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**NEXT ISSUE**

In July's issue, we'll have a featurized look at the AAU marathon and its scene—Eugene, Ore. The interview will be with Bruce Kidd—the first of the super-fast young runners and now a writer-politician in Canada. He still runs and has lucid observations to make about the sport. Also, a mid-summer article offering evidence on heat's harmful effects.

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"Everything for the Runner"

VOLUME VI

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Here, disguised as a mild-mannered photographer for a Eugene, Ore., lumber company, is Jim Ryun—again fully fit and anxious to race. (Rich Clarkson photo)



# AWARDS AND THEIR MEANING

BY BENJAMIN SAWYER

The entry form has come in the mail. I open it. I look it over. My eyes have become accustomed to falling first on two things as I scan race entry forms, and they do this time—the entry fee, and the list of awards. By now I know what to expect: the fee will be at least \$1.00, and there will be an impressive list of trophies and medals offered. My mind calculates, inevitably: \$1.00 is up 400% from the 25 cents I paid to enter my first AAU race in 1956, and the fields of runners have at least doubled, and often tripled or quadrupled in size since then. Hmm. . . a geometric increase in money taken in at each race. I know there are legitimate expenses. But the rest of the percentage of fee increases? My mind can't accept inflation as the whole reason for that.

Something else is happening. Hmm. . . I look at the list of awards again. They seem longer and longer as the years go by. Why? More runners means the need for more awards? Race organizers are competing with one another, thinking more awards will attract more runners, and consequently more prestige for their race? I wonder. I begin to see a relationship—higher and higher entry fees and more and more awards.

The question of awards has been with me for a long time. My first uneasiness came in the early 1960s, when I would win an occasional medal. (There is something weird about finishing eighth or 10th or 12th at times in those days—a period that seems now like an earlier, mythical era—and running just as well 10 years later and ending up 30th or 40th, even though the whole thing is mathematically logical and ultimately doesn't matter.) Receiving them never seemed to thrill me a great deal, and I always felt awkward and mechanical when walking up in front of the little crowd to receive the medal at the ceremony.

As time passed, and I began realizing why I was uneasy, I found myself giving awards away, or dropping them clandestinely into trash cans, or taking a shower when the ceremony was going on. Interesting complications arose. I was breaking up with a girl friend at one point, and she wanted to know what to do with some medals I had given her. I casually said, "I don't really care. Throw them out, or do whatever you wish with them." She threw me a look of amazement and disbelief. After some time, she decided the path out of the dilemma was to send them to my mother. This idea didn't do much for me, and it was finally never carried out. But the point was: somehow they *had* to be preserved! Which shows that trophies and medals take on sacred qualities. There is even a hint of blasphemy in one doing anything rash with them. The hero cannot be violated, cannot be profaned, by any desecration of the symbols of his triumphs. Hero/triumph/symbolic award is a very tight emotional framework in many of our minds.

My central point is this: rewards do not need to be given to people for doing what they want to be doing. It's that simple. And, to take a slight step further, it can be considered offensive to have someone trying to reward you for doing what you simply want to be doing. And would be doing anyway. Something subtly degrading happens, all the way around—in the giving and in the acceptance. An external, material object given to you for what, I think, is

fundamentally a profound internal act (running a race, and all that that implies). The result of this is that I believe awards should not be given at races. This position reflects my ultimate feelings. However, I am realistic enough to know that few runners and officials will rejoice at this idea. Therefore, later on I will suggest some alternatives to our current awards situation which nonetheless retain the general philosophy of offering awards.

I have been running competitively since 1951, and have been running AAU cross-country and road races since 1956. I've watched, listened to and talked with runners during these years in conditions surrounding races (that is to say, in conditions in which runners are most likely to let their feelings show), and my conviction is that very few are moved to come to races because of the trophies and medals offered. This is a commonly-given reason for offering awards. But under close scrutiny I don't believe it will hold up.

I repeat: I would like to see awards disappear altogether. Not only do I question whether they are in line with basic reasons runners run, but I believe they are an unnecessary hassle for race organizers. The energy in obtaining awards should be put to consistently printing accurate results of *every* entrant, accurately timing *every* finisher, and accurately measuring *every* course.

If we are going to continue having awards, I would like to see them take a new direction—toward usefulness and given to those who need them. Trophies and medals, which are usually mass-produced and cheaply made (aesthetic facts which do not go unnoticed by the mature and tasteful runner), are absurd in their uselessness. I object to having my money spent on them.

Byron Lowry has suggested a new direction for the Pacific AAU Association. He says merchandise awards or coupons to be traded in on running shoes should be given. Scattered races around the country now do this. It is a creative, constructive departure from the current trophies-and-medals-oriented situation which exists at most races. We could go further. If we must have awards, I offer some ideas:

- 1. A percentage of the entry fee to go to purchase of running shoes for low-income runners (in particular those from ghetto areas).
- 2. A percentage of the entry fees to go toward establishing scholarship for younger runners who are interested in attending college.
- 3. A percentage of the entry fees to go toward payment of a doctor or doctors who would be available to give examinations to any distance runner wishing one (as it relates to his running).
- 4. Replace all trophies and medals with useful things, such as books, subscriptions, coupons for shoes and other equipment, potted plants for the garden, etc.
- 5. If traditional types of awards must be retained, have only three well-made ribbons for first, second and third places. Nothing more.

But I repeat my central point. You don't have to reward people for doing what they want to be doing. The *doing* itself is ample reward.



# DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

I'll admit it. I'm scared. It frightens me, this direction distance running seems to be taking. Lots of us have been fearing "creeping elitism"—the subtle and gradual exclusion of slower runners. But the problem has become more serious and immediate. Elitism isn't creeping in, it's galloping, and there's nothing subtle about it.

First there was Boston and its 3½-hour entrance limit. You all know about that.

Now the national AAU championship in Oregon this summer plans to slap a "suggested" 2:45 requirement on its entrants. Possibly a slightly less restrictive 3:00.

Kenny Moore, who was instrumental in bringing the race to Eugene, explains, "There is difficulty in crossing one main arterial boulevard without police holding up traffic. For that reason, the race committee would like to discourage runners who are not likely to break three hours from entering. There is no rule prohibiting them, but in this race I'm afraid the emphasis will be placed upon the championship performers."

With all due respect to Kenny, who empathizes with the slow runner and has said so in print, and to the meet management which no doubt will put on an excellent race, the mere suggestion of a requirement is unnecessary and damaging.

Haven't we been led to believe that Eugene is a "runner's paradise"? That runners are treated with a bit of reverence. If that's the case, drivers shouldn't mind being held up for a few seconds as the marathon sloggers pass in front of them. Or maybe the course could be altered a bit to avoid that busy street. If slow runners are considered a problem or a burden, there must be less painful ways of handling them than by saying, "We don't want you."

I wanted to run at Eugene. True, no one has said I can't. But I can't run a 2:45 marathon, either, and when I got to that busy intersection the fact would be strongly impressed on me that I wasn't really wanted.

But selfish considerations aside, restrictions like this cut much deeper. The most unique and satisfying aspect of long distance running has been its truly democratic spirit. The creed, sometimes written and sometimes merely silently understood, has been, "Everyone's welcome here. There's no stigma on being slow."

This is eroding. We as individuals and the entire sport will be poorer for it if the trend continues.

Kurt Steiner, a long-time AAU official and marathoner, thinks it will. He says, "One factor remains clear. The way Boston runs directs the way the rest of the marathons will be run, and the wind will blow the Boston way." He was referring, of course, to the 3:30 time limit imposed this year, adding that Boston officials "have a great responsibility to uphold the traditions of our sport."

Others are taking a more head-on approach to the problem. One is Bill Ingraham of Lexington, Mass. He was fully qualified to run the 1971 Boston race and was entered, but says, "I feel lousy knowing there are guys being denied the right to run. I have always abhorred elitism in sport."

Ingraham, with the blessing of the Cambridge Sports Union (23 Fayette Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139), is circulating a petition on the subject. It makes four points:

- "We who have qualified for entry in the 1971 Boston marathon are strongly opposed to having qualification limits based on time imposed on this classic road race. We feel that

the only criterion necessary is evidence of active participation in long distance events.

- "We feel that unless the entry qualifications are relaxed considerably, many runners would seriously consider *boycotting* future Boston marathons.

- "We are convinced that methods, manpower and resources can readily be found for handling increased numbers of entries without undue difficulty.

- "If the trend of the past two years continues, where will it end? Isn't it already helping kill the great tradition of democratic participation in road racing?"

Long distance running is a lousy spectator sport, and I for one don't care to sit aside and watch it, reflecting nostalgically on how it used to be. Certain effort, such as Ingraham's, must be exerted to keep what we have.



Liesel—that's my dog—has running in her blood. She's half greyhound, and to run is her birthright.

From the day I rescued the three-month-old pup from oblivion at the hands of a veterinarian, she ran with me.

She struggled at first. Her little legs couldn't keep her up with me. By the end of slow one-hour runs, the fuzzy pup would be puffing along 200 yards behind, but sticking with it doggedly.

She grew up fast. Before long, it was me puffing along

## CANADA DAY MARATHON

SCARBORO, ONTARIO, CANADA

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\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signature of Athlete)



200 yards behind her. She carried enough speed and endurance in reserve to sprint ahead and off to the sides to explore, to chase squirrels and to terrorize smaller dogs. Unaware that she'd wandered into their paths, she'd stand and give drivers "what's-wrong" looks as they screeched to a stop inches from her.

For her safety and my serenity, I had to start chaining Liesel up while I ran. She couldn't understand why. She tried to slink away whenever she saw me grab the chain. She'd sulk when I slipped it around her neck. And she'd whine as I disappeared down the driveway.

But the other 23 hours a day she was free to roam at will on an eight-acre farm. There were friends to run with, horses to chase, and best of all there weren't any visible boundaries restricting her.

Except during that miserable hour a day when I ran and she couldn't, Liesel was a calm, happy dog leading a good life.

Now her world is turned upside down. She lives within the 20- x 30-foot fence of a back yard in suburbia. The only time she gets out is when I take pity and let her run along with me.

Being cooped up like this, she has turned decidedly neurotic. She slouches around morosely most of the day, she barks at shadows and cowers fearfully in corners. Once she preferred the outdoors. Now she tries desperately to get inside to hide. Once in, she won't leave unless dragged out.

But when I let her out to run, she'd her old self again. Her super-self. She almost knocks me and the door down on the way out. It's as if in five minutes she's trying to wipe away days of captivity. She leaps, sprints and frolics with unrestricted joy, going in no particular direction but simply elated to be going again.

After awhile she settles down, content to trot along with me. Her neuroses are temporarily relieved by the run. When we get home, I don't have to lay a hand on her to get her out of the house. She leaves confidently.

For one hour of the day, she has tasted freedom, and she's happy until the next day. Her master, even if he doesn't fully realize it, has the same basic need and feels the same way.

Living in Mountain View gives glimpses of civilization at its worst. Suburban sprawl gone mad.

God knows, living in a plastic-fantastic, mass-produced, disposable environment like this, a man must find a compensating force somewhere. Running helps. Regardless of whatever else it is, running's real, it's mine, it's lasting and it's free. And these sorts of things are getting harder to come by.

Somehow, running fills basic needs—needs that go deeper than wanting to run a three-hour marathon or wanting to keep the weight from climbing above college level.

In a dozen or more ways, running serves as a vital counter-balance to the often oppressive weight of modern living. Everyone needs to restore a balance.

- The more noisy and crowded life becomes, the more we need a quiet time alone with our thoughts.
- The more rushed the pace of living, the more we need to slow down and live.
- The easier and more comfortable our daily existence—the more passive, the more we need activity, effort, even a bit of pain.
- The more we're forced to live and work indoors, the more we need to escape to the outdoors.
- The more we're burdened with mental work, the more we need to strike a physical balance.
- The more complex our life-style, the more we need a simple, uncluttered routine.

- The higher the level of boredom, the more we need excitement.
- The more anonymous and lonely we feel, the more we need attention and companionship.
- The more we're alienated from one activity, the more we need strong attachment to another.
- The more we meet with collective repression, the more we need individual expression.
- The more we're swamped with mass-produced things and thinking, the more we need personal creations.
- And the more we become civilized, the more opportunities we need to revert briefly to our primitive state.

Really, this last example kind of ties all the rest together. A theme that runs through Desmond Morris' books *Human Zoo* and *Naked Ape* is that man's mental capacity has evolved at a runaway pace. His body and instincts haven't kept up.

While man has created a high-speed, mechanized, industrialized, computerized, urban culture, he's physically and emotionally not unlike his tribal ancestors who roamed and hunted the open spaces a hundred centuries ago.

Throwing man into the strange new environment has confused him. He has surrendered his most basic activities in the name of ease and comfort. And is paying a price for it, as surely as is my dog who finds herself cooped up in the back yard.

Man is cast into an environment that's alternately unstimulating and overstimulating. He bounces wildly from a sterile existence with no meaningful activity to a frantic one with too much activity to absorb.

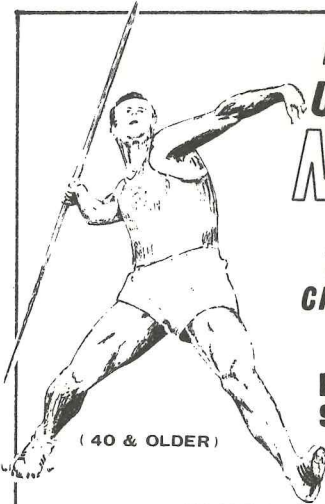
This throws him off-balance and creates a need—often unconscious—to return to the basics. To use his own mind and body as an artistic tool. To work for and with his small tribal group. And to be in, and live in delicate harmony with, his natural habitat.

Running—because it's individual, is somewhat creative, because there's often a tribal relationship among runners, and because the runner is closely allied with nature—satisfies these innate needs.

As "progress" continues its wicked pace, the need to fall back on animal instincts and run from it becomes more urgent.

Psychotherapist Rollo May has said, "It's an old and ironic habit of human beings to run faster when we have lost our way."

I hope we can run fast enough.



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CHAMPIONSHIPS**

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**(40 & OLDER)**

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# RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

● **Seattle, Wash., Feb. 6**—Kerry Pearce and Doris Brown earned a share of world indoor records. Pearce tied the two-mile mark of 8:27.2, and Mrs. Brown got a piece of the 2:07.3 half-mile best.

● **Houston, Tex., Feb. 12-13**—Using the sweeping Astro-dome track's turns to full advantage, distance runners had a wonderful time—as well as wonderful times. Marty Liquori won the mile in 3:57.2, with Leonard Hilton (3:59.1) and Greg Carlberg (3:59.6) getting below four for the first time. And incredible 10 two-milers ran 8:47 or better, led by Sid Sink and Johnny Halberstadt at 8:34.2. Unofficially, two indoor relay records fell—Wisconsin running 7:19.8 in the two-mile (with Mark Winzenried doing 1:46.2), and Villanova in the distance medley of 9:31.6 (Chris Mason had a 2:52.2 three-quarters, and Liquori a 3:57.4 mile). The latter relay time is the best ever, indoors or out, but won't count for anything since indoor marks must come on 220-yard or smaller ovals. This one is 352 yards.

● **Berlin, West Germany, Feb. 13**—Harald Norpoth slashed nearly three seconds from the world indoor 1500-meter best with 3:37.8. Christa Merten lowered the women's mark to 4:17.9.

● **Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 13**—If there's one thing a hot, tired marathon novice doesn't need it's an extra mile. But Jerry Jobski handled the mismeasured course admirably as he ran 2:26:42 in his first-ever marathon—on an 80-degree day yet!

● **San Diego, Calif., Feb. 19**—Jim Ryun is back in full stride. His record-tying 3:56.2 indoor mile attests to that fact. But even Jim's heroics couldn't match those of the two-milers. Australian Kerry O'Brien went the distance in 8:19.2—fastest ever, indoors or out—with Kerry Pearce not far back at 8:20.6. Though Frank Shorter couldn't quite match that hot pace, he still came out of the race with an American mark of 8:26.2.

● **New York, N.Y., Feb. 19**—In the latest of his string of fine indoor races, Tom Von Ruden acquired the indoor 1000-meter record with 2:20.4, leading Frank Murphy of Ireland to an European mark of 2:20.6.

● **New York, N.Y., Feb. 21**—Unaging Jim McDonagh, just turned 47, raced to the best 50-mile of his life when he ran 5:36:52.6. Vince Chiappetta, 37, led most of the way and ended up with 5:39:14.

● **New York, N.Y., Feb. 26**—Frank Shorter bombed through an unassisted 13:10.6 three-mile (second-best ever indoors) to destroy Kerry Pearce and a good field in the AAU championships. Tom Von Ruden took the 1000 (2:07.3) in a close race with Frank Murphy (2:07.4), and Poland's Henryk Szordykowski won the sit-and-kick mile in 4:06.0 from John Mason and Chuck LaBenz (both 4:06.1). In the women's races, Canadian Abby Hoffman won the 880 in 2:08.7, and Doris Brown led the milers with 4:47.9.

● **Kiel, West Germany, Feb. 27**—Hildegard Falck improved the women's indoor 800-meter record by an even two seconds to 2:03.3.

● **Seaside, Ore., Feb. 27**—In what may have been the best American marathon ever run outside of Boston, Bruce Mortenson paced a field of 358 by running 2:21:09.8. First-time marathoner Tom Robinson, 20, followed him with 2:22:00 as 12 runners bettered 2:30 and 86 were under three hours.

● **Los Angeles, Calif., March 6**—Twenty-year-old Doug

Schmenk beat the field by nearly a mile when he won the hilly Municipal Games marathon in 2:24:28.

● **Los Angeles, Calif., March 6**—Cheryl Bridges, an international cross-country veteran, set an American women's two-mile record when she did 10:51.3.

● **Burlingame, Calif., March 7**—Colombian Alvaro Mejia, who's headed back to his native country to prepare for the Pan-Am Games, goes home with a new South American marathon record. He ran 2:17:22.2 in the West Valley race—his first at this distance. Runner-up Byron Lowry had 2:22:33, and another first-timer, Charlie Harris, ran 2:23:24.

● **Detroit, Mich., March 12-13**—Marty Liquori gained a double victory—two-mile in 8:37.1, mile in 4:04.7—at the NCAA indoor championships. Mark Winzenried took the 880 at 1:49.9, and Bob Wheeler won the 1000 in 2:07.4.

● **Tulsa, Okla., March 13**—Oklahoma State student Johnny Halberstadt, a South African, won the Oil Capital marathon in 2:26:51.4—one of the best marathons ever run in the southwest.

● **Rocklin, Calif., March 13-14**—This little town that's known for its long, long races, saw the most unique one of all. In a 100-miler, Jose Cortez, a 19-year-old, ran 12:54:30.8 for the best time in US history. Next came equally amazing Natalie Cullimore, who did an almost non-stop 16:11:00.

● **Sofia, Bulgaria, March 13-14**—Former world 1500-meter record holder Margaret Beacham of Great Britain met head-on with her replacement Christa Merten of West Germany in the European Indoor championships. Margaret not only got the victory, but also regained the record with 4:17.2.

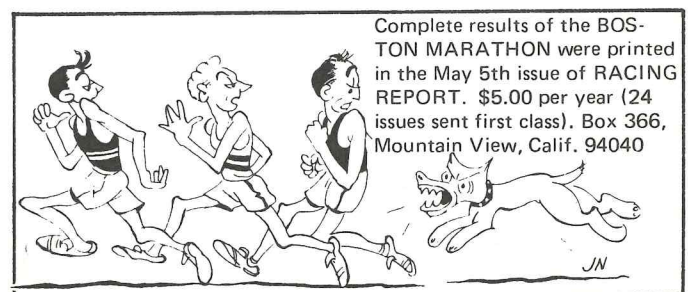
● **Los Angeles, Calif., March 14**—Cheryl Bridges collected her second American track record when she ran 16:36.0 for three miles.

● **San Sebastian, Spain, March 20**—All-but-unbeatable Doris Brown casually won her fifth straight international cross-country championship, running 11:08.4 over a 3.1-kilometer course. Janet Bristol placed fifth and Beth Bonner 11th for the Americans. In the men's race, Dave Bedford of England won by over 22 seconds with 38:42.8 on the 12-kilometer route. Trevor Wright ran second.

● **New York, N.Y., March 21**—Eastern marathoners greeted spring in fine style at the Earth Day race. Tom Fleming paced the 200-plus starters with a 2:23:44.2 victory.

● **Chicago, Ill., March 21**—These marathoners will try anything. A group ran an indoor 26-miler on a 220-yard track, and Ken Young survived with a 2:54:03.3. He claimed eight rather obscure American records en route.

● **Eugene, Ore., April 3**—Steve Prefontaine cut loose with a 13:01.6 three-mile in a dual meet, making him second-fastest US three-miler of all-time.





# Runner's World Interview:

# JIM RYUN

BY JANET NEWMAN AND EVAN SMITH  
(Photos by Rich Clarkson)

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"(The pressure has) always been there. You become accustomed to it. When you go places, they expect a lot out of you. You try to ignore it, and you can to a certain extent. But it's constantly there. I think it's more present now because I have a family. Before I could sort of slough it off; now it's a little more difficult because they feel it."

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Jim Ryun has picked up where he left off two years ago. Running on San Diego's fast board track, Feb. 19, he tied Tom O'Hara's seven-year-old indoor mile record of 3:56.4. Spectators may have thought they were watching a 1967 newsreel as Ryun's last-lap burst carried him past three other sub-four-minute milers. This race, his second after a 19-month absence from competition, showed that Jim had regained his competitive edge.

Three days after his record-tying run, we talked with Jim at the apartment in Eugene, Ore., that had been his home for barely a week. He was excited about his performance, especially because it had come so early in the season.

Comparing his run to indoor races in past seasons, Jim seemed like a runner who had been away for only a few weeks.

Apparently, he is back in the race with hardly a missed step, but he'll tell you it hasn't been so easy. Jim had been training for nine months by the time he stepped to the starting line against Chuck LaBenz, John Mason and Dick Quax in San Diego. Also, he had tested himself with two 4:04 miles, the first a December time-trial at Kansas University, the second his return victory in San Francisco four weeks before the San Diego run.

His training started again in mid-May of 1970. He ran easily at first, gradually increased his volume, and later added interval work with an emphasis on strength-building. As the outdoor season approached, he would place more emphasis on speed.

Jim's training conditions were improved in mid-February when he left the snow and cold of Topeka, Kans., for the wet but mild climate of Eugene.

Eugene is a runner's town for reasons other than climate. Facilities include the new urethane track where the AAU championships will be held in June. Fans pack the stadium for University of Oregon dual meets. Running is a way of life to so many people that the sight of sweat-suited athletes running the city's streets is too normal to attract attention.

Jim's potential training partners include eight or nine world-class run-

ners currently training in Eugene. The thought of choosing a couple of four-mile relay teams from among Ryun, Dave Wilborn, Roscoe Divine, Arne and Knut Kvalheim, Mike Manley, Steve Prefontaine and Steve Savage has fired the imagination of Eugene fans.

A job that fits in well with the life of a runner made Jim's move to Eugene possible.

The Ryuns were still moving in when we visited their apartment. The living room was cluttered with open suitcases and foot-lockers. Jim had to move two stacks of books to provide seats for his guests.

At the bottom of a foot-locker, surrounded by toys and baby clothes, stood the painted Grecian urn given to Jim as *Sports Illustrated's* "Sportsman of the Year" for 1966, and the Sullivan Award from that same year. At the side lay something that looked like an Olympic silver medal.

Such mementoes abound in the Ryun home like road race medals in the home of a less-gifted runner. He has competed at the top levels of international track since he made the

1964 Olympic team as a 17-year-old, so he thinks of track in terms of competition at the national and international levels. He talks rather casually about the tour of Australia-New Zealand, or of flying home for the Kansas Relays.

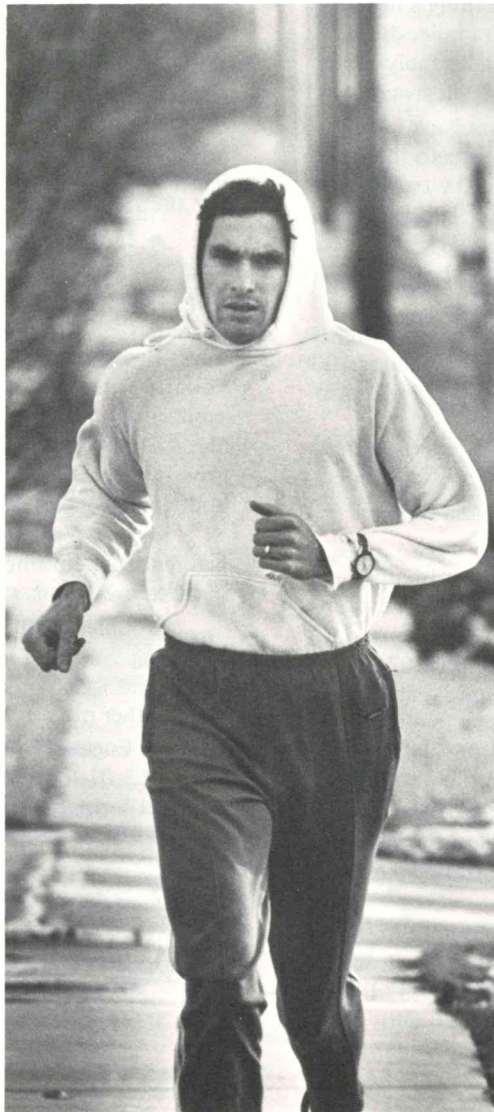
Jim obviously enjoys the opportunities for travel and meeting people that have come to him through running. He talks very freely about missing these experiences during his time away from competition and about wanting to share them with his wife.

However, Jim is not as willing to talk about his plans and goals for future races. The reasons for this are understandable. He is waiting to see how his return to running will fit in with the responsibilities of a family and a job. He has no reason to commit himself to goals which he may be unable or unwilling to pursue. Much can happen between now and the 1972 Olympics.

Whatever his private goals may be, Jim is committed to the kind of disciplined training he knows is necessary for competition at his high level.

#### His approach to training can

*Janet Newman and Evan Smith both are students at the University of Oregon and are active distance runners. Janet recently ran her first sub-four-hour marathon. Photographer Rich Clarkson has been recording Ryun's feats on film from Jim's earliest running days, and led Jim into a photographic career through the Topeka Capital-Journal.*





best be described as businesslike. His big move to the west coast was well-planned, as is his daily training routine. When he goes to the training track, he goes with a purpose in mind, does what needs to be done and goes home. Jim will jog with other runners or joke with coaches Bill Bowerman and Bill Dellinger, but when it's time to go to work he'll say, "Excuse me," and start his intervals.

Jim Ryun trains like a man who knows where he is going.

Despite his reluctance to speculate on the future, it is not hard to guess that his plans are directed toward Munich in 1972.

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**RW:** *How did you feel about running 3:56.4 in San Diego?*

**Ryun:** Needless to say, I was pleased. Running against (Chuck) LaBenz, (John) Mason and (Dick) Quax, I didn't know if I would be able to stay with them or even run competitively. It was a big surprise to me.

**RW:** *Then your workouts hadn't been particularly pointed towards San Diego.*

**Ryun:** No, not really. My program is geared to the outdoor season—running fast then—so what I did in San Diego was totally unexpected. I felt that if I ran under four minutes it would be a big surprise for me. I had felt good in San Francisco, but there is a large difference between feeling good and actually running under four minutes. An eight-second jump is quite a bit. The week before San Diego I felt very tired in practice. When I got down there, certainly my confidence wasn't as high as it could have been, but I was very anxious to get into some competition. Before, maybe I was anxious to travel. The big motivation in San Diego was to meet someone competitively. I think that even though I didn't feel well, that was a big meet.

**RW:** *Does the track in San Diego seem particularly fast? So many fast times have been run there.*

**Ryun:** I think that it's an easier track. Indoors, a lot of times you have to accelerate and decelerate going in and coming out of the turns. In San Diego, that was not the case. You didn't feel that you were slowing or speeding or anything at all; it was very even. Yet it's still not as easy as being outdoors. It's the closest thing, though. Certainly anybody that runs 8:19 indoors on the boards has to give some consideration to the track. I think (Kerry) O'Brien did.

The race was kind of fun. They went out in 53 (seconds for the first quarter); their first half was 1:54, then 2:57. Then they began to come back to me. I was really very concerned early in the race when it was announced that they were 53 seconds; I was at least a half-lap behind them. I could look across and see LaBenz. Everyone else was behind me with the exception of Mason, who was closer to LaBenz than me, but still quite a ways from the lead. So, at that point, having felt tired all week, it didn't increase my confidence. Yet I didn't feel I was working that hard. I felt pretty good.

**RW:** *Did you feel that everything came together for you during the race?*

**Ryun:** It wasn't so much things coming together. Rather, if I blew my cool the race was over—and if I didn't then I had a chance, because anybody that goes out in 53 generally fades towards the end, especially indoors. But as you know, LaBenz ran very well. He finished third in 3:58, so he is a strong runner. Outdoors, if he goes out in 53, I think someone may have to go with him. He could keep going.

**RW:** *Did this race change your training schedule?*

**Ryun:** Not really. I'm just further along than what I had thought. At any point in your training on a good day you're going to run better than on another; you're going to compete a little beyond what you're capable of. I didn't consider San

Diego a good day, yet I guess it was. Just because I ran 3:56 doesn't mean that I'm too far along. Who's to say I couldn't have done that years before, but I never was in that fast a race before. You usually don't worry about times indoors. I ran 3:56 now, but maybe I could have done it a couple of years ago.

**RW:** *Then you really weren't worried about time when you started the race?*

**Ryun:** No, not really.

**RW:** *How about when you heard those times?*

**Ryun:** I just tried to keep cool and keep a reasonable pace, because if I had gone out with LaBenz, we'd have all been fading and we might not have gone under four minutes. To a certain extent, the meet did change my training in that every time I compete well I return and begin expecting more out of myself in practice. So I rise to a new training plateau. It's not that I couldn't do it before the meet, but I expect more. This is how you generate pressure on yourself. I believe every athlete does this to a certain extent.

**RW:** *Do you feel that you're pressuring yourself more, now that you're coaching yourself? Or are you coaching yourself?*

**Ryun:** I'm not really coaching myself. Coach (Bob) Timmons at the University of Kansas, who's been my coach all along, is still doing it. We're corresponding and using the telephone some. It would be nice to have him next door, but this works fine. I hope that when I get my schedule arranged I'll be able to work with the Oregon boys. At this point, I haven't been able to because we've only been here about two weeks and it's rather hectic; we're not all the way moved in yet.

**RW:** *Where are you working now?*

**Ryun:** Bohemia Lumber Company. I work as their photographer—their company photographer. I'm in the process of building a darkroom for them. The rest of my time is spent selling modular homes, at their modular plant in Eugene. I enjoy the work and have a little more free time than I had in Topeka. Certainly the climate is a little more mild here than it is in Kansas.

**RW:** *Does the job allow time for getting away for meets?*

**Ryun:** Yes, it does. There wasn't that sort of problem in Topeka. The weather was the biggest problem in Kansas. If I were at the University, it would have been a lot simpler. You need indoor facilities in the midwest to survive. You can get by doing it all outdoors, but it gets a little old when you've done it for six or eight years. It gets a little tiresome going out in the snow. Your bones ache more at 23 than at 17. I had the opportunity to travel freely at Topeka, as I do here. When I'm home for two weeks, I may work 14 days straight. I'm flexible. I also enjoy the people I'm working with.

**RW:** *You're running twice a day?*

**Ryun:** Yes, I usually run six miles in the morning and then whatever coach Timmons has established for the afternoon—10-15 miles. It's pretty much on a regular schedule. I cover anywhere from 90-100 miles a week. For instance, last week after finishing up at San Diego I had about 75 miles for the week, so it wasn't a very restful week. To run 3:56, that's not resting very much. Who knows what I can do when I rest? Maybe a lot worse.

**RW:** *You have one long run a week?*

**Ryun:** Sometimes two. I don't know what exactly it's going to be since I haven't received my most recent correspondence. The Oregon boys are on a little different schedule. They go hard on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Mine has always been Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I'm in the pro-



cess of changing it. In the past, I've gone long on Sunday, 15 or 16, on Wednesday, 15, and other days I generally do some sort of interval work or fartlek. It's broken up. It gets a little monotonous, but sometimes you can't avoid that.

My interval work is mostly for volume now. I'm running on a very short interval basis. For instance, if I run quarters, I allow myself 45-50 seconds rest between and I'll run a large number, like 20. If I run repeat halves, I'll run 12 straight through with maybe a 3½-4-minute rest interval. I don't have very much rest, but the emphasis is on the total interval, not so much the time. I'm gradually changing that to put more emphasis on the time. When I go on a long run, I try to push the pace as much as possible, but that's one day that I can slack off a bit.

**RW:** *What kind of pace do you try to hit on your long runs?*

**Ryun:** I've had to adjust that a bit due to your "mountains" here. I run in the hills right around here. It's nice country. I always ran anywhere from 5:30-6:00 pace in Kansas on the flats, and I can generally maintain that here on the flats. It takes more time to get up the hills.

**RW:** *Was the climate the main reason for moving out west?*

**Ryun:** I think it was the main reason, yes. Certainly when you can improve the training conditions, that's a plus factor. Even though it rains here, it's still much warmer. There's not as much white stuff on the ground.

**RW:** *Was there a reason for picking Eugene?*

**Ryun:** Well, the people here expressed interest. I wrote to (Bill) Dellinger and (Jim) Grelle at Christmas time and told them that I was interested, and asked if something could be done. I was interested in a couple of other places, too, but just prior to our job interviews on the west coast Buck Knight called and said he had some interviews (in Eugene) if I'd like to come. So after we left San Francisco, my wife and I traveled up to Eugene. We were interested at the time. After we returned home, we had more of a chance to write and talk. Things seemed very agreeable, so we came here. The other place we were considering was Santa Barbara, but we liked Eugene better.

**RW:** *Are you consulting with Bowerman or Dellinger in training here?*

**Ryun:** When I came I asked Bill Dellinger what sort of a problem it would be to train if I were under coach Timmons. He said it would be no problem. He offered to time and do whatever he could. It's a very workable situation. They want to do what they can. They've been very helpful, particularly on the phone calls.

**RW:** *Have you consulted with other people on training?*

**Ryun:** Just Timmons, really. He's the man that plans my program at this point. We do a lot of correspondence.

**RW:** *You mentioned in a recent interview that you'd talked with Jack Daniels (assistant coach at the University of Texas).*

**Ryun:** Jack has been a help. We worked together on research. He has done a number of physiological tests for about five years. In that respect, he's given me some thoughts on training, but really the man who's given me all my guidance at this point has been coach Timmons. At first, I began trying to plan my own workouts, but that's a real task in itself. It's been very reassuring to know that the man who is planning your workouts is the one who has been doing it before, who knows where you are going and what to do. I think it works well that way.

**RW:** *Are you sort of playing it by ear?*

**Ryun:** Sure, I fill out my workouts after I've done them, send them back, and he decides what I should be doing later.

**RW:** *Do you like to record how you feel after a workout?*

**Ryun:** Generally speaking. That's a part of it; that can be an indication of whether you need more work, less work, or about the same.

**RW:** *Do you set goals in terms of time or in terms of competition?*

**Ryun:** I really do both. You can't separate them. At a certain point you need to have a stopwatch time, and you really need to have a competitive goal. They go hand in hand, depending on the particular race and the particular competition. I do both during the course of the year. Before I went to San Diego, I felt that if I would have run under four minutes and had finished dead-last I would have been very happy. This would have given me the indication that I wasn't off pace but was where I wanted to go. At the same time, it would give me a glimpse at my competitive spirit at that point.

**RW:** *Have you been surprised at the way your training has been coming along since you started? Was it hard to start again?*

**Ryun:** Not really. The thing that was most surprising was, having been off for almost a year, to be able to come back as quickly without any sort of injury, because a lot of athletes, when they come back this quickly, have some sort of a problem. I just hope I don't have one. I've been very slow in my training, gradually increasing, and doing a lot of distance work at the same time. It's been a very gradual thing, and I'm where I want to be. But nine or 10 months ago it would have been hard to look that far ahead and think in terms of 3:56 when at that time I could barely run 6½-minute miles.

**RW:** *Was it a hard decision for you to make, to come back again, or were you really missing running?*

**Ryun:** I missed it from the standpoint of people that were involved in track. The competitiveness of it was enjoyable, but I enjoyed the people that were involved. I had made some friends during the years; Anne had met some of them. It's enjoyable before and after the meet. I'm not saying I don't enjoy the competition. I do. There's a great deal of pressure on during the competition. That's one aspect that I don't enjoy. Generally speaking, I enjoy the sport.

**RW:** *It's hard to imagine you gaining 30 pounds. How did you feel?*

**Ryun:** I felt sluggish, but I wasn't running around with all that weight, either.

**RW:** *Was it discouraging to start, finding that you couldn't run as before?*

**Ryun:** Not really. Anyone who's been through it before realizes that when he first began it was difficult. It's a matter of time and effort. You'll make some progress. How much you make is determined to a certain extent by the amount of effort and time you spend on it. It was very slow in the beginning, but I expected it to be slow. It would have been difficult to conceive 10 months ago what I did in San Diego. It is a slow thing. I wanted it to be slow, so that when I got to 3:56 I wasn't going to have some injury problem. You want to make it slow and build a good background. Hopefully, that's what I've done. I won't really know until after the season is over.

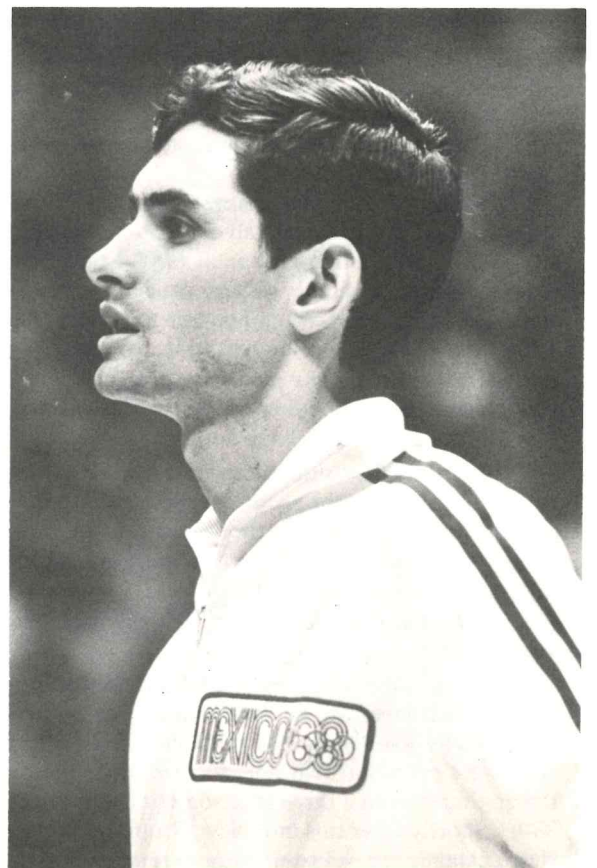
**RW:** *Do you feel that there is less pressure now than before?*

**Ryun:** No, I don't think so. It's always been there; you become accustomed to it. When you go places, they expect a





The road back has literal as well as figurative connotations for Jim Ryun. Above, he puts in solitary mileage on a lonely stretch of Topeka highway. Below left, he awaits the San Francisco indoor mile—his first race in 20 months. Right, with daughter Heather and wife Anne, Jim relaxes at home.





lot out of you. You try to ignore it, and you can to a certain extent. But it's constantly there. I think it's more present now because I have a family. Whereas before I could sort of slough it off, now it's a little more difficult because my family, to a certain extent, feels it. It's a bit different, but really not much.

**RW:** *Do you feel that you're better able to handle it now?*

**Ryun:** I hope so. I would like to think I'm more mature in that respect. Only time will tell.

**RW:** *Are you bothered by promoters constantly after you to come to meets?*

**Ryun:** They request your presence at meets some time in advance. When you try and tell them it's not very practical to commit yourself four months ahead of time, some of them understand and a lot of them just keep pestering you every two or three weeks. It's the same for many athletes. They want you to come to their meets, but some of them forget that it's not quite like a professional sport. You're not getting paid for it; you don't want to compete unless you're ready to compete. I tell them I'll make a decision a week or two ahead of time. That's it. If they want to keep calling back, that's their privilege, but I really can't say anything until later.

**RW:** *Do you have any ideas about how long you would like to actively compete?*

**Ryun:** I really don't know. One of the things that is very important to me now is my family. If I should decide, after I get through this season, that my family is not really enjoying it, and I'm not enjoying it, I may go on for a year or call it quits after this year. I really don't know how long I'll run. I don't want to put a limit on it. I don't want to say that if I go to the Olympics I will run just till then and quit. Maybe some avenue will open up that will permit me to go on. It becomes increasingly difficult because you have to think of your livelihood after you are through running. Right now, there is not much of a chance to a distance runner to continue. There is to some extent, but you have to think of what you're going to do in 30 years.

**RW:** *Is running, then, something of a sacrifice for your family?*

**Ryun:** Sure it is. I come home from work and I'm a bit tired. I'm not ready to do as much as I might want to. I spend time out training.

I don't think about running all the time. When I come home from practice, I spend all of my time with my family. Maybe I'm not sacrificing as much as a lot of other people, because when I got home it's very concentrated relaxation. I relax and I join them. When I go out to train, I train. That's it. I don't really give much thought to it, before or after.

**RW:** *Are there any particular people you're anxious to meet? Are you looking forward to running against Martin Liquori, or against Kipchoge Keino?*

**Ryun:** If they should be in the same meet that I decide to run in, fine. I'm not necessarily seeking out any one individual at this point. Later in the season I might; not right now. I think the most important part at this point is to progress in my training.

**RW:** *Will you stick mostly with the mile, or some other distances?*

**Ryun:** I'd like to run a lot of different things, but what I run in what meet will be determined by the competition and what I really want to run. It so happened that the first two races were miles, but that doesn't necessarily limit me for later. I'm anxious to run a three-mile sometime, or a two-mile, or an 880. (Shortly after this interview, Ryun toured Australia and New Zealand. He had to withdraw from his first race—a mile—

because of a leg injury. A few days later, he ran an 8:41.4 two-mile for third behind Kerry O'Brien—8:25.6—and Dick Quax—8:28.8).

**RW:** *Do you find that being away from school affects your running? What differences has it made, being on your own?*

**Ryun:** The main difference is that I have a job now. In school, you came home and studied in the evenings. Also, in school, it was a little bit easier; at 2:30 every afternoon at the University I went out to train. Now I run a little later, but I'm on my own. At the same time, I don't have the rigidity that I had in school—always having to go out at 2:30 and train with the team. There's an advantage to that in that you have an obligation every day, but at the same time it's nice to go out at 3:00 or 5:00 or whenever it's convenient. There are advantages both ways, but I prefer the latter.

**RW:** *Have you had any trouble disciplining yourself?*

**Ryun:** No more so than in school. You're the one that's going to be responsible for your training. If you did well in practice and give an honest effort, you know; and no one else can decide for you. I don't think it's that much different than it was in school. In fact, to a certain extent it's less difficult because I have more diversions than I had before.

**RW:** *Do you like working out on your own? Or do you miss having other people to run with?*

**Ryun:** Before, I did have a lot of people to work with, and I think I'll have that here after I get established. I'd like to work with them. I've always had someone to train with before. It helps to the extent that it breaks the monotony; you've always got someone to visit with on rest intervals.

**RW:** *Did you find it was hard to get started after having been off for almost a year?*

**Ryun:** Not really. I had motivation during that whole year. If I wanted to run, I could. To a certain extent, it was hard. I very much enjoyed the seclusion of a private life, being able to do just do what we wanted to, whenever we wanted to. At the same time, I missed being able to go a few places and do a few things, and see some of the friends that I'd made while in track. Missing it meant mostly missing people. I didn't miss the pressure involved in competition.

**RW:** *Was there anything that spurred you on to make the decision to return?*

**Ryun:** Being able to go back and sort of share this all with Anne. It does occasionally come up in conversation. It's difficult to share something that I experienced before—to say, "It was this way." You really can't go back and recreate everything, but you can go ahead and share some of the things that are involved in track and training and the people that participate in the sport. It's a very interesting life; it's sort of unique.

**RW:** *Did being away from the sport for a year change your attitude toward competition?*

**Ryun:** No, not really. I still enjoy it as much as before.

**RW:** *How was it different, being on the outside? Did you follow the activities of Liquori, LaBenz, or other milers?*

**Ryun:** I watched the meets on TV, followed track when I could, but I didn't put a little sign on my wall saying, "Liquori's number one; he's the man I'm after." I never have done that; I don't think I ever will.

**RW:** *During this time, were you ever able to get away from the pressure of being a well-known athlete?*

**Ryun:** Sure. There's one nice thing about living in the United States. People quickly forget who you are. You fade away quickly. You die within a day or two. It wasn't much of a problem.



# 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 more complete information on coming events and for up-to-date, detailed results, see "Racing Report"—a twice-monthly RW publication.

## May

- 7-8 West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.
- 8 Road Runner marathon, Gage, Okla.
- 8 Salt City marathon, Liverpool, N.Y.
- 9 AAU Regional marathon, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 14-5 Women's Collegiate championships, Cheney, Wash.
- 15 Bakersfield Invitational, Bakersfield, Calif.
- 15 Martin Luther King Games, Villanova, Pa.
- 16 Yonkers marathon, Yonkers, N.Y.
- 21-2 Pac-8 Conference, Seattle, Wash.
- 22 Champlain Valley marathon, Rouses Point, N.Y.
- 22 Palos Verdes marathon, Palos Verdes, Calif.
- 23 Canadian marathon championship, Toronto, Ont.
- 28-9 IC4A championships, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 29 Golden Gate marathon, Tiburon-San Francisco, Calif.
- 29 Meet of Champions, Houston, Tex.
- 29 California Relays, Modesto, Calif.
- 30 Denver marathon, Denver, Colo.
- 30 Little Grassy marathon, Carbondale, Ill.
- 30 Plodders' marathon, Brockton-Avon, Mass.

## June

- 3-5 NAIA championships, Billings, Mont.
- 4-5 Central Collegiate Conference, Bowling Green, Ohio
- 5 Kennedy Games, Berkeley, Calif.
- 5 Coliseum-Compton, Los Angeles, Calif.

- 6 Iowa AAU marathon, Redfield, Iowa
- 6 AAU marathon championship, Eugene, Ore.
- 6 Race of Champions, Holyoke, Mass.
- 7-8 Interservice championships, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 11 USTFF marathon, Wichita, Kans.
- 11-2 USTFF championships, Wichita, Kans.
- 11-2 NCAA College Division, Sacramento, Calif.
- 11-2 AAU Decathlon, Porterville, Calif.
- 12 Golden Midwest, Elmhurst, Ill.
- 12 Rose Festival Invitational, Portland, Ore.
- 14-9 Girls' and Women's AAU, Bakersfield, Calif.
- 17-9 NCAA championships, Seattle, Wash.
- 20 Glass City marathon, Toledo, Ohio
- 20 Longest Day marathon, Brookings, S.D.
- 20-1 Senior International, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 22 Senior International marathon, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 25-6 24-hour relay, Los Altos Hills, Calif.
- 25-6 AAU men's championships, Eugene, Ore.

## July

- ? Montana Sports Spree marathon, Miles City, Mont.
- ? Pioneer marathon, Salt Lake City, Utah
- 1 Canada Day marathon, Toronto, Ont.
- 2-3 US Masters track and field, San Diego, Calif.
- 2-3 US-USSR-World All-Stars, Berkeley, Calif.
- 4 Freedom marathon, Champaign, Ill.
- 4 US Masters marathon, San Diego, Calif.
- 4 AAU Senior 20-kilometer, Bloomington, Minn.
- 4 Whitewater marathon, Whitewater, Wisc.
- 10 Calgary Stampede marathon, Calgary, Alberta
- 10 Mountain marathon, Boone-Grandfather Mt., N.C.
- 16-7 US-Africa, Durham, N.C.
- 17 AAU Junior men's championships, Chicago, Ill.
- 18 AAU Junior 25-kilometer, Syracuse, N.Y.
- 24 AAU Sr. & Jr. one-hour, Santa Barbara, Calif.
- 24 (or 30) Police Games marathon, Toronto, Ontario

# 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
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# — ON THE RUN —

BY HAL HIGDON

There they were, my words in the March issue of *Runner's World*, coming back to haunt me. In an article entitled "Training Hard, the Easy Way," Joe Henderson had quoted me as saying: "I quit counting miles a long time ago." I plead guilty. I said that last December when I stopped by the *RW* office several days after my stellar tie for 49th with Henderson in the Petaluma marathon. Moreover, I dispensed the same sage advice in a chapter on training in my latest book (said he, slyly dropping in a plug), *On The Dog From Runs And People*, or whatever the title. Yet there is the evidence on a card tacked to the wall by my desk. As I type this column, I can see it condemning me as a hypocrite. On it I have written the mileage of every day's workout since Dec. 27, 1970. Heresy!

You regular readers of *RW* who love me for my revolutionary, anti-authority, hyper-liberal, off-the-establishment views will pardon me if I devote at least one column to as mundane a subject as training.

First of all, everything Henderson said representing my training views is correct. (Those irresponsible journalists: you're holding a friendly conversation and they're making mental notes.) Most training rhetoric focuses on maximum results via maximum effort. This includes even Joe's LSD theories. But what about obtaining maximum results via *minimum* effort? How little "training" (as opposed to "running") can you do and still feel fit, and race reasonably well?

I have found that I can hang onto 90% of my conditioning with relatively little effort. This means going out more or less daily and running about an hour, often less. This is my "fun" level of running. If all competition were abolished tomorrow, I would continue to run at this level because I enjoy it.

To race with a moderate level of success, I need to do a shade more. Usually this means a couple of months of hard, winter training. (This is what Joe meant when he said I applied hard-easy training "not only on a daily basis, but also, weekly, monthly and even yearly.") According to the Higdon dictionary of athletic terms, "running" becomes "training" at about the point where it begins to hurt. In the winter, I increase the length of my runs, and hurt a bit. Once a week, I get in a run of 15-20 miles. I use the Boston marathon as incentive. I worry only about distance, not about speed, and plod shamelessly along at an 8:00 to 10:00 mile pace. In zero weather, on icy roads, wearing a double sweat suit, this represents a greater effort than it seems. I can reach perhaps 90% of potential in this manner. It enables me to float through marathons in the mid-2:40s without my training program dominating my life.

This Steady Training Pattern (STP—a new catch-phrase) provides me with what might be best described as "background." Also a factor in my background are past performances. I know that fast times are possible given a certain amount of extra effort. I've been there once before.

That effort does not necessarily need to be great, or what Bill Dellinger describes aptly as "really brutal." The 95% level of conditioning can be reached partially by directing effort. I believe (and my theories on this have not yet been fully explored) that a runner at the 90% level, with good background, can jump to a new plateau by a sudden incisive burst of training. I don't think he can maintain himself long on this plateau (the 95% level), but he can peak for certain races in this way. Obviously, this system works better for athletes such as myself

who have been around awhile. For young runners who have never reached their fullest potential, it might not work at all.

Let me cite two examples. I had been floating along at my 90% level, competing irregularly, for several years when in May 1968 I decided to get in shape for the Olympic marathon trial at Alamosa, Colo. I had no expectations of winning, but merely wanted to race respectably. I trained hard for six weeks then spent three days with Dave Costill at the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University. I ran two hours on a treadmill at around 6:30 pace each of those days. This provided a climax to my training. Two days later, on June 30, I raced a 2:35:47 marathon in Denver, my fastest time since 1964 despite the mile-high altitude. In August at Alamosa, however, I foolishly ran the first third of the race with George Young and failed to finish. My June training (particularly those three days on the treadmill) had permitted me to move onto a new plateau, but I couldn't stay there long, nor had I sufficient background to push onto still another plateau.

The second example occurred in August 1970. Following a serious injury the previous summer, I had gotten into passably good shape through a winter of long, easy training. During the early summer, I raced every weekend with moderate success. On Aug. 1, we went to visit my in-laws in Chicago, who happen to live a half-block from a track. (That's not why I married my wife; her parents moved there by chance only a few years ago.) I began an intensive two-week program of twice-a-day workouts. In the morning, I would run 4-8 miles steady. In the afternoon, I would do interval training on the track, running mostly 440s or 220s. (I began running 75 and 35, but later got down around 68 and 31.) I never did any more than 10 at a time, since another of my new theories is that more than that number is wasting time and effort. At the end of two weeks, I took a day off, drove to Hurley, Wisc., and ran 2:34:39 in the Paavo Nurmi marathon.

Now, those figures on my wall. Why am I counting miles? Pride has prompted me to push past 95% for this year's Boston marathon. For one thing, it will be my 10th time at Boston. Another, I have a book out and all eyes will be upon me. (Last April, while I was running joyously along in around 130th place, one spectator shouted at me: "*Sports Illustrated* won't buy anything from you this year, Higdon!")

But more than that, I want to field test my theories. Can I reach into the 99th percentile and approach my 1964 form by utilizing what I have learned since then to maximize results? My formula of STP (Steady Training Pattern) plus ESP (Extraordinary Short Push) can get me briefly to 95%. Suppose I add LOM (Lots of Mileage) to the formula between STP and ESP? Maybe I can move my peak higher, or stay on it longer, or both.

Thus, since Dec. 27 I have greedily counted miles, steadily pushing my totals up to where I now (writing in mid-March) have reached the psychologically satisfying 100 miles a week. The last two weeks before Boston, I plan to go into the ESP phase of my schedule: twice-a-day workouts including intervals.

Since this column will appear in the May issue, after Boston, you already know whether my plan has succeeded or failed. If I succeed and achieve an anticipated time in the 2:25 to 2:30 range, my July column will further expand on my training philosophy. If not, I guess I'll have to go back to airing my usual revolutionary, anti-authority, hyper-liberal, off-the-establishment viewpoints.





# On the Run from Dogs and People

by Hal Higdon

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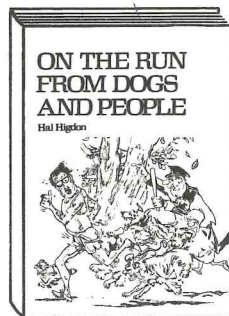
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You could hardly call it a boom, but 100-mile running has gone through a certain upsurge of interest in the last half-year. In March, 19-year-old Jose Cortez (below, in sweatpants, running with Darryl Beardall) set an American "record" and Natalie Cullimore (left) ran a women's best. (Cortez photo by Ed Reed)

# LOOKING FOR LONELINESS

BY JOE HENDERSON

Far from being a drag on the distance runner's motivation, his loneliness may be his major driving force. That unique breed which runs 100-mile races is a case in point. Anyone who'd be attracted by something as far-out as this seems to be craving more aloneness, not less. Through runs that are painfully personal and lonely in nature, they seek to get away from the mob—above the crowd instead of swallowed up in it—into a realm all their own. Marathons once were the natural frontier of the distance runner. The exclusive club of the rugged individual. Those who ran them felt special because there were so few of them—runners and races. But marathons, to an extent, have become victims of their own popularity. Overpopulation—both in numbers of runners and numbers of races—has destroyed the marathon "mystique" in the mind of the pioneer. They're no longer special, so the adventurer escalates to the harder stuff. In just the last six months, this sort of motivation has combined with opportunity to produce six new 100-mile veterans. Each attacked it differently, yet all were successful: Lu Dosti and Mike Gorman on an indoor track at Los Angeles; and Jose Cortez, Natalie Cullimore, Peter Mattei and Mike Ipsen on the road at Rocklin, Calif. Since this is such a lonely venture, and each runner gave his or her own special touch to the runs, it's best that we view each individual as a separate phenomenon.

## LU DOSTI

Lu Dosti and cohorts were on the final leg of a month of mile-counting monomania. Lu already had gone 900 miles in the past 30 days, and this was to be his final splurge—a 24-hour run on the LAAC's indoor Tartan track. Dosti must have had cause, there at the start and during his day on the track, to think back to calmer days. Just three years earlier, Lu would

drive his daughter down to the club for swimming training. While she swam, he settled his 40-year-old, 190-pound body down beside the track and worked his way through his second daily pack of cigarettes. And chuckled at the joggers involved in their strange ritual.

He might have recalled, too, how his doctor had warned, "Lose weight and stop smoking," and how Kenneth Cooper's *Aerobics* plans had sounded seductively exciting and easy to him—an ex-high school distance man. Lu had tried Cooper's recommended 12-minute test on this same track. "Two laps around the track ended with Lu huffing and puffing his way back to his chair," says wife Rose, a *Los Angeles Times* reporter.

Thousands of miles had passed under Lu's feet in the past three years, and here he was contemplating a staggering total of some 1300 laps.

Dosti, thinking he couldn't cover more than 30 miles in a single day, had reached 93 miles on Oct. 31, 1968. Innocence gone, he planned big things for the next year. Lu joined Mihaly Igloi's training group, accumulated huge mileage totals, and shot up to 111 miles on Oct. 31, 1969. He thought this run, which took 22:35, was a world indoor record. It wasn't. One J. Saunders of England had gone 120 miles in a day's time. Beating this became Lu's 1970 goal.

Mrs. Dosti was there at the indoor track last Oct. 31 and would stay there all day to serve Lu food, drinks and encouragement. Also with him at the starting line were two of their three children, Lisa, 15, and Ben, 9, who were running. The enthusiasm for the monstrous bit of running had infected them all. Lu himself had been averaging 150-200 miles a week during the summer and fall—much of it beginning at 4 a.m. on UCLA's outdoor track.



"My training is based on maximizing performance for the 24-hour marathon," he says. "Seventy-five percent of my workout consists of slow, long distance running, 25% goes into interval work."

Armed with this preparation, the 43-year-old aeronautical engineer set off at a schedule that called for a 10-mile run, a short break, then sessions of seven miles and three five-milers. Then he'd start the rotation all over again.

He breezed through 50 miles in 8½ hours, then weathered some bad spells before simultaneously passing 100 miles for the day and 1000 miles for the month at 5:30 p.m.—after 17½ hours of running. He kept on lapping the 165-yard track. He'd decided by this time that rest periods weren't helping. "They aid rather than diminish fatigue," Lu said later. "Muscles bind and freeze with rest."

Only a handful of people saw Lu pound through a "world indoor record" of 120 miles. "Sure, no one was there," Lu says, "So what. It wasn't a show for the world; just a person working for a goal." Race originator Steve Seymour paced Dosti through the remaining miles. They decided to aim at 131 miles—five full marathons. Lu got as far as 127.4 miles in 22:45 before his resolve and energy ran out.

Shortly after this run, Dosti had qualified one of his statements with the line, "If there is a next time. . ." More recently, he has lost all doubt about there being a next time. He says, "I started training for the 100-mile run on March 16. My business work load has set me off schedule, but I'm looking forward to the run."

The world best for 24 hours on an outdoor track is 159 miles and some yards. Even running indoors, he might not be far from that by Oct. 31. After all, look at his progress so far. In just three years from the time he quit chuckling at joggers and joined them, his mileage capabilities have increased on the order of 6000%. What's another 32 miles now that he has come this far?

## MIKI GORMAN

---

Anthropologist Ashley Montagu stirred a storm of controversy in the pre-Women's Liberation era of the '60s when he proclaimed "the natural superiority of women." Montagu argued, among other things, that men may possess more brute strength and may be more capable of dazzling bursts of speed, but women have the best capacity for bearing up under drawn-out ordeals. Women, in short, have better endurance.

Montagu didn't cite examples of women long, long distance runners. But if he'd waited a couple of years he could have. Miki Gorman, for instance. There's nothing to suggest that Mrs. Gorman would have any particular talent over the long haul. She's 35 years old, and hardly a tower of strength at 5'1" and 92 pounds. On typical weeks, she'll seldom do more than 40 miles of running.

Yet on last Oct. 31 during the LAAC's 24-hour run, Miki strided daintily through 100 miles in 21 hours and four minutes. Miki endured—outlasting all the stronger, faster, better-trained men except Lu Dosti—and was none the worse for the experience.

A little deeper digging into Mike's background is needed to find why she'd run so well, and why she'd want to. Miki is a nickname. Her actual name is Michiko Suwa Gorman. Born in China of Japanese parentage, she grew up in a difficult, disciplining environment. "My mother would deliberately put foods I didn't like in my lunch bag to teach discipline," Miki recalls. Her athletic endeavors at the time were limited to walking 1½ hours to and from school over mountain roads. Even 20 years later, living comfortably in the United States and working as a secretary for a Japanese trading company, she

retains an attachment to rugged living. "I like to do hard things," she says.

The LAAC's 24-hour run is one of those "hard things." She'd never done any sort of structured training until September 1969. Even this preparation didn't amount to much—several weeks of sporadic training. With only this to sustain her, Miki entered the October runathon. She ended the month with 590 miles—85 of them in the last 24 hours.

Mrs. Gorman didn't doubt she'd be back to try again in 1970, even though she ran on barely half the days of half the months in the intervening year (800 miles in October, however!).

She outlined a precise routine for herself: a "leisurely pace of eight minutes a mile" for 55 minutes, then a break of exactly five minutes "for nourishment, not for rest; my husband fed me tea with honey, date bars, Space Sticks, plus vitamins and protein tablets." The routine worked splendidly until 10 a.m. So well that Miki allowed herself a full half-hour rest at that point. But by noon, the combination of heat and diarrhea were bothering her noticeably. At two in the afternoon, she stopped for a whirlpool bath and an hour-long nap.

"I really wished I did not have to run any more," she remarked later. "My legs were very stiff, and running on them was painful. But after warming up, the stiffness left, leaving me and my legs somewhat numb. But I was still troubled with diarrhea and had to stop frequently. Finally, repeated doses of Kaopectate started working, and I could again run for longer distances without stopping."

By 4:30, she'd fully recovered—if that's possible in a run of this sort. After hungrily devouring two bowls of soup, off she went again. "As evening approached," she says, "I had no doubt that I could make the 100 miles, so I slowed my pace until seven o'clock."

At 9:04 p.m., little Miki turned on an "all-out" last lap to finish her 100 miles. She recalls, "I felt great—no soreness, no pain. My personal satisfaction at that moment was worth all the pain and fatigue I experienced during the previous 21 hours."

Her battle over, the toughness and discipline that's bred into her having been used to full effectiveness, Michiko Suwa Gorman quickly lapsed back into the shy modesty that's equally a part of her character.

A bystander called her "the champion"—meaning the top woman long distance runner in the world.

"No, I am not the champion," Miki quickly stated. "It is only few who try." Then added, "More should."

## JOSE CORTEZ

---

The race carried such overtones of eccentricity that even the television people had come out to Rocklin to see what was happening. They zeroed in on the two natural attractions. Darryl Beardall had made known his strong interest in a world record, and had prepared for the race with that purpose in mind. Natalie Cullimore was the most likely to the two women to go the full route. Darryl and Natalie got the interviews.

Jose Cortez slipped into town all but unnoticed.

Despite the fact that he's one of the best marathoners of his age group in the country, and with every race is looking more like one of the best ultra-marathoners of any age group, Jose remains inconspicuous. The soft-speaking 19-year-old has endurance far beyond his years.

His buildup for the 100-miler was anything but orthodox. Jose attempted to race himself into fitness. Within a month, he raced four marathons in four states—all at full effort, all between 2:28 and 2:38. This was part of his plan. Jose figured he'd have to get mighty tough to handle 100 miles, and decided that if he could survive all this traveling (from his home in Red-



wood City, Calif.) and all this marathoning, he could take just about anything.

"Those four marathons were my training," Jose says. "I didn't do any longer runs. I'd been doing about 100-110 miles a week to get ready for this. And that's not too much when you take away the marathon almost every week."

Cortez—whose brother David, 13, and sister Mary, 17, also started the race—was surprised to find himself with Beardall from the start. "I didn't really plan to stay with Darryl," Jose said later. "I didn't know if I could stay with him. But we started out together, and the pace seemed pretty easy."

From early on, however, it was obvious that Jose—not Darryl—was in control. Cortez ran easily; Beardall labored. Darryl hadn't mentioned it prior to the race, but he had visited his doctor the last six days for treatment of a lingering lung ailment which severely cut into his running efficiency. He had to turn Jose loose before they'd gone 30 miles. At 51 miles, he stopped and leaned, motionless and head down, bitterly disappointed, on the door of his wife's car. He never got going again.

Meanwhile, Cortez continued his merry chase. The first 50 miles went so well for him that he was executing sharp spin-around movements each time he passed the pylon marking the end of the 2½-mile road circuit. When the timer shouted his 50-mile time to him (5:52:13), Jose shouted back, "Hey, this doesn't seem bad at all." Or something to that effect.

But a short time later, as the sun was going down, the race became a bit more serious. Cramps began setting in. Jose slipped into his sweat pants and Trails' End marathon tee-shirt, and made it through this crisis. He plunged on into the night at steady 7½-minute mile pace.

By 9:30 p.m., the moon had come out, making the scene somewhat less dreary. With company from his pacers, Jose had gotten to 75 miles. Then it started getting grim for him. "It was really rough between 75 and 90 miles," he recalls. "On one lap—I think it was the one between 85 and 87½ miles—I had to stop three times. But I started feeling a little better after that."

Waiting in the golf course parking lot at 1 a.m. were maybe a half-dozen diehards. Two were Jose's parents. Most of the others were his Redwood City Striders teammates. All were cold and tired. Only two flashlights and a dim bulb 50 yards away lit the scene. But to young Cortez this must have been as welcome a sight and reception party as a packed, floodlit stadium might have been.

No television cameras recorded his finish. No reporter was there pressing him for his first reaction. Even while running 12:54:30.8—the fastest by 39½ minutes that an American had ever run this distance—Jose got scant notice. He didn't seem bothered. With classic understatement, he muttered, "I don't think I've ever run anything this hard." Then he crumpled into the back of his parents' car with a bottle of Gatorade.

A short while later, Jose approached the golf clubhouse on the other side of the parking lot. He sheepishly asked the manager, "Would it be alright if I took a shower here?" After a quick glance at Jose's looks and attire, the manager refused. But Jose wasn't angry. He explained, "Oh, well. I guess I didn't look too good." He traveled the 120 miles home like that, arriving at 7:30 a.m. Such is fame.

## NATALIE CULLIMORE

It had started for her 11 months earlier. Eleven months to the day, in fact, in the Sierra Nevada foothills a few miles east of Rocklin, Natalie Cullimore had run her first distance race—14 miles worth—and couldn't have known where her new-

found hobby might be leading.

"I used to bicycle," she explains, referring to long-distance, high-speed efforts and not leisurely spins around the block. "But then I developed a neck condition. It would lock while I was riding, and I couldn't turn around to see if cars were coming. This made riding very dangerous. My doctor said I had malformed bones in my neck, and he advised me to quit riding. It was part of my life, and I didn't want to give it up. But I didn't really have any choice. So I needed a substitute."

Rather by accident, then 32-year-old Natalie found running. On her rides around Lake Merced in San Francisco, she regularly passed runners. Once grounded, she decided to try the five-mile run herself. She made it on her first try "and I couldn't walk afterwards."

This was last February. By April, she occasionally was running the 15 miles from her home in Pacifica to work in San Francisco. Then came the 14-mile race. As she got more thoroughly hooked, Natalie followed with a marathon in early August, a 50-mile in October, another marathon and a 32-miler in December and January. Obviously, great distances didn't scare her.

But still she wasn't training all that much considering she had designs on finishing the 100-miler. "I do 10 miles or so a day on the average—or about 70-80 miles a week," says the 5'4", 104-pound Mrs. Cullimore. "The longest run I had while getting ready for the 100-mile was 30 miles, and it almost killed me. This was three weeks before the race."

Less than a week before the 100, Natalie raced her best marathon—a 3:18. But in the process she split the sole of her foot. From that Sunday until the 100 the following Saturday, she worried that she wouldn't be able to run it. "I didn't run all week," she says, "and I was seeing the doctor almost every day. But he did a great taping job on the foot, and it wasn't bothering me at all."

Natalie's race was a masterpiece. If there's such a thing as an easy 100-miler, she ran it. Wearing her hot and bothersome white neck brack and carrying a flapping washcloth in her left hand, she moved crisply through the first 50 miles. She ran a non-stop 7:24:50—nearly 12 minutes below her time in the AAU 50 last fall.

"I had made up my mind that I wouldn't stop," she said later. "I wanted to finish. That was my only plan. Anything else would have taken the fun out of it."

She had to stop, though. Once. At 52 miles, she pulled up for about 30 seconds to slip on her sweat pants.

While the men around her were laboring, freezing, falling out or having difficulty handling the dark and lonely course, Natalie seemed to be thriving on the adversity. Her husband occasionally rode a lap with her on his bicycle. Sometimes a pacer accompanied her. Mostly she was alone, and strangely enough she figured the worst had passed. She explains, "The worst thing, I think, was the sun in the afternoon. I liked the cold at night; I was very warm. Those who were dropping out didn't seem to be that tired. But they gave up when it got dark and cold and lonely. It was hard for them to go out again after coming to the officials' area. I'd trained alone, and I think this helped me. Other people seemed to stop there and wait for their buddies to catch up so they could run with them. I didn't have any buddies."

Shortly before 4:30 a.m., Natalie finished. Her run had taken 16 hours 11 minutes. A truly amazing effort which should force revised thinking about the effects of distance running on women. Far from falling down and writhing in pain at the end, Mrs. Cullimore said calmly, "If there had been more miles, I could have done more. My hardest race was the 32-mile, harder than this one. I had more difficulties in the 50-mile. This race (the 100) amazed me, it went so well."



Before she'd gotten rid of the stiffness from this race, Natalie already was thinking of her next big goal. She wants to be the first woman to break three hours for the marathon. She wanted to do it April 4 in the AAU regional at Madera, Calif. Two days after Rocklin, she developed a skin condition similar to poison oak. Her doctor decreed, "No running until it's gone," and the rash wasn't gone until early April.

"You know," Natalie says, "in March I only ran twice. The marathon and the 100-mile."

At the moment, she's getting an education on how to pick up the speed and so on that she thinks she needs to run a three-hour marathon. "This is my first year of running," she says, "and I'm still learning. I've gotten some books on running and I'm finally going to learn something about it."

Judging by her experiences in a year of running, she might better be suited for the role of teacher than student.

## PETER MATTEI

Even if he'd never thought of running 100 miles, Peter Mattei would be an unusual sort of chap. Despite the fact that he has amassed considerable wealth as a San Francisco real estate developer, he's hardly your stereotyped conservative businessman.

Several years ago, Mattei, an intense and competitive 43-year-old, fell in with a jogging group. His main interest was to acquire an extra bit of fitness for ski racing. But he quickly found that the means, running, became an end in itself. By 1969, he found himself heading the far-flung empire of Pacific AAU distance running, even though he readily admitted, "I don't care about AAU politics; I barely know the rules. All I care about is running." And after he'd checked in the hundreds of runners who flock to the area's races, he'd strip off his ragged sweats and run along with the group.

The 100, in a sense, was to be his race since he and Paul Reese had been behind the switch from a three-day to a one-day event. But following a brief ski trip to celebrate a 2:53 marathon, Peter came down with the flu. Wednesday and Thursday before the 100, he was home in bed. Still, on Saturday, he was at Rocklin, ready to run. "My wife's threatening to divorce me," he said. "She thinks I'm crazy for running this stupid thing. But I have to try it." To him, "try it" means "finish it."

Even at 35 miles, Peter was hurting. "I feel horrible," he'd say at the end of each lap. "I don't know how much farther I can go." He stop, gulp his ever-present Gatorade, then trudge off for another lap. As darkness came and the night wore on, his complaining got more intense, his runs got slower, and the stops between got longer.

Geoff Cullimore, Natalie's husband, says, "I tried to talk Peter into quitting. He looked in bad shape, and I thought he might do some permanent damage to himself. It just wasn't worth it."

But quitting is an altogether foreign experience to Mattei. While collapsed in the back seat of his station wagon between laps, he noticed that another runner had dropped out and was leaving. "Hey, you can't quit now," Peter shouted. "You only have 30 miles to go."

"I know," the weary dropout answered. "That's why I'm quitting."

A gray morning, matching his mood, had arrived by the time Mattei was at 90 miles. "Only 10 miles to go," he was thinking, noting the irony of his previous statement. Ten miles for him now was as monstrous as a marathon. In fact, that's about how long it took him—as long as a marathon, three hours and forty minutes. But he made it, all of it. He finished in 20:56:30.

"I was tempted to take a shortcut out there," he confesses. "No one was out there, so no one would have seen me. But who except myself would I have been cheating? I would have known I only ran 98½ miles, and I wouldn't have been able to live with myself."

Mattei's sort of stubbornness makes all the difference in a race like this. Those who drop out can explain away their non-finish. Mattei and Company can't.

## MIKE IPSEN

Eleven hours earlier, Mike Ipsen had missed seeing the most significant event of his coaching career. Nothing really new about that—the missing of significant races by his young runners, I mean. Mike, who's 27 and invests most of his spare time in teaching the Redwood City Striders youngsters how to run, rarely gets to witness the outcome of his work. That's because he himself is racing.

Mike was taking the full impact of this race. He'd started it under the noontime sun, and had gone successively through afternoon heat, dusk, the entire night which had gotten as cold as the 30s, dawn, and now rain.

Jose Cortez, Mike's protege, was home in bed, an American record securely his. Natalie Cullimore had finished before dawn, too, and had vanished into the darkness. Peter Mattei, the third survivor, was asleep in the rear of his station wagon. Ipsen was carrying on. He'd vowed almost 24 hours earlier, "I'll make it even if I have to walk the last 50 miles." True to his word, he'd walked a good share of it. Now, alone on the road, he was running. Racing, actually.

Disgusting as the idea of running three more laps around the 2½-mile course was to him by now, after 37 other identical laps, he was running. Noon Sunday was sprinting up on him, meaning he'd been on that lousy road nearly a full day.

To Ipsen's weary mind, it seemed crucial that he finish by noon. He did. He completed his 100 miles more than a half-hour before his arbitrary deadline. Waiting to greet him were Mattei and a handful of Mike's own Redwood City Striders. Maybe he'd missed the most significant moment of his coaching career—seeing Jose Cortez end a sensational 100 miles. But the Striders got to see their coach at the high point of his career as a runner.

Mike spends so much time coaching his "great bunch of kids" that he rarely gets time for much training of his own.

"A lot of people have laughed at me because I always run these things and always finish so far back," Mike says. "Well, this time I decided I'd get serious and do some real training. I got up to 50 or so miles a week, which is a lot for me. Then I got sick the week before it."

Drained of some of his energy, Ipsen still went ahead with his run. He followed an erratic pacing schedule, sometimes accompanying Jose Cortez, sometimes others of the Striders, and yelling at and talking with everyone in sight—Strider or not. Before walking became necessary, he'd broken his 50-mile best by an hour and was well up in the field.

During the long, dreary night of walking, someone asked Mike, "Does it bother you to get beat by a woman?" He snapped back, "I don't like to get beat by *anyone*; a woman's no different than a man. But I'm sure as hell not going to quit just because I'm getting beat."

"Besides," he added as an afterthought, "I'd like to be able to say I'm one of the few people ever to go 100 miles in 24 hours. It doesn't really matter how I place here."

With this comment, Mike may have summed up the thinking of all these 100-mile veterans.



# BOSTON'S ALIVE AT 75

Boston's marathon was 75 years old—a classic to be sure, but not above criticism. The race and its officials had weathered a winter of discontent.

Last fall, when the new 3½-hour time limit had been imposed, critics called out that this would be the end of the race as we've known it—that without the “joggers” (many of whom already had been eliminated with the previous year's four-hour barrier) the race would lose its “charm.”

Will Cloney of the Boston AA, the race chairman, replied: “Our aim is not to discourage joggers. But primarily it is not to discourage legitimate runners from coming to our race.” Evidently he referred to keeping down to crowd to allow freer running for the fast boys.

It didn't work out that way. Despite turning away over 500 applicants, well over a thousand runners were approved. Some 880 started—down only fractionally from 1970's total.

The difficulty seemed to come in luring the fastest of the so-called “legitimate” runners. Coincidentally or not, not many top-rate marathoners wanted to help celebrate Boston's 75th birthday. No Ron Hills showed up. The Japanese stayed away for the first time in three years. The only non-resident foreigners of note were Finn Markku Salminen (the fastest entrant with a 2:16 race in '71) and the Canadians. Absent also were Eamon O'Reilly (injured), Ken Moore (recently recovered from an injury) and Herb Lorenz (just back from a race in Greece)—three of the four fastest Americans in 1970. Also Frank Shorter, who'd indicated he might run his first marathon here.

Of those who did come, the obvious favorites were Salminen, who'd been training and racing in the Boston area prior to the race, and Pat McMahon, last year's third-placer who lives in nearby Lowell, Mass. Of the entrants, only these two had broken 2:20. Or so officials thought.

But being the race it is, Boston has ways of manufacturing storybook tales even when no obvious ones exist. Who could have known that one Alvaro M. Florez of Redwood City, Calif., would be authoring a chapter that ranks with any of the previous 74 at Boston.

Alvaro M. Florez was how the program listed him. He's better known as Alvaro Mejia—hardly a nobody in running circles. Though California is his temporary home, he's a native of Colombia. He placed ninth in the 1968 Olympic 10,000. Six weeks before Boston, he'd run his first marathon in 2:17:22.2.

But to Boston officials, he was Alvaro Florez—unknown—and was treated as such. At the Hopkinton gym, Alvaro was just one of the mob. He had to stand in line for physicals like any 3:29 man. “They was not too friendly,” he said in English that he hasn't quite mastered. “I go to bathroom (in the stars' dressing room). They kick me out.”

He must have been wondering about then if it was all

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*There was a definite time problem with this article. Forty-six pages of the issue already were at the printer. These final two had to be there within 24 hours after the Boston finish. We made it, thanks to the good and fast work of contributors Harold DeMoss, Dave Prokop, John Goodridge and harried-yet-reliable Jock Semple.*

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worth it. The past few months hadn't been overly good to him, and this seemed to be developing into another bad experience. Bad ones and good ones had come in equal quantities recently.

His wife Terri (a former US Olympic swimmer whom he'd met while she was in the Peace Corps in Colombia) had give birth to their son in mid-February. At about the same time, Alvaro had lost his job in as a steelworker.

The Mejias decided to return to Colombia, where Al had a job waiting for him and Terri could coach swimming. “We decided to wait till after Boston,” says Terri, who's keenly interested in running and regularly yells her husband's splits to him in Spanish. “He'd been training 140 miles a week until about two weeks before Boston. Then he ran a six-mile on the track and got bad blisters. He didn't run for three days and pretty much gave up on the idea of running it. Jack Leydig (head of Alvaro's West Valley Track Club) and I kept mentioning it to him, and just four days before the race he decided to go.”

## A GLANCE AT THE LEADERS

1. **Alvaro Mejia—2:18:45.** The Colombian who only a few months ago said, “Marathon too far,” established himself as a Pan-Am and Olympic contender in the second marathon of his life.
2. **Pat McMahon—2:18:50.** After finishing eighth and third the last two years, Irishman McMahon lost the title only in the final tenth of a mile.
3. **Johan Halberstadt—2:22:23.** The 21-year-old South African, running his third marathon (and best time), was a rarely-allowed post entry.
4. **John Vitale—2:22:45.** In his first year out of the University of Connecticut, Vitale became the first American finisher in his first marathon.
5. **Byron Lowry—2:23:20.** He'd fallen at the start here last year and ran 2:49. This was a satisfying comeback—particularly after an injury that cost him a month's training in January.
6. **Art Coolidge—2:23:23.** The former Kent State student who has excelled in the shorter road races ran his best-ever marathon.
7. **Willie Speck—2:23:54.** A rather unheralded Rhode Island college student, Speck finished 14th here in 1970.
8. **Markku Salminen—2:24:02.** The Finn who'd run 2:16:35 just two weeks earlier found the unaccustomed heat a bit too much to handle.
9. **Ron Wallingford—2:25:21.** The senior member of the top 10, the 37-year-old Canadian has been a regular at Boston for the past decade.
10. **Bill Clark—2:26:19.** Clark, who has been running extremely well in shorter races but has had foot trouble in long ones, is Mejia's clubmate.



Even after he'd waded through the hassles at Hopkinton and cleared the pack after the start, it wasn't going well for Alvaro. The muscular 30-year-old, darkly handsome with his drooping mustache and dressed in all-black, had blister trouble almost from the start. "At three miles I stop (at a rain puddle beside the road) and put water on shoes," he said later. "I was good for awhile, but after I no could find water it was bad again."

He settled for trying to stick with Pat McMahon and the lead group as they ran through the warm (mid-60s) sunshine and into a discouraging headwind that cut into everyone's time.

McMahon was having blister problems of his own. He'd foresaken a beaten-up pair of Puma shoes that he'd worn since the 1968 Olympics ("I was afraid they'd fall apart") and was wearing new ones. "It was a bad day. . . a bad day," Pat said. "I had blisters and everyone was watching me like a hawk. When I slowed down, everyone slowed down. I had blisters from four miles on. I had planned to make it hot over the last two or three miles, but with these blisters I couldn't do anything. But I think we gave the crowd a good race."

They surely did. Though running side by side after shaking everyone else, there was no bitterness between the South American and the Irishman. When handed a sponge in the last three miles, Pat used it first then handed it to Alvaro.

"I tried to pick up the pace," Mejia said of that late-race tussle. "But when I do that my feet hurt, so I wait. With a mile to go, I think he look a little tired, so I push."

They were still together, though, with 150 yards left. Coming up the ramp toward Prudential Center, McMahon was nudged into the crowd stacked up alongside the road, and Mejia—a deceptively heavy-footed looking runner—simultaneously let go with a brilliant sprint. He left McMahon five seconds back at the end.

Still, it was the closest race in Boston history. And Mejia was the first South American winner.

At the moment, Alvaro wasn't concerned with savoring his victory. He brushed aside the incredulous press and plunged immediately into a nearby fountain to cool off. Then he took off for his hotel—to call his wife and break his blisters.

There was certain poetic justice in his actions. At the race's start, officials hadn't seem to want him. Now, however inadvertently, he was returning the favor.

•••••

**Race Notes & Quotes:** Jock Semple, the fiery gentleman who shoulders much of the organizational burden of the race, is always good for a publishable comment or two:

Before the race, he said of the new 3½-hour time limit, "Some of these people we've had come out like ground hogs, once a year. From now on, maybe they can hold their own race—on Ground Hog's Day."

Despite all efforts to the contrary, the anonymous legions still came out. Officially, 887 runners started. Untold others—women, shunned joggers, others who decided to run the night before the race—joined them.

The overall quality of the field was down from last year. No, maybe it's safer to say the running conditions weren't as good as last year. Then it was 42 degrees and rainy; this time maybe 65 degrees, sunny and with a stiff headwind. Newspaper dispatches called the weather "mild." From the runners' point of view, "uncomfortable" might have been a better term.

Whatever the reasons, the slowdown was noticeable all along the line. Whereas last year personal records (sometimes by huge margins) dotted the summaries, this year most runners were falling considerably short of their bests. Some comparisons:

Time	1970	1971
Sub-2:20	6	2
Sub-2:30	31	20
Sub-2:40	81	69
Sub-2:50	165	134
Sub-3:00	278	200*

(\*Approximate; full results not available at presstime)

A reason for the time limit of 3½ hours was to improve the overall quality of the field. It didn't happen. The number of sub-3:00 finishers dropped from 28% in 1970 to about 22%.

But enough of these numbers. It's still a race of the people, and a number of persons behind the first group are mentioned in early reports.

The women, for example. At least six of them ran. They've applied increasing (and increasingly more tactful) pressure on Boston leadership and are becoming more welcome all the time. Nina Kuscsik commented, "We now have the most official unofficial group in the world."

Nina and Sara Mae Berman had quite a race for women's leadership. Sara, a 34-year-old mother of three, ran 3:07:30, while Mrs. Kuscsik, a mother of three herself and 32 years old, ran her best time of 3:08:00. Kathy Miller came close to her fastest time with 3:25.

A bit farther back came Erich Segal, the author, who has run unnoticed here for years. No more. Ever since *Love Story*, he has been a celebrity. He was mobbed by autograph seekers before the race. One runner had him sign his tee-shirt. All along the route, spectators made references to his book. Of the race, Segal said, "I love it; it's beautiful. But I'd like to run without being noticed."

Not far behind Segal was Harry Cordellos. Six weeks earlier, the San Franciscan had qualified by running 3:24. He ran slightly slower here. He's blind.

Looking quickly at the age group leaders: best of the sub-20-year-olds was Justin Gubbins, 19. The Georgetown University freshman finished 14th in 2:28:03—his best. Jim McDonagh, now 47, dropped off his fantastic pace of previous years somewhat, yet he finished 34th in 2:33:14.

Oh yes, Hal Higdon. He didn't get his hoped-for sub-2:30. RW columnist Higdon ran 2:43:56 for 94th.

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# OUT WALKING

BY MARTIN RUDOW

Why would anyone want to be a walker? It's a familiar question to anyone who *is* a walker. It may be a hard question to answer, but consider the difficulty in retorting to "why would anyone want to be a walking *judge*? What possible rewards are to be gained?"

Yet few other sports are so completely dependent on their judges. While they may help to determine the outcome, in few other sports can a judge abruptly terminate the event for a contestant. Two warnings or one definite call brings instant and automatic disqualification to the walker, so the judge's opinion is obviously crucial.

Walkers and their coaches usually have ambivalent feelings about judges. Almost everyone pays lip service to "hard judging" (i.e., strictly calling all infractions of the rules of fair walking), as opposed to "soft judging" (a more liberal interpretation of these rules). But what it really boils down to is "hard judging for everyone else, soft judging for me."

With walkers everywhere training harder and harder, and ambulating faster and faster, obviously the point of contact with the heel-and-toe is going to be harder and harder to detect. Each judge uses slightly different criteria to detect loss of contact. With judging being such an individual matter, obviously the hardness of judging will vary from region to region, and race to race. The resulting situation is what we have today—top walkers openly questioning the ability of judges and challenging their right to warn and/or disqualify them.

With competent judging becoming more important, and the controversy over judging becoming more heated all the time, we thought it might be interesting to see what motivates men to become walking judges. For our subjects, we've chosen two men of completely different backgrounds, from different parts of the country, and of different athletic experience. These two men, nevertheless, have become two of the most respected judges in the country.

Tom Carroll, 31 years old and a photographer with TRW Enterprises, is one of Southern California's top judges. In what may be the toughest-judged area in the world, Tom has, in the short span of six years, gained the respect of fellow judges and walkers alike for his competence.

When he moved to California in 1962, Tom hardly knew that the sport of race walking existed. He had an interest in track, however, from running the mile for tiny Macon (Ill.) High School. Tom wanted to become involved in track when he arrived in Los Angeles, so tried to become an AAU official. However, there were few openings in the local association, as veteran officials held most positions. It was suggested that he try breaking in by officiating walking races. After meeting with local chairman Charlie Silcock (now the national chairman), Tom started attending walking races and found, somewhat to his surprise, that he was becoming genuinely interested in the sport. Since he had no background in walking, Tom sought out the advice of other local judges such as Bill Chisholm and Murray Rosenstein, and even walked a few races himself to get the feel of it from the competitor's point of view. A photographer by profession, he took hundreds of pictures to study. By dint of these serious efforts, Tom has become a highly competent judge and seems destined to be a highly respected international judge before he is through.

Tom now regards race walking as his favorite phase of track, valuing the close association with the athletes and the absence of "politics" in walking circles. Although he now judges other track events regularly, he regards the judging of walking races as the biggest challenge. The best way to judge, he states, is to stand on the outside of the track, 15-20 feet away from the walker, with waist-high eye level. He regards the spread of the legs and overall flow of the body as very important indicators of proper walking style.

Our other subject comes from a radically different background. Henry Laskau, before becoming a judge, for years was America's leading race walker. From 1946 to 1957, Henry was literally unbeatable at home at all sprint distances. He won 42 national AAU titles, still the second-highest total ever. He held almost every US sprint record until the middle 1960s.

## WALKING HIGHLIGHTS

- **New York, N.Y., Feb. 19**—Dave Romansky fattened his record collection a bit more when he added the indoor 1500-meter mark. Dave walked 5:49.8.
- **New York, N.Y., Feb. 26**—With Dave Romansky out on a disqualification, Ron Laird gained a narrow victory over Ron Daniel in the AAU indoor one-mile championship. Laird walked 6:24.9, Daniel 6:25.0. Larry Walker wasn't far back in third at 6:26.9.
- **San Francisco, Calif., Feb. 21**—Walkers previewed the AAU championship/Pan-Am trial 20-kilometer course, and Tom Dooley came away with an easy 1:32:33 to 1:38:30 win over Goetz Klopfer.
- **Seattle, Wash., March 21**—In a 20-mile track race that he didn't finish, Goetz Klopfer bettered three American records. He passed 15 miles in 1:52:44, 25 kilometers in 1:56:53 and totaled 15 miles 1578 yards in two hours.
- **Boulder, Colo., April 11**—Floyd Godwin, now recovered from leg miseries, put up an excellent fight but wasn't able to handle Ron Laird in the AAU one-hour walk. Laird went 7 miles 1510 yards and Godwin 7 miles 1213 at this high-altitude city. Comebacking Olympian Larry Young went 7 miles 1157 yards.

## COMING EVENTS

- May**
- 2 AAU Senior 35-kilometer, Pomona, Calif.
  - 9 AAU Junior 20-kilometer, Portland, Ore.
  - 15 AAU Junior 25-kilometer, Kansas City, Mo.
  - 23 AAU Senior 20-kilometer, San Francisco, Calif.
  - 29 AAU Senior 10-kilometer, Chicago, Ill.
- June**
- 6 AAU Junior 30-kilometer, Pittsburgh, Pa.
  - 12 AAU Senior 50-kilometer, Cedar Grove, N.J.
- July**
- 4 AAU Junior 10-kilometer, Denver, Colo.

(Walks are also included with many of the track meets listed on 13.)



In addition, he was a three-time Olympian and was the 1951 Pan-Am Games walking titlist. He finally retired in 1957, while still at the top, because of a desire to "bow out gracefully."

Far too many of the best competitors fade from the scene completely once their competing days are through. This is unfortunate because these individuals could use their years of experience to further their sport. Happily, Henry Laskau is not of this sort. His experience as a walker had convinced him of the need for qualified judges, and he has been serving as one since his retirement. During his first years as a judge, Henry gained much respect from the walkers as one of the fairest and ablest judges on the east coast. In the early '60s, when the only communication among walkers was Chris McCarthy's magazine, Henry was one of the small group of judges constantly praised by the outspoken McCarthy. From this background, Henry today is held in esteem as a judge almost equally as he was as a competitor.

In 1968, Henry gained accreditation with the Panel of International Judges—one of the first Americans to do so—and has since judged the Central American Games and the US-Canada meet. This makes Henry an internationalist both as a walker and a judge—a somewhat rare combination of honors.

Since Henry came into judging as a competitor, he is probably more on the "soft judging" side than is Tom Carroll. Harkening back to the days when he, too, as a walker was trying to maintain legality while still maintaining a winning pace, it would be hard for him to be otherwise. Henry likes to get right down on the track to judge particularly close cases, believing that eye level is the only way to detect if the toe is pulled away before the heel lands.

Why would anyone want to be a walking judge? These two men, from different backgrounds, with slightly different judging philosophies, both share a sincere love of the sport and their role in it. The knowledge that they are making a positive contribution is reward enough. This is all the "why" they need.

## KING OF THE WALK

BY JACK MORTLAND

Christoph Hohne of East Germany, obviously the world's greatest distance walker, completed a questionnaire for the British publication *Athletics Weekly*. The training schedule he presents makes interesting reading, and those who expect something really Herculean may be surprised. The 1968 Olympic 50-kilometer champion (and world record holder at the distance) reports training four or five times a week during the winter and six or seven times during the summer, with sessions varying from one to five hours. Totaling up the mileage in the schedules below, he appears to do something like 50 miles a week in the winter and 80 miles in the summer. And part of this is running. None of the training is exceptionally fast.

The schedules:

**Winter:** Tuesday—20-km. run (1:22-1:28) or skiing; Thursday—15-km. walk (1:20-1:30); Saturday—10-km. walk or run; Sunday—25-40-km. walk (10.5 kilometers per hour, or about nine minutes per mile); other days off.

**Summer:** Monday—10-km. walk (55-60 min.); Tuesday—25-km. walk (2:12-2:20); Wednesday—10-km. walk (58 min.), 10 x 400m (1:48 each); Thursday—15-km. walk (1:25); Friday—10 x 1000m (4:40-4:50); Saturday—15-km. run (58-65 min.); Sunday—30-50-km. walk (11 km./hr.).

He was 30 years old on Feb. 12 and started walking in 1956. Off this training, he has achieved times of 1:29:16 for 20 kilometers and 4:02:43.4 for 50. Maybe you don't want to buy that he does no more than this, and, of course, it is difficult to go over to East Germany to verify that he doesn't. Having talked some with Kurt Sakowski in 1967, I know that the East German training follows these lines, and I wouldn't be surprised if this is a fairly accurate portrayal.

I have never been convinced that the 100-mile-a-week regimen, either walking or running, is really necessary, and I like to find things like this to back me up. Now, obviously, everyone isn't going to achieve Hohne's results by following his training, nor are they going to run a 3:51 mile by training like Jim Ryun. There seem to be natural walkers just as there

*Jack Mortland, former race walking internationalist and still an active competitor, edits Ohio Race Walker—a monthly publication that's one of the rare sources of national and international data on the sport.*



CHRISTOPH HOHNE (No. 5)

are natural runners. We are not all born equal.

I would like the young walker, however, to consider Hohne's general approach before he goes racing out madly to do 100 miles a week on two-a-day workouts with high-speed work four or five times a week. Hohne advises young walkers to get lots of endurance training and achieve a sound style before even starting speed training. His way of doing this is apparently to do medium distance at medium speed, a formula that apparently has worked well for him. And you can get good results at 20 kilometers as well—at least if you are Chris Hohne.



# A DREAM THAT WON'T DIE

BY TOM STURAK

Like the proverbial good man, it would seem that you can't keep a good distance runner down. Two months ago, Billy Mills, 32 years old and some 20 pounds overweight, quietly embarked on a six-month training program. Running every day, the 1964 Olympic 10,000-meter champion and American record holder is currently logging 50 to 60 miles a week, with a goal of 80 to 100 miles by summer. If all goes well—most importantly, he feels, if his weight drops back down to around the 152 pounds he carried at Tokyo—he should know by September whether to make a serious try for Munich. A month ago, during a training run near his home in San Diego, he remarked that “there's no better place in the world to compete than Germany.” He may have been remembering his 1965 record run (28:17.6) in Augsburg, and his publicly-admitted fear of Mexico City's altitude in 1968.

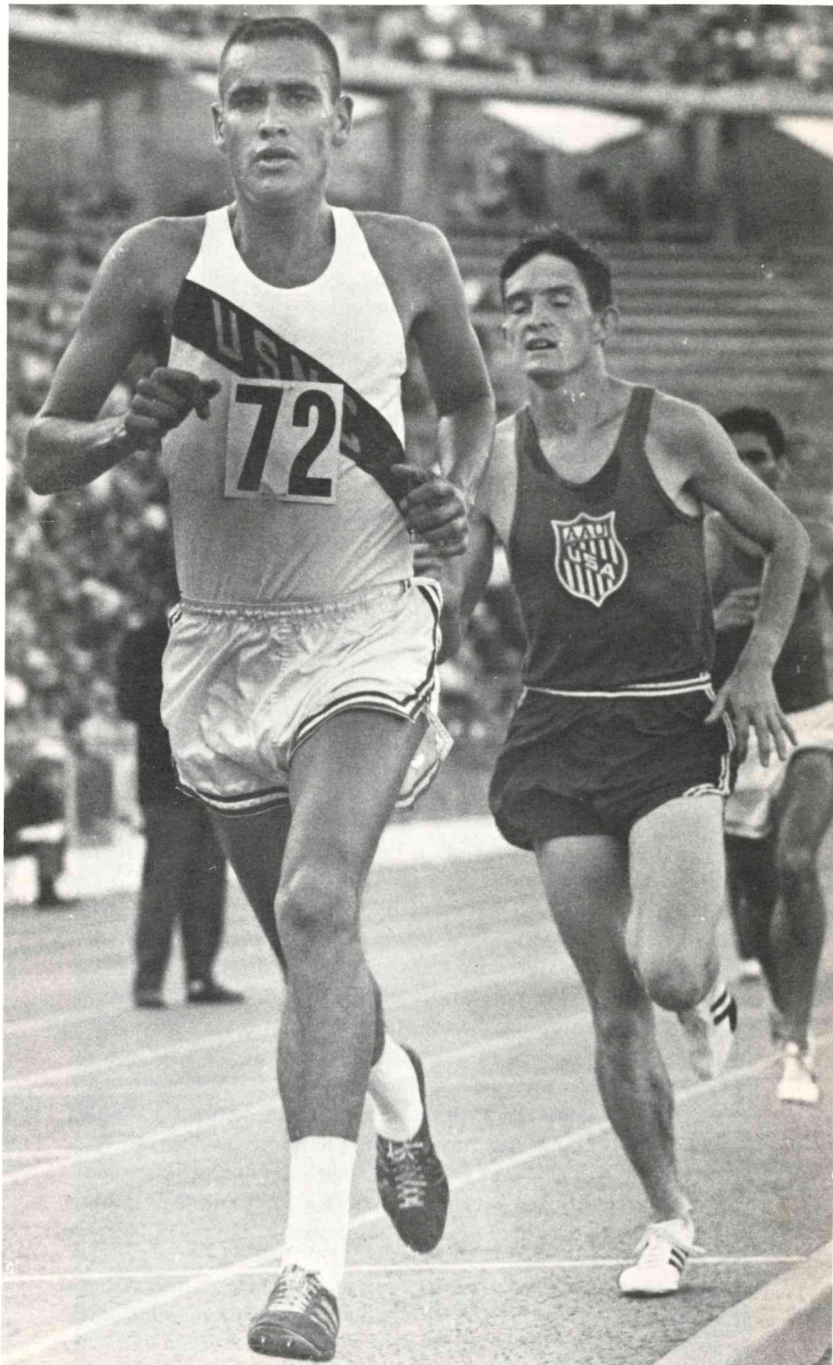
Prior to this past fall, the last time I had seen (so to speak) Bill Mills was on the track in San Diego's Balboa Stadium on a cool day in May 1968—as he lapped me for the third time on his way to what was then the fastest 10,000 meters ever run in this country (28:49.2). That day, relaxed and relatively unhampered by a chronic back ailment, he easily met the Olympic qualifying standard. But in the following weeks, the plaguing injury was to force him to drop out of the AAU championships and to further cloud his already ambivalent Olympic ambitions. At Lake Tahoe, the persistent back pains were compounded by a groin pull, and he finished fourth in the slow 10-kilo trial. Misunderstandings with a vacillating AAU selection committee (that claimed he had improperly filled out his petition forms) kept him out of the 5000-meter final. After a half-hearted (DNF) try in the Alamosa marathon trial, Billy Mills retired to rest on his laurels—and an orthopedic mattress.

Back troubles—this time mine—occasioned my meeting with Mills this past October. I remembered hearing that he had been helped somewhat by a special orthopedic seat for his car. I phoned, and he invited me over; the seat was in the garage and I could borrow it. When I pulled up at the suburban address, he was out front putting the final touches on a newly-laid lawn. Unmistakably Billy Mills; but the familiar flattop had grown out to a modestly modish length; and the handsome, high cheek-boned face and lithe six-foot physique had fleshed out considerably. He weighed 180 pounds and admitted to only jogging a little—“maybe every other day”—as his busy schedule allowed. Since last June a Special Assistant to the Commissioner of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he is almost constantly on the road visiting reservations throughout the United States.

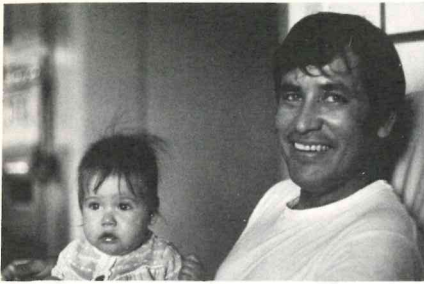
Thanks to his generosity, I drove back to Los Angeles in considerably less pain and with the tentative promise of an interview. Since that brief encounter, we have gotten together twice. I still have the car seat (and a precarious back condition). I also have over two hours of taped conversations, and my original notion of a “whatever-happened-to-Billy-Mills” feature article has developed into plans for a book. For the story of this thoughtful and articulate man has significance far beyond that golden moment of glory at Tokyo that stereotyped him (to his intelligent dismay) in the purblind vision of Establishment spokesmen as “the

greatest American Indian since Jim Thorpe.”

In the novel *Catch-22*, the disaffected hero comments that an Olympic medal signifies nothing but “that the owner has done something of no benefit to anyone more capably than everyone else.” This quote provokes only a reflective smile from Bill Mills, who indirectly answers its general proposition by speaking only for himself. “When you ask what a gold medal has meant to me”—he reaches for words—“let me put it this way: When you get up in the morning, there's nothing worse than to look in the mirror and see a ‘Black man’ or a ‘Caucasian’ or an ‘Indian man’ or a ‘Mexican-







Billy Mills (with young daughter Billie) can't help but reflect on his US record six-mile (p. 24) and his Tokyo win (below) as he embarks on a comeback. (Photos by Clarkson, Sturak and Shearman)

American'; but it's a good feeling to see yourself. What I see is Billy Mills, Indian." And he knows how much his winning a gold medal meant to his people: "They have so little to be proud of any more."

For a time in his youth, he was compelled to forget his ancestry. "I'm half Sioux and I don't even speak the language. I don't even know how to pronounce my Indian name (it means "loves-his-country"). But I'm re-educating myself in the culture I allowed to erode away."

In his home where we talked, Indian artifacts and works of art (and also excellent paintings by his wife, Pat) overshadow the few visible reminders of his athletic prowess: two or three framed photographs from Tokyo, a couple unusual trophies from the Sao Paulo midnight runs. Instead of an Olympic medal, he shows you a handmade book of Indian poetry and prints. He wants you to listen to a record by Indian folk singer John Westerman. A personal thrill rivaling his Olympic victory is that after giving a talk on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota (near his own birthplace at Pine Ridge) in 1966, the local parochial school, St. Francis, started a cross-country team that has since won two state championships. "They led me to believe that directly or indirectly I was responsible. True or not, it's a good feeling to think so."

In fact, he claims that one reason for his recent decision to resume training was "the encouragement I've received from so many Indian people I've met who have asked me to try out again for the Olympics. It's beautiful." Which is not to suggest that Mills sees his possible comeback as a messianic mission. He's neither so naive nor so egotistical.

His philosophy of life, a private brand of "positive thinking"—born of an innately proud and sensitive temperament, and consciously cultivated since late adolescence in an effort to exorcise an imposed "inferiority complex"—is highly responsive to external encouragement. His rise from a poor, reservation-born, orphaned "half-breed boy" to Olympic champion might be the stuff of a color-it-red Horatio Alger "the-world-against-him" myth. But as Mills himself relates the real-life drama, without apparent bitterness or regret, a dominant thread is the presence of others—family and friends, coaches and rivals—in the right places at the right times. This past December, when he answered "I doubt it" to my "Do you think you'll ever make a comeback?", he was quick to add, "Pat would like me to." But then: "Not a day goes by without telling myself I'm going to."

And now that he tentatively has, one feels that the ultimate motivation is his deep love of running for its pure physical joy and its atavistic import. Often in the course of his travels, he is confronted by young Indian radicals who prejudge him as an "Apple" (red on the outside, white inside) because of his suit-and-tie appearance and because he's an

athlete. He gently points out that their "uniform" of Levis and Pendleton shirts are also products of the white world; and that "I'm out running because I like the feel of the earth underneath me, which I think is more Indian than them wearing a headband or drinking a bottle of booze that came from the white world."

Like the pre-reservation Indian—"the real Indian"—that he would identify with, Bill Mills' world is alive with signs and portents. He once jokingly remarked that he knew of no Indian princesses in his family tree. Listening to his account of how everything seemed to fall together perfectly for him at Tokyo—and after examining his training logs—I suggested that perhaps there might have been a shaman or two in the bloodline. His ability to predict his performances is uncanny; on several important occasions (including the '64 Olympic Games) he prognosticated winning times in his log to within a few seconds (for Tokyo, two months in advance!).

Compared with current practices, his past training habits would be considered scandalous. In April 1967, following a seven-month layoff, he weighed 173 pounds. Eleven weeks later, he was down to 151 and did 13:48 for 5000 meters. Between July and December—when he ran an 8:35.2 two-mile—he barely averaged 50 miles a week. Even he shakes his head and laughs, "That was stupid." And then with a real gleam in his eyes: "You know, if I can keep running now every day—and I've never really done that before. . ."

Right now his workouts consist basically of steady hour runs at about 6:30 per mile, sometimes including a couple of miles of hard 330s. Near the end of our talk a month ago, he recalled coming back in 1963 after a 19-month layoff, training for three weeks, and running a 9:13 two-mile. He realizes, however, that it won't come that easy this time. "I just kind of accept the fact that I'm getting old; and that I can respond, but only under the proper circumstances." The evening before, he had returned from a visit to the National Conference on Indian Self-Determination in Kansas City. "When I got back, I had to run but I almost didn't go. Then I thought, okay, it's going to all end if I don't. So I went out to State College and, fortunately—maybe the signs or the stars are with me again—who do I find there: Tim Danielson. Eight-thirty at night. So I go through a three-mile jog with Tim to get me started. If I can get through just another month, it's going to make a world of difference."

Tonight (April 6), on the phone, he told me he weighed 167 pounds.



*Tom Sturak, a writer and editor by profession, reaches that magic threshold—age 40—this summer and is training seriously for his debut as a "veteran."*



# Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS

"Spotlight" didn't appear in the March issue because of the British postal strike, which prevented Wilf Richards from getting his material to us.

In Britain, two runners dominated the 1970-71 cross-country season—a situation quite unusual in this country where the competition tends to be close enough for the main honors to be passed around. Up to the national championships in March, all the attention focussed on Trevor Wright, whose victories in the intercounties and northern events were so comfortably gained that sports writers felt justified in predicting that he would follow these with wins in the national and international to give him four major titles—a feat never before achieved. They didn't reckon with Dave Bedford, who easily won the latter two championships.

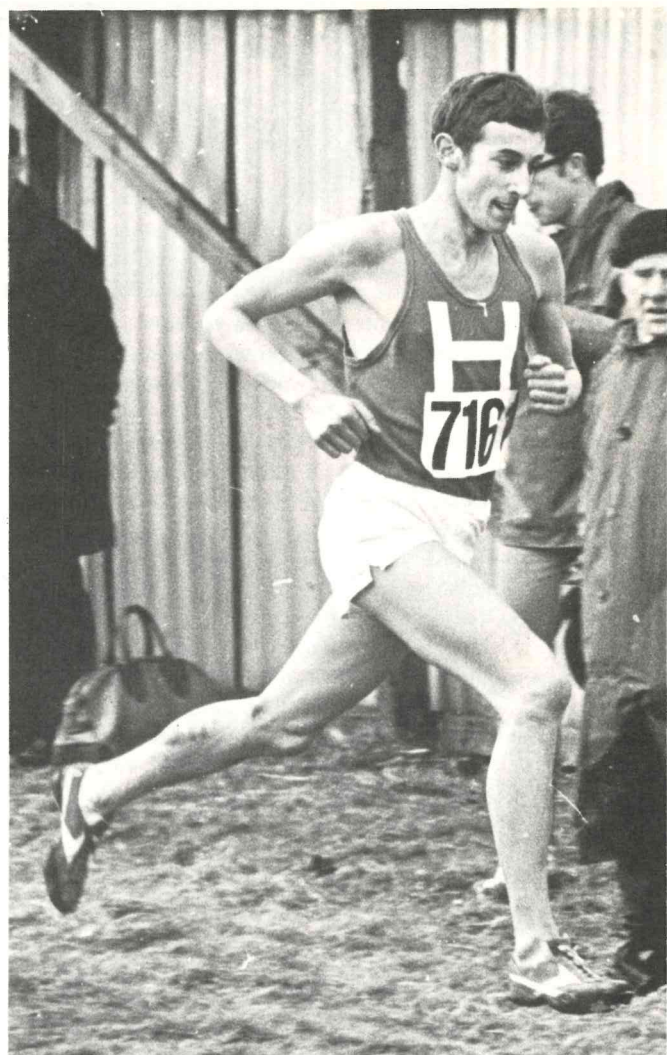
Still, the outstanding successes in the first half of the season and good efforts at the end (third in the national and second in the international) were a great triumph not only for Wright but also for his coach, Joe Lancaster, a former world record holder and now a free-lance journalist and broadcaster.

Trevor Wright, a 24-year-old electrician from Sheffield, has been described as the most underrated of Britain's long distance runners, and there is a good deal of truth in this. Perhaps partly because he is one of the least demonstrative of our champions, there has been a tendency to overlook his many fine performances. He has no flamboyance in his make-up; no controversies rage around him; he does little to upset officials or other competitors (except to beat them more often than not). No, Trevor simply gets on with the job without fuss but with the single-minded determination that is so characteristic of Yorkshire people.

He started running at school in Sheffield at age 14. He was good, but not outstanding. He had no coach but followed the usual pattern of hard, fast training runs and earned a reputation as something of a speed merchant. It was 1966 before Wright, then 20, received the encouragement he needed. He finished 12th in the national junior championship. The following track season, he brought his times down to 4:23 for the mile and 9:20 for two.

Then, just as things were beginning to look promising, he suffered a serious setback. While working in his trade as an electrician, he fell from scaffolding onto a vat of boiling water. He was at least fortunate that his body landed on the edge of the tank, but his leg trailed in the water. He managed to drag himself out and was taken to a hospital, where his first words to the doctor were, "Will I run again?" It was six months before he was able to put on a shoe, and even today his leg and foot bear scars.

Trevor was as keen as ever to make the grade. But it was over 12 months before he was anywhere near his former condition. He stuck to his training and at last, in the 1968 national cross-country championship, there were glimmerings of future greatness when he finished 39th (of 900-odd starters). Wright was encouraged by this performance. On the track, he brought his two-mile time down to 9:01 in a meeting at Manchester. Here he met Joe Lancaster, and Joe agreed to plan his training. This meant a complete change in method. Instead of the



TREVOR WRIGHT (Mark Shearman photo)

constant hard grind, Wright now went for slow runs up to 20 miles from Sunday to Thursday. The time for a 20 would be around 2:15. The remainder of the week, he would run 10-15 miles at six minutes per mile. Before long, this new kind of training began to prove its worth. Within a few weeks, he reduced his best two-mile time to 8:51, then a fortnight later returned 8:47. A three-mile in 13:46.2 was followed by a six-mile in 28:08.8.

All this was more than promising. But the real turning point in his career came in the 1969 cross-country season, when he beat national champion Ron Hill in a race at Sheffield. A month later, he won the intercounty championship, then the northern championship, followed by third place in the national. A two-mile in 8:40.2, three in 13:27.0 (during a thunderstorm) and a 5000 meters in 13:55.6 brought Trevor's name to the attention of selectors, and an international race against Czechoslovakia was the outcome. Although he won this 10,000, he incurred the displeasure of the team manager by racing ahead of his British partner instead of running with him "as a team."

In 1970, Wright won the AAA 10-mile track championship with 47:20.2—third-fastest ever by a Briton; ran a personal best 10,000 of 28:31.4 and another personal best two miles of 8:35.8. Then, as 1970 passed into 1971, he ran second behind America's in-form Frank Shorter in the famous Sao Paulo midnight race, and second again a couple of days later in the 5000.

When the national cross-country championship came round, Wright was the undoubted favorite—with just one runner who



it was thought might cause an upset. This was the highly ambitious young Dave Bedford. Bedford, who piles more miles into his training than any other British runner, had been out of competition for some time owing to injury, and was not expected to compete in the national. But he did run—and brought Trevor Wright's success sequence to a halt.

Bedford again proved the better man in the international, which he won with about 150 yards to spare. But Wright was a clear-cut second and is hardly likely to be underrated by selectors and others any longer. He might well make his mark at the marathon, for his small, lightly-built frame and compact style seem ideally suited to the longer distances. But first he will no doubt concentrate on improving his times for the 5000 and 10,000. Much will depend on the advice of his coach, Joe Lancaster.

Lancaster himself created quite a stir in the athletics world in 1955 when he beat a small, select field to set world 20-mile and two-hour track records. After that, he trained hard, though with only a very small amount of speed work. Long runs to and from work (13 miles each way) and distances of up to 30 miles over hilly country on Sundays were his general routine. He was not a "natural." In fact, it was some time after starting serious training that he was able to beat five minutes for the mile. He knew that many miles would have to be covered if he were to have any chance of getting to the top. He just failed to make the Olympic marathon team in 1956, running himself clean out on the final trial race and having to spend the next day or two in the hospital as a result.

Once retired from running, he turned his attention to sports journalism, broadcasting and a limited amount of coaching. He has built up a small but thriving business as a freelance sports journalist, and he applies himself to this side of sport with all the energy and tenacity that previously went into running.

Joe is a strong believer in the Arthur Newton ideas of steady-pace training, and Trevor Wright, Mike Freary and others seeking his help are advised in Joe's typical brisk, unhesitating manner to "train, not strain." Few are entirely convinced at first, but their eventual success proves the point in the end. Wright and Freary are Joe's present "showpieces," and he readily concedes that these two were good material from the first. There is an enormous amount of natural talent which seldom comes to light, and Lancaster has a flair for spotting it immediately when a hint of it appears.

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**WHEN:** 0800, 14 August, Saturday, at the end of the Olympia Coaches Clinic and Cross Country Running Camp.

**AWARDS:** Custom made plaques for the first 15 finishers. Special awards for the first runner in under 15, over 40, over 50, plus certificates for all those who participate and t-shirts for all who finish. Same awards for girls but distance run will be the official 12½ miles. Team awards for the best 3-man team.

**FEATURES:** Finnish stew will be served to all runners. The Hurley Chamber of Commerce is planning many special events from boiled coho salmon on the main street of Hurley Friday night to a torch lighting ceremony. The Finnish singers will perform and there will be an awards banquet Saturday night.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, WRITE THE  
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 SILVER STREET, HURLEY, WISCONSIN 54534  
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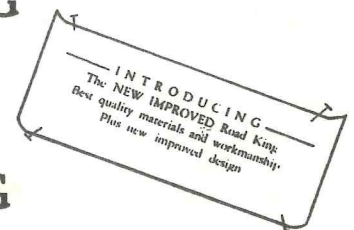
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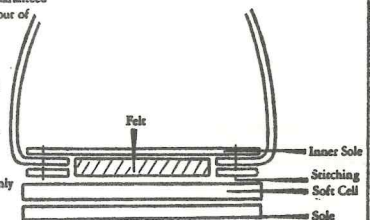
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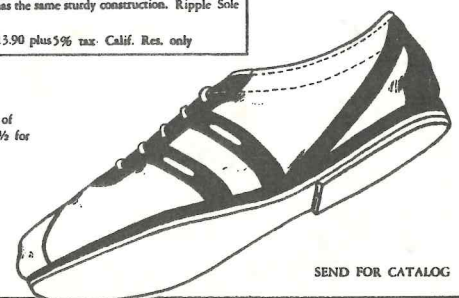
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# EUGENE'S MARATHON PLANS

Marathoners who venture to Eugene, Ore., for the national senior AAU marathon in June can count on a race that "will be done well." That's the word from Kenny Moore, who was instrumental in bringing the race to his home town, and who knows what a well-done race involves.

The race designed for fast runners, on a course designed for fast times, will occur Sunday, June 6, starting at 5 p.m. It starts and finishes at Hayward Field on the University of Oregon campus. The course goes east from Eugene into the city of Springfield, then onto a 12-mile loop of streets and country roads in the suburban area north of Eugene and Springfield. After a lap and two-thirds on this loop, the course returns to Eugene and back to the stadium.

The route is flat except for the bridges over the Willamette River and freeway overpasses. The steepest of these "hills" come at nine, 21 and 24 miles. Except for the start and finish on Hayward Field's hard-surface track, the race will be run entirely on roads. These roads provide a smooth running surface except for a rough three-mile stretch which officials promise will be resurfaced.

They're also taking care of another potential trouble-spot. Moore reports, "The county, when it learned the course passed near one of its garbage dump-land fill projects, ordered the dump closed and sprayed before the race, so runners' noses might not be offended."

The marathon, which also will serve as the Pan-American Games qualifying race, will accompany the annual Twilight track meet. Seven or eight track and field events will be going on while the runners are on the road, and not less than 10,000 of Oregon's rabid fans are expected to pack the stadium.

Eugene is accustomed to hosting championship track meets for top-level athletes, and expects to do the same with the marathon. "This is a championship race," says meet director Tom Ragsdale. "We're after quality, not quantity." To limit the field to "quality" runners, the entry blank will carry suggested qualifying standards. The organizing committee hopes to limit individual entries to runners capable of 2:45 or better. They suggest that all members of a team be capable of 3:00 or better.

Moore explains that they're not being as harsh on slower men as it appears. He says there's a difficult road crossing near the end where traffic can't be held up indefinitely. "Runners much slower than three hours will have to be extremely careful,"

Kenny says. "There is no rule prohibiting them, but in this race I'm afraid the emphasis will be placed upon the championship performers."

Although these are the toughest entry standards ever set for an American marathon, the race will be far from an exclusive event. The 1971 *Marathon Handbook* list 756 Americans under three hours in 1970 and about 270 under 2:45. Repeating: the standards are merely recommendations. AAU distance running championships are open to any male amateur athlete.

With good local talent assured—in the person of Kenny Moore, Pan-American Games positions at stake, winners of the various AAU regionals coming to Eugene expenses-paid, and this city located within easy range of talent-rich California and Washington (to say nothing of Oregon), the race will no doubt be a fast one. The only thing necessarily left to chance is the weather. It's normally in the 60s that time of year.

If all goes well this time, the same course may be used for the 1972 US Olympic trial. Eugene has bid for the final track and field trials, which will include the marathon along with all other track events on a nine-day program.

Athletes wanting information on the upcoming race can write to Tom E. Ragsdale, Eugene Area Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 1107, Eugene, Ore. 97401.

## CLASSIFIED NOTICES

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

**9th ANNUAL JACKRABBIT "15".** Saturday, June 5, 1971, 7 a.m. 15.2-mile road race from White to Brookings, S.D. Contact Track Coach, SDSU, Brookings, S.D. 57006.

**2nd ANNUAL "LONGEST DAY" MARATHON.** Brookings, S.D. Sunday, June 20, 1971, 7 a.m. Flat course. Contact Track Coach, SDSU, Brookings, S.D. 57006.

**4th ANNUAL UNITED STATES MASTERS (40 YEARS AND OLDER) TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIPS.** San Diego, Calif., July 2-3 (track & field events), July 4 (marathon & 20-km. walk). Entries write Ken Bernard, P.O. Box 10512, San Diego, Calif. 92110.

**CALGARY STAMPEDE MARATHON,** July 10, 6 p.m. See the famous Calgary Stampede. Accurately measured course. For entry forms and information write Ron Read, 2323 Sumac Road N.W., Calgary 42, Alberta.

**3rd ANNUAL MOUNTAIN MARATHON,** Boone to Grandfather Mountain, N.C., July 10, 1971. Scenic course finishes before thousands of spectators at Scottish Highland Games. Record: 2:45:29—Lou Coppens, 1970. 25 trophies. Contact George Phillips, 3100 Briarcliffe Rd., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27106.

**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.)

**CLOSE-OUT—"Comrades Marathon Story"** (hardback, 177 pages), 1966. Only three left at \$4.95 each. Glass-Gard eye-glass holders—only 50 cents each; \$1.00 value. From Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.



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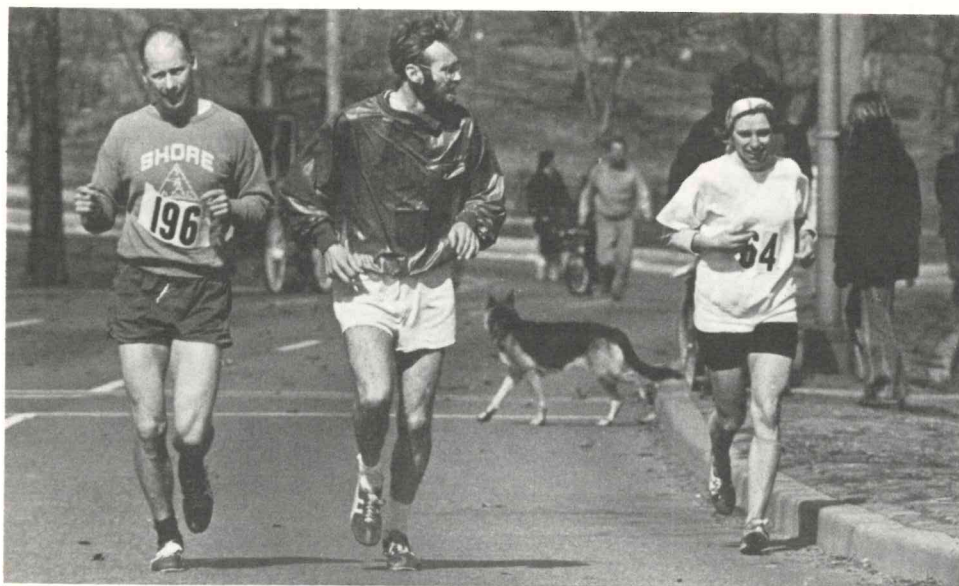
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Spring comes to Central Park—along with droves of marathoners. ABOVE: Race director Vince Chiappetta urges on Nina Kuscsik as she approaches her 3:11 finish. RIGHT: Writer Pat Tarnawsky gets her information first-hand. (Newsday photos)



## *Pounding Ground on Earth Day*

BY PAT TARNAWSKY

The scene would delight any race promoter's heart. Two-hundred-thirty-five runners were streaming through New York's Central Park to the starting line, accompanied by a crowd of spectators, reporters and TV cameramen. The park was simply swarming with people. It was the first day of spring, a bit windy for running comfort, but the park lawns were greening and daffodils were poking gaily up. Our race banner flapped smartly. A band was playing.

It was the debut of the Earth Day marathon. A race that, if repeated in future, could well become one of the most popular and colorful marathons in the US.

At the line, the mob queued up. This being a Pan-Am Games regional trial, some name eastern runners were there, hoping to earn that trip to the finals. We also had four official female entrants, having obtained what we considered a sanction from the Metropolitan AAU. Speaking through a bullhorn, New York Road Runners Club president Vince Chiappetta made a few remarks on how we were about to celebrate our own sweaty, aching relationship with ecological problems.

"You guys otta wear face masks," he said, holding one up, "to keep all those soot and sulphur dioxide particles out of your lungs." Vince is famous in New York running circles for his face mask. Since he's a biology professor and environmental activist, it's no idle gesture.

But the mob of Earth Day entrants all grinned politely at him. None had masks. Anyway, the air pollution level in Manhattan that day had been declared "acceptable," which meant that our nostrils would get only moderately black.

The guy popped and the mob surged forward. Those in back jogged in place till they had room to start running. A small boy got knocked down and trampled. "My god," said a man next to me, "this is as bad as Boston." Soon we were strung out in the first of five loops along the rolling, tree-shaded course (which was actually the "bicycle path" beloved of

New Yorkers, a road that makes a 5.2-mile circuit around the park.)

How did the Earth Day marathon happen? "Every day is Earth Day for us," said runner George Sheehan recently. It was to activate such athletic sentiments that the New York RRC decided this year to shift their traditional Cherry Tree marathon to the second annual Earth Day. Weeks of frenzied planning preceded the race, as RRC members coordinated with the N.Y. City Department of Recreation (which co-sponsored the race) and the People for Earth Day office. Sue Peters, for instance, spent noon hours painting the banner in the hall outside her office. In this recession-tight time, it is hard to get food and beverage donations, but we finally scraped them together. And we contacted the New York media, hoping that we might get more than the usual scant coverage given long distance races.

Our major publicity coup: getting Ted Corbitt, Vince, Gary Muhrcke and Nina Kuscsik onto the "Marty Glickman Show." This is a two-hour "live" radio talk-show popular here, during which former Olympic sprinter Glickman interviews sports personalities and fields on-the-air phone calls from listeners. It was the first time he had ever interviewed marathoners, and the incoming calls (station WNEW told me later) showed unusual interest in the runners' discussions of ecology, training, women marathoners, etc. "How should I train for the marathon?" one kid asked. "Where do I enter the Earth Day race?" asked another.

Two days before the race, a hitch developed about the women's sanction. *Newsday* questioned the AAU, which denied giving it. A flurry of phone calls. The RRC maintained they'd openly requested a sanction for both men and women, and the AAU hadn't said no, so as far as we were concerned, that was that. (The result of the AAU's attitude was that *Newsday* ran a full-page story strongly defending the women.) We female



entrants wondered if somebody would threaten to suspend us, but nothing happened, and we started the race wearing official numbers.

While we ran, Central Park boiled with people as other Earth Day activities got underway. It was not only a day for expressing ecological concern, but a day when young New Yorkers came out of the woodwork after a long winter and joyfully moved their bodies around in the crisp spring sunshine. They were jogging, walking, bicycling, riding horseback, dancing, doing yoga, playing with frisbees, flying kites. For most, it was their first glimpse of a marathon. "Is this some kind of race?" they'd call to passing runners. "Twenty-six miles? Arrrgh!" or "Wow!" Often they'd fall in with the slower runners for half a loop.

The Sheep Meadow, in the center of the park, was a solid Woodstock-style mass of kids busying themselves with ecology exhibits, guerrilla theater, seed-planting ceremonies and smoking hashish. Many had Earth Flags sewn on their clothes. Rock music and steel bands throbbed among the trees. I passed some Arlo Guthrie types with banjos camped by the bicycle path. They were picking and singing good bluegrass and waving at the runners. Vendors sold tons of hot dogs, roasted chestnuts and bagels. Through our haze of effort, we could hear the haunting wheezy music from the big carousel, glimpse its whirling lights and its gilded horses loaded with kids.

The race, in fact, was like a painful ring drawn around all this celebrating, with its message that Earth was a thing of joy, but that saving it would take a worldwide marathon of hard work.

"Keep right!" park policemen kept shouting at the cyclists. "One way only! Left lane for runners only!"

Thanks to the loop setup, I could keep track of what was happening up front. The two leaders, Tom Fleming and Moses Mayfield, lapped me on my third loop and tossed me a "Hang in there" as they pounded past neck and neck. Fleming, a promising 19-year-old from Paterson (N.J.) State College and victor in several recent races here, was just passing Mayfield. After them, wiry cheerful little Augustin Calle came driving past me, mop of dark curls lifting in the wind. Former South

American marathon champion, Calle now lives in New York and decimates our local road runners.

As we looped past the finish line, a large crowd cheered us on. A swarm of photographers were all doing little 60-yard dashes to get just the right shots of approaching runners. (The *New York Daily News* photographer had a different idea; he took a picture of the cups the runners threw down. The paper then ignored the fact that the beverage crew picked up all cups after the race, and next day accused us of littering on Earth Day.)

The three-hour runners started lapping me. Nina Kuscsik, legs smeared with cocoa butter against the cold, plowed past, calling, "How ya doing?" Shortly afterward my husband passed, saying, "Hi, sweetie." By the fourth loop, dropouts were piling up (80 in all). Runners were limping, walking up hills, fighting cramps, throwing up. Struggling for that coveted 3:30 for Boston. Wrestling the temptation to quit. If we can overcome ourselves, we can overcome our environmental crisis as well.

Up ahead, Tom Fleming was doubled over by stomach cramps just five miles from the finish. But he overcame. Thinking quickly, he stopped, did some quickie exercises, got rid of the cramps, and managed to reach the tape ahead of Augustin Calle for a 2:23:44, his first marathon victory, and a trip to Oregon. Calle followed with 2:25:29, and Mayfield with 2:26:19.

Nina overcame, too, fighting a sore knee and shoulder to make a 3:11:41—just one minute behind her Boston best. The rest of us women had our problems. Kathy Miller got cold, suffered stabbing stitches, but made it for a 4:02:45. Weakened by flu, I crawled to a 4:41:30, a new best by four minutes. Liz Franceschini went 16 miles, her farthest yet.

Back at the West Side "Y," the mob of runners demolished meat sandwiches and pop. When Chiappetta announced that souvenir Earth Flags would be given to all finishers who didn't get trophies, the men rushed for them. As they trooped out clutching their flags, they looked like kids going home after a long, exhausting birthday party.

That night the race hit the evening news on all three TV networks; it got as much play as the rest of Earth Day. (CBS aired a splendid shot of my husband!) It even made the "Today" show. Next day, the on *New York Times*' front page, there was an extraordinary photo of a crowd of kids, sunlit hair blowing in the wind as they listened to an Earth Day speaker. The *Times*' sports section had a more prosaic photo of Fleming hitting the tape, and Al Harvin's story got as much space as the Yankees and Gary Player.

The Earth Day marathon. It wasn't another Boston. No race promoter can ever hope to duplicate Boston, anyway. But it was unique.

## WRITING ABOUT WOMEN

Pat Tarnawsky loves to get letters. Especially letters from other women runners. Her recent "open letter to Dr. Jackson" in *Runner's World* drew a big response, most of it enthusiastically pro, a little of it tartly anti.

Now an RW contributing editor, Pat would like to get letters on these two special subjects:

- A distinguished medical/athletic authority has offered to do some serious research on the effects of long distances on highly conditioned female athletes, to help fill the knowledge gap on this front. Any woman distance runner, marathoner or super-marathoner who is currently in top shape and could pay her own travel expenses (or get somebody else to pay the) and wishes to help the cause, please contact Pat, who is coordinating the project.

- Pat also hopes to keep reporting women's long distance running steadily for RW. This means that women living elsewhere in the US will hopefully write her and tell her what they've been up to, how they train, fit it into everyday life, their accomplishments and hopes, and any extra anecdotes and philosophizing they might care to add. One recent letter, for instance, alerted her to a woman about to attempt something unusual on the super-distance scene. She also would be curious to know what female marathoners are doing in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Europe.

Write her at The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570. Or call her weekdays at (914) 769-7000, extension 2093.

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# WOMEN'S AGE RECORDS

Despite several gaps and inaccuracies (many of which have since been filled and corrected), the age-group lists in last issue seemed to have widespread appeal. Everyone has an age, so it's easy to identify with these statistics.

Those lists—except for little Mary Etta Boitano—were male-oriented. Now we're trying to compile records for women. It isn't easy, since most races still choose to ignore female competitors in their summaries. Statistics—particularly those before 1970—are difficult to uncover.

With this fact in mind, we're publishing this tentative list of US women's age-group marathon marks, hoping readers will again alert us to oversights. You'll notice there aren't times for every age category, but as women race in greater numbers this situation should soon correct itself.

Age	Time	Name (birthdate)	Race Date
6	4:27:32	Mary Etta Boitano (4 Mar 63)	14 Dec 69
7	3:57:42	Mary Etta Boitano (4 Mar 63)	13 Dec 70
8	3:46:21	Mary Etta Boitano (4 Mar 63)	7 Mar 71
10	4:38:16	Connie Cunneen (22 Aug 60)	13 Dec 70
12	3:37:04	Carolyn McDonald (1 Jul 58)	9 Jan 71
15	4:45:38	Kathy Phelps (unavailable)	7 Sep 70
16	3:02:53	Caroline Walker (15 Oct 53)	28 Feb 70
17	3:46:59	Pam Schmidt (11 Dec 53)	13 Dec 70
20	3:51:03	Janet Newman (unavailable)	27 Feb 71
22	3:14:45	Cheryl Bridges (25 Dec 47)	6 Dec 70
23	3:22:02	Kathy Miller (5 Jan 47)	21 Jun 70
24	4:02:45	Kathy Miller (5 Jan 47)	21 Mar 71
25	3:55:55	Eileen Waters (3 Dec 45)	7 Mar 71
27	3:26:28	Vicki Foltz (4 Feb 44)	27 Feb 71
29	3:42:25	Patricia Loveland (unavailable)	27 Feb 71
31	3:10:—	Nina Kuscsik (2 Jan 39)	20 Apr 70
32	3:11:41	Nina Kuscsik (2 Jan 39)	21 Mar 71
33	3:05:07	Sara Berman (14 May 36)	20 Apr 70
34	3:07:10	Sara Berman (14 May 36)	25 Oct 70
35	3:30:—	Sandra Zerranze (unavailable)	20 Apr 70
42	4:05:27	Barbara Barnes (unavailable)	16 May 70
47	4:38:16	Mary Lucille Boitano (8 Jul 23)	13 Dec 70
52	4:40:03	Marcie Trent (unavailable)	19 Sep 70

## BACK ISSUES

### THESE BACK ISSUES ARE STILL AVAILABLE

(Key features of each issue listed. Those published in 1970 and earlier are priced at 50 cents each; January 1971 and later, 75 cents.)

- March 1969 (40pp)—"Patriots' Day at Boston"
- March 1970 (48pp)—"Interview: Jerome Drayton"
- May 1970 (64pp)—"Interview: Marty Liquori"
- July 1970 (48pp)—"Interview: Arthur Lydiard"
- September 1970 (48pp)—"Interview: Kenneth Cooper"
- November 1970 (48pp)—"Interview: Ron Hill"
- January 1971 (72pp)—"Interview: Derek Clayton"
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## POSTAL RACES

Track season's ending for most of you about now. Summer's coming, and it's a great time to think about running a 24-hour relay. What better way to spend one of those long days than by gathering up as many as nine of your buddies and running miles (and miles and miles) around the track? Okay, maybe there are better ways. But none as unique as this.

The Mad River Runners of Arcata, Calif., lead this year's competition with 265 miles 156 yards—fifth-best in the brief history of the event. The only other team to complete the run so far this year has been Monmouth (N.J.) High School, which went 218 miles 1470 yards.

Relay rules are spelled out in the flyer enclosed with this issue.

Competition is now (and always) open, too, in the *Runner's World* two-hour track run. This involves running and recording times for any and all of these distances—22 kilometers, 15 miles, 15 and 30 kilometers, 20 miles and two hours. Mail the results to us for tabulation.

Leading two-hour marks to date are:

22m 1254y	Bill Clark (27, Calif)	13 Feb 71
20m 1427y	Chris Miller (27, Calif)	13 Feb 71
20m 669y	Steve Goldberg (38, Ill)	17 Jan 71
20m 59y	Jeff Kroot (27, Calif)	13 Feb 71
19m 1307y	John Winslow (DC)	17 Jan 71
19m 1216y	Tom Dillon	17 Jan 71
19m 1093y	Gar Williams (37, Va)	17 Jan 71
19m 608y	George Cushmac	17 Jan 71
18m 1451y	Kevin McCabe	17 Jan 71
18m 1276y	John Noble	17 Jan 71



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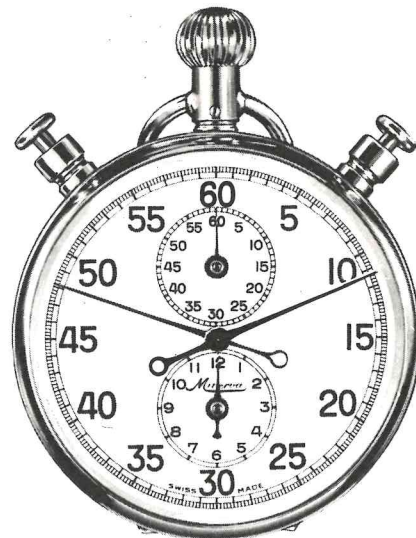


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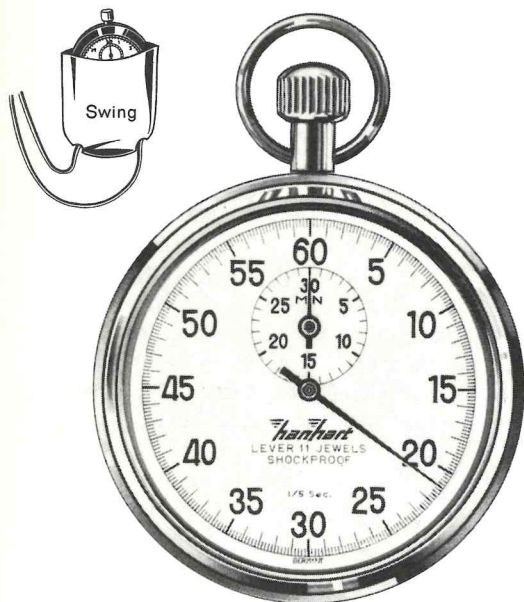
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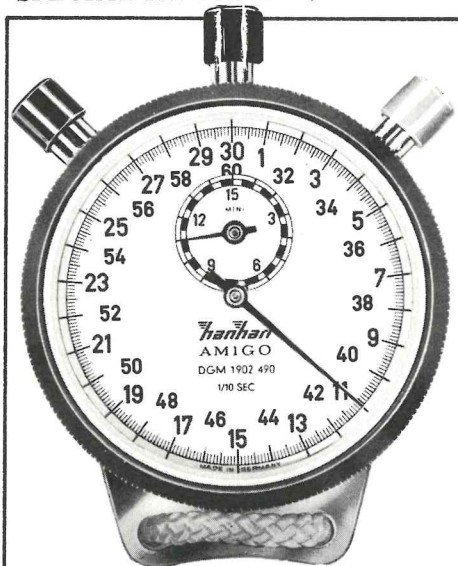
(9 jewels, non-magnetic, lever movement, nickel-chromium finished case.)



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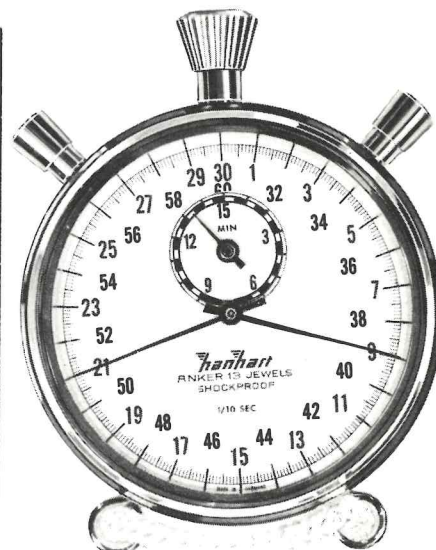
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# "THE HAWK" FLIES AT SEASIDE

BY JIM DUNNE

At six o'clock the morning of the race, the day was a disaster. Snowflakes big enough to stun an elephant pelted Seaside, and howling winds gusted just outside race headquarters, the Seaside Hotel. The ocean, just a few yards from the hotel, could not be seen or heard.

One middle-aged marathoner of moderate ability, unable to sleep because of the storm, got up from the bed, looked out the window and muttered to his sleeping wife: "What weather! There's no way I'm going to run on a day like today!" His wife, undisturbed by the weather report and the announcement of withdrawal, slept on callously.

By eight, the storm had abated and the solid mass of grey sky was showing streaks of newly-washed blue. The sun even made a tentative appearance. The wind still howled and the day was still impossible for runners, but it was improving. Seagulls benefitted from the gale winds, riding the currents for minutes at a time without a single flap of their wings. But the wind is not an ally of marathon runners.

By 10 o'clock, the wind had quieted. A handful of runners wearing shabby sweatsuits and lightweight nylon shoes were jogging on the beach, warming up for a race still an hour and a half away.

By 11:25, the husband who muttered to his wife that he would not run, about 350 other would-be runners, plus a few real runners huddled together waiting for the starting gun of the Trail's End marathon. The luck of race director Ralph Davis had held.

Among the starters was Ken Moore, who won last year's race and then went on to one of his finest seasons. This year he was just a spectator, a jogger in the pack, running with his wife Bobbie in her marathon debut.

Bob Deines, ruffled looking as always and wearing his customary gentle smile, was ready to test a recently-healed injury.

Also in the pack was a 20-year-old Washington State University sophomore, Tom Robinson—called "the Hawk" by friends. "I used to go to a park in Spokane and I was on the baseball team there," Robinson says. "We had this park leader and he said I looked like a chicken hawk in the cartoon Bugs Bunny. Then, when I was a freshman in high school, I broke my nose, and then the guys called me 'the Hawk' for that reason."

Unlike Moore and Deines, "the Hawk" had never run a marathon before. His credentials as a runner were meager: a 4:39 mile in high school, a 9:52 two-mile and a 27th place finish in last season's Pac-8 cross-country championship.

If Robinson's credentials were meager, his training for this race was solid: 125 miles a week for 18 weeks prior to the marathon. Two weeks before Seaside, the diminutive distance runner (he is 5'8" and weighs 118 pounds) ran a 10-mile time trial into a brisk Palouse wind, over a muddy course covered with severe hills, in 53 minutes flat. "The Hawk" was ready to fly.

At race time the temperature was about 30 degrees and the wind was bearable, but hostile. Many of the runners wore thermal tops and bottoms, gloves, woolen hats and some kind of rain jacket. Robinson wore a pair of nylon shorts and a nylon singlet. He apparently had read Anouilh's play and remembered Becket's advice to the king: "One must fight

the cold with the cold's own weapons."

The gun went off, barely heard in the back ranks of the starters, and the pack nudged forward. "The Hawk" was about to experience a marathon. A marathon is more than a race; it is an exploration, a journey into yourself. The first 10 miles is scarcely a prelude, and 15 miles is just the beginning of the beginning. At 18-20 miles, the race and the exploration begin.

"The Hawk," competing in his first marathon, had a simple race plan: "I knew this runner from Vancouver, Garry Harrison, and I knew he'd run 2:23. I just picked him out and decided to run with him as long as I could."

Even with a training program of 125 miles a week for 4½ months, the race was not easy for "the Hawk." He learned about "the Bear."

"With five miles to go, it really hit me. I had a hard time finishing. My legs started getting heavy. I knew I'd have to run harder and get rid of some of the guys running with me. I just didn't think I could last, but I picked up the pace. I don't think I'll ever experience any more pain than I did that day. After the race, I could hardly walk or do anything. I felt that my lungs had just collapsed. I don't want to run any more marathons for two or three months. . . not until I get this one off my mind. This is not like running six miles."

Later, sitting in a restaurant, "the Hawk" remembered the race more kindly. "Mortenson (winner Bruce Mortenson) kept talking to me during the race. He said something like, 'Is your name Lindgren? You're kind of a dark horse in this race, aren't you?' Then he left me in the dust."

Seaside was a brilliant beginning for "Hawk." He finished his first marathon in 2:22:00, just 51 seconds behind Mortenson, the 1965 NCAA steeplechase winner.

There will be other marathons for "the Hawk," but he plans to change his training program slightly. "I want to keep to the 10-13-mile runs of real quality. But I think the real important thing is to get some runs of 20-25 miles every week. I think that was my problem at 15 miles. I just hadn't taken enough long runs getting ready for Seaside. There's 15 weeks left in the school year. I'd like to train right through. . . not run another race until June."

Before he goes to Eugene in June for the AAU marathon, "the Hawk" thinks he will have to change something else: his attitude about himself, about racing and competing.

"Right now I've got to start thinking like the 'big guys.' I'm not thinking like that yet. Ken Moore goes into a race and says he's going to run 2:13, and he really believes he'll do it. I don't have goals like that yet. I think I'm not setting my goals high enough. I'll just have to start believing in myself and what I can run."

The day before the Trail's End marathon in Seaside, I ran into Ken Moore and his lovely wife in a restaurant. I expressed disappointment that he would not be competing the following day. In that quiet voice of his, he said, "I'll just run along with Bobbie this time. But watch me in June. I'll be ready for a real run then." He was not bragging. It was simply a statement by a man who has earned the right to make predictions about his future performances.

With Frank Shorter and Jack Bachelor talking about running marathons, with Bill Scobey training to run marathons, with both Byron Lowry and Bob Deines recovered from injuries and ready to go, and with Tom Robinson training harder than ever and "learning to think like the 'big guys,'" the AAU race in Eugene may produce the fastest times ever run by Americans in this country.

"The Hawk" will get another chance to fly.





It's the kind of thing runners have fantasies about, but which are seldom realized. Tom Robinson (366), a slowish trackman, ran his first marathon at Seaside. He outran everyone except Bruce Mortenson and ran 2:22. (With Robinson here are Bill Norris, 487; Mike Mahler, 259, and Paul Hoffman, 197.) (Sharran Herriot photo)

## GLASS CITY MARATHON

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## MEET KERRY PEARCE

Indoor two-miling had gone sluggish. All indoor distance racing mile and above, in fact, had a mild case of the blahs. Since Olympic year, fast times hadn't been coming, with the glaring exception of George Young's brilliant racing in 1969.

Since Young retired after tying the two-mile record and breaking the three, there hadn't been any really fast times. In 1970, only freshly-imported New Zealander Rex Maddaford came remotely close to a world record (he ran 8:28.6 for the two). No other two-miler managed to break into the top 20 of all-time.

Whatever the reason for this recession, it didn't carry over into 1971. Runners at all distances—and particularly the two-milers—found new life. Spirited, fast races highlighted the season just past. And a good share of the credit for the resurgence must go to Kerry Pearce. Australian Pearce figured in nearly all the fast races of the best two-mile season in history.

A season in which another Aussie, Kerry O'Brien, ran the fastest time ever—indoors or out—with 8:19.2 at San Diego. Pearce lost out to him only on the last lap and ran 8:20.6—fourth-fastest of all-time. Frank Shorter also broke the old record by a second with 8:26.2.

That old record is significant. Pearce himself had set it in 1968 in a performance that stunned track people and created doubt that Kerry could repeat it. Even Kerry had doubts, and they resulted in a long low period for him afterwards.

"It had all been anticlimactic since 1968," he says. "Coming from 9:24 to 8:27 in 13 months took away the interest I needed." He couldn't come within a dozen seconds of his previous time.

But he came back this winter with "the attitude that counts." He raced through four races faster than his 1969-70 best, then at Seattle in early February tied his record of 8:27.2. A week later, he beat O'Brien and George Young (now unretired) at Los Angeles. A week after that, the spectacular record race at San Diego.

Indoor two-miling and Kerry Pearce have pulled out of the doldrums together. It just took them both awhile to realize that 8:27.2 wasn't the ultimate.

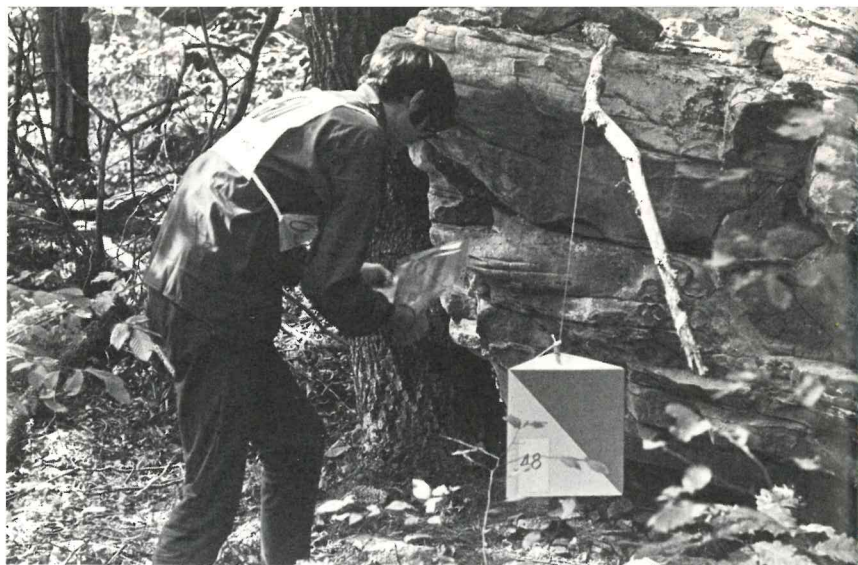
**Kerry Stanton Pearce:** El Paso, Texas (student at University of Texas/El Paso; native of Australia). 24 years old (born Oct. 12, 1946, at Melbourne, Australia), 5'10", 144 pounds. Single. Began racing in 1966 at age 19. Coached by Wayne Vandenburg.

**Racing:** Mile—4:04.5; 2 miles—8:20.6; 3 miles—13:22.0; 6 miles—28:51.4; steeplechase—8:44.0. Favorite racing distance: 2 miles.

**Training:** 7 days a week, 12 months a year; approximately 120 miles a week. Longest-ever run: 43 miles.

**Description:** "I do long runs up to 23 miles mixed with fast interval training and fartlek. When competing in a number of races, I use my races for speed work and continue with long runs."





Orienteers, unlike cross-country runners, must find their own routes. Competitors mark their maps at the start (left). Above, a runner locates a control point hidden in the woods.

# EXPLORING ORIENTEERING

BY ANDREW MARCEC

**"Both when participated in and when watched, sport quickly works on the emotions. It wins men's allegiance readily and often to a degree nothing else is able to do."**

This quotation by philosopher Paul Weiss aptly describes the infectious nature of the sport of orienteering. The sport, which combines cross-country running with map and compass reading, is still relatively unknown in the United States. But with the help of a solid core of devotees, the sport is gaining a foothold here. In the Scandinavian countries (orienteering originated in Sweden in 1918), Great Britain, West Germany and Canada, it already enjoys great popularity.

The sport is appealing for a number of reasons.

The not-so-physically-fit participant can compete on equal terms with the well-conditioned competitor because skill and cunning and judgment are as important as running ability. Accordingly, it should attract persons who do not wish to engage in regular conditioning programs of the arduous type but wouldn't mind a less vigorous activity such as this.

The sport requires very little in the way of equipment. Only a compass ranging in price from \$2.75 to \$15, tennis or running shoes, and suitable outwear for traveling through the bush of the countryside. With minimal instruction on use of compass and map just prior to competition, the participant is ready to go.

The sporting venue is always different, always beautiful, as the participant finds his way through the countryside. Gordon Pirie, a former world record-holding distance runner from England and an experienced orienteer, states, "It is the most relaxing activity one can experience. During such a run, you are exclusively concerned with fascinating and varied problems which continually arise. . . you are completely relaxed and the physical endurance of sheer running is placed into the subconscious while the conscious is focusing on the problems of the moment."

*Andrew Marcec, an adult educator at Southern Illinois University, is an active orienteering promoter and participant and was instrumental in bringing the 1970 championships to the school at Carbondale, Ill.*

There's a juxtaposition of mental awareness and physical fitness. It provides ideal recreation for the muscular mill, to be oiled by the skill and technical ability of the mind. Most of the populace dislikes the punishment of physical conditioning, despite knowing the value of exercise. In orienteering, the participant, as Pirie indicated, can enjoy physical exertion a great deal more if the boredom and pain of it is pushed into the semi-conscious mind by the mental exercise required of the orienteer. In orienteering, tiredness of the brain is more disastrous than tiredness of the legs.

Pirie says, "It is a sport of endless variation and richness, and yet it is a sport which is precise: a hard sport which requires much from its participants. Success does not by any means depend solely on how well-trained one is in running. You do not win in orienteering just by running. Ability to concentrate, be calm at the right moment, to ascertain one's position quickly and with a clear head when some error, large or small, has been made and has to be corrected without delay, to decide exactly where, on the map, one is. All these advanced brain gymnastics have to be performed under strong physical tension."

Quick decisions and clever thinking, backed by average fitness, are the major requisites for orienteers. In contrast to cross-country or track events, it isn't easy to pick a winner. In orienteering, nothing is certain until a race is over. Miscalculations can ruin a man's race at any point.

Orienteering is deceptive. Even though a course length may be announced specifically—i.e., five miles—the runner in navigation may cover more than the prescribed distance. Considerably more if the orienteer errs in his calculations too much or too often.

Generally, the orienteering races go something like this. Fifteen minutes before the run, the map without control locations is provided. The runner uses these precious moments to become acquainted with the legend, scale, natural and man-made features and to generally get acquainted with the terrain of the area. A scorecard noting the position and time of start is given to each runner.



Two minutes before his start, the runner gets a sheet of descriptive clues pointing out the placement of the control markers. Such topological terms as spur, ridge, re-entrant, promontory, path junction, etc., describing the location of the control are important items to the runners.

They set off at one-minute intervals. From the start, the runner advances to the master map area about 100 yards away. Here he judiciously transfers the control locations onto his map and sets off on the run. At each control, there is a paper punch which the runner uses to mark his scorecard, attesting that he has visited that location.

"Point" and "score" orienteering are the most popular types of races.

Point orienteering is a straight race around a circuit of control points in a fixed order. The fastest time decides the winner. The length and degree of difficulty is designed to fit the needs of the participants. Point orienteering is used for international championship competition—at distances of seven to nine miles with 15-20 controls.

In score orienteering, the participant visits as many control markers as is physically possible in a fixed amount of time. Each control marker has a point value, based upon the degree of difficulty in reaching that point. There are always more control markers than any competitor can reach in the allotted time. While any fixed time can be established, generally the event is limited to 1½ hours. The runner has to decide which control markers he will visit, keeping in mind that he must be back at the start within the allotted time and also assessing his own physical fitness in regard to the value of points placed on each control marker. The controls may be visited in any order. Those markers farther from the starting point have the highest value.

The score event is a good race for the novice participant, and also is conducive to being held in a neighborhood, around a campus of a university, etc. It need not be held in the woods, and it can be run with or without a compass.

Whatever the type of orienteering, the one essential ingredient is the map. "An orienteer is only as good as his map," is an oft-heard cliché in orienteering circles. The map is the runner's blueprint, and it is a truism that the map need be accurate and precise. Misplacement of a control marker by just a few millimeters can mean disaster for a runner. Failure to update or

place new features on the map also limits the effectiveness of the competitor.

A topography map drawn to scale of 1:25,000 is most commonly used. Maps are available from the US Department of Interior Geological Survey, or the state equivalent of this agency. Course designers need to have experience and first-hand knowledge of maps analogous to that of a civil engineer. Course setting and map work are the greatest limiting factors on this sport. Qualified persons are needed to set out courses, since great skill and accuracy is required for this job.

Given this background information on the sport, let's have a look at the progress it's making in the United States.

The Armed Forces have provided a major push. The Army and Marines have adopted competitive orienteering with intra- and inter-branch competition. Military men made up the first American contingent ever to participate in the international championships.

The Army also has introduced orienteering into the curriculum of ROTC units and colleges and universities. It is highly adaptable and complementary to land navigation training. There are long-range plans for competition between military detachments.

On the civilian level, Southern Illinois University has been the center of considerable activity. The school added an undergraduate elective physical education course in orienteering this March. In October 1970, the Carbondale, Ill., school hosted the first US orienteering championships. The event attracted 82 participants, ranging in age from 7 to 50. The 17 women and 65 men competed in seven races over four different courses, with Larry Long, a Marine, covering the eight-kilometer men's elite course in 1:25:52, and Mrs. Pat. Skene of Quebec winning the women's elite class with 1:27:06 over a four-kilometer course. Another competition on March 27 attracted 70 runners.

Southern Illinois will again be the scene of the 1971 championships, scheduled for Oct. 22. For information, write University Extension Services, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Ill. 62901.

These and other programs are positive indication that a modicum of success is assured. It will take time for the sport to gain the acceptance and popularity it should occupy. But the future for orienteering in this country looks very bright. Articles such as this are informative, and similar promotional efforts will help apprise the public of the sport. However, only after one has participated and experienced the excitement, dilemma, disappointment and delight of it can the infectious nature be fully appreciated.

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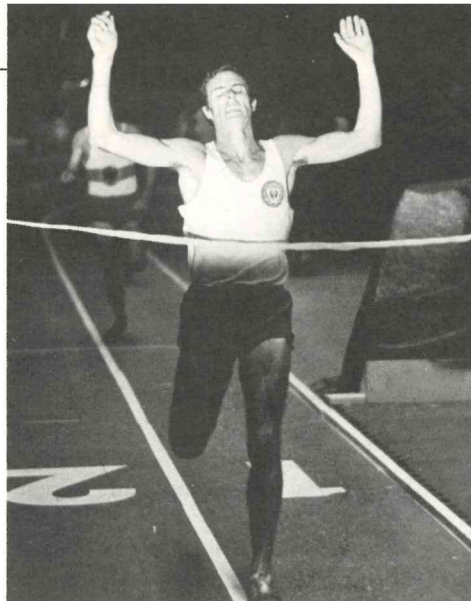
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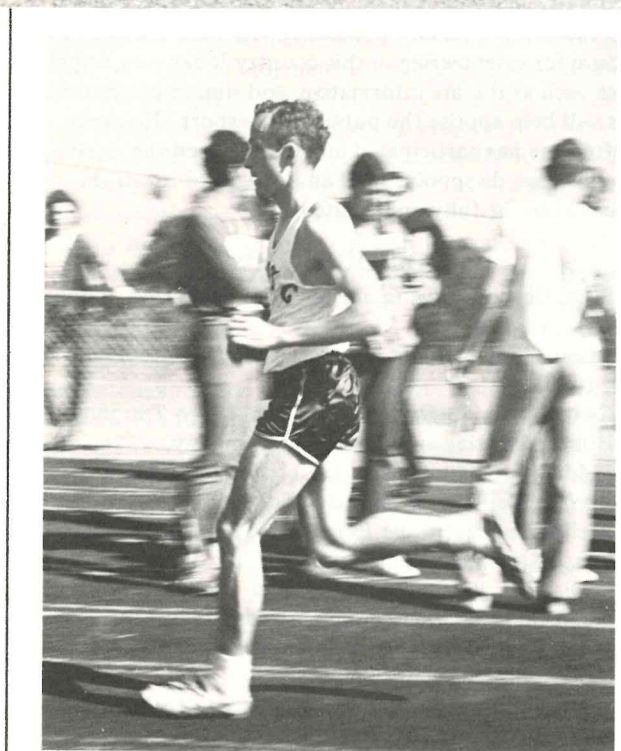
When space in the magazine gets tight, photos seem to be the first ingredient to go. To insure that a few of our dozens of excellent, timely photo contributions see print each issue, we're reinstating "Photo Choice" on a regular basis.

UPPER LEFT: Mike Kimball heads for a fast victory in the AAU 30-kilometer. Bob Fitts tucks in behind him. (John Goegel)

LOWER LEFT: Bill Clark logs another lap en route to his five American track records—15 miles to two hours. (Colleen Bush)

ABOVE: The San Diego spotlight is on Kerry O'Brien as he finishes the fastest two-mile in history—8:19.2. (Don Chadez)

BELOW: Age 12 and 13 recordholder David Cortez (67) and Vicki Foltz (128) are among this pack streaming past the mile point in the Trail's End marathon. (Sharran Herriot photo)





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# SHARPENING THE YOUNG ATHLETE

BY PAT LANIN

Conditioning for long distance running can be likened to making a steel knife. There are three basic steps in knife-making:

● 1. Preparation of the raw material and tempering to produce durability and toughness. The ultimate quality of the finished product depends on how well this step is done. A sloppy job at this point cannot be covered up later on, regardless of how much care is taken later. You may be able to get a good edge, but it's unlikely it will hold.

● 2. Grinding and shaping to produce a rough cutting edge. If this step is done too quickly, you may get excessive heating and lose some of the temper. If this happens, your cutting edge will have soft spots and tend to get dull easily.

● 3. Polishing and honing to get a razor edge and a bright finish. If this step is overdone, the edge may become too thin and crack or fold over on itself, and produce a poorer edge than you had in step two.

All these knife-making steps have parallels in the conditioning of distance runners. These parallels all are based on principles of human physiology and psychology. My experience has shown me that the first steps are the most important in the preparation of consistent, top-level, durable distance runners.

**Step 1:** In distance conditioning, we are faced with a problem of establishing a general "base" or foundation of conditioning. We also could call this the endurance base. It involves the total restructuring of the circulatory and respiratory systems; major adjustments take place in the nervous system and endocrine systems. In other words, you literally rebuild your body functions. This rebuilding gives you reserves to tolerate heat, dehydration, high levels of carbon dioxide and discomfort that would throw a "normal person" into a state of serious clinical shock.

Obviously, such profound changes in your body functions will not occur overnight. This type of conditioning can be best accomplished by a sensible, progressive program of steady-paced runs (6½-8 minutes per mile) at distances from four to 20 miles, depending on the previous experience and goals of the runner. This distance can be done in one or two sessions per day. If you decide to run twice a day, don't fool yourself into thinking that you will get twice as many miles in; this program will only end in disaster.

A good indicator of "base level" is the time that you can get in a mile on the track after a period of slow, steady running without any special speed work. I know of several runners with average sprint speed who can run miles in less than 4:40 without any speed work at all.

**Step 2:** This phase is primarily for race preparation and strength building. The basis for this phase is paced road runs

## OLYMPIC TOUR

Want to see the greatest athletic spectacle of them all? The 1972 Olympic Games in Munich, West Germany. A Runner's World-conducted tour will take in the Games. Complete information is contained in the brochure enclosed with this issue. If you'd like to join us, or want further details, write or call: Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040; Phone (415) 969-9700.

from two to 10 miles (run on an effort basis, with less emphasis on time), hill running (with effort runs both up and downhill), low-keyed time trials and early-season dual meets. Some emphasis should be placed on running technique during this phase. Poor running habits which frequently appear in younger runners due to lack of strength in certain muscle groups must be eliminated during this strength/stamina phase, or the ability to run at a fast pace in a relaxed, efficient manner will never be achieved.

**Step 3:** This phase—the high-speed training that gives the "racer's edge"—is really the least important of all three, and will require only a small fraction of the total time in the program. Oddly enough, most coaches neglect or grossly abbreviate the first two phases of this program. I guess this is due to the impatient character of most Americans who like to get things done in a hurry. Athletes that use this phase alone get quick and often spectacular results, but they are not lasting. Late-season performances are often erratic, and "staleness" often crops up in runners who were brilliant in their early-season meets.

An improperly prepared runner cracks and folds at the crucial moment, as surely as does a poorly made knife.

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*Pat Lanin, a sub-2:40 marathoner, coaches distance runners—both boys and girls—at Eisenhower High School in Hopkins, Minn.*

## CHAMPLAIN VALLEY MARATHON

May 22, 1971

**Start:** Rouses Point, N.Y. (International Border)

**Finish:** Plattsburg, N.Y. (YMCA)

- A bus will take all starters to the start, leaving from Plattsburg at 10:30 a.m. The start will be at 12 noon.
- Dressing facilities will be available at the YMCA in Plattsburg before and after the race.
- The course works its way around Lake Champlain from the International border, passing many little towns along the way.
- There will be trophies for the first 20 finishers and a certificate of achievement will be given to all finishers under five hours. All entries will receive a Champlain Valley Marathon t-shirt.
- \$4.00 entry fee (post entries will be accepted).

**Write:** Race Chairman—YMCA  
13 Oak Street  
Plattsburg, New York 12901

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## CANCER IN RUNNERS

Running has had lots of claims made about it—some valid, some which test the imagination—but none of the miracle-working claims has ever matched the latest one.

Long distance running may, just *may*, be a factor in preventing cancer and may speed recovery from the disease which—more than any other—strikes terror in the heart of modern man.

So says Ernst van Aaken, a West German medical doctor and running coach who has conducted cancer research. Van Aaken, who employed “Aerobic” or “LSD” methods long before either approach gained popularity, is bound to stir controversy with his findings.

The *German Tribune*, a weekly review of the West German press, reported in its Feb. 11 issue:

“Starting from late Nobel Prize winner Otto Warburg’s theory that respiratory damage is a cause of cancer, Dr. van Aaken set out to see whether constantly providing the body with more oxygen than it needed would prevent the start of cancer. Van Aaken found that normal people are far more likely to catch cancer than long-distance runners in the same age group.”

Aside from the fact that the author of the newspaper article considers distance runners abnormal, he reveals some statistics which perhaps have significance.

Van Aaken reportedly compiled records on 454 distance runners, ages 40 to 90. Among this group, there were four cases of cancer. In a control group of 454 non-runners, 29 persons contracted cancer during the same period.

“While 17 of these (non-runner) cases were fatal,” the *German Tribune* article said, “all the long distance runners recovered from the disease and are running once again.”

Van Aaken stressed that the running group formed no “physical elite.” Before they’d started running, seven had suffered heart attacks and 74 had been afflicted with various circulatory disorders, some quite serious. Now, on programs averaging 3-5 miles a day “nearly all of them are perfectly healthy.”

In the 1920s, Dr. Warburg had found that cancer cells gain energy by fermenting when they’re in an environment short on oxygen. Within 48 hours, Warburg produced cancer cells in mice by subjecting normal cells to a 35% oxygen shortage.

From this information, van Aaken theorized that an excess of hydrogen in the body causes cancer. Regular exercise involving high oxygen consumption, he says, counteracts this process.

The rather sensational article concludes, “Long distance running, long distance swimming, rowing, cycling or skiing could, together with moderation in calorie consumption (the ideal number is 1700 a day) prevent an unnecessary accumulation of hydrogen and thus prevent cancer.”

The subject demands much more extensive testing before any absolute claims can be made. Perhaps it’s the answer; perhaps it’s a deadend.

But one thing’s certain. Van Aaken is no witch-doctor. He has studied the physiology of running since the 1920s, and was decades ahead of his time in understanding the effects of prolonged slow running.

Maybe he’s onto something so simple here, too, that no one else ever considered it worthy of serious consideration.

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Almost everyone has heard of the fabulous racing shoe designed and worn by Ron Hill: the World Ten. In fact, in most sizes the demand has exceeded the supply. While we’re waiting for a new shipment, we would like to introduce the shoe that Hill trains in, the Reebok Dura Ripple Gazelle. This shoe contains a soft-suede leather upper with a deep foam insole and long wearing ripple sole. At only \$15.95 it is one of the best bargains in our shop. Another of the many fine features of this sole is that the ripple pattern is reversed at the heel and toe to provide traction both on uphill and downhill surfaces.

We also carry the entire Tiger shoe line and for the next two months, with the mention of this ad, we will be giving 20% off on all Tiger spikes, and that includes the new Cougar spike.

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# MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

## EFFECTS ON PRE-TEENAGERS

**Q:** *My 10-year-old son likes to run with me, but I have limited him to a mile each time because I fear that he may strain himself. I would appreciate your thoughts on the medical effects jogging could have on a healthy youngster.* (Luis Gallop, Old Greenwich, Conn.)

**A:** I have a great deal of respect for the endurance capabilities of young children. This, of course, has been documented by German physiologists who used the "endurance quotient" (see page 46, January 1971 *Runner's World*), which is the heart volume in centimeters divided by the body weight in kilograms. Children 9-14 have very high endurance quotients, and in reality can run almost indefinitely after suitable training. I think the only proviso here is to keep the running in the aerobic phase (a pace at which you can converse easily) and forget the stopwatch. Competition and parental ego are the main stumbling blocks to young runners.

## HEAVY LEGS

**Q:** *I have naturally heavy, muscular legs in proportion to the rest of my thin body. During races and in practice, I have noticed that my legs are becoming fatigued before I feel really winded. Could it be that my legs just don't have as much endurance as the rest of my body? If so, is there any way I can specifically increase the endurance in my legs?* (John Peterson, Farmingville, N.Y.)

**A:** The traditional view is that the heavy, muscular legs are best for speed and strength rather than endurance. The successful long distance runner is typically small, short legged, narrow shouldered and relatively light in muscle. Over the 70-plus years of the Boston marathon, the average height and weight of the winner has been 5'6" and 130 pounds. But even their legs will become fatigued before they are winded because that is the nature of distance running. The marathoner is never really short of breath. You will have more trouble because your legs are stronger than they need to be and are not built for endurance.

In the long run, of course, endurance will come from LSD in large quantities, but it might be possible to use your strength advantageously. From the stronger thrust of thigh and buttocks and staying close to the ground. Tanner, the English anthropologist, has shown that a small man needs less energy and smaller muscles to run at a constant pace. But he lacks the dynamic drive of his more heavily-muscled contemporary.

At any rate, I have been preceded over the finish line by a lot of heavy-legged runners who seem to be doing okay at long distances.

## HEEL "BUMPS"

**Q:** *Presently I have been afflicted with a sharp pain in my left foot, resulting from a protrusion on the heel bone. The pain has been intensified by constant running, and I am having to curtail my running activities. Can you advise any sort of treatment?* (S.E. Mensch, Brooklyn, N.Y.)

**A:** I do not take surgery lightly, and usually err in my practice through reluctance to refer patients to surgeons. Hippocrates put surgery last in his list of treatments, and "keep the patient away from surgeons" is the first rule of the internist. In your instance, however, I think you would do best with this treatment.

My orthopedic consultant has diagnosed this protuberance as a "shelf" (or extension) of the heel bone. In women, these

are called "pump bumps" from using high-heeled shoes. The treatment is surgical removal, which he assures me is simple and usually quite successful.

## STRESS FRACTURE

**Q:** *Could you please explain what a stress fracture is, how it can be prevented, how it can be treated, and if it is damaging to run on a stress fracture?* (Jerome Colonna, Corvallis, Ore.)

**A:** A stress fracture is a partial or complete break of a bone, usually one of the metatarsals in the foot or one of the shin bones. It is brought on by overuse. The diagnosis is difficult because frequently at the onset of symptoms the x-rays are read as negative if the fracture line is incomplete. It may only be apparent after the callous formation of healing occurs.

Some people appear to be prone to these fractures, and they probably have some foot instability, gait or footgear problem. Once it occurs, an orthopedist or podiatrist should be consulted to check any abnormality.

Treatment varies with the disability. A simple arch support may be enough for the metatarsal, while a leg cast is usually needed for the shin bones. Treatment requires three to six weeks.

I think it would be damaging to run with a stress fracture of the tibia or fibula (the shin bones), but it might be possible with the proper insert to run with a foot fracture. Increasing pain during a workout would be a signal to stop.

## RUNNING IN POLLUTED AIR

**Q:** *I do my running in New York, in the middle of Manhattan, and am becoming increasingly troubled by suggestions and by my own growing belief that the polluted air is actually doing my circulatory/respiratory system more harm because of the extra exertion of running that it would ordinarily. This is clearly a matter of considerable and growing concern to all who do their running in big cities, and I think it would be useful if you could throw some light on this problem.* (Stephen Pearl, New York, N.Y.)

**A:** The problem of the effect of air pollution on the normal respiratory track has not been settled. Most of the studies available chart the effect of air pollution on patients symptomatic with emphysema and chronic bronchitis. In these already impaired individuals, a definite relationship between increase in respiratory symptoms (cough, sputum, shortness of breath) and sulphur dioxide and particulate matter has been shown by many examiners.

What this means to the runner is unclear. I would be certain that the cardiopulmonary benefits of the exercise would far exceed any adverse effects.

Except in a susceptible person the normal level of pollution, even in New York City, does not seem to present a hazard sufficient to advise against running. Even in persons susceptible to emphysema and chronic bronchitis, the development of symptoms should be an early warning system of sufficient sensitivity to allow runners to feel safe in their avocation.

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*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

The campaign to get America on its collective feet and into sweatshirt and sneakers is going badly. As bad, perhaps, as the Vietnam war. And despite similar press releases to the contrary. Take, for instance, the presumably authentic report in a recent *Time* magazine on Dr. Kenneth Cooper, the man who popularized the "aerobic" method of exercise.

Cooper, according to *Time*, has enlisted eight million citizens in his program of graduated exercises (mostly jogging) designed to protect against heart-artery disease and prevent premature death. These figures sound as unreal as a Viet Cong body count and must include anyone caught on the street after curfew or noticed inquiring the way to the nearest YMCA.

For one thing, the Billy Graham of the sweaty set has a limited target. Only 30% of Americans are over 45, the magic age when the possibility of coronary attacks and man's mortality reaches the level of consciousness. And one-third of that sample is over 65, the age at which that mortality might look like an attractive alternative. Neither group gives much thought to the future.

To motivate them, Cooper, a by-the-numbers researcher, has done a prodigious amount of work on the effects of exercise. He has documented its benefits to the heart, lungs and muscles. He even systematized the relationship between muscular effort and future health. "I'm practicing," he says, "preventive medicine."

But is he doing it in a vacuum? Cooper's tables measure, as Bobby Kennedy once said of the Gross National Product, everything except what makes life worthwhile. The GNP, said Kennedy, can tell us everything except why we are proud to be Americans. Cooper's stats tell us everything except why people run, and cycle, and swim, and enjoy using their bodies.

That, of course, is the key. And until he and others interested in the preservation and perfection of the body—the physical education teachers, the YMCA instructors, the medical profession, and even those philosophers and theologians who are finding new meanings in the body-mind relationship—spell this out, we will make no progress.

They are, you see, relying on individual conversions. And even Bucky Fuller, possibly the world's greatest optimist, has little faith in changing man. Change his environment is Fuller's advice. It can be done without that, of course, but only by the way we are protected against small pox and polio. By force. Shots for everyone will become athletics for everyone, and in doses recommended by medical authorities. Attention America! Now run, jump, do anything to raise your pulse to 120 beats for 30 minutes a week.

Is there an alternative to the athletic-state or the exercise-your-heart-ailments-away argument of the aerobics plan? A better reason for exercise than forestalling future disease? The answer is to consult your friendly neighborhood athlete, be he runner, tennis player, or overage half-court basketball player. Why does he do it?

A composite of this latter-day athlete would show him to be little different from everyone else on the block. The future concerns him little. He is practically and philosophically a "today" person, a member of the now generation whatever his age. Instant gratification is his mark. He has turned from collecting to consuming. But his wants are decreasing. And he is experiencing personal autonomy and rediscovering nature.

This guy has discovered the truth of Brian Glanville's statement: "If you do not exercise the body, it corrupts, and the mind corrupts with it."

And he is willing to let you in on the secret. Running pays off, and it pays off today. Exercise gives instant and exhilarating effects. There is a natural high to be obtained legally by runners, and weightmen, and cyclers, and dancers.

But to do this we must tailor the addiction to the addict. Pick his sport according to his body build, his psychological needs and the demands of his culture. The 5'6", 130-pound loner will find satisfaction where the corpulent, gregarious bon vivant would go nuts. The broad-shouldered, well-muscle extrovert is in an even different category.

Some people need contests which are essentially a struggle with self, and others need games which are a classroom in interpersonal relationships. And those games may have to be games of chance or skill or strategy, depending on the individual.

This complexity should not worry us, for it explains our failures and points the way to a rational plan for everyone to participate.

Armed with this, Dr. Cooper could offer the athletic equivalent of the Vermont Alternative suggested recently by an ex-New Yorker Bill Allen, now teaching at Lyndon State College (Vt.). "It offers," wrote Allen about Vermont, "an oasis of sanity and survival in a world full of suffering, cruelty and chaos. . . and an answer to the question of the 1970s: 'Is there life after birth?' Not frenetic or freakout life, but close to the heart's desire and a kind of grace beyond confusion."

So does play and games and sport. Only non-athletes will consider this an exaggeration.

## 3rd ANNUAL FREEDOM MARATHON

Champaign, Illinois  
Sunday, July 4, 6:00 a.m.

Trophies to first 20; also to first two in age divisions: high school, 30-39, 40-49, 50 and older. Beautiful course through tree-shaded Allerton Park. Low-cost housing in Allerton House, one-half mile from starting line, for first 50 entrants; free pre-race breakfast for all. Contact Steve Goldberg, College of Law, University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois 61820.



# STRIDING ALONG

BY BOB ANDERSON

The description of everyday running can be very interesting and inspiring alone. Ken Moore writes of his "everyday" running: "My own running is picking up. Infirmities and strains and stiffness have all eased, and I have made measurable progress over the last two weeks. Bobbie (his wife) and I live in a little green cabin by a lake 20 miles east of Eugene, and there are probably hundreds of miles of roads around two others lakes, and countless streams within 20 miles. Every Sunday, I cruise the logging roads over the mountains for three hours. Easy days, I jog around the lake with Bobbie and Stoney, the latter an eight-month-old Irish Setter, stoned on running. During the week, I do long intervals on the Oregon track and jog the time-honored Oregon trails in and around Eugene."

Here's another interesting description of "everyday" running in Mexico from my friend Peter Burkhart: "Today is a lazy type Saturday and I seem to be thinking on a very slow basis. About 11 a.m., I put on my shoes and took off for this giant hill about five kilos from the house. In order to get there, I have to take a route by a whiskey factory, and on good days you can get loaded on the way by. It is quite strong! Anyway, I pounded up the roadways via the maize fields. Then I went up a small, winding trail and came across an old abandoned church from the time of the conquistadors. To reach the summit of the hill, I had to climb almost on my hands and knees, but with a bit of luck I climbed it. The view was fabulous. You could make out all the visible volcanos against a sea of spring green floating across the landscape. At times like this, all the world blends into what it should be, and time just stands still. I came down off the hill by way of a ruined aqueduct system and somehow wound up on the other side of the hill. Then I jogged down a slight incline into a cool glade where I took some water from a bubbling cavern-type pool. Across the dusty paths and home I came alone against the beating sun."

Vicki Foltz found the Seaside marathon in Oregon "quite an experience, and I can't wait to run another marathon just to see what makes it tick. I've always wondered what it would be like to run a marathon, and it wasn't really all that hard." A few more comments about the race from Vicki:

"The first few miles felt so slow as I started with exactly seven minutes on the first mile! Later on, the times just got faster. I ran very much within myself and felt great except for the wind; it sure didn't help. As I ran, I kept thinking how much fun it was, and since my pace was between 6:40 and 6:50 per mile, I wondered where the catch was. I figured that if I slowed down after the 20-mile I still would have a new world record. I left my husband at 12 miles and was on my own from then on.

"Well, by the time I made 18 miles, I noticed that the miles weren't going as fast and my calves were getting sore. But expected something to go wrong that far into the race. By the 20-mile mark, I was in for a surprise. I could hardly run but managed to make it to 21 miles, where I finally lost the battle and had to walk. I couldn't do a thing about it, but once in awhile I would attempt to trot slowly for about 100 yards; then I was forced to walk again. It wasn't that I was in any great agony. I guess I just plain ran out of energy—plus my calves were so sore. I'm so amazed that I couldn't have even walked fast.

"My husband, who was a faster walker than I (he was in trouble at 15 miles), caught up with me a good mile to go, and together—holding hands—we crossed the finish line in 3:26:28

for my first marathon. I remember thinking in the last few miles of the marathon: "Why didn't that Greek guy who ran the first marathon drop dead a few miles (say five or six) earlier?" It would have been so much easier for marathoners to come."

Arne Richards sent out questionnaires to marathon directors. Tom Coyne of Michigan sent back his with the following attached: "Unfortunately, Bronco Bill, the lad who drowned after our last marathon, was the second runner we lost. In our first marathon, the race was held in conjunction with the Kalamazoo Ladies Marching Band and Pornographic Book Society Summer Social. The winner, Harold Fleetfoot, tripped over his own starting blocks (he was the only one who entered), crashed into the refreshment table and drowned in a vat of lemonade before help reached him. With this last tragedy, I am reluctant to again schedule a race, although an interesting proposition has been made by the local marshmallow manufacturer that we hold one next week in conjunction with their biannual toasting and taffy-pulling contest. We still have to make a final decision on that race."

Jon Sutherland is always digging up good quotes. Here are a few:

"I'm a normal college kid. Just because I'm a runner doesn't mean I have to spend my life as an advertisement for clean living." (Marty Liquori)

"There is no greater glory for a man as long as he lives than that which he wins by his own hands and feet." (Homer in *The Odyssey*)

"Watching distance runners, I have seen the pain and agony on their faces. When their races are over, they are done in for a long time. They make great sacrifices to achieve their goals. I think if one can understand their dedication, one can better understand the competitive nature of athletics." (Tommie Smith)

Charles Finley of WOR-AM in New York City sent the following information about Mike Levine of Brooklyn. Mike is 25 years old and can't tie his shoe laces. But he's a winning marathon runner. Mike has cerebral palsy. Yet he's a graduate student at the University of Oklahoma. He recently won the college-university division of the Artesia marathon in 4:05. Running, he says, helps offset his brain damage. "I can't lace my shoes, so I run. I can't cut the meat on my plate when I eat, so I get back at myself on the track."

Warren Taylor, presiding judge of the Alaska Superior Court, writes about a "real runner." "I honestly can't tell if I am running or jogging. My watch freezes up when the temperature goes below zero degrees fahrenheit. At what time and for what distance does one not become a runner but turns into a sloth? I admire anyone who for whatever reason—health, money, love or what have you—wants to get out and compete with himself on his own terms within his own capabilities. I'm not going to give up what I'm doing because a "real" runner is contemptuous of my ability. If I cheer him on, why can't he cheer me on?"

**ABOUT THE SHOE QUESTIONNAIRE** — We have just over 6,000 paid subscribers to *Runner's World* and of these 728 (as of April 3) returned their shoe questionnaires. I think this was an excellent return. The information will be used in our new upcoming booklet "*All About Distance Running Shoes.*" Some tidbits of information already compiled: Average Age — 29.6; Years of Running — 5.9 years; Miles Per week — 49.8 miles; Height — 5'9"; Weight — 145 pounds.



# WORTH REPEATING

**Henry David Thoreau:** "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

**Mel Gray** (*international-class sprinter and pro football draftee*): "I don't think I'll wait for the 1972 Olympics. I'd rather dash for cash than run for fun."

**Leonard Shecter** (*Look Magazine sports editor*): "People who live with pain, like boxers and long distance runners, usually show very little aggression outside the sports arena."

**Bruce Mortenson** (*winner of the recent Trail's End marathon*): "In running, one is pretty well stripped of all his defense shields. We learn to know and accept one another for what we are—human beings, not blacks-whites, long hairs-short hairs, young-old. I feel the development of humanism is one of the most important qualities of running. I hope I've developed enough awareness through running to realize that all people are indeed one, and that we must get away from the big 'one-upsmanship' game, whether individually or in international politics."

**Percy Cerutti** (*Australian distance coach and author*): "In actual fact, we are not what we jog, or whatever the form of exercise we may take. But we are what we eat, drink and breathe. For instance, no amount of jogging will save the liver from cirrhosis if the intake of alcohol is in excess of what the organism can take. Nor will jogging prevent lung cancer if the jogger foolishly imagines that by being a little physically fitter he can continue to smoke. The same applies to overeating and imagining that a diet rich in animal fats is either natural or normal."

**Fred Wilt** (*former American record-holding distance man, and editor of Track Technique*): "Long slow distance is better than nothing, but it's not nearly as good as long fast distance. The LSD reminds me of a forgery—the idea that you can get something for nothing. You should train only to run faster, never to run slower! If you think you can go out and jog slowly and then race a fast mile, forget it. I believe you have to be fast. Any runner, even a marathoner, who does not do at least a little bit of sprinting (during most training sessions) is doing himself an injustice."

**Delano Meriwether** (*the Baltimore doctor who has become a sprinting sensation*): "My body is exercising and my mind is relaxing. And I think these are the essentials of sport."

**Lionel Pugh** (*Canadian national coach*): "I believe a coach's role, like a parent's, should be to kick the fledgling out of the nest as soon as possible. A coach should never be a crutch."

**Bill Bowerman** (*University of Oregon track coach*): "Our training is based on the philosophy that it is better to underwork a man rather than overwork."

**Geoff Cullimore** (*on hearing a man's comment about how well his wife Natalie looked near the end of her 100-mile race*): "You're a man, and most of those in the race were men. Women always look better to men."

**Ken Moore** (*perennial distance running internationalist*): "The competing athlete can enjoy his running just as much as the well-adjusted one. Are we to be discriminated against because of our harmless eccentricity?"

# GUIDE TO DISTANCE RUNNING

If we let you in on what it contains, you'll understand why "Guide to Distance Running" has taken 10 months to reach the printer.

Two-hundred and eight pages. Not 208 little ones, either, but big 8½ x 11, double-column pages.

The "Guide" incorporates the most comprehensive look at distance running ever offered in a single volume. There are articles on the basic physiological factors. . . racing methods. . . training techniques. . . philosophical observations. . . personality studies. Plus a 40-page photographic section. Over 50% of the articles and nearly all the pictures never have appeared previously in Runner's World or other major running publications.

Look at this partial list of contents:

## CHAPTER 1 — THE BASICS

Physiology of Distance Running	The Price of Overworking
A Look at Marathoners	Eating on the Run
Medical Advice	To Drink or Not to Drink
Achilles Sufferer Finds Relief	Heat's Burden on Runners
Solving the Blister Bugaboo	Living with Winter Weather

## CHAPTER 2 — RACES & RACING

"Bill of Running Rights"	Cross-Country Technique
Hints for Better Road Races	Pacing in Distance Racing
Marathon Promoting	Finding Meaning in Times
A Measure of Success	Pains and Pleasures of Boston
Marathoning for Beginners	Orientees Find New Course

## CHAPTER 3 — TRAINING & COACHING

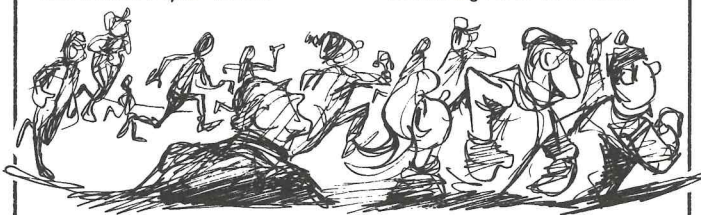
Distance Training Puzzle	Igloi—Man and Method
Getting Behind the Times	LSD with a German Flavor
The Journey to Fitness	Adapting Lydiard to H.S.
Redistributing the Load	The High School Marathoner
Coaching and the Computer	Weight Training for Runners

## CHAPTER 4 — THE REASONS WHY

Exploring Basic Drives	The Relevance of Running
Searching for Ourselves	Getting Track Back to Normal
"The Perfect Marathon"	"Are We So Different?"
Running—Test or Therapy?	Use & Abuse of Statistics
Finding Fun on the Run	Running's Real Rewards

## CHAPTER 5 — THE PEOPLE

Clayton, Drayton & Hill	Grace's Fountain of Youth
Fall and Rise of Jim Ryun	Lewis Outruns Old Age
Impressions of a Shy Champion	Houseful of Marathoners
Tarrant and His Troubles	A Triumph Over Blindness
The Deines Style—Casual	Browning Ross—A Worker



The "Guide" went to press May 1. If all goes well you can have your copy by early June. Order now at the special pre-publication price.

208 pages, dozens of photos, soft cover—\$3.95

RUNNER'S WORLD

P.O. Box 366

Mountain View, Calif. 94040



# READERS' COMMENTS

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

## EDELEN STAYS ACTIVE

I haven't competed now for several years but still manage 10-15 miles a day (two sessions). Quality is poor, but it keeps me fit enough to hunt and fish. . . I think I could have run well under 2:10 for the marathon had my sciatica not forced me to retire. I only ran marathons for a little over three years. However, it is always easy to say, "I think I could have."

*Buddy Edelen  
(ex-marathon world record holder)  
Alamosa, Colo.*

## SHORTER'S THANKS

Thanks very much for the interview in the March issue. It's the first piece concerning myself I've ever read in which I cannot find a misquote.

*Frank Shorter  
Boulder, Colo.*

## DEPRESSION

I was just about to go out for my afternoon long run one day when the mailman came bringing the March issue of *Runner's World*. I turned to the first article ("Need We Ask Why") and after reading it I didn't even feel like running. If everyone thought the way author Austin Stoll did, the world record for the mile would be about five minutes. I think your magazine should encourage runners, not discourage them.

*Mike Considine  
Villa Park, Ill.*

## BIGGER ISN'T BETTER

I don't necessarily believe that because a magazine has 72 pages it becomes any better than, say, a 36-pager. You

might tend to reduce quality of the articles just to get quantity. That happened in your first 72er (January 1971). Don't let it happen again.

*Warren Taylor  
Fairbanks, Alaska*

## THE "MASTERS"

May I point out (in reply to Hal Higdon's March 1971 column on over-40 running) that veteran running, culminating in the US Masters championships, is merely a vehicle whereby over-40 males may compete if they wish. The degree of emphasis that they choose to put into their individual effort is their business. They are free to hang loose or press as they see fit. Some athletes take competition a little too seriously. Nevertheless, the vast majority of the veteran athletes gain far more from the challenge presented by the Masters than they lose.

When you reach 40, what really is left to conquer? Very few of us are in the position to climb Mt. Everest. At this point, with other aspects of our lives suffering from the "blahs," the thought-fantasy-of running a "4:42" mile represents a Mt. Everest. Is this rejuvenation of youthful ambition bad? It certainly beats use of goat glands, false hair and supports for our otherwise sagging frame.

*David Pain  
La Jolla, Calif.*

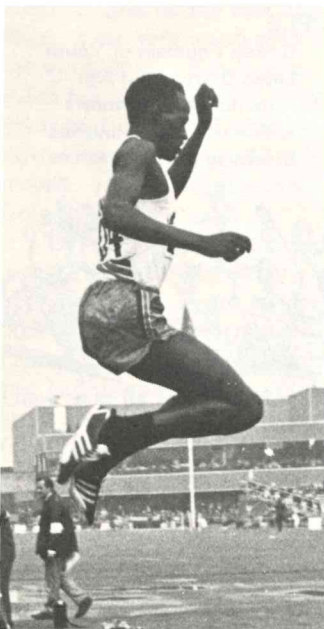
## SHORTAGE OF SUB-2:20s

I can never understand why there aren't more sub-2:20 marathoners in the United States. The depth is certainly there, as can be witnessed by 50 runners under 2:30 in 1970.

*Roger Gynn  
Stanmore, England*

## Photo Quiz

NAME THIS  
OLYMPIC CHAMPION



### LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Seven correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Ron Martin (Williamsburg, Va.) was drawn, and he was awarded \$10 worth of books.

THE ANSWER: John Davies

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

**WINNER** receives a \$10.00 gift certificate good for any books handled by *Runner's World*. Deadline for this issue's contest: June 7

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

## ADVERTISING RATES

Reach over 6000 paid subscribers (20,000 readers) with your advertisement in *Runner's World*. Race directors (such as the Glass City, Salt City, Freedom, Canada Day, Paavo Nurmi marathons, US Masters track meet) have found advertising in *Runner's World* to be very worthwhile. Their fields not only consist of more runners from their area, but runners from outside their state are coming. Why? Maybe their ad in RW helped. RW also is a great place to advertise any product related to running. Tiger, Road King, New Balance, Champion, Stim-o-Stam, Specialty Sports, etc., all have advertised lately. Now, how about you?

### THE RATES\*:

Full Page—\$140.00	Half-Page—\$75.00
Quarter-Page—\$40.00	Eighth-Page—\$25.00
Classified advertising—10 cents per word (race information); 15 cents per word (general)	

\*Quantity rates on request. There's no extra charge if we do layout.

Copy for upcoming issues: July issue—June 7  
September issue—Aug. 9

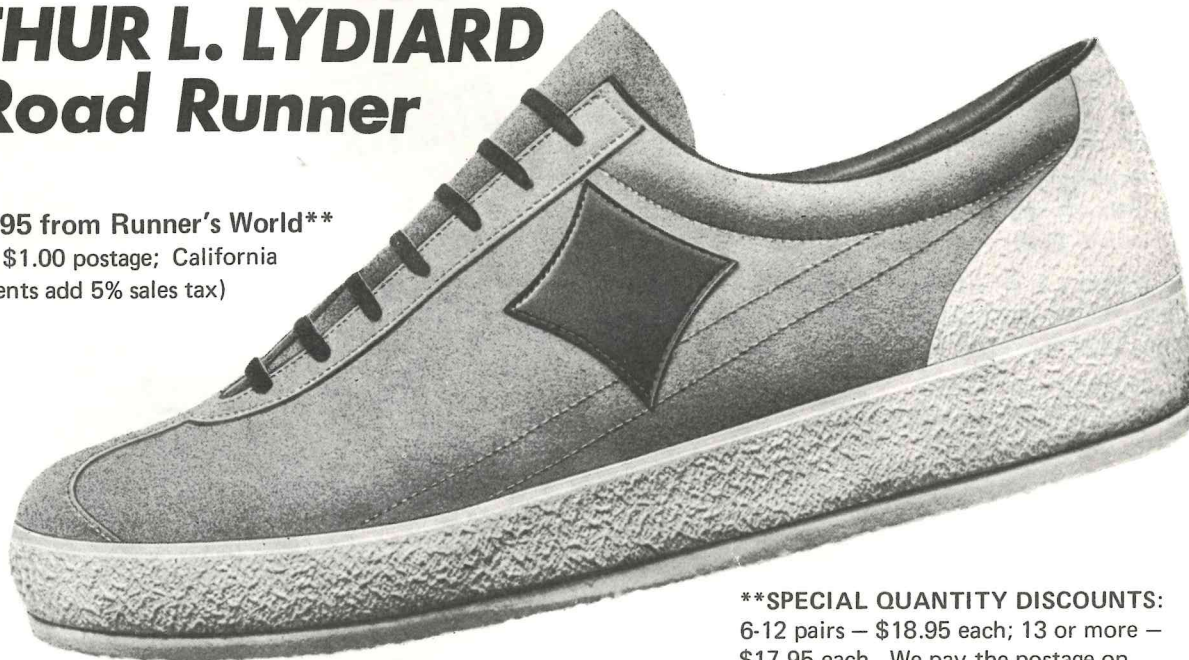
Contact Bob Anderson, Publisher, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040—(415) 969-9700



# 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.

Just recently, all long-standing back orders for the Lydiard shoes were filled. As of April 15, we can fill orders immediately for all sizes except 7, 7½, 9 and 9½. Shoes are coming in regularly now, and the above sizes will be in stock by mid-May.

**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



When the booklet "All About Distance Running Shoes" comes off the press in July, an entirely new concept in running publications is born. The Runner's World Booklet of the Month series. Each of the monthly booklets, compiled by expert specialists in their field, will delve into a single topic. They'll explore the topic in depth that's impossible to reach within the space limitations of a magazine. Booklets will contain 24 to 120 pages of fresh and valuable reading material—no reprints. They'll fall generally into the following categories, with one or more booklets 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.

## BOOKLET OF THE MONTH

**SPECIAL OFFER:** All new "Booklet" subscribers who subscribe by June 15 will receive FREE the 1972 Olympic Poster set—two big posters!

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

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

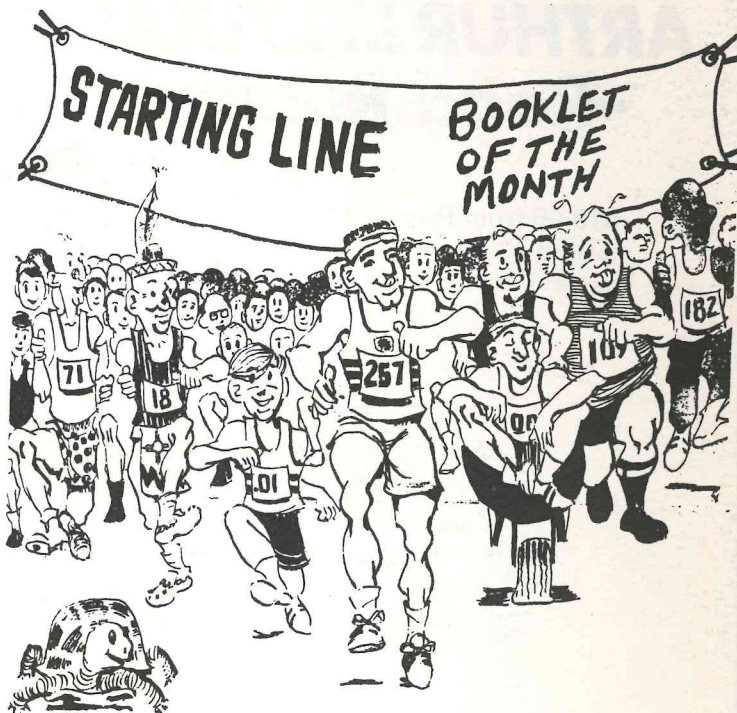
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# Runner's World BOOKLET OF THE MONTH



You have your choice. Buy the single booklets that interest you. They'll be 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!

## Upcoming Booklets

**ALL ABOUT DISTANCE RUNNING SHOES**—A complete, 44-page "consumer's guide" on the purchase, wear and care of all types of running shoes. This July booklet—first in the series—will be individually priced at \$1.25. Available July 1.

**THE VARIED WORLD OF CROSS-COUNTRY**—The training, techniques and approaches to the sport that attracts all sorts of runners—sprinters, milers, marathoners—to all sorts of courses. Available August 1.

**COACHING THE DISTANCE RUNNER**—The special challenge of guiding an athlete in an activity that attracts independent, self-motivated individuals. Available Sept. 1.

(In the July issue, we'll carry a full schedule of booklets, contents and prices for the first year of the series.)