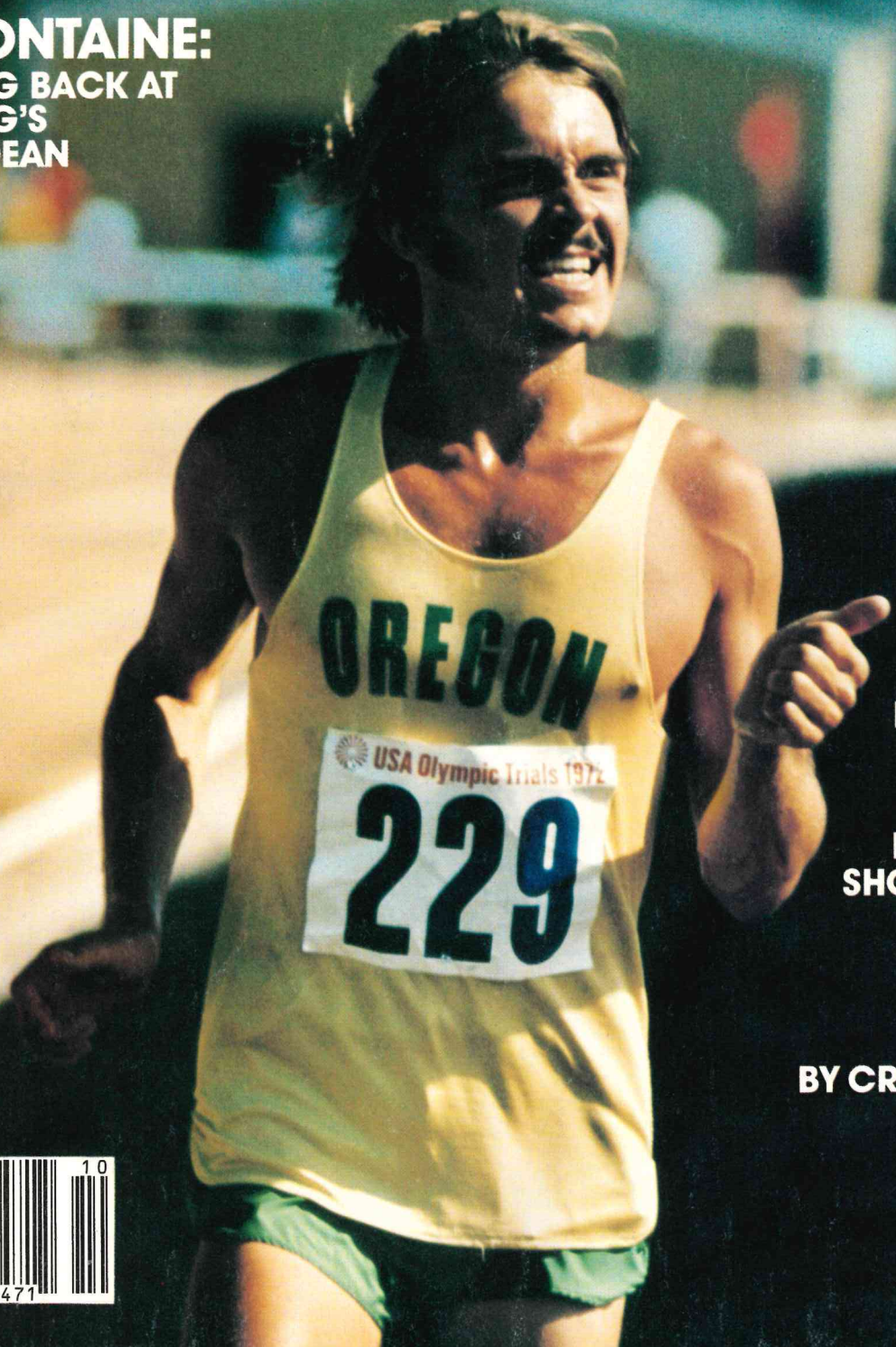


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OCTOBER 1979

**STEVE  
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LOOKING BACK AT  
RUNNING'S  
JAMES DEAN**



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FILM FROM  
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TO DUSTIN  
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SHORTER TO DUEL  
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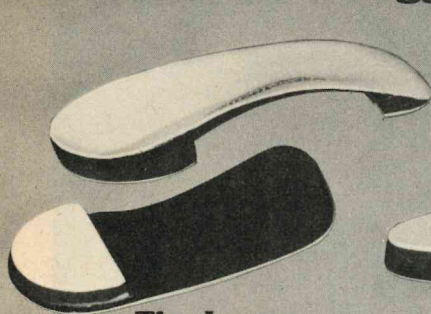
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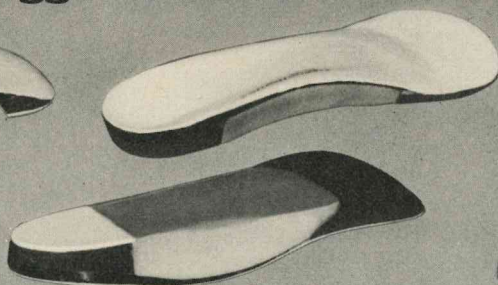


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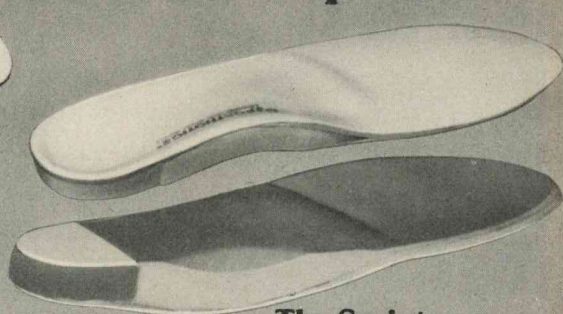
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# THE RUNNER

VOLUME 2,  
NUMBER 1:  
OCTOBER  
1979



- 24 **MOVIES ON THE RUN**  
The chase has enjoyed a very long run on film. BY RICHARD CORLISS
- 32 **PEACHTREE: SOUTHERN EXPOSURE FOR 24,000 RUNNERS**  
Twice the size as in '78, Atlanta's Big Show became America's biggest race. BY CARROLL DALE SHORT
- 38 **PRE: A RACE TO THE FINISH**  
Looking back at the magnetic Steve Prefontaine, who died tragically in 1975. BY JESSE KORNBLOTH
- 50 **OVER THE VOLCANO**  
A running adventure high in the mountains of Mexico. BY CHRIS REVELEY
- 58 **THE GLORY OF THE GOLDEN MILE**  
Sebastian Coe's 3:49 mile was quite a race, and our writer watched it all a few strides up the track. BY CRAIG MASBACK
- 60 **HITTING THE GENDER WALL**  
A noted physiologist tells why men run faster than women, and always will. BY DAVID L. COSTILL, Ph.D.
- 66 **PREVIEWING THE 10th NEW YORK CITY MARATHON**  
Rodgers and Shorter will duel, as a field of 14,000 runners bridges New York's five boroughs. BY MARC BLOOM
- 72 **WALK DON'T RUN: THE NEW PEDESTRIANS**  
Walking is now taking off, and as four writers report, it has a rich history.

## IMPROVE YOUR RUNNING

- 12 Dehydration, muscles, shoes  
**ASK THE EXPERTS**
- 14 Count your calories  
**SPORTSMEDICINE:  
DR. GABE MIRKIN**
- 16 Cross-country's benefits  
**TRAINING: BRIAN MAXWELL**
- 83 Healing the heels  
**FOOTWORK:  
DR. RICHARD SCHUSTER**

- 4 Publisher's letter  
**THE INSIDE TRACK**
- 6 Olympics, children, charity  
**THE COURIER**
- 8 Moscow, Oslo, Alabama  
**WARMUPS**
- 23 Track's endless summer  
**PROSE & CONS: NEIL AMDUR**
- 81 Akii-Bua: great escape  
**PEOPLE: MIKE SPEAR**
- 84 Walking books hit stride  
**REVIEWS: JACQUELYN BROWN**

- 85 U.S. road racing records  
**FOOTNOTES**
- 86 October events  
**CALENDAR**
- 90 Shorter surges  
**RACE HIGHLIGHTS: PAUL THALER**
- 92 Falmouth et al.  
**TIME CAPSULES**
- 96 Beauty knows no pain  
**OFF THE TRACK: ROSLYN SIEGEL**

Cover: The late Steve Prefontaine at the 1972 U.S. Olympic Trials. Photograph by Neil Leifer/Sports Illustrated.

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## PUBLISHER'S LETTER

# The inside track

This issue marks the beginning of our second year of publication, and we couldn't be more excited about both our early growth and our prospects for the immediate future. All the important indicators suggest we are running, if you will, in the right direction. Last fall, we started out with a circulation of 50,000—now it's 120,000. Advertising is on the upswing. But most encouraging are the comments we get from you, our readers. It is gratifying to learn that you are very pleased with the job that *The Runner* is doing in covering this, America's fastest growing participant sport.

A year ago we promised that *The Runner* would seek to cover the running community in America in the fullest sense, "with features about health (of body and mind), evocative profiles, colorful reportage of recent events, columns of opinion and whimsy, training advice . . . with a look and style that we take particular pride in." Your reactions tell us this formula, which undergoes constant refinement, is working, and we're delighted you think so.

We're especially proud of the profiles of leading figures in running that appear in every issue. Profiles like this issue's cover story on the late Steve Prefontaine (page 38). A collection of profiles—of Ted Corbitt, Roger Bannister, Bill Rodgers, Frank Shorter, Grete Waitz and 15 others—will be published in November in a paperback book by Jove. It is called *The Runners*.

If you're in Manhattan or thereabouts at the time of the New York City Marathon and can drop in at our first anniversary reception, you'll meet some of these people. Please stop by and help us celebrate (see the invitation on page 68 for details).

Your comments also show that the area of preventive medicine, injuries and body mechanics is very important to you, so we have begun to strengthen our treatment of medical topics, first by naming Dr. Gabe Mirkin as our medical editor. Dr. Mirkin—whose lengthy credits include teaching, coaching, competitive running, private practice, a CBS radio show, numerous articles for scientific journals and lay publications, and (with Marshall Hoffman) *The Sportsmedicine Book*—has written for *The Runner* on such sub-



**Gabe Mirkin, *The Runner's* medical editor, taping his CBS radio show.**

jects as the heart, smoking, stomach disorders, blisters and shin splints. He also contributes to "Ask The Experts."

Another prominent doctor has joined our staff as a regular contributor. He is Richard Schuster, the noted podiatrist, whose pioneering treatment of runners was examined in an article ("The Good Foot Doctor") in our September issue. Dr. Schuster's column, "Footwork," appears on page 83.

A third medical expert we will be working with from time to time is Dr. David Costill, one of the foremost exercise physiologists in America. Almost every top distance runner in the country has been examined in his Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University; Dr. Costill is author of the book, *The Scientific Approach to Distance Running*. Dr. Costill's first article for us ("Hitting The Gender Wall") begins on page 60. I think you'll enjoy it.

George A. Hirsch  
Publisher



# THE RUNNER

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# The courier

## Jole de Vivre

While I generally enjoy Dr. Gabe Mirkin's articles on sportsmedicine, I feel that two recent columns (June, 1979, and July, 1979), warning runners against cigarettes and sunshine miss the point. As a runner and a smoker, I am not concerned that non-smoking might let me finish a race several minutes faster or that sunshine might make my skin thin. I smoke for the same reason I run: to relish the good things of life. I know that if I lived more carefully I'd increase my chances of living to be 75, but why? So I could rock in a chair and stare at my knuckles?

Daniel McDonald  
Mobile, Alabama

## Other Olympic Contenders

I am incredulous. In Bob Hersh's "Race for the U.S. Olympic Team" (August, 1979), he fails to mention Mary Decker as a contender or a team pick in the 1,500 meters. Surely the American record-holder in the mile (4:23.5, the second-fastest time in history) deserves some sort of recognition.

David Bluhm  
Millbrook, New York

**Editor's note:** *Hersh wrote his article in May, before Decker's recent string of successes.*

Perhaps it was an oversight, but in your article picking members of the 1980 Olympic team (August, 1979), you forgot the fact that Paul Geis was an Olympian in the 5,000 meters in 1976, and, in fact, the only American to make it to the Finals that year.

Mrs. Duane Geis (his mother)  
Houston, Texas

## Racewalkers Count Too

Reading Valerie Andrews's article, "Women Marathoners Locked Out" (August, 1979), I could not help but think of women's racewalking, which should also be an Olympic event for women. There are over 25 countries with women racewalkers, and for the past 10 years there has been top-level competition at the international level. This year, the prestigious Lugano

Championship has taken a step in the right direction by having an official race for women. The U.S. will be represented by four women in the 5-kilometer championship on this coed team. Unfortunately, since the sport is not an Olympic event for women, they will have to devote precious training time to fundraising. Women should be given a chance to compete not only as long-distance runners but also as long-distance walkers. We ask for your support.

Paula Kash  
Los Angeles, California

## Montreal Mistake

Come on you guys—the picture of Shorter on page 40 of the August issue is Montreal, not Munich.

Mark Hansen  
Millburn, New Jersey

**Editor's note:** *Yes, yes, yes—you and many other readers caught us napping. The next time Frank Shorter wins an Olympic gold medal, we'll get it right. Promise.*

## The Spirit of the Sport

When the last word on all the physical and metaphysical aspects of running has gone to press, it will still be the people who run that make running interesting. Kevin Nelson's piece on runner-paraskier Rick Sylvester (June, 1979) and Eva Hoffman's profile on runner-dancer Jacques d'Amboise (June, 1979) were both terrific.

Marc Askew  
Sacramento, California

## Sweet Charity

I read Colman McCarthy's article (July, 1979) on the charity aspects of race sponsorship with interest. As national coordinator of the Schlitz Light National Running Series, our organization's approach to race sponsorship is uncomplicated—the sponsor should not pocket a penny from race support. The theme of corporate sponsorship is predicated upon underwriting an event's cost, not using that event for financial gain. In 1978, participating running clubs in the Schlitz Light program can take pride in our financial

recap—over \$65,000—raised for running clubs, and over \$15,000 donated to the U.S. Olympic Committee. The only profit Schlitz Light earned can be measured in terms of the number of satisfied runners.

Jim Millman  
New York, New York

I would like to answer Colman McCarthy's allegation in the July issue that the National Symphony used a 10-kilometer race to augment its income. Symphony orchestras run annual deficits because of operating expenses—tickets, as high-priced as they are, don't even pay 50% of our expenses. We do not practice economic elitism; we try to keep our ticket prices as low as possible. We know they are quite high, and that is why we augment our subscription series with low-cost young people's concerts, park concerts and less costly non-subscription concerts.

I enjoy reading your magazine. I'm a runner and a member of the Central Park Track Club. I manage a chamber orchestra in New York City. But I don't appreciate inaccurate statements about my field of expertise.

Lawrence Malin  
New York, New York

## Children Marathoners

I take issue with Connie Bruck's article, "Caution: Children at Play" (July, 1979). My son Billy was not pulled off the road because he was exhausted—no doctor ever examined him. His own words say it best: "I feel that running is good for you, it hurts at first, but after I get going I feel like I'm helping others who can't." In a 30-Kilometer Run/Walk for the March of Dimes, my boy alone raised \$200, finishing in the top 200 in a crowd of over 6,000. If Connie Bruck had seen Billy run, she would have told him that he really is "king of the road."

Richard Hackney  
Dallas, Texas

**FINISH**

*Letters are edited for space and clarity. Address them to The Runner, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016*





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# WarmUps

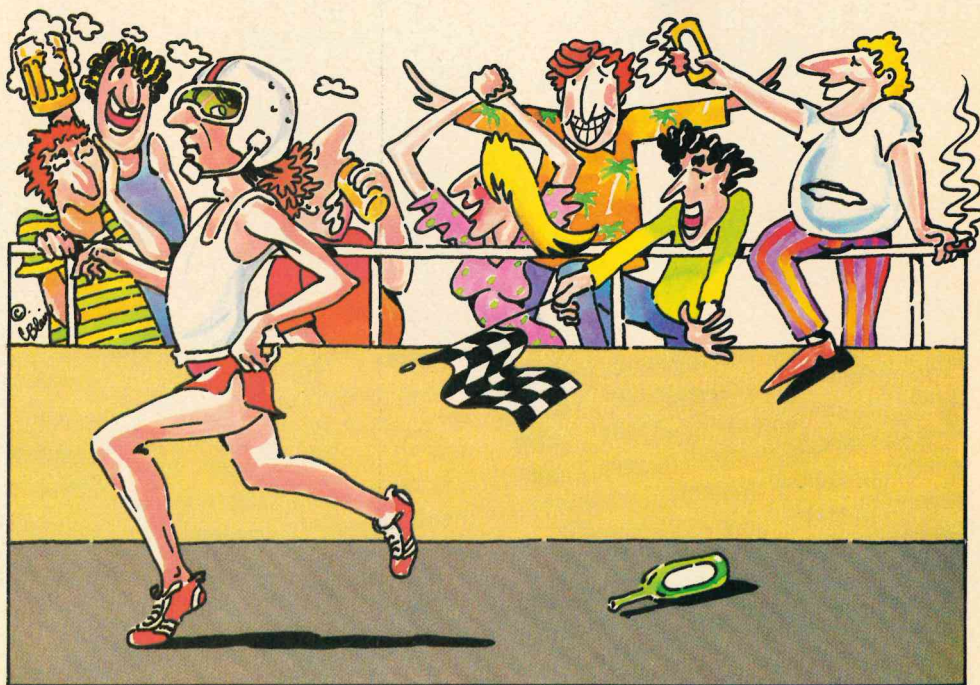
## Talladega: Both Speeds Now

It's 9:30 A.M. One by one the stock cars that circle Talladega International Motor Speedway at speeds of 200 mph shut down their engines and coast into the pits.

"Gentlemen," the loud-speaker echoes as the last car leaves, "you may start the race." And then the bleary-eyed spectators in the grandstand are treated to an unlikely spectacle: A mob of runners lines up and waits for the starting gun to send them on two laps of the 2.6-mile high-banked asphalt track. Coming in the middle of the thundering petroleum orgy that is a race weekend, the silent runners are as surreal as a crowd of gazelles. The speedway is famous for its annual Talladega 500 and Winston 500, but this one's something else—the third annual Talladega Five.

The race is sponsored by the Birmingham Track Club. Credited with the idea is member Herc Levine (a childhood vestige—the name's short for Hercules, which he wasn't) who thought it would not only be fun, but a plug for health and fitness in the midst of some unhealthy proceedings.

The race has met with its share of problems which have kept the response "good, but not great"—the heat, for one, which the asphalt bowl magnifies unmercifully. For another, the majority of race-going thousands favor a lifestyle not too congruent with running; they consume amazing quantities of beer and smoke cigarettes incessantly and circumnavigate the speedway's campground in every motorized mode imaginable: hot rods, campers, vans, dirt bikes, street bikes, helicop-



ters, and even an experimental bi-plane.

One year a cigarette company provided free T-shirts for the Talladega Five and ignited a revolt among entrants when the runners discovered the shirts were emblazoned with huge cigarette packs.

But the race goes on, planting the idea of running's joys in many a wheel-fixed mind. And there are converts. A popular Birmingham sportswriter covering the stock car race last year decided to shed his sizeable poundage and take up running, and this year he competed in the Talladega Five.

Its founder, Herc Levine, sums it up: "It's fun. The drivers think we're crazy, and we think the drivers are crazy. It all evens out." —Carroll Dale Short

## Abramson dead at 75

A belated adieu to Jesse Abramson, dean of Ameri-

can track writers, who died June 11 of cancer at the age of 75. Jesse covered every Olympics since 1928 and for 52 years wrote sports, especially track, for the old *New York Herald Tribune*.

In recent years Jesse served as director of the Olympic Invitational indoor meet.

"When the paper folded, Jesse was not hired elsewhere," Paul Zimmerman wrote. "He was 63. He wasn't a poet at the typewriter. He was a meat-and-potatoes reporter who told you what was going on—better than anyone else—and left the moonlight and violins to the other guys. But when you read something under his byline, you knew you didn't have to check it any further."

Another colleague of his, Bob Hersh, appraised his contribution to track this way: "For those of us who, by our track-and-field activities, must be his spiritual inheritors, Jesse's death

brings not only deep personal sadness at the loss of a friend, advisor and colleague, but also awe and humility. For we know that his stature, his achievements and his contributions were beyond emulation. As well as we may try to follow his path, we can never fill his footsteps."

## Month of many marathons

October is marathon month (see this month's calendar on page 86). There is New York, of course, and America's, Heart of San Diego, International Rice Festival, Waynesboro, Copper Valley, Skylon, Santa Barbara, Richmond Newspapers, Golden Gate, Macy's *et al*; of the estimated 300 marathons that will be run in the U.S. in 1979, as many as 45 will go off in October. Skylon, on October 20, will draw special attention this year, for the Buffalo, New York



course will be the site of the 1980 U.S. Olympic Marathon Trials.

For the less ambitious, October 13 will be National Jogging Day, and with it will come "a nationwide festival of fitness and fun . . . fun runs, clinics, seminars, bicycle races and rides, walkathons, picnics and more," according to the sponsoring National Jogging Association. "The purpose," says the NJA, "is to encourage as many Americans as possible to incorporate some form of fitness into their everyday lives." For information about activities in your area, contact the NJA, 919 18th Street, NW, Suite #830, Washington, D.C. 20006, or call (202) 785-8050.

## A furious finish in Moscow

When is the last time you saw five runners shoulder-to-shoulder with less than a quarter mile to go in a major marathon? Probably on July 31, if you are an ardent enough fan to have stayed up to the wee hours of that morning watching the late-night taped telecast of the Spartakiade from Moscow. In one of the most dramatic finishes in marathon history, Leonid Moseyev of the Soviet Union outkicked Shigero Sou of Japan and three other Russians after the quintet had entered Lenin Stadium after 26 miles of running on the course to be used for the 1980 Olympic Marathon.

Moseyev, the 1978 European marathon champion (in 2:11:58), was timed in 2:13:20. Sou, who ran last year's fastest marathon (2:09:06), was a half-stride back, also in 2:13:20. The next three men, all Soviets, ran 2:13:20, 2:13:21 and

2:13:27, respectively. There were foreshadowings of this bunched finish as TV used its "teaser" system and broadcasted glimpses of the marathon's progress every 20 minutes or so for two hours.

America was without an entry in the marathon until Kenny Moore, on assignment for *Sports Illustrated*, agreed to run. "When I got there," Moore said, "I found out that Bob Newland, my high-school coach who is head manager for the U.S. team, had entered me." Moore explained that this was not a total surprise to him, since he and Newland had discussed the possibility of Moore's entry, a month earlier. Moore, whose last 26.2-mile race was the Honolulu Marathon in December, where he was fifth in 2:19:08,

the finish, clocking a "high 2:36" and placing 73rd out of 86 starters. Moore was fourth in the 1972 Olympic marathon.

"Later, when I found out about the close finish," Moore said, "I felt sick that I could have been part of it. I usually have a pretty good finish in a marathon." Moore's disappointing showing caused him to reassess his conditioning, to do more long training runs and skip the Nike-Oregon Track Club Marathon in September, in favor of competing in the New York City Marathon in October.

There was a different kind of drama in the qualifying rounds of the 3,000-meter steeplechase. How long, spectators wondered, would two African entrants from

U Sejidi fell over the first hurdle and cleared the next two by using his hands to hoist himself over them. With the crowd cheering as he approached the water jump for the first time, Sejidi slowed and then stopped. He stared at the jump for a few seconds, shook his head incredulously, and walked away.

## Sweat is sweet

According to Fred Lebow, president of the NY Road Runners Club, "It's the way of the future."

Countered one radio editorial, "It's a lousy idea!"

Whatever its merits, the NYRRC-sponsored Run-To-Work Movement is, well, off and running, although to a somewhat uncertain future. "We heard President Carter recommend \$88 billion be spent on alternate types of energy," Lebow says, "but he failed to mention the most abundant source of energy—human energy."

Previously, we told you of Lebow's month-long experiment, which he declared a success: 6 breakfasts, 13 luncheons, 8 dinners, 2 concerts, 2 parties, 18 business meetings and 27 trips from home to office—238 miles of 8-minute per mile transit, in which he claims to have saved \$200 in transportation costs and 60 hours in waiting time. "To cross the entire island of Manhattan takes 10 minutes running," Lebow says. "Try it by taxi!"

Needless to say, Lebow's movement has not been met with universal acceptance. Running down the block for a newspaper is one thing, but, shuddered one editorial, the thought of hundreds of joggers running through downtown, traffic-clogged, air-polluted Man-



LEONID MOSEYEV WINS THE DRAMATIC SPARTAKIADE MARATHON.

ran, he said, "with a great sense of hopefulness."

He stayed with the leaders to the midway turnaround where the split time was an unspectacular 1:07:20, but soon afterward he began falling off the pace, finally slowing to the point of "seriously considering" dropping out—something Moore has never done in a marathon. But he held on to

Guinea-Bissau, formerly Portuguese Guinea, last in the event after it became apparent that the two men had little if any experience with the 3' steeplechase barriers?

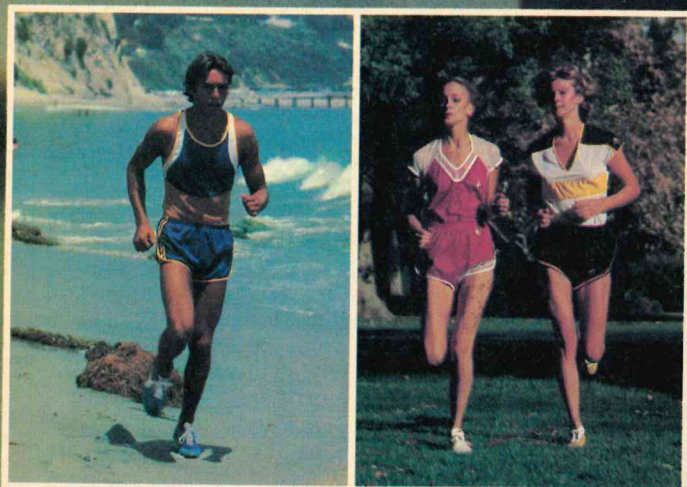
In one trial heat, Bernardo Vilela jumped the barriers with both feet together and finally withdrew after toppling backward over the water jump toward the end of the race. In another heat,



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Athens Singlet (2208) with  
Melbourne Shorts (1105) shown

Paris Running Suit (2220, 1120) left and  
Montreal Running Suit (2225, 1125) right

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  - Red/Blue Mesh, Gold inserts
- (Color coordinates with shorts. Match body color with shorts.)

### Short 1105

- Royal/Gold
- Red/Gold
- Black/Gold
- Orange/Blue
- Green/Gold
- White/Blue
- Gold/Blue
- Navy/White

### Jacket 3301, Pants 4401

- Navy Blue/White trim
- Red/White trim
- Yellow/Royal Blue trim
- Orange/Royal Blue trim
- Royal Blue/Gold trim
- Green/Gold trim

### Top 2220, Short 1120

- Red/White trim
- Navy/White trim
- Royal/Gold trim

### Top 2225, Short 1125

- Top-White body, Black/Gold trim
- Short-Black/Gold trim
- Top-Royal body, White/Gold trim
- Short-Royal/Gold trim
- Top-Navy body, Red/White trim
- Short-Navy/White trim
- Top-Red body, White/Royal trim
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## RERUNS

### Fastest Human

Careful readers may have noticed an interesting typo in our September issue. It appeared on page 76 in Dr. Richard Schuster's sample analysis of an injured runner, and it read: "Patient runs about 50 mph." It should have read: Patient runs about 50 *mpw*. Now it can be told that this extraordinarily fast runner under examination was our editor, Marc Bloom, who has since recovered from his mild bout with Achilles' tendinitis, thanks to Dr. Schuster's treatment. Of the error, Bloom says, "My average pace is about 8 miles per hour, and some day, with a lot of luck, I hope to get up to 9." For the record, the fastest man (or woman) has been clocked, according to Guinness, at 26.9 mph for Bob Hayes at

the 75-yard mark of a 100-yard race in 1964.

### Grete

Grete Waitz of Norway, seen on our September cover breaking the world 10,000-meter road record in June, held her form quite well in the ensuing weeks. At the Bislett Games on July 17 in her hometown of Oslo—at the same track meet in which Sebastian Coe set the mile record—Waitz won the 3,000 in 8:31.8, to improve her PR by 3/10 second and inch closer to the world record of 8:27.1 held by Lyudmila Bragina of the Soviet Union. Waitz, who had run the four fastest 3,000s in the world this year, according to *Track & Field News*, was favored to win the World Cup 3,000 in Montreal and possibly erase Bragina's mark.

hattan, is another. Then there is the problem of department at offices that don't offer shower facilities. (Sweat is sweet—"a quick towel-off is adequate," Lebow counters.)

Lebow says that most people are within running distance from work and envisions the day commuters will finally foresake the train for the training shoe. Asked how persons from outlying communities will find running access to the city, Lebow is reassuring. "There are many roadways leading to the city and most bridges can be crossed on foot—but don't run through the tunnels!"

—Paul Thaler

## Norway: 2,000 or bust

Despite the stunning success of Grete Waitz, Nor-

way has been slow to join the running boom. An ambitious pro-running ad campaign launched this summer by an Oslo newspaper, the *Dagbladet*, promises to change all that. On commuter buses, at newsstands, in movie theaters and on large billboards, Norwegians are being hit with the same simple message: *Ga hjem og jogg!* (go home and jog). Meanwhile everyday the *Dagbladet* devotes a page of its sports section to assorted running articles: fitness tests, beginning running schedules, medical advice, places to run, shoes, diets, marathon advice, etc.

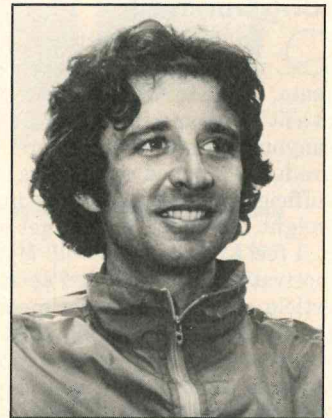
Einar Christensen, who is the director of this educational media blitz, admits that the bikini season which arrives with the midnight sun is a major motivational factor for would-be Scandi-

navian runners. He also believes that many Norwegians who take up running as a simple conditioning activity between cross-country ski seasons will eventually adopt it as a sport enjoyable for itself.

The Grand Finale for the 1979 Norwegian running campaign will take place this September 8 in Bislett Stadium, site of numerous world records. Christensen and the *Dagbladet* hope to somehow accommodate 2,000 or more runners simultaneously racing around the 400-meter track for 10,000 meters. If this spectacle comes off as planned, Norway will leap into the pages of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, where the old record for such a track "race" stands at a mere 650. Of such inspirations are running revolutions made. —Paul Bragstad

## Shorter: "for America's future"

It was perfect timing. Here was Frank Shorter in the midst of a surging comeback, and there was *Time* magazine, in its August 6 issue, naming Shorter one of



FRANK SHORTER, ONE OF TIME'S "50 FACES FOR AMERICA'S FUTURE."

its "50 Faces For America's Future." Shorter, 31, was one of youngest leaders named to the honor roll, and he was one of two athletes chosen (yachting's Ted Turner was the other). "All those on the list," *Time* said, "share one characteristic, the sense of boldness that remains the prime prerequisite for leadership in any era."

"I'm really flattered," Shorter said. "It's nice to be recognized for all the things you've tried to do. I've come a long way since the IAAF looked into the matter of my possibly violating amateur rules." **FINISH**

## Expert's Corner

Here is this month's running quiz. The answers are on page 88. Readers are invited to submit questions (with their answers) for possible use. *The Runner* will send \$10 to any expert for each question used.

1. Doris Brown won National AAU women's cross-country titles from 1967 through 1971. In '72, she placed second. Who stopped her streak?
2. What is the only city to have hosted the Summer Olympics twice?
3. What country other than the U.S. and Canada has had the most Boston Marathon winners?
4. Who were the only college roommates to have won the Boston Marathon?
5. Africans swept the gold medals in the five men's distance events in the 1968 Olympics. Name the runners and their events.



# Ask the experts

Running advice on training, racing, fitness and health

## Long buildups

**Q.** To **Bill Rodgers:** Although I wasn't on my high-school track team, I used to run 6-8 miles a day then, at a little over a 6-minute pace through a canyon near school. After graduation I gradually stopped running, as I was not sufficiently motivated, and gained some weight. But now I want to get back into it. I feel I can do very well. My current motivation comes from *The Runner's* article on Frank Shorter's comeback, the fact that my running ability never was tested and my desire to make the Olympic team. Laugh you might. But with rigorous training, I believe I might have an outside shot for LA in '84. How should I begin this long path? (Today, just starting again, I ran 2 miles in a heavy-footed 14:45.) (Alex Downs, Woodland Hills, California)

**A.** **Rodgers:** There are several steps. Read the literature to find out about the commonly accepted theories of conditioning. Talk to experienced runners who can offer you advice. Runners are very helpful people. Join a running club for further assistance and support—the AAU and RRCA can help you locate one. Check with people in the running stores as well. After you've acquired a vast working knowledge of what would be required to develop into a top marathon runner, you might consider these specific suggestions: Run an average of 40 miles a week for the remainder of 1979. In 1980, run 50-70 miles weekly. Once you've gotten a sufficient endurance base, start racing, but not too frequently. The runners today who race almost every week are doing themselves harm. In 1981, try and build to a program of 70-90 miles weekly, increasing your racing schedule just a bit. In 1982, two years before the Olympics you have dreams of making, begin to run about 90-110 miles a week, and once in awhile when you feel fit, throw in a 140- or 150-mile week.

Of course, there are many runners who currently maintain such a schedule but, for various reasons, are far from world-class runners. Such a challenging long-range program is merely the possible framework for top-notch marathon running and should not be considered any sort of a guarantee for success. In fact, in the early stages of this suggested buildup, you might find that it is simply too much for your body to ab-

sorb; in that case, you would have to change your goals. Good luck.

## Muscle strengths

**Q.** To **Frank Shorter:** I have read of your use of the orthotron during your rehabilitation. I, too, use an orthotron and am curious to learn about your workouts with the apparatus and what your desired quadriceps-to-hamstrings strength ratio is. (Keith Peters, Martin, Tennessee)

**A.** **Shorter:** An orthotron is an apparatus in which your legs, while strapped into a metal arm, raise and lower a weight in order to strengthen the hamstring and quadriceps muscles. When I used it, I did sets of 15 reps, with the tension dial set at 6, 8 and 10 (0 is lowest; 10, highest). The idea is to establish a quad-to-hamstring ratio of not more than 10-15%, which means that one muscle group will not be more than 15% stronger than the other, and chances of injury-free running will be enhanced. There is a read-out dial that indicates the foot-pounds of pressure upon each leg; and if the setting is kept the same for both legs, it allows a weaker leg to "catch up" to the other. I found the orthotron very advantageous for me, as I could monitor the progress I made. It was also good to know that the machine would give you back whatever you put into it.

## Fluid replacement

**Q.** To **Dr. Gabe Mirkin:** In "Heat, The Runner's Worst Enemy" (June, 1979), James Conniff quotes exercise physiologist William McArdle as saying that dehydration is best prevented by taking cold fluids without sugar since "even a small amount of carbohydrates blocks fluid movement from the stomach into the intestinal tract." But even if water passes into the intestine more quickly, it doesn't necessarily mean that it will be absorbed into the bloodstream more quickly. As far back as 1960, it was demonstrated, first in animals, then in human beings, that water in the intestine is absorbed more rapidly if sodium (salt) is in the water. Research since 1972 has shown that sodium itself is better absorbed if there is at least 1-2% glucose in the solution. Hence, anything facilitating the absorption of sodium facilitates the absorption of water. This is one reason why infants

and children suffering from severe dehydration are never given just water but water with small amounts of salt and sugar. Why not for runners? (James Chapman, Denver, Colorado)

**A.** **Mirkin:** Since water is absorbed almost immediately when it reaches the intestinal track from the stomach, the crucial factor in absorption then becomes how quickly the water leaves the stomach. Since cold water leaves the stomach faster than warm, cold water then is absorbed faster.

Infants and children are never given intravenous water to treat dehydration because doing so could cause water intoxication with convulsions. The explanation for this is that the water will dilute the blood. The lowered concentration of minerals in the bloodstream will force the fluid to enter the brain cells and cause them to swell. This has no meaning in the runner because with vigorous exercise, the concentrations of potassium and sodium rise with increasing dehydration. There is a critical level of sugar that will impede absorption of water. That figure is 2.5%. Therefore, no competition drink should exceed 2.5% sugar; however, it makes very little difference to a competing athlete whether there is no sugar or a small amount.

Since fluids that contain sugar are sticky when poured on your body, the best fluid to drink is water.

## Proper footwear

**Q.** To **Hal Higdon:** I purchased a pair of a well-known brand of running shoes for walking around, and they felt fine after wearing them leisurely for four months. So when I started to run, I purchased a new pair of the same shoes for running. After awhile my thighs began to tighten up when running, and I'm wondering whether the shoes could be at fault. (Leslie Hall, Austin, Texas)

**A.** **Higdon:** More likely, the problem lies in your newfound hobby—running—which puts stress on different muscles than does leisurely walking. After you have been running for awhile, some of the muscle pains you experience as a beginner should decrease. A good way to avoid sore muscles is, simply, to take it easy: Relax, take a day off now and then, don't be afraid to walk in the middle of a run.



On the other hand, it is possible that your shoes, no matter how popular or "highly rated" the brand, may be wrong for you. Everyone's feet and foot plants are different, and shoes that work for one runner can create havoc for another. If the problem persists, return to the running store and shop around for shoes better suited to you.

### Varicose veins

**Q To Dr. Gabe Mirkin:** I am a 45-year-old woman. For a number of years I have had a mild problem with varicose veins. Because my job requires me to stand, I have worn support hose regularly (except when sleeping) for the last 10 years. I also have been running now for several years, averaging 10-15 miles a week. I hope to increase my mileage and begin training for my first 9.5-mile race. Should I wear support stockings while running? I have been, and they are comfortable and show no obvious detrimental effects. But since they are so directly related to the area of circulation, I feel I need some advice. (Lyn Tenney, Derby, Connecticut)

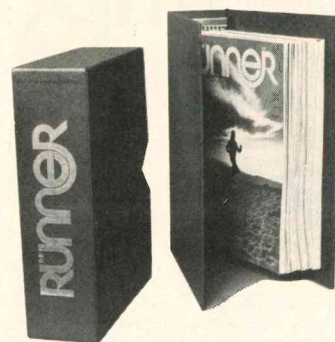
**A Mirkin:** Varicose veins are the result of pooling of blood in the veins in your lower extremities. They are due to either incompetent valves or obstruction. Your veins have valves that should permit the blood to flow in only one direction. If they're not effective, then blood backs up and fills up the veins. Clots in the veins and pressure in the abdomen such as a pregnancy or tumor can also cause varicose veins by obstructing the flow of blood back to the heart. Exercise is not usually recommended for varicose veins caused by obstruction, but it is the treatment of choice for incompetent valves. The overwhelming majority of varicose veins are due to poorly functioning valves.

The main force to bring blood back from your legs to your heart is that of the contraction of your leg muscles themselves. A very minor force is tissue pressure, which can be augmented by elastic support hose. Support hose is important if you're just standing around, but it is almost irrelevant while you're running. Furthermore, it impairs heat loss, which can hurt your performance. You should never wear support hose while racing except in the coldest weather.

**FINISH**

*Our experts for this monthly column are contributing editors Bill Rodgers, Frank Shorter, Nina Kuscsik, Marty Liquori, Hal Higdon and Dr. Gabe Mirkin. Send your questions for them to "Ask The Experts," The Runner, One Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016. You may direct your questions to specific experts if you wish; questions must be accompanied by your name and address.*

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# The impossible dream?

To consume 5,000 calories a day and stay slim

You may have heard that to lose a pound of fat, you will have to run for four hours or walk for 17. While this is physiologically true, it is misleading. Marathon runners, according to a recent study, frequently consume more than 5,000 calories a day—as opposed to the 1,500 calories required for normal activity. It would seem that they would have to run more than four hours a day in order not to gain weight. They don't, of course, so there has to be some other mechanism that saves them from fat.

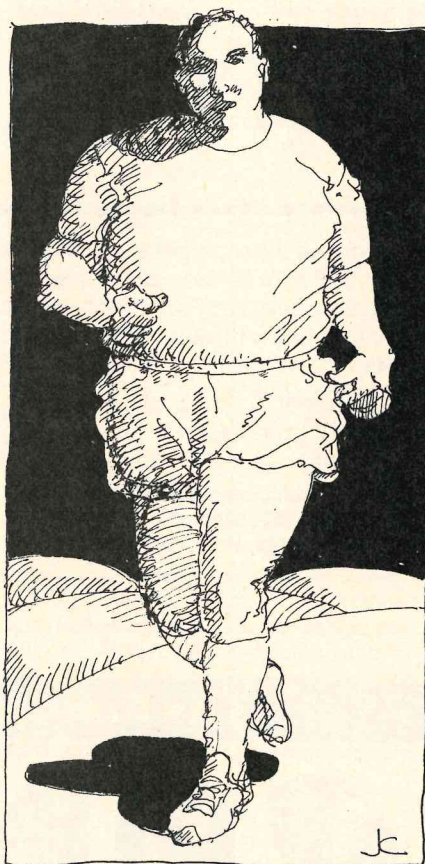
There are three mechanisms activated by regular exercise that control weight-gain. First of all, with regular running exercise, you will find that you eat less. When you exercise, fat is released into your bloodstream. As a result, more fat and less blood sugar is utilized. Since your blood-sugar level doesn't drop, and it's a low blood-sugar level that makes you feel hungry, you won't be as hungry.

Second, you burn extra calories after you stop exercise. For 4-6 hours after exercising, your pulse rate and temperature continue to be increased. During the course of a year, the extra calories that are burned from increased metabolism after exercising can amount to a weight loss of 5-10 pounds.

Third, you absorb less food. Regular exercise markedly increases intestinal motility, which means that food passes through your intestines at a much faster rate. As a result, your body absorbs a decreased percentage of the food you eat.

Next, then, the question is how can you tell if you're fat? You can tell by looking at yourself. Unfit people store fat under their skin where you can see it. They often have unsightly bulges around their waist, thighs, buttocks and hips. People who are fit store fat in their muscles where you can't see it. Training teaches their muscles to store and burn increased amounts of fat so that they will have greater endurance.

Many athletes who appear to be fat really are not. Vasili Alexeyev, holder of 83 world records in weight-lifting, has such large belly muscles that he looks fat, but he isn't. Although he weighs over 300 pounds, he has less than 12% body fat. The average American male who exercises has more than 15%, and the average woman who exercises, 25%.



Many 300-pound football players have far less fat than the average person. Dr. Ancel Keys, a world-famous nutritionist from the University of Minnesota, calls them overweight but under fat. In a survey of players in the National Football League, the highest percentage of body fat was 22% in a 240-pound tackle. His coach required him to reduce. One 200-pound halfback had less than 1% body fat, the same percentage as Olympic-champion gymnasts, Olga Korbut and Nadia Comaneci.

You can tell how fat you are just by measuring the thickness of your skin. The thicker your skin, the fatter you are. There are small gauges, called body calipers, that can be used for this purpose. If you're grossly overweight, you probably have 90 billion fat cells compared to about 27 billion for people of average weight. Most scientists feel that the increased number of fat cells send out signals that make the obese person hungry for a longer period of time.

The number of fat cells in your body

is fixed soon after puberty. After puberty, you gain and lose weight by emptying and filling these cells. That's why more than 80% of all fat children end up fat adults. Fat children are different. Playing the same games on the same teams, they usually burn less than 40% as many calories as their skinnier classmates. So a regular exercise program is particularly important early in life.

Obesity is also associated with other chemical abnormalities: First, there is insulin. Insulin is a hormone produced by the body in response to a high blood-sugar level. It causes one's blood-sugar level to drop and more fat to be manufactured. People who are obese have a delayed secretion of insulin so that it takes a higher blood-sugar level for the insulin response to start. The insulin response, however, is likely to cause a rebound effect of low blood sugar. Obese people usually suffer hunger a few hours after they eat, which causes them to eat larger meals more frequently. Second, obese people have higher blood levels of cortisol, a hormone that acts directly on the brain to make you hungry. Third, is the thyroid hormone. People who are obese have normal levels of this hormone while at rest, but do not produce as much as they should in response to stress.

There are a number of ways to head off obesity. Try to eat slowly. While scientists don't really know what makes people feel satiated when they eat, there is some evidence that it is a gradual process, so the slower you eat, the less likely you are to overeat during that meal. Also, try to eat multiple small meals rather than a single large one. Several studies have shown that animals who spread their calories out in several meals are less obese than those who eat the total amount in one. It is better to nibble than to gorge. Try to eat less fat in your diet. When two groups of animals are fed the same number of calories, but one group is fed an increased percentage of fat, the group with the highest dietary fat content gains the most weight. By all means, don't eat refined sugar. When you eat refined sugar, your blood-sugar level rises, and your body responds to this by producing insulin, which we have already seen, then causes your blood-sugar level to drop.

Your chances of losing weight and



keeping that weight off for 10 years by dieting alone are less than 1 to 20. Any diet requires you to burn more calories than you take in. To lose weight, you can eat less, exercise more or do both. When you lose weight only by dieting, you are forced to fight the hunger battle on a daily basis. But when you run regularly, your increase in appetite is never proportional to the extra calories burned while you exercise. As a result, for most people it is easier to increase the amount of daily exercise than to starve themselves.

If you do lose weight by dieting without exercise, 25%-50% of the weight you lose is muscle. If you ever return to your former weight by overeating, you will gain only fat. Thus, at the same weight, you will have more fat and less muscle than you did originally and, in effect, be fatter than you were.

Do not be duped into believing that you can spot-reduce. There is no such thing. You can't lose fat from a particular part of your body just by exercising. For example, performing sit-ups, which strengthen your belly muscles, will not necessarily remove fat from your belly wall. Champion tennis players who exercise their tennis arm for more than four hours a day have exactly the same amount of fat in both of their arms. And many studies have shown that the only way to lose fat from your body is to burn more calories than you take in.

If you are a marathoner, you have no concern whatsoever with your weight. But what if you run for fitness: How much must you run to lose weight? Dr. Michael Pollock in his book, *Health and Fitness Through Physical Activity*, reviewed 27 studies on the effects of running or walking on weight reduction. In almost all of these studies, there was no specific dietary restriction. He concluded that to lose weight, one must burn at least 300 calories in a work-out of at least 30 minutes, at least three times a week. This formula is exactly the same as the one for the minimal requirements to train your heart: exercise vigorously enough to raise your pulse rate to at least 120 beats a minute, for at least 30 minutes, at least three times a week. Recently, Dr. Robert S. Brown, a professor at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, demonstrated that the same formula also applies to his patients who run to alleviate depression.

If you are obese, the best way to lose body fat is to exercise. Running, because you can perform a great deal of exercise in a short period of time, is one of the best exercises. That's one of the reasons why more than 30 million Americans run regularly, and why it's almost impossible to find a place near the starting line of almost any race throughout the country. **FINISH**

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TRAINING: BRIAN MAXWELL

# Cross-country

Using the fall sport to best advantage



■ The welcome change of pace of cross-country running.

Cross-country running means running in its most raw and simple sense. While track requires an engineered environment, and even road racing is frequently sterile and uniform, cross-country is bound by few limitations. As the name suggests, it takes the runner across the natural terrain of the countryside.

By its nature, the sport resists standardization. Distances in cross-country races are notoriously inaccurate, and even when courses are measured precisely, times mean relatively little since terrain and race conditions can vary so greatly. However, virtually all authentic cross-country running has something in common—abrupt changes in running surface, winding paths, sharp turns and steep hills that test the aggressiveness as well as the speed and endurance of a runner.

Cross-country race distances generally range from two miles to 10,000 meters, although competitors' specialties frequently range from the sprints to the marathon. This competitive variety occurs because cross-country can be an end unto itself or a part of a comprehensive conditioning program.

## Training Principles

**1. Environment.** Cross-country is the season for getting away from the track,

where most high-school and college training takes place, and from the roads, where millions of joggers and runners are nursed into fitness. Ideally, training should be done on forest trails, golf courses, or in parks, where there is a maximum of cushionlike surface underfoot. This environment encourages a minimum of self-imposed pressure, so take advantage of it and forget about pace in the early going as you grow accustomed to the land. Obstacles like rough or rocky terrain, steep hills, sand dunes, or beaches and logs or low fences can be incorporated into the training routine to toughen you both physically and psychologically and prepare you for the unsuspecting rigors of racing.

**2. Hills.** You'll find them along almost any cross-country training route and certainly in any race that claims to be an authentic cross-country course—in deference to the rugged origins of the sport that are traced back to mid-19th-century England. When approaching a hill, you should shorten your stride slightly and aim to maintain effort, running the hill with the same energy exertion as on the flat. This should enable you to "run through" the top of the hill, then pick up the pace on the downhill. "Attacking" a hill can be a useful strategy in racing, but too many runners charge *up* a hill, then have nothing left at the crest, and

the rest of their race suffers.

All-round strength is important in cross-country, and this is developed on hills and rough terrain.

**3. Running form.** The three problems listed below are all symptoms of fatigue and become pronounced when runners are tired. They also set up a vicious cycle by contributing to fatigue, since they cause inefficiency, which demands more energy to maintain a steady pace. These tendencies always would be troublesome, but in cross-country—with its sharp turns, hills and uneven running surfaces—they are especially significant. They include:

a) **Overstriding.** A long stride would seem to allow the runner to cover more ground with less effort, but this is a false economy. Running is a pushing action, with propulsion coming from the reaction of your foot driving the ground behind you. A long stride forces the runner to "bounce" up and down, thwarting the braking action of the foot landing in front of the body, and this requires a great deal of energy to fight gravity instead of going into propulsion. Keep the stride short with the foot landing below the body, as this will save energy and make it easier to maintain balance on rough surfaces.

b) **Lateral arm movement.** Too much lateral arm movement causes the whole body to rotate from side to side, wasting valuable energy. The arms should be relaxed, swung from the shoulder with elbows bent, but not rigid, at approximately 90°. The arms act as both a lever and a balance for the leg drive and should, therefore, move in the same plane as leg movement—forward and backward. They will naturally swing in front of the torso, but the hands should never cross the midline of the chest. Keeping the elbows in can aid in maintaining proper arm action.

c) **Incorrect body lean.** At a steady running pace, forward lean makes the muscles work to maintain balance, while backward lean causes a loss in propulsion and bouncing. The body should be kept straight with the head directly over the center of gravity.

**4. Group running.** While any individual can run and compete in cross-country, it is considered a team sport. In most high-school, college and AAU races, teams consist of seven runners, the first five finishers from each team counting in the scoring. As in golf, the lowest score wins, and every runner is impor-



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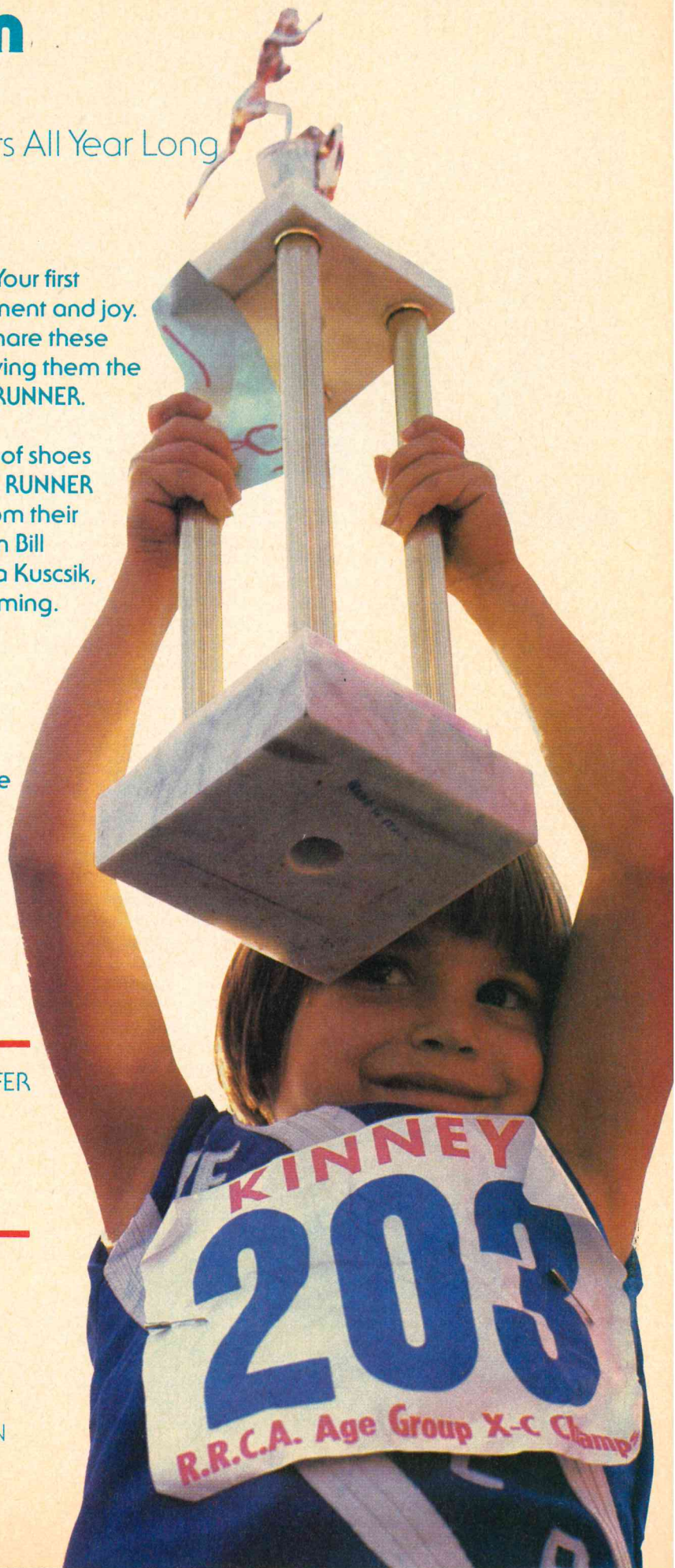
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tant, since, according to the rules, even the non-scorers can "displace" scoring runners from another team in the point totals. Thus, tight bunching and team cohesiveness are important elements of success in cross-country.

Training as a group develops team unity and also results in a level of intra-team competitiveness that makes each runner train harder than he would otherwise. Coaches should assemble groups of about 10 runners—ideally the selected 7-person team plus a few of the top "second-string" members. If one or more of the runners feels restricted in having to slow up to run with the group, he or she can be given additional training before the group workout.

On long runs, the lead should be alternated to promote teamwork. The coach or team captain can designate landmarks where the lead would change while the group tries to stay as tightly bunched behind the leader as possible. Another good instructional device is the "stopwatch fartlek." This consists of fast runs of 1-6 minutes, and jogging for half the time of the fast runs, with runners alternating the role of the coach by carrying a stopwatch and announcing both the distance and pace of each segment.

This workout allows each runner to dictate part of the session and make it fun by using imagination and cunning. It also takes runners out of their "safe" slots as fifth or sixth man or woman, trailing behind the others.

## Training Program

A cross-country training program consists of three phases: a 6-8-week pre-season conditioning phase, a 6-8-week racing phase and a 2-week peaking phase. Thus, it is imperative that runners begin training in mid-summer in order to be ready in the fall.

**1. Conditioning Phase (6-8 weeks).** This phase generally consists of establishing a "distance base" and is probably the most important part of the training program, since no amount of sharpening or race strategy will overcome a lack of conditioning. Runners should build up to covering at least 1½ to 2½ times the expected race distance daily during this phase. Once the upper limit is reached, the pace should be increased, and the runner should incorporate hills and varied terrain that simulates race conditions as much as possible. A routine of daily stretching and regular strength exercises (e.g., 2-3 sets of 15-30 sit-ups and push-ups, 3-6 times per week) will help prevent injury and build conditioning.

**2. Racing Season Phase (6-8 weeks).** Below is a sample training program for the racing season phase. It involves approximately the same total mileage

as the conditioning phase, but a hard day/easy day routine is adopted with 3 hard days per week including a race. Morning runs on hard days are optional, but recommended at the college level or higher. Afternoon workouts on hard days are aimed at conditioning the runners to handle fast race pace through fartlek or interval work. Sample workouts might include:

**Mon. A.M.** (optional) 1-1½ × race distance, steady pace.

**P.M.** Warm-up; group circuits: 6-10 × ½-1-mile runs; jog, then easy warmdown (total 1½-2 × race distance), or long group run, 1-1½ × race distance.

**Tues.** Easy 1-1½ × race distance.

**Wed. A.M.** (op.) 1-1½ × race distance.  
**P.M.** Warm-up; group "stopwatch fartlek" or hill repeats; warmdown.

**Thurs.** Easy 1-1½ × race distance.

**Fri.** Rest or easy 1-1½ × race distance.

**Sat.** Race or fast group distance run, 1½-2½ × race distance.

**Sun.** Easy 1-1½ × race distance.

The following types of cross-country workouts can be incorporated into the aforementioned programs:

**Controlled Fartlek.** Fast runs for a length of time, followed by a timed rest. These can be administered by runners themselves as described earlier, or by a coach using a whistle or voice commands.

**Fartlek.** Swedish for "speed play," fartlek involves runners varying the pace on their own, sprinting up hills, jogging, doing short bursts, based on impulse as much as anything.

**Hill Repeats.** Running at race pace or faster up hills 100 to 600 yards long, then jogging down.

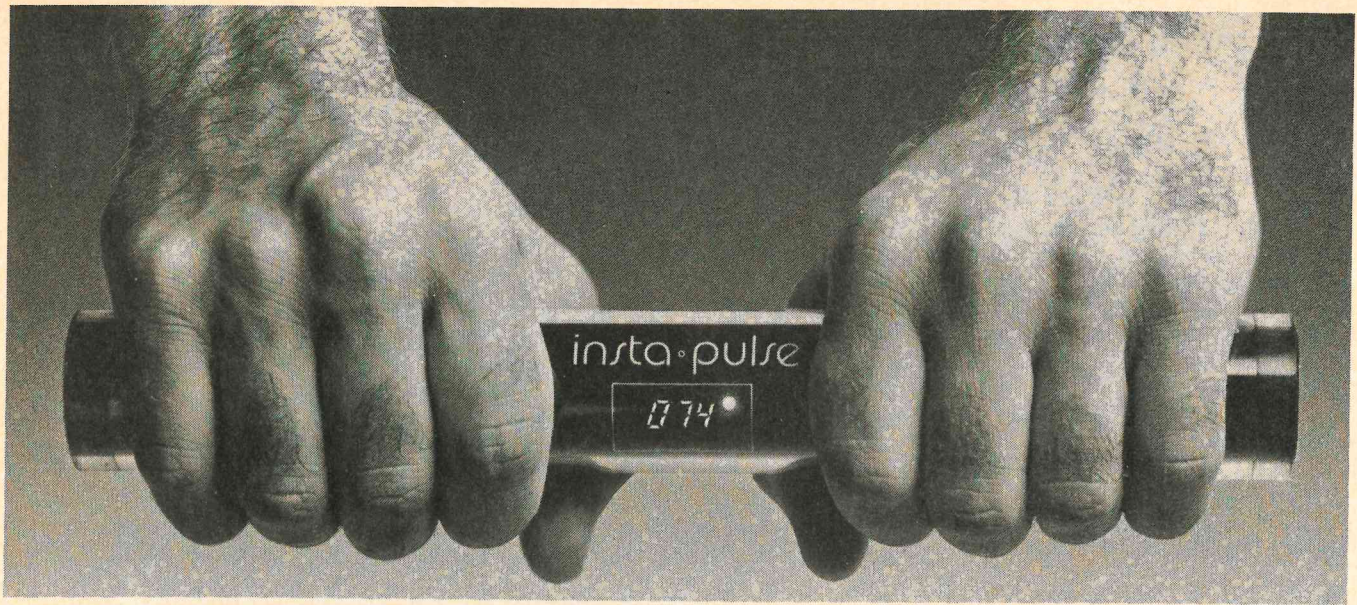
**Circuits.** Loop courses in a park or golf course, anywhere from ¼-1½ miles long. Athletes run around designated landmarks and can be timed with a walk or jog interval between each repeat.

**Relays.** 2- or 3-person relay teams race each other around circuits or up and down hills. Each runner does a designated number of turns and recovers while teammates run.

**3. Peaking Phase (2 weeks).** This involves cutting down on overall training mileage and emphasizing faster, shorter repeats on the Monday and Wednesday hard days, along with shorter rest intervals. Runners should cut out or reduce their morning training, and ease off on easy-day distances to allow for complete recovery and maximum performance in the race. **FINISH**

*Brian Maxwell is cross-country coach at the University of California at Berkeley, and a 2:14:43 marathoner.*





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PROSE AND CONS: NEIL AMDUR

# The endless summer

A quest for goals and objectives

It was a strange summer filled with contradictions. Maybe it was pre-Olympic jitters, too much sun or simply travel fatigue.

In Puerto Rico, during the first week of the Pan-American Games, leaders of the United States Olympic Committee held a news conference to pat themselves and their athletes on the back at how well they were doing. Alas, the week after the Pan-Am Games ended, Robert Kane, the USOC president, was quoted as telling Cornell University students that the U.S. was "too big and too superior" for the Pan-Am Games.

Then there was Spartakiade. Or Spartacade. Which was it? Did it really make any difference? Probably not. The Soviet Union's dress rehearsal for 1980 proved to be much ado about nothing, an event ballyhooed around the world that wound up with more Soviet spectators staying home than showing up in Lenin Stadium and other sports venues. They knew to save their rubles until next summer. Let the TV dudes foot this bill.

Even athletes seemed ambivalent. Hasely Crawford of Trinidad, the 1976 Olympic 100-meter dash champion, did not run his specialty at the Pan-Am Games, he said, because he was superstitious. There is superstition and some history of Pan-Am champs flopping in the Olympics, and Crawford did not want to burn himself out. He cited Silvio Leonard of Cuba, who won in 1975 at Mexico City but was hurt at the Montreal Olympics the following summer. Of course, Crawford forgot about Pan-Am champions like Rod Milburn and Frank Shorter in 1971, who collected gold medals at Munich in 1972.

Is there something about pre-Olympic years that stirs the fancy of athletes? Perhaps. Who could forget 1971, and the sprint saga of Dr. Delano Meriwether, the run-for-fun hematologist, who won the AAU outdoor championships that year in the 100 and a bronze medal at the Pan-Am Games. Marty Liquori was unbeatable in 1971, whipping Jim Ryun in their memorable "Dream Mile" that year. Yet neither Meriwether nor Liquori figured in the Olympics in '72.

Does this support Crawford's pre-Olympic, Pan-Am jinx? Hardly. What is noteworthy, though, is that until this



**The USOC Sports Festival opens in Colorado.**

summer's world-record explosion by Sebastian Coe of Britain in the 800 and mile, and another splashy series of races by Marita Koch of East Germany—pre-Olympic years were conspicuous for their absence of lasting world-record marks. In effect, they were previews of coming attractions.

This is worth noting because many words will be written between now and torch time in Moscow, based on this summer's performances in the Pan-Am Games, Europa Cup, Spartakiade, National Sports Festival, World Cup and World University Games. Names like Coe, Koch and Nehemiah must figure in the Olympic timetable.

Of greater importance to U.S. track-and-field is the future role of this country on the international level. Where will the emphasis go in the future, and should new priorities be drawn on the road to L.A. in '84?

Many European athletes who visit the United States scoff at the emphasis accorded spring events such as the Penn Relays and Drake Relays, various collegiate dual meets (USC-UCLA), conference meets and the divisional NCAA championships. Steve Ovet, the world's top-ranking miler in 1978, was a visitor to the NCAA championships in Champaign, Illinois, held in June.

Ovet, ever the individualist, was

as much amazed at the number of races that Don Paige and other collegiate stars had run up to that point as he was at some of their performances. Ovet's rationale was that Americans were burning themselves out before the "hot stuff" really began. Could they then muster up similar enthusiasm for 1980?

In fact, Paige ran one too many major races during the season. He hit a 5-week stretch that included the amazingly successful NCAA 800/1500 double, a career-best 800 and a second behind James Robinson (and in front of Steve Scott) in Berkeley. Paige was runner-up to Scott in the AAU 1,500 and scored a 3:54.6 mile victory over John Walker in New Jersey. By the fifth week, when Paige tackled Walker, Scott, Eamonn Coghlan and Craig Masback in another invitation mile in Philadelphia, he was mentally flat, and he dogtrotted the last 400.

Paige wisely took off 10 days and then finished his summer on a victorious note by taking the gold medal at the Pan-Am Games. But the thin line between too little and too much has been known to claim its share of victims.

How important will the 1983 Pan-Am Games in Caracas be to the U.S.? If we need sports diplomacy to sway more oil out of Venezuela, we should send representative squads and keep Bobby Knight in Bloomington, Indiana. But if the 1983 National Sports Festival becomes a version of Spartakiade, with Los Angeles providing a dress rehearsal, then the emphasis will go there or to the various world cups or world championships that now pour lucrative TV revenue into the coffers of international sports federations.

The United States is no longer as important to international track as its leaders naively believe. The U.S. has yielded its seat of control in the Pan-Am sports organization to the Spanish-speaking countries. And a European influence now so overloads the International Olympic Committee and many other international sports federations that U.S. interests clearly are given secondary status.

Changing our attitude toward and our role in these non-Olympic Games should be a top priority in the future. American athletes do not need endless summers wandering the globe—they need goals and objectives. **FINISH**



# MOVIES ON THE RUN

From the beginning, cinema has celebrated the chase.

BY RICHARD CORLISS

1917: Charlie Chaplin runs away from his oafish, bullying pursuer toward the freedom of the open road. 1939: Henry Fonda as a patriot during the Revolutionary War runs for his life and outruns three swift Indian braves. 1952: Kate Hepburn jogs herself into shape to become the world's premier athlete. 1967: Dustin Hoffman, the lovelorn graduate, sprints through the suburbs of L.A. to get to the church on time. 1978: Young Clark Kent, jogging home from high school, outruns a speeding locomotive. 1979: Woody Allen, heretofore a mere ambler on life's cinder track, climaxes his new movie with an urgent dash down the East Side of Manhattan.

Throughout film history, the man of action has been the man in motion—often on his own two feet. Today, in the wake of the jogging explosion, movies are more than ever on the run.

Movies. Motion pictures. Cinema (from the Greek word *kinema* for motion). The words describe not only the technique but also the subject. They are pictures that move past our eyes, at a rate that gives the illusion of visual continuity; they are pictures that move us to laughter, anger, tears and sometimes the exit; and they are pictures of people and things that move. The first movie audiences, in *fin-de-siècle* Paris, screamed and jumped out of their seats from fear that a train rushing headlong toward the camera would crash through the screen and into the theater orchestra. American audiences of the period were moved, in a different way, by the undulations of the shimmy dancer, Fatima, an early expert in erotic isometrics.

The 1800s were the beginning of movies. But a quarter of a century before movies, a photographer named Eadweard Muybridge put to the test his fascination with capturing motion in pictures. Muybridge was one of those fine romantic figures who enlivens our image of the early West. Born Edward Muggenbridge, he left England for America, went West, made up his name and invented a substantial portion of his own biography. Adventurer and entrepreneur, artist and scientist, a figure of both tragedy and heroism, Muybridge was an apt godfather for the art-industry shell-game that is the movies.

It was Muybridge who first captured instantaneous motion on film and projected it on a screen—in hundreds of photographic studies of humans and animals in action. From 1872 to 1885, he pursued his pioneering research, published in *The*

*Human Figure in Motion*, which contains, according to the prospectus, "more than 2,700 figures of Men, Women, and Children—nude, semi-nude, or in diaphanous clothing—photographed in Seriates while engaged in Walking, Running, Jumping, Dancing, Wrestling, Cricketing, or executing other Games or Labours incidental to everyday life." Incidental to everyday life, perhaps, but essential to the movies. For the next century, film followed Muybridge's lead to capture running and jumping (and, occasionally, standing still) for the world's wide-eyed billions.

By the time movies had emerged from the penny arcades, film makers had discovered the perfect expression of drama in motion: The chase. Bad guys chasing good guys, cops chasing robbers, cowboys chasing Indians, avid young men chasing pretty girls—and the one who ran the fastest was always the winner and hero. In the standard chase scene from, say, an early one-reeler directed by D.W. Griffith, the villain would advance, ever closer, toward the heroine, while the hero outran them both. In the movies' childhood, morality seemed vested in the fleet of foot, with virtue its own Olympic gold medal.

For Mack Sennett and his Keystone Kops, morality was beside the point. *Speed* was of the essence. If it moved fast (and it could be a Model T, a custard pie, or the phalanx of a cross-eyed officer in blue), it was funny. Virtually every Sennett comedy in the glory years of the Teens and Twenties, built to a high-speed chase through the streets of that boom town called Hollywood. And the chase, as critic James Agee described it, "built up such a majestic trajectory of pure anarchic motion that bathing girls, cops, comics, dogs, cats, babies, automobiles, locomotives, innocent bystanders, sometimes what seemed like a whole city, an entire civilization, were hauled along head over heels in the wake of that energy like dry leaves following an express train." Drawing-room emoters were never in demand on the Keystone lot; Sennett was looking for goofy guys who could take a pratfall, get up and run like hell. Mack Swain, the heftiest Kop, may have weighed in at 250, but he had the style to pull up alongside the winners at the Boston Marathon—the steam left over when he crossed the finish line to slip on a banana peel. (When Sennett, in 1915, was asked where he got the energy to supervise 40 minutes of filmed comedy each week, he revealed the secret: He jogged







Top: Cary Grant's perfect '50s composure gets slightly ruffled as he outruns a crop duster in Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*.

Bottom left: In *Way Down East* (1921) Lillian Gish's desperate flight from small town scandal is framed against D.W. Griffith's vast expanse of icy New England landscape.

Bottom right: In the '70s the movies took up the increasingly popular sport of running. Marathoner Erich Segal wrote the script for *The Games*, starring Ryan O'Neal.



five miles through the Hollywood Hills, each morning.)

Out of the Sennett studio came four men who would raise silent comedy and the science of running to an art: Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd and Harry Langdon. Daredevil running was their stock in trade, the surest way to advance the story, get a laugh and display their special skills. They ran after streetcars, away from villains, through meadows, up and down stairs, and into and out of trouble. They were as good at it as Douglas Fairbanks was, in his own high-spirited swashbuckling films of the same period. And why shouldn't they be? They had come out of the vaudeville tradition of the comic acrobat, who made the crowd gasp with wonder at a perfectly executed handspring, then made it roar with delight at a perfectly timed pratfall.

Chaplin and Keaton had the bodies of athletes. When the Tramp scooted over rooftops to outflank a car speeding little Jackie Coogan into the unwelcome clutches of the law (in *The Kid*, released in 1921), or when Buster performed a virtual decathlon to reach his beloved's dormitory (in *College*, 1927), it was the fulfillment of an audience's wishes—and the result of superb conditioning. As embodied by Chaplin and Keaton, the Little Man was not only Everyman, he was Superman, too.

Keaton, and Lloyd in *The Freshman* (1925), started parodying college sports at about the time the new American middle-class was sending its children off to become Joe College and Jane Coed. Football was, of course, the big sport on campus, but running (usually for that sexiest of distances, the mile) had secured its own niche. Soon enough, film after film was depicting the miraculous transformation running could effect on a bookworm, a snob, a good-time Charlie or Charlotte. Just keep pumping those thighs, and you'll win the race, popularity and the hand of your beloved.

In *The Campus Flirt* (1926), snooty Bebe Daniels is frightened by a white mouse and, in a speed-induced panic, outruns all the girls on the track team; a famous runner notes her good form and convinces her to run the big relay race for her alma mater. Guess who won? (The runner, by the way, was played by Charles Paddock, who had picked up a silver medal in the 200 meters at the 1924 Paris Olympics, and who would appear in several other college-sports movies.) Miss Daniels, Buddy Rogers, William



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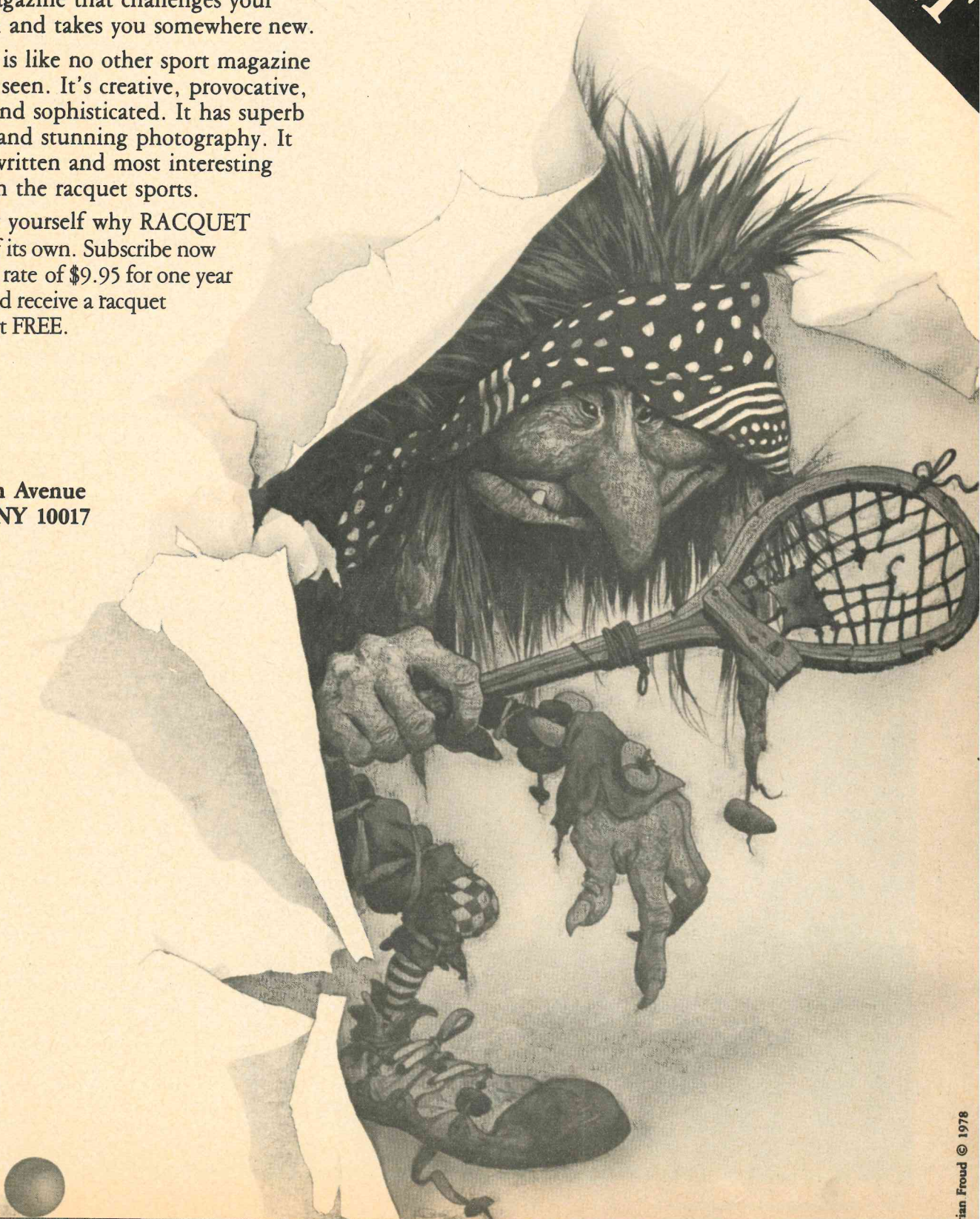
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Top: A scene from 1928 comedy *Run, Girl, Run* by the master of high speed humor, Mack Sennett.

Bottom: In the '20s Hollywood spoofed college sports. *The Campus Flirt* starred Bebe Daniels as a coed who is "discovered" by the varsity running coach, played by Olympic sprinter Charles Paddock.



Haines, Marion Davies and the rest of the Hollywood U track team may never have earned a scholarship to Villanova, but they certainly helped the sport of running score a victory in the movies.

By the end of the Twenties, movies became talkies—and just about stopped moving. Stopped running, anyway. Griffith's wide-open spaces and Chaplin's expansive slums gave way to Manhattan penthouses, Chicago speakeasies, Wall Street offices, newspaper city-rooms—to the haunts of those who talked tough, or smooth. Even the "outdoor" pictures—the Westerns and gangster films—had forsaken the foot for the horse and the horseless carriage.

The breeding ground for movie stars had changed, too: Now it was Broadway instead of Barnum & Bailey. These new people had to talk: Who needed acrobats? Oh, James Cagney had been a dancer before making movies, and he put a lot of kinetic energy into his movements—hunching aggressively forward while he spoke, as if on some hidden treadmill—but did he ever chase so much as a single streetcar? Humphrey Bogart was quick with the quips, all right . . . but fast on his feet? And John Wayne: He made over 200 movies, but did we ever see him run in any of them? Even when he walked, it seemed to be sideways.

Aficionados of the running game, deprived of their big-screen fantasies by the very industry that had nurtured them so long, were now forced to take their pleasures furtively, and in the strangest places. In the middle of John Ford's leisurely Revolutionary War story, *Drums Along the Mohawk*, Henry Fonda ran that already-mentioned sprint against a trio of Indian bucks. In the middle of a delightful Tracy-and-Hepburn talkathon, *Pat and Mike*, Kate went jogging. Cary Grant, of all people, got crop dust on his Brooks Brothers suit as he ran for his life through an Alfred Hitchcock cornfield (*North by Northwest*, 1959). For the most part, though, real people in the movies gave up on running, and left it to those sassy rabbits and rodents, ducks, dogs and cats who animated the cartoon world for three decades of Saturday matinees. Bugs Bunny could run the mile in about 4 seconds—and at the end, run into a glowering Elmer Fudd, axe in hand, "weddy" to do some hare-splitting.

Yet another cartoon character, born in the late Fifties, presaged the movies' (and America's) renewed interest in running. The Road Runner was pure speed. In cartoon after cartoon, he did nothing



**Top: *The Graduate* (1967) launched a new hero on the run, as Dustin Hoffman grabbed Katherine Ross and fled from the obligations of middle-class adulthood.**

**Bottom: In *Pat and Mike* (1952) Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn's affectionate war between the sexes became a track-and-field event.**

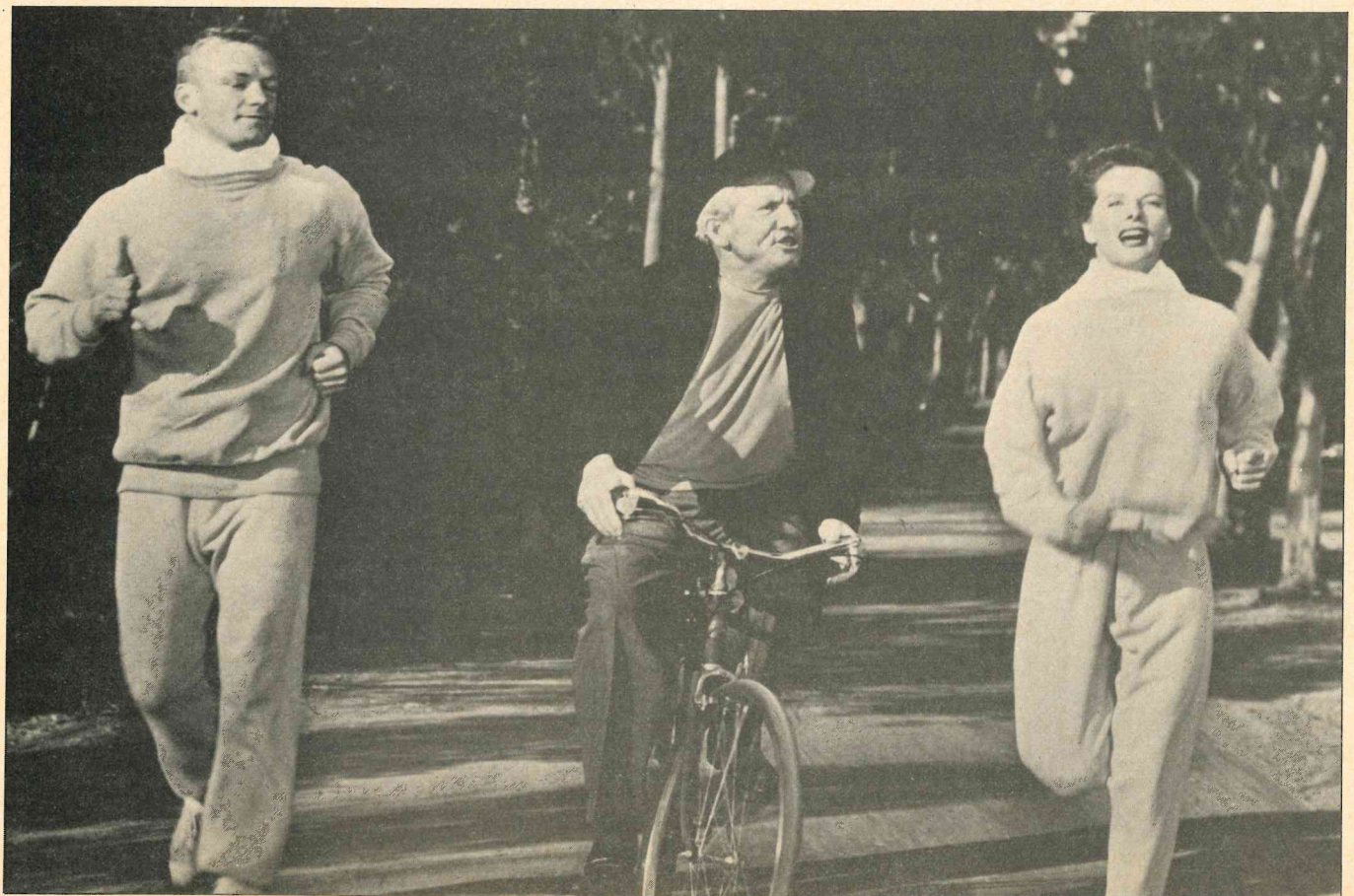
but run—zzoooO000M!—past the endlessly inventive, perpetually frustrated Wile E. Coyote. The message of these 7-minute morality plays was simple: In a battle between brains and legs, legs win.

A further refinement was to get mind and body working together, as Dustin Hoffman's Ben Braddock did at the climax of *The Graduate*, a movie out of left-field that became one of the all-time box-office champs, and incidentally brought running back into the movies. In the late Sixties, Hollywood was breaking out of the studio system to make films on the road, and on the run. Stanley Kubrick devoted an entire sequence of *2001* to the astronauts' jogging down the fast lane of their space station. Dozens of films expressed True Love through slow-motion shots of young lovers running through picturesque fields. And in several scripts he wrote during the Vietnam era (*The Games*, *RPM*, *Love Story*, *Jennifer on My Mind*), Erich Segal introduced a new image of running as something halfway between an avocation and an obsession.

The Seventies have been the first dominant decade of running, on the road

and in the movies. For the first time in ages, a jogger on Doheny Drive is not necessarily seen as a criminal suspect by the Beverly Hills police force. And for the first time since the Twenties, running has been the subject of a group of feature films, both on TV (Joanne Woodward in *See How She Runs*) and in the theaters (Michael Douglas in *Running*). This time, though, the chase has a different function: to show man in the pursuit of excellence, of his own limits of endurance, of an exhilaration beyond catching the villain or even saving Jackie Coogan. It's a salutary high (and an important part of contemporary American culture) provided by movies on the run. It offers the hope for a human triumph over the machine, the industrial environment, oneself. In Claude Lelouch's 1977 Western, *Another Man, Another Chance*, for example, a race is held to determine who's the fastest—a man in a turn-of-the-century jalopy, a man in a stagecoach or a man on foot. And Guess Who wins! **FINISH**

*Richard Corliss is the editor of Film Comment magazine.*





With a field the size  
of a military  
division, Peachtree  
proved to be this year's  
largest race.

BY CARROLL DALE SHORT

# PEACHTREE: SOUTHERN EXPOSURE FOR 24,000 RUNNERS

You're dreaming. It's the day of a big race with 10 seconds till the starting gun. The defending champ looks warily across at the new kid in town, the challenger—who's predicted victory with a record time—then glances back past the kid, through morning haze, to a sea of tensed runners crowding a 6-lane highway, gutter-to-gutter. The seemingly surreal silence is broken only by the trill of a silver flute played by a red-kerchiefed young black man on the sidewalk.

*Five. Four. Three.* Film crews from various TV networks grind away, panning both skyscrapers in the background and the pack of runners that stretches back for half a mile—at least, as far as the horizon. The sky is full of helicopters, hovering and silent. *Two, One, Go.* The silent horde is off to the cheers of onlookers, and the champ leads. He holds his chin high and doesn't look back. . . .

The clincher is that not so long ago the dream was real. It was the start of Atlanta's Peachtree Road Race, a grueling 10,000-meter race held at the peak of a hot, steamy season that this year wilted even the hardiest of magnolia blossoms.

Peachtree, the race that began with a gunshot, at 8 A.M. on this past Fourth of July, was the biggest race in the country: Official entries numbered 20,162, not counting the 3,000-4,000 more who sneaked numberless into the ranks to run for the fun of it past 50,000 spectators.

"Somebody told me this morning that a group of 20,000 is the size of a military division," race director Bob Varsha quipped at a press conference the day before the race. "I guess that makes me a general for a day, which my father would

be proud to know." (Varsha's folks once envisioned a West Point career for him.) He's a Peachtree entrant himself.

The tall, personable Varsha looks like a distant cousin of Frank Shorter's. Which he's not. Actually, it was Shorter's impending no-show that engendered some of the rare bad blood on the part of race planners.

Bill Rodgers hadn't entered, nor had Lasse Viren, nor had Don Kardong. Shorter had. But it was discovered on Monday that he was headed for the Pan-Am Games instead, making this his second last-minute withdrawal from Peachtree in two years, after a win in 1977.

Varsha's first reaction, reportedly, was that the withdrawal was "a bite in the shorts" and reflected badly on Shorter's veracity as a runner and a businessman. A sportswriter who had interviewed Shorter earlier in the week came away with the feeling that the former Olympic champion was upset with Peachtree officials because they had begun using his name in promotions before he definitely agreed to run. Another writer hinted Peachtree's expense-money pie was sliced thinner than usual, which discouraged Shorter and others.

The week after the race, though, Varsha was taking the chain of events gracefully. "I hate to see this blown out of proportion," he said. "It's not a big thing, really. I mean, if I had a ticket to the Pan-Am in my pocket, I'd probably do what Frank did." As for the matter of expenses, Varsha doesn't forsee greater concessions next year to the top stars. "I think our priority ought to be making this the best race possible for the runners back in the bubble," he said. "They're what Peachtree is really about."

Anyhow, the news about Shorter occasioned a race-day-eve prediction of victory for Craig Virgin, and a consensus among veteran race-watchers that the 10th annual Peachtree would be "a race for second place."

Nonsense, replied Mike Roche, who was being billed as Virgin's only competition and whose performance was shadowed by a hard-luck year of liver infections and various other ailments, including a broken arm suffered in a steeplechase. "On any given day," Roche said, "lots of these people have what it takes to win." In 1978, Roche set a course record of 28:59.3, but this was a new year with a re-routed course. When asked about the temperature factor, Roche grinned. "Hot? Gosh, I *hope* so. I can take heat and humidity better than most."

"Most" had to include Craig Virgin, who traditionally has done less than his best in high temperatures. And the winning time? Roche hesitated a second as though saying it out loud might make it fact. "It'll take a 28:30 to win it."

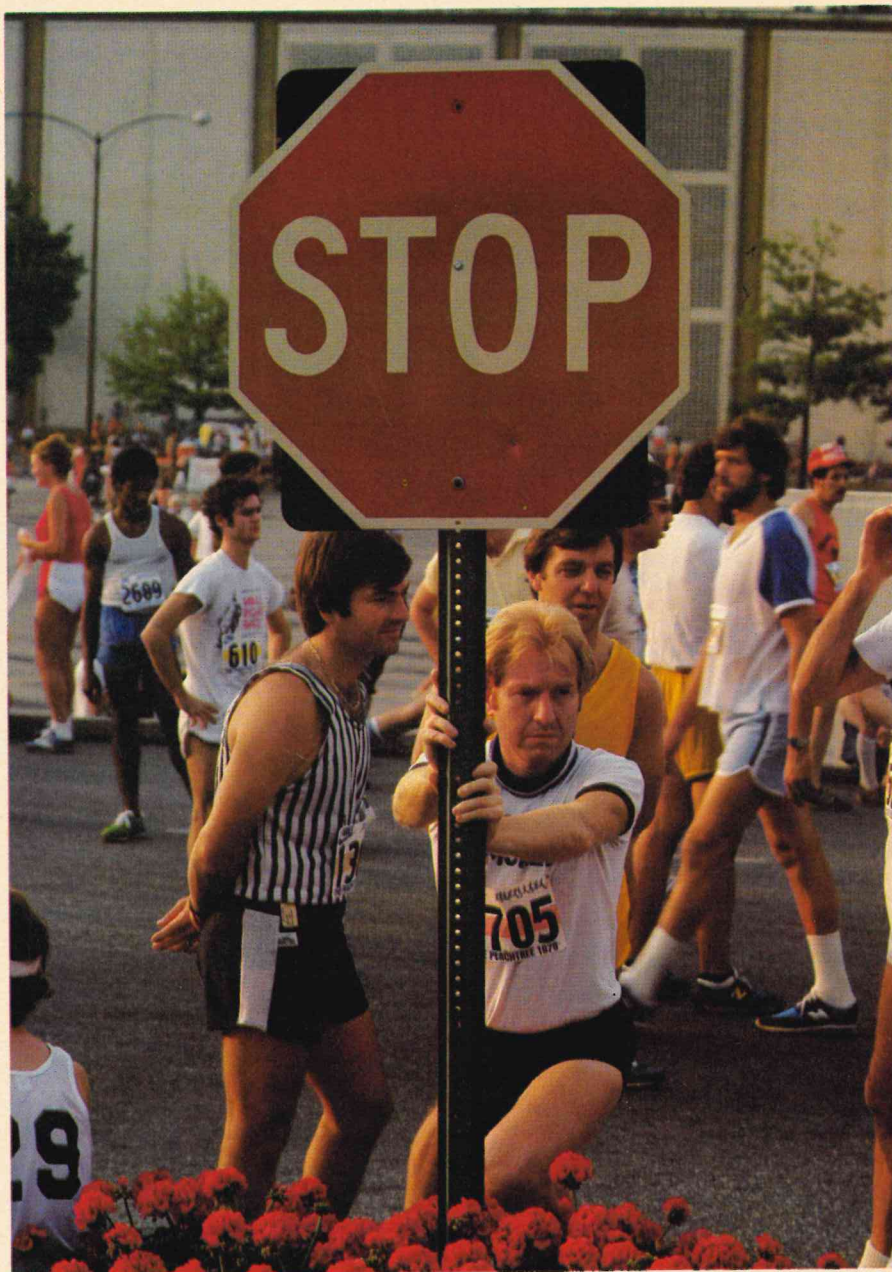
July Fourth dawned less hot than humid—72° at starting time and climbing, with 82% humidity. Not as bad as it might have been, but punishing all the same. So when the gun sounded, and Roche immediately leaped into the lead, only to have it then shared precariously by a large knot of strong runners, it appeared that Roche's prediction might be close to the mark. Dean Matthews, Dave Babiracki, Stan Mavis, Ed Leddy, Tony Staynings, Dick Quax, Dick Buerkle and others stayed close up front.

**Facing page: Mike Roche, '78  
Peachtree winner, leads this  
year's field—but not for long.**









But that was before the notorious Piedmont Hill (better known as Coronary Hill), the halfway point of the race as signaled by Piedmont Hospital's emergency room. An elevation map of the Peachtree course has more zigs and zags than the Dow Jones. The starting line is atop a 1,000' hill. For a mile then, the plateau is fairly level. But the next 1½ miles drop more than 200' into the valley of Peachtree Creek. And no sooner does it hit bottom than a runner is faced with Coronary Hill, rising 130' in less than a mile with the hospital looming symbolically on the crest. From there, it's a merciful downhill breather until the 4-mile mark, where it becomes mostly uphill again to mile five, where the course turns off Peachtree onto 14th Street. Then it's all downhill to the finish at Piedmont Park, with its stone gates and lakes full of rowboaters and white ducks. But the "land of white ducks" was seemingly a lifetime away for Roche at

the halfway point. That's when Virgin, in the very jaws of Coronary Hill, pulled in front by five yards and left Roche, who looked now to be really hurting for the first time, watching the backside of a smooth, flashing stride. Ironically, it was the same hill on which Roche had charged ahead of the field in '78.

Steve Foster, in third, was still another 35 yards behind Roche now. The Hill had done its job of thinning the ranks. The top challengers didn't need a stopwatch to know that Virgin's mile splits so far had been remarkable—a 4:28, 8:53, 13:27, and, upcoming, 18:11 at mile four. He would finish averaging 4:35.88 miles all the way.

Meanwhile, spectators down at the foot of the big hill had an inkling of something totally unknown to the pack of writers and photographers being bounced and jounced ahead of Virgin in two large truckbeds—namely, that the most dramatic battle of Peachtree was



unfolding among the women runners.

Mary Shea, who had set an American 10-km. record for women a few weeks earlier and was the pre-race favorite at Peachtree, was having problems. Margaret Groos had passed her, with a blistering pace that would eventually give her a 60-yard lead going down the last hill to the wire. Then Patti Lyons passed too, and Karen Petley, a New Zealander.

"I had to let them go," Shea would say later, while cooling down in Piedmont Park. "My legs just didn't have it. I'd had enough time to rest. I was ready. I just wasn't tough enough."

Though it was strictly business toward the front of the strung-out stream of bodies, the trailing edge was enjoying a more circus-like atmosphere, and running garb varied widely and wildly: The WQXI Duck toddled along with vest and cane; one entrant ran the whole 6.2 waving a huge American flag on a pole; another sported a Steve-Martin-style arrow through his head; and still others wore referee uniforms, roller skates, Elton John sunglasses, hats made from umbrellas and shorts tailored from the Union Jack. One man ran the whole way juggling peaches. And a very assertive woman in hot pink ran most of the way berating spectators for not clapping loudly enough.

But the running of Peachtree was no



Official entries in Peachtree '79 numbered 20,162 (not including 3,000-4,000 who ran numberless). Left: One runner's solution to warming up in a modicum of space. Right: Heather Carmichael, the 18-year-old New Zealander, who was women's champ.



laughing matter to race officials, who had worked hard to head off catastrophe at its every possible lurking place. As of the Tuesday afternoon before the race, registration had passed 19,000 and was still growing. The magic 20,000 mark seemed within reach. What if it topped that and kept going?

"We can handle them. I'm sure we can," Varsha told reporters at a press briefing. He spoke on good authority. Besides the nine water stations, runners got the services of tall water sprays from fire hydrants, some 30 doctors and 40 nurses, 13 ambulances, two first-aid tents, a 6'-high chute of chicken wire to keep spectators at bay during the critical pile-up from the park gate to the finish line, some 200 volunteers to clear the route, and special teams of lifeguards and scuba divers skimming across the park's lake, lest someone try to cool off too quickly and suffer leg cramps.

Virgin was past the four-mile point when he made his only water stop—a fast gulp, and one glance over his shoulder to see Roche doggedly pursuing. "I was shocked," Virgin said later. "I didn't think he was still that close." Virgin threw down his cup and was off again.

Meanwhile, a new face was threading its way methodically through the women's ranks, to a second wave of cheers from the crowd. It belonged to a

tiny black-haired teenager who set spectators to searching their programs in vain for her listing. She was nowhere among the top seeds, but she was passing Shea and then Petley, and was gaining on Lyons.

Drivers of the press trucks had already gunned the gas and brought reporters and photographers whizzing through the park gate circling the lake, and let them out at the foot of a tall scaffolding above the finish line, with orders to climb aboard it quickly because Virgin was closing fast. They complied, but the platform became so bowed by the crush of bodies it had to be evacuated by everyone but a few timekeepers.

Several newsmen scurried to a TV monitor at the foot of the tower to watch a local station's broadcast of the finish. ". . . and he's still running strong," a commentator with headphones was shouting into his mike above the crowd noise. "If anything, he may be picking up the pace." A technician watching the screen shook his head in awe. "He's destroying them. That guy's unreal."

The big digital clock on the scaffolding had blinked past 28 minutes, when shouts of "Here he is!" began rising; Virgin was through the gates and heading around the last curve. The TV director switched the finish-line camera to on-air, and suddenly, under the lighted num-

bers of 28:30 (the official time was 28:30.5, which bettered the U.S. road record for 10-km.), Virgin performed a mid-air leap to break the tape with his chest, his arms outstretched in V-for-Victory signs, as his small blue counterpart on the TV monitor followed suit.

"Yeah, I guess I like to put on a show," Virgin would shrug later when asked about the theatrical touch. "I enjoy running for a crowd." Already circulating was the rumor, which he conceded was true, that he'd dined on frog legs the night before for luck. "They sure helped me up that hill," he deadpanned.

As the monitor-watchers were forsaking Virgin's tiny blue shadow to crowd around the real thing—sweating, stretching, grinning in full color—for quotes, Roche's courageous finish got only slightly less fanfare. He came in at 28:54.6, well under his 1978 course record of 28:59.3, a time that he had despaired on race eve "isn't gonna get you in the top five this year."

There he was wrong. Steve Foster was third with 29:13.0, Stan Mavis a few strides behind, fourth with 29:16.7, and Tony Staynings was fifth with 29:21.6. If Roche had underestimated the broad spread of the top finishers, he could at least take consolation in his prognostication of the winning time. He was off by half a second.



In 1978, Roche set a course record of 28:59.3, but this was a new year with a re-routed course.

As the front-finishers were led away toward Gatorade, trophies and interviews, a staff volunteer paced the sidelines and looked nervously to the bright horizon, as if a tornado were on the way. "Jeez," he intoned, "it's gonna be heavy traffic right here in about 20 minutes."

Which may have been the most accurate prediction of the two-day affair.

George Murray placed first among wheelchair entrants with a 29:24, and last year's wheelchair winner Bob Hall was close behind with 29:39.

"We ought to be seeing some women pretty soon," came a voice from the abandoned TV screen. On cue, Margaret Groos came in sight a few hundred yards out, with a wide lead over the other women. Last season, she had run the fastest women's collegiate indoor mile in the U.S., but now something was wrong. She faltered, began jogging slowly, giving up her lead. She blacked out, stumbled, and some friends gathered around to help her stagger toward the finish line.

Just then the nameless teenager charged past to finish in 33:38.7, breaking last year's course record of 33:52 set by Mary Decker, and beating second-place Patti Lyons by 42 seconds.

A TV sportscaster cornering her for an interview spoke for the whole jubilant crowd when he mumbled, "Uh, I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are . . .?"

She was Heather Carmichael, an 18-year-old New Zealander who had never run a 10-km. race before today, and she stood there soaking wet, of almost child-like build, wearing a black hair ribbon and tiny gold-star earrings, her face flushed and beaming, looking stunningly like Everyman's long-lost high-school sweetheart. She appeared slightly embarrassed for having raised all this stir.

She told interviewers her best events were cross-country and the 1,500-meters, that she had been running only four years, was touring the U.S. with a group of amateur athletes, and had never seen the Peachtree course before she lined up at the start that morning.

By now Lyons had finished in 34:20.5. Karen Petley, another New Zealander, ran 34:45.3, and favored Mary Shea had fallen to fourth, with 35:27.1. Karen Bridges, Judith McCreery, Toni Bernard, Kim Merritt, Sue Oran and Maureen Crusty made up the top 10.

A young radio reporter confronted Carmichael with a tape recorder but confided first in a low voice, "This is my first real interview." She shrugged and smiled, her gold stars catching sunlight.

"Well, mine, too," she said, and they both laughed easily.

By now, someone atop the tower was chanting instructions through a bull horn to the horde of middle-of-the-pack finishers cramming eight and 10 abreast into the narrowing park road:

"Congratulations! You made it! But you're not through yet. Don't stop. Keep going through the water spray, then head out onto the golf course for your T-shirt and fluids. . . . Congratulations! You made it! But you're not through yet. Don't stop. Keep going. . . ."

The section of road past the finish line soon took on the air of a revival meeting. Some shrieked, some danced, some applauded themselves and their partners, some stared dazedly at the sky, some embraced, and a few wept—all the while moving through the water spray that made rainbows in the sun, moving on around the curve and up the hill to tables spread with truckloads of T-shirts.

Some 120 of the runners would require medical attention, though only a quarter of those were taken to hospitals.

"Congratulations! You made it! But you're not through yet. . . ."

Any onlooker standing at the finish who might fleetingly have scoffed that "well, yeah, Peachtree's a lot of people, granted, but it's really not as mind-boggling as you might imagine," would have had only to be reminded that the street-wide onslaught of churning runners that poured through unabated for nearly half an hour was continuing in either direction as far as the eye could see. And it showed no signs of slacking.

Venture on past the trees and the water spray to where the masses fan out toward big signs reading S, M, L and XL, and you would see humanity blanketing the sloping golf course.

The race management would soon develop feet of clay in one area, anyway. The T-shirts ran out, and finishers had to be promised their prize would be mailed when more were printed. The water sprays hadn't even been turned off before the big question began circulating: What happens next year? What if entries mount to 25,000, 30,000 or more? Would it still work? Or will 1979 go down in history as the year the peach's seams burst?

"I certainly hope not," race director Varsha would respond a few days later in the cool of his Atlanta office. Contrary to rumor, he would not have escaped to some distant beach to talk to seagulls and recuperate. He would be business-as-

usual, trying to tie up loose ends left after the event. "If we were forced to limit the field, that would completely change the mission of the race. It would run contrary to the spirit of what Peachtree has been about all along. When you hear stories about how much the race means to different people, well, you don't know whether to laugh or cry. It's a really moving thing."

After the race, Varsha received a letter from a spectator who got so caught up in the Peachtree spirit that he leaped into the flow and ran the whole 10 km. in street clothes. The man enclosed a check for the belated entry fee, to salve his conscience, and didn't even ask for a shirt. Varsha was also told of a veteran Peachtree finisher who died after a long illness on the day of this year's race. He asked to be cremated wearing a Peachtree T-shirt.

"The final decision on whether to limit the size of the field will be based on what our medical advisors tell us," Varsha said. "I mean, running short of T-shirts is one thing. But when it comes to the medical aspects we're talking about a life-and-death matter. Obviously, there are limits to how much we can grow. But we haven't determined them yet."

"Congratulations! You made it! But you're not through yet. Don't stop. Keep going through the water spray. . . ."

The man juggling the symbolic peaches has finished without dropping a single peach.

The crowd of runners keeps surging through. Virgin and Roche, Foster and the other "names" have been ushered off to an awards ceremony, where they'll receive their trophies. Heather Carmichael is still standing near the finish line trying to believe it all, receiving handshakes and shoulder squeezes from the multitudes, hearing predictions of how she'll go very, very far.

Momentarily, a race staffer will find her and point her uphill to the ceremony. But right now she seems to be hearing, for the first time, the bull horn litany filtering out through the trees: ". . . You made it! But you're not through yet. Don't stop. Keep going. . . ."

In the space of the echo, she looks for a few thoughtful seconds toward the finish line, a look allowing that she plans to do exactly that. **FINISH**

*Carroll Dale Short last covered the Magnolia Mini-Marathon in Mississippi for The Runner.*





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Strong, brash and magnetic, Steve Prefontaine was the James Dean of American running.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN LANKER/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

# PRE: A RACE TO THE FINISH

BY JESSE KORNBLOTH

He had been planning the meets for six months, but he kept the idea "kind of secret" because he knew that the AAU didn't allow athletes to act as promoters. But when he finally went public, he traded uncharacteristic silence for his customary brashness. He said that bringing six Finns to Oregon for a 5-meet tour was only the beginning, that once Oregon's track fans and the Finns got a taste of each other, there would be many more of these meets, whether the AAU—which had finally given its blessing to this non-profit tour—liked it or not. What Steve Prefontaine did not say, back in April of '75, as he trumpeted the news of his historic Finnish-Oregonian series up and down the shoreline of his beloved home state, was that beyond his diplomatic intentions was a private agenda, and that the personal reward he wanted for his efforts was one race, the last of the tour, on May 29, in Eugene.

The way he planned it, there would be a 5,000-meter race that Thursday evening, a 5,000-meter race more dramatic than Hollywood could stage. Ten thousand rabidly cheering fans, "Pre's People," would be in the stands, people who loved him so much and identified with him so completely that they'd cheer him just for trotting onto the track to warm up. He would jog to the starting line, acknowledging them with a shake of the head, as if to say: "I'm going to do it for you, but you've got to help me." There on the track, waiting for him, would be

Lasse Viren, the Finn who had burned past him with two laps to go in the Munich Olympics of '72 and then beaten him again in Helsinki the previous fall. Pre would shake Viren's hand, wish him a good race, and then, when the starter's gun fired and the people leaped up as they always did in the city where Prefontaine had lost only three out of 37 races, he would give Lasse Viren a humbling preview of Montreal, 1976.

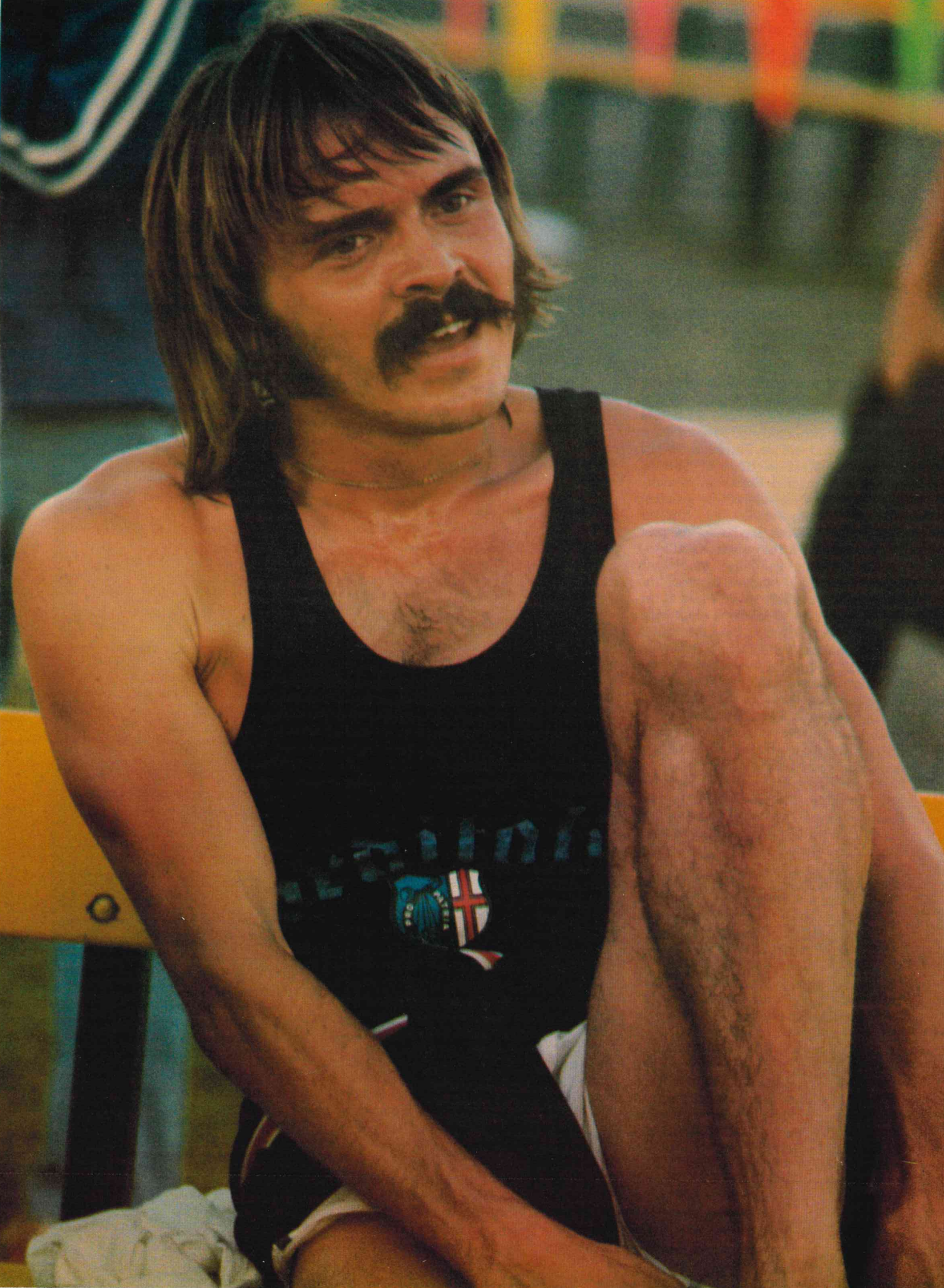
The way he planned it, the race would be a Prefontaine classic: the early lead, the stiff pace, Pre's People clapping and yelling for a record, Pre looking over his shoulder at the clock, his face tight with pain and concentration. Maybe he would let Viren take the lead for awhile; maybe he would run a varied pace to throw the Finn off. The end, however, would be the same. The last-mile charge. The killer laps: 63, 62, 60. And then, with his dirty-blond hair blowing straight back as he roared down the stretch, his chest heaving, there would be no letup in his stride as he sprinted through the finish and into his victory lap.

That was how he planned it. That was why 24-year-old Steve Prefontaine down played the Viren match-up as he promoted the Finnish tour. Oregon

**Facing page: Steve Prefontaine prepares for what was to be his last race, a 5,000 in Eugene, Oregon on May 29, 1975. Above: Pre winning in 13:23.8.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED KAPLAN/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED







"If the AAU doesn't give me permission to run where I want in Europe this summer, I won't run in the AAU meets."

sportswriters dutifully bought this little ruse. Lasse Viren did not. Citing leg injuries, he stayed behind in Finland.

"Losing him makes everything I've done worthless," said Steve Prefontaine, the runner. "He was going to justify all the work."

But Steve Prefontaine, promoter, had no time for bitterness: He needed another crowd-pleasing competitor. He did not have to look far—Frank Shorter was training in Eugene, and though the 5,000 was not Shorter's preferred distance, he was one of a handful of runners in the world who could give Prefontaine a race. The year before, in the Hayward Restoration Meet in Eugene, Shorter had, in fact, pushed Pre to what many local track fans considered his greatest triumph. In that 3-mile run, Shorter waited until the last lap to rocket past Prefontaine. With the crowd shouting so wildly that Don Kardong, running in third place, almost stopped to watch the duel, Shorter held his 10-yard lead at the 220 mark. At 80 yards from the finish, they were even. And at the tape, it was Prefontaine who owned a new American record (12:51.4) and a two-stride victory.

Eugene track buffs remember races and times the way big-city kids know batting averages. Seven thousand people turned out on May 29, 1975, to watch Steve Prefontaine, fresh from setting an American record three weeks before at 2,000 meters, try for another in the 5,000. But this time, the pace was slow, and Prefontaine got no help from an ailing Shorter. With three laps left, he moved out alone, quickening his pace, until, buoyed by the crowd, he produced the standard Prefontaine finish: a last quarter of 60.3, a sprint down the stretch, eyes closed, chest straining against his black shirt. His time was 13:23.8. He had missed his American record by only 1.9 seconds.

He was, he told reporters, just one race away from world-record time. He'd run the mile in the Bowerman Classic the following week, and then he said, "We'll see what happens in the 5,000." He would also see what he'd do about the running establishment: "If the AAU doesn't give me permission to run where I want in Europe this summer, I won't run in the AAU meets." But that unhappy confrontation was for another day. Now it was time to celebrate.

With his girlfriend, Nancy Alleman, Pre drove to the Black Angus restaurant, where the Oregon track team was having its awards dinner. He stayed 10 minutes,

just long enough to discuss training with his coach, Bill Dellinger. His next stop was The Paddock, a college bar, where he'd once tended the kegs in exchange for all the beer he could drink. Bea James, the 72-year-old cook who faithfully bought him a steak after each meet, offered to make him some dinner. Pre refused, repeating what he'd told Dellinger: He was due at the going-away party for the Finns.

Prefontaine drank a couple of beers at The Paddock. He was not drunk when he arrived at the party (at the home of Geoff Hollister, track-and-field promotion director for Nike shoes) around 10 that evening. He was not drunk, Hollister says, when he left with Nancy Alleman and Frank Shorter an hour-and-a-half later. "His parents and his high-school coach were there," Hollister explains. "You don't get blasted in that atmosphere." Others at the party confirm that while Prefontaine had four or five beers, that was many fewer than he consumed when he was into what he called "carbo-overloading." By all accounts, he spent the time at Hollister's talking with family and friends, urging one man with a long drive ahead to leave early, and confiding to another that although he grew up in a fishing town, he had never gone fishing. There was a group picture of him with the Finnish athletes that everyone was signing, but Prefontaine, typically, was too rushed to add his signature. "I'll come down later in the week," he told Hollister as he waved goodnight.

Prefontaine and Shorter dropped Nancy off at the Hayward Field parking lot, where she'd left her car, and then Prefontaine turned his gold 1973 MGB toward the twisting roads of the Eugene hills—roads he had run on hundreds of times over the last seven years—to drop Shorter at Kenny Moore's house. In Moore's driveway, Shorter and Prefontaine sat in the car and arranged to run the next day. "Then let's sit in the sun and drink beer and figure out how to get the AAU," Prefontaine said as Shorter got out of the car, and Prefontaine headed down Prospect Drive alone toward home.

Prospect very quickly becomes Skyline Boulevard, a misnomer if ever there was one, for Skyline is nothing but a narrow, two-lane gash of a road that turns abruptly at the bottom of a steep hill. Driving on this road with his convertible top down and his seat belt unbuckled, Steve Prefontaine—who was not, all his friends agree, the most atten-

tive of drivers, and who admitted it—may have fumbled with a John Denver cassette too long. Or perhaps he swerved to avoid a car making a blind, wide turn onto Skyline at the bottom of the hill. Whatever, the result was the same. Although his car was in second gear and he could not have been going faster than 30 mph, the MG crossed the center line, skidded across the pavement, and slammed into an embankment of solid rock. The roll bar was useless—Prefontaine was thrown out of the car, the car flipped, and when it landed, Prefontaine lay beneath it, dying, his chest crushed.

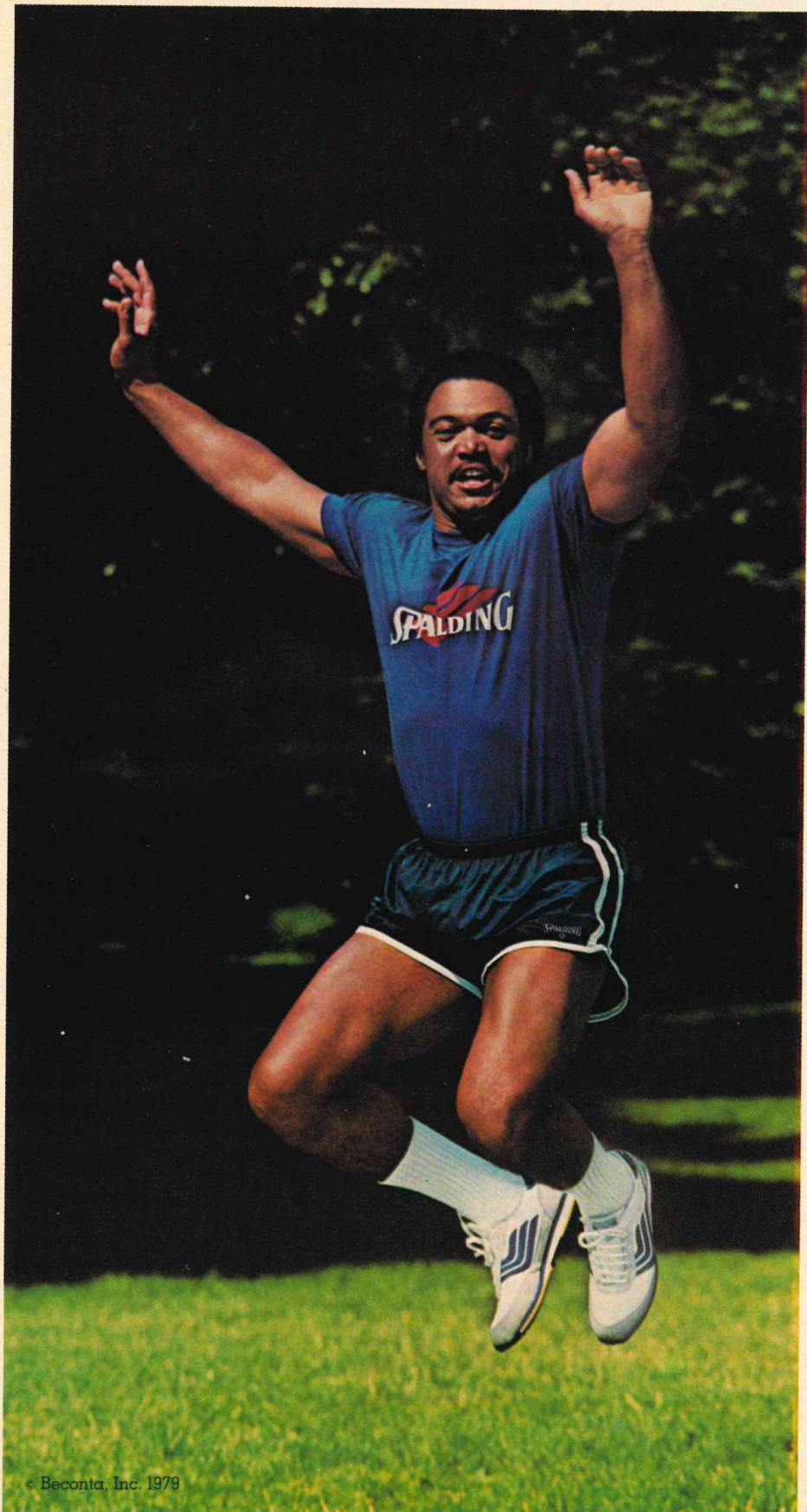
Bill Alvarado, a restaurateur who, as it happened, had talked with Prefontaine only weeks before about Pre's plan to open a bar in Eugene, lived directly above the crash site in a house with extraordinary acoustics: From his bedroom, it was commonplace, he said, to hear conversations blocks away. At 12:39 in the morning on May 30, Alvarado and his wife were talking when they heard the crash and then the frightening silence which followed it. Within seconds, Bill Alvarado was out on the street.

Alvarado said he heard a car accelerate up the hill, "and then a car with its headlights full on damn near ran me down. I tried to get the license number, but all I could see was that it was an MG. I was incensed that someone would drive like that on my street. I got in my car and followed, but the MG seemed to disappear. I made a loop around the block, and as I came back to my house, I saw the accident."

Alvarado stopped and tried to lift Prefontaine's car. He couldn't. But Prefontaine was alive—"There was movement," said Alvarado. So he ran home and yelled to his wife to call the police. Meanwhile, 20-year-old Karl Bylund, the driver of the phantom MG, was at his home, apparently reporting the overturned car to his father, Dr. Richard Bylund. Dr. Bylund did not go to the accident scene, though it was only a quarter mile from his home on Kona Drive (see sidebar on p. 47). It would not have done Prefontaine much good if he had. The first policeman to reach the scene, 21 minutes after the accident, found no pulse and another neighbor, a doctor, confirmed that he was dead. By four in the morning, the police had sampled Pre's blood and determined that the alcohol level was 1.6%, .6% above Oregon's legal limit. And by the time runners across America were lacing up their shoes for their morning workouts, the



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—Reggie Jackson



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Steve Prefontaine was buried under a stone which reads:  
"Our beloved son and brother who raced through life  
now lies in peace."

wire services were carrying the news that Steve Prefontaine had died, drunk, in a one-car accident.

The metaphor is irresistible: Steve Prefontaine, the Athlete Dying Young, became, in a sense, the James Dean of running. His funeral was held at his high-school track in Coos Bay, a hundred-odd miles from his adopted Eugene. His mother washed and ironed his Olympic tunic one last time so he could be buried in it. His pallbearers were runners—Frank Shorter, Jon Anderson, Geoff Hollister, Jim Seyler, Bob Williams and Brett Williams—and they dressed for his funeral in their warm-up suits.

Given that, it seemed appropriate on the breezy June afternoon of his funeral, with all the schools and most of the businesses in Coos Bay closed, for the light blue hearse that bore the town's only celebrity to lap the track of the Marshfield High field before stopping in front of the grandstand. Walt McClure, Pre's high-school coach, and Bill Bowerman, his first mentor at Oregon, eulogized him, and then, with his friends and family, the procession moved on to a hillside in Sunset Memorial Park, where Steve Roland Prefontaine was buried under a stone which reads: "Our beloved son and brother who raced through life now lies in peace."

These ceremonies could not be enough, so the next night, 4,000 people gathered at Hayward Field in Eugene to continue the eulogy. Friends announced that the electric clock would be running during their tributes, and that it would be turned off at 12:36.0, the time that Prefontaine hoped someday to see inscribed beside his name on the 3-mile record. Former Oregon track coach Bill Bowerman spoke, and Frank Shorter spoke and then Kenny Moore said that Prefontaine "conceived of his sport as a service, in the way an artist serves," that he had, after Munich, broken through the obsession of his quest and broadened his energy until he became a man of many parts. "Time holds him, green and dying, though he sang in his chains like the sea," Moore said softly, and then, looking up at the clock, which had reached 10:36.0, he added, "There are still two minutes on the clock. He could run a half mile."

Moore went into the stands. There was silence as the clock passed 11:00. At 11:36, 4,000 people stood as one. At 12:00, they started cheering and screaming and applauding. And then the sun broke through the clouds, just as it had before

the start of so many of his races, and there was even more noise until the clock stopped at 12:36.0, the runner at rest having broken his last tape. They filed silently out of Hayward Field then, many of them anxious to do something to preserve his name and his example. The only problem was that Pre had moved through life so quickly that he had all but kicked dust over his own tracks, so those who wished to honor him first had to decide just who their friend really was.

Jim Seyler, his oldest friend, says Prefontaine was a runner from the fifth grade on. "We'd race HO-scale cars at a shop on Saturday afternoons," Seyler recalls. "As we walked there, he'd say, 'Come on, you guys!' and start running. We were all in good shape, but he'd be gone."

Walt McClure, then track coach at Marshfield High, was the first to pluck him out of a gym-class conditioning program and channel that energy. "He ran close to all-out in practice, and his threshold was practically nonexistent," McClure explains. "In rest periods, he cut the intervals between quarters from a minute to 35 or 40 seconds. He never stopped. And because he was a prodigious worker, the workout didn't take him a lot of time. Given all that, the competitions were easy: He knew how hard he could push himself."

Pre thrived on progress. The year he started running (he was 14), he came home one afternoon and announced, "Someday I'm going to be in the Olympics." His older sister Neta thought "that was pretty far for a boy from Coos Bay." His mother was more direct. "Oh, Stevie, you're crazy," she said.

He took their disbelief as a challenge and trained harder. "The only problem I ever had with him was freshman year," Walt McClure says. "All he wanted to do was run the longest distance, which was the 2-mile race. As Coach Bowerman used to put it, 'I like steak, but not seven times a week.' So I suggested he vary his distances and I told my assistant to enter him in the mile. The word came back: Steve would run the 2-mile or nothing. I said, 'Tell him he runs the mile or nothing.' Well, he turned in a 5:04.0 his first time out."

The news spread. "You should go over to the track," friends told Mrs. Prefontaine. "Your son is quite a runner." But in his sophomore year, the prodigy failed to qualify for the state-championship meet. "When he didn't make it, I could feel the hurt," Neta says.

"He ran past the audience with his hood pulled over his head, looking down."

Anxious to atone for the setback, Pre ran up sand dunes and down logging roads. He would run out to sister's house in Empire, have a Coke and run back to Coos Bay, a 10-mile trek. And, every morning, he'd go out, whatever the weather, and tear off four or five miles at a 6-minute pace. "He didn't need convincing. All you needed to do was explain it, and he'd go out and run it," McClure recalls. "By the time he graduated, I may have been the coach, but I was the guy who was learning."

When Steve Prefontaine enrolled at the University of Oregon in 1969, he had, in outdoor track, run undefeated in 27 races in his junior and senior years of high school—27 races that included three state-championship titles and best times of 4:06 for the mile and 8:41.5 (a high-school record) for two miles. "He will become the greatest runner in the world," Coach Bowerman predicted. And Bowerman had just the man to help Pre achieve that—his assistant coach, Bill Dellinger, who had been the Olympic bronze medalist at 5,000 meters in 1964.

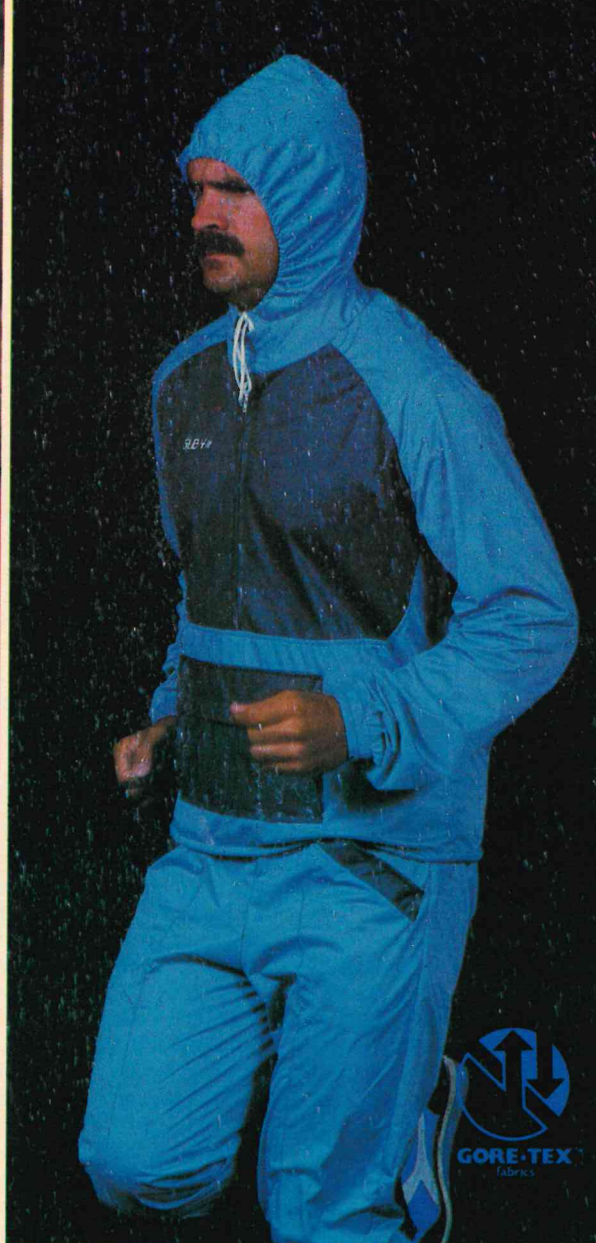
The first thing Dellinger did at the start of Prefontaine's freshman year was to take him aside and ask him how fast he hoped to run the mile the following spring. Prefontaine didn't hesitate: "3:48.0." The stunned Dellinger got him to compromise on a goal of 3:56.0.

That 3:48 self-assurance was evident in the way Pre ran, in the surging, churning style he brought to distance running. With that novel, indelicate approach and his roguish good looks, Prefontaine became a kind of cult figure on the Oregon campus and in Eugene, as if he were only, in Kenny Moore's words, "an incredibly energetic running animal."

Prefontaine hated it. He didn't mind when kids shouted, "Hey, Pre!" and asked for his autograph, but praise from adults bothered him. He spoke freely in front of reporters and got burned for it, and soon developed a reputation for arrogance and aloofness. By the end of his freshman year, he considered dropping out of college and marrying Elaine Finley, his high-school girlfriend, partly to suppress his "super-jock" image.

Running, which had given him the image that was to plague him, was, as always, Pre's only salvation. He had to study hard to do well in broadcast communications, his major, and he needed the money that a part-time job brought him—but none of that was really impor-





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tant when he stepped onto a track and faced its waiting gauntlet. "If you can't stand pain, you can't run the distances," Pre said, and so he took pain as his ally.

Certainly, his workouts would terrify all but the greatest. No matter how late he stayed out the night before, Prefontaine was up early in the morning running his miles with only his dog Lobo for company. In the afternoons, he used his practices as intense mental and physical preparations for specific parts of his races. He would, for example, run four 1,320s, each one faster than the one before it, to sharpen his speed. Or he would step up to the starting line, nod to Dellinger, and run a sub-4-minute mile. He always did better than what was asked of him. Once Pre was to run two 4:08.0 miles, with a 10-minute jog in between; he turned in times of 4:04.0 and 4:02.8.

Kenny Moore recalls one particularly easy workout, a 6-lap run with the first two at 70, the next two at 65, and the final two at 60. "As we jogged after the first laps," Moore recalls, "Steve said he'd had five donuts at his girlfriend's house that afternoon and had lost track of time. He looked green as we started the second set. And coming down to 60, I was doing it but Steve was gurgling. He wasn't even there. About 150 yards from the finish, he was transformed. He came by me at a 52 pace and beat me by 10 yards. Then he went over to Dellinger in the infield and threw up a big pile of cookies and donuts."

In his four years at Oregon, Prefontaine never missed a workout and never passed up a meet. "There should be a breaking point," Bowerman says. "I never found Steve's."

Steve Prefontaine's running strategy during those years was no strategy at all. His races were a direct expression of his nature: forceful, abrupt, without deception or frills. It was a style that intimidated and unsettled his college opponents, few of whom could match his brutal pace and still have enough left to hold it to the finish.

Pre's secret weapon in this disarming non-strategy was his uncanny sense of timing. His father once visited him in Eugene the day he'd run what he thought was 10 miles. Steve felt he was a little off, so together they drove the route he'd taken: He had actually run 9.9 miles. And his pacing was so exact his teammates joked that he had a clock in his head. Years later, when Pre coached young

distance runners, he told them, "Never think how far you have to go, think only to stay on pace."

He had, at 21, spent almost a third of his life as a potential Olympic prodigy, but no kid from Coos Bay could have been mentally ready for the debacle of Munich. In '69, when Pre was graduated from high school, his class play was *Peter Pan*. At Oregon, Prefontaine had been in ROTC and, briefly, in a fraternity. He was too excitable to develop any sustained intellectual pursuit—he could not sit still even for one song when Jim Seyler tried to play a new record for him—and he had deliberately tuned out Vietnam, Kent State, etc., so that they would not blunt the edge of his runner's ambition.

Munich changed all that. It was not just that his event, the 5,000 meters, was among the first to be run after the massacre of the Israeli athletes, it was the way political issues obscured the athletic competition. "He was naive about the ways other countries pay their amateur athletes," a friend says. "It was a rude awakening for him."

Still more dispiriting to him was his own performance. The 5,000 was dominated by kickers, and Prefontaine, for all his "late" speed, was not equipped for what he encountered. With four laps to go, he quickened a 67 pace to 62.5; he did the next lap in 61.2, running about even with Lasse Viren, and the lap after that he did in 60.3. But at the start of the gun lap, Viren moved ahead and Tunisia's Mohamed Gamoudi sprinted to Prefontaine's shoulder. Prefontaine tried to challenge Viren. Gamoudi boxed him in. Pre tried again as he rounded the last curve, and again Gamoudi cut him off. By the final straightaway, Pre had almost nothing left, and he staggered to the finish behind third-place Ian Stewart, of Great Britain.

Missing an Olympic medal by one stride was a devastating setback for Prefontaine. "He didn't care about anything," said a friend. "He drank a lot more beer. He was fun to be with, but he wasn't a serious, disciplined person any more."

The man who emerged from that period was more committed to running than ever, and there was a new maturity about him. If he had been naive before—and Bowerman did often jokingly call him a "rube"—he faced his forced enlightenment squarely. Pre had enemies now, and they were the old-boy powerbrokers who manipulated running and turned it into a full-scale exercise in politics. The

Olympics behind him, Steve Prefontaine turned himself into a national spokesman for a disenfranchised and economically persecuted minority: the American amateur runner.

Pre was different after 1972, his friends say. He was looking at graduation in a new way, and he didn't like the prospects. Eventually, he planned to capitalize on his training in communications ("I can see Pre in a television truck now, looking at the screens, knowing what he wanted, and unable to express it," Kenny Moore says.) But a full-time career would, he knew, wipe him out as a world-class runner.

So he contemplated opening a bar he'd call The Sub-4. There would be pictures on the walls of the 10 Oregon Milers who had broken four minutes by 1974. He would serve what he claimed was his "favorite meal," a leafy, green, health-promoting salad, though friends say he really favored Twinkies (preferably swallowed whole), pizzas with extra cheese, and, of course, beer.

Pre never realized this dream. He gave up the idea when Coach Bowerman bluntly told him, "You're going to have every kid in town thinking that tending bar is the thing to do." He wound up going over to Roosevelt Junior High and talking with kids during homeroom period. He went on field trips with them and even scrambled up Spencer's Butte one dark night during a "ghost hunt" to scare them; he loved it when one of the homeroom's former students visited one day and didn't have the slightest idea who he was. He visited the state prison and wrote letters on behalf of prisoners. He testified before the state legislature that "field burning," an annual event in Oregon's valleys, was more dangerous to citizenry than it was helpful to farmers.

All this time, he was living in a \$60-a-month trailer, using his \$101-a-month-scholarship to buy food stamps. Like other athletes, he supplemented his earnings by staying with friends instead of at hotels and padding his travel expenses. In the spring of '73, when Pre was asked to run the mile against Dave Wottle to raise money for a new grandstand at the university, he did more than run a great race—he made a donation to the fund, and made sure every member of the track team did too. "Steve raised \$40,000 with that mile," Bowerman says, "but more important was that among the 15,000 who watched him were those from whom we'd been begging money. I found that if





those people were at the race, it was a lot easier for me to get my hand in their pockets."

Steve Prefontaine graduated from the University of Oregon in 1973. To support himself, he took a job with Nike, giving running clinics around the state. He moved out of the trailer, first to a house near The Paddock, then to a family-style bungalow on a quiet street in West Eugene. He rented out enough rooms to other athletes to live rent-free, and then, with \$500 a month coming in, he set out to become the world's greatest runner.

But it made no sense to be famous and poor, and so Prefontaine, with his friends Geoff Hollister and Geoff Bannister, devised a plan for a facility that might be a financial success if the country was, as they predicted, at the start of a great running boom. It was called The Decathlon Club, and it was intended to be a runner's version of the Y: showers, lockers, saunas, a mile trail outdoors. "Nothing regal," says Geoff Hollister.

They wanted a city facility and were delighted to learn that the center of the Eugene-Springfield area lies a half-mile from Alton Baker Park. Looking at drawings of the park, they discovered that a steam line passed directly under the site they wanted for The Decathlon Club: They could tap the steam for free energy if the county approved the plan.

The trio took the idea to the Parks Department in '73. "They were ecstatic about us," Hollister reports. "They put

three people on the project. They came up with plan after plan. But the park was controlled by environmentalists and conservationists, and they were more fascinated with a \$500,000 canoe canal that had no facilities. They strung us along for 2½ years. They encouraged us. When they said no, they invited us to a planning dinner, fed us and then slammed the door in our faces. We couldn't believe it."

Prefontaine called it "a learning experience," for he had, by 1975, mellowed considerably. He rejected a \$200,000 offer to run professionally (on the ITA Tour) that spring, saying he "didn't want to make a job of something I've really enjoyed for years." In another, more fundamental sense, he could not betray what he'd learned at Munich. "People say I should be running for a gold medal, for the old red, white and blue and all that bull," he said in April. "But it's not going to be that way. I'm the one who has made all the sacrifices. Those are my American records, not my country's."

When he died, little more than a month later, he was working with Hollister and Bannister to find a private backer for The Decathlon Club. He was also talking again about opening a bar. But mostly, he was too involved with his running to consider these problems as more than diversions from his preparation for Montreal. For he was running well; he was coming into his athletic maturity.

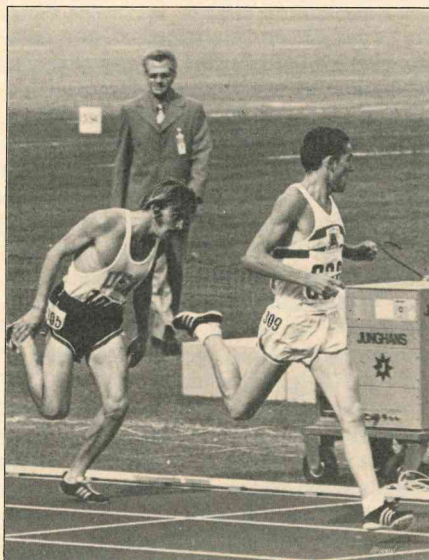
He set American records 14 times. He ran nine 5,000-meter races faster than

13:30.0, and he broke the 4-minute mile eight times. From 1970 until the evening of his death, Pre won 82 of 102 outdoor track events, against top-flight competition at home and abroad, at distances from the mile through 10,000 meters. In his four years at Oregon, he won four NCAA 3-mile/5,000 titles and three NCAA cross-country championships. He won AAU 3-mile titles in '71 and '73, the Pan-Am Games 5,000 in '71. He ran the mile in 3:54.6, the 2,000 meters in 5:06.2, the 2-mile in 8:19.4, the 3,000 meters in 7:44.2, the 5,000 meters in 13:22.4 and the 6-mile in 27:09.4.

Not surprisingly, the readers of *Track & Field News* voted him the country's most popular runner. He made running exciting, as it had rarely been exciting before: "Everyone who's run for Oregon can look back and see how things sometimes clicked, how, with the help of the crowd, you ran out of your head, but Steve—Steve had so many of those races it was a *habit*," Kenny Moore says. Children ran after him. Women pursued him. "He was," Frank Shorter said, "somebody I held in awe, not for the times he ran, but for the way he ran. All out. Steve did not really associate with me in a close personal manner until his last year, after I shared the lead with him at the Bowerman Classic 3-Mile. Then, it was as if I had passed some sort of test, and I guess in Steve's eyes I had, because he had high expectations for others as well as himself. . . . He thought it only right that I should help him with the pace. I did and



**Top: The latter stages of the 1972 Olympic 5,000, with Lasse Viren leading; Prefontaine in second; Emiel Puttemans to Pre's right; Mohamed Gamoudi in fourth and Ian Stewart, fifth. Below: Pre just misses a medal; Viren, Gamoudi and Stewart were 1-2-3. And Pre as a high-school runner in 1969, soon after setting the scholastic 2-mile record of 8:41.5.**



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON CHADEZ

that was that. I was his friend."

There was also a price, and it was all personal. His sister Neta remembers him as "always on the go, except when he relaxed at our home or was having a 'breather' at the local pub. He worked so hard for so long, running, lifting weights, until it became hard for us to get near him." Pre did what he could—he sent dozens of postcards from every new place he went—but life was an unending blur of activity.

He was so much the man in motion, so voluble about a new business scheme or AAU outrage that it was difficult, in the days and months after he died, to imagine him silenced, much less devise a

suitable tribute to his memory. He could sound the braggart, but he was, he told his sister Neta, "scared to death" the night the Finns ran in Coos Bay that no one in his hometown would come to see him run. He could shake the roof yelling like the populist prophet he had become over the years, and he could turn around soon after and loftily declare, "A race is a work of art that people can look at and be affected by in as many ways as they are capable of understanding." But, most of all, he could deliver, time after time, races that were instantly stamped in the memory of everyone who was privileged to see them, races which promised a future of achievement and celebrity.

The day after Steve Prefontaine died, Geoff Hollister got a call from the head of the Parks Department. "He asked us to make another presentation, and to make it fast. They went into a meeting, and this time the vote to put it through was unanimous. I was amazed. We'd talked about a mile trail, and they went for five miles."

The county named it Pre's Trail, and they built it along the Willamette River with free labor from the youth corps. Oregon's lumber and trucking companies donated Douglas fir and cedar-bark shavings, with one company, Weyerhaeuser, getting so upset at not being approached that it insisted on contributing a reserve supply of shavings. Over 100,000 people run on Pre's Trail each year, and Olympic contenders warm-up on it before the Trials on the university track. It is probably the best city running facility in America, but when Kenny Moore, one of the directors of the Steve Prefontaine Foundation, runs on it, he is almost invariably saddened by the thought that the man who inspired it never knew that this particular dream would come true.

The Prefontaine Foundation has other projects: to provide post-graduate financial assistance to amateur runners, to finance the preservation of track artifacts, and to create a living memorial to Steve Prefontaine. That last project has turned out even in its planning stages to be as controversial and challenging as Prefontaine himself.

"I could easily see a Steve Prefontaine Foundation run by Steve Prefontaine," Moore remarked not long ago, and it is certainly not hard to imagine Prefontaine, in all his harsh eloquence, castigating those state legislators who refused to outlaw "field burning" when it came to a vote in the legislature, a week after his death. Prefontaine would also have sharp words for legislators who used his death as another reason not to liberalize the state's drinking laws when that bill came to the floor a few days after his death. He would undoubtedly have some choice explanations for the motivation of the AAU committees that have, since his death, eased the AAU chokestraining on the harried amateur competitor.

But mostly, his friends think, Steve Prefontaine would be very surprised and flattered to know that he is still fondly remembered as a little man who wanted to be a big one, and made it. **FINISH**

*Jesse Kornbluth is a journalist and screenwriter.*



# A Questionable Death

Four years after his death, Steve Prefontaine is still at the center of two controversies. Although his family is understandably reluctant to speak out about it, many of his friends are openly skeptical about the official explanation of the crash. Similarly, plans for a Prefontaine Memorial in his hometown of Coos Bay, Oregon, have sparked considerable disagreement among those who were closest to him.

On the matter of his death, there is some evidence to support his sister Neta's contention that "Steve was not drunk, but it was simpler for everyone to blame it on that." According to the Eugene police, Prefontaine was legally intoxicated and possibly inattentive at the time of the accident. Officials claim other factors—that the night was clear, that he had driven his fateful road many times, that he had consumed less than his usual quota of beer—are not significant. In a one-car crash, they point out, the full story often dies with the victim.

Kenny Moore, competitor in the '72 Olympic Marathon in Munich and regular contributor to *Sports Illustrated*, still has questions. "To do what Steve did could not have been the result of inattention," he says. "There was a forceful turning of the wheel." For what possible reason? "You can come up that hill wide very easily. I've done it myself. If Pre was going downhill and saw someone coming up in his lane, the only place to go was left."

The first car to come up the hill after the accident, according to the account of Bill Alvarado, a witness, was Karl Bylund's MG. Four days after the crash, the Eugene police were curious enough about Bylund's possible involvement in the accident to interview him and ask him to submit to a polygraph test. Bylund agreed, took it and passed. The police closed the case. Neither Bylund nor his father, Dr. Richard Bylund, are willing to be interviewed, so Prefontaine's family and friends are left with questions that have plagued them for years.

Among them:

- Karl Bylund told police that he stopped at the accident scene, got out of his car, saw that the driver was still in the vehicle and then hurried back to his car to drive for help. Why, if this is so, did the Alvarados hear no sounds of a car stopping? Why did they not hear the slam of a car door as Bylund got out to look at the crash? Why did Alvarado, who was, by then, standing in the mid-



Site of the fatal accident on Skyline Blvd. in Eugene, Oregon.

dle of Skyline Boulevard, hear no footsteps running back to the Bylund car or the sound of the MG's door slamming as Bylund hurried for help, though Bylund was only a few hundred feet away on a deserted street?

- Once Karl Bylund raced past Bill Alvarado, he was less than a minute from home. Alvarado took about four minutes circling the block looking for Bylund's car, another minute or more trying to lift Prefontaine's car, and as much as another minute returning to his home so he and his wife could call the police. Yet Alvarado says he was told his call to the police beat Dr. Bylund's by some five minutes. If so, what was happening at the Bylund house during this time? Why did Karl, who had taken a first-aid course in high school and who told police he saw Alvarado flagging him down, not return to the accident scene to offer his help? And why didn't Dr. Bylund venture out? Did he really tell the police, as some of Prefontaine's friends claim, that he was suffering from "diarrhea" and "cramps?"

- None of Prefontaine's friends deny that he liked beer, but all of those who run point out that, given a choice of post-race refreshers, runners typically choose beer—preferably in quantity. A distance runner's system oxidizes beer faster than that of a sedentary person, these athletes claim, but even if that is just a convenient rationalization, Prefontaine was, they say, far from loaded that night. "If Pre was drunk," a close friend argues, "then half the top-ranked runners in this country are on their last legs." Still, as Prefontaine's affection for beer was well known, it was not just standard police procedure that dictated a blood test. But why was Prefontaine's blood taken by the Eugene police instead of a county medical examiner, as is customary? And why was that sample never made available to the medical examiner's office?

- Eugene Police Sgt. Richard Lo-

veall told reporters there was a 40' skid mark leading from the center line on Skyline Boulevard to the curb, indicating that Prefontaine tried to stop his car well before it neared the wall. It also suggests that he may have been reacting to something he saw on the roadway—quite possibly, another car. In the official accident report, filed two weeks after the crash, however, Patrolman Rex Ballenger indicates he saw no skid marks, only "scuff marks leading to the point of impact." These marks, he noted, "appear to have been left by a forward rotating tire that was sliding sideways." Which was it, skid or scuff? And why couldn't a racing car driver, hired by interested parties after the crash, duplicate the skid or the accident itself, despite repeated attempts?

In all this, it is important to note that once the accident happened, there was virtually no way Prefontaine's life could have been saved—even if Karl Bylund had stopped to help or if the police had been called immediately. With the weight of his car resting on his chest, "he couldn't have lived more than a minute," suggests Dr. Edward Wilson, assistant county medical examiner.

The matter of an appropriate memorial is also thorny. "Our first thought was a scholarship at the University," says Kenny Moore. "But there are already scholarships there, and that was only four years of his life. Steve was impressed after graduation by the difficulty of the transition, so we decided to focus on the post-graduate athlete."

A more permanent memorial, however, has been harder to find. There is some talk of a Coos Bay Marathon, sanctioned by the AAU. Prefontaine's sister Neta speaks for many when she bitterly opposes it: "It goes against everything Steve was doing. As I see it, it would be a real slap in the face." A second idea, a bronze plaque in the center of Coos Bay, also arouses her ire. "If they have to do something like that, let it be a statue of Steve running, something kids could look at, and say, 'Hey, that was Steve and he went to the Olympics!' A cold piece of stone is dumb." Her choice, and the favorite notion of some other Prefontaine loyalists, is a sports complex that offers Coos Bay's kids a winter option to television, boredom and delinquency. "Steve wanted most to be loved by children," she explains. "And he wanted to make life better for all those in athletics. A sports complex, with covered tennis courts or a pool or an indoor track—how that would have made him proud!"

To date, nothing has been resolved, and there is no memorial to Prefontaine in Coos Bay. "It is," his sister Neta says, "a hard town."

—J.K.





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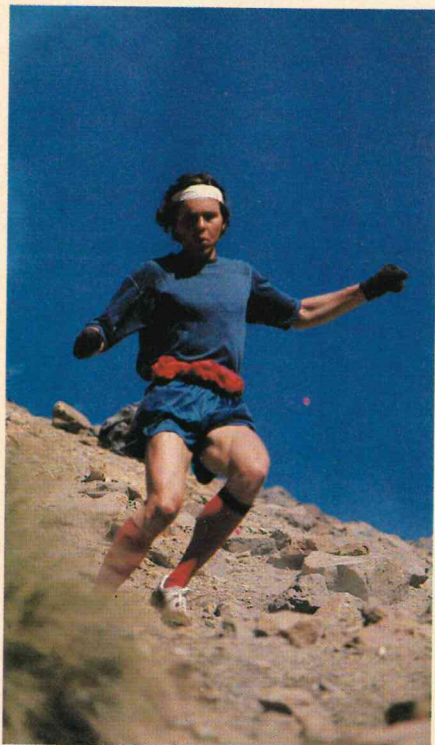
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# OVER THE VOLCANO

BY CHRIS REVELEY

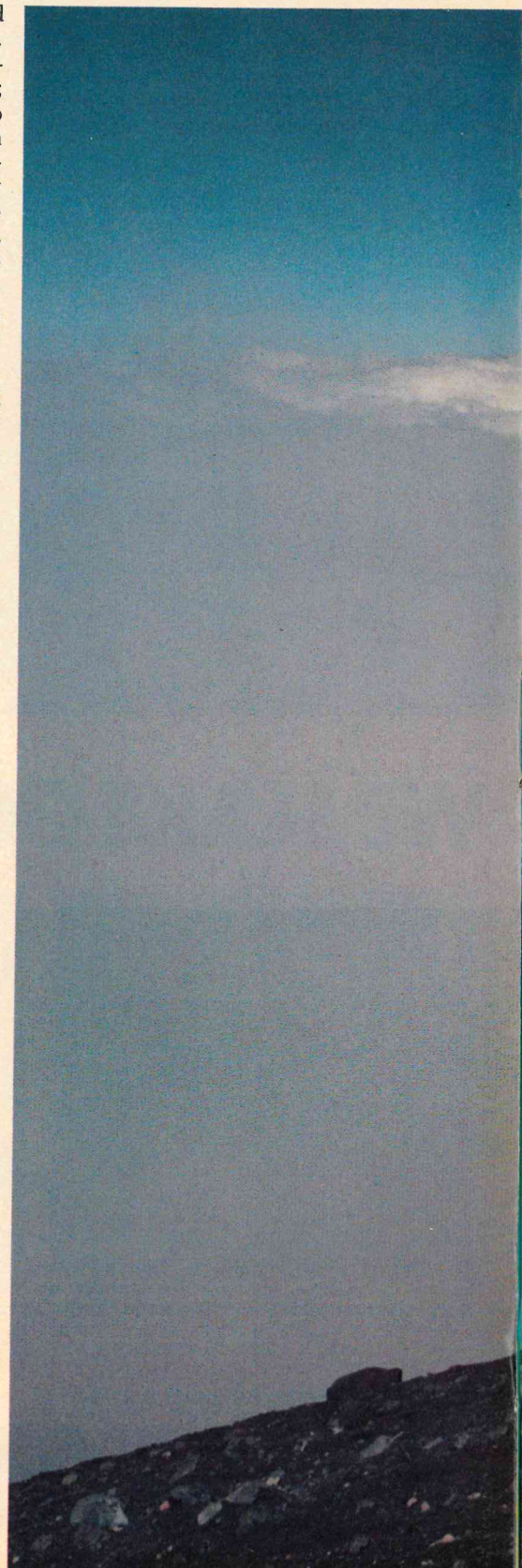
A solitary figure is being lowered into the smoking depths of the volcano. His comrades, perched on the treacherous rim, slowly pay out rope. It is late fall; the year, 1519. The army of Hernándo Cortés is camped on a high pass between Mexico's two massive mountains, Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl. Late in the day the small party comes down from the summit. They have collected sufficient sulfur from Popo's crater to produce badly needed gunpowder. Supplies replenished, Cortés moves north to his notorious confrontation with the Aztec King, Montezuma.

In much the same way, the Spanish must have once toiled up the slopes of Popocatepetl, weighed down with armor and dragging the heavy implements of 16th-century warfare; modern-day climbers still lumber up through snow to reach the crater's edge. Four-and-a-half centuries have passed, yet ironically the style of ascent has changed little. Heavy boots, bulging packs, expedition clothing, ropes, a full panoply of modern mountaineering gear are considered necessary equipment by the armies of international climbers who yearly attempt Mexico's "Big Three": Popo (17,887'); its twin peak, Ixta (17,342'); and Orizaba, some 80 miles east and, at 18,855', North America's second highest peak. Climbers staggering under the weight of all this gear sometimes take as long as two days to reach the top.

John Link and I prefer to climb light. Our years of experience running in the Colorado Rockies have proved that heavy equipment and elaborate preparations aren't always necessary in the mountains. For us, the appeal of mountain running lies in traveling fast and light. Away from roads and crowds, it's possible to experience a sense of freedom and profound contentment. We find we're able to achieve this feeling only by deliberately putting as little as possible between ourselves and the mountain. Insofar as the average mountaineer is insulated from his experience, weighed down with the psychological weight of rigid preconceptions and the guaranteed drudgery of excessive equipment, we think he misses something.

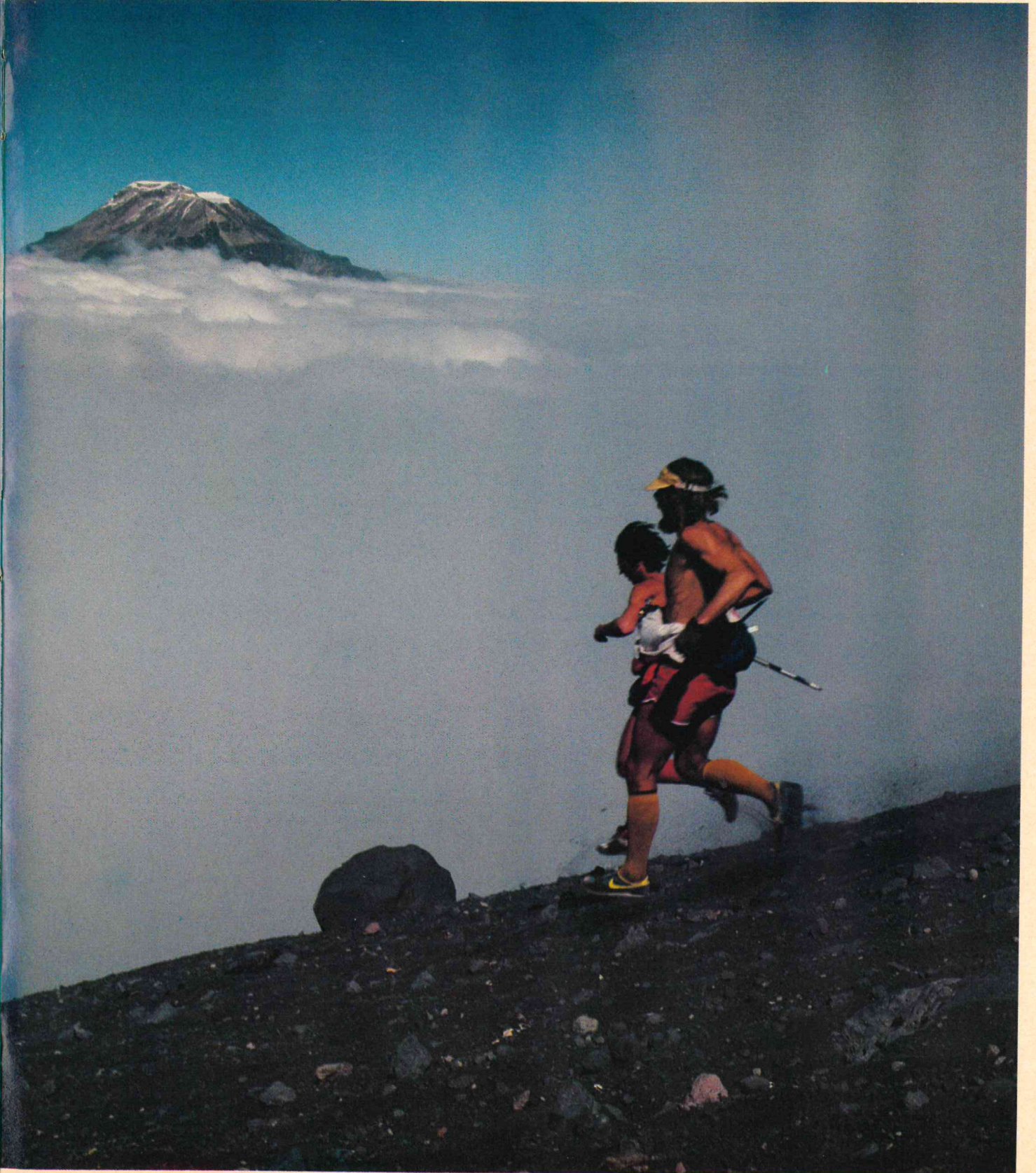
Two years ago, we decided to test our concept of lightweight footwear and light dress outside of our Colorado backyard.

**Left: Author Chris Reveley.  
Right: Reveley and partner John Link running down the ashy slopes of Mt. Popocatepetl.**





PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAUREN MCKINLEY









**Left: At 13,000', near the climber's hut on Popo.**  
**Top right: Washing day in Villa Hidalgo, a mountain town in Mexico.**  
**Bottom right: Downtown Amecameca.**

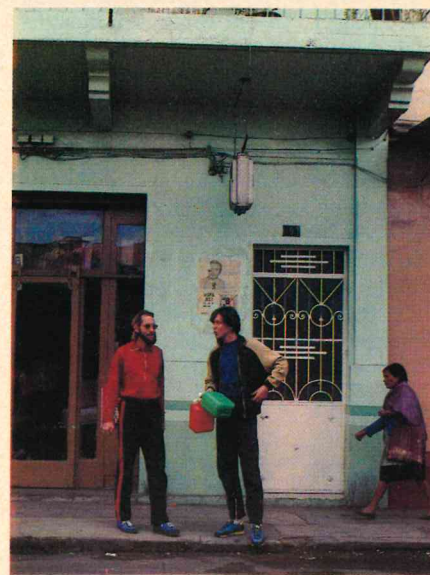


Our first climb of Popo and Ixta confirmed that heavy boots and packs are not *de rigueur* for mountaineering. Last winter we returned to Mexico, having further refined our lightweight approach.

We land in Mexico City in December, 1978. A slow winding drive through cornfields and thick pine forests helps us relax after the confusing city traffic. Rusty high-school Spanish gets us through the entrance gate and into the Popo-Ixta National Park. The climbers' hut at Popo contains a dormitory wing and one large high-ceilinged room. Here the sole comforts are large metal tables and benches, and a row of gas burners that don't work. Scores of young Mexican mountaineers gather there nightly. They haul out loads of equipment, stoves and food, and feast late into the night while loud transistor radios pound out American disco tunes. One slim young climber jumps from his seat, shouts "Travolta!" and dances a few steps across the floor. Down in the larger villages, posters proclaim the latest American movies. *Grease* is *Vaselina!*

Soon we're installed in the dormitory, in bunks 5' too short. In the darkness John fumbles in his pack for the toothpaste and carefully applies a large glob of shoe goo to his brush before realizing the mistake. Later, I tell him he should have brushed anyway. After all, the stuff is excellent for shoes. . . . Throughout the night, troops of climbers march up and down a long hall where a naked light bulb burns continuously. Though our cubicle has no door, somehow we manage a good night's sleep.

7 A.M.: We're out of bed, and minutes later the tiny stove sputters beneath a



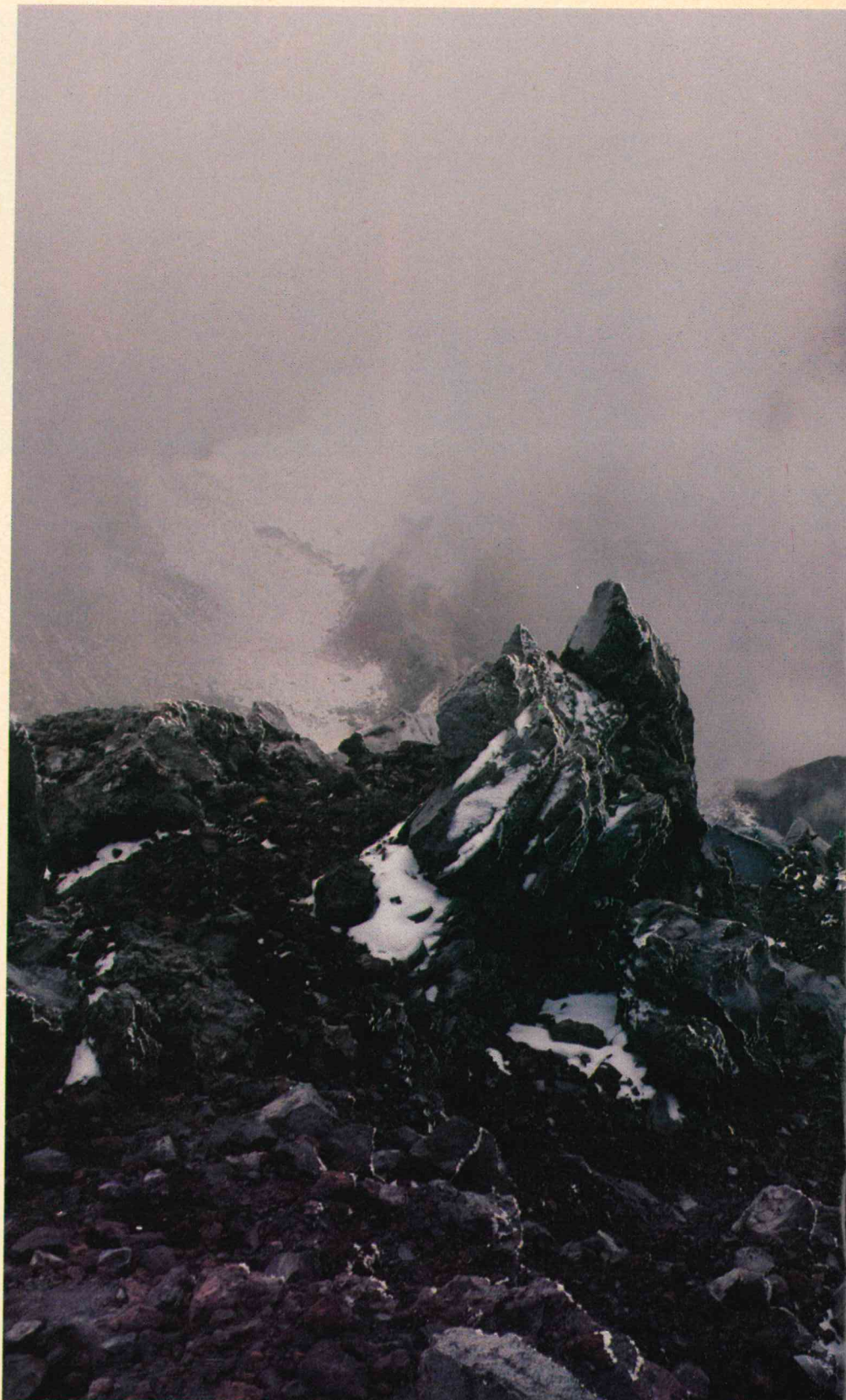
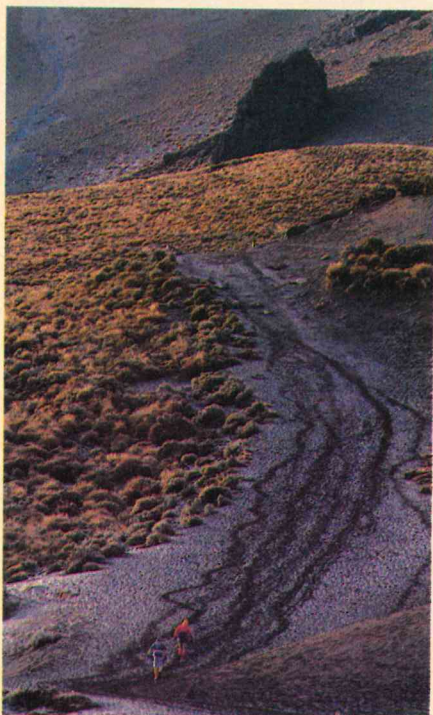
large pot of hot cocoa. Eight o'clock finds us at the car, going through piles of shoes, socks, nylon shorts and shirts that threaten to overwhelm the inside of our rented Volkswagen. By 8:15, we begin to rev up for the run. Locking the door, we hide the key and strap on small butt packs. Each of us carries a telescoping, modified Ramer ski pole, the extended hooklike handle of which can be used to stop a fall on steep snow. Everything we carry—shoes, clothing and equipment—weighs a total of only 5½ pounds. At 8:30, we trot up the last bit of road, cross the Castle courtyard (a palatial hotel where wealthier tourists stay) and trek up the black-sand trail that winds its way through bunch grass and rock slopes to the edge of the glacier on Popo's north flank. Below 15,000', Popo is a huge black



dune of volcanic ash. Running up is an exercise in frustration; coming down, a series of exhilarating 12' leaps.

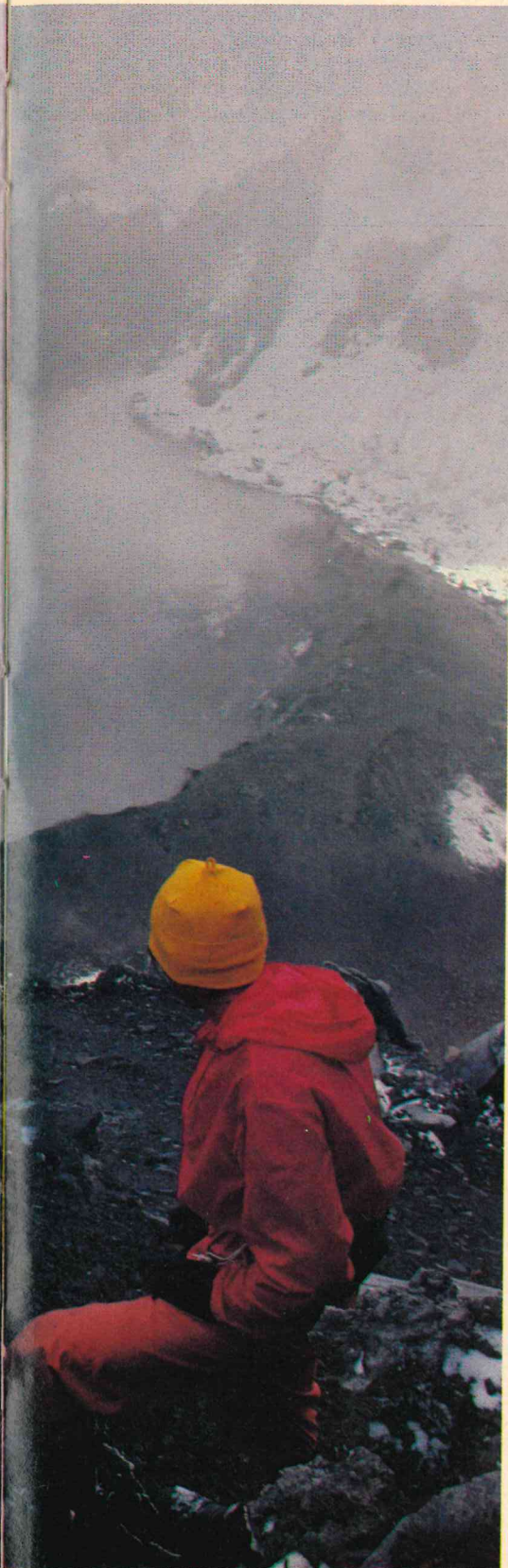
The Ventorillo is the shortest and steepest of Popo's three principal routes. It gets one to the snow faster and involves a minimum of wallowing in deep sand. At 15,500' on the Ventorillo sits a garish yellow A-frame hut capable of sleeping six people. As we pass this reference point, John begins to push the buttons of his stopwatch, scrutinizes it to read the digital dial and calls out some apparently random figures. "Hey, that's not bad! 50 minutes! That's as good as we ever did last year!" Five minutes later I hear, "No, that can't be right. Maybe I didn't reset the timer." Then, "Yeah, that was right . . . no wait, maybe more like 55 minutes because. . . ." A Ph.D. in physics has left this poor man scarred for life. Though the old computer upstairs still has a feel for numbers, intense physical activity tends to make one punch all the wrong buttons.

The angle steepens, and soon we are on the snow. The glacier comes to a sharp halt about 50 yards away. We're facing a wall of blue ice, 60' high, twisted and contorted from its slow crawl down the mountain. Though we've chosen to wear running shoes instead of heavy climbing boots, the hard icy snow demands something more than waffle soles. The lightest road-racing flats, insulated with downhill





**Left: The trail up Popo.  
Center: Chris looks down into  
Popo's volcanic crater, obscured  
by clouds of sulfur gas.  
Right: Chris and John relax in the  
summit hut.**



ski-boot liners, work well with 10 point crampons. On our last trip up Popo, I didn't even bother with the insulators.

Our footwear adjusted, we're ready to attack the next severe and slippery 3,000 feet. The upper slopes of this mountain are steep enough that running is no longer in question. We slow to a jog-walk. As one of America's leading hill runners says: "When you walk, the mountain has beaten you." All in all, we've been beaten nine times by Popo, twice by Ixta and once by Orizaba.

We're lucky to be spared one high-altitude affliction: oxygen debt. The thin air slows our pace slightly, but living at 9,000' in the Rockies, we're both physiologically and spiritually at home up high. We pass others less accustomed to these heights: three Tennessee mountaineers forced down from the mountain at 16,000' because of headaches and fatigue and a young Mexican leaning hard on his ice axe as waves of nausea pound his exhausted body. Later, we'll meet a Canadian climber crawling on hands and knees to reach Popo's summit.

When we reach 17,000', the air is noticeably thin. We're two tiny dots, adrift on a sea of white, skirting the gaping crevasses that look like waves breaking over a hidden reef. The terrain rolls as we near the summit. As we suddenly begin to move faster, we realize the slope is leveling off. The summit hut comes into view, and we trot the last 50 yards to the top.

John punches some buttons and announces: "2:02! No, wait. . . ." I don't wait to hear the time; the view from Popo's summit is too compelling. A few yards from the hut, the rim of the crater

abruptly falls off, plunging hundreds of feet into the smoking depths. The floor is a Dantesque scene—beside huge mounds of yellow rock, jets of sulfur gas spill out of the walls of a small inner cone. Both of us feel a certain aura or power in this mountain. John especially; he toys with the idea of making it a condition of inheritance that his children deposit his ashes in the crater. I think to myself it might be hard getting the stuff through Customs.

Every trip down Popo is a blur. Even on those days we decide to "take it easy," the descent always draws us in. We ascend via the Ventorillo route and return via the route known as "Las Cruces," named for the many crosses commemorating those who died on the mountain.

After traversing the crater's rim we leap over the side for a mile of wide-open snow running, passing small groups of other climbers. "Cuidado! Cuidado!"—"Careful"—they shout as we stumble along very near the edge of control. After an all-out 5-minute knee-rattling sprint down the hard snow, we're back onto sand. There is a short transition zone where the ash is frozen hard beneath a dusting of loose material—sprained ankle territory. But as we near the Las Cruces hut, the sand gradually softens and we bound, wild and whooping, down two miles of steep ramps, ankle deep in the black ash. John gets carried away and arrives back at the climber's hut just beginning to realize he's exhausted. Start to finish, we've been gone a little over 2½ hours.

After three consecutive trips up Popo, we drive across the Pass of Cortes to the end of the "road" at the base of



...Popo is a huge black dune of volcanic ash.  
Running up is an exercise in frustration; coming down,  
a series of exhilarating 12' leaps.

Ixta. Ixtaccihuatl, the "Sleeping Lady," must have had a good rest that night because she looks in excellent form. The trail begins somewhere in the vicinity of the lady's lower shin bone. A narrow rocky ridge takes us up to the "kneecaps." After a quick sprint on hard-packed snow, the pace changes abruptly as we start up a long rise. Then a mile-long gentle jog over ribs of snow to the mountain's high point—Los Pechos (the breasts). The ascent takes us an hour and 47 minutes, and after 50 minutes of controlled falling I'm back at the car. John has paused on top to check the north view and arrives back several minutes later.

At some point we decide to attempt to climb all three volcanoes in one 24-hour period. On the way to the Orizaba hut, I begin to develop an elaborate plan of attack. John wisely suggests we simply take things one step at a time.

The drive to Orizaba gradually becomes a nightmare of dirt roads and bottom-scraping bumps, until we finally come to a halt above the little village of Hidalgo. I recall sitting in the car, tilted at a 30° angle on the "road" after dark, confronted with a log bridge just barely wide enough for the wheels. One of the logs was broken neatly in half, revealing the bottomless pit below. That was too much. Into reverse and back down the road for 100 yards where I meet John, who had stepped out a mile before to ease the burden on our poor battered car. He begins to write an imaginary letter to the Hertz Corporation. "Dear Sirs: We were more than pleased with the performance of your automobile until. . . ."

Having gone as far as our available technology will take us, we put the car on the only level ground—a nice flat-bottomed ditch, which will be home for the next two days. It isn't a bad spot at all. The view from the ditch includes a constant parade of farm animals, and the sunsets are spectacular.

Next day, John, as usual, is up well before the sun. He returns from a short stroll up the hill to report that the climbing hut is nowhere in sight. We decide that today will be a reconnaissance, and after a pleasant 4-mile jog through bunch grass and giant pine trees, we discover the hut. Steve and Ken, "the Berkeley Brothers," have arrived a day or two before and are resting and acclimatizing before their "summit bid." They assure us we'll need crampons. Twenty minutes later and 1,000' higher, standing at the edge of another very slippery ocean of

snow, we agree. On the way down, we decide we'll have to make a very early start and a quick return if we're going to succeed with our "Three Peaks in 24 Hours" plan.

It is 4:30 A.M., and the sun is still two hours away. John and I slurp down cups of hot cocoa, pull on shoes, shorts and windshirts, and stagger off into the darkness. The forest is impressively still at this hour, and low on the skyline Venus shines startlingly bright. We stumble into the Piedra Grande hut at 6:00 A.M. and are pleasantly surprised with hot tea and candy bars, compliments of the couple and the Berkeley Brothers. Warmed and refreshed, we step out to begin officially our "24 Hour Plan."

From the hut, the trail rises through a steep talus slope for 1,000 vertical feet. In high gear, we head for the snow, and as I approach, I rotate my butt pack to the front, and extract insulators and crampons. The stop takes a little less time than usual, and soon we're crunching our way up the hill, adjusting our "canes" to shorter lengths as the grade gets steeper. The sun rises to a low point on the eastern horizon while the moon sinks in the west. It is as if we are suspended on a filament between the two. Eyes focused on the summit, we feel as if we're running in place. Halfway up the snow, the angle rises to 40°, then drops as we approach the rim. After 2 hours and 22 minutes of pleasant exercise, we stand on the top.

This 18,855' summit is a strange and exhilarating place. A macabre array of metal crosses, crusted with fluted ice formations, shows that the weather arrives from the east. We see mountains 100 miles away, and if not for a distant, low-lying cloud bank, the Gulf of Mexico would seem close. Orizaba's crater is half the size of Popo's and doesn't generate as much heat as its little brother. After lounging on the top for 10 minutes, our usual frenzied dash puts us back at the hut in 3 hours and 5 minutes, and before long, we're back in the car, crashing over now-familiar bumps toward the second volcano.

If I had driven the 250 kilometers back to Ixta a little faster or if we hadn't lingered in Amecameca's market or if the only cloud bank in Mexico hadn't obscured the bright moon that night, John and I might not have found ourselves standing on the boulders at 16,000' in utter darkness.

"Chris, I don't know about this."

"Yeah, I know. Things are getting a little heavier than I'd planned on."

"Even if we get up there, it's not clear we'll be able to find the trail down."

"I wonder where those clouds came from? Oh well. . . . Let's bag it." We came down like two blind men, tapping the ground ahead with our black canes, wondering if the long night would ever end.

The morning after our ordeal, all we can manage is a leisurely jog up Popo. Deciding to explore a new route, we trot along the Las Cruces trail to the halfway point, then turn straight uphill. It's Sunday, and the face of the mountain is sprinkled with dozens of tiny figures making their way along the Las Cruces route to our left. Our pace begins to pick up. Well above us to the right, we notice a party on the Ventorillo route. Soon we're even with them, then they drop away below. Another look, and I see the party has reversed direction. A long rest in the summit hut is followed by a "leisurely" 38-minute descent as John pushes me along. In his journal he writes, "I do like running fast down the soft, ashy Las Cruces trail."

We start the next-to-last day with a trip down to the outdoor market, what John refers to as "the flesh pots of Amecameca." We indulge—in avocado sandwiches. On the way out of town, John and I begin to feel more energetic so we decide to run the 17 miles back to the Popo hut. The chronic tendinitis on the outside of my knee usually balks at long road runs, but this one is so pleasant my leg barely complains. The day is balmy, and we wear only light shorts. The road rises steadily, 5,000' straight up, winding through cornfields and at least four different zones of vegetation. We run quietly, feeling no need to talk.

The airline schedule dictates an early departure on our last day, but we find time for a quick jog to the pass and back. John considers it a nice way to say goodbye to the mountains. We've been asked by many people if our best times on these mountains constitute records. My answer is, "Don't know, don't care." John and I are out there sharing what we love to do most. If our small steps encourage others to try the lightweight approach in mountain running, it's reward enough.

**FINISH**

*Eight months after running the mountains of Mexico, Chris Reveley won the 1979 Pike's Peak Marathon in 3:39:08.*



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Coe was the hero, Scott the challenger and, from third place, our writer chides himself for "watching" instead of racing

# THE GLORY OF THE GOLDEN MILE

BY CRAIG MASBACK

It was sunny and warm in Oslo on July 17, a welcome contrast to the cold, rainy days that had preceded it. For those of us in the Dubai Golden Mile, the day would be filled with anxiety as we paced about, waiting for the 8:20 P.M. starting time. I took an early morning run, hoping it would loosen some sore muscles, the result of my having run eight races in the past two weeks. And as I ran easily on a rolling pine needle path, I could not help thinking of my 12 opponents, whom I grouped into three categories.

First, there were those the French would term *Les Grands*; these were the champions and recordholders: John Walker of New Zealand, the mile recordholder (3:49.4) and 1976 Olympic 1,500 champion; Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland, the indoor recordholder (3:52.6), who had recently run a 13:23.6 for the 5,000; David Moorcroft of Great Britain, the Commonwealth Games mile victor; Dr. Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany, the European mile recordholder; and my U.S. colleague, Steve Scott, the current national AAU mile champion.

I convinced myself that a second category of opponents was either not in top form or simply incapable of challenging for a record or a victory. These were John Robson (Scotland), Ken Hall (Australia), Takashi Ishii (Japan), Bjorge

Rudd (Norway) and Steve Lacy (U.S.). Lacy had been ill and so assumed the role of rabbit.

I included myself in the third group: Runners who had shown potential but had not been sufficiently tested yet. Having run my best 800 (1:47.7) and 3,000 (7:52.9) two weeks before the Golden Mile, I expected to improve my best of 3:54.7 for the mile, and perhaps be competitive to the end. There was also Graham Williamson, the 19-year-old Scotsman who had run 3:55.8 at age 18. He was a seemingly fearless runner and, with little expected from him in Oslo, would be freer than the rest of us to run with the spirited abandon required to win.

The final untested miler was Sebastian Coe of Great Britain. He was the British indoor 3,000 champion, and his best mile time (run two years before) was 3:57.7. But there was enormous curiosity about him in light of the world 800 record of 1:42.4 he'd run on this same Bislet Stadium track, 12 days earlier.

I met Seb over lunch the day before the race. He is slight of build (5'9 1/2", 129 pounds), and nothing about him evokes the strength he draws on in competition. A serious student of economics and history at Britain's Loughborough University, Coe told the British press earlier in the year that he was neglecting his training to concentrate on studies and that

they should "expect little" from him. However, exams completed, Coe ran the sensational 800 on July 5, and nine days later won the British 400-meter title in 46.87. Now Coe was back in Oslo "to test my condition" at the mile.

Late in the afternoon, the 13 of us boarded a bus that took us from our rather isolated lodging quarters on the outskirts of the city to Bislet Stadium. Bislet is a rather plain-looking facility, consisting of a six-lane track enclosed by concrete terraces of typical European design, with a seating (and standing) capacity of 25,000.

As I laced up my spikes, I thought of the 32 world records set there before—records like Walker's 4:51.4 for the 2,000 and Rono's 7:32.1 for the 3,000—and I wondered whether any of us would "bring another record to Bislet," as meet organizer Arne Havrik was exhorting the crowd to help us do. The crowd would be an important factor, with its persistent cheering as we circled a track that indeed felt fast, bouncy and gentle on the turns.

The early pace was good but not startling as the field strung out clean on the opening lap. Although we had requested that lap times be given in English, none were given at all, at least none that I heard. (We would be told later that the leaders passed 440 in 56.9 and 880 in 1:54.) Scott and Lacy shared the lead at the half-mile (Coe was a second back), at which point Lacy dropped out, and Scott increased the tempo.

On the third lap, Coe moved with Scott, leaving a sizeable gap between them and the trio of Coghlan, Walker and Wessinghage. And I drifted into a habit I've been trying to break and began to

## Evolution of the Mile Record since '54

Record	Performer	Country	Site of Record	1st 440 yd.	880 yd. Time	2nd 440 yd.	3/4 mile Time	3rd 440 yd.	1,500 m Time	Last 120 yd.	Final 440 yd.	Date
3:59.4	Roger Bannister	G.B.	Oxford, G.B.	57.5	1:58.2 (60.7)	3:00.5 (62.3)	3:43.0 (16.4)	58.9	5/6/54			
3:58.0	John Landy	Austl.	Turku, Fin.	58.0	1:57.0 (59.0)	2:59.0 (62.0)	3:41.8 (16.2)	59.0	6/21/54			
3:57.2	Derek Ibbotson	G.B.	London, G.B.	56.0	1:56.4 (60.4)	3:00.3 (63.9)	3:41.8 (15.4)	56.9	7/19/57			
3:54.5	Herb Elliott	Austl.	Dublin, Ire.	58.0	1:58.0 (60.0)	2:59.0 (61.0)	3:39.6 (14.9)	55.5	8/6/58			
3:54.4	Peter Snell	N.Z.	Wanganui, N.Z.	60.7	2:00.6 (59.9)	2:59.6 (59.0)	3:39.8 (14.6)	54.8	1/27/62			
3:54.1	Peter Snell	N.Z.	Auckland, N.Z.	56.4	1:54.1 (57.7)	2:54.3 (60.2)	3:37.6 (16.5)	59.8	11/17/64			
3:53.6	Michel Jazy	Fr.	Rennes, Fr.	57.3	1:56.5 (59.2)	2:57.4 (60.9)	3:38.4 (15.2)	56.2	6/9/65			
3:51.3	Jim Ryun	U.S.A.	Berkeley, Calif.	57.9	1:55.5 (57.6)	2:55.3 (59.8)	3:36.1 (15.2)	56.0	7/17/66			
3:51.1	Jim Ryun	U.S.A.	Bakersfield, Calif.	59.0	1:58.9 (59.9)	2:57.4 (58.5)	3:37.0 (14.1)	53.7	6/23/67			
3:51.0	Filbert Bayi	Tanz.	Kingston, Jam.	56.9	1:56.6 (59.7)	2:55.3 (58.7)	3:35.0 (16.0)	55.7	5/17/75			
3:49.4	John Walker	N.Z.	Goteborg, Swed.	55.8	1:55.1 (59.3)	2:53.0 (57.9)	3:34.3 (15.1)	56.4	8/12/75			
3:49.0	Sebastian Coe	England	Oslo, Nor.	57.5	1:55.1 (57.6)	2:52.0 (56.9)	3:32.8 (16.2)	57.0	7/17/79			

—Compiled by Larry Byrne





**Sebastian Coe running his world-record mile of 3:49 in Oslo.**

watch the race instead of run it, barely maintaining contact with the back of the pack. With little more than a lap remaining, Coe passed Scott and reached the bell lap in 2:52.2. The young Briton held his fluent form for a 3:32.8 at the 1,500 split, with Scott 10 yards behind him. When I reached 1,500, I was in the midst of making a much-delayed move. Why I held back my sprint I can't say, but the feeling of moving to the second lane and passing Moorcroft, Wessinghage, Walker and Coghlan in one sweeping dash was a thrill I have rarely felt.

I felt strong to the finish, where the noise celebrating Coe's achievement was at once deafening and disorienting. I turned to look at the clock, and although it was a crude, somewhat imprecise device used to time football matches, its message was clear: Coe had broken 3:50! And it hit me then—what had I run?

Bill Donakowski, an American distance runner, ignored his warm-up for the 5,000, running over to me with the greeting that he had timed me in 3:52. The first announced results were the hand-times: 3:48.9 for Coe, 3:51 for Scott, 3:51.7 for me. Then, several minutes later, the official electronic clockings rounded off to 3:49 for Coe, 3:51.2 for Scott, and 3:52.1 for me. Coghlan was 4th, Walker 6th. Eight men ran 3:53.3, or faster. When I predicted in an NBC-TV interview the day before that eight runners would break 3:53, everyone laughed.

The crowd continued their applause as all 13 of us were called to the victory stand. Coe held the \$18,000 Golden Mile trophy aloft, and we were introduced as having run "the greatest mile of all time." This made me think of the '33 mile race at Princeton, in which both Lovelock and and Bonthron broke the world record, of the '54 Miracle Mile between Bannister and Landy, of the exceptionally fast Commonwealth Games 1,500 of '74. If our race was the greatest ever, it was difficult to comprehend.

That night, as I tried to sleep, my mind could not rest. Why hadn't I run more confidently? Will I now have to think in terms of a 3:31 for 1,500 or a 3:48 mile to be competitive in 1980? Is Coe really more concerned about his post-graduate studies than the Olympics? Was I really the 7th fastest miler ever?

Then it occurred to me that this was the first world record I'd ever seen.

*Craig Masback, Princeton '77, recently completed his post-graduate studies at Trinity College, Oxford.*





PHOTOGRAPH BY JANE SOBEL/JANEART





A noted physiologist tells why men  
run faster than women

# HITTING THE GENDER WALL

BY DAVID L. COSTILL, Ph.D. WITH HAL HIGDON

Do women marathoners hit the wall less often than men? A current theory is that women, because their bodies metabolize fats more efficiently, are less likely than men to face the distance-runner's nemesis—fatigue-related injuries, exhaustion, outright collapse—usually met some 20 miles into a marathon.

Last winter at a seminar for runners at the University of Massachusetts, I mentioned that my own studies had found no differences between male and female runners in terms of their capacities to metabolize fats. Later, Kathrine Switzer, veteran marathoner and director of the Avon series of races for women, came up to me. "I've always wondered about that theory," she said. "I know I've hit the wall plenty of times."

The theory Switzer referred to was proposed by our mutual friend, Joan Ulliot, M.D., in her book, *Women's Running*. Borrowing an idea from Ernst van Aaken, M.D., German trainer of world-class women marathoners, Dr. Ulliot suggested that women, by burning fat more efficiently, obtained a better supply of fuel during the last six miles of a 26.2-mile race. Several years ago, when she first popularized van Aaken's idea, it seemed that women hit the wall far less often than men did.

But consider the fate of some of the top female runners in the 1978 New York City Marathon. Grete Waitz set a new world record of 2:32:30 in New York, but her magnificent performance obscured the disasters met by some other leading women runners.

- Christa Vahlensieck of West Germany, former world-record holder with 2:34:48, had to leave the course at 18 miles with severe pains in both her legs.

- Julie Brown, then American record holder with 2:36:24, began to suffer knee pain just before 20 miles. She tried to ignore it; but at 22 miles her knee locked, and she couldn't walk.

- Celia Peterson of Cornell University, who had been the fastest American much of the year, with 2:41:48, began to feel exhausted at 10 miles, had to start walking at 13 because of dizziness, and finally had to drop out at 15 miles.

- Marty Cooksey, winner of the Avon International Women's Championship in March, with 2:41:49, led during the early stages but slowed after Waitz passed her. She fell down with 100 yards to go, fell again just at the finish and had to crawl across the line.

Apparently women runners are no less human than men. Metabolic capacities aside, women wipe out—as men have been wiping out from Pheidippides (490 B.C.) to Dorando Pietri (1908) to Jim Peters (1954) to 1976 Olympic team members Frank Shorter, Bill Rodgers and Don Kardong, all of whom have had to drop out of major races. It now appears that what had protected women from collapse is the fact that they had been running marathons noncompetitively and very conservatively. When Joan Ulliot first proposed her theory, women marathoners had just broken three hours. Now that they have begun to record times nearly half an hour faster, it's becoming obvious that many of the pacing rules thought to apply only to men apply to women as well. Kathrine Switzer knew the wall was up for women because she had met with exhaustion in races on several occasions.

Anyone, male or female, who goes



I expect the first woman to beat 2:30 within months and predict that a woman will break 2:20 in the marathon in the next several years.

out aggressively in a marathon and overestimates his or her ability will have difficulty toward the end of the race. Last fall in New York, women had a separate starting line and did not merge with the men's field until 2½ miles into the race. Those 2½ miles, in which women were juggling for position, intensified the competition and probably forced many women to run too fast at the start. But even in races such as the Boston Marathon, women are falling victim more and more often to the penalties of overpacing as they compete not only with the growing numbers of other women in the field, but with their own records.

While there are some areas in which men and women have comparative advantages and disadvantages (more about these later on), so far as hitting the wall goes, men and women are equals.

A look at the problem of fat metabolism suggests some of the ways in which male and female bodies are similar—and different.

The most readily available form of fuel your body burns is glycogen, a form of sugar stored in the liver and muscles, converted from the carbohydrates you eat. When you run an all-out anaerobic sprint, such as 400 meters in faster than 60 seconds, most of the energy you use will come from glycogen. The body will not burn proteins, but it will consume fat that has been stored in the body. The complex forms of fat, such as triglycerides, are released from the fat cells and must be broken down to simpler forms before they can be metabolized. The muscle fibers will consume this form of fat quite readily, and in one respect, fat is a superior form of fuel. While muscles burning glycogen produce lactic acid as a by-product—and consequently function less efficiently—muscles burning fat produce no lactic acid.

When the body burns fat in exercise, it spares carbohydrate stores. So efficient fat metabolism is the goal of many marathoners. Whether they realize it or not, runners need that carbohydrate boost for the end of the marathon, when they want to make the finish line. If women metabolized fat more efficiently than men, they would have a considerable competitive advantage, which might offset some of their comparative disadvantages.

In the fall of 1978, we began to examine fat metabolism at the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana. Once we had perfected the rather complex tech-

niques for measuring this phenomenon (using an all-male experimental group), we decided to test a female sample. We wanted to determine if females burn fat more efficiently than males, and if they had the capability for sparing the use of glycogen during the first part of a race. (Fat metabolism is critical during the early stages of a marathon, since toward the end, both males and females burn a high percentage of fat.)

Our technique of measuring fat metabolism was to compare the respiratory exchange ratio of oxygen (O<sub>2</sub>) and carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>). When you burn pure sugar, the amount of O<sub>2</sub> you consume is

### Comparing Men's and Women's World Records

Event	Men	Women
100 M	9.95	10.88
200 M	19.83	21.71
400 M	43.86	48.60
800 M	1:42.4	1:54.9
1,500 M	3:32.1	3:56.0
Mile	3:49.0	4:22.1
3,000 M	7:32.1	8:27.1
5,000 M	13:08.4	15:08.8
10,000 M	27:22.5	31:45.4
Marathon	2:08:34	2:32:30

Based on performances through August 22, 1979.

exactly equal to the amount of CO<sub>2</sub> you exhale: The ratio is one-to-one. If you burn fat, more O<sub>2</sub> is necessary to produce the same amount of CO<sub>2</sub>. So you produce less CO<sub>2</sub> compared to O<sub>2</sub> consumed. By measuring the respiratory exchange ratios of our subjects, while they run on a treadmill at 70% of their maximum oxygen uptake level, we can determine the amount of fat metabolized.

The biggest problem in trying to compare males and females—and an area where many researchers fall into error—is that it would be unfair to compare the best male runner and the best female runner because the male would have a higher maximal oxygen uptake (VO<sub>2</sub>). VO<sub>2</sub> scores differ between men and women, the men scoring 10 to 15% higher on average. In our tests, we matched males and females who trained 50-70 miles a week and who had near-equal maximal oxygen uptake scores. In our group the VO<sub>2</sub> values for the men were 61 milligrams per kilograms per minute; those of the women, 60.5 ml/kg/mn.

When we measured fat metabolism in this group, we discovered that both groups had the same ability to burn fat. What this meant was that when males and females work at the same relative percentage of maximum capacity, they will burn the same amounts of fats and carbohydrates. Men and women marathoners obtain about 55% of their energy during an hour run from carbohydrates, and 45% from fats. That is the normal pattern, although we observed that some individuals vary from the norm considerably, for reasons more related to diet than to sex.

In addition to measuring our subjects on a treadmill, we also did muscle biopsies to see if there was any difference between the muscles of men and women in terms of capacity to burn fat. We took a small slice of muscle tissue from each of our test's subjects, and exposed each sample to a high concentration of fat (specifically free fatty acids). We discovered that males have an advantage in burning fat by as much as 20%.

But this advantage does not appear to be crucial. Even an untrained muscle can burn fat; the trick is getting the muscle to burn the fat that is available to it.

Our work demonstrated that those who suggest that women metabolize fat more efficiently because they have a higher percentage of body fat may have gotten their theory backwards. You have more fat because you cannot burn it; if you are converting fat efficiently you will not have an excess of fat. In fact, women may be at a disadvantage in fat metabolism because their fat cells release it more grudgingly—estrogen, the female hormone, is known to block fat oxidation.

It is possible to train bodies to metabolize fat more efficiently. This is one reason it is necessary to prepare for a marathon with regular long runs of at least 20 miles—you are training your body to metabolize fats.

Consider Grete Waitz's performance last fall in New York. Her 2:32:30 marathon is impressive, but when you examine her times for shorter distances (8:31.8 for 3,000 meters; 31:16 for 10,000 meters), it is obvious she has the speed to run the marathon much faster, probably below 2:25. But Grete had done very little endurance training before New York; reportedly, her longest workout was 18 miles. Although she had the speed capability, she had not trained for the distance by putting in long runs. Thus, she hadn't developed the fat metabolizing mechanism essential to spare her glycogen sup-





**THERE IS NO FINISH LINE.**



Beaverton, Oregon

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Are women runners less apt to hit the wall than men? Five miles from the finish of the '78 New York City Marathon, Pete and Sue Petersen appear to be equally in their stride. The husband and wife team finished together at 2:44:43.



plies, to enable her to hold a fast pace for the full distance. Perhaps she knew her limits instinctively, for she held back during the early stages and ran the second half of her marathon four minutes faster than the first half. Many observers assumed she could have run much faster. Perhaps, but she also would have risked hitting the wall because of glycogen depletion and inadequate fat metabolism. Grete ran wisely for her condition at the time, but she needs to do more distance work to fulfill her marathon potential. If she doesn't train for marathon distances, it will probably be because she lacks the incentive male runners have: Olympic competition. Until the Games offer a women's marathon, we may not learn what women are capable of in that event.

How fast can women run marathons? Prediction is a risky business. Over the years, statisticians have attempted to predict the ultimate in human performance; in retrospect, they have been embarrassed by their pessimism, as the

human body continues to prove itself capable of achievements once thought impossible. In considering how fast women can run marathons, however, we should examine some of the areas of comparison between women and men. First, some areas where women and men apparently share equality:

*Efficiency of movement.* This is an area of technique. Some examiners have noted the wider hips of women and their pelvic tilt, and suggested that women have a mechanical disadvantage. My laboratory experience gives me cause to disagree.

If you take a male runner and a female and have them both run a 6-minute-mile pace on a treadmill, you will discover that the amount of energy each requires, based on weight, is exactly the same. If they both weighed the same, each would have to expend the same amount of energy to run a certain distance. Since the number of calories expended per kilogram is the same, women

do not seem to have any anatomical disadvantage.

My observations at races bring me to the same conclusion. In Muncie, Indiana, I have watched three young girls—Lora, Diana and Amy Cartwright—train and develop. As Lora, particularly, improved (from the point where she ran behind me, to the point where she now beats me and is pulling almost out of sight), I observed marked improvements in her running efficiency. Practice does make perfect. George Sheehan claims that you become the animal best suited for the particular task you perform most frequently. When women train, their technique improves and they become more and more efficient. I judge that many of the women running today have techniques superior to many men.

*Endurance capacity.* In examining muscle biopsies of athletes, we have identified two distinct muscle fiber types: fast twitch fibers and slow twitch fibers. The best marathon runners invariably have a



higher percentage of slow twitch muscle fibers, but men do not have a higher percentage than women. Studies at the Human Performance Laboratory show that the best women long-distance runners have slow twitch muscle percentages similar to those of the best men.

Women also have the same capability to adapt to endurance training as men, but they do not necessarily have better endurance, as has been suggested. Endurance is a result of training.

*Sweating.* A TV ad for Right Guard shows a man and woman running together and suggests that since men sweat more than women, they need to use the sponsor's spray deodorant. In fact, there is no truth to the idea that women marathoners sweat less than men. (If they did, they would be at a disadvantage in hot weather marathons, because of the danger of overheating.) Some studies have shown that men sweat more than women, but as with fat metabolism, they failed to compare equally trained males and females. When we did so at the Human Performance Laboratory, we observed that both groups have an identical sweat response.

Women have more sweat glands than men, but fewer of them are activated. What determines the amount of activation is the amount of use. When women train hard, their sweat mechanisms function more efficiently. Unfortunately, there is a lot of misinterpretation of previous studies involving men and women because of unequally matched study groups.

In technique, endurance and sweat glands, women are equal to men. But there are some areas in which male athletes have a physiological edge.

*Strength and speed.* Men have the advantage here, speed being partly related to muscle mass. A stronger muscle can move faster. Women are always going to be at a disadvantage where strength and speed are crucial. In the 100-meter dash the men's world record is 9.95 seconds and the women's record 10.88. This gap of about a second has remained fairly consistent over the last half century. Since there are many men who can't run 100 meters anywhere near as fast as 10.88 seconds, women runners can surpass men. But when you compare best male against best female, men come out having an edge.

At the longer distances, many women can run as fast or faster than men, and as women marathoners approach their true potential, their comparative times

will improve. Speed and strength are less crucial in longer runs. In events like the marathon, women have much less of a disadvantage. If we estimate performance on the basis of women's speed disadvantage at 100 meters (about 10% slower than men), we find that women should be running marathons much faster than they now are, potentially in the 2:21 range.

But until we begin to find large numbers of women capable of running nearer to 4:00 for a mile, we will not find many capable of carrying a 5:00 pace and running the marathon in under 2:12. The speed demonstrated by men does not exist in women—at least we have not yet come across the female athlete who can run such fast paces and sustain them.

*Cardiovascular development.* Men have larger hearts (relative to their weight) than women, a factor related to muscle mass and the male hormone. Thus men have the ability, partly because of the size of their hearts, to transport oxygen to the muscles more efficiently than women. Female athletes do not develop the high maximal oxygen uptake that we see for males. The highest  $VO_2$  values for women recorded in the literature are around 75 milliliters of oxygen per kilogram, whereas men score 10-15 points higher. The late Steve Prefontaine had a  $VO_2$  of 84.4 and former 3-mile world-recordholder Emiel Puttemans of Belgium recorded a  $VO_2$  of 89.

Heart size is not the only factor; cardiovascular efficiency is also important. Bill Rodgers has a heart that is only 25% larger than that of an average man. But when Bill's heart beats it empties itself more completely, sending more oxygen-carrying blood into wider arteries, and through the capillaries to the muscles. Eventually, we may see women with similar cardiovascular capacities, but we have not seen them yet.

*Body fat.* The women we studied in our fat metabolism experiments had body fat percentages of 12-13 compared to 8-10 among the men. These women are thus carrying about four or five more pounds. When you strap that much extra weight to the body, even if it is distributed evenly under the skin, it makes it more difficult to run.

Fat storage is linked to the female hormone estrogen. Hormones cause women to develop fat in their thighs and hips, while men are more likely to store fat around their waists. Fat storage is a sex-linked characteristic. A highly trained female athlete may get her body

fat percentage down to 8%, but male runners have recorded much lower percentages: Frank Shorter has only 2.2% body fat.

While women do have these relative disadvantages, they are not particularly important in running the marathon, since women usually do not compete directly with men. Most of our long-distance races today have separate divisions for male and female runners (although it is unfortunate that a Joan Benoit can win her section of the Boston Marathon almost unnoticed behind men who are relatively slower), and women measure their times against other women. As they continue to compete, their records will continue to improve. I expect the first woman to beat 2:30 within months and predict that a woman will break 2:20 in the marathon in the next several years. Further improvement may come more slowly as women approach their true potential.

That they have not yet approached it is due to a final sex distinction that has limited female athletes in their pursuit of excellence. That distinction is sociological. Women have only recently begun to compete in long-distance running, and they have not had the same social and cultural incentives to succeed as men have. How many women, perhaps with more potential even than Grete Waitz, are walking around today—not running—simply because they have not been encouraged to compete?

Last fall, Bill Rodgers appeared at a clinic the day before a race in Phoenix, Arizona. He was asked whether he believed a woman would ever be capable of beating his marathon time. Bill tried to imagine a woman running faster than 2:10 at Boston. He knew the amount of speed, training and effort such an achievement takes, and he answered honestly: No.

The next day, as Bill was working out on a nearby track, jogging at a relatively slow pace, a woman runner suddenly sprinted past him. As she pulled away, she turned and shouted: "See, we'll show you!" When Rodgers related this story last winter, he commented with some amusement and a wicked grin: "I guess I'll have to wait until Boston to get even with her."

**FINISH**

*David L. Costill, Ph.D., author of A Scientific Approach to Long Distance Running, directs the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana.*



The masses compete  
in The Lottery and Rodgers and Shorter  
resume their rivalry

## PREVIEW: THE 10th NEW YORK CITY MARATHON

Drum roll, please. Fred Lebow, in running attire, and Ed Koch, in mayoral attire, step to the fore in the Blue Room at City Hall. Lebow rolls the drum and opens the latch. Martin Van Buren stares regally from a Henry Inman painting. Mayoral aides, PR types and the press peer forward in their seats. Cassette recorders click, cameras are primed, and heartbeats quicken, even those of low-pulsed runners.

Koch sinks his right hand into the bin where it wades through 5,138 New York City Marathon entries (all that fit), grabbing the first of six symbolic "winners" of the 1979 New York City Marathon Lottery.

Koch pulls out the name and announces to perfunctory applause: "Jay Sidman, Newton, Massachusetts." Sidman is absent from the proceedings, but I reach him later in Ft. Meade, Maryland, where he is on army reserve duty, "I'm tongue-tied," says Sidman, a 26-year-old Boston State University student. "I've never won anything before." Sidman is an excellent runner. He runs 75-100 miles a week, has a marathon best of 2:37:07 and hopes "to break 2:25" in New York City, to atone for his DNF in 1970—the only time he's run New York.

No. 2: "Howard Kirschenbaum, Camp Uncas, Rackett Lake, New York." More applause. Kirschenbaum is a 35-year-old teacher, who is spending his summer chasing kids at camp. Let's hope he's in better shape than Bill Murray was in *Meatballs*.

By this time, rumor has it that in this soon-to-be-completed sextet there will not be one honest-to-goodness New Yorker—no one from Bay Ridge, Forest Hills, the Upper East Side or Harlem. And when a woman from Richardson, Texas, is selected next, someone calls out that the fourth inductee could very well be from anywhere in the world. The envelope, please: Cicero, Illinois. Followed by White Plains, New York, and Lynnfield, Massachusetts, to complete

the tally. The Road Runners Club packs up its entries and returns to midtown headquarters to pick the remaining 1,994 lucky souls the same way that afternoon.

The lottery is the latest in a series of plans designed to cope with swelling race entries—a way to avoid divisive qualifying times à la Boston. It was the opinion of New York Road Runners Club officials that if there was not an early entry deadline, screening system and periodic warnings that applications would be carefully scrutinized, as many as 40,000 marathoners would position themselves at the Verrazano Bridge toll plaza at 10:30 A.M. on October 21, spelling doom for a race that thus far has been a model of efficient management.

The scare tactics seem to have worked. The New York Road Runners Club received 30,000 requests for entry applications, all of which were honored. About 22,500 people were serious enough to return completed applications, and of those, all but 250 were correctly filled out—despite severe timing restrictions such as a requirement that requests for applications (mail only) be postmarked no earlier than midnight, June 1.

At 4 P.M. on June 26, the RRC received the last of the 12,000 entries that marked its first official cutoff. On July 15, the NYRRC sent out 12,000 acceptances. The August 1 lottery selected the final 2,000 from the additional entries and, according to Allan Steinfeld, race coordinator: "100-200 entries are still coming in everyday." Lebow and Steinfeld cited numerous examples of panic and pressure, like the man from down South who wanted to make a "generous" donation to the RRC to ensure a place for himself in the race, and the secretary of a Hollywood producer who called to explain she'd forgotten to enclose the mandatory self-addressed, stamped envelope with her boss's entry, and would they let her send it separately so she could keep her job.

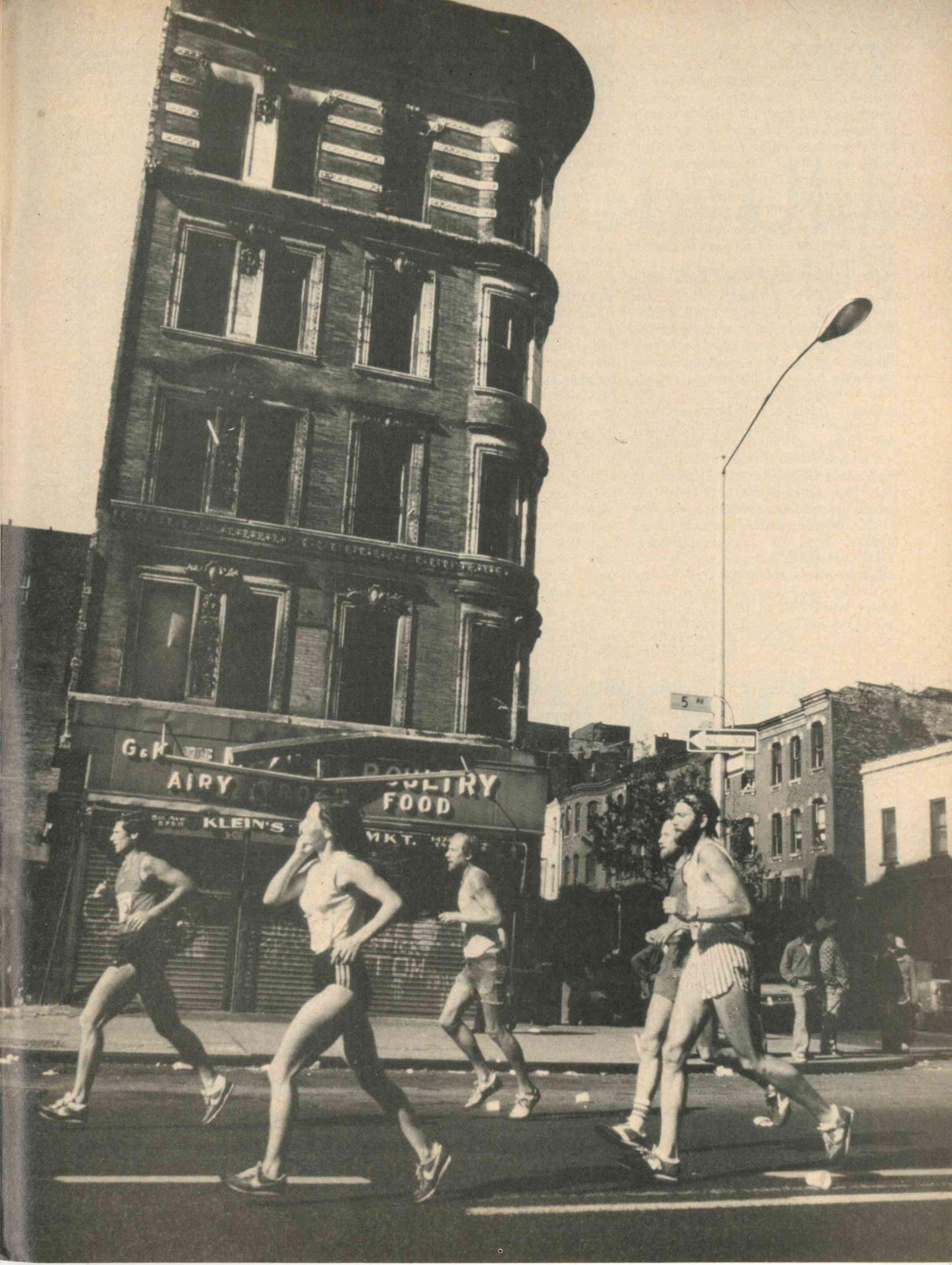
Through mid-summer, the race was

coming together this way on other fronts: **TOP MEN:** A duel was shaping up between Bill Rodgers and Frank Shorter. Rodgers, at first planning to skip New York, got a sudden change of heart and was expected to seek his fourth straight title. Shorter, who won three major road races in July (including one over Rodgers), said he'd be a "definite" starter and was optimistic about his chances. "I'm at the 'all-of-the-above' point in my training," Shorter said, referring to his high-mileage, fast-paced workouts of late. "I'd like to run 2:11 or 2:12—that's a realistic goal. If I reach the half in 1:03, I may yell, 'Yahoo!', and try to hold it." Shorter reminded us that twice at Fukuoka, his halfway splits were 1:03:32 and 1:03:48. Craig Virgin whose marathon reputation thus far rests solely on his first-run 2:14:40, hopes to run Fukuoka this year. At this writing, he is a doubtful starter at New York.

As for foreign challengers, Fred Lebow "sent entries to every top runner," and said Lasse Viren, (Finland) is doubtful, Jack Foster (New Zealand), probable. The British are coming, the Japanese are not and Leonid Moseyev of the Soviet Union is still uncommitted. When Lebow met Moseyev in Ireland at the World Cross-Country Championships, last March, Moseyev, the 1978 European marathon champion, indicated that he'd give New York some thought. When Moseyev won the Spartakiade marathon in a thrilling finish (see "Warmups," page 8) in 2:13:20, he was wearing a New York Marathon cap, according to Lebow. That did not convince Lebow, but it made him happy. And he would be even happier if Frank Shorter, for whom Lebow has predicted victory, can win his first marathon since the 1976 Olympic Trials.

**Facing page: Runners pass through Harlem with five miles to go in the '78 NYC Marathon.**







**TOP WOMEN:** Grete Waitz of Norway, who won New York last year in world-record time (2:32:30) and has continued her extraordinary running throughout the world, is virtually certain to run—and she's a good bet to better 2:30 if she does. After Waitz, the field is very speculative: Joan Benoit, Patti Lyons, Martha Cooksey *et al.*, were plotting whether to run other fall marathons such as Nike/OTC, September 9 in Eugene, Oregon, or the Avon International, September 22, in West Germany, and New York as well.

**TOP MASTERS:** You won't have Oscar Miranda to kick around any more. Miranda, the 54-year-old Tampa TV-station engineer, who crossed the Boston Marathon finish line in an unbelievable 2:16:31 and was disqualified for not being seen by checkpoint spotters (*The Runner*, July), said, "I run for fitness only. I don't have to prove anything to anybody." At Boston, race director Will Cloney said he'd give Miranda a retroactive award if he could substantiate his time with at least a 2:20 in his next marathon. Those in the over-40 set expected to see 2:20 or thereabouts at New York include Herb Lorenz, Fritz Mueller, Ron Hill and Jack Foster.

**THE COURSE:** Same as last year—26 miles, 385 yards, starting at the Verrazano Bridge on Staten Island, over the bridge into Brooklyn, through Brooklyn to the Pulaski Bridge (halfway point) to

Queens, over the Queensboro Bridge (where this year the carpeting will be wider and firmer) to Manhattan (16 miles), up First Avenue to the Willis Avenue Bridge (20 miles), into the Bronx, quickly back to Manhattan via the Madison Avenue Bridge, over to Central Park (23 miles) and a clockwise semi-circle around the park to the finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green Restaurant. To yet again certify the distance and check for newborn potholes, roadblocks and other obstacles, the NYRRC staged a Baked Apple Run, August 12, and 20 invited runners tested the course.

**WATCHING:** If you're an ordinary civilian without a friend at City Hall or proof of family ties to Leonid Moseyev, and you're hoping to get a good view of that magic moment at about 12:40 P.M. on October 21, get up real early. There will be 50,000 bleacher seats, most of them available free on a first-come, first-serve basis, strung from Columbus Circle (59th Street in Manhattan) to the finish at 68th Street. If getting pushed around a lot and seeing very little of the race is not your idea of a good time, turn on the tube. The New York Marathon will be televised nationally from 11 A.M. - 1 P.M. (EDT) by Marathon Entertainment, Inc., a firm that produces and distributes sports films, such as the TV show, "Greatest Sport Legends." Alan Lubell, the company's president (who ran New York once in 3:50), said the show would air in

"at least 50 of the top 60 markets," including New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, Atlanta and Los Angeles. Chicago was doubtful because of its America's Marathon, also scheduled for October 21. Lubell had already signed Marty Liquori to be one of the play-by-play announcers, and said that while taped spots would be included in the telecast, his crew would provide substantial live coverage beginning at the seven-mile point. Lubell admitted that covering the lead women (even with help from a Goodyear blimp, a helicopter and variously deployed cameras) would be his biggest problem, especially with the show forced to leave the air at 12:59 P.M., two hours, 29 minutes after the start, no matter what.

**CRASHING:** Since you must show your entry number to gain access to the starting area, only a few inventive runners will be able to crash the opening gates. Those who join in along the route will hate themselves for it later, and if they don't, finish-area marshalls will (if crashers get that far).

**BETTING:** Sonny Reizner of Castaways Sports Book in Las Vegas, who took in a lot of action (and suffered "severe losses") on the Boston Marathon, will not have a line on New York. He said for him to do New York would dilute the appeal of Boston—and also that his operation is too busy with football in late October to also handle a marathon.

—Marc Bloom

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## LAST YEAR'S LEADERS

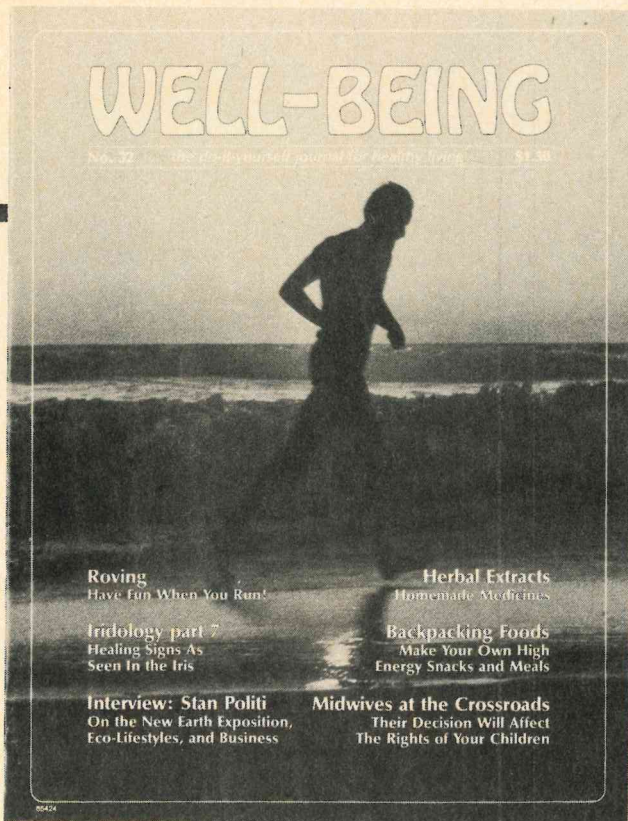
**Men:** 1 Bill Rodgers, 2:12:12. 2 Ian Thompson, 2:14:12. 3 Trevor Wright, 2:14:35. 4 Marco Marchei, 2:16:54. 5 Tom Antczak, 2:17:11. 6 Jack Foster, 2:17:28. 7 Chris Stewart, 2:17:47. 8 Bill Haviland, 2:18:39. 9 Franco Ambrosioni, 2:19:08. 10 Bill Seiben, 2:19:11. **Masters:** 1 Jack Foster, 2:17:29. 2 Ron Hill, 2:20:29. 3 Fritz Mueller, 2:25:23. 4 Hal Higdon, 2:30:26. 5 Jeff Payne, 2:33:41. **Women:** 1 Grete Waitz, 2:32:30 (world record). 2 Martha Cooksey, 2:41:48. 3 Sue Petersen, 2:44:43. 4 Doreen Ennis, 2:46:38. 5 Eleonora Mendonca, 2:48:45. **Masters:** 1 Miki Gorman, 2:58:15. (9,875 starters, 8,588 finishers).

## PAST WINNERS

**1970:** Gary Muhrcke, 2:31:39; 72 finishers  
**1971:** Norm Higgins, 2:22:55; Beth Bonner, 2:55:22; 164 finishers.  
**1972:** Sheldon Karlin, 2:27:53; Nina Kuscsik, 3:18:42; 185 finishers.  
**1973:** Tom Fleming, 2:21:55; Nina Muscsik, 2:57:08; 281 finishers.  
**1974:** Norbert Sander, 2:26:31; Kathrine Switzer, 3:07:29; 269 finishers.  
**1975:** Tom Fleming, 2:19:27; Kim Merritt, 2:46:15; 339 finishers.  
**1976:** Bill Rodgers, 2:10:10; Miki Gorman, 2:39:11; 1,548 finishers.  
**1977:** Bill Rodgers, 2:11:29; Miki Gorman, 2:43:10; 3,701 finishers.  
**1978:** Bill Rodgers, 2:12:12; Grete Waitz, 2:32:30; 8,588 finishers.

**FINISH**





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- GETTING INTO FOOT MASSAGE
- SHIATSU FOR EVERYBODY
- WARMING UP FOR WINTER

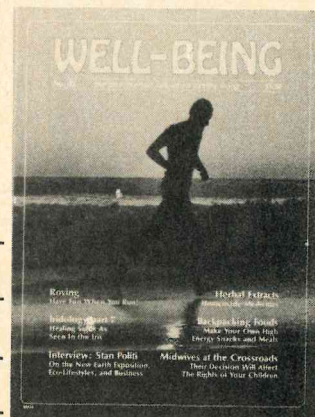
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# WALK, DON'T RUN: THE NEW PEDESTRIANS

## Walking Takes Off

BY STEVE BOGIRA

The fitness boom has hit its most pedestrian level: Walking has become a sport of its own. Although walkers aren't crowding out joggers just yet, they are stepping out across America with watches in their hands and pedometers on their legs. They stride through parks, on downtown streets to and from work and on jogging paths, where even 10-minute milers seem to streak by and walkers wonder, "Where's the fire?"

Many walkers are pursuing the same goal as runners, albeit more slowly: a healthier, more enjoyable life. Many are dropouts from jogging who found that pace too taxing, although walkers who call their pastime a sport don't exactly crawl along. They walk fast enough, they say, to keep their hearts beating within their target rates, but not so fast that they pull tendons and injure knees as often as runners might.

Book publishers believe the time is right for a walking boom. At least seven how-to books have been published this year, and they seem to be selling. *The Complete Book of Walking*, published in March, is already in a second printing, and *Walking!*, published in June, will be reprinted by Bantam paperbacks in August. At the National Sporting Goods Association show in February, manufacturers predicted walking would be the next big sport—and manufacturers are ready for it. "Shoes, warm-up suits, pedometers, sweatbands—they'll go in for all of it," says former NSGA president David Krauss.

A Harris survey in January reported that 34 million people claim to walk for fitness. In New York, the long-ignored sport of racewalking is already benefiting from heightened interest in walking. Racewalking clinics are now held in Central Park twice weekly, and Howard Ja-

cobson, who directs the New York Road Runner's Club clinics, says that a year ago only six or seven people were showing up; today, 100 to 150 attend. Similar clinics are being set up in cities all over the country, and Jacobson predicts a walking boom.

Walking appeals primarily to men and women of middle age and older, as well as younger non-athletic types who fear that running, even slowly, will be too much of a shock for their out-of-shape bodies. "Walking is for the unfit, for the many thousands who are afraid not to exercise but are equally afraid to begin," says John Man, author of *Walk! It Could Change Your Life . . .* (Paddington Press, \$10).

John Man says running "demands a basic level of fitness that many who exercise simply don't have. It is superb training if you enjoy it. But if you walk hard and fast, running isn't necessary for basic fitness."

Doctors agree that walking can produce aerobic benefits. "You can get the heart rate high enough (to strengthen the heart) from just walking," says Dr. Glenn Dawson, director of cardiac rehabilitation at Charlotte Rehabilitation Hospital in North Carolina. "Not at a walking-the-dog pace but with a brisk walk." Dawson and two other doctors compared the effects of walking and running three years ago at Wake Forest College. One group of middle-aged men walked three days a week and another group jogged. The joggers' fitness improved slightly more than the walkers' in the 20-week study, but the difference was almost immeasurable. Dawson concluded that walking was about as good an exercise as running, only less efficient. (Walkers had walked 10-15 minutes longer each day than joggers had jogged.)

"A walker will burn up five to eight calories a minute," says Charles Kuntzleman, author of *The Complete Book of Walking*. A runner and a walker who cover one mile will lose about the same number of calories, Kuntzleman says, but it will take the walker twice as long to cover the distance. Cyclists must cover three miles to lose the calories that walk-

ers and runners lose in one mile.

Racewalkers actually burn more calories per minute than runners, according to a Columbia University study, because they use more muscles than runners. And since racewalkers use their arms and upper body more than runners, they probably benefit more in terms of overall muscular fitness.

Like runners, walkers are advised by their books to compute their "target" heart rate, which is 75-85% of maximum heart rate. An accepted formula for maximum heart rate is 200 minus one for every year older than 20. Walkers check their pulse during their jaunts to make sure it's within this range. Proponents of walking say most people need 45 minutes of walking four times a week, at about a 15-minute-mile pace, to stay fit.

Unless the walker develops leg problems, Kuntzleman says he needn't adopt a particular style of walking. "I don't like to tell people how to walk, because it confuses them," he says. "They've been walking for years before I came along." Nevertheless, he offers a few tips in his book: "Keep your spine straight and hold your head high. . . . Don't exaggerate your arm motion. Allow your arms to hang loosely at your sides. They will swing in the opposite action of your legs. . . ."

The walking books say jogging shoes are fine for walking, but some running shoe companies are designing walking shoes anyway. Charles Eaton Company, manufacturer of Etonic shoes, already has three walking shoes on the market, "to pamper the new world of walkers who stride about for pleasure, health, and exercise," a brochure says.

Just how many are walking mostly for pleasure, at a pace that won't produce aerobic benefits, and how many are walking for exercise isn't clear yet. The President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports and the Kinney Shoe Corporation found a lot of interest in walking when they sponsored a Walking Tours of America program from October, 1977 through the middle of this year. More than 50,000 people wrote to request the brochures of walking tours they offered.



"But I'm not so sure those people were walking for fitness," says Louise Feinsot, who developed the program. "They were walking for the enjoyment of it. We were gently edging them in with the idea of walking for pleasure. Now, maybe they'll stick with it and do it for fitness, too."

*Steve Bogira last reported for us on the '78 Mayor Daley Marathon. He is a Chicago-based freelance writer.*

# A Walk Around the Clock

BY JOHN LUCAS

Pedestrianism—spectacular feats of long-distance walking and running—had its heyday in England in the 18th and early 19th centuries. At the height of enthusiasm, there was no more enthusiastic pedestrian than Robert Barclay Airdice ("Captain Barclay"), a Yorkshire gentleman farmer whose sporting style, gambler's instinct and rugged endurance captured the popular imagination and made him a veritable turn-of-the-century superstar.

Born in 1779, Barclay grew up in a society devoted to sports and gaming. By the time he had finished his studies at Cambridge University, the strapping 20-year-old—6'3" and 200 pounds—already had a local reputation as a fistfighter, wrestler and strongman. He made a name for himself with such feats as hurling a 50-pound weight 32 feet and lifting huge loads, once raising 1,176 pounds. He amused the local gentry with other stunts—lifting a 250-pound man in the palm of one hand and setting him up on a wooden table.

Barclay particularly liked to bet on his own skill. In 1801, he won 5,000 guineas (\$13,000) by completing a 90-mile walk between the cities of Hull and York. He won his wagers as easily at shorter distances, sprinting a quarter-mile in 56 seconds, and a mile in 4:50.

A typical day in his training program went something like this: 5 A.M., vigorous uphill running plus a long walk; a breakfast of bloody [raw] beef or mutton, stale bread and old beer at 7 A.M.; a 6-mile walk



before the noon rest; then another 4-mile walk followed by more red meat and drink. In the afternoon, Barclay did half-mile wind sprints, then more walking, and vigorous sports "such as cricket, bowls, throwing quoits, so that during the whole day, both body and mind may be constantly occupied." He exercised his mind reading history, Greek and Latin classics, as well as the new science of agriculture.

In 1807, Barclay challenged world-champion pedestrian Abraham Wood to a contest: 600 guineas to the man who could travel the greatest distance in 24 hours. They started out from Newmarket on October 12; Wood sprinted ahead, putting in 40 miles in under six hours before he collapsed. The steady Barclay kept to a 6 mph pace for the entire course, took the crown and became a local celebrity.

His reputation—and his gambling instincts—now demanded he take on an even more difficult challenge. So Barclay began to prepare himself to attempt the

greatest ultra-marathon of the 19th century: the feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. The race had been attempted before, but no one had ever succeeded. Barclay set the date—June 1, 1809—and the place, a precisely measured half-mile track at Newmarket. His wager was £3,000, with a side bet of £16,000 (about \$45,000).

Huge crowds turned out to watch Barclay start out on the first day of the promised 42 days—six weeks—of continuous walking. (Rest was permitted only in the fractions of sleep he could catch between miles.) The public shared Barclay's sporting fever: \$2.5 million dollars in bets were placed.

The walk began at midnight. Barclay wore a loose dark-gray coat, heavy shoes and two pairs of coarse stockings. To conserve energy, he moved lightly, scarcely raising his feet from the ground. That day, he ate four large meals of beef, mutton, roast fowl, and bread and butter, and downed countless draughts of strong ale, port wine and tea.

During the early days, he was so energetic that between miles he strolled about the streets of Newmarket.

At first the cool, wet weather kept the track soft and easy on his legs, but by the fourth day he was bothered by clouds of dust. And by the eighth, he began suffering from high winds and rain. On the twelfth day he was still averaging 15-minute miles, but complained of neck and shoulder pains.

For the next two weeks he was in constant pain, especially in his Achilles tendon, yet he persevered, his appetite, energy and determination still high. Spasmodic leg cramps slowed him; now some of his miles took as long as 20 minutes. He tried vinegar rubs, warm baths, hot flannel applications to his legs, oil and camphor treatments, liquid massage—but none brought permanent relief. For two days he suffered from a toothache and could not sleep. But he finished a month of continuous walking.

By now the English sporting public was betting very heavily on the outcome. With 10 days left, odds were 2-1 or 5-2 that he would finish. Heavy rains fell; the ground was soggy. Barclay's calves and ankles were causing him excruciating pain. Eight days to the finish, he had to be lifted from his chair onto the track, yet bets were now 10-1 in his favor. With four days to go, he was unable to eat and had to be helped to his feet. Observers heard him cry out in pain during the tortuous first few minutes of each mile.



On the fortieth day, he began to appear stronger, almost jaunty. Asked how he would spend the day after he finished, he replied he intended to wake himself periodically from a night's sleep, "to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of repose." The odds grew to 100-1 on Captain Barclay.

On the last night, not a bed was to be had at Newcastle, Cambridge, or any of the nearby towns and villages, and the next day the mob had to be held back with restraining ropes. Barclay finished the last mile with a spring in his step—and headed for a hot bath. In the opinion of one eyewitness, "Captain Barclay could have continued walking at the same pace and time for quite a fortnight longer."

The Captain, now some 32 pounds lighter, was bathed and slept, arising the next morning "without pain, and in perfect health." Four days later, the invincible Barclay set out for the battlefield, caught up with his military regiment and joined them in a lengthy campaign in the war against Napoleon. He stayed on his feet for another 45 years—and died at 75, from paralysis following a kick from a horse.

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*John Lucas, who teaches sport history at Penn State, is something of a long-distance runner himself. Since 1952, when he began keeping a runner's diary, he has logged nearly 60,000 miles.*

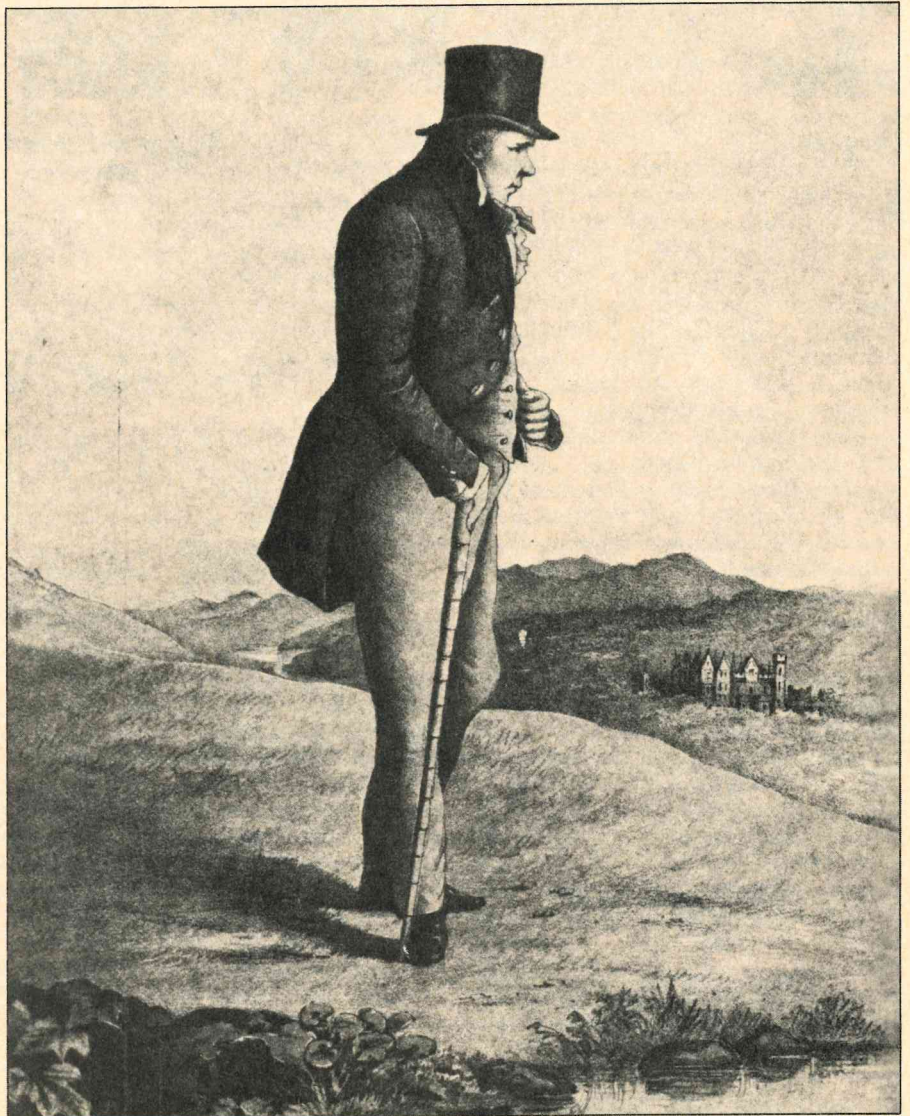
## Musing on the Road

BY ROBERT KELLER

*I pulled my shoes on and walked out of every one of these Pacific Northwest mountain towns, drawing pictures in my mind and listening to poems and songs and words faster to come and dance in my ears than I could ever get them wrote down.*

Woody Guthrie

Virtually every value now extolled by running addicts has been cherished by walkers. What we witness today, in ef-



**Long rambles across the moors provided Sir Walter Scott the landscape for his historical novels.**

fect, is a rediscovery of the joys which the leisure classes of the 18th and 19th centuries found in extensive walking tours. They discovered the extra benefits of walking—contemplation and observation, conversing, singing and exploring. Walking requires more time than running, a slower pace of life, which explains why a popular walking boom would be a sign of genuine cultural revolution.

Many of the greatest names in English letters were dedicated walkers. Consciously or unconsciously, these humanists sensed the connection between exercise, thought and creative insight. Samuel Johnson and John Wesley walked 32 miles a day, Coleridge and Bertrand Russell would go 40 miles. Isaac Walton

traveled 20 miles on foot to his favorite fishing holes. Shakespeare said that walking produced a "merry heart," and he admonished one to "jog on, jog on, the footpath way." Swift, Hobbes, Fielding, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Arnold, Meredith, Stephen, Ruskin, Scott, Stevenson, Sedgwick, Bentham, Dickens, Henry Adams, James Mill, John Stuart Mill and C.S. Lewis all walked hundreds of miles each year for recreation, leisure and meditation. Most of them avidly recommended hiking tours to others. "The author," observed Leslie Stephen, "is but the accidental appendage of the tramp. . . . Walking is a natural recreation for a man who desires not absolutely to suppress his intellect



"There is no orthodoxy in walking," G.M. Trevelyan concluded. "It is a land of many paths and no paths, where everyone goes his own way and is right."

but to turn it out to play for a season. All great men of letters have, therefore, been enthusiastic walkers (exceptions, of course, excepted). . . . Walking is the best of panaceas for the morbid tendencies of authors."

Insisting that it promoted health of body, mind and spirit, 18th- and 19th-century British authors described walking in the nearly mystical prose which some modern runners use to describe their sport. Leslie Stephen recommended walks to produce an "equable and abundant flow of tranquil and half-conscious meditation," and Robert Louis Stevenson described how an individual became "more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about, as in a cheerful dream." The early 20th-century English historian George Macaulay Trevelyan recorded the same experience:

"I have two doctors, my left leg and my right. When body and mind are out of gear I know that I have only to call in my doctors and I shall be well again. . . . I never knew a man go for an honest day's walk, for whatever distances, great or small, and not have his reward in the repossession of his soul. . . . At the end of a well-trodden day grief can have strange visions and find mysterious comforts. . . . After a day's walk everything has twice its usual value . . . powers of mind and soul are at their topmost strength and yet not put forth, save intermittently and casually, like a careless giant's hand. Our modern life requires such days of 'anti-worry,' and they are only to be obtained in perfection when the body has been walked to a standstill."

Outstanding historians in the past also have been avid walkers and direct observers of the land. Thomas Carlyle, whom Trevelyan called the patron saint of walking, once traveled 54 miles in a single day. A.L. Rowse lists legs, road maps and a will to walk as among the historian's tools. Rowse cited R.H. Tawney, the English economic historian, as advising scholars "that what economic history needs at present is not more documents but a pair of sturdy boots." The study of history, when divorced from the landscape and confined to library and classroom, can become abstract theory lacking the immediate graphic quality that so many people enjoyed in reading Macaulay, Gibbon, Trevelyan and Carlyle. Leslie Stephen's advice to poets applies equally to historians: "Nothing educates

an eye for the features of landscape so well as the practice of measuring it by your own legs."

Most walkers, like William O. Douglas with his eye for plants and wildlife, prefer to explore rural and wilderness areas. Yet others, like Charles Dickens, have loved the cities. Walks need not be nature tours. They can be the best way to explore and experience a society, its past and present. To be convinced, one need only take an urban journey around London, from Chicago's South Shore to the Loop, from Central Park to the Staten Island ferry or from San Francisco to Sausalito.

Whether in cities or through the countryside, walking has been such a normal human activity that it has deeply influenced Western civilization through verse and religious symbol.

There are more than 300 references to walking in Scripture, with many passages referring to walking as a sign of strength, endurance, obedience to law, moral behavior, loyalty, faith, fellowship and humility. Enoch, Noah, Abraham and Isaac walked with God. Others, such as Moses, Saul and David, walked before the Lord and in His name. The Hebrew people are described as walking upright, walking in the law, in truth, in fear, in darkness and light. The Israelites walked out of Egypt, across the Red Sea and into the wilderness where they mysteriously continued to walk around for 40 years until they walked out to conquer the promised land. They made their covenant: "And now, Israel, what does the Lord your God require of you, but to fear the Lord your God, to walk in all his ways, to love him. . . . The Lord your God walks in the midst of your camp, to save you and to give up your enemies" (Deuteronomy 10:23).

A walking people feel and experience the meaning of these Biblical images in ways non-walkers miss. The same is true for our reading of *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Everyman*, *A Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* and all other crossings of lonesome valleys. Walking connotes commitment, time, space, resistance to mortality.

Annie Dillard writes: "Our bodies are shot with mortality. Our legs are fear and our arms are time. Divinity is not playful. The universe was not made in jest but in solemn incomprehensible earnest. By a power that is unfathomably secret, and holy, and fleet. There is nothing to be done about it, but ignore it, or see. And then you walk fearlessly, eating what you must, growing wherever

you can. . . ." These metaphors of distance and movement lose significance for riders of trains, commuters in cars and planes. "I consider it among my blessings," wrote C.S. Lewis, "that my father had no car. . . . I had not been allowed to deflower the very idea of distance."

The past, besides having its grip on our root metaphors, repeats itself in other respects. Similar to runners of today, 19th-century walkers had much advice to offer others about how to walk and how to live. Hazlitt insisted that one must walk alone, whereas Carlyle found conversation essential. Others disagreed over ideal distances, pace, clothing, weather, place. Should one walk roads, path or cross-country? What should a person eat and drink? Is it best to walk in rain and during storms? Should one ever scramble, climb and run? As for the last, Stevenson said, "I do not approve of leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration, they both shake the brain, and they both break the pace." These debates on ideal walking conditions normally culminated in the good-humored spirit that most of us have expressed about our running. "There is no orthodoxy in walking," G.M. Trevelyan concluded. "It is a land of many paths and no paths, where everyone goes his own way and is right."

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Robert H. Keller teaches at Fairhaven College in Bellingham, Washington.

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## ...And Then, the Race

BY ROBERT BARNETT


LAKEWOOD, New Jersey, June—Ron Daniel, 38, three-time national champion walker, in training for the 20-kilometer Pan American Games tryouts, white sweatband hugging his forehead, stands on the crowded road by the sandy shores of Lake Carasaljo in Lakewood, New Jersey, limbering up. He stretches his leg into the walker's extended stride and slowly bends his knee. Around him, other walkers stretch: foot extensions on Ford pickup tailgates, stomach rolls on the grass. Daniel, who spent the previous day eating, and, well, drinking his carbohydrates at the wedding of a close friend,



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is not too concerned about his time for this race. In his 60-mile-plus weekly regimen, he uses races like this 11th Annual Lakewood Recreation 9-Mile Walk for a "speed and quality workout."

He can. He runs in one of the few parts of the country—Monmouth and Ocean counties in the central coast area of New Jersey—where competitive walks are frequent enough to fit into a weekly schedule. The Shore Athletic Club (SAC), co-sponsors of this AAU-sanctioned event, runs races in Long Branch, Asbury Park, Seaside, and other coastal areas. In 1965, when the events began, five or six races were held in a summer; today, three or four a week are not uncommon.

Half an hour before the race, omens are good: The sun, almost forgotten in a Memorial Day weekend of dark and dramatic cloudbursts, emerged early enough in the morning to dry the track, burn off the ozone and lift the ubiquitous fog. The air is still cool; the blue waters of the lake (named after a prominent 19th-century businessman's three daughters: Carry, Sally and Jo) look inviting. The course is twice around the lake, and then a bit more to complete nine miles. Daniel and others in training will run a third lap to bring it up to 20 kilometers.

"Get ready, get set, walk!" yells Elliott Denman, president of SAC, himself a walker in the 50-km. race in the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne. The diverse army of walkers takes off, like a silent rocket, like a waddling dynamo, like a phalanx of mechanical soldiers fired into life but forbidden to burst into a run. The racers spread out.

There are Daniel—short blond hair, runner's skinny ribcage—and Ron Kulik, 41, masters champion, member of the Shore Athletic Club, a walker for over 25 years, curly black hair, larger build. John Fredericks, who excels at local races, pumps by, a saliva line visible on his lower lip, his bony frame contorted under a white Shore Athletic Club T-shirt. Bob Mimm, 54, an Olympic walker in 1960 at Rome, wears red shorts and a white T-shirt emblazoned with the fiery Jersey Devil (a legendary beast rumored to inhabit the darker parts of the Garden State's pine barrens, devouring chickens, dogs and small children). Mimm pushes out with his 20-year-old son Clifford.

Dave Romansky, Olympian in the 50 km. in Mexico City in '68, though not officially entered in today's race, keeps pace with his two daughters, Denise, 15 (back from international competition in



**Ron Laird, a racewalker on four U.S. Olympic teams, competing in the '76 Games in Montreal.**

Europe), and Diana, 9. After the first lap, it becomes obvious that Denise is not having a great day, so Romansky paces Diana. She is feisty, determined, smoothly in time. She looks up with questing eyes at her seasoned father, who feeds encouragement: "That's great, that's beautiful time, 44:51; you're doing great." Diana's eyes refocus on the macadam.

The Lakewood race is open to all walkers. This year, for the first time, it is also unhandicapped. Weekend walkers share track with training competitors: Ed Schrader and nephew David, 24 and 14 respectively, walk because "we're too out of shape to run nine miles"; Alberto Alvarez, 16, racing about a year, small and athletic, passes them, slicing the wind. And, if Diana Romansky is the youngest chronologically, Don Johnson, at 62, is the youngest at heart. He is trim, mustached, tanned and going for it. This is a race of many facets.

It is turning into a beautiful day. Sunlight bounces off parked cars and moving waters, shines off clipboards and

cop badges and the quiet, attentive faces of walkers' widows.

Walking at fast rates is an inherently inefficient activity. At 3 mph, a walker uses less energy than a runner, but at about 5 or 6 mph, the ratio reverses. Each increment of speed requires several increments of energy. Trying to improve speed while keeping feet in constant contact with the ground and returning knees to a straightened position after each step is a resistance exercise *par excellence*. Momentum counts. One swings a leg out, swiveling the hip to extend the stride, using the continuing momentum to swivel the other hip and extend the right leg. Arms bent at the elbows, close to the chest, counterbalance the awkward leg movement and help lift the feet, doing perhaps 25% of the work. Pushing against that natural limit, the body looks like it is straining to run. But the walker cannot run. The competitive race walker cannot jog and run and then break into a sprint for the last mile of a marathon; his pacing is constrained within much stricter limits. It is that resistance, that natural challenge at the start, which attracts the best race walkers.

This year, a fun run is being held at the same time as the walk. Less than a quarter of the runners have rounded the last bend when Daniel, Fredericks and Kulik ease toward the finish line. The frontrunners (frontwalkers?) look poised. A mediocre runner will often look floppy and exhausted at the end of a race, but a mediocre walker, straining against self-imposed limits, can look positively grotesque: rear end stuck out, crooked elbows tearing desperately at the air, head pitifully down and squeezing forward. There are a few of them in this race, their awkward posture only accentuating the beauty of the pros.

Daniel, head high, noiselessly swivels into first place, legs stretching, body erect—a muscled fluidity—1:08:07. Fredericks, 1:08:24. Kulik, unwinded, 1:08:41. Later, Mimm, his sweaty devil sticking to his chest and back, 1:16:30. Don Johnson, smiling, carrying the tide, 1:29:40. Then, Diana Romansky, 1:34:47.

"Is that good, Daddy? Did I do good?" she asks her red-haired Olympian father, as they walk from the finish.

"You did great," replies Romansky. The two of them, hip swiveling now subdued to a slow swing, stroll off under the mid-afternoon sun.

**FINISH**

*Robert Barnett is a free-lance writer living in Philadelphia.*



PEOPLE: MIKE SPEAR

# Akii-Bua: Great Escape

The Olympian hurdler's harrowing flight from Uganda

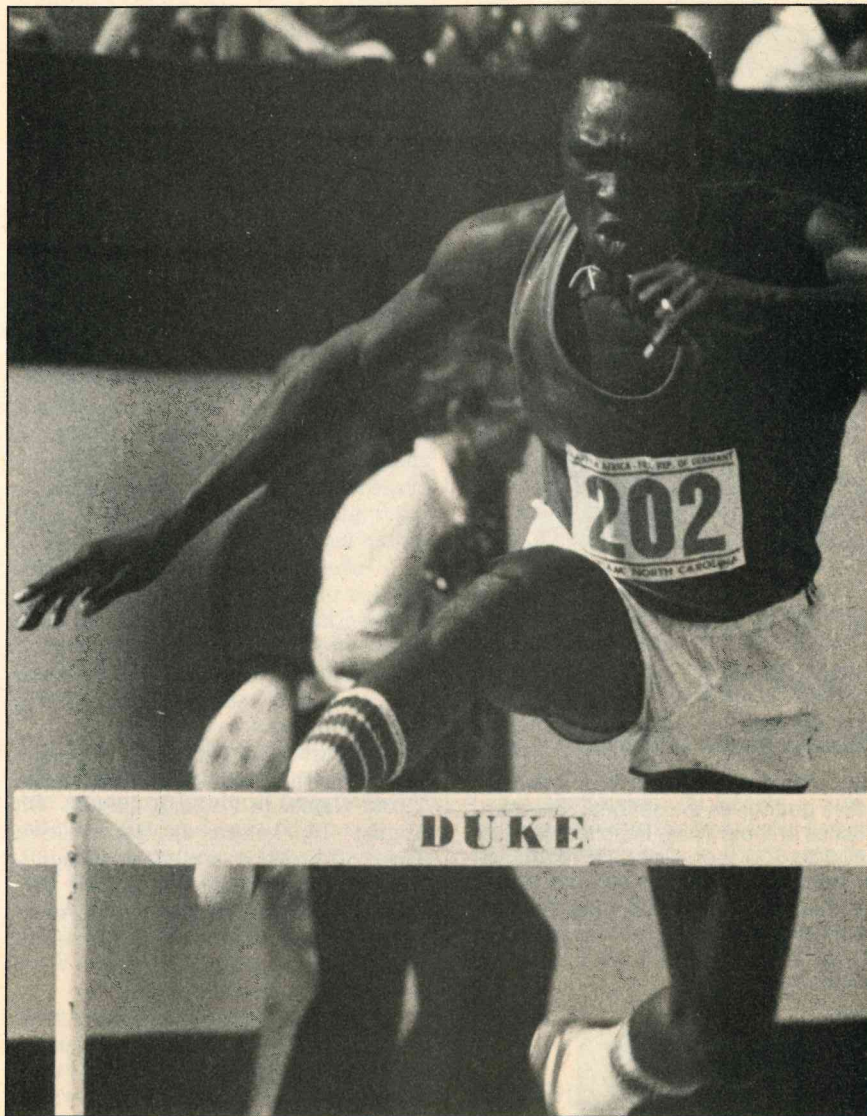
Last June, when John Akii-Bua arrived in Germany from Uganda by way of Kenya, he came with little more than the clothes on his back. But that didn't matter to him or the world at large. His arrival was proof that Akii-Bua, the Ugandan Olympic gold-medal winner, was alive and well after more than a year of world-wide rumors that he had been killed by the soldiers of Idi Amin.

Gone were Akii-Bua's possessions, lost in the turmoil and devastation that came with the liberation of Kampala. Even the gold medal he won for setting a world-record time of 47.82 in the 400-meter intermediate hurdles at Munich in '72 had disappeared.

But Akii-Bua considers himself a lucky man. Because waiting for him in Germany were his wife, Joyce, and their three children, who preceded him by several weeks. "The last three years are still with me very much," he says, draping his lanky 6'2" frame over a chair in a conference room of the Puma shoe company in Herzogenaurach, West Germany, a town just west of Nuremberg. Akii-Bua speaks English with a decided Oxford accent, but his tone is soft and friendly even when describing the horrors he lived through.

"We would get phone calls at night, and no one would talk when you picked up the receiver," Akii-Bua recalled. "Or someone would drive up and park outside the house at night in a car with no license plates—and stay for 20 minutes. We heard about the atrocities, the people with their bellies split open while still alive, those that had their eyes gouged out or their tongues pulled off. Soldiers cut off prisoners' legs, then take them to the national park to be eaten by lions. So many horrible things."

The Akii-Buas' many attempts to escape failed until late March when Akii-Bua drove Joyce, six months pregnant, and their three children to a point near the Kenyan border and, with the help of a paid guide, walked six miles through the bush into Kenya. "I wanted one of us to make it in case of trouble," he said. "I told Joyce, 'Okay, if I don't make it, take care of the children. Take them to Germany.'" Joyce made it to Germany, but she lost her unborn child three days after



**John Akii-Bua of Uganda, 1972 Olympic intermediate hurdles champion, seen here competing in the U.S. in '75.**

she crossed the Kenyan border.

Akii-Bua and other Ugandan refugees were thrown into prison several days after arriving in Kenya for reasons that were never clear to them. "I was told we would be taken to the Ugandan border later that day and turned over to Amin's soldiers," he said. "If that had happened, we would all have been killed without a doubt."

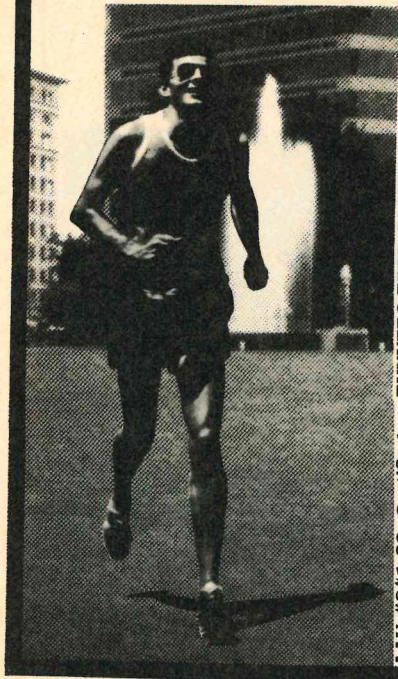
Akii-Bua was released from prison, May 10, without explanation. (Inter-

vention by the international sports community may have helped.) He immediately put his family on a plane to Germany with tickets paid for by Puma. Akii-Bua himself returned to Kampala to declare his innocence from any wrongdoing. After a week, he returned to Kenya, then joined his family in Germany.

Now that the Akii-Buas are in Germany, they have been offered help by Puma and the German Athletic Feder-



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ation, both of which remember him for his 1972 Munich victory—which is more than his Ugandan countrymen did. In his own country he was treated as a hero only briefly before the Amin regime began tightening its grip on him. He is a member of the Lango tribe, one of the groups targeted for extinction by Amin, and, as a police officer, Akii-Bua posed a threat to Amin's tightly controlled security force.

The first few years after Munich were all right. Akii-Bua was permitted to race at the African Games, held in Algiers in 1978, coming in second to Kenyan Daniel Kimaiyo. But even then he was having difficulty getting out of the country to compete, and the pressure took its toll. "Since I wasn't sure what would happen to me, I didn't want to race very much. I could have beaten Kimaiyo, but I didn't want to run," he explained.

Akii-Bua has been completely out of training since that competition in Algiers; even so, the 18 pounds he's put on since then hardly show. His health was strained during his imprisonment in Kenya. "We were fed cabbage once a day and slept on bare floors without blankets," he says. "Also, I began smoking there. Now when I take deep breaths I hurt in here," he says, pointing to his chest. "So something may be wrong inside."

Asked about his plans for the hurdles in Moscow in '80, he answers with enthusiasm, "If the doctor says I'm okay, I will begin training straightaway. Psychologically, I'm fine, so it puts me on the right track for the Olympics."

As part of his comeback, Akii-Bua placed fourth in the 400 in 49.02 in the Nurmi Games in Finland, July 26. On August 19, before an appreciative crowd of 30,000 at a meet in Cologne, West Germany, Akii-Bua placed seventh in an intermediate hurdles race. There, he was also given a reproduction of his Olympic gold medal by the West German Olympic Committee.

Even though he is 30, he does not consider his age a problem. "I believe that hurdlers have a very limited time to compete—3-5 years," he says. "So I think by not running so much I have reserved some strength, and now I am still able to run because I have not exhausted my muscles."

The 400-meter hurdles, a once-around-the-track, 10-hurdle race, has been called a man-killer.

Edwin Moses, the current record-holder, had not taken up the event when Akii-Bua ran in Munich, but Moses has so dominated it in recent years that he currently has little serious competition. He has made it known that he is pointing for a new world record at Moscow with a run perhaps down in the 46s.

Is the specter of this overwhelming to Akii-Bua? "Good runners can say what they want. That's okay," he says with a broad smile.

To train for the Olympics, Akii-Bua will do two months of cross-country running. Then he will go to the track for five or six months of speed work.

"I do 1,500 meters with the hurdles," he said. "Sometimes I do it with a weighted jacket to strengthen my legs. In Uganda, I ran in knee-high grass for the hip muscles and for keeping the knees high.

"It will take nine or 10 months to get into shape. Then I would have to run my own time trials. If I can run under 48.5 in training, then I will commit myself to run in the Olympics. That means I would be able to run under 48."

Akii-Bua is back at his hotel now, and as he delicately slices a bite-size piece of meat from a wiener schnitzel during lunch on the patio, he says, "I feel very much relieved. There is less to fear in Uganda now. But the situation there is not yet stable because we are trying to avoid another Amin-type regime. Many there think they are not yet free. It will take 1-2 years for everything there to return to normal."

Akii-Bua left his village to become a police officer in Kampala in 1966. He settled on the hurdles after trying several different events on the police track club. He has not been back to his village in three years, and when you mention it, his eyes light up.

"When I go back, the old ladies they say, 'Have you brought us a new wife to see today?' Or one of my uncles will say, 'I have the cattle, you go pick out the woman you want.' They have been good to me. I tell them that I have been away to Europe, that I have been with the white people. I tell them stories of the whites, how they live. So they have been very lenient with me. I will tell them that I have been away for nine months and haven't had a chance to look for more wives. They let me stay around for two or three weeks, then I disappear and they won't see me again for a year. If I lived there, I would probably have four wives by now." (He laughs.)

But more wives are not what is preoccupying Akii-Bua's mind right now. He only has thoughts for his sport. He wants to get back on the track. "I have to train hurdle-by-hurdle. I will run the first hurdle until I have mastered it and can move on to the second one. When I've mastered that, I'll move on to the next one, then to the next one and the next . . ."

**FINISH**

*Mike Spear is a general assignment reporter for the European edition of Stars and Stripes.*



FOOTWORK: RICHARD O. SCHUSTER, DPM

# Runner's heel

When it's a pain to get up in the morning

There are many kinds of heel conditions, with names that usually refer to the activity of the one whose heel is under discussion. There is "Policeman's Heel" associated with standing, "Trucker's Heel" caused by jumping off trucks, "Dentist's Heel" from standing on one foot, "Gonorrheal Heel" (probably a misnomer), and now there is "Runner's Heel," which comes from the pounding action of running. (There are other heel pains that are related to systemic conditions such as gout, diabetes and neurological problems, but these are not common heel complaints among runners and will not be discussed here.)

Heel pains are one of the most common foot complaints among runners. The clue to running-related heel injuries is pain after inactivity. This pain is usually worse after getting out of bed in the morning and becomes less pronounced with use. Apparently, during rest periods, fluids related to inflammation seep into the heel area. Upon standing or walking, severe heel pain occurs until body weight has squeezed out some of the swelling at the bottom of the heel.

Mechanical heel pains are easy to understand if one is aware of the shape of the heel bone, the forces pounding through the running heel, the environment in which the heel functions and the way the runner uses his heel.

The heel bone is relatively small and has a round undersurface. We once measured the bottom of a dozen and found them to have arcs of about 26° at the base; some were almost pointed. This roundness invites concentrations of pressure and instability when running on a hard, level surface. The heel bone is only about the size of a golf ball for a tall person, and smaller for the average person.

The reason for the structural shortcomings in the human heel bone is that it was designed for a different function—life in the trees. It was originally a kind of lever to facilitate leaping and climbing. When man's ancestors came out of the trees, its use was converted (relatively recently in an evolutionary sense) to a weight-bearing mechanism. Anthropologists tell us that the foot is not yet completely adapted to its present function on the ground, and the heel is an example of this incompleteness.



**Need help? Dr. Richard Schuster will be your podiatrist in this monthly column.**

We are beginning to understand why the heel does not cause more trouble in runners. Evidence from footprints on hard, flat surfaces and from plaster impressions indicates the presence of a rim of firmer tissue around the bottom of the heel. Apparently, the undersurface of the heel bone nests in the center of a doughnut-shaped pad of fibrous and fatty tissue. This distributes pressure away from the small center of the heel bone. Rodin's sculpture, "Adam," beautifully delineates this pad on the bottom of the heel. In some runners, this pad may be too thin, and in others it may have been "squashed" out and be less protective. This is particularly the case with high-arched feet, where weight is concentrated in smaller areas.

There are two levels of mechanical treatment for the heel pains that are due to pounding the pavement. Moderate and early heel pain can usually be managed with something soft underneath the heels. This includes soft insoles, soft running shoes and soft running surfaces. Unfortunately, the thickness of a running shoe's heel is no indication of its shock absorbing qualities, nor is a shoe that is soft for one

individual necessarily soft for another. In more severe cases, cupping devices that "bunch" the fat pad under the heel are useful. If first attempts at self-treatment do not help, one should see a doctor. Sports doctors and podiatrists use several varieties of soft shock-absorbing material to treat this condition.

Most runners who experience heel pains think of heel spurs. Heel spurs are usually caused by stress of the long ligament on the bottom of the foot. This ligament, the plantar fascia, acts like a bow string or a tie rod, which helps to maintain the arch of the foot. The fascia is fan shaped extending into the toes. It narrows at the back and attaches to the front of the heel bone slightly behind the arch. Any activity that tends to lower the arch or that forces the toes back, like stepping in a pot hole, can stress the fascia. If the fascia is stressed at its attachment to the heel bone, bony tissue may grow in the stressed area and form a spur. Most doctors feel that the spur itself is not painful, but that it sets up an irritation that is. Treatment consists of relaxing the fascia by supporting the arch with pads, adhesive strappings or orthotic foot devices. Orthotics for this type of problem are usually modified with heel cups.

I have never yet known a runner who was sidelined permanently because of mechanical heel pain. Under the best conditions (that is, no running for awhile), people with mechanical heel pains should see signs of improvement within a month or two. If a runner insists on running while being treated, it could take longer.

**FINISH**

## Healing the Heels

1. Don't increase mileage during treatment. Relief comes more quickly with rest.
2. Avoid hard surfaces. Use shoes with shock absorbing heels. However, do not use shoes with heels that are so soft they wobble.
3. Temporary relief may be obtained by applying ice to the heel after running.
4. If pain persists, see a doctor.
5. Be patient. Heel pains do not disappear overnight, although the outlook is usually bright.



REVIEWS: JACQUELYN BROWN

# Easing down the road

Four new books on walking tell you how

## The Complete Book of Walking

By Charles Kuntzleman and the Editors of *Consumer Guide*.  
Simon and Schuster.  
Copyright© 1979 by Publications International Ltd.  
312 pp. \$10.00 (hardcover).

## The Complete Book of Walking

By Raymond Dreyfack.  
Farnsworth Publishing Company.  
Copyright© 1979 by Raymond Dreyfack.  
274 pp. \$9.95 (hardcover).

## The American Walk Book

By Jean Craighead George.  
E.P. Dutton.  
Copyright© 1978 by Jean Craighead George.  
301 pp. \$13.95 (hardcover).

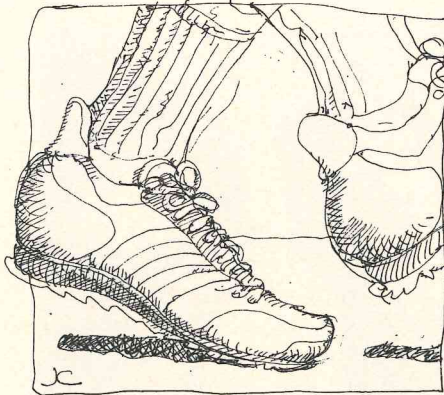
## A Walk Across America

By Peter Jenkins.  
William Morrow and Company.  
Copyright© 1979 by Peter Jenkins.  
288 pp. \$12.95 (hardcover).

Booksellers' shelves have been overflowing with running books for a couple of years, and now publishers are trying to duplicate their success with subject matter of a slower pace. Walking is on its way to becoming the hottest new sport to hype on the market. This surge of interest has produced two books with the same predictable title: **The Complete Book of Walking**, one written by Raymond Dreyfack, and the other by Charles Kuntzleman and the editors of *Consumer Guide*.

Raymond Dreyfack's book begins by predicting that within the next three years "walking will become the 'in' thing that jogging is today." Dreyfack's evangelical tone makes it clear he devoutly hopes for such a boom: "This book will show how, *by pace walking*, you can slow, halt and, in many cases *reverse* the ravages of time and a sedentary life." With much ado, he goes on to explain that pace-walking can increase cardiovascular efficiency, reduce weight and promote general well-being. (Pace-walking, by the way, is simply walking at a fixed rate of speed for a certain length of time.)

Most runners have already experienced the beneficial effects of exercise that Dreyfack describes. His explana-



tions of these physical changes are adequate, but aside from emphasizing that vigorous walking can promote them as well as running, he adds little to the volumes of literature that have already been printed on the subject. To support his arguments, he relies too heavily on personal testimonials, and readers most likely will be more interested in Dreyfack's well-researched chapters on feet and shoes, his illustrated guides to stretching exercises, or the lists of hiking clubs and trail information sources.

The other **Complete Book of Walking** edited by the *Consumer Guide*, is livelier and more informative. The *Consumer Guide's* volume includes information on the exercise value of walking, explaining that walking half an hour a day will mean a weight loss of about 15 pounds a year, and, according to this book, the pace at which you walk is not nearly as important as the amount of time you spend walking. For calorie counters, there is a chart showing the number of calories expended per hour by walkers of different weights. Runners as well as walkers will be interested in the chapter rating name-brand shoes and giving recommendations for people with foot problems.

Both books describe a number of walking programs, and the *Consumer Guide* edition includes special programs for people with weight problems, heart ailments, emphysema and arthritis (doctor's approval required). The *Consumer Guide* book not only states that exercise helps the heart but also describes various theories as to how this might occur, drawing on a wider range of research than Dreyfack. Research in this book is reflected in its bibliography, a good guide to further reading in exer-

cise physiology, running programs, obesity and other related subjects.

Should you decide to embark on a walking program only to find yourself all dressed up with nowhere to go, take heart: **The American Walk Book** by Jean Craighead George describes trails of every length and description across the country. Craighead brings her experience as a naturalist and hiker to bear, and while her book is a good introduction to American trails, you could no more easily use it as a guide to the 2,610-mile Pacific Crest Trail than you could find your way from Harlem to Greenwich Village with a gasoline station map of the U.S.

Craighead's book describes nine major nature trails and five historical trails, varying in length from several hundred to several thousand miles, and includes capsule descriptions of some shorter trails near cities.

Interesting though her accounts of these trails may be, readers should think carefully before setting out on the challenge of their choice. Many miles of the paths she describes have not yet been blazed; they are paths on paper only. However, at the end of each trail description, the author does include a short list of literature available on the path. So pick up a good guide to the trail as recommended, and you'll avoid taking a path to nowhere.

If you're looking for an easier way to experience a walk across America, pick up Peter Jenkins's **A Walk Across America**. Jenkins has literally traversed the country on foot, and his book actually relates the first half of his trip—from the Adirondacks down through the Appalachians and the deep South to New Orleans. (He was waylaid there by a Southern belle whom he married and eventually took along on the second half of his walk.) Jenkins is a walker first and a writer second. Still, when he meets truly outstanding Americans—people like Homer, the mountain man of North Carolina—his accounts rise to the occasion with some memorable reporting. Photographs he took along the way complement his journal. After reading through his scrapbook, you may get the urge to hit the road yourself. **FINISH**

Jacquelyn Brown, formerly a Runner editor, now lives in Minnesota.



# U. S. road racing records

Best marks for men and women in 12 events

Here are the U.S. road-racing records, compiled for *The Runner* by the National Running Data Center, based on information it received by June 30, 1979. It is important to bear in mind several policies and procedures of the NRDC, which is the nation's most authoritative clearing house for road-racing statistics.

1. These are records for U.S. citizens only. There is so far no complete set of world road-racing records available because of haphazard or uncertified course measurement in many countries. NRDC director Ken Young has begun working with his counterparts in other countries so that a properly documented world list will be available in the near future.

2. Each mark accepted as a record by the NRDC is checked for course certification, race conduct and the athlete's birthdate. If a course is not certified in accordance with accepted rules, a performance on it is discounted. If course certification or a runner's birthdate was still being confirmed at our deadline, the record is denoted as pending with a "p."

3. In addition to the "p" abbreviation, there is also a common "a" demarcation, a label likely to invite objections from record-conscious runners. The "a" stands for "aided" courses, as explained in the NRDC policy: "Only those courses whose start and finish lie closer than 10% of the race distance (for example, 2.6 miles for a marathon) and are within the 10' per mile elevation difference (for example, 260' for a marathon) will be considered as official." Marks made on "point-to-point" courses will be listed as aided with an "a."

The NRDC, in consultation with other authorities, contends that performances made, for example, on point-to-point courses can be unfairly aided by excessive downhill or following wind. Careful readers will realize that such "aided" courses include the point-to-point routes used for the Boston and New York City marathons, probably the two most important road races in America.



**Patti Lyons, U.S. women's record-holder for 30 km., seen here in the 1979 Boston Marathon.**

## 10 Km. (6.2 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	28:36	Bill Rodgers	'78
	28:35a	Craig Virgin	'78
16-19:	30:43	Pat Vaughn	'78
40-up:	32:28	Paul Noreen	'78

<b>Women:</b>	33:30	Martha White	'78
16-19:	33:30	Martha White	'78
40-up:	35:23	Miki Gorman	'78

## 15 Km. (9.3 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	44:07	Garry Bjorklund	'78
16-19:	45:52	Thom Hunt	'78
40-up:	47:55	Jim Ewing	'78
<b>Women:</b>	51:37	Martha Cooksey	'78
16-19:	54:54	Celia Peterson	'78
	54:26a	Kathy Mills	'78
40-up:	59:56	Miki Gorman	'79

## 20 Km. (12.4 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	59:47	Randy Thomas	'79
16-19:	1:06:59p	Reid Harrison	'78
40-up:	1:05:53	Herb Lorenz	'79
<b>Women:</b>	1:11:40	Ellison Goodall	'79
16-19:	1:15:00	Karen Bridges	'79
40-up:	1:16:57	Miki Gorman	'76

## 25 Km. (15.5 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	1:14:29	Greg Meyer	'77
16-19:	1:22:31	Thom Hunt	'74
	1:21:29p	Ed Chaidez	'74
40-up:	1:25:46p	Mike Tymm	'77
<b>Women:</b>	1:33:05p	Roxanne Bier	'78
16-19:	1:33:05p	Roxanne Bier	'78
40-up:	1:38:40	Miki Gorman	'77

## 30 Km. (18.6 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	1:34:20	Tom Fleming	'78
	1:29:04a	Bill Rodgers	'76
16-19:	1:38:53a	Mike Cotton	'76
40-up:	1:40:52	Hal Higdon	'73
<b>Women:</b>	2:02:27	Sharon Barbano	'78
	1:52:29a	Patti Lyons	'79
16-19:	2:12:51	Sherrye Henry	'75
	2:01:45ap	Cathy Shrader	'76
40-up:	2:14:20	Ruth Anderson	'78
	2:03:39a	Nina Kuscsik	'79

## 50 Km. (31 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	3:02:56	Alan Kirik	'77
16-19:	4:20:20	Michael Fekula	'74
40-up:	3:21:02	Alex Ratelle	'77
<b>Women:</b>	3:55:41	Janice Arenz	'79
16-19:	none		
40-up:	4:02:13	Sue Medaglia	'78

## 100 Km. (62 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	6:51:20	Frank Bozanich	'79
16-19:	none		
40-up:	7:52:37	Ted Corbitt	'74
<b>Women:</b>	8:43:14	Sue Ellen Trapp	'79
16-19:	none		
40-up:	9:10:39p	Lydi Pallares	'79

## 10 Miles

<b>Men:</b>	48:01	Bill Rodgers	'79
16-19:	50:48p	Odis Sanders	'78
40-up:	51:30	Hal Higdon	'75
<b>Women:</b>	56:02	Aileen O'Conner	'79
16-19:	56:02	Aileen O'Conner	'79
40-up:	1:11:28p	Jane Goodman	'77

(The NRDC is still checking the reported course-cutting at the Trevira 10-Miler in NY, in which Craig Virgin ran 46:38 and Ellison Goodall 55:38 to better the existing records.)

## 20 Miles

<b>Men:</b>	1:40:47	Tom Fleming	'74
16-19:	1:53:03	Chris Hamer	'77
	1:52:39p	Tom Downs	'79
40-up:	1:56:04	Darrell Beardell	'77
	1:51:51	Ken Guthrie	'76
<b>Women:</b>	2:03:56	Tena Anex	'76
16-19:	2:27:42p	Debbie Foryniary	'78
40-up:	2:14:57	Toshiko D'Elia	'78

## 50 Miles

<b>Men:</b>	5:00:30	Alan Kirik	'79
16-19:	5:30:42	Jose Cortez	'69
40-up:	5:47:45	Jim Gallup	'74
	5:28:19	Jim Garlepp	'78
<b>Women:</b>	6:35:54	Nina Kuscsik	'77
16-19:	none		
40-up:	8:47:08p	Ann Whiting	'78

## Half-Marathon (13.1 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	1:04:27	Thom Hunt	'78
16-19:	1:05:54	Thom Hunt	'77
40-up:	1:12:11	Oscar Moore	'78
<b>Women:</b>	1:19:47	Jane Killian	'78
	1:19:47	Lauri Pedrinan	'78
	1:15:04a	Martha Cooksey	'78
16-19:	1:23:36	Marjorie Kaput	'78
40-up:	1:28:35	Betty Wake	'78
	1:25:02p	Linda Sipprelle	'78

## Marathon (26.2 miles)

<b>Men:</b>	2:10:30	Frank Shorter	'72
	2:09:27a	Bill Rodgers	'79
16-19:	2:17:44	Kirk Pfeffer	'75
40-up:	2:27:55	Ken Mueller	'76
	2:27:30p	Jim McNeil	'78
	2:24:41a	Herb Lorenz	'79
<b>Women:</b>	2:36:23	Julie Brown	'79
	2:35:15a	Joan Benoit	'79
16-19:	2:41:48	Celia Peterson	'78
40-up:	2:47:45	Miki Gorman	'75
	2:39:11a	Miki Gorman	'76

(Fritz Mueller, who held several records in the 40-up category, is no longer carried by the NRDC because he is not a U.S. citizen.)

**FINISH**



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### CALENDAR:

# October 1979

Governor's Cup, and The New York City Marathon

## WEST

**6** Emigrant Lake Run (8 Miles). Ashland, OR. Contact: Southern Oregon Sizzlers Running Club, P.O. Box 1072, Phoenix, OR 97535.

**7** Heart of San Diego Marathon (26.2 Miles). San Diego, CA. Contact: Bill Casper, San Diego County Heart Assoc., 3640 Fifth Ave., San Diego, CA 92103.

**7** Garden Isle Marathon (26.2 Miles). Lihue, Kauai, HI. Contact: Don Wolf, 4821 Nonou Rd., Kapaa, HI 96746.

**7** Yakima Valley Marathon (26.2 Miles). Selah, WA. Starts at W. Valley JHS, 10 A.M. Contact: Yakima Valley Marathon Assoc., P.O. Box 75, Selah, WA 98942.

**14** Lagoon Valley Natural Light Lope (9.3 Miles). Suisun, CA. Starts at Fairfield H.S., 9:30 A.M. Contact: Joe Dana, P.O. Box 525, Suisun, CA 94585.

**21** Santa Barbara Marathon (26.2 Miles). Santa Barbara, CA. Contact: John Brennand, 4976 Meadowlark Lane, Santa Barbara, CA 93105.

**27** Big Onion Marathon (26.2 Miles). Walla Walla, WA. Starts at Rooks Park, 9 A.M. Contact: Marge Sams, P.E. Dept., Whitman College, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

**28** Golden Gate Marathon (26.2 Miles). San Francisco, CA. Contact: Golden Gate Marathon, Embarcadero YMCA-Room 100, 166 Embarcadero, San Francisco, CA 94105.

## SOUTHWEST/ROCKIES

**6** Clovis Marathon (26.2 Miles). Clovis, NM. Starts at Cannon Air Force Base, 8 A.M. Contact: Bill Guedke, 1702 Avondale, Clovis, NM 88101.

**6** Pioneer Marathon (26.2 Miles). St. George, UT. Starts at Pine Valley Mountain, 8 A.M. Contact: St. George Parks and Recreation Dept., 340 E. South St., St. George, UT 84770.

**13** Copper Valley Marathon (26.2 Miles). Globe, AZ. Starts at San Carlos Reservation, 7 A.M. Contact: Globe Chamber of Commerce, Box 2539, Globe, AZ 85501.

**14** Albuquerque Marathon (26.2 Miles). Albuquerque, NM. Starts at Kit Carson Park, 8 A.M. Contact: Gil Duran, Box 4701, Albuquerque, NM 87106.

**14** Denver Marathon (26.2 Miles). Denver, CO. Starts at Central

YMCA, 8 A.M. Contact: Denver Marathon, c/o Denver Post Promotion Dept., P.O. Box 1709, Denver, CO 80201.

**20** Tyler Cup Invitational Run (2 Miles). Dallas, TX. Contact: Tyler Corporation, Southland Center, Dallas, TX 75201.

## MIDWEST

**6** American Odyssey Marathon (26.2 Miles). Marathon, WI. Contact: The American Odyssey, Box A-O, Athens, WI 54411.

**6** Octoberfest Road Race (6.2 Miles). Big Rapids, MI. Starts at Big Rapids H.S. 10 A.M. Contact: Big Rapids Chamber of Commerce, 246 N. State St., Big Rapids, MI 49307.

**7** Columbus Day Run (9.2 Miles). Columbus, OH. Contact: Heart-YMCA Run, 200 East Rich St., Columbus, OH 43215.

**13** Run For Your Life (9.3 Miles). Minneapolis, MN. Starts at Parade Stadium, 10:30 A.M. Contact: American Lung Assoc., 1829 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404.

**21** City of Lakes Marathon (26.2 Miles). Minneapolis, MN. Starts at Lake Calhoun, 9:15 A.M. Contact: Jeff Winter, c/o M.D.R.A., 4900 Vallacher Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55416.

**21** Tri-State Marathon (26.2 Miles). Falls City, NB. Contact: Louis Fritz, RRI-Box 21, Verdon, NB 68457.

**21** America's Marathon (26.2 Miles). Chicago, IL. Contact: Walter Blitz, America's Marathon, 676 North La Salle St., Chicago, IL 60610.

**28** 13 Strong (13 Miles). Toledo, OH. Starts at Ft. Miigs Park. Contact: Shirley Taylor, 2337 W. Country Club, Toledo, OH 43614.

**28** Macy's Marathon (26.2 Miles). Kansas City, MO. Contact: Special Events Office, Macy's on Main, 1034 Main St., Kansas City, MO 64101.

## SOUTH

**6** Governor's Cup Road Race (15; 5 Miles.) Columbia, SC. Contact: Richard Harris, 2436 Robin Crest Dr., W. Columbia, SC 29169.

**13** J.C. Penney 10-Kilometer Run (6.2 Miles). W. Palm Beach, FL. Starts at W. Palm Beach Mall, 8 A.M. Contact: Gene Greeter, P.O. Box 8205, W. Palm Beach, FL 33407.



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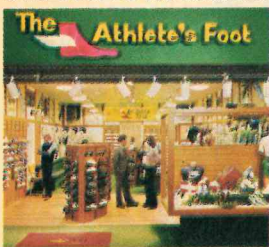
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**13 Greensboro Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Greensboro, NC. Contact: David McKenzie, 1000 Fairmount, Greensboro, NC 27401.

**13 Lake to Lake Run (6.2 Miles).** Lakeland, FL. Starts at Lake Mirror Civic Center, 9 A.M. Contact: Bob Mason, 4916 Celia Circle East, Lakeland, FL 33803.

**14 International Rice Festival (26.2 Miles).** Crowley, LA. Contact: Dr. Charles Atwood, 621 N. Ave. K, Crowley, LA 70526.

**20 Wade YMCA Pacemakers Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Covington, KY. Contact: Scott Miller, Wade Branch YMCA, 624 Madison Ave., Covington, KY 41011.

**20 Run For The Retarded (6.2; 3.1 Miles).** Toccoa, GA. Contact: Joe McMillan, P.O. Box 73, Toccoa, GA 30577.

**27 All American Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Ft. Bragg, NC. Contact: Recreation Services Officer, 82nd Airborne Division, Ft. Bragg, NC 28307.

#### ATLANTIC

**6 Johnstown YMCA Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Johnstown, PA. Starts at Central Park, 10 A.M. Contact: Thomas Loughrin, Johnstown YMCA, Market and Vine sts., Johnstown, PA 15901.

**6 Waynesboro Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Waynesboro, VA. Contact: Jan Miller, Box 965, Waynesboro, VA 22980.

**7 Great Pittsburgh Magazine Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Pittsburgh, PA. Contact: Mrs. Cecci Sommers, Great Pittsburgh Magazine Marathon, 4802 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

**13 National Jogging Day 20-Kilometer Race (12.4 Miles).** Washington D.C. Starts at the Washington Monument, 8:15 A.M. Contact: NJ Day 20-KM, NJA, 919 18th St. NW, Suite 830, Washington DC 20006.

**14 Run Some Country Miles (6.2; 3.1 Miles).** Waverly, PA. Contact: Julie Loftus, Box 136, Waverly, PA 18471.

**14 Provident Bulletin Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Philadelphia, PA. Con-

tact: Chris Tatreau, Memorial Hall, W. Park, Philadelphia, PA 19131.

**21 Richmond Newspapers Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Richmond, VA. Starts at Shockoe Slip, 12:30 P.M. Contact: O. Dewayne Davis, 333 E. Grace St., Richmond, VA 23219.

#### NORTHEAST

**7 Bridgeway House 10-Kilometer Run (6.2 Miles).** Elizabeth, NJ. Starts at Rahway River Park, 1 P.M. Contact: Bridgeway House, 615 North Broad St., Elizabeth, NJ 07208.

**7 Atlantic City Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Atlantic City, NJ. Contact: Ed League, P.O. Box 732, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

**7 Fingers Lake Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Ithaca, NY. Contact: James Hartshorne, 108 Kay St., Ithaca, NY 14850.

**20 Skylon Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Buffalo, NY. Contact: Skylon Marathon, Box S1M, Bidwell Station, Buffalo, NY 14222.

**21 New York Marathon (26.2 Miles).** New York City, NY. Starts at Verrazano Bridge, 10:30 A.M. Contact: NYRRC, P.O. Box 881, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

**21 Casco Bay Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Portland, ME. Starts at Portland Exposition Center, 9 A.M. Contact: Casco Bay Marathon, P.O. 3172, Portland, ME 14104.

**28 National AAU Masters 15-Kilometer Championship (9.3 Miles).** New York, NY. Starts at Van Cortlandt Park, 11 A.M. Contact: NYRRC, P.O. Box 881, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

**28 Larchmont Newcomers' Club 5-Mile Run.** Larchmont, NY. Contact: D. Rainier, 21 Summit Ave., Larchmont, NY 10538.

#### INTERNATIONAL

**6 Athens Open International Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Athens, Greece. Contact: G. Courmouzis, 10 Panepelistimiou St., Athens 134, Greece.

**25 Ile D'Orleans Marathon (26.2 Miles).** Quebec, Canada. Contact: Jean Guy Cote, 26 Rue Goudreault, St. Bridgette De Laval, Quebec, Canada.

**28 Paris 20-Kilometer Run (12.4 Miles).** Paris, France. Contact: Francois Dontenville, Bureau Sports Pour Tous Ministere de la Jeunesse, des Sports et des Loisirs, 118 Av. du President Kennedy, 75775 Paris, France.

**FINISH**

Please send race notices to **The Runner** three months before your race is scheduled. And send a stamped, self-addressed envelope when contacting race directors for further information.

# RUNNING AHEAD

## NEXT ISSUE

The November issue of *The Runner* will take you to Montreal for the exciting World Cup, to West Germany for the International Masters championships, to Cape Cod for the always-hot Falmouth Road Race, and to some unexplored territory for a special report on running and sex. Among the articles scheduled for next month:

**Sex.** Does sexual activity the night before competition influence athletic performance? Do runners do it better, as bumper stickers claim? Tune in.

**Masters.** The burgeoning masters program gives runners 40 and over a new lease on life. Hal Higdon reports from West Germany and elsewhere on the most important masters events of the year.

**Kenny Moore.** Moore's dual career as a world-class runner and world-class writer are sensitively woven in a profile by Michael Parfit.

**Training.** Your stride is wrong? Or is it your posture? Your arm carry? Your knee lift? You want to know *how* to run properly? Frank Shorter tells you all about correct running form.

## QUIZ ANSWERS

Here are the answers to this month's running quiz questions which appear on page 11.

1. Francis Larrieu won the '72 AAU women's cross-country title.
2. London hosted the Summer Olympics in 1908 and 1948.
3. Finland, with seven Boston Marathon titles.
4. Amby Burfoot and Bill Rodgers, Wesleyan roommates.
5. Kip Keino (1,500), Amos Biwott (steepchase), Mohamed Gamoudi (5,000), Naftali Temu (10,000), Mamo Walde (marathon).



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## WEST

America may have a young Grete Waitz on the horizon. Gail Volk, an 18-year-old recent high-school graduate from Seattle, won the women's division of the **Schlitz Light Marathon** in Seattle, July 29, with a spectacular performance of 2:39:48. Gail's time was the 13th best worldwide for a woman, broke her national scholastic record by over five minutes and defeated the second-place woman by about 24 minutes. "I had the splits I wanted to run written on my wristband," she said. "At 20 miles, I ran 2:01, at 25 miles, 2:32."

Incredibly, the 5'7" teenager began running just 18 months ago when she joined a local jogging club. The Schlitz Marathon was her sixth 26.2-mile event—she captured the women's title in four events and placed second in two others. Now a freshman at Seattle Pacific University, Gail's next race will be against international competition in the Avon Women's Marathon in Waldniel, West Germany.

A record field of almost 2,800 runners assembled in Golden Gate Park for the **San Francisco Marathon**, and after 13 miles of competition, first-time marathoner Dave Smith held a 2-minute lead over the field—a lead that slowly dissipated over the next six miles. Rounding Lake Merced at 19 miles, Smith faltered and John Moreno swept by toward the finish for a decisive victory in 2:18:54. A race-weary Smith managed to complete the 26.2 miles about 3½ minutes later for third place. Leonard Hill was second in 2:21:16.

Carol Young defeated Sue Petersen, 2:49:46 to 2:55:26, to win the women's division. A bit farther back among the women but just as impressive was 73-year-old Mavis Lindgren, who ran 4:43 and added another age-record to her growing collection.

## SOUTHWEST/ROCKIES

Frank Shorter is back. Counted down and out by many race aficionados following surgery on his left foot, 16 months ago, the gold and silver Olympic marathon medalist threw a monkey wrench into such premature notions by winning three major races—two in the Southwest—during July. He has emerged with a sense of renewed confidence and perhaps as one of the men to



**Chris Reveley, who tells of his Mexican volcano adventure run on P. 50, won the Pikes Peak Marathon (above) on August 12.**

beat as competition heats up into the Olympic year.

Running in what he described as his first "complete race" since surgery, Shorter outdistanced a world-class field to win the **Diet Pepsi 10,000 Meters** in Denver, Colorado on July 21. His time of 29:17 was strong enough to beat long-distance standouts Bill Rodgers (third in 30:02); Charlie Vigil (fourth in 30:13); Stan Mavis (eighth in 30:30); Ted Castaneda (11th in 30:40); and Garry Bjorklund (14th in 30:52). It was the first time in a year and a half that Shorter had beaten Rodgers.

In the 10,000 one week later in the **U.S. Olympic Committee National Sports Festival**, Shorter again was in top form beating his Colorado neighbor Ric Rojas to capture first in 29:29.9. "This time equates to 28 minutes at sea level," Shorter said, "and that's world class."

Chris Reveley was the surprise

winner in the 24th annual **Pikes Peak Marathon** in Manitou Springs, Colorado, on August 12. Characterized as a "dark horse" by race director Rudy Fahl, Reveley upset five-time Pikes Peak winner Rick Trujillo, running the "roundabout" 28-mile course in 3:39:08. A forest ranger who enjoys running to the top of Mexican volcanoes (see p. 50), Reveley outran 800 starters up and down the Peak whose elevation rises to 14,000' above sea level.

## MIDWEST

Shorter: "Bill, we ran a 4:30 mile from the first to the sixth mile."

Rodgers: "I noticed. You and Ric stuck together, and then all of a sudden you guys took off. I thought, 'What is this, teamwork?'"

Shorter: "No. I thought Ric was mad at me, the way he was pressing. I thought, 'Damn, he is not ever going to get away from me.'"

That was the dialogue between Frank Shorter and Bill Rodgers following the **Schlitz Light Badgerland Classic** in Milwaukee, August 5, a 10-mile race won by the hot-running Shorter in the U.S. record time of 47:34. Ric Rojas(47:37) and Rodgers(47:58) also were under Rodgers's American 10-mile road record of 48:01. (Acceptance of the 46:33 run by Craig Virgin in New York's Trevira Twosome is doubtful because of reliable claims that a full 10 miles was not run.)

Over a mostly downhill course along the shoreline of Lake Superior, New Zealand's Lorraine Moller captured the women's title in a blistering 2:37:36 in **Grandma's Marathon** near Duluth, Minnesota. Second-place women's finisher Jan Arenz ran 2:43, another world-class performance, less than five months after giving birth to her daughter. Richard Wilde, winner of last year's Paavo Nurmi Marathon, beat favored Garry Bjorklund with a time of 2:14:43. Allan Page, All-Pro football player *cum* distance runner, ran 3:57, about 31 minutes behind his wife Diane.

## SOUTH

For the uninitiated, the **Grandfather Mountain Marathon** in Boone, North Carolina might conjure the image of a pleasant, homey race with the charm of a Southern drawl. According



to runners who have been there, however, "Grandfather" is the second toughest marathon in the U.S., bowing only to Pikes Peak. "Some runners just rip their guts to get up there," said one local newsmen.

The course, which climbs the Blue Ridge Mountains to a 4,300' elevation, was conquered by Bill Hall who outdistanced 150 competitors to capture the title in 2:42:03, a time equivalent to about a 2:15 on more level terrain. Nancy Rehrer was the first woman to cross the finish, in 3:33:13.

## NORTHEAST

Craig Virgin beat a world-class field to win the seventh annual **Fal-mouth Road Race** in a course record time of 32:19. Virgin, the American record-holder at 10,000 meters, beat Bill Rodgers's record 32:21 for the 7.1 course with a time of 32:19. Rodgers, a three-time winner of the event, finished third in 32:29, after being nipped by two seconds at the finish by Herb Lindsay.

Ellison Goodall, a former medical student and co-winner with Virgin of New York's **Trevira Twosome**, broke the women's record as she finished in 38:15, 25 seconds faster than Kim Merritt's 1976 record. (An article on Fal-mouth will appear in our next issue.)

On a clear 68° day, it wasn't the heat but the hills that were on the minds of 560 starters of the **Rose Arts 10.6-Mile Road Race** in Norwich, Connecticut. John Flora, 23, John Vitale, 30, both noted for their ability to run hard up the hills, were pre-race favorites. At the gun it was Flora who took the lead and was never fronted. He hit the splits of 4:31 at the mile, 28:35 at six miles and 44:45 at nine miles. He cruised home in 52:11, eclipsing Vitale's 1974 course record of 52:33. Vitale finished 46 seconds behind. Said Flora, "I was thinking of stopping and seeing if they had any room for me in the cemetery on that last hill."

In the **Bethel Firecracker 10,000**, John Vitale didn't take any chances against an upset victory. He surged ahead in the middle miles and finished comfortably in 31:52, only 11 seconds shy of Dan Schlessinger's course record.

One month later, Vitale added a third-place to his first- and second-place efforts, finishing about two minutes behind the victorious Thomas Grundy in the **John J. Kelley 11.6-Mile Road Race** in New London, Connecticut. Grundy's time was 1:00:42. The race is named after the winner of the 1957 Boston Marathon.

## SPORTS FESTIVALS

The Olympic symbolism could not have been thicker in late July. At the same time the U.S. Olympic Committee

was conducting its **National Sports Festival**, designed in part to promote the development of American Olympians, the Soviet Union was conducting its Sports Festival, the **Spartakiade**, which for the first time was open to athletes from other nations including the U.S.

The track-and-field segment of the U.S. festival, held at the Air Force Academy in Colorado, was highlighted by the fast 400-meter victories of Tony Darden, 45.02, and Sherri Howard, 51.09. The mark for Darden, the Pan Am Games champion, was the fastest in the world this year (the world record is 43.86). Howard, a San Bernardino, California high-school student, leads the U.S. women. Both races were helped by the thin air of the 7,200' altitude; conversely, the distance runners were hampered by the oxygen-thin air. That's why the winning marathon time was only 2:37:23.

In Moscow, where the activity was held in Lenin Stadium, the U.S. was represented by a mostly second-string team that returned only three individual victories: Wardell Gilbreath in the 200 (20.84), Stan Vinson in the 400 (45.70) and Henry Marsh (8:28.10) in the steeplechase. In the longer distances, the indomitable Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia won the 5,000 (13:20.8) and 10,000 (27:44.2), and Leonid Moseyev of the Soviet Union (fourth in the 10,000) won a spectacular marathon finish (see "Warmups") in 2:13:20.

## INTERNATIONAL

There's no stopping Sebastian Coe. The 22-year-old Briton added the world 1,500 record to his mantle, racing 3:32.1 in an International meet in Zurich, August 15, to shave .1 seconds from the mark set by Filbert Bayi of Tanzania in 1974. A capacity crowd of 26,000 cheered Coe to a last-lap dash of 57 seconds as he became the first runner to simultaneously hold world records at 800 meters, 1,500 meters and the mile.

There were superb performances on many other fronts as the European summer track circuit moved into high gear. Among the leading figures were Marita Koch of East Germany, who broke her own world records in the 200 and 400, with marks of 21.71 and 48.60, respectively.

**FINISH**

*These are highlights from a cross-section of running events held from July to early August, 1979. For a listing of the leading finishers from many of these races, see pages 92-93. The Runner wants the results of all running events so please send any you have to Paul Thaler, The Runner, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Those that we cannot print because of space limitations are valuable reference materials.*

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# Time capsules

## WEST

**DIET PEPSI 10,000-METER (6.2 Miles):** Honolulu, Hawaii, June 24. **Men:** 1 Tom Wysocki, 30:50. 2 Greg Beal, 32:03. 3 Stein Rafto, 32:34. 4 Don Mueller, 32:41. 5 James Oress, 32:49. 6 Craig Bartlett, 33:20. 7 James Gallup, 33:22. 8 Greg Shepherd, 33:28. 9 Dennis Hansen, 33:30. 10 Wayne O'Hearn, 33:30. **Masters:** James Gallup, 33:22. **Women:** Joanie Pagala, 37:40.

**TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX 10-KILOMETER RUN (6.2 Miles):** Century City, Los Angeles (3,000 Starters). July 1. **Men:** 1 Dave Babiracki, 29:42. 2 Steve Ortiz, 29:51. 3 Barrie Williams, 31:26. 4 Jeff Shaver, 31:38. 5 Bruce Dewsberry, 31:38. 6 Carl Stromberg, 31:38. 7 Richard Weeks, 31:44. 8 David Greifinger, 32:03. 9 Michael Chambliss, 32:04. 10 Daniel Caprioglio, 32:11. **Masters:** Jim Knerr, 35:12. **Women:** 1 Carol Cook, 35:36. 2 Michele Bush, 35:57. 3 Miki Gorman, 36:19. 4 Vickie Cook, 36:35. 5 Teresa Hom, 38:06.

**SAN FRANCISCO MARATHON (26.2 Miles):** San Francisco, California, July 8. **Men:** 1 John Moreno, 2:18:54. 2 Leonard Hill, 2:21:16. 3 Dave Smith, 2:22:32. 4 Henry Barksdale, 2:23:32. 5 Michael Smith, 2:24:02. 6 Denis O'Halloran, 2:24:07. 7 Brian Geiser, 2:24:08. 8 Victor Cary 2:24:50. 9 Steven Chase, 2:25:35. 10 Don Paul, 2:26:01. **Masters:** Ulrich Kaemph, 2:36:18. **Women:** Carol Young, 2:49:46. 2 Sue Petersen, 2:55:26. 3 Sandra Kiddy, 2:59:01. 4 Marilyn Nichols, 3:02:23. 5 Gail Campbell, 3:05:14.

**DIET PEPSI 10,000-METER (6.2 Miles):** Spokane, Washington, July 14 (3,000 Entrants). **Men:** 1 Don Kardong, 29:53. 2 Dean Behrmann, 30:43. 3 Phil English, 31:36. 4 Claude Neuen-schwander, 31:38. 5 Ken Bell, 31:45. 6 Chuck Bartlett, 32:03. 7 Tim Moran, 32:11. 8 Henry Jimeniz, 32:18. 9 Bob Barbero, 32:29. 10 Jay Bendewald, 32:33. **Masters:** Edward Rockwell, 34:30. **Women:** Sherrie Crang, 36:26. 2 Cynthia Higgins, 38:51. 3 Sharon McGrane, 39:35. 4 Cheryl Garmoe, 40:25. 5 Buddy Lesperance, 40:30.

**SCHLITZ LIGHT SUMMER MARATHON (26.2 Miles):** Seattle, Washington, July 29. **Men:** 1 Keith Forman, 2:23:04. 2 Graham Barr, 2:23:28. 3 Army Stonkus, 2:28:21. 4 Mark Winder, 2:30:57. 5 Bruce Shaw, 2:32:46. 6 Olin Thompson, 2:34:43. 7 Mark Van, 2:34:56. 8 Kenneth Hoerath, 2:35:00. 9 Jay Bendewald, 2:35:11. 10 Jim Pearson, 2:35:19. **Masters:** Olin Thompson, 2:34:43. **Women:** 1 Gail Volk, 2:39:48. 2 Beth Weber, 3:03:44. 3 Daniella Hairabedian, 3:06:44. 4 Geri Volk, 3:19:26. 5 Laurel Miller, 3:12:27.

**TEN MILE CLASSIC:** San Francisco, California, August 12. **Men:** 1 Gary Blume, 49:21. 2 Brian Maxwell, 49:55. 3 Peter Sweeny, 49:57. 4 Michael Cassassay, 50:07. 5 Mark Conover, 50:30. 6 Bill Seaver, 50:58. 7 Ricky Denesik, 51:14. 8 Chris Hamer, 51:15. 9 Dan Moynihan, 51:25. 10 Rick Langdord, 51:40. **Master:** Cahit Yeter, 56:57. **Women:** 1 Jill Symons, 59:55. 2 Diane Killeen, 1:03:59. 3 Cathy Demmeaier, 1:04:18. 4 Biff Brody, 1:04:55. 5 Bonne Storm, 1:05:08.

## SOUTHWEST/ROCKIES

**12,000-METER RACE (7.4 Miles):** Winslow, Arizona, June 16. **Men:** 1 Chuck Smead, 37:42. 2 Herman Sahneynah, 37:50. 3 Randall Milstead, 38:42. 4 Nolan Grayson, 43:07. 5 Larry Enos,

43:58. 6 Art Volpe, 44:00. 7 Mark Weeks, 44:03. 8 Wilmer Sauffie, 44:07. 9 Bart Suppes, 44:12. 10 Eldon Siewiumpetwa, 44:27. **Masters:** Tom Cooka, 50:54. **Women:** 1 Sue Krenn, 47:53. 2 Kathleen Rowen, 52:55. 3 Kathy Morris, 54:24. 4 Barbara Sigden, 54:52. 5 Donna Gookin, 56:06.

**DIET PEPSI 10,000-METER (6.2 Miles):** Colorado Springs, Colorado, July 7 (1,114 Entrants). **Men:** 1 Ted Castaneda, 30:39. 2 John Esquibel, 32:18. 3 Mark Weeks, 32:26. 4 Dan Garcia, 32:29. 5 David Barnett, 32:48. 6 Richard Bradbury, 32:50. 7 Daniel King, 33:01. 8 Kevin Scott, 34:00. 9 Scott King, 34:02. 10 David Helin, 34:04. **Masters:** Roger Wilcox, 38:59. **Women:** 1 Jayne Sweigart, 38:57. 2 Kathy Sjolie, 42:05. 3 Laurie Whitmore, 42:13. 4 Debbie Anderson, 42:19. 5 Jeri Butt, 42:32.

**DIET PEPSI 10,000-METER RUN (6.2 Miles):** Denver, Colorado, July 21 (3,404 Starters). **Men:** 1 Frank Shorter, 29:17. 2 Jon Sinclair, 30:00. 3 Bill Rodgers, 30:02. 4 Charles Vigil, 30:13. 5 Mark Weeks, 30:16. 6 James Rotich, 30:20. 7 Tom Childers, 30:23. 8 Stan Mavis, 30:30. 9 Steve Flanagan, 30:30. 10 Robert Wallace, 30:33. 11 Ted Castaneda, 30:40. 12 Pat Vaughn, 30:43. 13 John Gregorio, 30:44. 14 Garry Bjorklund, 30:52. **Masters:** Robert Greene, 34:06. **Women:** 1 Cathy Twomey, 35:25. 2 Carol Cook, 36:38. 3 Karlene Erickson, 37:29. 4 Judith McCreery, 37:42. 5 Beth Sheridan, 38:18.

**DESERET NEWS MARATHON (26.2 Miles):** Salt Lake City, Utah, July 24. **Men:** 1 Demitrio Cabanillas, 2:19:35. 2 Scott Bringhurst, 2:20:04. 3 Norberto Segura, 2:20:40. 4 Derek Shirley, 2:26:38. 5 John Michaels, 2:27:26. 6 Steven French, 2:20:10. 7 Tom Sobal, 2:32:30. 8 Lanny Doan, 2:32:30. 9 Jim Navejar, 2:32:54. 10 Ron Day, 2:35:07. **Women:** 1 Linda Donkelaar, 2:57:35. 2 Robin Beck, 3:04:25. 3 Pam Crockett, 3:04:51. 4 Christine Shultis, 3:09:55. 5 Cheryl Howlett, 3:12:34.

**NATIONAL SPORTS FESTIVAL MARATHON (26.2):** Colorado Springs, Colorado, July 29. **Men:** 1 Albert Grimme, 2:27:23. 2 Barney Klecker, 2:28:36. 3 Frank Mencin, 2:31:25. 4 Frank Richardson, 2:33:16. 5 Paul Oparaski, 2:33:52. 6 Ron Cabb, 2:38:10. 7 Keith Brown, 2:39:37. 8 Bob Greene, 2:43:18. 9 Ed Bingham, 2:45:51. 10 Tom Bailey, 2:45:57.

**PIKES PEAK MARATHON (28 Miles):** Manitou Springs, Colorado, August 12. **Men:** 1 Chris Reveley, 3:39:08. 2 Rick Trujillo, 3:40:54. 3 Traley Fox, 4:08:59. 4 Rick Burton, 4:15:46. 5 Donald Kokes, 4:15:58. 6 John Cappis, 4:16:13. 7 Chuch Huss, 4:16:22. 8 Chris Pizzo, 4:16:44. 9 David Hambly, 4:17:03. 10 Roger Dillopte, 4:19:27. **Women:** 1 Sue Gladney, 4:42:55.

## MIDWEST

**GRANDMA'S MARATHON (26.2 Miles):** Duluth, Minnesota, June 23. **Men:** 1 Richard Wilde, 2:14:43. 2 Garry Bjorklund, 2:16:48. 3 Barney Klecker, 2:17:48. 4 Robert Becker, 2:19:06. 5 James Miller, 2:19:26. 6 Randy Fischer, 2:21:09. 7 Ralph Zimmerman, 2:21:26. 8 Kerry Mayer, 2:21:42. 9 Tom Antczak, 2:21:43. 10 Tony Rodiez, 2:22:06. 11 Dave Chilk, 2:23:38. 12 Allan Westman, 2:26:26. 13 Bruce Mortenson, 2:27:02. 14 Raymond Hintz, 2:28:04. 15 Paul Raether, 2:28:27. **Women:** 1 Lorraine Moller, 2:37:36. 2 Jan Arenz, 2:43:50.

## NEBRASKA PANHANDLE MARATHON

(26.2 Miles): Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, June 24. **Men:** 1 Rusty Molstad, 2:36:56. 2 Jim Sebastian, 2:48:45. 3 Willie Jans, 2:52:47. 4 Don Wollenhaupt, 2:59:13. 5 Marilyn Jakup, 3:04:49. 6 Dick Young, 3:04:49. 7 Shelby Edwards, 3:18:30. 8 Chuck Thies, 3:18:33. 9 Todd Hornung, 3:20:00. 10 Robert Limon, 3:21:40. **Women:** Pamela Richards, 3:52:22.

**FIRECRACKER 5-MILER:** Granville, Ohio, July 4. **Men:** 1 Kevin Foley, 24:29. 2 Mark Shonebarger, 24:51. 3 Mark Davis, 25:02. 4 Gary Bryan, 25:20. 5 Tom Sykes, 25:26. **Women:** 1 Shannon Cline, 28:31. 2 Peggy Cleary, 28:59.

**CRYSTAL LAKE TO WOODSTOCK 15-KILOMETER ROAD RUN (9.3 Miles):** Crystal Lake, Illinois, July 8. 1 John Lechner, 47:09. 2 Tom Mountain, 48:36. 3 Ron Murawsky, 48:45. 4 Dave Casillas, 49:11. 5 Christopher Dremann, 49:20. 6 Robert Langenhohl, 49:21. 7 Ed Kolasinski, 49:40. 8 Patrick Davis, 49:46. 9 John Filoso, 50:58. 10 Tom Cooney, 51:13. **Women:** 1 Kim Merritt, 56:04. 2 Leslie Dean, 1:15:00. 3 Kathy Kemp, 1:15:38. 4 Barbara Merrill, 1:15:39. 5 Barb Osborne, 1:18:20.

**15-KILOMETER ROAD RACE (9.3 Miles):** Columbia, Missouri, July 12. **Men:** 1 Steve Fisher, 47:20. 2 Dave Harris, 47:54. 3 John Moore, 48:01. 4 Mark Montgomery, 48:03. 5 Jeff Mittelhauser, 48:35. 6 John Prasuhn, 48:56. 7 Greg Lovercamp, 49:09. 8 Tim Schmid, 49:40. 9 Kent Rader, 49:40. 10 Ed Crumm, 50:05. **Women:** Carole Brockman, 1:04:57.

**NIKE/FAIR STORE 10,000-METER ROAD RACE (6.2 Miles):** Dowagiac, Michigan, July 21. **Men:** 1 Kevin Higdon, 31:12. 2 John Roscoe, 31:18. 3 Robert Lewis, 31:37. 4 Joseph Ofanski, 31:47. 5 Gary Gottardi, 32:16. 6 Tim Tobin, 32:20. 7 Greg Savicke, 32:21. 8 Mike Alumbaugh, 32:28. 9 Eddie Wroblewski, 32:39. 10 Mark Wozniak, 32:50. **Women:** 1 Kathy Seibel, 42:12. 2 Ann Lyangrover, 42:23. 3 Mary Perez, 43:01.

**THREE RIVERS FESTIVAL MARATHON (26.2 Miles):** Fort Wayne, Indiana, July 15. **Men:** 1 Dexter Lehman, 2:26:58. 2 Patrick Davis, 2:28:29. 3 Richard England, 2:30:42. 4 Dale Arbour, 2:32:50. 5 Larry Fox, 2:37:12. 6 Steve Maves, 2:38:46. 7 John Bobalik, 2:38:59. 8 Paul Emery, 2:40:29. 9 James Iddins, 2:40:57. 10 Scott Wareham, 2:41:43. **Women:** 1 Karen Doppes, 3:05:23. 2 Lorna Richey, 3:33:03. 3 Theresa Ann Mundinger, 3:38:37. 4 Gladys Edwards, 5 Suzette Nemetn, 3:41:14.

**BONNE BELL 10-KILOMETER RUN (6.2 Miles):** Minneapolis, Minnesota, July 31. 1 Cathy Twomey (22), 34:09. 2 Lorraine Moller (24), 35:29. 3 Mara McElwee (20), 36:16. 4 Susie Houston (19), 36:25. 5 Mary Beth Spencer (22), 37:03. 6 Mary Bange (26), 37:29. 7 Tina Gamby (26), 37:39. 8 Jan Arenz (29), 37:42. 9 Patty Melby (28), 37:44. 10 Toni Bourne (21), 38:10.

**SCHLITZ LIGHT BADGERLAND CLASSIC (10 Miles):** Milwaukee, Wisconsin, August 5. **Men:** 1 Frank Shorter, 47:34. 2 Ric Rojas, 47:37. 3 Bill Rodgers, 47:58. 4 Jim Drews, 49:38. 5 Walter Saeger, 49:57. 6 Kevin Higdon, 50:10. 7 Glenn Behnke, 50:12. 8 Mark Glessner, 50:16. 9 Mark Wozniak, 50:20. 10 Paul Raether, 50:25. **Masters:** Dan Conway, 53:40. **Women:** 1 Mary Chiappata, 1:03:29. 2 Betty Mihalek, 1:15:22. 3 Judy Judiekirchoffer, 1:18:36.

**DIAMOND LAKE 8 MILER:** Dowagiac, Michigan, August 8. **Men:** 1 Dave Morrill, 42:52. 2 Mike Haag, 43:06. 3 Jim Shonkwiler, 44:44.



4 Jon Call, 45:07. 5 Hal Higdon, 45:19. 6 D. Van Zoeren, 45:38. 7 Valdis Zeps, 45:53. 8 Kevin McInerney, 47:03. 9 Jim Baker, 47:06. 10 Rodney Hattery, 47:17. **Masters:** Hal Higdon. **Women:** 1 Kathy Seibel, 54:59. 2 Ann Lymangrover, 55:09. 3 Marjaana Haggerty, 55:59.

## SOUTH

**GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN MARATHON (26.2 Miles):** Boone, North Carolina, July 14. **Men:** 1 Bill Hall, 2:42:03. 2 Dan Brannen, 2:51:39. 3 Fred Bryant, 2:52:37. 4 David Van Broeck, 2:57:04. 5 Larry Holt, 3:02:26. 6 Sean Gallagher, 3:02:26. 7 David Huntley, 3:02:38. 8 Peter Spalding, 3:02:47. 9 Charlie Markman, 3:03:48. 10 Danny Pinyard, 3:10:52. **Masters:** Dave Eden, 3:11:02. **Women:** 1 Nancy Rehner, 3:33:13. 2 Claudia Gould, 4:02:12. 3 Julie Smith, 4:04:18.

**PHILIPPI JAYCEE DISTANCE RUN (4 Miles):** Philippi, West Virginia, July 15. **Men:** 1 Kim Nutter, 19:00. 2 Jeff Adkins, 19:20. 3 Norman DeRosa, 20:06. 4 Brent Hawkins, 20:23. 5 Bruce Cox, 20:42. 6 Jeff VanGilder, 20:54. 7 Kim Reedy, 20:55. 8 Mark Neal, 21:28. 9 Fred Sotlow, 21:30. 10 Mark Swiger, 21:33. **Masters:** Frank Price, 22:40. **Women:** 1 Bonnie Shaffer, 25:28. 2 Kay Snyder, 28:16. 3 Rosanna Sikora, 28:16. 4 Cathy Hagy, 28:31. 5 Jerri Hahaenberg, 30:07.

## NORTHEAST

**LITCHFIELD 7-MILE ROAD RACE:** Litchfield, Connecticut, June 10. **Men:** 1 Randy Thomas, 35:42. 2 Bob Hodge, 35:42. 3 Vin Fleming, 35:52. 4 Amby Burfoot, 36:43. 5 George Straznitskas, 37:20. **Women:** 1 Patti Lyons, 41:14. 2 Karen Murphy-Rossi, 44:07. 3 Sue Richardson, 45:08. 4 Paula Lettis, 45:22. 5 Wendy Lou Ashe, 46:48.

**ROSE ARTS 10.6 MILER:** Norwich, Connecticut, June 24. **Men:** 1 John Flora, 52:11. 2 John

Vitale, 52:57. 3 Jim Uhrig, 54:57. 4 Dave Raunig, 55:45. 5 Jay Kolb, 55:51. 6 Bill Rogers, 56:07. 7 Bill Marshall, 56:22. 8 Rory Suomi, 56:24. 9 Ben Peterson, 56:33. 10 Jim Crowley, 56:40. **Women:** 1 Carolyn Bravakis, 1:05:07.

**BONNE BELL 10-KILOMETER (6.2 Miles):** Buffalo, New York, June 24. 1 Sue Schaefer 34:24. 2 Karen Von Berg, 35:19. 3 Linda Girard, 36:09. 4 Barbara Miller, 36:44. 5 Debbie Graham, 37:10. 6 Suzanne Girard, 37:14. 7 Lorna Orleman, 37:27. 8 Marjorie Bessell, 37:41. 9 Nancy Nelson, 37:50. 10 Nancy Miesczak, 37:56.

**BETHEL FIRECRACKER 10,000-METER RUN (6.2 Miles):** Bethel, Connecticut, July 4. 1 John Vitale, 31:52. 2 Elliot Michael, 32:19. 3 Henry O'Connell, 32:27. 4 George Straznitskas, 32:46. 5 Dennis Sprick, 32:56. 6 Ray Crothers, 33:08. 7 Anthony Uzwiak, 33:11. 8 Tom Agresta, 33:22. 9 Dave Dunleavy, 33:25. 10 Patrick O'Neil, 33:40.

**PEPPER MARTIN MEMORIAL 5-MILER:** Staten Island, New York, July 4. 1 Ron Speirs, 24:44. 2 Brian Attwell, 25:09. 3 Sal Vega, 25:17. 4 Jim Robinson, 25:18. 5 Stu Penn, 25:23. 6 Charles Meirs, 25:27. 7 Brian Kivlan, 25:42. 8 Bill Scholl, 25:57. 9 Paul Heck, 26:04. 10 Paul Hoffman, 26:13.

**DANNON 7-MILER:** Purdy, New York, July 28. **Men:** 1 Paul Friedman, 34:48. 2 Jack Bellah, 35:24. 3 Reno Stirrat, 35:28. 4 Greg Hobbs, 35:38. 5 Sheldon Karlin, 35:41. 6 Steve Francis, 35:46. 7 Jim Shields, 36:03. 8 Brian Kivlan, 36:13. 9 Elliott Michael, 36:15. 10 Bill Ruggero, 36:23. **Women:** 1 Lauri McBride, 41:32. 2 Sally Strauss, 41:57. 3 Cindy Wuss, 42:26.

**JOHN J. KELLEY 11.6-MILE ROAD RACE:** New London, Connecticut, August 4. 1 Thomas Grundy, 60:42. 2 Jack Bellah, 60:49. 3 John Vitale, 62:47. 4 Bill Rogers, 62:54. 5 George Straznitskas, 63:00. 6 Amby Burfoot, 63:29. 7 Brian Kivlan, 63:31. 8 Frank Carr, 63:52. 9 Tim Smith, 64:02. 10 Jim Robinson, 64:31.

**DIET PEPSI 10,000 METER ROAD RACE (6.2 Miles):** New York, New York, August 11. **Men:** 1 Odis Sanders, 30:09. 2 Charles Meirs, 30:27. 3 Jack Bellah, 30:39. 4 Sheldon Karlin, 30:44. 5 Bob Anastasia, 31:01. 6 Brian Kivlan, 31:02. 7 James Copper, 31:08. 8 Michael O'Brien, 31:20. 9 Hugh Sweeny, 31:26. 10 Norb Sanders, 31:41. **Women:** 1 Kathy McIntyre, 34:47. 2 Ann Gladue, 34:51. 3 Nancy Seeger, 35:42. 4 Liz Levy, 37:22. 5 Barbara Saunders, 38:20. 6 Joanna Coletta, 38:20.

**FALMOUTH ROAD RACE (7.1 Miles):** Falmouth, Massachusetts, August 19. **Men:** 1 Craig Virgin, 32:19. 2 Herb Lindsay, 32:27. 3 Bill Rodgers, 32:29. 4 Jon Sinclair, 32:36. 5 Frank Shorter, 32:42. 6 Ric Rojas, 32:44. 7 John Flora, 32:45. 8 Robbie Perkins, 32:51. 9 Mike Roche, 33:03. 10 Benjie Durden, 33:21. 11 Greg Fredricks, 33:33. 12 Bruce Bickford, 33:39. 13 Kevin Ryan, 33:42. 14 Dick Mahoney, 33:43. 15 Terry Baker, 33:45. **Women:** 1 Ellison Goodall, 38:15. 2 Cathy Twomey, 38:49. 3 Margaret Groos, 39:11. 4 Kim Merritt, 39:13. 5 Dana Slater, 39:27.

## TRACK

**USOC SPORTS FESTIVAL:** Air Force Academy, Colorado, July 28-30. **Men:** 100 Harvey Glance, 10:41. 200: James Sanford, 20:64. 400: Tony Darden, 45:02. 800: Evans White, 1:48.9. 1,500: Tom Duits, 3:45.5. 3,000 Steeplechase: Randy Jackson, 9:01.3. 5,000: Herb Lindsay, 14:25.3. 10,000: Frank Shorter, 29:29.9. **Marathon:** Albert Grimme, 2:27:23. 110 Hurdles: Charles Foster, 13.79. 400 Hurdles: James Walker, 49.1. 20 Km. Walk: Marco Evoniuk, 1:35:10. **Women:** 100: Brenda Morehead, 11.40. 200: Liz Young, 23.6. 400: Sherri Howard, 51.09. 800: Joetta Clark, 2:05.5. 1,500: Darlene Beckford, 4:27.34. 3,000: Cindy Bremser, 9:41.3. 110 Hurdles: Stephanie Hightower, 13.43. **Pentathlon:** Linda Waltman, 3,876. **FINISH**



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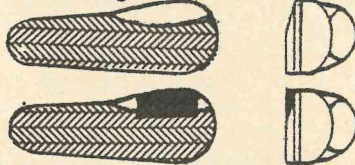
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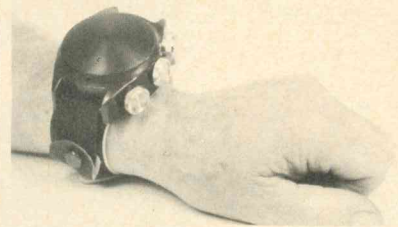
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# Beauty knows no pain

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Let me tell you from the very beginning that I am not a fast jogger. Nor am I a fanatic jogger, one of those people who drink body punch, flex their leg muscles and run in the rain. As a matter of fact, I don't even like to jog. I do it for the same reason I do all the other painful things like wearing high heels or tweezing my eyebrows—because of *beauty*.

Having made the decision to drag my unwilling body around the reservoir in New York's Central Park, I soon found some comfort in the experience of suffering intensely alone for half an hour every morning. No neighbors, no telephones, no children. Reality itself remained at home under the covers as I jogged into puddles and sank in mud.

As a writer and experienced neurotic, I am an expert daydreamer, used to making something out of nothing and living my most intense life in the realm of the imagination.

Occasionally, I would make the miles fly by making up erotic limericks. On this fateful day, I was searching my mind for something to rhyme with "buttocks," and had already gone through "duttocks," "futtocks," "huttocks" and "luttocks," when suddenly I received a jolt that left my jingle jangling.

I heard footsteps bearing down upon me and the heavy breathing of a jogger in full flight. I moved to the side, expecting to see a lithe young man clad in a faded New York Marathon shirt or a slender co-ed in skin-tight shorts.

But the woman who passed me was neither of these. I can only describe her as I still see her, rooted in my memory like a bad dream, as a "Waddler," one of those people who run with their feet at a

70° angle to their legs—she jogged the way Charlie Chaplin used to run.

Not only that, but her behind, shaking goodby to me now as she rounded the turn, was fatter than mine.

In short, I was most unpleasantly surprised—and almost stopped in my tracks by reality. However, since I had never prided myself on my speed as a jogger, I swallowed my pride, shrugged my shoulders and resumed my former pace, which was a barely respectable 9-minute mile.

"Nuttocks," "Puttocks," "Ruttocks. . ."

Hardly had I sunk back into my world of erotic rhyme when I saw my nemesis again. The Waddler was planted solidly on her trunklike legs in front of me. This time I passed her easily.

I took a deep breath of the fresh spring air.

"Suttocks," "Tuttocks," "Wuttocks. . ."

Then suddenly, hot breath on the back of my neck and feet thundering by in a cloud of dust. The Waddler had passed me again.

There was no denying it this time. She was deliberately trying to beat me. Me, "Legs Leventhal" of Erasmus Hall High School, a general in color war for two consecutive years at Camp Brookwood. It was impossible. The Blob would never beat me in a race.

I began to accelerate, stretching out my legs, leaning forward into the turn, in hot pursuit of my adversary. She saw me coming and took off.

I passed her in half a dozen strides, running with much more ease than ever before. I could feel my blood coursing through my arteries, my lungs expand-

ing to receive the fresh supply of oxygen, my muscles vibrating with satisfaction. I ran at my accelerated pace until I could no longer hear her behind me and then settled back to my 9-minute mile.

But . . . No! Who was that suddenly bearing down upon me, nostrils flaring, spittle dripping from her lips? Sure enough: The Pink Pudding.

I began to gain on her. Soon we were running neck-and-neck. Then, in a sudden burst of speed, I was sailing past her. My panting had stopped, and I was breathing easily. My body weightlessly floated through the air.

I glanced over my shoulder. She had stopped cold, hair plastered to her face, shirt stuck to her damp flesh.

"You win," she gasped, "I give up."

Immediately I felt remorse. I was ashamed, guilty, even frightened. She was probably an editor at *The New York Times*, and I would be blacklisted forever. Or maybe she was a poor housewife whose only crime was too much butter in her mashed potatoes.

I stopped at my exit and looked back. I had reduced her to walking. She might never run again. The only thing that comforted me was the knowledge that I would have felt much worse if she had won. I waved to her, "Have a nice day," I said, knowing she wouldn't.

Like Oscar Wilde's *Dorian Gray*, my physique improves while my moral character deteriorates. My behind has become shapely but my inner peace has been shattered. Horror of horrors—I no longer jog to run; I jog to win. **FINISH**

*Roslyn Siegel used to be just a casual jogger.*

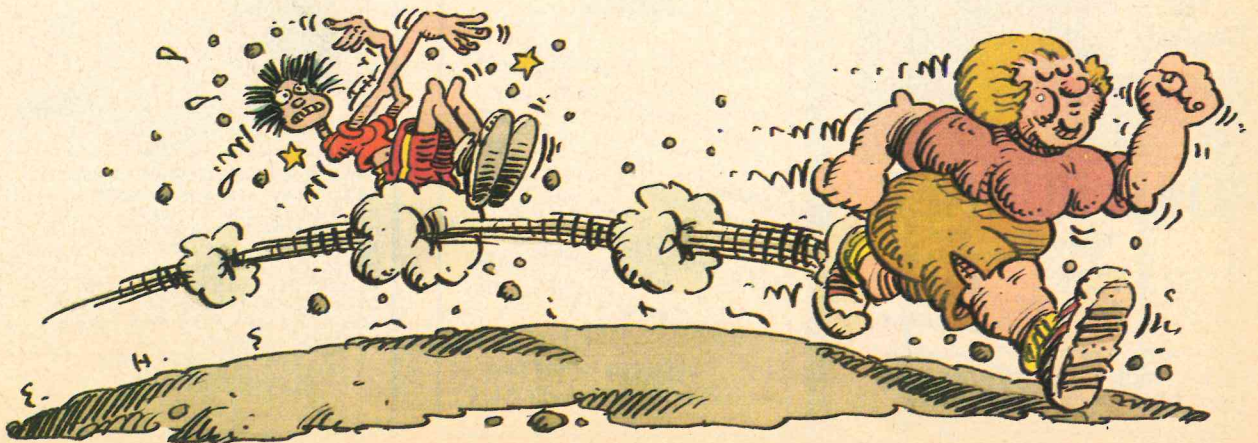
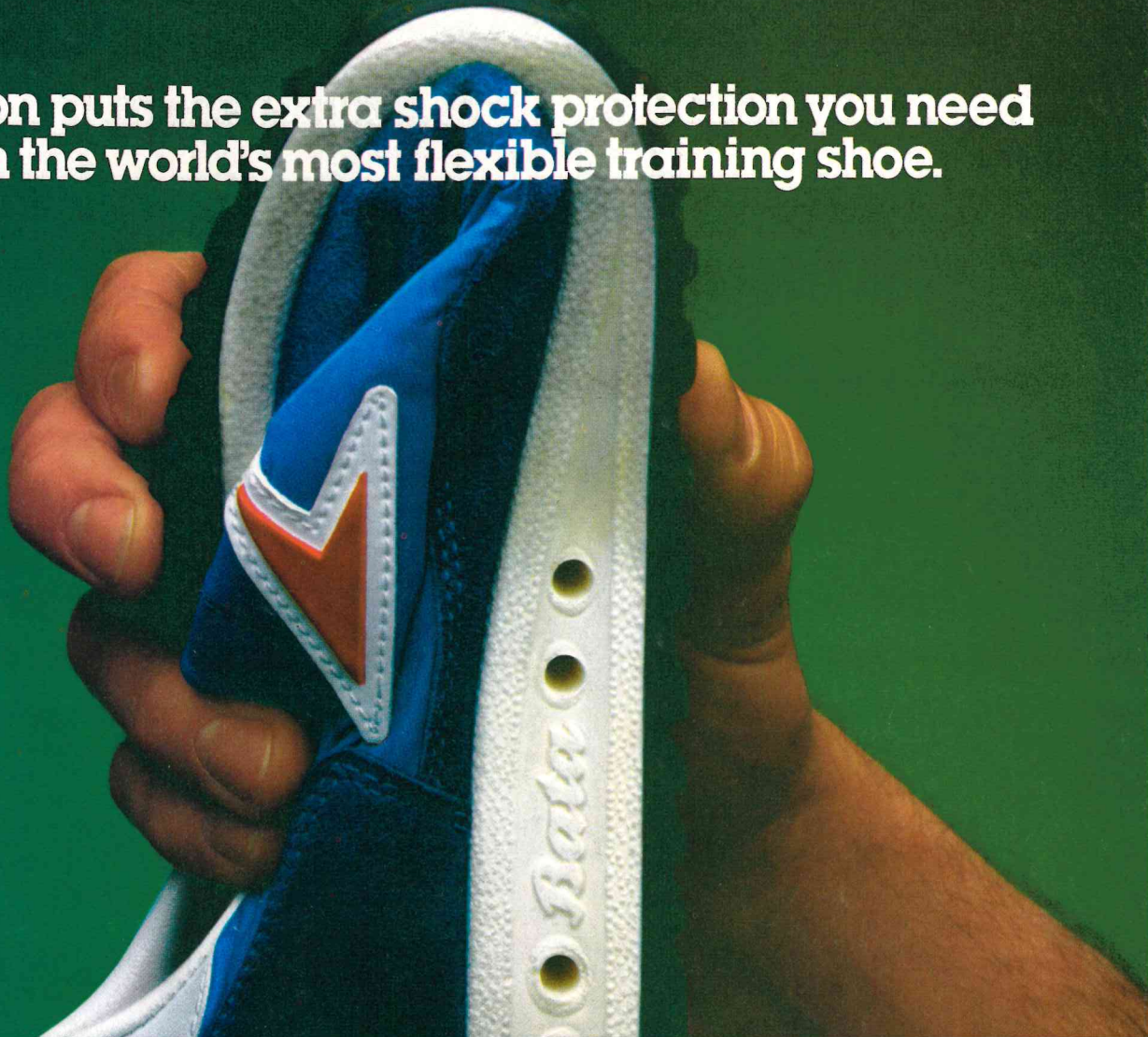


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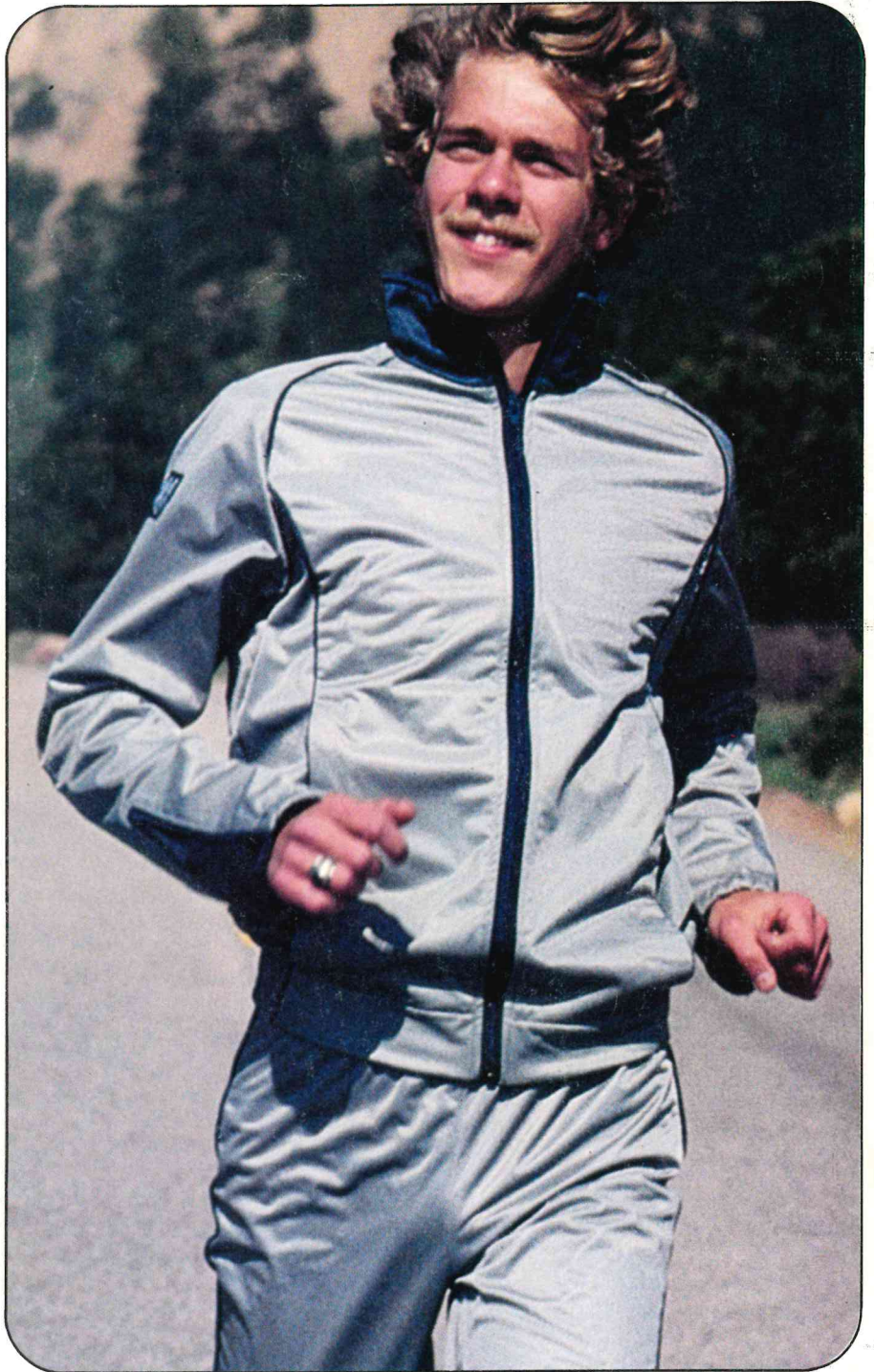
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