

RUNNER'S WORLD

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RUNNER'S WORLD

VOLUME — Seven September, 1972 NUMBER — Five



COVER:

The man in the white hat, Dave Wottle, became very familiar in early July. He tied the world 800 record at the Olympic Trials, and also qualified in the 1500. Wottle is featured in this issue's interview. (Stan Pantovic photo)

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.

CONTENTS

- 6 INTERVIEW/DAVE WOTTLE—New 800 record holder.
- 12 TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS—Olympic Trials feature.
- 25 IT RUNS IN LARRIEU'S FAMILY—Francie Larrieu profile.
- 38 NEW SUPPORT FOR SORE FEET—Injury treatment plan.

Road to Munich	5		
Olympic Games 1972 Preview	10	24-Hour Relay Pictorial	34
Five Minutes in Frederick	22	Race Walking Report	40
Passing the Time in Britain	27	Women's Wanderings	42
Overracing and Its Results	28	News and Views	44
The Other (Over-40) Olympics	29	Medical Advice	47
Is Britain Really So Bad?	30	Running/Walking Highlights	48
Behind the African Victories	31	Coming Events	49
Finland: Nurmi to Vaatainen	32	Running Problems	52
Relays, Relays Everywhere	33	Readers' Comments	54

FROM THE PUBLISHER

It was about three years ago when I first started thinking about the 1972 Olympic Games. At that time it was so far away that it was really hard to relate to it. Now the meet is just a month away as I write this, and frankly I am getting excited.

We will be taking a group over to the Games, and Joe and myself will not be in the office from Aug. 20 to Sept. 12. Work will go on as normal and George Beinhorn, our assistant editor, will be in charge during this time.

The distance events, as well as the others, are going to be great in Munich. The 5000 looks like a winner with Bedford and Prefontaine in there, just to name two. Then there is Ryun in the 1500, and we can see what Dave Wottle can do in the 800. I could go on and on, but that's what this issue is all about, and I don't want to spoil it for you.

We are getting settled in our new office, and I do want to mention our new phone number and address. We are at 931 Industrial, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303. Our phone number is (415) 328-2911, and we now have two lines. For those of you that don't know this area, Palo Alto and Mountain View are right next to each other, and in fact we are only about a half-mile from our old office even though we are in another town. Please note that our mailing address *has not* been changed.

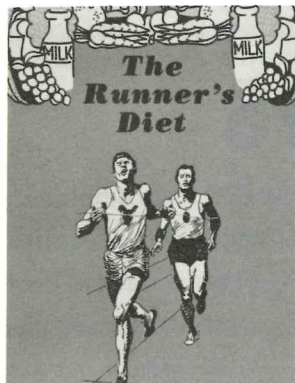
As mentioned in the last issue, we are now paying for published articles as well as pictures. We can pay writers for articles that are done on assignment (either you contact us with an idea which we accept, or we contact you). Payment generally won't apply to unsolicited material. For full information, just drop us a note.

Just recently we came out with a booklet on nutrition ("The Runner's Diet") which I think is the best book available on the subject. I normally don't like to mention our books here, but this is one you have to read. It is advertised on page four.

Hope you enjoy our pre-Olympic issue.

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



The Olympic Games offer a big track meet. It's bigger and better than any other track meet, but at the heart it's still just a meet. It doesn't establish racial, or national, or even individual superiority once and for all. It only decides which man or woman can run fastest on one day in late summer 1972 at Munich, West Germany.

This big and admittedly dramatic track meet has a small number of obvious faults. Many are faults of emphasis, gaps between ideal and reality.

By design, the Olympics are an international athletic festival—promoting harmony, brotherhood, the breaking down on national (and racial and national) barriers, things like that. In reality, the Games are an orgy of nationalism.

Ask Fanie Van Zijl and John Van Reenan about international harmony and brotherhood. They're not competing in Munich because their country, South Africa, is barred from the Olympics. Van Zijl and Van Reenan have nothing to do with making national policy, but they're paying for the sins of their country.

In 1968, Tommie Smith and John Carlos were bounced from the Olympics because they didn't salute the flag correctly. US team officials pompously announced that "the Olympics are no place for political demonstrations." Meanwhile, the anthems played on, the flags kept flying.

This is a running magazine, not a journal of international politics. We're not intending to get into a discussion of nationalism, except as it hurts runners. Van Zijl, a potential winner at either 800 or 1500, is excluded from the Games purely because he's South African. Lee Evans and Randy Matson are kept out because they are Americans in events where US athletes are toughest.

The rule limiting each country to three athletes per event is another absurd bow to nationalism. Evans and Matson are world record holders and Olympic champions. They finished fourth in the Trials behind men who could conceivably place one-two-three in the Olympics. Or Evans and Matson might win, if they could compete. At any rate, they're among the top half-dozen men in the world in their events. They can't be in the Olympics because they were born in the wrong place.

A true international track championship would have the best individual athletes, regardless of nationality. This meet doesn't work that way. The policy doesn't penalize US 400-meter runners, shot putters and pole vaulters, or Japanese marathoners. The countries will have powerful teams. But deserving athletes will miss out. The United States doesn't deserve to have Lee Evans and Randy Matson in the Olympics. Evans and Matson themselves—by any standard except top three in the nation on a particular day—have earned the right to be there.

Athletes earn their way to the Olympics with their own sweat. They've gotten that far themselves. They should be

allowed then to take their own credit. Running is a self-centered sport. The pain and the pleasure are internal. So too should be the spoils of it. Paavo Nurmi was honest enough to say so, and so was Derek Clayton.

Nurmi said recently, "I never ran for Finland. I ran for myself." Even in the Olympics? "This was even more true in the Olympics than other meets."

Clayton has said, "I run for myself. I don't run for other people. I don't run for my country. I'm not very nationalistic. Derek Clayton comes first in my book."

Nice as it is talking about individualism, though, there's one catch: money. (Well, actually two catches: money and rules. Self-interested national Olympic officials make the rules.) The national Olympic committees pay the athletes' fares to places like Munich. Some countries finance their Olympic trips with outright subsidies from the government treasury. In the US, the Olympic Committee begs for donations from private sources.

The USOC reports that the 1964 trip to Tokyo cost \$4 million. Mexico City was only slightly more—\$4.5 million. But for Munich the cost has more than doubled, to \$10 million. The appeal for funds is blatantly patriotic: "Support *Your* US Olympic Team." It may be impossible to get that much money any other way.

With this kind of support, the athletes are made to feel somewhat obligated to their benefactors. So the athletes become unpaid soldiers, carrying the national banner to the international arena.

The media sees that the folks back home hear what they want to hear. Instant track fans get reports, instantly, about how "our kids" are doing over there.

While running in the US staggers from lack of support, the Olympians in Munich smother in their own materiel. While meets at home can't buy a word of publicity, the Olympics are, in the words of one ABC reporter, "media-ed to death."

The Olympic Games offer a big, good track meet. The only sour note to little runners who run in little meets is that Olympic reporting gives the impression that this is the *only* meet and these are the only athletes that count. And they count for many of the wrong reasons.

Bert Nelson, publisher of *Track & Field News*, summed up the right way to enjoy the Olympics, for the right reasons:

"When you get right down to it, the Olympics prove only one thing—who are the better athletes on those days. If your partisan nature allows you to cheer only local successes, you are—by the averages—going to suffer through as many failures as successes. On the other hand, if you are not overwhelmed by provincial loyalties, you will enjoy each and every event, and the performances of a number of competitors in each event."

Those competitors who got past the provincial selection rules, anyway.

Runner's World Interview:

DAVE WOTTLE

BY JANET NEWMAN

Dave Wottle came to Eugene, Ore., as "the guy who wears the battered white golf cap when he runs." That was as much of an impression as Dave had been able to create—though he had solid credentials as a miler and more recently a half-miler.

No one was prepared for what happened in the 800 meters at the Olympic Trials—least of all Wottle himself. The 800 was to be his "insurance" event. Though he had won the AAU championship at the distance, his best time of 1:47.2 wasn't in a league with the marks of Jim Ryun, Mark Winzenried, Juris Luzins and Tom Von Ruden.

In a final that only one of the "Big Four"—Ryun—reached, Wottle sat in behind the quick pacers. The race seemed ideal for an endurance type like Ryun, but in the end it was Ryun who was fading. Wottle was strongest. He tied the world record of 1:44.3, leading the fastest 800-meter race ever run.

The press decended on the unprepared, unpretentious 21-year-old from Ohio. Sandy-haired Wottle tried to oblige, but the sudden success and sudden demand for his quotes put a severe strain on his preparations for the 1500. And he still considers that to be his best race. Wottle was relieved to make it through that race as well as he did. (He placed second behind Ryun.) He was interviewed the next morning, and insisted that his roommate Sid Sink sit in. Sink adds several pertinent comments to the discussion.

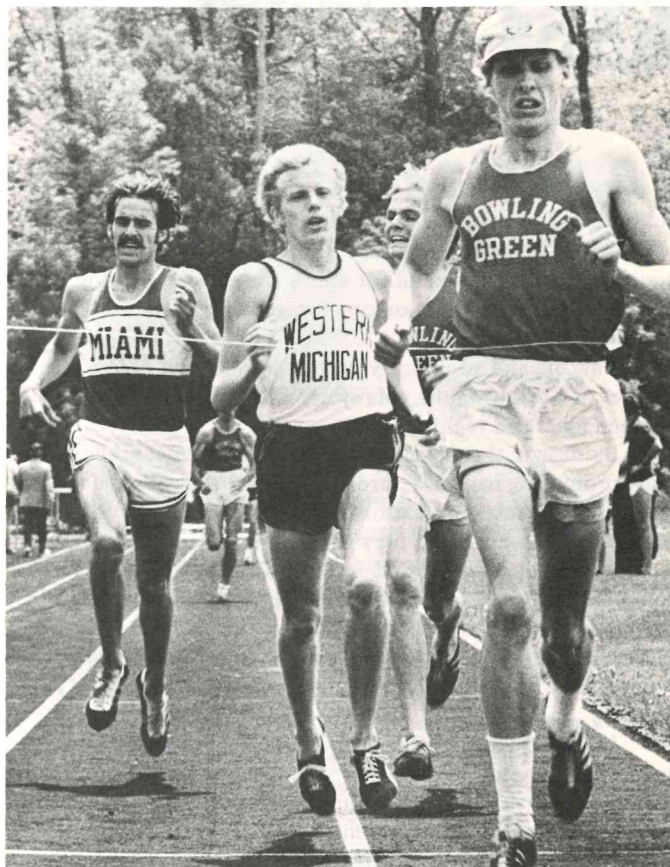
Wottle, and Sink too, are throwbacks to an earlier, simpler era in athletics. The effect, with them at least, is pleasant—even refreshing. Dave is a modest, soft-spoken sort, who honestly appears to be a bit bewildered by what has happened to him. He's something of a rarity in an era of athletic unrest. He gives his coach, Mel Brodt, complete responsibility for planning his running, and gives Brodt credit for much of the success. In addition, Wottle is fiercely loyal to his school, Bowling Green State University, and to his teammates. This modesty, faith and loyalty are strong threads running through this interview.

The day he was interviewed, Wottle was preparing to leave for Ohio, where he would be married in less than a week. He seemed more concerned about that than about the furor his running in Eugene had created.

RW: *As recently as two weeks ago, the only thing about you that attracted much attention was your white cap. Now you find you're a world record holder, and everyone wants to know how it happened. How have you reacted to the sudden attention?*

Wottle: I've enjoyed it most of the time, though there are some things I've enjoyed less than others. I haven't had much time to myself. Like yesterday, a reporter came to my room before the 1500. I was lying on the bed, a couple of hours before the race, trying to get psyched up. He comes in and asks me for an interview. I hate to say no, you know. But other than that, I've really kind of liked it.

RW: *Did you find it hard preparing yourself mentally for the 1500, less than a week after setting the record in the 800?*



Dave Wottle is completely committed to his college team and coach at Bowling Green. Here he wins a race during the school season. (Jay McNally photo)

Wottle: For the 1500, I wasn't psyched up near as much as I was for the 800. I went into it (1500) relaxed, and this was even better. In the 800, I was all uptight and found it hard to enjoy it. When you're all nervous, you're sort of blah. In the 1500, I wasn't that nervous at all. Maybe that was the reason I lost!

RW: *Before the 800, you were a darkhorse coming up. After that, the guns were on you, so to speak. Do you think this made it harder for you?*

Wottle: I didn't have to do that well in the 1500 because I'd already qualified. When I went into the race I was only nervous because of the buildup the papers were giving me. Ryun-Wottle, you know. I just wanted to run a race. They built it up like this was it—like one of us was going to break the other one. I didn't like that. Most of the tension was on me because I had to run well in the race—because I think the people expected me to.

RW: *Did you feel pressured by expectations, as if people were expecting too much of you?*

RW Interview

Wottle: Not as much as Ryun. They want him to break a record every time he runs, which I think is ridiculous. Even now, I think more pressure is on Ryun than any other athlete. After yesterday, they're now expecting him to win in Munich. The knowledgeable fans don't expect as much, but the average ones who just come out to watch track and know little about it expect him to do great every time he runs.

When I was in high school, I read what a reporter wrote. He was all ticked off at Ryun because Ryun just thinks he's big stuff. That was what the reporter said. He said Ryun won't even talk with him two hours before the race. Here Ryun was trying to get psyched up and this reporter wants an interview. Ryun just said no. It's kind of funny when you think about it.

RW: *Do you find you're having the same questions asked over and over by reporters?*

Wottle: Yeah, they want me to start from the beginning and go right through my eight years of running. I finally put it all down A-B-C on paper and Xeroxed off copies.

RW: *Do any of the questions really bother you?*

Wottle: No, it's just the repetition.

RW: *Are there any questions that weren't asked, things you'd like to have said but didn't get the chance?*

Wottle: No, not really. (Pause) The thing I think I really get out of it was that I got to look at myself. Before, no one interviewed me. Now some people have asked me really soul-searching questions, and I have had to sit there and think about them. It makes you understand yourself.

RW: *When did you first get an inkling that something like 1:44.3 might happen? Or did you suspect it?*

Wottle: I never thought I could run that fast. I thought I could run faster than I did at the AAU (1:47.2), but not *that* fast. That's my fastest time by three seconds.

(Sink: I thought all along that he'd run in the 1:45s. I didn't think he'd get the world record, though—at least not until next year. But coach (Mel) Brodt, and most of us who've followed Dave's running this year, kind of expected him to be one of the top men. And at least I thought that maybe the 800 was his best race. We knew he had that kind of speed, but world records still have a tendency to shock you.)

RW: *Still, Dave, you came into the meet thinking the 1500 was your top race. Isn't that right?*

Wottle: I still think it is. My speed isn't as good as some of the 800 men's, and that's what scares me. But in a fast-paced half-mile, the last 110 is all strength. This is especially true in a meet where you have two trials behind you. These are going to take something out of you. And when it comes down to the point when you have to kick, if you don't have that strength nothing is going to happen for you.

RW: *Did you notice any strain going through the series of heats?*

Wottle: No, I felt better in every race. I think the biggest strain is mental. It was a real relief to get it over with.

"I still think the 1500m is my best race. My speed isn't as good as some of the 800 men's, and that's what scares me. But in a fast paced half-mile, the last 110 is all strength. . . . When it comes down to the point when you have to kick, if you don't have that strength nothing is going to happen."

RW: *Here's one of those questions you're so tired of answering. How did you get into running?*

Wottle: I started my freshman year in high school. I just got through playing basketball, and they were having meetings for track and baseball. I walked into the track meeting thinking it was baseball. I sat down and they said it was track. I figured, "Track, baseball, what's the difference? I'm lousy in both of them." I signed up for the 100, 220 and 440. I started working out with the sprinters, and obviously I got blown right off the track. The coach moved me up to the distances, and I more or less went right to the top because we didn't have any other good distance runners. My senior year, I was state champion in the mile—4:20.2.

I think that is a good indication of the coaching ability of coach Brodt, the way I've come down from 4:20 to where I am now in four years.

RW: *What immediate changes did he make in your training?*

Wottle: More volume and more quality. It just increased all over. I think there's so much ability everywhere that is going undiscovered. I was a 98-pound weakling then—I'm a 100-pound weakling now. You just don't know what you can do until you try it, and a lot of kids never get the chance to try it. I did.

RW: *You obviously have faith in what coach Brodt says.*

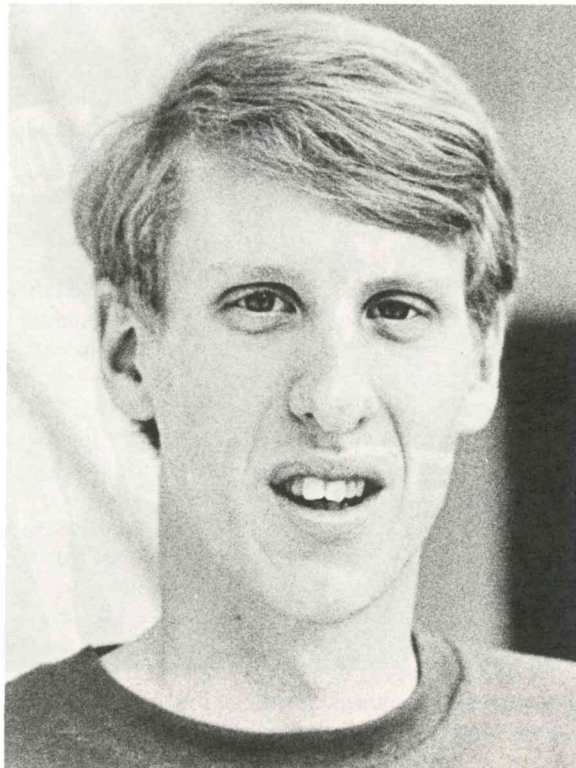
Wottle: I have *total* faith in the coach. Sid does, too. If he says we're going to peak at this meet, even if we don't want to peak there we're going to anyway. He's planned our workouts in such a way that we peak where he wants us to peak. This happens three times during the year. We'll come to a peak indoors, slacken off, peak in relays, slacken off again, then peak for the championships.

RW: *Does your coach plan all your training?*

Wottle: He plans everybody's. And I wouldn't have it any other way, because he's very knowledgeable.

RW: *What did he have you do between the two events*

STAN PANTOVIC PHOTO



RW Interview

(800 final on Saturday, 1500 heats the following Thursday)?

Wottle: Sunday I ran once, easy. Then Monday was my work day. I ran in the morning six miles, then I had a workout that night where I put in 14-15 miles. Tuesday I slacked off. I ran two five-milers. And Wednesday I ran only once. I more or less relaxed, working up to a little peak where I hit my pace for a mile, then slacking off.

RW: *In training, have you been working more like a miler than a half-miler?*

Wottle: I do all my workouts with Sid. We don't do about the same things. Coach Brodt likes to lump the half-milers and milers together, and the two-milers and up. We hit different paces. Sid would run 65-second quarters, and I'd hit 60s.

All eyes are on Dave Wottle after his stunning 800 at the Trials. Jim Ryun (left) is watching him closest of all as they race again in the 1500. Ryun checks Wottle as they come off the last turn. They finished one-two, Ryun winning. The third qualifier, Bob Wheeler, is between them here. (Stan Pantovic photo)

(Sink: It all came out about even. We'd go longer at our pace. I'd have trouble doing the speedwork they—the milers and half-milers) were doing, but they'd probably have trouble doing the volume we were. But it wasn't a whole lot different. In the mornings, everybody did the same—about seven miles.)

RW: *Has your training changed very much since the spring, when you were involved in the college season?*

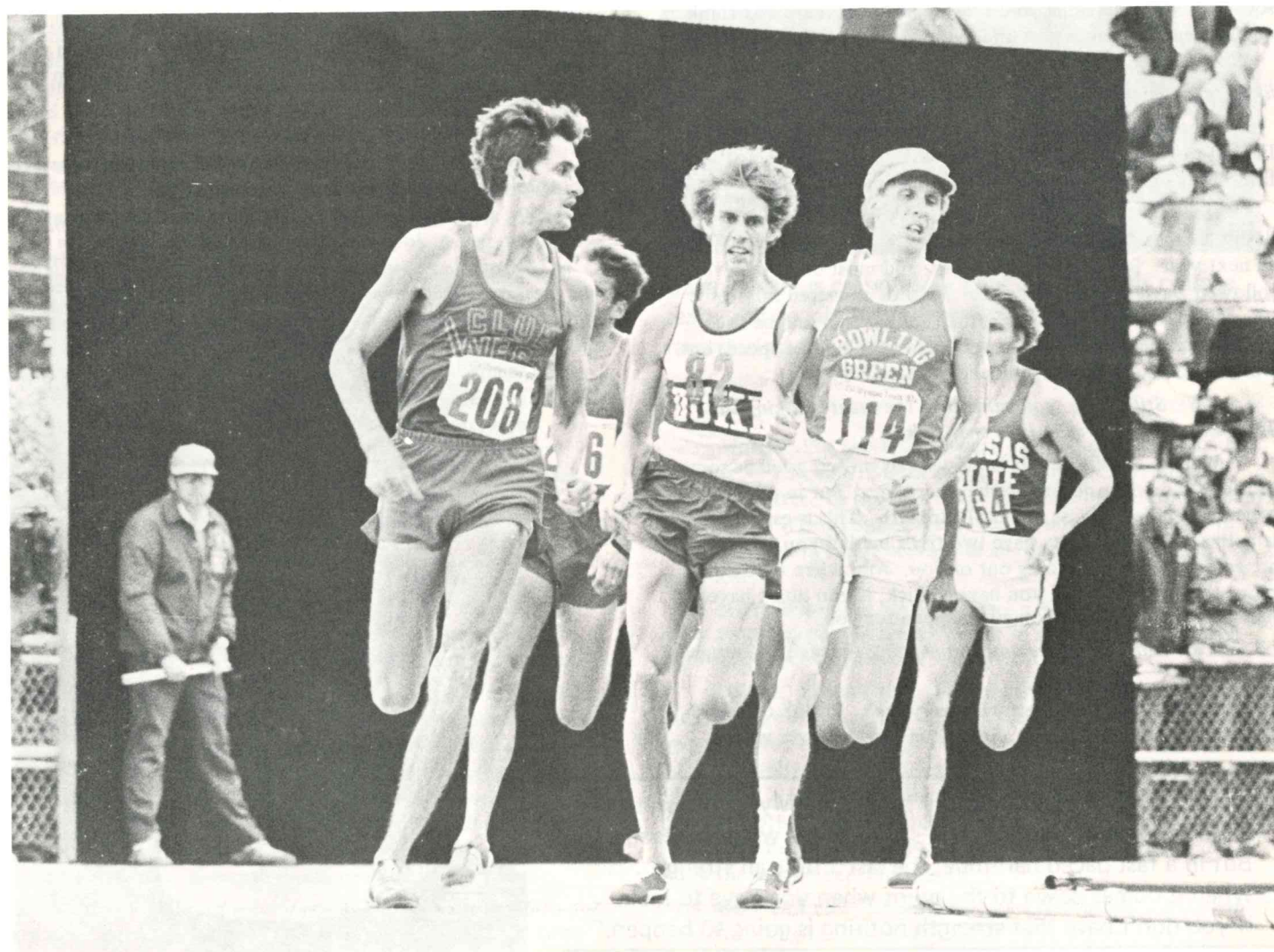
Wottle: When I started hitting the big meets like the NCAAs and AAUs and then this, I only worked out maybe two times a week hard. It's the same thing I did all winter. It hasn't changed, and I don't think it will change now.

RW: *You have indicated you like working with a team. What will happen when you get away from the team situation after graduating next year?*

Wottle: I'll probably stick around school for a couple more years. I will probably go to grad school at Bowling Green. I'll be running with the team all this time, and that helps a lot.

RW: *It sounds like you enjoy the situation at Bowling Green. You seem to like the coach and the people you run with, while many college athletes are anxious to get away from this.*

(Sink: The team situation is really great because we have a bunch of guys who really enjoy themselves. We're a bunch of nuts, really. Just to give you a little bit of comparison, at the NCAAs in cross-country we finished seventh. This was the best



RW Interview



The 800 at the AAU turned Wottle into a contender in that distance. He ran 1:47.2 there. (Bob Kasper)

we'd ever done. We went to this cafeteria, and we were just going wild. We were yelling and throwing things at each other like we always do. We were going crazy and laughing. About three tables down was Oregon. They had won. They were completely silent. They weren't saying a thing, like nothing had happened. If we had won, we'd have been tearing the place apart. We have a real loose group.)

RW: *Dave, you've been reported as saying you wear your white cap to keep the hair out of your eyes. But a few years ago, wasn't the entire team wearing caps?*

Wottle: Everyone except me.

RW: *How did that get started?*

Wottle: Sid started wearing a hat and talked another miler into wearing one so they'd be different from everyone else. After we won once with them, we had to keep wearing them. That just goes to show how we're different from other teams. We're more easy-going. Our coach isn't strict. He doesn't say, "Take those silly hats off." If we want to run with hats on, he'll let us. Heck, we don't care what other people say about us.

RW: *Do you enjoy cross-country, Dave, or do you run it kind of as a conditioning period and for the team?*

Wottle: I don't really like all the distance. I've come to realize it's necessary to become a good miler or half-miler. I consider myself more a miler than a half-miler, so I have to do it for strength.

RW: *Can you review what happened to you after the 1970 track season? What were the injuries that kept you from running most of last year?*

Wottle: Halfway through the (1970) cross-country season, I got a stress fracture an inch above my left ankle. This put me out for nine weeks. I'll never forget the workout that did it. We did 24 quarters at 68 pace with a one-minute rest between. So that was six miles. We'd already done seven in the morning, three for warmup before this workout, and on the end we did a mile in 4:40. That was quite a pace when we were dead like that. The day came out a 20-21 miles.

That knocked me out for about nine weeks. I was back to training for three weeks in January, getting ready for indoor, when I got bursitis in my right knee. This knocked me out for eight weeks, until about the first week in March.

I started working out then and was getting back in pretty good shape for our relay season, and then I got a stress fracture an inch above my outside right ankle—the exact spot of the one on the left ankle. That knocked me out for nine weeks, and the coach decided to red-shirt me for the rest of the year.

I started jogging every other day in May. In June, I started working out a little bit, and I had my first competition again in July. It had been eight months since I had raced.

(Sink: That was the year we were roommates. It was kind of disgusting because I had to get up and run every morning while he stayed in bed.)

RW: *Did you every have any doubts during that time that you'd be able to come back?*

Wottle: It starts getting to you when the injuries come one after another. The best thing I got out of it, I think, was that I met my fiancee. So I wasn't just always sitting around my room worrying about running and all that.

RW: *Was your wife-to-be in Eugene for the meet?*

Wottle: No, she's back in Ohio getting everything ready for the wedding. I'm glad I don't have to do that.

After every race during the year, I call her and say, "Well, I broke the world record." I was joking around because I never thought I'd break a world record. I did that after the 800 here.

I called her Saturday night and said, "Well, I broke the world record."

She must have been tired because it was late back there. She said, "Oh, Dave, don't kid me."

I go, "Okay, I only *tied* the world record." Then I guess she knew I was telling the truth, because she went screaming down the hall.

RW: *Will she get to go to Munich?*

Wottle: I'll take her to Maine (where the US team assembles) and Norway (where the team is competing prior to the Olympics). I'm not sure about Munich yet. It might be best to leave her at home. She'd have to live outside of Munich, anyway. As it is, it will be the longest honeymoon in the world.

RW: *Have you made any definite plans yet about which race you'll run at Munich, or whether you'll run both?*

Wottle: I think I'm going to do both. The six races here didn't bother me physically, so I think I'll be alright. It's just the mental pressure that I was thinking about. If I couldn't get psyched up sufficiently, I think someone else would have a better chance. But mentally, I wasn't really that bad off here.

RW: *Have you thought much about yet how you'll run your races in the Games?*

Wottle: All I ever wanted to do was make the team. My thinking has been keyed to the Trials, and I never even gave the Olympics a second thought.

RW: *How do you assess your non-American competitors?*

Wottle: They're a completely different type of runner. They elbow a lot. They're more aggressive runners than we have here. They might send out a rabbit or something.

I'll learn something about them from the races we're planning before the Games. But I think the main reason for these races is just to keep sharp. You can get stale taking off a month and a half from racing, just training right through. I couldn't take that. I'm used to racing every week. When I'm in school, I train for that one meet the coming weekend. I get psyched up during the week. If I have nothing to get psyched up for, I get bogged down. I know I can't run without regular competition, and without a team. This is the only way I could think of running.

OLYMPIC GAMES 1972 PREVIEW

Every Olympics has its dominant forces. In the recent past, the 1960 Games featured New Zealanders in middle and long distance running. In 1964, Peter Snell and the Americans dominated. In 1968, it was the Africans.

As the Munich Games approach, however, it looks like the era of power centered on a few individuals or countries has passed. All nations will be hard pressed to win even one race. It will be even harder for individuals to double. With extra heats, scheduling problems, and of course better competition all around, doublers aren't likely to appear. Juha Vaatainen and Dave Bedford may have outside chances, but they're racing each other at 5000 and 10,000 meters. Kipchoge Keino is a possibility, but he faces Jim Ryun at 1500 and his own inexperience in the steeplechase.

It appears that the medals will be passed around more than ever at the "September-fest" in Munich. That's as it should be.

This chart lists the essential information on the middle and long distance races, including the apparent top 10 contenders in each event and their best marks (through July 20).

800 METERS (MEN)

(heats Aug. 31, semis Sept. 1, final Sept. 2; world record 1:44.3, Olympic record 1:44.3)

Top 10 Contenders

Dave Wottle (US)	1:44.3
Ken Swenson (US)	1:44.8
Walter Adams (WG)	1:44.9
Franz-Josef Kemper (WG)	1:44.9
Rick Wohlhuter (US)	1:45.0
Dieter Fromm (EG)	1:45.4
Yevgeniy Arzhanov (SU)	1:45.5
Andy Carter (GB)	1:46.2
Thomas Saisi (Kenya)	1:46.3
Robert Ouko (Kenya)	1:46.7

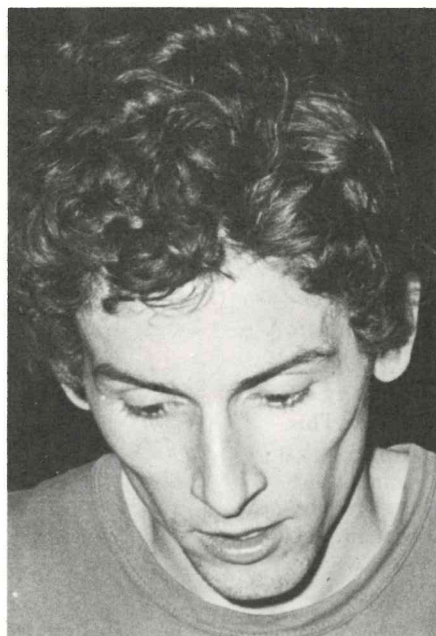
On the face of it, this looks like a US-West German dual meet. The best times of the top five are considerably ahead of the rest. But don't put much stock in this time comparison. Wottle improved by three seconds in the US Trials, and there's no guarantee that he can repeat it—or that another Wottle might do the same thing in the Games. The other three leaders all ran their best times at least two years ago. Arzhanov is dangerous. He is the European champion and hasn't lost a final race in three seasons. The Kenyans—all Kenyans—are faster than times show.

800 METERS (WOMEN)

(heats Aug. 31, semis Sept. 1, final Sept. 3; world record 1:58.5, Olympic record 2:00.9)

Top 10 Contenders

Hildegard Falck (WG)	1:58.5
Vera Nikolic (Yug)	2:00.0
Madeline Jackson (US)	2:00.9
Ileana Silai (Rum)	2:00.9
Pat Cropper (GB)	2:01.7
Maria Sykora (Austria)	2:01.9
Judy Pollock (Australia)	2:02.0



Britain's fast 5000-meter runner Ian Stewart. (Tony Duffy photo)

Rosemary Stirling (GB)	2:02.1
Gisela Ellenberger (WG)	2:02.4
Abigail Hoffman (Can)	2:02.8

All the apparent leaders are coming back from one misfortune, happy event or other. Falck fell in the 800 final at last year's European championships. Nikolic won that race, but she had snapped emotionally and dropped out at Mexico City. Manning-Jackson won there, but then retired and has had a baby since the last Games. Pollock, whose 2:02.0 is the 880-yard world record, missed the 1968 Games because she was pregnant. Jackson, also with 2:02.0 for yards, is the fastest this year. Gunhild Hoffmeister and Karin Burneleit have times in the top five, but probably will choose the 1500.

1500 METERS (MEN)

(heats Sept. 7, semis Sept. 8, final Sept. 9; world record 3:33.1, Olympic record 3:34.9)

Top 10 Contenders

Jim Ryun (US)	3:33.1
Jean Wadoux (France)	3:34.0
Kipchoge Keino (Kenya)	3:34.9
Francesco Arese (Italy)	3:36.3
Ivan Ivanov (SU)	3:37.8
Henryk Szordykowski (Pol)	3:38.2
Peter Stewart (GB)	3:38.2
Brendan Foster (GB)	3:39.2
Dave Wottle (US)	3:39.7
Ben Jipcho (Kenya)	3:41.2

Keino hints that he is prepared to run 56-second laps all the way. If he carries through with that plan, he'll be 1:52 at 800 meters, 2:48 at 1200. (Remember, he ran a "reckless" pace in Mexico City, helped by teammate Jipcho—and it worked. Jipcho is here again, faster than he was four years ago.) What the Kenyan pacing will do to the field—and to the Kenyans—makes exciting speculation. At any rate, Jim Ryun and Dave Wottle won't have the dawdling pace that was handed to them in Eugene. While Keino and Ryun are favored to repeat their '68 showing (though not necessarily in the same order) European champion Arese will be tough. Wottle is an unknown quantity internationally at this distance, which he insists is his best.

1500 METERS (WOMEN)

(heats Sept. 4, semis Sept. 6, final Sept. 8; world record 4:09.6, new event in Olympics)

Top 10 Contenders

Karin Burneleit (EG)	4:09.6
Tamara Pangelova (SU)	4:10.2
Gunhild Hoffmeister (EG)	4:10.3
Francie Larrieu (US)	4:10.4
Ellen Tittel (WG)	4:10.4
Paola Cacchi (It)	4:10.5
Jaroslava Jehlickova (Cze)	4:10.7

Regina Kleinau (EG)	4:10.9
Rita Ridley (GB)	4:12.7
Lyudmila Bragina (SU)	4:13.2

This is the first women's 1500 in the Olympics. The women themselves concede that the world record won't survive the Games. Indications are that a time near the new 4:00 barrier may be needed to win. One qualifying factor, though, is the series of three races—which women haven't run before. Larrieu and Pignicacchi seem to have an advantage in this series, since they hold world records at two miles and 3000 meters. Burneleit and Hoffmeister have fine speed (sub-2:01 for 800), age and experience working for them. They are 10 and nine years older than Larrieu, who is the youngest of the leaders at 19.

5000 METERS

(heats Sept. 6, final Sept. 9; world record 13:16.6, Olympic record 13:39.6)

Top 10 Contenders

Dave Bedford (GB)	13:17.2
Ian McCafferty (GB)	13:19.8
Steve Prefontaine (US)	13:22.8
Ian Stewart (GB)	13:22.8
Emiel Puttemans (Bel)	13:24.6
Harald Norpoth (WG)	13:24.8
George Young (US)	13:29.4
Juha Vaatainen (Fin)	13:32.6
Miris Yifter (Eth)	13:33.8
Tony Benson (Aus)	13:36.2

Two of the strongest pacers—and the strongest personalities—in the sport, Bedford and Prefontaine, know what they have to do. Puttemans shares their idea. They all feel they have to break away from the kickers before they get into the last lap, or they'll lose to a 55-second or faster finish by a Vaatainen, or Norpoth, or even Young. Bedford used this kind of hard-paced running effectively in his recent 13:17 race, and Prefontaine blasted from over a half-mile out when he set the American record. Puttemans says the ideal Olympic 5000 for him would be 7:48 at 3000 meters. That translates to 13-minute pace for the full distance. The world record should go.

10,000 METERS

(heats Aug. 31, final Sept. 4; world record 27:39.4, Olympic record 28:24.4)

Top 10 Contenders

Dave Bedford (GB)	27:47.0
Juha Vaatainen (Fin)	27:52.8
Jurgen Haase (EG)	27:53.4
Mariano Haro (Spain)	27:56.0
Rashid Sharefyetdinov (SU)	27:56.4
Dane Korica (Yug)	27:58.4
Javier Alvarez (Spain)	28:01.4
Frank Shorter (US)	28:12.0
Naftali Temu (Kenya)	28:27.4
Miris Yifter (Eth)	28:53.2

The heats will shake up a few people. This is the first time they've been necessary and—depending on how fast they go—they could take some of the snap out of the kickers, leaving them less anxious to cling to a hard pace in the final. Bedford and Vaatainen are exact opposite types. Dave is a pacer, Juha is a sprinter (he ran about 53 seconds at the end of his European championship race last summer; Bedford, who did the bulk of the pacing, fell to sixth on the last lap). Bedford has shown all his cards in recent pre-Olympic races; Vaatainen has hidden in the mountains, seldom racing. Bedford probably will set the pattern of the race; Vaatainen and any number of others will wait for a sign of weakness.

STEEPLECHASE

(heats Sept. 1, final Sept. 4; world record 8:22.0, Olympic record 8:30.8)

Top 10 Contenders

Kerry O'Brien (Aus)	8:22.0
Anders Garderud (Swe)	8:23.6
Kazimierz Maranda (Pol)	8:23.6
Mikhail Zhelev (Bul)	8:25.0
Jean-Paul Villain (Fr)	8:25.2
Dusan Moravcik (Cze)	8:26.2
Pavel Sisoyev (SU)	8:26.4
Romualdas Bite (SU)	8:27.0
Ben Jipcho (Kenya)	8:28.8
Kipchoge Keino (Kenya)	8:30.0

It's a strange event—stranger than usual. The world record holder, O'Brien has been away from serious steeplechasing for almost two years. The last two European champions, Villain and Zhelev, have been off form. The runners sharing the second best time are a converted 1500-meter man (Garderud) and a little known Pole. Two of the favorites barely know how to hurdle. They are Keino and Jipcho, who wouldn't consider it a respectable Olympics if they didn't double. Even Emiel Puttemans is considering trying this race as his second event. He has run 8:31. It should be wild.

MARATHON

(final Sept. 9; world best 2:08:33.6, Olympic record 2:12:11.2)

Top 10 Contenders

Derek Clayton (Aus)	2:08:33.6
Ron Hill (GB)	2:09:28.0
Akio Usami (Japan)	2:10:37.8
Kenny Moore (US)	2:11:35.8
John Farrington (Aus)	2:12:14.0
Jack Foster (NZ)	2:12:17.8
Lutz Philipp (WG)	2:12:50.0
Frank Shorter (US)	2:12:50.4
Karel Lismont (Bel)	2:13:09.0
Gaston Roelants (Bel)	2:17:22.2

There doesn't appear to be an Ethiopian capable of extending the streak that

has lasted since 1960, though we can't be sure. Hill is fit. If Clayton is, the two fastest runners of all-time can finally meet on even terms. Timewise, they are clear leaders, but times mean less here than anywhere else. Moore and Shorter both have better native speed than the top two, though two hard 10,000s might hurt Frank. The Belgians are potent, despite their low-ranking times. Lismont won last year's European champion. Roelants—the international cross-country winner this spring—says the marathon will be his.

20-KILOMETER WALK

(final Aug. 31; world record 1:25:19.4, Olympic record 1:29:34.0)

Top 10 Contenders

Peter Frenkel (EG)	1:25:19.4
Hans-Georg Reimann (EG)	1:25:19.4
Vladimir Golubnichiy (SU)	1:25:26.0
Gerhard Sperling (EG)	1:25:37.8
Nikolay Smaga (SU)	1:25:49.0
Yevgeniy Ivchenko (SU)	1:25:52.0
Antal Kiss (Hungary)	1:26:56.8
Paul Nihill (GB)	1:27:34.8
Phil Embleton (GB)	1:27:59.0
Larry Young (US)	1:30:10.0

It took a world record-breaking time just to qualify for the East German team. Soviets Golubnichiy and Smaga placed one-three in the last Games. Enough said about the overwhelming power of the two eastern European countries. Nihill could slip in for a medal. Young would have to pull a Billy Mills to be with the medalists, but he will beat a lot of walkers who now have faster times than his.

50-KILOMETER WALK

(final Sept. 3; world best 3:59:17.8, Olympic record 4:11:12.4)

Top 10 Contenders

Venjamin Soldatenko (SU)	3:59:17.8
Peter Selzer (EG)	3:59:21.0
Christoph Hohne (EG)	4:02:43.0
Bernhard Nermerich (WG)	4:03:16.0
Otto Bartsch (SU)	4:05:07.0
Igor Della-Rossa (SU)	4:05:12.6
Bernd Kannenberg (WG)	4:07:43.8
Gerhard Weidner (WG)	4:07:56.8
Winfried Kotnicki (EG)	4:10:22.0
Larry Young (US)	4:12:12.0

East German-Soviet dominance isn't quite so complete here. Almost, but not quite. Soldatenko and Selzer are the world's sub-4:00 men. Hohne, the defending champion, rounds out the "Big Three" and it will be hard for anyone else to crack that circle. The West Germans have a potent team, even though Kannenberg's reported 3:52 time turned out to be from a short course. Again, Young is better than his time indicates. He proved that in Mexico. But he'll be doubling back here after the 20.



TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS



BY JOE HENDERSON

The last time I can remember getting excited about watching a track meet was 1968—for the Olympics in Mexico City. And the excitement there didn't come so much from the competition as from the Olympic atmosphere. I could read all I needed to know about the competition, or see it on television. The only way to experience that atmosphere was to be there.

Thinking back on Mexico City, only vague memories remain—of African distance runners winning everything from 1500 up, of Ralph Doubell setting a world record in the men's 800 and Madeline Manning in the women's. The runners on the track are distant figures, who parade before the stands for a few minutes, salute their flags, then go back to hide in Olympic Village from the same people they are entertaining.

The still strong memories of Mexico City are of riding rush-hour buses with Mexican workers. Taking a taxi with five people speaking five different languages—none of which the others understood, but still understanding each other. Sight-seeing on the run with another tourist named Ryun. Trying to explain to cheering *barrio* children that I'm nobody. Racing eight miles the morning of the Olympic marathon.

Now I'm excited again—for the first time in four years and for many of the same reasons. The reasons aren't that the runners and the competition are the best outside the Olympics itself. They are all of that, and more. It's the "more" that excites me.

Eugene, Ore., is the navel of the universe as far as distance running and running appreciation are concerned. Being here excites me. Mingling with the somewhat partisan but always warm and enthusiastic Oregon crowd excites me. Running the same track and roads as the Olympic aspirants excites me. Watching dreams turn to anxiety, and finally to relief or (more often) heartbreak excites me.

The last is a morbid kind of excitement that exists in sports watchers, even if we don't like admitting it. It's the kind of excitement that draws auto racing fans to their races—as much to see the crashes as the victories. I'm not wanting to see anyone hurt. The hurt in a man who has just finished fourth in an Olympic Trial is so real you can feel it. But at the same time I can't turn and walk away from the crash victim. There's a human weakness which attracts us to danger and suffering. In an all-or-nothing situation like the Olympic Trials, there's a lot of both.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29

There are only preliminaries today and tomorrow. But in the Olympic Trials there are no "only preliminaries." The dreams start crashing today. Mark Winzenried is the first casualty—if you don't count the people like Marty Liquori who went out with a limp and a whimper before they got to Eugene.

Ironically, Winzenried is featured in the *Runner's World* that comes back from the printer today. He's pictured there, surrounded by confident comments. When interviewed in early

June, Mark talked about the Trials as if they were a formality. Counting races and time trials, Mark ran all-out something like seven times in two weeks back then. He got to the AAU meet and wasn't so sure of himself any more. His achilles tendon was giving him trouble.

Running the first heat of the first race of the Trials, Mark finishes fifth as four qualify. One tenth of a second keeps him from going on.

In the first two minutes, the Trials shows itself for the cruel meet it is. It's a "now" meet, with no sense of history or compassion. Yesterday's stars are nothing special. They're thrown on the grindstone same as everyone else. It grinds away everyone not hard enough at the moment to stand it. Only three per event will escape, and it's questionable if even those three will come off this 10-day grind unscratched.

At this point, the most dramatic developments are the things that aren't happening for people like Winzenried.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30

After talking with Juris Luzins several weeks ago, I figured there was no way he could miss. Even after he skipped the AAU 800 final, pleading a foot injury, I thought he was the most certain of any 800 man to be in Munich.

Luzins gives off an air of invulnerability. It's a natural hardness that came of being an immigrant boy from parents forced out of their own country. He's a Latvian, born in Germany and reared in Virginia.

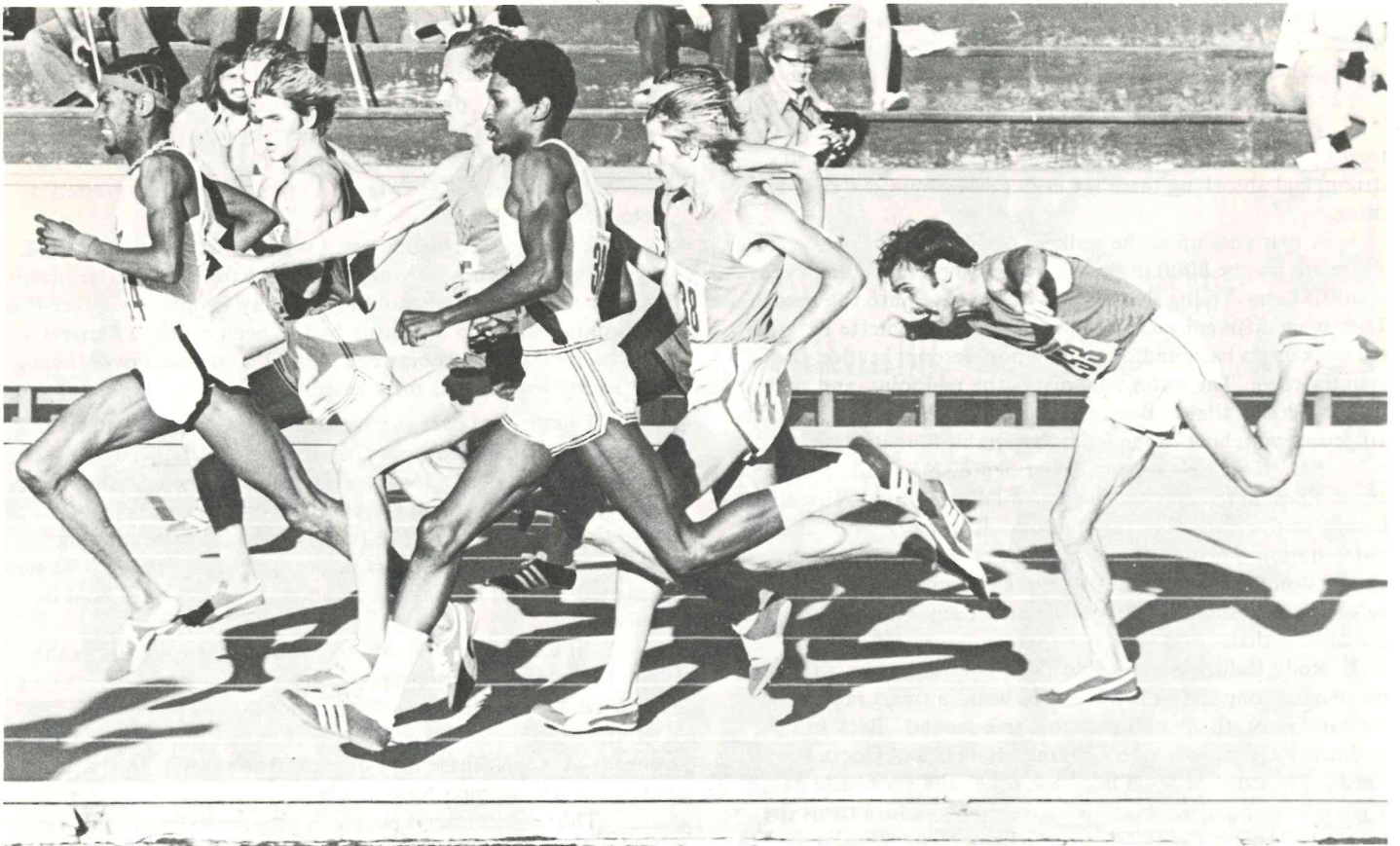
The Marine Corps seized on Luzins' natural tendencies and hardened him all the more. He's an imposing fellow to talk with. We sat in the Caravan Inn at Mountain View three weeks ago. Howell Michael sprawled on the bed, looking as if he'd left the Marine Corps behind him when he walked out the gate at Quantico. Luzins sat straight—not stiff, just straight—on the edge of the bed. He talked directly, simply and quietly. But even sitting there talking with him, I could feel the barely submerged power. His deep-set eyes, glowing like hot coals from inside a raw-boned face, gave him away. Luzins' face never cracked so much as a smile in an hour of talking. Back in those eyes were the only traces of emotion.

CBS showed a film clip of Juris in his AAU semifinal. He coasted across, looking as impassive as I had remembered him. Ten yards past the tape, though, his eyes winced ever so slightly. He limped a bit.

Luzins made it through the first round okay here. But the semifinal goes badly for him. He's eliminated. He accepts the verdict with little outward show of emotion. Someone in the stands might turn to his neighbor and say, "Look how well Luzins is taking it." From up there, they can't see his eyes.

SATURDAY, JULY 1

Up till now, the lucky runners have simply been prolonging their agony; the unlucky ones—like Winzenried and Luzins



ABOVE: This 800 semi got violent. Juris Luzins (who was eliminated, along with Tom Von Ruden) pushes Tom Fulton. Fulton will lose a shoe. Another runner is about to fall. (Stan Pantovic photo)



The meet starts sadly. Mark Winzenried (275) is eliminated in the first heat of the first race. (L-R) Ken Sparks, Rick Brown, Marcel Philippe and Jim Ryun advance. (Stan Pantovic)

—have been falling off. Up till now, there haven't been any winners—only some losers. Today that changes. There'll still be more losers than winners, more sadness than happiness. But that's the nature of this meet.

The walk is good therapy. In the stadium, there's electricity. Some of the vibes are good, some bad. They're all strong, and absorbing them for even a few hours at a time is tiring.

A roar goes up as the walkers parade in front of the crowd. There are maybe 8000 in the stadium now. The yelling keeps up until Larry Young shuffles out of the gate onto the road. Then it's a different race. Over across the Willamette River, the walkers go back and forth on a non-descript section of country road. The water stop marks the midpoint, and they pass it a dozen times. Besides officials, there are no more than 10 people watching—none from the establishment press.

The effect isn't unpleasant or depressing at all. The walkers don't seem to carry the weight of Olympic qualifying so heavily as the runners in the stadium. Ron Laird stops at a water station, not a half-hour into the race, and doesn't start again. Ron has been on the last three Olympic teams. Now he's done. He shrugs it off. There aren't any bitter tears. He's too old for that.

Rudy Haluza is older. He's 41. He too was on an Olympic team as long ago as 1960. Rudy walks a smart race, hanging back early, then pulling up to a safe second. Back in the stadium, another roar greets Young. Haluza and Goetz Klopfer finish. The three of them hug each other and do a little dance. Then they spy the steeplechase water hole. Haluza turns the hose on Klopfer. Goetz returns the favor. Tom Dooley finishes, wearing one of those near-miss looks that will be so common here.

It's a full hour later when the announcer gives the results. "First, Larry Young...blah, blah, blah. Second, Goetz Klopfer ..." Klopfer? Wait. What about...

"Rudy Haluza finished second but was disqualified."

It sounds like an awful way to go, but we'll hear more from Haluza later.

The most pervasive attitude in Eugene today is a positive feeling about Jim Ryun. Everyone I talk with says, in so many words, "Isn't it great the way Ryun is running? I hope he wins."

Ryun is doing warmup dashes on the caramel-colored track. He looks embarrassed that anyone would cheer his warmup. He goes down to the start, which is 150 yards from where I'm standing, partially blocked from view in the dark shadow of the barnlike stadium.

Ryun races into the last stretch first. But here comes Dave Wottle, and now Rick Wohlhuter. Ken Swenson is inching up on Ryun. They cross together.

Twenty minutes later: "First, Dave Wottle, 1:44.3, tying the world record. Second, Rick Wohlhuter... Third, Ken Swenson." Ryun is fourth, and here fourth is worse than nothing.

A woman walks out of the stadium, almost in tears. She turns to her husband and says, "I'm really depressed. I didn't want to get involved with this race because I knew as soon as I did something would happen. I got involved at the end, and it happened."

Jim himself said in Saturday morning's paper, "The Trials are exciting. But they're also sad. It's the finality of the thing."

SUNDAY, JULY 2

Playing favorites. It's an occupational hazard. You work with running people day in and day out. Certain ones excite you by their style, their personality, their way of thinking

about running and its place in the bigger scheme of things. Or you may like them better than others simply because you know them better. By accident, you bumped into someone or other along the way. I bump into a lot of people who run.

It was the summer of 1960, in Chicago. I was into steeplechasing then. At the time, no one ran it much in the US, but the University of Chicago Track Club occasionally inserted it into all-comers meets.

With one race behind me, I was the veteran of this field. By halfway, an unusually high casualty rate at the water jump put me in front. But I couldn't get away from a hawk-faced, fit looking boy who obviously hadn't been over the barriers much. He'd go ahead between them, I'd go ahead over them—my form being only slightly better than his.

This guy led over the last water jump. He stumbled and almost fell coming out, but then recovered. He gained another five-yard lead approaching the last hurdle. Then he chopped his steps and almost had to vault it. I caught up and we went into the tape together. The time isn't worth remembering.

We walked around the track together. "I'm Mike Manley," he said. He told me he'd just graduated from high school in Milwaukee.

"It's Savage and Manley," the announcer shouts as the two hometown favorites approach the last water jump. Savage is ahead, but Manley comes over smoothly. They go into the stretch together. Manley glides over the last barrier, moving ahead. A steeplechase isn't over until he's safely on the ground after the 35th jump. Now he's safe.

Thirteen thousand people in his adopted hometown may remember where Manley's long road to the Olympics ended. But no one else but Mike and I can say where it began.

We were watching someone else. I was riding a marathon course in California with a high school boy's coach. The youngster was running fourth. We knew the second and third people, but couldn't figure out who the heck the tall, loose-jointed leader was.

"It's Jon Anderson," someone along the way shouted. The name jogged loose a few facts, but nothing very definite. Six-miler. Cornell. Oregon. Jon won this marathon.

We met at our Midnight Run on New Year's eve. He said he was living and working in Burlingame, near San Francisco. I didn't press him for details. Only later did I learn why he was in the area. He was working out his alternative service. He is a conscientious objector, and had been sent to work in a hospital instead of carrying a rifle.

Jon could have had it made in the Army. "I could be running for the Army team," he said. "But I couldn't prostitute my beliefs." So the alternative for the Cornell University economics graduate is dishwashing. Starting at 6:15 every morning, he washes the Peninsula Hospital's dishes all day.

During the winter, he hurt his foot. He was getting depressed by his whole scene. "I had to wonder if I'd ever run

NEXT PAGE: Left—Steve Savage (212) and Mike Manley are over the water first, followed by Bob Richards (241) and qualifier Doug Brown (right). (Pantovic) Right—10,000 surprise, Jon Anderson. (Bob Kasper)



ABOVE: Early in the 10,000, Frank Shorter already leads. Still close (l-r) are Jon Anderson, Jack Bacheler, Charles Maguire, Greg Fredericks, Tom Laris and Gerry Lindgren. (Stan Pantovic photo)



again," he said. "I had to start training at 5:15 a.m., and then I was on my feet all day long. I couldn't adjust to that time schedule. Nothing was going right."

As late as a month before the Trials, things still weren't going all that well. Then he asked for and got a six-week leave of absence from dish-washing. He went home to Eugene, where his father Les is mayor, and started "getting proper rest and conditioning." He did his first real speedwork of the year, then ran a superb 10,000 at the AAU—improving his best by some 40 seconds.

Now he's running the 10,000 final here. He seems to be having trouble, putting his hands on his hips once or twice a lap as if trying to shake a stitch. Jeff Galloway has moved up to cinch second. The real race is for third now. Jack Bacheler runs in that spot. Bacheler passes with two laps to go. He is eight seconds ahead of the next man—Jon Anderson.

A lap later, the gap is down to half of that. A wave of noise coming down from the stands seems to be sweeping Jon along, but not Bacheler. The distance between them shrinks. Anderson hits the homestretch, the roar carrying him faster. Fifty yards out, he sweeps past Bacheler on the inside. Don Kardong is being lapped on the outside. They bump.

Anderson, the man who seems too gentle to be an Olympian, the dishwasher, the mayor of Eugene's son who said Thursday that "my chances of making the team are very slim," has made it.

I can't help myself. I have to join the mob congratulating him. I shake his hand and he throws a sweaty arm around me for support. The race has been over for 15 minutes now. The first flush of elation has passed, and he's limp.

"I'm sorry," he mumbles, "but I just can't stop crying."

MONDAY, JULY 3

It's hot. While the decathlon is on, the temperature is up around 100. The marathoners are sweating out the last days before their race. While the 50-kilometer walkers got their race time changed to seven in the morning, there's little hope of that happening in the marathon.

It's too hot to sit in the shaded stands watching people work this afternoon. The thought of running five-minute miles on the burning asphalt is too frightening to consider. But the marathoners are thinking of little else. They all seem to figure everyone else is going to go out fast and then die. They start slowly and pick off the casualties.

Mark Covert is on the track at 7 a.m. He's running 330 intervals like he's getting ready for the 1500. They couldn't be slower than 60-second quarter pace. He's getting ready for the marathon.

"Come on and do some intervals," Covert says as he jogs to the next one. "They get your blood circulating in the morning."

Mark said the night before, while downing a hamburger and french fries at McDonald's, "I'm going to play it cool, I figure these guys are going to run their first 1320 on the track in about 3:15. I'll let 'em. I say I'm going to be the last man out of the stadium, but Mike Gregorio says I'll have to fight him for it."

Rumor has it that Kenny Moore and Frank Shorter plan to throw in a couple of 4:30 miles to shake things up." Covert says, "If they do that and anyone goes with them, I'll be stepping over bodies before we're done."

Norm Higgins is said to be boasting for all to hear as he suns himself, "Man, I love this weather. This is the kind of thing I thrive on." (In 1967, Higgins collapsed in the Pan-American Games trial. The temperature was 97.)

Tom Fleming isn't too worried about either the pace or

the heat. The 20-year-old New Jersey runner combines a genuine love for running (beyond his own running) with an exuberant, outgoing personality. He's as excited here as a kid with Steve Prefontaine's autograph.

The AAU went looking for a man to run a "marathon" in Puerto Rico, which turned out to be 20 miles. A list of faster runners turned the trip down, calling a race this long "suicidal" in weather as hot and humid as Puerto Rico's, this soon before the Trials.

Fleming accepted without question. "How often do I get offered a trip and this kind of experience?" he says. Tom won the race, beating the best Mexicans, and with his best time. The temperature was in the 90s. He figures he doesn't have to guess what he can do with the heat.

TUESDAY, JULY 4

Rudy Haluza is a generation removed from most of the athletes in this meet. He is 41 years old, has been to two Olympics and maybe his age and experience have mellowed him. He isn't given to depression.

In the 90-degree weather and the heat of Olympic Trials competition, Haluza manages to stay cool. His coolness is being put to the test here. Saturday he walked a smart race. He whipped the heat and placed second in the 20. Only later did he learn he'd been thumbed out for breaking contact.

"*C'est la vie*," Haluza said, with a resigned smile from behind his drooping mustache. "I've been in the Olympics twice before. And, frankly, I haven't been training very hard."

He added, "I've always got the 50-kilometer."

The 50 isn't a man killer to any greater extent than the marathon or decathlon is. The efforts that the three require are about equal, and a well-conditioned man can handle them. None of the events is popular with the American masses in terms of drawing crowds. The average track fan's attention span doesn't stretch beyond a half-hour. But while the marathoner and decathlete at least gets his share of worship before and after competing, the walkers are the true lonely breed in this sport.

We tell a hip chick at the apartment next door that we have to get up early today to catch the 50-kilo walk.

"Fifty kilos!" she says, her eyes bugging in disbelief. "Where are you getting that much, and where are you walking with it?" She doesn't know a distance race walker from a dope smuggler, which is typical.

A reporter from one of the country's top newspapers should know better. After the walk is over, he's asked if he'll be doing a story on a hometown walker who made the team. "Naw," he says. "The walk turns me off."

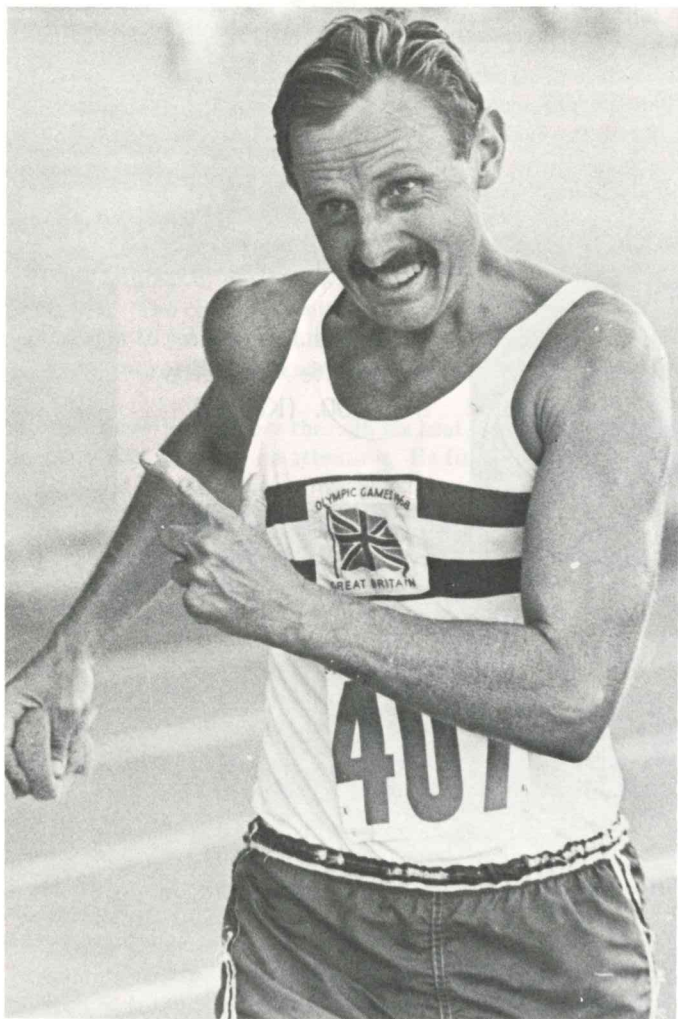
The walkers get away at 7 a.m. Announcer Bob Steiner has turned out for the start, and his voice bounces through the empty shell of Hayward Field. The crowd totals about 50—mostly officials, parents, wives and girl friends.

The sun is already warm on the walkers' heads as they hit the course for nine back-and-forth laps. One of them fills his floppy tennis cap with ice each trip past the pitstop.

A weirder collection of drinks I've never seen. There is green, yellow, orange and red brew, Pepsi Cola, liquid Jello, and even a king-sized can of beer.

Rudy Haluza has started fairly easily in this one, too. But now he's in third. "How about a tall, cool one?" he says calmly as he bears down on the refreshment stand. The can of beer is his. (He says later it's really a mixture of water, salt, potassium chloride, Vitamin C and who knows what else.)

A couple of laps later, Haluza has passed Bob Kitchen and is walking second. He sucks on his beer can again. He looks good.



Rudy Haluza is 41 years old and has been to two Olympics. He thinks he's making another team here at 20 kilometers. Officials told him afterwards that he had been disqualified. "C'est la vie," he commented. (Bob Kasper photo)

The next time we see Rudy, he's walking slowly toward the aid station. He has abandoned his racing form and is ambling. He offers the same resigned smile he gave after the DQ in the 20.

"My head is willing," he says, "but my legs are weak. It was fun while it lasted."

Regardless of what the race walking officials say, Rudy Haluza has his feet on the ground.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5

Today is an off day at the Trials. There's nothing to watch at Hayward Field except workouts. Talk is starting to repeat itself without new action to feed on. Running people are resourceful, though. With no ready-made action, they make some of their own. There are two road races starting at the football stadium, in the general area of Sunday's marathon.

Jon Anderson is working the check-in table, signing up eight-year-old girls and 60-year-old grandfathers. The races are organized by Russ Pate, who'll be in the marathon. He recruits two other marathoners, Tom Heinonen and Tom Hoffman, to help with the scoring. Tom Ragsdale, an assistant meet director for the Trials, isn't so busy that he can't time here.

There are over 200 runners in the two races (one a five-miler, the other a two). They come from 15 states and a foreign country or two. Terry Williams, a high school boy from California, wins by better than a minute in the longer race. Traditional reporters might say he beat Steve Savage and Jon Anderson—already Olympians—or several others who'll be trying in the marathon. They would miss the point.

The point is that athlete-spectator-official lines are flimsy. On the roads, Olympians become officials. Officials become spectators. Spectators become runners. Little people running hard outrun big people running easy.

I hear a lot of good words about the Trials from runners in and around Hayward Field, but "fun" isn't one of them. I hear that out here.

THURSDAY, JULY 6

The meet is going into Phase II, a time of second and last chances.

Jim Ryun and Tom Von Ruden, Greg Fredericks and Gerry Lindgren don't have the insurance they were looking for. They missed out in their first events and are now down to their last chances. Dave Wottle has it made and is now looking for a choice. Mark Winzenried and Juris Luzins are so disheartened by the turn of events that they've gone home. Steve Prefontaine and George Young are confident enough not to need the security of an earlier race. And Marty Liquori and Steve Stageberg are seeing races that they might have won being run without them.

From all appearances, Ryun is confident and relaxed. Last week, he decided to sit in at a distance clinic for coaches. The door-keeper barred him.

"Have you paid your tuition?" the guard asked. Ryun told him no, he hadn't, and turned to walk away.

"Are you competing in the trials?" the man asked Jim. Ryun nodded.

"Oh, yeah. What event?"

"The decathlon," Ryun said, laughing at his own humor as he left.

After the 800 final, where Jim was shoved back to fourth at the end, he walked around the track with his coach, Bob Timmons. It was almost dark, and the race had been over for more than an hour. Ryun smiled at Timmons and said, "You know, after all these years you'd think I'd know better than to run a race that way." Jim wasn't castigating himself, as he has done before. He was looking forward to better tactics in the 1500.

His chances of getting to Munich, one way or other, couldn't be much better. Jim said he'd be hard to beat in the 1500. Dave Wottle said that if he made the 1500 team and Ryun didn't, he'd probably give Jim his spot in the shorter race.

Today at least, this speculation about who would and wouldn't do what looked academic. The only question seemed to be who would get there first, Ryun or Wottle.

Marty Liquori is covering the meet for ABC. He sits in the athletes' section—a fenced cage on the south curve. His sore foot and the other rest on the bench in front of him. He has his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

Liquori sits expressionless, his dark eyes following the 1500 heats. His only sign of excitement comes as Ryun goes past on the last lap. Marty lifts his head and yells, "Stay loose, Jim."

Jack Bachelor and Frank Shorter watch the heats with Liquori. They've both pulled out of the 5000 in favor of the marathon. Shorter has one shoe off, exposing ugly looking blisters to the breeze.



An elated Jim Ryun greets wife Anne after the 1500. (Kasper)

Somewhere else in the stadium, Steve Stageberg is looking on. He's from Eugene. Last fall he said, "I don't say 'if I make the Olympic team.' I say, 'when I make it.' I'm that sure of being there." In the next breath, though, Steve complained about his foot trouble. That is the reason he's watching today, same as Liquori.

Steve Prefontaine said, "I'll run as easy as I can to qualify." He gets carried away by the commotion in the stands and does a brisk last mile. He then takes two victory laps.

A number of out-of-town folks don't share Eugene's love for "Pre." The common sentiment in the athletes' cage is, "I don't want to see him miss the team. But I'd sure give anything to see Young or Hilton or someone eat him alive on the last lap."

George Young goes through his heat with a minimum of fuss, attracting almost no attention. He finishes, snatches up his bag and jogs straight out the gate.

FRIDAY, JULY 7

The 1968 Trials were stormy, with black protest simmering on the edge of an explosion. In contrast, this year's meet has been pleasantly free of racial overtones.

The problems of this Trials have been colorblind. The main issue is money—or lack of it. Runners can't understand why a meet raising several hundred thousand dollars off their sweat can't put up \$14 apiece a day for their room and board. The Olympic Committee pleads that this would "violate international rules," but the excuse sounds flimsy.

Runners, both black and white, are sleeping on floors and eating 20-cent hamburgers to get by. Not many runners, but some who don't have a school, a wealthy club or the US armed forces backing them.

Today, however, an old-style racial flareup is brewing. I wouldn't want to over-inflate it. But it is real and indicates a depth of feeling that track people don't often recognize because events are normally the clear property of one race or the other. Blacks in the sprints and jumps, whites in the distances and strength events. It's de facto segregation.

The 1500 has a rare mixture. Three of the top 10 men are black—Clifton West, Willie Eashman and Reggie McAfee.

Tension started rising early. West got bumped off the track in yesterday's first round. He didn't finish. But officials tried to be fair. They disqualified Jere Van Dyk of Oregon (they couldn't be much more fair than that) and passed West into the next round. Van Dyk appealed to higher authorities and got reinstated. Meanwhile, Eashman and McAfee made it through the heats.

Today, however, as Eashman is walking near the stadium a bicyclist runs him down. An ambulance takes him to the hospital and his hip is x-rayed. "Only bruises," he's told. Willie is in the first heat. He's limping and making faces as he lines up. In the reshuffled heats, Eashman is up against Jerome Howe, Dave Wottle and Van Dyk.

Van Dyk, originally disqualified for allegedly knocking West off the track, figuratively pushes Eashman back to fourth. Only the first three are scheduled to advance. Eashman's outspoken coach, Mal Andrews, wearing a blue turban, howls in protest.

The situation gets more complicated. McAfee and West are in the last heat. There's a bumping incident on the last curve, involving McAfee and Howell Michael. Michael wins, McAfee is second and Duncan Macdonald is third. West passes disheartened Tom Von Ruden but apparently he misses the final.

But wait. Michael is disqualified for pushing McAfee. West again advances through the back door.

No sooner are the heats over than a large and angry group

of blacks gathers around coach Andrews. Police and officials clear the track. A blacks-only protest meeting is planned for Friday night, to plan strategy. 1968 revisited.

The Olympic Committee quickly cools the situation by reinstating Michael and adding an extra from each heat to the final. West and Eashman get in. Joe Savage, a tall blond, doesn't get the word before flying out of Eugene.

SATURDAY, JULY 8

Dave Wottle and Sid Sink know a little about instant fame. They're roommates, both at Bowling Green State University and here in Eugene. They've each watched from the shadows as the other has gone through the hero ritual.

Last year Dave was hurt. Two stress fractures (one on each foot) and bursitis kept him out of racing for eight months. Meanwhile, Sink was risking through the steeplechase ranks. Sid set an American record here in Eugene last June. Suddenly, fame.

"Nothing has gone right in the steeple since then," Sid says now. "Ever since I set the record, I've been tight. I've been expecting too much of myself."

Sid ran next-to-last in the steeplechase final last week. His time was over nine minutes. No more reporters were chasing him, squeezing comments from his head. They were making a new hero: Dave Wottle.

Dave is learning about fame here, and the lessons come hard for a man who has a second race to think about. Ever since he tied the world 800 record—quite unexpectedly—he hasn't had a moment's peace.

"The reporters seem to find me wherever I am," Dave told these same men. "They all want to know my life history. I feel like mimeographing off a copy, of what I've done in the last eight years."

Dave wasn't kidding. He finally did just that—typing out facts from his eight-year running career and Xeroxing copies to placate the hungry pressmen.

Wottle is finding out the same thing Jon Anderson has. Anderson says, as if pleading for relief, "I never knew I had so many friends." ("Friends" sounds as if he's putting it in quotes.)

The 800 threw Wottle off-stride. He hadn't planned on it happening that way. Now all the talk is about a Ryun-Wottle confrontation in the 1500. This disturbs Dave.

"I'm not interested in any confrontation," he says. "I just want to run a good race and make the team."

Dave is resting in the athletes' dorm a couple of hours before the 1500. A reporter barges in and asks for "just a 20-minute interview."

Wottle says, "Here I am trying to get myself psyched up for a race and this man wants to talk for 20 minutes. I told him he had to wait until later."

Wottle is learning what Jim Ryun learned a long time ago. How to say no. Ryun is criticized as being closed-mouthed and stand-offish. But if he were perfectly open, he'd never get time to run.

Ryun has been flown in here by helicopter. He gives no pre-race interviews, period. Afterwards, he talks to the press when he's ready. He knows this is the only way he can make it.

Jim's wide smile and raised arms at the end of his 1500 tell the whole story anyway. He takes an uncharacteristic victory lap, and a sympathetic crowd roars a sigh of relief for him.

Wottle seems almost as relieved to be second. He has escaped a week that has been as disturbing as it has been satisfying. The worst is over now that he has his Xeroxed answers and the nerve to say no. Sid Sink has warned Dave, too, about the permanence of fame in this sport.

SUNDAY, JULY 9

The marathon is different. It's true that this marathon is different from all others in the US because of its select field. But even this marathon is different from all track races. Today's last two distance races—both having the same object—are evidence of that.

The marathon starts and finishes in the stadium, in front of the crowd. The first three laps there are a warmup. The last one is sort of an en route victory lap. The real race is out on the roads, generally out of sight. This fact, and of course the distance, profoundly influences the character of the event. A Steve Prefontaine would be lost there.

The Eugene crowd enflames Prefontaine, and vice versa. All week, "Pre" has carried on psychological warfare with his competitors, and the people here are either loving him or hating him for it. There is no in-between.

Prefontaine is witty and open. He says the things other runners think but don't say. Every time he opens his mouth in Eugene, a reporter is there to take down his words.

"How fast will I run?" Steve told a local newsman. "Faster than George Young would want to run, I hope."

Ah ha, the seeds of a grudge match. Flashy kid vs. cool veteran. Words were exchanged via the papers.

Prefontaine: "I imagine I'll end up taking the lead. Young is another of those guys who lets everybody else do the work."

Young: "If I thought he had the race won, I wouldn't be here."

Fans dig this kind of hero-villain stuff. They chose the man to put in each of those roles. "Go Pre" tee-shirts are matched in equal number by red "Stop Pre" stopsigns on the front of white shirts. Gerry Lindgren warms up in one of the latter.

The old stadium bulges with its biggest crowd. The hysteria builds with every lap. This sounds like a cliché, but Prefontaine's reception at Hayward Field is a cliché.

Pre bursts with two laps left. Young is the only one to stay with him. They run a 60-second next-to-last lap. Prefontaine steps up the pressure. Young turns loose, and it's all over but the shouting—which goes on and on and on.

Five minutes of sustained shouting later, Steve leads a bevy of autograph seekers around the track. He's wearing a "Stop Pre" tee-shirt that Lindgren gave him.

Marathoners apparently don't feel much need for psychological warfare. Good-natured digs at each other are about as far as they get. They look nervous at the start, but the nerves seem inner-directed—perhaps weather- and course-directed, too.

Kenny Moore and Frank Shorter are all but conceded the top two places. The prevailing sentiment is, "If all goes well, maybe third..." The way to do it, everyone seems to think, is to keep third place in sight. It makes for a survival-of-the-fittest race this way, particularly in 75-degree sunshine.

By actual count, 62 people—the hard core—are waiting for the race to pass the mouth of the footbridge across the Willamette. This is about the 14-mile point. Moore and Shorter come by first, still fresh enough to chat. Mark Covert is several seconds back, working hard to stay up. Then come Dave White, John Loeschhorn and Tom Laris, then Jack Bachelier and Jeff Galloway. An interesting first group: two 10,000 men who've made the team, two who didn't and three of the kind of long shots who've been slipping in throughout this meet.

We head back to the stadium, a mile away, as the runners go the opposite direction for their second loop. Halfway across the bridge, a half-dozen marathoners jog past. They've had enough. One turns to another and says in a drawl, "I'm gonna feel guilty as hell coming back into that stadium this way."

He walks in without his numbered shirt, to partially conceal his identity.

Another runner walks back barefoot. He says he'd just dropped out when he heard someone hollering, "Does anyone have a pair of 9½ shoes?" He told the man, "Here, I won't need mine." Bob Wagner made a quick change and ran on.

The announcer says, "Ken Moore and Frank Shorter have just passed 25 miles, still together." He gets distracted by the high jump and never says who's third. Last we heard, it was still Covert.

Tom Laris walks in and sits down to watch the finish. Moore and Shorter arrive through the north gate a few minutes later. They're still chatting. They look like they're talking about tying. Kenny offers a hand, and Frank shakes his head. Shorter chops his step as if to let Moore win at home. It's called a tie.

Long minutes later, the next runners come in. Jack Bachelier's head is the first thing people inside see. Galloway is still with him. They too come to the line together, both smiling. Galloway pats Jack on the back at the same place on the track where Bachelier was disqualified from the 10,000 exactly one week earlier. Galloway lets Bachelier on the team.

All the way down to the last man (who waits outside the stadium until the 5000 ends, then wades through the crowd to finish), there are no competitive endings. The race is as good as over before it gets back here. The 385 yards on the track is a victory lap or, maybe, a last insult.

MONDAY, JULY 10

It's 6:30 in the morning the day after. I'm running alone in the stadium—alone with the Pepsi cups, discarded complimentary copies of the *University of Oregon Emerald*, results sheets from Sunday's events, and assorted other visible wastes.

The gates that had been barred by badge-wearing guards most of the last 11 days are thrown open now, inviting Eugene's army of joggers to retake the ground. "Marathon Gate"—the makeshift piece of fence that opened for the marathoners yesterday afternoon, has surrendered to an onslaught of field-rushers. The chain-link fence lies flattened on the track.

The place looks tired, dirty, battered and yet satisfied that overall it has produced a good show. Now the show has moved on, leaving debris and memories behind.

Athletes, looking equally tired and battered, are checking out of the dorm next door to the stadium. The stand outfront, waiting to catch rides to the airport so they can fly away from Eugene.

A marathoner crouches under the hood of his Mustang. He has a thousand-mile drive to make, back home to Los Angeles. The reality of his situation is already obvious to him. Yesterday he couldn't finish his marathon. Now he can't start his car.

1972 OLYMPIC GAMES — Booklet Number 17

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ABOVE: The Olympic 5000 team takes shape. Steve Prefontaine, George Young and Leonard Hilton finished in this order—though farther apart. (Stan Pantovic photo)



RIGHT: A happy ending to the Florida story. Frank Shorter (left) ties for first in the marathon. Jack Bachelor (center) makes it in the long race after Jeff Galloway, a 10,000 qualifier, helps him through. (Bob Kasper)

“... Warming up is probably the worst part of the total experience. A race may be won or lost by what happens inside the head in that short time. I was afraid to even listen to what was going on in mine. I didn't dare look at anyone else. They were the ones I had to beat. . . I thought of 11 years, hundreds of races, thousands of miles, pointing now to this race. . .”

FIVE MINUTES IN FREDERICK

BY FRANCIE KRAKER JOHNSON

The short drive from the Holiday Inn of Frederick to the Thomas Johnson High School stadium brought us along a highway studded with signs pointing the way to the women's Olympic Trials. The soft Maryland hills were already obscured by darkness on this perfectly still summer night. The air was balmy and fragrant with roses and damp earth, while fireflies made their periodic presence known.

From the highway the bright green oval, rimmed with black and dotted with several thousand spectators, became a stage—and the drama already had been underway for hours. It was a microcosm of experience, of striving, time's passage, letdowns and small joys. It was suddenly, and simply, everything.

I remembered the bottle of champagne on ice that I had forgotten to bring. I drove back and got it, delaying for 10 minutes my own entrance onto that bright stage. It all counted here, all of it. The little psychs, the trying to look beyond the lonely reality of the test to a positive aftermath. I knew that for most of them it had already been decided on that field. The 1500 meters was last; I and my competitors would be the last to know.

I knew that the 800, my race in Mexico and one I had almost run here, was already over. Yet I didn't dare look for the faces that would give me the answers. I cared too much to want to know until it was over. The cruelty which gives this game meaning had already decided for everyone else, had thinned them all down to three.

I thought of *La Supreme*, Madeline Manning Jackson, and knew she had made it. There was never a question there. No one else but she and injured Terry Crawford, who hadn't reached the final, had made the 2:05 standard. Cheryl Toussaint, seeming a sure thing over the last two years, had been unable to win races or break 2:06. She was trying a double in the 400, not knowing where she would have the best chance. Her speed was incredibly good, her strength becoming doubtful. She had had a tough and demanding competitive schedule all year, starting early in January with a world record over 600 yards. Yet only last week she had found a kick too late and had lost her national championship to young Carol Hudson.

Carol, after last week's victory, became the most likely possibility to make the third spot, if not the second. Her long legs had taken her over a 53.6 400, but she also had been unable to break 2:06. So she was also doubling in the 400, also trying to find the surest thing to Munich.

Wendy Koenig, one of the 16-year-old heroines of the USA-USSR indoor after winning the 800 there, had also been winning a lot early in the outdoor season. She won in the dual meet with Canada in May, yet at last week's AAU in Canton, Ohio, appeared to have been steadily losing form since. She ended up fifth, running a 2:09. She had been running alone in Estes Park without coaching for months, and brave and determined a competitor as she is, it was beginning to take its toll.

Cis Schafer, who had run a surprised third place in the AAU, still had not broken 2:07 but could make the race extremely interesting, having led into the homestretch at Canton.

Nancy Shafer had finally seen almost a year without injuries and was beginning to show some of the form which three years ago had given her international standing with a 2:04.6.

The others, Anne Gallagher from Phoenix and Nancy Mullins from Sacramento, would probably run the race of their lives and—though they had no chance of seeing 2:05—could keep the race wide open.

A good fast pace made very hot times look possible with a 60-second first 400. But the presence of unbeatable Madeline seemed to put a damper on the competitiveness of the others. Toussaint followed Manning, and everyone else followed Toussaint. The pace dropped off immediately after the 400 as everyone waited and waited.

Off the turn, it was still Manning leading Toussaint, with Nancy Shafer battling desperately down the straight with Carol Hudson for that third spot. Hudson's recent success and experience paid off as she beat Shafer by less than a stride.

It remained for all of these runners except Manning to try to make the 2:05 standard. Since two spots on the team were open until Aug. 13, this gave Terry Crawford an excellent chance to recover from her injury, and if a spot opened she could still go to Munich.

These facts I didn't learn until later. Manning was fourth in the 400, which made her a member of the 1600-meter relay team. Toussaint was fifth, which made her an alternate, Carol Hudson placed only seventh.

Only the 1500 meters remained as the climax to a Trials which had already produced tremendous competitive efforts.

Warming up is probably the worst part of the total experience. A race may be won or lost by what happens inside the head in that short time. I was afraid to even listen to what was going on in mine. Francie Larriue's face was set in a determination that had to mean that she was going to burn for a world record. I didn't dare look at anyone else. They were the ones I had to beat.

I thought of 11 years, hundreds of races, thousands of miles, pointing now to this race. I thought of rain, freezing driving rain on 10-mile runs. I had named the rain for Doris Brown. Doris comes from rain country and I had never beaten her in all these years. Perhaps those rain saturated runs this last year could beat her now. She had had injuries all year, yet she rarely saw a completely injury-free year and still came so often on top. She had already run the Olympic standard with a 4:17.7.

I remembered miles and miles of blizzard days, eyebrows and ears encrusted with ice, eyes barely open in the gale, finding solid ground only through inches, even feet, of soft snow. I had named the snow for Kathy Gibbons, for her sun-washed Arizona days. It had been easier to beat blizzards than her over the last year and a half, for she is as tough and gutsy a competitor as I have ever raced. She, too, had broken the standard with a 4:18.9, a personal best.

I had named Francie Larriue the wind. She has been elusive, even inconsistent, since she first appeared in 1969 as a 16-

year-old prodigy. Yet her tremendous determination and ability brought her around this year to some incredible performances, climaxed by a solo 4:14.2 American record and personal best 1500 by 2.6 seconds, and a personal best 2:04.8 800 meters. She said she had lost 10 pounds this year, that her family had gotten into health foods. She looked terribly fit.

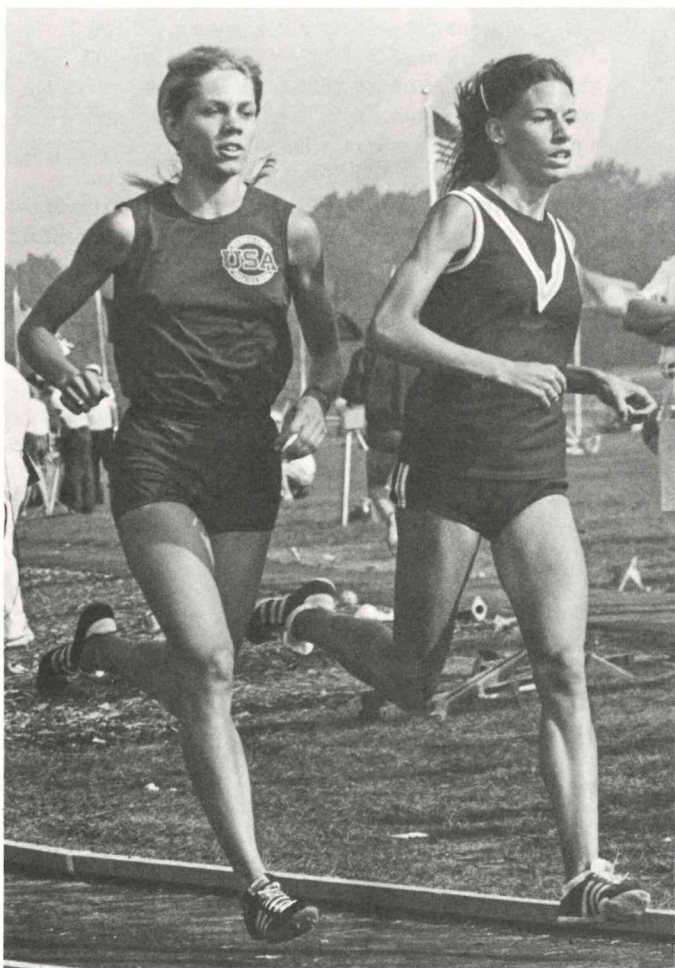
I had named Debbie Heald for the hills I found so tough to run. Only Debbie, after her fantastic indoor world record mile against the Russians, was out again with her foot in a cast.

I had no name for Teri Anderson. She had come out of the Kansas plains, a total unknown, and run a solo 4:41 mile in April, and was suddenly in absolute contention. She was a mystery. She was 18 years old and obviously terribly strong. A road runner, another distance freak, she might do anything.

I also had no name for Eileen Claugus. I only knew she would be there. She copped second place in the AAU in a race that I didn't finish. I knew how strong and tough she was. She had been second place in the world cross-country in March. But I knew she would suffer for lack of speed. She would have a rough time making the Olympic standard of 4:20.

Barbara Lawson, who was third in last year's AAU, had not been running up to par all year and was in doubtful contention.

Brenda Webb ran the race of her life to qualify, an impressive 4:27 and almost a 10-second improvement over her previous best. Judy Graham from Los Angeles, a strong and aggressive competitor, had been injured and was an unknown factor.



Francie Johnson (left) runs here with Francie Larrieu. Both got their best times in the women's 1500 trials. Johnson ran 4:15.2, Larrieu 4:10.4. (Jeff Johnson)

Seventeen-year-old Eileen Claugus missed qualifying for the Olympic 1500 team by just one place. (Jeff Johnson photo)



Sue Parks also ran her best to qualify, and if she could repeat would be a factor in the total race, if not in the top three.

That was the field, the best field of American milers ever assembled. Perhaps the race had already been decided in those months and those moments before the gun. In 4½ minutes we would all know.

At the gun, Graham streaked for the lead but was passed at the 200 by Larrieu, and dropped back. Brown tucked in behind Larrieu, Gibbons and Anderson—overanxious and still inexperienced—ran wide even on the turn, afraid to lose contact. At the 440, Larrieu, Brown, Gibbons and Anderson were a blazing 64. I was back two strides in a 65, and it was still too fast. No one else was even there. I wasn't aware of Claugus, whose lack of speed already had her struggling to maintain contact. The race was already split into three separate groups.

Coming into the 880, I could have been 30 seconds behind instead of three. Larrieu, Brown and Gibbons were an incredible 2:11, with Anderson dropping a second behind that, while I came through in 2:14.

Just before the turn, Gibbons jumped Brown and moved into second—an unbelievable move at that pace—and it was becoming either the race of the century or total mania. Tearing down the straight into the gun lap, still in fifth place, Anderson started to come back to me, but the fear still nagged that the tight group of three up there could still be the Olympic team, and I wasn't even there.

Then, suddenly, on the turn, I was beside Anderson, then beyond her. They were calling out the 1320, and it was 3:21 for them, 3:24 for me, five seconds faster than I had ever run in my life. Larrieu by then was out of sight. I could only see Brown and she didn't react when I went by. Then it was Gibbons on the turn and she was behind me, and I knew I wasn't going to see Larrieu in this race.

I was blind and deaf. I could only feel the hardness of the track, numbing my legs. My feet were no longer a part of my body. I was running on stumps. And then it was over and I turned around to see Doris come in third. I was glad.

Then I was on my knees, wrapped in people, and Doris was on the ground, and someone said something about German beer, and I thought that being sick might be a good idea. The images of color, doves, flags waving, bands, marching, a hundred languages, *Oktoberfest, Munchen*. I couldn't even grasp it then. Only that it was over.



IT RUNS IN LARRIEU'S FAMILY

BY JOE HENDERSON

Ron and Francie Larrieu are brother and sister, but they are almost a generation apart in age. Ron is 16 years older. He had grown up and left home before his little sister was old enough to know him.

Ron set an American record for six miles in the summer of 1964, then earned this way to the Olympics at Tokyo in the 10,000. Francie was 11 then, and she wasn't much interested in a brother she barely knew, running somewhere far away.

Francie's social studies teacher was aware of Ron's running. The teacher asked her to stand up and tell the class about him.

Skinny little Frances Larrieu got up, hung her head self-consciously and mumbled, "Well, my brother is running in the Olympics." Then she shrugged and said, "Big deal."

No longer awkward and disinterested, Francie recalls, "I really didn't know much about it. I was very young, and was involved in many other things at that age. A little terror is what I was. I was in with the wrong gang. If anybody knew me then and knows me now, they'd say 'What a change!'"

"But I was always competitive. Even then I was competitive. One thing we always had to do in PE was run a lap around the blacktop. I couldn't *stand* to have anybody beat me. I always had to be first. It just *bugged* me to have anyone finish ahead of me." She talks expressively, almost in italics.

Ron kept running after the 1964 Games. In fact, some of his best running came then. He was a late-maturer, with his fastest times coming between age 27 and 30. The Larrieu family traveled from their home near San Francisco into the valley town of Modesto each year to watch Ron run. Two years after the Olympics, Francie went along. She still didn't know much about running, and apparently didn't care. "It was just my turn to go that year," she says.

The meet had a half-mile for girls. Marie Mulder ran and won it, and in the process set off a spark in young Francie Larrieu.

After watching the race, Francie turned to her father and pleaded, "Daddy, I want to run, too."

Mr. Larrieu turned to Ron and pleaded, "What am I going to do with this kid? She wants to run." Ron told him to call his old high school coach. Maybe he could suggest something. Or maybe by the time they got home the inspiration would be dead.

It didn't die. Francie was a competitor. She joined the girls track team. It folded two months later. She continued training the next two years with the boys coach and team at her school. "(Heaven forbid!" she says as she thinks back to high school.)

"From the day I started," Francie says, "the Olympics was my goal. I was going to make it in '68, and only started in '66. I was going to make it in the 800 meters, which was the longest distance they had for women. Then I realized I hadn't even been to a national championship, let alone the Olympic Trials."

At about the time of the Olympics, a girls club coach,

Estle Argabright, called Francie. He said, "I think you've got a lot of potential. Why don't you come and join our team?" She was a junior in high school when she became part of the San Jose Cindergals. Within a year, she was on an international team for the first time at age 16.

"That was really neat," says Francie, who's no longer a little girl, but retains girlish enthusiasm in small but attractive amounts.

Ron Larrieu matured late, arriving on the international scene only after a dozen years of buildup. His sister Francie essentially made it in one. She set an American record for 1500 meters on her first overseas tour, with 4:16.8 in 1969. She ran internationally again in 1970.

Then last year she had troubles. "A week before the Trials for the Russian meet, I caught a virus. I was in bed for a couple of days. I ran anyway and placed fifth, and my coach doesn't feel I recovered psychologically from that till late April of this year. He feels that's when I really was back on my feet again."

Before that, though, she had problems with her knee—the only serious injury she has ever had. "Whether it was psychological or it was really there," she says, "we haven't figured out yet."

This year's training didn't begin in earnest until early March. Then it was two-a-day, with emphasis on endurance. In past years, coach Argabright had run Francie in northern California's open road races. She is capable of clicking off sub-6:00 pace for up to 10 miles. Because of the knee, there was no road running this winter and spring. Instead, there were "overdistance" races and time-trials on the track. One of them was a 9:55 two-mile—the best ever by a woman.

"Some of my mile and a halves in practice show that I can run faster," she says. "My best is 7:11. I figured in that one I could at least have gone on to run 9:50. Now he (coach) wants me to do three miles under 15 minutes. That's moving!"

On the heavy training diet, and with a modified eating plan, she lost 10 pounds that she couldn't seem to afford to lose. She's just over 5'4" and just under 100 pounds. There was nothing extreme in her dietary changes. Mostly she just cut out cereal.

"This was my breakfast before: cereal and orange juice. My snack before I went to bed would be cereal and orange juice. I was working, and if I didn't have time to make a lunch, I'd just come home and have cereal and orange juice. That's all I'd eat."

Her training didn't change any in type. Asked the difference between this year's program and her previous one, she simply says, "It's harder now." Then she adds, after a pause, "A little bit more, a lot harder, and a lot, *lot* more dedication."

Dedication is one of her favorite words. It crops up a lot in her conversations. She can't conceal her displeasure at the casual way some of her young teammates approach the sport.

"I get really frustrated at practice when I see that they have the ability, but they're just not putting forth the effort. . . I *always* put forth the effort. I've just realized that you have to work hard for what you get. It's really frustrating to watch these other girls who are so natural and so smooth. If they

LEFT: Francie Larrieu. (Stan Pantovic photo)

would put their whole heart into it, they would really be fantastic."

Francie has put her whole heart into it the last few months. She quit her job and was going to school last winter. This summer she was not working or going to school. Just running and resting.

"Running is a job," she says. "I consider it a full-time job. I have put running first in my life. I even put it above my schooling. During this year, if I was really tired and needed a nap before practice, I'd skip my afternoon class and go home and take a nap. I didn't make a practice of it. I made a practice of getting my rest. But if something came up..."

Francie ran her fast two-mile in May. Just about then, her coach added speedwork to her training. She immediately lowered her 800 best by almost four seconds—to 2:04.8. Then came an American record for 1500 with 4:14.2. The she won the AAU in 4:18. Up to this point, she'd had no real competition at the end of her races—and not much at the start. She expected plenty in the Olympic Trials. She describes that race.

"I had no idea how fast I was running. My pace was supposed to be 66 for the first quarter. I came by in 64. I heard someone on my tail. I thought it was Doris (Brown), and I said myself to, 'Oh, man, I'm not going to let Doris beat me this time. I'm really going to have a true victory over Doris.' Of course she had tendinitis, so was it a true victory?"

"When I heard 64, I said, 'Oh, no!' I think I purposely slowed it down then. I came by again and heard 2:10-2:11. I felt good and thought, 'Well, I'll try for one more lap.' I came by 3:21. I had no conception where 3:21 put me on the final scale, because I'd never even figured anything under 3:24. I had 3:24 figured out for a 4:12. 'Oh, no. 3:21,' I thought. 'What am I doing?'"

She finished in 4:10.4—only eight-tenths of a second above the world record. Was she aware that she was so close?

"No. My milkshake time was 4:12.8."

Milkshake time?

"Oh, it's deal we have with my coach. He sets up a time that he feels we're capable of running at that particular time. Maybe a little bit faster than what he thinks we can do. He set it up at 4:12.8. He gives it to us before we run, and then if I make the time I get a milkshake. It's fun."

American women's track experts have had a hard time taking Francie Larrieu seriously. Dick Bank, former commentator for CBS, wrote last fall that Francie (and Doris Brown as well) doesn't have the speed to stay with the Europeans in a fast race. Bank thought then that it would take a time close to four minutes to win at Munich, and that it would take a fast sprinter to do it. At the time, Francie's best half-mile was 2:08.

Vince Reel, editor of *Women's Track and Field World* (a US publication), listed his Olympic picks in the July/August edition. Larrieu wasn't among the top 20. The feeling there, perhaps, was that Francie is too young and inexperienced to compete with the Europeans. The average age of the women listed is 26½. Francie is just 19.

"My speed has come down quite a bit this year," she says. "It's really helped me a lot psychologically. Like when I went by 2:11 at the half in the Olympic Trials, I felt confident. You know, 2:05 is my best, so I can keep running. I've always had the strength. Now I have some speed. But I know, too, that a lot of women I'll be running against in Munich run around 2:02, or even faster."

Francie thinks it will be a strength race, and that she has the necessary strength. It's going to take 4:20 to get through the heats, she thinks, and 4:15 to survive the semis two days later. The final is two days after that.

"Personally," she says, "I feel you've got to have the speed and you've got to have the distance background to do it. I think this has been my advantage. That's what my coach feels, too. By the time we get to that third race, it's going to be the people with that distance background that are going to come through. I'm not familiar with the East Germans (world record holder Karin Burneleit and Gunhild Hoffmeister, both sub-2:01 for 800). But I know Paola Pigni-Cacchi is the only other one who runs overdistance. She runs a fantastic 3000 (world record of 9:09 this year)."

Francie had received a letter from Dick Bank a few days before talking with an *RW* reporter. She is excited by the things he told her. One thing he said was that the last lap of Burneleit's record race had been 62.5. But the first half had been only 2:15.

"There's the difference," Francie says. "My first half was in 2:10-2:11. You get those girls running 2:10, and I don't think they're going to be able to run a 62 last quarter. If I'm anywhere near at the end, I'm strong enough mentally that I really think I can carry it through."

Bank, a man not accustomed to handing out empty flattery, told Francie in his letter that she "looked a lot better" than she used to, that she had developed good speed and a strong finish, and that she had a good background.

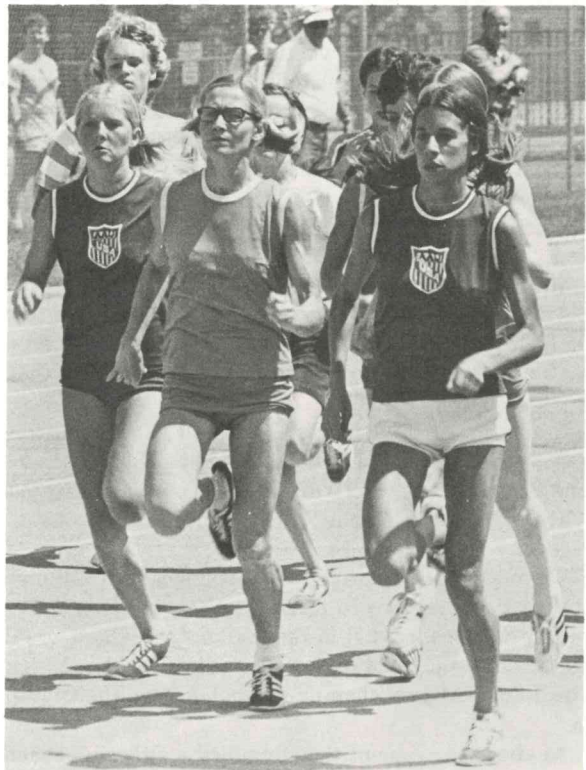
Francie smiles and says, "He now thinks I can win a gold medal"

The reporter recalls that Bank had said it would take about four minutes to win. Evidently Francie is now thinking in those terms.

Recently Francie, her brother Ron and coach Argabright were together at a meet.

Argabright told Ron, "I figure she's capable of 4:08 now." That is a second and a half below the world record.

Ron wasn't impressed. He answered, with the frankness that only a brother can, "If she's lucky, that might get her a medal. *If she's lucky.*"



Doris Brown (center) gave up her American record to Larrieu (right). (Jeff Johnson)

PASSING THE TIME IN BRITAIN

BY MICK HAMLIN

For my money—such as it is—the most enjoyable races to compete in and watch are road relays. In England, the winter season of cross-country and road racing carries on from mid-September until early April. In this period, there are two “relay seasons”—one in the fall and the other in spring.

These relays usually take the shape of four to six legs of about 2½-4 miles on the road, usually around a circuit that each runner repeats. Some, though not many in these times of heavy traffic, go from place to place. Most relays draw at least 20 teams. Clubs may enter as many teams as they can field. Awards usually go to the first three teams, three fastest laps and first “B” or “reserve” team to finish.

Because of the sheer abundance of clubs in England, these events are very well supported. Often an area can have two such relays on the same day and both can be successful. During the March-April season this year, my club raced in six relays and—apart from the national event—traveled no farther than 75 miles to reach a race.

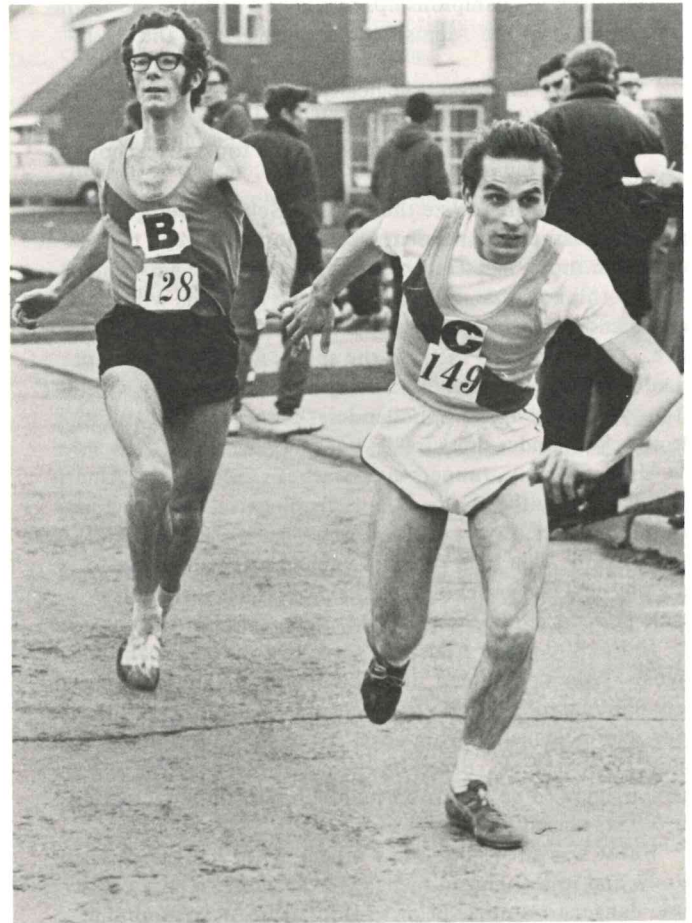
The “national” event? Yup. There is even an AAA national road relay championship. Road relays have been popular for so long now that we even have a national. It is held in late April, and is just over 50 miles. Each team has 12 runners. Six of them run long legs (approximately 5½ miles) and the other six run short legs (three miles and a bit—starting with a long one, then a short, and alternating that way throughout the relay.)

In the national, about 25 teams are invited. These are chosen from the results in respective area races. In the southern area relay, 27 teams finished and only the top nine got to the national. What a race the 1972 “southern” was! After 50 miles of relaying, the winning team—Hercules Wimbledon AC—won by one second from Reading AC. Six more teams finished within four minutes of the winner. Long as they are, these events can be real grippers to the tape.

Some pretty fantastic individual running happens, too, when a classy runner starts his stint behind and is gunning after runners in his sights all the time. In the 1971 southern race, Dave Bedford covered his 5¼-mile stage in 22:20. Think about that time for a moment; it is an average of 4:15 per mile! He carved 54 seconds off the stage record, and it was held by a runner who can do 29 minutes for 10,000 meters in a track suit. Not surprisingly, many consider that to be Bedford’s best-ever run. No one got within 1½ minutes of that time over the same route this year.

To some runners, making the national is a goal in itself. This is an event where a super-runner is useful, but the other 11 on the team have to be almost that standard as well. Despite Bedford’s fantastic run in 1971, his club didn’t qualify for the national. That is in no way to his team’s discredit, but is more of a testimony to the depth of class road runners around now.

This year’s national road relay went to the Tipton Harriers. At the final changeover, that team was 100 yards down on the Birchfield Harriers. The race included such



There’s nothing quite like it in the United States. This is a British road relay—an accepted part of the yearly program in that country. There are definite seasons for the relays. The clubs point toward the national championship, held each spring. Competition is spirited. Runner’s World photographer Mark Shearman is completing a leg of a traditional relay here, and turning the baton over to a teammate. (Ron Linstead photo)

international runners as Ian and Peter Stewart, Allan Rushmer, Ricky Wilde, Brian Kilby and many more. It brings them all out because this race is the ultimate in team events—for the stars as well as the club runners.

There are obvious problems to prevent the same kind of races from developing in the US. Lack of clubs and the distances between them pop to mind first. But imagine the kind of race you might have if the Florida Track Club’s 6 x 3-mile road relay team raced the likes of the Oregon TC, New York AC, the Southern California Striders, Club West and the UCTC. Or better yet, get the same sort of thing going in the high schools and universities.

OVERRACING AND ITS RESULTS

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN

When Don Schollander was in training for the 1964 Olympics he was faced with the prospect of three major tests in a row: the national championships at the end of July, the Olympic Trials at the end of August, and six weeks later the Olympics themselves.

"Physically and psychologically," he wrote, "it was impossible to peak for all three." He decided, therefore, to take a chance and ease off in the Trials where he took two second places to qualify for the team.

Few spectators realize the truth of Schollander's statement. They assume that the athlete comes each week to the competition more or less in the same condition. That condition, they think, is maintained by training methods which are standard and result in permanent peak condition and performance. The runner, to them, is the sports world's equivalent of the "top gun." He must win every time out or they will begin to say, as they did of Schollander, "Is he going downhill? Is he clutching under pressure?"

Unfortunately, runners and coaches raised on the American tradition of either testing themselves against the top guns or maintaining their own position as top guns ask themselves the same question. The final result of such constant affronts to man's physical and psychological capabilities is just such a debacle as occurred in the men's Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore.

In the 800-meter trials, the three fastest Americans of last year—Tom Von Ruden, Juris Luzins, and Mark Winzenried—were eliminated. The trio had held starring roles through the indoor season, traveling from coast to coast and frequently running twice a week. Based on their past records, the race at Eugene seemed to be a mere formality before they picked up their tickets for Munich.

But it was not to be. They failed. They had succumbed to a new and unrecognized menace—overracing. The greatest known danger to runners prior to this has been overtraining. The effects of daily practices of grueling intensity and duration have been fairly well documented. And although coaches continue to tread the line which separates fitness from exhaustion, most are fully aware of the hazards.

Overracing, however, is a less evident threat. Moreover, it is insidious. The race, you see, is the lovemaking of the runner. This is his peak experience. The clock, that unforgiving minute, is there to be tested and enjoyed. So are the other competitors providing the tempo that makes each race so different from the next, and the crowd whose shouts keep you continually keyed up and reaching for your best effort. Beyond this moment of truth, there are the medals and the championships and races with names like Wanamaker Mile and cups big enough to put a baby in. It is a package few can resist. Von Ruden, Luzins and Winzenried, along with Greg Fredericks and others, couldn't.

Von Ruden went stale. Luzins' arch acted up. Winzenried came down with achilles tendonitis. Overracing bore its fruit. For Greg Fredericks, overracing seemed no problem. The inter-collegiate world of Penn State seemed a protective environment against the lure of the indoor and outdoor circuit. But Fredericks fell for a greater bait, an AAU championship in the 10,000-meter run, which he won with an American record. He left himself no time physically and psychologically to peak again for the Trials two weeks later.

As the week in Eugene went by, American coaches were being taught a lesson one of them already knew. Bill Bower-

man, the first coach in this country to recognize the dangers of overtraining, was also the first to realize the hazards of overracing. And at the Trials his pupils took five of 12 berths in the four longest runs.

How does Bill Bowerman do it? How come that year after year his Oregon runners are the best in the country and frequently the best in the world? What is the Bowerman secret?

What he does is evident. His method is simplicity itself. From the lowest level of ability (he has co-authored a book on jogging), he has advocated the hard day-easy day program—a hard day of work and an easy day to recoup. For some, this might even be two easy days. Running should be fun, he thinks. It should be approached with zest, he believes. Very little is to be gained, he states, by torturing yourself.

So Bowerman avoids the overtraining menace, and by varying his courses and practices he has helped his runners resist the lure of overracing. So Oregon runners are only rarely seen during cross-country, which Bowerman views as a season for building up the distance man. Races, he claims, interfere with that progress and—even worse—may tear the runner down.

An Oregon runner in an indoor meet is an even rarer event. Bowerman waits for the outdoor season before he gets his men into high gear, pointing toward the later stages of the season. Then and only then all systems are go.

The basic pattern begins to emerge. Bowerman views track as a lifetime activity (Eugene is the "jogging capital") which can be made enjoyable and rewarding year in and year out. And like all human activities it follows the seasons as we build up gradually to a yearly peak performance. We leave that like a mark on a tree to which we return in a year to see how much taller and stronger we've become.

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THE OTHER (OVER-40) OLYMPICS

BY TOM STURAK



Peter Mundle, a pioneer in US over-40 running, gets a shot at world competition in Germany. (S. Pantovic)

Munich is almost but not quite where it's all at late this summer if you're an over-40 athlete (and your name isn't Jack Foster). While the Games rage, some of the world's finest veteran track and field men will be contesting a series of meets ranging from London through Scandinavia. The tour climaxes at the World Veterans championships in Cologne, West Germany, which might be thought of as the "Other Olympics." Along the way, there will also be competition in orienteering, cross-country, walking and marathoning.

The man responsible for this late-blooming internationalism is David Pain, the San Diego attorney (just turned 50) who five years ago conceived the US Masters championships. Over the past two years, he and his wife Helen have planned and organized a month-long tour featuring the following events:

- Aug. 23** 5-7-mile cross-country, Epping Forest (outside London)
- Aug. 24-25** International Veterans athletic meeting 1972 (track and field), Crystal Palace, London
- Aug. 27** All-Finish Veterans track and field meet, Olympic Stadium, Helsinki
- Sept. 1** Cross-country, Hagaparken Royal Grounds, Stockholm
- Sept. 3** Orienteering (indoctrination and competition), Oslo
- Sept. 5-6** All-Scandinavian Veterans track and field meet, Slottskogsparken, Gothenburg
- Sept. 10** Cross-country, Deerhaven Park, Copenhagen
- Sept. 13-14** World Veterans Track & field meet, Cologne
- Sept. 15-16** International Association of Veteran Long-Distance Runners championships at 5000 and 10,000 meters (track and marathon, Refrath (Cologne)).

The fully outfitted US Masters International Track Team, which leaves Oakland by charter Aug. 20, will comprise some 100 athletes. Top middle- and long-distance runners signed up for the tour include: Division I (40-49)—Bill Fitzgerald, Jim Hershberger, Graham Parnell, Virgil Yehnert, Hal Higdon and Pete Mundle; Div. II (50-59)—John Lafferty, Bob Long, Wayne Zook; Div. III (60-69)—Bud Deacon, William Andberg, and Norm Bright.

Also competing in tour events will be separate Masters teams, about 30 men each, from Australia and Canada. The "down under" contingent will be headed by outstanding Div. II distancemen John Gilmour and Wally Shepard. Best known among the Canadians are Division I runners Vic Stephens and Dennis Coveney.

The calibre of European veteran distance runners runs high. Chris Brasher, 1956 Olympic steeplechase champion, reportedly is in training. More certain, fellow Englishmen Arthur Walsham (42) and Ron Franklin (44) will be top guns at the longer distances. Walsham, who last year posted a 2:21 marathon, will probably have to run as fast in Cologne to beat the likes of 47-year-old West German Walter Weba (2:22) and 50-year-old Swede Erik Ostbye (50; 2:28).

The "Other Olympics" at Cologne figures to attract competitors from between 25 and 30 nations (including a group from Japan). Obviously, over-40 running has grown out of the "freak show" era into a viable, international phenomenon that's here to stay.

Dave Pain, the man who has done most in the US to stimulate this growth, doesn't plan to rest on his laurels. He's already planned a Christmas 1973 tour featuring competition in Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand. And at the AAU Masters championships awards banquet July 3, he announced that he has put out feelers through diplomatic channels for invitations from the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China. As San Diego distance runner Bill Stock commented afterwards, "I hope they don't discover life on Mars."

NEWS AND VIEWS

RUNNING IS CHILD'S PLAY

Children run in play for hours without tiring, without straining to a maximum. They are able to cover longer distances without stress. Yet it has taken pioneering effort over decades to destroy the prejudice that keeps school children from running long distances in competition. It is incomprehensible to me that even now children of both sexes are limited to competitive distances of 50, 60, 75 and at most 100 meters.

A healthy, active child—let's say a boy of seven, though this applies equally to a girl—will cover many kilometers in play. I tested the distance covered by a seven-year-old boy in a kind of rowdy ball game lasting two hours. The distance was nine kilometers, with 400 pauses. Using this same type of observation, proponents of interval training believed they found support for their running theory. But they forgot that a child runs at most 30-40 meters at a time, mostly even shorter distances, and that the intensity of movement can't be compared with interval training of heavier loads and shorter pauses.

Athletic medicine, which presumes to give directives for training on the basis of short experiments, missed the point completely a long time ago regarding the performance ability of children over middle and long distances. A child of 10 cannot, to be sure, perform as well on a bicycle ergometer as a 17-year-old. But what the athletic doctors did not consider is that the average younger child, because of his low body weight, is able to run distances so well that the average 17-year-old who is not trained cannot keep up with him over 1000 meters. This is the experience of a trainer, in contrast with scientific theory.

Such children are not sprinters. Rather, because of their low body weight and slightly-developed musculatures, they are decidedly endurance performers with relatively large hearts. Children of both sexes—at least up until their 10th year—can still run long distances on call, while young people after puberty cannot do this without special preparation. The child is a born long distance runner, and this ability develops through hours of play. An adult, however, would not last through such play unless he had been trained for endurance.

Rather than discouraging children in long distance running, we should promote this healthy activity. Beyond this, adults may profit themselves by imitating the "training methods" of their children.

—BY ERNST VAN AAKEN

PROMOTING WOMEN'S RUNNING?

We traveled down from western Massachusetts to New York almost in a pilgrimage to participate in an unusual event—a six-mile all-women's road race, advertised as the "Crazy Legs Marathon." I was excited and apprehensive. For once I was to run a real distance race with good competition. I thought women were finally being allowed to run distance. We were finally being accepted as something more than freaks. I was proud.

When we arrived at the Tavern on the Green in Central Park, the Crazy Legs people and the Road Runners Club welcomed us warmly. Then the perversion started. At the registration table, we were given—and told to wear—tee-shirts that said "Crazy Legs Marathon" and had our numbers stenciled on them. Normally we get a number to put on our favorite running costume. Since it was hot, the Crazy Legs shirt with sleeves was not what I intended to wear. We became 74 walking-running advertisements for Crazy Legs—

a shaving cream for ladies, something that I do not use and furthermore do not wish to advertise.

Okay, okay, so we were exploited a bit, but we didn't have much choice. We all lined up like good little girls (clean shaven against air friction) and the gun went off. Jackie Dixon and our hero of the day, a male pacer whom I'll call Captain Midnight, sprinted into the lead. I battled with Nina Kuscsik for a mile and then began to move away. My aim was to catch Jackie, who by now was a hundred yards ahead. I felt confident and good.

My friend Tom Derderian came up beside me and ran about a mile. I will admit this was probably my fastest and by far the easiest mile of the entire race. But I began to feel guilty. Tom was talking to me, encouraging me and keeping me informed of Nina's progress. Up ahead, Captain Midnight encouraged Jackie. Poor Nina ran alone. I told Tom to stop and to let me run my own race. The next three miles were hard. I pushed and tried to force myself to gain on Jackie. I made a little progress, but it was too late. My only memories of her are the white tee-shirt and a man who kept turning around and looking at me. Jackie won by 39 seconds.

I guess there is no real way of predicting how the race would have turned out if Midnight had not felt it his male duty to pace the leader. One thing I know: when you race you run alone. Winning a race is being upfront alone with all tensions and eyes aimed at the back of your head. Perhaps both Jackie and I should be disqualified for being paced and the other runners, the ones who had to do it physically and mentally alone, be given the right recognition.

I can't see why Captain Midnight thought we women couldn't set the pace for ourselves. Jackie Dixon has considerable experience and has run against the best women in the world. At least the top seven were veterans in distance running. I am not criticizing any of the runners, but rather Captain Midnight and people like the Johnson Company who don't believe in women's ability to run, or to bring their own tee-shirts.

Jackie finished through a gigantic paper banner with "Crazy Legs" printed on it. She had to burst through like some idiotic TV commercial. They gave us all samples of "Crazy Legs Cream" and even tried to get Kathy Miller to pose with the product (which is against AAU rules).

As for press coverage, the *New York Sunday Times* doesn't seem to realize that men's distance racing and women's men's distance racing are similar—in fact the same. There are a lot more important things than somebody's eye make-up running or someone who finished practically last muttering in her agony about McGovern. Women, just as men, train and race competitively. News is not someone who hasn't run since eighth grade and who ran the course barefoot. News is what happened to the place finishers, how the race went, difficult parts, leaders and finishers.

But as usual it was a freak show—a money-making, newspaper-selling, shaving cream-pushing freak show. That is certainly not the way to build up women's distance running. Instead of advancing women's distance running, the "Crazy Legs Marathon" set women's athletics back into the P. T. Barnum era of stunts and exploitation.

—BY CHARLOTTE LETTIS

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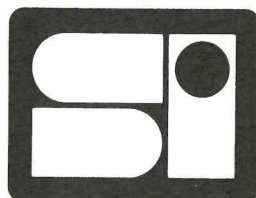
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MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

SPORTS DOCTORS

Q: *I am entering my fourth year of medical school, and am planning my elective program. Hopefully, there will be time and opportunities for me to get involved in the medical aspects of sports. Could you advise me in what course to follow?* (G.R., Yonkers, N.Y.)

A: The field of sports medicine will have to be an avocation unless you go into orthopedic surgery, research, or college health work. I suggest that the best way to stay in this otherwise is to continue competing. It gives a point of view other amount of book learning can develop. My own prominence—if I have any—comes simply because I'm telling it like it is from a runner-patient point of view. I've had almost every problem I'm asked about.

I do think sports medicine is going to tell us more and more about fitness and health in general, so whatever you learn you can translate into your practice. I do that already with my coronary patients.

Get interested in the potential of physiotherapists in sports. (They are almost as rare as whooping cranes.) Also look into the possibilities of osteopathy, yoga, chiropractic, transcendental meditation and, of course, podiatry. Remember, all religions (including medicine) are right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny.

HAMSTRING PULL

Q: *Last football season, I sustained a hamstring pull, which kept me off the active roster of the Philadelphia Eagles for nine weeks. What is your opinion as to exercises that would at best stop or reduce the possibility of another occurrence?* (Billy Walik, Orange, Conn.)

A: Evidence increasingly points to the fact that muscle pulls result in basic muscular imbalances—overdevelopment of certain specialized muscles at the expense of others. I think your best preventative method would be a complete program of flexibility, strength and endurance exercises for all the leg muscles. In addition, I think you should check out a good physiotherapist to lead you through the maze of exercises and schedules. For the time being, I would avoid physicians and trainers who are not tuned in on this idea of “muscular balancing” and might tend to dissuade you from the necessary regimen.

SCIATIC PAIN

Q: *I have a sharp pain in the back of my right thigh, which is especially painful when I'm getting in and out of the car. What would you recommend?* (Horst Fiebig, Elgin, Ill.)

A: Leg pain experienced in a car, either driving or getting in or out is usually sciatic nerve pain. It is apparently caused by hyperextension of the low back, which puts pressure on or stretches the nerve roots. I would bet you are getting into a low-back problem with an imbalance between your abdominal and back muscles. Sit-ups (with knees up) and exercises rotating your pelvis forward (to straighten the back) are generally helpful. A lumbo-sacral belt may help. Flexibility exercises for the hamstrings and low- to no-heel shoes also may be of benefit. Finally, calcium capsules are thought to be of some use, but don't bet on it.

SHIN SPLINTS

Q: *Shin splints have almost stopped my running. What can I do?* (Gary Randall, Decatur, Ill.)

A: The treatment of shin splints has always been unsatisfactory, but I think we have come to a breakthrough with the theory of muscle imbalance. This theory explains shin splints as a weakness of the shin muscles versus the calf muscles. Strengthening the extensors of the toes and the foot flexors will counteract this. To this I would add (a) flexibility-stretching exercises (sit on the floor and try to grasp ankles with your hands); (b) a toe crest—a semi-lunar rubber device that fits under the toes and stops you from grasping with your toes; (c) avoid speed work. If nothing helps, lay off and swim to maintain condition. Meanwhile, continue using the strength and flexibility exercises.

PULSE RATE

Q: *Would you say that the pulse rate is a reliable indicator of general fitness? When I started running, my rate was 48. Now, after a year or more of daily running, it is about 53-56.* (Charles Perkins, Renton, Wash.)

A: Although the pulse is usually a reliable guide to general fitness, it is not the resting pulse so much as its ability to return to normal after measured exertion that is important. This, along with blood pressure response, was the basis of the Schneider Test used to measure fitness of pilots during World War II.

It is, however, a little surprising that your pulse has not slowed some with training. It is my guess that speed work or at least distance racing where you are pushing into the anaerobic phase, are needed to slow the pulse. Just putting in mileage may make you fit, but it won't necessarily give you the pulse of the competitive runner.

SUPPLEMENTARY BICYCLING

Q: *What are your views on supplementing running with a workout on a bicycle? Are there basic conflicts in sets of leg muscles used?* (Don McClary, San Diego, Calif.)

A: Treadmill or bicycle ergometer training has shown apparently similar cardiopulmonary benefits from both methods, running and riding. Many runners have taken advantage of this relationship for reasons of time, convenience, or injury and have used bicycles for training.

However, tests have also shown that while training on a treadmill also makes you perform well on a bicycle, the opposite does not occur. So there is a significant difference in the leg muscle development from these two methods.

This is the essence of it. Cardiopulmonary fitness is augmented by bicycling, but specific muscular skills for running are not.

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The drug is as yet available only for clinical research.

RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

● **Los Angeles, Calif., June 17-18 & 25**—Jim Van Tatenhove starred in the Senior International meet, setting US veteran (over-40) records in both the 800 and 1500 meters. He ran 1:58.7 in the short race, and 4:10.5 in the longer one. In the marathon a week later, 35-year-old Betty Wake ran 3:03:12. (The meet has an age-35 limit.) John Montoya, 60, was close behind with 3:04:29.

● **Lakewood, Colo., June 23-24**—Mile-high altitude hurt the distance runners at the first National Junior championship. But even while races were somewhat slow, the stakes were high. The first two finishers in each event advanced to the US-USSR under-20 meet. The most competitive races were the 880—where Dale Scott beat Bob Smith by a tenth in 1:49.2—and the three-mile—where Tony Sandoval outran Craig Virgin, 14:08.4 to 14:10.8.

● **Gresham, Ore., June 24**—Steve Prefontaine warmed up for the Olympic Trials by breaking one of the oldest American records. He sliced the 10-year-old 3000-meter mark by over eight seconds to 7:45.8 in the Rose Festival meet.

● **San Juan, Puerto Rico, June 24**—The three top Mexican marathoners got a surprise from young Tom Fleming of New Jersey in a 20-mile race here. Running in 95-degree heat and humidity, Fleming beat them by nearly two minutes. Tom ran 1:42:39, to 1:44:18 for Jose Garcia Gaspar, 1:45:35 for Alfredo Penaloza and 1:49:04 for Pablo Garrido.

● **Montreal, Quebec, June 25**—It was hardly a marathon expected of a city which will host the Olympics four years hence. Jerome Drayton was running sub-2:17 pace at 15 miles. (The Canadians said they wouldn't take any marathoners to the Games from this trial unless they broke 2:17.) Suddenly, he was going at 2:20-plus rate. It discouraged him, and he let up. A remeasurement revealed that an extra kilometer had been inserted accidentally. Drayton's 2:22:13 was actually worth something under 2:20. Brian Armstrong was a close second with 2:23:43, and John Cliff (2:27:44) ran third.

● **Eugene, Ore., June 29-July 9**—The article earlier in the magazine adequately covers the feature aspects of the men's Trials. Here are the Olympic qualifiers and their times: 800—Dave Wottle 1:44.3 (ties world record); Rick Wohlhuter 1:45.0; Ken Swenson 1:45.1. 1500—Jim Ryun 3:41.5; Dave Wottle 3:42.3; Bob Wheeler 3:42.4. 5000—Steve Prefontaine 13:22.8 (American record); George Young 13:29.4; Leonard Hilton

13:40.2; 10,000—Frank Shorter 28:35.6; Jeff Galloway 28:38.8; Jon Anderson 29:80.2. Steeplechase—Mike Manley 8:29.8; Doug Brown 8:31.8; Steve Savage 8:32.0. Marathon—Frank Shorter & Kenny Moore 2:15:57.8; Jack Bacheler 2:20:29.2.

● **Canton, Ohio, June 30-July 1**—Francie Larrieu kept up her easy winning. She took the AAU 1500 with 4:18.4, from Eileen Claugus, 4:24.0. Carol Hudson beat Cheryl Toussaint in the 800, both running 2:06.7. Tena Anex won the 3000 in 9:42.6, and Jeanne Bocci (whose husband was walking in the Olympic Trials the same day) led the 1500-meter walkers in 6:59.1.

● **San Diego, Calif., July 1-3**—Bill Fitzgerald, Graham Parnell and Ray Hatton collected an over-40 record apiece in the AAU Masters championships. Fitzgerald, 47, lowered the world 800-meter mark to 1:58.4. Parnell destroyed the steeplechase record, bringing it down by 45 seconds to 10:05.4. He also won the marathon in 2:33:06. Hatton set a US record in the 10,000 with 31:42.8, then won both the 1500 (4:11.5) and 5000 (15:36.4) the next day. Paul Reese won the 5000, 10,000 and marathon among the over-50s. Bill Andberg took the 1500, 5000 and 10,000 in the over-60 division.

● **Frederick, Md., July 8-9**—Francie Larrieu, again unpressed, came within eight-tenths of the women's world 1500 record at the Olympic Trials. She ran 4:10.4. Francie Johnson (4:15.2) and Doris Brown (4:18.5) also qualified. Madeline Manning won the 800 in 2:05.2, followed by Cheryl Toussaint and Carol Hudson. The latter two hadn't made the Olympic qualifying standard of 2:05.0, and won't be in Munich unless they do.

● **London, England, July 14-15**—Dave Bedford is back! Coming off a winter and spring of injuries, Bedford ran the best two-day distance double ever. The first day he ran a 13:17.2 5000—only six-tenths above Ron Clarke's world record. Ian McCafferty did 13:19.8. Bedford returned on Saturday to run the 10,000 in 27:52.8.

RACE WALKING

● **Erfurt, East Germany, June 25**—All three of the probable East German Olympians broke the world 20-kilometer track walk record in the national championships. Peter Fren-

THOMAS E. JONES

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Contact: Burt Parker, Executive Director, YMCA
P.O. Box 3264, Jackson, Tenn. 38301

kel and Hans-Georg Reimann tied for first in 1:25:19.4. Gerhard Sperling was next in 1:25:37.8.

● **Eugene, Ore., July 1 & 5**—Larry Young won the Olympic 20-kilometer trial in 1:35:56.4, and four days later took the 50 in 4:13:04.4. Other Olympians: 20-kilometer—2. Goetz Klopfer 1:38:03; 3. Tom Dooley 1:39:10. 50-kilometer—2. Bill Weigle 4:20:09.4; 3. Steve Hayden 4:23:22.6.

● **Northglenn, Colo., July 15**—No rest for Larry Young. He came right off the Trials to win another national title, this one at 15 kilometers. He walked the distance in 1:10:21.8.

● **Long Branch, N.J., July 23**—Larry Young then added an AAU title at 40 kilometers, keeping his record for the year clean. Larry's time was 3:39:59.6.



An early-morning walk in the Oregon countryside has Olympic 50-kilometer berths as its prize. Bill Weigle, the last man here, made the team. (Stan Pantovic)

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COMING EVENTS

These are the major events—primarily US races—scheduled between September and November. Though there is a separate listing of walking races, many of the "running" meets also include walks. All known US and Canadian marathons during the period are included. For further information on these and dozens of other races, plus up-to-date results and features, see "Racing Report"—the twice-monthly newsletter published by Runner's World.

SEPTEMBER

- ? Boardwalk marathon, Toronto, Ont.
- ? All-American marathon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 3 AAU Junior 15-km., Greenbelt, Md.
- 4 Heart of America mar., Columbia, Mo.
- 9 AAU 20-kilometer, Dedham, Mass.
- 10 Tour of Albuquerque mar., Albuquerque
- 11 Nova Scotia marathon, Shelburne, N.S.
- 15-7 World Veterans, Cologne, West Germany
- 17 Centennial marathon, Roseburg, Ore.
- 23 Equinox marathon, College, Alaska
- 30 Kiwanis marathon, Lake Placid, N.Y.
- 30 Andrew Jackson mar., Jackson, Tenn.

OCTOBER

- 1 Evergreen marathon, Pullman, Wash.
- 1 All-Comers marathon, Eugene, Ore.
- 1 Napa marathon, Napa, Calif.
- 1 New York marathon, New York, N.Y.
- 7 Kalispell marathon, Kalispell, Mont.
- 8 Amoco marathon, Canton, Ohio
- 8 City of Lakes marathon, Minneapolis

- 8 Finger Lakes marathon, Ithaca, N.Y.
- 15 AAU 30-kilometer, New York, N.Y.
- 15 AAU 50-mile, Rocklin, Calif.
- 15 Santa Barbara marathon, Santa Barbara
- 15 Tri-States mar., Falls City, Nebr.
- 15 Covered Bridge mar., Indianola, Iowa
- 22 Motor City marathon, Detroit, Mich.
- 22 Monroe marathon, Monroe, Ohio
- 22 Green Mountain mar., Burlington, Vt.
- 22 Bay State marathon, Framingham, Mass.
- 28 USTFF Midwest x-c, Kenosha, Wisc.
- 28 USTFF Eastern x-c, University Park, Pa.
- 29 AAU 3000-meter, Bronx, N.Y.
- 29 RRC marathon, Atlantic City, N.J.

NOVEMBER

- 4 Grand Valley mar., Grand Rapids, Mi.
- 5 RRC Age-Group x-c, Bronx, N.Y.
- 11 National Jr. College x-c, Pensacola, Fla.
- 12 AAU Junior x-c, Buffalo, N.Y.
- 18 Canadian x-c championships, Toronto,
- 18 American National mar., Galveston, Tex.

- 18 USTFF Western x-c, Fresno, Calif.
- 18 AAU Masters x-c, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.
- 18 AAU Jr. women's x-c, Dayton, Ohio
- 19 Seattle marathon, Seattle, Wash.
- 20 NCAA x-c, Houston, Tex.
- 22 USTFF x-c, Denton, Tex.
- 25 AAU women's x-c, Long Beach, Calif.
- 25 AAU men's x-c, Chicago, Ill.
- 25 Island marathon, Portland, Ore.
- 26 Philadelphia marathon, Philadelphia, Pa.

RACE WALKING

SEPTEMBER

- 16-7 100-mile, Columbia, Mo.

OCTOBER

- 1 AAU Sr. 30-kilometer, Columbia, Mo.
- 8 AAU Jr. 50-kilometer, Chicago, Ill.
- 22 AAU Jr. 30-kilometer, Seattle, Wash.

NOVEMBER

- 5 AAU Sr. 50-kilometer, San Francisco

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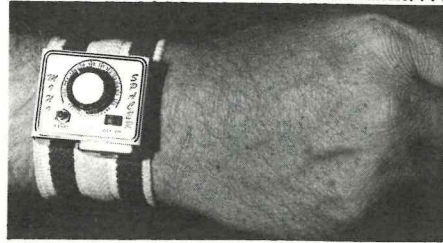
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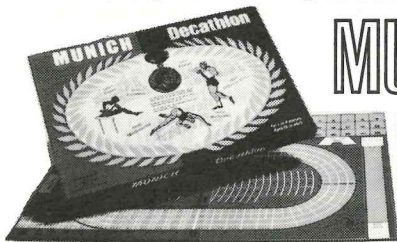
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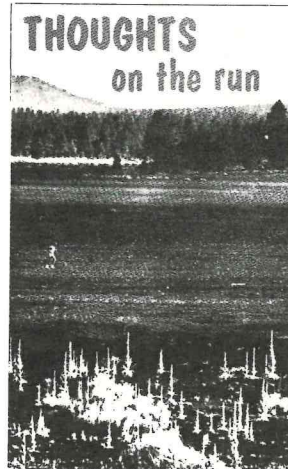
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BY
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FOR INFORMATION CONTACT: Fred Lebow, Marathon Director
226 East 53rd Street
New York, New York 10022
(212) 688-6824

SANCTIONED BY: The Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union of the U.S.
With the cooperation of the Road Runners Club of N.Y.
And the Department of Recreation, City of New York

----- **ENTRY BLANK** -----

In consideration of your accepting this entry, I, the undersigned, intending to be legally bound, hereby, for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators, waive and release any and all rights and claims for damages I may have against the above organizations or the Metropolitan Association of the A.A.U., or the City of New York, their representatives, successors, and assigns for any and all injuries suffered by me in said event. I attest and verify that I am physically fit and have sufficiently trained for the completion of this marathon of over twenty-six miles and my physical condition has been verified by a licensed Medical Doctor.

Signature in Full _____ Parents Signature (if under 17) _____

Print Name _____ \$2.00 entry fee. \$3.00 post entry.

Address _____ City and State _____ Zip _____

Telephone Number _____ Occupation _____

Age _____ AAU Number _____ Club, Organization or School _____

Best Marathon Time _____ Where Held _____ Date _____ Place _____

RUNNING PROBLEMS

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

1. From best to worst: Burton, Derek, Alex, Ethelbert, and Cecil.
2. Three runners. After one day, runner A gives a day's supplies to B and C and returns to the start. After two days runner B gives one day's supplies to runner C and returns. C finishes the trip.
3. Brown's time was 6½ hours.
4. Each runner contributed \$45, the benefit grossed \$4500.

PROBLEM ONE:

Alf usually beats Bert in races. In fact, on the basis of past performance, the odds of Alf winning three out of five races are exactly equal to the odds of Alf winning four out of five races. *What is the probability of Alf winning all of their next five races?*

—BOB CARMAN

PROBLEM TWO:

A former Olympian, in a training session with his son, runs a mile two seconds faster than the existing Masters record. The father is three times as old as his son was when the father was 16 years older than his son is now. The son, who in the same session equalled the qualifying standards for the Olympics to be held that year, was born two years before his father achieved the same goal four Olympiads earlier. Had the father run in an officially sanctioned race, would his time have been recognized as a new Masters mark? *How old is the father?*

—WOLFGANG GOUBAU

PROBLEM THREE:

In a certain race the top three finishers are Able, Baker and Charlie, not necessarily in that order. One trains on LSD; one is a converted pole vaulter; one is a health food nut. The ex-pole vaulter didn't finish last. Able has never pole vaulted. Charlie doesn't train at all. The one who finished second is not interested in food at all. *How did they finish?*

—BOB CARMAN

PROBLEM FOUR:

In the Podunk, Calif., marathon, of the 100 starters 73 were from California, 78 finished, 68 wore Tiger shoes, and 95 were subscribers to *RW*. At least x and not more than y were Californians who finished in Tiger shoes and read about it later in their copy of *RW*. *Find x and y .*

—BOB CARMAN

PROBLEM FIVE:

Paul often takes training runs on a horse path that runs around a lake and is 5000 meters in length. Paul runs at a steady pace of 7:15 per mile. Three minutes before he finishes his first lap, a pack of horses come onto the trail using the same starting point and travelling in the same direction covering 880 feet per minute. *How far will Paul be able to run before he is overtaken by the equestrians?*

—PAUL G.W. FETSCHER

If you have an interesting running problem, do send it along. We may be able to use it. Write: Bob Anderson, Box 366, Mountain View, Ca.

CLASSIFIED NOTICES

10 cents per word (meet notices); 15 cents (general)

NIKE-TIGER SPORT SHOES. The largest supply of NIKES and TIGERS in the Midwest at the lowest prices available anywhere. Call or write: NIKE-TIGER SPORT SHOES, Phil Nabil, 1645 Franklin Ave., Kent, Ohio 44240 — (216) 673-3431.

WATER SOLUBLE VITAMIN E (NATURAL). Fast-acting. Completely absorbed. New low price. 100 tablets 400 I.U. \$7.50; 1200 tablets \$75.00. Post-paid. Vitality Company, 1122 Spruce Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

NATIONAL JR. 15 KILOMETER CHAMPIONSHIP AND OPEN RACE, Sunday, 3 September 1972, Greenbelt, Md. Jr. Championship section limited to AAU members under 20 years. Championship medals and patches to first three 5-man teams and first three Jr. runners. Trophies to first 20 finishers overall and an Open team award. Certified course through roads of Agricultural farm. Race starts at 5:00 p.m. and entries accepted until 4:00 p.m. Location: Braden Field. Greenbelt is alongside Baltimore-Washington Parkway and close to Exit 28 of

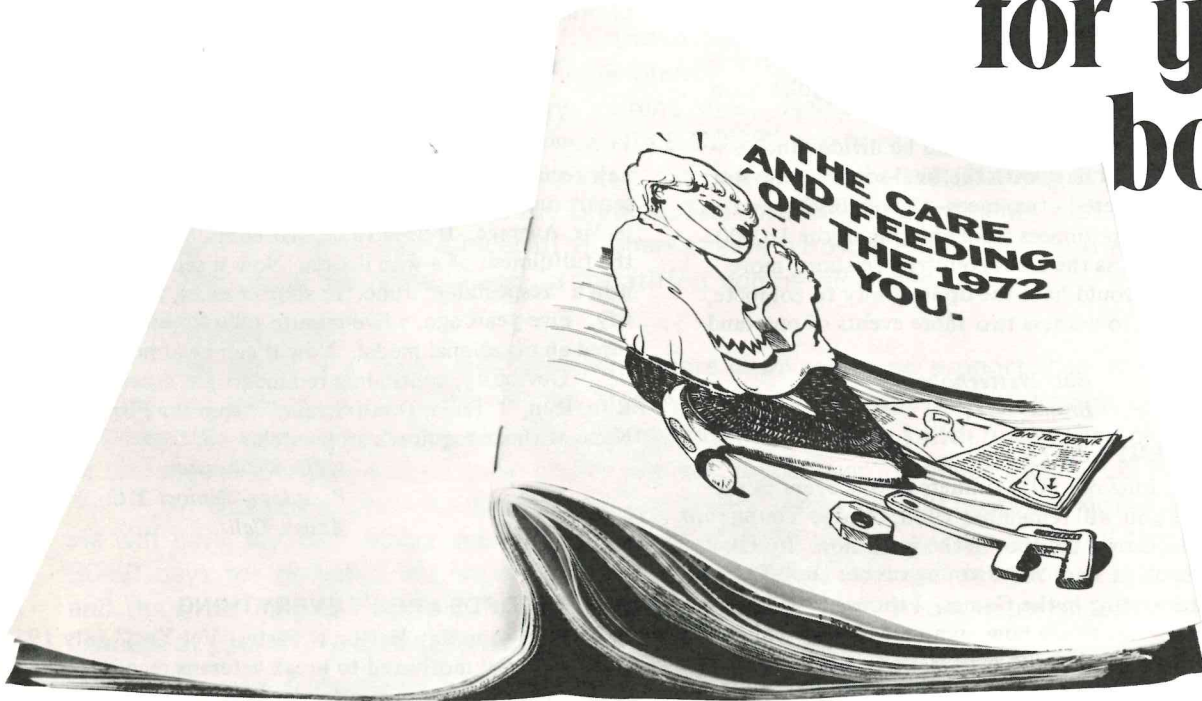
Washington Beltway (495); 15 miles NE of Washington, D.C. Alexander Barnes, 5D, Laurel Hill Rd., Greenbelt, Md. 20770. Phone (301) 474-5310. Entry fee \$2.00.

2nd ANNUAL AAU MASTERS NATIONAL CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS. Saturday, November 18, Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. For complete information send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Ernie Smith, 39500 Warren Road No. 242, Plymouth, Michigan 48170.

AEROBICS FOR WOMEN. Kenneth Cooper has had perhaps a million people test his "aerobics" program. One person was with him from the beginning—his wife Millie. She became a jogger early, and has progressed from there. Now Mrs. Cooper has helped her husband write a new book on aerobic exercising from the female viewpoint. The emphasis is on running. Valuable, inspirational reading! 160 pp. \$5.95 from *RW*, Box 366, Mt. View, Ca. 94040.

THE SUPER ATHLETES. The greatest feats of endurance, speed and strength. Author David P. Willoughby has catalogued them all in this unbelievable encyclopedia of athletics. A large portion of the 665 pages devoted to running and track and field. \$15.00 from *Runner's World*, Box 366, Mt. View, Ca. 94040.

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READERS' COMMENTS

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

OLYMPIC CROSS-COUNTRY

In view of the big strides forward in long distance running over the past two decades, thought should be given to adding a cross-country event to the Olympic program. A race of, say, 15,000 meters (less than 9½ miles) would seem to be appropriate. This would not detract from the color of the regular marathon, or the track races.

The cross-country run possibly could be divided into a qualifying race on an early day, with the final some six days or so later. Having to compete in two races—the qualifying and final—would tend to keep runners from entering in the 10,000 and/or marathon as well as the cross-country. In short, more runners of world class would have the opportunity to compete, and fans would be able to witness two more events of outstanding interest.

*Walt Westerholm
Bronx, N.Y.*

OLYMPIC EVENT LIMITS

How about limiting our (US) runners to one event in the Olympic Games? If you will remember 1968, George Young took a spot in the steeplechase and a spot in the marathon. By taking the marathon spot, he deprived a young runner (Bob Deines) of a chance of participating in the Games. I thought the idea was to play the game, not to see how many medals one could accumulate. We have a great depth of athletic talent in the US. Why not spread it around? If a guy qualifies for the 10,000, let him have the spot. If he qualifies for the marathon also, let him give up one of the events so another athlete has a chance to participate.

*John Pagliano
Lakewood, Calif.*

MEN AT THE TOP

It appears to me that, for the most part, those persons who admire great runners are those who themselves will never be outstanding. Many champion athletes don't have to worship, or even become familiar with, their competitors. They are them-

selves great and do not fear anyone. Why should they waste their time on others? It would only lower themselves to the level of others.

*Charles Reichert
Greenville, S.C.*

THE PAINS OF PROGRESS

With progress comes problems. It is exhilarating to see new records being set and tired misconceptions being erased in senior running. At the same time, one wonders what this does to Mr. Average. It used to be that completing a marathon was the fulfillment of a wild dream. Now it seems necessary to run it in a "respectable" time. In shorter races, the speeds can terrify. Five years ago, a five-minute mile for an over-40 man insured an occasional medal. Now it can be almost embarrassing.

Obviously, continuing reminders are necessary: "Run, Run, Run," "Train, Don't Strain," "Run for Fitness and Fun." None of those requires a stopwatch.

*Willis Kleinsasser
President, Seniors T.C.
Azusa, Calif.*

RECORDS AREN'T EVERYTHING

I do hope Ray Hatton ("Fastest Vet Yet," July 1972) isn't primarily motivated to break veterans records. The goal of the over-40 runner is certainly more important than that. It is the joy of competition for competition's sake, the thrill of personal satisfaction of being able to perform at a level so far beyond the average male of 40-plus. It is a way of life for people who refuse to sit down and give in to middle age.

Peter Mundle was asked how he felt about getting beat after so many years of invincibility. He said he was delighted with the competition, and it made his running much more enjoyable. We 40-and-overs enjoy running with other people, strive to improve ourselves, but finishing first and being the best isn't that all-important.

*Sid Toabe
Fresno, Calif.*

A PERSPECTIVE ON COACHING

It seems to me that the coach should merely be a shoulder to cry on, a being to communicate with, someone who can put one's own puny efforts (however great they are) into perspective.

There is nothing more certain than that one day the athlete will be too old to run as fast as he or she can today. There is nothing more certain than that your records will be broken, and that you will be forgotten by all but those closest to you and your sport. There is nothing more certain than your own mortality.

But those who would mold the minds and bodies of our young have a duty to teach them that even when age takes away our speed, there is nothing to stop us from running as well as we ever have; to teach them that when our records are broken, the new time has as much meaning as our own did. It is how we went about getting to that end that matters, not how fast we did it.

*Ray Will
Sarnia, Ontario*

ADDRESS CHANGE

If you're moving, please let us know three weeks before changing your address. And please mention all the publications of ours you subscribe to.

(Check One) Please change my address. Please enter my subscription for the following publications:

- Runner's World Magazine (\$3.00 per year — 6 issues)
 Racing Report (\$6.00 per year — 24 issues)
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EVOLUTION OF A SHOE - PART TWO

As related in a recent Sports Illustrated piece by Kenny Moore, a representative of a Japanese shoe company approached Frank Shorter while he was in Japan, insisting he try an extremely light and comfortable racing/training shoe. Named after a park near the site of the world famous Fukuoka marathon, the new NIKE OBORI was born.

Now turn the clock ahead to the last days of June and travel halfway across the world. Amazingly, nearly every entrant in the Olympic Trials marathon experiments with this new shoe, and on July 9 a surprising number of finishers stream across the line wearing this "unknown" model. The Obori has come of age, in the stiffest competition ever.

THE OBORI?

The Obori is a super light shoe with more cushioning and support than any racing flat ever on the market. It's available in light blue nylon or comfortable dark blue suede uppers, both with durable sole. We predict that the attractive design combined with unmatched performance of this shoe will enable it to catch on faster than any model ever introduced to the US market.

At this point, since we don't know how many orders we will receive or how many shoes we will have, we must advise you not to send in an order unless you are prepared to wait from 30-60 days for delivery. We hope to do better of course. Your full satisfaction is guaranteed, and the shoes may be returned, for any reason, for full refund. In our experienced opinion, the chances of your being dissatisfied are slim to none.

RUNNING SHOP WELCOMES THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

As you know, the Running Shop is primarily a mail order business for those of you who wouldn't otherwise have access to our specialized merchandise. We are happy to report to you that there is now a store serving the San Francisco Bay Area, open daily and offering a complete line of accessories, moderately priced apparel and the entire selection of NIKE shoes as described above and on the inside cover of this magazine.

The store is located just two blocks from the corner of Shattuck and University in Berkeley, the same distance from world famous Edwards Track Stadium. Called the "Athletic Department," it's similar to the successful "Athletic Department" store in Eugene, which was a second headquarters for our track athletes at the Olympic Trials. They've even got one of those crazy machines that was the most popular thing in Eugene next to making the team. These machines print anything you want on any T-shirt you want, and every athlete there had to have one. Most competitors just had their own names printed, but marathoner Tom Derderian went for "Dump Nixon," while pole vaulter Jan Johnson is now known as "Jumping Jack Flash."

To entice you into this new place, the A.D. people, without charge, will customize any shirt or sweat suit for you, whether you bring it in or buy it there. Frustrated wits or poets, here's your chance.

We at the Running Shop strongly recommend that you visit the Athletic Department at your earliest opportunity or whenever you're in Berkeley. They're our competitors, but they're doing something we aren't which is to set up a place where runners, coaches and fans can come together for the interaction that is so important to the growth of the sport.

GOOD LUCK TO THE "ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT"!

They are located at 2114 Addison, Berkeley, Calif. (415) 843-7767

THE EVOLUTION OF A SHOE

A great idea frequently seems obvious once it has been done. The mark of genius, however, is to have been the first to do what others deem "obvious."

And so it was with Bill Bowerman and the "Cortez," a shoe radically different than anything that had preceded it. The model provided maximum comfort and protection for the foot, tendon and arch, while at the same time it was the lightest training shoe on the market.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE CORTEZ

The original Cortez was designed by Bowerman several years ago. It was manufactured by the Japanese "Tiger" Company for distribution in the US through an Oregon based importer. Just recently, Mr. Bowerman and the importer switched over to another Japanese manufacturer—the "Nike" Company.

Along with the change of manufacturer came some new innovations in the Cortez. First, a nylon model has been put on the market which has the same protection, but is lighter and more comfortable—though not as durable as leather. Now there are two leather models, the Cortez I and the Super Cortez. The Super Cortez offers even more cushioning and a specially designed arch support.

In the meantime, "Tiger" has come out with a deluxe leather shoe, in addition to their original model, to be called the Munich '72.

Whatever you call it, the Cortez is definitely this country's most popular training shoe, for both the novice and serious runner. Certainly, this shoe and the readers of Runner's World are jointly responsible for the Running Shop's success.

BEAT THE RUSH

The series of events outlined above has caused us some problems in the supply and delivery of shoes, as some of you who recently ordered the Nylon Cortez found out. Right now we have a good inventory of all of these different models. We suggest that you order now, because, unfortunately, once the fall cross-country rush hits there will definitely not be enough of any of these shoes to go around.

SALE PRICES

Cortez I	\$16.95
Super Cortez	\$16.95
Nylon Cortez	\$14.95
Munich '72	\$20.95
Tiger Cortez	\$17.95
Suede Obori	\$16.95
Nylon Obori	\$13.95

FREE: A PERSONALLY MONOGRAMMED SHIRT

In order to reward you for ordering early, all orders received before Oct. 10 will be accompanied, free, by an attractively designed running T-shirt, with your name, club name, or any slogan you submit monogrammed on it. These are the same kind of shirts which were worn by so many of the contenders for the Olympic team during the Trials at Eugene.

THE RUNNING SHOP, BOX 506, LARKSPUR, CALIF. 94939

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