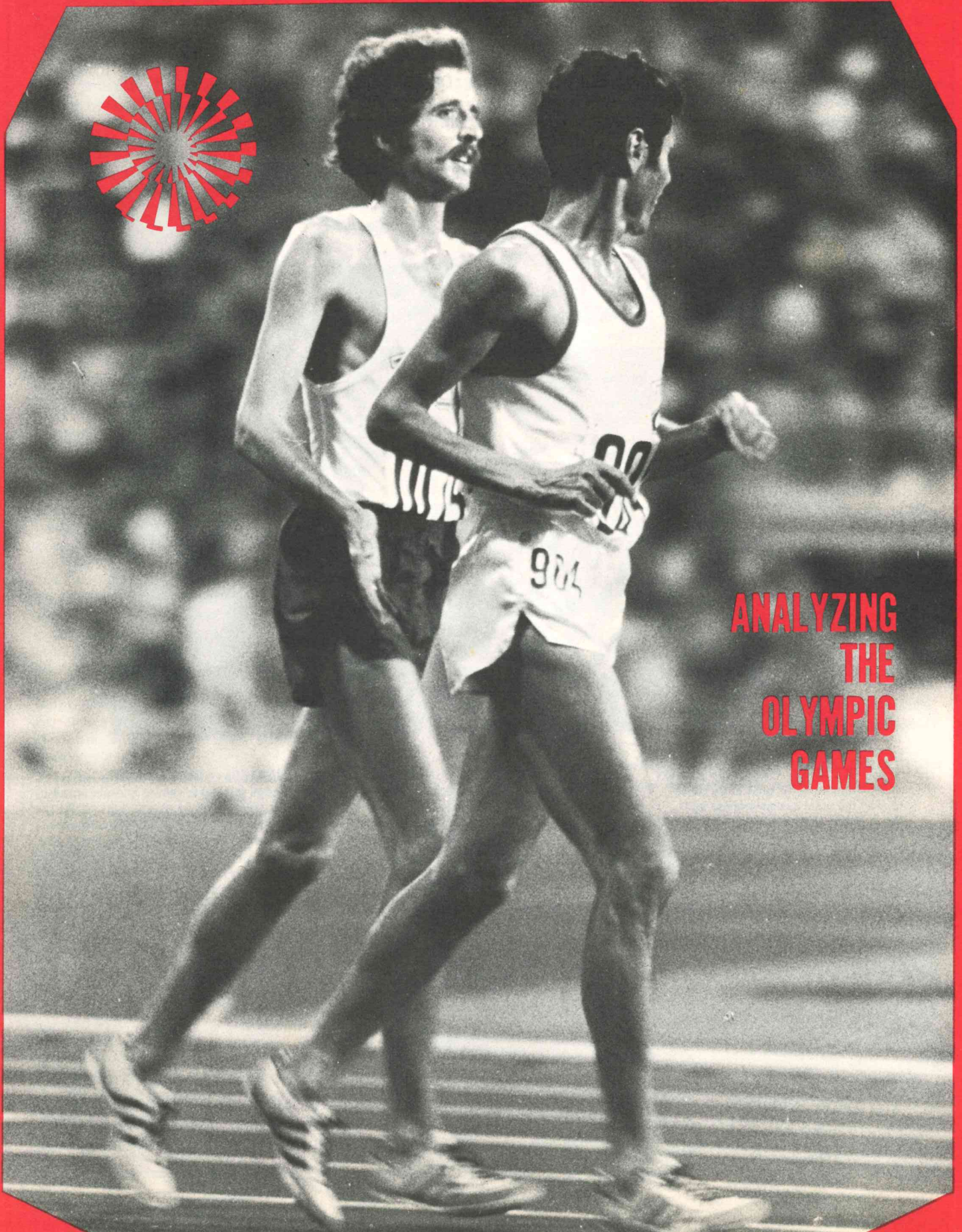


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# RUNNER'S WORLD

VOLUME — 7 NOVEMBER, 1972 NUMBER — 6



**COVER:**  
Frank Shorter (left) and Mohamed Gammoudi jog to the start of the Olympic 10,000. Each was to play an important part in running to come. This issue features both. (Shearman)

## RUNNER'S WORLD

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Second-class postage paid at Mountain View Calif. Postmaster please send form 3579.

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

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

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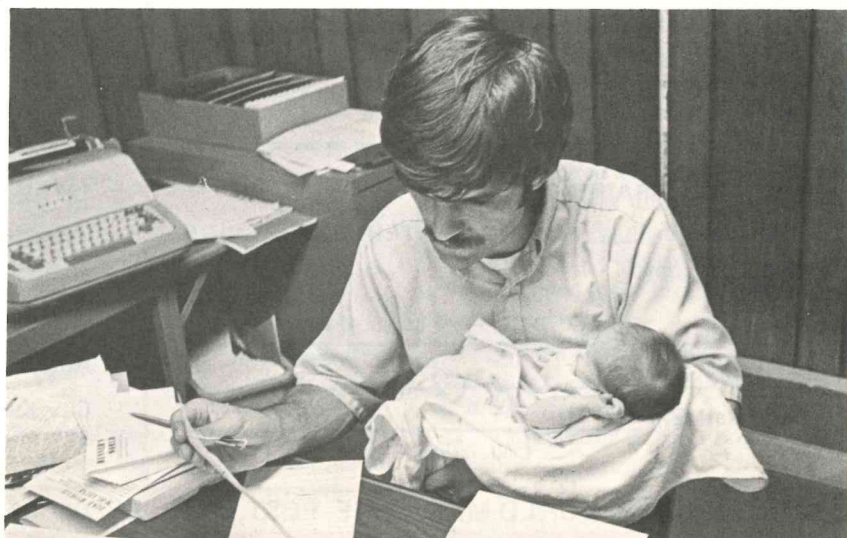
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## FROM THE PUBLISHER

There sure have been some exciting things happen since our last issue. On Aug. 29, my wife gave birth to a little baby girl—Lisa Marie. Lisa already helps me out at the office once in a while, as pictured below.

We have decided to change *Runner's World* to a monthly. More details on page five. And our Olympic Tour went off beautifully.

Hope you enjoy this issue.



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# RUNNER'S WORLD GOING MONTHLY!

A year ago, we surveyed our readers. One of the questions was, "What do you dislike about *Runner's World*?" We expected criticism and were asking for it. To our surprise, the most common answer was, "It doesn't come out often enough." At the time, we weren't in a position to make that kind of change. A year and several thousand new subscribers later, we're happy to make this announcement:

*Runner's World* is going monthly.

Following tradition, the move comes in January. Every year since the magazine was founded in January 1966, a major change has occurred: going from two to four issues per year in 1967; larger page size in '68; six issues in '69; from *Distance Running News* to *Runner's World* and Kansas to California in '70; the biggest issue yet (72 pages) in '71, major format changes in '72...

This latest change is the most dramatic yet. We're making the move for two main reasons: (1) there is more information available than we can cover in six magazines a year, and (2) there are enough subscribers now to support more frequent publication. This wasn't true even as recently as a year ago.

There are two other important aspects in the move to monthly:

- More emphasis on current news.
- More attention to affairs outside of competitive distance running.

Neither of these would have been possible on the bimonthly schedule, either. News would have been stale by the time it got to readers two months or so after the fact. So we confined most of the news to the every other week newsletter, *Racing Report*.

*Racing Report* is being absorbed into the new format. That publication has outstanding features. It offers training and personality profiles on leading runners, a detailed coming events section, special reports on races, racing results, and a gossip column called "Running Shorts." They're all good reading—but only a tenth of the *RW* subscribers had seen them. Now you all will.

Another of the criticisms in the reader survey last year was, "How can you call yourself a complete running magazine if you ignore the sprints and hurdles?" We ignored them for two rea-

sons: not enough space to do the entire sport justice, and not enough articles of value to publish. Now we have the space and are able to get articles which fit in with the overall quality and slant of the magazine.

We feel we can give the sprints and hurdles the same informative, inspirational and entertaining coverage that we now give to distance running.

We can do these things because there will be more than twice the number of pages available. The January issue, for instance, will run 68 pages. While doing more on the "other" aspects of the sport—beginning running, jogging, coaching and age-group athletes as well as the short distances—there is going to be more than ever on things our hard-core of subscribers like best. There will be more news, and also more feature articles.

It comes down to this: we want to produce one complete magazine for running people of all persuasions—shortest to longest distances, fastest to slowest runners, top to bottom, serious to casual, expert to novice reader. The monthly format allows this.

There are several things, however, that we *won't* do. We are not changing the basic style and tone of the magazine. We are not abandoning the people who have brought us to the point where we are able to make this move. We are not instituting a quota system which says, "Each issue must have X amount of news and Y number of stories besides distance running." We are not changing so much after all, but are expanding or branching out.

We want to do more of the same things you indicate by your comments and your subscriptions that you enjoy and find valuable in *Runner's World*.

We have prided ourselves in getting "behind the times." This is a magazine about the people who run, and about the hows and whys of running. It intentionally reads like a personal letter to people thoroughly involved in the sport, from people who are at least as much involved. There is a practical and a personality orientation. This will continue—twice as often.

We need articles. More than ever, we need them—since we have less time for internal writing, a wider field to cover and twice the drain on fresh material.

These are the major needs:

1. Interviews and first-person articles by highly qualified commentators. (See the US Olympic interviews in this issue.)
2. Technical and analytical pieces, solidly based in fact but written in non-scientific language.
3. "Integrated" stories of value and interest to the entire spectrum of readers, not just a single special-interest group. ("The Science of Running" illustrates the last two types of writing.)
4. Sprint, hurdle and beginning-running articles of the same type and quality that we have done on distance running.
5. Reader participation. Your feedback is vital. Feel free to express your opinions on any subject.

Remember that *Runner's World* now pays for certain stories that are published. The minimum rate for solicited material (articles done on assignment) is \$5 per published page, and can go much higher. If interested in contributing articles, contact the editor. (For information on photography, write the publisher.) We also welcome ideas for stories to be written by you or someone else, news and results, schedules and running tidbits.

Professional writing ability isn't a qualification. What the writer has to say is more important than how slickly he says it. A fresh and valuable subject, a clear and simple style, and an authoritative tone are the qualities we want.

The cost: Our printing-mailing-editorial costs jump considerably with this move. They'll be more than double the expense of the old bimonthly. So the subscription rate starting in January will be \$7.00 a year.

Unexpired subscribers will be credited with the same number of issues as before. The sub simply will expire earlier. For instance, if your sub is due to run out in March (two more issues), it will now expire in February.

*Racing Report* readers also will have their unexpired subscriptions added to their *RW* account.

Contact the subscription manager with any circulation questions.

We're all looking forward to serving you and the sport even better than before.



# THE BEST AND WORST OF OLYMPIC GAMES



“An irritable, gusting wind—suddenly cold from a heavy rain—rattles the empty yogurt cups and discarded papers across the plaza of the Village,” writes Francie Kraker Johnson, a US women’s 1500-meter runner. “It is almost empty this Sunday night save for a few hurrying figures, anxious perhaps to escape the depressing chill, the memories of the place, of how four days before while the usual gaudy assemblage was there—bartering, bantering, carrying on in its diverse manner—terrorists held the lives of nine fellow athletes in their malevolent grasp. It is this that I ponder as I hurry to escape this sad place...”

Munich and the world had seen the best and the worst of Olympic Games. The two aspects of the meet, the competition in Olympic Stadium and the horror at the Village and nearby airfield, blended into memory. Fifteen world records had been set. Sixteen people were dead. The Games had been a great athletic success and had been the setting for a monstrous human crime. The mood had gone from happiness, to terror, to shock, to the resigned sadness the Francie was feeling as she left Olympic Village for the last time. The life had gone out of the Olympics. Bullets had shattered the affair. The first reaction was to want out.

It was the right time to ask “Are the Games worth saving? Should they go on at the risk of something else like this?” It was the right time to question the value and future of the Olympics, but the wrong time for decisions that might toss out the good with the bad.

Lord Killian, new president of the International Olympic Committee, recognized immediately that changes were needed—but that this wasn’t the time or place for them.

“The Games have become too big, too unmanageable,” he said at Munich. “There are all sorts of proposals: to reduce the number of competitors, to reduce the number of events, or even to cut out some sports altogether. But it is very difficult. These things must not be rushed. They need a lot of thought. I can assure you things get a lot worse if they are rushed. The worst mistakes are usually made in the last 10 minutes of a meeting.” Or, he might have added, in the first days after a tragedy such as this.

The first reaction, an emotional one trumpeted loudly in the press, was to get out. Disband the Olympics, and instead hold separate world championships in a less hysterical atmosphere.

Defusing the atmosphere is a must, but throwing away the whole Olympic concept to accomplish this seems extreme—like killing a patient to stop a curable cancerous growth. Changes undoubtedly must be made because of what happened in Munich. But the Games also must go on because of the hope they offer.

The athletes were better than ever. They lived and ran together in as much harmony as ever. That wasn’t the problem. A politically-inspired invasion from the outside broke up the festival. The Olympics had become too inviting a stage for political protest of every stripe, and the final result was this.

The Montreal Games obviously must be less political, less attractive as an arena for intruders bent on using athletes as pawns in their power-plays. This may involve fundamental changes in the trappings and rituals of the Olympics, along perhaps with scaling down the size of the spectacle.

Dirty political maneuvering, threats of boycotts, petty chauvinism and of course nationally sanctioned murder must be eliminated. If flag-waving and national anthems contribute to this atmosphere, they have to go.

But a certain sense of nationalism is good and necessary in the Olympic Games. If not outwardly encouraged, it should at least be recognized. George Sheehan and Richard Raymond both write about this later. Raymond says, “How do you promote the feeling of brotherhood between nations if you refuse to admit that there are different nations present? I think the symbolism is very appropriate and effective in the contrast of the opening and closing ceremonies. The athletes all enter as separate and discrete entities. But after two weeks they are all mixed and jumbled into one colorful, inseparable mass. Isn’t that what the whole thing is supposed to be about, after all?”

A man must know where he is from to know where he is going. Kipchoge Keino knows both. He put the Olympics in perspective:

“I look at the Olympic Games only as an event in which you take part. To lose or to win is all the same. If I lose, it means someone is better than me. And if I win it doesn’t have any special indication at all, only that I have accepted the challenge that day... I am here representing my country and myself. I don’t compete for any political reason. If I win, it is for Kip and Kenya, not politics.”

If the Games can continue in that spirit...



# SUMMARIZING THE TRACK EVENTS

Eleven days, 11 world running records broken or tied. Perhaps that isn't so spectacular when put up alongside the swimming results, but track is a different game altogether. This probably was track's best period ever.

All we can do here is summarize. Some of this—maybe all of it—you've seen before, but probably not all in the same place. Only when you see it all at once does the number and speed of the running really register.

Despite ever-improving competition and tougher-than-ever records, good performances came in bunches. Lyudmila Bragina's three world records in the 1500. Finns Lasse Viren's and Pekka Vasala's three titles. Doubles by sprinters Valeriy Borzov and Renate Stecher. American distance winners Dave Wottle and Frank Shorter. Record-setting hurdlers John Akii-Bua and Rod Milburn. East and West Germany's super-sprinters in the women's relays. The US dashmen finally getting organized in the 400 relay.

(More details are available in the booklet *Olympic Games 1972*, and in the Sept. 13 issue of *Racing Report*, both available from *RW*.)

## 100 METERS/MEN

Valeriy Borzov himself said, "I don't think that (Eddie) Hart or (Rey) Robinson would have changed the situation very much. I didn't have to go all-out. Let's say that I used 90% of my resources, which was enough to win." The question is, could Hart and/or Robinson have gone even faster if they had arrived at the start sooner? There'll always be a cloud over Borzov's victory.

RESULTS: 1. Valeriy Borzov (Soviet Union) 10.1; 2. Robert Taylor (US) 10.2; 3. Lennox Miller (Jamaica) 10.3; 4. Alexandr Korneliuk (Soviet Union) 10.4; 5. Mike Fray (Jamaica) 10.4; 6. Jobst Hirscht (West Germany) 10.4; 7. Zenon Nowosz (Poland) 10.5; Hasley Crawford (Trinidad) didn't run.

## 100 METERS/WOMEN

Renate Stecher, at 5'6½" and 157 pounds, is not a pretty runner to watch. She pounds the track with all the grace of a fullback charg-

ing for the goal line. But she is overpoweringly effective. Her actual time here was 11.07.

Three-hundredths of a second faster and she would have tied the world record.

RESULTS: 1. Renate Stecher (East Germany) 11.1; 2. Raelene Boyle (Australia) 11.2; 3. Sylvia Chivas (Cuba) 11.2; 4. Iris Davis (US) 11.3; 5. Annegret Richter (West Germany) 11.4; 6. Alice Annun (Ghana) 11.4; 7. Barbara Ferrell (US) 11.5; 8. Eva Gleskova (Czechoslovakia) 12.5.

## 200 METERS/MEN

Borzov is called "the manufactured sprinter." Six years of research and development went into his Olympic double. Supposedly he's technically perfect, particularly on the start and turn. Yet Larry Black, from the tight lane one, led him into the stretch. Borzov looked around, then powered away. Black's comment: "You hardly ever see a class runner look two or three times to his side in a race.

How does that make the other dudes in the race feel?"

RESULTS: 1. Valeriy Borzov (Soviet Union) 20.0; 2. Larry Black (US) 20.2; 3. Pietro Mennea (Italy) 20.3; 4. Larry Burton (US) 20.4; 5. Chuck Smith (US) 20.6; 6. Siegfried Schenke (East Germany) 20.6; 7. Martin Jellinghaus (West Germany) 20.7; 8. Hans-Joachim Zenk (East Germany) 21.1.

## 200 METERS/WOMEN

Raelene Boyle was only 17 years old when she placed second at Mexico City. She looked like a winner here for 150 meters. Then Stecher churned past, finishing half a tenth ahead with a world record tie. Boyle sobbed uncontrollably on the victory stand.

RESULTS: 1. Renate Stecher (East Germany) 22.4 (equals world record); 2. Raelene Boyle (Australia) 22.5; 3. Irena Szewinska (Poland) 22.7; 4. Ellen Strophal (East Germany)

22.8; 5. Annegret Kroniger (West Germany) and Christina Heinich (East Germany) 22.9; 7. Alice Annum (Ghana) 23.0; 8. Rosie Allwood (Jamaica) 23.1.

#### 400 METERS/MEN

Forget the performance on the victory stand for a moment and remember the one that put Vince Matthews and Wayne Collett there. Matthews was picked for third behind his teammates Collett and John Smith. Smith fell out early with a hamstring injury. Matthews got his vital margin on Collett in the third quarter of the race. Moments later, trouble started.

**RESULTS:** 1. Vince Matthews (US) 44.7; 2. Wayne Collett (US) 44.8; 3. Julius Sang (Kenya) 44.9; 4. Charles Asati (Kenya) 45.1; 5. Horst-Rudiger Schloske (WG) 45.3; 6. Markku Kukkoaho (Finland) 45.5; 7. Karl Honz (West Germany) 45.7; John Smith (US) didn't finish.

#### 400 METERS/WOMEN

What a change since 1968! In Mexico City, the East German women didn't win a dash medal of any color. Here they swept the individual sprints. Minutes after Stecher's 200, Monika Zehrt took the 400. The world record holder (she missed it by a tenth here) is just 19 years old.

**RESULTS:** 1. Monika Zehrt (East Germany) 51.1 (Olympic record); 2. Rita Wilden (West Germany) 51.2; 3. Kathy Hammond (US) 51.6; 4. Helga Seidler (East Germany) 51.9; 5. Mable Ferguson (US) 52.0; 6. Charlene Rendina (Australia) 52.0; 7. Dagmar Kasling (East Germany) 52.2; 8. Gyorgyi Balogh (Hungary) 52.4

#### 800 METERS/WOMEN

Times—and their relative value—have changed. Madeline Manning won the race in Mexico City with 2:00.9. Here she didn't make the final, though she's running as well now as then. Until this summer, only Hildegard Falck had broken two minutes officially. Here, a sub-two time didn't get a medal for Svetla Zlateva. Falck missed tying her record by just one-hundredth of a second. The time of 1:58.55 rounded upward.

**RESULTS:** 1. Hildegard Falck (West Germany) 1:58.6 (Olympic record); 2. Niele Sabaite (Soviet Union) 1:58.7; 3. Gunhild Hoffmeister (East Germany) 1:59.2; 4. Svetla Zlateva (Bulgaria) 1:59.7; 5. Vera Nikolik (Yugoslavia) 2:00.0; 6. Illeana Silai (Romania) 2:00.0; 7. Rosemary Stirling (Great Britain) 2:00.2; 8. Abigail Hoffman (Canada) 2:00.2.

#### 1500 METERS/MEN

Pekka Vasala: "Believe me when I tell you how much I regret that (Jim) Ryun was not in the final. Had he been there, my tactics would have been quite different. I would have had two men to keep an eye on. A pace runner (Keino) and an athlete who is very strong on the last lap (Ryun). But Jim wasn't there..." It would have been interesting to see Ryun's response to a 1:48.8 last two laps. Keino couldn't answer it.

**RESULTS:** 1. Pekka Vasala (Finland) 3:36.3; 2. Kipchoge Keino (Kenya) 3:36.8; 3. Rod Dixon (New Zealand) 3:37.5; 4. Mike Boit (Kenya) 3:38.4; 5. Brendan Foster (Great

Britain) 3:39.0; 6. Herman Mignon (Belgium) 3:39.1; 7. Paul-Heinz Wellmann (West Germany) 3:40.1; 8. Vladimir Panteley (Soviet Union) 3:40.2; 9. Tony Polhill (New Zealand) 3:41.8; 10. Tom Hansen (Denmark) 3:46.6.

#### 1500 METERS/WOMEN

She didn't get credit for it, but Lyudmila Bragina had the best full series of races in the Games: three 1500s, three world records. "There is no secret, there is no miracle," she said. "For the last three years, I have concentrated on the 1500 meters, and have adopted a training schedule specifically for this distance... We are far from what a woman could do in the 1500. I am convinced that in the very near future our objective should be 3:56."

**RESULTS:** 1. Lyudmila Bragina (Soviet Union) 4:01.4 (world record); 2. Gunhild Hoffmeister (East Germany) 4:02.8; 3. Paola Cacchi (Italy) 4:02.9; 4. Karin Burneleit (East Germany) 4:04.1; 5. Sheila Carey (Great Britain) 4:04.8; 6. Ilja Keizer (Holland) 4:05.1; 7. Tam-

ara Pangelova (Soviet Union) 4:06.5; 8. Jennifer Orr (Australia) 4:12.2; 9. Berny Boxem (Holland) 4:13.1; Ellen Tittel (West Germany) didn't finish.

#### 5000 METERS

The long, long kick was a Finnish trademark at the Games. Vasala used it, and Lasse Viren won with it twice. The slow start in the 5000 set him up perfectly. The other runners started pushing from four laps out, but it already was too late. "It was a much easier race (than the 10,000)," Viren said afterwards. He said he was "never afraid" of his last-lap challengers, Steve Prefontaine and Mohamed Gammoudi. "I saw that they were tired." They were tired from the 4:01 last mile he gave them.

Viren is still at the rear in the 5000. Sviridov leads, followed by Britons Stewart (I), McCafferty. (Shearman)





**RESULTS:** 1. Lasse Viren (Finland) 13:26.4 (Olympic record); 2. Mohamed Gammoudi 13:27.4; 3. Ian Stewart (Great Britain) 13:27.6; 4. Steve Prefontaine (US) 13:28.4; 5. Emiel Puttemans (Belgium) 13:30.8; 6. Harald Norpoth (West Germany) 13:32.6; 7. Per Halle (Norway) 13:34.4; 8. Nikolay Sviridov (Soviet Union) 13:39.4; 9. Frank Eisenberg (East Germany) 13:40.8; 10. Javier Alvarez (Spain) 13:41.8; 11. Ian McCafferty (Great Britain) 13:43.2; 12. Dave Bedford (Great Britain) 13:43.2; 13. Juha Vaatainen (Finland) 13:53.8; Mariano Haro (Spain) didn't run.

### 10,000 METERS

Viren talked matter-of-factly about his victory, his fall at halfway, and his subsequent world record: "I got up instinctively. But at no time did I think that I had lost the race. Up to that point, I had followed (Dave) Bedford's pace without much difficulty. Everything was going fine because I could have gone on the basis of a 27:20 pace. Losing five or six seconds in the fall is a good indication that my record can be considerably improved. In my opinion, 27 minutes will be broken one day—not by me, but I'm sure I will live long enough to see it broken."

**RESULTS:** 1. Lasse Viren (Finland) 27:38.4 (world record); 2. Emiel Puttemans (Belgium) 27:39.6; 3. Miruts Yifter (Ethiopia) 27:41.0; 4. Mariano Haro (Spain) 27:48.6; 5. Frank Shorter 27:52.4; 6. Dave Bedford (Great Britain) 28:05.4; 7. Dane Korica (Yugoslavia) 28:15.2; 8. Abdelkader Zaddem (Tunisia) 28:18.2; 9. Josef Jansky (Czechoslovakia) 28:23.6; 10. Juan Martinez (Mexico) 28:44.2; 11. Pavel Andreyev (Soviet Union) 28:46.4; 12. Javier Alvarez (Spain) 28:56.4; 13. Paul Mose (Kenya) 29:03.0; 14. Willy Polleunis (Belgium) 29:10.2; Mohamed Gammoudi (Tunisia) didn't finish.

### STEEPLECHASE

A weird choice for a second event: Kip Keino choosing the steeple (an event he only started running this year) instead of, say, the 10,000 or even the 800. Apparently he knew what he was doing. Keino's form wasn't great—he stepped on the barriers instead of hurdling them—but his kick was too strong. He did a 57-second last lap, over five obstacles.

**RESULTS:** 1. Kipchoge Keino (Kenya) 8:23.6 (Olympic record); 2. Ben Jipcho (Kenya) 8:24.6; 3. Tapio Kantanen (Finland) 8:24.8; 4. Bronislaw Malinowski (Poland) 8:28.0; 5. Dusan Moravcik (Czechoslovakia) 8:29.2; 6. Amos Biwott (Kenya) 8:33.6; 7. Romualdas Bite (Soviet Union) 8:34.6; 8. Pekka Paivarinta (Finland) 8:37.2; 9. Takaharu Koyama (Japan) 8:37.8; 10. Mikko Ala-Leppilampi (Finland) 8:41.0; 11. Jean-Paul Villain (France) 8:46.8; 12. Mikhail Zhelev (Bulgaria) 9:02.6.

### MARATHON

See Frank Shorter's description of the race in the interview.

**RESULTS (sub-2:20):** 1. Frank Shorter (US) 2:19:19.8; 2. Karel Lismont (Belgium) 2:14:31.8; 3. Mamo Wolde (Ethiopia) 2:15:08.4; 4. Ken Moore (US) 2:15:39.8; 5. Kenji Kimihara (Japan) 2:16:27.0; 6. Ron Hill (Great Britain) 2:16:30.6; 7. Don Macgregor (Great Britain) 2:16:34.4; 8. Jack Foster (New Zealand)

2:16:56.2; 9. Jack Bacheler (US) 2:17:38.2; 10. Lengissa Bedane (Ethiopia) 2:18:36.8; 11. Seppo Nikkari (Finland) 2:18:48.4; 12. Akio Usami (Japan) 2:18:58.0; 13. Derek Clayton (Australia) 2:19:49.7

### 20-KILOMETER WALK

If he had arrived in the stadium exactly 13 seconds sooner, Vladimir Golubnichiy would have been one of the rare athletes ever to win an event in three different Olympics. Peter Frenkel beat the 36-year-old Russian out of the honor.

**RESULTS (sub-1:30):** 1. Peter Frenkel (East Germany) 1:26:42.4 (Olympic record); 2. Vladimir Golubnichiy (Soviet Union) 1:26:55.2; 3. Hans-Georg Reimann (East Germany) 1:27:55.0; 5. Nikolay Smaga (Soviet Union) 1:28:26.6; 6. Paul Nihill (Great Britain) 1:28:44.4.

### 50-KILOMETER WALK

Bernd Kannenberg destroyed all doubts about his credentials as a walker. He had done a suspicious 3:52 earlier in the year. There was nothing wrong here. (Larry Young talks about his own third-place race in the interview.)

**RESULTS (sub-4:10):** 1. Bernd Kannenberg (West Germany) 3:56:11.6 (Olympic record); 2. Venyamin Soldatenko (Soviet Union) 3:58:24.0; 3. Larry Young (US) 4:00:46.0; 4. Otto Bartsch (Soviet Union) 4:01:35.4; 5. Peter Selzer (East Germany) 4:04:05.4; 6. Gerhard Weidner (West Germany) 4:06:26.0; 7. Vittorio Visini (Italy) 4:08:31.4.

### 110-METER HURDLES

It didn't matter that Rod Milburn had run two-tenths of a second faster than anyone else. That was last year. "A trackman is like a flower," he said in January. "You have to bloom again every spring. I've got to go to work and do it all over again." He almost missed the team, placing third in the Trials. But the Munich race was all Milburn's, in record-tying time.

**RESULTS:** 1. Rod Milburn (US) 13.2 (equals world record); 2. Guy Drut (France) 13.3; 3. Tom Hill (US) 13.5; 4. Willie Davenport (US) 13.5; 5. Frank Siebeck (East Germany) 13.7; 6. Leszek Wodzynski (Poland) 13.7; 7. Lubomir Nadenicek (Czechoslovakia) 13.8; 8. Petr Cech (Czechoslovakia) 13.9.

### 100-METER HURDLES/WOMEN

The balance of power shifted here, as it did in so many events in Munich. The Australians, Maureen Caird and Pam Ryan, went one-two at Mexico City. Caird was eliminated in the first round here. Ryan had a losing struggle against the Europeans, most prominently world record holder Annelie Ehrhardt.

**RESULTS:** 1. Annelie Ehrhardt (East Germany) 12.6 (Olympic record); 2. Valeria Bufanu (Romania) 12.8; 3. Karin Balzer (East Germany) 12.9; 4. Pam Ryan (Australia) 13.0; 5. Teresa Nowak (Poland) 13.2; 6. Danuta Straszynska (Poland) 13.2; 7. Annerose Krumpholz (East Germany) 13.3; 8. Grazyna Rabsztyl (Poland) 13.4.

### 400-METER HURDLES

John Akii Bua trains unconventionally. "I don't run on the track until May," he said,

"and then I run over 39-inch hurdles for 1500 meters with a 25-pound weighted jacket on. I can do that about six times a week." He raced unconventionally, too, alternating lead legs over the last four hurdles. The result was spectacular—a world record by three-tenths of a second.

**RESULTS:** 1. John-Akii-Bua (Uganda) 47.8 (world record); 2. Ralph Mann (US) 48.5; 3. David Hemery (Great Britain) 48.5; 4. Jim Seymour (US) 48.6; 5. Rainer Schubert (West Germany) 49.7; 6. Yevgeniy Gavrilenko (Soviet Union) & Stavros Tziortzis (Greece) 49.7; 8. Yuriy Zorin (Soviet Union) 50.3.

### 400-METER RELAY

The US sprinters gained some sort of consolation here. Up to the last day, the Games had been a bitter experience for them. "Most of our sprinters are black," Larry Black said, "and we knew we had to do something to make up." They got the baton to Eddie Hart before the Soviets got theirs to Valeriy Borzov. The Americans tied the world record.

**RESULTS:** 1. United States 38.2 (equals world record); 2. Soviet Union 38.5; 3. West Germany 38.8; 4. Czechoslovakia 38.8; 5. East Germany 38.9; 6. Poland 39.0; 7. France 39.0; 8. Italy 39.1.

### 400-METER RELAY/WOMEN

It shouldn't have happened. The East Germans had double sprint champion Renate Stecher on their team. The West Germans had no dash medalists) and had a long jumper, Heide Rosendahl, anchoring. The crowd was noisily partisan and had the desired effect. The West Germans gave Rosendahl a one-meter lead. She held it... and tied the world record.

**RESULTS:** 1. West Germany 42.8 (equals world record); 2. East Germany 42.9; 3. Cuba 43.4; 4. United States 43.4; 5. Soviet Union 43.6; 6. Australia 43.6; 7. Great Britain 43.7; 8. Poland 44.2.

### 1600-METER RELAY

Without ousted Matthews and Collett and injured John Smith, the surest victory of the Games went unclaimed. The US team couldn't run. But it was an interesting race. The West Germans led until Karl Honz's 20-flat first half-lap caught up with him. Kenya's Julius Sang (who ran 43.4) and two others passed Honz in the last 50 meters.

**RESULTS:** 1. Kenya 2:59.8; 2. Great Britain 3:00.5; 3. France 3:00.7; 4. West Germany 3:00.9; 5. Poland 3:01.1; 6. Finland 3:01.1; 7. Sweden 3:02.6; 8. Trinidad-Tobago 3:03.6.

### 1600-METER RELAY/WOMEN

The United States women broke the world record by over three seconds. Kathy Hammond ran her anchor leg in 50.2 seconds. And they lost by almost 20 meters. The East Germans were fantastic. Second runner Rita Kuhne broke the race open by running 50-flat, the fastest split ever. Hammond's is believed to be second fastest.

**RESULTS:** 1. East Germany 3:23.0 (world record); 2. United States 3:25.2; 3. West Germany 3:26.5; 4. France 3:27.5; 5. Great Britain 3:28.7; 6. Australia 3:28.8; 7. Finland 3:29.4; 8. Soviet Union 3:31.9.

# OLYMPIC FORUM

Enough of this talk about a US "flop" in the Olympic Games, about "the bad breaks that all seemed to go against the Americans," about "the rest of the world catching up."

Look on the bright side—the distance side. There, the runners probably made their best showing of any Olympics.

- Recently healed, newly married, under-trained Dave Wottle started the Games by winning the 800. Though he is a world record holder, the victory was unexpected.

- Even more unexpected was Frank Shorter's marathon win to end the Games—easily beating fresh and faster runners—and the US suddenly waking up to the fact that for now it is the world's leading marathon nation.

- Larry Young earned his second straight bronze medal in the 50-kilometer walk the hard way. He knocked 12 minutes from his best time, barely missing four hours.

- Coach Bill Bowerman's two full-time pupils, Steve Prefontaine and Kenny Moore, each finished fourth. With luck, Pre might have been in the medals in the 5000 and Moore higher in the marathon. But in these fields who could have asked for more?

- Shorter was supposed to have a hard time making the final of the 10,000. He finished fifth—after being with the leaders a lap and a half from home—and broke the American record for the second time—by a total of 17 seconds.

- Others, Jon Anderson in the 10,000 and Francie Kraker Johnson in the women's 1500, were in over

their heads and didn't make the finals. But they ran the times of their lives. You can't call that failure.

- Sure there were problems: Jim Ryun's and Rick Wohlhuter's falls, Ken Swenson's and Doris Brown's injuries, and others hit at the wrong time by less serious accidents/ailments. But a certain percentage of athletes fall victim to things like this at any meet. The US team wasn't singled out.

Soviet 800 man Yevgeniy Arzhanov stumbled at the end. East German 10,000 contender Jurgen Haase lay in a hospital at home. Australia's world steeplechase record holder Kerry O'Brien tripped over a hurdle. Britain's Ron Hill and Dave Bedford lagged. Ethiopia's Miruts Yifter missed his 5000 on a schedule blunder. Even Kenya and Finland had mixed results: defending 10,000 champion Naftali Temu was lapped in the heats; Juha Vaatainen, last year's hero, ran last in the 5000.

Every country has its heartbreaks. But few of them had the compensating joys and surprises of the Americans.

We aren't here to count medals and pat the country on the back, but to give the individual athletes and their coaches some good press for a change. They've had enough of the other kind in the last couple of months.

These are the collected comments on the Games from the top placers and Olympic coach Ted Haydon, who had charge of the 5000, 10,000 and marathon runners. Haydon, who coaches at the University of Chicago (and the connected track club), also worked with distance runners at the Mexico City Games.

## DAVE WOTTLE

WITH JANET NEWMAN

*RW: We hadn't really planned to bring Dave Wottle back so soon for an encore after featuring him in the September issue. But quite a lot has happened to Dave since then. He has been married, suffered through an untimely siege of tendinitis in his knees, lost training and confidence, and won the Olympic gold medal at 800 meters. We won't go into great detail here—but would be remiss not to let Wottle bring us up to date on his victory at Munich.*

**Wottle:** I'm not running right, but

somehow I keep on winning. I had leg problems and missed 31 days of training between the Trials and the Games. I averaged only about four miles a day during that period.

By early August, my mental attitude was shot. But from Aug. 12 on I was able to put in more mileage—five or six miles a day. I ran three half-miles (races) in Europe and did some quality stuff to try and get back my speed.

I'd done the background work. I just hoped everything would hold up. I went into the race, though, thinking that all the other guys were stronger than me. . . In the

Olympics, it's experience that counts—not world records.

In the 800 final, I wasn't running the race to get a medal. I just wanted to do a decent job.

I ran terribly in the first 200 meters. I stayed out of trouble at the back like I wanted to, but I was actually too far back.

*(Wottle's first 200 meters was 26.6–2.1 seconds behind leader Mike Boit.)*

I was really struggling, just trying to catch up. . . I couldn't relax until 300 meters.

*(Wottle was 53.4 at the 400–1.1*

*seconds behind front-running Robert Ouko.)*

I felt like I'd caught up with the pack at 500 meters—the back of the pack! I was trying to move up earlier.

*(Wottle ran 1:19.7 for 600 meters. He had pulled to within a half-second of leader Yevgeniy Arzhanov.)*

I started kicking at 180 meters, thinking, "Geez, I'm in seventh place. All I want to do is a decent job." Then I started catching people and I thought, "I have a chance for the bronze." Then I started catching the leaders and thought, "Geez, I have a chance for the gold medal!" I saw Arzhanov and Boit let up a little and I knew I had a chance, a desperate chance, in the last 20 meters. But until I saw them ease up I was almost ready to concede.

*(Wottle beat Arzhanov by three-hundredths of a second.)*

I didn't want to be last for so long. I wanted to start faster, but I couldn't. I'm not in top shape. Looking back, I thought I had lost the race when I got so far behind. But I never got caught in traffic. I had no trouble going around the leaders in the stretch.

I keep doing the wrong things and I keep winning. I still don't believe the world record, let alone the Olympic gold medal.

**RW:** *Did you do one of those "wrong things" in the 1500 semis? (He missed qualifying by one place).*

**Wottle:** I got big-headed and my kick failed me. It was my own fault.

## FRANK SHORTER

WITH JOHN PARKER

**Parker:** *It had been quite a while since I had seen Frank. Even when he was in school the second quarter last year, I rarely spotted his diminutive (how he must hate that word by now) form, clad in cutoffs, Adidas and with a track bag full of law books.*

*The first quarter of that year we had shared a house (with our two wives adding a little alkaline to what was primarily an acetic mixture). It was during that time I began to realize that Frank Shorter was really serious.*

*He had always been thoughtful (and occasionally downright spacey), but during that fall he seemed to shift gears. He became a mass of total concentration on an impossible goal.*

*But I suppose that is how one accomplishes such goals.*

*Anyway, the point is that when I*

*first saw Frank after he returned from Europe, I saw the old Frank again; the one who had beaten me in the mile of Florida's triangular meet with Yale and Southern Illinois in 1969, who I had invited over for a beer that night, who had become a fast friend thereafter.*

*"I'm going to enjoy being a nice person again," he said, fondly hooking wife Louise around the neck. By her smile, you could tell she agreed.*

*That is all I really want to say. The rest of this story is his.*

On race morning I got up and, for once in my life, did not go for a run. The day of a marathon is the only time in my life I don't run in the morning. I don't feel it's necessary. You've got plenty of time to limber up, and I figure any steps you take are too many that day if you're not doing it towards the finish line.

I got to the course about an hour before the start and sat around for awhile watching everybody else warm up. Then I jogged a mile, put on my shirt and went into the stadium, which is a process in itself. They had a very elaborate process where you go by two checkpoints before being let into the stadium under guard. It was the only way you'd ever get in there. The security was good. There was no way you could get on that track if they didn't want you there, unless, of course, you happened to be an end-of-the-race imposter, a pretender to the gold medal in the marathon. And then, you see, that fellow had a certain psychological shield at work. None of the officials wanted to touch him, because then the runner would have been disqualified for having received aid during the race. And the possibility did exist that the imposter was really a competitor.

Back to the race. We were all sitting around on the inside of the track, watching each other very carefully. At least I was. I wanted to see what everyone would be doing the last five minutes before the race.

I took a look at Ron Hill. Someone else could probably come up with better adjectives and metaphors than I can, but he was wearing what I would call his "space costume." His shorts and shirt as well as shoes were made of this shiny, reflective, heat-resistant, aero-space material. His shoes had no tongues in them, they had a very thin sole which was thinner than the sole I had. I remember thinking, "You know, I must be the lightest runner in this race, in terms of softness of stride, and I wouldn't want to run a marathon in his shoes."

I was looking at Hill and trying to think that he was really being serious. I always have this thing about worrying about the extraneous details too much.

It's nice to have all bases covered, but Hill was really showing his compulsiveness. I remember thinking that he probably had his hair trimmed to the exact millimeter. It made me wonder.

These were the kinds of things that were going through my mind before the race. I looked at Derek Clayton, and he didn't look that formidable. He didn't look like the guy who had run 2:08. Perhaps I shouldn't say it like that, but that is the sort of psychological thing you do to yourself to give you some sort of confidence before a race.

I was on the outside of the first row. They finally got us lined up after calling off everybody's name; all 80 of them. We got off about five minutes late, I guess.

We left through the tunnel, took a right, went about 400 yards, crossed a bridge over a four-lane highway, and came to a spot where we left the street to get onto a little path. At this point the camera truck had slowed down and all the runners were accioned behind it, having to slow down. I tried to go to the right as everyone else was going to the left, because since they were making a right-hand turn I figured I'd cut it close and save some distance. Well, the truck decided he'd pull off the road at this point. So here I was running along with the driver pushing me off the road, pinching me between the side of the truck and the crowd.

I knew I wasn't going to get by, so I pounded on the truck, swore a few times, and then stopped and went around the back. I hit it with my hand, so at that point everyone assumed that I'd been struck. What I had wanted to do was to make them think about it a little bit, so they'd figure, "Oh, my God, we hit one guy. We'd better not hit another."

I lost 20 or 30 yards on that little caper, but I caught up pretty soon. The pace was fairly normal. The first part of a race you try to get settled in, try to get used to the crowd, try to get used to the people you're running with, not to mention the camera truck.

We passed five kilometers in 15:51, I remember, which is very slow. That's about 5:10-a-mile pace for the first three miles. We were really dragging for some reason. And I didn't really feel that good. As it turned out later, I was okay because my sluggishness meant I didn't feel good at such a slow pace and I could actually run faster. But at the time I was wondering, "Gee, if this is as fast as I can run I'm in big trouble."

At about seven kilometers, the first refreshment station, we came by the tables. I was reaching for my bottle when an Ethiopian (it wasn't Wolde) grabbed my cola.

So I grabbed the next bottle, just on reflex. It turned out that it was Kenny Moore's. And I suddenly realized it after I had it in my hand, but I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't want to hand it to Kenny because that would be "aiding" him.

I threw Kenny's down, and sprinted the 15 yards between me and the Ethiopian. Before he could get a drink, I grabbed it out of his hand and said, "That's mine!" And I drank it while he watched me helplessly.

After awhile Kenny came up and said next time he'd thank me to take my own bottle. I apologized.

At about the 11-kilometer point, I already had blisters from the asphalt. It turned out my shoes weren't quite thick enough. I was wondering whether or not I was going to finish the race. I wasn't getting any cramps, which I sometimes do, but I was worried about the blisters getting to be too much. I just hoped that they would numb up.

I just ran easy on my blisters from 10 to 15 kilometers. It was at about the 15-kilometer point the pace started to slow down. I decided that rather than slow down with the pack, I would let my momentum carry me to the front, because I was with the front group at this point. So I just let it go, and I got a 10-yard lead very easily. I ran a little harder, and no one came with me. I pushed a little more, and still no one. So I said okay, I guess this will be it.

I don't really remember anything until I got into the English Garden which is the far, long stretch where everyone was worried about the gravel. I never even thought about it. All I was really concentrating on in the English Garden was cutting corners, because the path really weaves. There was a lot of tangent running, trying to cut as straight a line as possible, considering that the side of the path was sloped so you couldn't really take advantage of the whole path. I think this was one of the reasons that the time was a little slow. That must have made

If you liked this interview, you won't want to miss the

### FRANK SHORTER STORY

This interview is the briefest sample of the articulate marathon champion's thinking and experiences. Shorter talks at great length with John Parker. Available Dec. 1. Only \$1.00.

RW, Box 366, Mt. View, Calif.

the course slower by two minutes.

Once I got to the top of the English Garden, at about 32 or 33 kilometers, I thought I had a good chance to win. By then I figured if I could make it to 40, it would be all over.

From 35 kilos to the end is slightly uphill, so that if anyone wanted to catch me on this stretch they would be in for hard running. At that point, I knew I had a minute and 50 seconds or so, so I pretty well knew that I had it won barring a complete breakdown. Right about then, however, your muscles are starting to find out on you. It's not as if the bear's getting you, but you can feel yourself slowly sinking. It becomes a matter of time and physics. It is almost beyond your control.

Once I got on the asphalt for the last six kilometers, I knew it was the end. At 41 kilometers I think I said to myself, "My God, I've really done it." You almost can't believe after all that work, training, worry and direction that finally there it is.

From there on in, it was just a victory lap. I ran through the tunnel and around the track. I had already decided early that I wasn't going to sprint in. I was going to run pace to the end. Even after I was in the stadium and saw that I could have gotten the Olympic record by running hard, I didn't want to do that. I figure that's bush league. I've always maintained that anyone who's leading by any significant amount at the end of a marathon who sprints at the end is hot-dogging.

The last half-mile is not the race. It isn't demonstrative of anything to sprint then. The real race is out there between 15 and 40 kilometers.

Sprinting during the last lap of a marathon would be tantamount to picking up during the last meter of an 800-meter run. It's all over by that point.

After the race, I guess the normal thing to go through is the "Big Letdown" where you start to ask yourself where your life goes from there. But I was ready for it this time. I had won big races before and knew what I was in store for. I figured that I would sit there and let whatever happened to me happen for about three days until we came home. It was a kind of minute to minute thing. I wasn't going to worry about what happened then or in the future. I just gave it a few days and drifted along.

I didn't want to sit around pondering on how the race was indicative of how my life was going to change.

Okay, you do some television interviews and that's fine. Flying back on the plane, the pilot lets you come up and look out the front window, that's okay too.

You get home, my old hometown in New York gives me a big reception and a key to the city. A lot of people were very happy. You don't want to play dilettante and go into seclusion.

But I believe a lot of people think of gold medals in terms of future benefit. A gold medal is supposed to be worth "X" amount in your future. But I figure that's just another way to get disappointed, so I wasn't going to approach it like that. I would go home and back to school and take it from there.

I enjoyed the idea of going back to go to law school because it was something I had done before. I could go back to doing it just as I always had before. It was very comforting to me to have that feeling of something familiar to go back to. I wasn't in the position of some people who were just kind of sitting around thinking, "What next?"

The really great thing about having won is the influence it has on my running philosophy. The pressure is off. I can now do it because I like it. I'm going to run however I feel. I won't ever feel the need to press it as hard as I did before. Now I'm running 15 miles a day easily. Soon I'll do some intervals to prepare for the national cross-country race.

I think I've got a good background to work on shorter stuff now. I'd like to run a good mile and think about some fast 5000- and 10,000-meter runs now; get away from the marathon for awhile and just ease back into the next one.

I may go to Fukuoka, but that will just be for fun. I'm not going to die if I don't win.

## LARRY YOUNG

WITH JOE DUNCAN

*RW: You started the Games by walking the 20-kilometer. Tell us about that race.*

*Young: I wasn't satisfied, certainly, with finishing 10th. This was the slowest time I've walked for 20 kilometers all year long. I can't really say what the reasons for it were. I wasn't having a very good day at all. I was struggling from five kilometers on. I had stomach trouble early in the race, but it wasn't anything that should have affected me that bad because I got over it within a matter of a couple of miles. I didn't seem to function very well. I wasn't fluid, wasn't smooth. I felt tight the whole race. So I was a little*

bit concerned coming up to the 50. I was wondering whether I would be able to function any better in there than I had in the 20.

**RW:** *Do you think it was wise to walk the 20 three days before the 50?*

**Young:** A physiologist in Columbia (Mo.), Ben Londeree, taught me about the "overcompensation" theory, which involves doing an all-out performance three days before your race and then supplementing your diet with a high carbohydrate intake for the next two days. At this point, you're supposed to be at your peak efficiency. So I figured that since the races were spaced like this, it would be smart for me to double. This was my main reason for doubling. I did it in the Trials and it worked for me there. I thought it was worth doing again in the Olympics. I think this contributed to my tremendous reserve of strength in the 50. I feel the 20 helped me more than hindered me.

**RW:** *Can you take us through the 50, from beginning to end?*

**Young:** I think if someone had told me before the race that I was capable of doing four hours and 46 seconds, I would probably have told them they were crazy. But if they could have made me believe it, I would have told them that I had a gold medal in the bag. I really didn't think that it would go under four hours. It was a pretty tough course. The surface was very poor. It was like a washboard. Part of it was on cobblestones, and the rest was dirt with gravel mixed in. Kannenberg himself said in a press conference after the race that the course was "abominable."

Around 10 kilometers, I was back in probably 13th or 14th place, pretty well in contention of the second group of walkers. It was about 15 kilometers when I started to move through this second pack. There were a lot of good walkers in there, and I was wondering even at that time if I was walking smartly or not. These guys were seasoned, experienced walkers, and here I was going by them. Between 15 and 20 kilometers, I worked my way through this pack and moved into fourth place. Christoph Hohne (defending champion from East Germany) came with me. He dropped off just before we hit 25 kilometers.

At this point, the Russian Grigoryev who was in third, was fading somewhat. I could see him coming back to me. I caught him at 25 kilometers, at the aid station. He tried to stay with me, but his style and technique weren't looking good. At about 27½ kilometers, the head judge stepped out and gave him the red flag.

I was in third place. I felt so strong,

so fluid and relaxed, that I thought, "This is all or nothing. This is the big one, and I'm going to have to go all-out. I know these guys aren't going to slow up for me."

By 35 kilometers, I had closed to within 1:20 of the leaders. I stopped and took a drink, and saw (Bernd) Kannenberg and (Venyamin) Soldatenko across the canal together. Soldatenko was about five feet behind, and I thought he might be starting to crack. That was where the break came, but I was never able to pull on Soldatenko from that point on. All three of us sort of separated by about two minutes.

I had a little bit of a bad stretch between 40 and 45 kilometers. At 45 kilometers, I made sure I got a lot of good



LARRY YOUNG (Shearman)

liquid in me. (I started with Gatorade in the first half of the race, and in the last half I was drinking Coke with the fizz taken out.) From there, I was able to hold my position all right.

When I entered the stadium and saw that time, I just couldn't believe it. I saw a time of less than four hours, and since I wasn't too sharp at that point I thought I was going to break it. But I miscalculated. I was quite happy and quite satisfied with my time—just thrilled to death with it.

I still find it hard to believe. You look at a man like Peter Selzer, who is the world track record holder at 50 kilometers at 4:04. He was under that time at the Olympics and placed fifth. So when you consider that that many people were under the world record, and the top 12 were under the Olympic record, it certainly was the classiest race in world history.

I'm still not sure how I was able to do as well as I did. I'd say most of the top men in that race—all the Europeans—are putting in well over 140 miles a week. When I think about this, and the fact that I'm doing *under 100* miles a week, if I can come through with a performance like this...

After my Eugene performance (4:12), I thought on my best day I was capable of 4:05 or 4:06. But after this I think if I could match the Europeans with their training—if I had the time and the money to devote myself as they do—I feel that in the next four years I have a real shot at the gold. I feel I could stay right there with the best of the Europeans.

**RW:** *After Mexico City, you went into retirement. Now you've indicated you have no intention of retiring. Why has your thinking changed?*

**Young:** I guess I feel now like race walking is a part of my life and it keeps me together in other areas of my life. It keeps my life more organized. It helps me, and I intend to stay with it.

I'll be graduating from school this December. If I can find a job that will afford me the time to train, if everything goes well, I'd certainly like to try it again at Montreal. But it will be tough just to get there. A lot of young kids are coming up. Since Munich, I've received dozens of cards and letters from kids asking me for information about taking up race walking. One of them is liable to make it awfully tough in '76.

## TED HAYDON

WITH JOE HENDERSON

**RW:** *How closely did you work with the runners?*

**Haydon:** First of all, I realized that I had a lot of good runners. They're not dummies. They all train somewhat differently. I went to Bowdoin (College in Maine) particularly because I wanted to be with them during the first period of training. (Frank) Shorter had a foot blister after the 10,000 at the Trials. Then he ran the marathon and came up with a lame hip. For about three weeks after the Trials, his main concern had to be recovery. He was running with an ice bag on his hip at Bowdoin. Jack Bacheler had bad blisters. A lot of the runners had aches and pains. Number one, I recommended to them all that the first period of training should be used to recover from the aftermath of the Trials. Number two, that they run races at odd distances—Shorter ran some 3000-meter races—and stay

away from their regular events. And three, get enough work in during that middle period so they could be well rested when they went into the Games, so that they wouldn't be tired.

Again, I want to emphasize the fact that these guys are smart. I didn't have to do too much talking to them. They were pretty well aware of most of these things. But I find it is true that even a world class athlete doesn't really know what to do the last few days before a race. He's more likely to overdo than underdo.

**RW:** *This is by far the best an American group has ever done. Is there anything you can see going on in this country that might explain this sudden improvement?*

**Haydon:** Yeah, we've got *Runner's World*. Seriously, there has been a proliferation of marathon races in this country—almost a geometrical increase. Ten or 20 years ago there were maybe 50 guys running marathons. Now there are 5000. Everybody from 16 years old to 60 is running in the marathon. You're bound to get some good ones.

Bachelor is a good example. If he had his choice, he would have preferred to run the 10. But when he got fouled out of the 10, (Jeff) Galloway practically gave him the spot in the marathon. For awhile they thought they would like to switch events—Galloway running the marathon and Jack the 10—but Bowerman wouldn't tolerate that. By the time they actually ran they were both reconciled to running what they were. As it turned out, Galloway was sick. He had a cold, which I'm sure hurt his performance. He didn't run too aggressive a race, letting the field get away from him. You can't catch those kind of guys once they're gone.

You have to give a lot of credit to Shorter and Bachelor and Galloway and Kenny Moore. They've put in a hell of a lot of mileage. I used to worry about Frank. He's so thin. And he runs so many races. But it paid off.

**RW:** *There has been outspoken criticism about the organization of the US team. Was there "mass confusion" as has been charged?*

**Haydon:** I think Bill Bowerman did a fine job. I think he was a little disillusioned by some of the things that happened. But these are the things that always happen. This is the first time Bill has been through this. He thought by extra care he could have avoided some of these things that happened in the past. I always keep hoping that this is true, too. But it never is. A certain amount of confusion which is par for the course.

For instance, one of the things that the track and field committee with Bow-

erman leading them tried to do was get a decent uniform. They tried to get stuff that would fit and have it there on time, and yet had almost the same problems that we've always had. The Olympic House ordered for the whole team. The old veterans like Young had a hell of a time getting shorts that were small enough, and the shot putters had a hard time getting things that were big enough. They had committees working on it for four years, and it turned out to be as confused as ever.

But if you analyze the people on the Olympics Committee, they're all competent people. None of them had any great bonanza. Those jobs working in the Olympic Village are not like a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Those guys worked.

**RW:** *Was there confusion on the scheduling of events?*

**Haydon:** Communication could have been better. I thought that Stan Wright was the victim of a very unfortunate situation that could have happened to anybody. The one guy in the whole outfit who wanted the sprinters there on time was him.

I was involved in a sense on the same day. That was the first day of track. The schedule that we had been given months before listed the 10,000 as coming ahead of the 100 second round. I could have been caught the same way, except that my event was listed early—plus the fact that distance runners are not accustomed to having someone get them to the race on time.

When I went up to see Shorter, Anderson and Galloway and asked them what time they wanted to go to the track, they said "Oh, we'll go about a quarter to five, something like that."

I said, "Is that soon enough?"

"Oh yeah," they said, "we don't run until 5:30." They knew. That's the difference. So then I rechecked and found that they were correct. But if I had been wrong I would have been there early, whereas Stan was the victim of the fact that he was late.

We almost had a problem with the marathon, too. I hadn't received special instructions for the marathoners. One of the managers came dashing over and said, "The marathoners have to be examined in 20 minutes or they can't run!" By the grace of God, all three of them were in the building. They ran to the stadium and beat the examination deadline by about two minutes. There's a possibility that if they had been too late we could have done something about it, but it's also possible—as technical as they were being—that they might have called it, which would have been a tragedy. In fact, as we

were going over there, I was preparing a statement for the press. When I said after what happened to Stan that it could happen to anybody, I didn't expect to prove it so soon.

**RW:** *Do you think that any of the official decisions at Munich were aimed specifically at the Americans?*

**Haydon:** Let's put it this way, if you win enough pretty soon you become the favorite and the other guys become the underdog. The underdog is likely to get the breaks. I said this about the basketball team. If you win 63 games in a row, you'd better have a 10-point lead. Sympathy runs against you if you win that much.

But I'll say this, there are no sure gold medals any more. And I don't know how you can get infallible judges, either. I'm sure American judges aren't any less biased than the East German judges or Russian judges. One of our walking judges said "Well, I got us a third place in the (50-kilometer) walk." He probably didn't do anything wrong, but he was taking partial credit for (Larry) Young's achievement. Judges are bound to be a little bit partial about their own people.

**RW:** *Looking back on this experience at Munich, would you look forward to being a coach at an Olympic Games again in the future?*

**Haydon:** Number one, I've never been on a tour of any kind except with the national team. I'm not a tourist. Number two, I don't think it's the kind of thing a guy should seek. Number three, if I accepted it would only be in the hope that I could help the athletes.

I can say this. I didn't do much for those guys. They did it all for themselves. And I have a feeling that perhaps I handled it right by not trying to do too much.

After I was selected as coach for the Maccabiah Games, I said, "Well, there's only two ways you can screw up. One is if you don't do anything, and the other is if you do too much."

So, to be truthful, I spent quite a bit of time trying to get the wives of some of these athletes through the gates into the Village, which meant going to the office and trying to get passes. These are the little things that the athlete really gets hung up on.

Little things like that are part of the job. I think anyone who accepts the coaching job ought to be prepared to do some pretty menial tasks if it helps the athlete.

Make it clear that I'm not taking credit for the guys. They did a good job, and I hope they were satisfied with whatever I could do to help them.

# MUNICH IMPRESSIONS



First, we have to take that leap of faith and tell ourselves man is getting more human (as opposed to *inhuman*), is becoming more and more at peace with himself and others, is dedicating himself to human and community perfection (even though this community is still restricted and the perfection is primarily physical).

The Olympics reveals to us this process in action. It shows us our imperfections, and continues to set higher and higher standards. We should note that these standards are still as Avery Brundage stated "standards of decency, standards of sport, standards of life." But these standards, like all Olympic records, have gotten higher and higher.

The "political blackmail" over Rhodesia was more correctly the setting of higher standards of decency and life than we had heretofore demanded of national governments. It is remarkable that government, business, academia and even religion can live with apartheid, but the Olympics cannot.

Further, nationalism can be seen for what it should be—

the way one group adds distinctively to the human condition. I for one would be against Ken Moore's proposal that, "I'd rather run in a white T-shirt with my name on it." I would want to bring something of where I live, of my birth, breed and border to be commingled.

The Olympics show where nationalism of a different sort—violent, disputative, bigoted—is headed. Americans, it seems to me, are the least jingoistic, chauvinistic of the world's inhabitants. They may have a childlike faith in America's superiority. But they are, by and large, gracious losers and modest winners. Now Americans are looking more closely at their image as a country, and at their national anthem.

What American Olympians seemed to be saying by their attitude on the victory podium was, "I am me, an athlete, a person, part of the Games—but I'm not sure about the America of *The Star Spangled Banner*."

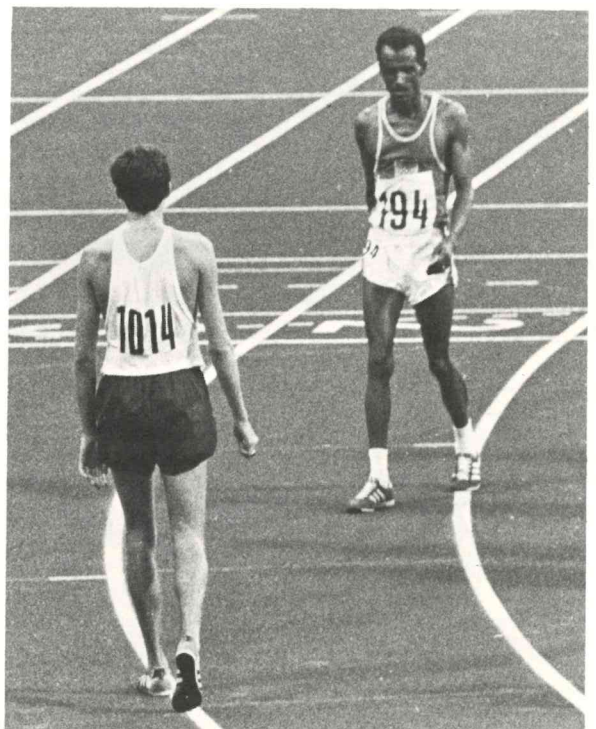
Forget about Collett and Matthews. Only a rare American stood at what would be accepted attention at the local American Legion Post. Marathon winner Frank Shorter managed a parade rest.

The elimination of national anthems stressing war and belligerency, of overthrowing oppressors and glorifying war and strife, is indicated.

But personally I have no interest in exchanging white T-shirts with a runner from Uganda or Australia. We need the colors, the attachments, the points of view each can bring.

Partisanship and incompetency plague every social institution, and the Olympics is no exception. But the foundation has been built on the highest principles, finding changing expression in a changing world. The Olympic torch will continue as a beacon to the ever dawning new day in the perfection of this world.

—GEORGE SHEEHAN



The 1968 marathon winner, Mamo Wolde (r) greets successor Frank Shorter. (Shearman)

Myriad proposals are being offered by editors, sports writers, fans and others about how to fix up the Games. Some even are saying the Games should be abandoned. The single most clear sentiment that comes through all these writings is one of sour grapes. The people who write them—the same people that keep the total medal tallies—are the people who can't, or won't, experience the Games from the athletes' point of view.

From what I saw in Munich, the athletes for the most part did have the spirit of the Olympic movement. They were engaged in "friendly competition in a spirit of international brotherhood."

It seems that it is the self same people who call for drastic changes or abolishment that are in large part responsible for the problems. It is not the athletes, or even the International Olympic Committee, that make the Games an orgy of nationalism. It is the press that decries nationalism so loudly.

It was revealing to see how wrongly the press, especially the US press, sees and reports the Games. I would never have known if I hadn't been there and seen it without ABC telling me what I was seeing. They completely miss the point.

Truly, the spirit and the glory is in the competition, the celebration of the abilities of the human organism, and not in the winning of medals. The things that stick in my mind are these: Kip Keino—the only one in the stadium who walked over to console Jim Ryun; Valeriy Borzov—the first and only non-US person to congratulate Eddie Hart and the US relay team; the barefoot last-place runner in the 10,000-meter heats sprinting his best for who knows what reason; 10,000 athletes just coming when they knew that only 300 or so would go home winners—most probably not themselves. The Olympic spirit does live in the hearts of at least some people in the world.

About nationalism: It has become the height of current journalistic fashion to condemn the display of flags and team colors at the Olympics. In part I agree. I think it unseemly, and unkind to second and third placers, to have to stand at attention to someone else's national anthem. But to do away with

team uniforms and the opening and closing parades is too much. How do you promote the feeling of brotherhood between nations if you refuse to admit that there are different nations present?

I think the symbolism is very appropriate and effective in the contrast of the opening and closing ceremonies. The athletes all enter as separate and discrete entities. But after two weeks they are all mixed and jumbled into one colorful, inseparable mass. Isn't that what the whole thing is supposed to be about, after all?

Some modest proposals:

- Open the Games to people of all countries, pseudo-countries, rebel countries, or whatever.
- Open the Games to professionals. (I would balk at this step not because of any damage it may do the Olympics, but that it may have an inhibitory effect on the aspirations of many current and future amateurs.)
- Eliminate team sports from the Olympics. Team competition exacerbates the nationalism problem.
- Alter the awards ceremony to eliminate the flag raising.
- Don't give medals. A more fitting award, in keeping with the nature of athletic fame and prowess and the Olympic tradition, would be laurel wreaths.
- Eliminate VIP privileges. Too many slobs get free vacations at the athletes' expense.
- Open the Games to one person per event from each country and *all* others that meet qualifying standards.

—RICHARD RAYMOND

Olympic-sized chess match in the courtyard of the Village, where athletes from over 100 countries spent their non-competitive hours. (Mark Shearman photo)





**EMIL ZATOPEK SPEAKS OUT** — “We forget our bodies to the benefit of mechanical leisure. We act continuously with our brain, but we no longer use our bodies, our limbs. It is the Africans who possess this vitality, this muscular youth, this thirst for physical action which we are lacking. We have a magnificent motor at our disposal, but we no longer know how to use it.”

## GOING BACK TO GAMES LONG PAST

**T**his was the day after. The troubled 1972 Olympic Games had shut down Monday night, but the troubles were following the visitors out of Munich. Arab terrorists had threatened to plant bombs on outgoing planes.

It wasn't quite seven in the morning, but the airport lobby was jammed. Security precautions that extended down to a shirt-by-shirt search of passengers' bags were holding up the rush to get away.

Visitors were barred from waiting rooms. From the crowd waiting to board a delayed flight to Frankfurt, a trim little man waved and blew kisses to friends on the outside. Except for the enthusiasm of his good-bye, he wouldn't have stood out from the crowd. He gave his last words of thanks in German, speaking it so fluently that he sounded native.

Then the man with the warm smile and sparkling pale-blue eyes turned and spoke to the young blonde woman with him.

An American stood nearby, trying to place the face that looked familiar in a faraway sort of way. Then he remembered. Maybe he is... Well, why not ask him?

“Uh, are you...by any chance...Emil Zatopek,” the American asked self-consciously, suddenly thinking that this man may not speak English.

“Why yes,” the graying man answered without hesitating. “And what is your name, please?” He seemed both embarrassed and pleased to be plucked from a crowd and called by name. He introduced the blonde—Vera Caslavská, the Czechoslovakian gymnast who won four gold medals at Mexico City.

It was a track-oriented group in the waiting room, and once the conversation was overheard the whispers floated from person to person. “It's Zatopek... The man over there is Emil Zatopek.” Within minutes, he looked like a presidential candidate. Passengers dropped out of line and pushed over to shake his hand and wish him well.

Twenty years later, Emil Zatopek is still a folk hero among running people. It was 1952, in Helsinki, that he won his triple—5000, 10,000 and marathon gold medals at the same Olympics. He retired from running in the mid-50s, holding nearly all the world distance records.

Now Zatopek is 50 years old. He came to Munich as an honored guest of the Olympic Committee. “It is odd,” he said, “to have all this...how do you say it...acclaim. In my country, I am just a common man—nobody.”

He was reluctant to talk about politics, but officially in Czechoslovakia he is a “nobody.” When the revolt broke out in 1968, Zatopek was a Communist Party member and a colonel in the army. He took the wrong side in the struggle. He was stripped of his party membership and booted out of the military.

Zatopek was reduced to working first as a garbage collector and then as a street-sweeper, jobs normally reserved for the mentally retarded in his country. However, when Czechs in his

town near Prague learned of this, they rushed out to help him carry the cans and push the broom.

Last year, Emil publicly apologized for his “political sins,” though a friend said “in his heart he cannot have changed.”

Zatopek said he now is “a simple worker. I drill for mineral water outside Prague.” This kind of talk obviously was making him uncomfortable, and he was beginning to look for a way out. “But please,” he said. “I dislike very much speaking about politics.” He preferred to talk about the Olympics.

“You know, Avery Brundage, who up to now has been president of the IOC, is certainly an honorable man. But his concepts of Olympics are outdated. To be an amateur was always more a question that every athlete had to ask himself. Mind and body at play—perhaps one can't speak any more of this old Olympic idea. The Olympic Games are becoming more and more a large, modern entertainment industry.

“In one of the heats, an athlete—I believe he was from Singapore—was lapped twice. Someone said, ‘Look, an athlete *a la Coubertin* who doesn't want to win, but participate.’ Naturally, it was a joke, because you can't go to the Olympic Games on this motto any longer. The Games have gotten another meaning. They are something like a social world-happening.”

Zatopek said the Games to Games shift in national running power are less important than the regional changes. “One should consider the forces of track and field in a continental perspective,” he said. Before the Games, he had despaired of Europe's chances in the distances. The Europeans hadn't won a race in 1968, only one (the steeplechase) in '64. The balance of power had swung first to the US and Australia-New Zealand, and then to Africa.

Even though the pendulum was back over Europe this time—or at least over Finland—Zatopek wasn't prepared to call this a victory for the European way of life.

Emil himself rarely runs any more. “Sometimes I feel I want to run,” he said. “Then my body tells me it is 50 years old. I take the easy way instead. We Europeans don't think we have time to go places on foot any more.”

Zatopek continued on this theme:

“Just look, our children take a bus even if they need to go one kilometer. The runners of Addis Ababa (Ethiopia), on the other hand, run like the birds fly, from the first to the last day of their lives. There are many Bikilas in such countries. Here (in Europe), the physically fit are exceptional phenomena.

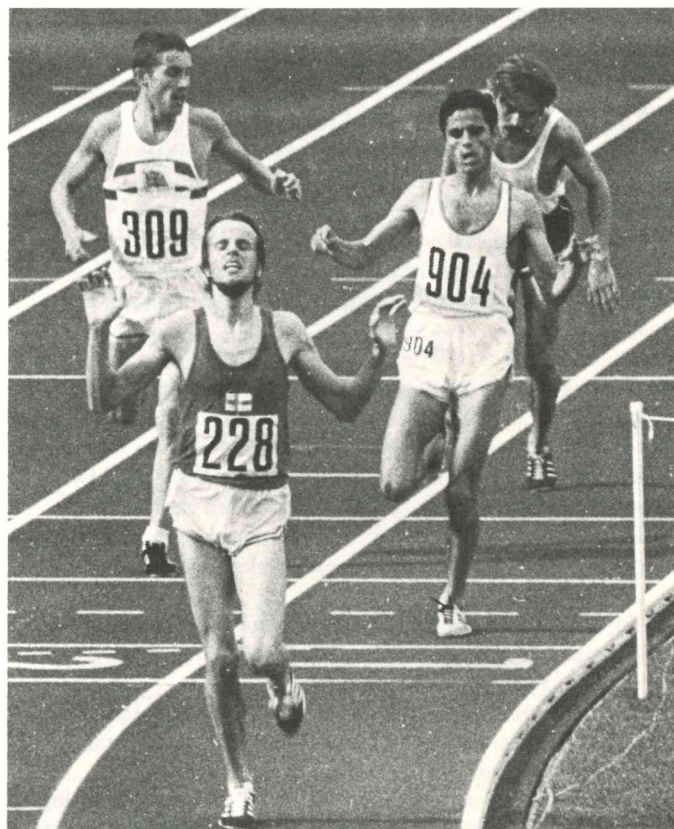
“We forget our bodies to the benefit of mechanical leisure. We act continuously with our brain, but we no longer use our bodies, our limbs. It is the Africans who possess this vitality, this muscular youth, this thirst for physical action which we are lacking. We have a magnificent motor at our disposal, but we no longer know how to use it.”

Zatopek excused himself and walked toward the plane that would take him to Frankfurt and then on to Prague, back to his simple life as a “nobody.” He looked a bit sad. It may have been best to leave his memories undisturbed.



**LEFT:** Mohamed Gammoudi (leading), en route to winning the 5000 from Kip Keino (1), Juan Martinez and Ron Clarke at Mexico City.

**BELOW:** Considering his problems, Gammoudi (904) ran a commendable race at Munich, finishing second to Lasse Viren. Ian Stewart (309) and Steve Prefontaine are next. (Shearman)



# GAMMOUDI: A MANIPULATED MAN

BY JANET NEWMAN

He wasn't a winner at Munich—not in the gold medal sense, anyway—but better than any other athlete Mohamed Gammoudi was the troubled Games personified. The threatened African boycott over Rhodesia almost took him out. His country considered pulling out along with other Arab nations after the Israeli massacre. He had fallen in his first race, the 10,000. He managed to get back up...

Mohamed Gammoudi. The obscure Tunisian who shoved his way to prominence and a silver medal in the 10,000 at Tokyo. Back again at Mexico City, winning the gold medal in the 5000. Another of those fast Africans, cashing in on the fitness and vigor their daily lives demand.

Four years pass and the slight man with the smile of a movie star is back again for another try at the Olympic gold. He breezes through his 10,000 heat, knowing that he ran hard but not at maximum speed. The morning after his heat, he is confident and eager for the final.

Midway through the final, Lasse Viren tumbles on the

backstretch and Gammoudi falls with him. Viren quickly picks himself up from the track and jumps back into the race, while a dazed Gammoudi tries to shake the dizziness from his head. He re-enters the race but is too late to gain contact. Disconsolately, the Tunisian jogs off the track and sits alone on the edge of the field to watch the rest of the race.

Dave Bedford's pace has succeeded in burning Bedford. Viren goes on to win on *Sisu* power. Gammoudi later chats with Bedford and tells him that he ran a "stupid" race.

Bedford and Gammoudi chat again, in the 5000 heat, as they, along with other familiar faces, take a second try for a medal. Another easy qualifying race. Gammoudi flashes his captivating smile again as he lopez to the finish line with Bedford.

Bedford, Puttemans and Viren, and a kid named Prefontaine. The Tunisian knows that he can run the race any way it goes. It goes slowly. Prefontaine flirts for the lead of the tight pack. The Finn makes his move with Prefontaine and Gammoudi following. The pace becomes furious in the

final four laps. Viren runs them in slightly under four minutes. This pace takes its toll, but Gammoudi survives for second and the silver medal. A tired Steve Prefontaine sees his hopes for a medal disintegrate in the last few yards as Ian Stewart slips past him for the bronze.

Gammoudi is pleased. Perhaps not the gold he had hoped for. But for his last race in the Olympics, the silver is enough.

What sort of man is this Tunisian with the captivating smile and the confident stride?

Being a national sports hero in Tunisia is not unlike living in the proverbial glass house. And stones are occasionally thrown from both sides.

The Tunisian press openly promotes and criticizes athletes like Gammoudi as well as the coaches. During the *Runner's World* interviews with Gammoudi, Tunisian press men and officials from the Tunisian Track Federation casually entered Gammoudi's quarters in the Olympic Village and sat in, uninvited.

Reg Harris, a US Peace Corpsman who coaches in Tunisia, served as translator and commentator during the conversations with Gammoudi. Harris had often been under fire from the Tunisian press and the track federation, serving as something of a buffer between athletes and officials. Harris feels that many of the officials view the athletes as a means to their own personal glory. Harris constantly found himself like a willow tree in a hurricane, trying to stand firm while still taking the blows from heavy criticism and accusations.

Our talks with Gammoudi were stifled somewhat by the presence of the press and track officials who monitored the conversations. French, Arabic and English mingled through the talks.

Birth records are scant in Tunisia and Gammoudi knows only that he was born in 1938, into an environment that naturally emphasized physical movement. He and his brothers found running the most efficient means of going anywhere. Contrary to popular belief, Gammoudi is not a high altitude runner. His home village is on the edge of the Sahara, "about as flat as you can get," says Harris.

As a teenager Gammoudi joined the Tunisian military where his running talents were "found." That was 14 years ago. During those years he has had 11 different coaches: Tunisian, American, Italian, French, Belgian and Czechoslovakian. Many of the foreign coaches came to Tunisia as part of an international exchange of technicians. The lack of continuity in coaching has led to various personality conflicts among federation officials, coaches, athletes and the press.

Gammoudi emerged as Tunisia's first world class athlete at the 1964 Olympics, winning the silver medal in the 10,000 meters. Following his 5000 victory at Mexico City, he ran into some difficult periods of adjustment. He found his private life no longer so private. Over 5000 people were present at his wedding to his pulchritudinous wife, Sarda. Gammoudi was shipped off to Libya for his honeymoon—and to run. It was a hot and dirty place—for running and honeymooning.

The boyish-looking athlete says his problems in "coming back" after the '68 Games stemmed from a lack of competition. Competition for Tunisians is limited to meets with the Magreb countries (north Africa). There are few if any major international meets. (The African championships fell victim to war three years ago, but will be held this January in Nigeria.)

Harris and Gammoudi agree that without a certain amount of consistent high level competition, it is virtually impossible to race well. "You can't run one race a year and expect to do well in it."

The African athlete has been subjected to more politics

and misunderstanding than most others.

In 1968 many people attributed the African running successes to the high-altitude backgrounds of the runners. Gammoudi, a sea-level Arab, was, in the minds of many, another of the black Africans from the mountains. Gammoudi is adamant about the fact that he was just as disadvantaged by altitude as someone from the United States in 1968.

He noted that in Munich many Africans felt they had to prove themselves again, to dispel any myths about the "magic" of their high altitude backgrounds. Gammoudi says that in the last three to four years, "The Africans have improved very much. It's not so much the altitude; they're just great runners."

Runners from all over the world trained at altitude this year, timing it so that the best effects of the altitude training would coincide with the Olympics. Gammoudi spent a total of three weeks in high-altitude training, a few weeks before the Games. He also picked up his training to the level of 1968.

During 1970-71 he had slacked off to seven or eight miles a day. In 1972 he put in more mileage and work on the track. Typically, he ran twice a week on the track, jogging on the other days with an occasional fartlek in the hills. Once a week he did a 25-kilometer run. Compared to some top distance runners, Gammoudi feels he doesn't train all that much, averaging about 15 miles a day while others put in up to 25.

The Rhodesian situation prior to Munich caught Gammoudi in another political tangle not of his own making. Would he have run if Rhodesia had been admitted? He says that the decision was not his. Rather, the government would have decided. He thinks all of Africa would have boycotted the Games, and as an African he would not have run.

He was worried, though, as many African athletes were when they saw that a political situation nearly was ending all the long hours of preparation for Munich. And Munich was the end of the line for Gammoudi.

After his ill-fated fall in the 10,000, a depressed Gammoudi sought some solace and solitude in his own room, with his wife. But the Tunisian press disregarded his search for privacy and walked in to question him. National sports heroes cannot suffer misfortunes privately. Despite his fall in the race and the questions of a nosey press, Gammoudi soon regained his natural buoyancy and prepared himself for the 5000 with confidence.

Then the Israeli tragedy occurred. Politics and religion are powerful forces in the Middle East. As citizens of an Arab nation, the Tunisians condoned the terrorist action as a necessary, if unfortunate, means of helping to liberate Palestine. According to Harris, the Tunisians felt that Israel should not have been represented in Munich in the first place.

From their balcony in the Olympic Village, the Tunisian track athletes watched the grim drama unfold 50 yards away. The blood spilled at Munich became history. And the Games went on. Some Arab teams left, but the Tunisians—who generally take a pacifistic stance—stayed.

Gammoudi had his last chance. He knew that the Tunisians had great hopes for a repeat victory. He was prepared for any kind of race: "for the Olympic Games, whatever happens... You don't care how fast you run. It's the guy who gets the medal that counts."

He returned to his home outside of Tunis with a silver medal to show for his efforts—his last Olympic effort. Now he wants to retire from competitive running. He is a lieutenant in the military. He also has a small agricultural business, raising sheep in the south. And he would like to help coach the national runners at a sports center near Tunis.

His face comes alive with youthfulness as he smiles and chuckles softly, contemplating life as "Mohammed Gammoudi, the Jogger."

# TWO FORGOTTEN GOLD MEDALISTS

BY WILF RICHARDS

It has been said that winners of Olympic gold medals are remembered to a much greater extent than creators of world records. This is no doubt true in the main, but there are exceptions.

I would say, for instance, that Roger Bannister will remain a legendary figure in athletics history despite his failure to gain an Olympic title. He was the first man to run the mile inside four minutes. However unmomentous this may now seem, it was at the time a feat which had the touch of magic about it—it was something that stirred the imagination to a quite astonishing degree. The fact that the record Bannister set did not remain long on the books and that since then a four-minute mile has become commonplace has not robbed this athlete of a place in the hall of fame.

I would say, too, that an athlete like Ron Clarke has a greater chance of survival in athletic history than a good many Olympic gold medal winners.

Despite these exceptions, there is no doubt that an Olympic victory is the achievement that makes the headlines more than anything else and remains the ultimate aim of all ambitious athletes.

It is, therefore, something of a paradox that at least two famous athletes—both Olympic winners—should be remembered more for their “failures” than for their actual victories. It was their misfortune to be overshadowed by men who had climbed to the topmost run of the ladder of fame and whose names will surely live for all-time. You have to go back a little for the first example—back in fact to the previous golden era of mighty little Finland.

Ville Ritola, Finnish born but residing in the United States, was a truly great distance runner. He won two races in the 1924 Games: the steeplechase and the 10,000 meters. In 1928, he added the 5000-meter title to his tally.

But Ritola had the misfortune to be a contemporary of the immortal Phantom Finn, Paavo Nurmi—holder of all world

records from the mile to the one-hour run. And in their many duels on the track it was almost inevitable that the outcome would be the same: Nurmi first, Ritola second. Even on the one great occasion in which Ritola did beat Nurmi, the 5000 meters in the 1928 Games, there were suggestions that the great maestro had been content to let his compatriot steal the limelight for once. This, however, seems most unlikely. Nurmi, though not given to displays of pleasure or excitement at his victories, was certainly not the kind to allow such a strong rival as Ritola to break into his stronghold.

So here we have a runner with three Olympic gold medals to his name. Yet if you were to ask most students of athletics history who this man Ville Ritola was, they would probably reply, “Oh, he’s the chap who always finished second to Nurmi, isn’t he?”

Now to my second example—a more recent one this time. The man who “always finished second to Zatopek”—but did also win an Olympic gold medal. His second places to the immortal Czech are remembered, his win in the 1956 Olympic marathon almost forgotten.

The French Algerian first came into prominence when competing in the 1948 Games in London. He ran in the 10,000 meters and was the only one to avoid being lapped by the new star, Emil Zatopek. Mimoun was a very distant second on that occasion, but some of the greatness of Zatopek seemed to have rubbed off on Mimoun. He won the International cross-country championship the following year, was second in 1950 and the winner in 1952, '54 and '56.

The 1952 Games saw Mimoun again following the winner, Zatopek. This time it was in both the 10,000 and 5000. Perhaps the most significant feature of the shorter distance event was that the two who came out best in that never-to-be-forgotten final 150-yard sprint were the two slowest in terms of sheer basic speed. Neither Zatopek nor Mimoun had ever shown much ability at distances below 5000 meters.

Alain Mimoun came into his own in the 1956 Olympic marathon. Zatopek was also in this race, but now his powers were beginning to wane. Mimoun, with no one to shadow this time, struck out alone to end a fine Olympic career with a decisive win.

Mimoun, now well into the veteran stage, continues to run to a high standard in European races.

Whatever happened to Ville Ritola?

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# SCIENCE OF RUNNING

This is the best time to be a runner. Never have so many scientists with so many different specialties given so much attention to the sport. They are coming up with new tools to make running faster and more comfortable. Many of them more than live up to their promise. But others raise questions of value, ethics, or safety. This series of articles looks into the increasing role of scientific tools and techniques in running—both good and bad. Related articles appear on page 34 (altitude training to improve distance performances) and page 40 (running “power”). RW plans to publish material like this regularly.

## THE PROMISE BY WALTER BOEHM

If we survey US authored writings on running training, we find an inordinate percentage of them are subjective and intuitive. It is true that a large number of articles have appeared over the years, but they lack—for the most part—any scientific rationale. The track and field theory textbook writers have indulged themselves in the American running scene. The texts are, aside from their parochialism, more descriptive than analytical.

This was particularly true before 1960. AAU summer tourists in those years seldom if ever produced substantive articles reflecting the European training scene. Communication by word of mouth among an elite group of US distance runners was generally limited to those runners living in the eastern US.

Even the incredible performances of Rudolf Harbig (46.0 for 400m and 1:46.6 for 800m) before World War II didn't generate sufficient wonderment for US coaches, athletes, or researchers to find out about his coach and training. We had to wait until the 1952 Olympics for the US running fraternity to discover Waldemar Gerschler and his method of combining exercise physiology insights with coaching. The by-product of this interdisciplinary approach was a gold medal for Josy Bartel of Luxembourg at 1500 meters.

While stationed in Morocco with the Air Force between 1955 and '57, I met Ignace Heinrich, French silver medalist in the 1948 Olympics. Heinrich, being Alsatian, knew the German language and was attempting to adapt Gerschler's teachings to Moroccan and French runners. I learned from him the theoretical basis of Gerschler's methods, as developed in the 1930s with Rudolf Harbig. John Cherry and I described these findings in two articles written for *Scholastic Coach* and *Athletic Journal* in 1957. As far as I can tell, their impact on the US coaching fraternity was nil. I have no explanation other than to surmise that the ideas contained in the articles were too sophisticated for the time, or the authors had not been world-beaters.

Although this is all ancient history, it indicates that there is a considerable gap between available knowledge and its applications to problem solving, regardless of subject. The accumulated body of knowledge on running is the base upon which coaches and runners should plan and develop future training programs. In reality, this isn't happening. Coaches and runners must recognize the dilemma and reformulate the premises underlying their training programs.

With 26 years of distance running as the basis of my perspective, I wonder how intellectually nimble our athletes, coaches and administrators in track are. Revelations on training—as defined by exercise physiology, past and present—generally are ignored or little understood by the people who should be most concerned. We know a lag exists between the conceptualization of ideas and their conversion to different behavior patterns. Yet the time lags in applying scientific insights to improving running training are growing into decades rather than the expected several years.

In economic and social development of third world nation-states, in which I am engaged, the mere acquisition of knowledge and skills by host country nationals is not sufficient to effect changes in a society. An intermediate stage of adapting learning and skills to the local scene is paramount to have the desired change. A stage of adaptation is necessary also to translate exercise physiology research findings into running programs. We cannot assume, as heretofore, that the coach and athlete are capable of this process. In general they are continuing their subjective, visceral, intuitive and unscientific approach to developing runners, at a considerable cost—a cost that defies quantification but exists nonetheless.

Athletes and coaches are practicing an art form in their running training rather than enlisting the counsel and insights available to them from exercise physiologists and their research.

I recall a conversation with Ben Miloud, Tunisia's national track coach, before the Rome Olympic Games, when I was helping prepare Tunisia's first Olympic team. The coach put his thumb and index finger to his nostrils and said, “One has to be able to smell what to do next with runners.”

He was saying, in effect, that you have to fly by the seat of your pants. By comparison, the next time you meet a pilot, ask him how much reliance he gives to the feeling he gets in the seat of his pants. Pilots fly by and believe totally in their instruments, as coaches should believe in the objectively verifiable indicators of progress available from exercise physiologists.

Subjectivity and intuitiveness have predominated as supportive pillars of the track coaching fraternity for too long. I recommend that professional and financial inducements be defined by physical education and athletic departments to attract exercise physiologists to practice as members of interdisciplinary teams in training runners.

Considerable fall-out from such an approach could be anticipated. This in turn could attract additional federal and foundation funds for research on: (a) stress (physical and psychic); (b) cardio-vascular development and deterioration; (c) optimum nutrition to support running; (d) effects of running on skeletal and muscular development; (e) relative merits of age-level running; (f) aging.

The data/knowledge base is there to build upon. But the only building taking place appears to be additional mileage. We could define, with present instruments, the point of diminishing returns from the training mileage investment for each runner with precision and at will. But we do not. Rather, sicknesses and breakdown force us to change or stop.

When a high level of performance is achieved by coaches and athletes, those still ascending the ladder of running success

follow dutifully. Too many articles, books and interviews of champions are read as "how-to-do-it" guides. In spite of admonitions against such an approach, the weakest are the first to follow and the first to break.

Wouldn't it be better to begin teaching the physiology of exercise in high school, so that young runners and their coaches could design training programs within sound physiological parameters? Perhaps even journals catering to the running fraternity—*Runner's World* and *Track and Field News*, particularly—could reassess their editorial policies about describing specific doses of stress (training) of noted runners. This might cause runners and coaches to seek out the correct physiological (and therefore *individualized*) rationale for their training instead of blindly adopting what is currently in vogue with the champions.

Hans Selye's thesis, as described in *The Stress of Life*, is that an organism has a limited amount of adaptive energy available to combat stress. The book was published in 1956, yet as common as the understanding of adaptation to stress has become we have yet to see a clear exposition of the concept as it relates to running training in the US. This should be a fruitful area for some Ph.D. dissertation work.) Implicit to the general adaptation syndrome (GAS) theory is the assumption that a healthy subject, over time, can adapt to any stress (training) if it is administered in appropriate doses. Adaptation will continue

until the expiration of the finite reserve of adaptive energy, i.e., life.

The action words in the GAS assumption, it seems to me, are "appropriate doses over time." If the appropriate doses of stress (training load) and frequency are determined with scientific precision for each individual, we have the beginnings of a method that can stand scrutiny. There has been, it appears, too little thinking about the variables of load, frequency, effect and their interrelationships.

Another variable of critical importance is the runner's capacity to adapt to stress. How do we define capacity? Where is the runner quantitatively and qualitatively at the beginning of stress (training)? What are his strengths and weaknesses as defined by speed and endurance indicators, what determines the appropriate mix to raise speed and endurance levels? This point is where the coach or runner needs the physiologist's analysis and prescription, not his own intuition and flair.

My argument is for coaches and runners to forsake the hand-me-down clichés on training and the counsel of scientifically unsophisticated individuals, and begin understanding the lessons of the exercise physiologists. Runners should take the initiative to generate on-campus dialogues with talent in their midst. Generally, runners are too ready to believe anyone with advice on training and diet. Don't be gullible! Be skeptical! Study running from the physiologist's perspective, marshal your arguments, and challenge the status quo.

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## THE LIMITS BY GARRETT TOMCZAK

*"The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself."*

Washington Allston

*He may well win the race that runs by himself."*

Benjamin Franklin

*(Poor Richard's Almanack)*

Distance running is now the subject of extended and careful scientific study. In research from the physiological to the psychological, from the mechanics to the motives, we are coming to see more clearly just what makes runners tick—and how to make them tick even better. While a great deal of scientific work remains to be done, this new flood of information and equipment already has given us an understanding of running and racing that was never before possible.

Whether or not this knowledge will contribute to making running more humanly satisfying is a question which must be asked as we learn to use our bodies more efficiently and effectively. We must ask this because when science extends its promise with one hand, it may conceal a threat in the other. The tools of science, whether applied to splitting the atom or speeding the athlete, can only be truly valuable if they make life more worth living. Science and its application, outside of this context, is meaningless. Growth for the sake of growth is the ideology of a cancer cell.

There is cause for alarm in the possibility that science and technology may convert the most inherently natural of sports into a highly elitist and technical activity—with all the quantification, specialized skill and dehumanization that this implies. When the day comes that drugs or other scientific

developments become basically foolproof and impossible to detect in pre-race examinations, then we will have to stand up to be counted on what is right, wrong, or fair.

Let's not think for a moment that a method can be considered right and ethical simply because one can get away with it, or because everybody employs it. Blood doping and hypnosis seem to be clear-cut examples of highly dubious procedures which quite possibly enhance performance, decrease pain and (if developed successfully) cause no extraneous physical injury. The question of their effectiveness is one issue; that of their ethical value quite another. Regardless of whether one runner or all runners employ these methods (and others like them), the ethical question still remains.

If there is a basic conflict between ethics on the one hand and empirical science on the other, it will involve the dispute over what *is* vs. what *ought to be*. If, for instance, someone were to tell you that most successful runners use dope, this is an empirical statement that can be proven true or false by testing and compiling statistics concerning the use of drugs in athletics. But if a person says that drugs should or ought to be used, you cannot verify the assertion by simply testing athletes. Even if 99% of all runners used drugs, this fact alone would not prove that drugs *ought* to be used.

And, just because science has supplied means to enable men to run faster, it does not necessarily follow that those means should be employed. They might well be harmful or unnatural (as in the case of some drugs), or mechanically unfair (as in the case of a roller skating marathoner).

Methods of improving speed can only be considered ethical if they take into account what is involved in a race. A race is not merely a contest in which men discover how fast they can speed. It can and should be much more. A race is an occasion for discovering who you are—not only personally, but in relation to others and with respect to some pre-assigned task or goal.

When athletes aim at finding out how fast they can speed,

we only learn from their performance about man's capacities and limits in one dimension of activity. A man may be able to speed faster under other conditions—alone perhaps, on a special kind of track, absolutely naked, in the middle of the night, downhill, pushed by a wind, or helped by drugs. But unless we make these the conditions under which a race is run, we are not much interested in knowing what they enable a man to do.

A race then tells us not the speed that is possible to each man, but the speed that is possible to him under such-and-such previously defined conditions and commonly accepted rules. As Jean Cocteau has said, "The speed of a runaway horse counts for nothing."

If it is not speed *per se* that we are looking for in running, what then? Winning perhaps is a goal to strive for (speed is only one of any number of means to that end). If winning is what sports is all about, then possibly one could justify drugs, blood doping and whatnot in that context. But winning, like speed, is an empty concept when viewed independently of physical or technical equipment.

We attain our individual perfection within the limitations of each physical type. In boxing, for instance, the feather-weight champion is as much of a champion as is the heavy-weight. Winning is only relevant to the specific classification of ability and equipment in which one is competing. Outside of that, victory becomes hollow. It can only serve to demonstrate, say, that you're the best acid-head to ever finish a marathon, or for that matter, the fastest hyper-oxygenated hypnotized automaton of all-time. It can mean nothing more.

Although speed and winning are most definitely integral parts of sport, they are hardly its primary purpose. What sport provides, if nothing else, is an opportunity for each individual athlete to develop his potential to as high a degree as possible—that is, within the limitations of physical or technical equipment. Each man who uses his individual talents to their utmost becomes, by that very fact, a champion.

Every so often, one will read of a truly unique runner—blind, paraplegic, or perhaps extremely old—and be filled with awe and admiration for their degree of personal self-fulfillment. These, though, are rare and unusual acknowledgements of a very basic disparity between physical types. It is a fact that each individual runner is like no other runner in anatomical makeup and competitive promise. The "plodder," with perhaps none of the physical superiority of the winner, may well exhibit more courage, determination and guts.

As science continues to demonstrate ways to gain more from the human body, it should also be able to supply the

means for rewarding not merely those who cross the finish first but also the real winners and champions—those coming closest to their individual potentials. When allowance can equitably be made for individual differences, then the issues and questions posed by drugs, blood doping, and all manner of performance-altering devices will become totally irrelevant. An individual athlete may well be "cheating," but it will be only himself who is duped.

Although blood doping cannot be detected in pre-race examinations, an individual's maximum oxygen uptake can be. The man who possesses more oxygen in his system *should* be expected to run faster and farther. The only fair way to reward him—fair for himself and for others—would have to be in relation to how he performed with that new physical equipment.

In many respects, the means are already available for testing, rating and computing ability coefficients. In his experiments on the physiological capacity of the body to consume oxygen, David Costill obtained the remarkable correlation of .82 between maximal oxygen uptake and distance running performance. This is only one of a great many possible variables which can be weighted and related through proper statistical methods. We now have the means to measure circulation, brachial pulse waves, heart efficiency, the significance of external fat, the effects of altitude and heat, pain sensitivity, and any number of psychological factors. This is only a short list of performance-related factors which can be considered.

With computers becoming easier to use in a wider variety of situations, we could conceivably come close to making ideal measurements, in which every factor, no matter how slight its influence, is given a weight in predicting the ultimate potential of any given runner.

Through this use of science and technology, we can at last begin to account for individual differences in distance running and to reward more equitably the real champions of the sport—those who have most completely utilized their physical beings. It may be difficult, and expensive, but effort or cost should not restrain us from beginning to use science and technology to promote human satisfaction.

Some scientific procedures, surely not all, may transform running into an elitist activity, founded on accidents of birth, scientific know-how and technical competence. These we must carefully guard against, striving instead, to use the tools of science to justly and humanely provide each runner his "sporting chance" to become as great as he can—and to be recognized and rewarded for it when he does.

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## AGE-GRADING BY KEN YOUNG

How good is a 60-minute 10-mile? That depends pretty much on how old you are. For a man in his 20s, it's only mediocre. But, if you happen to be over 60, it's tough. At age 60, this performance would be equivalent to 47:08 by a 25-year-old. Such a comparison puts age-group performances into their proper perspective. I have devised scoring tables which do this.

In theory, age-group times may be compared to the age-group records—i.e., the closer to the record, the "better" the performance. In practice, however, a relative lack of competitors over age 35 results in rather wide fluctuations in records

from year to year, even at frequently raced distances such as the mile.

To overcome this problem, I relied on a form of curve-fitting using the "best" performances as a function of both age and distance. This produces a set of marks which I term "world record level" performances. Most actual world records lie close to these values. This performance level was assigned 1000 points, and slower times were given point level based on the method used by Gardner and Purdy in *Computerized Running Training Programs*.

The resulting tables making it possible to compare performances at different distances, as well as to compare runners of different ages. When sufficient data has been accumulated, it will be possible to determine similar tables for women.

If you're a statistically minded runner, your first questions are likely to be, "How good am I?" and, "What is my best performance?" Unfortunately, the full set of tables needed to answer these questions is much too extensive to be repro-

## ● SCIENCE OF RUNNING

duced here (see end of article). However, I'll do the next best thing and demonstrate how the tables work to answer these and other questions.

Consider the following four runners: Gene Bulinski (age 52), Steve Goldberg (39), John Lesch (31) and myself (30). Our respective personal bests and corresponding point levels:

BULINSKI (52)			GOLDBERG (39)		
2 miles	11:35	757	2 miles	10:20	735
3 miles	17:45	758	3 miles	16:26	685
4 miles	24:00	756	6 miles	32:40	738
5 miles	30:34	743	10 miles	56:45	714
6 miles	37:14	732	Hour	10m925y	711
10 miles	67:07	659	20 miles	1:58:50	714
Half mar.	1:28:26	672	Marathon	2:38:25	724
Marathon	3:22:00	577			
LESCH (31)			YOUNG (30)		
2 miles	9:04	851	2 miles	10:00	695
4 miles	19:17	819	3 miles	15:16	709
6 miles	30:12	786	5 miles	26:12	709
8 miles	40:11	812	6 miles	31:48	706
10 miles	51:30	793	10 miles	54:14	715
20 miles	1:48:54	783	20 miles	1:55:07	702
Marathon	2:28:50	758	Marathon	2:35:50	693
			40 miles	4:08:28	814
			100 miles	14:14:39	740

The tables may also be used for handicapping races. Most handicap races leave something to be desired in fairness and accuracy of handicapping. With the age vs. point tables, a rational handicapping by age is possible. Simply award places on the basis of points rather than times. Any distance race can be judged both on the basis of time and points, thus encouraging the older runners who can't be expected to compete equally in a "scratch" race.

I want to propose another use of these tables. You may be familiar with the Road Runners Club standards: world-class, champion-class, first-class and second-class. Runners with qualifying times at three different distances receive a certificate proclaiming the level of their achievement.

The RRC standard for most world-class performances lies near 835 points and for champion-class near 770 points. First- and second-class performances are relatively easier. They range near 700 points and 500 points, respectively. Still, these standards discriminate against the older runners. What may be a world record-class performances (1000-point level) for a veteran may not even be rated as champion-class by the RRC standards.

I propose that standards of 900 points for world-class, 800 points for champion class, 700 points for first-class and 600 points for second-class be adopted.

Consider that these tables now provide a rational method of comparing runners, not only at different distances but also for different ages. This provides a sound way of determining the "best" distance runner—for a club, AAU region, nationwide or worldwide. Using a method similar to the RRC method, standings may be determined by point totals for three distinct distance ranges. These would be selected from five categories with dividing points at 12.8 kilometers, 20.5 kilometers, 32.5 kilometers and 52 kilometers. The hour- and two-hour runs would fall into Categories II and III, respectively. It would be necessary to restrict performances to those on tracks, certified road courses or on other courses measured by approved methods.

As an example of how this ranking would work, consider the four runners used previously:

Category		Bulinski	Goldberg	Lesch	Young
I	under 12.8 km.	758	738	851	709
II	12.8-20.5 km.	659	714	812	715
III	20.5-32.5 km.	672	714	783	702
IV	32.5-52 km.	577	724	758	693
V	over 52 km.				814

Rankings would put Lesch first with 2446 points (851 + 812 + 783), myself second (709 + 715 + 814 = 2238), Goldberg third (738 + 714 + 724 = 2176) and Bulinski fourth (758 + 659 + 672 = 2089).

John is clearly the class of the field, virtually all of his PRs range in the low 800s. The rest of us are in the low 700s, with Gene noticeable better at the shorter distances, Steve quite well balanced and myself a bit deficient in speed. Actually, the relative point levels indicate the distances at which you *compete* best, usually reflecting the type of training as well as your natural capabilities.

The tables can be used to predict a runner's capability at distances he races infrequently, giving him the proper pace for an unfamiliar distance. For example, Steve's three-mile is clearly not representative of his capabilities. He should be running close to the 740-point level, which translates to a 15:47 three-mile. He should run 16:24 for five miles, 21:28 for four miles and 27:11 for five miles.

The tables answer other questions. What is the single most outstanding performance by a distance runner? Is it Jim Ryun's mile record, Ron Clarke's 10,000-meter, or Derek Clayton's marathon? None of these. Bill Fitzgerald's 1:58.4 for 800 meters at age 47 ranks as the most amazing feat yet seen. Runs by 65-year-old Monty Montgomery and 19-year-old Gerry Lindgren are next.

These are the performances earning 1000 points or more:

Points	Name (Age)	Distance	Time
1012	Bill Fitzgerald (47)	800m	1:58.4
1010	Monty Montgomery (65)	Mile	5:18.0
1010	Gerry Lindgren (19)	6 miles	27:11.6
1007	Dave Bedford (21)	10,000m	27:47.0
1003	Erik Ostbye (47)	Marathon	2:20:54.6
1002	Wilson Kiprugut (30)	800m	1:44.5
1001	Alain Mimoun (43)	5000m	14:22.0
1001	Dave Bedford (21)	6 miles	26:51.6
1001	Dave Bedford (20)	10,000m	28:06.2
1000	Jim Ryun (19)	Mile	3:51.3
1000	Michel Jazy (30)	2000m	4:56.2
1000	Dave Bedford (19)	10,000m	28:24.4

So where can you get these tables? Although it would be nice to have them put out in booklet form (and perhaps a few standard distances may be eventually), each individual table consists of 18 pages. For 20 representative distances, plus the hour- and two-hour runs, this would run to 396 pages. Even then, not all commonly run distances would be included. Until a more suitable method for distribution is found, I can supply computer-generated tables at my cost.

"Single-distance" tables (18 pages each) are available for 23 standard events. Cost is \$3.00 each or two for \$5.00. Other distances may be run for \$6.00 per table. "Single-age" tables are available giving point levels for 20 standard distances. These run four pages each for ages between 5 and 90. They cost \$1.00 apiece.

All tables are available from me, c/o John Lesch, 4620 North Kenneth, Chicago, Ill. 60630.



# SUPER FOODS?

BY GABE MIRKIN, M.D.

Gabe Mirkin is a medical doctor, distance runner and a coach of runners. He was prompted to write this summary of what food supplements do and DON'T do for athletes after seeing "a good distance runner who is taking 17 pills a day—three bone meal tablets, five 500 mg. vitamin C tablets, two 100 mg. vitamin E tablets, three multivitamins, two potassium pills, and a mineral supplement. He also was eating Nutrament daily." Dr. Mirkin, a specialist in the treatment of allergies, notes, "It is unfortunate that the guy is a top runner, as younger kids could be misled by this nonsense." Here Mirkin analyzes the common supplements.

**Vitamin C:** Since large amounts of vitamin C are lost in the sweat, it is felt that athletes require higher doses. This is probably true. However, remember that high doses of vitamin C/ascorbic acid (over one gram per day) function as a drug—not just as a vitamin. Vitamin C is said to prevent colds. It does not. High doses of vitamin C function as an antihistamine to decrease nasal secretions. Thus, it was erroneously thought that vitamin C prevents colds, when all it did was decrease secretions.

High doses of vitamin C can cause kidney stones in people who are predisposed to gout. So there is considerable risk to some people who take large doses.

Also to be considered is the fact that excessive doses of nutrients can make the body depend on much more of that nutrient. For example, years ago physicians used to give endurance athletes salt tablets when they exercised in the heat. We now know that this is wrong because the ability to handle heat depends in part on the ability to conserve salt. People taking excess salt do not teach their bodies to retain salt and do not handle heat well.

There is no evidence that C improves athletic performance unless there is a pre-existing vitamin deficiency. I would recommend no vitamin C tablets but lots of fruit—particularly oranges and orange juice.

**Vitamin E:** Endurance athletes have lower than normal levels of vitamin E in their blood. We do not know if this means anything. We do know that vitamin E has something to do with the body's ability to handle oxygen.

There is little hard data to show that vitamin E enhances performance. It may be that when you take large doses of vitamin E, your body requires high doses of E for top performances.

I would recommend that you take 200 mgms. of vitamin E the day before a competition. I do *not* recommend taking it any other time. There is not firm scientific proof to back this recommendation.

**Potassium:** Tremendous amounts of potassium are lost with heavy exercise. It is wise to take potassium without piling on salt. This can be accomplished by taking orange juice and dried fruits. I discourage potassium pills or liquid as they taste terrible and can cause intestinal ulcers.

**Magnesium:** Low levels of magnesium have been reported in heavily exercising males. I do not know if this means anything. Nuts, peas and wheat are good sources of magnesium.

**Bone meal tablets:** There is no solid evidence to support the use of bone meal tablets. Calcium deficiency in endurance athletes has never been reported, and with our diets it is virtually impossible. I would strongly discourage calcium tablets as certain people can get kidney stones from its use.

**Iron:** Once iron is taken into his body, the male has no way to get rid of it, other than frank bleeding. The female gets rid of iron by menstruation. Iron in overdosage is a potent poison. Nobody should ever take supplemental iron unless a physician diagnoses iron deficiency.

**Vitamins A and D:** Both of these vitamins are poisons in massive overdosage. There is no evidence that athletes require more of these vitamins than their non-athletic counterparts. For that reason, only a balanced diet with occasional fish and some enriched milk is necessary.

**Vitamin B-Complex:** I strongly doubt that a modern American diet could be deficient in vitamin B as we have laws about food preparation to protect us.

**Protein supplements:** This is one of the biggest hoaxes ever perpetrated on the athlete. I am firmly convinced that most of this sheer dishonesty is spread by people who stand to make money from the sale of these products. There is no evidence to show that protein supplements are of any value in our society. Normal American diets contain much more protein than the body even knows how to handle. I would recommend jail for some of the dishonest charlatans who push protein supplements.

As we are a drug-oriented society with many of our ills coming from drugs, I would strongly recommend natural means of nutrition. For example, all the trace metals can be obtained from nuts and leafy-green vegetables. High potassium-low salt foods such as citrus and dried fruits are ideal for an athlete. The only pill that may offer something is 200 units of vitamin E the day before a competition.

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## PEACHBOWL MARATHON

ATLANTA, GEORGIA  
Saturday, December 30, 1972  
12:00 noon

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

“That night I got my second run in and a weird experience it was... After an hour of running without seeing a white person, I was starting to get the point... Not that the hundreds of blacks I passed did anything. They were probably more shocked to see me than vice versa. But I must admit that after one yelled out, “Let’s

go get that boy!”, I set a personal best for a half-mile and changed my course from an out-and-back one to a wide loop. Only later did I learn that I was probably the first person ever to run through Watts on Saturday night and come out alive! Why do they tell you these things afterwards?”

# ADVICE FROM A WEARY TRAVELER

BY BRIAN CHAPMAN

Last April, I realized a long term ambition by traveling to United States, where I trained in a wide variety of locations and competed in the Boston marathon. My trip across US was by bus, so my impressions were fleeting and dominated by downtown bus terminals and the types who frequent them. Landing at San Francisco on March 30, I had to get to Boston in two weeks—which meant that I could only stay one day in each city.

After 22 hours on the plane from South Australia, I managed to plod an interesting 11 miles in Frisco at 10:30 p.m. Never have I run past so many restaurants, drive-in eating places and nightclubs as I did along Geary Blvd. that night. I found immediately two dangers to watch for in my future American training: the citizens drive on the wrong side of the road so cars attack from unexpected quarters, and the footpaths have no curbing ramps leading onto the roads, giving me shin-splinting drops every block.

The next day, after running the gauntlet of panhandlers asking for money in Market Street, I caught the bus to Los Angeles. Three lessons were to be learned that day. Firstly, travel fatigue and a brief female acquaintance prevented me from training; I was going to have to discipline myself if I wanted to reach Boston in any sort of shape for a race. Secondly, water from some of the Californian taps was very unclear. And lastly, suitable food was either unavailable at the bus terminals or too expensive.

That night I got my second run in and a weird experience it was. Getting changed in the bus terminal toilets was enough to make any shoe-shine boy or commuter look twice. But I thought they were only joking with their “good-byes” and “good lucks”. After an hour of running through slums and factory areas without seeing a white person, I was starting to get the point. Not that the hundreds of blacks I passed did anything. They were probably more shocked to see me than vice versa. But I must admit that after one yelled out, “Let’s go get that boy!”, I set a personal best for a half-mile and changed my course from an out-and-back one to a wide loop. Only later did I learn that I was probably the first person ever to run through Watts on Saturday night and come out alive! Why do they tell you these things afterwards?

Later I experimented by catching the bus to Las Vegas. One female alcoholic, one LSD tripper and 200 back-stiffening miles later, I realized that sleeping on a bus was going to be interesting but not very useful athletically. I traveled on to the Grand Canyon, where I banged out 14 strange miles late in the afternoon. I say strange because, although the surroundings were tremendous for training, I became puffed and heavy legged more rapidly than normal. That night, when I read of having been 7300 feet above sea level, I realized what had happened. When I did 10 miles next morning I became tired even

more quickly—partly, I think, because I *expected* to this time.

Albuquerque (5300 feet) was the next stop. That night I socked out a damaging eight miles along its endless main street. It was damaging to me because I ran hard uphill, into a headwind, with a high humidity. At that altitude, my lungs developed a burning sensation and for the rest of my trip I couldn’t breathe deeply without discomfort. It was aggravated by the fumes given off by Radian B, a liquid which I was rubbing into my hips made stiff by bus travel.

Going south through the New Mexico deserts, I realized why I’d heard of so few good runners coming from these western areas. An enjoyable and suitable countryside for training is most essential, and growing up in these lethargic, multi-racial communities among apparently narrow-minded people certainly wouldn’t develop an attitude favorable towards long distance training.

I experienced this narrow mindedness again at the El Paso refuge mission that night. The bunkroom superintendent had never heard of running and refused to let me go for a training run because at 6 p.m. it was too late. So I shifted to a hotel and commenced a 10-mile run—which turned into 13 when I got lost. A training partner of mine back in Adelaide, Chris Fisher, had been at the University of Texas/El Paso, and I now partly understand why he was disillusioned with the city. I spent most of the time running through the Mexican ghettos and railway areas which weren’t too inspiring. All the time I was accompanied by a barrage of wolf whistles.

My stay at Fort Worth, the next stop, was not very enjoyable as it was humid, my room was filthy, the adjacent discotheque blasted on till 2 a.m. and I was awakened at 7 a.m. by a man trying to bash my door down. I should have known then that April 6 was going to be a bad day.

As I always run a hard 13-miler 11 days before my marathons, I was determined to do so on this trip. I tried to dismiss the sick feeling in my stomach, caused by my Fort Worth experience, an indigestible blueberry pie eaten for breakfast and seeing where J.F.K. had been assassinated. Changing at the Dallas bus terminal, I flew off with 70 minutes as my aim. Two hours later, I walked back towards the terminal convinced that Dallas was the hottest, dustiest, most polluted and traffic strangled city in the world. I couldn’t breathe properly, my legs were rubbery and I was dry retching. I spent the first 100 miles on the San Antonio bus with my head between my legs.

I was still feeling ill at Houston the next day. Nevertheless, I wanted to see the Astrodome, so I jogged a slow 14-miler to see that most impressive building. At this stage I was feeling weaker because I couldn’t keep down a heavy meal and was in a cold sweat all the time. Perhaps it was inadvisable, but I forged on to New Orleans only to find myself too tired and sick to train the following day. I nearly took my frustrations out on a

dope pusher who woke me up in the New Orleans bus terminal.

On Tuesday, April 11, I felt a little better and got out twice with the marathon only six days away. Once again, I found myself running through ghetto and factory areas no matter which direction I took from the downtown bus terminal. Again the terminal had no showers and I had to strip off and clean myself from the toilet hand basin. One man said, "I thought I'd seen everything till now." The man who came in after him didn't speak. He just stared.

I arrived in Boston on Thursday afternoon. On Friday, I lost my way in the Boston subway, but eventually reached Boston Garden and Jock Semple, the marathon's organizer. Just as the articles state, his vocabulary is colorful and the pressure of arranging the race is written on his face. He granted me the international privileges of free entry and waived the medical.

That afternoon, I caught a bus to Wellesley (the 13-mile mark in the race) and ran back to Boston. I counted five difficult hills in the famous Newton stretch, including two double-decker ones. I also got the impression that the straight four miles down Beacon Street would be a drag at the end of the race. Unfortunately, I got lost and ended up doing 17 miles, which exhausted me again and brought on a recurrence of my gastric upset. My lungs were worse because of the cold, and I was becoming nervous at the thought of racing in a field of 1220. My previous biggest field in nine marathons had been 39.

On Saturday, I ran a slow five along the grassy banks of the Charles River, feeling utterly sick. I had moved in with a local athlete named Bill Ginns, whose wife made terrific meals which I was too sick to eat. He had been host to some other foreign runners in the past, none of whom had ever done really well at Boston. When he heard I'd done 2:27, I think he was hoping the drought had broken for his guests.

When I weighed myself at 151 pounds that night and compared it with the 164 pounds at Grand Canyon 12 days previously, I concluded that something was wrong. I slept four hours on the two nights prior to the marathon and ate very little.

The night before the race was memorable for its diarrhea, its unbearable stomach aches (brought on by Alka Seltzer to settle my stomach), its vomiting (brought on by eating oranges to counteract the effects of the Alka Seltzer), its lack of sleep, its lack of food when my only meal in two days was spewed up and its lack of fresh air.

And so the marathon came. I was pleased with the warmer weather as I had come straight from an Australian summer. The scene at Hopkinton where the race starts was fantastic to me—the brass band, the balloons, the gymnasium packed with hundreds of runners, the milling spectators, etc. I changed in the special international's dressing room. Warm-

ing up on the oval, I convinced myself I was okay.

The start was absurd with runners packed in like sardines. I was beside Alvaro Mejia (Colombia), a surprise starter, and some other guy who was blessing himself. After the gun I didn't experience any buffeting, despite being passed by dozens of runners who were desperately sprinting. I tried to bowl along at 5:30-mile pace, but it was hard to be patient with so many people continually passing.

Personally, I was gone at the 10-mile mark and should have pulled out. But I hadn't come 12,000 miles to do that. At 11, I took my singlet off and wore it inside out so that no one would know that I was "Z9. Chapman. Australia" (the local newspaper publishes the numbers of all runners for the benefit of the thousands who watch). As I sank back to a slow shuffle, my goals became more modest—2:30, no! 2:40, yes! 2:40, no! Three hours, maybe? Defeat all the female runners. Don't walk—definitely not!

At 17 I was walking through those damned hills, convinced that this was the world's hardest course—uphill all the way. The spectators were tremendous and actually clapped me for walking! More useful, though, was their offers of Gatorade, oranges, water, lemonade and beer, which I really needed and took every half-mile. The first of five females went past, but my pride was drowned out by the instinct for survival at that stage. Past they went—the women, the elderly, the blind, the bald, the walkers and even a guy carrying a radio. He told me the race was already finished, but I was more concerned with the last nine miles than the runner with the unpronounceable name who had already won.

Heartbreak Hill (my heart was already broken), was so hard that I walked halfway down it before I woke up. The general scene was amazing. There were runners collapsing from leg cramps all around me and I had to hurdle one guy who fell down in front of me. I counted at least a dozen runners collapsed on the footpath up that last mountain.

With five miles to go, I tried three times to stop Sara Berman from passing me, realizing that with her flu she must be feeling like me—but to no avail. Past the commune from which dozens of hippies were blaring rock music, I entered Beacon Street, which became quite hazardous as the police were beginning to give motorists the priority over no-hoper athletes. Utterly exhausted, I placed my singlet back on the proper way with 200 yards to go. I flew past a bald guy who must have been all of 80. The satisfaction was short-lived, however, when a runner who would have been about 60 outsprinted me easily over the last bit.

For those interested, my final time was 3:55 (a personal worst). Posterity will never know my position as they stopped counting when the 853rd guy finished in 3:35.

Advice to would-be traveling athletes, from one who learned the hard way: (a) Arrange the trip so that your race is early; save the touring for later. (b) Try and eat the normal home foods, but be prepared to pay for it. (c) Sleep and eat regularly; sleeping on a bus is useless and stomach upsets are inevitable if meals are skipped. (d) Watch the areas you train in; nothing happened to me, but it is best to avoid the bad ghettos. (e) Have effective warm-up gear so you can train in freezing temperatures and snow. (f) If you become ill, don't rely on medicines—just keep nibbling on jellies, sweets and light carbohydrates to keep your energy reserves up. (g) Make yourself known to race organizers and athletic people; the hospitality in the US was without exception tremendous. (h) Don't drink too much water—buy some soft drink or pure fruit juice if you become thirsty. (i) Don't subordinate your trip too much to athletic ends.

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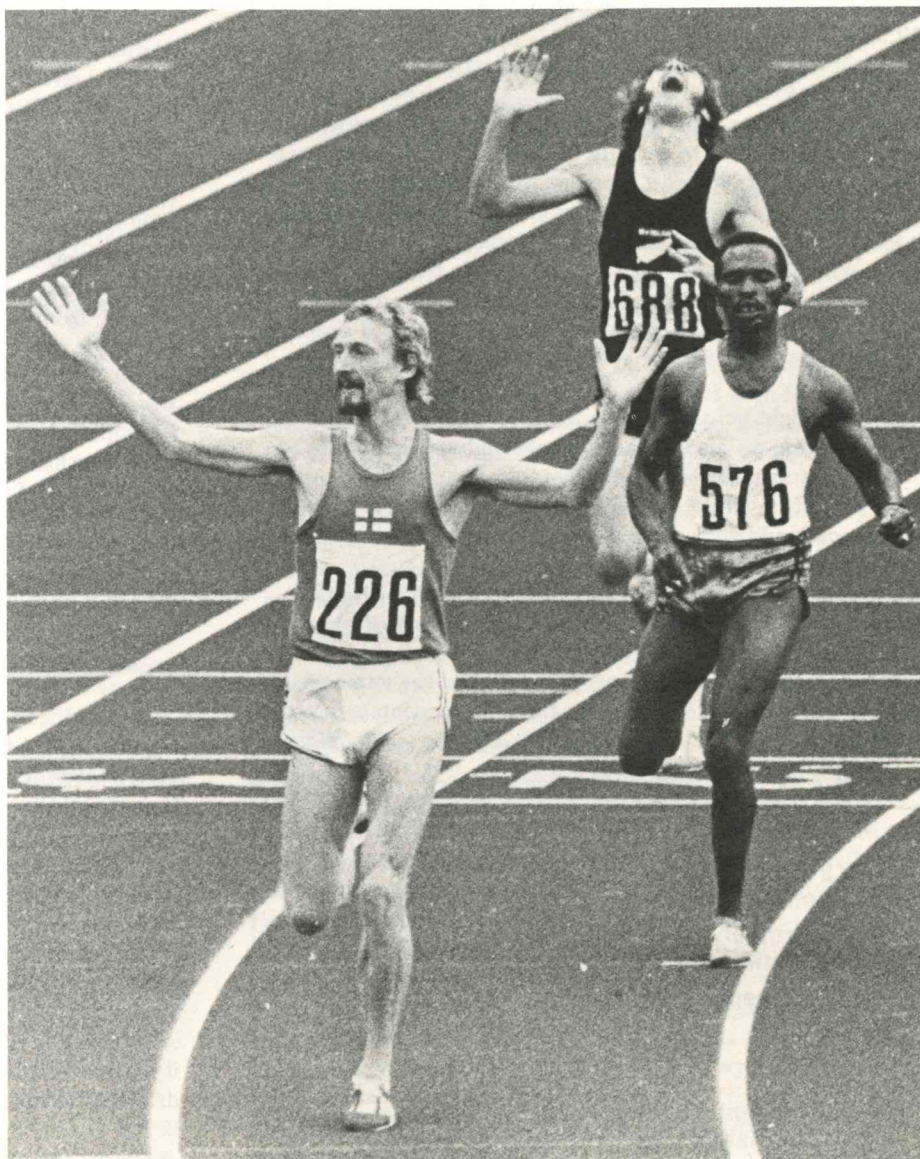


# 1972 Olympic Games

**ABOVE:** Steeplechasers over the water (l-r), Bite, Koyama, Malinowski, Villain, Biwott. (Tony Duffy)

**RIGHT:** 1500 medalists Vasala, Keino, Dixon. (Mark Shearman photo)

**BELOW:** Larry Young third again. (Shearman)



**RIGHT:** Midway leaders in 10,000 (l-r) Zaddem, Viren, Puttemans, Haro. (Shearman photo)

**BELOW:** Starting the women's 1500 which resulted in a world record for Lyudmila Bragina (r). Others here (l-r) are Boxem, Pangelova, Keizer, Cacchi (hidden), Hoffmeister. (Shearman)



**ABOVE:** Double sprint winner Valeriy Borzov. (Tony Duffy)

**LEFT:** Wottle's 800 win over (l-r) Carter, Kupczyk, Ouko, Boit, Arzhanov. (Shearman)



# UP THE SHINING MOUNTAIN

BY PETE STRUDWICK

An excerpt from Pete Strudwick's forthcoming book, *Up the Shining Mountain*. Strudwick, a veteran marathon runner from California, was born without feet.

Sunday, August 13: Chased out of sleep into a gloomy day before the dawn. Great Scott! Where am I? I grope over the crowded camper bed, trying to shut off the darned alarm—5:30—then fumble around in the dark among my sleeping family hunting for my socks and mountain shoes and sweats.

Outside I ease into a jog, past rows of sleeping tourists. Pike's Peak towers above everything into the west, a tiny light twinkling starlike atop its summit. The Shining Mountain glows pale pink before a rising sun.

*Mountain, I come to you simply. Forgive my arrogance and my celebration, for I come to run upon your shining sides.*

We arrive on the start line at the Manitou Springs Cog Railway Depot an hour early, nearly 6600 feet above sea level. Runners gather in the crystal clear warm air of the parking lot between great canyon walls of green pine and scrub oak. Pike's Peak rises out of sight, out of reach—up above the great green forests. Above...somewhere above.

*Mountain, I stand below you quietly, sensing your awful size, feeling your might, that I might worship upon your shining sides.*

Someone announces there are 20 minutes to go. My stomach growls and my limbs are light. Faces, bodies, runners' shirts move all around me: seniors from California, guys from Kansas, a gal from Colorado, "Georgetown University," "University of Chicago Track Club," "Arvada West Training," "R.C. Striders," "Lee's Summit," "Ashland," "Guilford," "USA Munich Trials," and many, many more.

*Mountain, my body yearns to know your ways. Help me upon your shining sides.*

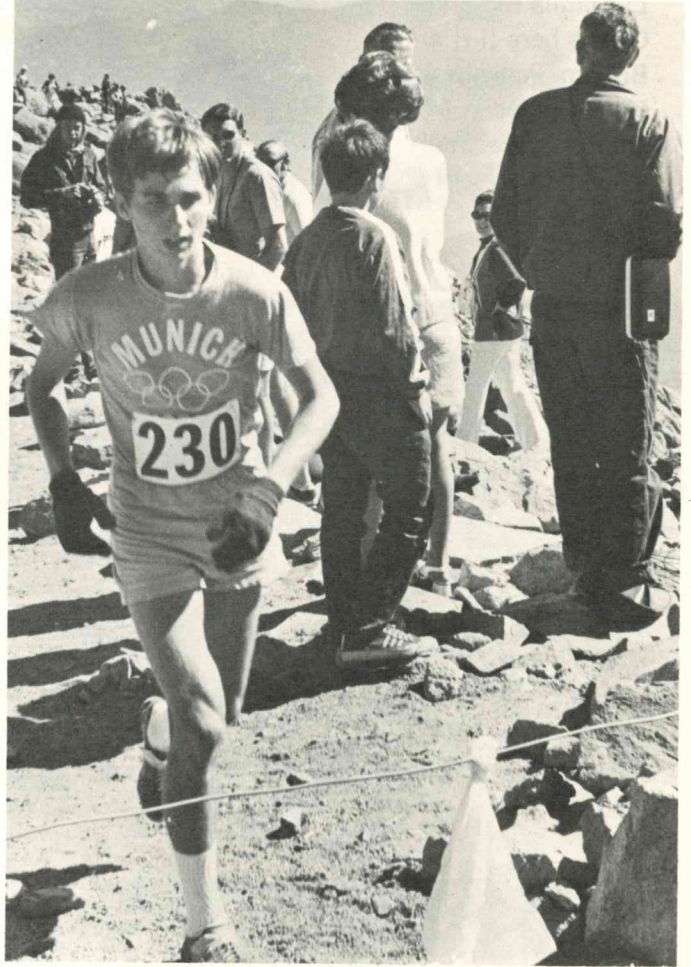
Time is running out. Everybody—everything—is moving faster, more urgently. People shout good-lucks. I check the number pinned to my chest—294. The paper is warm and dazzling in the morning mountainlight.

*Mountain, my legs and lungs throb upon you, seeking your strength. Please help my upon your shining sides.*

I look up, trying to picture the Shining Mountain through its massive green approaches, trying to hold onto something which is not urgently moving or compelling me to do something. Juices rage through my guts, racing in and out of my arms and legs. Have I drank enough fluids? Have I pumped enough carbohydrate? Are my shoelaces tied tight enough to keep the gravel out? Are they tied *at all*? Have I trained enough to do what I want so much to do this day?

*Oh—Shining Mountain—my eyes and my heart are as full as your joyful streams, that I might...that I might!*

The start gun's in the air. The champions crowd the front



Brad Hawthorne of Missouri, first teenager to the top of "The Shining Mountain" this year.

rows on the line, leaning, arms posed to pump, legs bulging and rippling before the promise. The rest—men, women, children—press forward, faces afire, hearts in our throats.

Lord, it's going to happen again! I'm going up the Impossible Peak and all the fantastic deeds and agonies are going to happen again.

*That I might...go up the Shining Mountain.*

BANG!

Our horde of 200 explodes up the steep street into a streaming, wide column. The leaders pound past the power plant to be first on the narrow dirt road just ahead.

The ascent is sheer from the start and keeps getting steeper. Ahead lies our first great rise—3000 feet on three miles of gravel switchbacks, barricaded by water runoffs, tree roots, and projecting rocks.

Up. We thin to a single file on the hikers' trail above the roadhead. How high are we now—7000 feet? Already our army of athletes is strung out, a colossal caterpillar more than a mile long, its head racing for the Peak and its tail breaking and reforming as runners pass each other and then fall back exhausted to be passed.

Up. the fellow ahead is slowing, slowing you for an instant. Pass him! That's it, squeeze by on the narrow trail. Careful! Keep a leg out wide next to the steep fall. It's a long way down to the Depot! Good. *What?* Someone's breathing down your back. Move over and let him pass! It's the same guy you just passed, recovered for a moment and surging ahead!

Up. Surge ahead, fall back, run, walk, gasp, grunt, slip, stumble, recover—200 moving segments of the caterpillar undulating up Mt. Manitou toward a mountain over half as high again.

Up, up. The sun falls hot and sharp on the leveling summit of Manitou Mountain. Our great column has thinned till I can just see several runners working through the spruce and scrub ahead and hear a couple of others struggling behind me. The trail widens and rolls gradually upward, cool under clusters of ponderosa pines and blue spruce, but fiercely hot in the open.

Up, up. The youth behind me sprints by for the umpteenth time but soon slows down like a car running out of gas. I admire his spunk but have to laugh. He has much more speed than I, but he hasn't the foggiest idea of pace and keeps exhausting himself.

I pull up behind him. "Forget the sprinting. Slow and steady. I promise you'll...reach the top before...lots of hot-shots who...left you at the start."

Up, up. The lad falls back, but I can hear his restless feet straining on the gravel behind me. We run on and on through the forest of quaking aspens and brilliant clearings, watching the massive mountain glow and grow in the sun above us.

Up, up, up. Barr Camp creeps into view through close-spaced pines on a rocky, twisting trail at 9:15. They've tied a hose to a tree and it squirts precious stream water in an inviting arc. We gulp the deliciously gold liquid between gasps. But it's going to be a rough run, with six miles up and more than seven down past this point—and nothing but a stream or two on the way.

Up, up, up. The boy behind me cries out, "I can't! I'm dead!" His steps stop behind me and I whirl. "You can! No—don't sit! Stand—walk if you can—keep moving. And keep breathing—deeply—in time with...your steps. Whatever you do...breathe deeply...deeper than you...think you need to—like a locomotive! I'll see *you* on top, son!"

The exhausted, frustrated sprinter stares at me like I'm mad. But he stands and he breathes deeply and he *moves!*

I turn and run on, alone now with the quiet trail. How high am I—10,000, 10,500? My mouth is dry. I'm dehydrating, losing my life juice with every step, but the warm air is so dazzling thin I can't feel my sweat.

Suddenly I struggle over a stretch of trail where Steve Gachupin roared past me last year, and I can almost feel his raging body rushing by as I dove off the trail to let him pass. Strong memory. Strong man.

Look! There's someone coming. Smead! Chuck Smead's in the lead! I'm a quarter hour ahead of last year and he must be, too. Nobody else is in sight!

"Yahoo—Chuck! Go—go—go! Get that record!"

"Pete!" he yells, a bit surprised as he glides by. How can he be so far ahead with a pace that looks so casual?

And, as suddenly as it was broken, silence enfolds the trail and me again. Alone I labor upward, but part of me races

down the mountain with Chuck and the great Gachupin.

Living trees give way to strange silver gray carcasses of the Dismal Forest. Approaching 12,000 feet. The gnarled, shattered trunks stand sentinel to the distant summit—timberline. Above, almost straight up, towers a vastness of brown, a tremendous tidal wave of rock.

Another runner shoots down past me, and another. They look marvelously strong, but they're a full 20-25 minutes behind Smead.

My blood's afire with the roaring excitement rushing over this immense mountain. I swallow between gasps and my eyes fill as I search above me for the three-mile file of runners I know is snaking, racing over the summit: tiny people, as little as I, each with their own challenge and their own struggle.

"All the way—you guys! *All the way!* Go! Go! Go! Go!" My voice is unbelievably loud. Its power startles me as the mountain throws it back.

*...seeking your strength...upon your shining sides...*

All the way. Higher than timber dies. Higher than many bird flies. Skidding over gravel banks, threading through seas of rock, twisting endlessly back and forth on switch-backs, leaning, scrambling, staggering, stumbling, gasping, groaning, heaving the gone-air madly, straining, paining deeper than ever before, glimpsing vistas I dare not stop to really see because I must not stop—not for an instant—in the blazing sun which moves above and which turns the time of the watch on my wrist which says it's nearly 11:30, four hours after the gun shot us up this trail toward your summit, Shining Mountain.

*...my eyes and my heart...*

A rusted sign, its letters indelibly punched out, points to "The Sixteen Golden Stairs," and gives a mileage which I immediately forget because, though I'm still fighting mightily for every foot, my head is weirdly light and my thoughts are wrapped in height. This is the steepest grade I've ever faced. If it weren't for the switchbacks it would be impossible.

Someone yells, far above on the mountainside. The sound sails down, down, down to us...and below us...forever. Is it a victory yell? Has the runner reached the Impossible Peak?

*I come to run upon your shining sides...*

Without breaking stride, I steal quick glances above me. As far as I can see—to where the brown and gray granite scrapes the black-blue sky—runners labor over the Golden Stairs, their limbs moving with a strange slowness, as in a dream groping toward the heavens.

"All the way! Go! Go! Go! Go!" I bellow. The hairs rise and ripple up and down my body as the cry bursts from me and sails up, up, up to them...and down, down, down to my friends below...forever.

*...to worship upon your shining sides.*

My cheer has made me strong. I pick up stride—faster, faster—past runners slumped in the stingy shade, past people so exhausted they haven't the sense to sit in the shade, past those who can only stand but not move, past empty eyes and blank faces—even past those who move upward as fast as 14,000 feet into space allow.

I'm running, actually running on the levels between the steeper turns, hauling myself over rocks and around others, triple-stepping slippery gravel, blasting breath in and out of me in a continuous explosion.

*Help me upon your shining sides.*

The fans and officials are cheering on the summit right above—many names, but I seek mine among their voices like a

starving man seeks food: "Come on, Pete! You're making it! Just a few more yards!"

*Please help me upon your shining sides...*

"Go! Go! Go! Go!" I yell again and my mad joy seems to startle all around me into greater effort. Faster and faster we struggle toward the summit which is almost ours.

*...to run upon your shining sides.*

"Yeah—all the way!" someone gasps behind me. It's the youth—the retired sprinter—I left miles behind!

*Help me up...*

"Yahoo!" I scream. "What'd I tell you? Slow and steady—slow and steady!" His young eyes are wild with victory. My watch reads 11:45. I've lost my four-hour ascent. But I'm still way under last year's time and my young friend has almost reached his peak.

*...please help me up...*

"Okay," I gasp, "it's...maybe a hundred...yards more. Let's go...friend! Come on—lift those...legs! Up! Breathe! BREATHE! Blast air...till it...hurts! Move ground!"

The young man slips, gasps, fights up after me.

"All the way! Drive! Drive! Drive!" The challenge feels like it's exploding out my brains.

*...that I might...that I might!*

Up, up, up—across the summit, across the line—living a thousand lives a second, staggering amid the cheers. Someone calls out 4:20-something. Better than last year...but I can't focus to figure how much better.

Halfway.

I'm less than halfway through the Pike's Peak marathon. Below lies over 13 miles of gut-shaking, ankle-twisting, muscle-ripping mountain trail. My nearly blind eyes sweep over the field of jagged boulders and people on the summit. Only the great sky towers above us and the vast vistas beyond. All else is down.

Almost without pause I turn and plunge downtrail. What I do in the next hours will determine whether I can beat last year's total time.

Down, down, down—over the ground twice as fast as I moved coming up, but more tired, much more, as if the end of the race were behind me and I now have to agonize through another. I jump to avoid a rock but clip its tip with my shoe and gyrate through the air trying not to fall, trying not to smash into rocks and climbers. Arms waving wildly, I skid on gravel like a novice skater.

Keep moving! Whatever you do, keep moving! Don't stop for a moment—not for anything! It's the only way you'll run through exhaustion. It's the only way you'll finish strong over that line a world away below!

Down, down, down.

My left leg suddenly slips off a rolling rock and the ankle snaps awfully. It's the longer one, the one I broke in junior high trying to western roll out of a gopher hole. But my spooky leg still remembers and buckles instantly, a reflex which takes the weight off my stump. I hobble on in a half-jog. Wrenching pain pulses up my leg. Oh—no! NO! It can't be—it *mustn't* be—broken! Twenty, 50, a hundred yards—I test it fearfully, hopefully. The spasms absorb back into my bones.

Down, down, down.

My ankle collapses again. And this time the pain is worse. I curse the trail and my untaped stumps. But I must not stop, *I will not stop!* It takes nearly half a mile, but I put the pain behind me along with the rock I slipped on.



Pete Strudwick (right), with Pike's Peak marathon manager Rudy Fahl. (Bob Rocque photo)

Down, down, down. The ascent in reverse, but like no trail I've ever seen before. This view, these rocks, these trees—I don't recognize them. Was I drunk with altitude and challenge when I passed here on the way up? Or am I now? The Golden Stairs, timberline and the Dismal Forest, the rocky, rolling, twisting path back to Barr Camp.

Down, down, down. My shoes keep clipping the tops of buried rocks, sending me flying out of control and twisting like a cat to recover.

"Keep your feet up! Lift your damned feet up!" I yell to myself again and again. The command must sound as silly to the hikers who stand aside to let number 294 pass as it does to me. But I'm furious, and frightened by the dimensions of the thing I've gotten into...and desperately tired.

At Barr Camp, I linger for a few precious moments, trading priceless time for vital recovery, sucking in the pure, cold hosewater, and putting my head under the rippling arc.

"Ecstasy! Ecstasy!" I gasp as the chill liquid showers over my burning head and shivers down my spine. I stand straight and the water streams deliciously onto my hot, limp



tee-shirt. For the first time I notice a group of young men and women lounging around the fountain on backpacks, their clean-eyed faces watching.

"Hi, sports fans," I greet them. Laughter, light and searching.

I turn downtrail into the final eight-mile run to Manitou Springs. Now! This is the final time of proving. I *know* I'm ahead of last year. If I fail—if I fail—it will be in these last miles when my core crumbles and I begin to walk, first a little but gradually a lot, even downhill, and the watch on my wrist speeds up till, every time I look at it, it has turned through more and more time and reminds me I've failed.

I push against the great weight of distance forever ahead of me, denying me. I'm on a diabolic treadmill which is creating new miles of trail to break my spirit. And only when I stop in defeat will I learn how close I am to victory.

*But I shall not stop!*

And the weight moves. Oh, oh, oh! The great weight moves!

And I make my watch consume time slowly by pushing the trail behind me very, very steadily, earning the miles with strength drawn from my depths deeper than I've ever drawn before, sucking the distance-juice from my blood and guts and eyes—reaching, reaching. Reaching.

I'm prisoner of my body. Its strength is spent on the mountain behind me. But I'm somehow free, too. For my legs move me, run me when they should long since have failed. Seven hours. I'm going to make it in under seven hours! How far? How much farther?

*Forgive my arrogance and my celebration...*

Is it that I quicken my pace or that I quicken my thought down this final mountain trail? Perhaps it only seems that my legs are flying, that I'm careening madly around corners, grunting and yelling, wide-mouthed and wild-eyed.

"All the way! Go! Go! Go! Go!"

*...that I might worship upon your shining sides...*

But my watch has no mercy. I cannot stop the sun. Though I call on all the powers granted by all the hours on the roads around my little city, on the endless loops around the Palos Verdes Country Club, on my Chicken-Buster hill at P.V., and baking Mt. Tom in Glendale, and tough Old Baldy above them all—my watch reads three o'clock somewhere between the Depot and Manitou Ave.

*...sensing your awful size...*

I keep looking into its face of hands and dots and numbers, speeding up on the hard, wide road, and trying to slow down the hands of time. But time will not stop, and the distance of parked cars and playing children and cabins-becoming-houses-becoming-shops will not disappear except by my reaching and pushing all behind me, back with all the other things I've left on the Shining Mountain.

*...feeling your might...*

Ah! The last corner of shops—the ones I rounded just before the finish last year! A tide of joy rises in my chest. I put my head down and pump my arms high, reaching for the final strength. My legs burst off the ground and I hightail it across the line wide open.

*...that I might...that I might!*

A very patient race official calls out, "7:02:28."

Runners and their guests gather at Howard's restaurant that evening for a banquet and awards. Someone hands me the printed race Results: Chuck Smead, 21, from Santa Paula,

Calif., has won with a record ascent time and and overall time five slower than the record.

Director Rudy Fahl introduces people around the room, and they rise and say a few words. The venerable man of the mountain looks over at me. "And, to remind us that we can still run in spite of our problems, there's Peter Strudwick. Pete."

I rise and steady myself on my chair. The big room is filled with faces, waiting, upturned and waiting: Chuck Smead, young, strong, almost shy; Walt Stack, hearty, generous, and a bit naughty; Chairman Fahl, chiseled like a rock from his mountain; fair Frau Isa Varela, looking like she just stepped out for an evening of dancing. The winners and losers and also-rans, the guys and gals and kids who make Pike's Peak the greatest as well as the toughest marathon on earth.

"First off, I congratulate Chuck Smead for his terrific performance today. There is no one I'd rather have win this race than Chuck. But there's something else I want to say too, about Steve Gachupin."

I study my chair. There's no need to look around the room. The hard-as-a-wall Indian has left for his pueblo, gone home. He will not hear these words.

"I wish Steve Gachupin were here tonight because, though his race times will surely be beaten, as his ascent time was bettered by Chuck today—no one will ever beat his record of six consecutive victories."

I take a deep breath in the quiet. "Steven Gachupin has gotten the jump on us palefaces and he'll lead us up the Shining Mountain forever."



51 people have already signed up for Montreal!

## 1976 Games

Are you planning on going to the Olympic Games in Montreal? If so, how about going with the Runner's World group? We took 74 to Munich and are taking 225 to Montreal. Here is what one of our tour members wrote:

"I found the RW tour in Munich to be an immensely enjoyable experience—with the combination of excellent accommodations, good seats, and a heart-warming camaraderie contributing to perhaps the experience of a lifetime—until 1976 that is. Here is my deposit for Montreal." (Robert Phinney, Wellesley, Mass.)

The cost of the 1976 tour will be about \$495.00 plus air transportation. This will include all track and field tickets, housing, breakfast, transportation to stadium, two group dinners, etc. A \$50.00 deposit holds your place, and we recommend signing up now. We are ONLY going to take 225—no more. We don't like really giant tours.

Send your deposit to: Runner's World, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040, or call Bob Anderson at (415) 328-2911. (Additional information on request.)



**LEFT:** Altitude training didn't work so well for marathoners Hill (l) and Macgregor.

**ABOVE:** Chasing altitude-trained Bragina (not shown) in the 1500 are (l-r) Tittel, Pangelova, Burneleit, Boxem and Keizer. (Shearman)

## BENEFITS OF ALTITUDE TRAINING

BY M. H. M. ARNOLD

In 1968, altitude was news in a negative sense. Lowland athletes worried about it. They fretted over their disadvantage against life-long mountain men, and they wondered how they could reduce it. In '68, everyone who was serious about running distances in the Olympics trained at elevations similar to Mexico City's 7500 feet. It was a desperation effort.

An interesting thing happened when they returned home to sea level. Times were faster than they ever had been before. Running was easier. They had adapted so well to thin air that they found themselves "super-adapted" when oxygen supplies were normal. Without getting into the biochemistry of it, their bodies were using oxygen more efficiently. And oxygen usage is what it's all about in distance running.

Between the two Olympics, athletes learned not only to live in and with high elevations but to thrive there. They saw the potential of it. Moving to "altitude" became something of a fad this year. US runners Jack Bachelier, Jeff Galloway and Frank Shorter all spent several months in the Colorado Rockies, with good results. Most top European runners trained in the Pyrennes or Alps. Results were mixed.

Lasse Viren reportedly trained at altitude, along with fellow Finn Pekka Vasala. But so did Juha Vaatainen, who was last in the 5000. Lyudmila Bragina of course did well after pre-Olympic training. But the Soviet men as a group did poorer than expected in the Games.

The British had high hopes for Dave Bedford and Ron Hill, both of whom ran for a time at St. Moritz in Switzerland. Neither met expectations. Nor did world 20-kilometer record holder Paul Nihill.

Nihill said after finishing sixth in the walk, "The only explanation I have is that I came down too late from altitude

training at St. Moritz, and that my body has not re-acclimatized itself. The other members of the British (walking) team said exactly the same, and it is most unusual for all of us to be off form at the same time."

What runners are coming to realize is that sudden shifts in altitude are major shocks to the system. It takes time and careful planning to adjust to these shocks. They learned that in '68 when they reluctantly went up to Mexico City. Some learned a hard lesson again when they eagerly came down to Munich.

Scientist M. H. M. Arnold, a Briton who has lived high in the Andes and studied altitude's effects, explains why.

If you fly to one of the Andean cities such as Quito (9200 feet above sea level) or La Paz (11,800 feet) you will feel quite uncomfortable. You will pant at the slightest exertion and feel desperately tired, but you will sleep badly. You will quite likely feel sick and have a headache. You will feel depressed and irritable.

All of these symptoms are due simply to shortage of oxygen. At sea-level, the air pressure is more than sufficient to saturate your blood with oxygen, but at 10,000 feet the reduced air pressure (about two-thirds of sea level) will only give 85% saturation.

The more unpleasant symptoms disappear after a few days, and after two or three months you will feel fully acclimatized. How does this come about? There are in fact three different effects:

- First, you breathe more deeply making the best use of what oxygen there is.
- Second, your "red-cell count"—the number of red corpuscles in your blood—increases, making it possible for the blood to carry more oxygen.

● Third, the acidity of your blood can change slightly, increasing the affinity for oxygen of the hemoglobin in your red corpuscles.

The first effect is rapid. After a few days, you have automatically deepened your breathing—and raised your blood saturation from 85% to 90% at 10,000 feet.

The second effect takes time, for the liver has to go to work to produce more red cells. This is what is happening during the months of full acclimatization.

The third effect is still a matter of controversy. At best it takes years. More likely, it is hereditary, occurring only among those peoples born and bred for generations at high altitudes.

The practical result is that after two or three months at above 8000 feet, a person is breathing more deeply and has blood whose oxygen-carrying capacity has increased substantially (say 10 to 20%). Bring this person down to sea-level and this increased oxygen-carrying capacity remains (although breathing soon reverts to normal).

Since the speed of a distance runner is limited by the rate at which the heart and lungs can supply oxygen to the muscles, it would seem that to increase the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood would result in an increased “steady-state” running speed.

For this reason training at high altitude before important events is becoming common. It appears to have some effect, but it has not yet produced the *substantially* improved performances expected. It would seem that neither the potentialities nor the limitations of the idea have so far been fully appreciated. Here are some points to be borne in mind:

● **How High?** The present tendency is to train at 7000-8000 feet. This is not really high enough. The effect is simply too small. About 10,000 feet seems the ideal. Much above this height, acclimatization is rather lengthy and general bodily efficiency suffers.

But the big difficulty is that there are very few places in the world where the climate at 10,000 feet is tolerable and where reasonable living facilities exist. The Olympic-class athlete is a very delicate machine and simply does not benefit from

training around the snow-line with only a refuge hut to sleep in. He has to take an atlas and try to balance altitude, latitude, distance, and degree of civilization.

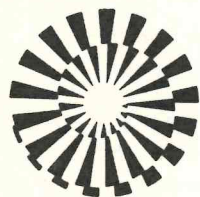
● **How Long?** Up to three months at altitude—perhaps more—is needed for the red cell count to reach its maximum. The important thing is just being there, rather than training (see below).

The return to sea-level should not be made too soon before the event; the athlete has to re-adjust. Nobody knows exactly how fast the red-cell count sinks back to normal. My own observations suggest that even after six or seven weeks at sea-level the count is still appreciably higher than normal, and that the period of re-adjustment to sea-level is two to three weeks. Thus, a period of three to four weeks at sea-level before the event seems to be desirable.

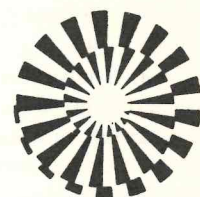
● **General Snags.** The athlete, peculiarly sensitive to small differences in bodily performance and behavior, feels the effects of altitude more acutely than the ordinary person. Since these effects show up most markedly during exertion, and since high altitudes also have unpleasant psychological effects, it is desirable not to train too devotedly at high altitude. It should also be borne in mind that some effects are not fully subject to acclimatization. Life is inevitable less efficient at 10,000 feet than at sea-level.

Re-adjustment to sea-level has been mentioned. The body, in effect, tends to bask in the abundant oxygen supply. The athlete feels fit but placid, and is capable of prolonged periods of sleep. There is a definite lack of “edge.”

Finally, it must again be stressed that the high-grade athlete is a very delicate machine. There is more to peak condition than efficient heart, lungs, muscles and digestion. And there is a good deal more to peak performance than just peak condition. In principle, high-altitude conditioning (an ugly word, but true) can improve the times of distance events by 10% or more. But to achieve this in practice will not only be extremely costly but will be critically dependent on the athlete's psychology.



## 1972 Olympic Games



The Olympic Games are too big to cover in a few pages of Runner's World. We realized that. So we've given the Munich Games an entire book (“booklet” isn't a proper title in this case) of its own.

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**S**ince "Runners Anonymous" was formed in 1971, the group has had moderate success at helping runners overcome their problem. For those unfamiliar with R.A., a summary of reasons for its existence and a description of its methods follows.

With more and more people turning to jogging and

7. The man or woman with a serious addiction to running is very likely to read *Runner's World*. Although not all problem runners read the magazine, it is true that all subscribers must be regarded as addicts. To avoid being known as a runner, some subscribers have requested that their copy of *Runner's World* be delivered in a plain brown wrapper marked "Sex Books."

8. The running addict tends to keep his malady a secret. This no doubt stems from his violation of old-fashioned moral codes. Running has often been treated as a violation of the law, rather than as the disease which it is. No wonder the problem runner tries to keep fellow workers

# NEW HOPE FOR THE ADDICTED

BY BOB BARD

running in the late 1960s, it was inevitable that for some, running would become a form of escape rather than a means to health. While social running (a short jog with friends) is not harmful in itself, it may lead in some cases to a serious running problem. Some individuals, especially when under emotional stress, may become dependent upon running once or twice each day.

Some of the symptoms of running addiction (known to the specialist as *hypercursus jogitis*, or as "Fessenden's Disease") are difficult to detect. However, the principal signs are as follows:

1. Person involved often feels the need for a run even before breakfast, or devotes the entire lunch hour to running. He substitutes knee-bending for the elbow-bending of the problem drinker.

2. There is a much greater frequency of resorting to running than in the case of a social runner. While formerly jogging a short distance every few days, weather permitting, now he cannot get through the day without at least one or two stiff runs.

3. The addict is unable to admit to himself or to others that he has a serious running problem. He still thinks he is capable of deciding whether to take another run or not. But even exercising the dog is enough to set him off on a five-mile binge.

4. While a social runner generally has his favorite types of running—and usually limits himself to less than a mile—the problem runner insists on long distances. He prefers runs of over three miles, but will run anything when hard-pressed—two-mile runs, cross-country and on up to marathons. Some victims of Fessenden's Disease have even competed at distances less than a mile! It is easy to distinguish running addicts from alcoholics, however. The runner always prefers quarters to fifths.

5. In physical appearance, a person suffering from *hypercursus jogitis* often returns from his lunch hour with a flushed face and wet plastered-down hair. There is some weight loss. And on Mondays the runner tends to walk somewhat stiffly, following a weekend running binge.

6. Financial problems occur, but generally only on a limited scale. The runner sometimes uses grocery money to subscribe to running magazines, and to buy the various new models of running shoes.

from learning of his addiction, rather than enlisting their help. Carefully concealed in a desk drawer are his shoes, tape and vaseline. Often he is seen running along deserted roads, hoping that he will not be observed. Another attempt at secrecy is his use of fictitious names when registering for a race. One well-known coach even tried to disguise his name in the Trail's End marathon as "Fruin."

9. The victim of Fessenden's Disease runs in all types of weather, apparently trying to punish himself for forgetting to send a Mother's Day card when he was three years old. He actually seems to enjoy his suffering in the cold and rain.

These are the symptoms and problems related to running addiction. What is being done to alleviate the condition?

The first Runners Anonymous group was formed in Corvallis, Ore., in Oct. 1971, when it became obvious that all other approaches had failed.

At regular meetings, the members take turns in giving testimony on what running has done to them and to their families. Anyone who refuses to admit, "I am a running addict," is not allowed to join as he has no hope of success.

Once the runner has admitted to himself and to others that he has a problem, therapy becomes possible. Members are encouraged to phone others for help, whenever they feel an overwhelming urge to run. Friends come and talk to the person under strain, and remind him or her of the after-effects: tendinitis, stiff muscles and accusations by the family ("Oh, Daddy, you've been running again!").

Immediate assistance is important for anyone thinking of running a marathon. If possible, fellow members of R.A. try to physically prevent running, by removing the necessities: running shoes, trunks, and stopwatch must be carefully hidden until the addict is past danger. However, some resourceful runners have developed subterfuges. Some run in regular clothes if necessary. Some go barefoot. Others pretend they are running to catch a bus. Still others, who swear they have given up running, may be seen running their dog for miles at a stretch. Such flimsy coverups for running addiction should not be tolerated.

As an example of how a crisis is handled by R.A. members, let's look at the following incident, which took place in March, 1972. At 8:30 p.m., Dick received a phone call from Harry.

Harry said in a tense voice, "You know, Dick, it's been three whole days without a run! I feel I've just got to get out and jog around the block, or something!"

"That sounds good, Harry, but remember the last time you said that, you wound up going six miles on the Witham Hill run!"

"But Dick," Harry pleaded, "I'll be all right for a week, I swear, if I could just limber up a little, maybe take the dog for a run..."

"No, Harry, you know you've just got to quit cold turkey; that's what worked for me. Once you start running and fall into your six-minute pace, you're back on that same old road to ruin. I'll round up some of the guys and they'll be over right away. Hold on until they get there, and put those running shoes out of sight. I'd come myself, Harry, except right now I'm going to jog over to the shopping center, to get some Sole-Saver before they close."

Dick called and found both Peter and Randy available, but Don had been gone for over an hour, "exercising his dog." Peter and Randy used their new racing bikes, bought as aid in making the painful transition to a life without running. Luckily, they arrived before Harry could finish suiting up; he was just tying his well-worn Tigers when they came.

"I was just going to jog around the block is all," said Harry.

"Let's talk this over," said Randy, slightly out of breath after riding 25 miles an hour all the way (he had been a five-minute miler before seeking help). "We've both been able to control our running, and we just want to help. Don't you realize what running does to your gastrocnemius?"

"No, the doctor gave me some pills and it went away."

"It's not a disease, it's a muscle," replied Peter, who was leaning with his hands against the living room wall, stretching his heel tendons.

"And think what your neighbors will think, if they see you running," gasped Randy, in between toe-touches. "And especially running alone. You certainly must realize that solitary running is the surest symptom of running addiction."

"You're right," Harry agreed. "Let's all go for a run!" And he zipped up his blue nylon windbreaker. Peter, who by this time had removed his trousers to reveal running shorts underneath, said, "Well, perhaps if we go with you there won't be any lasting harm. Got your stopwatch, Randy? Let's see if we can make a new record on the saw-mill run!"

The overall success of the Corvallis group of Runners Anonymous has been limited, but the organization will have proved its worth if saves even one runner, and makes him into a useful member of society again.

Of the 14 members of the group, three have been able to control their running habit, so that they can decide whether or not they will run. One of these is so far recovered that he can now watch track meets without suffering a relapse. Of the remaining 11 in the group, six are in various stages of improvement and most can now get by with only one short run a day.

What about the other five? Well, perhaps one day science will find a method of treating such advanced cases of *hypercurusis jogitis*, or Fessenden's Disease. For the present, we can only hope to arrest its progress, and prevent further deterioration.

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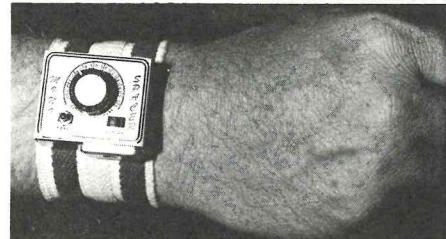
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# WOMEN'S WANDERINGS

BY PAT TARNAWSKY

By the time these lines appear, just about everything will be said about those star-crossed Munich Games. Even those who lived through them only vicariously, through the tube, will have them as enduring and nightly disturbing memories.

The Olympics are, quite literally, the only thing that my husband and I ever watch on the telly. We loathe most everything about commercial TV and don't even own a set. Our friends are forever saying, "Did you see that terrific special last night on... oh, yeah, that's right, you don't..."

On Olympic years, however, a sort of desperation comes over us. We consider going to the local bar to watch, or even (horrors) renting a set. This year, our neighbors, who have four (yes, four) TVs, graciously loaned us their breakfast-room portable. So we spent the Olympic hours before it, and suffered through the whole affair along with everybody else. And we also marveled at a number of other things:

- We marveled at just how emotional one can get 3000 miles away from the event. For instance, on Sunday morning we were eating breakfast and watching the 5000 meters. I had a batch of Swedish pancakes on the platt pan, and Prefontaine was moving to the head of the pack. Outside, next doors, our neighbors were painting their windows and they could hear us screaming and yelling. They grinned and said to each other, "The Tarnawskys are having a hell of a time in there with our TV." What was happening was Lasse Viren, and we were yelling like this would really help Pre 3000 miles away.

Steve, we really tried. My pancakes got burned, too.

- We marveled that so little was made media-wise of Lyudmila Bragina's blazing run(s) in the 1500 meters. Here was, without a doubt, the finest track performance of the Games, when you consider how she knocked her own world record down three times for the equivalent of a sub-4:20 mile. Is it possible that we can think about women soon breaking four in the mile?

In fact, the German long-distance magazine *Condition* has just published some startling predictions for women's middle- and long-distance world record times over the next few years. For 800 meters—1:52; 1500 meters—3:50; 3000 meters—8:10; 5000 meters—14:15; 10,000 meters—29 minutes; marathon—2:30. Far-fetched? We'll see.

Bragina's performance made a definite success of the

first women's 1500 in the Games' history. Let's hope that, by Montreal, the IOC can be persuaded to add a women's 5000, at least. I mean, if women athletes are to enjoy equal opportunity on the international competitive level, they should have their own marathon at the Games, too.

I can close my eyes and see it now. I am sitting in front of a (borrowed) TV in 1980 and the female answer to Viren, Vasala & Co. is kicking home in the 10,000 meters, her curls lifting in her own breeze. The whole stadium is screaming and yelling, and I'll be screaming and yelling too—whatever nationality she is.

Or the first of the women marathoners is entering the stadium after the long trek through the streets of whatever city, and the crowd starts to scream and yell (and let's hope she's not some imposter).

- Finally, we marveled somewhat at the Olympics as a propaganda tool for promoting fitness and enjoyment of sports.

Here's what I mean by this. After the Games were over, a number of people commented to me more or less as follows: "You know, I'm not athletic at all, and I never watch sports on TV, but I ended up watching the Olympics, and I was impressed by the physical grace and beauty, and by the courage of the individual efforts, and it makes me think I should try some sport."

How this message got to them through all the tragedy and petty politics in a mystery, but it did get through. Many people must have felt the same way. Think what a Montreal Olympics full of *good vibrations* could do.

Actually, my husband and I have decided that we don't dig this TV thing. We wound up the Games with headaches and crossed eyes, and wondered how so many Americans have the physical *stamina* to watch the tube night after night.

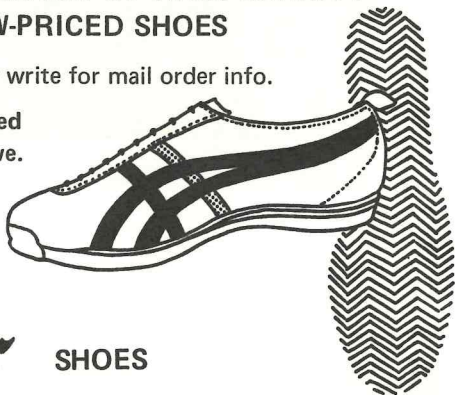
We hope (if the world doesn't blow up by then) to witness the Montreal Games in person.

*With this issue, my column—as such—bows out. The new monthly RW will stick with feature articles, and I'll be writing longer features on more or less the same subjects covered here. Letters and news will still be very welcome in my mailbox. Who knows, you might give me an idea for a super feature. (Pat Tarnawsky, Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, N.Y. 10570.)*

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# NEWS AND VIEWS

## GETTING AN EARLY START

I agree that mob-scene starts in races are undesirable. I got knocked down in one in the Bay to Breakers—knocked cold and out of running for a couple of months as well. But I disagree with the conclusion that too many people reach: limit entries. Why not try “flights?” For the last several years, John Brennand has been using them in the Santa Barbara marathon, and with good success. John now cuts the fast flight at three hours, sending them off one hour later than the others. But with the enormous fields there’s no reason why—with enough official help and runners’ cooperation—there couldn’t be four or five flights. Different-colored numbers are all one needs to keep the timing and placing straight.

—DESMOND O’NEILL

It has been said that slow runners shouldn’t clutter up a marathon by holding officials to duty after 3½-4 hours. I agree. I haven’t broken four hours. My solution to this is to know the route, tie my stopwatch around my belly and take off one hour early. This way I get to run with the guys and make better times due to the stimulation of mid-race competition—finishing with the other runners and not holding back officials.

—T. C. PEACE

## ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW

Runners in Massachusetts are hereby warned. Don’t take any practice runs longer than four hours. Don’t run any races above 27 miles. If you do, you’re subject to arrest, believe it or not. Chapter 272 of the Massachusetts General Laws, titled “Crimes against Chastity, Morality, Decency and Good Order,” reads: “Whoever shall participate in, operate, maintain, or aid in the conduct of any marathon or walkathon, so-called...which shall continue or be intended to continue for more than four consecutive hours (except a marathon road race, so-called, over a course not exceeding 27 miles in length) shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$100 or by imprisonment for not more than six months, or both...”

A businessman from Washington state was up early, taking his customary 5:40 a.m. jog. The pre-dawn calm was broken by a police siren. The officer pulled up alongside the runner, ordering him to stop, identify himself and explain what he was doing on the otherwise deserted streets at this time of day. The runner ignored the order and went on about his run. The cop tailed him all the way home (at least he didn’t break up a good run). When the jogger insisted, “You have no right to stop me or to have that information,” he was arrested. The case went to the Washington State Court of Appeals, and the court ruled in favor of the runner. The judge said a man must be doing something more suspicious than jogging to warrant police grilling.

## TRACK GOING PRO?

Every few years, an enterprising promoter comes up with a scheme for professionalizing track and field. To date in the United States, the plans have died quietly. The feeling is that there isn’t enough general interest in the sport in this country to support a stable of paid athletes, officials, investors, etc.

Now a new group says it will try. It calls itself the International Track Association of America. The ITAA hopes to have its competitive circuit operational by next March.

A key to the success of the plans is the signing of Jim

Ryun. Ryun said after the Olympics, “You can say I am really interested because I think it is about time I got something out of the sport. But I am not going to make any snap decisions. There is a lot of talking to be done yet. I hope there is going to be a little action in making athletics an open sport.”

Ryun favors a set-up something like the one in tennis and golf, where there are no rigid amateur-professional distinctions. The people who can draw crowds get paid. The others don’t. They all compete together, with the paid athletes naturally dominating.

The ITAA already has signed Marty Liquori as a “master of ceremonies.” I’m not going to turn pro—at least not yet,”” said Liquori. “But by serving as master of ceremonies at all the meets, it will give me good broadcasting experience and I’ll still be a part of the sport.”

Bob Seagren was bitter about his Olympic experience when he said “I’m through with the hypocrisy of amateur athletics. I don’t have time for amateurism any more. I’m going to try to promote pro track now. That’ll be worthwhile.” Seagren has signed on as a member of the tour’s “operations staff.” So have half-miler Mark Winzenried and shot putter Randy Matson.

This is further than most of the pro ideas have progressed.

## VARIATIONS AND COMBINATIONS

A simple race isn’t enough. Runners are exploring new areas. First there were various types of running pentathlons—five events, all run the same day. A typical one might have a road run and five track runs of mixed distances. These are tame and conventional compared to some of the combinations arrived at since.

You’ve heard of the biathlons—combining a run and a swim. They started in Massachusetts several years ago. This summer they have popped up all over the country.

Runners in Ohio go through a variation of that. It’s called “canoe cross-country.” It works this way. Athletes paddle six miles down the Mohican River. Downstream, they abandon their canoes and run back to the start. Fastest total time wins.

In California each year, yet another type of biathlon is run. Teams of two go 30 miles through the mountains. Or more precisely, teams of three. One of them is a horse. The humans take turns riding and running, dividing up the load as they wish.

Another group of Californians added an extra dimension to this weirdness. They held a triathlon at Clear Lake recently. It had the now-standard run and swim, but added a 3000-foot mountain climb.

Okay, we might as well go all the way. How about an endurance pentathlon, organized like the modern pentathlon in the Olympics? Start easily with a walk-hike of some sort, then do some canoeing, followed by bicycling (bicycles are more predictable than horses), swimming and finally running.

Maybe a simple single race is better after all.

## ORGANIZING RUNNERS

Why are runners such a docile breed? They’re continually having their “rights” trampled on. Complaints against their “oppressors” are numerous—but satisfaction of grievances is rare. What is the reason? Probably the fact that they have never been organized into a group whose



function is to better their lot. If not the sole reason, this is surely a major factor.

Most of the organizations that currently rule amateur sports are not responsive to those whom they are supposedly serving. These bodies are serving too many masters—and more often than not the common runner is last on the list. In addition, many of the organizations are run by men out of touch with the times, or at least not actively participating on a day-to-day basis in athletic activities. The runner's gripes seem to be shoved to the back burner by most of "his" representatives and organizations. (This is not a blanket indictment of all organized groups; certainly the Road Runners Club is one magnificent exception.)

If the majority of runners have legitimate gripes, then they should speak in a united voice—regardless of skill or sex—to let their views be known. We should pledge to change the antiquated rules. All around we see people exercising political power which they have let lie dormant for years. It is time for runners to do the same and send up a cry for runners rights. For instance, runners could be a tremendous force in bringing amateurism into the 20th century. They could make their governing bodies responsive or throw out the rascals who run them.

In order to begin the work for constructive change, I would suggest the following immediate steps:

- A national conference be convened to establish an effective runners' organization. The majority of its directors should be runners, as should the executive director. The conference could be promoted by groups such as *Runner's World*, *Track & Field News*, and the RRC. Local running clubs could chip in to send representatives, and various other methods could be found to pay the participants' way. The site could be a university or some such place that could be used for a nominal or no fee.

- The conference would adopt by-laws, set a dues structure and a method of recruiting members and a paid director. A list of 5-10 immediate goals would be adopted. For the dues the athletes would get their lobby, and it would be literally a *runners'* lobby.

Some of the goals that the organization might seek to accomplish:

1. *Representation of active runners in all major organizations governing running.* The word runner does not mean the big-name runner only, but anyone who is training regularly.

2. *A major overhaul of the amateur code*, soliciting suggestions from members as to the changes wanted.

3. *A watch-dog committee to safeguard the rights of runners.* Attention should be paid to timing of events (e.g., marathons at noon during July), equal expenses for all athletes, and women's rights, to name but a few possibilities. Where there are repeated offenses by particular events or sponsors, the boycott should be used as a weapon. This organization's sanction should be an important asset for an event.

4. *More open use of colleges and universities by the whole community*, and establishment of more running clubs focusing around the schools.

5. *Pressure on shoe companies and some of the other commercial enterprises who have been benefitting financially from running but have contributed little in the way of support.* (Maybe there should be a Tiger Relays, or an Adidas Marathon, or scholarships for needy amateurs to do graduate work.)

6. *More jogging trails.*

7. *Involve the "VIP" types (politicians, writers, etc.) who are avid runners and could be quite helpful in getting our message to the people.*

This proposed organization may not be the best answer, but it is one way of giving docile, individual runners a strong, united voice.

—JEFF DARMAN

## PEOPLE POWER

C. J. Marzec and C. H. Peterson wrote in the July issue ("News and Views") of a handicapping method they had devised. It revolves around the "ponderal index," a measure of running power related to body height-weight.

Readers have pointed out that the formula for figuring the index is published incorrectly. It is, but it was the editor's fault—not the writers'.

The correct formula is:

$$\frac{\text{Weight (pounds)} \times \text{Distance (feet)}}{\text{Time (minutes)} \times 33,000} \times \frac{\text{Height (inches)}}{\text{Cube root of weight (pounds)}}$$

The error lies in the last part of the equation. It should read "*cube root of weight*," not "weight cubed." That explains those wild ponderal indexes that came up.

Typographical errors aside, physicist and runner Ronald Watson takes scientific issue with the power plan. This is his rebuttal:

The article is a misapplication of fundamental physics. While it is undoubtedly true that a heavy runner expends more power than a thin one when both are running at the same speed, the greatest factors involved lie in their internal body efficiency—namely, those things loosely called "muscle viscosity and friction." These internal efficiency terms are in fact what sets an upper limit to your sprinting speed.

The horsepower expended when running actually is given this way:

$$\text{Horsepower} = \frac{\text{Force (pounds)} \times \text{distance (feet)}}{\text{Time (minutes)} \times 33,000}$$

The force is not your body weight, but some average "push" which is required to propel you at the speed you are going. It is not measurable, but is the sum of the internal body friction plus any external retardation, such as wind drag.

A well-oiled skate board, carrying a piece of steel equal to my body weight, and going at the same speed I'm running would require very little horsepower while I'd be working my buns off to keep up with it. The situation is comparable to the difference between a stream-lined, well designed (low friction) race car and a blunt production car of exactly the same weight. The race car requires far less power to travel at a given speed, and can travel at much higher speeds with the same horsepower engine. It is the propelling force required which determines the horsepower needed, and not the weight of the machine.

Aside from the incorrectness of the physics involved, one should also have at least a mild objection to a concept wherein the fastest runner doesn't necessarily win. If a guy is crazy enough to try to run while packing a lot of extra weight, he shouldn't expect to be able to win by resorting to foxy formulas. The solution lies in being able to reduce weight (easier said than done) and maintain your basic speed. There is, of course, a lower limit where one begins to lose body strength and hence speed in taking off more weight. However, as anyone knows who has watched Frank Shorter, Abebe Bikila, et. al., the lower limit is pretty low.

# MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

## ASTHMATIC ATHLETES

The recent disqualification of an American Olympic gold medal winner in swimming because he took asthma medicine prior to his event raises serious questions about the future of asthmatics in athletic competition.

All asthmatics have some degree of obstruction caused by hard exercise. This reflex obstruction (bronchospasm) can be completely prevented most of the time by taking asthma medication prior to exercise. Not to allow asthmatics to take medicine prior to competition when they are having trouble would seriously impair their ability to compete on equal footing with non-asthmatics.

Years ago, many physicians were telling asthmatics not to exercise because it would make their cough or wheeze worse. Fortunately, every intelligent physician now encourages asthmatics to get as much exercise as possible. This is because the stronger the muscles of breathing are, the more force can be used to move air in and out of the lungs.

The world of sports is full of outstanding asthmatics. Several Olympic champions in distance running are asthmatics and take asthma medication prior to competition. One quarter of the Australian Olympic swimming team are asthmatics. The United States swimming team has several asthmatics. In recent years I have been involved with age-group distance running, and many of the top age group distance runners are asthmatics.

My points: (1) Any asthmatic should be encouraged to exercise, and can compete on an equal footing with a non-asthmatic if he takes asthma medicine prior to his competition when he is wheezing; (2) Disqualification of athlete-asthmatics who take asthma will put them at a distinct disadvantage to people who do not have asthma. (*Gabe Mirkin, M.D., Silver Spring, Md.*)

## "PSEUDO-ACHILLES" PAIN

*Q: Several days after a hard workout, I noticed a pain on the back of my right leg (6-8 inches above the ankle, but below the bulging calf muscle). This increased in intensity over several days until I could run no more than 2-3 miles without pain, in both that area and on the inside of the calf. It has now been about two months (including reduced training and a layoff), but I still can "feel something" in the calf. Any thoughts would*

*be appreciated. (Robert Howard, Dix Hills, N.Y.)*

*A: This pseudo-achilles problem may be due to the long flexors of the toes. If so, you can reproduce pain with your foot flat on the floor and grasping the floor with your toes. You may, on the other hand, have trouble with your foot strike, causing soleus or gastrocnemius strain. For the flexors, a rubber crest fitting in the space behind the toes can help. These may be obtained from a druggist. I think you might well consult a podiatrist for your possible foot-strike problems. Compensation for mechanical difficulties in the feet plus exercises (not rest) to restore balance in the upper and lower leg muscles are the remedies.*

## DIZZINESS

*Q: For 18 months, I have experienced mild to moderate light-headedness. Usually it is worst during the hottest weather. I am frail (6'0", 140 pounds) and need iron supplements. I've been treated for labyrinthitis, and reduction of fluids and salt has helped. Occasional muscle relaxants are of moderate benefit. Blood pressure is normal. But I have yet to receive a satisfactory explanation as to why this affliction should befall an athlete with good endurance training and circulation. Can you suggest anything to further compensate for this problem? (Alan Wood, Pompton Lakes, N.J.)*

*A: An English physician once wrote that there are few doctors who don't get a feeling of deep depression when a patient complains of light-headedness. The complaint can mean so many things. Establishing just whether there is true vertigo, an equilibrium difficulty or some alteration in consciousness is done with difficulty. Thorough workups for dizziness can involve many specialists and laboratory tests. Some such survey may be necessary in your instance.*

From your description, I doubt that this is true vertigo or labyrinthitis. If your doctor saw you while you were experiencing this symptom, the diagnosis might be evident. Barring that, it would seem that you actually need more fluid (or even salt) since hot weather is your worst time. Your body can learn to go without salt, but not water. Reduction in blood volume can lead to low blood pressure and light-headedness. At the last, heat can cause extra work with lowering

of blood sugar and chemical decortation (loss of brain function through lack of available glucose).

If rising from the supine position to standing causes symptoms, you probably have orthostatic hypotension, or blood pressure which drops when you stand up. This is the reverse of what should happen and is usually due to low salt reserves, decreased blood volume or adrenal insufficiency. On the other hand, if merely turning your head from side to side causes symptoms you do have labyrinthine or retro-labyrinthine (brain equilibrium centers) vertigo.

## HEEL BURSTITIS

*Q: I have been plagued with soreness near the top of my heel bone on the back side of my heel. A foot specialist diagnosed the problem as tendinitis and gave me a cortisone shot. I had a very painful reaction to the shot. However, the soreness practically disappeared in a week. I asked the specialist what I could do to prevent these problems in the future. He was very vague in answering my questions. Can you give specific advice? (Warren Wickstrom, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.)*

*A: Your ailment sounds like bursitis—although a localized tendinitis is also a good possibility. All such problems are likely to reappear at a later date. (1) We are dealing with overuse syndromes, and the secret ingredient is the athlete's peculiar susceptibility to a specific syndrome. Unless you find why you are suffering, and correct the cause, the problem is odds-on to return. (2) If you can correct the susceptibility, there is no need to cut down on your activity. (3) If it is bursitis lowcut shoes with the heel area cut out should help. (4) A heel pad high enough to make running on your heels comfortable is a good idea. This should be long enough to reach almost to the heads of the metatarsals and high enough to take all tension off the heel cord. (5) Hamstring flexibility exercises and tendon stretching exercises should be done. (6) A persistent bursitis may well be cured permanently by surgery.*

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# FASTEST TRANS-AMERICA TRIP

BY ELLIOTT DENMAN

For now, at least, it looks like a walker can beat a runner—if the distance is long enough. The distance, in the case of 27-year-old British race walker John Lees, was 2891 miles. He started his jaunt from the Pacific Ocean at Venice, Calif., on April 11 and arrived at New York's City Hall 53 days, 12 hours and 15 minutes later.

Not only did Lees shatter the accepted (by the *Guinness Book of World Records*) transcontinental walking record of 66 days, but he also went the distance faster than Bruce Tulloh's listed running record of 64 days, 21 hours, 50 minutes.

"There were a couple of things I intended to prove by the walk," Lees commented before flying back to London. "First of all, I wanted to prove that a walker could outdo a runner in something like this. I certainly couldn't go faster than Tulloh, but I could go longer each day and possibly more efficiently. I averaged over 53 miles a day for the full trip. The least I ever did for a day was 21 miles—after eating some Mexican food in New Mexico. The most I hit for a day was 73, on my last day.

"Another thing I wanted to prove was that I was able to conquer my asthma. As a boy, I didn't do very much in sports,

just some occasional cricket, football and table tennis. I tried running the mile, but couldn't do better than 5:20. After a while, though, I got interested in walking."

Not one for half measures, he embarked on a walk from Land's End (in Cornwall) to John O'Groats (at the very northerly tip of Scotland). That's 918 miles, and he covered it in 26½ days.

"During that walk, the asthma just left me," Lees said. "I had the choice of either packing up walking and possibly getting asthma again, or staying in walking and finding a new goal. I heard that Paul Nihill (British Olympic walker) was planning to come over in 1973 after the Olympics, and I knew that if he did he'd probably smash the record out of sight. So I decided I'd better come over and have a crack at it before Paul."

After a winter of much walking, "saving money like mad," and locating a pair of traveling companions—fellow race walker Phil Chapman and Chapman's girl friend, Marilyn Williams—it was off to Los Angeles, and spent 16 days there making final preparations—which included purchasing a Volkswagen microbus. Since Lees is a certified amateur athlete, there was no commercial sponsorship, as Tulloh had.

The walk took Lees through 13 states, over deserts and mountains, through extremes of weather, and put him to all kinds of physical tests. Chapman served as chief navigator and discovered short cuts that saved 54 miles on Tulloh's route.

"I didn't really stop at all along the way," Lees said. "I'd usually start at 5:30 in the morning, just take short breaks to eat, and keep going until 9:30 at night.

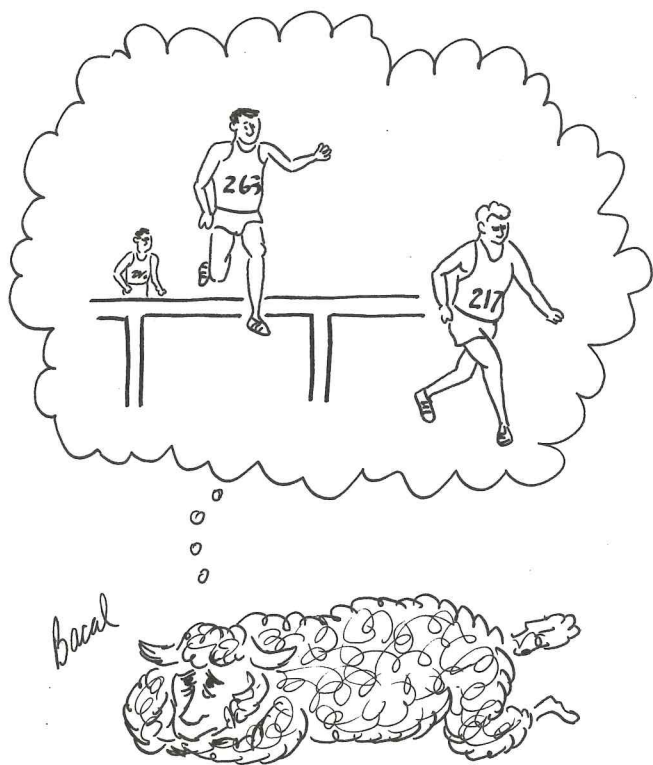
"After we got to St. Louis, Phil kept telling me there was a giant electromagnet pulling me to New York, and this helped my morale."

Providing a little extra incentive along the last third of the route was the news that a South African runner, John Ball, had completed the long trek a month before in 54 days.

"I wasn't told about Ball until we got to Columbus, Ohio," Lees said. "Thinking of him helped keep me going the rest of the way.

At the end, Lees recalled that it was "more of a mental challenge than a physical thing. After a while, you get to feel like a machine."

He said, "I know I won't go for any of these transcontinental walks again. I'm going to have to find some other worlds to conquer."





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# THE SPORT FOR ALL SEASONS

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

"I turned to teaching," a college professor told a friend of mine, "for three reasons: June, July and August." He was thinking of summer at Cape Cod—the sort of summer described by psychiatrist-author Robert Jay Lifton: "with the incomparable dunes and the magnificent ocean. The rhythm of the days and nights—the unparalleled purity of work and play devoid of interruptions, irrelevancies and necessities."

A person could turn to running for those three reasons. June, July and August give you running at its best. Here also are those incomparable dunes and the magnificent ocean. The runner too can find the rhythm of the days and nights. And no one better can divest himself of interruptions, irrelevancies and necessities.

For him the summer changes with the time of day. There is morning with the bright coolness of the new day and the smell of fresh cut grass. Or afternoon filled with a close heavy heat and sweat dripping from elbow to wrist and salty in the eyes and mouth. And the soft warm evenings on a run to the beach and the first chilling plunge into the surf and the long floating wait under the surface feeling your body seal-like in the water.

And then there are the races. Monday evenings at Takanassee, the sun still in the west but more light than burning. Evenings perfect for an unhurried lazy hour of talking and getting your number and stretching and gentle ribbing and warming up. Then a cruel 20 minutes and a pleasant exhaustion. Evenings ending at the surfers' beach and another swim more ritual than wanted.

And other races. The painful 10-milers. Westport, for instance. Battling distance and hills and heat and humidity. But no nectar the Greeks ever imagined could come up to a cold soda at the finish line at Westport.

So summer is the ultimate sensual experience in this basic human activity. Heat and humidity call upon the limits of human physiology. The runner in summer comes to know the human animal.

For that animal June, July and August are white sand and green grass and blue ocean. For him summer is shade and sun, the heaviness at noon and the cooling southeaster at four. But most of all it is water. Water taken in; water sweated out; water jumped into; water thrown on you. It is rain water and sweat water and sea water. It is Coke and Gatorade and orange juice. It is cold showers and ice at the nape of your neck. It is dew in the morning and afternoon showers. In short, summer is an elemental primeval experience to the runner.

But now this season is over. The days are growing short.

It is now dark before supper is done. Summer has gone. And with it the summer runs, the races, the expanded 24-hour cycle of light and dark, of days and nights. You might say the year is over. Over for the college professor, and Robert Jay Lifton, and the runner.

Or is it just the beginning? There are three other reasons for being a runner. September, October and November. Already there is a nip in the morning air... Soon the leaves will start to turn. Cross-country is just around the corner. Cross-country, its name hurls defiance to city and suburbs. Over the river and through the woods, says cross-country. "How could I leave in autumn?" says the song.

The lushness of summer is gone, the senses grow sharper. Autumn is all feeling and smelling. The crisp days. The cool nights. Now once more you need a warmup and a sweat suit. There are the best days for training. Forty-five to 50 degrees makes the body go best. And races everywhere every week. The runner knows again the sights and sounds and smells of Van Cortlandt and Warinanco, of Buccleugh and Branchbrook, of Fairmount and Central Park. Autumn is just no time to leave.

And what of December, January and February? Winter is a season of contrasts. Long runs in frigid weather and five-hour car trips for a five-minute race in a smoke-filled gym. Winter is all adrenalin and starters' guns, bone-chilling afternoon runs and nights with afghans, quilts and comforters. The hot shower is back. Winter is a season no one would miss.

But if you stopped it couldn't be in springtime. March, April and May put it all together, the marathon and the mile. Boston and the Penn Relays back to back. Exhaustion two ways; the one aerobic and legs gone, the other anaerobic and the chest in agony. Spring is getting dressed in front of a TV camera in the Hopkinton Gym and in front of a girl sprinter having a thigh pull massaged in a Franklin Field dressing room. Spring is running with a thousand people at Boston and 10 in Philadelphia. Spring is wonderful and you must be there.

But we were talking of the summer and its ending. The beach is deserted now except for the seagulls and a few fishermen. The water will be warm for another month but few know, or care. The season is over. Summer is gone.

For the runner, the year has just begun.

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## For the Post Office

Statement required by the Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code showing the ownership, management and circulation of —

RUNNER'S WORLD, published bi-monthly at 931 Industrial, Palo Alto, California for November 1972. Location of General Business offices of the Publisher: same.

The names and addresses of the Publisher and Editor are: Publisher, John R. Anderson, 164 S. Bernardo, Sunnyvale, California; Editor, Joe Henderson, Box 366, Mountain View, California.

The owner is: John R. Anderson, 164 S. Bernardo, Sunnyvale, California.

The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

The average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months:

(A) Total no. of copies printed:	10,300
(B1) Paid circulation through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	620
(B2) Paid circulation through mail subscriptions:	8,960
(C) Total paid circulation:	9,580
(D1) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	38
(D2) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means; copies distributed to news agents but not sold:	3
(E) Total distribution:	9,618
(F) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	682
(G) Total:	10,300

The number of copies for the single issue nearest filing date:

(A) Total no. of copies printed:	12,056
(B1) Paid circulation through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	1,062
(B2) Paid circulation through mail subscriptions:	10,037
(C) Total paid circulation:	11,099
(D1) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means; samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	39
(D2) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means; copies distributed to news agents, but not sold:	8
(E) Total distribution:	11,138
(F) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	918
(G) Total:	12,056

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

John R. Anderson  
Publisher

OUR SECOND BIG YEAR!

# BOOKLET OF THE MONTH



The "Booklet" series has made a place for itself. It started in 1971 as a radical innovation—a monthly publication that was neither a book nor a magazine, but combined the best features of the two. The idea took hold.

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- 18 ● **THE FRANK SHORTER STORY**—The Olympic marathon champion, one of the more articulate men in distance running, talks of his life and times with John Parker. Available Dec. 1. 52 pages. \$1.00.
- 19 ● **1973 MARATHON HANDBOOK**—The fourth annual edition of this ever-popular work. Includes an all-new feature article section, along with updated all-time and 1972 lists and records. Available January 15. 100 pages. \$1.95.
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- 21 ● **1973 RUNNER'S ALMANAC**—Complete revision of the 1972 Almanac, with a large percentage of new features and all past ones revised and updated. The most useful running reference book available anywhere. Available March 1. 148 pages. \$2.50.
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# RUNNING PROBLEMS

The correct answers to the problems in the July issue are the following:

1. The probability of Alf winning all five races is 32/243.
2. The father is 39 years old.
3. Charlie, a food nut, finished third. Able, who trains on LSD, was second. Baker, the ex-pole vaulter, won the race.
4. 27 did not live in California; 22 did not finish; 32 did not wear Tiger shoes; five did not subscribe to *RW*.
5. Paul covered 15 miles 1034.8 yards before being overtaken by the equestrians.

## FIND THE ANSWERS...

### PROBLEM ONE:

Jill Jogs has 16 green socks and 11 red socks in a drawer. Bleery-eyed at 6 a.m. on the way to her morning run, she grabs some socks in the dark. Ever the clothes-conscious female, *how many socks must she take to be certain she has a pair?*

—BOB CARMAN

### PROBLEM TWO:

A and B are two distance running buddies from way back. On each of their birthdays they run, together, in miles the sum of the unit and tens digits of that birthday. For example, when A turned 36 they both ran nine (3 + 6) miles. One morning A called B and said, "Today is my birthday." And B replied,

"Oh yes, we need to run 10 miles." "No," A replied, "you are mistaken about my age, and your total is off nine miles."

*What is the youngest A could be?*

—CHARLES BRUMLEY

### PROBLEM THREE:

A runner going his usual evening run, one day increases his normal speed by one-fifth. At this faster speed he finishes in exactly 30 minutes. *How long does it usually take?*

—BOB CARMAN

### PROBLEM FOUR:

The only thing more painful to a distance runner than the Boston marathon's "Heartbreak Hill" is the annual race to the top of New Hampshire's Mt. Washington (a 4700-foot climb), the tallest point in New England. During the 12 times that the race has been held, 10 to 100 or so odd runners began at the base and raced approximately eight miles to the summit along the auto road. The standard quip has always been, "It's an easy race because there's only one hill." What if the race committee decided to award a new Cadillac convertible to each and every runner who could pace himself to average five miles per hour up the mountain, and then turn around and run back down the same eight-mile road so that he averaged 10 m.p.h. over the entire course? *Could the Boston AA or even the AAU afford to make this offer?*

—JASON TAYLOR

**RW now pays \$2.00 for all problems published. Send yours to Bob Anderson, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.**

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## A NIGHT RUN

BY TOM DERDERIAN

I was running the eight miles from Moscow, Idaho, to Pullman, Wash., in the dark. The sun had just set behind the wheat field of eastern Washington. The rolling fields were only shadows against the faint line of the sunset.

I ran along a gravel road, with only me and the crunch, very little sweat, and a primeval calm. This run seemed to transcend time.

Many of my runs seem timeless. Sometimes I'm cast into the future. Shortly after the radioactive wastes cool, I am running through acres of rubble and come to a large crater with glassy walls of melted rock and metal—a former city with no name. The road is that melted surface and I run where ground zero was. The surface is crystallized and cracked just enough to provide a perfect running macadam.

Sometimes, other days, I'm cast into the past. When I start running, I strike a limbo Nirvana where I can't be touched. I can't be reached by phone calls, television or rock music. But, I still have communication... a perfect internal communication with super-conductor silver wires to all geographies and dimensions. On the day-night of the Washington-Idaho border I slipped across some other boundary into a primitive hunting pre-history.

Hunting was bad all day. Nothing big, nothing small. It was getting dark as I hurried to find home, my hut, my mate.

I ran over the grassy hills at a loping gait and looked toward the hollow where home had always been.

I saw instead a great line of burning colors on a great black, smooth place. I couldn't see the hut and the fire, and the dogs should have caught my scent by now and be barking. I could see nothing but the line of fires like winter stars, but on the ground. They frightened me. They were silent and waiting. I crouched on the hill in silence. But I had to go home; I needed home. So I walked out on that hard black lake and it was warm against my feet.

I walked and the fires came no closer. I walked to where my hut had been. Only silence. My fear changed to anger. I would not go near the line of fires that were on both sides of me.

I heard a sound. The sound came from all the hills and the sky. It grew louder. I kneeled on the warm black. I couldn't run. The noise became worse. I saw two lights in the sky, stars in the sky...fires. But stars make no sound. These grew bigger and apart.

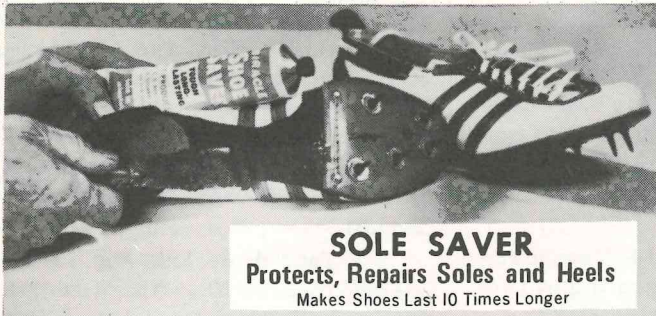
I crouched flat on the warm black and froze from the blood terror of the noise like I had never heard. The stars grew round as the sun. I looked straight at them and bolted to run. I heard a screeching noise.

Inside the cockpit they saw the reflection, blood red from my eyes, but they could not stop. They saw my mouth open, but they could not hear the scream.

The road turned to asphalt closer to Pullman, and the traffic got heavier. That Volkswagen almost hit me. I shouldn't run in the dark.



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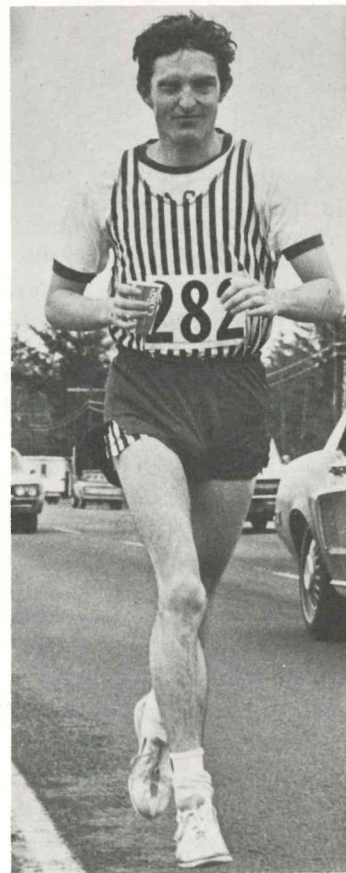
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### CONTACT—

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LEFT: Gerry Lindgren in  
the Trail's End, 1972.

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# RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

## MASTERS OF THE WORLD

A large contingent of US over-40 runners wound its way through Europe in late August and early September, competing in eight meets in seven countries. At the end of the first trip of its kind, they competed in the World Veterans championships at Cologne, West Germany.

But major record breaking was finished before they got to the big one. Hal Higdon had already gone home. Before cutting his trip short, Higdon had broken four American records for over-40s (Hal is 41): steeplechase—9:36.4 (bettering his own mark by 17 seconds); 5000 meters—14:59.6 (28 seconds under his old record); 10,000 meters—31:18.4—after passing six miles in 30:26.2 (both significant improvements of Ray Hatton's beats).

Higdon set his first two records in London, the last two in Helsinki. Other top London marks were Bill Fitzgerald's 2:00.5 800, and Peter Mundle's 15:12.6 5000 behind Higdon. Britain's T. Kilmartin became the first veteran under four minutes for the 1500 with 3:59.3.

At the world meet in Cologne, Fitzgerald finished second to Holland's Piet Mayoer in the 800, 1:59.7 to 2:00.8. In the over-60 division, Bud Deacon of the US won the 800 in 2:29.3. Bill Andberg took the 1500 at 4:56.3 (he was second in the 5000 with 17:58.8). Americans Al Waterman (11:42.2) and Norm Bright (14:12.0) won the steeplechases for 50s and 60s.

The international marathon was a separate promotion at nearby Bensberg. A cold rain provided ideal conditions for the 488 runners, and times showed it. Arthur Walsham of England ran 2:24:59 to win. Five men broke 2:30. Leading American Virgil Yehnert finished 15th in 2:36:31.

## WIPING RECORDS CLEAN

In many ways, the Olympics had been frustrating for the Belgians—even though Emiel Puttemans had placed second in the 10,000 and Karel Lismont second in the marathon. Puttemans had fallen behind in his best race—the 5000. Gaston Roelants had thought he could win the marathon but hadn't finished. Willy Polleunis had been last in the 10,000 final.

They had some unfinished business to take care of. So did several others. Before they were done, the world record lists had an almost entirely new look.

Before the Olympics, at Stockholm on Aug. 14, Lasse Viren had relieved Puttemans of his world two-mile record. Viren

had run 8:14.0, with Puttemans under the old mark too at 8:17.2. Viren also, of course, had been the man to beat Puttemans in the Olympic 10,000 with a world record.

This was the chronology of the post-Olympic meets:

● **Helsinki, Sept. 14**—Viren lowered Ron Clarke's 5000-meter record by two-tenths to 13:16.4. Another mark that miraculously survived the Games fell here. Anders Garderud of Sweden, a non-finalist at Munich, ran a 8:20.8 steeplechase, with Finland's Tapio Kantanen also under the old record with 8:21.0.

● **Aarhus, Denmark, Sept. 14**—Puttemans improved the 3000-meter record to 7:37.6, breaking by two seconds Kip Keino's mark that had stood for seven years.

● **Stockholm, Sept. 17**—Viren and Puttemans met head-to-head, but the weather was lousy. Puttemans won easily, 7:49.0 to 7:56.6, over 3000 meters.

● **Brussels, Sept. 20**—The big night for the Belgians. Puttemans did his work first. He went through three miles in 12:47.8, and sped on to 5000 meters in 13:13.0—both the fastest ever. Later in the meet, Roelants and Polleunis ran for one hour. Little-known Polleunis led at 10 miles in 46:04.2—world record number three. Roelants passed 20 kilometers in 57:44.4—record number four. Gaston covered 12 miles 1599 yards before time ran out—the fifth record.

## OTHER HIGHLIGHTS

● **Moscow, USSR, July 24**—Lyudmila Bragina gave an indication of things to come when she broke the world 1500-meter record. She did 4:06.9—in a heat.

● **Toronto, Ontario, July 29**—3:52.8. No one has run a faster mile than that except Jim Ryun. Jim ran that time here, the third best in history.

● **San Jose, Calif., Aug. 1**—There is no official women's world record for two miles. But if there were, Francie Larrieu would have it. She ran 9:44.2 here. No other woman has broken 10 minutes.

● **Soviet Union, August**—Another world record for Lyudmila Bragina—3000 meters in 8:53.0. She's hoping, with good reason, that the distance will be added to the next Olympics.

● **Oslo, Norway, Aug. 3**—Steve Prefontaine lowered his own two-month-old American record for 3000 meters to 7:44.2 in an international pre-Olympic meet.

● **Hurley, Wisc., Aug. 12**—The Paavo Nurmi marathon, traditionally the biggest and usually the fastest in mid-America, lived up tradition on one count. It had over 400 starters. But hot weather slowed them. Canadian Norm Patenaude won in 2:35:01.

● **Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 12**—In the Marathon marathon (that's right, the Marathon Oil Company sponsored it), Cheryl Bridges ran the fastest time by an American woman this year—2:55:44.

● **Munich, West Germany, Aug. 24**—Steve Prefontaine tuned up for more important Munich business by setting an American record for two miles. Pre ran 8:19.4.

● **Sydney, Australia, Aug. 27**—Sydney has a counterpart to the massive Bay-to-Breakers race in San Francisco, and the two races exchange runners each year. Bill Clark was the American selected to take on a field of 2800. He placed third behind John Farrington of Australia and Jeff Julian of New Zealand. Farrington ran 45:15, Clark 46:32 for 9.4 miles.

● **Munich, West Germany, Aug. 31—Sept. 10**—Results and highlights of the Olympic Games were reported earlier in this issue.

● **Dedham, Mass., Sept. 9**—In one of the more representative national road running championships, John Vitale won the 20-kilometer in 1:02:00, beating Tom Fleming (1:02:39), defending champion Tom Hoffman (1:03:00) and Greg Brock (1:04:16).

● **London, Ontario, Oct. 1**—Frank Shorter. Ron Hill. Karel Lismont. It sounds like a re-run of the Olympics. All three ran the Springbank International race here. Shorter ran the 11.6 miles in 55:46.6, Hill 56:12.4 and Lismont 57:33.8. Barry Brown won the 4½-mile run in 20:15.6 from Canadian Olympian Grant McLaren (20:23.2). August Jarvis of Ohio set a record in the senior 5.8-mile with 30:28.0.

● **New York, N.Y., Oct. 1**—Three years after it started, the New York City marathon already is probably the finest autumn race in the east. This year's event in Central Park attracted over 200 starters. Sheldon Carlin won in 2:27:52.8.

● **Eugene, Ore., Oct. 1**—US Olympians Jon Anderson and Steve Savage tied for first in the Oregon Track Club-Nike marathon with 2:25:11.

● **18 Sites**—Paul Talkington, a lesser

known teammate of Dave Wottle and Sid Sink at Bowling Green State University, won the biggest national championship of all. It's the biggest in participation, anyway. Over 400 runners entered one-hour runs at the various sites. When final results were tabulated, Talkington led with 11 miles 1463 yards, less than 50 ahead of Greg Brock.

### RACE WALKING

● **Long Branch, N.J., July 23**—Larry Young is determined to make a clean sweep of 1972 AAU walking championships. Even while preparing for the Olympic, he found time to win the 40-kilometer title in 3:39:59.4. John Knifton (3:47:42) and Todd Scully (3:52:54) followed.

● **Douglas, England, July 30**—Briton Paul Nihill took the world 20-kilometer record away from eastern Europe with 1:24:50.

● **Munich, West Germany, Aug. 31 & Sept. 3**—Results and highlights of Olympic Games reported earlier in this issue.

● **Toronto, Ontario, Sept. 23-24**—The US walkers—minus the Olympians—duelled the Canadians. In the 20-kilometer, Todd Scully (1:36:58) and Jack Blackburn (1:43:06) went one-two. But in the 50, Canadians Alex Oakley (4:39:29) and Pat Farrelly (4:42:00.8) came in ahead of the first US walker, Jerry Bocci (4:46:56.2).

● **Columbia, Mo., Oct. 1**—For a change, Olympic medalist Larry Young got to walk at home. He won the AAU 30-kilometer championship with 2:28:09. Todd Scully was next at 2:32:43, then Floyd Godwin at 2:38:12.

● **Moscow, USSR, Oct. 5**—Olympic second-placer Venyamin Soldatenko set a world 50-kilometer track record of 4:03:42.6. (Road marks, such as those at the Games, aren't acceptable as records.)

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Craig Virgen leads US-USSR junior 5000. Soviets Ipatov and Catonsky, and the US's Tony Sandoval follow. (Steve Sutton)



## COMING EVENTS

These are the major events—primarily US races—scheduled between mid-November and the end of January. All known US marathons during the period are included, along with the individual to contact for information. When *Runner's World* goes monthly in January, the "Coming Events" section will be greatly expanded, to include more races and more details about them.

### NOVEMBER

- 18 American National Marathon, Galveston, Tex. Gerrit Hoogenboezen, P.O. Box 2052, Galveston, Texas 77550
- 18 Canadian x-c Champs., Toronto, Ont.
- 18 NAIA Cross-Country, Liberty, Missouri
- 18 AAU Masters x-c, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
- 18 USTFF Western x-c, Fresno, California
- 19 Seattle Inv. Marathon, Seattle, Wash. U. of Wash. Running Club, Intramural Activities Bldg., Rm. 208, Seattle 98105
- 20 NCAA x-c, Houston, Texas
- 22 USTFF x-c, Denton, Texas
- 25 Hinsdale Central Marathon, Hinsdale, Ill. Conrad Truedson, 3305 York Rd., Oak Brook, Ill. 60521
- 25 Island Marathon, Portland, Ore. Oregon RRC, 6242 S.W. 50th, Portland, Ore. 97221
- 25 AAU Girls' & Womens' x-c, Long Bch., California
- 25 AAU Men's x-c, Chicago, Ill.
- 26 Philadelphia Marathon, Philadelphia, Pa. Penn. AC, 1801 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19120

### DECEMBER

- 2 North Central Marathon, Naperville, Ill. Al Carius, Athl. Director, North Central College, Naperville, Ill. 60540
- 3 Western Hemisphere Marathon, Culver City, Calif. Carl Porter, Director, P.O. Box 507, Culver City, Calif. 90230
- 10 Pacific AAU Marathon, Petaluma, Calif. Peter Mattei, 1000 North Point, San Francisco, Calif. 94109

- 16 AAU 25-km., San Diego, Calif. Cal Garrett, 6047 Tanglewood Rd., San Diego, Calif. 92111
- 22 Classic Marathon, Deerfield Beach, Fla. Bill Boynton, Deerfield Bch. H.S., Deerfield Beach, Florida
- 27 Fiesta Bowl Marathon, Phoenix, Arizona Tom Harris, Phoenix YMCA, 350 N. 1st Ave., Phoenix, Arizona 85003
- 30 Peach Bowl Marathon, Atlanta, Ga. Tim Singleton, Dean of Men, Georgia State Univ., Atlanta, Ga. 30303
- 30 Melbourne Marathon, Melbourne, Fla. Frank Craig, 761 Thomas Barbour Dr., Melbourne, Florida 32935
- 30 Houston Marathon, Houston, Tex. Pete League, 5471 Jackwood St., Houston, Texas 77035

### JANUARY

- 1 Governor's Marathon, Mexicali, Mexico Prof. Salvador Leon, La Casa de Juventud, Mexicali, Mexico
- 6 Madera Marathon & Half-Mar., Madera, Calif. Dee DeWitt, Madera H.S., Madera, Calif. 93637
- 13 Mission Bay Marathon, San Diego, Calif. Bill Gookin, P.O. Box 1124, San Diego, Calif. 92112
- 20 North Texas Marathon, Denton, Texas Carl Babcock, Track Coach, No. Texas State University, Denton, Texas
- 21 Jersey Shore Marathon, Asbury Park, N. J. Tom Baum, 1307 Ocean Ave., Spring Lake, N.J. 07762
- 27 Mardi Gras Marathon, New Orleans, La.

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**NATIONAL AAU 25-KM. CHAMPIONSHIP** (with women's and veterans' divisions). Conducted by San Diego Track Club. 10:00 a.m., Saturday, December 16, 1972, San Diego. AAU Cast Medals first five individuals, first three teams, merchandise awards. Flat course along Mission Bay. Entry fee: \$2.00 individual; \$10.00 team. Entries close December 13 with Cal Garrett, 6947 Tanglewood Rd., San Diego, Calif. 92111.

**TITUSVILLE 24-HOUR RELAY,** Titusville, Florida. December 2-3. For information contact Titusville Track Club, Joe Jordan, 2913 Pembroke Drive, Titusville, Florida 32780.

**HIGH SCHOOL 10,000-METER TWO-MAN RELAY,** Titusville, Florida. December 9. For information contact Titusville Track Club, 2913 Pembroke Drive, Titusville, Florida 32780.

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**SEATTLE MARATHON.** November 26, 11 a.m. Flat, paved course along scenic Lake Washington. Women's and age divisions. Awards. Contact Howard Miller, 4848 E. Mercer Way, Mercer Island, Washington 98040.

**NEW ENGLAND RUNNERS MAGAZINE** P.O. Box 441, North Abington, Mass. 02351. Published monthly. Subscription rate \$5.00 per year. Single copies 50 cents each. Are you in the top 20? Each issue features revised ratings.

**11th ANNUAL JOHN F. KENNEDY 50-MILE HIKE/RUN,** Boonsboro, Maryland, March 31, 1973. Last March 1102 started. One of 307 finishers wrote, "Thirteen rugged miles up the Appalachian Trail, a natural obstacle course with fallen trees, mud and rocks! Going down

Weverton Cliffs I was hanging onto trees and bushes, descending a step at a time." Next 26 miles on towpath of C&O Canal beside Potomac River. Final 8 miles on country roads. 1972 winner: Park Barnier, Enola, Pa., 6:29:27. Send stamped long envelope to Wm. "Buzz" Sawyer, 149 N. Potomac, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. Entry blanks will be mailed in February.

**THE JOGGING MAN** is the title of a new song written and recorded by a jogger. Copies of the record are available at \$1 each. You may want to call your local radio station and have them play it for you before you buy. Promotional copies are available for any radio station requesting them. Faril Simpson, No. 2 Rebecca Lane, Conway, AR 72032.

**GRAND VALLEY MARATHON.** Maxi—26 miles, midi—13 miles, mini—6½ miles. To be held on Saturday, November 11 in Grand Rapids, Michigan. For details contact: Gary Peterson, Central YMCA, 33 Library St. N.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49502.

**MEET DIRECTORS:** Track games make an attractive award. Quantity orders at a fraction of retail price. For details: Munich Decathlon, Box 772, Florissant, Mo. 63033.

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**SIXTH ANNUAL GROUND HOG DAY MARATHON.** Petit Jean Mountain, Feb. 3, 1973, Morrilton, Arkansas. Awards to first 5 in high school and open divisions. Special awards to best time 30-40, 40-50, 50 and older. Nominal awards to all finishers. Two loops around national certified moderately rolling course. Starts 10:30 a.m., Mather Lodge. Record: 2:32:21 by Larry Moes, 1972. Fee \$2.00. Doctor's certificate not required. Contact: Dr. Cecil McDermott, Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas 72032.

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# READERS' COMMENTS

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

## PRE-OLYMPIC ISSUE

I'm getting sick and tired of hearing that the Olympic Games only shows which "man or woman can run fastest on one day in late summer 1972 at Munich, West Germany." ("Road to Munich," September 1972). To me, it determines the Olympic champion, and only one man can become Olympic champion. Take Tokyo: Peter Snell showed who was the best 800-1500-meter man *ever*. Abebe Bikila showed who was the greatest marathoner in history. Gaston Roelants and Valeriy Brumel, although injured, proved to be the best in their field. Al Oerter was unquestionably the tops in his field—possibly the greatest competitor of all time. So you see, in my opinion the Olympics (with the exception of Mexico City) does determine who is the best. An Olympic champion *will* pull off the big one when it counts.

*Charles Reichert  
Greenville, S.C.*

I was shocked and dismayed to find that *Runner's World* believes Marty Liquori went out with "a limp and a whim-

per." Surely you must realize that his was a most serious injury and one that may require major surgery for correction. Injured during the cross-country season, Marty gamely continued to run to aid his Villanova team, and placed a highly respectable 30th in the NCAA championships. Forced to rest, he tried time and time again to begin running again, and consulted every knowledgeable physician in the field for help in his predicament—all to no avail. Finally, a deeply saddened Marty Liquori decided to pass up the 1972 Olympic Games in favor of his future health. But already Marty has initiated a comeback bid and has vowed that he will be running in Montreal in 1976. Marty may have gone out with a limp, but certainly not with a whimper.

*John Troxel  
Winchester, Va.*

## WOMEN'S ROLE

You bet your life women masters were not allowed to enter the AAU Masters championship marathon in San Diego ("Women's Wanderings," September 1972). They were also not allowed to enter any track or field event (excepting three special events for friends or relatives of competitors). Any knowledgeable ding-dong with an ounce of intelligence could see the logic: (1) There was an AAU *men's* track and field championship in Seattle, Wash. (Francie Larrieu wouldn't have been allowed to enter); (2) There was an AAU *women's* track and field championship in Canton, Ohio (Frank Shorter didn't try to enter); (3) There will be an AAU *men's* cross-country championship in Chicago; (4) AAU *women's* cross-country championship in Long Beach, Calif.; (5) AAU Masters cross-country in Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

My point is, the male masters have managed to put on their championships, and if women masters want to run in a championship event, let them get off their posteriors and put on their own instead of crying because they cannot horn in on ours.

*Bill Stock, Director  
AAU Masters marathon  
San Diego, Calif.*

I am primarily a cross-country skier (US national champion for the past four years), but in the off-season I compete in cycling and in running. I've had a lot of experience in confronting male-dominated sports, particularly cycling, and want to compliment you for having printed Char-

lotte Lettis' letter on the Crazy Legs marathon ("News and Views," September 1972). On the whole, I would say that running is way ahead of other sports in recognizing the obvious differences between men and women and their ability, and yet not putting women in an inferior category.

*Martha Rockwell,  
Putney, Vt.*

## WHAT READERS WANT

The majority of runners in this country, when injured, must endure not only the pain and suffering of the injury but also the frustration of trying to find a medical professional who has some knowledge of sports medicine and thus the athlete's special problems.

Doctors don't and can't advertise. My idea is that the magazine locate sports-type doctors and list these doctors and their specialties. If you get so much information that there isn't space for it in the magazine, then maybe it should be done in pamphlet form and made available to *RW* subscribers at low cost.

The compilation could be accomplished by asking readers to send in names of medical professionals who have adequately (from the running point of view) treated them. By getting all the sports medicine names in one place we might also be on our way to a concerted effort at more research and dissemination of information in this area.

*Jeff Darman  
Washington, D.C.*

I'd love to see the various kinds of outfits other runners wear. It gives me new incentive to go out and run if I can even put on a single new piece of equipment or clothing. So I modify my shoes, buy every conceivable kind of sweat suit, and do anything just to break the routine. I suspect there are other runners who, like myself, would love to see something different to wear.

*Joe Rein  
New York, N.Y.*

## A COMPARISON

I subscribe both to *Runner's World* and *Track & Field News*. With *T&FN*, I read it for 15 minutes then I throw it in the wastebasket. With *RW*, I can't stop reading. Comparing *RW* to *T&FN* is like comparing Raquel Welch to Helen Hayes. I mean, there's no comparison.

*John Moody  
Park Ridge, Ill.*

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