about their shoes melting, which would have been a bit embarrassing."

Of the 130 miles in the 130-degree sun, Ken relates, "I had no idea of pace, or what I should do. I started out wearing my pin-striped suit. But I got rid of it plenty quick. But I always wore my bowler. I never go without my bowler."

"I started out running in two-mile bursts, with a five-minute rest between them, but as the days went by my runs got shorter and my rests longer. At one point, I was down to covering one mile in an hour."

Surprisingly, for one with so little running background, his worst troubles came early in the run—where he got lost and picked up severe blisters. He seemed to get stronger approaching Scotty's Castle 50-odd hours later. After three days with little food and rest ("I was drinking five gallons of liquid a day, but so were the non-runners accompanying me in the car"), he hot-footed 20 miles in the last four hours. "I felt I'd die all the time," he says, "and I was in a hurry to get the damn thing over with."

In another of those, in Ken's words, "incredible coincidences," the LA to SF venture sprung up spontaneously from the first one. After Death Valley, he had a press conference in a Corona del Mar restaurant.

"By coincidence, the president of the restaurant chain was there. We were introduced, and I complimented him on his fine establishment. Well, I'm always looking for a free meal, so I asked him how about if he lets me sample another of his restaurants in San Francisco. I was planning to be up that way in a few weeks. 'Run up there,' he told me, 'and we'll buy you a meal.' He was joking, of course, but I surprised him by saying, 'Okay, when do I start?' I phoned him up later to say there was this matter of expenses. But by now he was excited about the thing, and he agreed to pay."

This was October, and Ken hadn't run a step in the two months since Death Valley. He still was innocent enough in the ways of running not to know things like this are impossible without training. Off he went, normally doing five miles per running stint, and totaling 50 miles a day on the average. "Your runners will probably laugh at this," he comments. "Maybe you shouldn't even mention it, but I was on the road 18-22 hours a day."

While running through central California one morning, wearing his ever-present bowler and singing to himself, a highway patrolman pulled alongside and shouted, "What's the problem, mister?" Without missing a step, Crutchlow replied, "To be honest, officer, I think I'm mad."

Crutchlow's arrival in San Francisco opened the way for another of those coincidences that naturally flow his way. An acquaintance from Los Angeles told Ken to call Pax Beale when he got there. "He called Pax 'the world's greatest, slowest runner,'" Ken says. "It didn't make any sense to me then, but does now." Though they are worlds apart in background and financial means, Beale and Crutchlow are amazingly similar in mentality. Pax is the type who'll fly to Spain to run a four-hour marathon, or will plunge several thousand dollars into a running film because he's fond of the race being photographed.

"I phoned up Pax," Crutchlow recalls, "and told him I'd just run up from Los Angeles. It took me awhile to convince him that I was serious—that I'd done it on foot." Next thing he knew, Crutchlow was living and working in the hospital which Beale administers.

Pax Beale, a 41-year-old, 200-pound ex-boxer, is a highly competitive sort. In late December, he realized he needed 150 miles to win his club's annual mileage trophy. He sat down with Crutchlow to discuss strategy. "I told him," Ken says, "he could either go around the track for 150 miles and go crazy, or run 150 miles on a straight course and not go quite so crazy."

They hit on the idea of running to Reno—relay-fashion. Amid televised fanfare, Beale and Crutchlow set off from the hospital. Then they sneaked back in to finish packing for the three-day trip. The start was anything but smooth.

"We couldn't run across the Bay Bridge since no pedestrians are allowed. So we had to take the bus across the bridge. Here I was dressed in pants that looked like the Union Jack, and Pax had some with stars and stripes. The bus was filled with workers in the late afternoon."

"At the other side of the bridge, we took off running on the freeway. There wasn't any trouble till we came to a toll bridge. Pax was running, and when he got to the toll booth the official shouted, 'Stop!' He told Pax there'd been complaints about him. Several motorists had reported that a man was about to commit suicide on the bridge. They had put us down as suicidal. I agreed, but not in the way they thought."

As the unlikely pair relayed along Interstate 80, doing five-mile stretches each, there was increasing pressure from the highway patrol. One officer told Pax there'd been 11 complaints against him. It was night now, and one driver reported that there'd been a motorcycle accident "and a man covered with blood is running for help on the freeway."

Dodging and sweet-talking the patrolmen, they made their way through Sacramento and into the mountains beyond. But they got to Reno at such a rate, Ken recalls, that "we were too early and had to spend an hour running around town while the television crews got set up."

The phone breaks into our conversation. It's Beale, who asks Ken to come upstairs when he's finished. They're working out plans for Crutchlow to narrate Beale's movies. As Ken stands up to leave, he tells me this movie narrating is the first step in his plans for a lecture tour. He views himself as a sort of George Plimpton of the endurance set, and believes people will pay to vicariously sample his wild, foot-loose adventures. He has actually lived out the fantasies of untold numbers of young men. "I'd like to show them that they *can* wander around the world and do insane things without having any money," he says.

As we leave, I ask if he plans further endurance tests—knowing full well that he's the type who may set out across the United States on the run tomorrow, or may never run another step in his life. "Oh," he says, "I don't plan these things. That's half the fun, going into them unprepared. This is why I can't train. If I had to do this kind of preparation, it would become a bit of a bore. Unlike marathoners who run every day, I don't know my capabilities. I'm always surprising myself with what I'm able to do."

"Ketchikan, Alaska, May 27—Bicyclists Kenneth Crutchlow and Paxton Beale arrived here today, nearly two days ahead of the steamship they had raced from San Francisco. Crutchlow, a 27-year-old Englishman, and Beale, 41, had begun their 1800-mile ride five days earlier. Riding relay-style, they had followed inches behind an auto traveling at speeds up to 60 miles per hour. A highway patrolman in California had warned that 'you don't have one chance in 50 of making it to Alaska alive.'"

CERUTTY: "JOGGING ISN'T ENOUGH"

BY PERCY CERUTTY

I probably wouldn't be alive today had not my instinct aroused me after a serious breakdown in health when 43—now over 30 years ago. At that time, I could hardly *walk* a mile or jog 100 yards. It took two years before I could jog two miles without a walk or a rest. Eight years later, or six years after "conquering" two miles. . . state marathon champion and record holder? It is true!

I have a message. Get it straight. Jogging alone will not save your life if you smoke tobacco, eat without intelligence, have a shockingly bad heart. But take hope. Better to drop dead trying than never to attempt at all.

But you won't drop dead, or probably die before 100, if you take my advice. After all I *am* alive and am planning 20 or 30 years ahead. I'll tell you a funny one. An interviewer asked me, "What are your ambitions for the future?" They thought I would say, go to the next Olympic Games, write another book, or similar. I said, "My ambition is to be divorced for adultery when 95, grabbed by the cops when 104 for attempted rape, let out of jail when 110 for good behavior!" A member of our government wrote, "Come off it. You won't live to 95. You'll be shot by a jealous husband long before that!" High praise.

So back to the life-saver, jogging. One of my axioms is, "Without knowledge we are as clods, without experience we are naive, without emotion we are as dead; with all three we can become invincible."

TAHOE TRAINING FOR DISTANCE RUNNERS

We offer seven days of running and quiet companionship to those interested. We will not schedule your day so full of events that you can't relax. Indeed, the emphasis will be on running and relaxing.

Leadership: Your own and those who come with you.

Location: Truckee, Calif., 6700 feet elevation, all red-wood chalet. House sleeps 13, so group will remain small.

Dates: First Session—July 10-17; Second Session—August 5-11.

Fees: \$55.00 covers cost of room and board for one week. All ages will be accepted, but restriction may be made on maturity of person. Both sexes welcome.

Contact

Gerry Haslam or Mike Healy
690 Costa Drive
Napa, Calif. 94558
Call (707) 224-1603

I first sought the knowledge, gained the experience (thousands of miles running, lifting weights, tramping the mountains—all after age 43). Actually, they had ordered the coffin. I didn't like the brass knobs and refused to get into it.

We are what we eat, drink and breathe. So for three years after 43 I never ate anything but food as found in nature—nothing cooked; only fruits, vegetables and raw eggs. I did not die. Nor need you. Now I eat much more—chicken, meats, cooked vegetables, french-fried potatoes cooked in vegetable oil, little else. Oh, nearly forgot—ample *vino*.

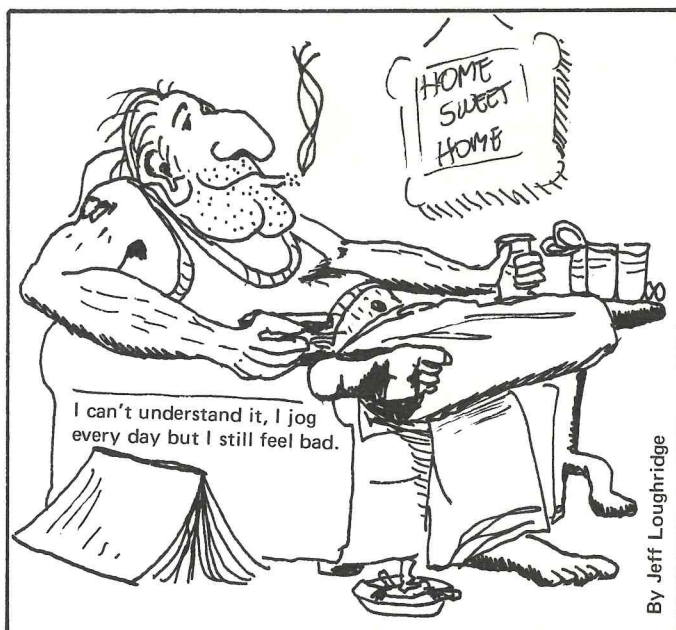
Don't just jog; that is, move like a sleep-walker, a person in a trance, every step the same, every swing of the arms the same. No. Come alive! Throw your arms up and outward from you, release those shoulders (and your tensions), yell and shout if you feel like it and no cops are about. Consciously fill your lungs—the upper lobes—by bringing your shoulders (and arms) up, hunching the shoulders and breathing deeply, or fully. Full lung aeration, or FLA as I call it.

When you have mastered that, try palpating the navel. Incidentally, all the best males palpitate their navels. Only by this means can you hope to fill the lower lobes and take in the life-giving oxygen. After all, we live on oxygen as much as on calories. So skip a bit, do a fast surge, slow down, jog a bit, even walk, but don't talk. Talkers never get anywhere, really. So 'tis best to jog alone, concentrate, feel you are *doing* something, getting somewhere—not just performing an act because someone said jogging would be good for you. There is far, far more to jogging than just that.

So I repeat, come alive, get really fit. True, your wife may leave you because you are too fit. After all, buddy, you will be in good company because it has happened to me.

We do *not* have heart attacks, strokes or cancers. If you would live, of course, there is a price to pay. Manna never did fall from heaven, nor dollars out of the sky, nor fitness out of lack of exercise or denatured foods.

Be seeing you in the 2001 Boston marathon? Could be. I'll only be 106.



RUNNING GRACE-FULLY

BY FRED GRACE

There are many *Runner's World* readers who can run 25 miles faster than Al Lucic. And there may be a few who can run it easier. But he's the only one who in January 1970 was recovering from an abdominal operation and taking cobalt treatments—the last sacrament of the cancer medics—because he had been diagnosed by exploration and biopsy as having terminal cancer—a non-stop trip on the road to extinction.

This spring, I ran a 24- and a 22-miler with Al. They were easy runs for him. He hobbled himself so he wouldn't run away from me. I was running in his territory, and I have no sense of direction; I can get a homing pigeon lost.

When we finished the 22-miler, I asked Al to tell me about his battle with cancer. He pulled up his sweatshirt and I had a shock. His middle was a jagged mass of flesh. It was made by a surgeon during an exploratory operation, but it looked like it was made in Vietnam with a machine gun instead of a surgeon's scalpel.

"On the 11th of December 1970, I had major surgery because of a diagnosed lympho-sarcoma of the lymph gland. I was peeled from chest to groin," he told me with his gift for understatement.

The cancer had spread throughout his intestines. The doctor performed a hemstitching, but he wouldn't have won a prize at an arthritic ladies' sewing circle.

But five days after the operation, Al was so active walking up and down the halls of the hospital that he was told to go home and wear out his own floors. Besides, he was setting a bad example. What if the other scalpel experiments followed Al's example and left their beds to take up walking? The Amer-

Resurrection Pass Trail Marathon

(Most scenic run in Alaska)

A course to honor Beauty and the Beast

First running over Chugach National Forest trails

August 7, 1971—10 a.m. (Saturday)

Staged by Pulsators and Road Runners Club of Anchorage

\$1.00 application — Trail map provided

Deadline Aug. 2, 1971

Fitness Headquarters, 1700 Tudor Rd., Anchorage 99507

Special air fare round trip San Francisco to Anchorage—\$272.96.

ican Medical Association might have to join the Amateur Athletic Union before being allowed to practice. And, would woman doctors then be admitted?

The tumor was said to be so intermingled in Al's insides that he was turned over to cobalt. Treatments were started on Dec. 21, 1970. By that time, Al was jogging two to three miles daily. By the end of cobalt—30 treatments and 5000 rems—he was running four to five miles a day.

Al was back at work during all his cobalting. During that period, he improved his nutrition, increased his protein intake and started on multi-vitamin supplementation. Two weeks after cobalt, he was pronounced cured. A month later, another exam showed everything lovely—except the hemstitch job.

At 54, Al weighs 148 pounds. At 24, he was a 215-pound blob. He reduced the hard way to 168 pounds. He stayed at this weight until he took up running as a way of life at age 49.

He credits his quick recovery from cancer to his long distance running. To cancer cells, long distance running, careful eating and vitamins seem to be dirty words.

SPECIALTY

P
O
R
T
S



- MARATHON SHIRTS
- RUNNING SHIRTS
- RUNNING SHORTS
- WARM UPS
- SWEAT SUITS
- OLYMPIC SHIRTS
- JEWELRY
- INSOLES
- HEEL CUSHIONS
- LIST OF MARATHONS
- OLYMPIC POSTERS
- DOG REPELLENT
- ATHLETIC GLASSES
- HI-VIS CLOTHING
- SWEAT SUPPLIES
- RUNNING WEIGHTS
- SOCKS
- TAPE
- SHOES
- STOP WATCHES
- PEDOMETERS
- VITAMINS
- PHARMACEUTICALS
- SALT TABLETS
- RRC PRODUCTS
- LINIMENT
- LUBRICANT
- PROTEIN TABLETS
- AND MUCH MORE

Sponsors Of:
WORLD MARATHON RUNNERS
ASSOCIATION

FREE

30 PAGE CATALOG

Write

SPECIALTY SPORTS

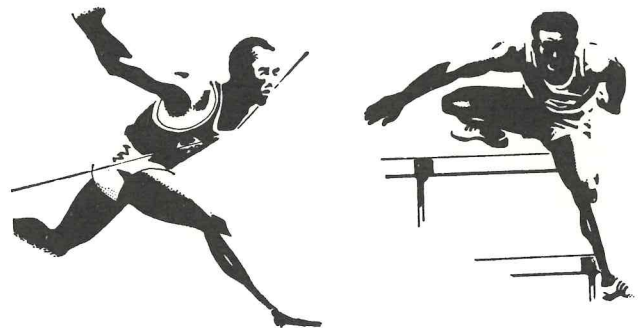
P.O. BOX 36522

Houston, Texas 77036

We supply everything but the desire to win

REEBOK

SHOES and SPIKES



MFG. IN ENGLAND SINCE 1900

15 MODELS

2 WORLD RECORDS

2 GOLD MEDALS

WINNER COMMONWEALTH GAMES

WINNER WORLD'S FASTEST MARATHON

WINNER BOSTON MARATHON (1970) COURSE RECORD

71 YEARS OF QUALITY AND CREDITS

FREE BROCHURE: FIELD AND TRACK IMPORTS, LTD.
P.O. BOX 36522, HOUSTON, TEXAS 77036

THE CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS

DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE



COPING WITH HEATED BATTLES

When long distances and fast paces combine, you always have a heat buildup—regardless of weather conditions. The collapse of these two British 50-milers resulted in part from that. When external heat is high, a runner's difficulties are compounded, and even the strongest show the effects. (Mark Shearman photos)



BY JOE HENDERSON

Hands and arms frozen to near-paralysis. Uniforms plastered to soaked bodies. A wind knifing through any protective barriers a runner could throw up. All in all, a day feeling considerably colder than the official 43 degrees showing on the thermometers of Boston on April 20, 1970.

The raw, wet day was the setting for the greatest mass marathoning in history. Ron Hill ran the third fastest time on record. Eamon O'Reilly set an American record. Pat McMahon set an Irish record. Pentti Rummakko set a Finnish record. Personal records fell like the spring rain. By the time three hours had passed, 278 cold runners had finished.

All this "in spite of the weather" (as many reporters, even some runners, suggested)? No. More likely *because* of this fortunate combination of cool air, rain and light wind.

Observers of the Boston race offered several explanations for the greatest-ever running in 1970: "the new and tougher entrance requirements. . ." "the ever-improving overall standard of marathon running. . ." "more good runners competing." All have certain validity. But the luck of the draw on weather conditions didn't get a fair share of the credit. It should. Statistics for the last five Bostons are revealing:

Year	Conditions	% under 3:00
1967	40 degrees, rain	24%
1968	mid-70s, sunny	7%
1969	mid-60s, sunny	13%
1970	43 degrees, rain	27%
1971	mid-60s, sunny	26%

Even the more restrictive 1971 entry time (which theoretically should have improved the overall quality of the field), couldn't overcome the weather. No matter how many runners compete, how good they are, or how high Boston or any other race decides to jack its standard, weather is still going to have its say—both to individuals and the groups they form. In unpredictable fashion, it regulates everyone's times. Ex-

perienced runners know this, and dream of days like Boston produced in 1967 and '70. Despite superficial discomfort, these days do wonders for times. In races like 1968's, when it's hot, the discomforts are more critical—and the times show it.

There are sound physiological reasons for these reactions. Basically, long distance running generates immense amounts of heat in the muscles. The major escape route for this heat is through the skin. When the skin's in contact with a cool environment, the internal heat stays tolerable. External heat and humidity, however, mess up the internal heat-regulating mechanism. Heat can't escape, so the runner's inner temperature climbs. Rising temperature leads first to weakness and involuntary pace slacking, then to a condition known as heat exhaustion, and in extreme cases to heat stroke—which is usually fatal.

David Costill, a researcher at Ball State University whose articles appear regularly in *Runner's World*, has studied extensively the effects of heat on runners. When Amby Burfoot finished the 1968 Boston marathon, Costill found he had an internal temperature of 105.3 degrees and had "no noticeable ill effects." (His time was, though, eight minutes slower than what he ran on a cool day later in the year.)

Costill concluded, "It is safe to assume that any runner whose temperature exceeds 106 degrees is unlikely to finish a race. Even more serious is the possibility that such a runner may affect his nervous system to the extent that he ceases to sweat, causing his rectal temperature to jump to 110 degrees. This condition is commonly known as heat stroke, and the chances of survival after one's temperature reaches 110 or 111 degrees are one in a thousand."

I'm not including Costill's statement to scare you. Few runners are going to push themselves even to the point of heat exhaustion, let alone stroke. Of the tens of thousands of people who race distances, not more than a handful have died in the heat of battle.

But everyone who has been involved in distance running for more than a few months has experienced a figurative "death march" that races can degenerate into on hot and humid days. The idea here is to show why this happens, to assure you the slowdown is beyond the control of your will-power, to

give a healthy respect for the devastating effects of hot weather, and to suggest ways to avoid these demoralizing "death marches."

Heat hurts, we all agree. But how much? There are so many complicating factors that it's hard to say. Humidity is a big one. A 60-degree day with 95% humidity, Costill pointed out, as deadly as a dry 80 degrees. Then there are the matters of hills, headwind, cloud cover, size and competitiveness of the field, importance of the race and individual heat adaptation. All these make comparisons difficult. But with an oversimplified set of statistics—which consider only temperature—let's dive in and try to find some general answers.

At least 21 US and Canadian marathoners had comparable times on cool (in the 60s or lower) and hot (80 or above) days during 1970. All ran under 2:30 at their best. Their "cool" marks on the average were 13 minutes faster than their "hot" ones.

If this sampling of the fastest, best-conditioned runners slows down by an average of about 13 minutes—9%—apiece when the temperature gets above 80 degrees, imagine what happens to the rest of us. That same 9% becomes 16 minutes at three-hour marathon pace, 19 minutes at 3½ hours, and so on up. But I have a hunch that the heat's effects compound for the slower man—both because he generally doesn't have the training background to handle the extra stresses as well as those upfront, and simply because he has to spend a lot longer time out under the hot sun.

The widely-voiced theory is that the 40-60-degree range is best for distance running. We can go a bit lower on the cold side, but not much higher in warmth without suffering. There's plentiful evidence to back this theory.

In 1970, nearly 700 US marathoners broke three hours. They ran their best times under these conditions:

Average Temp.	Best Times
20-29	0.1%
30-39	4.3%
40-49	40.8%
50-59	17.0%
60-69	26.7%
70-79	5.0%
80-89	6.3%

There are some significant qualifications to these figures:

The vast majority of the country's marathons occur on days with temperatures of 60 or higher. And most of the important ones (Boston lucked out in 1970). The "cool" races—the one-sixth of them run on sub-60-degree days—accounted for nearly two-thirds of the fastest marathons.

There are several paths an individual can take to counteract heat, the least predictable and controllable aspect of a runner's life. He can fight it, avoid it, or resign himself to the fact that it'll slow him down, and run accordingly.

Adaptation is as simple as training in mid-day heat. A good level of adjustment arrives in seven to 14 days. But Dr. Costill says the adjustment will never be more than partial. "Despite the extent of acclimatization," he has written, "racing on a hot day will never produce as fine a performance as might be achieved on a cool, cloudy day."

Some feel the training battle isn't worth fighting just so they can endure a harder, slower race in the heat. Ted Corbitt, a physiotherapist by profession, says that most summers he cuts back his mileage drastically during the severe New York summers. Jack Bachelor, who ran 2:22 in his first marathon, takes six weeks off to avoid mid-summer Florida heat. Herb Lorenz says, "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. In New Jersey, the weather is unbearable during July and August, so I take it easy or take off during this time."

Lorenz, who ran four sub-2:29 races last year, has this suggestion about marathon scheduling: "Personally, I think that marathons should be banned between the end of April and maybe the end of September. I think hot weather takes a lot out of a runner, and it takes a tremendous amount of time to recover between races. I don't know about California; they have some nice weather there in the summertime. As far as the rest of the country is concerned, the Boston is just about the cutoff point."

Costill made a similar plea, saying, "For the health and safety of the athletes, definite governing limits should be placed on the environmental conditions of distance running competition."

Spelling out explicit limitations and bans on when marathons can and can't be run may be a bit extreme. But setting down a few guidelines for race organizers would undoubtedly help them understand what runners *require* for fast, safe and satisfying racing. Most officials, I'm sure, would voluntarily comply with suggestions like these:

- 1. Realize the drastic toll that running in heat can take, so you'll know why it's urgent to avoid it.
- 2. You can't order perfect weather conditions on a particular day, but you can improve your odds by studying the general climatic conditions of your area.
- 3. Shy away from periods when the temperature is likely to be above 60 degrees at race time.
- 4. Attempt to schedule marathons (and most other races over 10 miles) in the "marathon season"—the cool months between October and April.
- 5. It's still possible to run plenty of shorter events—say, up to 10 miles—in the hot months between May and September. (Few areas are lucky enough to have perfect marathoning weather during this period.)
- 6. Start races early. Nine a.m. would seem to be the latest suitable time, since even with that starting hour many runners would still be on the course in mid-day heat.
- 7. If adequate course lighting is available, thought may even be given to running at night since this eliminates the sunshine problem and considerable heat. (Several long races in Hawaii follow this plan, as does the CNE marathon in Toronto.)
- 8. If possible, provide a course with shade.
- 9. Offer no less than 10 well-supplied aid stations that allow the runner to cool his internal and external heat (with cold liquids, sponges, etc.) as well as replace fluids.
- 10. Be willing to pull from the course without hesitation any runner who's obviously in danger of heat-related collapse.

These guidelines put the burden on the people who promote and organize long distance races. There's a good reason for this. As long as races are available, even if they're on the Mojave Desert at high noon in July, runners are going to attempt them. You can't keep them away. And if it's hot, the race will turn into a "death march" with the remote danger of permanent injury or death, and the assurance of high dropout rates, slow times, increased suffering without a corresponding improvement in results.

Most marathoners are in the game for the results, not to see how much suffering they can withstand. A 3:15 race in 90-degree heat is scant return for effort that normally would yield 2:45.

MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

"ABNORMAL" PULSE

Q: *In the September 1970 issue, a letter from Ray Will was published asking about bradycardia. The reply indicated that it was probably harmless even though his pulse rate dropped to 24 beats per minute after exercise. In my opinion, this is a pathologically slow rate and most likely indicates a "heart block"—a defect in electrical conduction throughout the heart muscle. Ordinarily, a rate slower than 50/min. should be investigated to make sure conduction defects do not exist. I would recommend that he be sent, post haste, to a good internist for the exact diagnosis. (Lewis Francis, M.D., Lexington, Ky.)*

A: I must agree that yours is the conventional wisdom about such a pulse, and I have conveyed the essence of your message to Ray Will. However, I think that as we get exposed to more and more abnormal normals, we will learn more and more of the capabilities of the human body.

Doing an EKG on every runner with a pulse under 50 would be opening a can of worms. The EKGs of 50% of the marathoners and long distance walkers at the Rome Olympics were considered abnormal by investigators. I run a 44-48 pulse and have about decided that my abnormality will not do me in. *(Dr. Sheehan is a practicing internist.)*

SLEEPING FOOT

Q: *Sometimes when I go on my long runs, my foot falls asleep. If I stop for a second, the blood rushes to my foot and I feel fine. Could you tell me the reasons for this problem and how to correct it? (Roy Cohen, Los Angeles, Calif.)*

A: The situation you describe is most likely due to some disorder of the nerves to the foot. In one previous instance of your complaint that I know of, the runner eventually developed low-back pain where the nerve was being irritated during running. In his case (and perhaps yours), this was a form of sciatic neuritis.

For therapy of the back, I would suggest exercises for the stomach muscles (situps and leg raises) designed to flatten the back and avoidance of speed work in training.

Otherwise, a check with your physician about the circulation of the foot should be made. There should be a definite pallor of the foot compared to the other if the blood supply is interfered with.

HEEL PROBLEMS

Q: *Last September I developed a spur in my foot and it really hurt. I wasn't able to keep doing hard work and had to ease up. At the end of October, I started running my hard schedule again and developed tendonitis in the front part of the same foot. I had to stop running for two months, and there was still pain in the tendon when I did resume running. Can I get a good pair of shoes which will stop these problems? (Caroline Walker, Portland, Ore.)*

A: First, the spur problem. Everyone has a spur. It is the part of the heel bone where the plantar fascia is hooked. This is a sheet of tendon-like material which covers the bottom of the foot and extends to the toes. A strain of this fascia can cause heel pain. The cure is to support the foot and keep the fascia from stretching.

I am not too clear in regard to your tendonitis. I think you should first rule out a stress fracture with an x-ray. If

that is normal, there may be a metatarsal arch difficulty which can be handled by a molded support.

What you need is a good podiatrist who can transform almost any shoe into a good one for you. He can do this by making a mold of your resting (non-weight-bearing) foot and making a support insert from it.

Q: *In January 1970 I had a bone spur removed from the heel of my right foot. Since resuming running (May 1970) the upper righthand side of my foot has given me considerable trouble. The heel is fine. Several months ago, the foot gave way completely. As soon as I started running again, pain came back. What can I do? (Wayne Stenberg, Galt, Calif.)*

A: Your problem seems to me to illustrate the major mistake made by orthopedic men in treating foot ailments. They treat effects instead of cause. In your instance (as with most people) this then takes the sequence of operation, relief, return of symptoms, cortisone, relief, return of symptoms.

The problem is to correct the original difficulty which probably is in the plantar fascia which stretches from the heel to the toes, or in some other part of the foot support process. You need the help of a good podiatrist to do this. Otherwise, I think you will simply have repeat episodes of pain, treatment, ease, recurrence.

LEG CRAMPS

Q: *In the last three or four marathons I have run I've suffered severe leg cramps. They have always come within 1½ miles of the finish, and their severity is such that I usually am forced to stop, or at least slow to a speed about the next notch above walking. Can you give me clues why I am having these cramps? (Benjamin Sawyer, Santa Cruz, Calif.)*

A: The usual cause of cramps in a marathon is salt depletion due to excessive sweating. They are brought on even more swiftly if considerable fluids without salt (such as water, Coke and tea) are taken along the way. It might be wise to find out how much fluid you are losing during a marathon by weighing before and after. Use of Gatorade before and during the race would handle salt and potassium losses.

Calcium deficiency—a cause of cramps—is rare in milk drinkers and should announce itself with night cramps. Magnesium has recently been introduced as an important electrolyte in the blood. Perhaps a trial of both these would be worthwhile.

I suppose just the accumulation of lactic acid and other metabolites could result in cramps, and they may represent simply an inability to handle the distance.

BREATHING

Q: *Is there a definitive book or article on breathing in running? (Stop laughing, please.) Does yoga help? I honestly think I could knock 30-45 seconds per mile off my times if I breathed properly. I sound like a steam engine now, from gun to tape. It's unreal. (Frank Sax, Los Angeles, Calif.)*

A: Most runners and coaches look on breathing as something that comes naturally. They assume, and perhaps rightly, that maximum air is being delivered to the lungs, used and exhaled, and that no tricks can increase this supply.

Others, notably Carl Stough and Percy Cerutti, think

otherwise. I refer you to Cerutti's *Runner's World* article (January 1971) suggesting that the arms be raised and lowered simultaneously to increase the utilization of the entire lung capacity.

Stough, who gave instructions at South Lake Tahoe to the Olympic candidates, had some enthusiastic converts to his belly-breathing methods. He has or is planning to publish a book on breathing therapy. Stough works by teaching a synchronous inhalation response by both the chest and abdomen, then the athlete grunts as the ribs descend and the abdomen is drawn in to accomplish the exhalation.

Some runners already employ this grunt on exhalation (Ted Corbitt is one) which is thought to increase the oxygen extraction of the expired air. Others (Pete McArdle was one)

combine these methods and take air apparently deep, into the stomach, and exhale with a snorting release. It does indeed suggest Cerutti's gallop.

Physiological studies indicate that it is the energy expended in the respiratory action of the rib cage and diaphragm which causes a runner's final deceleration. This suggests that knowing the best way to breathe could indeed help performance.

Send your general-interest medical questions to Dr. Sheehan, c/o Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. Because of the volume of requests, we can't promise that all inquiries will be personally answered or that we'll publish all of Dr. Sheehan's replies.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

You can count on the fingers of one hand the races Marty Liquori has lost that he wanted badly to win. You can count on the fingers of your other hand the races in which he has turned in an outstanding time. The Liquori motto is: "Win—but win with the least amount of effort." And the Liquori trademark is the backward look at his opposition to make sure he is using no more energy than is absolutely necessary.

That is why the announcement of his name for the "Dream Mile" in the Martin Luther King Games was greeted by boos from many of the fans.

The track fan, you see, is not only a nut on times and statistics, he also has a sense of history. The track fan wants to be able to say, "I was there."

Unfortunately, the stopwatch, the stopwatch that Liquori ignores, is, or has been, track's criterion of greatness and the great event. And over long years of IC4A championships and Penn Relays wins, Liquori has exuded speed and competence and power and everything excellent in running—but looked over his shoulder and ran pedestrian times. This, not his eastern ways, nor the fact he is outspoken, and is, at least for an athlete, as swinger, is the reason fans were down on him.

What followed is now history—the classic race at the classic distance. The possibilities of the mile almost completely explored because the Liquori motto contains a kicker: "Win with the least effort, yes. But win, whatever the effort needed." This time the least possible effort involved a confrontation as physical, as hand-to-hand and as psychological as five-card stud. The result was what many who were there think was one of the great competitive miles of all-time.

"A mile," Bob Lipsyte was to write later in the *New York Times*, "that confirmed the suspicion that this race is probably as nearly perfect as a sporting event can be."

All because 140 yards into the third quarter Liquori moved into full acceleration with Jim Ryun in all-out pursuit. The third quarter is what separates the men from the ribbon clerks in the mile. The first quarter goes by in a rush and always faster than you supposed. Easy and fast, that's the first quarter. And if things are right, and they usually are in the big ones, the second quarter is no struggle. The legs a little heavy, perhaps. So you come to the half fairly fresh and still not feeling the indignities that lactic

acid accumulation and oxygen debt will eventually heap on your body. Not feeling, it's true, but still knowing what's in store, and that knowing taking the edge off your speed. Holding back because somewhere in your brain the agony of the last lap is already being experienced. No, even maintaining speed in the third quarter takes resolve and confidence and a recklessness that few possess even when they have the ability.

It is quite respectable, you see, to wait and make a final courageous effort to overcome the pain, the loss of coordination, the stiffness of the legs, the heaviness of the shoulders, the gradual obliteration of vision. Your body, your animal instinct, some inner voice tells you to wait. Wait or perish, it says. Win or lose in a last-quarter drive.

But Liquori took that third quarter and ran the hell out of it. Ignoring the body wisdom that told him of later tortures. Trying, as he said later, to reduce himself and Ryun to two sagging boxers, both dead on their feet, like running in sand. To do this to the best in the world you have to start early. And what was not immediately grasped by the press was the length of this incredible stride-for-stride battle. I said before, it was 140 yards into the third quarter, a figure arrived at by subtracting the distance from the start to the turn (15 yards) and the turn itself (125 yards). At that point, Liquori made his move and never varied from flank speed until the tape.

They went through that amazing third quarter at this unbelievable speed and into the final lap with the 20,000 who had come despite the threat of rain now up and screaming, stopwatches forgotten.

Liquori and Ryun ran as if tied together, the rest of the field out of sight. And for a moment off the next-to-last turn the smaller Liquori opened daylight on the obviously flatout Ryun. But it closed in the backstretch and they came off the last turn with Ryun moving up on the outside and apparently about to take the lead.

But the race was over. Both men had gone through the barrier into another land where the runner still operates in the perfection of his form but no longer in command. Not like two dead fighters running in sand, but rather like two sleep-runners. Somnambulists moving with the reflexive grace of thousands of hours of practice, they floated to the finish.

Marty Liquori finally had made history. And I was there. What was it like? Well, if I live to be a hundred. . .

PHOTO-CHOICE

LEFT: Britain's Dave Bedford—as is becoming increasingly obvious—is the world's newest distance sensation. Twenty-one year old Dave, who often trains 200 miles a week, is shown here enroute to a European record of 13:22.2 in the 5000. Earlier this spring he'd won the international cross-country title, and last year he led the world at 10,000 meters. (Ed Lacey)

CENTER: The start of the fast and rain-spattered First Trust marathon at Syracuse, N.Y.

BOTTOM: Pat McMahon—king of the New England roads—adds another title to his bulging collection. (Rick Levy)



STRIDING ALONG

BY BOB ANDERSON

Most of the letters we receive at *Runner's World* are happy ones, but sometimes they're not. Recently, Dick Goodie of Portland, Maine, informed us of the accidental death of Roland Dyer—a regular contributor of ours in Maine and a longtime subscriber. Dick sent a short article concerning Rollie, and parts of it follow:

"During the years I have been associated with distance running, I have never met anyone who was so well thought of among the runners as Roland J. Dyer of Winslow, Maine. Rollie Dyer was state chairman of the AAU distance running program, but you rarely read that fact in the papers. He pursued his belief quietly—avoiding the bright beam of the klieg-lights—his motives based on the same sincerity as his logic—'run to stay fit and have fun.'

"Rollie was only 30 years old but a natural leader—with-out making anyone feel it. He had a gentle persuasiveness about him that made runners want to do whatever he suggested. His only reward would be the realization of a big, friendly pack on race day so everyone could find someone on their level to thrash it out with.

"Recently I was standing with a group of runners, preparing for a 13-miler, when someone came across the parking lot and said he had heard over his car radio that Rollie Dyer had been killed in a freak bike accident. We knew he was about to launch a competitive bike program in the state, for physical fitness, as they have in Europe; and we knew he would have succeeded.

"In a changing second you could sense the runners become uneasy. They left the starting line and sort of formed into small groups, as if to seek out some bit of conflicting evidence that would disprove the disturbing news. But it was useless.

"They began speaking about Rollie. I heard some of it. One runner said: 'He knew more about road running than a hand-fed computer.' There was talk of cancelling the 13-miler that day. The dirt road through the pine trees suddenly lost its challenge. Then, too, it began raining. But no one dared cancel a race on Rollie's AAU schedule—not even in his memory.

"Someone gathered the runners and fired the starter's gun. As they moved out they were silent—the usual joshing about tripping the ringers, or hoping they'd blister up before mile seven, just was not there. That 13-mile race was a very long one that day.

"It will take awhile for the distance runners in Maine to become accustomed to seeing the empty space in the pack that once framed Rollie Dyer, striding ever-so-smoothly, about to make his move on the race leaders."

●●●●

Jack Scott has just recently come out with another book (*The Athletic Revolution*) concerning college athletes' "rights." Among the many things he says is that if you are on a track team and you want to wear your hair long or whatever, you should have the right to do so. I don't completely agree. I do believe there is nothing wrong with having long hair or a beard and that it doesn't hurt your performance, but this is not the point at all. The point is that the college athlete is a member of a team and often is being paid through legal channels (scholarships) to be on that team. Thus he is not an individual anymore.

He has a paid coach who is hired to produce, and if he doesn't he may be fired. He is the one who plans the program

and the one that leads the group to victories or defeats. Without the leader, you don't have a team. You have a bunch of individuals going their own way. It is as simple as that.

So if the coach feels that long hair is a breakdown in morale or whatever, the team members should go along with him if they like it or not. If you want the long hair, you *do* have a choice. You can go to another school, you can just run road races, you can become your own coach and run open races. These choices are yours.

Now coaching methods are another thing, and I'll discuss this in the next issue, but simple appearance is totally different. Track is a team sport and once you don't have a team you don't have track. Road running is simply another sport, and the two can't be compared.

●●●●

In 1954, Roger Bannister became the first man to officially run the mile in less than four minutes, but unofficially the magic mark was broken years before. Koo-tah-we-cots-oo-l-el-e-hoo-la-shar, a Pawnee Indian, ran the distance in 3:58. He was clocked by American army officers with stopwatches who later remeasured the distance with steel tapes. Koo-tah ran the first half in two minutes and the second in 1:58. Major Luther North of the 2nd Nebraska Cavalry and another army officer were the timers. This information was published in "The Fighting North" by the Nebraska State Historical Society in 1932.

Koo-tah, whose name meant "Big Hawk Chief," is the same Indian who once ran from the Pawnee Agency to Wichita, a distance of 120 miles, in 24 hours; then ran back the same distance in 20 hours the following day!

●●●●

There's a new jogger on the streets of Eugene, Ore. Her name is Anne Ryun, Jim's wife. "I took up running to try to understand what it was really like for Jim every day—day in, day out," said Anne, who has worked up to four miles. "The first time I ran, I thought, 'I'm going to run just as far as I can just to show him I can do it.' I ran two miles. . . It's fun. When we run along the roads we talk about the houses we pass, play tag, do crazy things. We don't just run. When we run on the track we park Heather (their daughter) in the middle and let her watch. It gives a happy, healthy peace of mind to both of us, and if running is what it takes it's all worth it. I was brought up to believe that if you have an opportunity to do something, do it now because it may never come again. It'd be a terrible feeling to know you could have done it and didn't."

●●●●

There has been a lot of news lately on the Olympic Games, and frankly most of it just doesn't sound very good at all. Forty thousand seats in the track and field stadium just isn't enough to serve the entire world. It seems like everyone wants to go to the Olympics and the roughly \$1000 it would cost an American to see the Games really isn't anything anymore. A trip to Europe only a few years ago was something to be proud of, but today such a trip isn't that rare. This is the problem.

So the problem comes down to one thing. You must make plans now, one year in advance, to see the 1972 Olympic Games. We are taking a group of 200 and are offering good seats and housing. We have 176 signed up already (June 17) and we are filling up fast. A \$100 deposit holds your place.

Write Bob Anderson, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

WORTH REPEATING

Marty Liquori (after defeating Jim Ryun in the mile where Marty ran 3:54.6): "There is no satisfaction without a struggle first and deprivation. When I won today, after all the work I've done—that's happiness."

Bruce Kidd (onetime teenage distance sensation and now a candidate for Canadian Parliament): "Sport does not have to be so exclusively competitive that all but the most skilled must be discouraged from participating. Sport doesn't have to be unconditionally aggressive, either. Anyone who has been active well knows that man vs. man is but one form of sports conflict. The athlete must compete against himself and the environment, and these common struggles outweigh the interpersonal struggle almost every time."

Dave Maggard (University of California/Berkeley track coach): "All I ask is that a kid do his best. I'm not a crusader for long hair and I don't wear my hair long, but I'm not going to kick a kid off the team for having long hair. Discipline is when a kid runs 20 quarter miles a day in practice, and that has nothing to do with hair style."

Andrew Crichton (Sports Illustrated senior editor and a marathoner): "Freedom, independence. I have always been struck by the idea that there is a fine regard for both among distance runners. Personal responsibility, too. One finally has only himself to question. Lastly, respect for other's individuality. Nobody ever questions another man's running. That is his business, to work out for himself. More reasons, I am sure, why I like the sport so much—even in my darkest moments."

Dr. Charles Robbins: "I'm not sure, but it seems that air pollution bothers the chronically ill and infirm most. On that basis, probably the runners will be the last ones around."

Romain Gary (novelist): "My friends think I run to keep in shape, Not at all. I run to work out the hate, resentment, the love and the fury, to tire out the animal in me, and then I put him back on the leash and come back home, pleasantly emptied in that state of physical fatigue which takes care of all your inner boilings."

Bill Bowerman (University of Oregon track coach): "They call it the marathon instead of the Pheidippides because a lot of people don't go for that running and dying."

George Sheehan: "Men, it is said, live together and die alone. Runners live alone and die or suffer together. Only after a race does their reserve dissolve. In that common agony they can reveal themselves to each other."

Frank Zuna (1921 Boston marathon champion): "I ran for pleasure and really enjoyed it. Today most of the boys seem to be struggling with their severe training methods. The most I ever ran in a week's training was 30 miles, and that was for marathons. I'd run five miles Tuesday, 10 Thursday and up to 15 miles Saturday or Sunday. For other races, I'd do sprints one day, and quarters or half-miles in other workouts. I believed in saving myself for the races and seldom ran the marathon distance as a workout."

David Bronson: "I am still looking for the shoes that will make running on streets seem like running barefoot across the bosoms of maidens."

Unidentified Spectator at the Boston Marathon (to author Erich Segal): "Finishing means never having to say you're sorry."

CLASSIFIED NOTICES

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

EVERGREEN MARATHON, Aug. 1, 1971. Scenic course. Record 2:23. Write: Jim Dunne, Box 133, Pullman, Wash. 99163. Entry fee \$1.00. Certificates to all finishers; trophies to first three runners; trophies to age group winners; 30-39, 40-49, and older if runners enter. Dormitory housing available \$2.50 a night per bed; families welcome in the dorms. (Must have AAU card.)

MILWAUKEE TRACK CLUB 10-MILE RUN, sponsored by Cudahy Kiwanis Club and Joseph Schlitz Brewing Co. Aug. 22, 1971. Free lodging for all athletes. Also over 40 10-mile, H.S. boys, open girls 5-mile. Awards to top 50 in 10, top 10 in other three races, team awards. Contact Wulf Koehlert, 2991 So. Herman St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53207.

NATION-WIDE ALL-AMERICAN MARATHON RUN, Friday, Sept. 3, from Pittsburgh to County Fair, South Park. 4-hour limit. Medals to 50th place. Write C.A. Herman, 5001 Lougean Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15207.

12th ANNUAL HEART OF AMERICA MARATHON, Columbia, Missouri. Labor Day, Sept. 6, 6:00 a.m. Contact Joe Duncan, 4004 Defoe Dr., Columbia, Mo. 65201.

IF YOU EVER RAN BOSTON MARATHON as a master (50 years and over) under 5 hours, join us. Boston Marathon Masters Association, Ed Granowitz, Founder, 2953 Avenue W., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.

ROAD KING

A RUNNING AND WORKOUT SHOE
Designed by and for runners by
Don Bergin of New Zealand and
introduced in the U. S. after 7 years
of testing by New Zealand's best
distance runners.

INTRODUCING
The NEW IMPROVED Road King
Best quality materials and workmanship
Plus new improved design

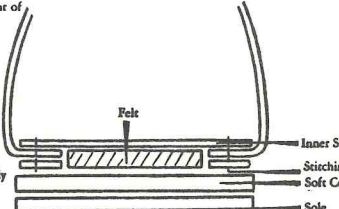
ROAD KING

HAS BLISTER RESISTANT FEATURES
Including a special toe shape and nylon padded tongue. This comfortable, light weight shoe of highest quality glove leather is hand formed and hand stitched. Workmanship guaranteed to last. It's possible to get up to 3,000 miles of wear out of this shoe.

ROAD KING

MINIMIZES ROAD SHOCK
With reinforced heel, padded ankle and a suede leather, moisture absorbent inner sole for comfort. Soles are of wear resistant composition with extras available.

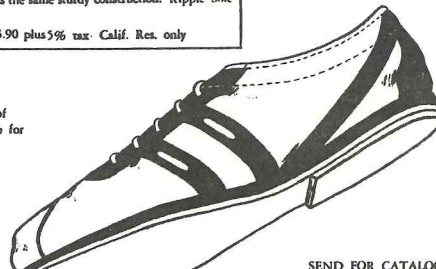
Price: \$15.90 plus 5% tax Calif. Res. only
Mailing \$ 1.50



ROAD RACER

MODEL 200
Is made from a special light weight leather. It is feather light but has the same sturdy construction. Ripple Sole

Price: \$13.90 plus 5% tax Calif. Res. only



ORDER NOW!
Submit shoe size plus a pattern of your largest foot. Sizes 4-13½ for men, women and children.

Check payable to:
Friberg Enterprises
9433 Alto Drive
La Mesa, California 92041

SEND FOR CATALOG

READERS' COMMENTS

Readers' Comments, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

AN ANSWER ON "AEROBICS"

(In his May "Off the Beaten Track" column, Dr. George Sheehan examined the "aerobics" movement and questioned the statistic that eight million Americans are now involved in it. The author of *Aerobics and New Aerobics*, Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper, replies here.)

The concept of aerobics includes not only running and jogging but also a variety of other aerobic activities. This includes walking, cycling, swimming, stationary running and many of the competitive sports. Consequently, the number of people seen jogging is in no way an absolute reflection of the number of people who may be utilizing aerobics as a type of regular exercise.

In January 1970, the US Air Force officially implemented the aerobics conditioning program. During the first six months, over 495,000 men were tested, and during the second six months over 540,000 men were tested. Since that time, several other foreign military organizations have requested and been granted approval to reprint the Air Force aerobics book (AFP 50-56).

As another means of estimating the number of people following some aspect of the aerobics program, a state-wide poll was conducted in 1968 by the Belden Associates, Dallas, Texas. From their interview of 1250 adults in 65 communities in the state of Texas, it was estimated that 26% of the adult population in the state was following some type of regular aerobic-type activity. Reflected nationwide, this could mean several million people if in reality the poll is accurate.

YMCAs all over the country have implemented various types of aerobics programs but probably the largest single group currently using some aspect of the aerobics program would be the school systems. Well over 100 schools have notified me of their use of the aerobics program as part of their physical education courses.

The majority of the professional football teams utilized either the 12-minute test or one of the progressive conditioning programs prior to the 1970 season. Already this year, it has been my pleasure to work with several professional teams training on this program during the off-season.

Finally, in an attempt to estimate the number of people using some type of aerobic activity, I would mention the number of books that have been published. In all forms and including both versions, at least three million books have been published.

I realize these references are difficult to accurately quantify, and for this reason the figure that I use (eight million) was estimated. True, it may be an estimate which is too high, but—surprisingly—it may be too low. Nevertheless, I am delighted to see the increased nationwide interest in exercise and, hopefully, if this continues, the original objective of the development of the aerobics program will be reached—to improve the health habits of a nation.

*Kenneth H. Cooper, M.D.
Dallas, Texas*

INCREDIBLE JOHN J. KELLEY

You wrote (in "Question of the Ages," March 1971) that "John Kelley was lucky enough to have the best of both worlds—high level racing and longevity at the top." I disagree that luck has anything to do with it. John trains twice a day from Monday through Friday and goes on long runs on Saturday and

Sunday throughout the year. Perhaps the word "diligent" or "persevering" or "consistent" would be more appropriate. Plodders like myself who know him find John a never-ending source of inspiration.

*Al Williams
Groton, Conn.*

A MIXED-UP RECORD

You may find other age-group competitors who would like to beat our distance medley relay mark of 11:31.9. The only hitch is that all four age groups—20, 30, 40 and 50—must be represented on the same team. Our legs were: 440—Dallas Smith (52), 880—R.W. Smith (35), 1320—Fred Schoffler (48), mile—Bill Meade (20).

*Bob Smith
Phoenix, Ariz.*

MILEAGE

I'm sure you realize that I was never much of a runner as far as competition is concerned, and I certainly have no illusions about ever being good enough to compete in the future. I am strictly quantity, no quality that means anything. Do you know of any of your subscribers or any runners who have run as many miles as I have during the past three years? My figures are: 1968—5408 miles, 1969—6507, 1970—6689, for a three-year total of 18,604.

*Marvin Rothenstein
Harrison, N. Y.*

THE QUESTION OF AWARDS

I was very upset after reading Benjamin Sawyer's article concerning awards ("Awards and Their Meaning," May 1971), specifically in road runs. I have two trophies at home obtained in handicap road races; this is the only kind of race where a guy like me has a chance. Yes, I treasure the awards because I was doing what I wanted to be doing and having something to show for it.

Sawyer says, "... rewards do not need to be given to people for doing what they want to be doing." But this is a contradiction, since people would not be doing things unless there were some reward, e.g., running one's best time, a medal, etc. How many Olympic gold medal winners think their reward is worthless?

Sure, maybe it would be a good idea to give books, shoes, and subscriptions for awards in road runs and have some "encouragement awards" for needy runners. Handicap runs are also a good way to distribute the awards to the lower level athletes. In high schools, it might be a good idea to award the school letter by setting standards (for example, a 4:40 mile) rather than requiring certain points in meets for the team.

But I repeat my central point: people *have* to be rewarded for what they want to be doing—or they will no longer do it.

*Gerry Purdy
San Jose, Calif.*

Gene Comroe, at the request of our Long Distance Running Committee, surveyed a number of runners in 1969 to determine what they wanted in the way of awards. He reported that the fast-time winners were tired of receiving trophies and medals, and preferred merchandise awards or certificates. He recommended that we increase the number of age-group awards, and also that we expand the handicap race program.

During the next year we gave merchandise certificates—

usually good for \$10, \$8, \$6 and \$2 towards running shoes, shorts, etc.—to the fast-time winners. Initially, this program was well received, but after a few months we began to hear complaints for a reason that no one had anticipated. During the period when we were awarding the certificates, there had been a gradual turnover in the ranks of the fast-time winners. Apparently the complaining winners were those who hadn't accumulated sufficient hardware. We have gone back to awarding medals and trophies. . .

For approximately half our races, there are five to 10 handicap awards. These awards tend to be distributed among the slower runners due to our one-award policy. Persons receiving a fast-time or age-group award are ineligible for a handicap award.

One thing has become apparent during the past two years. The first trophy won is important to every runner. This seems to be true for all divisions, from the very young to the veterans. And we can't forget that it is these same runners who pay for our program with their entry fees. We must be responsive to their wants.

John Brennand
SPAAU Long Distance Chairman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

"SOME-OF-THE-RUNNERS' WORLD"

The title of your magazine is *Runner's World* and its motto is "Everything for the runner." You have articles on marathons, medical advice, articles on marathons, interviews and articles on marathons. That's all. You neglect those almost superhuman mortals who run 100 or 440 or 880 yards at terrific speeds. Is your definition of runner "one who jogs, races or walks at a distance greater than one mile?" I'm sure it isn't. Yet why do you include information only on long distance running and forget the sprints and middle distances? If *Runner's World* wishes to avoid a reputation of hypocrisy, it better give equal coverage to all facets of running.

John Pavloff
Malvern, Pa.

Photo Quiz

Name this runner who placed first in an Olympic marathon but was later disqualified.



LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Eighty-one correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Jacob Brown (Lemont, Pa.) was drawn, and he was awarded \$10 worth of books.

THE ANSWER: Amos Biwott

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 gift certificate good for any books handled by RW. Deadline for this issue's contest: Aug. 9.

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

"ELITISM"

The response to our petition (against time restrictions at Boston) was great (see "Distance Running Scene," May 1971). With no exaggeration, I can say we had 90% of the runners opposed to the qualifying standards. My girlfriend was stunned at the vehemence with which the runners responded to her request for their signatures. There exists a great deal of bitterness and resentment—much more than you would imagine. Ellen also told me nearly all the signers asked if the petition was for women also.

Bill Ingraham
Lexington, Mass.

It is inconceivable to me that a race organizer could be so obtuse as to even suggest waving a man (who could well be running a sub-2:50 race) off the course after 23 miles just because the course was so poorly designed that it crossed a free-way at that point (referring to the proposed time limits for the AAU marathon at Eugene, "Distance Running Scene," May 1971). It seems to me that if the traffic at Boston can be stopped for any 3½-hour runner, the traffic at Eugene, Ore., could certainly be stopped for a national championship.

Richard Raymond
Portland, Ore.

How many "would-be runners" finish ahead of how many "real runners" in marathons? Once you're forced to walk, your lead vanishes rapidly, no matter how big it may have been. "Pride goes before a fall."

Franklin Sax
Los Angeles, Calif.

I am happy you came out openly and with some force (you seemed to hold back a little) on the issue of elitism which is coming into marathoning. We all must keep talking, steadily and strongly, on these things. We must keep talking so that little openings are made into people's minds and creative conflicts are set up there between the ways of the old consciousness and the new consciousness. Nothing deep will happen within people until these creative internal conflicts are set up.

Benjamin Sawyer
Santa Cruz, Calif.

ADVICE

Once or twice I have been tempted to write you with a suggestion for the benefit of *Runner's World*. However, I have resisted this temptation because of my conviction that the world is all too full of people who insist upon telling other people how to run their affairs.

Fred Wilt
Lafayette, Ind.

ADVERTISING RATES

Full-Page —\$200.00

Quarter-Page —\$72.00

Half-Page — \$120.00

Eighth-Page —\$40.00

Inserts — \$200 for all advertisers (including races).

15% discount to race advertisers. . . Quantity rates on request. . . No extra charge if we do layout.

Copy for upcoming issues: September issue — Aug. 9
November issue — Oct. 4

Contact Bob Anderson, Publisher, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040 — (415) 969-9700

DISTANCE RUNNING BOOKS

FOUR MILLION FOOTSTEPS, Bruce Tulloh. Tulloh's lively and literate book describes his epic "record" run across the United States during the summer of 1969. He tells of the mammoth obstacles imposed by injuries, fatigue, traffic and sheer mileage during his 65-day journey. 1970. Paperback, 175pp., illustrated. \$1.95.

JIM RYUN STORY, Corder Nelson. A detailed description of the life and times of America's number one track hero. Brilliantly illustrated with nearly 200 photos by Rich Clarkson. 1967. Hardback, 272pp. \$5.95.

KIPCHOGE OF KENYA, Francis Noronha. Keino—the greatest athlete in the history of African track. We know that he is a world record holder, an Olympic champion. But what of the man? This book answers this question and looks into the background of this 3:53 miler. Paperback, 160pp., illustrated. \$2.95.

THE LONELY BREED, Ron Clarke. Clarke looks deeply into the personalities and methods of 21 distance greats that he admires most. Paavo Nurmi, Gerry Lindgren, Abebe Bikila, Peter Snell, Arthur Newton, many others. 1967. Hardback, 187pp., illustrated. \$5.95.

MY RUN ACROSS THE UNITED STATES, by Don Shepherd. Using sharp observation powers, an equally sharp sense of humor and his unique experiences, South African Shepherd traces his 1964 run across the U.S.—a truly pioneering effort. 1970. Paperback, 188pp., ill. \$3.50.

UNFORGIVING MINUTE, Ron Clarke. The autobiography of history's most successful record-breaker gets into the factors and philosophies behind his times. Inspiring reading. 1966. Hardback, 190pp., illustrated. \$5.95.

COMPUTERIZED RUNNING TRAINING PROGRAMS, Jim Gardner and Gerry Purdy. A new concept in training. Using a computer, the authors have taken the guesswork out of interval training—devising sets of workouts geared to the specific ability of each runner, all distances. Paperback. 100pp. of text, 122pp. of tables, illustrated. \$4.50.

LONG SLOW DISTANCE, Joe Henderson. Training need not be a pain—or so the experiences of a number of mildly successful distance runners indicate. Bob Deines and Amby Burfoot are among the converts to comfortably-paced LSD running. 1969. Paperback, 64pp., ill. \$2.00.

THOUGHTS ON THE RUN, by Joe Henderson. These 150 thoughts represent one runner's point of view. But this one runner distills the thoughts and experiences that through every runner's mind as he logs his miles. From A (Addiction) to Z (Zero), he describes the philosophical side of the running game. Unique, inspiring reading! As the author says under "Easy": "Running is easy. Getting out to do it is hard. So the method that appears the most pleasant from a distance and requires the least self-arguing is the best and easiest." This book will help move you to get out and run; similar thinking and experiences of your own will keep you there. 116pp., many photos. \$2.95.

ROAD RACERS AND THEIR TRAINING, Joe Henderson. The first comprehensive survey on this subject. Includes general material on this aspect of the sport, plus detailed data on the training, philosophies, etc., of 60 top road runners. 1970. Paperback, 96pp., illustrated. \$2.50.

RUN RUN RUN, Fred Wilt. The most complete book available on running technique. All training methods, theory, tactics, warmup, pace—from sprinting through marathoning. 1964. 282pp., paperback, \$3.50. Hardback, \$5.00.

(NEW) INJURY IN SPORT, edited by J.R. Armstrong and W.E. Tucker. The book that's a masterpiece among the limited number of sports medicine texts. In its more than 600 pages, it covers the physiology and medical problems of all sports. Of critical interest to all distance runner or walker are chapters such as these: Physiological Factors Limiting Maximum Performance. . . Fitness and Training. . . Physiological and Psychological Approach to Athletics. . . Women in Sport. . . Nutrition and the Athlete. . . Injuries to Athletes (Runners). . . Fractures in Athletes. The beauty of the book is that it is written for the layman as well as the professional—in terms that any intelligent athlete can comprehend. "Must" reading for all serious students of the sport and anyone in a position to deal with injuries—his own or others'. Hardback, well-illustrated, 628 pages. \$15.95.

MIDDLE DISTANCE RUNNING, Percy Cerutti. Percy Cerutti has strong, often unique ideas on almost everything. And he doesn't hesitate to express them forcefully. When the topic is middle-distance running, he speaks from solid experience. Cerutti coached Herb Elliott, and the unorthodox methods catapulted Elliott to world fame as a miler in the late 1950s. Particular emphasis on strength training, breathing and running techniques. Hardback, 197pp., illustrated. \$4.95.

ORDER FORM

Name of Book

Price

Please send me the above book(s).

Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, California 94040



Name

Address

City

State

Zip

NOW READY

The Complete Book on Distance Running

GUIDE TO DISTANCE RUNNING

There are many books on the subject of distance running, but there has never been a book like "Guide to Distance Running." Here's a book edited by Runner's World publisher Bob Anderson and editor Joe Henderson that hits upon nearly every facet of the sport. The nearly 100 articles divided into five chapters (The Basics, Races & Racing, Coaching & Training, The Reasons Why, The People) are the work of over 50 different authors. Some of the articles are listed below.

Here's where most books stop. This one doesn't. We felt that the sport could only be understood if we could visually illustrate it for you. This is where chapter six comes in—Running Views. This chapter consists of nearly 100 photos divided into six sections—Around the Track, In the Country, On the Road, Great Stars, Olympic Games, Just Running. Every photo was carefully selected from the over 2000 pictures on file at Runner's World. Thirty-two photographers from around the world submitted photos for our use.

This hits the highlights of the big 208-page (8½ x 11) book, but you have to see "Guide to Distance Running" to really appreciate it. It is only \$4.95 and well worth the price. Get your copy today.

Partial list of "Guide" contents:

CHAPTER I — THE BASICS

Physiology of Distance Running
The Doctor's Vital Role
The Curse of Achilles Pain
Heat's Burden on Runners
Living with Winter Weather

CHAPTER II — RACES & RACING

Hints for Better Road Races
"Run for Fun" Program
Cross-Country Technique
Pacing Charts (All Distances)
A Day for the Record

CHAPTER III — TRAINING

Evolution of Training

Getting Behind the Times
Ron Clarke on Training
Coaching the Adolescent Boy
Training Preps to Compete

CHAPTER IV — REASONS WHY

Exploring Basic Drives
Searching for Ourselves
Finding Fun on the Run
Use and Abuse of Statistics
Running's Real Rewards

CHAPTER V — THE PEOPLE

Clayton, Drayton and Hill
Fall and Rise of Jim Ryun
That Little Marathon Girl
Lewis Outruns Old Age
Browning Ross—A Worker

CHAPTER VI — RUNNING VIEWS

(the outstanding photo section)

Around the Track
In the Country
On the Road
Great Stars
Olympic Games
Just Running

APPENDIX

World Running Records
American Running Records
The Super (24-Hour) Relay
Boston Marathon Winners
Olympic Games Medalists

—ORDER FORM—

Please send me ___copy(s) of your new book "GUIDE TO DISTANCE RUNNING." I have enclosed \$4.95 per copy. If you are not completely satisfied with the book, you may return it within 5 days and receive a full refund.

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS — 3-49 copies 40% off; 50 or more copies 50% off. Cash with order only.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

RUNNER'S WORLD, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

