

The Frank Shorter Story



1972 OLYMPIC MARATHON CHAMPION

One Dollar

THE FRANK SHORTER STORY

By John Parker

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FOREWORD

John Parker writes of Frank Shorter, "It seems to me that Frank talks in a very organized fashion, almost in complete thoughts. Needless to say, it makes my job much easier."

Parker is a professional writer. He appreciates an interview subject who requires the least possible rewriting. He likes Shorter for a lot of reasons, but primarily in the present context because Frank talks so "quotably." It's almost as if Frank himself is writing the story, and John is simply taking notes.

It isn't that simple. Parker, like any good writer, only makes it seem so. Between them, they make the editor's job very easy. Never have two people and a manuscript been so easy to work with at *Runner's World*.

Shorter and Parker are a good team. It's only right that John should have been chosen to put down the first booklet length account of Frank's marathon victory at the Munich Olympics. They've been close to each other for years. So close, in fact, that much of John's writing is in the first person.

Shorter and Parker, and their wives shared a house in Gainesville, Fla., during the fall of 1971. Both were attending the University of Florida's law school then, and were running for the Florida Track Club. Parker himself is a 4:05 miler.

"It was during that time," John says, "that I began to realize Frank Shorter was really serious. He had always been thoughtful (and occasionally downright spacey), but during that fall he seemed to shift gears. He became a mass of total concentration on an impossible goal... But I suppose that is how one accomplishes such goals."

While Shorter was working for that, Parker graduated from law school and left Gainesville. He went to work as an investigative reporter for the *Palm Beach Post-Times*. The next time they got together was for the interviews that resulted in this booklet. John noticed his old friend had changed.

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

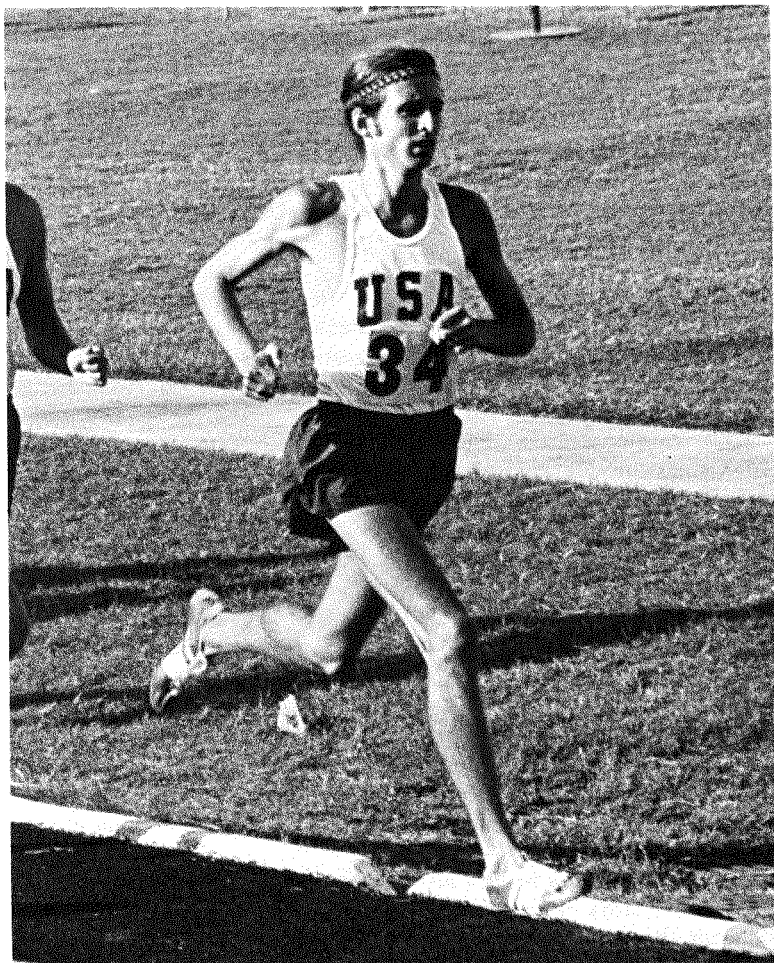
Shorter told Parker, "After the (Olympic) race, I guess the normal thing to go through is the 'Big Letdown' where you start to ask yourself where your life goes from there. But I was ready for it this time... I enjoyed the idea of going back to go to law school because it was something I had done before. It was very comforting to me to have that feeling of something familiar to go back to. I wasn't in the position of some people who were just kind of sitting around thinking, 'What next?'"

"I'm going to enjoy being a nice person again."

This is the story of an intelligent, articulate Olympic champion with few illusions about himself, as told to a capable writer friend anxious to paint an honest picture of the man Frank Shorter.

Chapter One

Running Out of Troubles



Running the US-African 10,000 in 1971. (Penny Crowell)

CHICAGO OPENS THE DOOR

We were going to beat the "Hotel Rat Race," Frank Shorter and I. We had connections.

It was Chicago; winter and grey. A nice place to visit, but...well, not even a nice place to visit. A nice place to say you had just gotten back from. It was the 1970 AAU cross-country race and we were hoping for a minimum of complications to cloud our mercifully short stay.

We were going to beat some of the stereotyped unpleasantness of the situation by staying in a friend's apartment right off the University of Chicago's campus, only a few blocks away from the park where the race would be held the next day at 11 a.m.

The apartment belonged to Steve Bittner, a med student at Chicago, who had run with Frank at Yale. He had mailed Frank the key along with the warm invitation to make use of the place while he and his wife were off visiting relatives during Thanksgiving.

Sports Illustrated writer Skip Myslenski dropped us off at the apartment somewhere around 10 p.m.; we had plenty of rack time, we thought.

"This is great, isn't it?" beamed Shorter, as we rode the elevator up. It certainly was. Here weren't your ordinary visitors to the big city. We were experienced travelers, men of the world, guys with connections in all the major ports of call, for crying out loud.

Before the night was over, that's exactly what we were doing.

Shorter jauntily unlocked the door to the apartment, nearly walking into it before he realized that it wasn't open. We were victims of modern big city paranoia: double locks. Bittner had sent only one key. Thank you, Steve.

A couple of phone calls in the lobby brought the cheery information that the manager was out of town. We called the assistant manager's place and ran head on into a language barrier. It seemed that the assistant manager and his family had only just gotten off the boat from Warsaw or Sweden or Denmark, or some place where they obviously do not speak American. But it really didn't matter, since the assistant wasn't home anyway.

"What do they say?" I asked anxiously outside the phone booth.

"They say 'not in, not in.'" replied Shorter, trying desperately to communicate. Shorter's language was French; I spoke fluent Southern. Between us we could have ordered one hell of a meal in a restaurant in the south of France. In Chicago we were a total loss.

Our other alternative was to walk to the team's hotel through a tough neighborhood late at night. We only *looked* stupid.

We finally got the assistant manager to come over to the building, but he didn't like our looks. Along with that, he only spoke a few words of English himself, among them: "No can do," and "Robbed last week."

In order to prove the sincerity of our story, Frank offered to go into the apartment, get Bittner's college yearbook, and show the manager Frank's own picture in it; preferably with the two of them embracing after a race or something suggesting an equal degree of intimacy.

Frank may as well have argued his case to an iron door jamb. After all, you never can tell when an old college chum is going to go bad, fly into town

with one key, fast talk an apartment manager, and then clean out your stereo and your wife's tropical fish. That sort of thing could be very embarrassing to an up and coming assistant manager.

Finally a grad student wandered into the lobby, became amused at our plight, and (being a resident himself) offered to vouch for us. Then we got Chicago coach Ted Haydon (he thought we were funny, too) to send over a campus cop who took depositions, affidavits, fingerprints and life histories. The assistant manager, happy with all the legal paper work done at his behest, let us into the much-sought apartment. It had only taken two hours.

The whole affair with the apartment was symbolic to Frank. He had often pondered the strange way life could reach out and swat a guy who was working his way around to doing great things.

After graduating from Yale in the spring of 1969, Frank had run pretty much in the tall, tall shadow of Jack Bachelor. Frank was now looking for his own place in the sun.

Jack had a lingering ankle problem that nagged him all cross-country season. Only a few days before, Frank had won the USTFF race with Jack a dejected fifth.

This looked like Shorter's opportunity to finally break loose and prove that he was a great runner in his own right and not just the diminutive sidekick to a Mutt and Jeff running team.

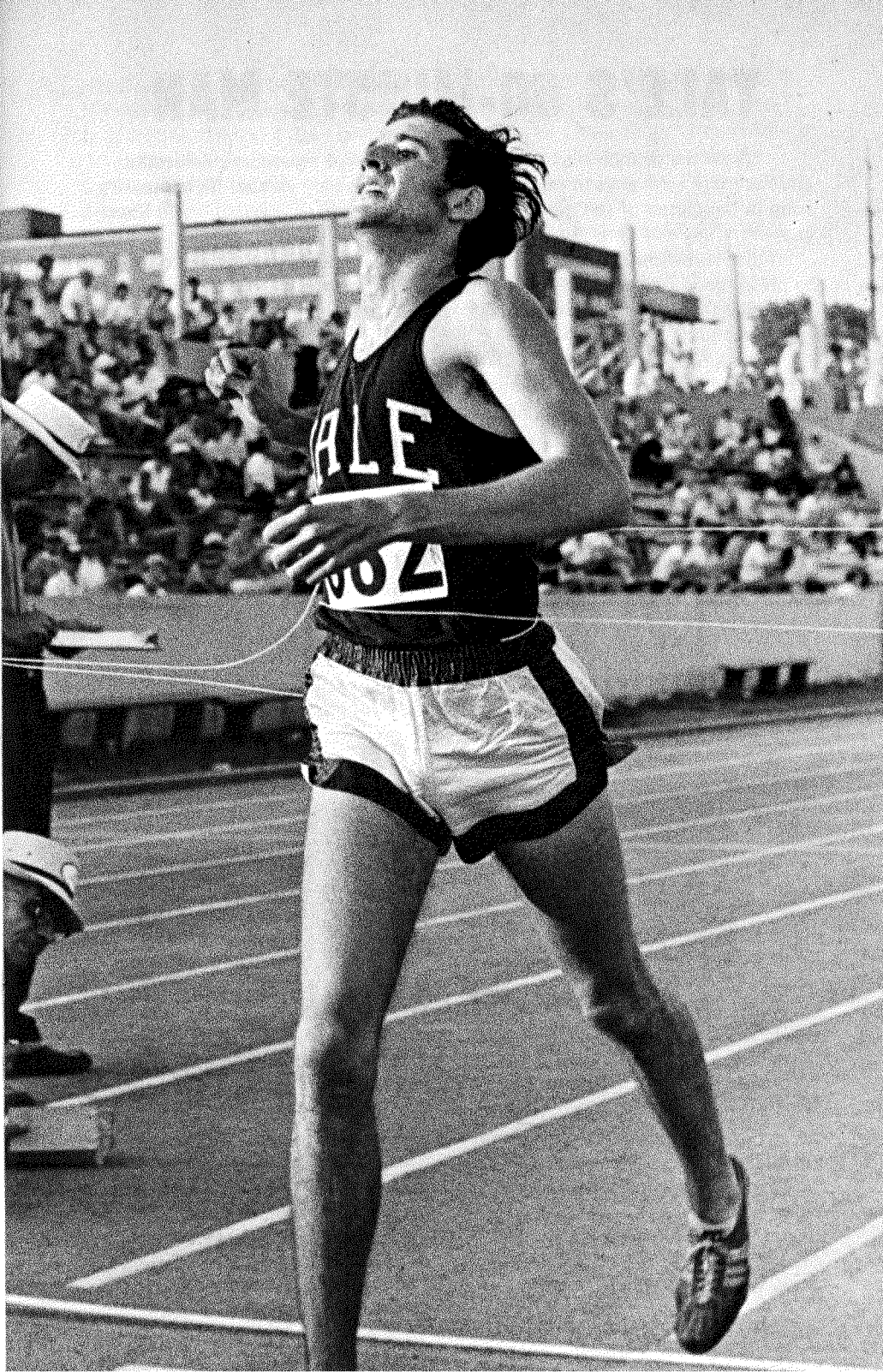
But even to get to this point, Frank had faced one insurmountable problem after another.

The fellow who had vouched for us in the lobby had dropped over to our hard gained apartment to chat. He was an interesting fellow; had done a year long stint at Harvard Law, got fed up, and came to University of Chicago to get a doctorate in Chinese art.

He was most pleasant, and more than a little surprised to be up so late sipping bourbon and gingerale with a couple of clowns who professed to be distance runners with a national race the next day. Especially since one of them was given a chance at winning the thing. But if he thought we were completely loony, he didn't let on.

We sat up late into the night, discussing the state of the world, the state of Illinois, and Frank Shorter's short but incredibly complicated life.

RIGHT PAGE: Winning the NCAA six-mile. (Steve Murdock)



YALE'S 60-MINUTE MAN

"Yale is a strange place. Although I thought of myself as a dedicated athlete, there were guys in my dorm who knew me only as 'that high intensity lamp in the corner of the room.' I was what is known as 'a grind,'" said Shorter.

But somehow Frank found a way to turn intense hour-long workouts into pretty good condition. For one thing, track didn't seem to take your whole life that way. You could easily rationalize the time away from those ever-demanding books.

And, he had to admit, track was great fun. Coach Bob Giegengack had the permanency of a gargoyle around the place. All the guys loved him. They walked around imitating his Elmer Fudd accent: "Deesus Kwist...Deesus Kwist..."

And over the years "Gieg" had learned how to take Ivy League boys and make them into distance runners in an hour a day. Why, it sounded like a comic book ad. But it worked.

"In high school I was one of your 4:30 mile types. You know, like your 1:58 half-mile types. They turn them out in a factory in heaven and drop them onto college campuses every fall," said Shorter.

Despite these meager beginnings, Shorter was All-American in cross-country his senior year at Yale. And he would have been higher than his 19th place but for the after-effects of the flu.

The next spring, Yale came south for a triangular meet and the Florida Relays. They called it their "southern trip." Florida people call it "snow-birding." Whatever you call it, my first encounter with Shorter was on the track. We finished 2-3 behind Alan Robinson of Southern Illinois in a triangular meet mile. An hour later, I sat recovering while Frank was out in the blistering sun in the two-mile. He and Oscar Moore were pushing each other all over the track. I remember thinking, "That Shorter fellow must be some kind of hard-nose." He ended up running 8:52 for second (behind Robinson again) after his 4:08 mile earlier.

I went over and began talking to him, really not knowing what to expect. He turned out to be much more affable off the track, and that evening we went to the "Gay 90's" which later became Frank's favorite pub when he was in Gainesville.

Probably the most important thing that happened to Frank that trip was meeting Jack Bachelor. Frank had wanted to run a good time in the open two-mile at the Florida Relays, and wondered if he could talk over the race with Bachelor. A meeting was set up, and they agreed to cooperate. Actually what happened was that Frank helped Jack to a good time and died off to an 8:53. Jack ran 8:35. Frank was more than impressed by Jack's racing as well as training—so much that we began talking about his coming back to Gainesville to train after he graduated in June.

When he got back to Yale, the weather must have been another incentive. He wrote from New Haven: "We made it back up here in 24 hours without much trouble, though naturally it was snowing and well below freezing when we arrived. Our track is still soft so I'll be on the grass for awhile yet.

Needless to say, I expect you to be around 4:05 within the next few weeks. If I can rest up and get psyched I may be able to go a little faster. Following Jack around the way I did makes me realize how far I have to go. I'm writing (to admissions) to inquire about medical school (at Gainesville). It may be too late, but it's worth a try... If the school situation works out, I'll be back down there fairly soon."

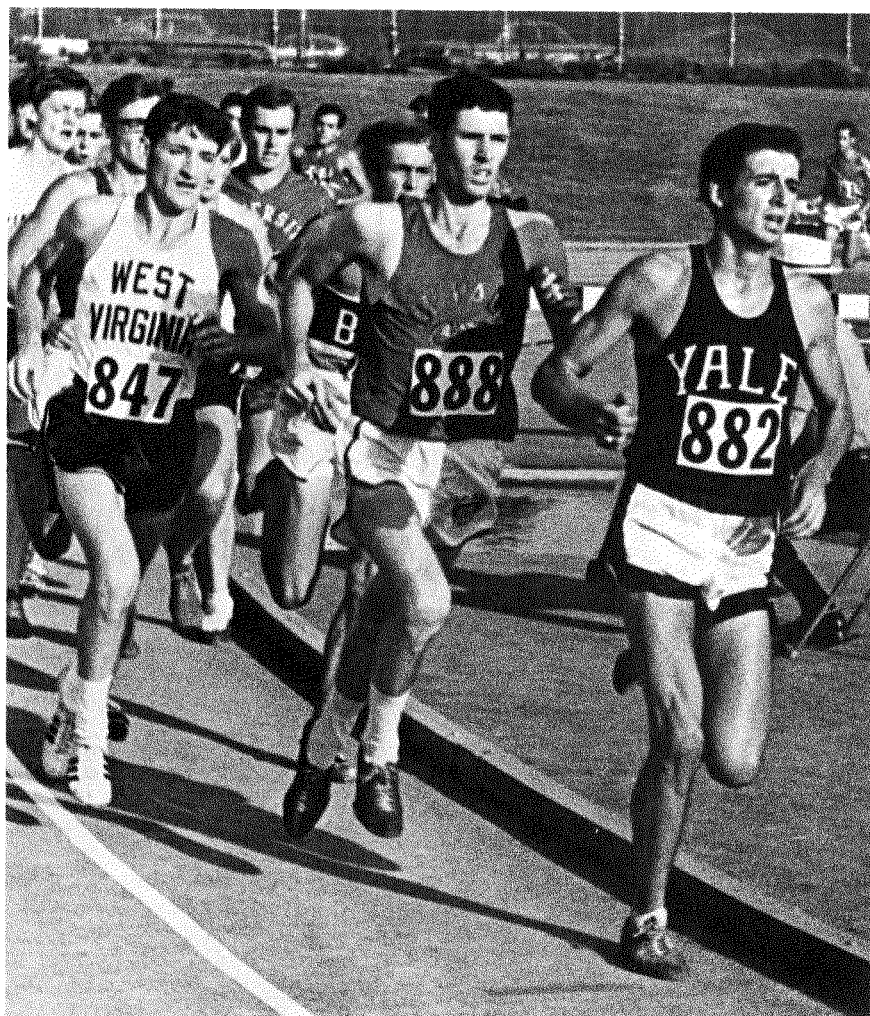
Later on that spring, Frank had completed all his work towards graduation, and was doing nothing but running. He was trying to put into practice some of the ideas he had gotten from Jack during that short visit. Now that his school work was behind him, he had the time to do it. Around the middle of May he wrote: "Week before last was the biggest of my career: 85 miles by running twice a day. Of course, if you count the jogging between intervals it probably goes over a hundred. But, I swear, it's the first time I've ever gone much over 50. Nice to know the feeling."

Shorter's career took a sharp upswing his senior year of college. Here he leads the NCAA six-mile, which he won. (Jeff Johnson photo)



“The feeling” paid off. Frank won the NCAA six-mile and was second in the three-mile that spring. Later, at the AAU he finished fourth in the six-mile. But one of those in front was Mexican Juan Martinez, and another was Jack Bacheler, who had won the race. Jack couldn’t leave his bugs (he was getting his PhD in entomology) so Frank had run his way onto the US team as the second six-miler. And only a few months before he was marvelling at his first over-50-mile training week.

The first big title in his last meet for Yale:
the 1969 NCAA six-mile at Knoxville.
(Steve Murdock photo)



A GRADUATE'S DILEMMA

You don't graduate from Yale and just become "a runner." You do things. You become a doctor, a lawyer, a writer. One must produce, accomplish.

That was the first problem that faced Frank Shorter upon returning from Europe on his first international tour. He had run some good races, placing fourth in London in 29:14 for 10,000 meters behind Ron Hill, Ken Moore and Bill Adcocks. But he did nothing to set the world ablaze with his exploits.

Now his problem was one that faces most graduates: what are you going to do with your life?

Frank thought his niche should be medical school. His father is a doctor, after all, and medical school, well, just made sense. But it didn't make Frank happy. For one thing, he didn't want to give up running; something which the rigors of medical school almost dedicated. He hadn't really fulfilled himself athletically. Another thing was that medical school wasn't his bag.

"I'm glad he gave it up," his father said a year later. "If you don't love it, and I mean *really* love it, it just isn't worth it."

So Frank packed up and left New Mexico University medical school. When he did so, he also left his draft deferment. Back in 1969, that was a most serious step to take.

Frank worried his restless way across the country and back. He would stay in Gainesville for awhile, then take off to New Mexico where his parents were, then go to Boulder, Colo. to be close to Louise Gilliland (now Mrs. Shorter), and then back to Florida again. All the while he would be jousting with the draft board, trying to train and race, and corresponding with Jack Bachelor and myself at a feverish clip, looking, I suppose, for some sort of encouragement.

Frank's friendly local draft board became his number one concern for many long months. At one point, he was ready to quit worrying about it and, like any average American boy with international calibre running credentials, he would serve the best way knew he how: the Army track team.

In June of 1970 Frank left Gainesville for California and enlistment procedures. We had quite a few bull sessions, rationalizing all the benefits and time for training that he would get in the service, but no one was really fooling anyone.

Jack and I flew out to Berkeley to reach Frank for the Kennedy Games and he was in no better frame of mind after a week of talking with the Army track runners. Underneath his usual calm exterior, there was a fierce battle of conscience raging. Nevertheless, he and Jack set a blazing pace, running through the two-mile mark in 8:41 and finishing 1-2 in 13:13.0 and 13:13.8 with Bachelor in front, as usual.

After the meet, the three of us ran to the top of one of the beautiful hills that overlook Berkeley. We sat on a lookout tower platform that gave us a view of almost the whole beautiful San Francisco Bay area.

“Gee, you get a really good view of the pollution up here,” said Jack. He was never one for solemn moments, but even his cracks couldn’t deny what was obviously meant to be a serious occasion.

When you are going to be unwillingly sworn into the Army on Tuesday, you don’t go around joking about it on Saturday. Even if you have just run a good race.

Sunday morning Jack and I left a sad, troubled Frank Shorter to fly back to Florida. A few days later, I received the following letter:

“Well, I didn’t join the old Army. I spent the week at Ft. MacArthur and decided it wasn’t for me. Seeing that no matter what I got in the way of benefits, I’d still be in the military *and* talking with some of the more radical members of the team convinced me I should fight it to the end and go down kicking, screaming and scratching...

“I made the decision to bolt as I was sitting around the induction station all day last Tuesday, watching the poor suckers who had sworn in get on the buses to head off for basic training. I was to be sworn in that afternoon but the Army blew it and said I would have to come back at 6 a.m. the next day. That was enough for me. I told the coach and captain in charge to get themselves another horse to do their running for them and went to stay with this track nut who is a big Striders booster...”

Frank had performed an unusual maneuver for a distance runner. When faced with several intolerable alternatives, he simply dropped 10 yards and punted. It turned out to be one of the best moves he ever made.

A urinary infection he had picked up in Europe would eventually relieve him of the terrible psychological problem the draft presented, but not before a few anxious months. As a matter of fact, around the fall of that year, the situation became, at times, panicky. At the beginning of October he wrote:

“I wish this were a ‘Hi! How are you?’ letter, but unfortunately it is not. The draft is finally beginning to breathe down my neck *hard*.

“This morning I received the ‘...and your case has been forwarded to the US Attorney for Southern New York State for action’ letter. Naturally this was probably done in August, when I failed to report for induction (*Ed. Note: Frank was traveling and had not received the notice*) but seeing it on paper and not on TV tends to make one just a bit frantic...

“My only ace left is the infection I picked up in Europe. Right now, I wish it had been a little worse...

“Ran a 20-miler yesterday, the longest run of my life, and still feel in good shape, which for some reason depresses me all the more. I’ll run this afternoon and will probably feel better... God, how I hate the days the mail from the draft board arrives. I’m goaded into action but my insides rot just a little bit more... Wish this bad dream would go away... Run hard and tell Jack he won’t have any trouble catching up, if this continues for long.”

Later in the month he wrote again. One paragraph gives a glimpse into the dichotomy of training to be a great runner and at the same time hoping that you’re defective enough to be turned down by the armed forces:

“If I have to have an operation (for the urinary trouble) the service is definitely out, and if there is something like a stone in there and no surgery is necessary, I’m still out. It’s a rather ambivalent situation to be in: I want out, but don’t want anything drastic to be wrong with my insides. It’s a little

easier to prove you're sick than to prove you're religiously and philosophically opposed to the armed services..."

Around the first of November, the clouds began to lift. Frank wrote: "Just finished a long letter to Jack telling him about my health situation. As I told him, the chances for surgery are about one in 10, and I find out some time this week... If it happens, I'll be unable to train for four to six weeks and will have to figure out some other way to spend my time. But like I said, the chances aren't too great.

"What it does mean though is that the Army is not out, and all I have to do is avoid prosecution..."

The prosecutors dropped the case. How can you jail someone for not getting his mail?

By the time the AAU cross-country meet rolled around, Frank was in great physical shape (with the exception of the rebellious urinary tract which he now prized highly), and he was starting to get over the gloom of the past several months.

Despite the frustration of the double-locked apartment (as the evening wore on, it started to seem humorous to us), we spent several pleasant hours with the Harvard Law dropout before heading for bed.

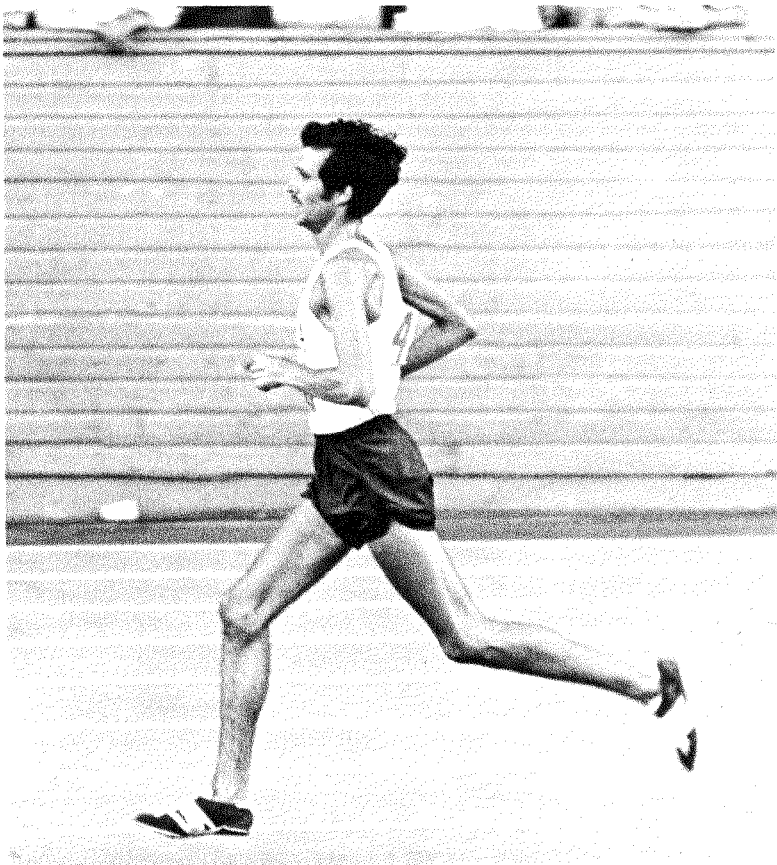
We slept well, awoke, ate some pancakes Frank had whipped up with the greatest of ease ("At home I make them with real sourdough") and went out to run the race.

There is one picture of that race that really tells the story. It shows Frank running along a narrow sidewalk in Washington Park; he was running along and the path stretched out seemingly for miles behind him. No other runner was in sight.

Frank Shorter had simply run away from everyone else.

Chapter Two

***Building a
Background***



The Olympic Trials 10,000. (Stan Pantovic photo)

LEARNING HOW IT GOES

Having won that AAU cross-country title, even over an ailing Jack Bachelor, must have been a great psychological breakthrough for Shorter. Jack had been the father figure of most of the distance runners around Gainesville, and Shorter probably got caught up in it to a lesser extent. They had become somewhat dependent on each other during tough races, and were always grateful for an opportunity to finish in a tie, having left the field behind.

Now that Frank was a champion in his own right, tying with Jack would be a *quid pro quo* situation; neither would be said to be sacrificing more than the other.

The breakthrough process had begun the spring before when Frank won the AAU three-mile with Jack fourth. But the next night it was business as usual with the two tying in the six-mile. Then there was that great 10,000 win over the Russians that summer which spotlighted Frank once more. (*Ed. Note: See statistical details of Shorter's career in the appendix at back of book.*) But the AAU cross-country win was the final statement in his psychological breakthrough.

It meant that Frank could now truly run on his own two legs. After the cross-country race, he went to Brazil for the midnight run, won easily, and went back to Boulder, Colo., to train and coast through the indoor season. His most significant race that winter was the San Diego indoor where he set an American record in the two-mile in 8:26.2.

"I was running overdistance outdoors in the snow, then coming in and running intervals on University of Colorado's indoor track. I got in pretty good shape that way, as the 8:26 indicates. For subsistence I was grading papers for a business professor."

By the beginning of the spring quarter, Shorter was back in Florida for his first quarter of law school. He stayed in a pleasant house with me and another non-running law student. The weather was perfect for training most of the time and Frank just got stronger and stronger, although he missed Louise and was having some problems getting used to studying again after a long lay-off (he'd graduated from Yale in June of 1969—this was March 1971).

He had nine o'clock classes most days, and would usually put in seven miles right after getting out of class. The track and dressing room are less than a 220 from the law school.

Afternoon was the big workout, but strangely Frank and Jack did not run together very often. Frank did not get out of class until about 4:30, and Jack liked to start earlier than that. As a result, there was a lot of solitary training for Frank during that spring, even though Shorter was surrounded by runners. Occasionally, the pair would team up and run a blistering interval workout on the track. Shorter was becoming famous for one workout which consisted of 15 fast quarters (62-63) with lung-searing short rests. At the beginning of the workout he took less than a 50-yard jog between them!

Frank finished his academic load, crammed four finals into five days, and bolted from Florida. He was anxious to get back to Boulder and on to some west coast running. And there was also a new seed that had been sown in his mind during the past few weeks in Florida.



“That was when I started thinking seriously about the marathon. I remember starting to talk about it on training runs. I didn’t envision running it especially well, although my training and body type seemed to be suited to it. The Kennedy Games were coming up, so I used them to get out to the west coast. Then I went up to Eugene to try to qualify for the Pan-Am 26-miler. Brother, what a combination. I ran a sluggish 13:31 three-mile, and then a 2:17 marathon the next day,” he said.

Although Shorter thinks he should have run 2:15, he admits 2:17 wasn’t bad “for a first try.” Here is how he describes the race:

“We ran in a pack for about 13 miles. For some reason people stayed up a lot longer than the Olympic Trials. At 13 miles I took off and Ken (Moore) followed me and one other guy. I think it was the Connecticut runner that Bob Giegengack coaches, John Vitale. He stayed with us for awhile. It was windy as hell that day. We had two loops, the same as the Trials, except we ran the other direction. I remember on the last lap, about four miles from home, the wind hit me like a brick wall. Kenny popped in behind me very politely, allowing me to break the wind for him. I said ‘Come on, get out of there. I can’t do anything up here.’

“So he pulled out in front and then finally pulled away. I can remember just dragging in the last two miles. Of course, it’s like that every time, I guess. But I think you get stronger every time you run one. This being my first one, I didn’t know what to expect. Now, it seems that each one is easier.

“Marathoning must be a great deal mental. I don’t suppose a person is really that much stronger physically each time he runs, so the relative ease with which you can run after you have a few under your belt must be mental.”

Then it was back to Colorado, back to Louise, and back to high altitude.

“That was a great spring. I was through with exams, had qualified for the Pan-Ams marathon the day after running a 13:31 three-mile, and the real racing hadn’t even started yet. I stayed in Colorado for three weeks. Then I got third in the three-mile and first in the six-mile in the AAUs. Looking back, I guess that was pretty good considering how little recovery I had since the marathon.”

Then it was off to Colombia heat, grumbling athletes, and a little known discomfort which Shorter calls, simply, “the trots.”

LEFT PAGE: Familiar figures upfront, Bachelor and Shorter lead the 1972 Kennedy Games 5000. (Pantovic)

NEXT STOP, COLOMBIA

I'll take the liberty of stepping slightly out of personam to give the readers a little inside scoop on Frank Shorter. He has a complete and utterly flabbergasting tolerance for heat. On a warm muggy day in Florida (something we have far too many of in late spring), Shorter will finish a training run completely dry (well, maybe a little damp under the armpits) while everyone else will be drenched. It used to be maddening when he would insist on running in the heat of the day and then think I was malingering when I complained of extreme discomfort. One of our runners actually got heat prostration in an early cross-country race one time, but Shorter was unphased by the event.

To this day, he insists that there is not that much difference between individual tolerances in heat running. Just by way of a blatant editorial comment: don't you believe it. The reason Shorter doesn't believe that heat kills is that it doesn't kill him. He didn't believe it in Cali, even after Ken Moore ran into the sudden brick wall which heat running can produce. But Shorter had other troubles:

"I got kind of sick down there. Everyone got it sooner or later, I guess. It was just a matter of having to hold it off until your event. But I'm kind of used to the trots. You get them when you travel around a lot.

"After about five miles in the marathon I knew I was going to be in trouble. In a way it was kind of good because it took my mind off the race completely. I started getting goosebumps, and from five to 16 miles I was really worried about it. At that point it was Kenny Moore and me, and then (Alvaro) Mejia and another Colombian.

"When it got really bad I jumped off in a ditch and immortalized a Colombian ditch digger in the pages of *Sports Illustrated*. I guess while I was down there only one guy passed me—a Mexican. I caught him pretty fast. At the time I was thinking that maybe one other guy would die and I could get third. I was just running for places. Then all of a sudden I came upon the whole group of them. I ran up behind them as softly as I could. I got right behind Kenny and said, 'Yoo hoo, I'm back!' Ken turned around, and Mejia just dropped his load right there. I could tell he was through. Then I immediately picked up the pace. I said 'let's go' to Kenny, and I pulled him along for about four miles to get us away from the Colombians."

Frank won in 2:22:40 after Ken dropped out from the heat.

Shorter earlier had picked up another gold medal in the 10,000 meters, which he says was "uneventful." His mind was now clearly on the marathon. Looking back on the Olympics he said, "It may be hindsight, but I guess I was putting more faith in the marathon than the 10. I think I wanted the American record for the 10,000 meters, but I was counting on the marathon for real results."

SCHOOL AND 20 A DAY

After the Pan-American Games summer, Shorter went back to Gainesville and a more or less serious attempt to be a law student. Frank had one quarter under his belt. Now he was going for two in a row. But because of his travels, he was forced to take the third quarter course his second quarter. It was not easy.

Frank and Louise shared a house with my mate and me for the first quarter. This was a no-nonsense time for Frank. He was serious about school and he was starting to become serious about the Olympics as well. For the first time in his athletic career, he started lifting weights. He took a little ribbing around the house for it—you know the kind of stuff: “Hey, Muscle Beach, how’s ya liftin’ goin’?”

Frank ran the three-mile trial in November, tying with Barry Brown in 13:21. He trained completely through the trial, as he usually does except for the very end-of-season races.

“Right about the middle of that quarter I was thinking in terms of the Olympics. Then we got our plans finalized to stay in Vail, Colo., for the summer to train and I was *very* serious about it.”

Once again Frank juggled his finals so that he could take them when he got back in January. Then he and Louise packed up and took off for the AAU cross-country meet, Kansas, Taos and some skiing. The “break” was successful on all counts. Then it was back to Gainesville and a very unpleasant winter.

Frank and Louise ran into what had to be one of the tightest housing situations in the history of southeastern United States. A guy with a warehouse full of tents could have made a fortune. I had moved into a one bedroom apartment. Frank and Co. had to move to a tiny trailer at the edge of town. It was no fun:

“I got pretty depressed that winter. Schooling was going well because I was now back in phase, but everything else was terrible. I have one image that brings back the whole winter: the oil tank that fed our heater wasn’t working, so I went outside and hit it. The legs of the stand were on some planks and they slipped off. Then they sunk into the ground and the whole thing just fell over. We didn’t have any heat the whole winter. What did we do? Why, we froze.”

And if you don’t think it can get cold in north Florida, you ought to hear Marty Liquori comparing a brisk Florida fall day unfavorably with New Jersey.

Actually training was not going badly, but the trailer was not exactly in a conducive location for getting out at all hours. It was a rough, isolated neighborhood, full of runner-eating dogs.

“I ran quite a few indoors races that winter, but since I trained through everything, there was nothing to really get excited about. There was one race that I outkicked George Young in San Francisco in 8:52. I ran 56 for the last quarter. I don’t think I got much below 8:40 all winter. (He ran 8:33.) Running through everything takes its toll, I guess.”

It wouldn’t be until the middle of the 10,000 meter trials in Eugene that

Frank would know it had paid off.

At the end of that quarter, Frank had finally put together an entire academic year of law school and was off to high-altitude Vail for some of the hardest training of his career.

For the first time, Jack Bacheler had the luxury of time. He joined Frank in Colorado. Jeff Galloway joined the crew and Vail had its roads and paths blistered day and night by three Olympia-crazed runners.

"I had a couple of 170 mile weeks," said Frank. "And that was at altitude, remember. We weren't worried about tearing down, because we came down about the first week of June and ran the Kennedy Games. I felt very lethargic. But it must have been about the right time to come down. I was still feeling heavy at the AAU meet, but got over it quickly."

Shorter won the 10,000 meters Olympic Trial so easily that he knew the severe training at altitude had been worth it. Then came the marathon trial, for which Frank reports he was "sub-par, actually."

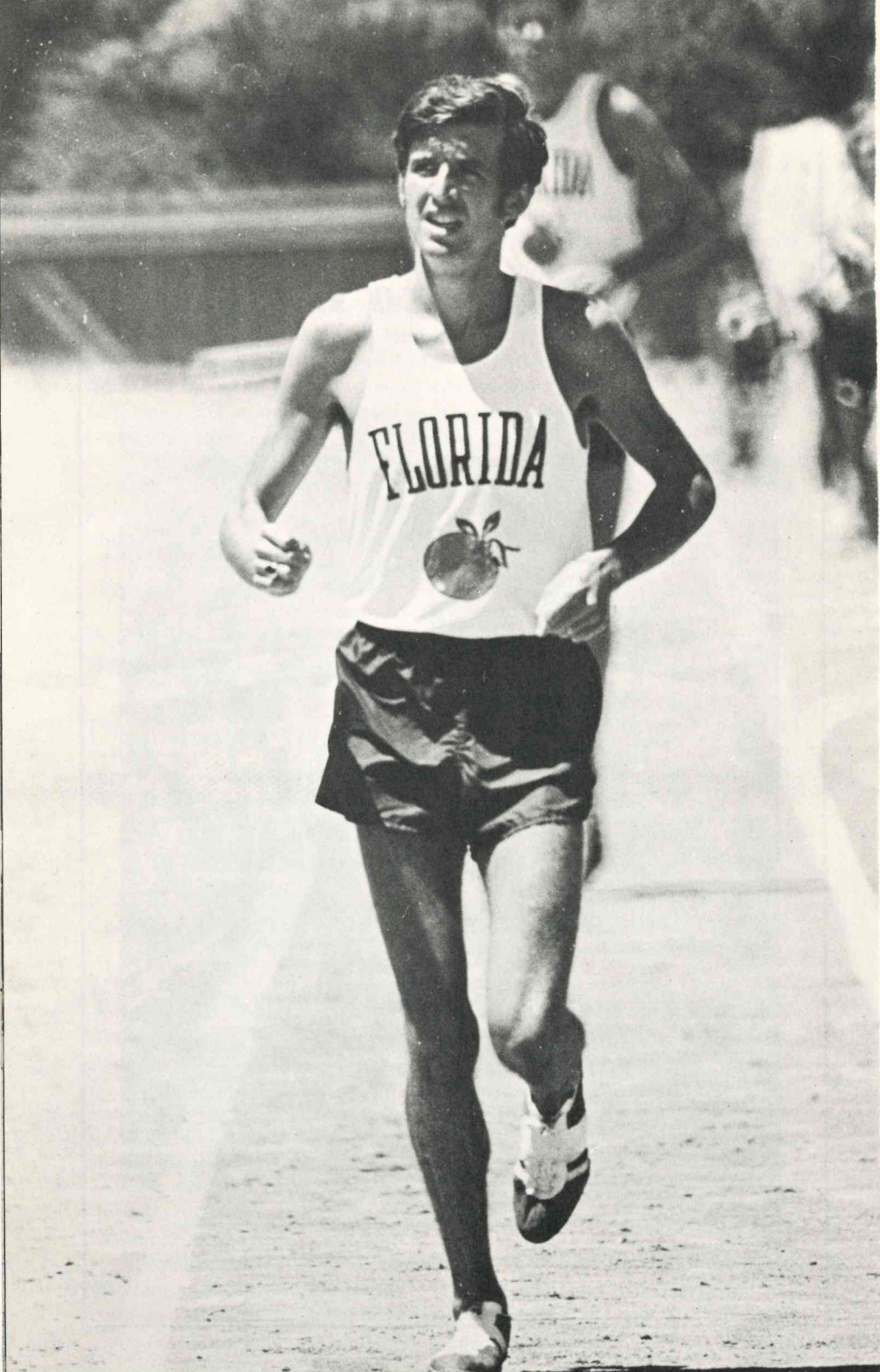
"I got liver cramps, which I had a taste of in the 10. Also, I had an infection in my foot and the old red lines were creeping up my leg. I had to take a lot of penicillin to get the swelling down before the race. I guess people get tired of hearing about things like that, though. 'Runner endures, conquers.' But the liver cramps were pretty bad. It feels like a diaphragm cramp, except very deep. It hurts like hell.

"At one of the refreshment stands I had to stop and make myself drink a whole cola. I just actually sat right down in the middle of the race. It cost me about 60-80 yards. Then I came back on them so fast that the runner who was with Kenny just dropped off, and we went on to tie.

"One of the great things about the trials was having Jack (Bacheler) and Jeff (Galloway) make the team, too. But I think back on it, and seeing how hard we worked at Vail, I guess we deserved it. And in retrospect I think we came down from altitude at the right time. If we could have duplicated that effort in Munich, I think we would have run better."

RIGHT PAGE: A detached-looking Shorter races ahead of Bacheler in the 1972 Kennedy Games. (Stan Pantovic photo)

CENTER SPREAD: Photo by Rick Levy



Chapter Three

Road to Gold



Greeting teammate Jeff Galloway in Trials 10,000. (Pantovic)

'72 OLYMPIC MARATHON

In Munich Shorter got his wish for the 10,000 meters—an American record in fifth place. It was a blistering race, and he couldn't match the incredible finish put on by the leaders. Even so, he was only 13 seconds behind Lasse Viren's world record time of 27:38.4. Then came the marathon. Frank describes it in this longer version of an article originally in the November RW.

The day before the marathon, I got up and jogged three miles before breakfast, went to eat, and then lounged around. I went to the track that afternoon and jogged three miles with Louise. After dinner I went down to Adidas (shop in the Village) to make sure my shoes were the way that I wanted them. I had requested a special design, with unique soles and insides, and I wanted to make sure that they were ready for the race.

That night we went out and I had a liter and a half or two of beer before bed. I didn't have any trouble sleeping at all. That German beer is great, and I really don't mind getting half looped the night before a race. The only thing I was worried about was that (team physician) Dr. Hanley almost says, "Don't breathe. That's not good for you." He's against everything, including oxygen.

They had been doing tests for alcohol, so I was a little concerned about that for awhile. I worried about alcohol tests for about three seconds in the middle of my second beer.

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

I went to fill up on carbohydrates: pancakes, cereal and breads, honey and syrup; that sort of thing. As much as I could stand without getting sick. I went back to make sure all my (drink) containers were marked so they would be placed properly on the course. For all my trouble, I was rewarded by having a container at each station except the two I felt were most critical.

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

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





Some guys were lying on their backs doing calisthenics, others were jogging around, others were just sitting on the ground like me. I was wearing my USA hat, because I thought it might be sunny, but then it looked pretty cloudy so I took it off and put it down by the side of the track and kissed it good-bye. I figured even though no one could get out there, one of the officials would get away with it. Sure enough, one did.

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

I was looking at Hill and trying to think that he was really being serious. I always have this thing about worrying about the extraneous details too much. It's nice to have all bases covered, but Hill was really showing his compulsiveness. I remember thinking that he probably had his hair trimmed to the exact millimeter. It made me wonder.

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

I was on the outside of the first row. They finally got us lined up after calling off everybody's name; all 80 of them. We got off about five minutes late, I guess. We ran two laps around the stadium but no one wanted to take the lead. I said, "What the hell, I'll lead." I looked at the clock after the first quarter and it was 72. I said, "Gee, that feels pretty good." The second lap some Argentine ran about 68, and I was 2:24 at the first half-mile.

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

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

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

You have to get over this feeling that "Gee, while everyone's looking at

me, I've got to run out ahead." At this point you just want to conserve everything you've got. So I was just trying to slip into my momentum.

I was in good shape, anywhere from third to 10th. I like to vary back and forth in the pack a little bit so I don't get completely bored. You can slip into a monotony, which is fine, but you can actually get entranced. The problem is that you want to be aware of things, because at a certain point, someone's going to break away and you want to be ready for that. That's why I like to drift around in the pack. And I like to look at other people.

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

At about seven kilometers, the first refreshment station, we came by the tables. I was reaching for my bottle when an Ethiopian (it wasn't Wolde) grabbed my cola. So I grabbed the next bottle, just on reflex. It turned out that it was Kenny Moore's. And I suddenly realized it after I had it in my hand, but I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't want to hand it to Kenny because that would be "aiding" him.

Kenny knew I couldn't hand it to him once I had it; that's the rule. So I started to drink out of it and then I got real mad at the guy who had taken mine. I figured, not only did he deprive me of mine, but in turn Kenny was deprived of his.

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

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

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

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

I just ran as hard as I could and no one came up on me from about 15 kilometers on. From 15 to about 25, I don't really remember anything, except just trying to run as hard as I could within myself. That is, to push as hard as I could and still feel good. That's all I cared about. I forgot the runners behind me.

Louise was at station 25, which I think I considered one of the critical ones, and she yelled at me that there wasn't anything there with my name on

Alone but for the press bus and spectators,
Shorter runs the streets of Munich.



it; for me to grab something else, which I did.

Coach Benson (University of Florida assistant, Roy) was on some overpasses, telling me my lead, which was helpful at this point. Also, during this period there was an English-speaking pressman on the truck who was getting relays from the broadcast and was telling me that my lead was actually increasing. I guess it went to about a minute at 20 kilometers. At 20 I was about 61 minutes or so, which meant from the first five kilometers to 20 kilometers my pace was under 4:50 a mile. And it was probably significantly faster than that from 15 to 20 kilometers in order to gain that much lead. I didn't start running really fast until 15 kilometers. I may have been running 4:40 pace or better for that five kilometers.

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

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

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

The main object still was to try to maintain that pace as best I could and stay ahead. I increased my 1:50 lead another 20 seconds in the last six kilos. I thought that I was running slow, but I was still outpacing everyone else in that last stretch.

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

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

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

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

I now view the race in four parts. The first, of course, is getting settled, getting used to things. The second point is when you make your break. In this race it was very early. I don't think I ever want to go that early again. The third point, from 15 kilometers—where the break was—to about 36 kilometers was trying to pull away and get as much room as I could to make it as hard as I could for anyone behind to catch up. And from 36 on was trying just to reach the point where you could tell yourself you had it won, which for me was 41 kilometers. From then on in, it was a jog home.

In this race I almost stumbled into my break, but I had the advantage of having taken off early in other races. In Fukuoka it was at 12 miles, which was considered very early for a marathon. I knew I could maintain it from 12, so why not 9? If I couldn't, too bad, but if I could, I thought my chances were significantly increased; I hardly ever die when I run from the front.

It is a little scary to throw your cards on the table so early, but if no one chases me, I feel fine. If someone were to come after me and run shoulder to shoulder for 10 kilometers, that might shake me up a little. Even then, its only two of you, and you can help each other out with the pace and then later on you hash it out between you. A marathon can be either one break or a series of breaks. Each time, of course, there is that fear that the guy you left behind is going to come back to haunt you later in the race. You just don't know.

I though the American finish was great. We easily beat the rest of the world. Kenny Moore got a hamstring cramp, and if he hadn't I think he would have beaten Wolde easily because Kenny was in second place at one point and I think he would have definitely gotten third had he been able to finish well. But the cramp came to him in the Olympic Trials, and he had it last year. He's had a history of it, so it was something to be expected. It wasn't one of these "Fate Deprives Deserving Athletes of Just Reward" things. It was something that was very possible. In that sense, it wasn't that tragic; but it was bad luck.

The only problem I had physically was the blisters, which I forgot until the end of the race. I took the tape off my feet and the blood flowed out. But it didn't even bloody my shoes, so it wasn't that bad. Other than that, I got away free: no cramps, which I sometimes get, or anything else. I was really pretty lucky.

Right after the race I went and had three gins and a bath. I drank them while I was sitting in the tub. I was a little sick, I guess. You know how you get a kind of diarrhea. And, of course, you're drinking Cokes like crazy—excuse me, that should be "colas."

That night, Louise and I and Erich Segal and some friends went out to eat. Erich said, "Don't worry about the champagne. It never gives you hangovers." So the girls proceeded to drink enough to make themselves sick as dogs. But no hangovers. Thanks, Erich.

Personally, I happen to like beer and I drink a little almost every night. I don't worry about it; it's good carbohydrates, a few calories and a lot of water. You can rationalize it real well. I like it and its the way I like to relax. I know I wouldn't want to sit around and get stiff on hard stuff the night before a big race. But I figure a few beers to calm you down is really no big thing.

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

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

Okay, you do some television interviews and that's fine. Flying back on the plane, the pilot lets you come up and look out the front window, that's okay too. You get home, my old hometown in New York gives me a big reception and a key to the city. A lot of people were very happy. You don't want to play dilettante and go into seclusion.

But I believe a lot of people think of gold medals in terms of future benefit. A gold medal is supposed to be worth "X" amount in your future. But I figure that's just another way to get disappointed, so I wasn't going to approach it like that. I would go home and back to school and take it from there. I enjoyed the idea of going back to go to law school because it was something I had done before. I could go back to doing it just as I always had before. It was very comforting to me to have that feeling of something familiar to go back to. I wasn't in the position of some people who were just kind of sitting around thinking, "What next?"

The really great thing about having won is the influence it has on my running philosophy. The pressure is off. I can now do it because I like it. I'm going to run however I feel. I won't ever feel the need to press it as hard as I did before.

I think the marathon has to be considered my forte. It wasn't as if I said, "Well, I'm going to be good at the marathon." I just run it well. With hindsight, I guess you could look back and say that much of my training was oriented towards the marathon, and maybe my style of running is geared that way, and perhaps even my physique would point to it. But that is all in retrospect. I didn't sit there and put it into the computer and out popped, "You will be a marathoner."

EPILOGUE

Shorter was back in law school in Florida when we did this booklet, he was deluged with requests for speaking engagements (although probably not as many as Mark Spitz), and he received requests for training schedules daily. Many of these he answered, although he didn't "want to overwhelm them with what I do, so sometimes I lie a little about my training."

He missed nary a day of training after the Olympics. He was doing between 15 and 20 miles a day, running with Barry Brown, Marty Liquori and Dick Buerkle and a cadre of fresh starry-eyed runners bent on finding the "Florida Secret."

He was probably one of the most psychologically suited people in the world to accomplish something like a gold medal in the Olympics. He accepts the overwhelming gravity of the event with grace and dignity. He deals with people fairly and honestly; there is no pomp in his tone or manner.

Recently a wire story reported that the town of Taos was irate because of an incident involving some young Taos hoodlums which Shorter had tangled with on a training run. Frank had intervened on behalf of some girls who were being harassed and the toughs chased the tired Shorter (he had run 15 miles already) all over the countryside.

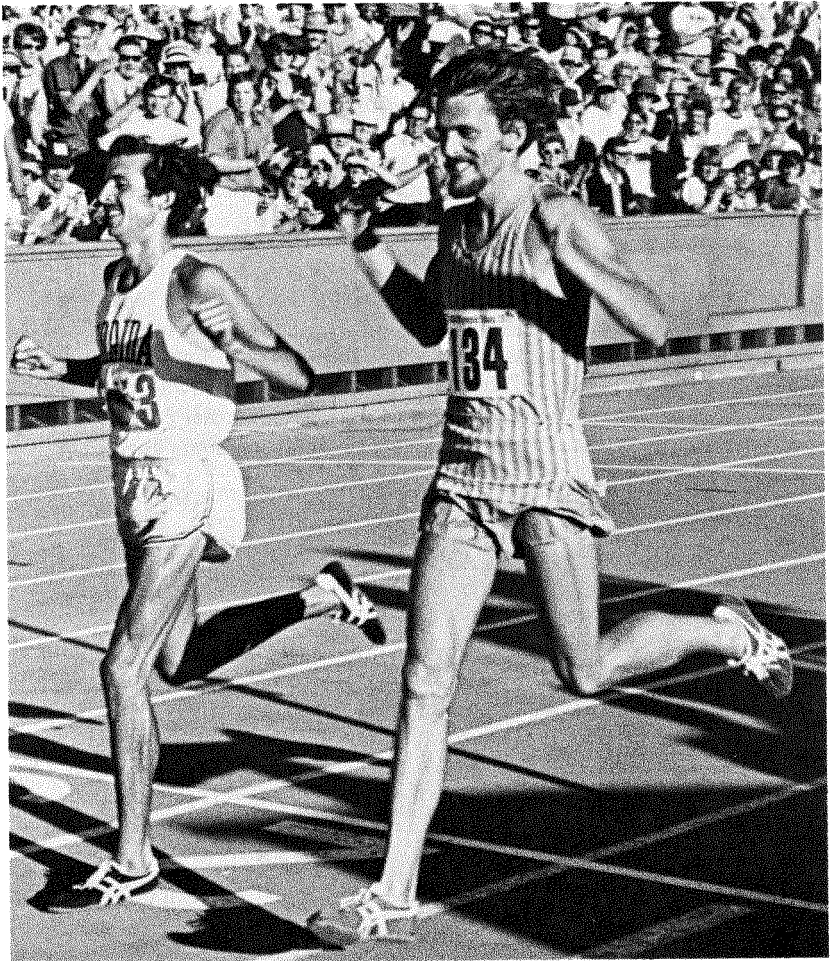
The town seemed to take offense when the anecdote turned up in *Sports Illustrated* and other national publications. When Shorter was to visit his parents recently, the school board unanimously rejected a proposal to honor Shorter publicly. One member reached gold medal levels of provincialism by saying, "We don't owe Frank Shorter anything—he's a national hero, not a Taos hero."

Most runners with an average dose of human fallibility might be tempted to respond in some manner. Frank probably will not. He'll go on his quiet way, running races as long as he feels he's getting something satisfying out of it. He'll go on being recognized as a hero in Japan, sports figure in Europe, a minor bright light in football-crazy America, and an unknown in pathetic little Taos, New Mexico. You can't please everybody.

But you can come close.

Chapter Four

From Other Angels



Ending Olympic marathon trial with Kenny Moore. (Bob Kasper)

HIS YALE EDUCATION

BY BOB GIEGENGACK

As long as most people can remember, Robert Giegengack has coached track and field at Yale University. Track isn't a major sport in New Haven, but good runners come to the Ivy League school from time to time. They aren't recruited for their running. Yale doesn't offer athletic scholarships. But 4:30 high school milers like Frank Shorter, an intelligent prep school graduate, come to Giegengack fairly regularly.

The coach doesn't believe in asking too much from his runners. He couldn't, he says, if he wanted. He simply tries to teach them what he has to offer. But he adds, "This doesn't remove from me the obligation of tapping genius where it might be found."

In 1968, Giegengack took Frank Shorter ("who was less than completely dedicated to track and field") aside and told him he could be the best marathoner ever. It must have sounded far-fetched to a boy who hadn't scored in the Harvard-Yale dual meet that year, or any of his other years. . .

Maybe Frank wouldn't want this kicked around too much, but in his freshman, sophomore and junior years he was less than completely dedicated to track and field. At Yale other interests pulled him in other directions.

Each spring vacation we normally spend two weeks down South. Frank didn't go on this trip his first three years because he had other pressing interests at the time. One was singing. His singing group took tours during the same spring recess.

The other interest was skiing. He skied a great deal. Even during our winter track season, after a meet on Saturday, Frankie would take off to New York or Vermont to ski. I don't know whether it was downhill or cross-country. I can certainly distinguish between the shot put and the high hurdles, but I'm not so sure about that other sport.

He really enjoyed those activities, and that's the way it has to be with a kid at Yale. If he enjoys these things and wants to do them, you can't tell him nay. I don't have the leverage of a scholarship, and even if I did I'm not so sure I would want to exert it. I'm certainly not permissive in workouts and so forth. But on the other hand I have to respect the right of someone else to disagree with me about the importance *for him* of doing this particular thing.

I think if I didn't agree on that, I couldn't win anyhow—not in this kind of environment. Even if I had the power, I couldn't say, "Now this is what you're going to do. You're going to stop taking that course. You're going to be out here for practice at this time to run whether you like it or not, because you have a scholarship." There are ways of getting around a coach.

But this really has little to do with Frank. Frank like to ski and liked to sing. I couldn't object to either one of them as being evil activities, and I couldn't—or *wouldn't* if I could—have forbidden them. But the fact of the matter was, I told him his total running career wasn't being advanced as well as it might have been with more dedication to running.

The Harvard meet is pretty important to us. Frank did not score in the two-mile in that meet his freshman, sophomore or junior years. Though he ran something like 9:05 as a junior, he was fourth.

At the end of that year—this was 1968—I was going off to Lake Tahoe for the Olympic Training Camp. Frank's father had moved from Middletown, N.Y., where he was a surgeon, to take charge of a hospital in Taos, N.M. The family had moved, and Frank was on his way there at the end of his junior year.

He said to me as he was about to leave for the summer, "I want your honest opinion. What do you think about my running future?"

I said, "Frank, I think you can go as far as you want to go. I wouldn't put any limit on it."

"Including the Olympic team?" he said.

"Certainly including the Olympic team. I wouldn't put *any* limit on it. But it's going to take a lot more dedication than you've given it up till now."

We were always good friends. This was no argument between us. It was a simple question asked and a simple question answered.

He said, "Well, what should I do?"

I said, "You've got to get your mileage up. You'll be at altitude, and you'll run all summer. Maybe take a crack at the marathon for Mexico City (he didn't). Well, maybe you aren't ready for that yet. Come back here for your senior year and do your distance work in the morning, your quality work in the afternoon. We'll see what happens—how far you can go."

He won most of his cross-country races that fall, and then finished 19th in the NCAA. The next spring he won the NCAA six-mile, and should have won the three (he finished second). The six-mile was his first big title, and it was his last race for Yale.

We're still good friends. We correspond and talk regularly. But don't mistake anything. I am not so insecure that I have to put a saddle on a horse and ride it forever. I don't have to be getting or taking credit for any of this, and I'm not asking for it. I think I simply pointed him in the right direction. I have developed a certain philosophy. If I can't train a runner in such a way that he can't proceed further without me, then I'm a lousy coach.

I'm not claiming I've coached Frank since he left Yale. We are very close, yes. We talk a great deal. He espouses my basic system. He has carried that on and has improved on it on his own. He has developed the ability as he gets older and better to take on a heavier load than I ever put on him in those years. He wasn't strong enough or old enough then to handle it.

We have a big pressure program here at Yale. It's always a question of how much time you can afford to give an activity. For instance, I've argued with other coaches at great length about long Sunday runs, about taking the runners out and having them run back 25 miles. I tell them (the other coaches), "If I did that with my kids they'd say, 'Screw you, Giegengack. We don't have to do this.'" That would be the end of that.

Besides, I figure there are better ways to use Sundays than running 25 miles which is at a pace a hell of a lot slower than they will ever run in a competitive situation. I would much rather go out on a Sunday and meet them on the flats or in the woods or on the cross-country course—or have them go

alone—to run two miles three times in 9:50. I think maybe they get more out of that. We have to mix in a lot of quality because we don't have time to waste.

I tell my men when they come to practice that they stay on their feet the whole time they're there. I adjust my work so that any man on my squad can expect to spend no more than one hour out there. "You come out there, get warmed up, and then you report to me," I tell them. "I will be done with you within an hour. If you want to sit in the locker room and B.S. for two hours before and after practice, that's up to you. But don't tell the faculty that Giegengack took five hours of your time."

The distance men, including Frank, put in extra mileage on their own. This is usually before breakfast or during a free hour in the morning. But where I disagree with most coaches is that you have to run 140 miles a week. You don't.

I think it's awfully important for runners to leave school still hungry for running. I'm getting back to an original philosophy. If they can't go on beyond me, I didn't do my job. If I, for the sake of victory in a given contest, run that guy so dry he's getting to hate it for the sake of running a fast three-mile against Harvard, I haven't done my job as an educator. I may have a better victory column to boast upon, but that doesn't satisfy me. That's not doing my job.

I once taught Latin and Greek on the prep school level. I always felt that I had to teach those members of my class not to get through the exams but to go on someday and be a better Latin or Greek scholar than I was. Most of my runners have no trouble being a better runner than I ever was, no trouble whatsoever. Most runners stop running after school, just as most students quit studying Latin or Greek. But this doesn't remove from me the moral obligation of tapping genius where it might be found. You can't wonder whether they're going to quit or not in the future. You have to prepare them as if they're going to continue.

Frank was a good student overall, and he has a very complete understanding of training principles and their application. I'm sure he has taken what I taught him and expanded on it.

Everyone once in a while I scold him, saying, "Cut out that goddamn 160 miles a week at altitude which is the equivalent of 210 at sea level. The next thing you know the blood is going to show up in your urine again." He was scared about it a few years ago. But basically he knows exactly what he's doing and why.

I was sure Frank was going to win the Olympic marathon from 1968 on.

I think, and people like Bill Bowerman have supported my opinion, that in the distance runs America has been weak because they (the long distances) have been a haven for mediocre milers and two-milers. I think that all along the line each coach has the responsibility to each individual on his team to have that man find his best possible niche. I'm more inclined to move my pretty good half-milers into the mile, my pretty good milers into the three-mile, my pretty good three-milers into the six, and my *quite* good six-milers (I've had very few of them), into the marathon. I want my man to have a

natural speed advantage over the field.

Speed may be inborn, and maybe you can't do much about improving it. I suspect you can't. What you have to do is develop the ability to hold your native speed over a longer distance. This is what Frank did. I encouraged him to move up to 10,000 meters, and later to the marathon.

We talked about this at the end of Frank's junior year at Yale. This was 1968, remember. I said, "You know, you ought to think of the marathon. And you ought to think of the 10,000 meters. You ought to put your great running form to its best use in the longer distances—all the way through the marathon, and be the greatest marathoner than ever lived."

HIS FLORIDA TRAINING

BY ROY BENSON

A runner is the product of his environment. And though Frank Shorter is every inch his own man, the atmosphere in Gainesville, Fla., shaped him. Maybe he would have worked himself from a good six-miler into an Olympic gold medalist somewhere else, but the fact remains that Gainesville provided the essential push.

The word "Gainesville" is synonymous with Jack Bacher. Bacher was the quiet driving force in the Florida Track Club. He attracted Frank to the University of Florida campus. The story of their friendship and mutual influence is well known. Close as they were and are, though, their personalities and training methods differ.

Bacher is more patient and analytical, and his running style reflects this. Shorter is more restless and intense, and his running suits his moods.

Roy Benson, assistant track coach at the University of Florida and an official with the Track Club ("there is no coach"), watched Shorter develop at Gainesville. . .

When Frank first came down, he adapted very quickly to his new schedule. (He tripled his mileage within a very short period in the spring of 1970.) Of course he was concentrating his full time on this. He wasn't doing anything else at first, just running and sleeping and eating and running. It was total concentration. That's one of the features that distinguishes him—his ability to concentrate when he wants to. The other is his independence.

The work is all his. He and the others in the Track Club are very sensitive about the subject of having anybody being called their "coach." Jimmy Carnes (University of Florida head coach) and I don't coach them at all. We get them plane tickets. We get them a towel when they might need one. But there is no coach of the Florida Track Club. That's the way they want it.

Two factors distinguish Frank from the rest of the runners training here in Gainesville, including Bacher. One is that he doesn't run with the group in the morning. He usually waits and runs later, by himself, and possibly a little faster than Bacher and the others. Frank probably goes 6:30-7:00 mile pace on his morning runs, for 8-10 miles.

Another characteristic of his workouts is the overall fast pace in whatever he does—especially his "rest" interval. This is the one significant difference between him and the others here.

This fall we've had Marty Liquori, Barry Brown, Frank, the whole crew, working out together on Tuesdays, doing 20 quarters. To the man, they all agree that this is a really difficult workout because the jog is so fast. Frank's used to doing quarters with a 110 *run* (not jog) between. The 110 is really fast.

I talked to him about it one day, and asked if I could interrupt him long enough to check his pulse to see whether he had recovered enough at

that pace or not, or whether he was going under a higher amount of stress each time. I never got the chance to check. Once Frank gets going in a workout, he doesn't like to stop for *anything*. But apparently he gets recovered. He has an extremely efficient pump and system.

Frank's workouts are probably generally shorter—I don't mean any pun in that, because he's tired of hearing that kind of thing—and more to the point than Bachelor's. They're more intense. Jack's workouts will be a combination of a lot of different things. One of his favorites here was to take a three-mile warmup, then come back to the track for a series of 165s. Then he would go up to a grass field and run some fartlek. Then he'd come back and do some more 165 repeats. It was a constant coming and going, lots of variety. It would really take a long time, and was always at a nice steady pace.

Frank doesn't put much variety into his workouts. His work is quite straightforward. He just burns through it. Often there is a big crowd of runners with Frank at the start, but they get burned off pretty quick. Only the big guns, and sometimes not even them, are with him at the end.

It's almost automatic that people who train at Frank's level—about 150 miles a week—try the marathon. For them it's just a long training run. They're running 20 miles enough of the time that running a marathon is no big deal.

With the Olympic over, Frank claims he is just going to take it easy. But his workouts are about the same as before. The mental pressure may be off, but he's continuing that intensive pace just because it is so easy and natural for him.

HIS MARATHON START

BY JOE HENDERSON

I talked with Frank Shorter only three times in 1971. I wish now I'd asked him more. As it is, there are only a few skimpy notes and quotes in front of me, and they don't do justice to the story of why and how his marathoning started.

We were talking over the phone that February when Frank was living in Boulder, Colo. He was firmly established as a trackman. He'd run one of the fastest 10,000s in the world during 1970. Shorter didn't need to look to longer distances for success. He had it where he was. Yet the roads seemed appealing to him.

"I think if I could run 2:15 my first time out," he said, "I'd be really encouraged. If I could run under 2:25, I wouldn't be disappointed. But if I could find a really flat course and good conditions and run the equivalent of, say, 2:15... oh well, 2:18... anything under 2:20, I really feel I could concentrate on it. I kind of like to think I have the natural ability and stride and wind for it (the marathon). You know, I'm essentially a 'form' runner rather than a strength runner."

That was February when he first talked of marathoning. Months passed and he still hadn't run one. His track racing was better than ever, so I figured he'd forgotten about road racing and would stay on the track for now. During that spring, Shorter moved back to Florida. A year before, he'd seen his career develop—explode, actually—after migrating there. He had explained then:

"Many people I have met have the 'if-onlys'—'if only I could train harder (or could have trained harder), would I be good (or have been good).' I just decided that I'd see how good I could get in a few months. I also started out with the realization that things might not go too well. But then at least I wouldn't have the 'if-onlys'."

Frank must have felt the same way about the marathon. When I talked with him a second time in June, he'd decided to start his marathoning career at the US national championship. This way there would be no 'if-onlys'.

Shorter ran most of the way with Kenny Moore. At 20 miles, Frank turned to Moore and asked, "Why couldn't Pheidippides have died here?" While Moore was going on to win, Shorter was learning about the last miles of marathoning. He claimed he "struggled in." He ran 2:17:44 for second.

Afterwards, Frank sat across from me at a banquet. He looked distinctly green in the face. I asked him how he felt.

"I'm just happy to be done," he moaned. He looked down at his untouched plate and quickly left, holding his hand over his mouth.

Once he'd recovered, though, Frank remembered his earlier statements that if he ran "anything under 2:20 I really feel I could concentrate on it." Later in the summer, he convincingly won the Pan-American Games marathon.

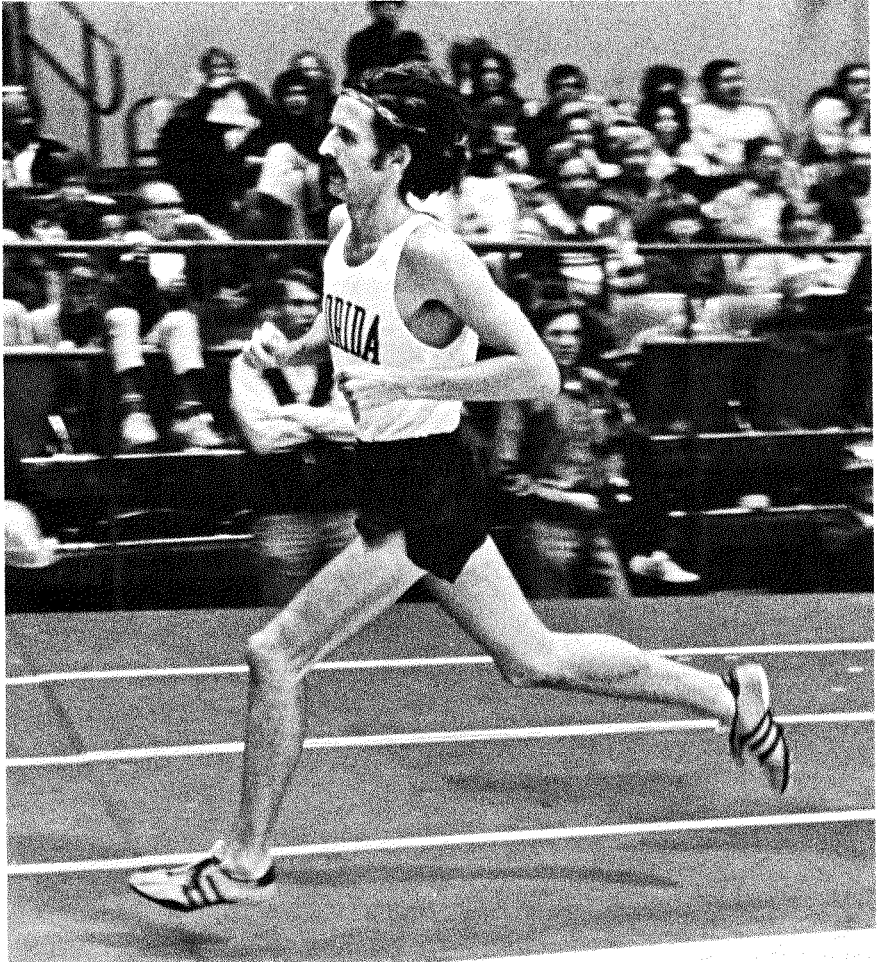
I saw him again at the AAU cross-country race at San Diego in late November. Frank won the race easily, but he was preoccupied both during and after. He was thinking ahead, as it turned out. He told me: "I'm ready for a

marathon. I've taken plenty of 20-mile runs all fall. I could go out right now and run 15 more miles at under six-minute pace. I'm feeling that good."

The next day he flew to Fukuoka, Japan, and a week later he won the most prestigious marathon outside the Olympic race itself. He ran 2:12:50 and won.

I saw him two more times in 1972, at the Olympic Trials and at Munich. You've heard all about those.

A Shorter race indoors, where he holds the US two-mile record. (Stan Pantovic photo)



HIS OWN PHILOSOPHY

"Frank is given to analyses of his mental states," Kenny Moore wrote in *Sports Illustrated*. Moore is closer to Shorter than perhaps any runner except Jack Bachelier, having run with Frank in all his marathons—from the first one at Eugene to the Olympics at Munich. Kenny has heard most of Shorter's observations in that time.

Moore was writing about their Fukuoka race in late 1971 for *SI*. He took down these quotes from Shorter:

"You have to forget your last marathon before you can run another. Your mind can't know what's coming..."

"The race is always between 20 and 26 miles. My only doubt was that my mind was ready to put my body through that. When I got into it, I still didn't know. There was the pain, and there was a peculiar frustration. I can run a four-minute mile. It was agonizing for a runner like me not to be able to do anything but crawl..."

"I finished and a great feeling of thankfulness swept through me. There was no sense of conquest, none of this baloney about *vanquishing* anybody. My only thought was, 'Here we are, goddamnit! We made it!' This man had suffered as much as I had. We all had."

The short description of a single race like this begins to form a picture of Frank Shorter's thinking—about his attitudes toward running and himself. He has an unusual ability to look honestly inside his own head. It gives an idea how he views other runners, and how he sees his own success.

Here, in his own words, are more of his ideas:

ON WHY HE RUNS...

You could get into all sorts of latent subconscious reasons for achievement motivation: feelings of inadequacy and that kind of crap that you could read into striving for excellence, which nevertheless could be true. But just the fact that they're subconscious means I'm not able to articulate them right here. I should hope that over and above that you couldn't run if it weren't fun, and if the people with whom you associated weren't fun, and if it weren't fun to go to meets. And if you didn't really think that you were enjoying yourself when you were doing it, and getting that measure of personal satisfaction.

ON TRAINING WITH BACHELER...

Jack's main influence on my training has been to show me how to really enjoy what I am doing. He taught me how to run more miles in practice without breaking down and, through example, has shown me how to alter my program to adapt my system of workouts to the increased load.

He never misses a double workout when he is training hard, and he never makes it a chore. When we don't feel like working hard, we don't. But we never miss doing something. The long-rest, longer-interval stuff is his system, and the fast-interval, short-rest is mine. If we feel like doing the same thing, we do. If not, we do separate workouts.

Most of the long stuff is run together—except when I don't get up at 6:30 to meet Jack as he comes pattering by like clockwork. This is more often than not because I like to drink beer and sleep late, but Jack doesn't do much of either.

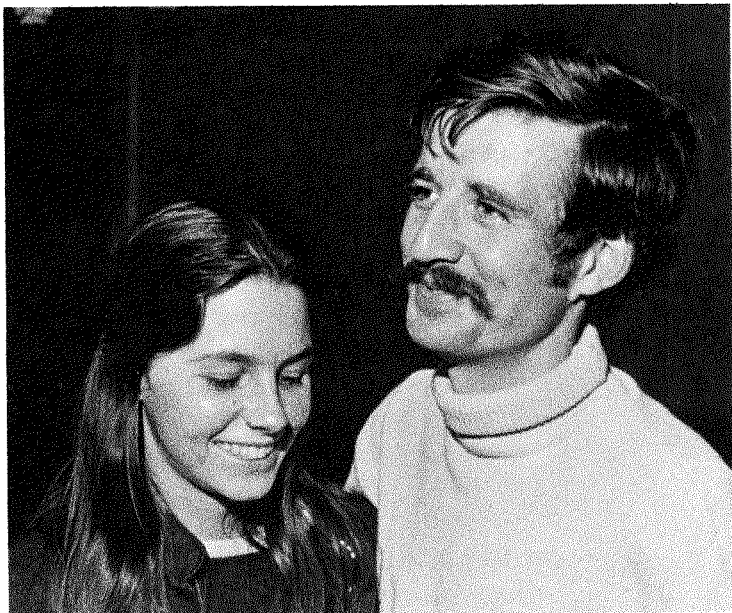
It doesn't really help if you go out and run 30 miles a day and get injured every third or fourth week. You have to develop along with it an attitude towards training, which Jack helped with.

I remember when I first got there (to Gainesville) I was really cocky and I thought, I'm going to run all these miles, and get real good, and the times are going to plummet. Then I realized that I was going to have to take an attitude where I paced myself in training. Even though I'm training hard, it's a pace. There's a pace that goes over the whole season. It's learning to pace yourself and to take things in perspective—different races, different days, and how you're going to be on those days. And not to expect everything.

There are high school kids who run more than we do. But that's not really the point. The point is your attitude towards it and how disciplined you can get.

And you kind of like to think you have some natural ability. There are really nice guys who run like crazy but never get good because they don't have the natural ability. It's kind of bad to put our methods up as a panacea to anyone's training ills.

We work hard. But everybody works hard. How do you gauge to what extent you're pushing yourself, really? You sort of pace yourself along and know you're running just within your limits, and see what happens.



Shorter and wife Louise. (Rick Levy photo)

I can't really get too amazed over what has happened. I sort of hoped it would happen. It's not as if I suddenly started training 20 miles a day and I'm running this fast. I had a lot of interval work behind me, and I had a certain amount of strength, and a certain knowledge of how fast I could run when I'm in shape.

ON TYING WITH BACHELER...

Maybe in part our tying (in a number of races during 1970) is sort of an attempt to thumb our noses a bit at the attitude that the whole basic idea is to trample everyone underfoot, to put on your spikes and run them over, literally. If a guy gets in your way, run him through.

It isn't all or nothing with me. I don't consider coming in second losing. It's just not winning. If you're satisfied with what you've done, you certainly haven't won, but you haven't lost.

What the hell? If you want to tie and you consider that you've won, then what's wrong with that? What should it matter if 10 runners want to come across the line together? They're the ones who are putting out the effort. Why should someone else's hangups dictate what runners are going to do? It's sort of a personal freedom that's involved.

The satisfaction of having botched up a few vicarious "Who are you betting on? I'm taking the skinny one" types only came after a while and was not premeditated. I don't mean to totally downgrade this kind of spectator interest in track, but if most people really cared about the individuals in the race they would understand that it was our business whether or not we tie. I have never felt like beating Jack just to beat him.

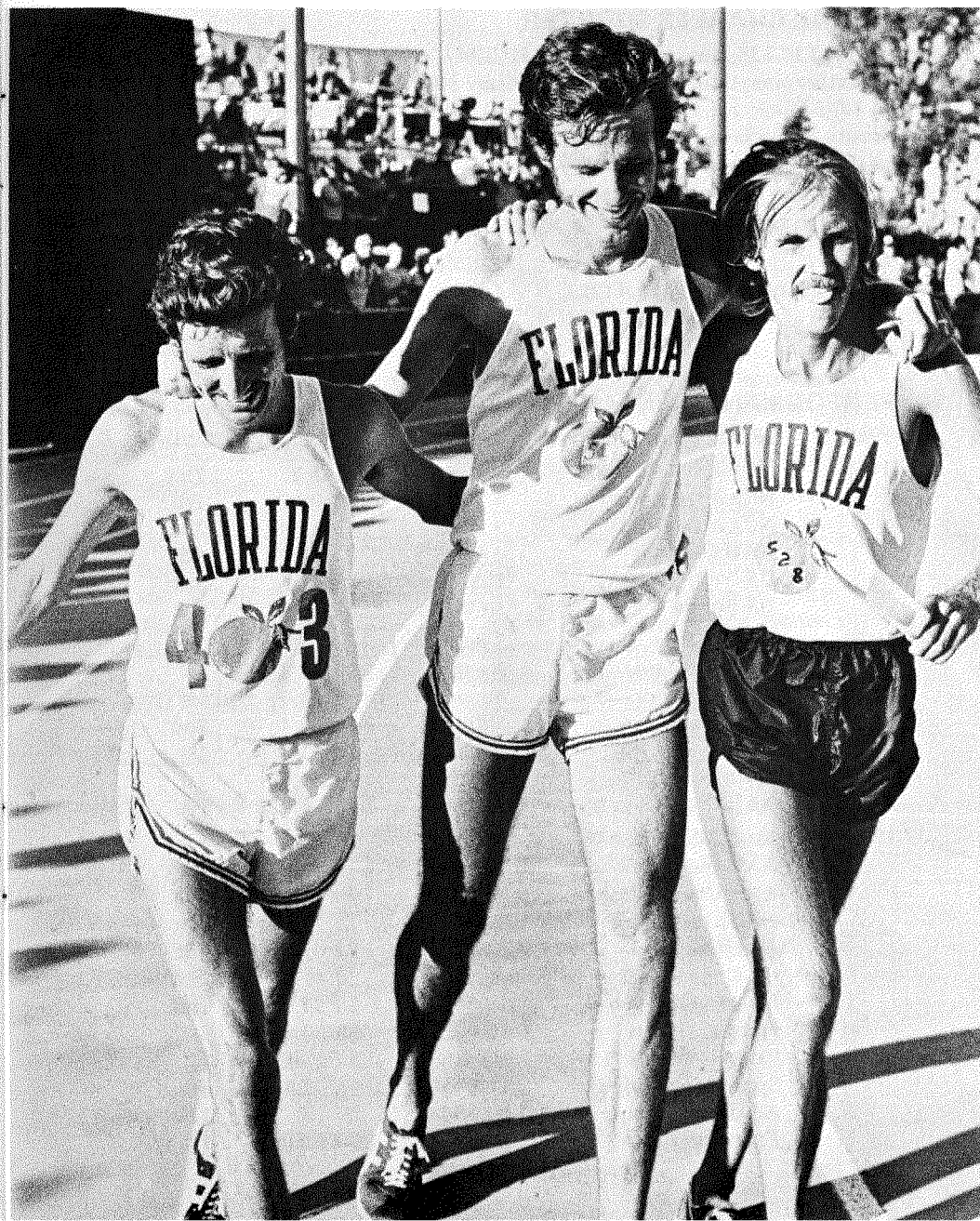
ON LOOKING BACK...

A lot of people say "If it hadn't been raining, if it hadn't been cold, if the track had been better..." But you don't think in those terms, because those are the kinds of things that drive people insane—thinking of what might have been.

ON LOOKING AHEAD...

I didn't sit around (after the Olympic marathon) pondering how my life was going to change. I believe a lot of people think of gold medals in terms of future benefit. A gold medal is supposed to be worth "X" amount in your future. But I figure that's just another way to get disappointed.

RIGHT PAGE: The Florida Olympians (left-right)—Shorter, Jack Bachelor and Jeff Galloway. Bachelor made the team in the marathon, Galloway in the 10,000. (Stan Pantovic)



Appendix

SHORTER'S STATISTICS

FRANK CHARLES SHORTER.

5'11", 130-135 pounds. Born Oct. 31, 1947, at Munich, West Germany (where his father was stationed with the US Army after World War II). Began running in 1963 at age 15. Grew up in New York state. Attended college at Yale University where he was coached by Bob Giegengack. Shorter was a law student at the University of Florida and was running for the Florida Track Club when this booklet was written. Married to Louise Gilliland.

BEST TIMES

Mile	4:06.4 (69)	5000 meters	13:35.0 (71)
3000 meters	7:51.4 (72)	6 miles	27:21.4 (72)
2 miles	8:26.2 (71)	10,000 meters	27:51.4 (72)
3 miles	13:02.4 (71)	Marathon	2:12:19.8 (72)

PERFORMANCES IN MAJOR RACES

1968	NCAA Cross-Country	6 miles	30:07	19th
1969	NCAA Indoor	2 miles	8:45.2	2nd
	NCAA Outdoor	6 miles	29:00.2	1st
	NCAA Outdoor	3 miles	13:43.4	2nd
	AAU Outdoor	6 miles	28:52.0	4th
	US-West Germany	10,000m	29:52.6	3rd
	US-Britain	10,000m	29:16.4	4th
1970	AAU Indoor	3 miles	13:29.8	2nd
	AAU Outdoor	3 miles	13:24.2	1st
	AAU Outdoor	6 miles	27:24.0	1st (tie)
	US-France	5000m	13:42.4	2nd
	US-USSR	10,000m	28:22.8	1st
	Springbank Intl.	4½ miles	19:52.8	1st
	AAU Cross-Country	10,000m	30:15.8	1st
	1971	Sao Paulo, Brazil	8.3 km	24:27.4
AAU Indoor		3 miles	13:10.6	1st
AAU Championship		Marathon	2:17:44.6	2nd
AAU Outdoor		6 miles	27:27.2	1st
AAU Outdoor		3 miles	13:02.4	3rd
US-USSR-All-Stars		10,000m	28:41.6	2nd
US-Africa		10,000m	28:54.0	2nd
Pan-Am Games		10,000m	28:50.8	1st
Pan-Am Games		Marathon	2:22:40	1st
Springbank Intl.		11.6 miles	56:59.4	4th
AAU Cross-Country		10,000m	29:19	1st
Fukuoka, Japan		Marathon	2:12:50.4	1st

1972	AAU Outdoor	10,000m	28:12.0	2nd
	Olympic Trials	10,000m	28:35.6	1st
	Olympic Trials	Marathon	2:15:57.8	1st (tie)
	Olympic Games	10,000m	27:51.4	5th
	Olympic Games	Marathon	2:12:19.8	1st
	Springbank Intl.	11.6 miles	55:46.6	1st

(Scheduled to run AAU cross-country and Fukuoka marathon in late 1972)

RECORDS SET

American two-mile (indoor)	8:26.2	San Diego, Calif.	19 Feb 71
American 10,000m	27:58.2	Munich, W. Ger.	31 Aug 72
American 10,000m	27:51.4	Munich, W. Ger.	3 Sep 72

ALL MARATHON RACES

AAU Championship	Eugene, Ore.	6 Jun 71	2:17:44.6	2nd*
Pan-Am Games	Cali, Colombia	5 Aug 71	2:22:40	1st
International	Fukuoka, Japan	5 Dec 71	2:12:50.4	1st
Olympic Trials	Eugene, Ore.	9 Jul 72	2:15:57.8	1st**
Olympic Games	Munich, W. Ger.	10 Sep 72	2:12:19.8	1st

(*lost to Kenny Moore, who ran 2:16:48.6; **tied with Kenny Moore; Shorter scheduled to race in Fukuoka, Japan, in early December 1972).

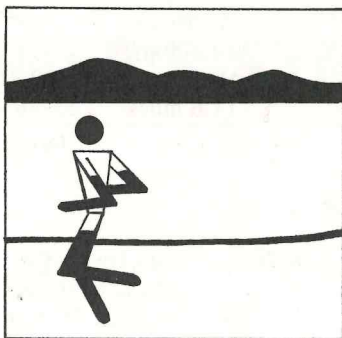
OLYMPIC GAMES MARATHON

Distance	Time	Split	Position
5 kms.	15:51	15:51	among lead group of 26 runners
10 kms.	31:24	15:33	11th place, 9 seconds back of Clayton & Hill
15 kms.	46:21	14:57	leading by 5 seconds; group of 7 next
20 kms.	1:01:30	15:09	leading by 31 seconds; Lismont 2nd
25 kms.	1:17:05	15:35	leading by 53 seconds; Wolde, Moore, Clayton
30 kms.	1:32:49	15:44	leading by 1:05; Wolde and Moore 2nd-3rd.
35 kms.	1:48:40	15:51	leading by 1:24; Wolde 2nd
40 kms.	2:05:31	15:51	leading by 2:05; Lismont 2nd
Finish	2:12:19.8	6:48.8	winning by 2:12; Lismont 2nd.
Overall pace: 5:02.5 per mile.			

BEST TIMES BY YEAR

Year	2 miles	3 miles	6 miles	10,000m	Marathon
1969	8:50.2	13:43.4	28:52.0	29:16.4	-----
1970	8:42.0	13:13.8	27:24.0	28:22.8	-----
1971	8:26.2i	13:02.4	27:24.4	28:41.6	2:12:50.4
1972	8:33.4i	13:12.6	27:21.4	27:51.4	2:12:19.8

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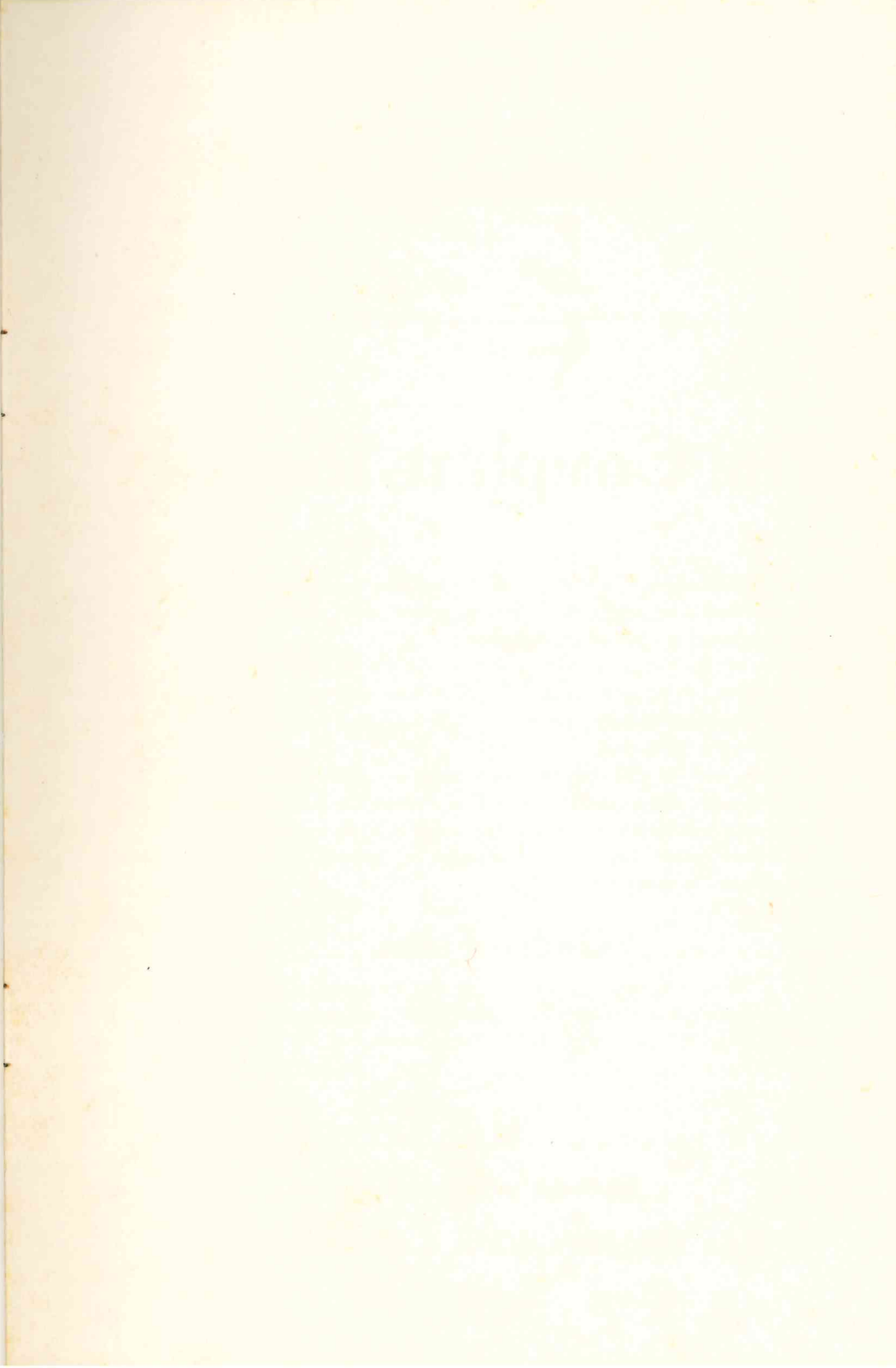
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FRANK SHORTER:

"... I knew I had a minute and 50 seconds or so (lead), so I pretty well knew that I had it won barring a complete breakdown. Right about then, however, your muscles are starting to give out on you. It's not as if the bear's getting you, but you can feel yourself slowly sinking. It becomes a matter of time and physics. It is almost beyond your control. . . At 41 kilometers I think I said to myself, 'My God, I've really done it!' You almost can't believe after all that work, training, worry and direction that finally there it is. . ."

THE FRANK SHORTER STORY gives the full picture of the man and his Olympic marathon victory.

FRONT COVER PHOTO
by Stan Pantovic

BACK COVER PHOTO
by Don Chadez