

Runner's World



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IN THIS ISSUE...

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Living Like A Marathoner.

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What To Do With A Son Who Runs.

NOW-168 SIZES IN A 9-OUNCE* PACKAGE.

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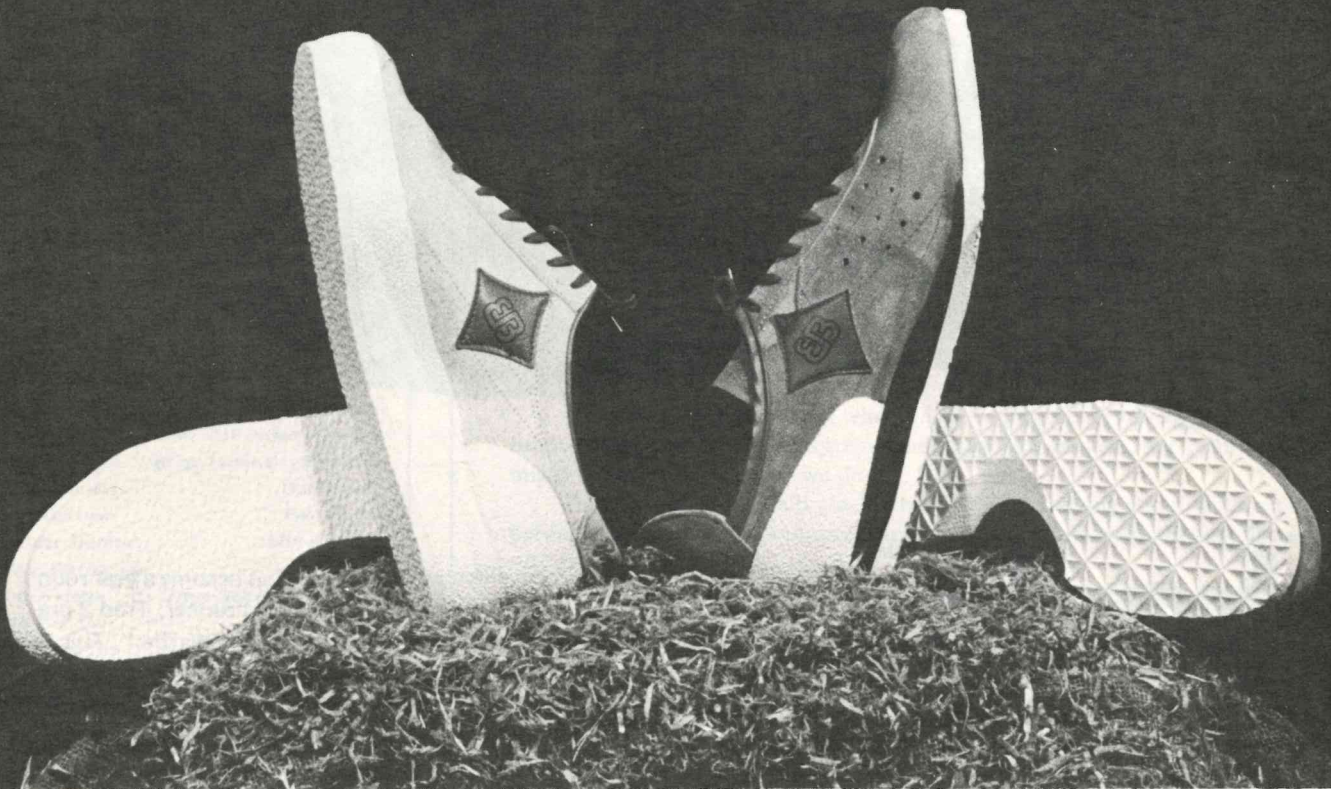
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Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

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P.O. Box 8
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RUNNER'S WORLD

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Office: 1400 Stierlin Phone: (415)965-8777

Volume Nine -- October, 1974 -- Number Ten



COVER:

In fall, the thoughts of young runners of all ages turn to cross-country. In many ways, it's the best season of the runner's year. Stan Pantovic's photo shows a race in Canada.

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

Have you ever wondered what we do to produce *Runner's World*? Maybe you have worked for a magazine and know the answers, but I think you might be interested in how we do it.

In this first note, we'll cover what Joe does starting about three months before the magazine goes to press, and we'll follow the copy through typesetting.

First off, Joe gets down a basic plan of what he wants for an issue. He looks for two to three major articles and then thinks in terms of what else is needed for balance. He also has Hugh Bowen keep track of coming events and highlights for these columns. Sometimes, Joe has to completely rewrite an article, but his skills are such that he can hold the writer's style and not change a single fact.

After the articles have all been edited, they are ready for typesetting. We have two IBM composers (nothing more than fancy \$5000 typewriters). The articles then are typed on long sheets of smooth paper and what comes out are called "galley's." Either Diana Yee or Bev Robinson does the typing. At this point, the galley and the original article is given to Hugh Bowen for proofreading. He draws a blue line through any misspelled words. He then gives it back to one of the typists, who type corrections.

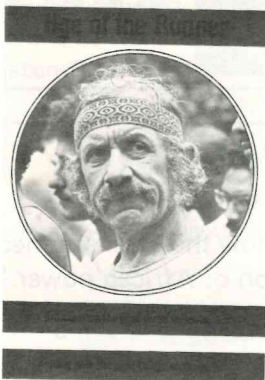
Hugh then runs the sheet with the corrections through the waxing machine. This places a coat of wax on the back of the sheet. He cuts out the corrections and places them over the mistakes made in the galley. When pressure is applied, the correction sticks to the paper because of the wax. The good thing about wax is that if the little piece of paper needs to be moved, it can be lifted up and put down again.

The copy is now given back to Joe. We'll continue next time.

Bob Anderson

Did You Know

That a typical runner slows down by 6-7% per decade after a peak in the 20s? That a run of 1½ miles in 12 minutes indicates "good" fitness, but is just the start?



AGE OF THE RUNNER

60 pages
\$1.75

RUNNING THROUGH THE YEARS

Through most of competitive running's history, the only runners were 20 years old, give or take a few years. Anyone very much younger or older couldn't keep up. So they seldom tried. They planned or remembered, or didn't consider running at all.

That was before age-group running. Only when runners could compare themselves with others the same age did the sport spread outside its old, narrow limits. And how it has spread! Now no one has to talk of it in the past tense. They can have it now, and every year can be "now."

The new booklet says two things about age:

1. The physical changes of aging are inevitable.
2. Runners have a way of growing old more gracefully than less active people.

"Age of the Runner" examines the effects of age on performance, and of running on aging. And it gives specifics: exactly how much a runner's ability figures to change through the years.

Statisticians Dan Moore and Ken Young produce charts and scoring tables which weigh the age factor and show how to make each year a good one.

Don't miss it! 60 pages. \$1.75.

Runner's Monthly Booklet, Box 366, Mountain View, CA 94040

Please send me _____ copies of **AGE OF THE RUNNER** at \$1.75 per copy.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Calif. residents: add 6% sales tax.

FIRST STEPS TO FITNESS

68 pages
\$1.50



A RUNNER'S REFERENCE BOOK

One sad fact of the sport: at the time, in the beginning, when runners most need advice and support, they're least likely to find it. They may not know other runners. Coaches are too busy with their seasoned runners to concern themselves with novices. Books and magazines don't help much. Most of them are too advanced.

First Steps to Fitness is written with this information gap in mind. It takes the place of running friends and coaches when none are around, and covers the questions other publications don't have the space to cover. It's an encyclopedia of facts on running fitness—how to reach it and how to keep it.

Topics (50 of them, which answer hundreds of questions) are organized alphabetically, and are cross-referenced for quick checking. The advice (on subjects ranging from "Aerobics" through "Where to Run") is straightforward and quickly read. If you want more details, sources are listed.

This is an introduction to running from the endurance fitness point of view. Establishing basic endurance is the first step to fitness.

Order your copy now! 68 pages. Only \$1.50.

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TELL IT TO THE (RUNNER'S) WORLD

Running and writing are close relatives. At least cousins, maybe brothers.

If I didn't run, I couldn't write. I'd have little to write about, since the things I write about here come largely from my own experiences running. But there's more to it than experience. Running somehow solidifies thoughts and makes me want to—*have* to—write them down.

Much better runners and writers than I have said the same thing. Kenny Moore, fourth placer in the Olympic marathon and now a regular contributor to *Sports Illustrated*, wrote for us several years ago: "Most distance runners are philosophers, out of a sort of necessity. A hundred miles a week is about 12 hours on the road. What can we do but think?"

Moore said then that most of his "writing" was done in his head while he ran along the road at six-minute pace. He also wrote in an article published in *Guide to Distance Running* that a long race is such a physical and emotional trial that it demands discussion, whether verbal or written.

"The pain in a marathon's closing stages can be so great as to force meaning upon the run. Men submit to the ordeal not in spite of the pain, but because of it. Afterward, in the dressing room, men hang stiffly on one another, too exhausted to untie their shoes...and jabber uncontrollably. The pain has made everything suffered so extraordinarily important that it *has* to be expressed."

Later still, many runners are moved to recount the race in loving detail on paper.

One middle-aged friend of mine wrote a 50-page account of his marathon and sent it to his mother. She hurried back a concerned letter, inquiring about the state of his mental health.

Every year after the Boston marathon, *RW* is deluged with how-I-ran-my-race articles. This year's count was close to 30. I know what motivates these writers, because I wrote like crazy all the way across the country the one year I tried Boston. It all seemed so important.

But even while I realize why runners write, I'm forever amazed at the quality and quantity of work our runner-readers produce. It's both a joy and a headache to go through each day's mail.

A joy because I get to read five or so articles. A pain because I have to turn down at least four of those articles, either because they are duplicates of a subject or they simply won't fit. Writing rejection letters is the hardest part of this job.

The easiest part is finding enough good material. I'm not patting the small Mountain View staff (two people working full-time on *RW*) on the backs for this. We originate less than half of each issue. The rest comes from runners throughout the country and farther afield.

In the last five years, more than 200 of them have contributed—"contributed" being the appropriate word since few of them before 1973 were paid. Almost none of them would normally consider themselves writers or had written previously for publication.

They are runners, running officials or coaches who have something worthwhile to say about the sport. We're more interested in giving them the chance to say what they're thinking than in how professionally they put their words together.

This isn't to imply that we discourage working professionals from writing. Most of them just can't take time to write for us when they might make 10 times more with other publications. And of course many of them have no more to say than an experienced runner without writing credentials.

We do pay writers' fees now. But payment doesn't seem to be a big consideration for most contributors, any more than it would be at a post-race gossip session. Most of all, they want other runners to share their ideas.

Do you have the same craving? Chances are, you do. A year ago, we sent a questionnaire to readers. One question was, "Would you be interested in writing for the magazine?" It seemed that half of you said yes.

But wanting to write an article and putting the words on paper are as different as dreaming of running a three-hour marathon and doing it. Writing for publication is like running in competition. It's work. It takes preparation. It's frustrating and more than a little frightening to realize that 20,000 people are looking over your shoulder.

The act of writing scares off most well-intentioned people. Yet we're still flooded with finished articles, the majority of which never are published. How do you improve the odds of having your article published here? Some advice:

1. Choose your subject well. The overload comes in a few areas: marathon running, personal experience articles, philosophical pieces, poetry. A funny thing about poetry—we've never used it since I've been here, yet we get several poems a week.

We're chronically short on good articles in other areas: age-group running, (both old and young), women (particularly track women), sprints and hurdles, race walks.

My advice to writers who can't get into print: go where the competition isn't.

2. Write ahead. Nearly all the articles turned down are unsolicited ones. The first I know of them is when I see the final draft. Not more than one in 10 of these stories is published. The rejection is more often the result of bad subject choice than shabby writing.

Article ideas which are outlined in advance from yes-or-no decisions are almost always used when the answer is yes, go ahead with it.

Once the article is accepted, you can count on waiting 2-6 months before it's published. We try to plan issues several months in advance, for one thing. And I've let a terrible backlog of materials build up.

This doesn't make me popular with writers. But then writers never have much love for editors who take their carefully written prose and manipulate it to the magazine's specifications.

Virginia Collins responded to my editing of one of her articles with a poem. Just this once, for the sake of all our writers, I'll bend our policy against using poetry (edited version):

"Why do editors do it?

Have they no heart?

Put the end in the middle,
leave out the best part?

You must have your reasons,
That I assume,

Why my deathless prose died
in your cutting room." •

NEWS AND VIEWS

Runner's Hate List

Don't you hate that second day of trying to get back into shape and wondering who would want to steal your legs and replace them with two-by-fours?

Don't you hate the starting gun that invariably misfires at the start of your heat?

Don't you hate course maps you swear were constructed by a cardiograph machine?

Don't you hate getting caught in the jetstream of a passing semi?

Don't you hate popping a hurdle and praying the rip you just heard was your sweatpants?

Don't you hate walking around with feet that look like you've been making homemade wine after the rain hit your new suede training shoes?

Don't you hate taking your sweats off on the line in 20-degree weather and feeling like someone slid a popsicle down your back?

Don't you hate feeling that blister on your big toe and anticipating which step will splat it?

Don't you hate the last 110 of the quarter when you feel like a dog whose chain ran out at 330 yards?

Don't you hate the German shepherd down the road who is fed raw meat just before you have to run by?

Don't you hate taking a shower after coating your legs with super hot heating gel?

Don't you hate the excruciating pain of removing that mislaid piece of tape no matter how slowly you peel it off?

Don't you hate the added incentive of dodging tiny spike-propelled missiles on a cinder track?

From David Nutting

140 Miles or Bust

The current vogue in champion long distance runners' training seems to be 20 miles per day and 140 miles per week. I maintain they are flirting with a trip to the runner's graveyard by this type of

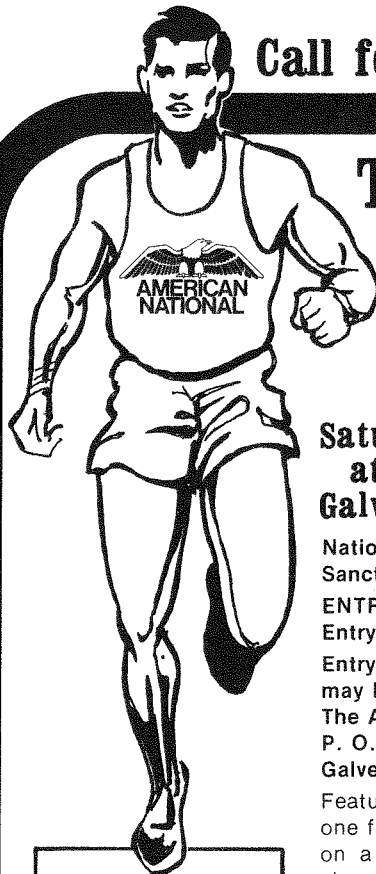
training. I will agree that some long runs are needed to be a quality runner, but is it worth the price of a possible injury, the frustration or the lost chances brought on by an injury?

My case seems to be a point in favor of moderation and consistency. In the three months before the Boston marathon this spring, I ran only two weeks above 100 miles. My Boston time was 2:17:36. I learned that the runners in front of me were training 150 miles per week as a maximum and no less than 120 miles. I thought I would up my mileage before the National AAU marathon in June.

On April 28, I started to increase my mileage, but the week ended at 84 miles because my work hampered my training that week. The following week, I started off hard with 20 miles on Sunday and 16 miles on Monday but the last three days were lost when my son had to have an operation. I ended up with 95 miles total, but noticed my right foot was beginning to hurt.

I ran 92 miles in the next five days, and this high mileage caused my foot to get worse. I finished that week with 120 miles, but my foot was swollen. I ran only 33 miles in the next six days, then flew to Michigan (expenses paid) for

Call for Entries



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL MARATHON

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Galveston Island, Texas

**Saturday, November 23, 1974
at 11 A.M.**

Galveston Island, Texas

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Sanctioned by the AAU and the UST & FF

ENTRY FEE \$2.00

Entry deadline: November 18, 1974

Entry blanks and additional information
may be obtained by writing:

The American National Marathon
P. O. Box 2052
Galveston, Texas 77550

Featuring the following competitive events in one full marathon race (26 miles and 385 yards) on a USA Certified Marathon Course located along the beautiful Gulf of Mexico.

MEN'S DIVISION: Awards for places 1 through 75

LADIES DIVISION: Awards for places 1 through 4

PATCHES TO ALL FINISHERS

SPECIAL AGE GROUP AWARDS

Men	Awards	Ladies	Awards
15-39	1-10	Under 40	2
40-46	1-7	40 and over	1
47-54	1-6		
55-60	1-3		
61-over	1-2		

TEAM COMPETITION (AAU team rules)

Trophies or plaques for first 7 teams, medals for all team members.

All marathon runners who complete the course in under 4½ hours will receive an official certificate.

Running shirts will be provided all entrants.

AID-STATIONS: At intervals of 2½ miles

OFFICIAL TIME WILL BE RECORDED at 10, 15 and 20 mile points and at the FINISH by experienced time-keepers.

BANQUET and awards presentation after the race Free to Marathon Runners and their children below age 15; for others \$4.00 per person.

FREE TRANSPORTATION FROM FINISH to Headquarters and to several other hotels will be provided.

SHOWER FACILITIES AVAILABLE

a 15-mile race. I amazed myself by winning in 1:17:12.

I then had one week to train for the National AAU marathon. I hit it hard for three days and again came up lame. I didn't run on Wednesday. I ran on grass for the next two days and felt better, so I headed off to Yonkers. I realized I might not have the strength I had hoped for, so I thought I might lead to see how tough-minded the others would be. I led through six miles in 29:30 and was close to 49:50 for 10 miles. I still led at the halfway mark, but John Vitale and Ron Wayne and two others were on my heels. They quickly moved away. I finished fourth in 2:20:05, less than 75 seconds behind the winner. I was pleased with my performance but my foot was hurting. I now wonder if I could have run 75 seconds faster and won, had my foot not hurt?

I do know that I might not ever run 140 miles in a week, because I don't have the time or desire, and because I tried and "busted."

—From Carl Hatfield

Help Wanted

Dr. William Glasser, a Los Angeles psychiatrist best known for his book *Reality Therapy*, is working out a new theory that involves runners and other athletes. He wants help from all the runners he can reach.

"I am collecting data on a large number of people who engage in some voluntary self-improvement activity," says Dr. Glasser, "to test what I believe is a fascinating psychological hypothesis."

He doesn't want to spell out exactly what the hypothesis is "because it would prejudice the data. But I promise to report on my findings in a future magazine."

Fill out the information below (on a separate sheet) and return your questionnaire to *Runner's World*, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040, for forwarding to Dr. Glasser. Letters addressed to him will be sent along unopened to insure confidentiality. The doctor adds, "I would appreciate it very much if you would include your name, address, age and occupation, as I may wish to contact you directly for more data."

1. How long have you been running regularly?
2. How many days a week do you run?
3. How many hours a day?
4. Do you run competitively?
5. If yes, would you still run if you didn't compete?

2ND ANNUAL

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12 Noon



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For further informaton contact:

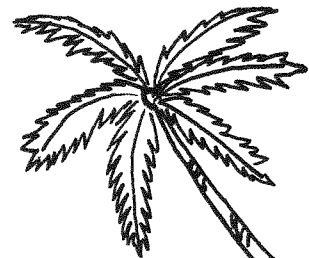
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For Entry Blank & Information
Contact: Steve Todd
Honolulu Marathon
c/o Dept. of Recreation
1455 South Beretania St.
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814



GRAND VALLEY MARATHON

Saturday, November 16, 1974

Three Races: 6½ miles, 13 miles, full marathon

Entry Fee: \$3.00 until November 11, 1974

Late Fee: \$5.00 accepted to 11 AM on Nov. 16

Awards: Male Division 4 age groups; Female

Special T-shirt to each entrant

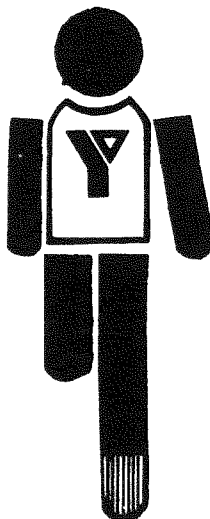
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AAU Certified Course

Sponsored by Central YMCA, Noon Y's Men's Club

For official entry blanks write:

YMCA Grand Valley Marathon
Central YMCA
33 Library Street
Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502



6. Do you strive for some improvement—even a small bit?
7. Do you run alone?
8. If you run with others, would you still run if you had to run alone?
9. How many scheduled runs in the last six months have you skipped?
10. If the previous number is over 20, what is the main reason you missed?
11. Do you (always) (mostly) (sometimes) (rarely) (never) enjoy your day's run?
12. Are you uncomfortable if you miss your day's run?
13. If you are uncomfortable, will you describe the discomfort you experience?
14. How many months were you running before you began to experience the previously described discomfort?
15. Can you relieve the discomfort in any way besides running?
16. If yes, how?
17. What direct physical benefits have you received from running?
(If the next two questions don't make sense to you, skip them.)
18. Can you describe the main state of your mind when you are settled into your day's run?
19. Can you achieve this previously described state of mind in any other way? If yes, how?
20. Since you became a runner, have you been able to overcome any bad habits or personal disabilities which you couldn't overcome before (smoking, drinking, gambling, overeating, shyness, lateness, etc.)? Please describe, and if the change is major, give details.

21. Do you have any other self-imposed task on a regular basis, like meditation, yoga, practicing a musical instrument, etc.?
22. Would you recommend running to an interested non-runner?

Art or Science?

It does not matter much that most of us know little about physiology, or that physiologists are in the dark when it comes to coherent knowledge or putting that knowledge into practice. I would always trust a thoughtful coach further than a thoughtful physiologist—and a thoughtful athlete further than coach or physiologist.

A runner who initiates muscular demands, provokes physiological responses, could not describe them but he is closer than anyone else to them.

The physiology of nourishment, oxygen supply, waste removal or internal balance is nudged by the runner. Over the course of days, weeks and months, he can *feel* what that nudging is achieving. All training knowledge must eventually derive from experience.

This is not to suggest that we should spurn the careful physiologists. We should listen, always, to what they say. But running is an art, not a science, however much scientists (worse still, pseudo-scientists or collectors of bits of scientific description) want us to believe otherwise. The physiological descriptions contribute to our experience as practicing runners, offering us provisional confirmation or denial of what we are experiencing.

But what is important is the physiology of exercise as enacted and learned by the runner. What goes on inside the rib cage or along the route of the bloodstream is a subject for an exercise physiologist. What all that metabolism feels like, the extent to which it improves, and the determination to knock it about, is the possession of the runner and his fellow activists. If only they knew knowledge is theirs.

—From Brian Mitchell

Watermelon

I sing to you of watermelon!
Red, juicy pulp...angel sweat and succulent in taste. A big slice, a two-handed slice you can sink your teeth into with gusto, fighting seeds and shortness of breath and the inverse ratio of mouth size vs. what your eyes tell you to bite. Wade right in...a little excess watermelon juice on sweat-soaked running shirt will never be noticed.

This then is one of the tangible rewards of running. The hot, humid, sweat-miles; the relentless search for maximum-efficiency stride coupled with the day's mileage requirement. A reward, however slight, is needed to bolster spirits beaten down by sun, heat and advancing years.

The stodgy soul is satisfied with water; the carefree one has beer. Next comes those deadly serious types who carefully contemplate their electrolyte replacement in lieu of their navels. Lord, spare me from the non-imaginative or the running automatons. I'm dying for something tasty, cold and juicy after my daily run in the sun, and that deep red nectar of the gods guarded by thick green rind beckons to my memory and my drying taste buds.

As you turn for home on your next run, just think of it. Nestling coolly in your refrigerator could be a quarter or half or more of watermelon. Smooth and green and red and delicious. Black seeds dot the fruit like chips of onyx. You finish... your body cries for relief and there it is...a treasure-trove of simple pleasure. The slippery smooth feel of the fruit, a quick slice of the knife, a tantalizing pause and then... that first long, slow delightful bite. Let the juices flow down your cottony throat while your spirit springs alive again.

This is the life. The daily run completed... the satisfaction of mind and will again conquering physical limitations. A glimpse of the primal man is possible. All this and watermelon, too.

—From Tom Coyne •

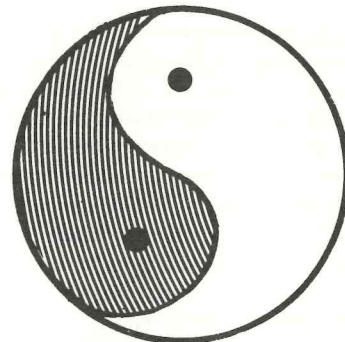
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RECORD GRAND CANYON RUN!

Bill Emmerton Makes Run on Guts & E.R.G.

Grand Canyon, Ariz. — Amazing Bill Emmerton, the 54 year old distance runner from Australia, accomplished another near-incredible running feat here today.

Emmerton, who has numerous other "super" running efforts to his credit, set a new record for crossing the Grand Canyon—from South Rim to North Rim. The run covered a distance of 22 miles, with an initial drop of 7000 feet in elevation to the canyon floor (where the temperature soared to over 110°) then an 8200 foot climb to the top again. The veteran Aussie claimed the run to be "the most frightening and exhausting endurance effort I have ever done."

E.R.G. played a major part in his ability to accomplish this magnificent feat, according to Emmerton, who commented, "This is the greatest proof that E.R.G. is the No. 1 drink for all athletes and hikers."

He went on, "I found E.R.G. gave me the extra strength and "lift" I needed. This is what most athletes need to produce a super performance. I recommend it to everyone. No athlete should ever be without a supply of E.R.G."

Emmerton also attributed a quick post-run recovery to E.R.G. He continued to consume it after the run, and remarked that "I found that after my gruelling effort...my recovery rate was about three times as quick as I would normally expect it to be."

Emmerton commented on some other highlights of his run. "In places I had to liter-



Showing signs of strain, Emmerton nears the end of a 22 mile ordeal.

ally crawl around sharp corners in the trails, with a thousand-foot drop below me. In other places I came upon 6-foot-long rattlesnakes blocking the narrow paths. When I finished, I think I must have amazed thousands of people up on that North Canyon Rim peak."

Emmerton is already planning more mind-boggling running feats. And after today's run, you can be sure he'll have a good supply of E.R.G. with him all the way.

Inflation Beater

Mt. View, Cal—Bucking the trend of inflation, E.R.G.'s prices remain at their pre-1973 level.

E.R.G. is shipped in dry crystal form, ready to be mixed instantly with water to make one half gallon.

Shipping sizes and prices are:
Sample (3 pkg) \$2.50
Reg. Box (10 pkg) \$7.40
Std. Case (24 pkg) \$16.50
3 Cases (72 pkg) \$41.50

E.R.G. comes in lemonade or regular flavors. Available from Starting Line Sports, PO Box 8, Mt. View, CA 94040.

Executives 110-mile Ordeal

Death Valley, Cal. — Two San Francisco Bay Area business executives today completed a two-day run through Death Valley's blistering heat.

Emmett Ross and Mark Dawson have been runners for years, competing in local road races, but had never attempted anything like this 110-mile ordeal before. They had been planning to make the run for about a year, after reading about others accomplishing the feat.

Ross said that although a Death Valley run is always a challenge, they decided that doing it during the hottest part of the day and in the hottest month would make their accomplishment more remarkable.

"Temperatures rose during the day to about 125 degrees but it must have been 165 degrees on the road," Dawson said. "It wasn't the sun that made things so hot but the wind blowing."

Dawson and Ross both credited a lot of their success to "steady consumption" of E.R.G. Both they and the film crew which accompanied them used E.R.G. constantly throughout the two-day ordeal.

Asked if they would do it again, Dawson and Ross said, "Sure," and reported feeling no ill effects from their trek, although they had heard of people not fully recovering for at least ten days. Evidently these other people didn't have E.R.G. along.

Wanted: stories and news items for the E.R.G. Gazette. Send your contribution to: E.R.G. Gazette, P.O. Box 366, Mt. View, Cal. 94040.

E.R.G. Tests Well

Studies conducted at the University of California, Santa Barbara, show E.R.G. to be the leading drink in keeping body temperature down. Other drinks tested included fruit and vegetable juices, soft drinks and some others of the so called "athletic drinks." The importance of these findings to all athletes is obvious.

Bill Gookin, "Mr. E.R.G.," continues to test his discovery on himself.

In two recent marathons Gookin pumped his stomach immediately after the finish, and found that over 90% of the E.R.G. taken enroute had been absorbed. This high absorption rate proves that E.R.G. goes into the system to perform its vital functions almost immediately—unlike other drinks which the system under stress may not be able to absorb.

New Flavor Added

Mt. View, Cal.—New lemonade flavor E.R.G. is proving to be enormously popular with E.R.G. users.

Developed to maintain the same high standards that people have come to expect of E.R.G., yet provide a more pleasant taste, the new lemonade flavor is the result of years of research by E.R.G.'s developer, Bill Gookin.

Gookin was quoted as saying, "I've tested the new lemonade flavor on myself and other runners in my area. It's absolutely as effective as the regular flavor, and is even more refreshing."

Lemonade flavored E.R.G. is available from Starting Line Sports at the same low cost as regular E.R.G..

BILL FITZGERALD

As track performances go these days, there's nothing particularly special about a sub-2:00 half-mile—unless you can do it at age 49 like Bill Fitzgerald of Palos Verdes Peninsula in southern California. The Seniors Track Club runner dominates the 800 meters in the 45-49 division so completely, he voluntarily ran in the 40-44 division at the 1974 AAU Masters meet to get better competition. He finished second to 42-year-old Dave Pratt (1:58.7 to 1:59.4) after following him through a 57-second 400. In his own division, Bill would have won by a whopping seven seconds.

A systems analyst with TRW Systems in Redondo Beach, Calif., and a father of four, Bill had been a middle-distance runner in high school in Massachusetts from 1940 to 1943 (his best half-mile was about 2:08). At Boston University after the war, he ran 50-flat for the quarter and 1:54 ("give or take a few tenths") for the 880. After college, he didn't run again until he was caught by Masters Mania in 1967. In the inaugural US Masters meet in 1969 he won the 440, 880 and mile (in 52.3, 1:59.8 and 4:28, respectively) and was named Athlete of the Meet, Division I. He has been a star performer on the seniors track scene ever since, accumulating a long line of age-group marks. His personal bests are 52.3 for the 440, 1:59.8 for the 880, 1:58.1 for the 800, 4:10.4 for the 1500 (the last two set two years ago) and 4:28 for the mile.

Next year, Bill turns 50, which can mean only one thing: the record book for the over-50 group seems destined for some major revisions. For instance, one of Bill's goals for next year is another sub-two-minute half. The fastest anyone over 50 has ever run is 2:05 (Wally Sheppard of Australia). Only one American over 50 has ever broken 2:10 for the half-mile (Ray Gordon, 2:09.5).

RW: How do you explain your excellent performances as a senior? I suppose you must have a lot of natural talent.

Fitzgerald: Oh, I don't know. Not particularly.

RW: But certainly with a 52.3 quarter-mile best you have a lot more

speed than the average senior runner.

Fitzgerald: Well, I guess I do when you look at it that way. But I consider training as being more important than talent—not that I consider myself that talented, as I say—and I train hard. I only wish that I had done the training... *half* the training in college that I'm doing now. I did very little endurance work in college. Right now I'm in the process of doing marathon training, and I also do a lot of interval work.

Shortly after I started running again, I came under the influence of Jim Gardner and Gerry Purdy. They wrote the book *Computerized Running Training Programs*, and I was sort of their guinea pig for awhile. I got to like the program. I'm a firm believer in what I would call sensible interval training, along with marathon training. And you have to hurt, as you know, to run well. I don't mean hurt in the sense that you stick a pin in your finger. I mean overcoming the protective mechanisms of the body which are telling you to stop when the effort starts to hurt.

RW: Can you elaborate on what you mean by "I was sort of their guinea pig for awhile"?

Fitzgerald: Both Purdy and Gardner worked here at TRW at the time. Jim Gardner is still here and I run with him almost every day. But Gerry Purdy has since left and he's now with Kenneth Cooper's Aerobic Clinic in Dallas where he's programming all of Cooper's data into the computer.

But Jim and Gerry had taken all the world records and assigned them an arbitrary point level. Then they just scaled on down from that. In using the book, the idea is this: whatever distance you're going to race—quarter, half, mile—you look at the time that you'd run now against the curve and you get an arbitrary point level.

You then turn to the particular page and you have the speed of your intervals, your reps, your rest and your distances all laid out for you. And, of course, the workouts you do depends on the time of year you're in and what you're shooting for. You just don't go into

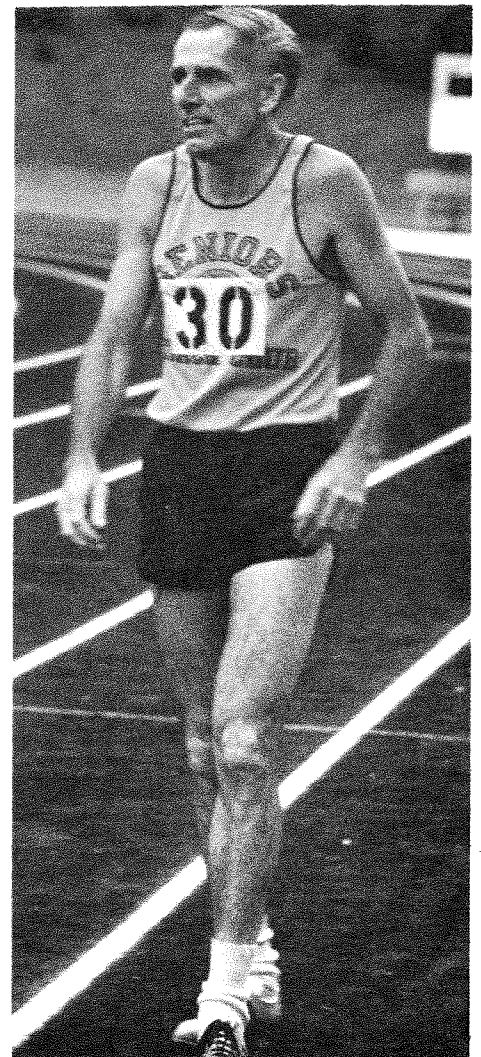


Photo by Charles A. Palmer

stress training at this time of year, for instance, if you're going to shoot for the half, say, next summer.

But when Jim and Gerry were putting together these programs, they were experimenting to see whether you could scale down from the world records, and whether, when you're working at X percent level and you do, say, 10 quarters at that level, that you could do them but that they'd be hard enough so that by the tenth one you've really put the monkey on your back. I was one of the runners doing these workouts.

RW: Yes, I notice that a photo of you and Jim Gardner, in fact, appears on the back cover of the book. One thing I've wondered about is this: don't some runners react negatively to that very expression, *computerized* running programs, because of the mechanical connotation?

Fitzgerald (laughing): Right. I've already had that from people.

Actually they take it wrong. I'm a firm believer that if you're going to com-

pete at all you should be doing some sort of interval training throughout the year. If you're not going to compete, okay, forget the interval training. But the interval training should be done in a sensible manner.

What makes this handbook so useful is that senior runners just don't have a coach, no logical guidelines to go by. I was doing some insane intervals when I first started out in 1967—until Jim Gardner grabbed me and (laughing) slowed me down a little bit, and had me do a little more logical progression of intervals. Lacking any coach, I think the book is a marvelous way to go for the individual who wants to compete, and get into interval training and not hurt himself in the process.

All that's meant by the word "computerized" is that a computer was used to run the tables out. It would have taken years to manually do the math associated with all the tables.

RW: What, in brief, is your yearly training pattern?

Fitzgerald: Right now, interval training only amounts to about 5-10% of my weekly mileage. I'll never go over 10%. I'll do 10 quarters or five or six halves, four or five 1320's or three-four mile repeats—something that has an endurance quality to it. Basically, the idea at this time is to build endurance.

As the competitive season approaches, I cut my mileage down and increase the percentage of speedwork—up to 75, 80 or 90%. So the total distance is down but the intensity of the workouts is increased.

RW: The usual sequence in sports in the past has been: the athlete gets older; he slows down; he loses at least some of his enthusiasm. Yet one would have to be blind not to notice that a great many of the senior athletes are just as gung-ho enthusiastic about training and competing as athletes half their age. Indeed, some of the seniors even seem more enthusiastic than their younger counterparts.

Fitzgerald: Oh, I'm sure they are. I've talked to a great many. I think it's the seniors' program itself. You're competing against people your own age. You're sort of starting all over again, getting another chance. It's sort of a second lease on life. It's a chance to express a latent spirit of competition that's been denied them elsewhere in their field of endeavor. It's a physical effort, but there's something satisfying about it. It's rather hard to put into words.

RW: Yet the fact remains that it's

not uncommon for an athlete's enthusiasm to wane as the years pass. Indeed, I had one international-caliber distance runner tell me that, in his opinion, about four years of truly intensive training was all he thought an athlete could take before losing his desire. I suppose the reason why so many senior runners have this, well, almost boyish enthusiasm—can I say that?—is simply because a lot of them have had a long break from competitive running, as you had, for instance, or because they're starting out fresh, never having run before.

Fitzgerald: Well, let me explain it this way. I think that after you get out of school—college—and go into your late 20's and 30's, you're very involved with work and raising your family. By the time you're 40, you're probably pretty well established. Your children are starting to get a little bit more on their own and you sort of get away from the effort that's put into raising a family. So you have this energy left over and you turn it to some other field, perhaps swimming, tennis or golf, and, of course, I turned my energy towards running. And, I don't know, once you get into it you sort of get hooked on the thing.

RW: How does the experience of running and racing as a senior compare with running when you were in high school or college? Do you, for instance, get just as excited before a competition now as you did when you were a collegian?

Fitzgerald: Yes, I still get the butterflies before each and every important meet. When I was in college I used to get them until I was almost physically sick, and I thought that as one got older you wouldn't experience this. But this doesn't go away with time. You get just as excited, and the years don't seem to make that much difference. I get just as many butterflies now as I did then—maybe even more now.

RW: Likewise, I suppose you would prepare for an important competition such as the World Masters Championships coming up next year in Toronto with the same single-mindedness as a younger athlete preparing for the Olympics—except that your training would be different.

Fitzgerald: Well, I'm preparing for Toronto right now. I have that in mind right now, even though it's a year away. I'm going to give myself the whole year to prepare for it. All my training is aimed for that one meet.

And I find that this is not only the case with me but with a lot of other senior runners. I've spoken to a lot of senior runners who are looking forward to that

meet. We had a group here last Saturday and that was sort of the main topic. They're all enthused; they're all getting ready; they're all training—with that one idea in mind: to be ready for Toronto.

It's a natural thing. They want to pit themselves against the Europeans and there are going to be a lot of Europeans and Australians and Canadians there.

RW: In connection with age, what was the biggest barrier for you to overcome when you started running again in 1967? Was there anything specific and, if so, how did you handle it?

Fitzgerald: I didn't really think of myself as being 40 at that time (laughing), not really 40. I didn't let age become a factor at all in my training. You always feel a little bit younger than you really are. It's a mental outlook rather than physical.

I felt personally that I didn't have any psychological barriers to overcome. I knew that I was well out of condition and I was curious to see how well I could do if I did a lot of decent training and did get back into shape again. Then when I ran that first run (laughing) I really found out where I was—way down the tubes. Then it became a challenge. I said, "Darn it, if they can do it there's no reason why I can't."

Actually the older runners are a motivation. You find them doing far better than you (as you're getting started). You feel, "Darn it. They're doing it. Why can't I?" It becomes a challenge at that point.

RW: The superb Canadian senior marathoner Arthur Taylor (2:27 at age 49) once told me that he considers age irrelevant. What is your own feeling about that?

Fitzgerald: I would agree with him wholeheartedly. Age *is* irrelevant. You can train just as hard as a younger person. But, of course, age has taken its toll. The muscles have become a little bit stiffer, the bones perhaps more brittle. Age has taken a toll but there's no reason why you can't train as hard as a younger person and, you know, stop some of that aging process. I find that I sort of forget my age. I'm out there running and I put the monkey on my back as often as I can.

I think that we've had this thing drilled into us down through the years, that "you're 40 years old now, take it easy," and there's really no basis for that. I think senior running is proving that. There really is no basis for people slowing down at 40. Why should they? You know, they're 39, they're active, and a year later they turn 40 and all of a sudden they should become inactive. I don't

believe that. I think that you can be active until the day they put the dirt over you.

RW: I'm sure you've noticed as well as I have that a disproportionate number of men who go into seniors running seem to turn to the marathon as their event—probably because they have accepted the common notion that the marathon is the “ultimate challenge,” the “ultimate achievement.” In fact, I suspect that a lot of these runners might do better competitively in shorter races. And perhaps a lot of them might enjoy running a lot more if they ran the shorter distances. Since you're one senior runner who is obviously anything but a marathoner, I'm interested in your response to this trend.

Fitzgerald: Well, of course, I think the marathon is a challenge, and (laughing) they're rising up to the occasion. I've sort of got the marathon in the back of my mind myself. I'm just curious to see if I could complete one. Although I've supposedly been against the marathon I'm really not. It's just (a stand I've taken) to poke fun at my friends.

But I agree with you. I think a lot of them might do better in shorter races, but they don't know how to approach it properly, having no coach or someone

taking them by the hand. These guys practice at all hours of the day or night because of their jobs and their situation. So the easiest thing to do is to run long, slow distance and compete in marathons.

RW: Would you personally like to see a more judicious spread of senior runners through all the running events?

Fitzgerald: Oh yes, I certainly would. I'd like to see them well spread out all over the spectrum—100-yard dash on up to the super-marathons. But you ask them, “Why don't you try something shorter?” and a lot of them shake their heads.

Of course, a lot of the senior runners haven't run before, and they don't understand track. They start out by running long, slow distance and when they get in condition the next thing that comes along is these long distance races. They gravitate to that. They really haven't given themselves a chance to run track. They come out for track and they run a half or a mile, they're not really ready for it and they dislike it intensely. So, therefore, their one shot at it gives them a bad impression immediately. But it's because they haven't trained properly for it.

RW: You said you agree that age is irrelevant but at the same time you did

say that age takes a toll. Do you find it harder to keep up a level of performance as the years go by? In other words, do you notice any deterioration?

Fitzgerald: I don't feel it, no. I don't feel I'm deteriorating. My times would tell me that. And in my own mind I don't notice it. I think that's the important thing.

RW: Well, if you plot your times since you started back running in '67 have they steadily improved, remained constant or started to slip back?

Fitzgerald: When I started back in '67, my times started improving and I guess my fastest times occurred, oh, in 1969. I had a slower time (in the 800 meters) by a second this year, but I don't consider it an indication that I'm slowing down. It may have been some little thing. I wasn't training right perhaps. And that's how I feel about it. That's how I want to feel. I don't want to feel that I ran a second slower because I'm older. I want to blame it on my training.

RW: Do you intend to continue racing indefinitely?

Fitzgerald: At this point I am, yes. Right now I'm curious to see how far I can go. I don't think that there should be a sudden drop-off on a year-to-year basis in your performances. So if I run a certain time one year I feel that the next year I should be somewhere near that time and I should try for it. I don't allow myself mentally to slow down. If you allow yourself to slow down mentally I think you will physically as well.

RW: In other words, you're playing the same game that all runners do, except that younger runners perhaps look towards improvement year to year while in your case it's more a matter of maintaining a certain level of performance.

Fitzgerald: Well, I really don't want to leave the impression that my goal is simply to maintain my times because I really don't think that way. I'm thinking of improving all the time. That's what's uppermost in my mind.

RW: Are we therefore to assume that less than eight months before your 50th birthday you're thinking perhaps of running a time for 800 meters that's faster than 1:58.1, which is your present best?

Fitzgerald: I'm thinking of 1:57, to tell you the truth. Now whether I can achieve it, of course, is another story. But I'm definitely thinking that way. I've got to set myself a reasonable goal. And that reasonable goal is not to maintain what I ran last year but to improve it. ●

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The Complete Runner

Who is the Complete Runner?

The Complete Runner may be an Olympic Gold Medalist, bringing the crowd to its feet with a devastating final kick.

He or she may be an age group runner with only a few friends and parents cheering on the sidelines.

Or maybe the fitness jogger, out for a chilly Sunday morning fun run, could qualify as the Complete Runner.

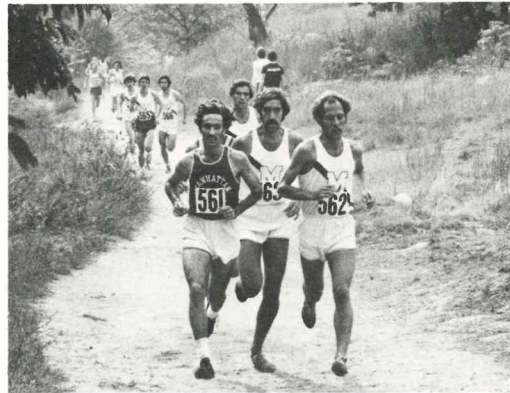
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KENYA: LAND OF STEEPLERS

by David Lewis

Lewis, a New Zealander, has worked for many years with Kenyan athletes. He coached several of the top steeplechasers.

The year 1968 should have been a turning point in Kenyan track history. The fact that it was not, and that it appears to have taken until 1974 for the rest of the world to assess correctly the mountainous East African state's place in contemporary athletics, illustrates the numerous technical, physiological and, indeed, political misconceptions under which the rest of the world has labored when attempting to appraise the Kenyan impact in international track.

To the athletes, coaches and fans in Kenya, 1968 was an important year—even if its significance was lost to most commentators overseas intent on racking up an endless column mileage on the apocalyptic effects of attitude.

Prior to the 1968 Olympics, Ken-

ya had built up a small, highly localized track reputation. From the occasional entry on the international scene in the 1950s and early '60s had emerged, in the person of Wilson Kiprugut, an Olympic bronze medalist in the 800 meters at Tokyo. Kenya brought back 18 medals from the 1965 All-Africa Games, and three golds, a silver and a bronze was the haul from the Jamaica Commonwealth Games in 1966.

In spite of this, it required a massive leap of the imagination and a supreme act of faith to think in terms of taking on the rest of the world in 1968.

Were not the Russians and East Europeans already in full-time residential training, with facilities which the entire Kenyan defense budget would have been strained to finance? Had not the paternal British so underplayed "native" achievement for the past 60 years that an almost irreparable inferiority com-

plex had established itself in the African mind? Did not Jim Ryun and his super-competitive US colleagues have a platoon of diploma-wreathed coaches, physiotherapists, dieticians and psychoanalysts at their disposal?

Kiprugut and Kipchoge Keino were accepted overseas. But what of the others? Naftali Temu had done nothing to suggest that his Commonwealth Games six-mile victory over Ron Clarke had been anything more than a fluke. And as for the rest, they were untried and inexperienced. Question marks appeared against their performances in foreign magazines. They were struggling even to attain Olympic qualifying times.

And when they all returned from Mexico in bewildered triumph and decked in medals, we searched in vain for overseas recognition. A few grudging tributes to Keino and Kiprugut; a tirade by Roger Bannister delivered against steeplechase winner Amos Biwott; the apparently astounding discovery by the same Dr.

They seized this Anglo-Scandinavian pastime and transformed it into the ultimate expression of African track power.

Bannister that Kenyans had a disproportionate leg-length-to-trunk-length relationship—and that was about all, apart from the volumes of quasi-athletic prose on the subject of altitude, with the Kenyan performances serving as lab samples.

In Kenya, however, the post-Olympic mood was one of supreme confidence—a confidence born of the knowledge that the rest of the world consisted after all of other mortals and not demi-gods. There was pride, too—national pride and athletic pride. National pride that after so short a time as an independent nation, Kenya was able to challenge anyone on equal terms, and athletic pride that in certain events Kenyans were the best in the world.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the sport of track and field rapidly became a very important medium for both personal and national expression. No matter what was said or left unsaid by the experts abroad, the Kenyans themselves knew that they were good. And those concerned with the administration, teaching and coaching track athletes knew it would not be very long before universal acclaim replaced the sour words with which the Mexico success had been written off.

The bitterest foreign words written in 1968 after the Olympics were directed at the Kenyan steeplechasers, Biwott and Ben Kogo, the silver medalist. It was demonstrated that this was the one event in which the sea-level athlete had no chance. The event should never have been run. The British *Sunday Times* likened Biwott to a farmer negotiating a plowed field. Gaston Roelants, George Young and Kerry O'Brien were held up as martyrs sacrificed upon an altar of IOC obstinacy.

Be that as it may, it is possible to see today that if there is one event that stands as a monument to overseas indifference towards Kenyan achievement—not to mention a fair amount of ignorance and prejudice—it is the steeplechase.

It is the event for which the Europeans attempted to set a permanent definition. The coaches laid down the tech-

niques required and defined the athlete for whom the event was suited. Biwott fit nowhere in the European scheme of things. You just don't run the race that way, said the European experts and the close knit group of athletes who regarded the steeplechase as something special, something mystical in conception, their own preserve.

It is the event in which Kenyan athletes have dominated the rest of the world for nearly 10 years, both in competition and in performance against the watch. It is an event in which they have defied all the accepted tenets of training, technique and tactics. It is an event which in its traditional concept is out of place in Kenya and in the Kenyan character.

Yet, far more than the classic mile, the steeplechase stands with the 400 meters as one of the twin pillars upon which the mighty Kenyan track record has been founded. There are two faces to Kenyan athletics. One is the long-striding, rhythmic 400-meter runner. The other is the wild, untamed power of the steeplechasers, who have seized an obscure Anglo-Scandinavian pastime and transformed it into the ultimate expression of African track power and contempt for tradition.

It would come as a shock to most people outside Kenya to realize that, in spite of the country's record, the event is regarded by most Kenyan athletes as either a bit of a joke or a way of picking up medals.

No one in Kenya in 1968 was naive enough to believe that Biwott and Kogo were the two best steeplechasers in the world. Throughout that season Kogo had been regularly beaten at home and was probably the least fit athlete ever to pick up a modern Olympic medal. Biwott has been beaten into third place in the National Schools' 5000-meter final and is to this day strongly suspected of being about eighth in the Schools' 2000-meter steeplechase.

What no one in Kenya was ready to do, though, was to join in the general ridicule poured upon Biwott and Kogo. Their countrymen respected the fine, proven form of Kogo and the awesome

natural power that Biwott could unleash if he ever did more than the odd week's compulsory training before a big event.

The Mexico steeplechase was certainly a joke in Kenya. But the joke was on the overseas track world. If they can't beat Kogo and Biwott, went the story among the Kenyan team, there must be a dozen of us who can pick up a steeplechase medal. And this has been demonstrated in the years since 1968.

In July 1968, the Finn Jouko Kuha broke the world record with a then sensational 8:24.2. Kenyan coach Bob Hancock, remarking then, said, "Keino could rip that record apart if he wanted to."

"Jipcho, too," I added without getting much response, for Ben had yet to break four minutes for a mile.

What, I think, conditioned us to contemplate such ideas was an instinctive feeling that the Kenyan middle distance runner has superb natural advantage over his European counterpart for running fast steeplechases. He usually has very fast flat times. He is very strong, both from his environment and tough upbringing, and his days as a novice athlete when he might have been called upon to run upwards of half a dozen races in an afternoon. He has the vast stamina reserves of a high-altitude man, and the physiological mobility and agility characteristic of the Kalenjin and Kisii tribes.

He is, in other words, Keino or Jipcho or Biwott, and to a lesser extent, Phillip Ndo and Evans Mogaka (two of the very few to specialize in the event from the beginning of their adult careers) and several dozen others waiting for the chance to step into their shoes.

Kenyan steeplechasers have also several valuable "negative" qualities. They do not, to use Jipcho's words, "run with clocks in their heads." They know from a natural "feel," a sense of track rhythm, whether the pace is right or not. They do not worry themselves with checkmarks. They watch the man alongside and pressure him during the crucial 10 yards out of a barrier. They are not troubled unduly by broken-paced running. They do not spend hours cultivating a powerful rear-leg drive and wide split away from the water jump. (You'll do that naturally if you don't want to get too wet.)

In short, they do not regard this as a complicated technical event, an ironman's intermediate hurdles. But having said all that, let no one make the error of viewing the Kenyans as abnormally gifted cretins. In fact, their appreciation of the event is often as sophisticated as

any coaching manual would pretend to be.

From the Kenyan point of view (at least from talking to Jipcho, Ndoo, Mogaka and Biwott), the steeplechase resolves itself into a three-part time pattern: laps 1-3 when things are easy and you are weighing up the opposition; laps 4-5 when you are deciding whether you can win or not, and if you can, then how; laps 6-7 which can be very unpleasant and during which you hope that the opposition shows its hand first. Within this time pattern, each lap has certain phases, dictated by the fact that there are solid barriers and a water jump to negotiate.

There would be very little disagreement up to this point. However, it is in the interpretation of what constitutes the phases of a steeplechase lap that the more "natural" and pragmatic Kenyan approach seems to differ sharply from the analytical and cerebral view of the European.

The European seems to regard the barriers as an integral part of the race, requiring a technique of approach, clearance and exit that will protect him from the stresses of broken-paced running. The barrier phase is then all-important, and the brief moments between exiting from one barrier and approaching another become a secondary phase.

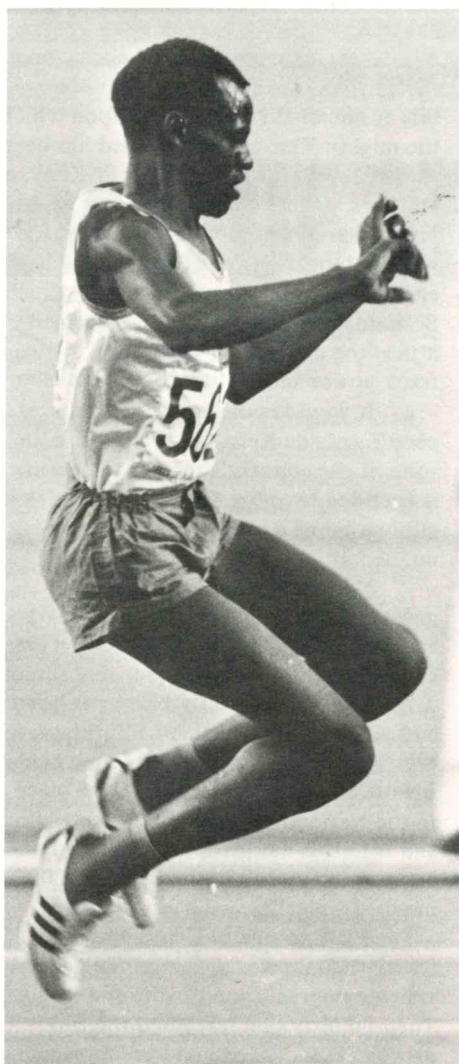
The Kenyan approach—typified in the running of Jipcho, Keno and Biwott—would appear to be exactly the opposite. The barriers are regarded as artificial obstructions, nuisances hindering the free flow of fast running. From this, it follows that the free-running phase between the barriers is of paramount importance and the barrier phase an unwelcome interruption.

Hence, the bugbear of the European—broken pace running—is accepted by the Kenyan as part and parcel of the event. If you can't take it, then why become a steeplechaser?

This basic philosophical difference is most noticeable in the exit phase of barrier clearance in a race involving Kenyans and Europeans, where the superior *hurdlng* technique of the European cannot compensate for the instant acceleration into racing speed of his technically inferior Kenyan rival.

This is not meant to be a technical article, and many of the points raised are of course arguable. Jipcho and Keno took basic equipment in the form of speed and endurance into a race which left their rivals, to say the least, at a disadvantage. Mogaka and Kogo, both moderate distance men on the flat, obviously profited from having reasonable hurdling ability.

"The bitterest foreign words written in 1968 after the Olympics were directed at the Kenyan steeplechasers, winner Amos Biwott (page 14, left, and below) and Ben Jogo (page 14, right), the silver medalist. It was demonstrated that this was the one event in which the sea-level athlete had no chance. The event should never have been run. . . Be that as it may, it is possible to see today that if there is one event that stands as a monument to overseas indifference towards Kenyan achievement—not to mention a fair amount of ignorance and prejudice—it is the steeplechase." (Mark Shearman photos)



Nevertheless, having coached Jipcho for several years, and Biwott, Mogaka and Ndoo occasionally, I would assert that the Kenyan supremacy in the steeplechase is largely a matter of attitude toward the event. It is a refusal to be cowed by technical complexities or to regard it as anything other than another race with some annoying obstacles stuck in the way.

It is admirably suited to the Kenyan athletic character for it enables them to exploit weaknesses in the European makeup. One's coaching therefore is directed to this end. One builds upon the natural foundations of strength and attempts to equip the athlete with a superabundance of resistance to the stresses of peculiar to the event. Against this and the inbuilt competitive awareness of the Kenyan athlete, very few Europeans have a chance.

Yet, there remains in the steeplechase something alien to the Kenyan character. Natural rhythm is destroyed and that, to the classically striding Kenyan, means that the race is something less than wholly enjoyable—particularly when it often involves getting uncomfortably wet. Jipcho has never really liked the event and would willingly renounce all his achievements in it if it would bring him his cherished world mile record. Keino only did it to have a second Olympic medal. Both have given it up with no regrets.

In some ways, the Kenyans have indeed made a mockery of the event. But not in the way their critics in 1968 suggested. By their casual superiority, they have cast certain doubts upon its validity as a separate track skill.

One of the few occasions when I have seen Jipcho really angry was when Guy Spencer, then athletics correspondent for the *East African Standard* wrote that Jipcho was "clumsy" over the barriers.

"What's steeplechasing then," said Jipcho, "when I can see all the less clumsy ones coming in behind me?"

To me, the final word rests with Biwott, the so likeable and so lazy Amos, who started the whole furor back in 1968. In a vain attempt to stop him hopping across the water jump and to persuade him of the virtues of the "correct" technique, I once showed him a series of photographs of a well-known French steeplechaser of immaculate technique.

"Oh yes," said the incorrigible Amos. "I know that man. He has a very nice jump. I beat him several times last year," ●

THE MYSTIQUE OF THE MILE



I ran a mile for Roger Bannister. I relived the 3:59.4 Bannister ran at the Iffley Road track in Oxford 20 years ago. I ran a mile for all milers, for all those who have accepted the challenge of the perfect distance and have sought to run that perfect race.

I didn't want to run it. I wasn't ready to run it. And the mile is not to be entered lightly. When Bannister was to race one, he looked according to his friends, like a man going to the electric chair.

"Few understand," Bannister wrote, "the mental agony through which an athlete must pass before he can give his maximum—and how rarely, if he is built such as I, he can give it."

But this was a special day, and something special had to be done. My stomach had that all-gone feeling, and when I thought of the race, my chest would tighten with anxiety.

Why this worry? Why be nervous when other distances are a lark? I'm not sure, but all milers know this feeling. For one thing, the mile is the true measure of a runner. It demands a unique mixture of your maximum speed, strength and endurance, while in other races any one of these will do. And it is the classic confrontation with the stopwatch, where moments no more than a

Roger Bannister, sandwiched between Chris Chataway (left) and Chris Brasher in the historic mile 20 years ago.

pause in a conversation damn you as a runner and a man.

If you come to a mile with less than your own perfection, the mile will search it out. The mile is a lonely and painful and beautiful place. And it must be run, as the poetess wrote of love, "to the depth and breadth and height my soul can reach."

So this is no ordinary race that can be run again and again. Milers run few miles in competition and none in practice. The mile is the culmination of months of training, the final accomplishment of the athlete's year. That year starts in September with long runs over the autumn countryside, and continues through a winter of further extending the body's endurance, and then finally a spring of quarter-miles that would test a saint.

These quarters are voluntary acts of torture with two short minutes in between that leave me on hands and knees, my breath coming in gasps, my groans audible to bewildered spectators. And the thought goes through my head that I never want to feel this way again.

But these quarters teach the mind and will to accept pain. They teach the body to provide energy without the use of oxygen. They teach it to convert lactic acid and delay an inevitable collapse. Bannister, who made the four-minute mile his reason for being, worked this out. He formulated the training and convinced himself it could be done. He put his life into this one-mile race. And by April of 1954 he was running 10 consecutive interval quarters in 59 seconds.

I came to my mile 20 years later without those interval quarters, without the preparation the mile deserves, and without those companions Bannister had—Brasher to pace him that first half and Chataway the third quarter. I wasn't ready for the race, but I gave it the respect due it.

We set out together, myself and five freshmen who looked like my acolytes, lifting easily through that first quarter in 74 seconds. ("I slipped in behind Brasher," reported Bannister, "feeling tremendously full of running.") We reached the half in 2:32, a respectable pace for 14-year-olds and anyone my age (55).

But then the altar boys disappeared in my wake, and I was left with the tightening legs and burning chest and the taste in my mouth that I get when I am running faster and longer than I actually can. So I came to the end of the three-quarters already eight seconds over my 5:00 pace and with nothing left. ("At the end of three-quarters," Bannister stated, "the effort was still barely perceptible.")

But because the mile is what it is and milers are what they are, I ran that last quarter as perfectly as I could. I staggered here and there, the body protesting that the whole thing was ridiculous, but the mind and will somewhere safe from pain demanding I do more and more. ("In the last 50 yards," Bannister revealed, "my body had long since exhausted its energy but it went on running just the same.")

Then it was over and I was kneeling, feeling the soft earth, the sun warming me, the grass friendly in my hands. "If I faltered," wrote Bannister, "there would be no arms to hold me and the world would be a cold and forbidding place." But he had not, nor had I, and on this day the world had its arms open wide, and it was a soft and warm and friendly and wonderful place. ●

AN HONEST DAY'S WORK

by
Joe Henderson

California sees runners all the time. There are so many on its streets now that it ignores them. I'd gotten used to being ignored. Then this summer I went home to Iowa, to a town so small that a thousand towns its size would fit into San Francisco.

The little town had never seen a runner on its streets and country roads before I started doing it in the late 1950s. No one had done it since I left there in the early '60s.

I'd come full circle. I was weird when I started running there, then for awhile had been the object of some admiration, and now was weird again.

Before, I could pretend I was training to win races and make people there believe it—sometimes even make myself believe it. But I wasn't a kid working out his fantasies any more. I was a 31-year-old man with a wife and a child and a job. People in this Iowa town had never seen a grown man run, and couldn't see any sense in one doing it...

I'm running. I've tried my best to avoid people. But here's a man in bib overalls blocking the way.

"Hi there, Fred. Uh, remember me?"

He looks at me through squinted eyes until a spark of recognition ignites.

"Yeah, I do. You're the Henderson boy. How could I forget? Never seen anyone else running around the way you did. Still doing that, huh?"

"Oh, sure, I guess I've been at it too long now to stop. It's a habit."

"Well, I never seen much sense in



that stuff myself. I mean, around and around and never getting nowhere. What's it get a fella? Seems like a big waste of time to me."

"Maybe so. But if I didn't run, I guess I'd probably weigh 200 pounds and beat my wife."

"Yeah, guess that's something alright. It's hurting nobody, anyway. But you sure do look awful skinny. You need to get some meat on your bones, boy."

Shrug.

"What kind of work you doing now?"

"Working for a magazine. A magazine about running."

Photo above by Cindy Warren;
page 19 by Om photos.

"Figures."

"I've gotta run..."

Conversation after conversation went the same way, with the refrain always being "Still running?" Running was what people there remembered me by. And I guess I should be happy to be remembered at all. But the way they asked it seemed to say, "What's a man your age doing still playing around with something

If you don't get up a good sweat on the job, you need it before or after hours.

as foolish as this?" It was as if I was still playing cowboys and Indians.

People in this town and hundreds of small midwestern farming towns like it take a narrow view of what work and play should be, and mine didn't fit.

An honest day's work to them means planting the south 40 with corn, or putting the hay in the barn. It means sweating and getting the hands dirty.

After a working day, the limit of play might be a quick softball game or a little bowling. More likely, the end of the day means a shower and a big meal, the newspaper and a couple of hours of TV, and to bed early.

Farming is heavy physical labor. Running is the same. A person who sweats all day on the job doesn't feel much like sweating some more at play—and doesn't have much need to do it.

Running has never gained many converts from people who work with their hands. Runners are mostly people who work with their heads. Running is an essential physical balance to an otherwise mental day.

My sister's boyfriend, who doesn't run, calls it a "white-collar sport." He tried to pick an argument with me while I was in Iowa.

He said, "From what I read in your magazine, it looks to me like running is a middle- and upper-class luxury. The people who do it are the ones with good jobs, good incomes and time on their hands.

"The people here (in Iowa farming towns) have to scrape for a living. They can't waste any of their effort on anything as frivolous as sports."

I couldn't really argue with him, though naturally I tried. What I've seen about runners pretty much supports his conclusion.

The runners who keep going after they're out of school and are working are for the most part white, college graduate, upwardly mobile business and professional men living in the cities and suburbs.

I rarely meet a runner who does hard labor or is unemployed. Figures from a large sample of *RW* readers indicate the same thing. Of nearly 600 runners questioned, the number of physical laborers is 3%, and the unemployment rate is 2%—both far below national averages.

It is extremely rare to find a railroad switchman, a long-haul truck driver, a gardener, a longshoreman, a hod-carrier, a carpenter or a rancher among runners. There are one of each in this group. There are no farmers. (Though this doesn't suggest that they *can't* run. A dairy farmer from Wisconsin, Royce Harnish, recently ran a 2:31 marathon.)

Running draws heaviest from the fields of education, business and several sciences. The chart here lists percentages from the occupational groups having more than 1% of the total.

OCCUPATION	%
Education	31%
Business	12%
Engineering	9%
Medicine	8%
Science	7%
Law	5%
Military	4%
Accounting	3%
Writing	2%
Post Office	2%
Social Work	1%
All Others	15%

It isn't difficult to see why education leads. Running in the US has always been school-based. This survey didn't include high school and college students, but if it had they would have accounted for half of the total.

People who work at schools are in an atmosphere where running is accepted and is often important. They have a place to run, people to run with, time to run. Many are running coaches who are staying active themselves.

Business people, in their many roles (most of those here are executives and salespeople), make up the largest part of the work force. Since most of the jobs are rather sedentary, it's understandable that these workers look to running as a physical outlet.

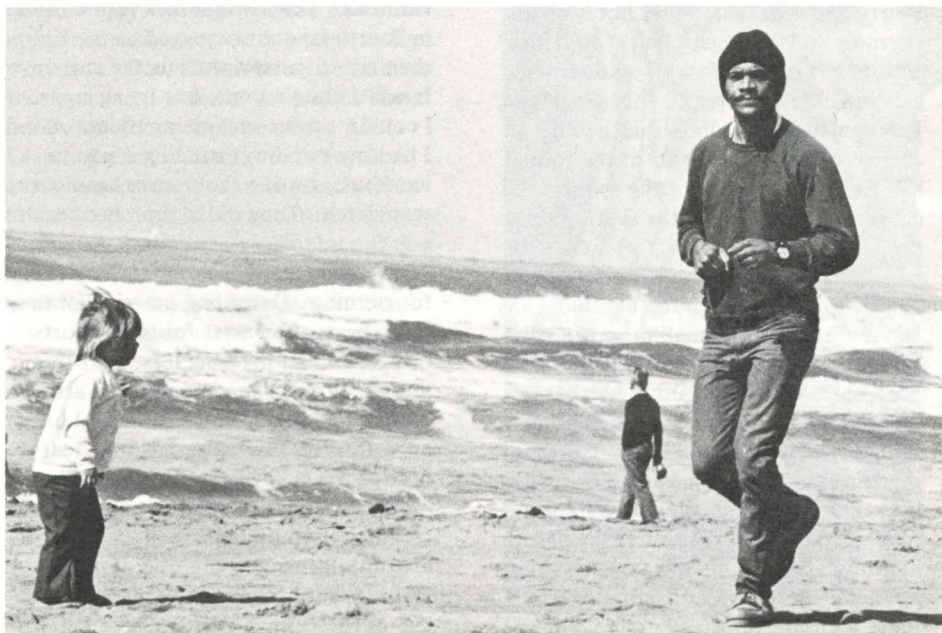
The best advertisement the sport has is its doctors. If they think enough of its health benefits to practice it themselves, there must be a lot of good in it.

Doctors—along with the other scientific types such as engineers, mathematicians, physicists and chemists—seem to feel a special attraction to running. The same is true of accountants who work with numbers, and lawyers, military persons and police officers who work with laws and discipline.

Perhaps they feel comfortable with running because there is a certainty to it. If they do the right things, they'll get the right results—easily measured results. It's only a question of learning what the laws are and what the numbers mean and applying X amount of discipline.

Writers like running for quite a different reason. It's a chance to escape the discipline of wringing words from a stubborn brain, to freewheel along new paths and to play with new ideas and word combinations.

Nothing loosens up a constipated mind like good, honest sweat. If we don't find it in our work, we need it in our play. ●



A SHADOW IN MY FOOTSTEPS

A father's dilemma: what to do with a talented running son without being a Little League Parent?

by Hal Higdon

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My oldest son Kevin stood at the front door in sweat suit and sneakers one spring afternoon. I asked him where he was going, a proper question one might ask a 14-year-old boy.

"Running," Kevin announced, then slipped through the door and was off down the road.

I was astounded. It was as though Kevin had announced his plans to join the family business. I have run all my life, set a few records, won a few titles. Now I had an heir following in my footsteps.

I felt in my mouth the taste of anticipation that every parent of an athletically gifted child must sooner or later feel. We want our children to succeed in school, in their relationships with others, but particularly we court achievement in that most visible arena: the playing field of sports.

What bleacher fan has not felt a desire to see his son batting in the World Series? What TV quarterback has not hoped to cheer his child in the Super Bowl? What runner would not wish an Olympic victory for his heir? So it was with me. Like Dr. Jeckyl, who sensed a coming metamorphosis into Mr. Hyde, I recognized the feelings that could change me into that fiend of the football fields, that terror of the tennis courts, that scourge of the skating rinks: the Little League Parent.

The Little League Parent (*genus Americanus*) can be found at almost any playing field where small boys (or girls) compete in organized sports. The game need not be baseball—although that sport's "Little League," with its miniature base paths and full-size frustrations, gave the species its name. Children playing sandlot baseball, alley basketball, touch football, seem to survive with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of enjoyment. But as soon as you provide them with uniforms and erect grand-

stands where proud parents can watch, tensions mount.

I disapprove of the over-involvement of mothers and fathers in their children's sporting achievements, yet I understand, because I've been there myself.

When Kevin returned from his run, I inquired about his route. He described one of my familiar courses through the neighborhood and I estimated he had covered a little less than five miles. He was going to be running on his junior high school track team soon and wanted to prepare himself. He announced that he planned to run that course each day for the next two weeks. What pleased me was not that he was doing it, but that he was doing it without my asking him to.

It had been like that before. Back in the mid-60s, shortly after I had moved to Michigan City, Ind., I would work out summer evenings on a nearby track with some of the local runners. My family often came along. I would run interval quarter-miles.

Kevin was six and his brother David, four. They would lurk in the third or fourth lane as we jogged to the line, then try to outspurt us to the corner. It was a child's game, but being a parent I couldn't resist organizing them. Soon I had my two boys running separate workouts, testing themselves against the stopwatch. They did it then because it was fun.

Kevin showed an immediate talent for running. David had better coordination, more of an asset for team sports, but Kevin had my long legs, light frame and cardiovascular capacity, the attributes of a long distance runner. I have an extremely low pulse rate. As I sit here at the typewriter my heart thumps along at 37 beats a minute and I have clocked my pulse as low as 29. I once attributed this to a lifetime of conditioning, until I was tested several years ago at the Human Performance Labora-

tory at Ball State University.

I ran on a treadmill, wires and leads attached to my body. Kevin came along for the ride and wanted to try the treadmill, too. It looked like fun. So lab director Dave Costill also tested him and found a pulse rate in the 50s (extremely low for a young boy), and most intriguing: a T-wave on the electrocardiograph machine that almost duplicated mine. I possess a most bizarre T-wave, one that causes the EKG stylus to nearly jump from the paper, but I never before suspected it might become a proof of parentage. Kevin had inherited his cardiovascular capacity, which could help make him a champion track runner.

But although ability is inherited, you don't inherit desire, an often more important attribute for success in sports. Desire must come from within. You can't force-feed desire. You can push a child to the plate, but you can't make him hit. Yet it is in this area—the insertion of children in the center arena, often against their will and beyond their capabilities—where the Little League Parent shows his most ugly face.

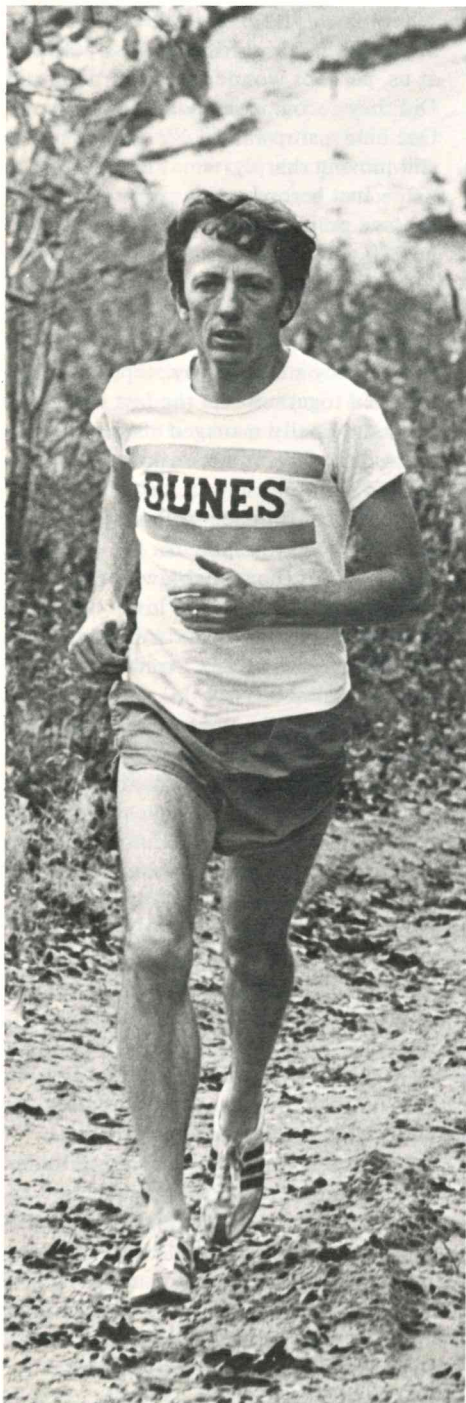
Kevin had continued to train with our summer group two or three days a week, because it was fun. Partly as reward (for him or for me, it's unclear now which), I found some competition for him. He ran 16:30 for two miles at age six, then an age-group record. The following year, he ran 7:01 for a mile, but then began to lose interest in regular training. As he grew older, other interests interfered.

One year later, after seeing me win a marathon, he told me he wanted to try that race. When I told him how many miles of training I expected him to cover before I would permit him to start that long a race, he decided he had better things to do. Though Kevin continued to compete, his improvement declined and he set no more age-group records.

I placed little pressure on Kevin to become a champion runner while young,

partly because of lessons learned during my own athletic career. I had matured late as a runner, never having broken five minutes for the mile in high school. Not having been fulfilled, or surfeited, at an early age, I retained the motivation to continue in competition even into my 40s. I saw *longevity* in sport—not necessarily *excellence*—as the goal. I hesitated to force my son into maximum training for fear of turning him off, or burning him out, of losing him for the long run.

Dr. Harmon Brown, chairman of the AAU age-group committee, surveyed a group of California cross-country runners and found a consistent drop out



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rate of 50% a year. Only 15% of his original test group remained in the sport after three years. A *Track & Field News* survey indicated that the two out of every three high school runners making the open ranking list were absent from that list the following year.

There are reasons for this. I believe the average track athlete has an attention span of two or three years, during which time he can abandon all outside interests in pursuit of excellence. A dry cell once discharged must be discarded. Desire, once gone, rarely returns.

My view is, save desire to coincide with physical maturity. If a runner must discharge his battery, let him do so at age 25 when he may more effectively maximize his true physical potential.

Our summer running group had attracted, in addition to my children, a pair of brothers named Bobby and Jimmy. Both had talent: Bobby as a miler, Jimmy as a sprinter. Age-group competition in our area was rare. Nevertheless, Bobby progressed to where he ran 5:40 for the mile in seventh grade.

Since I believed desire should be carefully nurtured, not dissipated at too early an age, I brought Bobby and Jimmy along easily, restraining them in their workouts. But it wasn’t easy to immunize them from parental pressure. Their father was the archetype of the Little League Parent. On days between our group workouts, he would march them to the track and have them run mile time trials. After a few years, Bobby and Jimmy drifted away from our running program. Later, their family moved from town. My children too had become

Hal Higdon (left), one of the country’s leading Masters distance runners, and his young son Kevin (right).

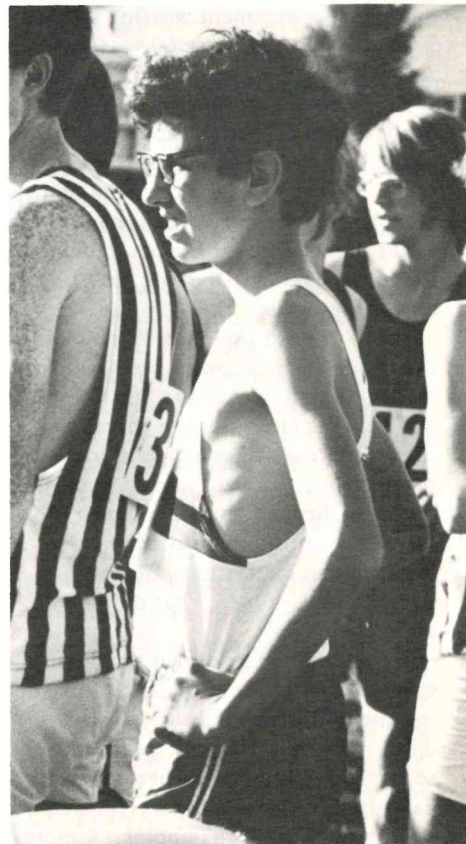
bored with running, so age-group track effectively ceased in Michigan City.

Then one summer at our church carnival, a youth approached me and began to chat. Though buried beneath long tresses and a mustache, he looked familiar, but I couldn’t immediately place the name. Halfway through the conversation, I suddenly realized I was speaking with a grown-up Jimmy. Had he realized his potential in track? No, he had fallen off a motorcycle at 50 mph and had wrecked his knee. What about Bobby? He also had injured his leg and never had run again.

After we ended our conversation, I began to experience doubts. If I had been more vigorous in my early efforts to provide competition for Jimmy, would he have climbed on that motorcycle? If Bobby had trained more intensively, might not he have established age-group records? Was I wrong in discouraging their father’s instincts for becoming a Little League Parent?

My philosophy had been, wait for until tomorrow, but suppose there is no tomorrow? The bomb could drop tomorrow. Perhaps longevity in my sport was not as important a goal as I had made it for myself. Take what you can now and let tomorrow worry about itself.

“Early success offers no promise of more of the same later on,” wrote Joe Henderson in *The Young Runner*. “But



to find it once, for only a brief period, may be enough."

It is easy to become critical of the Little League Parent, the overzealous father or mother who shoves their child into the athletic limelight in order to live vicariously through his deeds. My wife and I sometimes feel we spend half our free time serving as chauffeurs to practices or sitting on the sidelines watching our daughter Laura turn somersaults, David hit service aces or Kevin glove flies in centerfield.

We find ourselves often surrounded by maniacs, other parents who scream for their children to hold that line, sink that shot, hit that pitch. Other times we act like maniacs ourselves. But often we notice that Kevin, David and Laura have teammates whose parents never come to watch them play, who drive them to games and then disappear, or who send them in the cars of other parents. If the child makes a great play, it must be communicated over a barrier formed by the *Wall Street Journal*. Then we wonder if the Little League Parent is all that bad.

Besides, what is wrong with living vicariously through the deeds of your children? I still remember with fondness the role of a cook played by Laura several years ago in a children's theater production of *Sleeping Beauty*. And in a sixth grade basketball game, David driving for the basket, putting a sudden move on his opponent worthy of Walt Frazier. I can run a mental videotape replay of that any time.

But being a runner myself, I probably identify most vicariously with Kevin, because his greatest talents lie in track. I must apologize to my other two children for not writing this way about them. Perhaps I see in Kevin a chance to win that Olympic medal that escaped my grasp.

In seventh grade Kevin, now old enough for varsity sports, went out for his junior high track team. He ran well, but usually placed third or fourth in meets. A year makes a big difference at that age, and the eighth graders usually beat him through physical maturity. Kevin would return home after practice for the usual inquisition. How was school today? *Fine*. What did you do at practice? *Run*.

Sometimes it seemed that Kevin spent as much time sitting around watching one of his friends pole vault as he did running himself. His coach, who also served as his shop teacher, seemed to have little background as a trainer of potential Olympic champions. A more

ambitious man, indeed, might have had his young proteges doing interval quarters, lifting weights and doing double workouts.

On the other hand, a more ambitious coach cracking the whip might have driven a lot of boys away from the sport. Kevin's coach had a pleasant personality and the boys seemed to like him.

But sometimes the Little League Parent in me surfaced. Following one meet in which Kevin had placed second in the 880 largely because he had run a too-slow first lap, I informed him we were going to do extra workouts. On a Saturday morning, we went to the high school track and I paced him through several 440s at top speed. On Sunday, I timed him in several sprint 220s. That week he lowered his personal best by five seconds.

There is no greater joy than achieving success as coach and father simultaneously. Before his final meet of the season, I instructed him carefully how to handle another runner of near equal ability who had defeated him the previous year: "Let him take the lead, but stay right on his shoulder. Wait until the backstretch of the final lap, then start your kick."

Kevin nodded, and with the sound of the starter's pistol shot off the line as though running for his life. He led from start to finish. "Why didn't you follow my directions?" I quizzed him afterwards.

He shrugged. He also shrugged when I told him that his victory, immortalized by his mother with her Polaroid camera, was the first time in a track career begun nine years earlier that he had ever crossed the finish line in first place. "Are you sure, Dad?" asked Kevin.

Two days after his season ended,

I marched Kevin to the high school track for a time trial. He had competed only in the 880 that spring, so I wanted to see how fast he could run a mile, that bellwether distance of the English-speaking world. I expected he might clock around 5:20. Kevin's younger brother David held the stopwatch while I helped pace Kevin, running just off his shoulder.

He moved the first two laps sharply, passing the half-mile in a time faster than he had run that distance in most early season meets. I felt certain Kevin would slacken his pace on the third lap, but surprisingly he continued strong.

Running down the backstretch, I noticed that two coaches from the high school meet just ended were standing above the track, staring curiously down at us, perhaps wondering at our identity. Did they recognize us as father and son? One held a stopwatch. We ran past them still moving sharply.

Just before coming around to their vantage point on the final lap, with maybe 220 yards to go, I shouted for Kevin to begin his kick. "Stretch out!" I barked. "Start moving!" His pace remained the same. We rounded the final turn side by side, step by step, as though tethered together. On the last straightaway, he finally managed a sprint. We crossed the finish line, father a quarter-stride behind his son.

Kevin stopped, walked onto the grass, bent over gasping for air. I jogged to the end of the straightaway then turned and came back to him. "I couldn't have sprinted that soon," he said, "I never would have finished." I told him not to worry.

David walked over and showed me the watch. It read 5:03.9. I told Kevin his time. He grunted something. The age-group record for a 14-year-old is nearly 40 seconds faster, but who knows who will be the fastest at the age when championships are won. Kevin's performance probably didn't seem significant to him, but it was to me. While only in eighth grade, he had run faster by nearly a second than my best time in high school.

I left my son and went for a slow, solitary jog around the track to cool down. He was too tired to join me. When I came to the backstretch, I looked up and realized that the two coaches who had witnessed our run had gone. Had they recognized me? Did their stopwatch record our time? Would they realize the significance of our performance?

Probably not, but I wanted to shout to the world that there was a shadow following in my footsteps. ●

1976 Winter Games



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NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR SHOES

by Hollis Logue III

Once upon a time (maybe last February), there lived a young man named Oscar Ical (his nickname was Typ). Typ had a nine-to-five job, a wife, two children and a house that was more than half-owned by a bank. And he enjoyed running.

Each morning, Typ Ical hit the roads or the track for a few miles of running. He was fairly fast, but he never even thought about times. Running was a "no-hassle" thing for him. Thoughts of injuries, pace, technique never crossed his mind.

A coach happened to be working out at the track where Typ was running and the coach remarked about how well he moved along. "You've got a nice pace, there, young man. Have you been racing a long time?"

"Race? I don't ever race. I just groove on running to a mental beat. Why should I race?"

The coach explained about competition and ribbons and victory. It wasn't too long until the coach had Typ convinced that he should give competition a try. No big deal, just a bit of weekend running against some individuals about his age. Typ left the field, his head buzzing with new thoughts.

The race was an experience for Typ. His old street flats held up pretty well on the track, and he managed to finish a strong third in the mile. He decided competition had its beauty, too. It gave a little more variety to his total running picture. Typ thought he might run again in a meet, but it wasn't an urgent need in him. The coach had other ideas.

"You did okay for your first race, Typ, but we'll have to do some hard training to finish better next month," he said.

"Oh, coach," Typ complained, "I just want to run when I feel like it and how I feel like it. I'm happy with third. I'm just happy to have been here at the meet at all."

"But you'll do so much better with some training and some better equipment," the coach insisted. "I've got some computer-based scientific research data that practically guarantees a victory. If we couple that to a scientific diet and some X-356 racing shoes, then you're assured of a first place!"

"Why all this hassle about training, scientific diet and special shoes? Can't I

just race my own way? I've got a family and a job and lots of other things to think about besides racing."

Yet for all his efforts at trying to reason with the coach, Typ finally agreed to "have a go at it" and use the new shoes and follow the scientific diet and computer-based scientific research data on training.

No longer was it the "run when you feel like it" or "eat what you want to eat" existence for him. The old running flats were discarded, too. Typ's wife had to follow a diet plan for Typ

that required a real alteration in their eating pattern.

The coach's training plan was followed strictly. There were intervals, fartleks, fast road runs—no time for the usual runs that Typ enjoyed so much before. Oh, these new techniques were exciting at times, but there wasn't much room for preferences. Cokes, candy and Johnny Carson all were eliminated for the sake of new vistas.

At last, after months of dedicated practice and life-style alterations, the day of the big meet arrived. Typ entered the mile run. The coach was excited about Typ's progress during the month. He felt sure his pupil could do well. But Typ was rather quiet before the race. He went through some scientific warmups and did his best to control pre-race butterflies.

The race was a fast one. It was a tight finish, yet Typ managed to squeeze out a victory a yard ahead of the second-place finisher.

After a few deep breaths, Typ sat down on a bench and put his head almost between his legs.

"You've done it!" shouted the coach from down the track. "I knew you could do it!"

The young man on the bench didn't look up until the coach was sitting beside him.

"It was beautiful! You're going to be even greater in the next meet," the coach said.

"I'll try my best when the next race comes along, but there won't be any more computer-based scientific research training data or scientific diet for me," remarked Typ.

"Why not?" queried the coach.

"Because I don't really know if it was me who won that race or if it was all that scientific gimmickry. It all seems like cheating. I'd like to race again, but I want to race on my terms. I have no doubt that all your techniques helped me, but why must success be based on science? I may have stumbled on much of what I've followed by a few years of trial and error, but I would have also felt much better about using it, too."

The coach got a disgusted look on his face and walked off to find another runner to convert. As the coach left the track, Typ yelled after him, "But I like those shoes!"

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It evaluates the state of the heart's fitness, and tells how to train within its limits.

WHY TAKE A STRESS-TEST?

by Jack Galub

There is a mystique to "stress-testing": What do doctors actually "see" when they wire you up to an electrocardiograph machine as you exercise? Can they help the mature, would-be fitness runner who is especially vulnerable to medical and physical problems? Are the tests really worth the time, effort and money involved?

To get the facts, I spoke with Abner Delman, cardiologist and medical director, and William S. Gualtiere and Kerry J. Stewart, exercise physiologists, at Cardio-Metrics, Inc.

C-M is located in New York City and is the only private facility in the state license to administer stress or exercise tests and to write the follow-up exercise prescription. In its exercise programs, C-M applies the principles of interval training, which it believes is the safest and most effective means of conditioning the mature woman or man who has sat too many years in front of the TV set or the dinner table.

Doctors are sending patients for stress or exercise testing before they start training. Why not be satisfied with the resting electrocardiogram (ECG)?

Delman: Let's take the analogy of a car that has been used primarily around the neighborhood or on an occasional run into the country. Under normal conditions it sounds well, performs well. But take it out at highway speeds for several hundreds of miles, and you may start hearing pings and noises you never suspected existed.

It's often the same with the heart. It may look good during an at-rest ECG, but when you make it really work for a period of time you may discover severe arrhythmias and other cardiac problems

you did not know existed. Arrhythmias are variations from the normal rhythm of the heart. There now is evidence they can be forerunners of cardiac arrest.

If an individual comes of healthy stock, has no history of cardiac problems, shouldn't a good, routine examination be enough to give him a clean bill of health?

Gualtiere: In general, I would say yes, particularly if he shows a good cardiac profile, normal blood pressure and blood lipids (fats) and so on. That reduces the risk of anything happening. But stress-testing reduces that risk even further, particularly if the individual has been inactive over a period of years.

Is stress-testing new?

Gualtiere: About 50 years ago, it was called "performance testing." Over the years, considerable work was done in the laboratories dealing with the body processes and its response to physical stress. The data accumulated helped us place exercise programming on a rational or objective basis. In track, that work also has led to many of the better times we have seen in the mile, cross-country and marathon.

When did testing leave the laboratory for general use?

Delman: Sometime in the mid-'50s with the use of exercise in the management of suspected or known cardiac patients. Since then, it has gained in popularity, as do many new medical and health developments. But I think that is all to the good.

There has been some questioning of the entire procedure though? For example, that the mere suggestion a would-be runner take a test is enough to scare him off.

Gualtiere: You can build a case for that point of view, I am sure. But you can also support the need for gain-

ing as much cardiovascular data about an individual as possible before you let him start training. Our experience is that most people tend to overdo. They overstress and come down with all kinds of muscular and skeletal problems. Sometimes they come down with cardiac problems.

Let's fact it, people sometimes die because they embark on a training program they shouldn't have undertaken. They thought they were all right. Most people who feel healthy usually don't see a physician—at least not until they've shown symptoms. The stress-test, on the other hand, is capable of detecting early evidence of heart problems.

What does a typical stress-test include?

Gualtiere: We start by taking a comprehensive medical history of the individual, with emphasis on cardiac incidents. We also check his report with his own physician if he is a walk-in. Most of those we test are referred by their physicians, so that step isn't necessary. Then, if we believe we can safely test him, we start with a resting ECG. We're looking for anything new that might have developed since his last visit to a doctor.

Delman: Some people have silent heart attacks and don't know it. Assuming everything is in order after the initial work-up—blood pressure reading, ECG, etc.—we move on to the testing area. (By the way, we will not test anyone with recent angina pains or cardiac irregularities.)

During the stress-test, we take a continuous ECG and monitor his heart action at the same time on oscilloscopes. We also do a series of blood pressure readings and measure his body's oxygen handling ability. All while the individual is exercising under increasing stress. We believe we're able to detect any available evidence of heart strain this way. The test also gives us the data we need to develop a personalized exercise prescription for cardiac enhancement.

Stewart: We use electrically driven treadmills for our tests. This lets us control the belt's speed and also lets us tilt it at regular intervals. This makes the individual "climb a hill," causing his heart to work harder. His body also consumes more oxygen even though we keep the belt's speed constant. The more deconditioned the person is, the more quickly he'll peak out during the test. With those in better shape, the heart takes longer to reach the maximum beat rate we are targeting at during the stress period.



This way, we're able to quite accurately predict a person's maximum aerobic capacity. We don't have to test up to exhaustion, even though we have done so for some competitive runners. For the average person, we'll test up to 85% of his maximum heart rate beat. At that point, we slow the belt and start lowering it. We keep monitoring his heart action and blood pressure and continue to even when we get him off the belt and onto a chair. We want to detect any suspicious changes in his ECG that might appear only during the cooldown period. An abnormal response, for instance, might be an upsurge in blood pressure.

What happens after the test?

Gualtiere: After we have had a chance to analyze his test, we bring him back for a group session with others to explain our training philosophy. Then we review each person's personalized exercise prescription individually so he can start training on a controlled basis.

What is your training philosophy?

Gualtiere: Given an individual over 30 years of age who has been sedentary, our feeling is that of all the components associated with physical fitness, cardiovascular is most important. That is the cornerstone, the base from which a fitness runner can go on if he wants to build muscle bulk, improve flexibility, extensibility.

We also believe that interval training offers the best approach to beginning involvement with running. There are a number of reasons for this. Most important is that the older person's body will not allow him to exercise continuously at the necessary intensity, frequency and duration to do him good. Interval training eases him into running

and builds him up to where he can phase into continuous training if he wants it.

Stewart: Even with younger people who might be able to skip the interval training phase, there is enough of a risk of coming down with muscular and skeletal problems to make it advisable to start with interval training. This lets the runner gradually condition his body. He isn't wasting time; he is playing it safe.

Gualtiere: Our sessions are divided into three stages—warmup, stimulus, cooldown. It's in the stimulus stage that the runner makes his heart work, builds up his fitness. We have him working at 75-85% of his maximum heart beat. That's when the workout stimulates an improvement in his aerobic capacity.

A number of concepts have been

advanced for conditioning the beginning runner. One is built on a point system. Another calls for a minimum run of six miles. The doctor who takes that approach says that any distance under six miles does little good.

Delman: It's not a matter of distance or of running against the clock. Our studies show that approximately 75-85% of an individual's age-related maximum heart rate must be attained for a length of time if he is to benefit. Our objective is to help him enhance his cardiovascular fitness. This calls for training 15-20 minutes at the target heart rate level, 3-4 times a week over a 6-9-month period.

The training prescription we write for the runner tells him when and how often he should count his pulse beat. That tells him if he is under- or overstraining. We actually have him count his pulse for five seconds and then multiply by 12. Not a particularly difficult task.

What about the mature individual who lives in an area without testing facilities. What can he do?

Gualtiere: He should seek the guidance of a physician. If that is impossible, he should become aware of the cardiac risk factors and should assess his own history against those factors. Then, if he has a good cardiac profile, he should start slowly. He must practice moderation from the very beginning. Should he at any time develop any unusual symptoms—chest pains, undue muscular soreness—he should stop.

If all goes well, for the first three weeks to a month he might limit himself to walking. First, at a slow or moderate pace. Depending on his age, brisk walking is all he may have to do to start rounding into shape. When he feels he has reached a peak in his walking, he might start jogging, using an interval approach. But he must remember to make it easy. He is out to enhance his cardiovascular system and to become a fitness runner. He's not out there preparing for competition. If he wants to go in that direction, that kind of training can come later.

Stewart: He should learn to keep his inner ear tuned to his body. If he's beginning to push too hard, his body and pulse count will tell him. He should be willing too to train consistently. We recommend at least one-half hour three times a week. Later on, if he wants, he can increase the frequency of his training periods. But he must remember he's no longer a kid and must practice moderation. ●

AGES AND PULSE RATES

As the individual grows older, his maximal pulse rate decreases (by about one beat per year after age 20). To enhance cardiovascular fitness, the doctors at Cardio-Metrics say the training program should call for sufficient stress to make the heart work at 75-85% of maximum. These are the estimated ranges.

Age	Maximum	75-85%
20	200	150-170
25	195	146-166
30	190	142-161
35	186	139-158
40	182	136-155
45	179	134-152
50	175	131-149
55	171	128-145
60	168	126-143
65	164	123-139
70	160	120-136

LIVE LIKE A MARATHONER

BY THOMAS BASSLER, M.D.

Dr. Bassler's approach is somewhat different from the one outlined in the preceding article. Bassler, a pathologist in the Los Angeles area, is an outspoken advocate of slow, steady distance running at long mileages. He advises everyone to work up to at least six miles on weekdays and 12 miles on a weekend outing, pointing for an eventual marathon. In cooperation with the American Medical Joggers Association, he has compiled evidence to show that this amount of running and the life-style that accompanies it gives extraordinary protection against the physical ailments of modern man.

True fitness should prolong life. The medical literature contains studies on the Masai warriors, Tarahumara Indians, cross-country skiers and marathon runners which show that immunity to heart disease is "associated" with physical fitness. But to avoid the criticism of drawing premature conclusions, these scientists write that this protection is "associated" with fitness, not that it is caused by it. However, it is probably safe to say that the *life-style* can increase the *life-span* and the ability to cover 40 kilometers on foot is a good index of one's life-style.

The American Medical Joggers Association (AMJA) continues to review causes of death among marathoners, and no heart attacks have been documented. No cases of coronary heart disease have been observed in the runners while they are active. This does not mean that this protection is permanent, since we have seen some deterioration of the heart when the running is stopped and the life-style includes risk factors such as smoking.

One thing is certain: when a middle-aged sportsman chooses an activity to build up his speed or strength, the AMJA sees no decrease in the numbers of heart attacks in this group. In fact, I consider such activities as weight lifting as a "risk factor," since I feel they actually *increase* the chances of heart attack.

Professor Morris of the London School of Hygiene reported in the journal *Lancet* that vigorous exercise must exceed a "threshold" of 30 minutes to

count at all, and it must go beyond an hour to be beneficial. Runners will recognize these times as the "protection of the 10-kilometer men" which I mentioned here in *RW* back in January 1972.

The speed and strength events are over in a few seconds or minutes—far below the protective threshold of 30 minutes. And the life-style of these athletes is significantly different from the marathoner's.

"Live like a marathoner so you can run like one." This motto motivates more cardiac patients than the usual admonitions about smoking, diet and exercise from a physician who doesn't follow his own advice. Part of the patient's failure is due to the bad example set by the doctor. AMJA encourages physicians to correct their own life-styles first and then offer fitness advice to their patients. We are seeing effects of this approach now. Cardiac patients are showing up at marathon runs after recovering from heart attacks.

Dr. Jack Scaff designed the Honolulu marathon for patients who can go the distance. Cardiologists tell each patient how fast to run. Otherwise, these men are sportsmen wearing track uniforms and running 42 kilometers for a special trophy. Several dozen heart patients expect to enter the race this Dec. 15.

One need not be a cardiac patient to experience tangible benefits from marathoning, of course. I advise everyone to try it. The maximum treadmill stress-test (MTST) will detect those who need the guidance of a cardiologist. Anyone who passes their MTST can join a track club for distance runners. Along with companionship, the beginner picks up advice on the proper running gear, realistic goals, injuries and diet. By copying the habits of successful runners, the beginner gradually adopts what I call the "marathoner's life-style."

All distance runners dislike smoking (and smokers?). They avoid highly refined (processed) foods such as distilled alcohol, sucrose, starch and the saturated (hydrogenated or "hardened") fats. They like fresh fruits and raw vegetables. Fish gradually replaces beef in their diet.

I advise all runners to follow three dietary rules:

1. *One gram of ascorbic acid for each six miles.* Adequate vitamin C is important if the joints and ligaments

are going to adjust to heavy mileage. This is most noticeable for runners over 40 years of age who try running over 40 miles per week. Good shoes, proper rest and sensible training schedules are important, too, but with inadequate vitamin C I think runners experience increased collagen injuries (non-traumatic). The "stress syndrome" which strikes three days after a full effort race may also be due to low ascorbic acid. If a runner can eat one orange or the equivalent for each mile, he doesn't need extra vitamin C.

2. *Natural B-complex is necessary for the rapid utilization of carbohydrates during the first six miles.* If the runner complains of fatigue in the early part of the workout, I ask about foods rich in B-complex. Often one week on extra yeast, wheat germ and yogurt puts the spring back in his step. Too much refined carbohydrate can interfere with training.

3. *Unsaturated fat supplies about 75% of the energy during the second hour of running.* Fatigue during this part of the workout suggests that the diet contains too much saturated fat. Beef is often the big problem here. This probably explains the popularity of "soft" peanut butter, wheat germ oil and fish among runners.

Runners can use their training mileage as an index of the safety of their diet when they are cutting calories to lose weight. Even fasting is safe as long as the training runs are enjoyable. Resistant obesity hinders some individuals until they have taken the polyunsaturates long enough to "unsaturate" part of their own body fat. Then the fat is available for energy and they can diet and lose weight without becoming too weak to run. This takes only a few weeks for runners who have reached 12 miles in training, but many weeks for those still under six miles.

The health benefits of the marathoning life-style will become evident as larger numbers take up the sport. Diseases which account for two-thirds of the deaths in the average population are not expected to show up in those who are actively marathoning. I do not expect to see distance runners die from heart attack, cancer of the lungs, emphysema, cirrhosis of the liver or stroke due to hardening of the arteries. All of these diseases require a life-style that would interfere with racing performances.

If these diseases are not seen, I would expect the life-span to be longer. That is true "fitness"...less disease and a longer life! ●

REFLECTING ON AN ACCIDENT

One Friday evening, just about dusk, I took off on my usual run. Starting out down a long gradual hill, I kept to the edge of the road. Several cars passed me, and I gave them ample room. As the fourth set of headlights approached, I intended to do the same. The vehicle passed, I heard a crash and breaking of glass. For a few seconds, I didn't realize what happened, nor did I even feel contact. Then it hit me, literally and actually! I had been side-swiped by an extension mirror, which was not readily visible through the glare of the headlights. Fortunately, the mirror was on a hinge and moved during contact, probably saving me from a fractured arm.

The driver immediately stopped, picked me up and drove me home. X-rays revealed no fractures, but soon my hand looked like a rubber glove that had been blown up with air. I had gotten off with a relatively simple lesson.

The next day as I started out to run, my wife was blocking the door like a western gun-fighter. She did not hold a revolver, but instead a spray gun of reflective paint. She sprayed me with a big red X on my jacket front and was about to make a bullseye on my back. We both thought better of this (not wanting to tempt any sporting type) and duplicated the X on my back.

I'm more aware now than ever before that one of the major hazards to our sport is having to run on roads and, in effect, compete for space with cars and other vehicles. Anyone who runs five or more miles a day cannot long enjoy his sport while running with the protection of a track. He must hit the road. And this leads to complications and dangers unknown to non-road runners.

First, due to job commitment and time changes, many of us must run either before or after daylight hours. Although we feel that we are in control as we stride toward oncoming traffic, the driver may be surprised and confused to see a partially-clad figure clopping along the shoulder, lit only by his headlights. In order for the driver to see more accurately, he floods the scene with his brights, thereby temporarily blinding the runner.

Drivers also are often mesmerized by a moving object along the side of the

road, and unconsciously are attracted to the runner as a moving target. Conversely, the runner often takes the attitude (more often when tired) of challenging the vehicle. This combination can be catastrophic. The idea that the pedestrian has the right of way is strictly a legal principle and doesn't mean much when hard steel meets soft skin.

Therefore, the philosophy of "I'd rather ditch than fight" is highly recommended. Get out of the way, even if you must go into a ditch to avoid oncoming traffic. Try to accept the idea that the driver is really not out to get you, but may only be confused. Also, remember that any number of poorly visible extensions—such as the mirror that hit me—may be present on all vehicles.

In addition to changing one's attitude and running tactics, there are several manufactured aids which can help. Obviously, light-colored attire can be more readily seen than subdued colors.

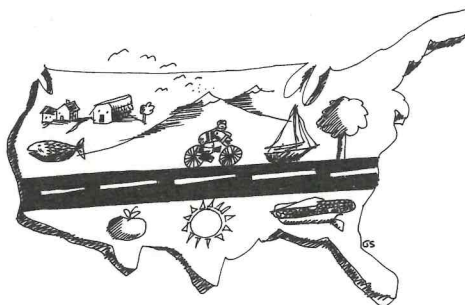
Reflector tape can be sewn on sweat suits, jackets and caps and even heels of shoes. It can be purchased at most department stores. Reflective paint is available in spray cans at most hardware stores.

Bicycle shops have any number of plastic reflectors in various shapes and sizes that can be sewn on, epoxied or otherwise affixed to the heels of shoes, elbows and backs of sweat shirts and caps. Bicycle-type reflectors move with the running motion and can be easily seen an eighth of a mile or more away.

Finally, a Dave Wottle-type golf or baseball cap can serve a dual purpose, providing a place to affix reflective material and a beak to tilt down when running into bright head lights. This shield allows one to observe the footing just ahead and also to keep perspective on traffic.

"See and be seen" is the rule of the road. ●

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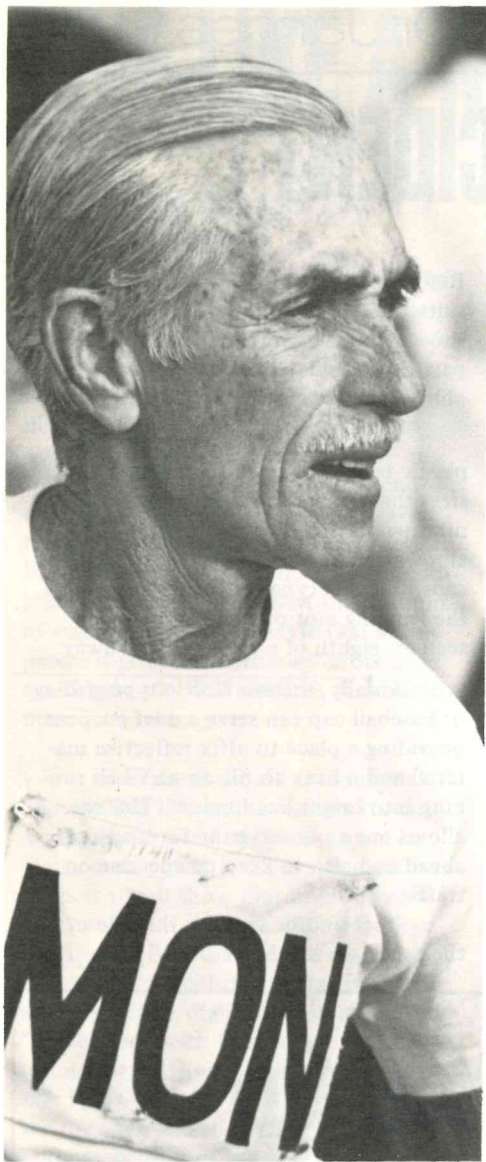
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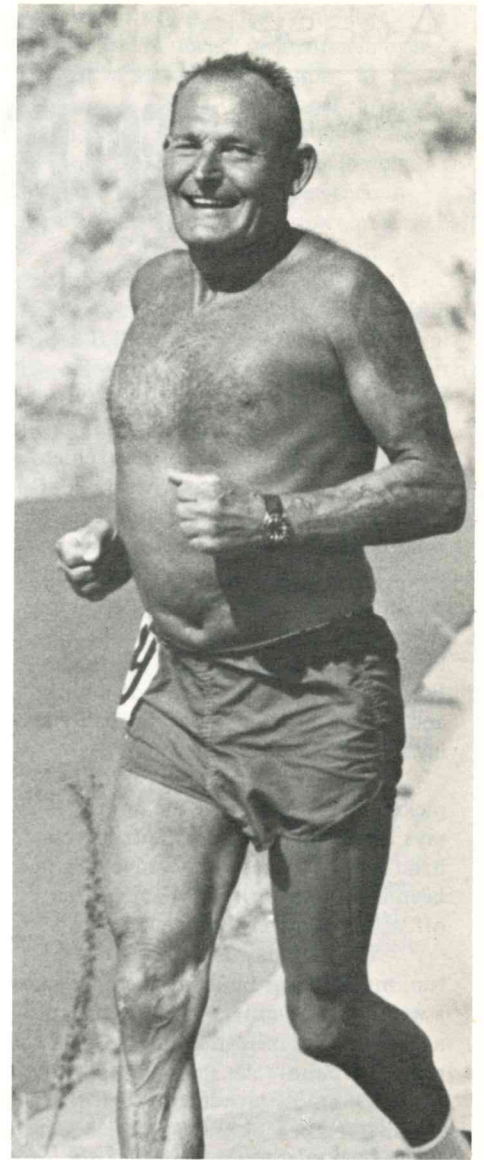
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RESPECT YOUR RUNNING ELDERS

You never
know what kind
of
experience may
hide
behind that
gray hair.

by Hugh Sweeny



It was a typical half-hearted Sunday afternoon workout. Neither Don Rowe (once a 4:04 miler at St. John's) nor I felt like running very much, so we jogged along, engaged in the usual meaningless and inane banter that runners use to pass the time during an uneventful session on the roads.

"Are we still in East Orange?" Don asked.

"No, we've crossed the border into Bloomfield. Can't you see the difference?" Both Essex County, N.J., towns are equally crowded with wall-to-wall houses.

"I can, now that you mention it. Bloomfield seems so much greener, and better for running."

I told him, "A lot of great and near-great runners have trained in this fair city."

"That's right, Tom Fleming lives here."

"I was thinking of somebody like Hugh Sweeny or Joe Konarkowski."

"Or Don Rowe," Don said.

"Or Liquori, Mark Covert, Olavi Suomalainen."

"What was that last one again?"

"The guy who won the Boston marathon in 1972. He stayed with Fleming for a while last year."

"Yeah," Don said, "you never can tell who you might see trotting along in this great runners' mecca."

We entered Watsessing Park, a sort of marshy, cluttered, broken-up area which offers a bit of relief from the monotonous streets and houses of Bloomfield. Since it was Sunday, the neighborhood glue factory was not belching the usual fumes from ground horses' hooves into the air of the park.

The park was fairly crowded, and we passed several other runners. There was a gray-haired man with an alert, bright face running along at a fair pace for an old guy. He smiled and held up his hand as we passed in opposite directions.

We had made a lap around the park, and noticed the gray-haired man was still running. He opened up for about 100 yards and looked pretty good for awhile. He was dressed like somebody who had never run before—a plain white T-shirt,

too-long white shorts which had to be torn along the sides for full leg action, white wool sweat socks and, not surprisingly considering the rest of his outfit, high-topped, white basketball sneakers.

"He doesn't look that bad," I remarked to Don.

"He's probably one of those age-group runners."

"Yeah, maybe he'd like a few pointers. I wonder if I should jog over and ask him if he wants to run with the big boys."

"Why not? He'd probably like some encouragement. You don't usually see those old joggers sprint as hard as he just did."

Rowe and I ran over to where the older man was running slowly, as if recovering from a fast 440 interval. I decided to use that near-classic line with which Ritchie Geisel (a runner in his mid-20s) had been approached by a group of ninth graders:

"Hey kid, what school do you run for?" My voice was friendly, I was smil-

ing, and I thought it was a pretty good opener. He'd know I was just pulling his leg.

The gray-haired man turned around quickly, and was playing the game himself. "Young fellow, come over here. I'd like to talk to you."

Tongue-in-cheek one-upsmanship. I'd go along with that.

"You've got pretty good form, kid," I said. "With some coaching maybe we could make a runner out of you."

"I used to run," he said. "But I gave up competition in 1957."

"Well, I'm glad to see you're still keeping in shape. Do you ever go into any of the age-group races?"

"No," he said. "I'm 52 now. I don't want to race any more. Do you fellows run track?"

"I've been known to."

"When did you start?"

"I hate to say it, but I guess I've been going since 1960."

"Then you know something about the sport."

"I'd say I've been around for awhile."

Then the man said, "Would you be surprised to know that I was on the Olympic team?"

He looked like he wasn't kidding. Who could this be? He looked fairly big. A 440 man? Or maybe a hurdler of some sort?

"What's your name?" I asked. "I probably have heard of you."

"My name is Ashenfelter."

Boom! The tables were turned. The situation was reversed. I was no longer the confident youngster ready to give encouragement to the old beginner jogger. Horace Ashenfelter was an Olympic steeplechaser in 1952. But I couldn't let on that I was surprised by his presence.

"Oh, sure, I'd heard that you lived around here. In fact, I raced against your son (Bill, a mid-1:50s half-miler at Yale) the other night."

We jogged along and talked for awhile. Ashenfelter seemed surprised that I do my running in the streets. I remembered reading that he used to do his training after work in a Newark park. He jumped over benches and handmade hurdles, and always wondered if the hurdles would be there the next day.

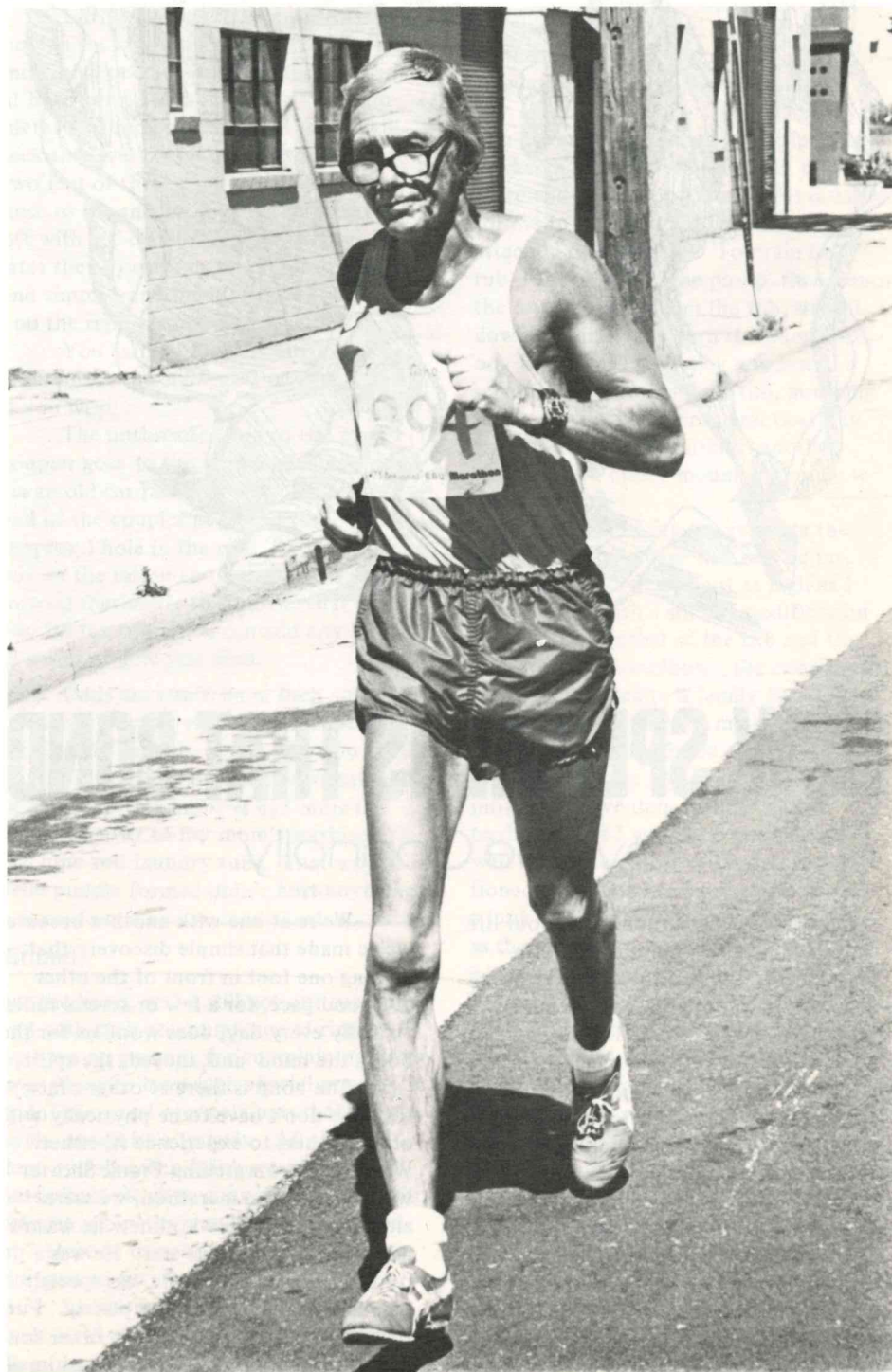
But we didn't talk at all about the past. Mostly we talked about his other son who was in law school, and the running he himself does now. Ashenfelter runs 2-4 miles a day, almost always in the park, and doesn't even think about racing. "I'd have to lose about 17 pounds first," he said.

When I asked him, he speculated that if he wanted to, he'd be about to

break five minutes for the mile with a few weeks of preparation. He doesn't just jog, he said, but runs "a lot of wind sprints to break up the monotony."

Though he hasn't raced, he's still been running for those 17 years. But I suppose he doesn't want to race. He has raced enough. He doesn't have to prove anything.

Running "elders" Monty Montgomery (p. 28, left), Walt Stack (p. 28, right) and Bob Lee (below). (Photos by Doug Schwab, Jeff Kroot, Om photos)



"I'll see you again some time in the park," he said as we parted.

Don Rowe is not the track historian I am. He asked, "Who was that guy again?"

"Don," I said, "I told you that most of the top runners on the eastern seaboard run here in Bloomfield. That was Horace Ashenfelter, who won the 1952 Olympic steeplechase in around 8:45."

Moral: Next time you see an older guy trotting through the park, don't assume he's just some beginner, trying to keep his weight down. If he's still running at that age, chances are that he could teach you a thing or two. ●



HOW SPECIAL IS THAT BOND?

by Joe Connolly

If you've been running all your life or began just a few months ago, you know there's a special bond among runners. It's hard to define and its nature varies with each individual. But there's no doubt it's there.

It's there when we gather at the starting line. There's that certain feeling in the air. Call it brotherhood, sisterhood or runnerhood, but it's there. We know we've all logged many miles, mostly alone, in good weather and bad, in daylight and darkness. We've all suffered through injuries and setbacks, but we've also had uplifting moments. Moreover, we know that we all share a great love, a love for running.

We're at one with another because we've made that simple discovery that putting one foot in front of the other at a good pace, for a few or several miles, virtually every day, does wonders for the body, the mind and, indeed, the spirit.

The bond is there at other times, too. We don't have to be physically with other runners to experience it, either. When we were watching Frank Shorter win the Olympic marathon, we were among a select few who knew he wasn't just another TV sports star. He was a runner, a marathoner. He was special. We identified with him completely. Furthermore, we felt a bond with other runners who we knew were watching him all

around the globe. We were apart, but we were together. And the feeling was great.

The bond among us runners doesn't have to be ethereal, though. Sometimes, it's as audible as the toot of a horn. One runner driving home passes another who has already started his pre-dinner workout. Along with the toot, there may be an exchange of waves, which neither actually sees. The thrill is obviously not so much in the receiving as in the giving. It's one person's way of saying, "I'm with you, pal," and we appreciate it. It helps keep running from being a lonely thing. When we run, other runners are with us. And we know it.

So the bond is there, we all agree. But is there something more? Might there even be ESP, or some other mysterious communication, among runners? I never gave this possibility a thought until the past few months. Let me tell you how it all started. You can then draw your own conclusions.

In January 1973, I traveled to New Jersey to run the Jersey Shore marathon. In a gathering the night before, I met Jack McMenaman. Jack was from New Jersey, about my age (40), and like me was shooting for about three hours. The next day, we found ourselves running together, stride for stride much of the way. We finished satisfactorily within a few minutes of each other. We shook hands, parted, and there was no contact between us until the night before the Boston marathon. We met somewhat by chance at mass in a downtown Boston church. We wished each other luck and parted. Once again, several months passed with no contact—that is, in the usual sense.

Then "it" happened. The setting was unreal. It was eight o'clock on a Sunday morning. I had flown from my home in Chicago to Boston on business. The lure to run out to the marathon course was apparently quite strong. I found myself up at dawn and running through the suburbs over to the base and up Heartbreak Hill. Just as I was reaching the crest, I saw a tall familiar figure coming toward me.

It was Jack. We met right there, at the top, near Boston College—Jack 300 miles from home, I 1000. It seems he had been visiting his daughter, who's at school in Boston, and he also was unable to resist a force pulling him out on the course at that early hour. We ran in place for a moment, catching up on each other's running activities (times, mileage, injuries—the usual), commented on the amazing "coincidence" of our meeting, and then resumed running in opposite directions.

Over the last few months, I've

SOAK YOUR TROUBLES AWAY

by James Gusek

A month before the 78th running of the Boston marathon, I was putting in my hard 10 miles a day, hoping to break 2:30. Well, the ol' bod wouldn't take it and I got tendinitis from who knows what cause.

I cut my mileage in half and went the wrapping, taping and heating pad route. None of it helped. At two weeks to go, I wangled my way into a local college training room and hopped into a nice hot whirlpool. Ah, relief! But how often could I get to this miracle healer? Maybe two days a week.

I thought I might try to buy my own whirlpool until I saw the price in the Sears catalog. Then I thought, why not build one?

Basically, I needed: a *pump* capable of moving 20 to 25 gallons a minute (it could be a water pump from an old car); a *motor* to drive the pump via a belt, a one-quarter to one-third horsepower electric would do; an expendable *tub* that wouldn't mind having a 1½-inch hole in its side; a *mixing "T"* to add a little air to the intake water, and an assortment of *hoses* and *clamps* to attach to the pump and "T".

I used an old sump pump leftover from a 1955 flood when my cellar was inundated, an old washing machine motor rated at one-third horsepower for 1725 R.P.M., and a plastic trash can for my tub.

Making the the connection between the intake of the pump and the mixing "T" was where imagination came into play—along with the tools available. The tools I used were: screwdriver, 8" pipe

wrench, hammer, electric drill with bit, 6" file and pocket knife. My imagination came up with an all-plastic coupler (1½" I.D.) that was threaded on one end and fitted for a hose connection (about the size of a standard car radiator hose) on the other end. I chose plastic so I wouldn't have to tap a hole into it to make the "T".

I drilled about a three-eighths-inch hole in the coupler and screwed in a 1½-inch long, quarter-inch I.D. pipe threaded at both ends. That made the "T" complete. But remembering that water will seek the level in the tub, I added about two feet of three-eighths-inch auto fuel hose to the smaller pipe and pinched it off with a C-clamp. The pinching regulates the air/water mixture in the "T" and simple experimentation will show you the right clamp setting.

You can get fancy at this point and replace the clamp with a brass valve if you wish.

The unthreaded end of the plastic coupler goes to the intake of the pump via an old car radiator hose. The threaded end of the coupler goes into the 1½-inch (approx.) hole in the tub. By installing a nut on the inside and outside, a seal is formed that's sure to leak the first time you fill the tub. You can add any kind of sealer or glue you wish.

Odds are you'll be in such a rush to use the whirlpool you won't let the glue set up long enough. So be sure you try it out close to a drain or shower stall and be armed with a mop. I had mine in the cellar next to my mom's washing machine and laundry tubs. That way the little puddle formed didn't hurt anything.

The outflow of the pump—the mixture of water and air bubbles—is brought back into the tub by a one-inch rubber hose, completing the closed circuit. The open end of this hose is brought to bear on your sore spot. I prefer it to be hand-held so I could move the water/air jet around easily, but it can be mounted.

One note on safety. When wiring your electric motor, try to ground it or insure that it is completely insulated or isolated from any water that may leak or be on your hands. If in doubt, have someone knowledgeable check it out, or make sure you are out of the tub, completely dry and wearing shoes before touching any electrical switches or connections. It wouldn't hurt, either, to guard any moving belts or pulleys.

Filling and emptying. Naturally, you'll want to locate your whirlpool next to a hot water faucet, and hopefully there will be a drain close by. It is easiest for me to fill my tub with a short hose attached to the faucet. To drain the tub, I first shut off the pump, then remove the outflow hose from the tub, stuff it down the drain and turn the pump back on. Unless you get fancy and install a separate drain tap in your tub, pumping the water out is the only practical way to drain it. This situation is another reason why I didn't mount the outflow hose.

The size of my tub restricts the amount of appendage that can be immersed. My knee is about as high as I can go. But with a simple modification such as the removal of the tub and the addition of a few elbows, the system can easily be adapted to a family bathtub.

The total cost for my whirlpool was in the neighborhood of \$10, but I already had the motor and pump. My most expensive item was the plastic trash can, but I was in no position to wait for a sale. Most of the items mentioned can be picked up for peanuts at a junkyard, and the fancier items such as the plastic coupler are available at a hardware store that has plumbing supplies.

Buying an old washing machine would yield the most parts needed: motor, pump, belt, hoses and clamps. If you are innovative, chances are you can build your whirlpool for the price of a new pair of shoes.

Incidentally, the tendon that prompted me to build my whirlpool didn't bother me at Boston. But the month of tapering off did. I crawled the last 10 miles and finished two minutes ahead of Miki Gorman. Well, there's always next year. ●

HOW SPECIAL IS THAT BOND? (Continued)

shared this story while working out with runners I've come across throughout the country. (I travel all over in my work and somehow manage to find runners virtually everywhere). Many have chuckled, a few have raised eyebrows in obvious disbelief, but several have told me similarly hairy tales in return. Which all leads me to wonder—is there something more than a bond? Is there ESP, or some other mysterious communication, among runners?

Of course, if there isn't that would be no great tragedy. After all, we've still

got the bond, we've still got our running, and with such an abundance of riches we have no grounds for complaining. However, if we do have such special powers, and if the word ever gets out, that probably would be a tragedy. All those sedentary folks who think we runners are nuts would flock to running. Our favorite courses and paths would be all cluttered up. Most of us would simply have to retire, just to get away from it all.

So let's hope that never happens. Jack McMenaman, wherever you are, may our paths never cross again! ●

BLISTERS, BAGPIPES AND BOULDERS



Lynne Pellegrini is an American living in Munich.

The conductor had warned me early that we would only make a 30-second stop in the one horse town of Illertissen, West Germany. So when we pulled into the station I was alarmed when the train door would not open. I hollered, "Hey, catch!" as I threw my bag out the window and then sprinted the length of the car, hurdling corridor baggage and long jumping over a baby carriage. I tumbled down the steps of the already-moving train and hoped this hectic introduction to Illertissen was not to be a preview of the upcoming weekend. It turned out to be only a mild sample.

The station master handed me my Adidas bag and asked me if I was "one of those nuts" who was planning to participate in the 100-kilometer (62-mile) run/walk that evening. I assured him I was there only as a journalist. He directed me toward the town gymnasium, saying

I would have the walk because the buses ran very infrequently on the weekends and Fritz, the taxi driver, always slept late on Saturdays.

I began the 45-minute trek, glad that the little walk was not to be a warm-up for the race.

Illertissen's sole gym had been converted into sleeping quarters by the German army, which supplied and set up 250 bed rolls across the floor and stage. Many of the beds were already occupied with early-arriving athletes, who were sleeping, studying maps of the course and massaging their legs. The 100-kilometer event was scheduled to begin at 10 p.m., with a standard marathon following the next morning.

There was a noticeable hush as I wound my way through the male-occupied gym to my own bed. Someone asked whether I was one of the 18 women entered in the 100, and I answered for all to hear that I was only there as a reporter.

A sampling of the field in a German long distance run-walk.
(Horst Muller photo)

Helmut Reinsdorff, 79, the oldest entrant, was present and thus the first victim of my halting German. Reinsdorff's running "background" was typical of many of the athletes entered. Until 1965, he had never done any sports, and since then has logged 14,000 miles in weekly public marches and runs. His list of accomplishments includes eight 100-kilometer finishes, in an average of 20 hours each. During the week Reinsdorff, a retired military colonel, does no training, but he enters one or two 20-50-kilometer events every weekend.

Reinsdorff was one of 759 men and women entered, about 70% from ages 30 and older. The event, like all of Germany's thousands of runs and walks, stressed participation, fitness and fun. Winning was not emphasized. Medals and certificates were presented to all

RUNNER'S GUIDE TO THE TWIN CITIES

by Garrett Tomczak

The last glacier ripped through Minnesota about 13,000 years ago, or thereabouts, and the place hasn't been the same since. In their passing, the glaciers produced thousands of lakes, in turn accounting for (1) the state slogan—"Land of 10,000 Lakes"; (2) the large number of fish, ducks and monster mosquitos (called the state bird by a few malcontents); and (3) the fact that a great deal of Minnesota running, not surprisingly, is done near or around water.

This last fact is as true in Minneapolis and St. Paul as it is in the rest of the state. In these two metropolises, called the Twin Cities for short, it is difficult to describe a running course without telling which lake it is around or what river or stream it goes beside.

Let's just say, solely for the sake of discussion, that some clear morning you wake up here in Minneapolis, feel like knocking off a quick 50-miler before breakfast (remember, this is hypothetical) and ask my advice on a good route to take.

The first thing I'd probably do, of course, is point you in the direction of some water—for instance, the Mississippi River. The University of Minnesota is a good place to start. Going south from there, one has options of running on sidewalk, road, grass and, in some places, trails. This run is particularly pleasant in the fall, when the river banks are drenched in autumn color.

Minnehaha Creek flows into the Mississippi at a point about five miles downriver from the university. You might think of turning along it and, while you're there, make sure to check Minnehaha Falls. Most of the year, it sort of dribbles and trickles along, but in the early spring, gorged with melted snow, it literally roars.

Creeks are forced underground in many cities, becoming little more than carriers of sewage. The Minnehaha, flowing from headwaters at Lake Minnetonka, meanders more than 25 miles in its natural state. A run along it is usually quiet and refreshing, with relatively little traffic, and lots of opportunities to explore the different moods of the creek—at some points slow and lazy, but at others gurg-

ling over rocks or rushing down little falls.

After about 10 miles, the creek curves close to Lake Harriet and, like so many places in the Twin Cities, this lake has its own special charm. Though others may see it differently, I like to think of Harriet as a small slice of the past, at odds with and in striking contrast to the mechanized bustle of the 20th century. This image hits most vividly in the summer, when people wander down to hear the free band concerts, stroll in the rose gardens, or simply stretch out on the grass and watch the sailboats leisurely turn with the wind.

Lake Calhoun is situated about quarter-mile north of Harriet and, for different reasons, is also best in the summer. Whereas Harriet is almost anachronistic in its appeal, Calhoun has more of a raucous beach party atmosphere, with sunbathers returning each spring like so many migrating birds. I mean this, of course, in the English sense of the word "birds" and, if you're the easily distracted type, it may take a little longer than anticipated to negotiate this course.

Lake of the Isles is about 200 yards farther north from Calhoun, and is my favorite lake. Years ago it was a marsh, but it has since been reclaimed into a serene jewel of islands and isles. It's a pleasure to visit in any season, but particularly in the early summer when the duck eggs have hatched and you see the mothers towing their broods in uneven lines across the lake.

It's almost 10 miles around all three lakes and, since you're probably still full of run, I'd suggest heading towards Cedar Lake, slightly west of Isles. Unfortunately, for reasons never made entirely clear to me, Cedar has a high percentage of private lakeshore property. It's not the type of lake particularly good for running around, but if you follow the parkway a along the south side and then swing north with it, you'll soon encounter the Eloise

Butler Wild Flower Garden.

Since this garden, besides attractive flowers and trails, supports a good-sized bog, it's one of our quaint folk customs to gather here on an April Saturday and kick off the new running season with a race aptly named "The Mudball." I'll leave the particulars to your imagination but let it be said that it's cross-country in the truest sense and, like nuclear warfare, there's no winners—only survivors.

Assuming you've survived so far, there are still a few runs in St. Paul—just a quick swim across the river from Minneapolis—which I'd like to introduce to you. Summit Avenue makes for a very interesting run, with dozens of old and stately mansions, including the Governor's, lining the Boulevard. If you're a literature buff, there's F. Scott Fitzgerald's home and, around the corner from it, the Commodore Hotel where he and Zelda got so famously, and frequently, drunk.

One of my favorite winter runs goes through the State Fair Grounds and into Como Park. There's a zoo here, a lake (naturally) and, best of all, a conservatory. The conservatory has the usual plants, palms and fruit trees, but in the winter, when a white silence has settled upon the land, going inside takes on a special sort of charm. I like to run in the door, up and down the aisles and then, before I start to sweat, out again into the wind and snow. The whole process takes about two minutes, but I always leave there refreshed by that little breath of spring. It's almost as if winter's harshness is lessened with the knowledge that, no matter how cold and bitter, there will be violets again. That no matter how fanged the winter wind may be, songbirds will return and the days will be gentle.

Whatever the season, come up (or, should you live in Alaska, come down) and visit sometime. The running possibilities are hardly exhausted by my brief tour. So far as contacting other runners is concerned, simply pull on the paraphernalia demanded by the weather (meaning anything from shoes and shorts to thermal underwear and ski masks) and go for a run. We'll be out there. ●

Garrett Tomczak, a native of the Twin Cities area who ran at the University of Minnesota, recently returned home after living for a time in Los Angeles.

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NORTH CENTRAL MARATHON — Naperville, Illinois, North Central College Fieldhouse, Sunday, December 1, 1974 at 11:00 AM. Trophies to top ten. Glass mugs top 100, certificates all finishers. Half course race this year: trophies top five, glass mugs top 40. Age division awards. Entry \$2.00. Contact: Robert Schrader, North Central College Fieldhouse, Naperville, Illinois 60540.

THIRD ANNUAL ODESSA MARATHON—December 14, 1974, Odessa, Texas. USTFF sanctioned, distance cert. pending. Accompanying 8 mile race around 4 mile loop for the "shorter set." Marathon: flat, out & back

course, well marked and easy to follow; 7 aid stations. Certificates to all finishers, nice awards to top finishers. In 1972, Polaroid cameras; 1973, trophies and merchandise. Winners: 1972 Mike Pinocci, Fremont, Calif. (Odessa College) 2:39:37; 1973, Mike Albert, Ft. Worth, Tex. (Howard Payne College) 2:38:02 (record). Masters: 1973, Gene Uselton, Lubbock, Tex. (age 43) 3:00:51. \$2.00 entry fee before Dec. 10; \$3.00 late entry. Sponsors: West Texas Running Club and The Darville Company. For all details, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Jack Petty, 907 W. 2nd St., Odessa, TX 79763.

TYLER ROSE RUN—Saturday, Nov. 9, 10 am. Three and six mile runs, age divisions male & female. T-shirts and certificates to all finishers, trophies to first 3; refreshments. \$2.00 entry fee. Start Lee High School. Contact: J.B. Outlaw, 2211 Garden Valley Road, Tyler, TX 75701.

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FIRST ANNUAL US-MEXICO MARATHON—December 29, 1974. 9:00 AM, El Paso, Texas. Course is paved and flat, 13 miles in the US and 13 miles in Mexico. AAU sanction pending and applied for. Contact: Dr. R.W. Wiggs, 3000 Park North Dr., El Paso, TX 79904.

NATIONAL AAU MASTERS 25 KILOMETER CHAMPIONSHIP — Tulsa, Oklahoma, November 9, in beautiful Mohawk Park. Awards to first six 40-49, first three in 50-59 & first three in 60 & over. Contact Larry Aduddell, 4519 S. Kingston, Tulsa, OK 74135, (918) 664-1919.

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THE MODIFIED DIET ACT

Bob Fitts owns a doctorate in physiology as well as four national AAU long distance titles.

It has become apparent to me from recent articles in *Runner's World* that the widely used dietary practice of carbohydrate super-compensation is poorly understood and hence misused. In the July issue, Dr. Ben Londeree presented a good description of the principles ("Solid and Liquid Energy"). After reading his article, one should be able to use the overload technique in the correct way and hence limit the chance of undesirable side-effects. My purpose is to emphasize one point Ben made, and then present facts supporting a *modified* version of the generally used dietary procedure.

Dr. Londeree's principle 15: "Do not overeat when on the high-carbohydrate diet." The diet should be high in carbohydrates but normal in terms of total caloric intake. After muscle glycogen reaches levels 2½-3 times normal testing levels, the production of it is inhibited regardless of how much carbohydrate is consumed. Therefore, it does no good to multiply many fold your normal total caloric intake per day. Such dietary procedures will not further increase muscle glycogen, but will produce undesirable effects such as high blood triglycerides.

In my opinion, the major risk of the glycogen super-compensation procedure is the severe hypoglycemia (low blood glucose) that may result if one continues to run hard while on the low-carbohydrate phase of the diet. The generally used procedure involves a long run of 1½-2 hours to deplete muscle glycogen, three days on a low-carbohydrate diet, three days on a high-carbohydrate diet, and then the race.

Examination of the original literature (1,2) reveals that the final level of muscle glycogen super-compensation reached is not affected by the low-carbohydrate phase of the diet. The main purpose of this phase is to lengthen the amount of time between the depletion run and the race. Following the depletion run blood glucose and muscle glucose are lower than normal.

If one continues hard training during the low-carbohydrate phase of the diet, blood glucose may fall to critically low levels. Even if you take small amounts of carbohydrate as Dr. Londeree recom-

mends (principle 11), continued regular training may still produce hypoglycemia.

Alternatively, you can reduce your training, but this would mean six easy days before the race. This rest should not hurt your performance (you might even run better), but you may feel uncomfortable with such a long inactive period.

Since the final level of muscle glycogen super-compensation is the same with or without the low-carbohydrate phase of the diet (2½-3 times normal levels), I avoid the potential dangers of this phase by taking my long run on Tuesday (15 miles) followed by a high-carbohydrate diet Tuesday night through Friday, with the race on Saturday morning. If four days of rest are desired, one can do the long run on Monday, eat a low-carbohydrate diet on Tuesday, a high-carbohydrate diet on Wednesday through Friday, and race Saturday.

Trained runners generally have low blood triglyceride levels. The triglyceride level will rise following a high-carbohydrate diet, but these transient increases will probably not exceed the normal range, and will not cause a chronic elevation in the blood triglyceride level once the normal diet is resumed (my speculation, data is needed on this easily studied problem). However, if your blood lipids are abnormally high, your safe decision would be to avoid the glycogen super-compensation diet technique.

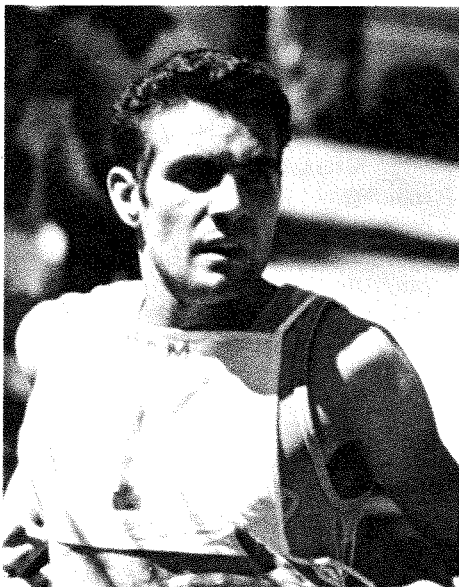
The water stored with the extra glycogen during super-compensation should not be considered a handicap. In a marathon run, a fluid loss of 3-4 liters is not uncommon (3). The water stored with glycogen is freed as the glycogen is metabolized during the run. Fluid intake before and during the run is still necessary (Peter Van Handel's article on this subject in the July issue of *RW* is excellent). ●

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3. Pugh, F. G. C. E., J. L. Corbett, and R. H. Johnson—"Rectal temperatures, weight losses, and sweat rates in marathon running," *J. Appl. Physiol.* 23:347, 1967.

Looking At People

by Hollis Logue III



Rick Trujillo

● Utah soon will be on the justice treadmill. In a "split" decision, the Utah Board of Examiners approved the purchase of a jogging machine for the state Supreme Court.

One member of the Board of Examiners who voted "no" on the issue thought the purchase was unnecessary. "They could come out and jog with me at 6:30 in the morning," said attorney **Vernon B. Romney**.

The only trouble is that the justices may not be in their robes at 6:30.

● If you think a 24-hour relay is all in a day's work, then what about a 48-hour one? A 48-hour continual relay was held in July at Madison, Ind. The event was sponsored by the Madison Track Team. Ninety runners took part, averaging 6:41 for 430 miles.

● Comedian **Dick Gregory** recently completed a 900-mile run from Chicago to Washington in 30 days. The 42-year-old Gregory commented in the *Washington Post*, "It was the hardest thing I have ever done. At this point, I cannot think of anything that would make me do it again."

Gregory ran 30-40 miles a day. He was troubled on the trip by corns and flat feet. In addition to the physical problems involved for anyone running that distance, Gregory consumed no solid food, only fruit juices.

The purpose of the run was to protest against world hunger and make a statement about "our overeating habits in this country."

Part of the comedian's regimen

was a mixture called "4X," containing granulated kelp, St. John's bread and orange juice. "I had to keep drinking or faint!" said Gregory.

● How's this for a running club's name? The **Half-Fast Track Club**. The El Paso, Tex., group plans a year-end marathon that will begin in the US for 13 miles and continue the last 13 plus miles in Mexico.

(For information on the marathon, write to Michael E. Ridley, P. O. Drawer 9698, El Paso, Tex. 79987.)

● **Rick Trujillo** once again is "king of the mountain." He broke his own course record (with 3:36:40) at the Pike's Peak marathon, while winning by almost a half-hour. In the ascent portion of the race, he was only two minutes behind **Chuck Smead**, who stopped at the top.

● In response to the August article by **J. M. Sterchi** ("Stresses of Distance Running"), we received an interesting reply from **Dr. Thomas Bassler** (Dr. Bassler has an article in this issue called "Live Like A Marathoner"):

"I disagree completely with the 'marathon tolerance' theory. Nothing I have seen suggests that each of us has some genetically determined number of marathons beyond which we get injured. Just the opposite is true! If we don't run a minimum number of marathons our bodies self-destruct prematurely.

"My experience with the Medical Examiner's Office does not support Dr. Sterchi's statement that a marathon is 'extremely dangerous and injurious.' Deaths on any marathon course are more numerous among the spectators than the runners! Deaths among runners are more likely as the race gets *shorter*, not longer. The 42-kilometer run is the safest and most beneficial form of exercise we have...until the ultra-marathons become more numerous."

● **Dr. Robert Coffey** of Ft. Worth, Tex., has offered *RW* readers a reward for devising a game that would serve all the aims of physical education (strength, skill, speed and endurance) and yet place a premium on endurance." He will award \$50 for the best game idea. Ideas will be judged by the *RW* staff. If you wish to participate in the contest, send your idea to the editor.

Dr. Coffey submits this as a sam-



Chuck Smead

ple: "Steeplechase Ball: A 3-5-man team with a 10-pounds dead weight football run a steeplechase course, advancing their ball in any desired method. The opposing team with a similar ball does the same. The object is to advance your own ball over the finish line first."

● **Don Currie** comments on the article by **Lionel Fisher** ("Discouraging Your Local Dogs") in the August *RW*. Fisher's article suggested using a chain around one's waist to ward off local dogs. Currie says, "One morning a fierce looking German Shepherd came upon me as I was beginning my morning run. I whipped out my new chain as a possible protection against the beast. He didn't attack me, but followed me for my entire workout for the next three days. I had to alter my route to finally shake him. My guess is that he thought that the chain was a leash and that I wanted to take him on a walk!"

● *RW*'s **George Sheehan** was given an honorary membership in the American Podiatry Association last month in Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Sheehan has long maintained the value of the podiatrist in sport's medicine. Congratulations, Dr. Sheehan. That's quite a feat!

● **Wilt Chamberlain** has always been looking for new challenges. He sponsors a women's track team in La Jolla, Calif. "Track was my first love," said the basketball super-star. ●

Add your two cents worth! If you have an idea, comment, or have come across some information of general interest, send it to me, Hollis Logue, c/o *Runner's World*, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

CANADIAN CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

On November 16, 1974, a quiet university campus on the Niagara escarpment will be transformed into a top international athletic event. The Canadian Cross Country Championships.

At Brock University, in St. Catharines, Canada. Half an hour from the American border.

The date will likely become memorable. Especially as we head into the last laps before the 1976 Games.

This is a meet that promises to attract the best in the world. From Canada, Europe, and the United States. Top medalists are expected. Competing in events in all age classes, including an all-out-open. They'll be tearing apart one of the finest English Style courses in the world. Join them.

But be prepared to run.

Hard.

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17 yrs.	6,000M
15 yrs.	4,000M

WOMEN

Open	4,000M
15 yrs.	3,000M

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**The Canadian Cross Country Championships
Brock University
St. Catharines, Ontario
Canada. L2S 3A1**

by George Sheehan M.D.

MEDICAL ADVICE

E.R.G.

Hold on now! Wait just one minute before you tell people to cut E.R.G. half-strength as if it were Sportade or Gatorade ("Medical Advice," Aug. 74). It's true that the latter two commercial preparations are hypertonic and that they are absorbed better if cut to approximately half-strength. But E.R.G. is made up to be isotonic and, when prepared according to directions, is about as isotonic as any layman without a graduated cylinder, balance and osmometer can make it.

You probably are aware that Dr. Costill has found that my 1968 observations about Gatorade were correct in that it is so hypertonic that it actually pulls fluid from the cells to dilute the Gatorade in the stomach. Costill came up with a maximum increase of 30% over ingested volume in about 20 minutes (200 cc. Gatorade resulted in 330 cc. gastric fluid.)

I attempted to measure the actual volume of E.R.G. absorbed during a competitive effort in the Masters' marathon, but was thwarted by the race conditions from achieving that goal. I did take in 940 cc. of E.R.G. (far less and far less frequently than I wanted and needed), and immediately after stopping at 23 miles (with a hamstring pull after dehydrating and cramping) had only 106 cc. in my stomach, including 65 cc. used to wash down the stomach tube. (Bill Gookin, San Diego, Calif., developer of E.R.G.)

EXERCISES

Q: I started doing both bent-leg and straight-leg situps this past winter while injured and unable to run. When I finally was able to run, I experienced the most excruciating pain in my back-hip area. In the March issue ("Dealing with Sciatic Nerves"), you state "Runners should do bent-leg situps as part of their daily routine" to avoid sciatic nerve injury. In the July issue ("Medical Advice"), you answer a question on pain in the hip by saying it "is almost always due to sciatic nerve pressure." You then suggest the runner perform a series of exercises which are illustrated on the page.

One of them (No. 4) I believe is a straight-leg situp. Why the discrepancy? (J. F., New York)

A: You are right about the way those exercises appear. The exercise illustrated is a static toe-touch, not a situp. Toe-touching should be done in the sitting position, not by coming up from a lying position.

SLEEP

Q: In the August *RW*, you answered a question about sleep by emphasizing the need for runners to get extra sleep. Yet the inquirer—and many other runners—often have the psychophysiological experience of needing *less* sleep. I readily agree with you about the need for extra sleep. But I think the paradox of being restless—or simply not tired—with increased running needs to be explained. Personally, after several months of moderate running, I begin to have difficulties sleeping. Eventually, I feel I am "speeding"—i.e., I feel full of energy, but I also become frenetic, "hyper." A few days rest is always a solution, but I can too easily find excuses to run. (P. J., Pennsylvania)

A: When a runner overtrains, he frequently develops "depression insomnia." He gets to sleep easily, but wakes up repeatedly during the night for no good reason, and frequently has trouble getting back to sleep.

This happens to me when I over-race or do excessive speed work. I use it as a sign that I am going past my peak, and I cut back on training and competition.

I therefore do not consider this decreasing need for sleep as a normal physiological state. If so, it would be accompanied by better and better performance. In fact, it is usually accompanied by a deterioration in my times as well as my general physical state.

In many ways, this sleep pattern is the most sensitive indicator of an approaching exhaustion state. It should be brought to the attention of both runners and coaches.

OXYGEN

Q: I have noted that tennis and football players have resorted to the administration of oxygen during their matches. I would appreciate it if you would give me information on the subject as it might apply to runners. (R. D., Florida)

A: I am willing to be enlightened on this, but I doubt if that supplemental oxygen is necessary for athletes except under emergency conditions. The Japan-

ese swimmers introduced oxygen to the sports world as an aid to performance, but I don't see this equipment in use anymore. And this is a time when a world swimming record may last only between a heat and a final.

There are much more physiological-sound ways of preventing and treating heat syndromes than administering oxygen. In fact, relying only on that sort of treatment may get the athlete into considerable trouble.

BREATHING

Q: Is there any system of breathing training designed to strengthen and increase breathing efficiency, currently used by runners? (M. M., Oregon)

A: Carl Stough (author of *Dr. Breath*) impressed both coaches and athletes in the pre-Olympic camp at South Lake Tahoe in 1968. Unfortunately, there has been no follow-up on that. I have written to Stough, but have never gotten any further indication of his interest. He would make a good subject for a *Runner's World* interview.

Percy Cerutti is another who claims that most runners breathe incorrectly. He suggests that we raise our arms away from the body as we inhale.

I would personally opt for a good singing teacher. It is the combined use of the abdominal and chest breathing used by concert singers that maximizes air intake. Also, expelling air against pressure as singers do causes optimal exhalation of air.

I usually suggest training in abdominal breathing, plus exhalation through pursed lips. Breathing should then be synchronized with your pace, exhaling every fourth or sixth step. The aim is to breathe with maximum effect and minimum effort. Studies have shown that respiratory efforts become increasingly inefficient as runners begin to tire.

EARTH-ROOTS SHOES

Q: I've been hearing about Earth Shoes and Roots Natural Footwear. I have had some achilles tendon problems and these shoes would appear to stretch this tendon considerably, hopefully making it more elastic. Any views on the shoes? (B.B., South Dakota)

A: These shoes do stretch the achilles. However, the great value of the low-heel shoes is their effect on the positioning of the pelvis and spine. The shoes lock you into almost perfect posture. Anyone with low-back and sciatic problems should give them a thorough trial.

The shoes do have drawbacks. They are quite heavy (but extremely durable) and I consider them ugly. ●

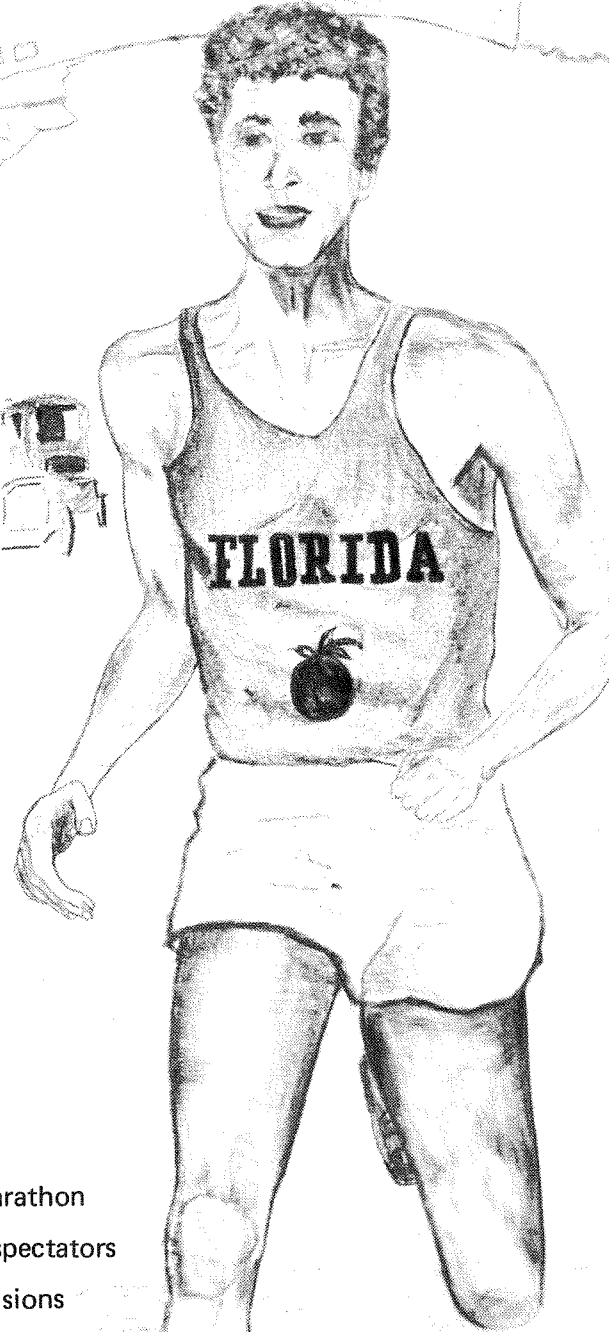
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NOVEMBER COMING EVENTS

NORTHEAST

- 2 National AAU 50-mile and Masters, New York, N.Y. (Central Park; 9 a.m.; Vince Chiapetta, 2 Washington Square Village, Apt. 9D, New York, N.Y. 10012).
- 2 Catholic War Veterans Cross-country, Philadelphia, Penn. (Fairmount Park; Francis P. Funston, M-9, Pickwick Apts., Maple Shade, N.J. 08052).
- 3 National RRC Age Group Cross-country, Bronx, N.Y. (Van Cortlandt Park; noon; open; Road Runners Club, P.O. Box 881, FDR Station, N.Y. 10022).
- 3 Harrisburg National Marathon, Harrisburg, Pa. (9:30 a.m.; open; Jack Scarborough, YMCA, Front & North Sts., Harrisburg, Pa. 17101).
- 10 National Jr. AAU 10-kilometer Cross-country, Buffalo, N.Y. (Delaware Park; 2 p.m.; Carl Roesch, 28 Burlington, Buffalo, N.Y.).
- 10 Met. AAU 6-mile Sr. & Masters Champ., New York, N.Y. (Van Cortlandt Park; 11 a.m.; open; Road Runners Club, P.O. Box 881, FDR Station, N.Y. 10022).
- 16 Potomac Valley AAU 10-kilometer Cross-country Champ., Washington, D.C. (Georgetown Univ.; 11 a.m.; open; Stuart Brahs, c/o Charles Johnson, 1213 Schindler Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20903).
- 24 Met. AAU Jr. Cross-country 8-kilometer Champ., New York, N.Y. (Van Cortlandt Park; 11 a.m.; open; Road Runners Club, P.O. Box 881, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022).
- 28 Met. AAU 25-kilometer, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (9 a.m.; open; Road Runners Club, P.O. Box 881, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022).
- 28 Berwick 9.3-mile, Berwick, Pa. (2 p.m.; open; Marathon Race Secretary, Berwick YMCA, Berwick, Pa. 18603).
- 30 Maryland marathon, Baltimore, Md. (Memorial Stadium; 10:30 a.m.; open; Marathon Commission, 610 N. Howard St., 4th floor, Baltimore, Md. 21201).
- 30 National AAU Age Group Cross-country Champ. (Gabe Mirkin, M.D., 9900 Georgia Ave., Silver Spring, Md. 20902).

SOUTHEAST

- 9 Georgia AAU 10-mile, Stone Mt., Ga. (9 a.m.; open; Herb Benario, 2278 N. Decatur Rd., Decatur, Ga. 30033).
- 23 Callaway Gardens 20-mile, Pine Mt., Ga. (11 a.m.; open; Tim Singleton, Dean

of Men, Ga. State U., 33 Gilmer St. S.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30303).

MIDWEST

- 3 SDSU One-hour, Brookings, S.D. (Sexauer Field; 4 pm.; Jay Dirksen, Track Coach, SDSU, Brookings, S.D. 57006).
- 9 Morgan Monroe 10-mile, Morgan Monroe State Forest, Indiana (1 p.m.; open; Kay Flatten, RR 8, Box 302, Bloomington, Ind. 47401).
- 15 National Coaches Cross-country, Salina, Kans. (Tom Rupp, Track Coach, Marymount College, Salina, Kans.).
- 16 Grand Valley Marathon, Grand Rapids, Mich. (open; YMCA Grand Valley marathon, Central YMCA, 33 Library St., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502).
- 16 Longest Day marathon, Brookings, S.D. (noon; open; Jay Dirksen, 273 HPER Center, SDSU, Brookings, S.D. 57006).
- 17 Michigan AAU Championships, 6-mile cross-country, Rouge Park, Detroit (open).
- 25 NCAA Cross-country, Bloomington, Ind. (U. of Indiana).
- 28 LEAAU 10-kilometer Cross-country, Lorain C.C.C., Ohio (10 a.m.; Bill Bredenbeck, 5916 Longano Dr., Independence, Ohio 44131).
- 30 Mel Vos Memorial marathon, Topeka, Kans. (Lake Shawnee; noon; open; Karlton Naylor, 120 N.W. 35th, Topeka, Kans. 66617).
- 30 AAU women's cross-country, Bellebrooke, Ohio (Steve Price, 1117 Purcell, Dayton, Ohio 45420).

SOUTHWEST

- 2 Gulf AAU 20-kilometer, Houston, Tex. (Memorial Park; 10 a.m.; Pete League, 5471 Jackwood St., Houston, Tex.).
- 2 20-kilometer AAU Road Race, Texarkana, Tex. (Walt Wyrick, Jr., P.O. Box 1409, Texarkana, Texas 75501).
- 9 National AAU Masters 25-kilometer, Tulsa, Okla. (Mohawk Park; 11 a.m.; Vern Whiteside, 6916 S. Knoxville Ave., Tulsa, Okla. 74136).
- 9 Tyler Rose 3- & 6-mile, Tyler, Tx. (10 a.m.; open; J.B. Outlaw, 2211 Garden Valley Road, Tyler, Tx. 75701).
- 23 American National marathon, Galveston, Tex. (11 a.m.; Gerrit Hoogenboezem, P.O. Box 2052, Galveston, Tex. 77550).
- 30 Texas & Gulf AAU 10-kilometer Cross-country Champ., Waco, Tex. (1 p.m.; Neal Picken, 10106 Newdale Dr., Houston, Tex. 77072).

ROCKIES

- 9 RMAAU Cross-country Champ. 10-kilometer, Pueblo, Colo. (SCSB Belmont Campus; 1 p.m.; Pueblo YMCA, Don McMahaill, Box 214, Pueblo, Colo.).

WEST

- 9 15-kilometer SNAAU Champ., Las Vegas, Nev. (Sunset Park; 9 a.m.; open; Las

Vegas TC, P.O. Box 869, Las Vegas, Nev. 89101).

- 9 Pacific AAU Cross-country 10-kilometer, San Francisco, Calif. (Golden Gate Park; 10 a.m.; Theodore Althausen, M.D., The Olympic Club, 524 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102).
- 16 National AAU Masters Cross-country, Los Angeles, Calif. (Tom Cory, 515 N. Howard St., Glendale, Calif. 91206).
- 16 PNA-AAU Cross-country Champ., Washington (11 a.m., open.).
- 17 Hawaii AAU 25-kilometer, Honolulu, Hawaii (8 a.m.; open; Don Barrell, 1459 Oliino St., Honolulu, Hawaii, 96818).
- 23 Island marathon, Portland, Ore. (Sauvie Island; 11 a.m.; open; Ken Weidkamp, 14230 S.W. Derby St., Beaverton, Ore. 97005).
- 23 National AAU Masters 3000m team race, San Diego, Calif. (Bill Gookin, 5946 Wenrich Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92120).
- 30 SNAAU Champ. 20-kilometer, Las Vegas, Nev. (Sunset Park; 9:30 a.m.; open; Las Vegas TC, P.O. Box 869, Las Vegas, Nev. 89101).
- 30 Seattle marathon, Seattle, Wash. (Seware Park; 11 a.m.; open; Ambrose Salmini, 4525 N.E. 124th St., Seattle, Wash. 98125).
- 30 National AAU Cross-country, Belmont, California (11 a.m.; West Valley Track Club, P.O. Box 1551, San Mateo, Calif. 94401).

CANADA

- 16 Canadian Cross-country Champ., St. Catharines, Ontario (Brock Univ.; Canadian Cross-country Champ., Brock University, St. Catharines, Ontario Canada).
- 24 30-kilometer, Toronto, Ontario (Sunnybrook Park; 11 a.m.; open; Dave Milne, 20 Tuzedo Ct., Apt. 506, Searboro, Ontario, Canada). ●

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RACING HIGHLIGHTS

NORTHEAST

● **Portsmouth, N.H., Aug. 3**—10-mile: 1. Bruce Butterworth 54:13; 2. Dana Heath 1:00:18. (90 finished, 8 under 1:05).

● **Littleton, N.H., Aug. 3**—10-mile: 1. Tom Dowling (Boston AA) 51:27; 2. Ralph Thomas (Augusta Region TC) 51:33; 3. George Reed 51:36; 4. Ray Currier 51:52; 5. John Dimick 52:05.

● **Annandale, Va., Aug. 6**—10-kilometer: 1. Cliff Clark (29, USAF) 31:35; 2. Jack Mahurin (N. Car. TC) 32:19... 7. John Henry (16) 33:58... 13. Mike Heylin (43) 35:55... 26. Bob Horman (56) 38:28... 54. Kathy Good (16) 45:52. (64 finished; from Henry Dale).

● **Salem, Mass., Aug. 13**—10-kilometer: 1. Bruce Butterworth (Seacoast Striders) 31:16; 2. Brian Reinhold (Brandeis U.) 31:23; 3. Ken Mueller (BAA) 31:28; 4. Phil Ryan (BAA) 31:34; 5. Steve Ellis (BAA) 31:44. Teams: 1. Boston Athletic Assoc., 15 pts.; 2. N. Medford, 45 pts.

● **Fort Stanwix, N.Y., Aug.**—Fort Stanwix 20-kilometer: 1. Paul Stemmer (Rochester TC) 1:04:40; 2. Barry Brown (Fla. TC) 1:05:34; 3. Brian Dodge 1:05:43; 4. Charles McMullen 1:07:04; 5. Larry Frederick 1:07:23; 6. Herb Lorenz (Phil.) 1:08:35... 47. Fred Davis (40+) 1:18:27... 99. Kathy Shrader (16) 1:26:02... 105. Arnie Briggs (59) 1:27:07.

● **New York, N.Y., Aug. 25**—Puerto Rican-Hispanic 13.1-mile: 1. Morgan Fennell (23, Millrose AA) 1:08:11; 2. Arthur Hall (28, Oakwood TC) 1:08:44; 3. Jose Elias De Jesus (20, Puerto Rico) 1:09:07; 4. Joe Pesce (21) 1:09:34; 5. Tim Smith (26, Mohegan Striders) 1:10:10; 6. Norbert Sander (31, Millrose AA) 1:11:12; 7. Mike White (19, CJTC) 1:11:16... 19. Pat Bastick (40, Millrose AA) 1:15:42... 66. Jim McDonagh (50, Millrose AA) 1:24:49. (232 finished, 38 under 1:20, 104 under 1:30). Women: 1. Kathy Switzer (27, Central Park TC) 1:26:49; 2. Nina Kuscsik (34, Suffolk AC) 1:28:05. (22 finished). (from Joe Kleinerman).

SOUTHEAST

● **Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 17**—Missionary Ridge 5-mile: 1. Bill Kilday Jr. (18) 26:28; 2. Steve Perry (16) 26:59... David Bishop (42) 32:51... Jon Robere (61) 35:33... Lydia Bishop 41:59. (20 finished; from David Goggins).

● **Charleston, W. Va., Aug. 31**—15-mile: 1. Philip Ndoe (28, Kenya, and E.N.M. Univ.) 1:18:03; 2. John Vitale (26) 1:18:04; 3. Bill Rodgers (27, Greater Boston TC) 1:18:24; 4. Chris Ridler (20, W. Ky. U.)

1:18:54; 5. Nick Rose (22, England, and W. Ky. U.) 1:18:57; 6. Lucian Rosa (30, Wisconsin-Parkside) 1:19:00; 7. Gary Tuttle (26) 1:19:27; 8. Jon Anderson (25, Ore. TC) 1:19:54; 9. Ron Wayne (25, Ore. TC) 1:20:15; 10. Tony Staynings (21, W. Ky. U.) 1:20:39; 11. Tom Fleming (23, N.Y.A.C.) 1:20:44; 12. Steve Hoag (27, Twin Cities TC) 1:21:05; 13. Brian Sobczak (26, Lake Erie AA) 1:21:11; 14. Wayne Roach (21, Atlanta TC) 1:21:21; 15. Edwin Fry (35, Indiana U. of Pa. TC) 1:21:36; 16. Tom Heinonen (29, Ore. TC) 1:21:47; 17. John Loeschhorn (30, West Valley TC) 1:21:54; 18. Dave Long (20, W. Ky. TC) 1:22:06; 19. Russ Pate (Ore. TC) no time listed; 20. Barney Hance (22, College of St. Francis) 1:22:20; 21. Carl Hatfield (27, W. Va. TC) 1:22:35; 22. Bill Bragg (26, N.Y. A.C.) 1:22:53; 23. Brian Armstrong (25, Toronto Olympic C.) 1:23:02; 24. Kevin Foley (19, Edinboro State Col.) 1:23:05; 25. Robert Varsha (23, Atlanta TC) 1:23:08... 115. August Jarvis (42, Lake Erie A.A.) 1:29:59... 278. Charles Gibson (51, Chattanooga TC) 1:36:05.

MIDWEST

● **Charleston, Ill., July 27**—20-kilometer: 1. Lucian Rosa (30, Anaconda A.B. Co.) 1:04:07; 2. James Buell (18) 1:04:26; 3. Phil Davis (28, Ill. TC) 1:04:42; 4. Dike Stirrett (25, E. Ill. St.) 1:05:00; 5. Barney Hance (24, St. Francis Run.) 1:05:31; 6. Ken Burke (20, E. Ill. St.) 1:07:16; 7. Chuck Koeppen (28, Indiana St.) 1:06:25; 8. Mike Lawson (20, E. Ill. St.) 1:07:16; 9. Rick Livesay (21, E. Ill. St.) 1:07:19. 10. Dave Casillas (17, St. Francis Run.) 1:07:26. (126 finished, 20 under 1:10).

● **Glen Ellyn, Ill., July 27**—10-mile: 1. Jay Sheldon (GERC) 53:36; 2. Kevin Keogh (Wingfoot TC) 53:36... 7. Tim Close (jr., Guzinta St.) 54:49. (73 finished, 35 under 1:00; from Brian Cooper).

● **Michigan City, Ind., Aug. 3**—National AAU Masters 15-kilometer: (40-49) 1. Hal Higdon (43, Indiana St.) 50:56; 2. August Jarvis (42, Lake Erie AA) 51:14; 3. John Doyle (40, Windsor Y) 53:25; 4. Duane Peterson (43) 55:04; 5. Steve Goldberg (41, Ill. TC) 55:05; 6. Jim Comyns (42, Lake Erie AA) 55:51. (24 finished, 7 under 1:00.) Teams: 1. Indiana Striders, 27 pts. (50-59) 1. Bill Hewitt (50, Windsor Y) 59:47; 2. Leo Denault (50, Ind. St.) 1:00:55; 3. Merle Knox (52, UWMTC) 1:03:30. Teams: 1. Indiana Striders. (8 finished). (60-69) 1. Bill Andberg (63) 1:00:49; 2. John Archer (60) 1:05:12. (70-100) 1. Leslie N. Gatz (70, Indiana St.) 1:20:42; 2. Gene Moll (72, Indiana St.) 2:19:00.

● **Galion, Ohio, Aug. 4**—10-kilometer: 1. Kim Nutter 31:10; 2. Brian Sobczak 31:12; 3. Jim Stanley 31:17; 4. Kevin Foley 31:32; 5. Tom Bryant 31:36; 6. Rick Musick (18) 31:42; 7. Carl Hatfield 31:55... 67. Bob Coldren (40+) 36:19... 126. Bill Eppright (50+) 39:21... 148. Beth Welch 40:34. (233 finished, 46 under 35:00, 136 under 40:00; from Bill Goldsmith).

● **Cudahy, Wis., Aug. 4**—USTFF National 10-mile: 1. Glenn Herold (UCTC) 50:00; 2. John Lesch (UCTC) 50:53; 3. Glenn Behnke (NC Winged Foot C.) 51:13; 4. Jeff Shoemaker (Indiana St.) 51:27; 5.

Tom Hoffman (UCTC) 51:31; 6. Gary Romeser (Ind. St.) 51:36; 7. Thomas Slater 51:40; 8. Eric Braeten 51:41; 9. David Erlav 51:49; 10. Chuck Koeppen (Ind. St.) 51:57... Al Brodzik (40+) 57:11... Elmer Beth (50+) 1:03:29... John Archer (60+) 1:08:17. Teams: 1. Univ. of Chicago TC, 33 pts.; 2. Indiana Striders, 38 pts. (197 finished). USTFF Women's National 3-mile: 1. Carol Cook 17:29; Shannon Mullen (M. Bad.) 17:51; 3. Georgette Goonan (Madison Badgerettes) 18:40; 4. Laurie Mullen (Mad. Badgerettes) 19:00; 5. Christy Dotseth 19:16. Teams: 1. Madison Badgerettes, 19 pts.; 2. Herea AC, 49 pts. (from Vernon Nelson).

● **Hurley, Wisc., Aug. 10**—Paavo Nurmi marathon: 1. Tom Hoffman (26, UCTC) 2:23:50; 2. Steve Hoag (26, Twin Cities TC) 2:26:01; 3. Barney Hance (24, Winged Foot TC) 2:26:40; 4. Peter Farwell (23, Winged Foot TC) 2:27:46; 5. James Vedder (33, Twin Cities TC) 2:33:23; 6. Norman Patenaude (29, Laurentian TC) 2:34:25; 7. William Cooke (21) 2:35:19; 8. Kevin Keogh (28, Winged Foot TC) 2:37:35; 9. Galen Green (25) 2:37:51; 10. Scott Sundquist (21) 2:38:16; 11. Jeff Miller (18, Owensboro Area TC) 2:38:24... 25. Thomas McAloon (41) 2:44:03 Twin Cities TC); 121. Joseph Cleary (50) 3:09:59... 139. Scott Beasley (12, Indiana St.) 3:12:35... 171. Jonathan Beasley (9, Ind. St.) 3:23:25... 180. Janice Arenz (24) 3:24:31... 260. Greg Hill (8) 3:47:32... 316. Clayton Ness (61 Ness (61) 4:08:38. (357 finished, 79 under 3:00, 200 under 3:30, 290 under 4:00).

● **Glen Ellyn, Ill., Aug. 10**—5-mile: 1. Pat Mandera 24:40; 2. Dan Hildebrand (UCTC) 25:28. (22 finished, 17 under 30:00; from Brian Cooper).

● **Terre Haute, Ohio, Aug. 11**—6-mile: 1. Jim Ackley 32:36; 2. Jeff Rawlins (16) 32:57... 14. Elver Gaston (50) 39:35. (26 finished, 6 under 35:00; from Felix LeBlanc).

● **Prairie Du Chien, Wisc., Aug. 17**—5-mile: 1. Dan Clark 24:45; 2. Shawn Flanagan 24:47; 3. Larry Loomis 25:19... 16. Roger Stigen (jr.) 27:49... 26. Ann Mulrooney 30:54. (64 finished, 21 under 30:00; from Pat Mulrooney).

● **Quincy, Ill., Aug. 17**—Quincy marathon: 1. Isa Lepaj 2:48:07; 2. Dave Rothlauf 2:55:50. (15 finished, 2 under 3:00, 6 under 3:30, 10 under 4:00).

SOUTHWEST

● **Weatherford, Okla., Aug. 3**—Andy Payne marathon: 1. Larry Aduddell (29) 2:31:23; 2. Nolan Grayson (25) 2:36:52; 3. Al Becken (45) 2:42:02. (6 finished; from Vern Whiteside).

● **Tulsa, Okla., Aug. 17**—Tulsa Running Club 10-kilometer: 1. Larry Aduddell (29) 32:03; 2. Terry Ziegler (23) 32:53; 3. Charles Cottle (19) 33:11... 10. Tom Kempf (50) 37:16. (31 finished, 4 under 35:00; from Vern Whiteside).

ROCKIES

● **Kaysville, Utah, Aug. 10**—Baer-Gutsmann 10-mile: 1. Chuck Smead 1:49:07... Steve Naylor (40+) 1:51:17... Dan Crookston (jr.) 2:00:04. (25 finished; from Jan Cheney).

● **Manitou Springs, Colo., Aug. 11**—

Pikes Peak marathon: 1. Rick Trujillo (26) 3:36:40; 2. Sam Benedict (27) 4:02:25; 3. Ken Young (32) 4:08:48; 4. Lee Courkamp (31) 4:15:10; 5. Mike Baer (22) 4:16:49... 10. Charles Montoya (16) 4:26:03... 25. V. Carlson (41) 4:48:55... 50. Marcie Trent (56) 5:23:10... 58. Wilbur Arnold (60) 5:34:08. (105 finished). Pikes Peak marathon ascent: (ages 20-39) 1. Chuck Smead (23) 2:09:59; 2. Rick Trujillo (26) 2:11:04; 3. Rick Lower (21) 2:13:00; 4. Ken Young (32) 2:21:02; 5. Mike Peterson (22) 2:27:06. (111 finished). (ages 16-19) 1. Mike Neil (18) 2:31:32. (ages 40-49) 1. Roger Wilcox (45) 2:46:30. (ages 50-59) 1. Hubert Morgan (52) 3:00:52. (ages 60 and over) 1. Bill Arnold (60) 3:34:31. (women) 1. Donna Messenger (31) 3:04:54.

WEST

● **Belmont, Calif., Aug. 3**—Ocean to Bay marathon: 1. Jeffrey Arnold (19, West Valley TC) 2:41:39; 2. Jim Howell (WVTC) 2:49:00; 3. Jan Sershen 2:52:55... 17. Vic Webber (40+, WVJ & S) 3:10:30... 44. Sue Neary (Soquel RC) 3:58:46. (67 finished, 11 under 3:00, 28 under 3:30, 46 under 4:00).

● **Huntington Beach, Calif., Aug. 3**—10-mile: 1. Ron Kurrle (26, PCC) 50:27; 2. Mark Covert 51:12; 3. Wayne Akiyama 51:35; 4. Pat Miller 51:47; 5. Bob Macias 51:47; 6. James Perez (27, GWAA) 52:08; 7. John Casso 52:12; 8. Mike Chambliss (SBAA) 52:17; 9. P. Campbell 52:37; 10. L. Greer 53:19... 24. Walt Windsor (42) 57:12... 39. Rudy Ceja (51, STC) 1:00:18. (112 finished, 16 under 55:00, 36 under 1:00; from John Brennand).

● **Tigard, Ore., Aug. 3**—8-mile: 1. Larry Miller 42:29; 2. Kelly Jensen 43:06; 3. John Boulton 43:59. (from Don Jacobs).

● **Honolulu, Hawaii, Aug. 11**—Hawaiian AAU One-hour run: 1. Mark Stanforth (23) 11m 248y; 2. John Hayes (24) 10m 1430y; 3. Duncan Macdonald (24) 10m 920y... 11. Scott Hamilton (44) 9m 1380y... 22. Cindy Dalrymple 8m 718y. (from Thomas Ferguson).

● **Walnut, Calif., Aug. 13**—6-mile: 1. John Gregorio (23, MSAC) 30:59; 2. Ed Chaidez (22) 31:31; 3. Ed Surman (18, CSF) 31:46; 4. R. Guillen (19, HARB) 31:51; 5. Steve Chase (20, LBS) 31:55. (76 finished, 20 under 35:00; from John Brennand).

● **Lake Tahoe, Cal.-Nev., Aug. 17**—72-mile relay (first leg about 11 1/2 miles, others about 10): 1. West Valley TC "A" 6:28:25 (Alvaro Mejia, Skip Houk, Jim Birnbaum, Jim Nuccio, George Stewart, Mike Pinocci, Jack Bellah); 2. Humboldt-Marine 6:28:59; 3. West Valley TC "B" 6:49:33; 4. Golden West TC 6:55:52; 5. Alameda TC 6:56:35. Fastest legs: 1. Phil Camp 1:01:46; 2. Jerry Alexander 54:22; 3. Ron Elijah 54:58; 4. Jim Nuccio 54:08; 5. Pat Miller 52:29; 6. Chuck Smead 52:35; 7. Jack Bellah 51:55. (24 teams under 8:00; from Harold DeMoss).

● **San Diego, Calif., Aug. 17**—Balboa Park 8-mile: 1. Dale Fleet (Jamul TC) 40:36; 2. Danny Morris (USMC) 40:52; 3. David Harper (JTC) 40:53; 4. Bob Wilson (JTC) 41:50; 5. Michael McGrath (JTC) 42:30... Bill Gookin (40+, San Diego TC) 45:10... Ed Almeida (50+, San Diego TC) 49:02... Nadia Garcia (SDYC) 52:42. (from Kaj Johansen).

● **Seaside, Ore., Aug. 24**—Beach Run

7m 574y: 1. Jon Anderson 36:56; 2. Ken Moore; 3. Mike Manley 37:15; 4. Randall Brown 37:37; 5. Tom Heinonen 38:03; 6. Damien Koch 38:10; 7. Graham Barr 38:46; 8. Ray Hatton (40+) 38:49; 9. Larry Miller 39:00; 10. Gary Barger 39:04... 139. Norman Hansen (50+) 46:28... 174. Marilyn Paul 48:08... 220. Norman Bright (60+) 50:36... 379. Claude Mullholland (84) 2:00:12. (379 finished, 19 under 40:00, 100 under 45:00; from Ralph Davis).

● **Los Gatos, Calif., Aug. 24**—Los Gatos Cultural Festival 6.4-mile: 1. Jim Dare (WVTC) 36:38; 2. Jack Bellah (WVTC) 37:11; 3. Bill Clark (WVTC) 37:20; 4. Jim Fritzsche (Camino West HS) 37:20... 8. Ken Napier (41, WVJ & S) 39:55... 45. Peggy Lyman 45:31. (175 finished).

● **Mill Valley-Stinson Beach, Cal., Aug. 25**—Dipsea 7-mile: 1. Darryl Beardall (Marin Athletic C.) 43:57 with a 6 min. handicap; 2. Debbie Rudolph (13) 44:10 with a 12 min. handicap; 3. Ron Elijah 44:49 scratch runner; 4. Mike Boitano (South End Rowing C.) 44:52 with an 8 min. handicap; 5. Mary Etta Boitano (11) 44:55 with a 12 min. handicap.

● **San Jose, Calif., Aug. 31**—50-mile track: 1. Lynn Walker 7:31:52; 2. Matt Gray 8:13:49; 3. Mike Plummer 8:45:30. (7 started, 3 finished).

CANADA

● **Lakeshore Blvd., Toronto, Aug. 11**—25-kilometer: 1. Bob Moore (TOC) 1:26:38; 2. Bob Knuckey (TOC) 1:27:59; 3. Harry Ainslie 1:32:18; 4. Cliff Hall (48, MFTC) 1:33:37. (from Mike Freeman).

RACE WALKING

● **Belleville, Ill., June 1**—National AAU Jr. Women's 5000-meter: 1. Gwen Eberle 28:17.0; 2. Linda Ontko 28:27.6; 3. Cinda Morrow 30:19; 4. Bev Pakovich 30:22; 5. Shelly Sim 31:03; 6. Judy Hyten 32:11.4.

● **Los Angeles, Calif., June 23**—NAAU Women's 5-kilometer walk: 1. Ester Marquez (Rialto Roadrunners) 26:27; 2. Ellen Minkow (Syracuse Chargers) 26:46; 3. Linda Brodock (RRR) 26:53; 4. Joan Shima 27:55; 5. Chris Salelarios (Redwood City Flyers) 28:12; 6. Susan Brodock (RRR) 28:23; 7. Gwen Eberle (Ozark TC) 28:24; 8. Diana Dimmick (Cindergals) 28:46; 9. Cindi Johnson (Bue Angels) 29:05; 10. Debbie Naybor 29:06. Teams: 1. Rialto Roadrunners, 10 pts.; 2. Ozark TC, 35 pts.. (31 finished).

● **Kalispell, Mont., July 10**—NAAU Masters 35-kilometer: 1. Max Gould 3:41:29; 2. Don Johnson (Shore AC) 3:48:45; 3. Bob Young 4:06:23; 4. Larry Boies 4:09:52; 5. Larry O'Neill 4:25:17; 6. Alan Wood (Shore AC) 4:46:49; 7. David Walker 5:25:39.

● **Keokuk, Ia., July 20**—NAAU Senior "B" "B" 30-kilometer walk: 1. Jim Breitenbucher 3:02:19; 2. Rob Spier (Columbia TC) 3:14:05; 3. Leonard Busen 3:30:36.

● **West Long Branch, N.J., July 21**—National AAU Jr. One-hour walk: 1. Jim Murchie (Long Island AC) 7m 41y; 2. Steve McMenamin (Penn. AC) 6 1/2m 353y; 3. Ben Kopyscianski (LIAC) 6 1/2m 54y; 4. Alex Turner (Shore AC) 6 1/2m 12y; 5. Mark Zacharias (North Jersey St.) 6 1/2m 371y;

6. Bill Hamlin (Striders) 6 1/2m 329y. Teams: 1. LIAC, 16 pts.; 2. Shore AC, 19 pts.; 3. Penn AC, 26 pts.

● **West Long Branch, N.J., July 21**—National AAU Class B One-hour walk: 1. Bob Falciola (Shore AC) 7m 365y; 2. John Fredericks (Shore AC) 6 3/4m 57y; 3. Randy Mimm (Penn. AC) 6 1/2m 379y; 4. Vinnie Davy (LIAC) 6 1/2m 297y; 5. Don Johnson (Shore AC) 6 1/2m 150y; 6. Ray Floriani (Shore AC) 6 1/2m 127y. Teams: 1. Shore AC, 16 pts.; 2. Shore AC "B", 33 pts. (from Elliott Denman).

● **Long Branch, N.J., Aug. 4**—National AAU Senior 40-kilometer walk: 1. Ron Kulik (NYAC) 3:39:01; 2. John Knifton (NYAC) 3:42:09; 3. Shaul Ladany (LIAC) 3:44:01; 4. Gary Westerfield (LIAC) 3:47:26; 5. Tom Knatt (N. Medford C.) 3:50:52; 6. S. Hayden 3:50:52 (LIAC) 3:55:38; 7. Ron Daniel (NYAC) 4:01:39; 8. John Fredericks (Shore AC) 4:11:00; 9. Alan Price (Wash. D.C. Travelers C.) 4:13:45; 10. Gary Bywaters (Burggettstown, Pa. Walking C.) 4:14:57; 11. Don Johnson (50+, Shore AC) 4:19:35. Teams: 1. NYAC, 10 pts.; 2. LIAC, 13pts.; 3. North Medford AC, 31pts. (from Elliott Denman).

● **West Long Branch, N.J., Aug. 11**—Junior National AAU 20-kilometer: 1. Dennis Slattery (Lowell Mass. Boys C.) 1:49:56; 2. Alex Turner (Shore AC) 1:58:10; 3. Bill Hamlin (North Jersey St.) 1:59:24; 4. Mike Regan (Lowell Boys Club) 2:00:03; 5. Rusty Froats 2:01:20; 6. Ron Froats 2:01:54. (Teams: 1. Burggettstown TC, 20 pts.; 2. Shore AC, 20 pts. (29 finished; from Elliott Denman).

TRACK

Recent records:

● **1500 meters (women)**—4:10.3, Fran- cie Larriou (US), Athens, Greece, July 11, ty- ing American record.

● **100-meter hurdles (women)**—12.3, Annelie Ehrhardt (East Germany), Berlin, June 12, tying world record.

● **400-meter hurdles (women)**—56.51, Krystyna Kacperczyk (Poland), Augsburg, West Germany, breaking world record of 56.7.

● **400-meter relay (women)**—42.6, East Germany (Doris Maletzki, Renate Stecher, Christina Heinich, Barbel Eckert), Berlin, Aug. 24, tying world record.

Winners of the Road Runners Club of America age-group mile champion- ships:

● **Boys**—9-under: Karl Rivers (Morris Estates) 5:50; 10-11: Lester Lyles (DC CYO) 5:06; 12-13: Michael Diment (Hawkeye Striders) 4:39; 14-15: Bob Pagano (NY RR) 4:30,[[

● **Girls**—9-under: Kim Gallagher (Am- bler) 5:35. 10-11: Mari Gibbs (Lakewood Intl) 5:22; 12-13: Pam Dutton (Padukies) 5:10; 14-15: Margaret Groos (Nashville Whippets) 5:12. (More than 1300 runners competed at several sites around the country.) ●

If you don't see your race's results here, either no one is sending them or they're too late. Correct that by mailing them promptly to Box 366, Mt. View 94040.

READERS' COMMENTS

HILLS

The secret to running hills ("Secrets of the Hills" and "Advanced Lessons on the Hills," July and Aug. 74) is like running anything else—hard work and lots of it.

If there is a trick to running hills, it is certainly not "lean into it," as that is what one does naturally. The trick is keeping your heels on the ground. If you "lean into it," the tendency is to lift the heels, which puts a further burden of support on the leg muscles. Keep your heels down and *push* your way up the hill.

Also, on a rolling course, an experienced hill runner will hit the last 10 feet or so of climb *hard*, going strongly over the top when the less experienced runner is just beginning to relax at the top.

*Ken Young
Boulder, Colo.*

Put this down as Tribou's first and only secret about hills: a lot of hill training equals good hill racing.

*Bill Tribou
Simsbury, Conn.*

DIABETICS

I take strong exception to the statement of Dr. J. M. Sterchi ("Stresses of Distance Racing," Aug. 74): "Long distance running would be a dangerous sport for an insulin-requiring diabetic."

From personal experience, I have found long distance running (both competitive and for fun) excellent therapy for the diabetic. I am 46, diabetic for 16 years and currently take 50 units of insulin a day. I run 60-70 miles a week and my best times include a 5:05 mile and a 3:31 marathon.

Some physicians recommend that diabetics reduce their insulin prior to a strenuous or prolonged effort. However, I have found from experience that I perform best if I maintain my normal dose of insulin and simply increase my carbohydrate intake prior to and during a long distance run (greater than 15 miles). I have no problems with low blood sugar at distances of 10 miles or less.

*Edward Leete, Ph.D.
Minneapolis, Minn.*

COACHING HOT-LINE

Some runners have coaches. Club members can get advice from their colleagues. However, some of us from less populated areas train in virtual isolation and cannot get specific advice when it is desperately and immediately needed.

When I was unable to obtain intelligent, individualized advice at a time when I needed it most, I thought of contacting some of the experts mentioned in *RW*. But I realized I had no right to intrude on their privacy.

I suggest that *RW* organize and publish a list of knowledgeable volunteers from various regions who would be willing to counsel runners by telephone. I would have been willing to pay for a call to Tokyo when I needed help!

*Carl Olson, Jr.
Fredonia, N.Y.*

BOSTON (CONT.)

The recent discussions of the Boston marathon are perhaps serving an even greater purpose than to improve Boston. They are giving marathon planners throughout the world valuable ideas for improving their own marathons. As one who may never make it to Boston, I appreciate this service.

*Peter Christensen
Montrose, Calif.*

WEATHERIZING

Sen. Proxmire ("Interview," July 74) makes a strong case for daily activity. My own experience has confirmed everything he says. But in addition to all the benefits mentioned, I suggest there is one more—weatherizing.

Some people derive their pleasure

PHOTO CREDITS:

Page 17—Roger Bannister, from the book *The First Four Minutes*.
21—Kevin Higdon, by Hal Higdon.
25—Fitness Lab, by Steve Sutton.
30—Drawing, by Bil Canfield. 38—Rick Trujillo, by John Morgan.
Chuck Smead, by David Hill.

NEXT ISSUE:

In November, we plan to include features on three outstanding running events: the European Championships, the Charleston 15-mile, and the first women's international marathon. Also, a practical article on breathing by Ian Jackson.

from grumbling about the heat, cold, rain or snow. Romantic souls look out the window and write lyrics about the falling snow or the pattering rain. The true weather lover joins it, throws himself into whatever comes each day. When the first 100-plus or minus-25 day comes, he is ready to enjoy it. Except for glare ice and dust storms, which I am still working on, I have found that every day can be beautiful.

*G. Johnson
Billings, Mont.*

PRO MARATHONING

Tell me it's a satire. ("News and Views," Aug. 74). Kicking, kneeling, elbowing and showing in a marathon! Great Gadfly! You can't mean it.

I thought I had finally found a "pure" sport, where one could run against other men and against our own natures. I can't imagine running against a kicker, or a kneer. Will I be allowed to wear a chain belt?

*Glenn Ellis Jr.
Memphis, Tenn.*

(Yes, the article was a satire—but apparently a too subtle one judging by the angry letters that have come in. For the record, there is no World Marathon League.) ●

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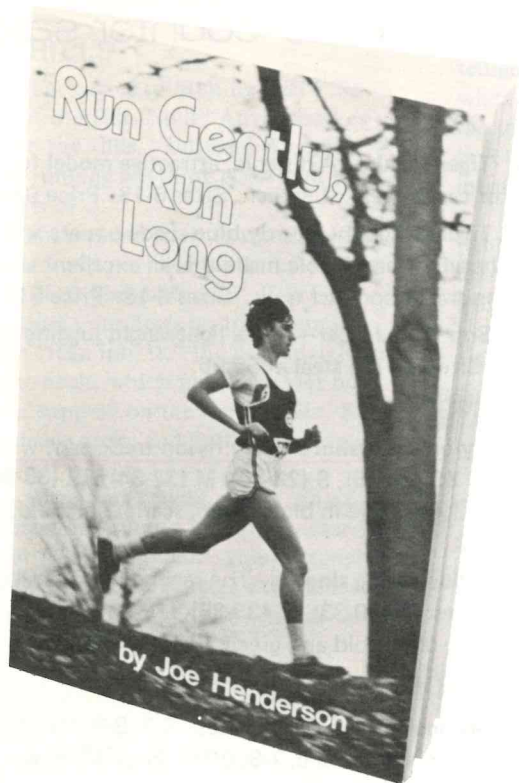
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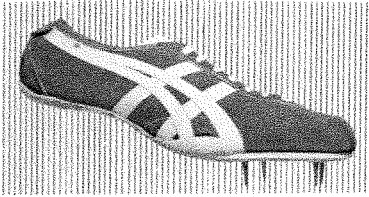
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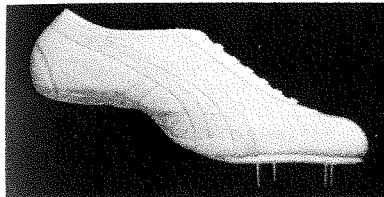
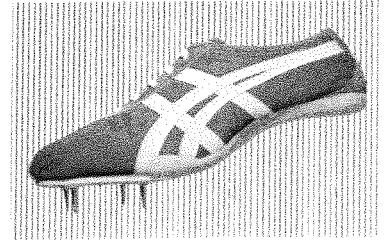


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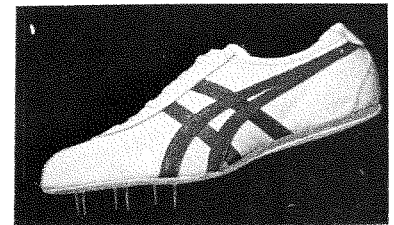


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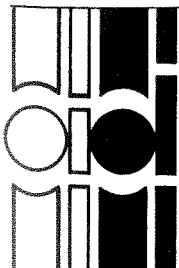
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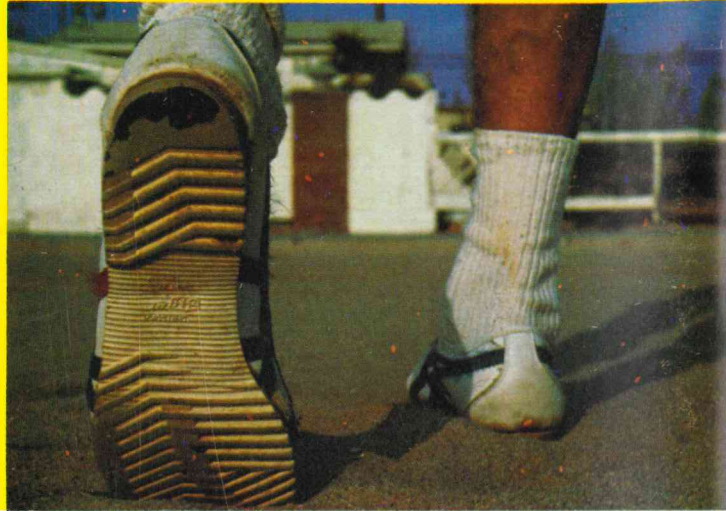
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