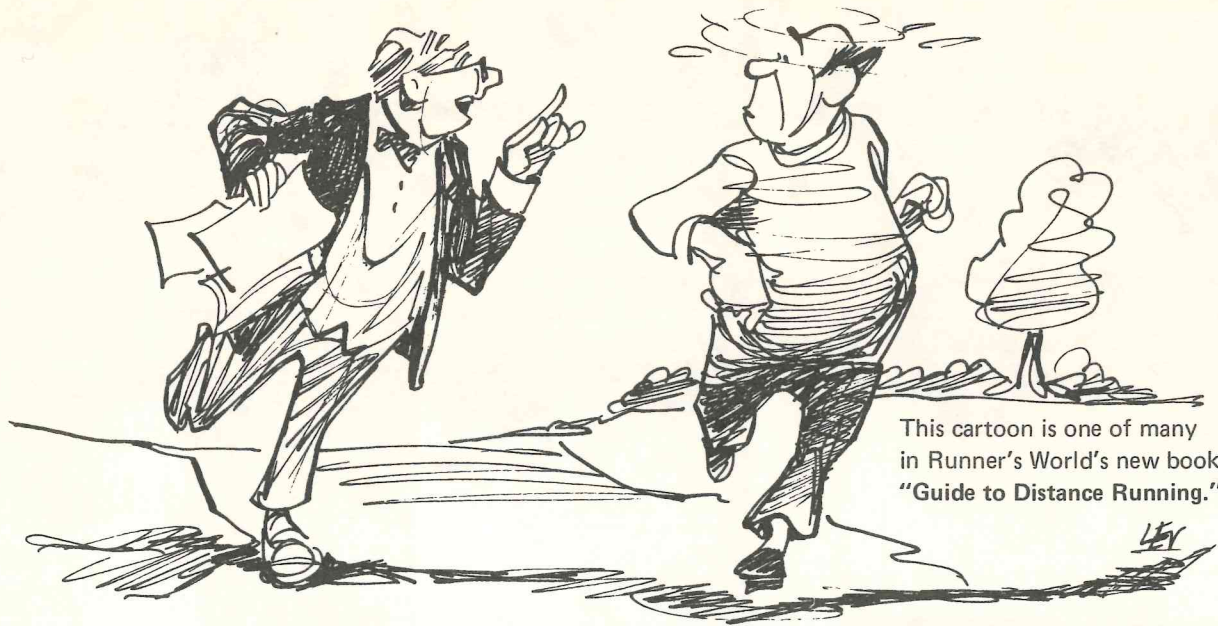


RUNNER'S WORLD

SEPTEMBER 1971 • 75 cents



DAVE BEDFORD



This cartoon is one of many in Runner's World's new book "Guide to Distance Running."

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NEXT ISSUE

Larry Young, who presents solid credentials as the top American walker of all-time, is the subject of the November issue interview. Featured also is a fascinating personal glimpse at miler Marty Liquori, along with Tom Sturak's report on his summer of racing and traveling in Europe, and a story by Mick Hamlin on the latest and fastest European championships.

RUNNER'S WORLD

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“Everything for the Runner”

VOLUME VI

SEPTEMBER 1971

NUMBER FIVE

Running Through This Issue

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US steeplechasing—long a joke—is progressing at a furious pace. At the AAU championships in June, Sink and Manley signaled a breakthrough by bringing Americans below 8:30 for the first time.

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The flamboyant and hard-working Dave Bedford, at 21, already is second only to Ron Clarke on world distance charts and he's one of the most exciting characters to come up the track in years.

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COVER: His loss in the European championship 10,000 notwithstanding, Dave Bedford has had a fabulous year—netting him two near-world records. (Mark Shearman)

WE NEED YOUR FEEDBACK

Reader reaction is the lifeblood of *Runner's World*, as it is with any magazine. We have no idea who readers are and what readers want unless we hear from them; and even those comments and letters offer only hints and glimpses of them.

Typically, reactions are these. When one of our office staff members meets a reader face-to-face or talks with him on the phone, the subscriber will say, "You have a fine magazine. Keep up the good work." But when writing, they're more likely to let go with deeper feelings. Often the comments are positive and well thought out. But then too there are letters which take us to task in no uncertain terms for a real or imagined transgression.

Typical is a letter published in the July issue. John Pavloff wrote, "You have articles on marathons, medical advice, articles on marathons, interviews and articles on marathons. You neglect those almost superhuman mortals who run 100 or 440 or 880 yards at terrific speeds. . . If *Runner's World* wishes to avoid a reputation of hypocrisy, it better give equal coverage to all facets of running."

We have to take such letters seriously. It's human nature to write only when moved by anger. And if one man is angry enough to write, dozens of other non-writers must feel the same way.

We have to give the readers what they want and enjoy. But that's the problem: who are the readers and what do they want? We have only hints and guesses to go by. Indications are that the typical *RW* reader is an active distance runner or walker (or a coach or red-hot fan who has a vested interest in distance athletes), somewhat more concerned with distances above, say, the normal track range than in high-speed events, somewhat more interested in reading practical and personality features than with reading race reports and statistical lists. But none of these assumptions are verified.

So that's the reason for the reader-survey questionnaire enclosed in this issue. We want to find out definitely who's reading this magazine, and just the type of material they prefer to read. Please help. We'll try to act on your wishes, at least to the extent that it's practical.

If pressed to outline a "creed" for the magazine, it might read something like this. "*Runner's World's* purpose is to serve the active distance enthusiast, promote distance participation and activate interest. The magazine is written and edited from the viewpoint of the participant. Contents are chosen solely for their potential value and interest to individual participant-readers." ("Participant" doesn't imply only athletes, but extends to everyone active in the sport.) This has been our guiding policy from the start and it isn't likely to change.

The magazine seems to have found friends. With the July issue, paid circulation climbed past 6000 for the first time—this being a 10% jump from May. Since the move to California in early 1970, the subscription list has almost tripled. This is encouraging. But remember, too, that *RW*—with its technical-feature orientation—is the only magazine of its kind. We have a virtual monopoly on the field, and the information-hungry people in the sport have to take what they can get.

We're looking for ways to improve the product as hun-

grily as you're looking for information. The content of your reader-survey questionnaires will indicate new directions to take. We already have some ideas of our own.

- More "balanced" content. John Pavloff isn't the only one to accuse us of becoming a long distance/marathon publication. We've been accused, too, of drifting in the direction of "winner-worship" at the expense of the common athletes that most of us are. We're now following a content checklist which assures that all segments of the sport and all its people are represented.

- To do this, we're adding new regular columns. Pat Tarnawsky joined the staff with her "Women's Wanderings" column in July. We're negotiating with potential authors of age-group (18 and under) and veterans (40+) reports.

- New writers are always welcome to contribute fresh feature material. No one wants to read the same writer's viewpoint page after page after page, and we're continually seeking out new contributors. If you have an idea banging around your head that's crying to get out and on paper, perhaps into publication, write *RW's* editor.

- As space in the magazine gets ever tighter, we're finding it wise to make stories shorter—more concentrated—so a higher number can be published. This makes for a more readable, more comprehensive issue.

- Distance running and race walking are going through an information boom. There's more to cover than one 48-page magazine possibly could. So we've branched into supplementary publications. *Racing Report* brings news, schedules, profiles and statistics twice a month. Each *Booklet of the Month* goes into great detail on a single distance topic.

All this sounds optimistic. However, all of us concerned—staff and readers—have to keep certain limitations in mind. First, this is an almost wholly volunteer organization. Only a minute percentage of the contributors are paid for their efforts. So, unlike *Time Incorporated*, we can't make excessive demands on them or send them running around the world on expense-paid assignments. We rely on the goodness of their hearts.

The main request for change in *RW* policy is, "Publish more often." Logistical limitations rule this out for now. The small staff already is taxed to the limit to turn out a magazine every other month (the supplements eat up the time in between). To double the number of issues would also push mailing and printing costs out of sight. Bigger issues may come. More? That's a long way off.

Now you know where we stand in late 1971. Please advise us of your stand. You're the boss.

We hope that you will fill out the enclosed questionnaire and be as complete as possible since this will help us greatly in making *RW* an even better magazine. Regardless of what you think of *RW*, we want to hear from you. We thank you for your help.

Remember the “Don’t Fence Me Out” ads? They ran a few years ago on national TV and in the slick-paper magazines, picturing downcast young basketball players standing outside a padlocked playground gate. The irony of the situation was written on their faces. The city had spent thousands of dollars building the playground, and now they considered it so valuable they wouldn’t let the kids play on it.

Apparently the message of the ad didn’t get through to the intended target. Just recently, the same ironic situation has hit closer to home.

Runner’s World had a peaceful 24-hour relay last year. A friendly track coach at a local junior college quietly opened his gate for us to run. No fuss at all. We expected the same cooperation this year when the relay came around again. The Foothill College coach had said, “Sure, you’re welcome here again.” Everything was set. We advertised the site and date.

But we hadn’t reckoned with the Petty Bureaucrat. Three weeks before the relay was scheduled to go (over 20 teams already were signed up) a minor Foothill administrator called. He was hopping mad. “You’re not having that thing here,” he said. “You didn’t go through *me* to get permission.”

Foothill was out. So at this late date Bob Anderson made hurried arrangements to have the relay at Sequoia High School in Redwood City. The coach there approved. We advertised the change. Two weeks before the relay—with even more teams signed up by this time—we got a call from Sequoia. The message was, “You’ll have to hire two policemen overnight. There’s bound to be trouble with 200 people running.”

We couldn’t swing the \$180 the Redwood City Police Department demanded. Another change. Bob called San Jose City College’s coach. “Hey, that sounds like a great idea,” he said. “As far as I’m concerned, the track is yours. But you’ll have to check with. . .” By now the story had become all too familiar. Three days before the relay’s start, Bob got more bad news. “What if someone died of a heart attack at four in the morning?” another bureaucrat said. This combined with “The light will disturb the neighbors” spelled another no.

A quick call to Stanford University. By now we were desperate. We’d settle for the unlighted *practice* track. The coach said, “Fine.” The administrator said, “Nope. You’re not connected with Stanford. If we let you use it, we’d have to let everyone use it.” (The track is never locked, by the way, and everyone *can* use it. But he conveniently overlooked that fact.)

Well, we finally did get a track—after much scurrying around by everyone concerned. And the relay did go off without a hitch, as we knew it would. There were no riots, no heart attacks, the neighbors hardly knew we were there. But the experience of being fenced out left us a bit bitter, and still trying to figure out (1) why tax money should go for facilities that aren’t used, and (2) what possible damage meek, tired little runners could have done to open patches of ground with nothing more on them than a securely emplaced track.

The whole sorry state of affairs brings to mind a story of Ted Haydon (the University of Chicago and UC Track Club coach) that Hal Higdon related in *On the Run from Dogs and People*.

A few years back, the school installed a new Tartan track. Tartan, as you know, costs lots of money. Well, the track sits in the south Chicago ghetto. Bureaucrats connected with the university fretted that “they” (the blacks who live in the area) might do all sorts of awful things to the facilities. The officials

DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

proposed padlocking the gates except when authorized personnel were using the track.

Ted fought the move. (As Higdon says, “This is different from the attitude of many involved in athletic programs around the United States. They seem more interested in building fences; Ted Haydon would rather build bridges.”) Haydon reasoned, if anyone wants to throw a firebomb, he can just as easily lob it over the fence. If he wants to damage the facilities, a little gate

isn’t going to keep him out. He figured, the only people the locked gate is going to keep away are the athletes who want to use the track for its intended purpose.

Haydon won. The gate stays open permanently now; no guards patrol the area. “The worst problem we’ve had,” Ted says with a shrug and a smile, “is that the neighborhood kids keep building sand castles in the long jump pit.”

••••

The flight into San Diego wasn’t memorable. Only two impressions remain. One is of the incredible length of the Pacific Southwest Airlines stewardesses legs and corresponding shortness of their outfits. The other is of my seatmate. Beside me sat a middle-aged fellow. Pleasant enough. We chatted amiably about the leggy stewardesses and the pall of brown smog that hung over Los Angeles as we dipped down into it for a short stop. But I couldn’t help but feel both angry and sorry for the man.

He’d obviously let himself go. His stomach hid his seat belt. He smoked so heavily that a choking cloud—his own little Los Angeles—surrounded our seat. His reddened eyes and sagging features had the look of a man who’d given up, who’d surrendered to old age without a fight. At 42, he was old.

San Diego, in more than one sense, was a breath of fresh air. I’d flown down from the San Francisco area for the US Masters track and field championships.

I’d been warned of what to expect from this meet. These aren’t old men with delusions of grandeur, or overweight joggers content with waddling through a prescribed number of laps. The runners who enter the Masters are serious athletes—lean, fit, young men who have happened to see 40 or more winters in their lifetimes.

The men who compete in the Masters, I already realized from watching the boom in this phase of the sport, are perhaps the only body of men in the world who look forward eagerly to their 40th birthdays—even their 50th and 60th.

George Sheehan has said, “Running is part of ecology and preserving the good things. There is no such thing as growing old; you’re either growing up or stagnant. You can be old at 20.”

My seatmate on the plane had grown stagnant. Here, men the same age and more were still playing kids’ games. They were running and jumping and throwing, competing and having fun.

The Masters athletes were whipping through 10.5 hundreds and 32-minute 10,000s, and leaping for joy, like children, when they did. They didn’t have the resigned look of old men, or the stale smell of cigarette smoke and age surrounding them. Not that it’s important to run 10.5 hundreds and 32-minute 10,000s. What’s important is to still *want* to—running from old age, not sitting and begging it to come and take them.

More than anything else, the US Masters meet leaves the viewer with this solid impression. In an age when it’s odd to be fit and normal to be fat, it’s a grown-up, mature man indeed who still wants to play the games of children.

Runner's World Interview:

BY JANET NEWMAN

MIKE MANLEY & SID SINK

Once upon a time, not too many years ago, there was an exotic, funny event that Americans couldn't quite comprehend. Exotic because it combined hurdling and distance running, and because it came from Europe and most of the men who ran it well had Russian and Polish and Finnish names no American could pronounce. Funny because most of the Americans who tried it weren't adept at clearing the barriers, and every race had its quota of head-first tumbles into the water jump.

There were scattered exceptions—notable exceptions—to the rule of US backwardness in the event. Horace Ashenfelter, for instance, did get a stunning win in the 1952 Olympic race. Phil Coleman and Deacon Jones were able to hold their own internationally in the early '60s. And, of course, there was George Young, who competed in all three Olympic Games in the 1960s. He barely missed the 1968 gold medal, finishing a close third.

But generally the steeplechase remained a freak event. When George Young said, "They should have left it to the horses," he was expressing a dominant opinion among US runners. They couldn't see the joy in the broken rhythm, and perhaps broken skin and bones, that goes with running nearly two miles with an obstacle every hundred yards. Blocking the 3000-meter course are 28 solid barriers, three feet high, and seven water jumps—a puddle that stretches out 12 feet ahead of yet another of those wicked barriers that grow taller each lap.

It isn't an event for the faint-hearted. And it isn't one a novice can step into unprepared. The steeplechase, in fact, goes against the grain in distance running. The flat races are rhythmic events demanding speed and endurance. The steeple takes all the speed and endurance of a flat run—plus technique. And besides that, wet shoes are no fun. Try running with one wet one and one dry. "Slosh, step, slosh, step." It blows your mind.

Anyway, to get back to the point, it's sufficient to say that the steeplechase wasn't rousingly popular among Americans. Even by the mid-'60s, about the only runners practicing it with any fervor were those hoping to make an Olympic team.

All that started changing, though, when the colleges added the event to their program. First it came to the NCAA meet. That was almost a decade ago. The conferences were slower in coming around. But one by one, they slipped a steeplechase into their championship program. "We gotta get those points," the coaches reasoned, so they began putting men to work on the event. They needed other places to run it besides the championships, so steeplechasing filtered on down to the dual meet level.

The increased emphasis led to increased opportunity, and platoons of steeplechasers were suddenly getting their feet wet in the event. The result is just now becoming obvious.

There could have been no better place for a steeplechase breakthrough than Eugene, Ore. For years, Bill Bowerman had put his runners to work on the event. In the fall, they all tried it, and from the trials came sub-9:00 runners by the handful. University of Oregon fans learned early to appreciate fine steeplechasing.

That's exactly what they got in the AAU championships

this June. The finest, in fact, ever seen in the United States. "I knew someone was going to break 8:30," said Sid Sink, who'd won the NCAA title a week earlier in 8:31.0—his best. "But I didn't know who it would be. There were eight men in the field who had a chance."

Jeromee Liebenberg set out fast, as is his custom. Sink, a 22-year-old from Connecticut who did his college running for Bowling Green (Ohio) State University, sat back, as is his custom. Mike Manley was one of those tucked obscurely in the fast-moving pack. Mike hadn't run in this kind of company since 1969, but his near-solo 8:37 a few weeks earlier indicated he was dangerous.

The crowd screamed, almost rushing the steeplechasers along on a wave of sound. Going into the last lap—clearly traveling a sub-8:30 pace—Manley was the leader. Sink was a good distance back—in fourth place, in fact. But Mike—who teaches high school in Eugene—was tiring a bit. "I'm not known for my wicked kick," he says. Sink, who is a kicker, surged forward, past Oregon's Steve Savage and up with Manley before they reached the crucial last hurdle.

That last barrier is a killer. It makes a long, sustained kick difficult to maintain, coming as it does about 100 yards from the finish. Mike misjudged his step. He had to put his foot on the barrier to make it over. Sink, however, caught it nicely, and maintained the momentum which carried him to a eight-yard victory.

The times: Sink 8:26.4; Manley 8:27.6; Savage 8:29.6. Before this race, no American—not even George Young—had been below 8:30. Now, suddenly, there were three.

Ten days later, after they'd returned to Eugene from the Russian meet in Berkeley (where they'd placed second and third in a slow, tactical race), Sink and Manley talked with Janet Newman. Sid was living with Mike's family (wife and two children; another child on the way) while they trained for further summer competition.

Actually, their living and training together plus their times are about the only tie the two have. Manley, at 29, represents the "old-guard" among US steeplechasers. He'd graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1964—when the steeplechase was still in its "freak" era. Mike had run his first steeple in 1960, when Sid was only 11 years old. Mike had broken 8:50 before Sid had tried the event. Now, as "the oldest active US steeplechaser," Manley is making one last big push for Olympic glory.

Sink, a freshly-graduated collegian of 22, has the brightest of futures ahead of him. Not only in 1972, but far beyond. He's not overly impressed by what he has run so far. "The world record isn't very good," Sid says. "If I can run within four seconds of it, it can't be very good. I can run below 8:20 next year, I think. But so can a lot of other people."

RW: What is the present condition of American steeplechasing—where has it been, where is it going, and why is it going the way it is?

RW Interview

Manley: We in the United States have always been looked down upon in the steeplechase. Well, I guess the whole Western Hemisphere really. It's about time it started going in the other direction. I think George Young has brought it a long way. And I think he would have brought it a *longer* way if he had stuck with it. I'm sure he would have been way down in the 8:20s had he continued to run it. You know, it just had to happen, particularly with the breakthrough in college, with the steeplechase becoming more and more a regular event—even in dual meets. As you work more with it, you're bound to get better performances all the way around.

RW: *Would you say this improvement is coming because people are beginning to specialize in it, rather than it being just an added event that they try once in a while?*

Manley: Yeah, I think there's more specialization in it because it's being run every weekend. But just the fact that you are *able* to run it every weekend helps. I know that Sid has run as many flat races as he has steeplechases—maybe more. I think we all still like to run flat races. You can't run steeplechases all the time. But the fact that it's there when you want to run it, and the fact that you have an idea you're going to run it when the big meet comes around is really helpful now.

Sink: I think one of the big things is that it has been added to the college program. Each conference got into the program, so each team has to have a couple of good steeplechasers or they don't score in the event in their conference meet. So they start earlier training the steeplechasers.

RW: *Was the steeplechase a regular part of the program when you were in college, Mike?*

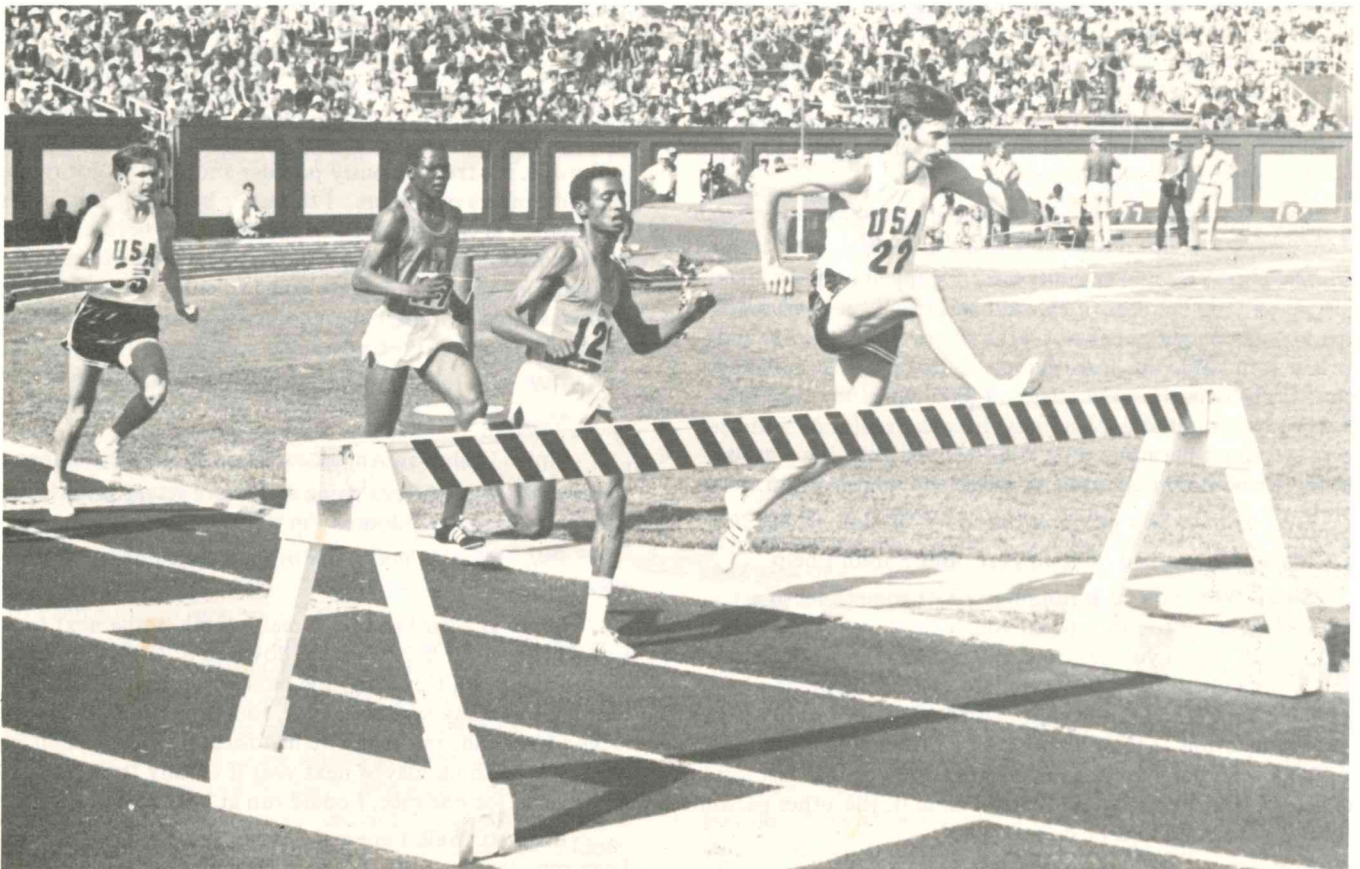
Manley: No, I was in school in the early '60s, and they hardly had it at all. Oh, I did run it in 1964. I ran one in the Kentucky Relays. That wasn't a very good steeplechase setup, but I ran one there. After I got out of the University of Wisconsin, that's what I ran in the 1964 NCAA, USTFF and AAU. But I hadn't had much chance to run it before that. Now you know you can run it almost any time you want. There always seems to be one around.

RW: *When you first tried the steeplechase, what was your reaction?*

Sink: I tried it between my junior and senior years in high school, but that was just for fun and I wasn't really in shape. So I can't count that. The first time I tried it in college was at the Kentucky Relays, too, as a matter of fact. I really enjoyed it. I ran 9:08. I think I got second in that race. I couldn't run anything else; I ran the three-mile and just got killed. That (the steeplechase) was what I could do best in, so I caught onto it right away. That was my freshman year, 1968.

Manley: I remember running in '64 at Kentucky. The record at the time was 9:46 or something, and I ran 9:14. That was really my first steeplechase. (I had run one right out of high school.) You know, when you're successful with something, you stick with it. That's one of the reasons, I suppose, that we're both steeplechasers, or that anybody does anything really.

Below: Mike Manley and Sid Sink are in typical early-race position against the Africans—Manley leading, Sink waiting. They're the US's two all-time fastest steeplers. (Murdock)



RW Interview

Sink: One thing that's helped me, at the meets I always referred to (Barry) Brown, Manley, (Bill) Reilly and the older out-of-school guys. Young, too. They controlled the steeplechase in the country for the last few years. The goals of (Jerome) Liebenberg, (Steve) Savage and myself were to try to catch up with them. We just finally caught up with them this year. It took us a long time!

RW: *Were you really surprised with the AAU times?*

Sink: Not really. I could just tell by the way things were going that it would take under 8:30 to win. I thought I could do it, so I wasn't completely surprised. I was surprised at the way I did it. I got so far behind. But I wasn't surprised with the final time. I wasn't sure who would be up there, but I knew someone would be under 8:30. I went into the race figuring that there were eight guys who could win it. It was kind of an odd feeling going into the race because you couldn't actually pick out someone to concentrate on. There was just no way.

RW: *What kind of strategy did you have in mind when you started the AAU race?*

Sink: I knew Liebenberg would take the lead, and I figured he'd keep it for a long time. I didn't know who'd take it later. My strategy was just to get up in the top bunch and stay there as long as I could—all the way up to the end—and I figured my kick was good enough to get me in the top two. And all I was worried about was trying to get in the top two. That was the main thing, because I had to get trips this year. I had to have some experience before next year. It was very important.

RW: *What about your plans, Mike?*

Manley: I knew it was to be fast with Liebenberg in there, plus Barry Brown, who always forces the pace if it's not going well enough. As you noticed in the race, the lead changed. It was really an exciting race—to watch, I suppose. The lead changed a lot. There were at least five guys who were at one time or another in the lead. Unfortunately, I wasn't there at the end, I figured it was going to go fast and that I'd have to hang in there. If it wasn't going to go fast, I was going to take the lead, but I wanted to force it—especially in the last lap and a half to two laps. Actually, that's what happened.

RW: *Is it really hard to get a drive going in the last stretch and then have that last hurdle blocking your path?*

Manley: Yes. For me, anyway. I stepped on it and it really messed me up. But of course I was tired, too, and that's part of it. If you get your steps right and eye-ball it right, and you take it in stride, it's fine. Sid eye-balled it pretty well and took it fairly well. He went over and didn't get too much of a jolt when he hit, although I suppose he was tired, too. But I had to step on it because I didn't eye-ball it right. It's a problem, there's no doubt about it. It messes up your rhythm.

RW: *Is there any way you can work on that last hurdle?*

Manley: I worked on it all year. But it didn't help.

Sink: What you do is run intervals or something to get tired, then you try to run it when you're tired. But even in practice it's hard. When you get tired, it's just hard to see it right. When I come up on it, I always seem to end up chopping. I chopped it pretty bad at the nationals (AAU), but I didn't lose all my momentum. I think that I kept a little momentum going, and that's what helped. But I'm always scared of that last hurdle if it's close. I'm always afraid that I'll chop it, the other person will hit it perfect and I'll be done.

RW: *Have you ever taken any falls going over the hurdles*

or the water jump?

Sink: Not yet. I haven't fallen yet, so I consider myself lucky so far. I've only fallen once in a race at all, and that was a mile. In the nationals my sophomore year, I hit my heel on a hurdle and I almost fell forward, but somehow I caught myself. Fate's gotta catch up with me sooner or later. That's one thing I can't think about when I go into a race. If I start thinking about falling, I will.

Manley: I have knees full of cinders yet, ever since '64. Especially in '64, I took a number of spills in races. Also in '66, a newsreel guy was taking a movie of me going over the water jump. I had short spikes on, and I flipped and hit my shin. I had to get four stitches to close it up. I slid across the pit on my ear.

RW: *Do you see Kerry O'Brien's record (8:22.0) coming in sight for US steeplechasers?*

Sink: It's coming in sight for everyone almost. It's really not a very strong world record, especially if I can get within four seconds of it. I've worked out hard this year, but I can work out a lot harder. If the record lasts the rest of this year, and it still exists when we come around to the nationals next year, it will almost take that to win. Somebody will break the world record.

RW: *Who?*

Sink: I'm not saying who. There's a lot of people that could, even not counting Mike and I. There are many men in the United States who are capable besides us two.

RW: *Why do you think that people haven't been going below 8:30 before in the United States? Is it because the steeplechase hasn't been a regular event, people haven't been concentrating on it?*

Manley: Right. I think that's it. Meet promoters don't put it in their meet because it's not a very thrilling race or whatever, or Americans aren't used to seeing the steeplechase, don't know what it is, don't know what the times are, know very little about it and aren't going to pay money to see that kind of race. In Europe, it's tremendously popular and they've got tremendously good runners over there. I think it's becoming better here and records in the steeplechase are becoming better known, meet promoters are putting it in, steeplechasers are getting more recognition, and the times are going to come. They're going to come fast, and I think it's not going to be long before an American holds the world record.

RW: *You wouldn't like to guess as to who?*

Manley: Nope.

Sink: I think an American will hold it unless someone like Kerry O'Brien really gets going and really sets it low. He ran that 8:19 two-mile indoors. I'm a little apprehensive.

RW: *What do you think of your own potentials as far as time goes?*

Sink: It's hard to say. I really think in the next few years I could run under 8:20. I came down to 8:26 very quickly this year. I ran 8:40, then 8:30 the next week, then 8:26. I've been running too many races this year, too. I've run two and three races a weekend, and then I've had three or four straight big weekends. I think maybe next year if I really train hard, really try to peak for one race, I could run at least close to 8:20.

Manley: Well, I guess if Sid can run close to 8:20, maybe I can run close to 8:20. It's hard to say whether a lot of races

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are good for you or bad for you, or if a few are. I'm just on the other side of the stick. I had very few races, and very few *competitive* races this year. But I thought I could run 8:26 to 8:28. I suppose I'd like to progress. I'd like to go faster next year. I know I'll *have* to go faster next year, and that means down in the low 8:20s. I think that I'll be down there, too. It's just that my time's running out, whereas Sid has a lot more time.

RW: *Do you think that not having more big races bothered you?*

Manley: I ran in a dual meet in Eugene and a meet in Vancouver, but both of those were kind of by myself, as the Twilight Meet was. I did run a mile up at Portland, which was kind of a silly mile, and I did run a competitive two-mile down in Modesto. But that was all. But maybe the fact that I only ran that many helped me in the AAUs. Maybe it didn't. Maybe I could have run better, or been more competitive at the end, or taken the last hurdle a little better, given Sid more competition down the last 100 yards. But who knows? Like most distance running, it's a mental thing anyway. If you're physically fit, which you're going to be anyway if you're running races, it's just a matter of, "Do you want it bad enough?" A lot of races or a few races? It's hard to say. For some, mentally they'll be better off if they run a lot, but others may be better off if they just run a few races.

RW: *Do you feel, then, that you're not under as much pressure, and this may be a help to you; not needing to perform well at a big meet every weekend?*

Manley: I suppose the pressure like that could get to you if you're affected too much. But I'm not affected too much, because I've never been a "star," so to speak.

RW: *Do you feel that you're becoming a "star"?*

Manley: I don't know if I *want* to feel that way. Pat Matzdorf set a world record in the high jump and he said, "Now every time I go out people will expect me to jump 7'4". That's the same problem Ron Clarke had and Gerry Lindgren. It's kind of a bad situation to be in, but Pat Matzdorf said, "I guess that's the price you have to pay." But I don't know yet because I'm not there.

RW: *How about you, Sid? Do you feel that a lot more people are paying attention to you now that you've set the American record?*

Sink: I think I had a fair amount of pressure built up during school because I was NCAA champion and all this, so everyone kind of expected a lot. I'd gotten kind of a taste of it, but outside of college I don't think I ever was a star, and I don't think anyone knew much about me until this year. Winning the AAU probably helped some. They're getting to know me a little more. But I'm not saying I'm a star or anything like that. Really I don't know how I'd take it if I got to the point where I was expected to win every race. I'm kind of a nervous type, anyway. I don't know what this would do to my nerves—whether I'd be able to keep going or not.

You know this kind of knocked down Jim Ryun for a while. It got to him. Like Matzdorf. He was one day's unknown and the next day's world record holder. I don't know what it's going to do to him. He was walking around (after the record high jump) like he didn't know what was going on. Half of it was, "I'm the world record holder." And half of it was, "What am I going to do now?" He was kind of scared because everyone was going to expect so much out of him. In a way, I kind of feel sorry for him, if that's possible, for what he's going to

have to go through. You know, after he jumped that, he didn't have a free moment the rest of the day. And he probably won't for awhile. It's kind of tough.

RW: *Sid, have you formulated a "philosophy" toward your running?*

Sink: I think you'd say it's a combination of hard work and a positive attitude. You have to have the right attitude. You can have someone who runs 60-70 miles a week—doesn't really work that hard—who beats a man who runs 120 miles a week. I think it's all in the positive attitude. If you run more and work out hard, it helps your positive attitude. I wouldn't say that it's any one thing. It's a combination of working hard and attitude.

RW: *Have you ever gone into the race with the feeling, "There's no way I could get first," or "He's going to beat me; I'll have to settle for second?" Or do you feel you have as much chance for first as anyone else?*

Sink: I did a couple of days ago, as a matter of fact. I think I went into that Russian meet with the attitude that I wouldn't be able to win. Mainly because I'd just run so many hard races. I felt so flat that I went into it figuring I wouldn't win. I usually go into a race thinking deep inside that I can do it, but a lot of times I go into a race scared and have a negative attitude going into it. But once the race starts, I seem to relax and get my confidence back. That's sort of a pre-race jitters that I get.

RW: *Do you run your own race or do you go with the other runners; maintain your own pace or run more of a strategy race?*

Sink: One of my problems right now is that I can't lead very well. If I'm running with someone who has a better kick than me, I'm usually in trouble because then I have to take the lead and I can't do it efficiently right now. My strategy is almost always follow and kick.

Manley: When I go into a race I always feel, yeah, I've got a chance of winning. Of course it depends on who you're running against. If you're running against Ron Clarke you can say, "Well, if he has a terrible day and I have a super-duper day, and if he trips or something. . ." You try to stay up there with them. As far as race strategy, if I go into a race with someone who runs fast all the time, I'm not going to lead. I'll follow as long as I can, as fast as I can. I run like an alarm clock. I wind up tight—many times I go out strongly—then I'll wind down and just barely make it in on the last lap or so. It's not a matter of being afraid to lead, but a matter of relaxing when you're in the front. I can relax pretty well when I'm in the front, and I guess I like to force the pace. It was a mistake in the Russian meet for me not going out and forcing the pace, I guess. I don't unleash too wicked a kick, so it behooves me to have either a long kick of at least a lap, maybe more, or to run a fairly steady and quick pace right from the beginning.

RW: *What happened in the Russian meet steeplechase?*

Manley: It was a matter of tactics. Poor tactics at that. Very poor tactics. We had talked about the race a little beforehand and tried to figure out what we would do. We couldn't figure out what we would do. We asked what the steeplechasers were like. "Well, they're strong and they're fast." So what do you do? Do you go out and lead at a really fast pace and let them mooch off you and go by you, or do you take your chances with their kick? Sid has a good kick and I pride myself—par-

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ticularly when there are hurdles in the way—that I can run a pretty good last 220 or so. That was kind of what we did. It was a slow pace and I had to fight Dudin to get in last place on the first lap. Eventually I guess I ended up in first for three or four laps in the middle. I was leading and slowing down. The Russians weren't about to take the lead, but it was a matter of bad tactics. If we ran again we'd make them work, and make ourselves work, too. We didn't really work very hard either. Sid was a little flat, and I hadn't had enough speedwork or something, but we just couldn't stay with the winner when he took off. (Romualdis Bite beat the two Americans by less than a half-second.)

Sink: The race at the beginning was real slow. During the race, I was sitting, waiting. I thought it was a perfect race for me because I have a good kick in the end. I thought, if I ever have a chance, this is it. But when it came to the end, I just didn't seem to have it. The question is, was it because I was flat—mentally wasn't ready—or was it because the pace was slow their kicks were even better than mine then. If we ran them again, I'd undoubtedly follow, but I'd want the pace to be faster. But the one thing I can't do is set a fast pace the whole race, having someone follow me—leeching on me. I don't mind if I lead for a little bit then have someone take over.

RW: *Mike, I want to ask your attitudes towards running, and your personal philosophy, if any.*

Manley: I enjoy running. I like the associations I've made through track. Track, I guess, has helped me along the way. But I don't know if I'm going to run very much longer. I've got a wife and two kids, and one more kid on the way, which of course increases the responsibility I have in that area. I'll probably have to give up a little more in other areas. I'm getting older, anyway, and track seems to be one of those areas which I may have to cut. Of course, I still hope to run in '72.

I like to run. I like to win, but I haven't done a lot of that; I'm always hoping. I don't think there's anything mystical—I'm sure there's not—about any of my philosophies: not only in track but in everything. Positive thinking, I'm sure is good. It's also a lot of blood, sweat and tears. You've got to have that or your positive thinking isn't going to take you anywhere either; I think positively. I think every runner, every competitor, has to think positive or be somewhat cocky in his attitudes or he's not going to make it. You have to be confident. If you think you can't quite make it, then you won't.

I like running, I like winning, I like competing, I like the people associated with track, and I like to travel. I just wish my wife and kids could go with me more.

RW: *Are you thinking in terms of Munich, then?*

Manley: Positively.

Sink: I think everybody is. Everyone that's in track is thinking about Munich, I'm sure. The Olympics is the big thing. It's always in your mind, I'm sure of it.

RW: *Do you have a plan—how you're going to work such-and-such a way to peak just at the right time to make the team?*

Sink: Peak at the Olympic Trials and get in the top three. That's the plan, at least mine.

Manley: I think you have to run a couple of pretty good races before that, obviously. That's going to help your mental attitude. In peaking, I think you have to have a couple of races to reach that peak. The bulk of the training, for me at least, will take place between February and the beginning of May. I'll still be doing good, concentrated training after that; but the

heavy part of it will be over. Then I'll attempt to hone up a bit more, and with some races to reach the peak sometime around the Olympic Trials.

RW: *Do you plan on continuing running after you've finished your competitive career?*

Manley: Oh, yeah. I'll probably never stop running. It'll be nice because I'll be able to fit running in where it fits rather than trying to fit everything else around running.

RW: *Sid, is running such a part of your life that you feel you'll always be doing it, whether or not you're running to get in shape for a big meet?*

Sink: Right now it's hard to say. As long as it's fun, as long as I enjoy doing it, I'll go out and run. I enjoy even now going out on easy runs out in the country. As long as the competitive part stays fun, I'll keep running competitively. As soon as that starts losing its enjoyment, I'll just start running for my own pleasure. I'd like to still be running when I'm up around 40 and 50, but you never can tell. There's always other things that come in, like when you get married. I'll just have to wait and see.

RW: *How old are you now?*

Sink: Twenty-two.

RW: *Mike?*

Manley: That's a dirty question. Twenty-nine. I just have a lot more aches and pains, and they stay with me a lot longer now. I don't feel old except when I think about my legs and feet. They seem to be aching a lot more than they used to. It's weird. I don't like it. Maybe next year I won't ache as much.

RW: *How long have you been running?*

Manley: I started when I was 17. The second part of my junior year I went out for track. My brother went out for football, so I played football, too. I'd never run cross-country until I got to college. Then for four years I was at the University of Wisconsin, then three years in the Marine Corps, then I came out here to Oregon and went to graduate school for a year in 1969. I've been teaching for two years and am still running.

RW: *Sid, what do you hope to be doing at 29?*

Sink: Twenty-nine? I can't even imagine. That's too far away. I hope to be running then. I hope to still be competing. But besides that, I couldn't possibly imagine. I try to take each year as it comes. I don't look that far ahead.

RW: *Mike, are you surprised to be running so well at age 29?*

Manley: Right now, as far as active US steeplechasers go, I'm the oldest. Bill Reilly's a year younger than I am, and Bob Price is a couple of years anyway. Now that George Young is running just the flat races—unless he comes back next year—I think I'm the oldest. I'm not surprised I'm running this fast. I'm surprised that I wasn't running them faster earlier.

RW: *Do you think that Young will come back in the steeple?*

Manley: George is too unpredictable. I couldn't give my opinion on what he will or won't do.

RW: *Sid, have you ever run against Young?*

Sink: No, I never have. I've followed his career for a long time. Most high school kids look up to Ryun and that sort of thing; I looked up to George Young. I've never seen him in a race. Being in the same race with him, let alone trying to beat him. He's still tough. There's no doubt about it.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

It was William James who spoke of saints as being athletic. For James, who was a constant seeker after man's potential, the coexistence of bodily and spiritual perfection was not a coincidence.

This theme—that saints are athletic and that athletes are, in some measure, saintly, and the common man can aspire to be both—never received the attention it deserved. Theologians viewed sin rather than sainthood as the normal state of man, and physicians, preoccupied with disease, considered the athlete a physiological freak.

But times are changing. Both professions are becoming more interested in the here and now than the hereafter. And are investigating man's capabilities for good rather than analyzing his faults and diseases. For the theologians, this means a new construction of the "Good News" of the Gospels; for the physicians, it means the emergence of sports medicine as a new and major specialty.

The first effort in this field has been published by MacMillan. Called the *Encyclopedia of Sports Medicine*, it runs to 1707 pages and embraces just about as many manuscripts filled with fact and, unfortunately, a great deal of speculation.

"Probably 50% of the topics," says editor Albert Hyman, "lack solid research data." Such refreshing honesty doesn't obscure the fact that what is contained will shake many long-held theories in medicine.

One of these is the danger that athletics, if taken in large amounts, can lead to the development of the dreaded "athletic heart." The athletic heart, according to Oklahoma City physician Dr. Dale Groom, does not exist, and he has the Tarahumara Indians to prove it. He explains why in a long report on the distance running activities of the Tarahumara.

For the Tarahumara, who lives in Chihuahua in northern Mexico, running is the principal sport. It is at the same time his livelihood, his recreation and his criterion for success, since he hunts deer by the simple method of running after him relentlessly for a couple of days until the animal drops from exhaustion. He also catches wild turkeys by pursuing them until they can no longer rise from the ground in flight.

But at play he does even more prodigious feats. His "kickball games," played by teams of men kicking a wooden ball the size of a tennis ball carved by a machete, extend for

distances up to 150 miles. And this is no relay; each man runs the route.

The Indians examined by Groom ranged from 114 to 135 pounds and were 5'2" to 5'6" tall. They were all lean and fit (what else?) and had almost no perceptible body fat. But most important was the finding that these men with a lifetime of prodigious endurance activity all had normal-sized hearts on x-rays, and normal electrocardiograms as well.

On questioning, Groom could find no instance where anyone had dropped dead or became fatally ill from any of these almost interminable running sessions.

"Obviously, more questions than answers have been raised by this work," writes Groom. Where, for instance, do the Tarahumara get the 11,000 calories needed for the 100-mile race? Physiologists have already established that this is beyond the limit that can be expended by the body in a 24-hour period. Have the Tarahumaras, asks Groom, received a special dispensation from some of the human limitations known to us?

If they have, I suspect it is because these limitations are artificial. Have been set up by our imperfect image of what man can and cannot do. This physical image carrying the imperfections of the spiritual potential of man offered to us before the New Theology.

Quite ordinary men who would be surprised to be called athletes have taken to running 26 and even 50 miles at a clip. With them as with the Tarahumaras (to the amazement of the physicians) the end point of endurance is not heart symptoms or shortness of breath, but leg and muscle pains.

"The phenomenal feats of these primitive Indians," concludes Groom, "afford convincing evidence that most of us brought up in this sedentary, comfortable civilization of today actually develop and use only a fraction of our cardiac reserve."

We are about to come full circle. Man, who originally lived or died on the basis of his bodily skills, is faced with the same decision again. His life expectancy—that of living each day at the top of his powers rather than longevity—depends on getting the utmost out of his body.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die would be okay if it were true. It isn't. The truth is—eat, drink and be merry and tomorrow you're gross. And gross, unfortunately, in every dimension, just as James said.

Anyone for an 80-mile kickball game?



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ON THE RUN

BY HAL HIGDON

I have stumbled across the secret cure for all our athletic injuries. You might as well skip George Sheehan's column this issue, since here is the best medical advice you will get.

My secret: go canoeing for a week:

It worked for me. I had been bothered by a nagging knee injury this spring following a foolish double in the Boston and Drake marathons, only four days apart. I was able to race, but not very effectively. I could train, but without regularity. The knee ached. It would recover after a day or two's rest, then after a hard training session it would become sore again. We've all gone through periods like this. I didn't want to rest the leg properly, however, because I had hopes to run well in the US Masters meet in July.

Fortunately, my oldest son Kevin was going on a week-long canoe trip in northern Minnesota with his Boy Scout troop. Like a dutiful father, I agreed to accompany the group. I say "fortunately" because this meant I would have to abandon running for a week. The only runnable trails in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area are the short portages between lakes—and usually you have a canoe atop your shoulders.

So for a week the only running I did was backwards over the portages to pick up another pack after I had deposited a canoe. (The other fathers on the trip thought I was nuts of course.) During the five-day circular trip we canoed well over 50 miles. If you have never paddled a fully-loaded canoe, let me assure you that it is grueling work. Toward the end of the day, you get that same exhausted feeling that you get toward the end of a marathon. But along with the exhaustion—in a marathon or canoe trip—comes that great feeling that you have accomplished something special. That you have challenged your body and won. That you have done something that 99% of the overweight and unconditioned populace would have found impossible. (I experienced the same feeling the previous summer when I had cycled 200 miles over the Labor Day weekend.)

I remember on the fourth night of our camp trip, after the longest day of paddling, we camped on a small island right on the Canadian border. The island was probably not much bigger around than a quarter-mile track, but I suddenly had the desire to swim around it. And I did. Another accomplishment.

But the greatest accomplishment was that the week away from running had completely cured the problems with my knee. I might have been able to accomplish the same end by spending a week in bed at home in Michigan City, but psychologically I would have been ill prepared for San Diego. My success in canoeing, however, gave me an added inner strength that when it came down to the last 50 yards in the US Masters meet spelled the difference between victory and defeat in the 10,000 meters. Had I merely been in good running shape, I might have lost. I have long felt that psychological factors often play as important a part as physical factors, and mentally I was "up."

A day later at a Saturday night party at the home of Masters guru Dave Pain I got into a discussion with Vancouver Olympic Club's Al Fisher, winner of the 5000-meter run. The

snow can get pretty deep in January in British Columbia, and while this doesn't necessarily preclude running, it can make it difficult. Al doesn't worry. He cross-country skis. I was reminded of Larry Damon (two-time member of the Olympic ski team), who used to ski cross-country all winter and take to the roads in the summer to beat the nylon shorts off most of New England's long distance runners. (Read also of Art Coolidge, page 14 of this issue.) My point is that there are many ways to train for running that don't involve running.

My greatest progress as a runner had come between 1955 and 1956 when I was in the Army stationed in Germany. In the space of about a year I went from a best at 5000 meters of 15:40.0 to 14:43.6. The most obvious reason was simply that I had increased my training mileage, but another reason was that the Army probably had toughened me physically. (Don't volunteer on my endorsement, however.) While functioning as a bog gunner in a tank battalion I had to help lift heavy cannon shells in and out of an M-46 every day. That's a tougher workout than most weight-lifters got. During the early '60s I did some weight-lifting on the back porch at a time when I was doing little competitive running. I don't do much weight-lifting now because I feel I can devote only so much time to training, and I would rather run. Possibly if I spent more time weight-lifting I could run faster in races. It becomes a matter of priorities.

Swimming is another good alternate exercise for long distance runners. When Buddy Edelen was still a student at the University of Minnesota, he suffered a leg injury that prevented him from training one winter. So he spent the time he might have spent running, swimming laps in a pool and weight-lifting. When he began to race again in the spring, he was able to run just about as fast as before the injury.

Ralph Pidcock, my running companion in Michigan City, recently injured a tendon in his foot. It was painful for him to run. I told him he had two choices: (1) He could rest the foot and the injury probably would go away, but he would lose precious conditioning, or (2) he could continue to run in pain, hoping that the injury will cure itself eventually and that he can maintain his conditioning.

Usually I have taken the second choice. I hobble along and eventually the injury rights itself. But one problem here is that you may retard the healing process by continuing to place stress on the injured part. Unable to train at full speed, you may actually lose more conditioning than you would if you had rested completely. But since injuries vary there is often no way to know which of the two methods will produce best results.

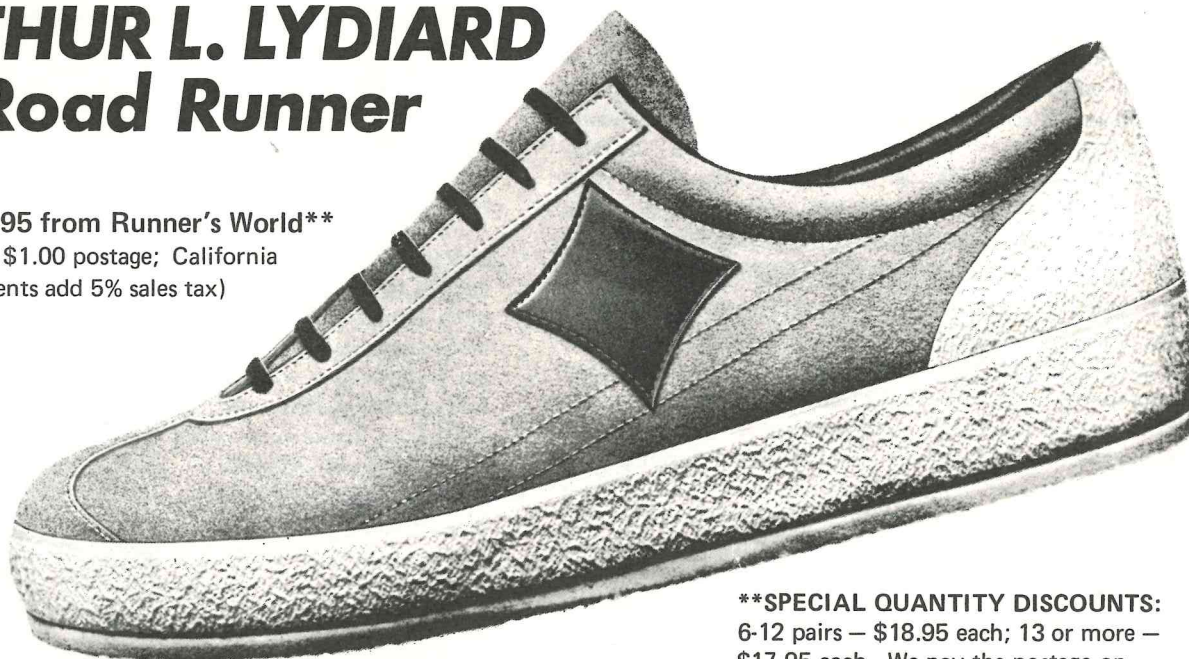
But I submit that we have a third choice: to stop running, but engage in an alternate activity—swimming, weight-lifting, cycling, canoeing—which will permit you to retain some conditioning. Even more important, it will permit you to retain your psychological edge. Again successful running is as much mental as physical.

This ignores the fact that other activities can be fun. Sometimes in our dedication to the marathon, our fixation on time, our desires for victory, we forget that the end result of athletics should be enjoyment.

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

Art Coolidge trained five weeks for the Boston marathon. Five weeks! And in fact he'd only trained seriously for running a couple of months in the last two years. Art is no newcomer to top-level road racing. He ran a 2:28 marathon as far back as 1967. But since he'd graduated from Kent State University in 1969, he'd let his running condition slip away while building his career as a high school physics teach.

A fortunate set of circumstances, though, brought him back—better than ever. A summer in the mountains rekindled his running interest. He got back home to upstate New York and trained with Barry Brown, one of the country's best steeplechasers. Barry advised Coolidge to add a hill-repetitions session weekly. Art then went into cross-country skiing, and did ONLY the hill session—once a week. He resumed running—50-60 miles a week—only when the snow disappeared. Five weeks later, he finished sixth—the third American—at Boxton in 2:23:23.

Art, a 25-year-old, tells his own story here.

I hadn't run during my first year of teaching, 1969-70. Then I spent last summer in Wyoming and Montana knocking around at elevations of 5000 to 10,000 feet. I did no formal running training, aside from an eight-mile run one evening with Doug Brown in Billings, Mont. The summer had great value to me, though, because I did a lot of fast hiking and running at the higher elevations.

In one instance I was proceeding up a jeep road. It was a bit rough and my four-wheel-drive pickup truck was taking a bit of a beating. I parked, changed to my Tigers, gave a passing Toyota (also four-wheel-drive, but with a more ambitious driver) about a 200-yard lead to let the dust settle, and I took off in pursuit.

We started at 7000 feet elevation and five miles later—at 9500 feet—he still had little more than his original lead. It only reads "five miles chasing a jeep" in my totals, but how much greater training value did it have than five miles on roads at sea level—and how infinitely greater was my enjoyment of this run. Other similar runs with similar elevations changes, invariably ending in a plunge into a snow-fed river or lake or even just a plunge to slide on my stomach across a patch of snow, gave me some of the most fun that I have ever had in training.

This experience in the mountains, though I wasn't completely aware of it at the time, was signaling a change in my approach to training that was to prove quite profitable.

In the fall, I returned to consistent training. In early December, I had already gotten in a full week of cross-country ski training when I decided to see what kind of shape I was beginning the ski season in. The 14:03 three-mile gave me a great deal of encouragement. Then ski training and races from 10 to 30 kilometers throughout January and February gave me as good aerobic training as I would have had training on the roads. And it gave me a terrific psychological boost to start the spring season in good condition without having trained with running.

Enjoyment and interest have been key factors when I have had my largest measure of success in racing. In January, when I was training for cross-country skiing four or five days a week and running *once* a week, I ran an 8:58.1 two-mile indoors—then my best-ever. I was surprised at the result and could only rationalize it on the basis of high motivation and interest. I'd only run once a week for two months.

Significantly, I think, that once-a-week run was a hard hill workout—which Barry Brown, the steeplechaser, introduced me to last fall. We both feel that it has influenced our competitive results. For instance, when I got to the hills at Boston this year it was "cake." I actually welcomed the change in terrain from the previous flatness and felt better going up the hills. The hill

COOLIDGE'S ROAD ALL UPHILL

BY ART COOLIDGE

(Jeff Johnson photo)

workout is run on a paved road which goes up a half-mile long hill. It includes seven to 10 repetitions of hard running up at hard effort and jogging back down again.

After ski season ended in March and on four or five days of training—running now—I ran a road race to see if the skiing had maintained my condition. It was a nine-miler (billed as 10 by the short-tape-measured sponsor). I beat a field of 170 with time just a bit over two minutes better than the course record. So I was rather pleased.

Not contemplating, seriously, running Boston on only five weeks of training, I managed to get myself talked into it just the same. Barry Brown convinced me while we were running the hill workout that I was in better shape than I thought.

Boston was quite a surprise to me. Feeling that I was not in contention for anything better than a place in the top 25, I started easily. It was my sixth marathon, but it was the first one where I have felt even somewhat comfortable during the last six miles. There had been five other marathons, ranging from 3:19 down to 2:28:29. Every other run has had a brick wall at 20 miles, which I have run into. Those remaining six miles are longer than the 20 preceding them. This time was different.

Needless to say, hills are now a big part of my program. Besides the hill workout, I generally train on seven-, 10- and 13-mile loops, with the latter two distances including the biggest hill that I have ever run—aside from the Mt. Washington race, which has 4700 feet vertical in eight miles. The pace, somewhat slowed by the three-fourths-mile hill on the longer loops, is about 6:00 a mile or occasionally faster—sometimes in the 5:10 range. The road training is done at a pace which is fast enough to cause some exertion (as opposed to 7:00-8:00 a mile LSD) but which is slow enough so that I am able to enjoy the running.

Sometimes I do some fartlek or speed-play on my runs. I especially enjoy chasing those dogs who come out after me with their sights on my derriere and with high *ass*-pirations. I have every bit as much right to chase them as they do to chase me, and it gives me the speed work which road training might otherwise lack.



RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

● **Phoenix, Ariz., June 12**—Kathy Gibbons, at 16, is rapidly showing herself to be in a class with the world's best distance runners. She knocked nearly 40 seconds from the women's world best for 10,000 meters, running 34:51.

● **Edinburgh, Scotland, June 13**—Powering through a stiff wind, Dave Bedford ran the second-best 5000 in history with his European-record 13:22.2. (See feature on Bedford in this issue.)

● **Stockholm, Sweden, June 15**—Two days after his fast 5000, Dave Bedford ran another. He picked up the European three-mile record of 12:58.2 en route to a 13:24.6 final time.

● **Seattle, Wash., June 17-19**—The steeplechasers and six-milers produced fast marks in-depth to highlight the NCAA championships. Sid Sink's 8:31.0 led four steeplers under 8:40, and Garry Bjorklund's 27:43.2 paced an eight-man parade under 28 minutes. Mark Winzenried won the 880 (1:48.8), Marty Liquori the mile (3:57.6) and Steve Prefontaine the three-mile (13:20.2).

● **Eugene, Ore., June 25-26**—US distance running has had few finer moments than those at the AAU championships. Sid Sink, Mike Manley and Steve Savage all broke the national steeplechase record. It took sub-13:10 times just to place in a three-mile won by Steve Prefontaine in 12:58.2. Frank Shorter and Garry Bjorklund staged another of their stirring six-mile duels, Shorter winning by a second in 27:27.2. Miler Marty Liquori (3:56.5) and half-miler Juris Luzins (1:47.1) won the shorter races.

● **Berkeley, Calif., July 2-3**—Steve Prefontaine and Doris Brown came away with American records in the US-USSR-World meet. Steve ran 13:30.4 for 5000 meters, and Mrs. Brown put together a 1500 of 4:14.6.

● **Stockholm, Sweden, July 6**—Hay fever still plagues Jim Ryun. He couldn't mount a challenge to Kipchoge Keino in their first meeting since the 1968 Olympics. Keino won their mile in 3:54.4 while Ryun wheezed a 4:17.3.

● **Louvain, Belgium, July 7**—Marty Liquori maintained sub-4:04 mile pace for almost another quarter to set an American 2000-meter record of 5:02.2.

● **Bakersfield, Calif., July 7, 9-10**—Doris Brown bypassed the 1500 meters to go for a world record in the two-mile at the women's AAU. She obliterated that mark with 10:07.0, beating runner-up Vicki Foltz by 24 seconds. Young Kathy Gibbons won the 1500 in 4:19.2, and Cheryl Tous-saint led the 800 at 2:04.3. A few days earlier, Eileen Claugus has gone 4:44.5 in the girls' mile. (See features on Foltz and Claugus in this issue.)

● **Ewell, England, July 10**—Phil Hampton went near-6:00 mile pace for 50 miles for a world record 5:01:01 50-

mile—11½ minutes under the old mark. (See feature on Hampton in this issue.)

● **Stuttgart, West Germany, July 11**—Hildegard Falck became the first woman officially to break two minutes for 800 meters when she ran 1:58.3.

● **Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia, July 11**—Englishmen Arthur Walsham and Ron Franklin ran one-two in the International Veterans 25-kilometer championship that brought together a field of over 400. (See feature on the race in this issue.)

● **Bronx, N.Y., July 11**—Women's long-distance track records are falling en masse this year. Nina Kuscsik got the latest when she ran 1:03:24 for 10 miles—a US mark.

● **Verona, Italy, July 21**—Juris Luzins, currently on a hot racing streak in Europe, sliced more than a second from the US 1000-meter record with 2:17.7. Marty Liquori also bettered the old mark with 2:18.7.

● **Durham, N.C., July 23-24**—This may always be remembered as the Miris Ifter meet. The little Ethiopian lost the 5000 on the first day of the US-African meet when he sprinted a lap too soon. But the second day he showed he's for real by beating Frank Shorter in a fast 10,000—28:53.2 on a hot, muggy afternoon.

● **Cali, Colombia, July 31-Aug. 5**—Frank Shorter started the Pan-American Games the same way he ended the meet—by winning, first the 10,000 and later the marathon despite a siege of stomach distress. Other distance winners: 800—Ken Swenson; 1500—Marty Liquori; 5000—Steve Prefontaine; steeplechase—Mike Manley; women's 800—Abby Hoffman.

● **Mill Valley, Calif., Aug. 7**—Bill Scobey raced off at an unbelievable rate, dead set on getting the American hour run record. But Bill Clark caught him at eight miles and went on to get the mark himself with 12 miles 527 yards. Scobey got some consolation, though, from his 12-mile 389-yard run—also over the past mark.

● **Helsinki, Finland, Aug. 10-15**—The Dave Bedfords and Ron Hills were forced into the background by relative unknowns at the European championships. Until this meet, only two men had broken 28 minutes for 10,000 meters—one of them Bedford. Dave didn't do it here, but five others did—led by Juha Vaatainen at 27:52.8. The Finn came back to win the 5000 in 13:32.6. The marathon provided an even bigger surprise, with Belgium's Karel Lismont winning in 2:13:59.6 from Trevor Wright and third-place Hill. Both women's events had superb running. East German Karin Burneleit set a world 1500-meter record of 4:09.6, and Yugoslav Vera Nikolic won the 800 at 2:00.0. (Next issue will have a featurized report on the meet.)

● **Auckland, N.Z., Aug. 15**—Ageless Jack Foster, now 39, averaged sub-five-minute miles for 20 of them to bring the 20-mile world record down to 1:39:14.4.

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DISTANCE RUNNING BOOKS

FOUR MILLION FOOTSTEPS, Bruce Tulloh. Tulloh's lively and literate book describes his epic "record" run across the United States during the summer of 1969. He tells of the mammoth obstacles imposed by injuries, fatigue, traffic and sheer mileage during his 65-day journey. 1970. Paperback, 175pp., illustrated. \$1.95.

JIM RYUN STORY, Corder Nelson. A detailed description of the life and times of America's number one track hero. Brilliantly illustrated with nearly 200 photos by Rich Clarkson. 1967. Hardback, 272pp. \$5.95.

KIPCHOGE OF KENYA, Francis Noronha. Keino—the greatest athlete in the history of African track. We know that he is a world record holder, an Olympic champion. But what of the man? This book answers this question and looks into the background of this 3:53 miler. Paperback, 160pp., illustrated. \$2.95.

THE LONELY BREED, Ron Clarke. Clarke looks deeply into the personalities and methods of 21 distance greats that he admires most. Paavo Nurmi, Gerry Lindgren, Abebe Bikila, Peter Snell, Arthur Newton, many others. 1967. Hardback, 187pp., illustrated. \$5.95.

MY RUN ACROSS THE UNITED STATES, by Don Shepherd. Using sharp observation powers, an equally sharp sense of humor and his unique experiences, South African Shepherd traces his 1964 run across the U.S.—a truly pioneering effort. 1970. Paperback, 188pp., ill. \$3.50.

UNFORGIVING MINUTE, Ron Clarke. The autobiography of history's most successful record-breaker gets into the factors and philosophies behind his times. Inspiring reading. 1966. Hardback, 190pp., illustrated. \$5.95.

COMPUTERIZED RUNNING TRAINING PROGRAMS, Jim Gardner and Gerry Purdy. A new concept in training. Using a computer, the authors have taken the guesswork out of interval training—devising sets of workouts geared to the specific ability of each runner, all distances. Paperback. 100pp. of text, 122pp. of tables, illustrated. \$4.50.

LONG SLOW DISTANCE, Joe Henderson. Training need not be a pain—or so the experiences of a number of mildly successful distance runners indicate. Bob Deines and Amby Burfoot are among the converts to comfortably-paced LSD running. 1969. Paperback, 64pp., ill. \$2.00.

THOUGHTS ON THE RUN, by Joe Henderson. These 150 thoughts represent one runner's point of view. But this one runner distills the thoughts and experiences that through every runner's mind as he logs his miles. From A (Addiction) to Z (Zero), he describes the philosophical side of the running game. Unique, inspiring reading! As the author says under "Easy": "Running is easy. Getting out to do it is hard. So the method that appears the most pleasant from a distance and requires the least self-arguing is the best and easiest." This book will help move you to get out and run; similar thinking and experiences of your own will keep you there. 116pp., many photos. \$2.95.

ROAD RACERS AND THEIR TRAINING, Joe Henderson The first comprehensive survey on this subject. Includes general material on this aspect of the sport, plus detailed data on the training, philosophies, etc., of 60 top road runners. 1970. Paperback, 96pp., illustrated. \$2.50.

RUN RUN RUN, Fred Wilt. The most complete book available on running technique. All training methods, theory, tactics, warmup, pace—from sprinting through marathoning. 1964. 282pp., paperback, \$3.50. Hardback, \$5.00.

(NEW) INJURY IN SPORT, edited by J.R. Armstrong and W.E. Tucker. The book that's a masterpiece among the limited number of sports medicine texts. In its more than 600 pages, it covers the physiology and medical problems of all sports. Of critical interest to all distance runner or walker are chapters such as these: Physiological Factors Limiting Maximum Performance. . . Fitness and Training. . . Physiological and Psychological Approach to Athletics. . . Women in Sport. . . Nutrition and the Athlete . . . Injuries to Athletes (Runners). . . Fractures in Athletes. The beauty of the book is that it is written for the layman as well as the professional—in terms that any intelligent athlete can comprehend. "Must" reading for all serious students of the sport and anyone in a position to deal with injuries—his own or others'. Hardback, well-illustrated, 628 pages. \$15.95.

MIDDLE DISTANCE RUNNING, Percy Cerutty. Percy Cerutty has strong, often unique ideas on almost everything. And he doesn't hesitate to express them forcefully. When the topic is middle-distance running, he speaks from solid experience. Cerutty coached Herb Elliott, and the unorthodox methods catapulted Elliott to world fame as a miler in the late 1950s. Particular emphasis on strength training, breathing and running techniques. Hardback, 197pp., illustrated. \$4.95.

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COMING EVENTS

These are the major running events—primarily US races—scheduled between mid-September and the end of November. All known US and Canadian marathons during the period are listed. For more information on coming events and for up-to-date results, see "Racing Report"—RW's twice-monthly publication.

SEPTEMBER

- 11 Kalispell marathon, Kalispell, Mt.
- 11 AAU Sr. 25-km., Dedham, Mass.
- 12 AAU Jr. 30-km., Atlantic City, NJ
- 18 Equinox marathon, College, Alaska
- 19 New York marathon, N.Y. City
- 26 Springbank races, London, Ont.
- 26 Boardwalk marathon, Toronto
- 26 RRC marathon, Atlantic City, NJ
- 26 AAU Jr. 20-km., Windham, N.H.

- 3 Santa Barbara mar., S.B., Calif.
- 3 Eugene marathon, Eugene, Ore.
- 10 Amoco marathon, Canton, Ohio
- 10 Winola marathon, Indianola, Ia.
- 10 Finger Lakes mar., Ithaca, N.Y.
- 17 Motor City marathon, Detroit
- 17 Tri-States marathon, Verdon, Neb.
- 17 AAU Sr. 50-mile, Rocklin, Calif.
- 23 Green Mt. mar., Burlington, Vt.
- 24 Monroe marathon, Monroc, Ohio

- 7 AAU Sr. 3000m team, Bronx, N.Y.
- 13 NCAA College x-c, Wheaton, Ill.
- 13 AAU Jr. x-c, Pueblo, Colo.
- 15 Seattle marathon, Seattle, Wash.
- 20 American National mar., Galveston
- 20 NAAI x-c, Kansas City, Mo.
- 22 NCAA University x-c, Knoxville
- 24 USTFF x-c, Atlanta, Ga.
- 25 Ft. Phantom mar., Abilene, Tex.
- 27 AAU Men's x-c, San Diego, Calif.
- 27 AAU Women's x-c, Cleveland
- 28 Philadelphia marathon, Philadelphia

OCTOBER

- 3 City of Lakes mar., Minneapolis
- 3 Napa marathon, Napa, Calif.

NOVEMBER

- 6 Marathon, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- 7 RRC Age-Group x-c, Bronx, N.Y.

KEEPING TRACK OF THE RELAY

The next two pages give photo and feature looks at the Runner's World Postal 24-hour relay. Here's a statistical look. The overall stats are rather amazing, considering the difficulty of the event. Through Aug. 15, 90 teams had competed—with over a third of them bettering 240 miles (i.e., six-minute mile pace). Any team with two to 10 runners can compete, on any 440 track. Write to RW (Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040) for details; send results to the same address.

Team	Mileage	All-Time	Site of Competition	Place	Date
1. Furman University (S.C.)	277m 896y	3rd	Greenville, S.C.	1st	21-22 May
<small>(Lee Fidler, Dave Koss, Ken Jezek, Bill Moody, Paul Barker, Doug Nelson, Mike Caldwell, Jeff Berkshire, Thor Colberg, Steve Redfern)</small>					
2. Ohio Track Club (Ohio)	274m 936y	4th	Columbus, Ohio	1st	16-17 July
<small>(Steve Aumiller, Phil Sparling, Charlie Eickholt, Chuck Sweeney, Steve Gatsch, Jim Kaminsky, Steve McLean, David Vosburgh, Eric Zicht, Tom Bryant)</small>					
3. Carleton-St. Olaf Striders (Mn)	274m 141y	5th	Northfield, Minn.	1st	25-26 May
<small>(Doug Chase, Dave Troy, Ron Johnson, Mark Aggerbeck, Mike Martin, Jerry Winegarten, Don Gjerdingen, Phil Steward, Eric Berg, Eric Locher)</small>					
4. Dos Pueblos H.S. (Calif.)	270m 1217y	7th	Goleta, Calif.	1st	15-16 June
<small>(Tom Phillips, Carl Udesen, Dale Nickel, Terry Baker, Craig Bjorkman, Doug Hopwood, Joe Lambert, Gil Rocha, Joe Szerwo, Tom Kelsey)</small>					
5. Redwood City Striders A(Ca)	269m 101y	8th	Los Altos, Calif.	1st	9-10 July
<small>(Randy Lawson, George Kirk, Pat Purcell, Ken White, Jose Cortez, Stuart Thompson, Matt Yeo, Mitch Kingery, Dave Robertson, Dan Best)</small>					
6. Mad River Runners (Calif.)	265m 156y	10th	Arcata, Calif.	1st	8-9 January
<small>(Ron Elijah, Howard Labrie, Mark Lowry, Dan Mullens, Rich Young, Bob McGuire, Mark Byers, Dave Santos, Fred Leoni, Vince Engle)</small>					
7. Arizona All-Stars (Ariz.)	263m 0y	11th	Phoenix, Ariz.	1st	23-24 July
8. Aggie Track Club (Calif.)	262m 666y	12th	Los Altos, Calif.	2nd	9-10 July
<small>(George Martin, Chuck Waldman, Rudy Dressendorfer, Kurt Schroers, Martin Dean, Bill Hansen, Steve Martin, Ed Haver, Dennis Douglas, Jeff Ruble)</small>					
9. Suburban Phila. H.S. (Pa.)	259m 1161y	14th	Folsom, Pa.	1st	25-26 June
10. Road Runner Red (Calif.)	259m 630y	15th	Los Altos, Calif.	3rd	9-10 July
<small>(Angelo Martinez, Lester Mina, Joe Taxiera, Thomas Weir, Tony Gordinier, Bob Immenthun, Barry Smith, Kevin Smith, Steve Smith, Brian Lodge)</small>					

Team	Mileage	Team	Mileage	Team	Mileage
11. New Canaan H.S. (Conn.)	258m 842y	23. Angell Field Harriers (Calif.)	245m 1421y	35. Hillsdale-Aragon H.S. (Calif.)	234m 555y
12. Worthington H.S. (Ohio)	258m 482y	24. William & Mary AA (Va.)	245m 440y	36. Sunnyvale All-Stars (Calif.)	233m 333y
13. John Marshall H.S. (Wisc.)	256m 433y	25. Saratoga H.S. (Calif.)	244m 987y	37. Sterling Team Two (Ill.)	232m 1046y
14. Florissant Valley T.C. (Mo.)	256m 402y	26. Runner's World (Calif.)	243m 457y	38. Proviso Striders B (Ill.)	231m 100y
15. Pleasant Hill T.C. (Calif.)	255m 587y	27. Sterling Team One (Ill.)	243m 274y	39. Pamakid Runners A (Calif.)	229m 136y
16. Baltimore Blister Poppers A	253m 1173y	28. Univ. of Chicago T.C. (Ill.)	243m 120y	40. Roxbury H.S. One (N.J.)	228m 0y
17. Travis Road Runners (Calif.)	250m 1714y	29. Capital City Grease (N.D.)	242m 1320y	41. Buzz's Boys (Ohio)	224m 487y
18. Veterans T.C. (Calif.)	248m 1063y	30. Jefferson Twp. T.C. (N.J.)	242m 440y	42. San Jose Rubbery Legs (Cal.)	222m 1548y
19. Summit T.C. One (Wash.)	247m 1740y	31. Napa Valley Runners (Calif.)	241m 1255y	43. Montrose Area Striders (Pa.)	222m 1379y
20. Solano T.C. (Calif.)	246m 1058y	32. Schuaro Desert Rats (Ariz.)	241m 0y	44. Redwood City Striders B (Ca)	221m 1692y
21. Canton Lehman H.S. (Ohio)	246m 222y	33. Ram Road Runners (Wash.)	240m 880y	45. Brentwood T.C. (Calif.)	221m 887y
22. Catholic League (Ill.)	245m 1465y	34. Middletown H.S. (Pa.)	236m 818y	46. Dover H.S. (N.J.)	220m 1660y

RUNNING AROUND THE CLOCK

It's only a bit more than a year old now. But oh how the 24-hour relay has grown up! Last year, fewer than 40 teams nationwide completed the relay. During July this year, one relay alone—the RW-sponsored event at Los Altos, Calif.—had nearly that many. As the summer ended, 90 teams had tackled the imposing challenge since January—all but a few since May. Ninety teams. Assuming most were manned by close to their quota of 10 runners each, that's nearly 900 runners who've participated. The event started as a small, freaky affair. It still may be freaky, but it's no longer small.

Highlights, statistically, include leader Furman University's college record, Dos Pueblos High School's prep mark (by dozens of miles) and the Veteran Track Club's over-40 best. However, the real highlight is the vast spread in participation. The 10 top teams are from six different states. Two groups from Spain have entered.

As expected in a run of this magnitude, few relays have gone off without incident. A severe electrical storm interrupted the Spanish race. In Indiana, one relay was cut short at night when a pack of young toughs invaded the track and scattered the runners. No one said it would be easy. But the run around the clock must have its rewards.

*"The woods are lovely,
dark and deep
but I have promises to keep
and miles to go before I sleep,
and miles to go before I sleep."*

—Robert Frost

Choking, eye-smarting clouds of dust blew down the homestretch of the track at Los Altos High School. Through the moonlit July night and the clear, warm day, 287 pairs of running feet had ground the clay into fine powder. Now the wind was throwing the track back into the faces of the runners who'd trampled it so mercilessly.

The scene was straight out of Woodstock. Tents and sleeping bags littered the infield, along with food containers and prone bodies. Like Woodstock, except that here the spectators also were the performers. Every hour, give or take a few minutes, each of them shook off stiffness and sleepiness to add another mile to the team's total.

No one, not even the organizers, had counted on numbers like this. After all, it wasn't a brief little marathon that would run through the lovely, deep and dark woods and at worst end in a few hours. This was a 24-hour relay, a full day of stop-and-go miling within a barren compound, 440 yards in circumference.

Thirty teams—287 run-

LOS ALTOS' BIG BASH



ners, all full of hope and enthusiasm—appeared at dusk Friday, volunteering to stay and run until dusk the next night.

Outwardly, there was nothing special about the assembled multitudes—except perhaps that they were there in such numbers. Individually, the variety of people was pronounced even for a distance run. They fit every description—Fast (onetime Olympian Ron Larrieu, 4:03 miler George Stewart, 8:48 steeplechaser Ed Haver) and slow (there were runners who couldn't do seven minutes in a single, all-out mile). Young 8-year-old girls Kelly Cunneen and Mary Etta Boitano) and aging (one team's men were all over 40). Trained and untrained. Male and female (two full teams of women). Black, brown and white (all of them a bit gray from fatigue and dust by this time).

"They look like any group of people you'd see on the street!" said Bert Nelson, *Track & Field News'* publisher as he stood watching in amazement as the endless parade passed him. In his four decades of track-watching, Bert has seen nearly everything. He's a hard man to impress. He was impressed at what he saw here.

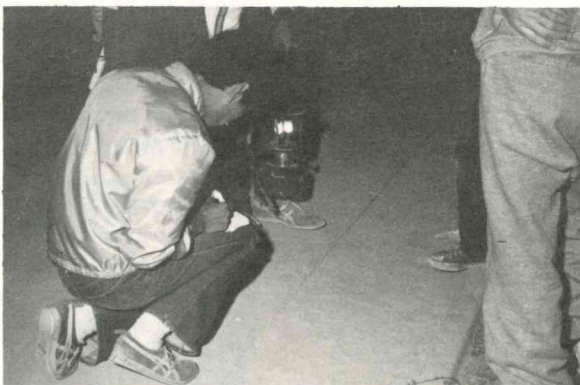
These seemingly normal folks just wouldn't quit. Stubborn pride kept them jumping up once an hour to run another mile and another and another.

A night of sleeplessness and fast-paced miles had rid them of any romantic notions they might have had about running a full day. Now, after the sun had baked them, the clouds of dust had blinded and choked them, and each new mile had stiffened them, runners were facing up to the cold reality of this kind of crazy challenge.

Dirty, tired, sore and hungry as they were, all but a few of the starters were still trudging on around the track. Many wished they hadn't started; all knew they couldn't quit. They'd made promises—to their teammates and to themselves—that they'd go on for 24 hours, and they could now see the end.

Dusk had come again. Two hundred and thirty runners and 28 teams (one of which had started with three boys and now was down to two) were grinding out the final miles. As darkness settled over the track, the Deka timer stopped at 1440 minutes, 24 hours, a full day.

Tents folded immediately, and teams and individuals who'd grown close during the long night



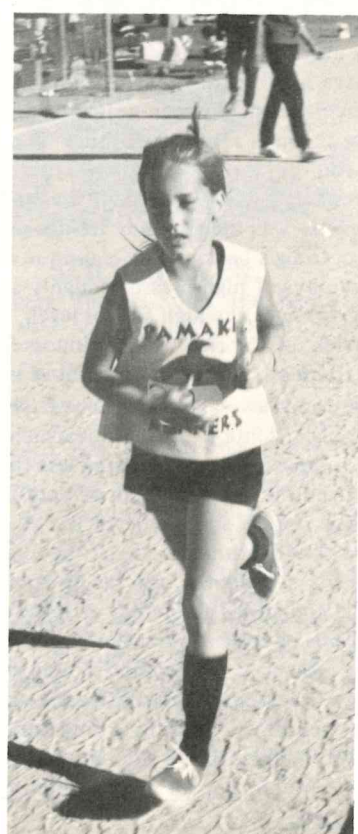
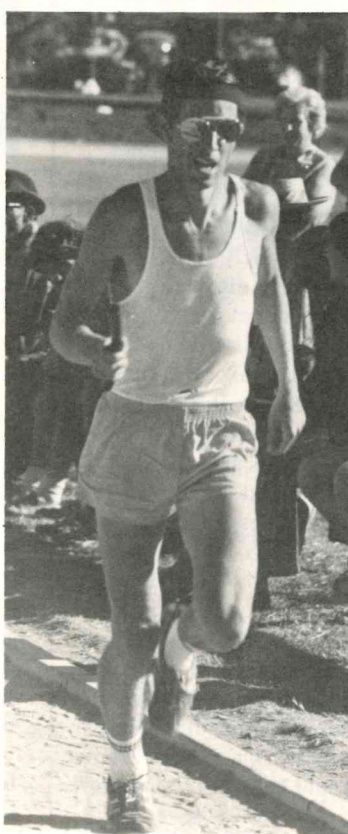
and day split up and disappeared into the night. They left even before final statistics had been tabulated.

Taken en masse, those statistics were incredible. The winning team—one of four representing the Redwood City Striders—had gone 269 miles even while running without one of its men for the last 14 hours. The all-veteran group had gone over 248 miles—a record for men this age. Eleven teams went 240 miles—six-minute pace or better. Both women's teams finished, as did the two tough boys.

The most impressive figure: never had so many miles been run by so many people in such a short time at such a small place. The clay track, in one day, had endured 6455 miles, 299 yards of running—nearly 26,000 laps or 11 million foot-steps!

But to the individuals concerned, there were more immediate and personal concerns than mass statistics. They'd kept their promises. They'd gone their miles. Now they could sleep.

PHOTOS BY STEVE ROBINSON



EVER YOUNGER AND FASTER

The youth movement pushes onward—or should we say downward? Ever since the early '60s, when Bruce Kidd burst upon the scene (to be followed in rapid succession by Gerry Lindgren and Jim Ryun, Steve Prefontaine, etc., and any number of girls), distance runners have been going faster, younger. The trend shows no signs of reversal. In the past few months, two youngsters have added their names to the list of prodigies. Craig Virgin, an aptly-named 15-year-old from Illinois, ran an 8:57.4 two-mile in his state meet. Eileen Claugus, 16, of California nearly qualified for the US international team with her 4:23.9 over 1500 meters. These two among others, are proving it's not just young swimmers who can compete with the best of any age.

CRAIG VIRGIN

High school running legend has it that the west coast is the Mecca and the spawning ground for fast distance men. Out there, where the weather looks kindly on runners the year-round, where competition is uniformly superb, where coaching and facilities are of the highest caliber, super-athletes are said to pour out of the running factories in an unending stream. It's often true.

But California, Oregon and Washington by no means have a monopoly on high school distance talent. The great expanse of midwest—stretching from Ohio to Kansas—has a way of turning out one of the country's best milers or two-milers year after year. This year the most exciting distance prospect was from Illinois. Not from the Chicago metropolitan area but from the rural central section of the state.

Dave Merrick already is well-known nationally. He ran Gerry Lindgren-like times indoors, and had college coaches scurrying after him so frantically that two prominent eastern coaches—longtime friends—aren't speaking to each other any longer. They both went after Merrick; only one, of course, got him.

But this story isn't about Merrick. It's about a new and younger fellow with a world of potential. The two-mile was the first event in the Illinois state meet in May. Merrick intended to save himself for the mile coming later. But he didn't get a chance to rest. Fifteen-year-old sophomore Craig Virgin forced Dave through a 4:24 first mile. The relatively untutored farm lad couldn't keep up with the veteran of national competition after that, but Craig's 8:57.4 was as big a story as Merrick's victory. He was the first boy his age ever to break nine minutes.

Craig's background is unique and refreshingly simple in these days of high-pressure, highly-sophisticated distance running—even at the high school level. He's a product, like Merrick, of the rich central Illinois farming country, living near the town of Lebanon. The school is so small, Craig says, that "We don't have a track. I have to do my speed work on a field in back of school. It's hard learning to judge pace."

Since he began running less than two years ago, he mostly has used the country roads around his school and home. His pre-season work is simplicity itself: 10 or more miles a day, every day. And he runs it fast. "I try to stay under six minutes a mile," he says. During the past racing season, he cut down his distance a bit, and added two miles of speedwork a day—quarters in the mid-60s or halves under 2:15.

As far as racing and training go, Craig is still feeling his way along. "I experiment a lot to see what is best for me," he says. "I am constantly trying to find better training procedures, but I always stick around the two basics—speedwork and overdistance. I have found that for me my training should have both to achieve best times."

Craig's preferences in racing lean toward the longer distances. He claims he doesn't have enough speed yet for the mile

("My best time is 4:18"), but he adds, "I've never been given a fair chance at the mile because it was always after my two-mile and I double in most meets."

He enjoys cross-country for precisely that reason—because he doesn't have to double there, and because "It's not quite as boring as running around a track eight times." But track offers him certain benefits, too. "All you have to concentrate on is speed. And you can compare times across the nation, although times do not show weather, condition of the track or competition."

West coast high schoolers, with their warm weather, fast tracks and fine competition, have another midwesterner to look up to in *their* comparisons.

EILEEN CLAUGUS

BY NATALIE ROCHA



Particularly in the girls' ranks, the youngsters are running farther and faster. Eileen Claugus is hidden in this pack at the AAU girls' cross-country race. (Jeff Johnson photo)

Ask Eileen Claugus what it's like to run in a pack of age-group runners. She'll tell you she did it for years—and wasn't always in front. It's rough competition down there among those little girls. Being an "also-ran" there isn't a sound basis for a prediction of what they might do in women's competition. Who would have thought, watching the skinny age-grouper, that four years later at age 16 Eileen would have two national championships and an American girls' mile record of 4:44.5 in her grasp?

She and other age-groupers are now reaping the profits of all the years of hard training they've done. Eileen, like many others, isn't an instant star who just appeared this year and started winning races and setting records. At 5'3" and 95 pounds, her formula is hard work.

Eileen is coached by Will Stephens, who has had nine individual national champions on his Sacramento, Calif., team, the Will's Spikettes. He already considers Eileen one of the greatest

runners he has coached. That is quite a compliment coming from the coach of such greats as Kathy Hammond and Marie Mulder. Stephens says, "Eileen believed in the training workouts I gave her without question, and even did more than I asked. Her total mileage per week ran as much as 105 miles and never less than 85 miles. I personally feel that Eileen deserves a lot of credit for becoming the runner she is. She overcame some barriers by having what I consider a 'super' attitude. As she came closer to running nationally-ranked times in the 1500-meter, one-mile and two-mile, she became more determined. When Eileen knew she had a chance to do something—be a national champion, or possibly set a national record—she exceeded normal confidence in her training program, and that is why she became a national champion. Other runners just reach a plateau of hard running and a good attitude but never do anything with it by exceeding those boundaries."

The result of this attitude and training is shown in Eileen's best times: 880—2:14.2, 1500 meters—4:23.9, mile—4:44.5. She considers the mile her favorite distance. Her most satisfying race was the mile at this year's Modesto Relays, where she ran a close second to Francie Larrieu with 4:47.6. She had run 4:54 in a relay earlier in the year, but the Modesto mile was her real breakthrough into national prominence.

This spring Eileen tried out for a spot on the US team to compete against Russia and ran her best time in the 1500, finishing third. As a result she was named an alternate for the team, an honor that she considers her greatest accomplishment so far.

It's clear that her coach and team play big roles in Eileen's success. She says, "We have a lot of fun on the team and I like the trips. I like going to national meets and seeing all the kids I haven't seen in a long time." Like many other track athletes, she enjoys her teammates and being on a team. "It's really fun being on the Spikettes because we all are really good friends


and we do a lot of things besides running. It isn't all track—it's a lot of fun."

The Will's Spikettes are known for their cross-country running, having won five consecutive national team titles from 1964 to 1968. They were the first women's club to concentrate on long distance running, as Stephens saw the opportunity for his girls to progress in a then neglected phase of running. Track is only a break between cross-country seasons for most of the girls. Surprisingly, Eileen prefers track. Recently she said, "Track just seems a lot easier to me. In training we do more interval work and less long distance as compared to cross-country. I just seem to go through more pain with long distance . . ." Despite this dislike she runs long distances anyway and expresses great admiration for her coach. "He always has confidence in me—justified or not. That helps a lot. When I'm just about to go into a race he says, 'I know you can do it, and you will.' His workouts just seem perfect. We tend to peak at just the right time."

Eileen and her teammates are wisely guided by Stephens. He puts them on the track only two days a week, and gives them days to run on their own. The rest of the week he has them work out in different parks in Sacramento. He feels his runners will last longer this way, and their interest will remain high with the variety. His theory is being proven right. His age-groupers run for years and then find success in the older girls' division because of their interest and enthusiasm in hard training season after season. Eileen is a prime example. Years after she was running in the middle of an age-group pack of runners, her interest is still there, or even more so, as she finds herself in front now. Her success has been well-earned. At age 16 she pursues her goals with a determined attitude—a "super" attitude that has made her a champion and one of the brightest hopes in American women's distance running.

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EAST IS EAST, WEST IS WEST...

BY TOM DERDERIAN

In two areas, road running is a way of life. New England—particularly Massachusetts—and California—particularly northern California. Races in both areas are big and plentiful. But that's where the similarity ends. The way road races are carried out varies radically. Tom Derderian, a Massachusetts native, found that out when he spent several months in the San Francisco area, sampling the road scene.

I had a blister on my foot, too. Not only was it 90 degrees and humid trudging along in 40th place in the Meriden, Conn., 10-miler, but I had a blister on my foot. Inside on the arch. There were plenty of water stops in the early part of the race, but 'round about eight miles there were none of those joyful folks with their garden hoses and sponges. My mind began to wander. I began to hallucinate about California, and races out there.

I remembered running through fog and cool breezes off the Pacific in the Pierce Point eight-miler in northern California. The course was on dirt roads, way out on the Point Reyes peninsula. It looked like Scottish moors. There were no trees, only dry grass and low heather, along the road. The course rolled up and down next to cliffs, dropping sometimes 100 feet into the surf. A wind blew constantly, tasting a bit like salt and soy sauce.

I could see the other runners ahead of me, and a glance over my shoulder would show the rest of the field behind me—strung out against the heather and the sea. It was a wild, windy run. Bob Deines ran just in front of me with the wind trying to blow his hair out from under his headband. The run and the course was like a roller coaster in a thunderstorm. I ran in the fourth seat until barefoot Ray Darwin came zipping past me with a mile to go on a deep sandy spot where his toes could curl into the sand. I took a long downhill descent to the finish Kamikazi style trying to catch Ray. It didn't take much to imagine myself about to crash-land on a small Pacific Island. I could see the ocean below me all the time.

I came to a water stop in Meriden, Conn., poured a cup of water on my head and wiped the stinging salt from my eyes. In New England on humid days the sweat sits on your skin, your hair. It flows into your eyes. It pools and drips off and does everything but evaporate.

Pierce Point was dry, cool, desolate, lonely, while Meriden's course was mostly through residential areas full of people sitting on lawn chairs and pointing at the *joggers*. At Pierce Point, I ran a good race (fifth place) and got the last, small trophy. At Meriden I finished a very out-of-shape 34th (six people dropped because of the heat; I didn't catch anyone) and got a basket full of about \$15 worth of assorted fruit. The winner, Art Coolidge, went home with a television set, and four bicycles were given away to other finishers. There were prizes back to 60th place, all donated by local merchants. Way out in Point Reyes, there are no local merchants.

Meriden is a bit exceptional even for New England. There are only five or six races with this many prizes. Most have only prizes for the top 25 or so runners. But out west you get scenery for all starters. Back east you sometimes get scenery, like at Williamsburg, Mass. Williamsburg is in western Massachusetts, in the Berkshire hills where we ran through rolling countryside covered with green deciduous New England maple trees, up hills,

down hills and past farms. But not as many ups and downs as the Dipsea in Marin County, Calif.

A thousand people ran the Dipsea the year I did, and this race over mountain trails had to be the craziest, most dangerous one I've ever been in. I ran like a madman and got the tiniest medal of my life for risking my life. In New England, they don't even give medals like that in races where everybody gets a prize.

But every AAU district has its prize (usually its head AAU official). Northern California has Peter O. Mattei. He's a prize. He does things like run 100-mile races and give Gatorade parties around the swimming pool by his home in Danville. A Gatorade party is like a cocktail party. Everyone stands around and drinks, but they all have on Tiger shoes and crusty salt around their eyes and they talk track.

In New England, of course, there's the omniscient Jock Semple. At one race I walked into the gym to sign up. Jock catches me and shouts, in his nice Scottish brogue, "Derrrrrian, you can't run; you're not rrrrrregistered." Everybody stopped changing, one foot through their jocks, to wait for my answer. I whipped out my brand new card and showed him. He smiled. "Ah, lad, you were gonna git black-balled."

And then there is Bob Campbell, always going around worried because some sponsor cancelled out or changed the time and date of one of the hundreds of summer road runs in New England and told only the local favorite.

In western Mass., there is the dynamic duo that looks a bit like Laurel and Hardy—Walter and Dick Childs. They show up at the races with families and cookout gear and manage to turn chaos into a road race.

Every New England race is climaxed by the prize ceremony. (which they don't have in California, where some character comes over to you and slips a little medal or a length of ribbon into your sweaty palm). In western Mass., Walter Childs takes charge and with great pomp passes out the booty, calling out each individual's time and place—usually with amazing accuracy—and telling a short story about many of the runners.

In eastern Mass. and Connecticut, a member of the sponsoring organization usually distributes the hardware. What hardware! I have gotten four clocks and an equal number of radios, a wallet, two lamps, five shirts, gift certificates, ladies handkerchiefs, dill pickles, a box of stale chocolates and well over a hundred trophies and medals. Once I gave a race for area high school kids so I could give away extra trophies because my mother wouldn't dust them. I ain't no special whiz-kid or anything. I just live clean, go to the right church and happen to live in New England.

PEACHBOWL MARATHON

ATLANTA, GEORGIA
Saturday, December 18, 1971
12:00 noon

Trophies to first 40 finishers. Special awards to most improved marathoner, best first marathon and oldest runner. Medals to all finishers under 4 hours. Start and finish on track at Westminster school. 1970 winner—Jack Bachelor 2:22:00.

Contact: Tim Singleton, Dean of Men, Georgia State University, Atlanta, Ga. 30303. Phone (404) 658-2204

BEDFORD - MAN ON THE MOVE

BY WILF RICHARDS

For years the British press and followers of our sport have bemoaned the fact that no one has emerged who has been able to capture the imagination of the public. They point to the exploits in the past of controversial Gordon Pirie, ebullient Derek Ibbotson, The Three Musketeers—Roger Bannister, Chris Chataway and Chris Brasher. These, and possibly one or two others to a minor degree since, proved by their drawing power that the public appreciates “characters” as much as, and perhaps even more than, athletic ability. There does seem to have been a lack of this sort of person in recent years; the kind who is able to stir the pulse of the general public as well as the athletics followers.

Suddenly burst into the limelight has come an answer to the sports reporter’s prayer, the “missing link,” so to speak, between the performer and the public—Dave Bedford. Dave, a young man of 20, has set everyone talking about his performances almost as vociferously as Bedford talks about them himself. For this ambitious young athlete is not noted for his modesty, nor would he wish to be. In this respect he has little in common with the athlete he most admires—and whose records he is most anxious to beat—Ron Clarke. But then Clarke had already reached maturity when he started on his record-breaking career, and so was more inclined to view things in their true perspective.

Dave Bedford has been racing since he was 14. Even in his earlier days he showed a preference for distances not usually run by young athletes in his country. While only 17 he ran six miles in 29:15.8 and the three in 14:13.2, times far superior to his best mile of those days, 4:21.8.

Without a great deal of basic speed, Bedford’s hope of success lay in the stamina events, and the obvious way to improve on these was to put in more and more miles. This is what Bedford has in fact done. He has increased his mileage over the years and now gets in 200 most weeks, running three sessions daily, some at an easy pace but most with faster efforts included.

His career so far has had a number of interruptions through injury, and it says much for his determination that he has survived these setbacks, which have often occurred just as he was about to “break through.” During the 1970-71 winter he experienced one of these injury periods and was only just getting back into his stride when “National Day” (national cross-country championships) came round. He badly wanted to compete, but wondered whether he had regained the necessary fitness for such an important race. Once started, any inhibitions he might have had (and Bedford doesn’t usually have many) vanished. He fairly trounced the opposition, winning by a huge 40 seconds margin. Bedford had truly arrived. A fortnight later over the shorter International course he again ran away from everybody, winning this time by 23 seconds.

One now began to see how Dave Bedford had built great endurance on to his already strong physique. This allied with his extraordinary dedication to training and absolute disregard to discomfort made him almost invulnerable. Almost, that is, provided he could restrain his impatience to prove himself “The Greatest.”

The cross-country season over, a 3000-meter in 7:51.6 was a promising start on the track, and made the prospect of

his clash with other international celebrities in Rome an exciting one. The distance here was 5000 meters and Bedford lost no time in establishing himself at the head of affairs. Once in the lead he just piled on the pace and came home 50 meters ahead in 13:28. Later he reduced this time to a new European record of 13:22.2 under poor weather conditions at Edinburgh.

Bedford then treated himself to a holiday in Sweden where he could train in idyllic surroundings. He returned to England to compete in the 10,000-meter race against France. With the temperature in the 80s and the track dry and dusty, Bedford drove himself on to a European record time of 27:47, less than eight seconds behind Clarke’s brilliant world record.

On the basis of these two record performances, and a European three-mile mark of 12:58.2, Bedford was insistent that he ought to be selected for both the five and 10-kilometer races in the European championships, though the selectors had intimated that he should compete only in the longer event. To prove his point, Dave ran a fortnight later in the AAA 5000 championship—and lost his point instead of proving it. As usual, he burnt off the opposition early on (though Allan Rushmer stayed too long with him and paid the penalty), and appeared to be all set for another record when an attack of cramps brought him to a halt and forced to withdraw. His disappointment was all the more intense as he had built up the public to expect another record, and there was no doubt that most of the spectators who crowded into the stadium had come with the express purpose of seeing him do just that.

So the stage was set for Bedford’s most important assignment, the European 10,000-meter championship at Helsinki. It was difficult to see—if completely recovered from the 5000 disappointment—how he could be beaten. But the pressure of international competitors is great. And tough, experienced opponents there are not easily run off their feet. Ron Clarke couldn’t do it. Neither could Dave Bedford this time. He set up the fastest mass finish ever—and placed sixth.

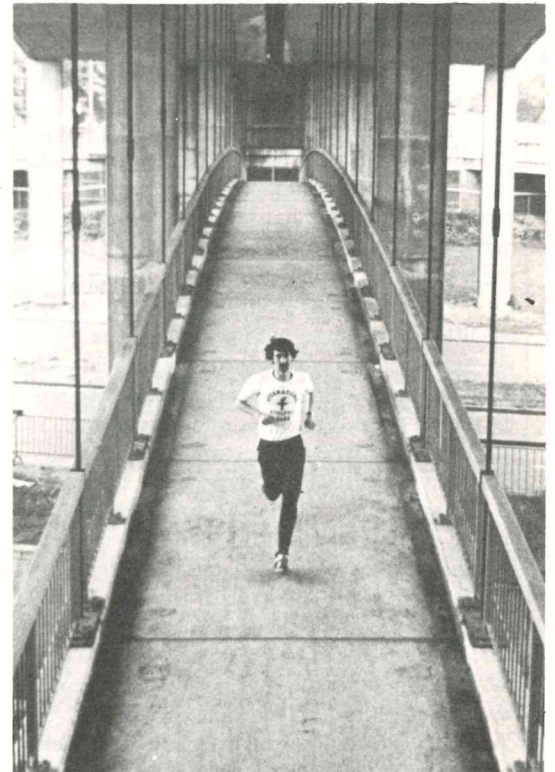
Dave Bedford is a refreshingly frank and spirited man. His brash style has won him as many fans as his fast running. His guiding philosophy is, “You only get back in proportion to what you put in.” And the 6’0”, 144-pound Briton certainly has a high input. Some samples of the Dave Bedford style:

- When asked by a reporter if he was becoming the new Ron Clarke, Bedford snapped back, “No, I’m Dave Bedford.”
- After coming within eight seconds of Clarke’s 10,000-meter world record, Bedford’s first comment was, “On a Tartan track under perfect conditions I could have broken the record by 10 seconds.”
- He says that “Olympic, European and Commonwealth ‘gold’s’ and world records” in large quantity are his major goals. But he turns around and says his biggest thrill thus far in running has been “breaking my 100-, 200- and 400-meter bests in one race.”



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DAVE BEDFORD

PHOTOS BY MARK SHEARMAN

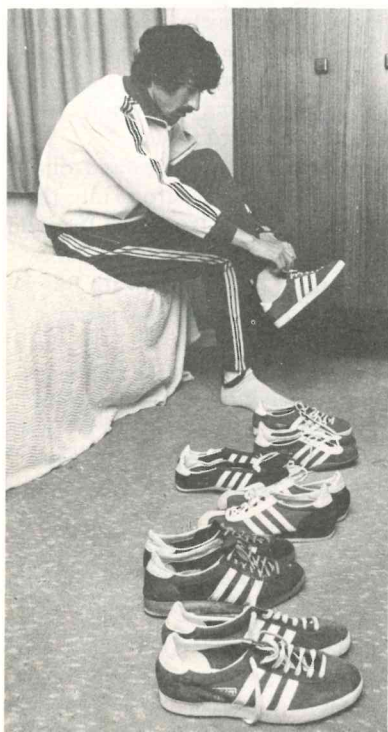
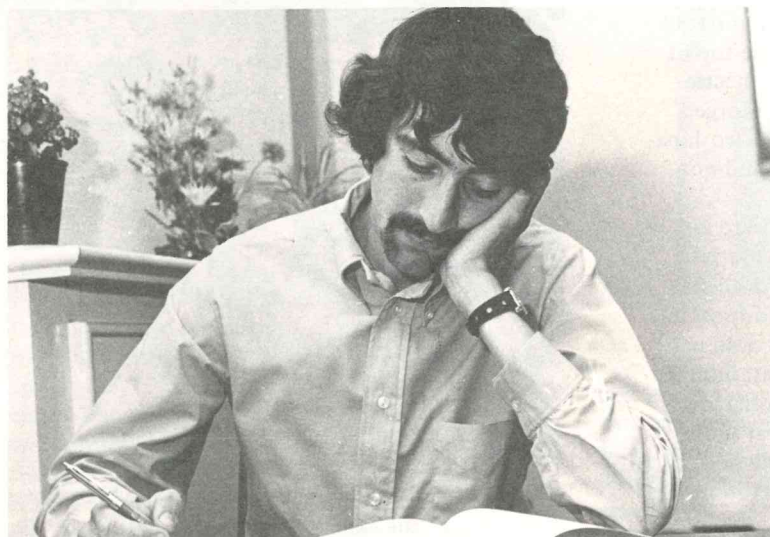


When you're piling up miles at a 200-a-week clip—as Dave Bedford does, the days are filled with running. On a typical day, his alarm buzzes off at 7 a.m. and he heads for the streets of London for a 10-mile spin. Bedford, now closing in on Ron Clarke's world records in the three-mile to 10,000-meter range, goes about his training almost unnoticed.





In full stride now, Bedford arrives back at his apartment. Mixed into his hours of study will be a noontime run of maybe six miles. Then in the afternoon he picks the shoes which will take him through his hardest session—on the track today. Later bachelor Dave does mundane duties.



Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS

Although lacking any of the historical background that surrounds the Boston or Polytechnic events, the Maxol has in its three years' existence achieved a prominent place among the world's foremost marathons. When W. H. Dean, a Lancashire firm specializing in heating appliances, decided in 1969 to publicize their equipment by sponsoring a marathon race, they approached the Road Runners Club which readily undertook the organization. Thus was born the Maxol (W. H. Dean's trade name) marathon.

Leading runners from overseas were invited. Among the acceptances was Australia's Derek Clayton, then at the top of his form. Despite heatwave conditions, Clayton set a hectic five-minute-mile pace, but British champion Ron Hill forged ahead after 15 miles and came home a clear winner. Two Japanese runners dominated the 1970 race, in which Hill did not compete.

This year Hill was back in the field, but there were no Japanese, and only Jurgen Busch of East Germany and Jeff Julian of New Zealand provided any real threat to the all-star British entrants. Bill Adcocks, not entirely recovered from injury, was in fact just about the only home runner of note not included in the 200-odd field. What a truly great marathon it proved to be. Showery, cool conditions made the going ideal, and the runners responded by turning in personal best times almost without exception. The 50th man came home in 2:27:16, the 100th in 2:38:27, and there were no fewer than 156 inside three hours.

Before the race, opinion has been divided as to the likely winner. Normally Ron Hill would have been solidly favored, but he had been going through a trying time with injury and general unfitness, and the opposition was too strong for anyone, even a Ron Hill, to stand much chance of a win unless fit and well. But the Lancashire runner seemed to have timed his recovery to perfection for he was soon battling it out with the leading group.

The pace was fast, and before long the leaders had dwindled to three, Hill, Trevor Wright and Bernard Plain, two who were trying the marathon for the first time. Wright remained with Hill for more than 20 miles. But Plain, a Welsh international



Three years old and already a classic, the Maxol marathon featured one of the fastest mass finishes in history. Don Faircloth charges off in front at the start. (Mark Shearman photo)

(see July "Spotlight"), had probably underestimated the effects of covering 26 miles at near five-minute pace, and he lost ground rapidly in the closing stages. Jurgen Busch never seriously threatened the two leaders, but he was always lying handy and came through well towards the finish to take third place.

Over the last two miles Hill moved steadily away from Wright and he showed no sign of distress as he strode into the Manchester United Football Ground for the lap round the field. His time of 2:12:39 was a record for the course. Wright also finished in good style for second place in 2:13:27, with Busch taking 2:14:03 for third. Next came Julian, most consistent of the New Zealand marathon men, in an excellent 2:15:19, then Colin Kirkham in 2:15:21. Jim Alder, who was the one most fancied to take the title if Hill was below form, was not quite at his best, though he still produced a time of 2:15:43 for sixth place. Bernard Plain could well have been satisfied with his time of 2:19:49 for a first marathon, yet this only secured him a 21st placing.

The standard has been high in all three Maxol races, mainly on account of the course, which is almost entirely flat. But what made it exceptional on this occasion was the coolness of the weather and the incentive of gaining a place on the British team for the European championships. What is not in question is the correctness of the distance, for the course was measured and re-measured in strict accordance with the principles laid down by John Jewell of the Road Runners Club, a well-known authority on the subject.

BERKSHIRE 5-MILE ROAD

SENIOR RUNNERS ONLY (40 AND OVER)
(Sponsored by Berkshire Industries, Wakefield, Mass.)

Sunday, Sept. 19, 1971—12:00 noon. Berkshire Industries Athletic Field, 109 Apremont Way, Wakefield, Mass. Classes I (40-49), II (50-59) and III (60 and over) with trophies for first three in each class and medals to all finishers. Dressing facilities available. Cookout after the race at Berkshire Pavilion.

Mail entries to: Walter H. Childs, AAU Commissioner, P.O. Box 1484, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

HAMPTON SAILS ON HOT DRY LAND

BY MICK HAMLIN

While thousands of vacationers were basking in a heat-wave in his native Devon in early July, Phil Hampton was running 50 miles around a cinder track at Ewell, England. Phil stood up to the heat and distance to knock more than 11 minutes from the world record with a fantastic 5:01:01. Work it out; it's not too hard. Just over six minutes a mile, or almost two 2:38 marathons back to back! And the 50-mile came only two weeks after his fastest marathon—2:18:31 that won him the Windsor-Chiswick (Poly) classic.

Who is this Phil Hampton? Well, the 36-year-old Englishman is a chief petty officer in the Royal Navy and at present is a lecturer in radio communications at Brittonia Royal Naval College in Dartmouth. This month, one of the students joining his company is Charles Windsor—better known at Prince Charles.

Phil's connection with the Royal Navy has shipped him around the world a few times, and to those far-out places where you shed a few pounds of sweat reaching for your jock in the morning. His training has been limited at times to lapping the flight-decks of aircraft carriers. But since 1967 he has been on dry land, and this has no doubt made his training more interesting . . . to say nothing of easier.

Phil has been running 21 years now ("Too long!" he says jokingly), but has only been at the long distances since 1964. "I never achieved much with the short stuff," he says, "so I tried the marathon while I was stationed in Singapore in 1964. It was a terrible place to start a long-distance career, and I took 3:04 to get second place. My next attempt at a long one was in the tough Exeter-Plymouth 44-miler, and I had a good one to finish second to John Tarrant in 4:49ish."

At races in excess of the marathon distance, Phil still is relatively inexperienced. He finished third in a London-Brighton race and has made two appearances in the Two Bridges 36-mile event in Scotland (he helped inaugurate the race by running the distance at six-minute mile speed).

Hampton is also able to work up a good speed, as witness his 14:57 for 5000 meters this year and his 38:03 in the Bampton-Tiverton (eight miles) race. The later time is faster than that achieved by a certain Bruce Tulloh in this popular event. This is a "plodder" who can move.

I talked with Phil shortly after his superb run, which came on a day when the temperature reached into the 80s. He gave this description of his effort:

"I did not start with any definite record plans for three reasons: (1) I didn't think it possible to break the record because of the heat; (2) because previous plans I have made for races have proven impossible to keep to, and (3) because I had not trained with a plan in mind and was undecided to actually compete or not.

"Gordon and Ron Bentley set the pace for the first of the 200 laps and ran 92 seconds. I decided to try and get as many laps as possible in front of these two early if I was to have a chance of winning, so with only 199 laps to run I began to kick! I started recording laps of 88 seconds. I was feeling quite good and found that the Bentleys were not responding to my effort. I soon lapped them.

"A little after five miles, the sun broke through and I



PHIL HAMPTON
(Mark Shearman photo)

put my cap on. Ten miles came up in 58:42, and I began to take my salt drink and prepare for the long, hot slog ahead. I was taking a mouthful every two laps from here on. I felt confident and pulled another couple of laps ahead as 20 miles went by in 1:57:10. I speeded up some more over the next 10 miles, gaining confidence all the time, and reached 30 miles in 2:54:49.

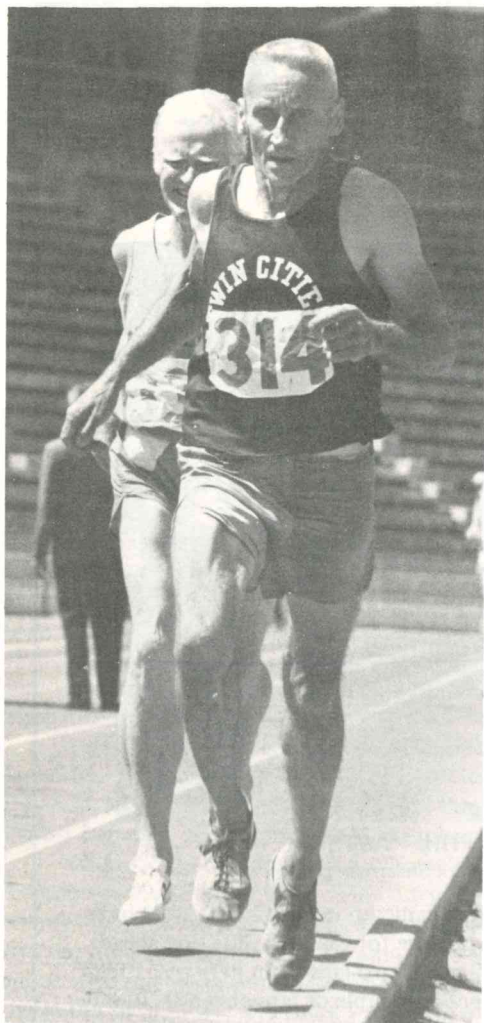
"It was not until the 34th mile that I began to feel the strain. I slipped, for the first time, to six-minute miling. Forty miles was reached in 3:55:43, and I felt I was in with a good chance of beating five hours. I tried hard to keep up the pace required to beat five, but the legs had other ideas. I couldn't make it. But it was still a terrific relief to cross the line and beat the record by over 11½ minutes. I was especially pleased with an 86 last lap."

How did his preparation for the 50 differ from his normal marathon training, I asked Phil:

"It didn't. Not more than 100 miles a week on very hilly roads. A week before the Poly marathon (two weeks before the 50), I did only about 40-50 miles and even less prior to the 50. I didn't run at all for three days immediately prior to the 50, and I stocked up on sugar and carbohydrate-type foods."

Obviously, after coming so close to five hours under such tough conditions, Hampton must be thinking ahead to another attempt. I asked him if he had such plans in, say, the next 12 months:

"No because, as I said, I don't make extensive plans. Anyhow, one can never tell where one will be in the next 12 months when you are a member of the Royal Navy. I do think, though, that on an ideal day the 50 can be run in around 4:45. And if I could stay ashore another year I would like to attempt it."



The US Masters runners are old in years only. Bill Andberg (left) is 60, yet he averaged sub-six-minute miles in his 10,000 duel with Norman Bright. In the mile below, Bill Fitzgerald (Seniors TC) came from the pack to overtake Frank McBride.



MASTERS' RACE AGAINST TIME

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY JOE HENDERSON

Friday had been a big day at the US Masters track meet. I'd missed seeing Hal Higdon remove Peter Mundle from his long-standing mastery of over-40 running. Hal, only 15 days past his 40th birthday, had outprinted Pete in the 10,000. They'd done a 63-second last quarter. I missed, too, seeing William Andberg—a newly-arrived (as of June 8) 60-year-old outduel Norman Bright in their age-group's 10-kilo. Missed seeing Australian John Gilmour win the over-50 race by a minute and a half. Missed seeing Bill Fitzgerald's kick win him another half-mile title, leaving highly-regarded Frank McBride back in sixth place. Missed Bill Stock winning the first steeplechase.

Fortunately, there'd be reruns. Few of the veterans were content with running one race in this meet now officially known as the "National AAU Veterans and Masters championships."

Standing at the gate of the stadium was Higdon. He stood in the comfortably warm Saturday afternoon sun, chatting casually with the meet's other center of attention—Alan Cranston, the senior senator from California. The 57-year-old senator had sprinted a fast hundred on Friday. Today, he was a spectator, roaming the infield and slapping the backs of his comrades. He did it in an athlete-to-athlete manner, without a hint of vote-collecting glad-handing.

Hal finished talking with Cranston and each exchanged a half-dozen more greetings with other runners as they moved off in opposite directions. Hal, who combined his trip here with a writing assignment for *National Geographic* ("I'm writing about the biological control of insects."), was still glowing from his victory in his first race as a veteran. Despite published remarks

about "grandfather jocks," he'd clearly gotten in the spirit of it, too.

"Just turning 40 is more a disadvantage than an advantage," said Higdon. "I've had no competition on this level. I'd been running open track races and the results had been disastrous. I'd go out in 68 seconds (for the first quarter) in a mile and would be 50 yards back, in 15th place. You can't get too worked up in a situation like that."

But he'd gotten plenty worked up here. "I didn't know I had the speed to run the last quarter that fast. I ran 63. I don't think I could have done that in an open quarter."

Hal was dressed for running, but he was wrestling with himself over whether to run the mile or save himself for Sunday's marathon. "The 10,000 doesn't scare me," he said. "The shorter races scare me. I ran a mile at Kansas last year and was really butterflying."

Peter Mundle, the man who'd won nearly every US Masters race he'd tried the past three years, walked up. He asked Hal, "Are you running the mile?" Pete himself already had decided to bypass it to concentrate on the 5000 later in the afternoon. Hal made his choice, fighting off the urge to go in a mile that would be a bit softer in Mundle's absence. He chose to join the small cluster of spectators—about 200 of them, mostly athletes and their relatives. They huddled around the finish line, looking lost in the hulking double-decked concrete stadium.

As Hal watched runners circling the deep-gray all-weather track, he analyzed the trend in this type of running. "More and more guys who used to quit at 30 and 31 are going to hang on.

What gives Mundle and I the edge right now is that we haven't stopped. There'll be more people like us coming up. What's going to happen when Jim Grelle turns 40 and runs a sub-four-minute mile?"

No one, though, runs much within a half-minute of four yet, and there's plenty of room for late-blooming runners. These facts emerge as the mile starts and eye-opening afternoon of distance running at a meet which is a refreshing combination of superb organization and relaxed informality. The two features don't normally go together, but the US Masters people manage.

Bill Fitzgerald, at age 46, can still turn on with a two-minute half-mile, or sit back and kick the last 220 of a mile in devastating fashion. Pete Mundle says, "If Bill really trained for the mile, if he put a little more volume into his training, no one who's now running in this country would be able to stay close to him." As it was, Frank McBride stayed very close to Fitzgerald. Bill's finish saved him as they both ran in the low 4:30s.

McBride is another of the common Masters breed—the returnee. He's a onetime distance star from South Dakota State. Seventeen years ago, Frank retired. Shortly after that, he took a job as track coach at Wayne State University in Detroit. His career apparently was securely tucked away in his past.

Eventually, Frank gave up coaching and settled for teaching in the school's PE department. He has served as acting athletic director, but turned down the full-time post.

There's nothing unusual in all this except that Frank wears his straight, dark hair at shoulder length and sports a full, salt-and-pepper beard and talks in the quiet, intellectual tone of a philosophy teacher (which he is, in a way; he teaches philosophy of education).

It was only in the last year that McBride's interest in active running was reignited. As he was turning 40, he raced. It took him less than five minutes to do his mile. He was happy. He decided to go for bigger things, and has no regrets about being back on the active side of things.

"Coaching is a bad place to be if you want to run," Frank said as he puffed a cigar at the post-meet party. "You have to spend too much time at it, and you get too tired. I got worse leg cramps standing and coaching all afternoon than I ever have from running. I'm glad to be out of it."

If there's still plenty of room for the returnee like McBride, there's also an opening or two for the "never-was." A case in point is Ace Salmon. Ace, a tanned, white-haired 50-year-old who weighs a solid 175 pounds, had never raced until this meet. What a place to start! What a way to start! Ace won his division's mile at a shade over five minutes. "The San Diego Track Club guys kept edging me and edging me to run the meet," he said. "They told me I could do very well. I decided to try. I had no thought of winning. I was really scared." (Evidently the race helped his courage; he finished second in the 5000 later in the day.)

Then on came the most amazing men of all—the 60-year-olds. "Can you believe it?" remarked one bystander as he recalled the 10,000. "Guys over 60 were averaging six minutes a mile!" The main characters were the same—William Andberg, a wiry, serious-faced Minnesotan, and Norman Bright, who once raced with the best runners in the world. Andberg is primarily a marathoner. Bright plunged back into the sport last year after decades of inactivity.

After he'd powered away to win by a decisive margin, Dr. Andberg didn't sound particularly happy. "I don't like going around and around," he said. "I'd rather be out on the road. And I don't like it either that Bright stayed so close to me. Everyone yelled, 'Come on, Norman.' No one yelled at me." But the veterinarian added that "it's nice to be 60 and not having to compete against men nine years younger than me."

We got to talking about his training—the preparation that keeps him in sub-three-hour marathon shape. "I'm almost embarrassed to say how many miles I go," he said. "I run only 60-70 a week—70 is the most I've done. I don't know how anyone can do 100. I can't do any more than I do. Some days, if I feel tired, I may only go two miles. I don't believe in working too hard. I wonder sometimes how long these guys who run a hundred miles a week are going to be running. I've seen a lot of them come and go."

The Doc added that he prefers to limit his racing. Against his better judgment, he was doing about three months worth here in one meet. "In the last seven month, I've only run one race. I can only peak (for races) for about three months a year, then I go."

Later on in the afternoon, most of the same people returned to the track for the 5000. Peter Mundle was trying for his first victory; in past US Masters meets, he'd never gotten fewer than two. But Pete was still tired from his hard 10,000. ("I can't run two races to two days.") He turned loose of the leaders and let Tom Sturak take over at halfway. Tom, five days past birthday number 40, said, "I ran like a kid in his first meet. Once I found myself in the lead, I took off. That killed me. We never learn."

One of a growing number of non-Americans in the meet, Canadian Al Fisher, went on to win easily. A typical of runners in this meet, he concentrated on this one event and was rewarded for his wisdom. Fisher, a cross-country skier, returned to running just three years ago.

Mundle wasn't bitter with his second second. Far from it. He laughed as he said, "I was going faster than that in the 10,000. But I don't mind. I enjoy the meet more now that I have competition, even when I lose. I don't like running out there alone."

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In the last race of the track portion, the 50s and 60s were combined for their 5000. Australian John Gilmour, a 52-year-old with an incredibly fluid stride, was on his own from the start. Meanwhile, Dr. Andberg quietly won his third title. Norman Bright didn't run.

Runners and walkers who'd been going in different races and different divisions during the two days of track came together Sunday morning at Mission Bay Park. The marathoners and 20-kilometer walkers had a beautifully gray and cool sky overhead and a flat road stretched out in front of them.

In varying roles, the same leading characters were present. Doc Andberg was dressed in civilian clothes. "I'm not running," he said. "I go blisters in the 5000 yesterday and don't want to risk it." Not many others would travel 2000 miles and pass up an almost sure championship in their favorite event. But Andberg is an unusually cautious man, and a wise one.

Higdon arrived late. He'd left his shoes at the hotel, and his friend McBride had driven him back for them. When he lined up, Hal had his number on the back. Other runners gently chided him as he made them wait.

The 20-kilometer walkers started first. John Kelly, a big, youthful native of Ireland, made the first pass of the finish line far in front. Already he was breathing with such enthusiasm that he could be heard a hundred yards away. John, still a national-caliber walker at age 41, was to widen his lead to eight minutes by the end.

Frank McBride and Al Fisher let me join them on a reverse-



John Kelly, an Irish Olympian at age 38, still isn't showing signs of aging. No one was close to him in the Masters walks.

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direction run around the two-lap marathon course, the idea being to catch glimpse of the marathoners as they met us. The first man we met was Higdon, comfortably in the lead. We saw Hal again at 15 miles. He was farther ahead then. A man in green, I didn't recognize him, was a quarter-mile back. Pete Mundle was running with me when we saw Hal again at 22 miles. He'd come around a corner and we were turning another for a shortcut back to the finish. No one else was in sight. We hadn't noticed the man in green had closed on Higdon.

Back at the finish, Bill Gookin was announcing, "Higdon has lost his lead. Dennis Coveney from Vancouver has taken over." Take over he did. Dennis, a balding, goateed 40-year-old, piled up a three-minute margin in the last three miles. Coveney appeared barely tired when he came in. A San Diego newspaper reporter said, "You're barely out of breath!"

The Canadian grinned and said, "You don't need much breath in a marathon."

"What do you need?"

"Lots of them."

Higdon wasn't quite so cheerful when he arrived. "When he came by," Hal said, "he turned to me and asked, 'Are you saving for another 63-second lap?' I almost hit him."

As the marathoners continued to come in, all looked like winners. They were winners more than they—in their immediate concern with times and places—realized.

Doc Andberg watched with his usual stolid Finnish expression as Norman Bright won the over-60 medal that might have been his.

"Does it disappoint you," I asked, "that you weren't in the race?"

"Not too much," he said. Then, with a hint of a smile, the 60-year-old added, "I have a lot more races ahead of me."

THE RECORD-HOLDERS, 40 AND UP

Over-40 running obviously is booming in the US. Since the last issue, two national meets for this age group were run off. The veterans did wholesale revising of the records, so it's fitting now to run a revised list. There are no "official" marks. These are the best available times in the four categories. Basic information was compiled by Stan Stafford and the late Hugh Gardner.

EVENT	AGE	TIME	NAME (AGE)
800m	40-49	1:59.8	Bill Fitzgerald (44)
	50-59	2:09.5	Ray Gordon (50)
	60-69	2:29.4	Bud Deacon (60)
	70-up	3:15.0	David Fowler (72)
880y	40-49	1:59.8	Bill Fitzgerald (44)
	50-59	2:09.5	Ray Gordon (50)
	60-69	2:29.4	Bud Deacon (60)
	70-up	3:27.5	David Fowler (72)
1500m	40-49	4:13.6	Bill Fitzgerald (45)
	50-59	4:42.2	Alan Waterman (52)
	60-69	5:12.4	Bud Deacon (60)
	70-up	6:55.0	Virgil Sturgill (73)
Mile	40-49	4:26.2	Noel Johnson (71)
	50-59	4:47.0	Peter Mundle (40)
	60-69	5:18.8	George Sheehan (50)
	70-up	6:55.0	William Andberg (60)
2 miles	40-49	9:28.0	Virgil Sturgill (73)
	50-59	11:05.6	Noel Johnson (71)
	60-69	11:27.0	Peter Mundle (42)
	70-up	11:27.0	George Sheehan (50)
3 miles	40-49	14:48.6	Norman Bright (61)
	50-59	17:22.0	Peter Mundle (43)
	60-69	17:42.6	John Lafferty (50)
	70-up	25:10.0	William Andberg (60)
5000m	40-49	15:42.4	Noel Johnson (71)
	50-59	17:30.4	Peter Mundle (42)
	60-69	17:42.6	Ace Salmon (50)
	70-up	25:10.0	William Andberg (60)
6 miles	40-49	31:17.0	Noel Johnson (71)
	50-59	35:52.4	Peter Mundle (41)
	60-69	37:12.8	John Lafferty (51)
	70-up	52:55.8	William Andberg (60)
10,000m	40-49	32:37.8	Noel Johnson (71)
	50-59	39:13.0	Hal Higdon (40)
	60-69	37:12.8	John Wall (57)
	70-up	52:55.8	William Andberg (60)
10 miles	40-49	52:44.0	Noel Johnson (71)
	50-59	52:44.0	Peter Mundle (41)
	60-69	52:44.0	Peter Mundle (41)
	70-up	52:44.0	Bob Long (51)
One hour	40-49	11m 626y	Ray Williams (62)
	50-59	9m 1201y	Virgil Yehmert (41)
	60-69	9m 361y	Ted Corbitt (51)
	70-up	9m 361y	Monty Montgomery (63)
Marathon	40-49	2:28:27	Fred Grace (72)
	50-59	2:42:47	Jim McDonagh (47)
	60-69	2:54:56	Ted Corbitt (50)
	70-up	3:45:20	Walt Stack (62)
50 miles	40-49	5:36:52	Ted Corbitt (49)
	50-59	5:34:01	Bill Stock (41)
	60-69	8:08:58	
	70-up	8:08:58	
100 miles	40-49	13:33:06	
	50-59	13:33:06	
Steeple	40-49	10:50.4	
	50-59	10:50.4	

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RACE WALKING REPORT

GOETZ KLOPPER
(Stan Pantovic photo)

BY MARTIN RUDOW

Just when the sport looked to be going strong, recent events in race walking have once again periled the very existence of the sport. The bugaboo of our event—poor judging and the controversy it brings—has brought renewed criticism on the feasibility of competitive walking.

At a time when race walking seems to be gaining more and more acceptance all over the world, and especially in the US, the entire walking fraternity was dealt a stunning blow in June when a serious move to have race walking banned from the European championships almost succeeded. The English led a strong counter-move to the proposal, and—for now at least—walking will be as much as ever a part of the international track scene. But the fact that such a move could gain any following at all bodes ill for the future of the sport.

Reports indicate that recent controversies involving judging decisions—and lack of them—are mainly responsible for this drastic legislative attempt. There is nothing that brings official exasperation and censure faster than obvious cheating while the judges look on silently; or heated post-race controversies over whether so-and-so was “running” or not. This is undoubtedly why certain officials turn on the sport and move for its elimination.

For many years the US had the reputation of having the loosest judging anywhere, and the country's walking program suffered as a result. In the 1940s and '50s, race walking was held in very low esteem by almost everyone not involved in it. The extremely loose judging resulted in semi-comical affairs in which several non-athletic types would stagger around a track in kind of a sneaky trot, accompanied by derisive laughter from any spectators present. Probably only the fact that the best walker of those times, Henry Laskau, was an excellent stylist prevented the AAU from dropping its support of race walking altogether.

The '60s saw an influx of genuine athletes into the sport, and the rise of some international-class judges. The best walkers, Ron Laird, Ron Zinn and Chris McCarthy, were by and large very legal stylists. With US walkers now holding their own against the rest of the world, and showing correct form, the sport was finally accepted by fellow athletes and spectators alike. Even most of the officials now accept race walking completely. The criticism we do receive to a lesser degree now is the same criticism that has brought race walking to its threatened state in Europe—lack of good judging.

On the Continent, race walking has been a large part of the track and field scene for years. Outstanding walkers like England's Don Thompson, Italy's Abdon Pamich, and Russia's Vladimir Golubnichiy enjoyed home-country popularity as top sports heroes. However, the spectre of poor judging has always been present. Even in the 1956 Olympics, movies showed the winning Russian to be lifting badly most of the way. Fortunately, some very good stylists rose to the top in the early '60s to once again show the doubters that walking can be both fast *and* legal. Besides those mentioned above, Paul Nihill and Christoph Hohne have excellent fair styles and are the best walkers in the world today.

Unfortunately, incidents keep arising that show the need for good judging. The 1968 Olympics is the obvious glaring example, with the judges bowing to the pressure of thousands of screaming Mexicans to let one of their countrymen take a silver medal. This disastrous performance had to have a bad effect on the opinion of many on the feasibility of race walking. Again the judges had let the sport down.

Last year, loose judging went on again in many European races, including even the prestigious Lugano Cup. Here, though, the integrity of the leading walkers saved the day as they again proved their ability to walk both quickly and legally. In the international relay race in Switzerland, however, the integrity went to the winds as several walkers took advantage of unjudged stretches to record some very fast times. Word of the lack of judging



at these events circulated around walking circles, and invariably was heard by those less sympathetic to the sport. The grounds for attempting to ban race walking were being established. Luckily, as was reported at the start of this article, the attempt failed. But just after it failed a new controversy arose to further fan the flames of discontent.

In the recent US-USSR-World All-Stars meet, one of the Soviet walkers was disqualified by unanimous call from the judges present, including international judge Bill Chisholm. However, the Russian coach disagreed with the call and advised his man to keep going. Despite every effort by a physical one to stop him, the Russian walker continued. He took an eventual third overall, and second in the US-USSR meet scoring. After the race, the Russians appealed to the official panel and then to Dan Ferris. The result was that the DQ was overruled, and the Russian was given an official third and second place. The grounds

for the overruling are not worth mentioning as they are absolutely without validation. It is obvious that officialdom was looking for an easy way out of the controversy. When the decision was announced, Chisholm immediately announced his retirement as a walking judge, and understandably so. Once again the integrity of the sport had been attacked, and in this case conquered.

It may be stated by some that by printing all of this I am actually needling our officials more, and may hasten the demise of race walking—at least in the US-Russia series. I sincerely hope that this is not so, for the series has done much to present walking to the public and to inspire US men to greater efforts. To me, the solution to race walking's problems is not to ban the sport but to encourage the judges to call a tight race and to back them up when they do. Race walking is a feasible sport, and it can be and *is* legally done.

WALKING HIGHLIGHTS

- **Rouen, France, May 8-9**—Briton Colin Young walked all day to get a world 24-hour best of 134 miles 202 yards.
- **Sheffield, England, June 12**—A week after setting his world 3000-meter record of 11:51.2, Paul Nihill walked a swift 20-mile. His 2:30:35 came on the road and of course can receive no record consideration, but it's under the track mark.
- **Eugene, Ore., June 26**—Two weeks after winning the AAU's longest walking championship, Larry Young won the shortest outdoor one—two miles, which he covered in 13:49.6.
- **San Francisco, Calif., July 3**—Paul Nihill of Great Britain and Nikolai Smaga of the USSR tried to tie for first in the US-USSR-World 20-kilo walk, but officials gave the title to Nihill as both did 1:30:08. Tom Dooley led Americans at 1:33:59.6.
- **San Diego, Calif., July 3-4**—John Kelly and Max Gould each won mile and 20-kilometer walking titles in their age groups at the US Masters championships.
- **Northglenn, Colo., July 4**—Floyd Godwin walked an excellent-for-the-altitude 47:10.6 to win the AAU Junior 10-kilometer championship.
- **Bakersfield, Calif., July 10**—Lynn Olson set an American record of 7:53.8 in winning the AAU's first women's mile walk title.
- **Cali, Colombia, Aug. 1 & 3**—US walkers Goetz Klopfer and Larry Young won the walks at the Pan-American Games. Klopfer did 1:37:00 in the 20-kilometer, and Young walked 4:38:31 for 50.
- **Helsinki, Finland, Aug. 14**—Soviet Benjamin Soldatenko recorded the fastest 50-kilometer time ever in upsetting Christoph Hohne in the European championships. Soldatenko clocked 4:02:22.0 to beat Hohne by nearly 2½ minutes.

COMING EVENTS

September

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

October

- 16 AAU Senior 40-kilometer, Kansas City, Mo.
- 24 AAU Senior 15-kilometer, Des Moines, Iowa



WOMEN ON THE WALK

Women walkers now have AAU blessing to practice their event. Southern Californians are not only "practicing" it; they're tearing it up. Two prime prospects are Katie McIntyre (left) and Brenda Whitman. Mrs. McIntyre, who's coached by Olympian John Kelly, reportedly was leading the AAU women's mile when she ran afoul of officials. (Stan Pantovic photo)

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RUNNING AND THE NUMBERS RACKET

BY MEYER FRIEDMAN, M.D.

Last issue's "Distance Running Scene" took Dr. Meyer Friedman to task for remarks he'd made about running/jogging as a health-preserving, heart attack-preventing activity. Dr. Friedman, a renowned heart specialist, called running a "dull, mechanical sort of exercise" that he "violently objects to." He called it potentially dangerous. Friedman doesn't deny he made this statement. We have learned, however, that it was taken somewhat out of context. It turns out that the doctor doesn't flatly oppose running. He only says CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS are going to run into trouble if they don't mend their ways. Dr. Friedman presents a compelling case, and we're giving him equal time to defend his stand.

I gather that most *Runner's World* readers run long distances because they get great pleasure and satisfaction from their activity. If that is your philosophy, for goodness sake continue your running. If I could have had my heart patients indulge in running with your philosophy *before* their attacks, I'm reasonably sure many wouldn't have had to suffer through this dire occurrence.

But the fact remains that there is no evidence whatsoever of a legitimate nature that exercise or physical activity alone protect against heart disease. We do have well-documented evidence (by Ancel Keyes and his associates) that there is *no protection whatsoever*.

Members of my laboratory first began to think in 1957 that it wasn't just the American diet, cigarette smoking or even physical indolence that could account for the horrendous increase in coronary heart disease. We know that our ancestors had eaten about as much meat, milk and eggs; that they had also smoked, and that not all of them had kept in Olympic trim. But they were spared one trauma which we are being increasingly exposed to—the ever-increasing demand made upon us to accelerate the pace at which we live.

Would any of you dare to race the engine of your car at its maximum rate, hour after hour, day after day, and expect the engine to endure as long as a machine more gently treated? Yet almost half of our American males "race their engines" at a frightfully increasing pace—and leave survivors who are shocked at their abrupt breakdown.

What I am saying—and we have much data to support it—is that whenever a man struggles *too incessantly* to accomplish too many things in too little a space of time (thus engendering in himself a sense of time urgency), or whenever a man struggles too competitively with other individuals, this struggle markedly accentuates the course of coronary heart disease. If this struggle is not abated, I suspect that it does little good to alter one's diet, smoking or exercise habits.

I had no objections to jogging this time last year, and I would shrug my shoulders in acquiescence to anyone asking me about it. However, we began our sudden-death study in the San Francisco Bay area and I began to see that this can be and is a very dangerous matter to men over 35-40. Only too often there has been a spurt of exercise—often jogging—preceding instantaneous death. You see, heart muscle can't take an oxygen debt, and if the right set of circumstances are present then instantaneous death can occur—no matter how well-trained an individual is.

I don't like to name-drop, but about 1½ years ago as one of the guests at a Helsinki symposium, I sat next to the great

long distance runner, Paavo Nurmi. Mr. Nurmi has already had two coronary attacks and, I believe, one cerebral vascular accident. Of course, he has such accidents in his late 60s and 70s. By no means am I implying that his cardiovascular disease stemmed from his distance running. But I *do* wish to imply that such running didn't protect him. Actually, Mr. Nurmi represents a coronary-prone individual because of his driving, excessively competitive personality which, of course, won him his Olympic honors.

We're dead certain that a certain type of personality is extraordinarily prone to coronary disease. Usually we can spot this personality within a few minutes of an interview, whether such an interview be a medical one or even a social one.

If, then, a reduction in the heart attack rate is to be won, each person must cease to suffer from this "Type A Behavior Pattern."

How can someone identify the presence of this pattern in himself? First, he worries about the fact that he is dreadfully behind in doing all the things he believes he should and could do. Or if he frets at delays in being seated at restaurants, boarding airplanes, being held up in traffic, and having people "come to the point." Or if he frantically strives to obtain the things *worth having*—a lovely home, a better position, a college education for his children—at the expense of the things *worth being*—a lover of the arts, a reader of good literature, and a devotee of the wonders of nature and mankind. Or if he finds himself obsessed with the acquisition of numbers—number of billings per month, number of articles written per year, number of clients served or number of cases of merchandise sold. Or if he is irritatingly dissatisfied with his socio-economic status, no matter how high it might be. Or if he pays service with his lips but not with his heart to the ideals of love and friendship.

I have repeatedly asked patients to bring me a list of those events which they frequently recalled with real pleasure. Not one of these lists ever contained a reference to the acquisition of numbers, though it was precisely a too-frenzied acquisition of such numbers that led to their heart disease and to their becoming my patients.

This particular personality is a very peculiar one. It's extremely competitive and it really is hung up on the "numbers racket." Such individuals, if they do take up jogging, usually don't go for long distance running but allocate 15 to 30 minutes to it. They have a miserable tendency to run the same distance daily, with the intent of increasing their speed. This, of course, is another variant of the numbers poison.

If a person is jogging for a short time over a limited area—which may be a cinder track or have a minimum of scenery—and he is stopwatch-intent on this sort of running, then thinking great thoughts is literally impossible. Or at least this sort of individual rarely has such inspirations. The best they can hope is that after they're through with their shower they feel refreshed.

We have begun to suspect that it is the type of man who wishes to indulge in exercise, rather than the type of exercise itself, which may be responsible for the possible benefits. I would therefore counsel any man to indulge in physical activity, but with these admonitions. Indulge in physical exercises that still allow you to think, dream and act like a human being. You must understand I'm a fanatic on all individuals having exercise, and it's a rare day indeed that I don't have 40 minutes to an hour walk. I just don't want to see certain people have accidents. I've already seen too many such people and accidents.

"For seven straight weeks last winter, Jim run 200 miles weekly. His calves were getting mighty sore. Instead of taking the hint, he picked up a can of spray-on muscle relaxer from his doctor, then went out to the track for an interval session. His calves got relaxed alright. Halfway through his first quarter his muscle pulled loose from the achilles tendon—leaving his leg useless."

BY JOE HENDERSON

GOT THAT RUN-DOWN FEELING?

As runners and coaches of runners, we swallow two theories as articles to faith.

- "Running is the healthiest of sports."
- "The more you run the healthier (i.e., faster) you'll be."

There's just enough truth to the statements to make them sound logical. But there are also just enough exceptions, though not so obvious, to all but cancel them out.

Let's look at some figures on those who engage in this "healthy" sport of ours. *Runner's World* slipped a questionnaire on shoes into a recent issue, and one of the questions dealt with disabling foot and leg injuries. Nearly 900 distance athletes filled out their forms and returned them. Maybe 700 of them said they'd had an injury serious enough to stop them cold. They couldn't run at all while healing.

Knees seem to be the most popular injury target. About 18% of those questioned had been hobbled that way. One in every seven had damaged achilles tendons. Every 10th runner had suffered shin splints painful enough to halt his activity. The full list of injuries sounded like a medical textbook—"metatarsal fractures," "tibial stress fractures," "heel bursae," "longitudinal arch strain"—as 24 separate ailments (and perhaps an equal number of sub-categories) made the list.

And the study only took in foot and leg troubles. It didn't touch on illnesses—flu, colds, mononucleosis and the others that occur with distressing frequency among hard-working distance runners.

"Hard-working" is the key word. It appears that the hard work which makes an athlete can break him when he steps over the invisible line separating *training* from *straining* (to use Arthur Lydiard's immortal words). Once subjected to chronic stress, the runner finds his sport is no longer increasing his health; it's draining it away.

Dr. George Sheehan is one of a number of medical men who've taken the view that, "Most injuries and illnesses that arise from unknown causes can be traced to overwork." In other words, unless you can pinpoint stepping in a hole as the cause for your knee injury, or you caught the measles from your kid brother, your hard running could be the culprit.

This is tied in with the theories of stress developed by a Canadian physiologist named Hans Selye. His ideas, admittedly, are controversial. In simplest terms, his General Adaptation Syndrome (GAS) theory says that a person exposed to stress—running is but one of a huge number of stresses—throws up defenses to counteract it. If the stress is applied in small enough quantities and regularly but fairly infrequently, the body adapts to it. But if the doses are too heavy, the body can't cope and gives up the fight. In the "exhausted" state, the overstressed person becomes susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

For the runner, this means, "Train enough to adapt to the stresses of running; but not so much that you can't handle them." It's a ticklish problem.

Forbes Carlile, an Australian physiologist, former marathoner and coach of both runners and swimmers, has made an extensive study of GAS. He tells the story of two Olympic swimmers. "Both were in the final period of their training for the Helsinki Games in 1952. Both had been training consistently

and hard, up to six miles a day and recording close to their best times. Then their times started to fall off."

"One swimmer believed he should train harder, for as he said, 'Did not slower speed show the need for more training?'

"The other swimmer eased off and swam slowly when he trained. He spent most of his time in bed. The wrongly-advised, energetic one by a long way failed to come up to his previous standard. But the 'lazy' one, who had developed a sound basic philosophy on the subject of training, won his Olympic race in record time."

This case, Carlile says, illustrates the need for judiciously mixing work and rest. "Rhythm has been named a characteristic of life," he adds. "There is a time for strenuous activity and a time for resting. The rigidity of a too definite program of training may easily drive the athlete to exhaustion."

Carlile isn't just a coach-scientist talking from a detached pedestal. He has a near-tragic experience of his own to point to. A key symptom of overtraining, he says, is unexplained pains in the joints and muscles. While he was training for the marathon, he had these pains. "But they were usually alleviated by training runs." He continued training, the pains persisted, and finally he suffered acute kidney failure. "Since that time," Carlile reports, "Hans Selye frequently has reported renal (kidney) failure as occurring when his chronically stressed animals reached the exhaustion stage of the GAS."

Now sufficiently introduced to (frightened by?) the effects of overtraining, let's backtrack and look at stresses and how to handle them.

Remember, first of all, that running doesn't exist in isolation. It is but one of many stresses working together, that an athlete has to cope with.

● **Work Stresses** are the first of at least seven "families" acting on him. (These include the specific stress of running, which he's used to; also general things like carrying furniture and mowing the lawn, which he may not be able to handle so easily; also mental work, an hour of which can be as tiring as an hour of running.)

- **Emotional Stresses**—anxiety, depression, boredom, etc.
 - **Social Stresses**—alienation, isolation, overcrowding, etc.
 - **Dietary Stresses**—too much food, too little, wrong type.
 - **Rest Stresses**—inadequate recovery from work, sleep deprivation, etc.
 - **Health Stresses**—injury, illness, infection, etc.
 - **Environmental Stresses**—heat and cold; air, water and noise pollution, etc.
-

These combine, like water behind a dam. On one side of a dam is a wall of water. On the other are the villagers, whom the water serves. There's a nice, balanced relationship so long as the people keep the dam strong and regulate the amount of water that backs up behind it. But there's always the potential, too, of the dam overflowing or springing a leak if they're careless.

Stresses work the same way. They normally lap away gently at our natural defensive barriers. Stress is a normal part

of living, and stresses in moderate doses work to our benefit. They urge us to erect and maintain strong defenses. But when the stresses are allowed to grow unchecked or the natural defenses are left untended, the stresses overflow and break through our "dam." All the types of stresses—work, emotional, social, etc.—blend to cause the flood that damages enthusiasm, running fitness and effectiveness and finally even health itself.

Nature, though, isn't an ogre. She's really quite cooperative in these matters. When there's too much stress put on her, she doesn't lose her temper and release stress injuries and illnesses full-force. Instead, she patiently holds up gentle signs to remind us that things aren't quite right.

From his research, Selye has identified these early-warning signs that are most likely to apply to a runner:

1. Low-level and persistent soreness and stiffness in the muscles, joints and tendons.
2. Frequent mild colds and sore throats.
3. Swelling and aching in the lymph glands, particularly in the neck, underarm and groin areas.
4. Skin eruptions among non-adolescents.
5. Excessive nervousness, depression, irritability, headaches and inability to relax.
6. Nagging fatigue and general sluggishness that lingers from day to day.
7. Aching stomach, often accompanied by loss of appetite and loss of weight.
8. Diarrhea or constipation.
9. Unexplained drops in performance levels.
10. Disinterest in normally exciting activities.

It's best to take note of these gentle reminders, and to take appropriate corrective action (which normally means simply lowering the overall stress level). Reminders get progressively less gently; symptoms more severe.

This brings to mind the sad case of a distance runner we'll call Jim. For seven straight weeks last winter, he'd run 200

miles weekly. His calves were getting mighty sore. Instead of taking the hint, he picked up a can of spray-on muscle relaxer from his doctor, then went out to the track for an interval session.

His calves got relaxed alright. Halfway through his first quarter, his muscle pulled loose from the achilles tendon—leaving his leg useless. Quick action by a surgeon repaired it. But it took 120 stitches to fix the damage. He's running again only because of the surgeon's quick and skillful work. This runner was lucky.

Jim's case is an extreme one. But lesser breakdowns are depressingly common. The stress breakdowns in running usually involve the muscles and tendons of the lower leg and foot (as the shoe questionnaire statistics show). But the bones and joints can come in for their share of trouble, too. Stress fractures, which sidetrack the hopes of hundreds of runners a year, are a case in point.

Overflowing the "reserves barrier" can lead to illnesses, too. Colds, flu, "mono." The germs for them are everywhere all the time. They rush in when there's no longer any resistance to stop them.

Less common among runners are the Big Three stress defects of modern man—ulcers, high blood pressure and heart disease. These often come when there's high stress and no physical outlet for it. We have an outlet. Hypertension and heart trouble are extremely rare among runners. But there are ulcer cases. George Young and Vladimir Kuts (ex-world record holder at 5000 and 10,000 meters) are two sufferers. A writer in *Long Distance Log* recently commented that, "It's a small price to pay for the success they've had."

Small price? It's a debt they'll be living with the rest of their lives.

So we're back to the key problem. How does a runner put in the necessary high quantity and quality of work required of him without tearing himself down?

One solution might be to think of yourself as a huge rubber band. That's not simple, but there's a point to this. Like the rubber-band, you have great stretching capacity. But that potential is wasted when you and the band lie limp and unused. Only when you're stretched and exercised are you and the rubber band filling your intended roles.

The stretching can go too far, though. When too much pressure pulls in opposite directions, snap! The trick is to find a point of stretch, a level of activity, that holds plenty of resiliency in reserve. When emergencies come up, be able to face them by stretching out some more instead of snapping.

Bill Bowerman, the ultra-successful coach at the University of Oregon, states flatly that, "In every case, I would prefer to undertrain a runner rather than overtrain him." He obviously works his runners. You don't get a dozen sub-four-minute milers without plenty of work. But Bowerman is wise enough to apply the work with care—leaving the runners with the freshness, sharpness and eagerness they need when they're asked to stretch out and race.

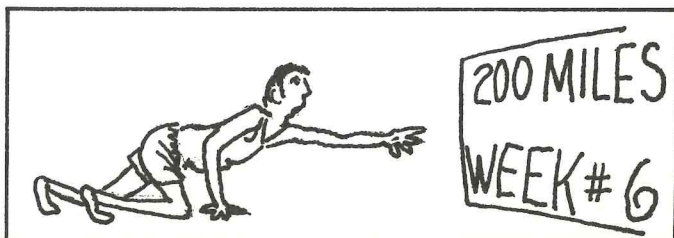
In the case of running, *more* doesn't necessarily equal *better*. In fact, Dr. Sheehan advises, "The next time you run out of GAS, fill up your tank with rest."

THE PAINFUL FACTS

It's impossible to account fully for the suffering—physical and psychological—resulting from over-stressing. Every distance athlete, though, experiences it. It may come in the form of a disabling injury or illness. The ailments may be less serious, but still limiting. Or the signs of stress may come subtly, as "unexplained" poor performances or disinterest in the sport.

A set of statistics gathered from questionnaires submitted by Runner's World readers gives a hint of the extent of stress-related ailments. These figures deal only with foot and leg injuries—those serious enough to require a layoff from training. Only a fraction of the injuries could be traced to specific trauma (accidents, in other words). Most arose from ill-defined "over-stressing." These are the injury leaders among nearly 900 distance athletes:

Knee Damage	17.9%	Calf Muscle Pulls	3.6%
Achilles Tendons	14.0%	Heel Bone Damage	3.0%
Shin Splints	10.6%	Hip Ailments	2.6%
Arch Injuries	6.9%	Hamstring Pulls	2.6%
Ankle Injuries	6.4%	Thigh Muscle Pulls	1.3%
Foot Fractures	4.9%	Leg Fractures	1.0%
Stone Bruises	4.4%		



MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

In a recent Runner's World survey, it was found that knees are the major center of injuries among runners. Of the 900 runners questioned, nearly 20% had suffered a knee injury serious enough to halt all training and racing. That's one runner in every five. Untold others had been hit by less serious knee injuries—or they simply bore up under the pain. The most common of the knee troubles is called "chondromalacia." Dr. Sheehan has discussed it regularly in his column. His correspondence with runner-sufferers may be leading to a rather simple cure for the ailment thought to be curable only through prolonged rest, heavy drug doses or surgery. The discovery is important enough that his entire Medical Advice column will be devoted to the subject in this issue. He'll return to the normal question-answer format in November. (Send questions to Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040).

What has been billed as an in depth course on "The Knee in Sports" will be given in New York City next month by the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons. Unfortunately, the list of speakers does not include the name of Tom Bache, an ex-Marine who has accomplished a major breakthrough in diseases of the knee in sports.

Tom Bache is not an orthopedic surgeon. He is not even a doctor. He is a long distance runner whose heroic personal experiments while under continuing and often agonizing pain resulted in the discovery of the cause of chondromalacia of the knee. It's a discovery which, considered in man-hours of happiness to distance runners, overshadows any advance in sports medicine of recent years. And it makes Christian Barnard's heart-lung surgery look as useful as a passport to the moon.

Chondromalacia, the destruction of the cartilage on the underside of the patella (kneecap), is the Dutch Elm disease of long distance runners. It is the main cause of serious disability and perhaps the chief reason runners have to give up the sport.

Until Bache's observations of his own suffering, chondromalacia was viewed as virtually incurable. Orthopods had devised a number of different treatments, usually a sure sign that no one knows what's going on; and, predictably, none of them worked. The victims of this disorder were advised to: rest, which is the runner's "dark night of the soul"; use large doses of aspirin or butazolidine, the horsemen's delight; take cortisone injections into the knee; or, finally, have one of a variety of ineffectual surgical procedures on the offending member.

The real cause continued to elude the orthopods, who had not thought of looking for it, and Bache, who had. The orthopods, you see, are true representatives of the medical profession in its present state. Concerned with relief of symptoms not cures. Treating effects not causes, handling patients for whom optimum health is no longer a possibility. For the athlete this is the wrong approach. Medicine and operations, however ingenious or even spectacular, are not for him. As Napoleon once said of the cavalry charge, "It is magnificent but it is not war."

Bache was on patrol duty in his private war. He plugged on using one treatment after another. Despite the pain, which he described as at times "essentially unbearable," he continued running sometimes less than at other times but never quitting. Gradually things began to fall into place. The pain disappeared when he trained running up hills. It was less when he ran on the

outside of his foot. But all improvement disappeared as soon as he went into a race and couldn't control these variables.

Odd as it seemed, Tom Bache was finding chondromalacia of the knee, the *bete noir* of both distance man and orthopod, might find its origin in the foot.

Finally, the primary condition in the foot revealed itself. Bache developed pain in his arches. John Pagliano, a podiatrist and fellow distance runner, took impressions of his feet and made inserts for Tom's shoes.

Voila! The chondromalacia symptoms cleared. An almost unbelieving Bache increased his distance, gingerly at first but then drastically. He remained pain free. He began running all-out. Still no pain. They recently, in the national championship at Eugene, he ran a 2:27 marathon, his best ever. It is a marathon that will live in medical annals. That day Tom Bache became as he says "one guy with a total victory over chondromalacia."

Chondromalacia may not be the only incurable disease to fall before the persistence of these dedicated runners. The "domino theory" may not apply in South Asia but it certainly does in the overuse syndromes. If chondromalacia is cured, will stress fractures, shin splints and all the hard-to-treat ankle, tibial, fibular and knee problems be far behind? I think not.

Tom Bache has led the way. Observe the foot as the cause of all difficulty. Who knows what pains will next be relieved by the use of the proper foot insert? Shin splints, once considered as an Act of God and absolutely resistant to all therapy, can apparently be controlled by a simple bar under the toes which keeps them bent. They also are related, if *Runner's World* readers can be trusted, to the tightness of the legs and achilles. One reader wrote that attendance at modern dance class and the attendant stretching of the leg and foot muscles cured her shin splints.

But these are things no othopod would know. Or apparently care about. Take the stress fracture problem. They pat themselves on the back once the fracture is healed and send the runner on his way. They don't consider that some structural abnormality must exist to predispose the runner to this condition. Else why should athletes have three and even five stress fractures during their careers. No, the stress fracture like the chondromalacia will soon be shown to stem from the foot and some support difficulty.

It was, after all, as simple as ABC. When the arches are weak and the weight is distributed largely on the inside of the foot, there is an unnatural stress or torque transmitted to the knee. This torque causes the kneecap, which normally rides in a groove between two bony prominences on the end of the thigh bone called condyles, to ride over the outside condyle. This action when repeated 5000 or more times in the runner's customary hour run daily causes irritation and eventual destruction of the cartilage on the undersurface of the kneecap.

It's simplicity was what concealed it. We have too many geniuses in medicine. "Men of vivid imagination and great powers of mind," said William Beaumont, the untutored but methodical discoverer of gastric juice, "become restive under the tedious and routine mode of thinking."

Tom Bache may bring them down to earth, back to the basics, like, "In the beginning God made man and saw that he was good." The physician's role is to maintain or restore that goodness. Medicine usually, and surgery always, is a sign of defeat.

WORTH REPEATING

Arthur Conan Doyle (*creator of Sherlock Holmes, commenting on Dorando Pietri's collapse in the 1908 Olympic marathon*): "It was a horrible yet fascinating sight, this strange struggle between a set purpose and an utterly exhausted frame. He was practically delirious, staggering along the cinder path like a man in a dream."

Ron Hill (*British marathoner and one of the few men to average below 5:00 miles for the distance*): "A four-mile training run in 20 minutes would kill me, but in the race you just go out and wait for everything to click. . . I rely a great deal on inspiration."

Ken Moore (*US marathon champion*): "You have to train over long distances if your stride isn't such that you can run without any jar. So it's absolutely essential for me to run 30-mile runs. Some people can get away without doing that kind of training, because they are so well coordinated that they run without jarring. They don't have to be fit to stand the pounding. And Frank Shorter is one of those kind of people. He's mechanically the most perfect distance runner I've ever seen. Much better than (Ron) Clarke."

Marty Liquori (*miler*): "Every race makes you a better man. It's not beating another guy so much, but triumphing over yourself. Being physically fit alone is the difference between confidence and self-doubt."

Jim Ryun (*miler, commenting on his future and his battle with hay fever*): "It's all very up in the air right now."

Bob Giegengack (*former Olympic coach and a leading AAU track official*): "I submit that our real end and the 'name of the game' is to beat the Russians. Any rules we make should be made to advance that end, not thwart it. Any time the means gets in the way of the ends, it is time to revise the means, not discard the ends."

John Jacobs (*former University of Oklahoma track coach*): "Pleasure and fun should be the chief aim in track. Most track athletes are over-coached. I'd lots rather have my men in good mental condition than worrying too much about form. Some of the best men I ever had forgot everything I'd told them the minute the gun was fired."

John Kelly (*president of the AAU*): "We are in the Age of Aquarius. Our existence in this novel era carries with it certain imperatives and one of these is the recognition that youth can no longer be seen without being heard. Increasingly, if we do not listen to our youth, we will hear from them—in tones of demand, not supplication."

George Sauer (*professional football player, recently retired*): "Eventually, discipline has to come from within. But we have a sports structure, in football particularly, that tries to keep athletes in a prolonged state of adolescence."

Percy Cerutti (*Australian coach and writer*): "Women who run 4:40 miles and three-hour marathons couldn't do it if they were not born with a masculine skeleton and an excess of male hormones. Rather than be extolled, they are to be pitied as sub-female—just as a male who can't run a five-minute mile and lift his bodyweight overhead must be considered sub-normal male."

Traditional Folk Song: "Goin' down the road feelin' bad. Don't wanna be treated this way."

TIGER "BOSTON": SO LIGHT THEY FLY



Imagine our chagrin: we took orders from hundreds of you for the most popular combination training and racing shoe in our history, the Tiger "Boston," fully expecting to be able to fill all orders with shipments which were on the high seas in June. Then, July 1, the devastating West Coast dock strike began. Who knows where those shoes are now? Even when the strike is over, it may take forever to unload the backlog.

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For a picture and description of this marvelous shoe, please read the manufacturer's (BRS) ad on page 34 of this issue of RUNNER'S WORLD. To order, use blank below.

(P.S. Note that we are continuing our popular "\$5 off" summer sale while supplies last.)

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WOMEN'S WANDERINGS

BY PAT TARNAWSKY

Gentle but tough-minded. Sunny but rugged, like a wild rose. An earth mother in running shorts. That's the impression one has when one hangs up the phone after interviewing Vicki Foltz. Her soft voice left no doubts in my mind about what she thinks. Vicki doesn't "fool around" as she herself puts it.

Vicki has a dark good looks and a fighting spirit typical of the Mediterranean, and no wonder—she was born in Yugoslavia, of Italian descent. She still has a trace of accent, despite eight years' US residence. She keeps her crisp black hair in a short style she terms "pixie." Statistics: 5'4", 117 pounds, 27 years.

Despite hot competition from younger girls, Vicki had maintained her status as the leading US woman internationalist for several years. Her accomplishments hit across a broad range, from 1967 national cross-country championship to unofficial world marks at four, five and six miles and 10,000 meters (all set during a one-hour track run last fall). "With her kind of speed—sub-5:00 mile—her potential (in the longer distances) must be unlimited," Joe Henderson recently told me.

Vicki has just begun to exploit that potential. In her first marathon, she ran 3:26:28 run at Seaside, Ore., in company with husband-coach Don. She is one of the first top track-women to put her toe in marathon waters. With training, she thinks she could run under three hours (a pace she maintained for nearly 20 miles in her first race). In fact, she told me, "I'm surprised that women aren't running under three hours already."

VICKI FOLTZ SPEAKS OUT

RW: How do you look back on the Seaside marathon now?

VF: I was very curious to see what a marathon was like. To my amazement, I found it a relatively easy race. But I also discovered that to run a 26-mile race is something entirely different from any races up to 20 miles. I still can't understand clearly how I could run at such a good pace and very much within myself at 20 miles and then, *pow*, I could hardly move at 21 miles. I was forced to walk most of the last five miles, right then I decided I'll tackle that baby again and see what makes it tick.

RW: So which marathon do you plan to tackle next?

VF: Probably Seaside again next year. Marathons are hard to fit in when you're running in track. Then we have tremendous rains in winter here. We had such a bad winter this year that I couldn't run as much as I would have liked before Seaside. Plus I had other minor setbacks.

RW: What specific training would you plan, to be able to hold sub-three-hour pace for the full marathon?

VF: More mileage, I would think. At least 70 a week. And I wouldn't run as hard between 15 and 20.

RW: You mentioned setbacks. You've had a persistent injury?

VF: Well, I've had some bad breaks. Starting two years ago, I had water on the left knee. Later on I strained a ligament in it. More recently I've had to frequently curtail training

greatly due to apparent chondromalacia of the knee—painful kneecaps. Among other things the doctor had me ice my knee before and after any running. This was one of the reasons I gave up hard interval training on the track last summer and went over to easy LSD on the roads all fall and winter. The knee doesn't hurt me now, and I'm back to intervals.

RW: Are you aiming for the Olympics?

VF: I hope to make the team in the 1500 meters. If I don't have any injuries, and if I compete enough, I might get a breakthrough. I feel that if I put the work in, it'll come out somehow.

RW: What event do you see as your best right now?

VF: I don't know yet. The mile would be, if I could get a good break. I have the best workouts in the world! On my track I did a 4:46 mile in workouts, and a 10:02 two miles. I've been going once a week over to Seattle Pacific College and running with Doris Brown and some of the other women.

RW: You said "my track." Do you have your own track?

VF: Yes. My husband built it for me! It's in the woods back of the house. A quarter-mile track, one lane wide, with wooden sides. Well, it's not quite a quarter. It's 415 yards long, but it has a little hill which is slower going, so effort-wise and time-wise it comes out to about 440. My husband also laid out a mile course through the woods for me, for fartlek. It's beautiful! You'd love it. The high school guys sometimes use it. And Doris and Trina Hosmer and the others sometimes come and run on it with us. We all have picnics in the woods.

RW: Are you highly competitive? Do you use a lot of tactics?

VF: It depends. As for tactics I usually have a race plan—but often action does not follow plan. Sometimes I just run and try to keep out of trouble. You know, in a race, people bounce you all over, elbows and everything, I've got to learn to be more aggressive. As for psyching people out, I wouldn't know how to.

RW: Do you run to prove anything to yourself as a woman?

VF: It never enters my mind. There's nothing unfeminine about running anyway. Not at all. In fact, I think track can be very feminine and its women participants of great beauty, don't you think?

RW: You mean you don't have any feminine hangups about running?

VF: Yes! I have lots of hangups. You wouldn't believe. I always worry about looking nice in a race. I worry about my calf muscles getting big. But mostly I worry about my hair. The morning before Seaside, it was hailing and blowing, but there I was in the motel with rollers in my hair. I knew the rain would ruin my hairdo, but I fixed it anyway. I suppose it's because so many people have said women athletes look masculine. So a lot of us try, subconsciously maybe, to look as feminine as possible in a race. There's *lots* of hair ribbons in the races. But of course ribbons don't make you feminine, do they? I mean, you can tie a ribbon on a horse, too. Femininity is just being all woman in all your actions.

RW: How would you describe yourself as a person?

VF: I like to laugh and be happy. I like the simple things of life that people sometimes take for granted. You know, flowers, birds, leaves, the beauties of nature. I'm happy to be alive and to have a home, plenty of good food, clothes and such, and a pair of healthy legs and be able to do something with them. I learned not to take these things for granted early in life. My father was killed in the war, just before I was born. My mother was arrested and taken away by the Germans when I was two months old. I was passed from family to family, and life was full of misery. Before I came to the US I went to school in Ljubljana, which is the capital of the Slovenian republic in Yugoslavia—I studied to be a mechanical draftsman. My mother had been in a prison camp in Italy, and then came to the US. Through relatives she found out where I was, and she got me over here eight years ago. That's why I feel the way I do about life.

RW: As a European, do you have strong views about the American way of living?

VF: I do! Americans indulge in food too much, and they don't exercise enough. That's why they have heart attacks and a lot of other problems. When I'm out running and some guy in a big Cadillac makes a remark at me, well, I feel sorry for him. They should get rid of a few cars in this country. There are lots of things wrong here. The war. The abuse of the land. Another thing that upsets me is the average American's attitude for amateur sports. People often ask me, "You do all this for *nothing*? You don't get *paid*?" Everything is measured in dollars. Still and all, the good outweighs the bad, and it's by far the best country to live in.

RW: Do you agree with European runners who say that American track is often "dehumanized?"

VF: Yes, I agree with them. After all, I'm one of them. I sometimes find American athletes spoiled. They have had too much of everything, maybe. Too much food, too much shoes and clothes. Europeans have to struggle more. They don't always have everything handed to them. Of course, women's track is coming along nice in the United States. It's really rolling, and getting more publicity. Out here, girls' track in all the age groups is coming along nice in small-town high schools.

RW: How did you yourself get started in running?

VF: (giggling) My husband started me running. Would you believe it? When we were engaged, my husband would take me to the track and have me jog his rest intervals. Previously I had beaten him in a bike race and in swimming, so he soon got an idea I would make a good running partner. Gradually he eased me into a very graduated training program.

RW: When did you first compete actively?

VF: After we got married, we moved to Seattle in August 1964 and I started competing that fall. I did well right away, I was almost up behind Doris Brown. But then I got pregnant. The next year I started running again.

RW: Would you say you're naturally talented at running?

VF: I would have to be a *little* bit, wouldn't I? But also I'm a hard worker by nature. I enjoy effort. I don't like to fool around when it's time to work. Actually I disliked running very much at first. I hurt all the time. It was a while before I could run without hurting.

RW: Do you feel that women have to train a little differently than men?

VF: No. They can use the same *methods* as the men. But I don't think women can do as *much* training. For instance, I don't think I could do 150 miles a week like some of the men do.

RW: So what do you think of these allegations that long-distance running is harmful for women?

VF: I feel that, if any concern be shown to effects, it should be directed to those "little girls"—or "little boys," for that matter—who are running in marathons or any long distances. I would think that it's at such an early stage of development of the human body that damage would more likely occur. But I don't see why all this fuss over mature women running long distance, when their bodies are fully developed and the gals are physically and mentally ready to undertake a long-distance run.

RW: Are you optimistic about the AAU's changing its attitude on long distance for women?

VF: Yes. I'm not sure how long it will take. But we've made tremendous progress in the last four years. Sooner or later the changes will come.

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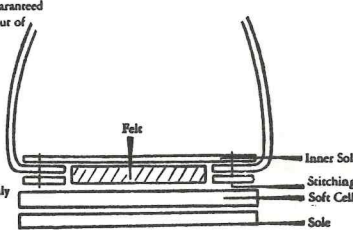
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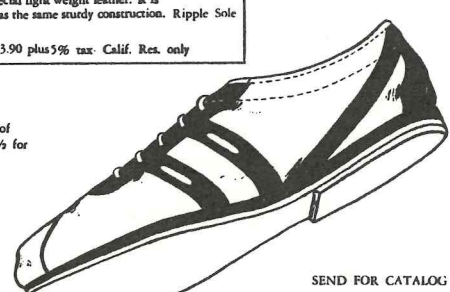
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Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

KELLY - AAU'S JOGGER-IN-CHIEF

BY FRANK GREENBERG

Not everyone who runs distances runs distance races. Far from it. For every competitor, there are dozens of non-competitive joggers. By the same token, not every famous runner is famous for his running. People who've distinguished themselves in other fields—politics, the arts, business, etc.—like to run for exercise, for relaxation, for most of the reasons that competitors do. Some are famous; some are merely unique individuals who deserve more exposure. Frank Greenberg qualifies as a member of their ranks. A successful Philadelphia attorney, Greenberg is a confirmed jogger. He collects information on other joggers who offer interesting stories. This introduces a series of articles on the famous, the fascinating and even the former competitors who fill the jogging world.

I really like to jog. I mean, I talk about it and write about it every chance I get. I feel everybody should jog, particularly the large percentage of the populace who do nothing, or almost nothing to keep themselves physically fit.

I think I have a new angle of attack. I recently read an article in *Track & Field News* about the four golden Swedish milers of the 1940s—Lennart Strand, Arne Andersson, Henry Eriksson and Gunder Haegg. They told what they had done, how they'd done it, and what they were doing today. Boy, did I flip out about the point on today's living. Some quotes:

“... Fifteen years ago I started jogging for my health” (Haegg).

“Lennart, who works in an office, jogs with businessmen. . .”

“I still train, jogging in the summertime. . .” (Eriksson)

“He (Andersson) runs five days a week much of the year.”

The minimum age of these three men is 40—at least. How many others, good athletes and others, must jog or run or whatever you call it to keep their bodies in relatively good operating order. I have started to find out, because a lot of people whose names may be known to you have chosen to jog, and I'm interested in learning why.

Logically, the first person I asked was Jack Kelly, Olympic rowing champion and currently president of the AAU. To know Jack is to like him, and I found him to be the articulate guy who would really say it well. Some samples:

FG: *Jack, you have an enviable mix of leisure time, financial resources and proven athletic ability. Why would you choose jogging as opposed to skiing year-round or something else 'jet-setty' like that?*

Kelly: Well, jogging is really the quickest thing to do. Time is always scarce and a problem for me. It is just so thorough and can be done in such a relatively short time.

FG: *How often do you run?*

Kelly: About every other day, maybe four times a week, all year round.

FG: *What is your routine?*

Kelly: I can go right down the elevator of my apartment house, right out the door and jog over to the boat houses (about 1½ miles away), and if I feel good I go on for awhile. I'll then stop, do some calisthenics . . . then go back. I also like to do some longer work, say about five miles or so once a week.

FG: *Does your traveling interrupt all of this?*

Kelly: Not at all. I pack my shoes wherever I go . . . such as last week in California. I ran the streets in Beverly Hills. I can run wherever I go. It's just a matter of taking the shoes.

FG: *How fast do you jog?*

Kelly: I feally don't know. Not terribly. I'm 6'1" and about 195-200 pounds, so I don't have the build of a typical long distance runner. I do an 8½-mile jog in about 61 minutes.

FG: *Do you find it boring?*

Kelly: Not at all. I might if I were running around a track, but never outside at the places that I run.

FG: *Then jogging is the exercise that does it all for you?*

Kelly: Well, almost. I also swim. I have a terrible kick, so swimming really builds up my arms, and jogging does the legs. It works that way for me.”

I guess that's the whole point. Everyone finds something that works for them. I have been finding that, once fully exposed to it, jogging seems to be the answer to many, many people. The thinking man's sport? A way to keep in shape cheaply? Efficiently?

I receive all answers to my questions from all types of people. I will be assembling what they say from time to time and writing about it here.

I receive all answers

Example: Care to guess what a 30-year-old bachelor sales manager has in common with a 64-year-old trophy business owner living at a New Jersey shore resort, and also with a successful mid-west dentist whose interests lie in promoting amateur swimming internationally? Different backgrounds, from different locations and different interests, except for one that they have in common. Well, I guess it's obvious by now what that link is.

CLASSIFIED NOTICES

RATES: 15 cents a word (general), 10 cents a word (meets)

OREGON TRACK CLUB ALL-COMERS MARATHON, 10:00 a.m., Sunday, Oct. 3. Age group and women's divisions. Four laps on a flat course (part of the AAU marathon course) in Eugene. Contact Janet Newman, 2161 University St., Eugene, Ore. 97403.

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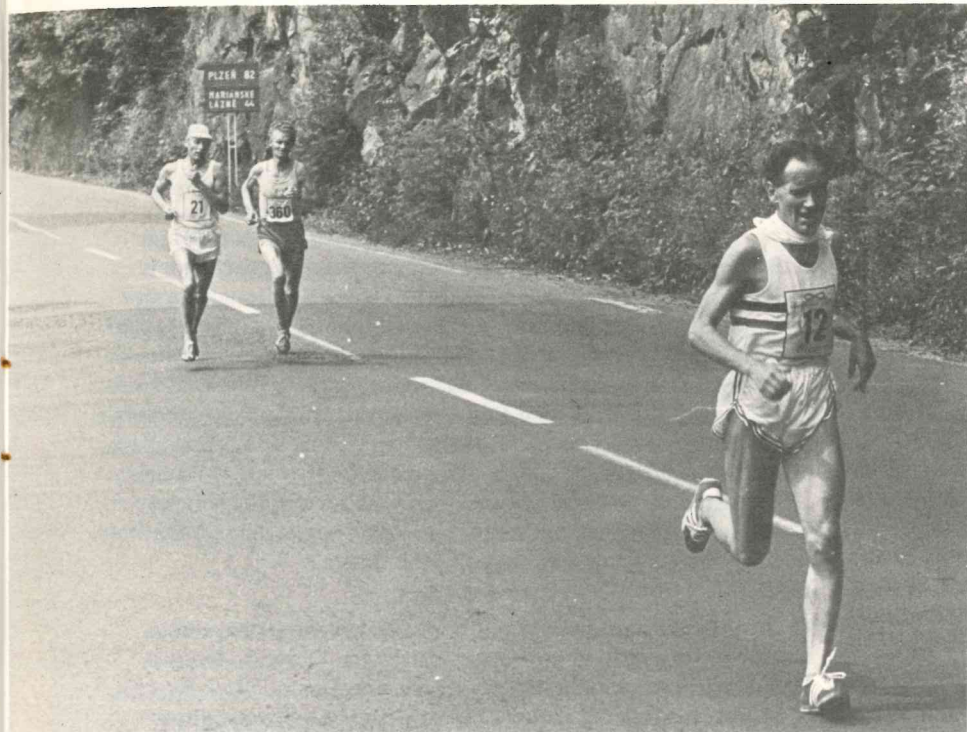
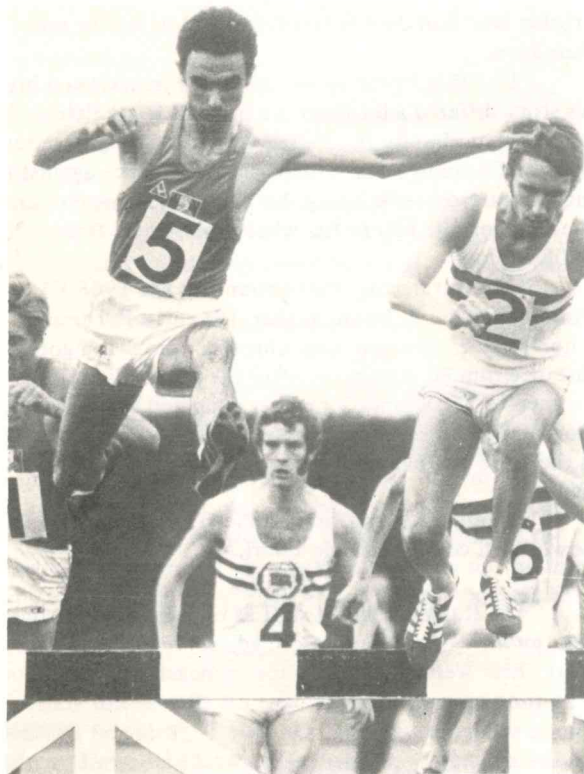


PHOTO-CHOICE

Above: Ron Franklin leads this group through the Czech countryside in the International Vets 25-kilo.

Below: European steeplechase champ Jean-Pierre Villain. (Mark Shearman photo)

Right: Ill-fated Ethiopian Miris Ifter shadows Steve Prefontaine. (Steve Murdock photo)



STRIDING ALONG

BY BOB ANDERSON

When you think about running on the streets of New York City, it really doesn't sound very exciting. But Sidney Landau's description of one of his runs changed my mind:

"The other day while running around the reservoir in the early morning I was struck by the beauty of the buildings on Fifth Avenue as seen through the haze of an overcast, misty day. The grays and steel-blues were muted over the water, the ducks were quiet as paint, the sky was felt rather than observed—but mainly the wistful, bleached quality of color in the majesty of eclipse affected me as I ran, and I realized that beauty—at least this kind of beauty—cannot be directly observed, but only glimpsed while actively engaged in something else. I realized that running was my platform of observation, my adjustment of time and space to dimensions that I could control and that would enable me, precisely because they so absorbed me, to appreciate aspects that would otherwise have been hidden, in part because they were too accessible to my attention. And running is absorbing.

"You cannot run absent-mindedly, not run well at any rate. It is the giving of oneself to it that frees you, paradoxically, to enjoy a reordered reality—one that is passing you at a rate of your own determination. Thus distance and time become products of your will and imagination. Instead of allowing others to wind you up, running for electric-eye elevators, you take the measure of a part of the world of your own choosing, and set the clocks with your heart and legs and mind."

•••••

Mike Stam came to the United States about two years ago and picked Santa Barbara as his home. He is now moving back to England and he sent along a letter mentioning the many runners he had met and how much fun he has had running in the US these two years. One thing which caught my eye was: "While sitting in the Casbah Lounge of the Hotel Sahara with John Romero watching the floor show and occasionally talking about running, John's eyes gazed wistfully and longingly on the slender form of a dancer going through her act wearing less than one-third of what Ron Hill wore at Boston. "With a figure like that," he hissed excitedly, "what a fantastic marathon runner that girl would make!" "

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Distance running performances are really hard to compare since many races are held on roads and in the country. The ones that are held on tracks are much easier to compare but even here there are things like wind and temperature to take into account.

But even with this in mind, every race is timed with some sort of device. Mostly simple stop watches are used, but when you are lucky you can get fancy. We did at the two-hour run we sponsored and at the 24-hour relay.

We were lucky enough to have Don Bush of Deka Products loan us just as many Deka timers (electronic devices about the size of a portable tape recorder) as we needed. At the two-hour run, we had four timers—and each of the 16 runners had his 440 splits recorded to the 100th of a second. All it takes is a push of a button and you have your split. The numbers are right there in lights. We also had two of these timers at the 24-hour relay.

After using the Deka timers, I think all races should be timed with one, though \$300-\$1000 is a lot of money to spend on one timer. But I think it would be a very good investment if an organization has the money. If you want information about these timing devices write: Don Bush, Deka Products,

2423 Old Middlefield Way, Suite E, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

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On the subject of our 24-hour relay, at Los Altos High School July 9-10, I would like to thank the following people for their help. Manning the scoring table day and night in five-hour shifts isn't the most fun thing around. Thanks Jeff Loughridge, Dave Gleason, Scott Loughridge, Joe Henderson, Rita Weimer, Don Sommer, Janet Allardyce, Barbara Pflueger, Tom Perez, Joy Robinson and Roy Goodman. Of course we couldn't have put the relay on without the help of coach Leo Long and Fred Mendoza, since they made available the track. And San Francisco 49ers defensive back Steve Fuller and his younger brother sure helped out Sunday morning in cleaning up the field. Also, thanks again Don Bush for the timers.

•••••

In the past most of our Photo Quiz answers have been straightforward and not that exciting, but Dorando Pietri in our last issue brought in some interesting letters. Mick Hamlin of Devon, England, wrote: "I saw with interest your Photo Quiz for the July issue, which is no doubt believed to be Dorando Pietri. The photo was, I believe, taken in a cafe in Birmingham, England.

"Pietri (who incidentally ran in the US in 1908 and 1910 in a series of indoor marathons, including one in Madison Square Garden where he ran 2:44:20 and 2:48:08 in defeating Johnny Hayes, the eventual London Olympic winner) died at San Runo, Italy, on July 2, 1942, at age 56.

"When preparations for the Olympics in England in 1948 were underway, a Birmingham cafe owner notified the press that he was Dorando, appeared on radio and agreed to run an exhibition lap during the Olympics. He produced photos, medals, etc., to support his claim and explained that it was his half-brother who had died in San Runo and in fact he was the marathon hero.

"In 1954, *World Sports* magazine interviewed him and his story differed a lot from the original 1948 claims. However, he persisted, despite the Italian Olympic Committee sending a copy of Dorando's death certificate. Evidence against the Birmingham cafe owner is heavy, his claims inconsistent, and neither the 1948 or 1954 story fits what is known of Dorando's post-1908 exploits.

"Also interesting that entrants in the 1908 Olympic marathon included a P. Dorando (No. 19) and a P. Durando (No. 23), a non-starter. Dorando had a brother who was a good-class distance runner, Amando. After the 1908 Olympics, a man who claimed to be Dorando's brother appeared at interviews with Dorando acting as an interpreter. Could it be that he (Amando) is the 1948 claimant and perhaps is the man in your July Photo Quiz?

I thought it was Dorando Pietri but I really don't know now. We'll count Dorando Pietri.

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The Runner's World staff as of July 30 consisted of myself, publisher; Joe Henderson, editor; Jeff Loughridge, shipping clerk; Rita Weimer, subscription manager; and Roy Goodman, part-time general office helper. An all bachelor staff. Then things started happening. On July 31 Rita and I journeyed to Nebraska and got married. Two weeks later in Los Altos Hills Joe got hitched to Janet Allardyce. And as Paul Mack (a friend) said, "Guys, this is one long race you can't drop out of."

READERS' COMMENTS

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

YOUNG'S NON-RUN

I was really disappointed with the AAU's lack of interest in my running in the nationals. I was looking forward to at least one or two more races after training so hard this year. Contrary to what Ollan (Cassell, AAU track administrator) said, I have received a personal invite to every AAU championship for nearly 12 years—until 1971 (even though I did get one to the indoor meet). If it is not the responsibility of the AAU to promote the best competition possible by having the best competitors available in every event, then I feel they had better review their objectives. It is kind of ironic in that I have worn the AAU shield on my running jersey for 10-11 years. Needless to say, it won't appear there again.

*George Young
Flagstaff, Ariz.*

DOG-CONTROL

I have to disagree with (Tom) Osler's method of handling the dog problem ("Beating Man's Best Friend," July 1971 *RW*). His attitude is a reflection of that which plagues society—fear of power to accomplish one's goals. Most of the runners I have associated with have left me with the impression that they are a unique group in their attitude toward life. Non-violent and easy-going with a love for their fellow man characterizes them. Now I'm told that we should yell and throw stones at dogs who bark. This somehow tarnishes my opinion of my fellow runners.

I propose a different solution for handling barking dogs. It's based on the assumption that dogs have no desire to attack a runner, but rather that they are kind and love to be petted. Here is what I do. When a dog starts barking at me, I don't grab a stone or make violent gestures. Rather, I call happily to the dog. Sixty per cent of the time the dog will stop barking and either turn away or come toward me with his tail wagging. Either way I have made a friend. If the dog continues barking and comes toward me, I will slow to a stop, slap my leg, reach out my hand, and/or go down on one knee. This shocks the dog so much that in all probability it will stop barking and approach quizzically. Then I let the dog smell my hand and I petted him. Again I have made a friend. In hard-core cases, it usually takes several attempts, but I have yet to fail.

To steal a few phrases from a Janis Joplin song, "Whatever you give to the world outside, it's gonna give it right back to you."

*Bruce Hannula
South Range, Mich.*

I wish to thank Tom Osler for writing "Beating Man's Best Friend." Just 10 days after I read the article, I had an encounter with a German Shepherd. As I approached him, I reviewed in my mind the points of the article. As I drew alongside him, he started at me. I stopped, faced him quickly and gave a loud sound. He stopped, looked, turned and retreated. Happily, he went in the direction I was going. Several times he looked back, and when he saw me still coming he moved faster.

*Frank Young
Uniondale, N.Y.*

RACING'S LIMITS

Why are so many marathoners insistent upon their "right" to run at Boston or in the national championships? Clearly Boston just cannot accommodate all those who wish to enter,

and such may be the case for the nationals from now on. What I am trying to say is that unrestricted entries are fine as long as the number entering doesn't exceed the organizational and logistical facilities of the race. I guess I'm just getting tired of reading the whining of joggers who aren't good enough or aren't willing to train hard enough to compete successfully. The name of the game in sports is competition. There is no dodging that fact, however much one speaks of the joys of running. Let's make the "right" to run in either of our two biggest races something to be earned, something to strive for. I'd like to see *tough* qualifying standards, maybe as fast as 2:30 or 2:35. Certainly anyone over three hours doesn't belong in these races.

*Geoff Pietsch
Miami, Fla.*

Runners' rights aren't the only ones in our sport. Officials have rights, too. As one who both runs and officiates marathons, I've been disturbed by the *RW* opposition to all attempts to limit the size of marathon fields, even at Boston where things have clearly gotten out of hand. It is a lot more fun to run a marathon than to officiate one, so I think it is too much to ask the 80-100 officials necessary for a well-run marathon to stand around extra hours for people who merely want to prove to themselves that they can cover 26 miles. Let them test themselves on their own time. Those purists holding out for unrestricted entries should pick up a stopwatch, guide flag or water sponge and wait for the five-mile-per-week, six-hour types a few times.

*Tom Bache
San Diego, Calif.*

RESEARCHING RUNNING

I have started what I call our Running Research Center—Laboratory at the University of Texas. Instead of branching out into research in all aspects of exercise physiology, I'm hoping to press on relentlessly in the area of running. I'm trying to attract runners who have an interest in research with the hope they will help stimulate interest through the country in track and field. Any prospects are encouraged to apply for admission to our graduate program. I feel certain once we get going we will find it easier and easier to find financial assistance.

*Jack Daniels
Dept. of Physical & Health Education
University of Texas
Austin, Texas 78712*

PHYSICAL EXAMS

On behalf of the American Medical Joggers Association, I would like to extend to the runners in the United States an opportunity to overcome some of the problems which Des O'Neill discussed in his article ("Examining the Medical Exam,"

1972 MARATHON HANDBOOK

We're already putting together the third edition of Marathon Handbook—due out in early January. The new version will run 100 pages. To assure that it's as complete and accurate as possible, we'd like anyone planning a 1972 marathon or ultra-marathon to let us know the particulars. *RW*, Box 366, Mountain View, Ca. 94040.

July 1971 *RW*). We would like to offer to runners a list of physicians throughout the US who will perform the pre-race examination for a \$2.00 fee. The \$2.00 is to defray the basic secretarial expense in order to complete the form. You may obtain the list, free of charge, from our national office: AMJA, P.O. Box 4704, North Hollywood, Calif. 91607.

*Ron Lawrence, M.D.
North Hollywood, Calif.*

COMBATTING ENTRY FEE INFLATION

Entry fees for races are going up and up—even faster than the inflation of the economy in general. Marathon entry fees in particular are getting out of hand. They are commonly \$2.00 now, and some are creeping up as high as \$3.50 and \$4.00.

Over the past year I have become very sensitive to this trend. I am seriously concerned about it, and it makes me uneasy about the nature of distance running competition in the future. My central concern is this: what are the implications of an ever-greater impact of monetary considerations on distance running? Distance running as I have experienced it is threatened, it is clear to me. The democratic, open, non-economic character of distance races that I've always loved is under pressure. And indirectly, the creative-spiritual-brotherhood aspects which move us so profoundly. These values are often corroded in our culture by economic pressures.

A few runners in our district (the Pacific Association AAU) are going to take some action in the face of this. A petition is currently being drawn up, asking that a ceiling be placed on entry fees. It will be passed around for runners to sign, then presented to the PA-AAU. In addition to this, letters are being sent out to directors of marathons in the western United States which charge more than \$1.00 entry fee, asking for cost accountings. My belief is that a perfectly decent race can be organized on \$1.00 entry fees or less. But I want to find out if this belief can be substantiated.

*Benjamin Sawyer
Santa Cruz, Calif.*

A WORD FOR LIQUORI

I feel compelled to comment on Dr. Sheehan's analysis of the reason for the boos that greeted Marty Liquori at his introduction in Philadelphia ("Off the Beaten Track," July 1971 *RW*). While it is true Marty Liquori follows a "win and damn the time" philosophy, he was booed, and let's be totally frank about it, *not* because of this philosophy but because the American public generally sees Jim Ryun as a hero of towering proportions and Marty Liquori—the direct instrument of Ryun's defeats in 1969—as a villain. As Marty himself said in the interview I did with him last May for *RW*: "When I came along and sort of started chipping away at the monument that he (Ryun) had built, I became somewhat of a villain."

Rather than booing Marty because they know so much about him and his tactics, as Dr. Sheehan suggests, it is more accurate to say the crowd booed him because they know little and appreciate less about Marty Liquori the athlete and the person. Like hundreds of young Americans, he wears his hair and clothes a little mod; he drives his own car. He is also religious to the point of crossing himself before his races and conservative to the point of wanting to become a successful businessman upon graduation. Some villain!

*Dave Prokop
London, Ontario*

LIVING WITH HEAT

I can't agree with arguments for doing away with hot marathons ("Coping with Heated Battles," July 1971 *RW*). Two reasons: (1) Marathoners are supposed to be tough. If they're well-trained (and the promoters are as well) a hot marathon isn't going to harm them physically, anywhere near as badly as a smoggy one. Let's not adjust the race to fit the beer-bellied, out-of-shape guy who spends six days a week glued to the tube. (2) Some runners do their best in the heat (in relation to the competition), and marathoning is primarily a competitive race—not one against the clock.

You don't have to hold a marathon in Death Valley at noon on the 12th of July, but at the same time you shouldn't run away from every little hardship that stares you in the face. As a spokesman for the heat-lovers, I say give the raindogs and the Eskimoes and the power-puffs their races. But let us have ours, too.

*Dave Waco
Granada Hills, Calif.*

NUMBER THREE'S NOT BAD

You really have a runners' magazine. You mean what you say. The only books or magazines I rate ahead of you are the *Bible* and *Organic Farming and Gardening*.

*David Greengo
Seattle, Wash.*

Photo Quiz

This man is a very famous writer who has finished several Boston Marathons.



LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

Eighty-five correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Jeff Toff (Albuquerque, N.M.) was drawn, and he was awarded \$10 worth of books.

THE ANSWER: Dorando Pietri

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

WINNER receives a \$10 gift certificate good for any books handled by *RW*. Deadline for this issue's contest: Oct. 11.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO:
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Coaching distance runners is both the easiest and hardest of tasks. A coach won't find a more willing group of pupils. Yet at the same time he won't find a group who's more sensitive to internal and external pressures. More than a skilled technician, a coach must be a psychologist and human relations expert.

This booklet looks at distance coaches and their role—from both sides. Coaches discuss coaching and athletes discuss their coaches. The meat of the booklet is the 13-article section on coaches at the international (Igloi, Cerutti, Lydiard), college (Bowerman and Elliott), high school, club, women's, age-group and informal levels. Plus a special report on coaching the scholastic marathoner.

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Training for Speed

Speedwork—fast training—has gotten an undeserved bad name. Speed CAN kill the sprint in the legs and the spirit in the head. But that happens only when this type of training is abused. When used and used properly, it builds the sharpness demanded in fast racing. Don't blame speed itself for any damage. Blame the user.

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Featured is a thorough examination of speed's use, written by New Zealand coach Arthur Lydiard. Also an article by Hal Higdon, the well-known writer who has experimented with training methods for nearly 25 years. Finally, there are 10 suggested speed workouts—none involving the conventional and drab 20 x 440 routine.

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NOW READY

The Complete Book on Distance Running

GUIDE TO RUNNING DISTANCE

There are many books on the subject of distance running, but there has never been a book like "Guide to Distance Running." Here's a book edited by Runner's World publisher Bob Anderson and editor Joe Henderson that hits upon nearly every facet of the sport. The nearly 100 articles divided into five chapters (The Basics, Races & Racing, Coaching & Training, The Reasons Why, The People) are the work of over 50 different authors. Some of the articles are listed below.

Here's where most books stop. This one doesn't. We felt that the sport could only be understood if we could visually illustrate it for you. This is where chapter six comes in—Running Views. This chapter consists of nearly 100 photos divided into six sections—Around the Track, In the Country, On the Road, Great Stars, Olympic Games, Just Running. Every photo was carefully selected from the over 2000 pictures on file at Runner's World. Thirty-two photographers from around the world submitted photos for our use.

This hits the highlights of the big 208-page (8½ x 11) book, but you have to see "Guide to Distance Running" to really appreciate it. It is only \$4.95 and well worth the price. Get your copy today.

Partial list of "Guide" contents:

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CHAPTER IV — REASONS WHY

Exploring Basic Drives
Searching for Ourselves
Finding Fun on the Run
Use and Abuse of Statistics
Running's Real Rewards

CHAPTER V — THE PEOPLE

Clayton, Drayton and Hill
Fall and Rise of Jim Ryun
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Lewis Outruns Old Age
Browning Ross—A Worker

CHAPTER VI — RUNNING VIEWS

(the outstanding photo section)
Around the Track
In the Country
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Just Running

APPENDIX

World Running Records
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