

Nova Scotia Marathon



Last years Masters winner Charles Ratti, left, congratulates open and over all winner Harry Welles. Ratti hails from Weymouth, Mass., while Welles is a U.S. citizen currently residing in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

SHELBURNE, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA
9:00 A.M. 23 August 1975

DIVISIONS

masters and open

AWARDS Post race awards banquet. T-shirts to all entrants, Ten trophies, Certificates to all finishers.

SPONSORS

Nova Scotia Department of Recreation and Nova Scotia Track & Field Association.

ENTRY FEE

\$3.00

TRAVEL

We're 70 miles from Yarmouth International Airport. NEW ENGLANDERS check the ferry service between Portland, Maine as well as Bar Harbour, Maine and Yarmouth N.S.

Last years masters winner Charles Ratti (course masters record holder—2:47:27) in a letter to us this spring made the following comments:

. has to be the most scenic Marathon there is, pollution free, great hospitality.

For entry forms and accommodation information, please write:

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“Show me a runner whose shoes don't fit, and I'll show you a loser”

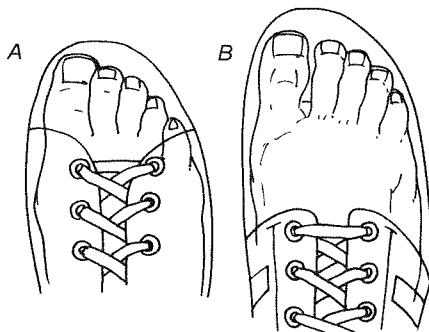
— Jim Davis, President, New Balance Athletic Shoe Inc.

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Volume Ten — June, 1975 — Number Six



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From the Publisher

As far as long distance runners are concerned, the Boston marathon is the "big one" each year. And each year we at least have one article concerning the race. But now we are going another step further. Each year we are going to have a special Boston marathon issue. This year we have a 16-page insert on the race. Next year with more advertising, the section will be bigger and better.

And we are giving this to readers at no additional cost. In fact this is one of three special issues throughout the year. In October, we will have the special shoe issue. And in February, we will have the special "Marathon Handbook" issue. In each of these special issues, there will still be the normal amount of material on other topics.

The special issues will cost more individually—this special Boston marathon issue will be \$1 per copy. The other two special issues will be \$2 each. Just another reason to subscribe to our magazine at \$7 per year.

Before the Boston marathon I was over at Joe Henderson's home having dinner and the subject of the race came up. I asked Joe who he felt was going to win it and he told me Bill Rodgers. With Ron Hill coming and the other top runners entered, I really felt Joe was going out on a limb in picking Rodgers. But sure enough he was right.

We already had an interview with him before he won the race, and Amby Burfoot got his thoughts after the race. In fact, this is what prompted us to move ahead with the special issue. If we can just be as lucky each year, it will make our work much easier.

We want to thank Jeff Johnson for getting the pictures of the Boston marathon to us so quickly. It was only a few days after the race when his shots arrived. Thanks also to the other contributors who went out of their way to make this special issue possible.

We would like to have your feedback on the section. Not on the race itself, as much as how we handled the section. It will help us on other special issues.

Bob Anderson

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COVER:

Never have so many run so far so fast. More than 2000 runners started the Boston marathon. Nearly 900 of them broke three hours. (Jeff Johnson)

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Second class postage paid at Mtn. View, CA 94040 and at additional mailing office (Burlingame, CA 94010).

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—One year, \$7.00; two years, \$13.00 (same for US and foreign). Single copies and back issues 75 cents each.

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THE FIRST STEP IS THE BIGGEST



by Bill Canfield

I'm a writer by trade. Not a great writer. I'll never turn out a best-seller or a classic because the people who do that are artists. I'm more of a journeyman. Writing isn't a gift I was born with. It's something I learned with practice over the last 15 or so years and am still learning. I've learned it well enough to earn a living this way, but that's about all.

I'm a runner by habit. Not a great runner. I'll never win anything or run any times worth printing. The hares do that, and I'm more of a tortoise. I'm not a gifted runner, but running is something I've learned over almost 20 years and am still learning. I now know how to run well enough to stay reasonably fit and happy with it.

After so many years, I need both writing and running. I need to write to keep eating, and to run to keep sane and healthy. To get what writing and running offer, I have to do both of them each day, day after day, as far into the future as I can see.

If these two are to keep doing what they're supposed to, I have to keep up with them. That's the important goal: not to stop. Keep moving and knock down anything that gets in the way of free movement.

Starting is the hardest part of any movement. The biggest obstacle is fear—fear of the first word or the first step. I've had lots of time in 15-20 years to look at that fear, to see why it develops and what can be done to put it down. I've learned from running how to deal with it in my writing, and from writing what to do in running. The two are a lot alike.

The ailment any writer fears most is "writer's block," a constipation of words. The best description of it I have heard is "like a five-pound chicken trying to lay a 10-pound egg." It's part how-can-I-say-this-well, part nothing-to-say, and part too-much-to-say-but-can't-say-it-right.

I had a day like this recently. I had a page to write, only 300-400 words, normally a quick 15-20 minutes' work. I had notes in front of me and ideas in my head, but they wouldn't jump to the paper. The more I prodded them, the more

they balked. My wads of false-starts piled up in the corner where I threw them. My brain tightened up as much as my fist, which was breaking the pen. I couldn't scribble out an intelligible sentence.

It took me an hour and a half to write that page, and it wasn't even a good page. It didn't flow. It plodded.

I'd forgotten the basic lessons: I can't do things perfectly on first try and can't draw words from an empty pool. It's like trying to put all-out racing before gentle training.

Most of my writing "training" is stream-of-consciousness type stuff. It isn't worth reading at this stage, and may never be. This is okay. If nothing else, this writing is good psychotherapy. If polished words come out, it's only by accident. I'm writing for quantity, not quality. I want to get the thoughts down as fast as they bubble up from the source, and to get as many of them into the loose-leaf binder as possible.

It's important at the start not to dam up the stream of consciousness. Let it flow, swift and clear, to a holding pool. The finished stories will come from this pool. The deeper it is, the better the stories will be.

The same is true with running. As long as the daily flow remains steady and strong, the pool of fitness will be adequate for rare all-out bursts. In other words, take care of the first steps and the final ones will take care of themselves.

There is always some reluctance to make that first scratch on a clean sheet of paper or to stick the first leg out the front door. I still have to wrestle with myself just a little to shift from thinking to writing, from rest to motion. It takes the same discipline to do this as it does to plunge into cold water. There's an initial shock, but it's refreshing later.

My trick, when I write as when I run, is not to look past the first few words or few hundred yards. Expect the first steps to be slow and jerky. It takes some time to get going. Don't force the direction or pace. Let the writing and running find their own course. Let them pick up their own flow.

I've had "running blocks" when I forgot to run this way. My first year of college, I got so scared of not running far or fast enough that I couldn't run at all. My times for the mile fell off by half a minute as I tied up from fright. When the season ended, I quit completely.

I started again, but made some more mistakes. One was timing myself every day—running measured courses against the clock and keeping records of the times. It was okay at first, when I could break

records without trying. But as times went down, effort and tension went up. I had to break a record every day, so every day's run was a race.

At the same time, I was counting miles. Each week, I had to run more miles than the week before. This too was no problem at first—until I climbed past 50 and 55 and 60 miles.

This combination of escalating pace and distance finally left me too sore, tense and frustrated to be anything but relieved when a run ended. I had to find something more relaxed if I was to go on.

I quit timing myself and quit counting miles. I hit on a pace I could hold indefinitely, and a kind of running I looked forward to every morning. I tried to pick out some lessons for keeping me running and to apply other places where I might get dammed up:

"I got so scared of not running far or fast enough that I couldn't run at all. My times for the mile fell off by half a minute as I tied up from fright."

1. Start without an end in sight.

No matter how crappy you feel, short of being in a cast or in bed with a 102° fever, start the run. Reserve judgment on how it's going to go until you are 5-10 easy minutes along. It takes that long to pick up the flow, and you'll know by then if you're going to pick it up that day. If you still feel like you're running upstream, don't fight it. Stop and hope for a better tomorrow.

2. Remember that anything is better than nothing.

Too much is made of quantity and quality. One doctor says you have to do six miles to get any good from a run. Another tells you to stay at 1½ miles, but to push down the pace. Both are probably right from their own points of view, but they unwittingly scare some people away from running with these formulas—people who can't go 1½ miles in 12 minutes and can't go six miles without wheels under them. Even a trickle of running adds something to the pool of fitness.

3. Let the pace find itself. No stopwatch can tell how you feel or how fast you should be running. The best pace is one that tiptoes along the edge between comfort and discomfort. You can't plan it because it changes from day to day, even from mile to mile within a run. The best pace is the one that trains but doesn't strain you. No one can tell you the difference. It's something you feel.

4. Run for yourself. Don't be intimidated by other people's standards, what they have done and are doing, what they expect of you and what you in turn expect of yourself. Learn to judge realistically your own present limits.

5. Run for today. A world record setter a dozen times over once said that a runner is never so depressed as in the few days after a record race. It's then that he asks himself, "How do I top this?" Accept the fact that every run can't be a record. Learn to take pleasure in less than your best.

That's what training is: "less than your best." Ninety or more miles of every 100 have to be at less than full speed. That's the way the pool of fitness fills up. Race-type runs draw from that pool and dry it up when they're too hard, too often. A runner's first concern is keeping the stream flowing, filling the pool.

A writer works the same way. He or she can't turn out a classic every day, and must see the value in doing less. Good writing is the product of starting with the first word and putting down whatever comes out after that, at whatever rate and in whatever sequence it comes. This rough kind of stream-of-consciousness writing fills the pool from which readable stories are drawn. Without the pool, these stories can't develop.

The writer's and the runner's first obligation is to keep the stream free of obstruction and pollution—to keep moving no matter what.

The best comes later. Taking the best from the writing or running pools is an editing job. It's filtering what you've done in private and deciding what is worth showing to the public in articles or races.

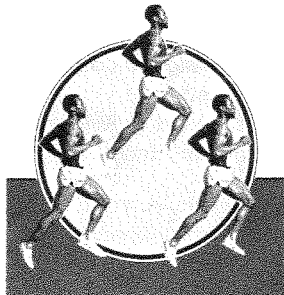
It isn't easy showing what you're capable of doing at your maximum. It's draining and often painful work. Exposing yourself in public is one of the hardest things you can do. Yet it's inevitable that you do it if the pool has filled to overflowing. You have to drain some of it away, to make room for more filling.

The best has to come out as long as the stream keeps flowing. The easiest work has to force out the hardest. ●

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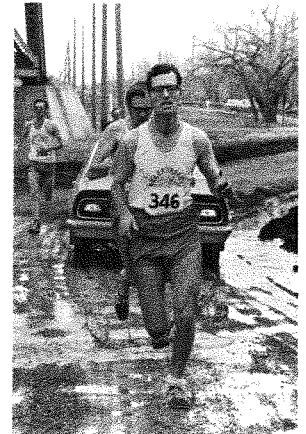
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NEWS & VIEWS

Shoe News

This fall, and every fall from now on, *Runner's World* will publish a special "Buyer's Guide" on shoes. This will be an insert in the magazine, free to all subscribers.

The most important opinions on shoes are those of the runner-wearers, so we want to know your preferences. We invite you to answer these 20 questions:

1. Your age.
2. Your sex.
3. State of residence.
4. Years of running (or race walking).
5. Average number of miles covered per week.
6. Surface on which you do the majority of your training (dirt, grass, asphalt, concrete, etc.).
7. Do you race?
8. If you race, what distances?
9. What training flats do you prefer (list brand and model names)?
10. Racing flats, if any?
11. Training spikes, if any?
12. Racing spikes, if any?
13. Have you discontinued wearing any other types of shoes in the last year? If so, why?
14. Where do you get your shoes (by mail, from a local dealer, from a school, etc.)?
15. How long (in miles) do your training flats normally last before they're resoled or discarded?
16. Do you make any home repairs of your shoes? If so, what type?
17. Do you wear socks?
18. Do you have any special inserts (arch supports in addition to those built in, heel lifts, etc.) in your shoes?
19. Do you ever run barefoot?
20. Have you had any running-related injuries in the past year which disrupted your training? If so, specify type.

Please list your answers on a separate sheet and mail them to *Runner's World*, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. (An envelope is included with most magazines.) We need your information by early July.

from Shoe Supplement
Editor

Marathon Mistakes

Chasing down information for the annual *Marathon Handbook* is like trying to hit a moving target. The sport is going so fast we have a hard time stopping it long enough to put it between the covers of a booklet. The 1975 *Handbook*, like others before it, has some significant errors and omissions.

In the schedules section, the biggest change is the national AAU Masters (ages 40 and up) marathon championships. The race was listed for Portland in July. In fact, it is scheduled for Medford, Ore., on Oct. 12 (8:30 a.m.). Contact: Southern Oregon Sizzlers, Jerry Swartsley, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix, Ore. 97535.

Kevin Kitze of Garden City, Mich., didn't get credited for his age-14 record. Kevin ran 2:41:43 in the Grand Valley marathon last November. It wasn't until February that we received results of the race in Grand Rapids, which was won by Paul Bedford (2:27:27) with Gerald Crane (2:27:23) finishing second. Sally Ritsema won the women's division in 3:49:30.

Another previously unreported race was the Land of Lakes marathon in Minnesota. Al Gilman won it in 2:29:53, and 63-year-old Bill Andberg, 3:06:20. The first woman was Jan Arenz with her personal best time of 3:07:46.

Arenz's new time should be added to the all-time women's list. Tom Fleming had an additional time of 2:19:24 for the all-time men's listing.

In race walking, Leonard Busen was burned twice. His victories in the 1974 AAU Masters 30- and 50-kilometer races weren't reported. The *Missourian* had times of 2:55:53 and 5:13:50.

We had problems with one of the best 24-hour relays teams. The Williams Road Runners set an indoor record of 278 miles 573 yards last March. They weren't given credit for that, or for a Massachusetts state record. And finally, the wrong team members were listed. The true team was: Mark Sisson, Peter Hyde, Scott Lutrey, Paul Skudder, Bob Anderson, Chris Potter, Bob Clifford, John Rathgeber, Chris Flavin, Ken Leinbach.

from the Marathon Hand-
book Editor

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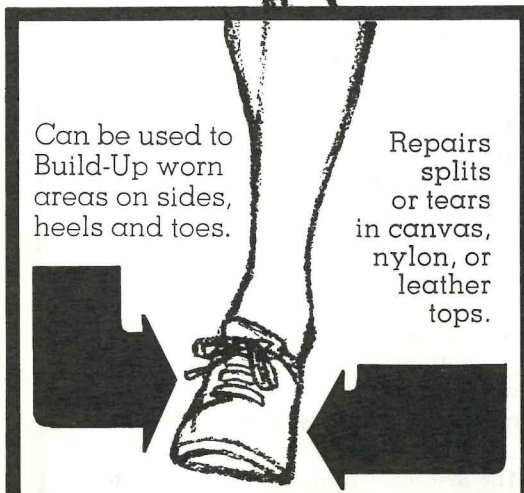
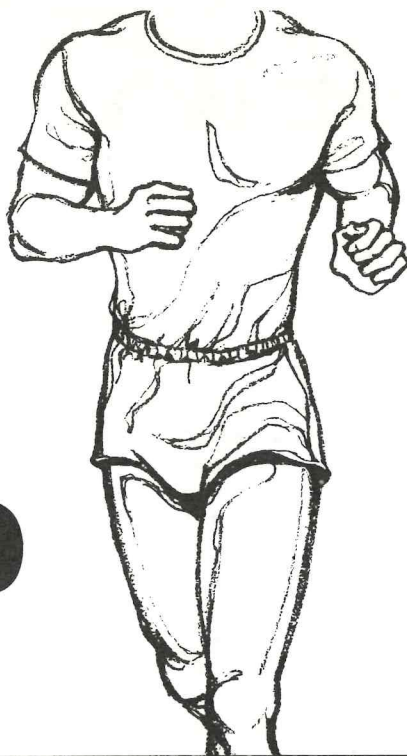
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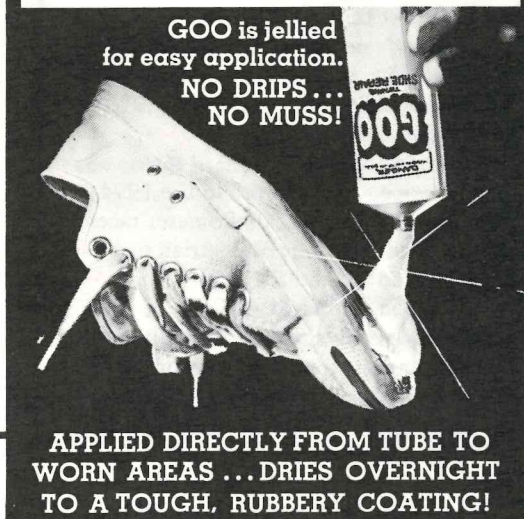
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"How Does It Feel?"

During a recent road race, I decided to test a theory I had been carrying around for some time. I always seem to have songs going in my head during races—a phenomenon not too uncommon among distance runners, I understand. I have often been able to summon reserve energy if a particularly inspiring song is running through my head. My hypothesis was that if I focused my concentration during the race on the songs passing through my mind, I would be able to generate the impetus to run a faster time. To test the theory, I decided to focus my attention on the music of Bob Dylan.

As the runners lined up for the start of the race, I began to bear down and get the music flowing: "They're restless, they need somewhere to go..."

The gun sounded and I flew down the road, the music driving me on: "I've got nothing to live up to...", "You got nothing to lose...", "It's life and life only..."

As I whizzed by runners right and left, Dylan was crooning, "I used to be among the crowd you're in with..." I felt certain of great success.

Then, as I neared the halfway mark, I began to feel surprisingly heavy-legged. I couldn't get one line out of my head: "My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet..." I couldn't figure out what the problem was, but the music in my head wasn't helping a bit: "Something is happening and you don't know what it is..."

The discomfort began to spread all over my body: "Mutiny from stern to bow..."

The runners I had so easily zoomed by at the start of the race were now churning by me smoothly: "Nobody feels any pain..."

I tried to grit my teeth and think of more inspiring music: "He not busy being born is busy dying..."

I sprinted for 10 yards then dropped back miserably. My whole body felt rubbery: "I can't get no relief..."

I cursed aloud at Bob Dylan for writing so many pessimistic lyrics, then tried to think of a fast song that would spark my faltering body. The line that kept repeating itself was, "Now you don't talk so loud, now you don't seem so proud..." I tried to weed it out, but the song continued. "How does it feel?" he was taunting. "Aww, how does it feel..."

I kept battling the intrusion of the line, "Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit..."

"No," I yelled aloud, "I won't quit."

As I approached the final hill, I tried to think of one last inspirational song, but all I could come up with as I gazed at what looked like a 90-degree, mile-long hill was, "And if I die on top of the hill . . ."

As I stumbled across the finish line with Dylan singing "You raised up your head and you say 'Is this where it is?'" I realized that I had just proved Dylan's theory that "you shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you . . ."

But as I left the race site and turned on the radio in my car, a reassuring voice was wailing, "And the loser now will be later to win, for the times they are a changing . . ." And I knew I would be back.

from Jim Lilliefors

Swim Training

For years, coaches have been telling their runners that certain sports don't mix well with running—especially swimming. Logic seems to be on these coaches' side, as the sports use entirely different muscles. More importantly, they involve totally different environments—water vs. land, gravity vs. the support of water, even the position of vertical vs. horizontal. But one thing they do have in common is that they are aerobic sports.

I have combined the two sports for almost two years, using swimming to supplement my running. I got interested in swimming my freshman year in college. Prior to that, I had no experience with it. My swimming yardage increased slowly, and I noticed an increase in upper-body strength. Not the strength that enabled me to lift more weight, but rather the strength that let my arms relax at the end of a race instead of tightening up.

That summer, I did "double workouts"—running 10-12 miles mornings at 7-8 minutes per mile, and in the afternoon swimming 1-1½ miles. I was told that this wasn't helping my running half as much as I would with another running workout. But my times dropped in the mile from 4:51 to 4:42 and in the two-mile from 10:30 to 10:09 that summer. The real improvement, however, came at the longer distances. My six-mile time, for instance, came down by three minutes! That fall, I improved my marathon time from 3:09 to 2:49.

I can't say I wouldn't have improved without the swimming, but the swimming let me get in a year of running 10-12 miles a day and racing once a week

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without sustaining a serious injury. The only injury that I got was a calf strain after a 95-mile week where I didn't swim. The pool was closed, so I thought I would make up for the missed workout by substituting another run, 3-5 miles.

I recovered from this injury in less than two weeks by running 2-3 miles a day and swimming 4000-6000 yards. I came back where I left off. Better yet, I didn't lose any confidence in my fitness or suffer any withdrawal pains from not running.

Eighty miles per week seems to be the upper limit I can train at without exposing myself to injury. But my experi-

ence tells me that the swimming yardage of 1½ miles, 4-5 days a week (remember that ¼ mile of swimming is equal in energy expenditure to four miles of running) lets my body get the benefits of 100-plus miles a week training—without the breakdowns.

There is no pounding in swimming so it can't be overdone to the extent of injury. I think an extra 45 minutes or so a day in the pool would be of more benefit to the runner than stretching, weight training and probably even that much more running.

from Ed Price

Identify Yourself

As an incurable book club joiner, I use any excuse to join one. Last summer, I joined one because it was giving away free to new members a "dog tag" with name and address. I dropped out of the book club, but still have the tag. With only my name and address, the tag would give the police a tentative idea of who I am.

And if I'm ever stopped by the police it would be identification of sorts, though not as good as a driver's license or some sort of identification card with a picture.

I resisted wearing the thing at first because I didn't want to admit the possibility of something happening to me on a run. After all, running is supposed to be healthy and good for you—not a potential cause of death or injury. Slowly, though, I have come around to a more realistic position on the matter and now wear the tag on my longer runs.

It isn't complete, though. A better tag would have all or most of the following: name, address, phone number, blood type, allergies, name, phone number and address of the person to contact in an emergency. And if you are diabetic or epileptic or have some other such problem, this should be mentioned.

This would take two or three tags probably, but would be worth the extra ounces of weight to be carried on a run. Of course, this goes beyond simple identification and includes potentially life-saving information if you are involved in an accident.

If you want to take identification one step further, then Xerox your driver's license and AAU card, put them back to back and seal them in plastic. Pierce a hole in a corner of the card and wear it on the chain with the other tags, or carry just the cards.

from Fred Lawrence

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26 Miles Or Bust

Narcotics agents recently arrested 234 members of the New York Road Runners in what they called "the biggest drug bust ever made on the East Coast."

Agent Thomas Mitchell said, "These people were all heavily into LSD. It was the saddest thing I've ever seen. We hauled in young boys and girls, some only eight years old. We even arrested a 56-year-old grandmother. How shocking to think they were using LSD everyday," said Mitchell.

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Another agent said he was horrified at the effects the LSD had on the people. "Most of them were quite thin," he said. "Several of the younger men were delusional. They told me they were national class athletes."

A doctor who examined the road runners said the LSD had some bizarre side-effects: "Some of them have severe blistering on the bottoms and sides of the feet. Their pulse rates are so low, in the 40s and 50s, that they're practically dead. I've also found that their oxygen uptake rate is dangerously high. These are some of the things that using LSD everyday can do to you."

Many of the road runners were arrested running through the streets of New York clad only in shorts and T-shirts. "It was cold as heck out there, but these people were so spaced-out they were outside in their underwear," agent Mitchell said, shaking his head sadly.

"One can easily see how LSD breaks down the moral fiber of an individual," Mitchell continued. "Eighty-two of those we arrested were women who should have been home in their kitchens, instead of out running the streets in skimpy outfits."

Mitchell said one of the initiation rites of the bizarre LSD cult was to run around and around Central Park until the cultists dropped from fatigue. "They claim the LSD helps them attain some mystical spiritual high if they can plod along for 26 miles 385 yards. It's one of the cruelest rituals I've ever witnessed."

Mitchell concluded, "With these dangerous LSD people in jail the streets of New York will be a little safer".

from Ron Somers

About the writers: Jim Lilliefors of Iowa, Fred Lawrence of Kentucky and Ron Somers of Maryland are previous RW contributors. Ed Price is a college runner and swimmer from California.

Runner's World always has a place for such free-lance contributors. Thirteen of them submitted articles for this issue, and three of them are appearing here for the first time.

Most writers break in with short "News and Views" pieces—a maximum of 500 words. Payment for these is usually \$10. "City Series" payment is \$20 for about 1000 words. The standard rate for interviews is \$50. For other features, which generally range from 1000-3000 words, we pay at the rate of \$10-40 per page in the magazine.

Contact the editor (P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040) for details. ●



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RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME

by Roy Kissin

March 12, en route to New York—My mother was glad to have me out of the house. I could almost see her breathe a sigh of relief as I boarded the aircraft.

The situation at the Kissin household becomes almost intolerable before major races. I withdraw and emote simultaneously. The stereo becomes my substitute for human companionship. I am poor company. Simple questions elicit snappy replies. Unimportant details become the source of endless bitching and moaning.

But my mother understands and generally makes allowances. She's been through it all before, many times. Still, I think she was relieved to see me off.

Three months had passed since the qualifying race. Many miles had been covered, more than one pair of shoes discarded. The moment to leave had finally arrived. Off to Morocco! Hey! Where's Morocco? What's it like? Is it hot?

I recalled Sunday afternoons spent stretched out on the sofa, watching sports on television, too wasted to do anything else after a three-hour morning run. Then came the awful realization that my only impression of the place had been ingrained on my memory week after week by a tire commercial: "Morocco—blistering hot deserts, twisting, turning roads..."

But I'm skeptical. I had to see for myself.

Robert E. DeCelle sat beside me on the plane. He is a jolly, gregarious fellow who might be mistaken for Santa Claus, given beard and proper attire. As head of the US delegation, he seemed an unlikely complement to a group of distance runners.

I was reminded of the words of a well-known marathon runner: "You can look at runners before a race and tell who is going to win. It's always the palest, skinniest, weakest, most wretched-looking guy." It's an exaggeration, to be sure. Nevertheless, DeCelle was to present an interesting contrast, both in appearance and in temperament, to any runner on the team.

As the jet took off, I settled into my seat, feeling numb. Not numb with excitement, but with the realization that comes when a long-awaited moment fails to live up to one's expectations and fantasies. I felt only tired.

"The magic hasn't hit me yet," I thought. "Maybe it's waiting in New York."

March 12, New York—His track bag swinging freely at his side, Frank Shorter strode toward the Kennedy Airport conference room where the team was to assemble. Upon seeing me, the Olympic marathon champion knitted his brow as he strained to place my face.

"I've met you before," he declared.

"San Francisco," I replied. "Examiner Games. I'm Roy Kissin."

"Right. I'm Frank Shorter. Want to run?" (Frank was but one of an impulsive group. The very same question was asked by someone every time we had a few spare minutes.)

Outside, driving rain pelted the pavement.

"Okay," I said, not enthused about the prospect of braving the storm, yet not wanting to miss a chance to run with this man I had so long respected and admired.

We changed quickly and stepped outside.

"I'll take you on my JFK seven-miler," Frank explained. "It's part of my worldwide network of airport runs. I've got courses in Munich, Paris, New York, Atlanta, Los Angeles and San Francisco, to name a few."

Observing Frank's ever-changing stream of consciousness was delightful. He chatted amiably as we ran. The rain had all but stopped.

"We go by a sewage treatment plant and a dump. Hey, a dump truck! What's more New York than a dump truck? This is like running in Japan—all this traffic. Where the hell are we, anyway?"

We approached the dump, turned a corner and ran through a corridor formed by what seemed like an entire fleet of New York City Sanitation Department trucks. An awful stench permeated our senses. Frank interspersed laughter and curses.

"So this is New York," I marveled.

We circled and retraced our path, discussing what effect the enormous jet lag might have on our race performances.

"I've learned to wind down, to shift gears while flying," said Frank. "Of course, two or three drinks help also."

Despite the New York taxi drivers, we arrived back at the airport without serious incident. Drawing quite a few odd stares, we entered the terminal, our bodies steaming as we padded along the hard tile floor. I became aware of the vicissitudes of the world class athlete and world traveler. Training must fit in the schedule, not the other way around.

We dressed hurriedly. Fifteen minutes later, the American teams boarded Flight 900 to Lisbon and Casablanca. Frank hung his bright red thermal underwear (which doubles as a sweatsuit) from the luggage rack to dry. He then settled into

Roy Kissin, obviously one of the country's leading high school runners, is a senior at San Ramon high school in northern California. A shorter version of this article appeared originally in a local newspaper, The Valley Pioneer.

Eighteen-year-old Roy Kissin of California qualified for his first international team last December. In March, he traveled to Morocco to race in the International Junior cross-country championships. He was in midrace when he realized "this was just a race, world championship or not. The magic of this event, which I had been anticipating throughout the trip, had never come. It was now clear to me that it never would. I was not in awe of my competition . . ." He placed eighth.



his seat and promptly fell asleep, waking up only for dinner and three beers.

March 13, en route to Rabat—Sunrise over the Atlantic from 39,000 feet was amazingly beautiful. My attention was diverted from the bright, clear stars to a dull line on the horizon. No form was visible, only light and dark. The paleness gradually spread. The ocean began to glimmer, no longer black but grey. The paleness, once slight, blossomed into bright changing hues of orange and red, until suddenly the sun burst over the horizon. A round of applause swept through the aircraft.

A short time later, we found ourselves strolling through the streets of Lisbon, Portugal. A revolution had just been put down. The city was besieged. Soldiers armed with machine guns loomed everywhere. It was frightening. The turmoil, remote in TV images of an unknown land, became real to me here.

We reboarded the aircraft and landed in Casablanca an hour later. Then a two-hour bus trip to Rabat. I was tired, but unable to close my eyes. There was much to see, and I wanted to experience as much as I could.

My first impressions of Morocco: It is a very, very foreign country. Everything was strange to me. The Moslem influence pervaded. Veiled women and turbaned men burdened with huge bundles trudged along the shoulder of the road. Most of the buildings reflected abject poverty, yet still retained the Moorish influence.

Suddenly we passed a huge, well-kept estate. It appeared that the extremes of two social classes flourished in Morocco, with little in between.

Fields of lush, tall grass covered the countryside. The Moroccan farmers mark boundaries with fences woven from the grass.

The overall view presented quite a contrast to the "blistering hot deserts" of the tire commercial. I understand that the Sahara does exist, but much farther south.

Exhausted and irritable, we eventually arrived at the Rabat Hilton. Delegation chief DeCelle haggled with the manager for a half-hour, then emerged. The bus started for another hotel. "He thinks all Americans are rich" was DeCelle's only explanation.

When our gear was safely unloaded and the bus had gone, we discovered that the second hotel could not provide us with showers, a runner's most vital need. We debated what to do, then opted for the Hilton a second time, only now we were without transportation.

Everyone wanted to run back, but I couldn't summon the energy. DeCelle caught a cab while the runners stripped and changed in the lobby. The *conciierge* appeared distressed.

I was left spread-eagle on the baggage, and quickly drifted off to sleep. The bus was to come an hour later for me and the bags.

I awoke to the bus driver's shrieking Arabic. Grabbing what I could, I made for the bus, which was blocking both lanes of a one-way street. "Incredible," I thought. Traffic was backed up for a half-mile by the time we pulled out.

Meanwhile, back at the Hilton, DeCelle and the manager had come to terms. Somehow, I summoned the strength to stagger to my room, climb into bed, and drop into a deep, dreamless sleep.

March 13, Rabat—My day began much too early. The lingering effects of jet lag made sleep impossible past 4 a.m. Still, the pre-dawn hours were not wasted. I decided to hijack a poster describing the meet from the hotel lobby. The elaborate Arabic inscription created great demand for the posters among the athletes.

"This might be my only chance to get one," I thought as I stumbled out the door into darkness.

The lobby was empty except for three bellboys talking quietly among themselves. I nodded as I ambled by. They took little notice. Carefully, I began to remove the tacks which held the poster to the bulletin board.

Suddenly, one of the bellboys approached.

"Do you need something?" he inquired.

"No," I answered, placing the hand holding the tacks behind my back. "It's just that my body still thinks it's in California, so I can't sleep."

He nodded uncomprehendingly, sat down and began to eye me with suspicion. I strolled about trying to appear inconspicuous, although I stuck out like any American does in an Arab country.

Finally, the three of them disappeared in a back room for a moment. I grabbed the poster and dashed for my room, feeling clever.

The feeling was short-lived, however. The meet headquarters distributed the posters upon request in the morning!

DeCelle had arranged a tour for us at 9:30 a.m. "sharp." At 11:30, the guide showed up, offering no apologies. In Morocco, two hours either side of a given time is considered prompt. Munich Olympian Jeff Galloway treated us to a rambling discourse on the comparative virtues of Western punctuality and "Moroccan Standard Time."

Once we got started, the tour was fascinating. Rabat is the capital of the Kingdom of Morocco, and is very old. We began at the Roman ruins of Chellah, built in 1000 B.C.

The Chellah is on the outskirts of Rabat and is strangely isolated. The huge gate marks the entrance to a flower-filled, tranquil world of orange trees and palms—the perfect place for a long afternoon.

We then journeyed to the vast Mechouar which contains the Royal Palace, gardens and government buildings of King Hassan II. I was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the King in procession to El Fahs Mosque to lead his people in prayer.

Friday is the Moslem holy day, and during the afternoon Morocco shuts down entirely. Nothing was open so we returned to the hotel.

The runners converged on Barry Brown's centrally located room. Barry is truly a veteran internationalist. We found him surrounded by packages of Instant Breakfast, Special K, powdered milk and Tootsie Rolls.

"I've been on too many trips where the food has been inedible," he explained. "Now I come prepared for the worst." Barry looked forlorn as we sipped Moroccan wine and devoured his supply of Tootsie Rolls.

After lunch and a few hours rest, the American teams jogged the three-fourths of a mile between the hotel and the hippodrome to inspect the course. To the American runner, the thought of "European style" cross-country conjures the image of a haggard harrier, slipping and sliding on a hilly, mud-slopped course.

The hippodrome at Rabat failed to elicit the thought. The juniors were to make four loops and the seniors six loops of a 1900-meter circuit which consists of a small man-made hill, mud lining the bottom of a ditch, broken ground, suitably flattened on the inside lane, and obstacles: a three-foot retaining wall on the hill and a two-foot barrier. Otherwise, the course was entirely flat.

There was a reason for this prefabricated, pre-packaged plastic cross-country: The meet was to be televised throughout North Africa and parts of Europe!

Athletes swarmed over the area. I began to realize that the race was now only two days away.

March 15, Rabat—Saturday, the day before the "big day" was enjoyably spent roaming the Casbah dos Oudaïas. A casbah, for those who may have been misled by a famous line from the movies, is simply a fortified fortress. There are hundreds of them in Morocco, large and small, but the Casbah dos Oudaïas is one of the most formidable. It was used as the base for Moslem incursions into Spain.

From there, teammate John Roscoe and I wandered into the maze of lattice-covered alleys called souks. The countless little windowless shops and stalls hold untold fascination for anyone interested in shopping—or just looking.

We were immediately set upon at the entrance by a well-dressed young Moroccan.

"Good afternoon," he said, shaking my hand. "My name's Mohammed. You here for the Cross?" He examined my USA insignia while making running motions.

Before I could get a word in, he grabbed my thumb (yes, my thumb) and pulled me off down the street, chattering all the while. "American, huh? You interested in brassware, rugs, embroidered shirts, leather?"

I reckoned this guy would make a fine used car salesman in America.

"This shop my father's," he said, stopping at last. "Here, try this."

I was handed a beautiful leather coat by one of the shopkeepers. I wanted it but didn't let on immediately. "No," I said, handing it back, "too expensive."

"Listen," Mohammed said, "This jacket 350 dirham (\$90). Because you are friend, student, for you 300 dirham (\$75)."

"I have only travelers checks," I said, "no Moroccan money."

"That's okay, I take anything. How about \$70?"

"No way."

"What's your last price, absolute last?"

I offered \$40.

The three shopkeepers murmured. "Look," Mohammed half-begged, "I give you this jacket \$65. I make five dollars on it."

"I don't believe you."

"Okay—\$55."

"Buddy," I laughed, "you just lost five bucks on the deal."

I had to explain what a buck was.

The tone of the bargaining suddenly changed. Moham-

med lowered his eyes, glaring.

"Fifty dollars," he said, quietly, deliberately. He was seething.

"Come on, Kissin," advised Roscoe from behind. I was relieved that he had followed. His voice grew more emphatic.

"Come on!"

"Fifty dollars, fifty dollars," shouted Mohammed. I pushed past three shopkeepers blocking my exit.

"Okay, \$48," he called after me.

"Sorry."

The father broke off negotiations with a wave of his hand. Mohammed, disgruntled, followed. "American pig," he cried. "You no good, you bad."

John and I hurried away. A short time later, I purchased the same coat for \$40 in another store.

This is the nature of shopping in Morocco. The endless haggling can be fun, but quickly grows tiring. Competition between the parties is fierce. We returned to the hotel thinking that we would have our fill of competition the next day.

We found the hotel swamped with athletes. The staff was in a frenzy, unable to cope with the situation.

I spotted the incomparable Gaston Roelants of Belgium. The 39-year-old Roelants has been world cross-country champion four times since 1962, and a four-time Olympian.

My roommate, Don Clary, was seeking autographs. Roelants handed him a personally autographed picture which listed all his impressive stats on the back. Don was ecstatic. I recalled my childhood and the prestige of a Willie Mays baseball card.

That night at dinner, Frank Shorter cautioned us: "Watch the start tomorrow, you guys. It'll come when you're least expecting it. Gaston Roelants has won the senior race more than once simply by bolting just before the gun. The race starts then. They fire the gun afterwards. No false starts, no recall, no 'on your mark, set'—nothing. They line up and go."

I went to sleep early that night with Frank's advice on my mind.

March 16, Rabat—My body said 5:30 a.m. The clock said 1:30 a.m. I spent the next six hours staring at the ceiling, counting sheep, meditating, reading by moonlight—anything but sleeping. Race day had arrived.

After breakfast at 11:30 p.m., body time, I finally slept for a few hours. At noon, local time, my junior teammates Bob Thomas, Ralph Serna, Don Clary and I were off to the hippodrome. Not a word was spoken during the bus ride.

Several hundred silent, open-jawed Moroccan peasants watched our every move as we got off the bus. Their heads rotated as if connected by a single string. I couldn't help laughing.

Once inside the bullpen, I jogged a mile, then sat down to watch everyone else warm up. Athletes from all over the world pranced about like nervous thoroughbreds, immensely proud of their bright national uniforms.

The cry went out to get ready. We marched Olympic style before the royal family. I suddenly became aware of the crowd, and this time it was my jaw that dropped. To an American who is used to running before two or three parents and an occasional dog, the sight of 10,000 screaming fans was quite a shock.

When the procession ended, the runners began to hurry toward the opposite side of the track, where our race was to start. I was the first one there, carrying Shorter's advice to the extreme. Thoughts of the start, and tales of the tactically tough Europeans had made me a bit apprehensive.

The true ordeal of competition lies on the agonizing sec-

onds just before the gun. The runner is isolated. All the pent-up emotion comes to a head. Concentration is inscribed on each person's face as he becomes lost in himself.

The roaring crowd, almost a quarter-mile away, presented an eerie contrast to the silence at the line. "God," I thought, "why can't they just start the damn thing?"

The report of the pistol came, just as everyone said it would, unexpectedly. I charged headlong into the throng of flailing feet and elbows. The torrid early pace made it difficult to put my form together. I told myself to relax, to harbor the surge of aggressiveness I was feeling. I would need that energy later on.

At the end of the first lap, I was in 30th place. It was then that the less-experienced runners, who had gone out too fast, began to tire. Bob Thomas surged ahead, making an early move. I keyed off Serna just ahead, oblivious to the other runners, whom I knew very little about. I maintained my position although I wasn't feeling exceptionally strong.

And then, in a moment of simple enlightenment, I realized that this was just a race, world championship or not. The magic of this event, which I had been anticipating throughout the trip, had never come. It was now clear to me that it never would. I was not in awe of my competition. This was one race out of an entire career, and my performance in it was not tremendously important.

The pleasure of being able to run every day, of being healthy and alive, was reward enough. The world championship was just icing on the cake.

The race suddenly became easy. I gradually worked my way through the pack until I caught Serna with 1000 meters left. I tried to spur him into going just slightly faster. He stared at me blankly. I ran on.

In the frantic final 1000 meters, I passed five runners. The early pace had taken its effect on them also. Later, I learned I had finished eighth. Thomas' first, Don Clary's fifth and Serna's 15th gave the US the team title.

I worked my way back to the warmup area, accepting countless congratulations from the ever-present Moroccans.

Our uniforms had tremendous trade value. I had to fight to get away from insistent athletes "Change!" they demanded, pointing to my 'USA' top. "Change!" I shook my head, and finally had to leave the bullpen.

Trying to watch the senior race was a disappointment. Security was understandably tight, considering the IRA disruption of two years ago, when several leading runners were tackled. Armed horsemen prevented anyone from getting within 50 meters of the course. I watched as the vanguard serpented within 50 meters of us. The horde took on the appearance of a snake, coiled and ready to strike. From my position it was impossible to discern one runner from another. After it was over, I shuffled back to the hotel, emotionally spent.

That night we joined the fourth-place US seniors and the victorious New Zealand seniors in a post-race party. The Kiwis demonstrated mastery of their true national sport: beer-drinking. They capped off the evening very early the next morning by serenading Ozzie Melville, official of the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association, with a sentimental antipodean ballad which begins, "Hooray for Ozzie, he's a horse's ass."

The hotel management kicked us out of the room at the song's conclusion.

The jovial celebration seemed to epitomize the spirit of the meet. I commented to Frank Shorter on what a fine day it had been.

He replied, "Isn't that what it's all about? Being able to go out and have a few beers with your competition after a day at the races?" ●

A Way to Predict

by Joe Henderson

Runners are only human. And it's a peculiar failing of humans to take full personal credit for our successes, while blaming our failures on accidents, acts of others or acts of God. Things beyond our control, in other words.

Runners want ways to explain away their bad days without taking responsibility for them. The old ways—weather, terrain, pain, no time to train, broken shoe laces—sound like clichés after awhile. But here's a new one. Next time you fall apart in a run, blame it on the day you were born.

According to the marketers of and believers in a system called "Biorhythms," your birth set in motion three different types of cycles which have regulated how you work, act and think ever since. The cycles are so regular in their ups and downs that you can trace them as far into the past and future as you want to go.

Biorhythms are said not only to help athletes rationalize past failures but also to predict coming high and low periods. The message is this: plan your hardest efforts for the peaks; avoid them during the depressions.

IS THIS YOUR DAY?

A friend of mine named Bob Ronckner introduced me to Biorhythms three years ago when he handed me the book *Is This Your Day?* by George Thommen.

The author tried to convince me that this wasn't gypsy fortune-telling, but that biological and behavioral scientists had discovered, tested and refined the system. He mentioned the names of Wilhelm Fleiss and Alfred Teltschler, the doctors who at the turn of the century identified regular physical, emotional and intellectual cycles.

Thommen said he could chart how he was or would be feeling today, yesterday and tomorrow, and every other day between birth and death. Anyone could do the same by knowing the code—the length of the cycles.

- Physical—23 days
- Emotional—28 days
- Intellectual—33 days

The cycles go in regular sweeps from positive (+) to negative (-) phases, spending half of each cycle on either side of a neutral (o) line. Except that the zero line isn't neutral. With two strong forces tugging at it, Thommen wrote, the area is highly charged and the change-over occurring on this day is traumatic. He called these the "critical days... full of danger and difficulty."

We're supposedly more accident-prone at these "critical" times. There's one at the start and in the middle of each of the three cycles. Sometimes two or even all three fall on the same day. Those are days to stay in bed with a pillow over your head, according to the author.

Runners are most interested in the physical cycle, though Thommen said they all three work together, modifying each other. The first 11½ days of the physical cycle are "when a person feels vigorous and when vitality and endurance are at their best—when physical work seems easiest. Athletes generally perform best during this period."

During the second half of the physical cycle, Thommen wrote, people are "inclined to tire easily... (They) often find themselves in a slump, having less reserve power, energy or endurance."

"Interesting idea," I said as I finished the book and put it down, never to look at it again. The quick charting I'd done on myself seemed to go along with what the writer said. There appeared to be some relationship between my ups and downs and those on paper. But I didn't go further with Biorhythms just then. I wasn't skeptical. I'm gullible and will swallow almost anything that will go down. I was worried that the Bio-

rhythms chart might work too well, and might show things I didn't want to know.

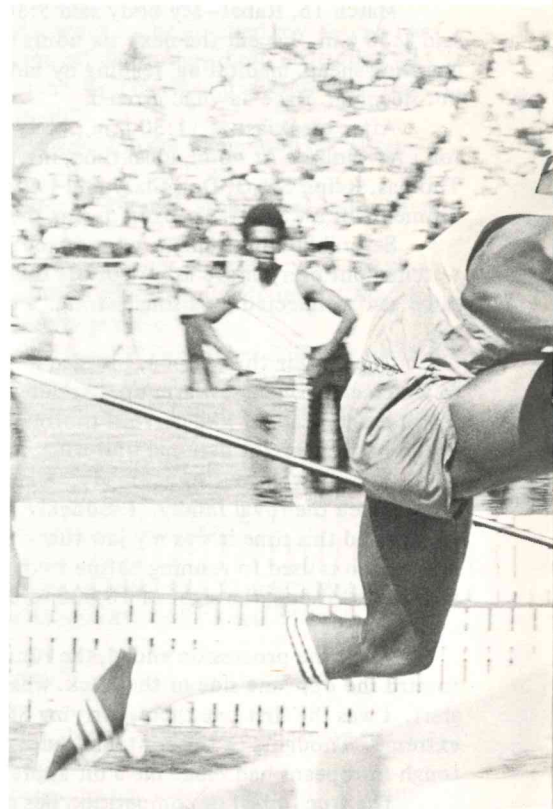
CRITIQUE OF BIORHYTHMS

All of nature moves in rhythmic cycles. Biological rhythms—activity and rest, for instance—are facts of life. But Biorhythms with a capital "B" are the subject of some controversy among the people who study rhythms in general.

Few scientists will come out and support Biorhythms as fact. More often they call them "fad." However, the *Washington Post* reported in March that United Airlines was getting significant results in tests of the system.

Tom Zito wrote, "At National Airport here, where the Biorhythms of United ground crews have been charted since November 1973, accidents were cut by more than half over a one-year period, the program's advisor reports. Supervisors warn employees on 'critical' mornings to use extreme caution in their day's work."

The article quoted Dr. Bertram Brown, director of the National Institute of Mental Health: "These Biorhythms have a lot of validity. They help explain in part everything from having a bad week to exciting scientific things like the varied effects of medications when administered at different times."



Douglas Neil, researcher at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif., said, "I think our studies are showing there's definitely something here. The effect of circadian rhythms (the day-night cycle caused by the earth's rotation) is widely accepted. Biorhythms may be a similar phenomenon. They are probably individual cycles, just as there are in menstrual cycles, and this isn't the panacea that's going to stop accidents for good. But it's certainly worth some serious study."

Neil touched on the biggest scientific objection to Biorhythms—that the proposed cycles are too regular to apply to everyone all the time. Stanford University professor Colin Pittendrigh, an authority on biological rhythms, called Biorhythms "an utter, total, unadulterated fraud. I really know nothing about

Rod Milburn's Biorhythms were all at their peak when he won the Olympic title. They were all low when he almost failed to qualify for the team. (Stan Pantovic photo)



Your Ups and Downs

it, because we've never been able to track it down. But I consider anyone who offers to explain my life in terms of 23-day rhythms a numerological nut."

The consensus of the scientists is this: we need a lot more proof before we'll believe that this is any better at predicting the future than Tarot-card or tealeaf reading. The proof—one way or other—might come from athletes in general, runners in particular. They have two advantages to offer: (1) they're the rare people who test themselves at maximum effort; (2) their results can be stacked up beside variables like Biorhythms and measured somewhat objectively.

SELECTIVE STATISTICS

I've read two good articles about Biorhythms for runners. One was a popular piece by John and Katherine Wenos ("We All Got Rhythms," *Track & Field News*, April 1974). The other was a scientific inquiry by J. Norman Grim ("An Evaluation of Biorhythms and Athletic Performance," *Running*, Vol. I, No. 3). The Wenoses are overly sold on the potential of Biorhythms, perhaps, and Grim's doubts show through. But together their articles give a balance of views.

John and Katherine Wenos picked Rod Milburn as their example. Milburn "totally dominated the high hurdles in recent years," losing only twice in the 1971-73 period. They charted his biorhythms. The day Rod set a world record of 13-flat for the 120-yard hurdles, both his physical and emotional cycles were peaking.

But then, the Wenoses found, "Milburn's first loss in two years came at the most inopportune time—the Olympic Trials. He ran 13.6 (on the same track where he'd done 13-flat the year before) and just barely nabbed the final qualifying spot on the Olympic team. His Biorhythm shows near-absolute lows in both emotional and physical cycles, an almost reversal of his 13.0 chart."

Milburn was high again at the Olympic Games, where he won easily and tied the world record.

J. Norman Grim argued, though, that you can find cases like this to fit almost any assumption. "Over (a year), two of the rhythms will be in a positive or 'up' phase 35% of the time. This means that by chance alone a person plotting Biorhythms and performance has a 'good' correlation. Statistically, this is not acceptable for proof."

"In fact," Grim went on, "if one had a bias toward these rhythms being factual, then it might be quite easy to subconsciously choose individual performances which fit the scheme."

"Therefore," he concluded, "it might be evaluated by rigorous statistical methods which will, of course, include large numbers of randomly-selected individuals."

Or, failing that, one individual can check himself or herself in a large number of randomly-sampled situations.

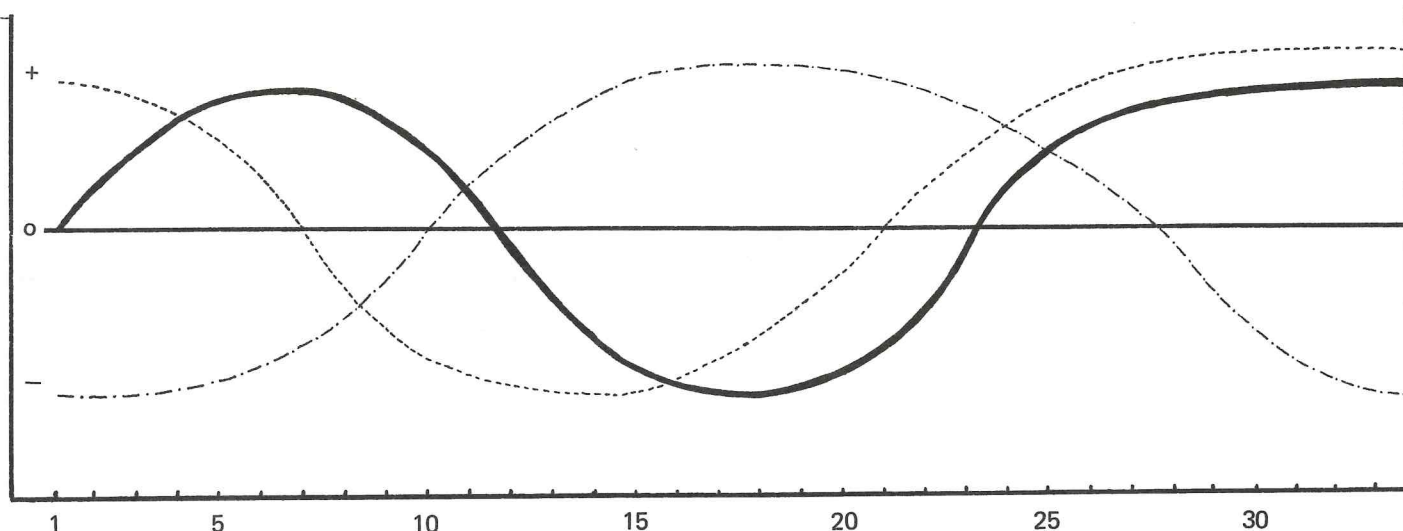
CHARTING YOURSELF

I volunteer myself for Biorhythms charting, and urge anyone else who has kept running records for a lot of years to do the same. I have records of every run, every race, every illness and injury back to 1958. If I wanted, I could prove anything by selecting the right statistics.

It makes more sense, however, to look at everything that happened in a certain period and try to see a pattern. I'll take the 1967-74 period—eight years in which I did almost the identical amount and intensity of running each week.

I'm looking for measurable extremes—personal records in races on the high side, and injuries and mid-race collapses, illnesses on the low—which might have Biorhythmic explanations. I raced 159 times during those years, and had 45 PRs. I crashed 57 times.

The only fair thing to do is chart



the Biorhythms on all the racing and crashing days. Finding what the cycles are is the dull but essential part. But you only have to figure it once. Here's how:

Remember that birth is the shock which sets the biological clock to ticking. All three cycles—physical (23 days) emotional (28 days) and intellectual (33 days)—start then and go up. To find where your cycles are now, you have to trace back to your birthday.

1. Multiply your age times 365, and add one for each leap year (1956, '60, '64, etc.). If you're 20, the total is 7305 (7300 + 5 leap years).

2. Divide this total by 23, 28 and 33. For the 20-year-old, the results are 317 + 14, 260 + 25 and 221 + 12.

3. Throw out the number of full cycles. They're meaningless. All you need to know are the leftover days. In this case, they are 14 for the physical cycle, 25 for the emotional and 12 for

A Biorhythms chart looks like this. The physical cycle of 23 days is indicated by a solid line; the 28-day emotional cycle by a dotted line, and the 33-day mental cycle by lines and dots. From the 23rd to the 27th of this month, all three cycles are in the positive position.

the intellectual. These are the basic numbers for your 20th year.

4. Make a chart of all cycles for an entire year. Start with 1-1-1 on your birthday and keep counting.

5. Now you have the tools to know where you stand Biorhythmically on any day. Simply find the day on your chart and add the yearly factor. Say it's your 20th birthday today. Add 14 + 1, 25 + 1 and 12 + 1. You're in the 15th day of the physical cycle, 26th day of the emotional and 13th day of the intellectual. You're down physically and emotionally (in the last half of the cycles) but up intellectually.

Note: use a different yearly factor for each age. (All of this sounds complicated, I know. But maybe a sample from my own chart makes it clearer; see below.) Now try making a chart like this for yourself.

I GOT RHYTHMS

First off, I found that the much-feared "critical days"—the days "full of danger and difficulty" when we're switching from positive to negative cycles and back again—didn't mean anything to me. I had no more problems than ever—possibly because the things that happen to runners are rarely accidental.

So I considered only positives and negatives—dividing the days up four ways: "triple-positive" (all three cycles high), "double-positive" (two high, one low), "double-negative" and "triple-negative." 3P, 2P, 2N, 3N for short.

The days charted out as they're shown on page 19 during the eight-year test period. Some guesses at what these figures mean:

1. If Biorhythms meant nothing at all, the numbers in columns one and two would just about match, as would those in three and four. They don't. Whether they're enough different to be significant, I can't say for sure.

2. If there is any significance to Biorhythms, it seems to be in the "triple-positive" and "triple-negative" phases. This is when all the forces are either lifting me up or dragging me down the most.

CHARTING YOURSELF

AGE FACTORS

Age	Phys.	Emo.	Int.
25	1	4	24
26	21	5	26
27	18	6	28
28*	15	7	30
29	13	9	33
30	10	10	2
31*	7	11	4

Add these figures to the basic number for each date at right; *=add one to all figures from Feb. 29 to next birthday to account for leap year.

(Remember that this applies only to one individual. You must determine the exact figures for your own birth year and day.)

BASIC YEAR

Date	Phys.	Emo.	Int.
June 3*	1	1	1
June 4	2	2	2
June 5	3	3	3
June 6	4	4	4
June 7	5	5	5

(continued through full 23-28 and 33-day cycles, then starting over at 1)

Add "Age Factors" to those from the date; if above 23 for physical, 28 for emotional or 33 for intellectual, subtract 23, 28 or 33 from the total; this gives position in the cycles for a particular day; * = start counting on the individual's birthdate.

3. There appears to be only a slightly better than normal chance of running best times on 3P days. However, this potential for a personal record on a 3N day is less than one-half the normal.

4. The incidence of "crashing" on 3P days was less than half of normal while 3N days seemed to carry twice the usual risk of trouble.

5. The conclusion I draw from this, for me at least, is that Biorhythms have a stronger negative than positive influence.

I didn't know it until now, and maybe it's just coincidence. But the very best run I've ever had was when all three cycles were peaking. This was for a marathon in 1967. I've tried 25 times since, but have never come close to that time.

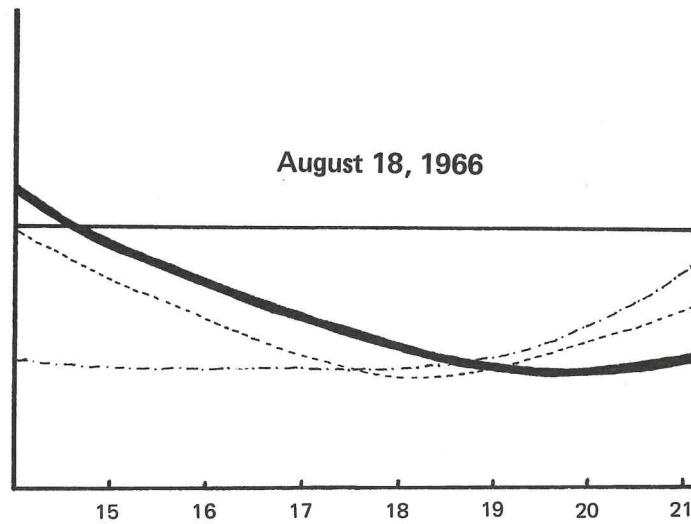
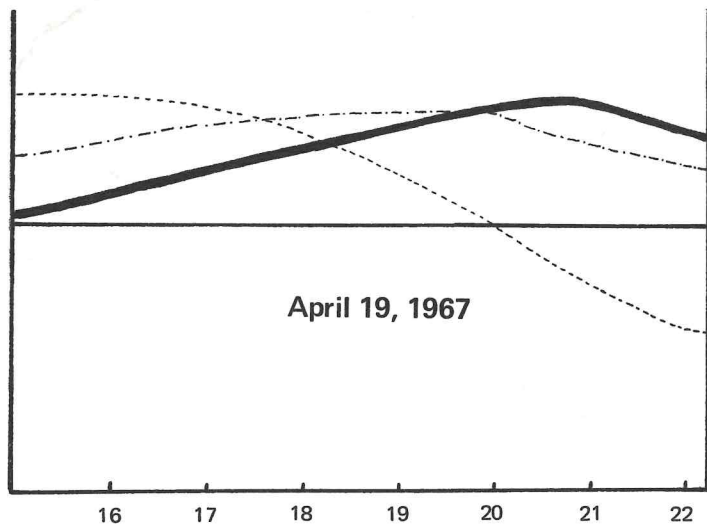
Two of the very worst days were when all systems were low. One was in 1966, when I broke down during a workout and considered quitting running. Instead, I turned to a gentler system. The other was more recently, when I hurt myself in ways that took more than a year to heal.

This evidence is enough to tell me something is going on.

THE ULTIMATE EXCUSE

John and Katherine Wenos wrote, "It's entirely possible, with additional research, that athletes may one day pro-

Joe Henderson considers his best day to have been April 19, 1967, when he ran his fastest marathon. Note that all three cycles are positive. He says his worst day was Aug. 18, 1966. The three cycles were bottoming out that day, and so were his physical, emotional and mental energies.



BEST, WORST AND NORMAL

Position of Cycles	All Race Days (Total = 159)	Best Times (45 races)	All Days	Worst Days (Total = 57)
3 positive	10%	13%	12%	5%
2 positive	35%	42%	38%	35%
2 negative	40%	38%	38%	37%
3 negative	15%	7%	12%	23%

gram their competition schedules to coincide with favorable Biorhythmic patterns."

It seems more likely, though, that Biorhythms could be used to detour around potential trouble by avoiding all-out efforts on triple-negative days.

But one worry about Biorhythms, if they really work, is this: Will knowing good and bad days in advance spoil the surprise of the good and make the bad seem worse than they are?

George Thommen, who started this Biorhythm study by examining athletic performances, doubts it. He wrote, "If an athlete is aware of his own negative Biorhythmic position, he is equipped to overcome defeatism or fear because knowledge of the reason for a defeat may act as a tonic."

He said knowledge of Biorhythms is protection against trouble. "Constructive, realistic thinking and the planning

of activities in the light of a knowledge of one's ups and downs are simply a type of self-insurance."

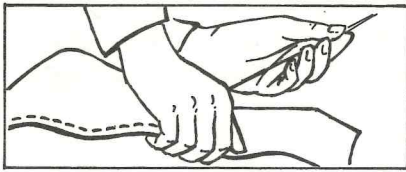
The Wenoses explained that "poor Biorhythmic position will not guarantee a poor performance, but only that tendencies will be more in that direction than during a high period. Biorhythms cannot predict what will happen—only what internal tendencies are present."

Look at it this way. We all have passed through countless cycles—with little startling success perhaps, but probably with few catastrophes either. The swings from high to low and back may be significant, but they aren't all-powerful. They're modified by each other, by the environment, by skill, physical condition, luck. We aren't robots programmed to complete Biorhythmic control.

The details of Biorhythms may not be infallible, but the principle behind them is basic. Activity and rest must alternate—not only daily but over longer periods. This rhythm is a law of nature. Runners, in their own way, are trying to control nature. And Thommen said in his book, "If you want to control it, you have to live by its laws."

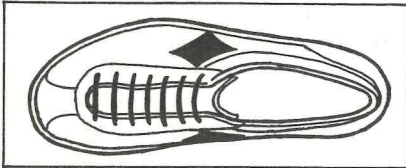
Whether Biorhythms are in that lawbook or not, they are an impressive way to explain away failure. ●

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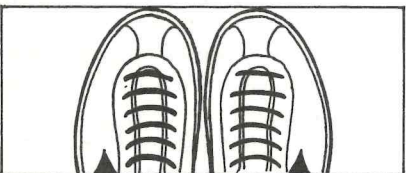
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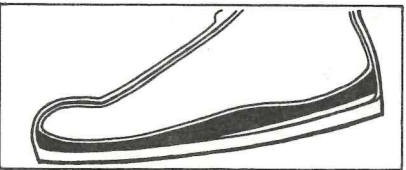
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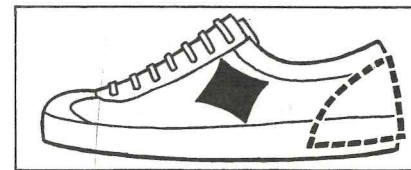
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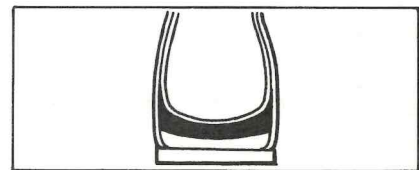
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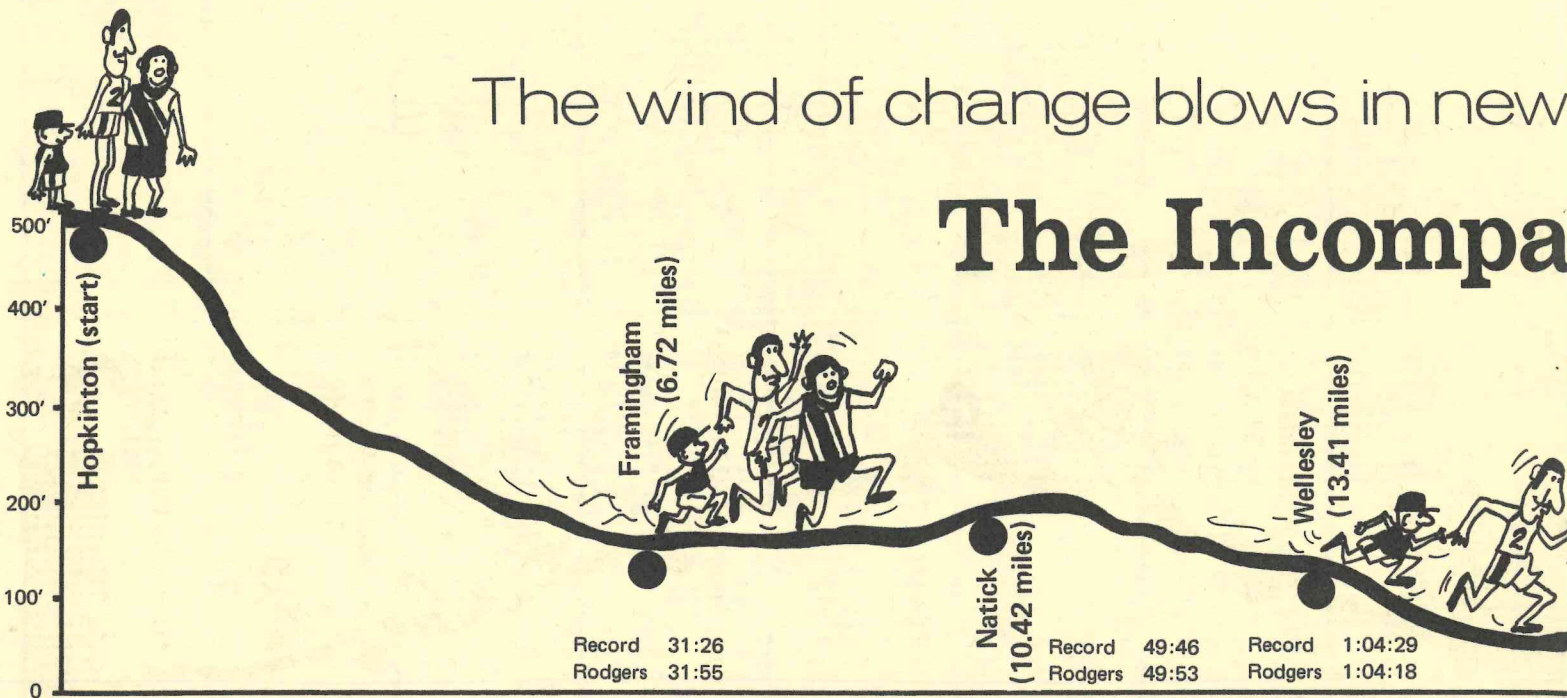
TOTAL ENCLOSED

BOSTON MARATHON SUPPLEMENT



The wind of change blows in new

The Incompa



by Hugh Sweeny

I'm sure that on the night before and during the morning of the Boston Marathon, the telephone number WE6-1212 was dialed significantly more often than usual. I'll admit to having made several such calls, and with increasingly favorable weather reports.

On Sunday afternoon, Monday's temperature was to be in the 60s. By Sunday night, a high in the low 60s was predicted. And by Monday morning, the recording predicted temperatures in the 50s.

One message remained the same: "Winds will be from the west and northwest, 15-25 miles per hour and gusting."

It was a forecast of good marathon weather. And I'm sure that upon hearing this report, excitement rose among other participants in Monday's race.

At least two of the contenders—Tom Fleming and Richard Mabuza—wanted warmish weather. Mabuza's native Swaziland is just 200 miles south of the Tropic of Capricorn, and he naturally prefers warm weather. Fleming, who points for Boston over all other races, had spent the entire winter and spring training in two or three sweatsuits—even wearing a ski cap in 50-degree weather—so that he would be prepared in the event of warm weather.

The other contenders—Bill Rodgers, Ron Hill, Jerome Drayton and Tom Howard—are from areas with colder weather, and like almost all the starters preferred a cold day. As it turned out, they got what they wanted.

Actual temperature on marathon day was somewhere in the high 40s. The trailing westerly wind was strong. And when the wind shifted, as it did on occasion to come from the front or left side of the runners, it served only to cool them. Within a minute or so, it was again blowing from the rear. The skies were occasionally sunny, but were usually overcast. The air was dry and crisp. Seldom has there been better weather in which to run a marathon.

I was talking to one of the English fellows before the race, in the Hopkinton High School gym. A friend of his approached and said, "Come on inside, mate. We can go where

the good runners are and avoid all this."

The reply was, "All these people haven't got a disease, have they? I'll stay out here."

The longest minute in the life of any marathon runner is the minute before the starting gun fires at Boston. Picture the scene. Two thousand excited runners, trying to stay warm by jogging in place while straining to hear the gun. Packed like sardines (without the benefit of oil), they are squeezed into an area approximately 10 yards wide and 50 yards long, between two human walls of spectators.

The runners in the first row are told to back up, to get behind the line before the gun fires. But they can't, for there are too many people behind them. A few cagey runners have been jogging in front of the starting line, warming up and releasing tension. As they return to the start, they take up places in front of those who had been waiting there for several minutes.

Jock Semple is on hand, trying to get everyone in place. He is looking at shirts, trying to spot people with numbers higher than 100 or starting with an alphabetic prefix. He spots someone who doesn't belong in front, grabs him and yanks him to the side, telling him to stand in the crowd until the gun goes off.

The gun is up, and the starter is looking at his watch. A few runners ask how much time remains, but the starter is silent. The crowd seems unbearably close. Some runners watch the gun. Others plan their first steps, hoping to avoid being trampled. The tension mounts. Will he ever shoot the gun? It seems to be quiet, and then . . .

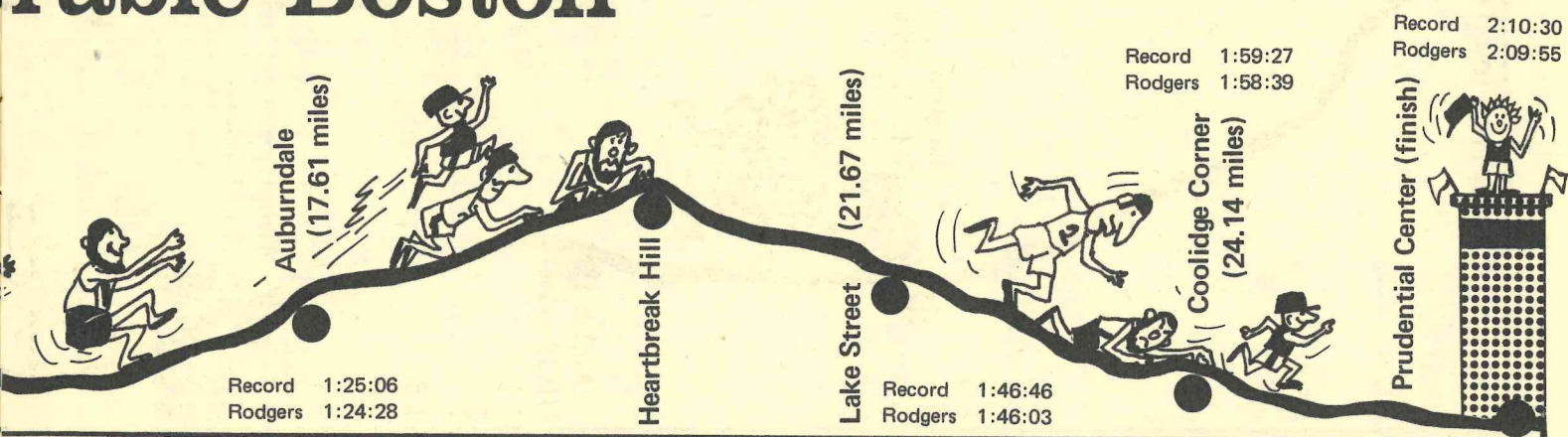
We all surge forward. The road begins to open up. The spectators are all watching and yelling. I'm not going to fall. My God, look at all those people watching us!

The 1975 Boston marathon is under way.

When the gun went off at noon, the usual unknown rabbit sprinted for the lead, and was 25 yards in front for a while. Shortly after the field turned the corner in Hopkinton and

world and American record holders.

rable Boston



Photos by Jeff Johnson

headed down the first steep hill, the rabbit had been swallowed up. Another pacemaker, Bernie Allen of the Washington Sports Club via England, bolted into the lead.

"The one certain thing about Boston," said Tom Fleming before the race, "is that Bernie Allen will be leading at the two-mile point." Last year, Allen had led for awhile, and after falling back had still finished ninth in 2:17:02—this despite intense study pressures (Ph.D. program in chemistry) and 40-mile-per-week training.

This year, training again at full volume, the fast-starting Allen opened an early 60-yard lead, and steamed into Framingham (6.72 miles) in 31:55—29 seconds behind Ron Hill's 1970 checkpoint record.

"I thought I'd have a go at it," said the ever-optimistic Allen. "You can never tell when you'll run a blazer."

Jerome Drayton, wearing sunglasses, took off after Allen, Bill Rodgers broke away to follow Drayton, and the field began to string out.

Coolidge Corner in Brookline, 24.14 miles, is the final checkpoint. Rodgers had won the race by then, and was beginning to realize it.

"About two miles from the finish line," he said later, "I began to think I might win if my legs didn't cramp on me. I kept looking behind me for Drayton. About half a mile from the finish, I looked but the crowd had narrowed to a small gap behind me and I had a vision of him sneaking up on me from the side."

But that was not about to happen. Drayton had given it his best effort in an attempt to win, and had slowed to a jog when Fleming charged past him in the last two miles. Drayton didn't finish. Hoag passed Fleming for second. Hoag said, "I figured I couldn't let him finish second for the third year."

Except for Ron Hill, every man in the top 15 set a personal best time. Rodgers, at 2:09:55, now is the fastest American ever. Hoag (2:11:54) is the fifth fastest American, and Fleming (2:12:05) is the sixth. Howard (2:13:23) is the second fastest Canadian ever. Hill (2:13:28) ran, at age 36, a time

which keeps him among the world's best. Jim Stanley (2:14:54) and Russ Pate (2:15:22) moved to ninth and 11th on the all-time US list.

It must have been the greatest mass finish in the history of marathoning. Phil Stewart in 22nd place ran 2:19:58. Skip Hamilton was 57th with his 2:25:00. One-hundred fourteen men ran 2:30 or better, and 199 topped 2:35. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 900 runners went under three hours.

Or should I say "should have gone under 3:00," for the runners were finishing so close together that many had to stop before getting to the finish. They had to line up so that their numbers could be recorded.

It was also a memorable day for the 52 female entries at Boston this year. For the first time, they were provided separate dressing quarters at Hopkinton High School. In the past they were required to dress and take their physicals at a location some distance away.

The first-place woman was 33-year-old Liane Winter of Wolfsburg, West Germany, winner of last year's women's international.

At Boston, the 5' 9", 143-pound accountant for Volkswagen broke Jacki Hansen's world best by 1½ minutes with a 2:42:24, a time good enough to have won Boston overall in 1931!

Kathrine Switzer (called by Dr. Ernst van Aaken, "the grandmother" of women's marathoning) improved her personal best by almost 10 minutes to 2:51:50. She finished second and was the first American. Third was Gayle Barron of Atlanta, who ran 2:54:29. Seven women broke three hours.

Because of the great weather and what might be called a "Psyched-Up for Boston Syndrome," hundreds of runners ran personal bests this year. I'm sure there are dozens of stories of people posting times they'd never dreamed of—Bill Rodgers at 2:09:55 and Jim Stanley at 2:14:54 being two.

Allow me to focus in on another. Our "Boston breakthrough" subject graduated from Villanova in 1972, but never



ran track in college. He played hockey and was a sore-armed pitcher until he gave up organized sports.

For fitness, he jogged 40 miles per week his final two years of college. In our New York area road races, he was usually in the first 10, but never a winner, and his best track times have been 4:35 for a mile, 10 minutes-plus for two and 15:10 for three. He did run 2:33 at Boston last year, and was hoping for 2:28 this time. So he trained hard, had four consecutive weeks of 100 miles and rested a few days before the race.

The result: Kevin McDonald, 26th in 2:20:24.

Last year I had finished 69th at Boston. So this year equipped with that magic number, I managed to secure a position near the front at the starting line. When the starting gun went off, I drifted easily near the front for a while before settling into what I felt was a sensible pace as we headed down the hills.

The lead runners began to pull away, and I complimented myself on my sensible, conservative start. The leaders were, it seemed, 80-100 yards ahead when someone near me noticed the mile marker painted on the road, checked his watch and announced "five minutes for the mile." At that point, I had probably dropped to 75th place.

At about four miles, John Loeschhorn, a 2:24 man, came steaming by me. He mentioned that he had gotten caught in the pack and had covered his first mile in 6:50. It made me wonder if the guys at the rear of the pack can do this first mile in 15 minutes, and reinforced the notion that the field is far too large to run in a sensible way.

For the first 10 miles, I fell farther and farther behind. I estimate that I was in 150th or 200th place, and I felt I was just jogging, trying to stay fresh for a good finish. I was quite surprised to hear someone say 55 minutes at the fairly accurate

10-mile mark. I was in pretty good shape, yes, but I had never run such an effortless 55 minutes.

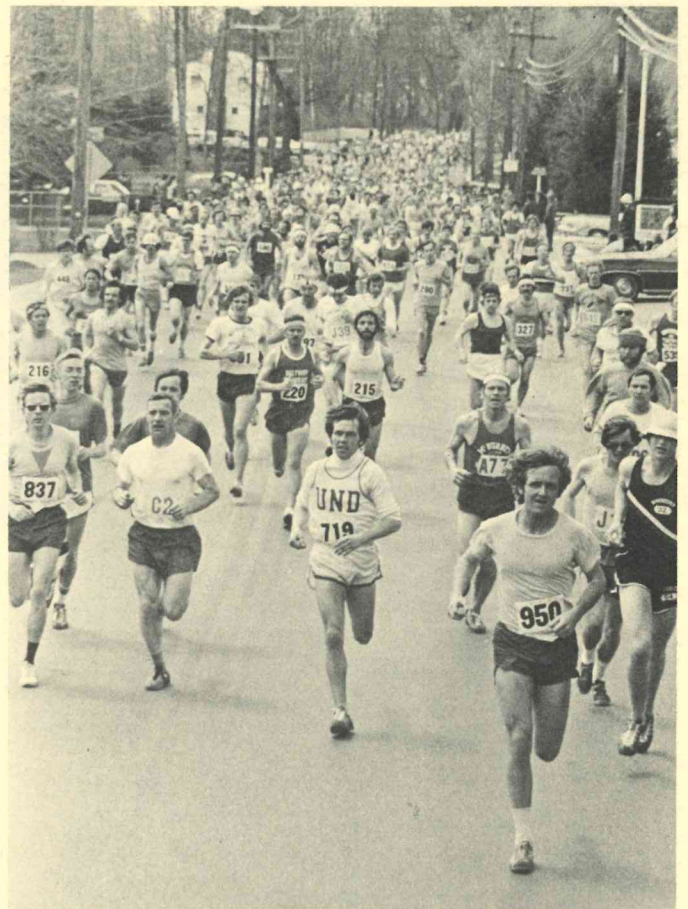
The main reason I felt so good, and the main reason I'm sure almost everyone felt so good (and ran so well) was the 50-degree temperature, the dry air and the steady push from the tailwind.

Blisters forced me out of the race, and kept me from getting what would have been a personal best by a sizeable amount. But in retrospect, maybe this was a blessing in disguise. The next time I run, I'll still be able to get a PR. And maybe I'll break that one in the following marathon. But a large number of the runners at the 1975 Boston ran so well because of the near-perfect conditions that many may never again establish a PR.

Alas, those poor guys with their never-again-to-be-broken 2:20s and 2:25s and 2:30s . . .

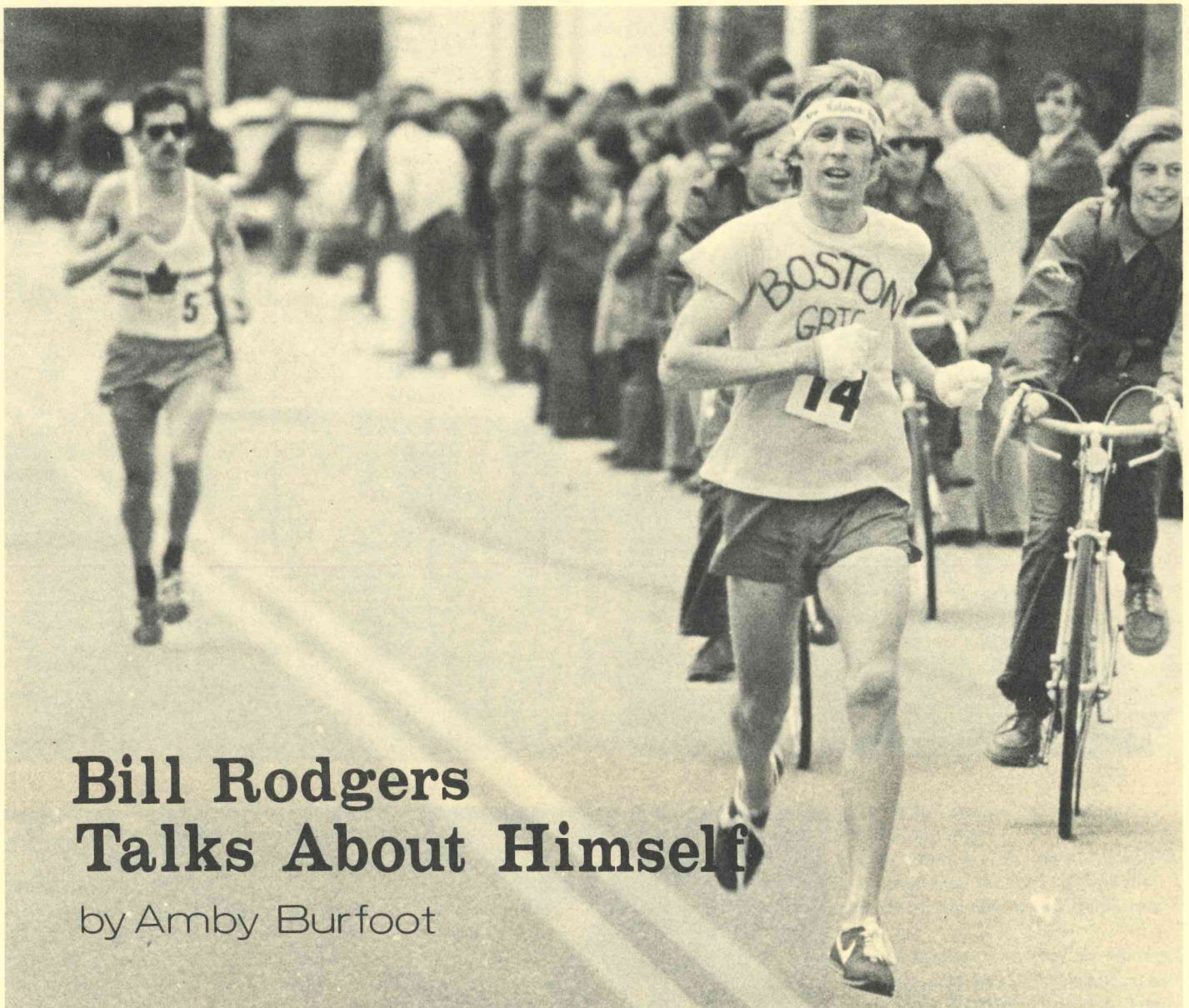
Darn, I wish I'd worn the right shoes. ●

ABOUT THE WRITERS: Three writers contributed articles to this special section, and dozens of others sent in information. Hugh Sweeny, as he says here, developed blisters midway through this year's run and didn't finish. Amby Burfoot, who went to college with winner Rodgers, placed 32nd in 2:21. He won the race in 1968. Dr. Ernst van Aaken, the well-known German coach, was in the US for a speaking tour (including a talk to the American Medical Joggers Association in Boston). He watched an athlete he advises, Liane Winter, set the women's record. All the photos are by Jeff Johnson, who has covered the race for *Distance Running News/Runner's World* since the 1960s. Johnson is an executive with Blue Ribbon Sports and lives in New Hampshire.



PAGE 24: Writer Hugh Sweeny (center, number 69) is with the leaders at the start in Hopkinton.

PAGE 25: The crowd thins as distance adds up and the pace upfront gets too hot. At right, the pack near the front includes (from left) Ron Hill (1), Tom Fleming (2), Richard Mabuza (63), Jerome Drayton (5), and Bill Rodgers (14).



Bill Rodgers Talks About Himself

by Amby Burfoot

Bill Rodgers has heavy-lidded, I-just-got-out-of-bed blue eyes, and straight blond hair that has ranged from beyond the shoulders to its present shaggy-dog length. He is so straightforward, accessible and impressionable that the word "naive" comes easily to mind. There are few negatives in his vocabulary and he has probably never made a cynical statement in his life. He is, in short, completely disarming and totally likeable.

He is also, by his own admission, "spacey." This quality is most evident in his uncannily bad sense of direction. At the Gainesville tryout for the International cross-country team, it took four people about 20 minutes to etch in his mind the course directions. This after he had just finished jogging a complete circuit of the relatively simple two-lap course.

Several weeks later, while running just for a workout, he went off course and got lost during the Marlboro, Mass. marathon—a feat which other competitors termed "nearly impossible to do." At the international cross-country race in Morocco, he miscounted laps. One sometimes wonders how he manages to remember those twice-a-day, 140-mile-per-week workouts.

Of course, this is just one side of Bill Rodgers. The other reveals a serious and thoughtful young man. He first moved to Boston to work in a hospital as an alternative to military service. Later he found a job working with retarded children. This led to his present studies for a master's degree in special education at Boston College.

I first came to know him well when Bill entered Wesleyan (Conn.) University where I was a junior and Jeff Galloway a senior. We ran together frequently with Bill always a half-stride behind, eyes nearly closed, right arm flapping and light hair bouncing rhythmically to the cadence of the run. It is his relaxation that most amazes me. He seems to be able to run with almost complete detachment from the mental and physical effort involved.

In his present condition, Bill is running with such ease that he literally doesn't realize the magnitude of his recent performances. He simply doesn't know how fast he's running. After Morocco, he said, "It was a fluke. I don't belong with those guys. It was the race of my life. I'll probably never run that well again."

I talked with him at length after he returned from Morocco, and again—briefly—on Boston marathon weekend.

By then, he was in great demand as an interview subject.

RW: Do you remember how you got started in long distance running?

Rodgers: Yeah, chasing around after the fastest kid on the block. Then in high school, I joined the cross-country and track teams. The first year, we did zero—just exercises and time-trials. Then we got a new coach who knew quite a bit about running, and we started to work pretty hard—doing a lot of intervals. I enjoyed it a lot, even though I now think it's a very limited way to train.

I had some success, too, winning just about all my cross-country races my senior year and finishing seventh in the New England (regional high school championship race). In track, my best times were 4:28 and 9:36 (mile and two miles), but I only managed 9:56 in the New England track meet.

RW: How did your running change in college?

Rodgers: Completely. I did very little interval work, probably about the right amount, and started to do a lot more distance. I wouldn't call it LSD (long slow distance). Some of it was pretty fast—maybe 6:00-6:30 per mile.

RW: And how were your performances during these years?

Rodgers: The first two years were good. I went from 9:32 as a freshman to 4:18 and 9:23 as a soph. But then my junior year I failed to improve, which was the first time that had ever happened to me, and didn't really get into shape until the end of the year. In December of my last year, I ran 8:58 indoors and then quit running almost entirely. I was worried that I might have to leave the country because of the draft situation, and I wanted to apply myself to some school work which had really piled up.

RW: You stopped running right after having taken 25 seconds off your best two-mile time?

Rodgers: Yeah, and I did almost nothing for a long time. By January 1971, my local draft board had finally approved my CO (conscientious objector to military service) application and assigned me to work at Peter Bent Bingham Hospital in Boston. At this time, I was smoking about a half-pack of cigarettes a day.

Then later that year, my motorcycle was stolen and I decided to begin running the mile and a half to and from work. Soon I started running at the YMCA indoor track and found myself enjoying it again. At the Y, there were other runners and we talked of different races, the BAA marathon and other stuff, and this got me pretty excited. I began to cut down more and more on the smoking, and as I did this I found I could run more and more easily.

RW: What do you mean by "more"?

Rodgers: Well, for a long time I was doing about 30 miles a week, then I went up to about 70-80, and then in October 1972 I was aiming for about 100 miles a week. Usually I would run about five miles in the morning and 10 in the afternoon—steady-paced running, absolutely no speed at all.

RW: When did you decide to compete again?

Rodgers: My first race was Silver Lake Dodge in February 1973 (in which he ran 1:44 for 20 miles).

RW: Are you kidding? Do you mean to tell me that after more than three years of not running a single race, you went out that day and ran 1:44 for the 20? How do you explain your ability to do this?

Rodgers: Well, psychologically I was really high to be racing again after such a long layoff.

"I kept thinking, 'I've done it again. Too fast. I'll crack just like last year.' My legs were tight at seven or eight miles, and I knew we were running fast even though I hadn't heard any of the times. I don't know what made me go to the front. Sometimes I think I have a suicidal instinct . . ."





Even when he was traveling at better than five minutes per mile, Rodgers seemed in no hurry. He stopped in the Newton Hills to tie a shoe, and to take several drinks.

RW: Sure, I can understand that. But how did you do it physically?

Rodgers: I don't know. I was getting in pretty good mileage.

RW: I've always thought you were one of the most physically relaxed runners I've ever seen. Is there anything special you do to achieve this?

Rodgers: No, I don't think so. I do try to concentrate on my form while I'm running, and to be aware of how my body is moving.

RW: The Boston AA marathon was two months after this 20-mile. How did you do?

Rodgers: Well, I really thought I was in mid-2:20s shape. But as it turned out, it was a very warm day and something just didn't go right. I had a stitch after the first mile, my breathing was off, and after seven miles I was on the side of the road watching everyone go past. I eventually made it to 21 miles, stop and go, but it was a futile effort.

RW: What did you do after Boston?

Rodgers: We made an abortive trip to California during which I didn't run at all, and then we returned to New England, finally settling for the summer in Rockville, Conn. There, I immediately began running again—not intensely, but twice a day, a good hour for each workout. It was the most I had done dur-

ing the summer months, and I ran a 14:32 three-mile, which was my best at that time.

Then we moved back to Boston, and I tried to increase my mileage to 20 a day, though I rarely averaged that much. Still, it felt good and my body adjusted well.

RW: How does one fit 140 miles a week into a 35-40 hour work week?

Rodgers: I had a good job then, from 3-11 p.m., so I was able to run about an hour and a half during the morning and another hour during my supper break. At this time, I also began doing hills for the first time, and I think that helped a lot.

RW: What do you mean by "hills"? Lydiard hills, Cerutti hills, or just...

Rodgers: Running as many hills as possible in the context of the normal workout.

RW: Do you have a hill technique as many other runners seem to have?

Rodgers: No. As a matter of fact, I don't even try to run them particularly hard. I just try to relax. Actually, I probably run much better going down than up.

RW: Other than hills, were you doing anything special such as track running or fartlek or weights?

Rodgers: No, just steady running between six and 6½ minutes per mile. Usually, I would aim for one long run per week in the classic manner—maybe a 15 or 20 at 6:30-7:00 pace.

RW: What was your next major competitive effort?

Rodgers: Well, I was running well in the New England races, and then I won the national AAU 20-kilometer that September against much tougher competition.

RW: Did you have any other big efforts between that time and Boston '74, say any marathons?

Rodgers: I ran 2:28 in the Framingham (Mass.) marathon in October, going easy for the first 18 and then running about 2:20 pace for the last eight miles. I also ran a couple of indoor races, like a 9:01 and a 13:49.

In February, I ran the half-marathon in Coamo, Puerto Rico. That was a good experience, even though I ran stupidly. I led for about four or five miles before the hills and heat got to me. Then (Olympic champion Lasse) Viren and quite a few other guys went sprinting past me, but I held on for seventh.

RW: Can you tell us about your Boston marathon race last year?

Rodgers: It was a good one, but I went out way too fast—probably about 2:13 pace. I was running with (Tom) Fleming, Lucian Rosa and John Vitale, with all of us chasing after (Neil) Cusack. By 18 miles, I had begun to slow noticeably and my legs began to cramp.

I was standing at the side of the road, trying to massage them when Vitale came up and said, "Come on. Let's get going." He seemed to be going so slow that I said to myself, "I can go that pace." But then I got out there and my legs went "creak, creak," and I had to stop several times more before getting to the finish. My final time was 2:19:34.

RW: Did you have any national competitions in the next 6-8 months?

Rodgers: I was third at Charleston (15-mile) behind (Philip) Ndoo and Vitale. I also had a good summer of training maintaining my mileage through the heat and humidity, hitting a six-mile track time of 28:34 and doing more track work in my training.

Then in October, the national 20-kilometer was in New England again. I think I wanted to win that race more than any I've ever been in—to defend my championship. But Gary Tuttle showed up and beat me by about 20 seconds.

RW: I saw most of that race from a car, and it looked like a really incredible struggle—the two of you racing side by side hundreds of yards ahead of the field. Was it as fast as it appeared?

Rodgers: Yeah, I felt all-out every step of the way until I hit the wall at about nine miles. Gary is really tough on the hills, and I just couldn't stay with him towards the end. He said afterwards that the hills didn't bother him, but they sure got to me.

RW: Did the disappointment of not winning that race affect your subsequent training?

Rodgers: No, not really. I kept working for indoor track where I recorded personal bests of 8:53 and 13:45. Also, I had heard that the AAU was going to hold a 15-kilometer tryout to select a team for the International cross-country race, and since that's a good distance for me I wanted to keep in shape.

RW: Did you do any steeplechase training for the many barriers the Gainesville tryout race featured?

Rodgers: Not really. I went to Tufts one afternoon and jumped over a hurdle three or four times, but that was about it.

RW: We know you finished fourth at Gainesville. Were you pleased with your performance?

Rodgers: Yeah, sure. I had been sick earlier in the week, spending a few days in bed. But I seemed to come out of it just in time. After the fast early pace had slowed a little, I started to feel fairly good. The last several miles I just tried to stay with Gary Tuttle because I was sure he would run well.

RW: Okay, after you qualified and were on the way to Morocco, did you begin to do any special training?

Rodgers: I did change my morning runs, going about 6-9 miles at a pace quite a bit faster than I had been doing—about 5:30 per mile. I think this FCR, the fast continuous running, really helped me. I wasn't doing much in the afternoons. In fact, my weekly mileage was slipping a little. I wasn't worried about that, though. I had one very high-mileage week during the winter, and after that I really felt confident.

RW: Go ahead, lay some numbers on us.

Rodgers: I had a massive... well, the year before I had been talking with Vitale...

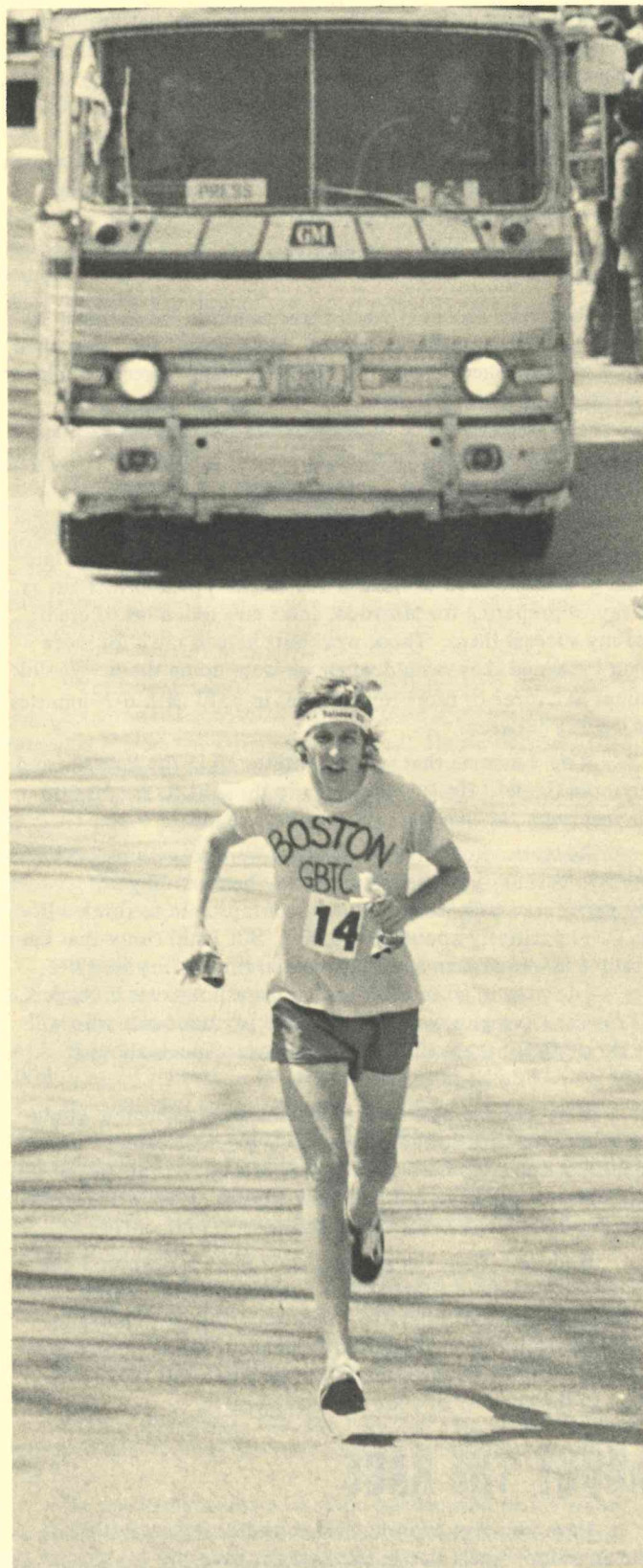
RW: Come on, you're avoiding the question.

Rodgers: ...about running a 200-mile week. So that's what I did one week, 201 miles. I did 23 the first day, and then the next six I ran 16 in the morning and 13 in the afternoon. What I found out is that it's impossible to do anything like that amount of training and still run fast. It's not that I was sore. I just didn't have the energy to run fast. But when I returned to my normal training, I felt good again almost right away. It was a good experience. I hope to do it again some-time.

RW: Okay, let's talk about the Morocco race now.

Rodgers: Well, it was very fast right from the start. It felt like a two-mile. I must have been about 100 yards behind the leaders for the first mile, but then I began to move up. At about three miles, I went into the lead and really felt good—not fatigued at all.

It didn't feel that fast at that point, and I kept expecting people to go by me. I knew (Ian) Stewart and (Mariano) Haro



Notice the gloves in Bill's hands. He wore them at the start, took them off as he warmed up, and carried them most of the way.

were right on me. Everyone seemed to be cheering for Haro, and I was just excited to be up there running with them. I just wanted to hang on up front for as long as I could. Once or twice I pushed really hard to get away from them, but it didn't work.

With about half a mile to go, just after we had jumped over a final ditch, they went past me and I couldn't hang on. I started thinking mainly about holding down third place. As it turned out, I had 18 seconds over John Walker, the next finisher.

After the race, I still had so much adrenalin going through me that I ran back the 1½ miles to our hotel and then went out for an additional seven without feeling tired at all.

RW: Where did you expect your running to take you from here?

Rodgers: The next week I was running the national 30-kilometer championship in Albany, but I wasn't really psyched for it. (He finished second in 1:32 after being forced to take a "pit-stop" of about a minute.) Then I wanted to get in two really good weeks of training before Boston, with some kind of track work once a week.

RW: What kind of track running?

Rodgers: Before Morocco, we were doing things like repeat miles and 1½ miles. Billy Squires (coach of Boston State College and the Greater Boston Track Club) picked this out as a way of preparing for Morocco, and I give him a lot of credit for my success there. Those workouts helped me a lot more than I realized they would when we were doing them. We did things like three or more repeat miles in 4:40 with 6-7 minutes of jogging between.

RW: I assume that you are interested in the Pan-Am and Olympic Games. Have you given any thought to the 10,000 or do you think the marathon is your best chance?

Rodgers: Actually, I wish there were something between the two because I feel that's where my best running lies. My performance in Morocco has encouraged me to think a little more positively about the 10,000. But I still think that basically I'm a road man and that the marathon is my best bet.

I do plan to go to the Pan-Am marathon trials in August. As for the Olympics, well, I'm just one of thousands who will be shooting for them and I don't think too much about it right now. I do hope to give it a try.

RW: For the past several months, you've been in graduate school—a situation that many long distance runners have found conducive to hard training and racing. At the end of this summer you will have finished your studies. How will you fit running into the likelihood of full-time employment?

Rodgers: Well, I'm going to look for a job where I can do as much or more training than I've been doing. I'm willing to make sacrifices if I have to. The opportunity to make an Olympic team is a one-in-a-lifetime chance, and I want to make a real effort. My chances might not be great, but they're as good as the chances of a lot of other runners.

ABOUT THE RACE

Have you ever considered how the Boston marathon is like an indoor track meet? Bill Rodgers has.

"The noise was incredible," he said. "It actually scared me, but was great at the same time because it kept me going when I felt like quitting."

The Boston crowds are famous, and this year's was probably the biggest ever. Director Will Cloney guessed there were over a million people watching. But only the runners who passed them with every stride truly appreciated the size of the crowd. They were beside the road everywhere.

In Framingham, they were four and five deep for a quarter-mile on both sides of the 6.7-mile railroad station checkpoint.

In Natick, Wellesley and Auburndale, the running was single file in places where the crowd surged onto the town streets normally four cars wide with traffic. One runner told of a motorist who somehow maneuvered onto the course at Beacon Street and gunned his engine in exasperation at the slow-moving runners only to have a hundred or more angry *aficionados* charge his car screaming obscenities.

In Boston, even the weathermen seem to understand marathons. By Friday evening, they were all making long range "marathon forecasts." The Sunday night forecasts were as meticulously marathon-oriented as the Cape Canaveral reports are blast-off slanted. No one seemed very concerned about "spectator comfort."

Comfortable or not, the spectators were out and this year they really had something to yell about. For the first time since John J. Kelley's 1957 victory, a Boston resident was clearly on target for the laurel wreath. The majority undoubtedly had never heard of Bill Rodgers, but there was no mistaking the large block letters that spelled out "BOSTON" on the front of his T-shirt.

The day before, Rodgers had been mulling over his plans for the race. "I don't want to go out too fast this year," he said. "I did that last year and paid the price. I'd like to tuck in behind Hill, Drayton, Fleming, Mabuza and Vitale. I figure they'll be the leaders, and I'll just try to stick with them. I just want to improve upon my 2:19:34 of last year. If I have a good day, I may be able to hit 2:16 or something around there."

Rodgers reported doing no special preparation for the race. He didn't follow the depletion-protein-carbohydrate routine, settling instead for a week of easy running followed by macaroni and cheese the night before and pancakes for breakfast on race day. Preparing the pancakes for him was Ellen LaLone, his girl friend. He credits her with adding a great deal to his running. "She's a steadying influence who encouraged me a lot and helps out in many ways," according to Bill. "She'd make a great track coach."

In the race itself, Rodgers caught the lead pack of about a dozen runners after 1½ miles. He stayed with the group through Framingham checkpoint 29 seconds slower than Ron Hill's record 1970 pace. Just beyond Framingham, Jerome Drayton and the Mexican Mario Cuezas went out to a 20-yard lead, but a mile later Rodgers caught them. In Natick, it was Drayton and Rodgers, only two seconds behind record pace. Three miles later, in Wellesley, Rodgers was ahead by 10 yards and running 11 seconds under record pace.

"I kept thinking, 'I've done it again. Too fast. I'll crack just like last year.' My legs were tight at seven or eight miles, and I knew we were running fast even though I hadn't heard any of the times. I don't know what made me go to the front. Sometimes I think I have a suicidal instinct. But once I was there, I figured I'd better go hard to build a lead, so I pushed it down the hills out of Wellesley."

At the 17.5-mile checkpoint, Rodgers was 38 seconds ahead of the record, but strange things were beginning to happen. He stopped—completely—several times to drink beverages. At the foot of Heartbreak Hill, he kneeled, dropped the white gloves he had been wearing and carrying, and bent over to tie the shoelace of his right foot.

"I know everyone thinks I'm crazy to stop, but I think it helps me. If I don't stop, I can't drink—it just splashes. I only got down a couple of gulps each time, but I needed it. The shoes were getting loose so I thought I'd better retie it before the situation got serious. What better place than the foot of Heartbreak Hill? It relaxed me, gave me a mental break from the pace. I only lost 15-20 seconds."

After the hills, Rodgers only had to contend with fear.

"You get paranoid when you're in the lead at Boston," he explained. He remembered the previous year when several runners passed him in the last miles. He looked back constantly but saw only the crowds.

Rodgers' winning time of 2:09:55 was a Boston record, American record and the fifth fastest time ever.

The day before the race, the phone started ringing early in Rodgers' small, basement apartment in Jamaica Plain. One of the first calls was from a local TV station that asked him for an interview. By 11 a.m., Bill was standing on the edge of Jamaica Pond, where he does much of his training, while TV technicians tried to straighten out the usual electronic kinks.

Jock Semple's Morning After

by Hugh Sweeney

It is hard to conceive of the Boston marathon being held without John D. "Jock" Semple, the 71-year-old trainer and physical therapist who handles hundreds of details of the race.

Jock isn't the meet director. Will Cloney of the Boston AA fills that role. But everyone with a problem or a question about the race looks to Jock. So like everyone else seeking information the day after the race, I turned to Semple as the best source.

Tuesday morning, I called the Boston Garden. Knowing that Jock would be besieged by phone calls the day after the race, I quickly explained that I was putting together a story and asked if we could talk just a minute.

Jock explained that he was indeed busy, that he'd like to talk to me, but that it would be best to come in person because he was working.

When I arrived at his training room, the telephone was ringing. Jock motioned me in and picked up the phone. He listened briefly then shouted into the receiver, "I don't know of any race in Winchester. You'll have to contact the AAU . . . No, I don't know their number. You can look it up . . . Well, all right, here it is." He fumbled through a pile of papers, found the number, recited it and hung up the phone.

"This is always the worst day," said Jock. "They're driving me crazy. I can't go on like this for another year. I just can't."

We chatted briefly, and from time to time Jock excused himself to turn on a heat lamp, start the whirlpool or apply liniment for one of the three or four men he was treating.

The phone rang again.

"No sir, I don't know if anyone returned the gloves you left at the starting line. Did you think to check there yourself?"

He slammed down the phone and returned to our conversation.

"You see, for me this is a 365-day-a-year job and I don't get paid for it. We have plenty of volunteer helpers, but they only do it for one day. They fall all over themselves trying to be chosen for the job, and for them it's real fun. But for me, it's too much. I can't continue this way. I'll go crazy if I try."

Though a cold breeze was blowing across the pond, and he was dressed only in a light nylon sweatsuit, Rodgers waited patiently and quietly. It was 12:30 before the interview began and another hour before the crew was happy with their footage. Finally, they finished and rushed off to the editing room, leaving Bill to join a group of runners for a slow three miles.

He mentioned that he wasn't nearly as stiff and sore as the year before. Someone asked when he was going to race again. "Geez, I don't know," Rodgers replied. "All I really want to do is sit down for a month or so and re-evaluate just what the heck I'm doing." ●

The phone rang and Jock answered, listened and said "I have no results. Call the Prudential . . . I don't know about it. Just call the Prudential." Click.

He said to me, "The Prudential is a great help with this race. They give us their facilities, provide volunteers and even some money. The Boston AA can't do it alone. The club has no money for anything this large. Besides, now I can just tell anybody who calls to contact the Prudential people. It relieves me of a lot of problems."

Again, the telephone.

"Your baby what? Oh, come on lady, how can I do that? I haven't got a list . . . Well, you can look it up yourself in Sunday's *Globe* . . . Oh, just a minute." He threw down the phone and began to search his desk.

"So now you see why I couldn't talk to you on the phone, Hugh," Jock said to me. "Take this one. A lady says her baby has a number or a shirt or something from one of the runners. She wants me to tell her who it is because she wants the baby to keep it as a souvenir of the race. Can you believe that?"

"We have to restrict the race. We just can't handle it this way any more."

I reminded him that 900 runners broke three hours this year. That means even with a three-hour standard, there'd be 1000 or more starters in 1976.

He said, "It isn't out of spite but out of necessity that we'll have to draw a 3:00 entry limit. Why, I think our entry limit has helped marathoning, because now everybody knows they have to break 3:30 to run in our race. They train for it and they do it. Maybe now they'll train harder if they know they have to break 3:00."

Again, the phone rang. This time, Jock was more relaxed and I could tell he was talking to a friend.

"Why yes, it was terrific this year, Bob. The best year yet. But I can't keep it up . . . Yes, this was my last year again."

I said, "Sure Jock, this was your last year again. And next year will be your last year too, and so will the year after that."

He was just starting to explain his decision to me when the phone rang again. As Jock talked, I noticed a newspaper sports cartoon which said Jock had finished in the top 10 at Boston 12 times.

I mentioned this to him. "But those were the old days," he said. And he's right. His times weren't much better than the low 2:40s, and he doesn't even remember his best. He's probably more devoted to the marathon now as a one-man telephone answering service than he ever was when training for it.

He'll never quit, but I can see why he's so often tempted. I wish everyone who complains about the Boston marathon could see the race as Jock Semple does. ●



Liane Winter en route to her world best.

Dr. Van Aaken Watches The Women

by Ernst van Aaken, M.D.

There'll never be another race in the world like the Boston marathon. The flow of this race is indescribable—a mixture of folk festival, holiday, fun-running and high-caliber international competition. The course is scenic, with not-too-difficult hills, lined by hundreds of thousands of spectators. The start is on a narrow street, the finish in a modern quarter of Boston beside the enormous Prudential Center.

I rode in the officials' bus, and from here we could see nothing of the women—the runners who interested me the most. I had three favorites: Dr. Joan Ulyot, who'd run 2:58 at the world championship in my hometown of Waldniel, West Germany, last fall; Marilyn Paul, who'd recorded a 2:58 in 1974, and Liane Winter, who'd won the Waldniel race in 2:50. I'd thought Liane capable of 2:46 at the time, which

would have been a world best, had not a strong headwind prevented this.

Liane Winter, like most of the German women, trains by my endurance method—daily long runs at a slow pace and few speed workouts. Saturdays or Sundays, she often runs up to 60 kilometers (37 miles) in training. This background has strengthened her heart and circulation to the point where hills encountered in long races pose few difficulties for her. It wasn't hill training that made her strong. Rather, because of her long buildup with slow runs her circulatory system is in tremendous condition. Thus, Liane found the Boston course not too difficult.

In the winter, Liane had been sick and injured. But when I wrote her to start getting ready for Boston to represent the German women there, she got back to running and regained her health.

The Tuthill family, runners all, took great pains to get me a seat near the finish in my wheelchair. Up to the 2:40 point, I sat quietly. Then I told George Tuthill: "Quick, push me a few feet farther forward. The winner's coming." She still wasn't in sight, but I knew she couldn't be far away.

I was thinking of Liane Winter. With this wind, she would have to arrive around 2:42. In fact, at 2:42:24 she crossed the line—setting a new world women's mark.

This didn't surprise me. The biggest surprise, though, was Kathrine Switzer's second place in 2:51:50. She is the "grandmother" of Boston's women runners, having entered and run in 1967 in defiance of the official ban on females. She deserves recognition as a front-line fighter for women's marathoning in the United States.

Almost as much of a surprise was third finisher Gayle Barron of Atlanta, unknown to all the northerners. She'll have to be watched in the future, and perhaps is the runner with the most promise.

The results of this women's race are as gratifying as those of the 1974 international championship, because in both races seven runners broke three hours.

From another standpoint, the race was particularly gratifying. Over 100 American doctors ran at Boston—a strong contrast to Germany's doctors and physiologists, who are more acquainted with menus and wine lists than mileage and winning races. In this respect, America sets an incomparable example: formerly the land of jumpers and sprinters, now the land of long distance runners.

The teaching and books of my colleague, Dr. Kenneth Cooper, have spawned an age of enlightenment, and perhaps it is the Americans who will revolutionize their lives through running training to the extent that they no longer need fear the "diseases of civilization"—coronary infarction, circulatory disease and cancer.

After watching the Boston race, I expect America will further develop its lead in long distance running. And the lead of the US and West Germany in women's marathoning will be difficult to make up by countries that are still hesitant to let their women compete at this distance.

It remains my hope that the International Olympic Committee will soon realize that women can really run the marathon and even longer distances without losing any of their femininity—rather underlining it by becoming through long distance running beautiful, healthy and happy human beings who have earned the right to have their own marathon at the Olympic Games.

I hope that all countries will quickly adopt the women's marathon as a national championship event, as West Germany and the United States have done. I congratulate the officials of the American AAU on their foresight. ●

According to Dr. van Aaken, "the biggest breakthrough was Kathrine Switzer's second place in 2:51:50. She is the "grandmother" of Boston's women runners, having run in 1967 in defiance of the ban on females.



Looking At People At Boston

• The Connecticut Connection is still working. Four Americans have won at Boston since the last World War, and three have had ties with Connecticut and each other.

John J. Kelley was the first in 1957. No American won again until 1968. That was **Amby Burfoot**, a student at Wesleyan (Conn.) University, who had been coached by Kelley. Burfoot went to school with this year's winner, **Bill Rodgers**. (And their teammate was **Jeff Galloway**, second American at Boston in 1972—then an Olympian later that year.)

• Rodgers also has an ideological connection to the last Boston-winning American, **Jon Anderson**. Both were conscientious objectors who did alternative service in hospitals.

• Rodgers' success at the International Cross-country meet (a close third) and the AAU 30-kilometer (near-world record time) in the weeks before Patriots Day made little impression on Boston sportswriters.

The *Globe* didn't list him among its top 10 in pre-race handicapping. (The choice was **Richard Mabuza** of Swaziland, who placed 38th.)

The *Herald* published the names of 20 "runners to watch." Rodgers wasn't among them.

However, race official **John (Jock) Semple** told a reporter, "Remember a boy named **Will Rodgers**. I say he's the best local runner—probably the best of the Americans. Keep an eye on him."

• Not since 1942 had Americans gone 1-2-3 in their biggest race. We'll save information about second-placer **Steve Hoag** of Minnesota for next month's feature interview. **Tom Fleming** was third this year after placing second in 1973 and '74. While Tom was bitterly disappointed with last year's performance (he thought he should have won), he was more philosophical this time.

"Imagine," he said. "I ran 2:12 and got a third. That's absurd. My goal coming here was to run 2:12 and win it. But I'm satisfied. I got the age-group (23) record by five seconds today. I go for little things. I've now got the 21, 22 and 23 records. Maybe it'll get me ready for the day I'll win. There's a reason for everything in life. But 2:12 and third! Do you believe that?"

• Apparently no one but **Jerome Drayton** knows what happened to Jerome

Drayton. The Canadian was running second with two miles to go. He never checked in at the finish line.

Ron Hill had raced Drayton here in 1970 when they were the two best marathoners in the world. (Hill set a record, Drayton dropped out.) Ron said this time, "I came on him slumped over the side of the road with two miles to go. I said, 'Get going. Get up and walk if you have to, but finish the damned race.' That was the last I saw of him."

Eighth-placer **Peter Fredrickson** said, "We told him (Drayton) to keep going. But he just waved his hand and said, 'Naw, you go ahead and finish.'"

• **Neil Cusack**, last year's champion, didn't compete. He explained before the race, "I want to have a good track season here (at East Tennessee State University), and if I run up there it would take me about a month to get back in form."

• **Miki Gorman**, the defending woman's champion, was out for an entirely different reason. She gave birth to a daughter several months ago.

• **Jacki Hansen**, 1973 winner, planned to run here but injured a knee during

the winter. She lost her world record to **Liane Winter**.

• **Nina Kuscsik**, who won in 1972, wasn't running because of a back injury. But she biked alongside the runners.

• The numbers were mind-boggling: 2041 men started, 49 women. Seven women ran under three hours, 899 men. About a thousand runners came across between three and 3½ hours, and it was too much traffic for officials to handle efficiently. At one point, a line reportedly backed up a quarter-mile from the finish. A timer walked along the line-up, telling runners their times as they stopped short of the end.

• Afterwards, there was the inevitable talk of stiffening entry requirements. Director **Will Cloney** said, "Too big a field. We'll have to cut the qualifying time to three hours next year."

• The 3½-hour limit was adopted in 1971. The chart below shows how the race has progressed in both size and overall all speed in the five years since. You notice that more people broke three hours this year than started the race in 1971. And the percentages under three and 3½ hours were record highs.

Year	Temp.	Starters	% under 3:00	% under 3:30
1971	mid-60s	887	27%	68%
1972	high 60s	1081	28%	66%
1973	high 70s	1384	17%	52%
1974	mid-50s	1705	36%	81%
1975	low 50s	2041	44%	94%

• Of course, the cool air and aiding wind helped times somewhat. The top 10 men improved their personal bests by an average of 4:05. Among them, only **Ron Hill** didn't set a PR (which is understandable, since he is a 2:09 man and now 36 years old.) **Jim Stanley** came down the most, from 2:29 to 2:14. **Bill Rodgers** improved by almost 10 minutes.

• Complete results weren't available when we went to press a week after the race. So we didn't yet know such information as the first over-40 finisher, over 50, etc. However, the more amazing results from the pack were dribbling in:

Marcie Trent of Alaska ran 3:27. She's 57 years old.

Harry Cordellos of California did the best ever for a blind runner with about 2:57:42.

Bob Hall of Massachusetts went 2:58 in a wheelchair. "My hands are a little sore," he said, "because I had to do so much braking." •



Dr. George Sheehan, RW medical columnist, waits his turn to finish. He ran about 3:05 at age 56.

Results Of The 79th Boston Marathon

Boston, Mass., April 21—Boston AA marathon: (women) 1. Liane Winter (W. Ger.) 2:42:24; 2. Kathrine Switzer (NY) 2:51:50; 3. Gayle Barron (Ga) 2:54:29; 4. Marilyn Bevans (Md) 2:55:52; 5. Merry Cushing (Mass) 2:56:57; 6. Kathryn Loper (Tex) 2:59:15; 7. Marilyn Paul (Ore) 2:59:37; 8. Joan Ulliott (Cal) 3:02:20; 9. Judy Gumbs (Cal) 3:02:54; 10. Janice Arenz (Minn) 3:03:03; 11. Harue Yamamoto (Japan) 3:08:35; 12. Ellen Turkell (N.Y.) 3:10:00; 13. Jennifer Haas (Va) 3:11:23; 14. Kathy Smith (MD) 3:13:20; 15. Mary Glenney (Fla) 3:13:33.

Men:

1. Will Rodgers (Mass) 2:09:55; 2. Steve Hoag (Minn) 2:11:54; 3. Tom Fleming (NJ) 2:12:05; 4. Thomas Howard (Canada) 2:13:23; 5. Ron Hill (Eng) 2:13:28; 6. James Stanley (Ohio) 2:14:54; 7. Russell Pate (S.C.) 2:15:22; 8. Peter Fredriksson (Swe) 2:15:38; 9. Mario Cuezas (Mex) 2:16:03; 10. Andrew Boychuk (Can) 2:16:13; 11. Lee Fidler (NC) 2:16:51; 12. Tony Brien (Kan) 2:17:20; 13. Ari-Pekka Gylling (Fin) 2:17:32; 14. Herb Lorenz (N.J.) 2:17:43; 15. Don Kennedy, (Tex) 2:18:31; 16. Ronald Wayne (Cal) 2:18:55; 17. Jose DeJesus (PR) 2:19:02; 18. Tom Derderian (Mass) 2:19:04; 19. James Bowles (NY) 2:19:25; 20. Thomas Antczak (Ill) 2:19:36.

21. Thomas Hoffman (Wisc) 2:19:38; 22. Philip Stewart (Wash. DC) 2:19:58; 23. Peter Farwell (Ill) 2:20:09; 24. Edward Strabel (NC) 2:20:12; 25. William Bragg (NJ) 2:20:18; 26. Kevin McDermald (NJ) 2:20:24; 27. Carl Hatfield (W. Va) 2:20:26; 28. Wolf Schamberger (Canada) 2:20:31; 29. Max White (VA) 2:20:40; 30. Larry Austin (Eng) 2:20:51.

31. Peter Reiher (W. Ger) 2:21:18; 32. Ambrose Burfoot (Conn) 2:21:20; 33. Rick Bayko (Mass) 2:21:28; 34. Clifford Karthaus (Neb) 2:21:30; 35. Eduardo Vera (PR) 2:21:43; 36. Laurence Olsen (Mass) 2:21:45; 37. Ronald Blackmore (NY) 2:21:56; 38. Kenneth Mueller (Mass) 2:22:26; 39. Richard Mabuza (Swaziland) 2:22:34; 40. Martin Sudzina (PA) 2:22:45.

41. Duane Spitz (Mich) 2:23:18; 42. Alfons Sidler (Switz) 2:23:22; 43. Edward Fuchs (Colo) 2:23:27; 44. Ralph Thomas (Me) 2:23:30; 45. Robert Fitts (Mo) 2:23:39; 46. Bernard Heinrich (Cal) 2:23:49; 47. Chuck Copp (Kan) 2:24:03; 48. Barney Hance (Ill) 2:24:12; 49. Robert Conn (Conn) 2:24:18; 50. Peter Stipe (Mass) 2:24:19.

51. Ricardo Condore (Bolivia) 2:24:20; 52. Pedro Santiago (PR) 2:24:24; 53. Herbert Stocker (W. Ger.) 2:24:30; 54. Fred Best (NJ) 2:24:38; 55. John Vitale (Conn) 2:24:49; 56. Bruce Dewsberry



Steve Hoag (left) beat Tom Fleming in a tight race for second. Ron Hill chases Fleming here.

(Ore) 2:24:53; 57. Skip Hamilton (Colo) 2:25:00; 58. Julian Scott (Aus) 2:25:4; 59. Scott Graham (Mass) 2:25:14; 60. Donald Slusser (Pa) 2:25:23;

61. Jefferay Bradley (Pa) 2:25:23; 62. Geoffrey Harrold (Eng) 2:25:26; 63. Neil Coville (Mass) 2:25:33; 64. Kenneth Mayor (Eng) 2:25:45; 65. Jens Wollenberg (W. Ger) 2:25:55; 66. Phillip Davis (Can) 2:26:06; 67. Joel Pasternack (NJ) 2:26:07; 68. Gerald Crane (Mich) 2:26:09; 69. Stephen Lubar (Pa) 2:26:11; 70. Milton Place, (Ohio) 2:26:14.

71. Dennis Williams (NM) 2:26:16; 72. Rob Duncan (Mass) 2:26:18; 73. John Dimick (VT) 2:26:25; 74. Alan Adams (Eng) 2:26:32; 75. David Yaeger (Can) 2:26:35; 76. Chuck Riley (Mass) 2:26:36; 77. Donald Brown (Pa) 2:26:4; 78. Andres Romero (Mex) 2:26:42; 79. Bruce Robinson (Md) 2:26:44; 80. Mark Kushner (Cal) 2:26:46.

81. Ernie Rivas (NY) 2:26:48; 82. Kenneth Rolston (NY) 2:26:50; 83. Michael Baxter (Mass) 2:26:53; 84. Fernand Kolbeck (France) 2:26:56; 85. Sadot Mendez (PR) 2:27:15; 86. Ray Huguys (Cal) 2:27:25; 87. Richard Lower, (Colo) 2:28:37; 97. John Pfell (NY) 2:28:09; 89. Stephen Lamb (Conn) 2:28:11; 90. Peter Jeffers (NY) 2:28:14.

91. Paul Fetscher (NY) 2:28:14; 92. Michael Markley (Ohio) 2:28:22; 93. Joseph Catalano (Mass) 2:28:25; 94. Frederick Gordon (NY) 2:28:27; 95. Vincent Fleming (Mass) 2:28:36; 96.

Ron Nabers (Colo) 2:28:37; 97. Christo Kelk (Canada) 2:28:38; 98. Michael Robins (Ohio) 2:28:39; 99. Norm Patenaude (Canada) 2:28:39; 100. William Carr (Mo) 2:28:42.

101. Paul Thompson (Mass) 2:29:08; 102. Roger Rouiller (W. Va) 2:29:23; 103. Richard Chouinard (Canada) 2:29:23; 104. Hans Tag (W. Ger) 2:29:35; 105. John Loeschorn (Cal) 2:29:36; 106. James Boyle (NY) 2:29:36; 107. David Anderson (Pa) 2:29:38; 108. Michael Sabino (MD) 2:29:40; 109. Graham Bennison (Eng) 2:29:41; 110. Bruce Carpenter (Fla) 2:29:43; 111. Raymond Currier

111. Raymond Currier (NH) 2:29:44; 112. Clemente Valdez (Mex) 2:29:47; 113. Samuel Maizel (NY) 2:29:55; 114. Robert Frankum (NY) 2:30:00; 115. Vaughn Johnston, (Canada) 2:30:03; 116. Juhani Heischman (Fin) 2:30:11; 117. Raymond Swan (Bermuda) 2:30:13; 118. Douglas Kurtis (Mich) 2:30:30; 119. Stephen Kalog (Conn) 2:30:31; 120. Mark Bauman (Fla) 2:30:32;

121. Bill Young (Canada) 2:30:46; 122. David Coyne (NY) 2:30:50; 123. William McDermott (Cal) 2:30:53; 124. Robert Hempton (Del) 2:30:54; 125. Thomas Wild (Conn) 2:30:56; 126. David Wise (Canada) 2:30:57; 127. James Carter (Mich) 2:31:00; 128. Hans Kruger (W. Ger) 2:31:04; 129. Michael Konig (NY) 2:31:05; 130. Maxwell Nichols (Penn) 2:31:07.

131. Tim Welles (NY) 2:31:12; 132. Terrance Galagher (Mass) 2:

31:15; 133. Thomas Kuczinski (NJ) 2:31:29; 134. Marc Gottesdiener (Conn) 2:31:31; 135. Clent Mericle (Tex) 2:31:35; 136. Jack Brennan (NY) 2:31:39; 137. Lawrence Garner (Fla) 2:31:48; 138. Earl Bradley (Ohio) 2:31:49; 139. Robert Clifford (Mass) 2:31:50; 140. Jim Green (Mass) 2:31:51.

141. Victor Matthews (Canada) 2:32:04; 142. Ronald McGraw (Canada) 2:32:05; 143. Christopher Quinby (Fla) 2:32:06; 144. Richard Halloway (Ill) 2:32:09; 145. James Gusek, (Mass) 2:32:16; 146. Michael Koenigbauer (Mich) 2:32:18; 147. Mark Everson (Conn) 2:32:28; 149. Paul Huyffer (Mass) 2:32:42; 150. Robert Gray (Mass) 2:32:47.

151. Vince Regan (Eng) 2:32:48; 152. Kris Roberts (Mass) 2:32:58; 153. Willi Fornek (W. Ger) 2:32:59; 154. John Sodding (Eng) 2:33:02; 155. Scott Lutrey (MD) 2:33:06; 156. Edward Burns (NY) 2:33:14; 157. Earl Swartzendruber (MD) 2:33:21; 158. John Doyle (Canada) 2:33:39; 159. Stephan Molnar (PA) 2:33:41; 160. James Lears (MD) 2:33:43.

161. Charles Dyson (Conn) 2:33:45; 162. Thomas Dowling (NH) 2:33:50; 163. Walter Gantz (Mich) 2:33:52; 164. Raymond Menzle (Cal) 2:33:54; 165. John Higley (Eng) 2:33:55; 166. Anthony Byrne (Eng) 2:34:01; 167. Daniel Winzenried (Wisc) 2:34:03; 168. John Delley (Conn) 2:34:11; 169. Peter Millard (Mass) 2:34:19; 170. Bennett Beach (Wash. DC) 2:34:26.

171. David Hudson (NJ) 2:34:34; 172. David MacLeod (Mass) 2:34:36; 173. George Guins (Ohio) 2:34:40; 174. Ronald Kay (Mass) 2:34:45; 175. William Olrich (KY) 2:34:48; 176. Keizo Yamada (Japan) 2:34:51; 177. Peter Cross (Pa) 2:34:52; 178. Thomas Clark (NY) 2:34:53; 179. Norm Sander (NY) 2:34:56; 180. William Donnelly (NY) 2:34:57.

181. Dennis Spars (Wisc) 2:34:58; 182. Robert Longenbath (Wash) 2:35:04; 183. Lee Wilcox (Wisc) 2:35:08; 184. Phillip Garland (Canada) 2:35:11; 185. Anthony Wilcox (Mass) 2:35:12; 186. Thomas Parr (Eng) 2:35:16; 187. Donald Wilken (NY) 2:35:20; 188. David Worthen (Cal) 2:35:23; 189. Wayne Jacob (Conn) 2:35:26; 190. Rudiger Brube (W. Ger) 2:35:32.

191. Alan Somerville (Pa) 2:35:36; 192. Stephen Moussetis (Mass) 2:35:40; 193. Jack Callaci (NY) 2:35:44; 194. Stephen Goldberg (Mass) 2:35:48; 195. William Martin (NY) 2:35:52; 196. Jean Ellis (Ohio) 2:35:55; 197. Jack Bannink (Mich) 2:35:56; 198. Hans Wetzel (W. Ger.) 2:35:57; 199. Tad Pinkerton (Wisc) 2:35:59; 200. Richard Giannini (Mass) 2:36:01. ●

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A method for improving running strength and correcting shin splints.

START SPRINT TRAINING AT A WALK

by Bob Hyten

Bob Hyten of Illinois coached British Olympian Judy Vernon for six years. Later, he led his club to a national race walking title. He has contributed articles to RW on distance running, weight training and setting goals.

Race walking has the unfortunate distinction of being track's "funny" step-child. But then, there was a day not so long ago when "trackmen" (i.e., sprinters and middle distance runners) looked upon cross-country and road running with equal disdain. The few coaches such as myself who reported their sprinters improved with a dose of cross-country running were looked upon as the uninformed whose sprinters made it in spite of their coach. All that changed with the creation of Valeriy Borzov, the sprinting machine, whose rise to fame was in part reported to be a result of long runs. Now it may be racing walking's turn to contribute to the overall development of sprinters.

Being a coach who preaches that young athletes should experiment with all the events, it was only natural that my sprinters ended up on the cross-country courses years before Borzov's secret be-

came known. When in 1972 race walking was added to the list of women's events in the US, the kids I coached of course gave it a try. Their apparent talent for the event led me through a frenzied effort to learn all I could about race walking.

With the help of Larry Young, Ron Laird and many others, my efforts bore fruit quickly as my club captured the 1973 women's 10-kilo. race walk title. The athletes had not given up running but rather alternated daily training between walking and running.

To my amazement, even with no speed work at all, sprint times began to drop and reaction times seemed to quicken. Analyzing what had happened, I concluded that the primary reason for the improvements had to be the greatly increased hamstring strength that is the almost immediate result of any race walking program. That gain is far more rapid than can be achieved in a standard weight training program. On those first crucial, driving strides out of the blocks when weaker runners were straining or even pulling hamstrings, my walker-runners were powerfully accelerating to their speed.

Later, when working with a high school sprinter-triple jumper who had developed shin splints from the bad habit of doing all his running on his toes, I discovered race walking's other contribution to runners. Knowing that the pulling motion of racing walking requires a certain degree of "diggin in" with the toes, and that this results first in sore shins and later in strong ones, I thought walking might be a quicker cure for shin splints than the old stand-by of picking up marbles with the toes. Even though he never mastered the style, just a few minutes a day working on the pulling motion of the walk brought almost immediate relief from the shin splints. The shin soreness that beginning walkers sometimes experience did not become a factor because of the low speed and mileage in this case.

Race walking can be added to a runner's training with only minor adjustments in the time required for a workout. A mile a day adds only 15 minutes and be-

gins the process of learning the proper form for walking. For the shin splint victim, this, along with the necessary adjustments in running style, may be enough to arrest the problem.

For the sprinter looking for more power, one or two of these walks each week should be gradually increased to five or six miles, which will take from 45-75 minutes depending on how good a walker the athlete becomes. Because the muscles used are different from those being worked the hardest in other parts of a normal workout, this can be achieved without undue strain.

For the serious devotee to this form of sprint training, I recommend long walks every other day during that time of year just preceding the competitive season and regular speed work. By alternating walking with weight training and running technique work, the sprinter should begin the season in top condition.

I should note that proper race walking technique is often quite difficult to master. A great deal of concentration is required for a runner to learn to pull from the front foot rather than push off the back one. Without this pull there will not be the development of hamstring and shin strength which you are seeking. Two very good yet inexpensive books explain all about how to race walk. They are Ron Laird's *Competitive Race Walking*, and the Runner's Monthly Booklet *Race Walking* by Martin Rudow.

Just as cross-country running wasn't the complete reason for Valeriy Borzov's sprint success, neither can one expect that race walking singularly will work miracles. Yet as a part of a well-balanced training program, walking may just be that long-sought racer's edge. ●

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FUELS FOR EXTRA SPEED AND MILEAGE

by Alan Claremont

Dr. Alan Claremont, a specialist in exercise physiology from Illinois, is a regular contributor to RW.

Despite well-established findings on the specific role of protein, carbohydrates and fat in supplying energy needs for endurance performance, misconceptions still persist that require further clarification.

Previous articles in *Runner's World* (4, 5) have described the physiologic effects, advantages and disadvantages of manipulating dietary and fluid intake in efforts to achieve optimal performances. This article complements these reports, and attempts to promote further understanding of how and to what extent food stores in the body are mobilized to meet the energy requirements of distance running.

Athletes can readily identify with energy output in relation to pace and duration of running—e.g., six-minute miles for two hours. Fatigue, and eventual decrease in performance capacity, is also well understood subjectively. Thus, it appeared practical to equate and discuss energy requirements (kilocalories) under the readily appreciated terms of pace and time. The table presents caloric demands for selected events from one through 26.22 miles.

It is necessary here to briefly review the dietary significance of protein, carbohydrates and fats. Traditionally, protein has been considered important to replace "substance" of the muscle used up. However, at rest and during exercise, muscle protein contributes less than 1% of the body's caloric requirements. Increased proportions are not required in a training diet unless an increase in muscle mass is desirable. Since mus-

cle mass, per se, is not central to endurance performance success, the primary "substrates" become carbohydrates and fats. Important considerations for the athlete are:

- What is the extent of carbohydrate and fat utilization?
- What effect does their availability have on performance?

The table lists predicted energy requirements for running specified distances at world class times by a 70-kilogram (154-pound) runner. Metabolic costs of these runs are expressed both in units of oxygen consumption and in kilocalories. Provided that performance intensities are comparable in percentage of maximal oxygen consumption, similar tables for slower running times would provide the same interpretations of energy interrelationships as this example.

Observe that there is only a 20.5% decrease in running speed (from 4:00 to 5:02 per mile) as the distance increases from one to 26.2 miles. Work intensity remains very high up to and including the marathon. The preferred fuel for maintaining the fastest running speeds is carbohydrates or glycogen.

As distance increases and the event becomes more aerobic, fats are increasingly mobilized and burned. However, world class running requires performance at a high percentage of maximal oxygen uptake. Thus, glycogen remains the premium fuel, and available stores become an increasingly important factor influencing the ability to sustain fast pace in excess of 60 minutes.

Measurement of muscle glycogen content from muscle biopsies has indicated that during exercise demanding 75-85% of maximal oxygen uptake, stores are sufficient for approximately 1½-2 hours of activity. An estimated 645-690 grams of available glycogen contained in the muscle, liver, extra-cellular fluid and blood of our runner would last for slightly less than two hours—or less than marathon times.

Fortunately, it is possible to avoid

the sudden and marked decrease in performance capacity that occurs when carbohydrates are no longer available. As running continues, fats contribute increasingly to the energy fuel. Better-conditioned athletes are able to derive a larger proportion of their energy requirements from fats, which also extends the time glycogen stores can contribute to the performance. The advantage is in being able to sustain a faster average pace, since it has been shown experimentally that when glycogen concentrations approached zero, running speed was reduced. The sooner this occurred, the sooner running was impaired.

The "premium" fuel for optimum performance in endurance running is derived from combustion of carbohydrates. Fats become an increasingly important energy source with continuing activity, in addition to prolonging the availability of carbohydrates. Energy derived from protein is minimal and can be discarded from practical consideration.

Although it is desirable to enhance muscle glycogen content—especially for distances where depletion of stores can become a major limitation to performance—associated health risks and lack of information concerning long-term effects of repetitive super-compensation ("carbohydrate-loading") underline the necessity for careful personal evaluation of these procedures. In this regard, the value of a safe, uncomplicated, balanced diet with emphasis on carbohydrate intake remains undiminished.

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PREDICTED ENERGY COSTS

Event (Miles)	Time (/mile)	Speed (m.p.h.)	Total Time	Oxygen Needs (ml/kg.* liters)	Kilocalories** (/min. total)	Intensity (%max. VO ₂)
1	4:00	15.0	4:00	77.8	5.5	105%
3	4:20	13.9	13:00	72.7	5.01	98%
6	4:30	13.3	27:00	70.3	4.9	95%
10	4:41	12.8	46:50	67.6	4.7	91%
15	4:52	12.3	1:13:00	65.5	4.6	88.5%
26.2	5:02	11.9	2:11:52	63.5	4.4	86%

*—runner weighing 70 kilograms (154 pounds); maximal oxygen uptake 74 milliliters per kilogram per minute; **—assume caloric equivalent of 1.0 liter = 5 kilocalories.

The man who can run 62 miles three days in a row.

HOW DOES PARK BARNER DO IT?

by Dr. Robert Crane

This article concludes Dr. Crane's two-part series on ultra-marathoning in general and Park Barner in particular. In November, Barner raced 100 kilometers (62-plus miles) on three consecutive days—averaging well under eight minutes per mile. Crane looked into the training and temperament of a man who could do this much running, this fast. The first article, "The Fat-Bruner," appeared in the May issue.

Dr. Robert Crane of Vienna, Va., both organized and ran in the C & O Canal Towpath 300-kilometer race. This is the event in which Barner had his most spectacular performance.

Many people have asked Park Barner why he begins to excel only at distances that leave his competitors shattered along the trail. The answer is a shrug of the shoulders and a simple, "I don't know." He has no theories and doesn't really care.

Perhaps the principal clue is precisely this disinterested attitude toward his own running. Park has always run for the pure enjoyment of it.

"I run," he says, "because it seems like a natural thing to do. It makes me feel good and I enjoy it, as long as I don't go too fast."

Even today, Park almost never trains faster than a seven-minute mile pace, because fast running in training simply is no fun. Park works to keep his training mileage down, the way many runners work to keep theirs up.

In retrospect, Park concludes, "More mileage seems to allow me to run faster, but but I can't say that it increases the distance I can run—because I have never tried to see how far I could run. It looks like I could have run 50 miles when I first began in 1968."

When Park first started running in 1968, at age 24 and with a completely sedentary background, he averaged four miles a week for the first five weeks—and then jogged 18 miles in three hours because he couldn't stop. After upping his training to four miles a day during the following three months, he again ran this same course to see how fast he could go.

The result was a very slight improvement in time and complete physical exhaustion.

Then, after more than a year of averaging two miles a day, Park upped his mileage to seven a day in the fall of 1969. In March, he exploded in an orgy of running. He started the month by running 31.9 miles in 4:21 (8:12 pace), after doing two 20-mile runs in the three previous days at a 7:50 pace.

Park states, "My first real taste of distance running came on March 14, 1970, when I ran 40.2 miles in 5:44:51 at an 8:35 pace. This was done on an empty stomach, with no water or refreshment along the way. The day after the 40-mile run, I ran faster than I ever had before, easily maintaining a 7:27 pace to finish 20.1 miles in 2:29:42."

Park has no secrets in his training methods. He remarks merely that "I have tried so many different ones that I have trouble remembering them all. The funny thing is, no matter what I do, the results are always about the same. Since 1970, my marathon time has dropped only 10 minutes to 2:37:28. And since 1972, the first year I ran 50 miles, my best 50-mile isn't within 10 minutes of the 5:38 I did in England during the London to Brighton that year. Simply no measure of improvement.

"However, there is a notable difference in the way I feel during and after a race. The biggest change in training from what I was doing four years ago is my speed. I used to put in some fast short runs of less than 10 miles. Now all my training is slow.

"During the two months before the 300-kilometer race (C & O Canal Towpath run last November), 45% of my training runs were longer than 10 miles, and on 42 of the 60 days I ran 20 miles or more. Twenty percent of my training was slower than an eight-minute mile pace, 72% was between seven and eight minutes per mile, and only 8% was faster than a seven-minute mile pace.

"My total mileage during the two months was 1266, with every week over 100 miles. My average weekly mileage was 100.4 during the six months prior to the race. For the year, it was slightly

more than that. My longest training run during the two-pre-race months was 59 miles, and my peak weekly total was 172 miles, which is only 22 miles less than the most I have ever done. Since January 1975, I have been in a rest phase. Now I restrict my running to eight slow miles six days a week, with one 50-mile run at eight-minute pace to relax on the weekend."

Only two things seem to impede Park's running. The first is the lowering of his body temperature. The first time he experienced this was on Dec. 29, 1974, when he ran the 50-miler in Toledo, Ohio, in the snow and won it in 5:48 as the only finisher. During the last four miles, running as always in summer clothes, he was reduced to a nine-minutes-per-mile shuffle. He could not stop shivering for an hour afterwards.

The next time was on Feb. 15, 1975, when he had difficulty producing heat during a planned 110-mile run from his home near Harrisburg, Pa., to the Washington's Birthday marathon in Beltsville, Md. In this case, after missing a night's sleep, he started at 2:18 a.m. and gave out after running 42 miles in summer clothes through the Pennsylvania mountains in temperatures below zero. He was running in shorts and an undershirt.

Park stopped in a roadside store and shivered for an hour and a half while drinking hot coffee to warm up. He then ran another 26 miles in 8-9-mile segments, but found that he could maintain this only by stopping every hour to get warm. Finally, he decided that dropping temperatures and the frequent stops would delay his arrival too far into the night and make it impossible to get a motel room. So at 4 p.m., after covering 68 miles, in 14 hours, he called it quits.

The next day, Park had completed the first two of the three laps in the Beltsville marathon before his metabolism started to function well again. Despite a fast final lap, he was able to manage an overall time of only 3:01.

The second serious impediment to Park's running is his body weight. Park weighed over 200 pounds in his early

20s, and still puts on weight very rapidly, even when running 100 miles a week, unless he controls his diet. His total net weight loss from the 300-kilo run was only 5½ pounds, and he gained this plus 15 more pounds within a few weeks of the race. He has found that his marathon time slows by almost one minute for every pound he weighs over 160.

"If I were preparing for the 1975 C & O Canal 300-kilometer race right now," Park wrote on Feb. 22, 1975, "the first thing I would do is drop my weight 25 pounds from my present 178 to 153."

Park's training secret appears to be the high base mileage, an almost total exclusion of anaerobic running and an emphasis on frequent moderate runs well beyond the normal glycogen limit (about two hours). This seems ideal to train the body to use fat rather than glycogen as a basic source of energy.

This kind of training would be intolerable for runners who have ambitions to finish in the top 10 at the Boston marathon because, as Park indicates, his speed has improved only marginally in four years of this kind of training. Park maintains his style of training because any other kind would be equally intolerable for him.

And herein lies perhaps the real secret of Park's prodigious performance in the C & O Canal 300-kilometer. This secret is a natural superiority in his ability to tune his mind to ultra-distance running.

Shortly after the 300-kilometer race last fall, Ted Corbitt—for years America's top ultra-marathoner—wrote to apologize for not being able to run the 300 and to comment on Park's performances.

"I was a bit skeptical of the distance," Ted wrote, "when I first saw Barner's times. After some thought, it made more sense. First, his 2:44 marathon in Harrisburg on Nov. 3, a day after placing second behind Max White with a 5:50 for the difficult AAU 50-mile championship in steamy New York. And this, just a week after placing fifth in the Alexandria Two Bridges 36-miler with a time of 4:00:44. And also his statement in reference to the 300 that 'this was the easiest, most enjoyable and most peaceful race that I have ever undertaken.'

"Taking this whole incredible thing together, what we have is a runner who peaked around Nov. 1, maintained that level and was in a state of a 'natural high' on top of the peak fitness. The two rarely co-exist. Such a state obviously is the reason why Barner pulled this off with such results."

Probably all long distance runners

have experienced such a state of euphoria, particularly those who run for the sheer joy of being able to run so far that they cannot remember when they started running and cannot conceive of when they will ever stop.

The Tarahumara Indians in Mexico, as well as many other "primitive" peoples, use ultra-distance running as a religious exercise. Dr. George Sheehan, writing in the September 1971 *Runner's World*, comments that examination of the Tarahumara Indians by Dr. Dale Groom revealed nothing abnormal in the hearts of the Tarahumara runners even though they easily run up to 150 miles at a time in their "games."

Have the Tarahumaras received a special dispensation from some of the human limitations known to us? If so, why can't the Tarahumara and similar Indian runners from Peru repeat their performances outside of their own milieu?

"The true outer limits of performance may be the body's ability to self-destruct. Park Barner's habit of running back-to-back marathons and ultra-marathons suggests that he has not yet approached his limit."

Dr. Sheelan concludes that if the Tarahumara have received a special dispensation from physiological laws, "I suspect it is because these limitations are artificial. They have been set up by our imperfect image of what man can and cannot do. This physical image carries the imperfections of the spiritual potential of man offered to us before the New Theology."

The "New Theology" of human physical performance is being developed by several research institutions around the world. One of the most unlikely sources of new input is the US Army, which as long ago as 1963 experimented at Aberdeen Proving Grounds with the influence of music on brain waves.

You may have noticed in modern offices that the Muzak recordings are divided into four 15-minute segments. The first and third segments of each hour are piped into local offices to soothe ruffled feathers. The second and fourth, with peppier beats, are sent into local industry to increase productivity. Restaurants get all four segments. In turn, each 15-minute segment is made up of five selections which increase in tempo and rhythm from first to last in order to promote good feelings.

The Army's Dr. Keenan has found that the electrical forces triggered by the

brain and emitted through the body can be programmed to change in response to Muzak recordings.

As yet, we can only theorize on the mechanism by which a runner's brain wave can signal basic changes in his metabolism. Park Barner's 7:42 mile pace in the 1974 C & O Canal 300-kilometers and his 6:45 pace in the 52-mile London to Brighton in '72, which seem to exceed his physical capabilities, may result in part from a superior ability to harness his brain waves.

Thus unconscious tuning of his brain waves may serve to maximize the efficiency with which the mitochondria in Park's muscle cells bring their enzymes to bear on the entire energy-producing process. These enzymes regulate the time-phased introduction of the various nutrients to each step in the process, thereby preventing the energy process from going too slowly or too fast.

The true wonder of body chemistry is not that some individuals are able to produce energy relatively fast, but that all runners produce energy relatively slowly. Improper control of the electron transport system in the muscles theoretically could produce energy so fast that the cells would explode and the body burst into flames.

With proper control from the brain—or rather with proper *decontrol* of natural body inhibitors—a human runner should be able to run all day.

Tibetan monks, in fact, are reported to have run non-stop in a trance for 24 hours and more at a seven-minute pace, over hills, at 15,000 feet altitude. They also have been known to sit naked in below zero temperatures all night while water is poured over them, to test their mental ability to produce static energy and heat without running.

The true outer limits of performance may be the body's ability to self-destruct. Park Barner's habit of running back-to-back marathons and ultra-marathons on the same weekend, with no sign of excess stress, suggests that he has not yet approached his theoretical limit.

How do we train for such a quantum jump in human performance? Ask the Tibetan monks how they decontrol the natural body inhibitors to super performance. In the meantime, run for fun, the way Park Barner does. Someday you may hit on the secret yourself. When you do, you can leave Park Barner, Max White, Britain's Ron Bentley and New Zealand's Siegfried Bauer in your dust. But then, when you reach that level, you may prefer to run, like the Tibetan monks do, all alone. ●



Stretching behind the knee. Hold the leg as far down as you comfortably can (the shin, the ankle or the heel). Lift it up gently to the edge of your stretch (don't go into pain). Hold for a few breaths. (photos by Jan Herhold)

THE BATTLE WITH WOUNDED KNEE

by Ian Jackson

"Oh no! Not the knee again. Not now of all times."

It was a warm spring morning. The sun was shining, the hills were greening, the air was clear and fresh. I was only five miles into a 17-mile loop that I dearly wanted to run. But long and bitter experience had taught me that once the pains started there was no way to run through them. I was going to have to turn around and either walk or hitchhike back to town.

Luckily, I didn't turn back. I wanted to see what the rains had done to the grasses and flowers and ferns. "Even if I walk the rest of the distance, it'll be well worth it," I thought. So I walked for a while, nursing the knee, until I felt ready to try a little jogging.

The problem had started about six years before, when the knee had been badly battered under the dashboard of a car. A head-on collision at 45 miles an hour can do a lot of damage in a split-second of violence. Besides knocking a few teeth out and breaking my jaw, this crash hurt my knee so severely that I could not walk more than a couple of blocks without suffering intense pain within the joint. It felt as if fine hot wires had been bound tightly within. There was no question of

walking through the pain. The further I went, the more it hurt.

I went to a surgeon who was supposed to be a specialist in knee injuries. "You really have no choice," he told me. "Eventually, someone is going to have to cut in there and straighten things out. You can put off the operation if you want to, but I don't see why you should suffer needlessly."

I went to the trainer in the athletic department. "Don't listen to that man," he said. "I've heard about him. He's a scalpel-happy butcher with a hunger for money. There's nothing much we can do about the joint, but we can give it plenty of extra support by strengthening the muscles around it."

I felt squeamish about having someone cutting into my knee, so I chose the trainer's advice over the surgeon's. The exercises he gave me were designed to strengthen the quadriceps. First, he had me walking back and forth across the shallow end of a swimming pool, emphasizing high knee-lift. Then he had me

doing repeat runs up steps, and leg extension exercises on a weight machine (see *Exercises for Runners*, page 71.)

The exercises brought improvement, but not as quickly as I wanted. I gave up trying to run and switched to swimming, which took all pressure off the knee. A couple of years later, when I tried the exercises along with slow distance running, I found that the knee no longer bothered me. As a matter of fact, I gradually worked into training mileage of well over 100 miles a week, and competed at distances up to 50 kilometers.

I got so wrapped up in running that I ran myself into breakdown. But it was not the knee that gave out. Rather, it was the hamstrings, which became chronically tight and chronically injured. The knee was no longer the weak link.

To overcome the hamstring problem, I tried yoga stretching. I tried it and I liked it so much that I took a long-needed rest from running and devoted my time to yoga.

It was only several months later, when yoga stretching had brought an exhilarating feeling of lightness and looseness to my body, that I found myself pushed back into running again. Now I discovered that hamstring tightness was

Ian Jackson recently published his first book—*Yoga and the Athlete*. In the book, he covers the subject of injuries and exercise in much greater detail.



Foot on top of thigh, heel as close to belly as you can manage with comfort. Work knee down, applying gentle pressure on the outbreath, holding on the in-breath. Don't go into pain.



no longer a problem, but that the knee was getting painful again.

This was a disappointment, because it meant that yoga was not as completely remedial as I had believed. Although I had enough knee mobility to sit in the full lotus, for instance, I did not have enough knee stability to withstand the pressure of long runs.

I assumed that I would have to go through a long buildup again, using swimming and the knee exercises. But I no longer had access to a swimming pool or to a weight machine, so I contented myself to extending my long weekend run a little at a time, hoping the knee would adapt.

On this particular spring morning, I had fully expected to be able to run 17 miles. It was such a beautiful day that I was prepared to walk the rest of the distance if necessary. I walked for a few hundred yards and, when I felt ready for it, I tried about 50 yards of jogging again. After about four miles of alternate jogging and walking, I was doing about 150 yards of jogging and 50 yards of walking. When I tried to extend the jogging or cut down on the walking, it just didn't work. I thought about giving up the jogging al-

together and contenting myself with a long and easy walk.

But when I got to the top of a long winding fire trail that leads back into town, I grew impatient. "Why not try some experimental yoga with the knee?" I thought. "It can't hurt and it might help."

So I sat down on the trail, conscious of the cold ground under the thin nylon of my shorts. First, I stretched the muscles behind the knee as shown on page 42 (Krounchasana). I worked both legs, so as not to bring about an imbalance. When the muscles were relaxed and loose, I began working the knee by putting my foot up on my thigh and then gently pressing the knee down as shown in the two photos above. Again, I worked both knees, so as not to create imbalance. (If you try this, don't worry about getting the knees all the way to the ground. Forcing things will only cause more problems. What counts is the gentle stretch, not how far the stretch takes you.) Finally, I tried working the knee to the outside as shown below, and finished with a repeat of the hamstring stretch shown on page 42.

This made an immediate and dramatic difference. I got to my feet, and ran

about half a mile before the knee started to get tight again. (Remember, 150 yards had been my limit.) As soon as I felt the first twinge of pain, I sat down on the trail and repeated the pattern of stretching and knee work. After this, I was able to run at least a mile before feeling another twinge of knee pain. Once more, I immediately sat down and went through the pattern of stretching and knee work. This did the trick. From that point on, I was able to run freely and—in the last two miles—fast, with no pains at all. It has been years since I hurt the knee. Nothing like that has ever happened before.

I don't know exactly what damage my knee suffered, and I don't understand how the stretching helped. But that it did help is beyond question. You may have a different knee condition than mine, and the yoga experimentation I tried might make yours worse rather than better. Nevertheless, I think it is worth looking into, with caution. Don't expect sudden and dramatic results. I have been practicing yoga for two years, and that might account for the results I experienced. But why not give it a try anyway? You have nothing to lose but your knee pains. ●

The stretching shown above turns the knee joint in, with the foot across the body to the other thigh. This stretch turns the joint out, with the foot coming outside the same thigh.

(Photos by Jan Herhold)



by George Sheehan M.D.

MEDICAL ADVICE

My first coach was partial to naps. I took naps to make up for lost sleep, took naps to conquer fatigue and prevent exhaustion, took naps to make me strong and increase endurance. I even took naps to improve my disposition. When things were going wrong and there was any doubt about what to do, I took a nap. And for whatever reason, the nap theory worked. It produced what it promised.

So I took my naps. They became part of my daily routine. Time was the most precious of all my possessions, but I took my naps.

A three-year-old does not argue with his mother. I would be even less likely to argue with her now. As time passes, it appears that mother does now best. Certainly no one—no doctor, no nurse, no teacher, no coach, no friend, no lover—observes another human being more closely than a mother does her child. And no one brings to that observation more of the inherent wisdom of the human race.

Part of that wisdom is that the nap is a biological and psychological and spiritual necessity. It renews and restores and revives. But only in childhood do we accept it. Only in childhood do we use again and again that first 90 minutes of sleep which scientists now tell us is the deepest and most refreshing of all.

Yet the nap is the only answer for the overtrained athlete who finds himself more and more fatigued, whose performance is deteriorating, who lacks zest and is losing interest. This athlete is the one who needs more sleep at night, a nap during the day and a halt in his training.

The professional athletes have come to know this. Those athletes who are totally into the use of their bodies, who plan their day around maximum performance, know the importance of rest. I saw in the *New York Times* the other day that basketball player Walt Frazier occasionally sleeps for 18 hours straight when

the Knicks are on the road. A survey of touring women tennis pros showed that most of them slept nine or 10 hours a night. I recall also that Tom O'Hara, when he was the leading indoor miler, would sleep for most of the 24 hours preceding a race.

The superior coaches have established these sleep-nap programs for their squads. Jimmy Counsilman, for instance, has his Indiana swimmers take nine hours sleep a night during the competitive season and insists on a half-hour nap before the afternoon workout. In this way, he prevents them from getting overtrained rather than less. He tries to recapture his previous performance by pushing harder and harder. Actually, it is in the letting go that he will recover his former equilibrium. Rest is the essential ingredient. The nap is the cure. It may have to replace practice for as long as a week or more.

The nap is also the answer to the self-imposed work-play week of the ordinary citizen. Few people are constructed of material strong enough to handle a program which includes a 40-hour work week, commuting, nighttime TV, and a weekend of exhausting physical and social activities. This life-style leads to what must be the major deficiency disease of our age—a deficiency in rest.

My father, who was a physician and put in enormous hours, always retired to his room after Sunday dinner and took a three-hour nap to make up for the ravages of the preceding week. "Medicine," he used to say, "is a jealous mistress." But isn't everything? Every profession or interest is insatiable. If not fought, it will devour us. And unfortunately we have no one but ourselves to warn us of those dangers. Society, you see, approves of these demands.

And it is the child in me who accepts these demands, who refuses to acknowledge any physical restriction, who pushes on to exhaustion and depression, apathy and despair. But it is also the child in me who knows the answer.

When I become tired and irascible and even more difficult to live with than usual, when there is no zest in running, and my races are getting worse and worse, I remember my first coach. And I look around for my baby blanket and a soft spot where I can lie down.

COFFEE DRINKERS

Q: I sometimes drink a cup of coffee before training. Am I looking for troubles, and is a person who drinks 3-4 cups? (K.K., Finland)

A: I'm not sure how many runners take coffee before they run. I fre-

quently do, especially before a race. Some physicians advise against it in a long race because there may be a letdown about three hours later.

However, for a dedicated coffee drinker like myself, there seems to be no problem. I see no reason not to unless it results in cramps, or diarrhea, or in some way decreases your performance in the later stages of runs of two hours or more.

SHOE SIZE

Q: After a few miles of running, my toes always blister and begin to take on the appearance of shredded wheat. Painful! My shoes seem tight-fitting. One shoe salesman advised me to buy loose-fitting shoes to take pressure off the toes. Another said to stay with tight-fitting shoes because "sliding around" can cause blisters, too. What would your advice be? (M.S., California)

A: I like plenty of room upfront. However, most runners—like basketball players—wear shoes a size too small. I suggest you get a size larger (you can always wear an extra pair of anklets). Then paint your toes with tincture of benzoin. Allow this to dry and then tape each toe individually with "zona" tape. I routinely tape my big toe, the second toe and the little toe. Otherwise, I also blister.

WARNINGS

Q: I recently received a pamphlet which made me feel reckless because beyond an annual complete physical I do not go to a doctor unless something special necessitates—even though I am past 65 and retired. I ran about 50 miles week before last, and about 33 last week. Did a marathon last September. Can you comment on the wisdom of my program? (R.P., New York)

A: I keep telling my patients, "Listen to your body." If you run on a cookbook schedule or on a program designed for some other runner, it is quite possible you will get into some trouble, even if it is only a cold or sore throat or prolonged exhaustion.

I am now training every other day. It seems to work well with my body. I now run one marathon a year. My body doesn't want any more than that.

Listen to your body. Don't listen to the extremists either for or against running. ●

Plan to read Dr. Sheehan's forthcoming book, *Running Commentary*, which will be published this fall. Meanwhile, if you have medical questions, address them to the doctor at P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.



MECCA COURIER



June

Brian Head, Utah

Nineteen Seventy-five No.2

SUMMER SCHOOL AT RUNNER'S MECCA

We have introduced our summer school concept to provide additional enticement for runners. This service will also allow us to take advantage of the vast resource of runners who teach.

Our major drawing card is the unique topographical layout of the Markagunt Plateau. The area is far enough south to provide ideal weather conditions for running 5 to 6 months of the year. This location is one of the few in the world where extensive flat to rolling terrain exists at elevations in excess of 9800 feet.

The scenery, recreational opportunities, and altitude are sufficient reasons for attending the training center. Summer school is a bonus.

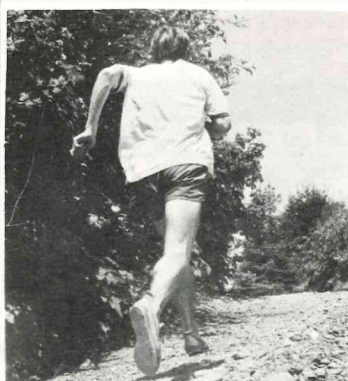
Pre-school and grade school students may receive background experiences to prepare them for later schooling. Nature provides "on the spot" enrichment for this group as they learn about animals and plants through direct observation.

High School runners may desire tutoring to improve their academic skills, to raise their grade point averages, and to prepare them for college entrance exams.

College runners may fulfill course requirements. Credit is transferable and summer school course work does not violate eligibility requirements.

Teachers and coaches may obtain credit to renew their teaching certificates or to increase their earning potentials. At the same time, they may promote the attendance of their runners at the center and help defray their expenses while at the center through the coach-counselor program.

We are printing only a partial list of instructors and their course offerings. Please inquire about specific educational needs such as preparation for civil service exams and graduate record exams.



PRE-SCHOOL

Certified instruction. Identification of animals and plants on nature walks and jogs...done in a fun way. Mrs. Craig Morrill, instructor.

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The grade school program features enrichment and development of skills with emphasis on particular learning needs. Each student will be diagnosed and taught accordingly. Pre- and post-tests will be given to measure progress. Certified instructors.

HIGH SCHOOL

Certified instructors. Credit must be arranged individually through your local school districts.

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Seniors who have graduated may arrange for college credit.

COLLEGE

Southern Utah State College is the sponsoring institution. Credit is transferable and no out-of-state fee is charged. The following list of courses is only a partial one: Shakespeare—A workshop for

humanities or drama credit. Exercise physiology—Richard Glach, instructor. Upper or lower division credit. Math and physics—instructor was not chosen at press time. A highly qualified group of instructors will be chosen from among applicants who all hold Ph.D.'s. Statistics—Dr. Frank C. Clark, instructor. An introductory course. Media workshop—W. Keith Walker, instructor. Videotape will be used to analyze human performance. Super-8 filming of training center activities with students as subjects and participants. This course will run for two weeks beginning June 14 and ending July 3.

GRADUATE

Utah State University is the sponsoring institution. Coaches may earn up to five quarter hours of credit. Participants help officiate road runs and/or participate as part of the program. Course title: P.E. 683, Advanced Training and Conditioning Techniques. Videotape and super-8 equipment will be used to analyze your running form and you will be taught to use this equipment.

We are presenting a partial list of running activities and special events. An asterisk indicates that we will have a van or bus at the event for transportation to Mecca.

ACTIVITY SCHEDULE

*June 5-7: NCAA Track Championships and Clinic: College credit available. Accommodations and tickets arranged at a substantial savings.

*June 11: Pan-American Games Qualifier, Section III: At Southern Utah State College near Mecca. Qualifying time adjusted for an altitude of approximately 6000 feet.

*June 14—Pink Sand Dune 15 KM Run: Sponsored by Mecca. AAU card required.

June 17-22: National AAU Track Championships: In Eugene, Oregon. Accommodations

arranged. Strictly economy.

*July 4: Molestus Mini-Marathon: At Weber State College in Ogden, Utah.

*July 17: National Boys Age Group Championships: In Gresham, Oregon.

July 24: The Deseret News Marathon: In Salt Lake City, Utah. A big race with a big crowd.

*July 26: Pioneer Day 15 KM Run: At Flagstaff, Arizona. Finishes in parade.

August 3: Pikes Peak Marathon: We will attend this event if a sufficient number request transportation.

August 8: Masters National Championships: In White Plains, New York. We will train athletes for this event.

August 9: Baer Gutsman Steep run, Ogden, Utah.

August 11: World Masters Championships: Toronto

August 20: Final Pan-American Games Trials: Bakersfield, Calif.

*August 27: Pan-American Games Final Marathon Trials Flagstaff, Arizona.

GENERAL FEATURES

- Occasional speed running at lower elevations (2400 feet to 5400 feet) within minutes of center headquarters.

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Contact Rich Heywood, Director, Runner's Mecca, Box 000, Parowan, Utah 84761, phone (801) 586-6778.

No, this is not one of those "I Ran From Maine to Georgia and Back in Three Weeks," last-of-the-iron-men sagas. Instead, it's good ol' running boy's recollections of some pleasant gallops well within the range of the 4-8 miles a day also-ran.

Running on the Appalachian Trail, in addition to its aesthetic virtues, can promote domestic tranquility. Most runners have probably left spouses and children waiting at home, or worse, suffering from terminal boredom in front of a motel TV set during a "vacation." Vacations are occasions when you can run more miles and get more sleep, and your spouse has more time to contemplate divorce proceedings.

Fortunately, the Maryland Appalachian Trail area has something for everybody: swimming, boating, hiking, camping and tours of historical monuments. You can be dumped off for a run while your family cavorts elsewhere and then be picked up after an hour or two to join the crew for a trip to Harper's Ferry, Washington, D.C., Catoctin Park or any of a dozen other points of interest. (Incidentally, local stores distribute a free monthly pamphlet, *The Cumberland Valley Revue*, which lists all restaurants, motels, hotels, shops, movies, museums and special events in the area.)

The Appalachian Trail meanders up and down the mountains for 2000 miles from Maine to Georgia. Unlike the trails of our Indian and pioneer ancestors, which quite reasonably followed the easiest crossings, it hunts for the hilliest and woodsiest countryside. In Maryland, the entire 37¼-mile length is a runner's delight—except for a mile or two of very rocky terrain. You can run across even the rockiest parts, if you want to risk a fractured skull or runner's knee from stepping up and off at perverse angles. I suggest that you concede those spots to walking and enjoying the view.

Begin your escapade in the range office of Catoctin Mountain National Park on State Route 77, a few miles west of US Route 15 and the town of Thurmont in northern Frederick County. The Appalachian Trail is not in Catoctin Park, but the rangers sell an indispensable map of the Maryland section of the Trail for \$1. You could write for the map to the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, 1718 N. St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, but Route 77 is a pleasantly winding, forested mountain road and well worth the trip. (Across from the ranger office is the road to a state park

RUNNER'S GUIDE TO THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL



The huge John F. Kennedy 50-mile starts in Boonsboro, Md., near the Appalachian Trail. Much of the race is on the trail. (Liz Burnside)

lake where the family can swim before, during and after your runs.) The map is easy to read, shows special scenic spots, camp grounds, trail-side springs and every road and trail crossing the Appalachian Trail. Most importantly, it gives a profile of the elevations on the trails. You'll know where the hills are and how steep they'll be. And the map will fit in your pocket.

The trail can be entered easily from numerous surfaced roads, and you could start anyplace that suits your convenience. I discovered it as part of the annual 50-mile John F. Kennedy Memorial Hike-Run. Fifteen miles of the race covered the southern end of the trail and, despite the dubious pleasures of my first (and last) 50-miler, I was infected with the notion of doing the whole Maryland trail. If you're compulsive, which you are if you're in shape for running up and down the mountains, you'll probably want to run every foot of it. Do it in three or four chunks (about 10 miles every day) from the Pennsylvania line to Virginia. A southern start means running up Weverton Cliffs, which is impossible. If you come from the north you can run down the Cliffs, which is nearly impossible.

The northern entrance is by a

bridge over the railroad tracks in the village of Pen Mar. Follow the trail markers down a Pen Mar street for a while, then enter the army reservation road in the woods and head up the mountain. After two miles of hard surface, you'll turn right onto a narrow, wooded dirt trail on the mountain and your fantasies take over. Guerilla messenger? Indian scout? Anything but a teacher, office worker or whatever you're required to be from 9-5.

By the way, it always looks like it's going to rain as you start to run on the trail. Go anyhow. The clouds are usually faking it.

At times, the valley floor is visible through the trees, and you may want to stop pursuing Frank Shorter long enough to inspect God's Country. You should return to earth occasionally to take note of the Appalachian Trail markers and make sure you're not headed toward Baltimore. The trail has an official paint blaze at frequent intervals on trees and rocks—a white vertical stripe, two by six inches. Side trails are marked by other colors (usually blue). At a couple of road crossings, you'll have to search for the trail. It's usually straight across the road. Don't run up and down the highway in a panic. In the woods, I went

astray only once, and the absence of white blazes seeped into my reverie after a hundred yards.

Five miles or so outside of Pen Mar, you'll encounter a precipitous downhill slalom, but otherwise there are no major pitfalls on this section. The Smithsburg Wolfsville Road, nine miles south of Pen Mar, is a good place to be picked up after your first run. You can camp on the trail, or at Washington Monument State Park or, farther south, at one of the clean, free campsites on the Potomac River C & O Canal. A camping hint: roughing it is for hikers, not runners. Put a three- or four-inch foam pad rubber under your sleeping bag. For the truly civilized, there are a number of motels in the area.

The trail from Smithsburg Wolfsville Road to Interstate 70 is a relatively level eight-mile stretch, the longest section in Maryland between road crossings. About two or three miles out, a boulder-strewn half-mile may give you a temporary resolve to take up indoor track, but it's succeeded by a broad, grassy path. At US Route 70, a concrete footbridge over the highway will spare you the tender mercies of Interstate traffic. Greenbriar State Park's swimming pond is nearby, but you may want to push on three miles to the campsites at Washington Monument State Park. You can't miss the Park: A stone tower, the first monument constructed in honor of George Washington, is in the middle of the trail. Meet your family at the monument, climb the tower stairs, enjoy the view and pay your respects to the Founding Father.

The next leg, nine miles from Washington Monument to Crampton's Gap, includes the steepest hill on the trail (1700 feet in two miles), a long, narrow, surfaced road to a scenic overlook tower at Lamb's Knoll, some gorgeous views and a sharp descent over ghastly footing to the country's sole monument to Civil War journalists. The southern region of the Maryland Trail is surrounded by traces of the Civil War disasters which occurred around the Battle of Antietam. Depending upon your political proclivities, while you run you can be a Yankee spy or Rebel refugee sneaking about the mountains. South of Crampton's Gap, on the way to Harper's Ferry, you may want to masquerade as one of John Brown's raiders, or one of his captors—if chasing Frank Shorter has begun to dull your imagination.

There are no road crossings on the six miles from the journalists' monument to the bottom of Weverton Cliffs, and the trail pitches up and down stony paths

and through a half-mile jungle of briars and bushes. You'll pick up a few souvenirs among the thorns, and you'll probably hallucinate about lurking pythons. I never saw a snake on the trail, and Edmund Garvey, who wrote a book on his trail walk from Georgia to Maine, met only two of them, a rattler in Virginia and one in Pennsylvania. You're evidently safe in Maryland. I run in the woods every day in a state park in northern Maryland, and I've seen only one snake in five years, a harmless black racer who didn't even look up when I jumped over him.

At Weverton Cliffs, the trail drops 700 feet in three-quarters of a mile, through a rocky maze which eliminates its share of downhill speedsters every year in the JFK 50-mile race. If the descent doesn't get you, then US Route 340, at the bottom, may. Cross the highway with circumspection.

During the last mile and a half of the trail—on the wide, level, wooded C & O Canal towpath by the Potomac River—you'll probably suffer a few pangs of remorse as your odyssey is ending. Post-marathon depression usually amounts to "Why keep running?" The post-trail blues are of the "Why stop?" variety.

Technically, the Maryland trail ends on the Virginia/West Virginia side of the Sandy Hook Bridge over the Potomac, since Maryland owns the whole river up to Virginia's soil (the only US river boundary which isn't divided down the middle). Getting flattened by a Winnebago isn't my idea of a appropriate farewell to a vacation, so I surrendered the Potomac to the Confederacy and took off up the C & O Canal for an extra mile to the railroad trestle which crosses into Harper's Ferry National Monument. There's a little store nearby that sells cold sodas.

Thomas Jefferson called the confluence here of the Shenandoah and Potomac Rivers the most beautiful place on earth. Years ago, a "Mennen's Toilet Water" sign painted in gigantic letters on the cliff facing Harper's Ferry took a bit of the charm out of the scenery, but the sign has since disappeared, and the Federal Government has restored Harper's Ferry and protected the C & O Canal from development. It's a good place to stop—or to start. The towpath travels 184 level miles from Washington, D.C., to Cumberland, Md., in the mountains. I've already run 25 miles of the Canal from Harper's Ferry to Dam number four and 15 miles of the end to D.C., finishing in the Jefferson Memorial as the sun came up over Tom's shoulder. So maybe on my next summer vacation... ●



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1975 NORTH DAKOTA

Marathon & Half-Marathon — Grand Forks, ND, Saturday, June 28. AAU sanctioned. Course is flat prairie & paved. T-shirts to all entrants, awards to all finishers. Trophies 1st-15th overall, women, age groups 18-, 40+, 50+ & 60+. Contact Eric T. Parker, 1924 N. 4th, East Grand Forks, MN 56721.

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TEAM—Receive newsletter (6 issues annually). Qualify for inexpensive jet charter to AAU Masters T/F Championships NY and World Masters Toronto. Depart LAX 8/7. Return 8/18. Masters, Sub-masters & Women's competition. Write D. Pain, 1951 Cable St., San Diego, CA 92107.

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YOUTH DISTANCE RUNNING

CAMP—California (Pennsylvania) State College Distance Running Camp for boys and girls, 10-high school, July 27-August 2. Age-group instruction and training in all forms of distance running (X-C, road racing, track). This year's guest clinician: Ted Haydon, UCTC. Write: Marty Uher, Distance Running Camp, California State College, California, PA 15419.

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GREEN MOUNTAIN CROSS COUNTRY CAMP—

Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont. Boys and girls, junior high and up. Two sessions: July 20-26, July 27-August 2. Staff includes: Roy Benson, head coach, Florida Track Club, Peter Squires, Manhattan College. Ideal training on pine needle paths and dirt roads in the coolness of the Green Mountains. Comfortable prep school housing, mountain lakes & streams. Write for free brochure: Peter Davis, GMCC Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont, 05850.

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INFLATION BUSTERS! —

Nike, Tiger & Brooks—Nike and Tiger closeouts \$14.95-\$20.95. Brooks models \$16.50-\$17.95. Spikes \$17.95. For information, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Windy City Sports, 402 E. Virginia, Bensenville, IL 60106.

FLORIDA TRACK CLUB DIS-

TANCE CAMP—July 27-August 2, Brevard, N.C. Open to male & female runners, all ages & abilities. Run & learn with Jack Bachelor, Barry Brown, Byron Dyce & special guest Hal Higdon, Write Roy Benson, Athletic Dept., Univ. of Florida, Gainesville, FL 32604.

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10 km—August 16, Fredonia, New York. Flat, fast, safe course. Team trophies, 15 age groups, 100+ awards. T-shirts to first 150 entries. Ribbons to all finishers. Free clinic/movies. For info/entry stamped envelope to Carl Olson, 25 University Park, Fredonia, NY 14063.

GUNPOWDER NECK 10-MILE—

The 3rd annual race, start time 8:30 a.m., co-sponsored with Baltimore Road Runners Club will be held in conjunction with Youth Activities Carnival, Saturday, June 28, 1975, at Aberdeen Proving Ground (Edgewood Area). Maryland. Bring the family! Merchandise for all finishers. Trophies for top finishers in open, juniors, women's, veterans I and II categories. Write for entry blanks. \$2.00 entry fee to those received by June 20, 1975, \$3.00 after. Colonel Burt Dall, E1226 Everette Road, APG, Md 21010. (301) 671-2947. (office), 676-4948 (home). 1974 winner Sheldon Karlin, 52:00, Washington Sports Club.

FUNNEST RUN IN THE WEST!

Pink Sand Dunes Race, June 14, Runner's Mecca, Utah. Contact Rich Heywood, P.O. Box 000, Parowan, UT 84761.

MARATHON TRIALS—

Section 3, for Pan-American Games. June 11, Southern Utah State College. Section 3 includes inter-mountain states. Contact Bruce Osborn, Athletic Director, SUSC, Cedar City, Utah.

2ND ANNUAL CERRITOS 2-Man

10-Mile Relay over half-mile park course, July 13, 1975, Cerritos, CA. SPAAU sanctioned. T-shirts and trophies. Write: Maynard Law, Superintendent of Leisure Services, City of Cerritos, 19400 Pioneer Blvd., Cerritos, CA 90701.

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Next available issue for advertising: August. Closing date is June 19, 1975. All ads must be paid in advance.

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CALIFORNIA TRACK NEWS — Keep up with all of the action in the "hottest" track state in the US. Cross Country. Road Racing. Results. Pictures. Schedules. Profiles. Rankings. Masters. Women. College-Open. High School. Junior College. For your one-year subscription (bi-monthly), send \$3.50 to California Track News, 1717 S. Chestnut, Fresno, CA 93702.

EASTERN MASTERS AAU Regional Track and Field Championships—Monmouth College, West Long Branch, NJ, Sunday, July 20. Five year Masters' division groupings. Also selected sub-Masters' and women's events. For entries write, Harry Henriques, 26 Ellis Dr., Basking Ridge, NJ 07920.

CROSS-COUNTRY—Only in The Harrier. Features, photos, results. National X-C, college and high school. Men's and women's. 10 weekly issues, Sept.-Dec. Free to all subscribers: special Spring Issue with international meet coverage and summer camp listings. \$6.00/year. 1st class mail. Order now: The Harrier, P.O. Box 188, Eltingville Station, Staten Island, NY 10312.

EAST COAST INVITATIONAL AGE GROUP Track & Field Championships, Saturday, July 26. Fort Meade, MD (between Baltimore and Washington). Boys and girls 9 and under through 17 years, 69 events, high qualifying standards, prizes to top 6 in each event. Send self-addressed, stamped, long envelope for entry information: Charles Ryan, Governor's Regional Office, 9300 Kenilworth Ave., Greenbelt, MD 20770. (301) 474-2500.

MICHIGAN RUNNERS—Join us! Eight Motor City Strider Summer Races. Belle Isle, Detroit, Ed Kozloff, 10144 Lincoln, Huntington Woods, 544-9099. Birmingham 6-mile, 6/21/75, Rudy Ruppe, 1025 E. Maple, Birmingham, 645-1515. Pontiac 12+ mile, 8/17/75, Ed Kozloff. Linden 10km, 8/23/75, Charles Koss, 9274 Bennet Lake Road, Fenton, 629-5225. Flint Winter Runs, Durk James, 3065 Covert Rd., Flint, 742-4927. Any more? Let me know, Roger Johnson, 3104 Ninth, Wyandotte, MI 48192, (313) 285-2337.

NATIONAL AAU Men's Senior Cross Country Championship—Also boys' National AAU Championship (7 & under to 16-17). November 30, 1975, Annapolis, MD. Entry information: Al Cantello, 516 Hillsmere Dr., Annapolis, MD 21403. T-shirts available now in all sizes, \$3.50, includes postage.

SCENIC SUMMER TRAINING—Along the trails of Lake Tahoe. Stay as long as you want and train with international class runners. The following are coming or are interested: Shorter, Tuttle, Galloway, Bringhurst, Barry Brown, Doug Brown. Write Tahoe Trails, c/o P. O. Box 3766, Incline Village, NV 89450.

VETERAN MALE & FEMALE Athletes—Compete in AAU Masters T/F Championships, White Plains, NY, Aug. 8-10, and World Masters T/F Championships, Toronto, Canada, Aug. 11-17 (Marathon 8/17). Eligible athletes: Veterans (40 & over) and Sub-masters (30-39). Write David Pain, 1951 Cable St., San Diego, CA 92107 for details.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION TEACHER desires sporting goods sales position. Am selling part-time now, but desire permanent position. Willing to relocate practically anywhere in the country. Contact Dennis Spars, 707 Lincoln Avenue, Waukesha, WI 53186.

FORT STANWIX DAYS RUN—20km Adirondack Association Championship, Rome, NY, 9:30 a.m., August 3. Women's 5 KM. Free shirts, trophies. Open Masters, Sr. Masters, Women, Team. Beautiful historic course. Contact Dee Howell, Rome Family "Y", 301 W. Bloomfield St., Rome, NY 13440.

NUTRITION—Send for free literature on a new comprehensive approach to nutrition. Steve Brown, 18 Cottage St., Cambridge, MA 02139.

SEVENTH ANNUAL FREEDOM MARATHON—Monticello, Illinois, Sunday, June 29, 6:00 a.m. Trophies to first 30; also in women's, veterans' divisions. Beautiful course through tree-shaded, traffic-free Allerton Park, a magnificent country estate. Low cost, pre-race dinner, breakfast and lodging available in Allerton House for runners and their families. Contact Illinois Track Club, Box 2976 Station A, Champaign, IL 61820.

LOW PRICES, FREE POSTAGE—Nike Leather Cortez II \$21.95, Tiger Monterey (formerly Tahoe) \$18.95, Tiger Warrior (formerly Road Runner) \$13.95, New Balance Trackster II \$13.95, New Balance Speedster \$13.95. All first line shoes. Price list \$1.00. Boggs Joggs Shop, P.O. Box 3004, Tulsa, OK 74101.

PAUL SMITH'S COLLEGE MARATHON—Saturday, September 20, 1975,* Paul Smiths, NY. Circuit course: start & finish Paul Smith's College, Rts. 192 & 30 (22 miles NW Lake Placid). Scenic: lakes, ponds, mountains. Course record: Jim Ochse, 2:44:00; 1974. Post race buffet for runners. Runners' rates available at college-owned & operated Hotel Saranac, Saranac Lake, NY 12983 (518) 891-2200. Race entry fee \$3.00. Blanks & information: Tom Agan, Box 83, Paul Smiths, NY 12970, (518) 327-3493 (home) & 327-6334 (office). *Note: this is a change from date publicized in Marathon Handbook.

NUMBERS FOR RACING—Sets 1 through 50, 1 through 100, etc. Single or duplicate. Plain or advertisement imprinted. Pin or armband styles. Start/finish banners. Catalog or call Reliable Racing Supply. 624 Glen St., Glens Falls, NY 12801, (518) 793-5677.

MADISON MARATHON—June 28, 1975, 7 a.m. Madison, Wisconsin. National Junior USTFF Championship. Scenic course with 13 miles in parks and around lakes. 38 prizes consisting of gift awards, trophies & medals. Six divisions. T-shirts for all finishers. Course record, Tom Slater 2:36:33. Write: Dale Roe, 1104 Moorland Rd. #3, Madison, WI 53713.

PAAVO NURMI MARATHON—Upson to Hurley, Wisconsin. August 9, 8:00 a.m. Age group awards, T-shirts to finishers. Contact Hurley Chamber of Commerce, 213 Silver Street, Hurley, WI 54534.

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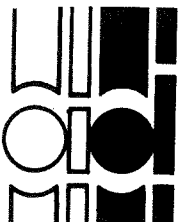
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RACING HIGHLIGHTS

NORTHEAST

● **Westbury, N.Y., Mar. 16**—Earth Day marathon: 1. Sean Healy (Millrose AC) 2:27:14; 2. Paul Fetscher (LIAC) 2:29:40; 3. Gary Pierce 2:30:17; 4. Remulo Mejia 2:30:41; 5. Steve Adler (C. W. Post) 2:31:43; 6. Robert Frankum (LIAC) 2:32:51; 7. Peter Bly (State U. Platts) 2:34:37; 8. Ed Burns (LIAC) 2:34:47; 9. John Stopa 2:34:53... 101. Ellen Turkel (Plattsburg SC) 3:06:03. Teams: 1. LIAC, 16 pts.; 2. Central Park TC, 57 pts. (433 finished, 73 under 3:00, 277 under 3:30, 359 under 4:00).

● **Maine, March**—Roland Dyer Memorial 10-kilometer: 1. Ken Flanders 30:59; 2. Bruce Merrill 31:04; 3. Peter Gleason 32:04... 35. Diane Fournier 42:09. (51 finished; 4 under 35:00; from Dick Goodie).

● **Wilmington, Del., Apr. 6**—Caesar Rodney 13.1-mile: 1. Larry Rush (Sports East) 1:09:16; 2. Bill Giulian (Pacers AC) 1:10:40; 3. John Sevick (Penn AC) 1:11:03; 4. Steve Lubar (Swarthmore) 1:11:41; 5. Ken Kling (Sports East) 1:11:59; 6. Steve Podgajny 1:13:17; 7. Tom Lowman (U. of Del.) 1:15:03; 8. Craig Holm 1:15:09; 9. Doug White (Del SC) 1:16:21; 10. Neil Weygandt (Penn AC) 1:16:47... 32. Bob Romansky (40+, Sports East) 1:23:14... 174. Suzanne Patton (Del. SC) 1:49:43... 206. Martin Singer (61, Nat. Jogging Assoc.) 2:12:01. (216 finished, 20 under 1:20; from Thomas Fort).

● **Washington, D.C., Apr. 6**—Acacia Cherry Blossom 10-mile: 1. Carl Hatfield (W. Va. TC) 51:47; 2. Steve Mahieu (Washington SC) 51:57; 3. Bernard Allen (WSC) 52:05; 4. Richard Salazar (US Naval Academy) 52:52; 5. Phil Stewart (WSC) 52:55; 6. Max White (Charlottesville TC) 53:31; 7. Hugh Sweeney (NYAC) 53:49; 8. Dave Anderson (Harrisburg RR) 54:00; 9. Bruce Robinson (WSC) 54:01; 10. Bob Thurston (WSC) 54:03... 71. Julie Shea (15, Raleigh NC Junior Striders) 59:55... 72. James Mobre (40+) 59:56. Teams: 1. Washington Sports Club; 2. D.C. Harriers. (564 finished).

● **Scarsdale, N.Y., Apr. 6**—Eastern Reg. 15-kilometers: 1. Mike Keogh (23, NYAC); 2. Justin Gubbins (23, NYAC) 49:25; 3. Arthur Hall (28, Oakwood TC) 49:37; 4. Pete Gaughn (19, Manhattan Col) 49:54; 5. Tim Weaver (21, Fordham UAA) 50:00; 6. Joe Witowski (29, Central Jersey TC) 50:04; 7. Ken Rolston (20, Columbia U AA) 50:48; 8. Paul Heck (20, Columbia U, AA) 50:48; 9. Kevin McDonald (24) 51:05; 10. Larry Fredrick (26, NYAC) 51:22... 32. Joe Burns (44, Millrose AA) 54:05... 75. George Haller (50) 57:00... 185. Don Logan (60, NY Pioneer) 1:05:50. (298 finished, 43 under 55:00, 113 under 1:00). Women:

1. Cathy Greene (16, LIGS) 1:03:57... 9. Nancy Tighe (44, CPTC) 1:17:02. (15 finished). Men's Teams: 1. New York AC, 63 pts.; 2. Central Park TC, 96 pts. (from Joe Kleinerman).

SOUTHEAST

● **Columbia, S.C., Mar. 22**—Palmetto Cup 15-mile: 1. Lee Fidler (26, Atlanta TC) 1:15:16; 2. Russ Pate (28, Columbia TC) 1:15:20; 3. Doug Nelson (25, Greenville TC) 1:21:22; 4. Adrian Craven (38, Greenville TC) 1:23:43; 5. David Roosevelt (26) 1:24:73... 8. David Wright (19, Clemson TC) 1:28:02... 11. Gene Useton (44, Greenville TC) 1:31:07... 31. Marjorie Loefer (19, U. of SC) 1:46:05. (42 finished). 5-mile: 1. Kenneth Layne (26, Shore AC) 25:00; 2. Frank McCann (24, Millrose AC) 26:30; 3. Dana Contreras (19) 26:36; 4. Bentz Kirby (21, Baptist College) 26:45; 5. George Howe (19, Clemson TC) 26:58... 21. Jim Montgomery (41, Daytona Beach TC) 29:55... 58. Ed Pierce (52, Columbia R) 35:33... 63. Becky Ryder (31, Columbia TC) 36:07. (111 finished, 21 under 30:00; from Shirley Geiger).

● **Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 29**—Music City 11.2-mile: 1. Rick Richardson 1:01:23; 2. Rick Katz 1:01:37; 3. Jerry Pierce 1:04:40... Gerald Kock (40+) 1:08:07... Joe McGinness (50+) 1:15:19. 5.8-mile 1. Gary Quick 32:24; 2. Bruce Sacks 35:17; 3. Howard Dial 35:28... Ernest Leonard (40+) 39:39... John Robere (60+) 42:25.

● **Elizabeth City, N.C., March 29**—Pasquotank River 10-mile: 1. Jack Bacheler (31, Fla. TC) 50:46; 2. Ed Hereford (27, N.C. TC) 50:57; 3. Don Jayroe (28, N.C. TC) 52:51; 4. Glen Logan (23, Tidewater Striders) 53:01; 5. Jack Mahurin (32, N.C. TC) 53:14... 21. Raymond Samson (42, Sports East) 1:05:28... 28. Glynn Strabel (23, N.C. TC) 1:24:22. (28 finished; 15 under 1:00; from Woody Harrell).

● **Ft. Bragg, N.C., Mar.**—All-American marathon: 1. Joseph O'Flaherty 2:44:14; 2. Wade Brown 2:56:53; 3. Stephen Rice 2:57:19. (22 finished, 7 under 3:30, 14 under 4:00; from Lowell Ihns).

● **Raleigh, N.C., Apr. 6**—S.E. Masters marathon: 1. Bill King (46) 2:44:55; 2. C.P. Thomas (40) 2:57:41; 3. Paul McSorley (45) 2:59:52. (from Bob Boal).

● **Lakeland, Fla., Apr. 13**—Lakeland Runner's Club 5-mile: 1. David Ortiz 27:19; 2. Mark Bauman 28:05... Ernest Thielaker (41) 29:44... Patti Sobanko (13) 35:57. (39 finished; from John Scimone).

● **Chattanooga, Tenn., Apr. 7**—Chickamauga Chase 10-mile: 1. Bob Varsha 50:20; 2. Karl Da Santos 51:15; 3. Wayne Roach 51:43; 4. Randy Stroud 51:43...

J. Koch (40+) 56:57... Gayle Barron 1:11:21... Gus Davis 1:14:32... Jon Robere (60 plus) 1:09:42. Teams: 1. Atlanta TC, 8 pts.; 2. CTC, 16 pts. (from Jon Robere).

● **Pine Mt., Ga., Apr.**—FDR Invitational 7-mile: 1. Wayne Riley (19, Ga. State) 36:28; 2. Bill Gates (30, Colts. TC) 39:34... 8. Tommy Butts (45, Colts. TC) 42:51. (16 finished).



Jack Bacheler (Bob Kasper)

MIDWEST

● **Athens, Ohio, Mar. 2**—Athens marathon: 1. Duane Spitz (Mid-Michigan TC) 2:27:04; 2. James Stanley (Summit AC) 2:29:35; 3. Peter Elliott (U. of Chicago TC) 2:33:32; 4. Roger Rouiller (W. Va. TC) 2:35:57; 5. Craig Harms (Lake Erie AA) 2:37:34. (88 finished, 21 under 3:00, 60 under 3:30; 78 under 4:00).

● **Indiana, Mar. 22**—Hoosier RRC 30-kilometer: 1. Joe Kenny (17) 2:04:25; 2. Bob Martin (54) 2:20:25.

● **Cleveland, Ohio, Mar. 23**—Lake Erie AAU 30-kilometer: 1. Jim Stanley (22, Summit AC) 1:40:53; 2. Jeff Radak (19, CCC-West) 1:50:02... 12. James Guinias (51, Summit AC) 2:05:03... 19. Jerry Beaver (47, Mid-Ohio St.) 2:07:39... 32. Dick Inglis (62, LEAA) 2:25:15. Teams: 1. Summit AC; 2. Mid-Ohio Striders. (37 finished, 11 under 2:00, 12 under 2:15; from Reno Star-noni).

● **Des Moines, Ia., Mar. 29**—Iowa AAU 50-kilometer: 1. Bob Hunderdosse (21) 6:21:00; 2. Bill Swift, Bill Straw (both 18) 8:56:20. (from Bob Hunderdosse).

● **Whitewater, Wisc., Apr. 5**—Collegiate marathon: 1. Gerhart Sasman (U. Wisc./Stout) 2:42:19; 2. Gary Weston (U. Wisc./Whitewater) 2:44:54. (4 finished).

● **Rochester, Minn., Apr. 5**—Minn. AAU 25-kilometer: 1. Steve Hoag (TCTC) 1:20:26; 2. Chuck Burrows 1:24:31; 3. Dave Griffith 1:27:52; 4. John Tyler 1:28:03; 5. Dave Kayser 1:28:17... 10. Arlen Sunn (40+, TCTC) 1:32:23... 29. Alex Ratelle (50 plus, TCTC) 1:41:09... 39. Jan Arenz 1:49:56. (56 finished, 6 under 1:30, 24 under 1:40).

● **Cedar Falls, Ia., Apr. 6**—UNI marathon: 1. Dave Elger 2:27:33; 2. Ken Katzer 2:39:28. (12 finished, 4 under 3:00, 8 under 3:30; 10 under 4:00).

● **Michigan, Apr. 5**—Wooden Spoon 30-kilometer: 1. Duane Spitz (26, Mid-Mich. TC), Gerald Crane (23, M-MTC) 1:45:30; 3. Walter Gantz (28, M-MTC) 1:40:00; 4. Doug Kurtis (23, M-MTC) 1:48:57... 14. Gordon Schafer (40, M-MTC) 2:05:37. (27 finished; from Dave Peehle).

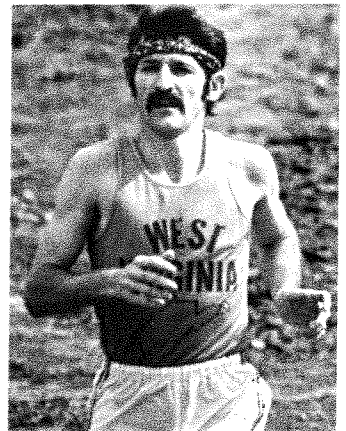
● **Canton, Ohio, Apr. 6**—10-mile Sheriff's Trophy Race: 1. Bill Scholl 50:39; 2. Kim Nutter 50:50; 3. Jim Stanley (Summit AC) 51:09; 4. Mark Davis 53:06; 5. Bob Gatrell 53:20... 114. Paul Hobe (71, Alliance RR) 1:32:38. (116 finished, 26 under 1:00; from Tom White).

● **Dayton, Ohio, Apr. 6**—Ohio River Road Runner's 6-mile: 1. Duane Gaston 30:10; 2. Bob Schlau 33:17; 3. Bob Bowman (18) 33:21... 17. Richard Searless (47) 41:07. (23 finished, 5 under 55:00; from Felix LeBlanc).

● **Detroit, Mich., Apr. 6**—Motor City Striders 5000-meter: 1. Bill Stewart (32, Ann Arbor TC) 14:50; 2. Gordon Minty (27, Eastern Mich.) 15:02; 3. Pete Hallop (28, Ypsi United) 15:04; 4. Don Richardson (22, Wayne State U.) 15:08; 5. Dan Reynolds (24, Ypsi, United) 15:27... 14. Kevin Kitz (15) 17:01... 16. Mike Anderson (42) 17:32... 22. Bill Hewitt (52, Windsor YMCA) 18:36... 44. Brenda Makichuk (24, Windsor RR) 21:31. (60 finished; from Ed Kozloff).

● **Chicago, Ill., Apr. 12**—Midwest Master's 10-kilometer: 1. Ed Hahn 35:38; 2. Al Brodzik 35:45... Harry Roberts (50+) 39:25... Mary Czarapata 41:47... Jack Bolton (60+) 45:20. (from Wendell Miller).

● **Cowan, Ohio, Apr. 20**—Ohio River Road Runners 8-mile: 1. Duane Gaston 42:33; 2. Craig Harms 43:02... 6. John Johnston (40) 55:36. (7 finished, from Felix LeBlanc).



Carl Hatfield (Dan Dry)

SOUTHWEST

● **Houston, Tx., Mar. 22**—10-kilometers: 1. Ken Smith (22) 32:31; 2. Tim Latham (21) 32:44... Rusty Fusilier (19) 35:05... Rob Ramage (44) 35:54. (13 finished; from Bob Ramage).

● **Houston, Tx., Apr. 5**—Gulf AAU 25-kilometer: 1. Simon McNamee (35, Gulf Coast TC) 1:30:30; 2. Charles Bernick (20) 1:31:08... 5. John Stowers (46, Terlingua (TC) 1:40:10... 6. Bannie Tabor (17, Santa Fe

RACING HIGHLIGHTS

Striders) 1:41:19 ... 16. Claude Villemeze (63, Cameron TC) 1:57:35 ... 30. Sally Jurgensen (28, Amer. Nat. RT) ... 37. Lida Askeu (48, Amer. Nat. RT) 2:17:33. Teams: 1. American Running Team. (39 finished, 7 under 1:40).

● **Dallas, Tx., Apr. 5—** 10.81 mile; 1. Don Kennedy (27) 55:53; 2. Hank Pfeifle (24) 56:41; 3. Paul Hoffman (22) 59:38 ... 7. Gerald Chavez (18) 1:05:12 ... 10. Richard Widener (48) 1:06:48 ... 20. Viki Baker 1:12:53 ... 29. Dick Granger (57) 1:22:05 ... 30. Buch Elkin (61) 1:22:46. (37 finished). 5-mile: 1. John Gerry (20) 26:51; 2. Kevin Hellman (19) 26:54; 3. Scott Goodrich (19) 26:59 ... 6. Tom Spillman (44) 29:19 ... 27. Morgan English (68) 42:33 ... 28. Debbie DeLauro 45:31. (31 finished, 8 under 30:00).

● **Oklahoma City, Okla., Apr. 5—** Lincoln Park 6-mile: 1. Don Franklin (22) 31:10; 2. Terry Ziegler (24) 31:22; 3. Randy Heierding (23) 32:04 ... 9. Ricky Bozwell (19) 35:29 ... 14. Hub Barker (44) 36:41. (29 finished, 7 under 35:00; from Vern Whiteside).

● **Tulsa, Okla., Apr. 12—** 15-kilometer: 1. Larry Aduddell (29) 49:01. 2. Glenn Town (25) 53:45 ... 5. Tom Kempf (50) 55:42. (27 finished, 11 under 1:00; from Vern Whiteside).

WEST

● **Arroyo Verde, Calif., Mar. 23—** 15-kilometer: 1. Gary Tuttle (27, BHS) 48:30; 2. Carl Swift (21, AZPC) 52:54; 3. Steve Broten (22, STC) 52:58 ... 10. Gilbert Perez (40+, STC) 58:58 ... 23. Kim Gonzales (11, VGTC) 1:10:02 ... 27. John McManus (52) 1:18:37. (31 finished).

● **Los Angeles, Calif., Mar. 30—** Los Angeles marathon: 1. Ken Moffitt 2:26:46; 2. Wayne Akiyama 2:31:32; 3. Ken Blakeley 2:32:15; 4. Gary Dobrenz 2:32:27; 5. William McDermott 2:39:29; 6. Dan Wojcik (jr.) 2:39:43 ... 11. Dave Waco (40+) 2:45:16 ... 24. John Cass (50+) 2:55:31 ... 41. Marie Albert 3:06:57 ... 48. Jim Kelly (11) 3:09:36 ... 56. John Montoya (60+) 3:16:18. (123 finished, 29 under 3:00, 82 under 3:30, 123 under 4:00, from Fred Honda).

● **Sacramento, Calif., Apr. 6—** PA-AAU 50-kilometer: 1. Darryl Beardall (Marin AC) 3:06:41; 2. Peter Day 3:12:33; 3. Steve Williams (Ophir Prison Inmate TC) 3:19:16; 4. Harold DeMoss (West Valley TC) 3:21:19; 5. Dan Moore (Livermore Valley TC) 3:21:49; 6. Don Chaffee (Excelsior TC) 3:23:20; 7. David Warren (Excelsior TC) 3:25:07; 8. Larry McGrael 3:27:08 ... 20. Penny DeMoss (West Valley TC) 3:56:00 ... 21. Yvette Cotte 4:00:17. (29 finished; from Harold DeMoss).

● **Sacramento, Calif., Apr. 6—** Buffalo Stampede 10-mile: 1. Ron Elijah 50:22; 2. Ronald Wayne (West Valley TC) 51:14; 3. Steven Dean (Golden West TC) 51:23; 4. Jim Howard (GWTC) 51:42; 5. Jim Sane (Buffalo Chips) 53:11 ... 29. Robert Malain (40+, Nor/Cal Seniors) 57:54 ... 69. Penny Reneau (Nor/Cal TC) 1:05:07. (120 finished, 38 under 1:00; from Abe Underwood).

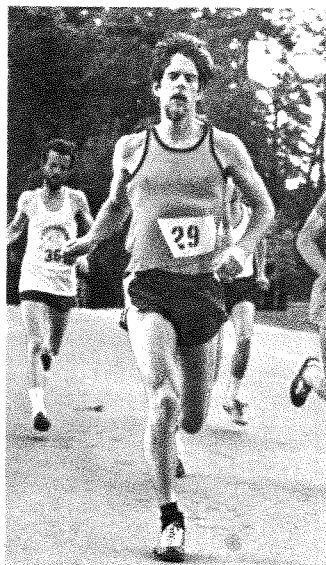
● **Blaine, Wash., Apr. 12—** Birch Bay marathon: 1. Jim Pearson (30) 2:27:17; 2. Mike Shaw (24) 2:29:42; 3. Greg Adams (24) 2:39:27; 4. Roy Prior (21) 2:40:13; 5. Mark Anderson (16) 2:41:59 ... 9. Howard Miller (48) 2:49:54 ... 21. Frank Grey (54) 3:04:54 ... 33. Pam Hammond (32) 3:29:36 ... 45. Norm Bright (65) 3:47:38. (62 finished, 16 under 3:00, 33 under 3:30, 46 under 4:00).

● **Las Vegas, Nev., Apr. 12—** 10-mile: 1. Dennis Fridly 57:27; 2. Mike Neal 1:04:58 ... Susie Heckethorn 1:18:46. (12 finished; from Tommy Hodges).

CANADA

● **Hamilton, Ontario, Mar. 29—** Around the Bay Billy Sherring Memorial 19m 168 y: 1. Andy Boychuk (Tor. Olympic) 1:41:16; 2. Bob Moore (TOC) 1:42:15; 3. Rich Hughson (TOC) 1:44:00; 4. Bob Knickey (TOC) 1:45:14; 5. Ken English (KWT & F) 1:46:31; 6. Rich Pyne (Stade Hulois) 1:48:08; 7. Art Drevins (Ham. Olym) 1:48:08; 8. John Doyle (40+, Windsor Y RR) 1:49:52; 9. Vaughan Johnstone (Northland AC Sud.) 1:50:12; 10. Chris Kelk (Hamilton A.) 1:50:23. (78 finished; from Graham Knox).

● **Richmond, B.C., Apr. 13—** One-hour: 1. Tom Howard 19km, 930m. 20-kilometer: 1. Tom Howard 1:00:12.1 15-mile: 1. John Currie 1:16:41. 6. 25-kilometer: 1. John Currie 1:19:28.8. (all Canadian records).



Tom Howard (Sharran Herriot)

INTERNATIONAL

● **San Miguel, Guam, Mar. 29—** San Miguel Guam marathon: 1. Bob Wade 3:04:02; 2. Gary Evans 3:06:05 ... 7. Mick Flynn (43) 3:25:17 ... 14. Deb Anderson 3:54:55. (from Joe Lawton).

● **Rota, Spain, Apr. 5—** European Invitational marathon: 1. Kevin Setnes, (NAUFAC Brawdy Wales U.K.) 2:56:08; 2. Jerry Cruse (Rota Runners TC) 2:59:11 ... 11. Pat Patrick (40+, U.K.) 3:58:21. (from Bill Saye).

● **Athens, Greece, Apr. 6—** Athens marathon: 1. Yuri Laptev (USSR) 2:25:27; 2. Frenec Szekeres (Hungary) 2:26:43; 3. Terry Ziegler (US) 2:32:12.

WALKS

● **Long Branch, N.J., Mar. 16—** NJAAU 20-kilometer: 1. Bob Falciola (Shore AC) 1:41:55; 2. Hank Klein 1:45:19; 3. Bob Mimm (50, Penn AC) 1:45:33; 4. Al Turner (Lakewood H.S.) 1:57:35; 5. Don Johnson (58, Shore AC) 2:00:45. (from Elliott Denman).

● **West Long Branch, N.J., Mar. 22—** Track 20-kilometer walk: 1. Dave Romansky (Shore AC) 1:34:47; 2. Bob Falciola (Shore AC) 1:42:25; 3. Todd Scully (Shore AC) 1:45:30; 4. John Fredericks (Shore AC) 1:50:59; 5. Don Johnson (58, Shore AC) 1:58:49. (from Elliott Denman).

● **Seattle, Wash., Mar. 23—** Nat. AAU 25-kilometer walk: 1. Ron Laird (NYAC) 1:56:38; 2. John Knifton (NYAC) 2:05:13; 3. Bill Ranney (GGTC) 2:07:12; 4. Ron Kulik (NYAC) 2:08:23; 5. Bob Rosencrantz (UW) 2:08:28; 6. Steve DeBarnardo (RRR) 2:08:57; 7. Jim Bean 2:10:00; 8. Wayne Glusker (WVTC) 2:15:18; 9. Rob Frank 2:24:37; 10. Pete Banko (40+, STC) 2:25:00. (16 finished).

● **Philadelphia, Penn., Mar. 23—** 7-mile race walk: 1. Larry Simmons (32) 1:14:22; 2. Paul Walkovic (41) 1:17:37.

● **Philadelphia, Penn., Apr. 13—** 8.5-mile race walk: 1. George Braceland (61) 1:21:24; 2. Frank Holgerson (39) 1:41:16.



Wendy Knudson (Doug Schwab)

TRACK RECORDS

● **500m (women)—** 1:13.5, Wendy Knudson, Boulder, Colo., 3/15, breaking AIR.

● **880 yd. (women)—** 1:44.0, Boulder Cinderbells, Boulder, Colo., 3/15, breaking AIR.

● **300m (women)—** 37.4, Rita Wilden (WG), Stuttgart, WG, 2/15, breaking WIR.

● **50 yd. (men)—** 5.0, Manfred Ommer (WG), Leverkusen, WG, 3/15, tying WIR.

July Coming Events

NORTHEAST

- 12 Nat. Assoc. AAU Women's 10,000-meter, Bayside, N.Y. (Queensborough Comm. College; 10 a.m.; Matt Cola, Meet Director, 122-02 149th Ave., South Ozone Park, N.Y. 11420).
- 16 Koch Brewery Farm Festival 10-kilometer, Fredonia, N.Y. (Carl Olson, 25 University Park, Fredonia, N.Y. 14063).
- 19 Bangor Marathon, Bangor, Maine (Joseph Rundin, Sunset View Apts., No. 8, Gray, Maine 04039).
- 20 Met AAU One-Hour Champ., Queens, N.Y. (10 a.m.; Road Runners Club, P.O. Box 881, F.D.R. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022).

- meter, Buckhead, Ga. (Sears Parking lot; 9 a.m.; Atlanta TC, P.O. Box 12345, Atlanta, Ga. 30305).
- 12 Mountain Marathon, Boone, N.C. (11 a.m.; Marathon Coordinator, Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C. 28608).

MIDWEST

- 4 Breckenridge marathon, Breckenridge, Mich. (Breckenridge TC, Rt. 1, Box 4, Breckenridge, Mich. 48615).
- 4-5 USSR vs. USA Dual Meet, Lincoln, Neb. (men born in '56 or later, women born in '57 or later).
- 5 Nat. AAU 25-kilometer, Buhl, Minn. (White Bear Lake; 8 a.m.; open; Jim Randall 2129 7th Ave. E., Hibbing, Minn. 55746).

SOUTHEAST

- 4 Tuborg-Peachtree 10,000-

4 Red Cedar Classic 20-kilometer, Menomonie, Wisc. (9 a.m.; Robert Kamish, U. of Wisc./Stout, Menomonie, Wisc. 54751).

6 Whitewater Marathon, Whitewater, Wisc. (Starin Park; 5 a.m.; Rex Foster, R.R. No. 4, Whitewater, Wisc. 53190).

11 Nat. Cherry Festival 10-kilometer, Traverse City, Mich. (noon; Nat. Cherry Festival, P.O. Box 141, Traverse City, Mich. 49684).

12 Irish Hills 10-mile, Brooklyn, Mich. (Phil Gross, Sauk Valley Farms, Brooklyn, Mich. 49230).

12 Prairie Creek 15-kilometer, Muncie, Ind. (6 p.m.; Chuck Koeppe, 147 Park Lane, Carmel, Ind. 46032).

13 TV 33/Three Rivers Festival marathon, Fort Wayne, Ind. (Allen Co. Memorial Coliseum; 8:30 a.m.; WKJG-TV/33, 2633 West State Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46808).

13 Mystic Mt. 6 3/8-mile, Mystic, S.D. (10 a.m.; Jim Brown, Mystic Route, Hill City, S.D. 57745).

13 Gilbert Borquist 5.4-mile, Detroit, Mich. (Belle Isle; Edward Kozloff, 10144 Lincoln, Huntington Woods, Mich.).

19 Aurora marathon, Aurora, Ill. (7 a.m.; Alberto Meza, Prof. Spanish and French, Waubesa Comm. College, 47 at Harter Rd., Sugar Grove, Ill. 60554).

19 Indiana AAU 25-kilometer, Elkhart, Ind. (Hoosier RRC, 205 W. Porter Ave, Chesteron, Ind. 46304).

19 Missouri Valley AAU & Open 15-kilometer, Columbia, Mo. (7 a.m.; Joe Duncan, 4004 Defoe Dr., Columbia, Mo. 65201).

26 Sauk Valley 13-mile, Brooklyn, Mich. (Phil Gross, Sauk Valley Farms, Brooklyn, Mich. 49230).

26 Panther Pant 20-kilometer, Charleston, Ill. (7 a.m.; Tom Woodall, Lantz Bldg., E. Ill. Univ., Charleston, Ill. 61920).

27 Hopkins Raspberry Festival 5-mile, Hopkins, Minn. (John Christian, 230 Central Ave. N. No. 211, Wayzata, Minn. 55391).

SOUTHWEST

26 Pioneer Day 15-kilometer, Flagstaff, Ariz. (N.A.U. track; Dr. Scott Savage, Box 5698 Chemistry, Northern Arizona Univ., Flagstaff, Ariz. 86001).

ROCKIES

24 Deseret News marathon, Big Mt. to Salt Lake City, Utah (6:30 a.m.; open; Keith West-Director, Deseret News marathon, P.O. Box 1257, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110).

? Kalispell marathon, Kalispell, Mont. (Larry O'Neil, 2335 5th Ave. E., Kalispell, Mont. 59901).

WEST

4 Parade Run 3-mile, Redwood City, Cal. (County Gov't. Center; 9:30 a.m.; Sten Mawson (415) 369-6251).

5-6 AAU West Regional Masters Champ., Oakland, Calif. (Laney College; Ed Phillips, AAU West. Reg. Track Champ., P.O. Box 1267, Los Altos, Calif 94022).

10 Triathlon (2 person run-bike-swim) 15-mile, San Diego, Cal. (Fiesta Island Area; 6 p.m.; Jack Johnstone, 5994 Broadmoor Dr., La Mesa, Calif. 92041).

18-19 Nat. AAU Boys Age Group Champ., Gresham, Ore. (Mt. Hood Comm. Coll.; Steven Hasen, 2043 Rhododendron Dr., Woodland, Wash. 98674).

19 Ore. AAU One-Hour Run, Central Point, Ore. (Crater H.S.; 8 p.m.; Jerry Swartsley, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix, Ore.).

19 Ore. AAU One-Hour Run, Salem, Ore. (Willamette, Univ. Track; 7 p.m.; Chuck Bowles, Willamette Univ., Salem, Ore. 97301).

? Redwood Empire marathon, Arcata, Calif. (Jim Hunt, Track Coach, Calif. State Univ./Humboldt, Arcata, Cal. 95521).

CANADA

13 Yorkton marathon, Yorkton, Saskatchewan (Les Heranf, 332 Myrtle, Yorkton, Saskatchewan, CANADA).

26 St. Hippolyte 20-kilometer, St. Hippolyte, Quebec (7 p.m.; Enice Beauchamp, 28, 383 Avenue, C.P. 67, R.R. No. 1, St. Hippolyte, Quebec.).

INTERNATIONAL

20 International marathon, Szeged, Hungary.

WALKS

4 Nat. AAU Class B 25-kilometer Walk, Lake Geneva, Wisc.

5 Nat. AAU Jr. 3-kilometer walk, Pittsburgh, Pa.

5 Nat. AAU Jr. 25-kilometer Walk, Green Lake, Wash. (Dean Ingram, 3729 N.E. 165th, Seattle, Wash. 98156).

6 Nat. AAU 10-kilometer Walk, Bridgeport, Conn.

20 Nat. AAU Jr. 20-kilometer Walk, Lakewood, N.J.

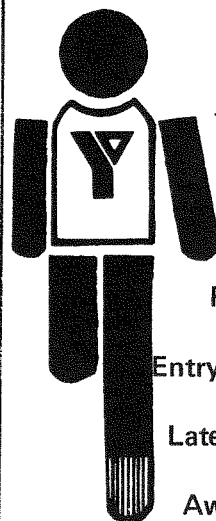
27 Nat. AAU Masters 40-kilometer Walk, Lakewood, N.J.

27 Nat. AAU Class B 40-kilometer Walk, Lakewood, N.J.

27 GAAU 10-kilometer Race Walk Champ, Houston, Tx. (Memorial Park Picnic Loop; 10 a.m.; John Evans, 4011 Old Galveston Rd. No. 133, Houston, Tex. 77017).

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Races: 6 1/2 miles, 13 miles,
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READERS' COMMENTS

HEART CASES

As secretary of the Toronto Rehabilitation Centre Joggers (a group of post-coronary long distance runners who have "graduated" from the exercise rehabilitation program), I would like to point out an error in your March editorial ("Pursuit of Health and Happiness").

Herman Roberts ran the Honolulu marathon in 3:15, not 3:21. More important, however, is the fact that Herman has been running for *four years*, and not eight months as you reported. He had a proven heart attack at the age of 29 and is now 34.

The reason I draw this to your attention is the fact that this Centre has an extensive cardiac rehabilitation program, and the medical director, Dr. Terry Kavanagh, feels that such individuals need a much longer preparation time than eight months before they can enter a marathon run. He had pioneered this type of rehabilitation training, and is particularly anxious that a false impression not be given. Other heart attack victims who read your magazine might be tempted to try a marathon run without adequate preparation and without medical supervision.

All of our cardiac marathoners are trained by Dr. Kavanagh, who runs with them. They are medically checked constantly, tested to maximum on the treadmill and generally given a very high level of care.

I should also point out that these men are a rather elite group from our 500-plus patients. They have found that as a result of the cardiac exercise program, they have become "hooked" on long distance running. They also carry out this feat in order to demonstrate that their attack has not rendered them "cardiac cripples." I might say that their runs (50 marathons in all to date) have had a great morale-boosting effect on patients, physicians and employers alike.

Jo Kennedy, R.N.
T.R.C.
Toronto, Ontario

WEIGHT PROBLEMS

I have before me a copy of *RW* dated December 1974. From an article called "Planning High-Calorie Workouts," I quote: "A runner's weight has the biggest influence on his energy consumption, and pace has little to do with it." I now

refer to the tables on page 25 which indicate a man who weighs 210 pounds (as I do) burns 139 calories per mile at a 6:40 pace, and a 150-pound man burns 103 calories per mile at a 5:20 pace.

So I contend I'm working a hell of a lot harder running 6:40 than the 150-pounder who is running 1:20 faster per mile. But what kind of recognition does the 210-pounder get in a 10-mile road race? No award and he worked harder for what he achieved.

I run hard when I train and believe in pushing myself. I would love to win a trophy in a road race. But I have about as much chance against the 150-pounders as Hitler did in receiving the "Zionist of the Year" award.

So why can't race sponsors have an over-200 or heavyweight division? First man in that category gets an award along with the million other categories they've come up with. It would sure encourage a lot of heavier guys to enter races. If I'm going to thrash my body for an hour or two, I'd like to have more to show for it than a popsicle stick with "109" on it and a mushy paper number I wore.

*Ross Macdonald
Newport Beach, Calif.*

BOSTON NUMBERS

I've read of the proposal to bring 20,000 runners to the Boston AA mara-

thon ("Timing the Multitudes," March 1975). Please don't help kill the race. What runners don't know is many towns, police and merchants are upset about the large field, and we must get approval to run through *seven* towns.

*Bob Campbell
West Roxbury, Mass.*

RUNNING IN EUROPE

I have run in Dublin, Ireland; Edinburgh, Scotland; Lausanne and Interlaken, Switzerland, and Barcelona, Spain. And in most of these cities I was met by incredulous stares and sometimes yelled comments of bystanders. I think I almost caused a traffic accident in Dublin when all four occupants of a Volkswagen swung their heads around simultaneously to look at me. In Barcelona, a group of young people waiting for a bus let out a big cheer as I went by.

This is in contrast to running I have done in the States—in Chicago, Phoenix, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Miami, Boston, etc.—where the above sort of thing virtually never happens.

In the European cities, I have only seen one other runner. While Europe still produces some of the finest competitive runners in the world, it seems that recreational running has not caught on as it has in America.

*Alan Jones
Endwell, N.Y.*

THE LIVER QUESTION

Several scientific friends have sent me copies of the article "Endurance in Capsule Form" (March 1975). Several statements in that article are highly inaccurate. I have never stated that "this pigment, tested repeatedly, proved to perform all the mysterious functions of liver that had been previously tested on vitamins but not found attributable to them."

Furthermore, I have never stated that P-450 speeds up oxidation in the energy production process or improves the ability of the body to detoxify the fatigue toxins. Indeed, I have never even carried out any such experiments.

*M.J. Coon
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.*

In this article, Terry Howell was most enthusiastic on the merits of desiccated liver. He has every right to be. For years, the athletes coached by me here at Villanova University have benefitted from taking desiccated liver as a good supplement. These athletes have either won the National Collegiate Power Lifting Championship or placed second every year since

1970, and this past year set the highest winning point total ever.

However, Terry Howell's conclusions about the results of the experiments by Dr. Ershoff on the swimming abilities of rats were wrong. Dr. Ershoff found no significant difference in the swimming performance of rats on the various dietary regimes at a water temperature of 36 degrees Centigrade. Only when tests were conducted in water at 20 degrees did the difference quoted by Mr. Howell appear.

I strongly advocate the use of desiccated liver for all athletes. However, we must be careful to understand exactly the results and observations and conclusions of any experiment.

*Hugh O'Callaghan
Villanova, Pa.*

I've been eating that desiccated liver. I don't know if it has helped my running, but I'm sure farting like mad.

*Bob Fine
New York, N.Y. •*

We want your comments. Specifically, your comments on shoes. We're preparing a special supplement on shoes for the October issue and want your feedback. Please fill out the questionnaire on page seven and return it to RW, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.

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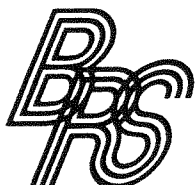
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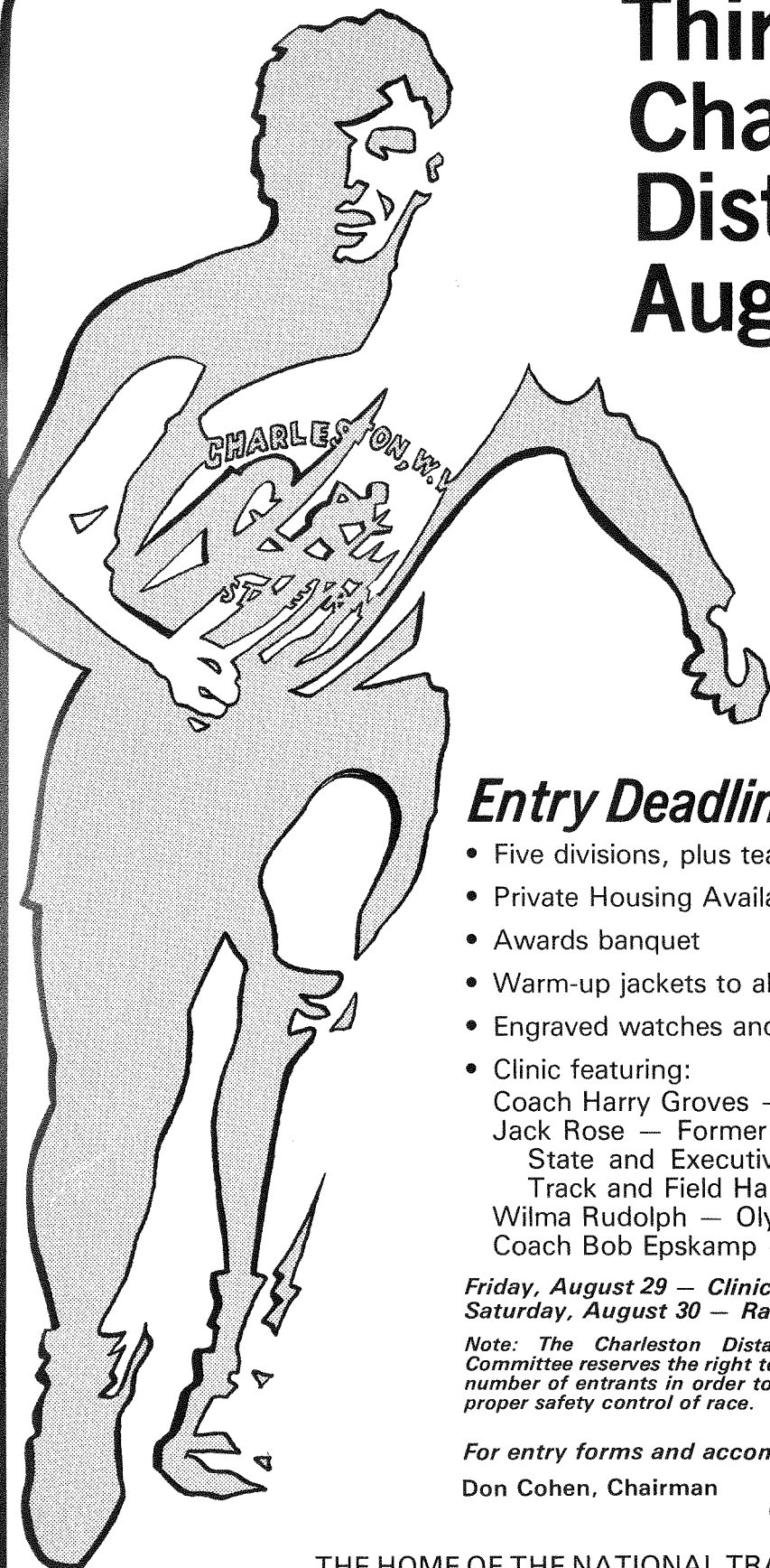
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Saturday, August 30 — Race begins 9 A.M., Awards Banquet 2 P.M.

*Note: The Charleston Distance Run
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