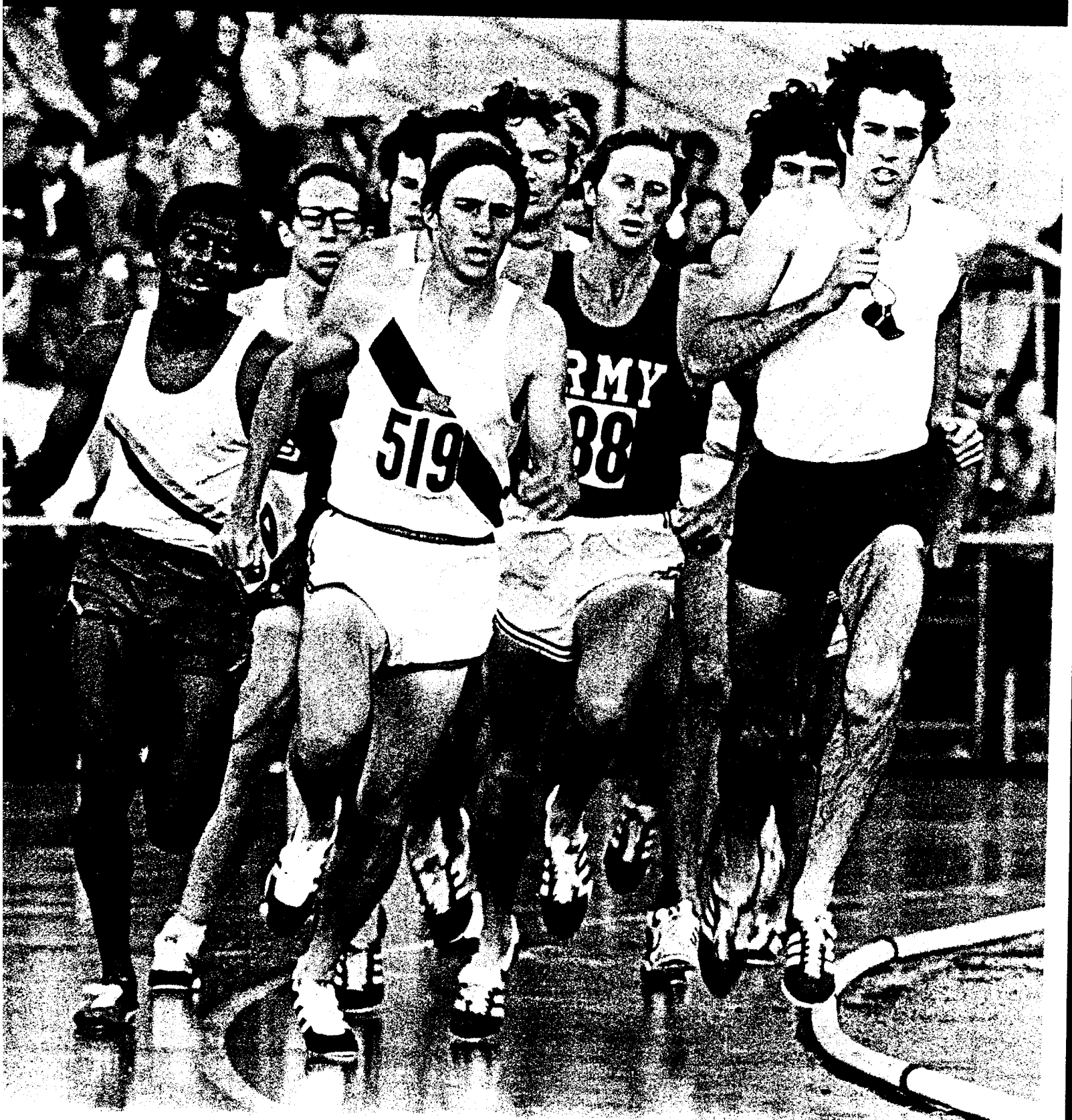
RUNNER'S WORLD

NOVEMBER 1971 • 75 cents



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NEXT ISSUE

Jack Foster of New Zealand will turn 40 before next year's Olympics. A veteran medalist? Could be. Next issue's interview will be with the 20-mile world record holder. Other features: reports on the AAU cross-country championships; cross-country skiing and its relationship to distance running, and a detailed examination of running's effects on the heart.

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VOLUME VI NOVEMBER, 1971 NUMBER SIX

Running Through This Issue

ISSUE HIGHLIGHTS

OTHER FEATURES

COVER: Marty Liquori (right), subject of a revealing personality article in this issue, powers along at the front of the pack in the AAU mile. (Stan Pantovic)

The Complete Book on Distance Running

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT – **"Guide To Distance Running"** over 3,000 copies already sold. Order a copy now for Christmas. Upon your request each book will be autographed as you desire by both Bob Anderson and Joe Henderson.

GUIDE TO DISTANCE RUNNING

There are many books on the subject of distance running, but there has never been a book like "Guide to Distance Running." Here's a book edited by Runner's World publisher Bob Anderson and editor Joe Henderson that hits upon nearly every facet of the sport. The nearly 100 articles divided into five chapters (The Basics, Races & Racing, Coaching & Training, The Reasons Why, The People) are the work of over 50 different authors. Some of the articles are listed below.

Here's where most books stop. This one doesn't. We felt that the sport could only be understood if we could visually illustrate it for you. This is where chapter six comes in—Running Views. This chapter consists of nearly 100 photos divided into six sections—Around the Track, In the Country, On the Road, Great Stars, Olympic Games, Just Running. Every photo was carefully selected from the over 2000 pictures on file at Runner's World. Thirty-two photographers from around the world submitted photos for our use.

This hits the highlights of the big 208-page (8½ x 11) book, but you have to see "Guide to Distance Running" to really appreciate it. It is only $4.95 and well worth the price. Get your copy today.

Partial list of "Guide" contents:

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Hints for Better Road Races
"Run for Fun" Program
Cross-Country Technique
Pacing Charts (All Distances)
A Day for the Record

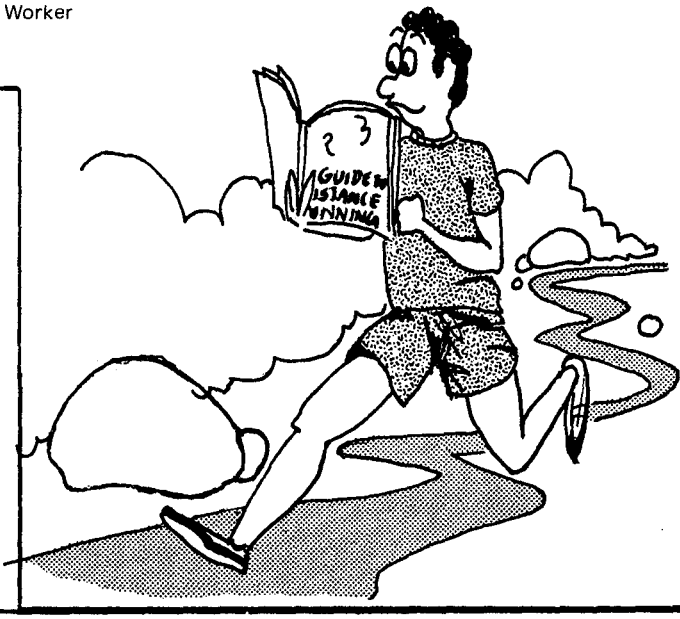
CHAPTER III – TRAINING
Evolution of Training
Getting Behind the Times
Ron Clarke on Training
Coaching the Adolescent Boy
Training Preps to Compete

CHAPTER IV – REASONS WHY
Exploring Basic Drives
Searching for Ourselves
Finding Fun on the Run
Use and Abuse of Statistics
Running's Real Rewards

CHAPTER V – THE PEOPLE
Clayton, Drayton and Hill
Fall and Rise of Jim Ryun
That Little Marathon Girl
Lewis Outruns Old Age
Browning Ross–A Worker

CHAPTER VI – RUNNING VIEWS
(the outstanding photo section)
Around the Track
In the Country
On the Road
Great Stars
Olympic Games
Just Running

APPENDIX
World Running Records
American Running Records
The Super (24-Hour) Relay
Boston Marathon Winners
Olympic Games Medalists



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RUNNER'S WORLD MAGAZINE

GETTING TO KNOW OUR READERS

Now we know each other better. *Runner's World* lays itself out for critical analysis every other month. You already knew us, blemishes and all. But we never really knew the readers and what they thought of us until now.

Over 1000 subscribers answered the detailed questionnaire from the September issue. That's about one-seventh of our paid audience. We wanted good, honest appraisals from a cross-section of the readership, and you gave them. The answers will be valuable in setting *RW's* future course.

The consensus from the questionnaires, though, is that course corrections only need to be minor. The majority of readers appear to be generally satisfied with the style and content. Forty-four percent of those replying said they "don't dislike anything" about the magazine. In this business we've found that the absence of comment indicates praise. Another 10% said they only dislike the infrequency of publication, which is a backward way of saying they like it.

The survey did uncover legitimate complaints, however. According to the 1000 critics, these are our major shortcomings (in no particular order):

- EDITING—too many typographical, grammatical and factual errors; contents poorly organized.
- ARTICLE QUALITY—sometimes lack understanding and depth on the part of the author, and lack appeal to the reader.
- SLANT—contents generally tend to favor the special viewpoints of a few writers.
- EMPHASIS—too much attention to certain areas of the sport at the expense of others (i.e., marathoning over the track races).
- WALKING—considered to be the least interesting portion of the magazine.
- WOMEN—far too much publicity to the relatively few ladies who run the long, long distances, while slighting those who race at 880 to two miles.
- APPEARANCE—needs slick paper and color photos (a la Sports Illustrated).
- FREQUENCY—six issues a year are too few and far between; how about monthly, or even weekly?
- SIZE—more pages; 48 can't cover it.
- COST—some say $3.00 a year is too much; they obviously aren't the same one that call for color, more issues and more pages.

Those criticisms stand out. Some of them can be fixed simply by bearing down harder on the editorial side—seeking out better material, polishing it, and balancing content more carefully. Some, though—like monthly publication—aren't changes we can easily make right now.

Every feature in the magazine came under severe attack from one or more readers (every feature also was praised). So you can see we can't cater to every dislike by eliminating an article. We'd have nothing left. Overall appeal is the key factor.

The survey told us above all that subscribers like best the articles that relate specifically to them. The high school runners said, "Print more about high school runners." The veterans said, "Do more on over-40 runners." And so on. Readers are motivated by a healthy self-interest.

Again we're forced to go into a balancing act, using material that has the most appeal to the most readers, while not totally ignoring minorities. We know better now who makes up the readership. These are the figures:

AGES OF SUBSCRIBERS

19 and under	16.8%	40-49	17.8%
20-29	26.1%	50-59	9.1%
30-39	28.6%	60 and over	1.6%

SEX

Male	98.2%	Female	1.8%

ROLE IN THE SPORT (many duplications)

Runner	92.0%	("jogger"	4.0%)
(runner only	76.0%)	Walker	1.9%
(runner/coach	9.4%)	Coach	13.9%
(run/walk	1.2%)	Fan or other	1.8%

COMPETITIVE INTERESTS

Competitor	73.5%	Have run marathon	48.3%
(79.4% of runners/walkers)		(67.7% of competitors)	
Non-competitors	16.5%	Interested in mar.	81.6%

All readers seem to like "how-to" articles. (One reader wrote, "I'm sick of press agentry. The thing I'm looking for is how to run better and faster and sooner.") And most of them like stories that "humanize" runners and running. Therefore, the most popular features in the magazine are the interviews (though many say they are too long), practical-technical articles, featurized race reports, and the columns Medical Advice, Striding Along, Off the Beaten Track and Distance Running Scene.

Hal Higdon's On The Run sits in a curious in-between position. It is both one of the most liked and disliked features in *RW*, depending no doubt on whether or not the reader agrees with Hal's strong opinions.

The least popular features are those which talk directly to the least number of readers: walking, women, non-United States. Photo Quiz and Photo Choice get the knock, too, but for different reasons (Quiz too easy, Choice too cluttered).

A reader replied on his questionnaire, "You have a good thing going. Don't rock the boat too much by making drastic changes." We don't plan to. But we see the need for these adjustments now:

- Limiting the walking and European columns to one page.
- Cutting the length of interviews.
- Expanding coverage of runners and races below 10,000 meters, with a corresponding drop in marathon reporting (one in five readers says he has no interest in the marathon; on the other hand, nearly half like it well enough to run it).
- Running more articles on the young (high school age) boys and women, most of whom also run on the short side of 10,000 meters.
- Switching Photo Choice to a one-picture format; the picture will be suitable for clipping and posting.
- Eliminating Photo Quiz after this issue.
- Holding the verbose, sometimes opinionated editor to one or two (maximum) articles per issue.

Thanks for your help.

Runner's World Interview: LARRY YOUNG

BY MARTIN RUDOW

The name Larry Young is not one with which the sports-following public is familiar. He is probably not as well known as the taxi-squad quarterback on the Houston Oilers, or the bullpen catcher on the San Diego Padres. But to those who appreciate his talents, once again seeing his name in race walking results is comparable to a comeback by Jim Brown or Mickey Mantle.

We've had a few "superstars" of race walking in this country–Ron Laird and Dave Romansky are probably the only ones–but Larry Young should now be able to fulfill the criteria of such a ranking. After a quick rise to the top of the sport in 1966, and won just about every title available to him–national championships, Pan-Am Games, Olympic Trials. And he culminated his three-year sojourn with greatness with a brilliant third in the Mexico City Olympics' 50-kilometer walk.

Immediately after the 1968 Games, Larry's enthusiasm for the sport seemed to wane, and by early 1969 he was out of walking entirely–and in fact could not even be found as a spectator at the top events. He followed a pattern familiar in amateur athletics: a gifted athlete dedicates himself to his sport for a few years, achieves his successes, then deems the rewards no longer worth the sacrifices and drops out of sight.

Fortunately for US walking hopes, Larry's retirement didn't last too long. Although few knew it, he started training again as early as January 1970, taking it easy for the first few months. Then, in late 1970, results from Missouri showed that Larry's comeback was in the serious stage. Early 1971 found Larry once again walking very good times, and by summer he was back in top form. Since May he has won the national 35-kilometer championship, taken a close third in the 20-kilo championship, won with good time the national 50-kilo and Pan-Am Games trail race and won the Pan-Am "50" title.

To find out where Larry is going–and where he has been–I asked him a few questions recently. Some of the questions and answers came out of the three-year association that I've had with Larry, as competitor, roommate and friend.

RW: *The first thing that always seems to come up when talking to a distance athlete is, how did you get started? And how did you become interested in the 50-kilometer event?*

Young: I first became interested in walking after seeing it on TV in the 1960 Olympics. I was competing in track (the 880) at the time at Fort Osage (Mo.) High School, and I used to fool around with walking after the workout sessions. No one around, including my track coach, knew a thing about the sport, so the extent of my walking was 100-yard dashes for time.

I was still interested in the sport, although never trying it, during a four-year stint with the Navy. Upon settling down, as a civilian, in the Los Angeles area in 1965, I noticed that the all-comers meets had mile walks in them. Upon entering a few of them, and doing fairly well, I was recruited by Charlie Silcock (then Southern Pacific AAU walking chairman). Being able to enter the big indoor meets that winter was my initial incentive to keep going with the sport.

In 1966, actually my first year in walking, I saw that my real ability lay in the longer walks. Winning the national title at the 50-kilometer distance that fall really "hooked" me on becoming a 50-kilometer walker. It was a tremendous and unexpected thrill at the time.

RW: *Was your biggest thrill in athletics?*

Young: No, my biggest thrill was most definitely my third-place finish at Mexico City. Before that, it's hard to say. It would be a toss-up between my second-place finish behind Paul Nihill in the '68 British national 20-mile championship, the gold medal in the '67 Pan-Am Games 50, and just making the Olympic team–that was quite a thrill.

RW: *Now that you seem to be back to where you left off in 1968, could you describe your state of mind regarding your present condition and where you hope to go from here?*

Young: I'm well satisfied with my present condition. I feel that I'm close to where I was in 1968, and from here I know that I'll have to make an even tougher breakthrough in order to compete on the same level with the top walkers in '72.

RW: *Speaking of 1972, who do you regard as your toughest competion, both at home and abroad?*

Young: I have always had a great deal of respect for Goetz Klopfer, and, since the national 50 in New Jersey, I have gained a lot of respect for John Knifton and Gary Westerfield. (Larry narrowly defeated these two in that race. Both have been improving in the two years that Larry has been away from the sport.) I have the greatest admiration for (1968 Olympic champ) Christoph Hohne, but do not feel that he is unbeatable. Another man who commands a lot of respect is Paul Nihill of Great Britain. I look forward to the contest in Munich next year, if I am fortunate enough to make the team.

RW: *You obviously are in nearly the shape you were in 1968. Do you regard your temporary retirement as beneficial to your walking career? To your life outside of walking? Do you ever intend to take a similar amount of time off again?*

Young: It's hard to say if my walking career or life benefitted. I do feel that I wasted a lot of time that could have been more productive and meaningful but it was a time for learning both of life and myself. It wasn't until

just over a year ago that I realized that athletics could be an avenue in which I could contribute something to my fellow man, and at the same time make myself a better person. I don't intend to ever take a similar amount of time off again. Neither in time nor activity. *(As a roommate of Larry during his layoff period, I can truthfully say that when he trains, he trains hard; and when he plays, he plays hard.)*

RW: *Was getting back into shape you're now in a hard struggle?*

Young: It was a real struggle for me to come back after almost a two-year layoff. My body was in pretty bad shape when I started again because of poor eating and sleeping habits. It was the self-realization of this that prompted me to take up race walking again.

I started with 30 to 40 miles per week, gradually working up to 50 and 60 miles a week within a three-month period. I didn't have any kind of a set schedule. I just put in the miles as I felt my body was ready for it.

I feel that my first breakthrough was the Missouri Valley 35-kilometer last November when I walked 3:05:00. I was a little suprised at this time with the little distance training I had done. Most of the training to that point consisted of 7-10-milers with a 15-20-mile workout every other weekend.

It was about the time that I received the scholarship offer from Columbia (Mo.) College. I started school on Jan. 13, and it was at this point that I developed some injuries. I think that I may have been a little excited over the scholarship and this may have caused me to push myself a little too hard. I had been having some very good workouts. One week I turned in two 10-milers at 7:30 and 7:35 pace and a third at sub-8:00 pace. This may have been where I overdid it because Friday of that week I strained a calf muscle in my right leg. It wasn't too bad at first, so I rested only the next day, and raced a 10-kilometer race on Sunday. The calf felt okay in my warmup before the race, but it was a very cold day—20 degrees below zero on the chill index. I went out pretty fast but could feel it grab after about two miles. It didn't bother me any more until after the race. Then it tightened up so badly that I couldn't walk at all on it the next day. For about a month after that I could only go a few miles on it before it would act up again. I even had some of the same trouble with the other calf, too. I finally got rid of it and my training has been pretty good since.

I think that part of my problem could have been improper diet. The school meals here are not my idea of a training table. I don't eat at the school much any more. I have found a health food restaurant in Columbia and I go there quite often.

RW: *Along the way, did you have any doubts about your ability to get back in top condition once again?*

Young: I must admit that I had quite a few. When the warm weather hit, my training and races really suffered. As the 20- and 50-kilometer nationals were coming up I began to wonder if I was in good enough shape to make a decent showing. The national 35 (shortly before the other two races) was disappointing to me because of the bad time I had in the last 10 kilometer. I really felt that I was on my way after the national 20 in San Francisco (third place). I was very happy with my time and finish in such a tough field.

RW: *You've given us some of your workouts while on your comeback. What did you do pre-1968 Olympics and what are you doing now?*

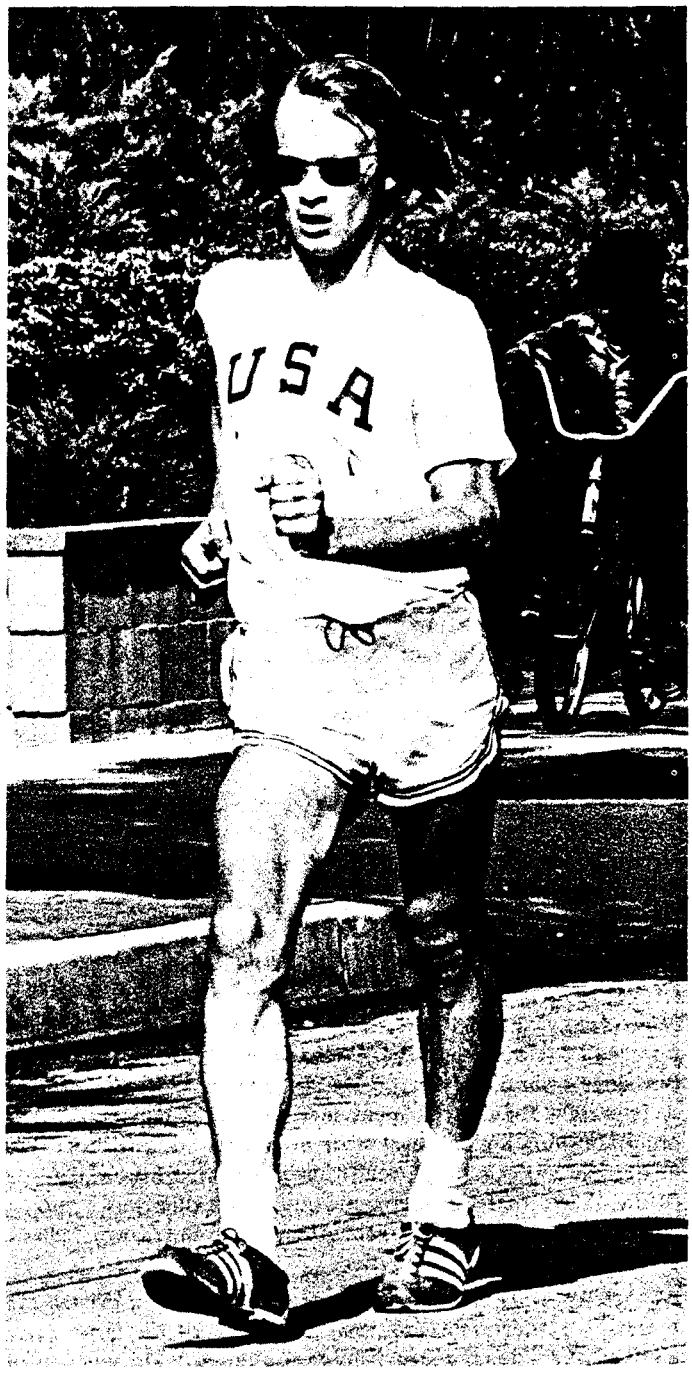
Young: My workouts before retirement consisted of about 100 miles per week with one 25-30-miler, and midweek 15-20-miler. The rest of the week consisted of 7-10-milers with one or two all-out time trials. This is basically what I do now, except my total mileage per week is between 70 and 80 miles.

I really don't have a set routine. I find that I get better results by following my intuition.

RW: *Aside from walking, give us some details on what you are doing at college. You are the second man at Columbia on a walking scholarship, aren't you?*

Young: Yes, the first scholarship for walking was given to Paul Ide in the summer of 1970. He received a work grant which paid for his room and board plus some of his tuition.

(PHOTO BY STAN PANTOVIC)



It was in November of 1970 that President Hill of Columbia College called me and offered me a full scholarship if I would represent the school in all the races that they sent me to. They are very limited in other sports because they converted to a co-educational college system only three years ago. So far we have only 60 boys and around 500 girls.

(Knowing Larry, this 60-500 ratio makes his ability to concentrate on race walking all the more impressive.)

RW: *After college, what are your goals in life?*

Young: I don't think I could separate my goals in life from race walking because it is such a large part of my life. I don't intend to be a "walking bum," but I intend to use walking to accomplish long-range goals I have in mind. I'd rather not say what those long-range goals are until I either see that there is a distinct possibility of them coming to pass, or after they are accomplished. I will say that these long-range goals do involve going after the gold medal in the '72 Olympics.

RW: *Back to walking itself. Tell us something about the 50-kilometer walk, as an event.*

Young: The 50 does require a fair amount of mental alertness, not just for the competition but for the training and daily living habits, all of which I feel contribute to one's performance at this distance, or at any distance for that matter.

I find that I look forward to racing the 50 more than any other distance—when I'm in shape, that is.

It was especially exciting this year at the national 50 with such stiff competition. I usually seem to perform better under the pressure of competition, but when you come right down to it, it's a battle against yourself, both mentally and physically.

I've been asked by several people what I think about while I'm walking a 50. It's a difficult question to answer. I naturally think about winning, but there are several other things that I feel one must think about in order to accomplish any degree of success in this event.

First of all, it's important to sense what your body is capable of before the race starts. You must also take into consideration weather and the type of course the race is set up on. During a race I don't pay much attention to time but more on how I feel and my position.

From start to finish I always try to be aware of my form, technique and breathing. I always try to be conscious of these three things in my training also. These three are the basics for success in any distance event. One thing to be conscious of is your liquid intake.

RW: *Of the walkers in this country, you are generally conceded to have the best form—both in efficiency and legality. How did you develop this?*

Young: I really don't feel that my style is all that good for speed. (He did win the AAU two-mile title this year.) But since I am concentrating on distance, perhaps my style is right for that. I spent several months concentrating on establishing a good legal style after being disqualified in the 1966 US-Commonwealth meet, my first big competition. I feel that this concentration on legality was a good idea, for I've won several races when my competitors have been warned and/or disqualified.

RW: *Since several important walks are sprint events, that brings up a question about what you think of the large number of mational champioships in the US. Do you try to train for each one? Does doing so hurt you in the long haul? How do you get to all these races?*

Young: I think that the nationals are good to help the local associations keep their programs going and to give the walkers important competitions to train for all through the year. They help give incentive to train, which of course develops better walkers. I don't try to vary my own training for each upcoming race. My training is geared for 50-kilometer events, but I will add some speed work to sharpen up for important short races.

In the past it was tough, financially, getting to all the nationals. But now I have the school behind me, and they help send me to races during the school year. Also, the Mid-America Track Club sent me to the national 20 this year, and the Missouri Valley AAU helped me to get to the national 50.

RW: *In closing, what does walking mean to you and what do you get out of it?*

Young: Walking keeps my life interesting by giving me something which I can continually look forward to. The discipline required in race walking seems to make it a little easier for me to follow the paths in life which I know to be important and right. Being successful in athletics can be meaningful only if it accomplishes greater things than medals and glory.

●●●●

Shortly after being interviewed, Larry Young added another honor. He became the fastest 100-mile walker in US history—doing 18:07 on an indoor *track. Larry hadn't been beyond 40 miles previously.*

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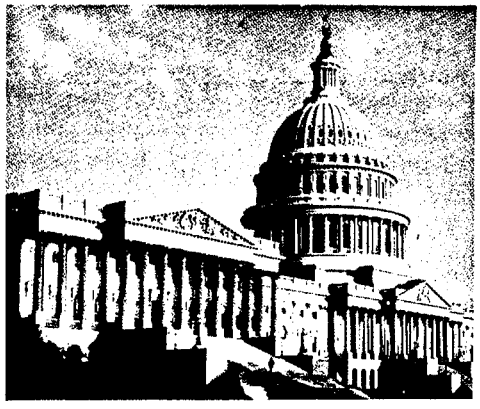

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DISTANCE RUNNING SCENE

BY JOE HENDERSON

Ron Laird had done what other athletes in his position dream of doing. And he has explained it more candidly than most would.

With the Olympics still a year off, Larid quit his job as a draftsman. He plans to spend the entire year traveling (he's in England now), training and competing. He said of his move: "It (the job) was such a bore for the last two years it was hurting my athletic development."

Among athletes with international aspirations, Laird is lucky. He's a bachelor responsible only to himself, and he has stored up enough money to break away from his job for a year.

His case points up a situation that increasingly is making amateur international competition both unfair and a joke. Don't worry. I won't take on a philosophical analysis of amateurism here. But the point is, high-level running and walking competitions aren't pastimes anymore. They are occupations, whether a man gets paid for them or not.

AAU president John B. Kelly has noted, in appealing for an easing of amateur standards, that international athletes once found three or four hours of training a week was adequate. Now they need that much each *day*.

The runners most likely to succeed aren't necessarily the most talented ones. They are the ones with enough spare time on their hands so they can put in three or four hours a day on their feet. They have to live as semi-professionals or in voluntary poverty to have this kind of time. The working man who labors from nine to five to bring home his family's bread can still make it. But his road is blocked by bigger hills. He sacrifices his spare time when he trains, and sacrifices his income while on extended trips to races.

Maybe 1971 was unusual. Most likely not. The Pan-American Games distance running team included seven college students and two men from the Army's full-time track squad. That was it. There was no representative from the eight-hours-a-day, five-days-a-week, 50-weeks-a-year working world.

The conflict between working at running and working for a living puts distance men in a particular bind. Most count on reaching their best running years in the mid- to late-20s, right at a time when family and occupational responsibilities are mounting. There aren't many independently wealthy 25-year-olds, so running has to suffer.

Amby Burfoot said a few years ago, after running a 2:14 marathon, "I'm at those familiar crossroads where I would very much like to do a lot of running, but also find heavy demands on my time." Burfoot was in a good position as far as runner's jobs go. He was teaching. But he still found the new strain hard to handle.

Burfoot pointed out the central dilemma of the post-collegian. "I don't have time for the necessary running. I don't have time for the even more necessary relaxation." Amby hasn't come close to 1968 mileages, and therefore those performances, since them.

Running, in the United States at least, is clearly a sport dominated by men who have the time and energy to concentrate. Students, military men and teachers, and of course the unemployed, make up the favored class. That's not to say any of these employment situations is soft or easy, but they fit in with racing and training far better than any other work routine.

School—both for students and teachers—has the three big advantages noted by a college professor friend of George Sheehan: "June, July and August." Add to these summer vacations every other holiday imaginable, plus a flexible schedule, and it's no surprise that upwards of half the country's best distance runners are in education.

Eighty-five runners have answered *Runner's World* questionnaires the last two years. They form a good cross-section of national leaders in all events. Thirty-four are students at one level or another; 11 are teachers. (Another five are housewifes—women, obviously—three are unemployed, and 16 other occupations contain one athlete each.)

Of the top 10 runners in each of the men's track events during 1971, nearly 70% are students. Of the marathoners who have run under 2:25 this year (there were 26 of them by mid-October), two-thirds are students, and most of the remainder are either teachers or unemployed.

Conspicuous by their absence from all lists are construction workers, farmers, mechanics—those working in occupations requiring hard physical effort. Among the nation's best athletes, the only ones listing "physical" work are Dave Romansky and Moses Mayfield. Both work with machines.

Alvaro Mejia was on his feet, wrestling a machine all day, until he was laid off in February. Far from crying over his unemployed state, Mejia welcomed it. "I tried to run over 100 miles a week," he said of his working period. "I got sick. It was almost a relief to get laid off the job. Before, I couldn't do a hundred miles a week. Now I'm doing 140 and I feel better."

Mejia turned the newfound time and energy into mileage and eventually into a Boston marathon championship and a medal in the Pan-American Games 10,000.

Several other top athletes weren't working regularly early this year. Perhaps it wasn't a coincidence that Goetz Klopfer, John Vitale, Byron Lowry and Mike Kimball were doing some of their best competing during that same period.

The overall result of the increasing demands on national and international caliber athletes is that the workingman-runner is a disappearing breed. Maybe he never existed in this country. But now there's a difference. Where once a full-time worker may not have *wanted* to compete on equal terms after settling down, now he almost *can't* match those with the time to treat the sport like a job. At best, he works at a disadvantage.

The working athlete wanting to equalize the situation has several choices, none of them very satisfactory. He can make the necessary sacrifices, which extract an increasing price. He can cheat on the amateur code if anyone is willing to help him. Or he can quit working.

A surprising number are taking that last path. Not many are as brazen as Laird, who has dropped everything for his walking. But they are subtly following him. With the Olympics less than a year off, graduate school enrollment among athletes is booming. No one can blame them for their choice. It is simply an adjustment to the times—an admission that bread-winning work and race-winning work don't go together very well. There'll be no solution to this conflict as long as runners are forced to act like professionals on amateurs' salaries. Or vice versa.

The enclosed imformation sheet "TO OUR READERS" explains how you can help us improve **Runner's World.** We can not give you more pages, more issues, better paper, more pictures, color pictures, etc. without more subscribers. We have just short of 7,000 now and our goal is 10,000 by the March issue. Will you help?

ON THE RUN

BY HAL HIGDON

They say you never can go home.

I found that to be true this summer. In one of the chapters of *On The Run From Dogs And People,* I had written: "The angler longs to set his hook for tarpon off the Florida Keys. Mountain climbers dream of the Matterhorn. Surfers hope some day to test the combers that roll in from Australia's great barrier reef. To the long distance runner, however, Mecca is New England . . . the horn of plenty: a cornucopia of competition, sweat, free ham sandwiches, and a chance to be among his own."

That introduced the tale of a month I had spent in New England during the summer of 1965, racing two or three times a week, socializing with other runners, winning a veritable hope chest of merchandise prizes.

But in the summer of 1971 I found the long distance scene in New England cancer-ridden, stagnant, a mere shadow of its past glory. I had timed a business trip to coincide with one of the Boston area's mid-week runs. It was typical of the races I had praised so highly only a half-dozen years before: run in connection with a community activity and with a total of 91 runners appearing at the starting line.

But there were discordant notes. The officials connected with the event seemed disinterested in the runners. They appeared only 20 minutes before the start to hand out numbers. I was informed that the 10-mile course was "short." Another half-dozen years had passed and New England still hasn't heard about the Road Runners Club's certification program. It was a hot and muggy evening, but only a single water station had been established at five miles. The thing that bothered me was that people watched from their front porches many places along the route. The interest (or at least curiosity) on the part of the townspeople was there. I'm sure some of them would have been delighted to offer water, had they only been asked in advance.

I thought perhaps I had just encountered one bad apple in an otherwise healthy barrel, so I checked later with several friends. They told me that the lack of water stations at some New England races was criminal. At one event three runners passed out from the heat and it was 45 minutes before they were taken to the hospital. The attitude of the officials was: "Oh, they'll recover." At another 10-mile race, a runner died of heat stroke, but this was carefully hushed up. I was told that at still another race nobody at the finish line even had a stopwatch. Three or four runners crossed the line before one of the race followers realized the situation and began to record times from her personal watch. I am told that in California the race promoters will lose their sanction if they permit such conditions to continue.

Many of the great traditional races in New England have died, succumbing to hardening of the arteries. Outside of the Boston marathon, the oldest long distance race in the United States had been the Cathedral race that preceded it. The Cathedral race attracted 300-400 runners each year, but it now is no more. The other pre-Boston race—the Hyde Shoe—almost died, but was revived by the American Legion. For how long?

In my book I described a visit to Ware, Mass., for a race sponsored by a social club there. Several years later the people who sponsored the race apparently had begun to lose their enchantment with the long distance runners. They refused to let the families of runners into the club house during the race. Mike Bigelow's wife was so mad, she threw the medal he had won out of the car as they were leaving. The Ware race now has vanished from the New England racing calendar.

Also gone is the race at Dennis, Mass. The merchants gave up on it, because it cost too much money. Traditionally Needham, Mass., hosted the National AAU 20-kilometer championship. Then in 1967 I wrested that event away from Needham for Michigan City. It broke a several decades long tradition. Now the 20-kilo race travels like most other AAU championships. Needham, stripped of its high status championship designation, went out of business. Likewise with Warwick, R.I., and New Bedford, Mass., not to mention the once famous "Benny's Lunch" race. Stuart Adams fears that the race at Bourne, near his home on Cape Cod, may be near extinction.

I recall back in the late '50s, when the RRC was forming, we would meet every year at a Manhattan hotel before the National AAU indoor track and field championships. We never could get many New England runners interested in the organization at the time. This was when 75% of the races and maybe an even higher percentage of the road runners were in that area of the country. Bob Campbell used to explain that since the New England runners had plenty of races they didn't feel the necessity for a runners' organization as much as those from other areas.

So the King is dead; long live the King. New England no longer is the Mecca. I'm not sure if Mecca exists any more, although the number of runners who appear for races in California is almost frightening. We now have extremely well-organized races in previous disaster areas such as New Orleans, Denver and Hurley, Wisc. And I am continuously amazed by what is happening in my home state of Indiana. When I first moved to Michigan City in 1964 the state was a vast wasteland for distance running. Now, almost spontaneously, race sponsors have begun to appear out of nowhere in towns such as Anderson, Elkhart, Muncie and Lafayette. In August roughly 110 runners appeared in Huntington for the state 20-kilometer championship and a four-mile high school race.

Indiana is far from being a leader in long distance running circles. Although we occasionally attract 100-plus fields, 25-30 runners is more typical. We have only started to certify our courses. Often there are few awards and no dressing facilities. But since our runners don't recall the glories of the past, they don't much mind. They just want to run. We are moving forward while New England seems to be going backwards.

I say "seems to," because I also sense a new breath of fresh air in New England. The RRC is catching on, finally, and younger runners are appearing to sponsor their own, often more relaxed races apart from the old social club tradition. The caterpillar is in the stage of metamorphasis and perhaps soon will emerge as a new technicolor-winged butterfly to flutter again.

RUNNING HIGHLIGHTS

• **Hurley, Wisc., Aug. 14**—Over 400 runners turned out for the Paavo Nurmi marathon, biggest such race in midwestern history. Consistent Bruce Mortenson broke his course record with a 2:23:43 victory and Tom Hoffman ran 2:26:32 as 72 runners cracked three hours.

• **Manitou Springs, Colo., Aug. 15**—Showing the boom that's affecting all long distance running, the imposing Pikes Peak marathon more than doubled its entrants this year, but had the same winner as the past five races. Steve Gachupin went up the 14,110-foot peak and back in 3:46:26.

• **Sittard, Netherlands, Aug. 19**—Ellen Tittel of West Germany, who broke the world 1500-meter record in the European championships but only finished third, got some consolation here by setting a women's mile mark of 4:35.4.

• **Edinburgh, Scotland, Aug. 20**—Emiel Puttemans, a rather unheralded Belgian, wiped away another of Ron Clarke's world records with an 8:17.2 two-mile.

• **Brussels, Belgium, Aug. 31**—Shortly after setting the two-mile mark, Puttemans took aim on one of the best records around—Kip Keino's 3000-meter best. Puttemans, a slightly built 23-year-old, came within two-tenths of it with 7:39.8.

• **Werribee, Australia**—First reports were that Adrienne Beames had run a 2:46:30 marathon—disposing in splendid fashion of the women's three-hour barrier. Later information, though, indicated that the mark came in a time-trial, though both timing and course measurement were believed accurate.

• **Enschede, Holland, Sept. 4**—Americans John Vitale and Herb Lorenz placed third and fifth in an international marathon here, Vitale running 2:20:16.2 and Lorenz 2:23:06. Both beat 1968 Olympic champion Mamo Wolde, who was 20th.

• **London, England, Sept. 10**—After losing out on the kick in the European 10,000, Dave Bedford switched events. He set a British steeplechase record of 8:28.6 here in his second serious try at the event.

• **New York, N.Y., Sept, 19**—The second New York City marathon was full of surprises. Norm Higgins thought it was to be a 5000-meter race. He ran anyway—his first marathon in five years—and won in 2:22:54.2. Beth Bonner and Nina Kuscsik thought they were chasing a women's record of 2:46:30. Instead, they became the first to break three hours officially—Beth with 2:55:22 and Nina with 2:56:04. (See feature story in this issue.)

• **Hobart, Australia, Sept. 25**—Derek Clayton is back, full force. In his national championships, he ran a 2:11:08.8—best he has ever done at home, and fastest by anyone, anywhere this year.

• **London, Ontario, Canada, Sept. 25**—Pressured nearly all the way be England's Mike Freary, Kenny Moore responded by winning the Springbank International road race in record time. Moore ran 55:33.8 on the slightly-under-12-mile course, beating Ron Hill's mark by less than a second. Freary ran 55:55.2, ahead of Jack Bacheler (56:34.7) and Frank Shorter (56:59.4). Steve Stageberg (20:09.7) beat Sid Sink (20:09.7) in the 4½ mile race.

• **Eugene, Ore., Oct. 3**—Jose Cortez, better known up to now for his distance feats, turned on a 2:21:38 marathon. Cortez, only 19, outlasted Russ Pate, who ran 2:22:09. Jose's 13-year-old brother David ran 2:45:30, and Ona Dobratz became the third American woman under three hours as she did 2:59:40.

WALKING HIGHLIGHTS

• **Black Diamond, Wash., Sept. 6**—Larry Young collected another national title as he whipped Ron Laird at 30 kilometers, 2:25:40 to 2:28:10. Bill Ranney (2:31:35) and Goetz Klopfer (2:35:35) took the next two places.

• **Columbia, Mo., Sept. 18-19**—As if walking 100 miles weren't hard enough, this race had to be moved to an *indoor* track—220 yards of dirt with nearly square corners. Larry Young spent three-fourths of a day on it, setting an American record of 18:07:12. Thirty walkers started and 18 of them went 50 miles or more. But Chris Clegg, a 54-year-old, was the only other finisher. He walked 22:46:14.

• **Brookville, N.Y., Sept. 19**—Ron Laird outwalked a big and tough field for the AAU 25-kilometer championship. Ron did 2:01:48.4, ahead of John Knifton, 2:03:34.4, and Bob Kitchen, 2:04:12.6.

COMING EVENTS

These are the major running events—primarily US races—scheduled between mid-November and the end of January. (Many of the indoor meets also include race walks.) All known US marathons during the period are listed. For further information on these and dozens of other races, plus up-to-date results, see "Racing Report."

NOVEMBER

13 National Jr. College xc, Danville, Ill.
13 Canadian College xc, Fredrickton
13 NCAA College xc, Wheaton, Ill.
13 AAU Jr. Men's xc, Pueblo, Colo.
13 AAU Jr. Women's xc, Portland, Ore.
20 Canadian xc champs, Halifax, N.S.
20 AAU Masters xc, Bloomfield, Mich.
20 American National mar., Galveston
20 USTFF Western xc, Fresno, Calif.
21 Seattle marathon, Seattle, Wash.
22 NCAA University xc, Knoxville
24 USTFF xc, Atlanta, Ga.
25 Ft. Phantom mar., Abilene, Tex.
27 AAU Women's xc, Wickliffe, Ohio
27 AAU Men's xc, San Diego, Calif.
28 Philadelphia marathon, Phila., Pa.

DECEMBER

? Indy marathon, Connersville, Ind.
4 Western Hemisphere xc, Bronx, N.Y.
4 North Central marathon, Naperville
4 Sunflower mar., Winchester, Kans.
5 Western Hemi. mar., Culver City
12 Pacific AAU mar., Petaluma, Calif.
18 Peach Bowl marathon, Atlanta, Ga.
27 Fiesta Bowl marathon, Phoenix

JANUARY

7 USTFF Eastern ind., Hanover, NH
8 Mission Bay marathon, San Diego
14 National Inv. ind., College Park, Md.
15 Albuquerque ind., Albuquerque
21 Track Classic indoor, Philadelphia
21 All-American indoor, San Francisco
21-2 NAIA indoor, Kansas City, Mo.
22 Duraleigh marathon, Durham, NC
22 North Texas mar., Denton, Tex.
22 USTFF Southern, Jackson, Miss.
22 USTFF Midwest, Columbus, Ohio
22 Sunkist indoor, Los Angeles, Calif.
23 Indoor marathon, Chicago, Ill.
28 Millrose Games indoor, New York
29 Boston AA indoor, Boston, Mass.
29 Mardi Gras marathon, New Orleans
29 Ground Hog mar., Petit Jean, Ark.
29 Oregon Invitational ind., Portland
29 Vigorade marathon, Anaheim, Cal.

A.A.U. CHANGES DUE IN '72

Typically, AAU conventions involve a lot of talk by the men and women who head the organization, and little action that filters down to directly influence everyday athletes. In that regard, the 1971 convention in early October at Lake Placid, N.Y., wasn't unusual. It featured its usual quota of talk, legislative word changes and rejections of changes, approvals and disapprovals of records, awarding of championships, elections of officers—mostly esoteric stuff that wouldn't interest many athletes.

An exception was the action taken by the men's and women's distance running committees, which edged toward a compromise on the question of women's long distance competition. The men's group is all for mixed racing at all distances. Women's officials are hesitant to accept it, but recognize the trend in that direction.

Dr. Ken Foreman, coach of Doris Brown and Vicki Foltz and head of the women's committee, reported, "In both her (marathon) races, Vicki experienced deep depression after the 20-mile mark. Following recovery she regained her composure, but commented that 'it would be questionable to subject a less mature athlete to such an ordeal.' "

Foreman said allow marathoning, but only with special permission to thoroughly prepared women. The assembled officials rejected this proposal, but approved a ruling that women could enter sanctioned races up to 10 miles (the limit had been five). And they made an important concession allowing women to run in men's road races.

Actually, these two rule amendments were somewhat academic. Without official blessing, increasing numbers of women already run races over 10 miles (nearly 100 Americans have finished marathons so far this year), and they freely enter men's races. The overall effect of AAU policy may be the opposite of its intent. Less talented, less trained women will still run, while those most qualified—those with national and international careers at stake—will stay away, fearing reprisals.

The men's long distance committee also touched on another limitation problem) the matter of time requirements in national championships. The group reaffirmed that no entry limit on the basis of time is *allowed* in AAU long distance championships. Officials, however, can quit timing and recording places after four hours of a marathon.

Other matters of convention business included:

- Championships awards: The men's track and field meet is set for Seattle, June 15-17; the marathon for Syracuse, N.Y., May 20 and 21, and the men's cross-country meet for Chicago, Nov. 25.
- The distance committee did away with the so-called junior championships, which had been open to any athlete who hadn't won a national title. Replacing these will be true junior meets for runners 19 and under. Juniors will compete at distances through 20 kilometers in 1972.
- Requirements for physical examinations were relaxed. The amended rule states that athletes must "prove their physical fitness within six months of the competition."
- The distance running group elected Bob DeCelle of Alameda, Calif., as its new chairman, replacing Browning Ross. DeCelle, one of the few non-runners on the committee, is quite close to the distance scene and played a big part in making the Pacific Association program the biggest in the country. DeCelle's first act will be to reorganize his committee for better communication and more effective promotion of the sport.
- The convention tabled legislation that proposed far-reaching changes in the definition of amateurism. However, US representatives to the International Amateur Athletic Federation were instructed to push for an easing of amateur rectrictions when the IAAF meets in 1971.
- Distance runners Frank Shorter and Doris Brown were nominated for the Sullivan Award, given annually to the country's leading amateur athlete in an individual sport.

Shortly after the AAU met, the US Olympic committee announced concrete plans for the '72 track team, and Oregon played a big part in them. The committee named Bill Bowerman, the University of Oregon coach, as head coach for the men's team, and selected Eugene as the site of the trial meet.

That meet, which apparently will include men and women, walkers and marathoners, will follow the Games schedule and stretch over a 10-day period of late June and early July.

AAU CROSS-COUNTRY

MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

San Diego, California — November 27, 1971

10,000 meters at Balboa Park. For information write:

Merle Hamilton, Meet Director
San Diego Track Club
P.O. Box 1124
San Diego, Calif. 92112

PHOTO CHOICE

NEXT PAGE: US three-mile running was never better than in this year's AAU championships at Eugene, Ore. Steve Prefontaine got under 13:00 for the first time with 12:58.4. Here he has a slight lead over (l-r) Frank Shorter, Len Hilton and Steve Stageberg, all of whom set personal bests of under 13:05. Stageberg, an Oregonian like Prefontaine, came up to take second in 13:00.4 on the furious last lap. Shorter ran 13:02.4, and Hilton 13:04.4. (Tony Duffy photo)


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BIG DAY FOR THE LADIES

BY PAT TARNAWSKY

BETH BONNER. The March '71 *RW* gave a detailed breakdown of her track program. Twice a day, seven days a week, 70-80 miles a week in spring and fall, 45 during bad winter weather, up to 100 during summer.

Adds her coach, race walker Dave Romansky: "All summer, in preparation for this race, she did very little speed work. My theory is hard, easy, hard. An 8-12-miler one day, and an 18-20 the next. A hard seven-miler once a week, doing it in 49 minutes at first, then dropping the time down. Speed work three days a week, some hard 220s and quarters, and a two- or 2½-mile race once a week."

In 1970 the New York City marathon was one of the most successful first marathons ever, on one of the best courses in the US. This year it was bigger in every way. And more exciting.

Held on Sept. 19 in Central Park, it had everything: a junior national championship, a new course record, a new world women's best and the first two sub-three-hour runs by American women. It had Erich Segal. It had twice as many starters as last year (246) and three times as many finishers (163). It had entrants from all over the US, plus Canada and Colombia. It got as much local coverage as Boston. And it had one of the finest dressing facilities in the country, namely the West Side YMCA just three blocks from the start.

"This race has really put New York City on the marathon map," said Vince Chiappetta, Road Runners Club nationwide president.

"We had (yawn) a few little snags," said the groggy race director, Fred Lebow, the next day. "But all in all (yawn) I'm very pleased." Bearded, soft-spoken Fred is a garment-industry executive, and has to be one of the most imaginative and hard-working new marathon promoters in the US.

In fact, this race actually started as a lightbulb lighting up in Fred's head.

Two years ago, inspired by Mayor Lindsay's new jogging program for Central Park, Fred took to doing his workouts there. Round and round he went on the historic six-mile "carriage road" that circles the park. He was struck by the road's marathon potential. It rolled and wound through green groves, past lakes and little waterfalls, with a good hill up at 109th Street to add interest. Best of all, every Sunday the road was closed to auto traffic. Fred bethought him of the sordid stretch of fume-ridden, litter-strewn highway out near Yankee Stadium where N.Y. RRC marathons had been relegated till then.

So Fred persuaded lightbulbs to light up in the RRC, the Met AAU and the New York City Department of Parks & Recreation, and the race was born.

This year Fred and his planning crew got a springtime start. They handed out entry blanks at Boston and other races, mailed them to everybody imaginable. Due to anxious queries from out-of-town runners about police protection (you know, our famous Central Park muggings), Fred got mounted cops to be stationed around the park, plus Bicycle Patrol volunteers actually pedalling the course with walkie-talkies.

Then, in May, when Sara Berman ran her 3:00:35, we all got a real 100-watt idea. Since it wasn't likely that a woman would break three hours during the hot summer weeks, maybe we could have the historic moment happen in New York City, providing the weatherman was nice. So three of the four fastest US women started training with this idea in mind.

In August Fred and I launched the PR campaign, with the women's effort our big selling point. We mailed out press releases three weeks in advance, made dozens of follow-up phone calls, cultivated reporters who are soft on running (this is not so easy in New York, where most reporters are soft on football and horses).

One Manhattan daily said they didn't plan to cover the race, but Fred scolded them until they gave up and said they'd cover it. Fred put posters all up and down Third Avenue. To make sure the papers carried write-ups on race day, we phoned in the latest data before each paper's Sunday closing. We prepared a second press release to hand out at the start.

The result: in that huge inhuman city, where millions of things happen every day, lady marathoners were the toast of the town. Nina Kuscsik being the local girl, she got 25 fan letters and two invitations to lunch with columnists.

Then, a few days before the race, a bombshell hit us. A tiny item buried in the back of *Sports Illustrated* said that an Australian chick named Adrienne Beames had just run an incredible 2:46:30. We reeled. Was it a misprint? Was it a certified course? Was it for real? (And if so, it was close to the "ultimate" woman's marathon time that everybody has been discussing lately). We tried to find out more about it, but couldn't.

Gamely, though, Sara Berman, Beth Bonner and Nina rallied their confidence. If they couldn't do a world best, at least they could do a US best.

Race day was cloudy, in the mid-60s—the coolest day in a month. (We had made a scolding phone call to the Weather Bureau.) At the start, photographers were everywhere. N.Y. Recreation Commissioner Joseph Halper fired the pistol, and the field rumbled off.

The men's race was a surprise solo affair. A last-minute post-entry named Norm Higgins, who happened to have been 1966 national marathon champ, opened up a 10-minute lead. Higgins, now 34, hadn't even *run* a marathon since 1966. He told *N.Y. Times* reporter Al Harvin that he had come thinking the race was to be 5000 meters, then decided what the heck and ran anyway. He came in at an impressive 2:22:54.2.

After a while, a 23-year-old Chuck Ceronsky, winner of this year's Kansas Relays marathon, came in for a second-place 2:33:31, to take the junior title.

The women's race, however, was a real cliffhanger. Nina and Beth ran together for the first 14 miles, backing and forthing. Then Beth opened up to a 90-second lead. At 22 miles Nina hauled her down again. (No tail-dragging either—they both averaged around 6:50 over the last six miles.) Going up the 109th Street hill for the last time, Beth made a great effort ("I'd heard Nina was strong on hills") and dropped Nina again. Nina then managed to close her one-minute lead to 40 seconds.

As the two women came sprinting toward the finish, a number of joyful male marathoners ran with them. First Beth for a beautiful 2:55:22 and 34th place overall. Then Nina for 35th and 2:56:04. Sara Berman, who had found herself strangely tired, came in 58th, at 3:08:46.

Beth and Nina freaked out happily, drank juice, were interviewed by an ABC-TV crew, and looked crisp as Crunchies after their record-breaking effort. "It's like the first four-minute mile," the guys kept saying. Later, when the three women received their trophies, there was so much pleasure in the packed West Side Y auditorium that a man from Mars would never guess their performances did not enjoy AAU sanction.

Meanwhile, the tireless Fred Lebow, having spent all morning helping Park personnel heave barricades into place, still had enough zip left to run his own best, a 3:41, just five minutes behind Erich Segal.

Fred has all kinds of lightbulbs in his head about next year. An affluent sponsor, for instance, and *mucho* money for runners' travel expenses.

But most exciting was the suggestion made by Dave Romansky, Beth's coach. "This race ought to become a national championship for women," he said. "The course is beautiful. It comes at just the right time of year, after the girls have done distance work all summer, and before they start their fall speed work."

And also, Dave, they really dig marathon runners in Fun City now. Especially the ones with ribbons in their hair.

●●●●

As this goes to press, word from Australia was that Adrienne Beames' run was just a time-trial, not a race. So it looks like—officially, at least—Beth Bonner has the world best after all. That is, if the "unofficially official" status that women marathoners enjoy in the US can be considered a shade more official.

Adrienne Beames is an ex-squash champion, and has represented Australia in international cross-country competition. Women's track authorities there are still checking out the accuracy of the Werribee course, believed to be full-length.

LEFT: Pat Tarnawsky in Central Park.
(Walt Westerholm & Steve Sutton photos)

(Right)—NINA KUSCSIK. She had gotten her prior marathon bests on a relaxed 40-45 miles a week, thanks to a long history of speed and endurance in skating and cycling. So when she started thinking of breaking three, she set up a whole new program for herself.

"I planned three months in advance, and sacrificed quality for quantity: 68 miles weekly, with one 12, one 15 and one speed workout a week; one 26-mile run every other week." On August 21, she tried out the program in the Puerto Rican marathon, on the same Central Park course. In spite of steaming hot weather, she ran an easy 3:06:53 (her previous best had been 3:09).

But she hadn't been 100% sure she could crack three, and planned a 3:00 or 3:01. "When I did it, I was so thrilled that after the race I went out and ran four more miles."

So much for AAU contentions that marathons are too much for women.

GREGORY AND HIS FAST RUNNING

BY FRANK GREENBERG

Marty Liquori couldn't figure us out. I had a tape recorder strapped to my waist, and was sitting on the infield at Randall's Island, talking with an incredibly skinny man that Marty didn't recognize. We must have talked for an hour while the National AAU relay championships were going on around us. Marty paced past us several times and gave us quizzical looks. But he never did figure out who that skinny cat was.

He was probably the most famous man in the stadium, Marty Liquori not withstanding. The skinny man was Dick Gregory.

Dick Gregory is many things to many people. Comedian, author, speaker, marcher, politician (he ran for President in 1968), and now, at the most illogical time of his life, while on a fast to protest the Vietnam war, he has become a runner.

Well, actually, he has returned to running, having been a miler at Souther Illinois University some 20 years ago. And he comes from a running family. Brother Ron once was a high school mile record holder and later ran for Notre Dame.

Gregory is more than just the ordinary non-ordinary person. He is an extremely intense and articulate individual. You must like him, regardless of whether you agree with his position or not.

During our running interview, he rushed to the aid to a young sprinter who overdid his 440 leg. Dick pulled the striken boy's arm over his shoulder fireman style, put his hat on the boy's head and finally offered him a drink from his flask. That flask contained fruit juice. Gregory's only nourishment since launching his fast on April 24.

We ran and talked on Aug. 14. Dick hadn't taken solid food in over 100 days. His weight had tumbled by over 40 pounds to a sparse 102.

That day, at the most unlikely time of his life, 38-year-old Dick Gregory had raced. He had raced 4½ miles around Randall's Island stadium. And obviously was excited by the prospect of more and longer races, hungry or not.

"I had been jogging since February," Gregory told me as we ran. "And then after I decided that I wouldn't eat, I decided that I would get down to some serious running and raised it to about five miles a day, and now I've done a couple of 10-mile races, and some fives . . . I love jogging, but I haven't been jogging lately, I've been *running*."

There apparently is no direct correlation between Dick's running and his fast. They both happened to start at about the same time, and he sees no reason to stop either one.

Of the fast, Gregory says simply, "Different people make testimonials to different things, and my testimonial to peace is that I won't eat until the war is over."

Dick mentioned here that he had been drinking eight to 16 glasses of fruit juice or water a day since the fast began. That's all.

The war has gone on the better part of a decade, and could drag on several more years. I asked Dick the obvious question: "Aren't you afraid you are going to die?"

"No, I figure if I die, I'll just die. No use being afraid about it. Just one time I won't wake up. I'm not worried about that. But ABC, CBS and NBC cover me all the time. They have their specials in the can, man, waiting for me to die. I can't borrow any money. The banks think I'm going to die."

But Dick is a tough character and isn't about to roll over dead. He smiles: "I never felt as good."

With that, he goes back to talking of running, and inadvertently offers proof of what he just said. "I think I'm going to start doing marathons. I hope to do Boston next year. I'm going to start running 20 miles a day next week. That's 10 in the morning and 10 in the evening, and once a week I'll do it all together—20 miles in one run. But for three weeks I'm going to lay off—going on a pure water fast for 21 days."

Are his efforts worth the sacrifice? Only time will tell. Gregory himself is philosophical. He says as we end our talk, "You protest to rally your friends . . . President Nixon couldn't care less if I eat tomorrow or eat the next day. So I don't quit eating to impress him. It's to rally the strengths of friends."

I drove back to Philadelphia to replay the tape and write something. Dick returned to the airport to fly to the next city.

Dick posed for pictures with kids and signed autographs.

I had dinner with my wife.

RUNNER'S WORLD 24-HOUR RELAY

The 24-hour relay keeps growing, numerically and geographically. As of mid-October, 132 teams had tried the all-day affair, meaning somewhere in the neighborhood of 1200 individuals had run.

A team of West Virginians assumed the lead for the year with 284 miles 1240 yards. Carl Hatfield headed that group, which now stands third all-time behind the two Olympic training camp teams.

The relay spread to England during August, and a team from the Torbay Athletic Association in Devonshire accumulated 277 miles 1364 yards, fourth best in the history of the event and farthest ever by a recognized club.

Nine teams now have bettered 270 miles, and 49 of them have gone beyond 240 miles—or sub-6:00 mile pace. There may be others who haven't yet reported results. Send details (date, site, team members and mileage) to *Runner's World*, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. Competition continues through the year.

The 24-hour relay leaders (as of Oct. 15):

	TEAM (STATE)	MILEAGE
1.	West Virginia Runners (W. Va.)	284m 1240y
2.	Torbay Athletic Assn. (England)	277m 1364y
3.	Furman University (S. C.)	277m 896y
4.	Ohio Track Club (Ohio)	274m 936y
5.	Carleton-St. Olaf Striders (Minn.)	274m 141y
6.	University of Victoria (B. C., Canada)	271m 761y
7.	North Jersey Striders (N. J.)	271m 229y
8	Winchester A Team (Va.)	271m 191y
9.	Dos Pueblos High School (Calif.)	270m 1217y
10.	Redwood City Striders A (Calif.)	269m 101y
11.	Mad River Runners (Calif.)	265m 156y
12.	Reichelo's Rabbits (Ohio)	264m 512y
13.	Arizona All-Stars (Ariz.)	263m 0y
14.	Aggie Track Club (Calif.)	262m 666y
15.	The Illusion Dwellers (Ore.)	260m 962y
16.	White Bear High School (Minn.)	259m 1550y
17.	Suburban Philadelphia All-Stars (Pa.)	259m 1161y
18.	Road Runner Red (Calif.)	259m 630y
19.	New Canaan High School (Conn.)	258m 842y
20.	Worthington High School (Ohio)	258m 482y
21.	Otto Club (Md.)	257m 1554y
22.	John Marshall High School (Wisc.)	256m 433y
23.	Florissant Valley Track Club (Mo.)	256m 402y
24.	Pleasant Hill Track & Field Club (Calif.)	255m 587y
25.	Rough Cats (Ohio)	254m 440y
26.	Baltimore Blister Poppers (Md.)	253m 1173y
27.	Harrisonburg Runners (Va.)	251m 803y
28.	Travis Road Runners (Calif.)	250m 1714y
29.	Nato (Md.)	250m 1581y
30.	Tulsa Running Club (Okla.)	250m 1294y

TRAINING FOR THE LONG RUN

In training matters, conflicting forces tug on the runner. On the one hand, he wants maximum results; on the other, his body can't always take the stress of maximum effort. He may want to train three hours a day, but has only one hour to spare. It's tempting to go all-out for this week's race, but what of next month, or next year, or 10 years from now?

The essence of training for the long run—the long career, that is—is to balance and compromise to achieve a steady state. Hit a pace that keeps one healthy and happy. The racer is by choice and necessity walking a tightrope. He maximizes effort (consistent with time and physical limitations) in order to achieve maximum results. But he realizes too that by pushing too far he can lose it all—his racing sharpness, and possibly good health and enjoyment as well.

Three runners give their thoughts here on training with a long-range perspective—in terms of decades rather than months or years. Orville Atkins, Nat Cirulnick and Bob Carman all have been through it themselves. All have run 20 or more years, and have—often through hard lessons of experience—found formulas for training longevity that give the vital combination of good results, good health and good feelings that keep a man running.

WHEN L.S.D. TURNS SOUR

BY NAT CIRULNICK

By his own count, Nat Cirulnick now has run 150 full marathons. That experience makes the New Yorker a highly qualified commentator on the sport. Here, 41 year-old Nat takes a fresh and revealing look at the Intervals vs. LSD training question—a particularly pertinent one for long-term runners like him.

I have been running track and long distance races since 1947. Until 1952, however, I could barely run *any* distance under 6:00 mile pace, including an 880. Then, between 1952 and '56, I made tremendous improvement. Although my coach claims this was due to interval training, I have a different idea. I think it was mainly due to LSD.

I noticed I thrived on extra-long workouts. Every Saturday morning I would go for a minimum of 26 miles. When I would get sick and couldn't do much running, the only way to get back to feeling strong was with lots of long, slow runs.

In 1956, I ran a 2:36 marathon (sub-6:00 mile pace) in Philadelphia. The course was never measured, and may have been a half-mile short. But still I would have run 2:39 or 2:40. (I hit 2:39 at Boston in 1955 and 2:42 in 1956, also on courses about a half-mile short.)

I ran reasonably well through 1965. But since 1965, I seemed to have zoomed downward. I can push my way through a marathon and not break three hours. What went wrong? My times got slower and slower.

I finally woke up to the fact that my LSD, which earlier had built me up, now was bogging me down. It might have been great when my body was developing, but after hitting age 35 I no longer seemed to respond to the slow treatment. That is when I got back in the "speed" groove.

I never liked interval work before. I did 440s way back in 1951 when Fred Wilt was introducing interval training to the US. I read about the human machine, Emil Zatopek, doing ungodly quantities of quarters, and I attempted the same. Around 1954, I developed what I called a cycle interval workout involving a mile, 2 x 880, 4 x 440, 8 x 220 and 16 x 110. But I never really liked it. I loved to just run at a steady, easy pace.

Now the opposite is the case. I began finding LSD boring. So last September I went back to interval training and made a game of it. My current program involves:

- Training every day (I always did this; have only missed one day in the past eight years).
- Trying to train twice a day as often as possible. Morning workouts are steady running. Each lap of my course is one-twentieth of a marathon (1.3+ miles). Usually I do one-fourth or three-tenths of a marathon, trying for sub-four-hour pace in the heat and for sub-3:30 pace in cool weather. On weekends, I may try for a half-marathon.
- Afternoon workouts—usually intervals, broken into seven types: one day 110s, the next 220s, then 330s, 440s, 880s, miles, and the seventh day two-tenths of a marathon at sub-three-hour pace.
- On those afternoons when I am too tired for a quality workout, I will either rest or jog a tenth of a marathon.

I have found the 110s and 220s have made a marked improvement in my 880 and mile times. The question is, what are they doing for the road runs?

My times were very good, for me, in April (3:06 at Boston) and May (3:06 at Yonkers). June was poor (3:15 at Holyoke), July was worse (3:17 at Toronto), and early September was terrible (3:51 at Pittsburgh). But the latter times can be explained away or rationalized in that I never do well in the summer; I'm like butter.

So what can we deduce from this? Almost anything. My opinion is that either I am improving, or that at least I'm not running any worse than I would if I was doing LSD. And I sure am suffering *less* in training. Less than 50% of my workouts in the past were enjoyable. Now, 75-90% of my training sessions are great fun. The reason, as I've said, is that I have rediscovered interval training and made a game of it. Any form of training that becomes drudgery is self-defeating.

GETTING SPEED YOU NEED

BY ORVILLE ATKINS

Orville Atkins has traveled to every extreme in training technique. He has gone the all-fast route of Mihaly Igloi and the all-slow route of LSD. And he has settled on a routine

that lies somewhere in between. His style allows him to run as fast now, at age 35, as he did a decade ago when he was pressing the leaders in the Boston marathon. This spring he ran three marathons within nine weeks, all within 27 seconds of each other and all in the 2:31 range. Here Canadian-born Atkins outlines the "compromise" training program that lets him get good results race after race, year after year.

The word speed, as I use it, both in quality and quantity, would be incomprehensible by the likes of Moore, Shorter, Young and Ryun. My roomate Ron Larrieu, of 8:32 two-mile speed, keeps asking me when I'm going to get into shape and start training. Speed and training have different meanings for these guys than for LSDers. The seven- to eight-minute mile pace that I use for training is jogging to many others. And speed training as these fellows know it is just not part of my world. But it's clear to me that one *must* use some speed, whatever "speed" might mean to the individual.

When we start pushing nothing but LSD, I wonder if we aren't leading the newer and younger runner astray. Many old-timers (ones who have run many years) love and thrive on long, slow distance. So we plug LSD, LSD, LSD–*the* way to train. But how many successful runners now on LSD never did fartlek, interval or some other form of speed-type training at some point of their running careers? I know Deines, Osler, Burfoot, Walkwitz, Winrow, etc., all have shifted from one of the other forms of training to easy running. Therefore, the question is will an LSD runner ever develop enough basic speed to become a successful internationalist or even a successful national runner? Can one bring his basic speed into fine tone without ever having done any work specifically designed to do so? Down to what distance can one excel without any speed work?

We must stress the fact that the keenest advocate of LSD, if he is to obtain his optimum results, must do some form of speed work. Bob Deines races weekly or more often. Each race is a speed workout for his races at longer distances. Tom Osler advocates some fast work for about six weeks before big races in order to tone down and speed up. His book *The Conditioning of Distance Runners* is a must for all road racers.

The longer the distance, the less speed training needed. That's the general opinion among runners. It is also my opinion that a six- or 10-mile race is speed work–if you are a marathoner. Anything faster than race pace is speed work for marathoners. Just how much speed training do these men of great endurance need? It depends on the individual, his abilities and his background. No matter what type of training a runner is doing, though, if he is not thriving on it mentally, or if he is continually fighting himself to train, he will not last long.

Most of us try to do far too much mileage, and unless we are strictly LSD advocates we do far too much speed. Many spend their time tearing down rather than building up. Personally, I find that I enjoy and thrive on two to five bursts of 100 to 660 yards during a 10- or 15-mile run for my sharpening up. And these bursts aren't gut-busting. After each I am able to continue at the same tempo as before the speed-up with little effort. If preparing for a big race (Boston) I try to get in a set of these bursts two or three times a week for four or five weeks with strong attention to relaxation during the last two weeks. I only run 35 miles or so the week before the big race. It is better to be sharp physically and mentally before a race that really counts rather than continuing to push training for a future that may never come.

The opinion that one must do 10 or 20 x 440 is as silly as the opinion that 100 miles a week is a must. The amount the runner can comfortably take phsically and mentally is the key. A marathoner is much more likely to get better results if he is happy instead of being all knotted up and continuously run down.

I have been asked, "How can I keep two good legs under me till I'm 35 or 40 or 50 and still get good racing results?" The definition of good results is more or less an individual thing, but to continue to get results near one's best for 10 or 20 years and into the veterans ages relies on continuing to have goals, keeping one's cool, and to some extent, luck.

I maintain that one is able to run near or at his maximum times until he is in his late 40s if he is a marathoner. After near-ultimate performances have been attained, speed plays less and less a role in reproducing the same results year in and year out. Desire to do enough training is more important than any other factor. To have desire to endure the unpleasant portions of training requires strong goals. If one finds it fun to run and wants the results, he'll do enough work to maintain the results year after year.

Keeping one's cool means not becoming too enthusiastic. If in his exuberance one bites off more than he can chew during a workout or a month's training phase, he can destroy himself physically or mentally. I believe that sacrificing a little speed work is worth a few extra years of fun on the roads. The legs get stronger with mileage but die with hard, fast pounding.

The third factor–luck–also can be affected by speed. Fatigue can result in lack of attention and tight ankles. A hole, rock or sprinkler in the wrong place at the wrong time results in a broken bone or sprain. Having the weather change, having one's jock now break in the middle of one's ultimate performance, etc., can all have a small say on the length of one's career. And then again if some nut drives off the road and hits you, well. . .

I repeat that I feel speed is necessary, but I avoid it when possible. In fact, I sometimes run when I don't want to, but I never do fast running unless I want to do it. Only very occassionally does hard and fast running outside of racing bring me pleasure. However, I can't see LSD as the only answer if one wants ultimate results. Speed and sharpening must be at least a small part of one's training. How little one must do depends somewhat on tastes and physical makeup.

(Continued next page)

HARD LESSONS ABOUT 440'S

BY BOB CARMAN

Bob Carman is as experienced as the others on matters of training, if not more so. And his reactions to speedwork are equally mixed. He likes it, and it has led to his best running—which included a marathon in the low 2:20s a decade ago. It also has led, he thinks, to one achilles tendon operation and the need for another. These are 40-year-old Carman's views.

The only real success I've had at distance running has come when I was training fast, and I have always enjoyed it. I'm not sure I ever really knew what I was doing or used speedwork to the best effect. I have always found it impossible to do high quality running every day. But, in my better days, I could run easy repeat 100 meters on rest days to advantage. Now I believe that two or three speed sessions each week is sufficient if done correctly.

From my own experience, I offer several other opinions:

• Speed training (by which I mean hard, fast, timed short runs, 200 and 400 meters) is a great strain on the runner who is not blessed with a bit of natural speed. For such a man, a set of 400-meter runs provide a considerable stress, both psychological and physical. My coaching practice has always been to play to a man's strength and go very gently on his weaknesses. I believe a slow runner will profit most by building up his endurance, not by sprinting to build up his speed. Many coaches work just the opposite way and I have witnessed many runners running nowhere very fast, spending enormous amounts of time for very little improvement.

• Speed training involves a great deal more stress per running minute than LSD, perhaps even than racing. For this reason it is pointless to attempt high-speed training unless it can be accompanied by adequate rest and relative freedom from other stresses.

• Whereas LSD can be a casual affair, speed training should be carefully planned so that the stress dose is controlled and only gradually increased. A schedule is vital.

• Speed training tends to become a way of life and this is counter-productive. Speed training should be used as race preparation and probably used intensely for no more than three months out of six . . . and maybe that is too much.

Presently, all my runs are done at a pace that feels *comfortable*, although this does not necessarily mean "easy" or "slow." Sometimes I enjoy just bashing hell out of it for part of the run. If I like what I'm doing and am mentally and physically ready to do it, it will feel comfortable.

These are my views. I'm sure many qualified runners won't agree. But that is what makes the whole business fun.

Kenny Moore (143) made one of his rare 1971 track appearances early in the year at the Mt. San Antonio Relays. Phil Ryan (behind Moore's shoulder) won this 10,000. (Chadez)

Spotlight on England and Europe

BY WILF RICHARDS

En route to his 5000 victory in the Munich pre-Olympic meet, Ben Jipcho (101) carries battle scars from the previous day's steeple win. (Shearman)

Can any distance runner with reasonable natural ability be assured of attaining international status if he puts the required amount of time and energy into his training? Is there a place at the top for everyone—or almost everyone—who really wants it and will work for it? Many athletes have reflected on these lines.

One athlete whose thoughts and conversations have turned in this direction a number of times is George Brockbank, a marathon runner of no small ability, from the north of England.

George came into athletics quite casually and later than most. He was in his early 20s and more interested in football and cycling than any other sport. But after visiting the local athletic club, he became mildly interested in running, and the friendly atmosphere of the club appealed to him. He became a member.

Over the next year or so he followed the ideas of different people with whom he came into contact, sometimes running the intervals which were prevalent at that time, and now and then on weekends joining road runners on their 20-mile efforts. There was no set purpose behind it all; no objective other than a vague hope of improvement. He raced the 880 and mile, with quite respectable times of 1:56 and 4:25.

But an insistent urge for something more constructive kept nagging inside him and the rather happy-go-lucky attitude of his clubmates and officials, although conducive to a pleasant social atmosphere, made it difficult to plan with a definite aim in mind. George even then had a strongly developed desire to do well. And doing well, to him, meant at least rising to international status.

So, not without regret, he changed his club in 1968 and joined one with a strong reputation in road racing.

Then 25, Brockbank embarked on a system of training aimed at the marathon. He had already run one ("just to see what it was like"). His time of 2:38, though not of any great moment, did at least indicate his possibilities at this distance. In May 1968, he lined up with a hundred or so others, including Ron Hill and Mike Freary, for a 20-mile road race, the most important race at this distance in the north of England. At 15 miles only Hill and Freary were ahead of him, but he found the last few miles a struggle and dropped back to finish ninth in 1:45:46. This was respectable enough, but the "new recruit" was disappointed and felt that he had not fought hard enough at the crucial time.

George and his coach decided that another season should be spent on track racing while at the same time building up good weekly mileage.

In the autumn of 1968, after running 25 miles on the track in 2:14:24, George was satisfied that his future lay in the longer distances. Since then all his plans and training have been directed to that end.

There have, however, been occasions when doubt has crept in; times when he has wondered why he has not had better, and quicker, results from his 100-120-miles-a-week training. However, several first class performances *have* been achieved, and his long distance efforts have been of a consistently high standard, and he has steered clear of any real injury. But George has chosen the hardest event of all in a country where good marathon men abound. All this means that ambition has to be tempered with patience. Fortunately, he is durable, both physically and mentally, and despite momentary doubts and disappointments is not likely to quit until he has attained his objective.

The 1969 season started well. He sprang a surprise by winning his county 20-mile road championship in the fast time of 1:43:40, then went on to run 17th in the first Maxol marathon with 2:27:03 in heatwave, high humidity conditions. Later came a fine effort in a 30-kilometer track race where, in continuous rain and on a soft track, he ran 1:37:10. Later, he ran his best marathon to that point—2:19:34.

Brockbank couldn't improve his marathon best in 1970, but this year, in the star-studded Maxol race, he finished 15th in 2:18:51. Despite this really first-class time, George still was not completely satisfied and was assailed by nagging doubts. He was pleased with his time but disappointed that there should be so many British runners ahead of him. What did they have that he didn't?

Well, for one thing, almost without exception they had much faster times at the shorter distances. So track sessions became just that bit stiffer—and George responded, as he has always done. He improved at the shorter races, with a two miles close to nine minutes, and a seven-mile road event in 33:13. Then at last in September, after 2½ years without a solitary win to his name, George broke through with a first place in a 10-mile road race, his time a personal best of 49:45, and a splendid win in the South London Harriers 30-mile road race (his first attempt at this distance) in 2:54:31.

Now George hopes to fulfill one of his ambitions—to compete and finish well up in the famous Boston marathon. This fascinating race has been in the back of his mind for a long time, and 1972 may well find him among the thousand or so lining up for the start.

THIS MAN MARTY LIQUORI

BY HAL HIGDON

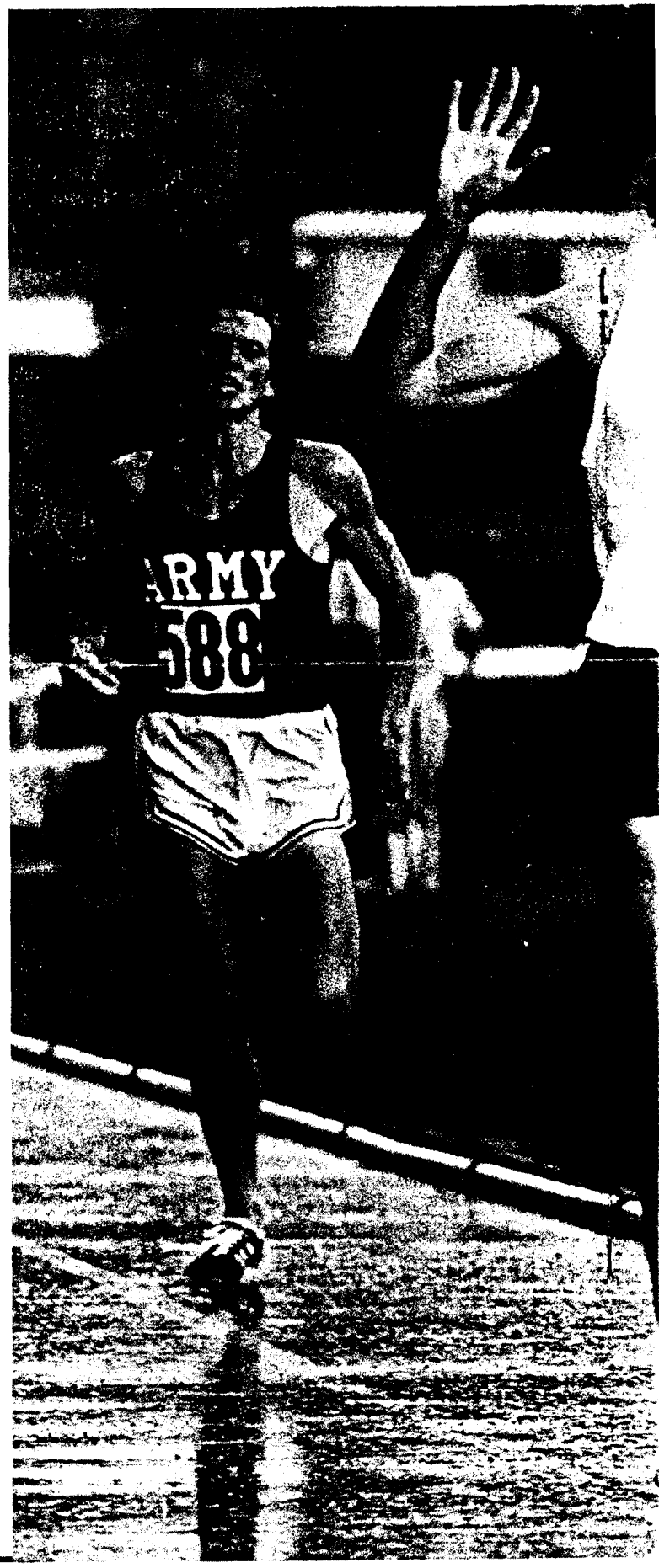
It is morning and Marty Liquori is running on the Jersey shore. Starting from his family's ocean cottage in Brant Beach, he jogs a half block along a side street and crosses soft sand down to the water's edge where pounding surf has provided a smooth surface for what will be an easy six-mile run before breakfast. He runs barefoot to strengthen his arches. He wears red shorts and a T-shirt, grey like the fog.

Some of the other occupants of the beach that morning, couples walking arm in arm, children building sand castles, surf fishermen whose lines he runs beneath, glance up at his passing. If they recognize him as Marty Liquori, Jr., NCAA and AAU champion, the world's top-ranked miler in 1969, undefeated in 13 races in Madison Square Garden, and a possible gold medal winner in the 1972 Olympic Games, they give no sign. He runs on, jumping over a wooden piling. A wave crashes and rolls high up the beach; he dodges up on the soft sand to avoid it.

Liquori, running relaxed in practice, 10-15 miles a day on beach or roads while vacationing at the Jersey shore, appears only slightly more adept than the average YMCA jogger. His stride seems much too short for anyone with true talent. His shoulders hunch. He breathes hard. His head rotates from side to side as he shows more interest in conversation than in the agonies of intensive training. His elbows awkwardly stab the breeze off the Atlantic Ocean.

But when Liquori steps onto a running track—as he did in May at the Martin Luther King Games in Philadelphia—the YMCA jogger retreats into the body of a thoroughbred athlete, *VILLANOVA* emblazoned across a broad chest, lean muscular legs, spiked shoes beating their rhythm swifter, swifter propelling their owner to greater, greater glories.

The day was May 16, 1971. When his name was announced at the King Games, the crowd booed Marty Liquori, a tribute to his reputation as track and field's most colorful and controversial performer. Those seemingly awkward elbows have gored a dozen rivals on the indoor board circuit. Marty Liquori, the man with the golden elbows, ignored the boos. He was there to race a mile against world record holder Jim Ryun, not to run for public office. For two years Liquori had reigned as America's premiere miler partly because of Ryun's temporary retirement, but now Jim Ryun was breaking records again, and he had come to Philadelphia to challenge the fastest gun in the east. The press called it the Dream Mile, the most exciting track confrontation since Bannister raced Landy back in 1954. All the experts assumed Ryun would win. His world record was 3:51.1 compared to a Liquori best of 3:57.2. Several coaches claimed Liquori wasn't in Ryun's class, causing the subject of their disdain (who has a touch of Cassius Clay in his temperament) to disagree: "Those coaches have about the same qualifications as a panhandler on 34th Street." Marty Liquori then set out to prove his point.



(PHOTO BY DON CHADEZ)

The starter's gun set the bulky field into motion. Both Ryun and Liquori trailed back in the pack as the leaders ran leisurely through quarter times of 61.1 and 2:03.3. Ryun moved to the front, only to have Liquori come pressing by him on the back straightaway. Seven hundred yards remained to be covered and already Liquori had started his kick! At the gun they passed in 3:00.0. This surprised Liquori, who didn't think he had run the third quarter quite that fast. He had—in 56.7. Still he pressed on, occasionally glancing fearfully over his shoulder to check his rival's position. Suddenly near the end of the backstretch Ryun accelerated one, two strides, as though ready to explode past, then seemed to change his mind, faltered, and around the turn and down the final straightaway the two ran, one tied to the other. You knew one man won because Marty Liquori suddenly grinned and threw his arms up in the air.

Running at a much more leisurely pace that summer along the Jersey shore, Marty Liquori realized he had gone farther up the beach than planned. The fog had obscured his view of the water towers he normally uses as checkpoints. He turned in an easy arc to head back. A dog moved toward the passing runner, who eyed it for a moment fearfully. But the dog lost interest and turned away. Marty Liquori continued running, a little faster now with the wind at his back, south toward his family's cottage.

Immediately after his victory at the King Games, Liquori attempted to downgrade its importance, allowing a number of his detractors to take a half-step toward a moving bandwagon. ("Marty said all the right things after the race," commented one coach, "Maybe his victory matured him.") There was no question, however, that his victory over Jim Ryun marked an important step in Marty Liquori's career and perhaps signalled the arrival of a golden era in the history of the mile. "In the next two years we may see the two best milers of all-time running a series of races against each other," suggests Cordner Nelson of *Track & Field News.* Not only was Liquori's winning time of 3:54.6 (Ryun ran 3:54.8) the fastest since Ryun's own world record four years earlier, but the last half pace of 1:51.3 (after 2:03.3) indicates that they could have run much faster. Cordner Nelson believes better pacing could have sliced two seconds from the final time. His analysis may be conservative. A new world record may not come immediately, however, since Ryun won't be motivated to attack a record already his, and Liquori seems more interested in victories than statistics. "The only time I break four minutes is when I have a gun to my head," he claims. Thus a record may depend mostly on the success of promoters in convincing Ryun and Liquori that they owe it to god, art and country to lock horns again.

Not only do the prospects of future Ryun-Liquori meetings excite promoters and track buffs, but apparent differences between the two young men offer sports writers a wealth of material. In this corner the champion: Jim Ryun, wearing the white trunks, polite, soft-spoken, former Little League ballplayer, cuffs on his trousers, short hair, doesn't even wear sideburns, a product of Middle America. As a four-minute miler and Olympian in high school, Jim Ryun had several children's books written about him, a fact that Liquori notes with some awe: "All those people booing me probably were reading about Jim when they were six years old." And in this corner, ladies and gentlemen, the challenger: Marty Liquori, wearing not black trunks but *striped bell-bottom trousers,* brash, arrogant, former pool hustler, long hair, known to sip an occasional beer, owner of

(Continued next page)

a yellow T-bird, once quoted in *Sports Illustrated* as saying: "Just because I'm a runner doesn't mean I have to spend my life as an advertisement for clean living." With Marty Liquori on the scene sportswriters, particularly those based in Philadelphia, finally had someone to hate. Liquori has feuded frequently with Philadelphia reporters, about whom he once said, "They'd boo a cancer cure."

Marty Liquori hardly deserves the reputation of being merely track and field's answer to Joe Namath, however. He is engaged to his high school sweetheart, gets B-plus grades, and plans (after graduation and the Olympics) to enter either business or law school. If anything, Liquori and Ryun show striking similarities in their dedication to training. "Nobody who ever ran four minutes got there by fooling around," Liquori says. After the King Games Marty and his fiance Carol visited Jim and his wife Anne at their hotel. Carol commented, "Stories about Jim Ryun are probably as far off in one direction as stories about Marty are in the other. When it comes right down to it, they're both almost alike."

Not quite. The main personality trait that separates the two top milers is that Liquori (reflecting his Italian heritage) is friendly, trusting, outgoing, while Ryun is a loner, the classic introvert, who reveals his true feelings only to a few close friends. Brian McElroy transferred recently from Kansas to Villanova and has trained with both runners. Reporters often ask him to compare them. "I hardly know anything about Ryun," comments McElroy. "He never talks during workouts."

Liquori, on the other hand, never stops. Running the roads around Villanova in suburban Philadelphia, he fills the air with small talk. One time while training with miler Chris Mason, then newly arrived from Great Britain, the two passed a home with a German shepherd dog standing guard. Marty, his head ever swiveling, noticed the shepherd and warned his companion, "Watch out for the dog, Chris." Mason continued at a steady pace, eyes forward, unconcerned. The dog, barking angrily, started to move and Marty warned again, "Chris, here comes the dog!" Mason, however, refused to heed the warning. The dog finally turned back, but Marty shouted "Look out!" and grabbed Mason's behind. Were a Villanova manager stationed nearby, he could have clocked Chris Mason breaking the school dash record.

Marty Liquori also has achieved a reputation as a pool hustler around the Villanova campus. One time another student, confident of his abilities with the cue, threw five dollars down on the table and challenged Liquori. They played and Liquori won by a single ball. "You were lucky," said the challenger and offered to play again. Liquori beat him by one ball. "I can play better than that," grumbled the other student. He did, but Liquori still won by one ball. The student lost $50 before finally realizing that no matter how well he played, Marty Liquori probably still was going to beat him by one ball.

The hustler in Marty Liquori surfaces frequently when he runs the mile, particularly indoors where he often must race two or three times a week and needs to conserve himself. Opponents find themselves getting beaten in mediocre times. "The only time I take the pace is to slow it down," says Liquori. In high school he once won a two-mile against Bob Boglione (now at Arizona State) by sprinting the straightaways hard enough to stay ahead, then practically jogging around the turns. "Bob's girlfriend was so mad after the race, she almost spit on me," recalls Liquori. He once told *Runner's World* reporter Dave Prokop: "Running a fast time is really no monument to your greatness. We know that within 20 years the athletes are going to be surpassing anything we can do anyway. So the way you have to judge a person is how he did against his competitors."

Marty Liquori, Jr. turned up from the beach and slowed to a walk just before reaching a brown-shuttered cottage. He stopped out back to hose the sand from his feet, then did several pushups on the porch. He gave his fiance Carol a friendly nudge before going inside to shower. His father had set a pair of track shoes at one end of the living room and was practicing putting by stroking a golf ball toward them. Years ago Marty Liquori, Sr., had harbored an ambition to race three-quarter midget racing cars, but his wife Sara (whom he met roller skating) talked him out of it. The senior Liquori once played high school football, but had to start work at age seventeen. Until young Marty was 15, his father could beat him in a 50-yard sprint. There are three younger Liquori children, two girls and a boy (Steve, also a runner). The senior Liquori worked in New York as an envelope and printing salesman until four years ago when, tired of commuting, he bought a service station only five minutes from his home in Cedar Grove, N.J. This permitted him to take up golf. In three years Marty Sr., had lowered his score into the 30s, and is especially proud of his drives. "Marty, you should have seen the drive I got on the fourth hole," he sometimes will tell his son. "Jack Nicklaus couldn't have hit it further."

"What score did you make on the hole, Dad?"

"Listen, you should have seen that *drive*," says the old man, who is a bit of a hustler too.

Marty, now dressed in faded jeans (the same type that Jim Ryun wears around *his* home) sat down for breakfast. Mother Liquori buried the table beneath an avalanche of orange juice, scrambled eggs, English muffins, jam, doughnuts and coffee. Her son believes neither in fancy diets nor in gulping large quantities of vitamins, and says, "Most athletes who do simply have expensive urine."

Born on Sept. 11, 1949, Marty Liquori, Jr., inherited his father's love of automobiles. At an early age his parents permitted him to buy an old car, which Marty proceeded to customize: "I nosed it, decked it, lowered it, de-chromed it, repainted it, then finally sold it. I was too young to drive." He entered Essex Catholic High School in Newark, N.J., hoping to play basketball. A classmate informed him the basketball coach liked his team to run cross-country. "I never heard of cross-country before," Liquori recalls. "I thought it was mostly jumping over logs, but I went out." By the time basketball tryouts started, he had made the first team in freshman cross-country, so he decided to stay with running: "I liked the individual aspect of the sport, the fact that I got credit for all the work I did. You can be the greatest quarterback in the world, but if you don't have receivers you won't get anywhere. In track, nobody on your team can drop a fly ball and lose a game. It's all up to you. Of course, the other end of the stick is when you step in front of 50,000 fans—nobody else can help you."

At the end of his freshman year, Marty Liquori crashed through what then seemed like a formidable barrier—2:10 for the half-mile. Never one to run any faster than necessary, he did 2:09.8. Buoyed by this early success, he spent the summer at the Jersey shore running 60-70 miles a week up and down the beach. He improved, but Essex Catholic was loaded with good distance runners and coach Fred Dwyer (former indoor mile champion and now Manhattan College coach) barely knew his name. Dwyer recalls standing next to a rival coach during one meet and complimenting him on the smooth stride of a runner on the back straightaway. When the runner came around the

turn, Dwyer was astounded to discover him wearing an Essex Catholic shirt.

Liquori eventually ran 4:17.1 as a sophomore. This caused a crisis in his life. He had played the guitar since age nine and assumed he could pay his way through college playing in rock bands, as he did Friday and Saturday nights before races. "You're going to have to break that guitar over your knee," Dwyer insisted, "or you'll never be a runner." With an athletic scholarship in sight, Liquori set the guitar aside.

"It's a funny feeling," Marty said while relaxing on the second floor of the cottage at the Jersey shore. After breakfast he had come upstairs to talk. "At that time I always thought there never would be a day when I wouldn't play the guitar for at least an hour. It's just like running is now. It's something I do every day, and it's funny to realize that some day running too will slip out of my life just like the guitar playing did."

After Liquori ran a 4:04.1 mile in the Penn Relays as a high school senior in 1967, Villanova coach Jumbo Jim Elliott obtained invitations for him to several west coast meets. (Marty planned to enter Villanova the following year.) Liquori responded by running 4:00.1 and beating Jumbo's best miler, Dave Patrick. Only two previous runners (Jim Ryun and Tim Danielson) had bettered four minutes in high school. Liquori hoped to equal their achievement at the National AAU championships in Bakersfield, Calif. "I ran as hard as I could, but when looked up in the third lap Ryun was a hundred yards ahead. I thought I must be running about 4:10 if I'm this far behind. Then I heard 3:02 at the three-quarters and said to myself, 'Oh God. I've run so many million 58s in practice. I've got to do just one more. I took off and went by about three guys on the back straightaway. Coming into the home stretch they all passed me, but I managed to hang in there." Ryun ran 3:51.1 that day, breaking his own world record. Liquori placed seventh, but in 3:59.8. "Later I went over and thanked Jim for the wonderful job of pacing he had done a hundred yards ahead of me."

At Villanova Marty Liquori vanished into the shadow of Dave Patrick, who that winter defeated Jim Ryun in the half-mile at the NCAA indoor championships. As a freshman, Liquori couldn't compete in college meets, so he trained hard and raced infrequently. Coach Elliott carefully saw that Liquori and Patrick never met until the first Olympic 1500-meter trial in Los Angeles in July. Patrick won as Ryun, ill with mononucleosis, missed the race.

The Olympic Games would be held that fall in 7349 feet high Mexico City. America's Olympic hopefuls embarked for a mountain training camp at Lake Tahoe, Calif., and took numerous tests, including one where they had to blow into a bag. "I could hardly move the needle," Liquori recalls, "and Dave was pushing the needle way over to the other side." But in the final trials it was Liquori finishing right behind Jim Ryun with Patrick fourth and off the team.

At Mexico City Liquori ran well in two preliminary heats to make the 1500-meter final, but something popped in his left foot. Although doctors failed to immediately diagnose the problem, he had suffered a stress fracture. The team trainers offered to shoot the foot with novocaine, but Liquori declined ("I don't even like taking aspirins"), figuring he could numb the foot with ice packs. He was wrong and, after going a half lap in the final, his smooth stride had been reduced to an awkward shuffle. A lesser runner would have quit. Nevertheless, he finished the race watching from the other side of the track as the altitude-raised Kipchoge Keino of Kenya defeated Jim Ryun. Rather than feel sorry for himself, he felt more sorry for his teammate. "Jim didn't lose the race that day," says Marty. "He lost it the day they awarded the Games to Mexico City."

In the post-Olympic year, Marty Liquori emerged as America's number one miler. Dave Patrick retired. Jim Ryun ran with disinterest, going through the motions of completing his last year of collegiate eligibility. At the NCAA track championships, Liquori became the first American in five years to beat Ryun at a mile. A week later at the National AAU meet, Ryun stepped off the track midway through a race won easily by Liquori in 3:59.5. But fulfillment was gone from Marty's victory since he knew he hadn't beaten Jim as much as Jim had beaten himself. "Too much competition. Too many records. Too much pressure," said Jim Ryun. He would not pick up a pair of track shoes for 13 months.

Later that summer in Europe, Liquori ran 3:37.2, fastest 1500-meter time of the year. *Track & Field News* ranked him number one among world milers.

But the year 1970 provided a series of minor disappointments for the Villanova runner. First, he had been injured most of the fall, and Ryun's absence would detract from anything he might accomplish. At the NCAA indoor meet, unheralded Howell Michael of William and Mary beat him in the mile. Then there was his fight with Henryk Szordykowski of Poland at the National AAU indoor meet. A year earlier, according to Liquori, Szordykowski had cut him off in an indoor race. In two earlier 1970 meets, the Pole fouled Marty's teammate Frank Murphy and Californian John Mason. "All these runners were getting knocked off the track and none of the officials were doing anything, because he was a foreigner and they didn't want to be inhospitable," says Liquori. Marty decided, before the start of the AAU mile, not merely to turn the other cheek. In the final quarter Szordykowski came up on Liquori. "He hit me once and started leaning on me trying to push me to the inside. I

hit him with my elbow, but he didn't take the hint. He still was pushing, so finally I just grabbed him by the shoulder and threw him away from me."

Liquori won, but boos echoed through Madison Square Garden. As Marty jogged around the track, one fan leaned out of the boxes toward him. "Who are you booing?" Marty asked.

"You, yuh bum!"

"Me?" Marty was incredulous, since he considered the Garden his home track. A videotape of the incident later showed the Pole guilty of the first aggression, but Liquori had added to his reputation as being the Man with the Golden Elbows. He talks more philosophically about the incident now: "Well, maybe I shouldn't have turned around at the finish line and shouted: 'Never do that again!' "

Marty also had last-lap words that spring with Kipchoge Keino, the only leading miler in the world he had not yet defeated. In the 1970 King Games, Keino attempted the same tactic that had proved successful against Ryun in Mexico City: bursting away from the field on the second lap. The Kenyan opened a 30-yard lead over Liquori. Then with one lap to go, Keino began tying up. In the last straightaway Keino moved wide, slowed, and smiled at Liquori charging past on the inside. Keino's too pat abdication enraged Liquori. "Don't quit, dammit!" he shouted angrily back over his shoulder. More boos from the fans.

The following month Liquori finished only third in the National AAU championships. He toured Europe, racing frequently (15 times in 30 days), and losing frequently. He didn't seem distrubed that his spotty record caused him to sink to eighth in the world rankings: "Carol came over for a couple of weeks. We met a lot of people and had a lot of fun, and that's what you should get out of sports, really. There is no money in track, so if you can't achieve fun and satisfaction there's not much reason for running."

Marty Liquori had another motive that summer: he wanted to scout the rivals he might face in the 1972 Olympic Games. "You can't learn much about the tactics of your opponents by reading statistics in *Track & Field News.*" In West Germany he raced Harald Norpoth, fourth in the 1968 Olympic 1500 meters. "I tried to stay with him and outkick him and he blew me out in the last straightaway." In Italy he raced Francesco Arese—and also got beat. "He has a great kick and relaxes well. He can hang on a fast pace, or even set it. He's very versatile."

Liquori hoped to race Jean Wadoux in France, but the AAU told him to come home. Wadoux has run 3:34.0 for 1500 meters, second only to Ryun's world record, but he frequently fails in major championships. Keino, defending Olympic champion, is totally unpredictable. "He might not run up to his best," suggests Cordner Nelson of *Track & Field News,* "but I don't think he's ever at his best."

Both Ryun and Liquori have more endurance than most milers. This is an important characteristic for an Olympic 1500-meter champion, who must run three races (quarterfinals, semifinals and finals) in three days. Comparing their times at 5000 meters (endurance), Liquori may have a slight edge over Ryun. Comparing their 440-yard times (speed), Ryun may have a somewhat larger edge over Liquori. It's ability over four laps that counts, however, and most track experts give Jim Ryun the edge here. Ryun has run a much faster mile and seems to possess more natural talent. Assessing their chances, Nelson says: "I expect Ryun to beat Liquori in 1972," (then hedges his bet), "but then I expected Ryun to win at the King Games, too." Physical ability isn't the only prerequisite for winning, however. "You have to want it," suggests Brooks Johnson, coach of Washington's Sports International club. "Ryun's been on top before. He may not be hungry enough. Marty is. He's a mean, mean son of a bitch."

It was late afternoon now on the Jersey shore. Marty Liquori had donned his running gear again—shoes this time, same pair of shorts, a brightly colored orange T-shirt. Outside the sun was attempting to break through an overcast sky. He started north along the highway that passes near his family's cottage. He ran on the sidewalks, stepping up and down over the curbs, another exercise to strengthen his arches. Some teenagers passed in a car and rolled down the window to shout, "Faster! Faster!" He ignored them. He ran along moving easily, head bobbing now to the front, now to the side, as he talked. Someone passed in a car, waved, and Marty waved back even though not recognizing the person.

After six miles, he turned back toward the cottage, and began talking about Jim Ryun. "We could ruin the whole thing by letting the press put a lot of pressure on us to run against each other week after week. Sure, the meet promoters would love it. So would the fans. But we might be tired out and some guy from Belgium, who had been storing his competitive juices all year, might go right by us in the Olympics."

Then he was off at a sprint, legs churning, arms pumping, hair flying, over a short patch of grassy lawn, across a street, onto another lawn, sprint, stop, bend over once to touch his toes, jog, walk, around the back of the cottage for a few quick pushups before going in to shower. The next day he would drive back to Villanova for a hard day's work on the track, another, another, more distance, more speed work, a race, a victory, a lot of victories. Ahead of him lay a summer of racing in Europe and his win in the Pan-American Games, a fall of easy cross-country running, a winter of trading elbows on board tracks, a spring that should include several confrontations with his rival Ryun, and maybe at the end of the next and longest summer, an Olympic gold medal.

ADJUSTING TO ADVANCING AGE

BY TED CORBITT

Ted Corbitt, a frequent contributor to Runner's World, is well qualified to discuss the special needs of the veteran runner. Corbitt works as a physiotherapist, and has been racing distances for nearly three decades.

Middle-aged men have come into long distance running in droves the last eight years on the wings of the jogging fad and the marathon craze. They pursue a variety of end results—physical fitness, recreation, socialization, tranquilization, or to fight boredom, engage in combat, win honors, etc.

Once hooked, the runner must decide on what level he is to play the running game and then commit himself to work towards his aims. Failure to set realistic goals or to plan step-by-step goals has led to problems and frustrations for many busy (often overworked) middle-aged runners.

The runner's first targets should be something that can be done with certainty. Goals may be changed as each level is conquered, but patience and progressive building can often lead to achieving all realistic goals and sometimes much more. The runner should think of himself in terms of a slowly cooking "stew" as opposed to a "quick fry" dish.

Many middle-aged runners, both novices and second career men, are interested only in the marathon. They skip the shorter races which can afford some successes (and they are certainly easier to finish)and help to toughen the body slowly. Some men, in fact, should *never* take on the full-length marathon, and instead should probably limit themselves to races up to 30 kilometers or 20 miles.

If the middle-aged runner is determined to race a marathon, the easiest way is to build up to it over a period of several years. The "big deal" in the marathon is cracking three hours, a worthy foe, notwithstanding the exceptional performances of such super-masters as Jim McDonagh, John A. Kelley, Monty Montgomery and Erik Ostbye. While these men can inspire other runners their age, few are prepared or able to make a serious training and racing effort to match them.

How much running to do and how often to train are frequent questions. We can learn from the marathoners of the past. Many of them trained only three days a week. The best got down to 2:32 for the marathon on something like 50 or even fewer miles a week. Today's masters runner should keep this observation in mind and not get "psyched out" by the 100 miles (and upwards) a week that he hears about. Under most circumstances, a determined runner can manage to find time to train three days a week as a minimum. The secret of success in these cases is to keep it up for several years without long layoffs. Steady running makes him more efficient, and therefore faster without straining.

While there is no doubt that a runner can get fit enough to race with as little as three workouts a week, at 10-12 miles each, or better yet 10-15 miles, or occasionally 10, 15 and 20 miles, there are numerous other possibilities. Some runners may find it easier or more practical to run several shorter workouts some days. He will still benefit from the cumulative effects. If the runner is not going to race the marathon distance, he need never train more than 90 minutes (10-15 miles) at a time. If he plans to race the marathon, he needs to train 20 miles or sometimes more.

The busy runner will best beat the time-deficit enemy by starting his workouts from his home and ending them there. The busy man also saves time by running alone most of the time, wasting no time waiting for running partners. Where possible, running to or from work, or both ways, is another useful method of logging mileage and saving precious time.

While the all-year approach to training is best, an injury is a signal to cut down or stop running, whichever is appropriate, to give the body a chance to heal itself. Next to lack of training time, injuries are the biggest roadblock to progress in running.

Running is not a muscle strength-building activity. By the time a man is age 40 and beyond, he usually will have started to lose muscle strength. The best way to prevent or slow this loss is to lift weights. Strength is important because it makes it possible to build more endurance than is possible with a body stacked with weak muscles, which tire quicker than do strong muscles. A tiring muscle rebels in some uncomfortable way and this slows or stops the runner and generally interferes with the endurance building effort.

Still, endurance can be built up without lifting weights or building up strength, simply by doing enough hard running, or by ignoring uncomfortable roadblocks thrown up by the body. Endurance for running can only be built by running—lots of it. However, the man with real strength will do a better job of building stamina.

How long is a running career? A casual observation suggests that a distance runner can count on about 10-12 years of effective racing and training on an all-out basis. It appears that no matter when one's running career begins, the pattern is similar. Sweden's Erik Ostbye started running in his late 30s, and at age 47 he cruised through marathons in 2:20 on three occasions. Monty Montgomery (65) and Bill Andberg (60) of the US also have made good marks at even older starts and ages, both running well under 3:00 for the marathon.

Sooner or later, either age or the wear and tear of running for years will erode the runner's fighting tools and his performance curve will regularly drop a few notches. The will to suffer and to train hard appears to decline. Injuries tend to come more often and are harder to lick.

At the inevitable decline, the long-term runner must choose: whether to race as a "loser", or to quit, or to run for fun, either in or out of races.

If continuing to run for health reasons, he should remember fitness can't be stored. It must be earned over and over, indefinitely. If a man runs for 20 years and stops completely, it is just a matter of time until he is in about the same physical condition as the fellow who has never done any running. Heart-lung endurance evaporates rapidly.

For the long haul, the middle-aged man might be better off considering a variety of endurance activities: walking, running, cycling and swimming. If boredom or injuries become a problem, he can drop running and substitute walking or another endurance activity. He can do them alone or in combination. It is consistent activity that is important.

For total fitness, endurance activities should be supplemented with strength and flexibility exercises. Rest, recreation, nutrition and proper use of the body complete the picture.

RUNNING THROUGH EUROPE

BY TOM STURAK

The following comprises edited and expanded journal entries from a six-week trip to Europe this past summer. Though I did not go abroad primarily to race, months before I had entered the veterans international 25-kilometer championships set for July 11 in Karlovy Vary, Czechoslovakia. (I had turned 40 two weeks earlier.) As it turned out, when the time came I had no business competing, because of a back injury. Nonetheless, I enjoyed participating in this event more than any other I can remember in some 25 years of competition. It was an impressive testimonial to the vitality of veteran long-distance running.

July 7 (10:20 a.m.) Where are we? Over Canada? Instant answer from squawkbox: south of Milwaukee, north of Chicago; landing in Toronto soon for brief stopover. Took off from Los Angeles *five hours* late. Seventy years ago my grandparents immigrated from Slovakia and endured a transatlantic crossing in steerage. Now I suffer the discomforts of a "fly by night" (give or take five hours) cattle boat of the 70s–a charter flight–so that (among other things) I can test my endurance over 25 kilometers in Czechoslovakia.

July 10 (1:10 p.m.) After spending two days in England, I'm now waiting for my flight to Prague, which will depart at least 30 minutes late. My luck, she is running to form. Damn back hurt the entire train trip down from Malvern.

July 10 (6:15 p.m.) Sitting on a red-and-yellow bench outside the Florenc bus terminal in Prague. Waiting again. Despite my heritage, the language barrier is *tres formidable.* Fortunately, a kind lady who understood basic English and spoke basic German helped me get information, and even led me to this pickup spot. The bus is here now–I think; at least it bears a sign: "K. Vary - Praha - A. Zpet."

From the air, Prague appears beautiful; and riding in from the airport, we passed impressive buildings and interesting sights. But over all hangs that same depressing pall I remember from Bratislava and Kosice in October of '68. Bad vibes. . . Now I'm actually on the bus. The bus driver collects 34 crowns (at the official exchange, a little over two bucks; okay for a 125-kilometer trip); he looks like my Uncle Frank.

July 11–Karlovy Vary (near midnight): Twenty-four hours and 25 kilometers ago–or was it 24 days and 25,000 kilometers?–I arrived here hungry and half-crippled (the bus ride *not* doing wonders for my back). Not knowing where to get off, I stayed on the bus until the end of the line. The bus driver proved a helpful, intelligent, resourceful man. At the garage, he and a friend pored over a letter (in Czech) from the race organizers and made several phone calls. (The friend knew some English: "Have brother New York.")

Eventually, the bus driver's son arrived driving a very small car. Within minutes we pulled up outside 18 Dimitrova, race headquarters, where I was led upstairs and turned over–like a lost five-year-old–to the organizing committee that was still at work. A tall, distinguished gentleman, Jan Popper, introduced himself and formally welcomed me in very good English. Studying my papers, Popper (who turned out to be a leading Czech sports journalist), smiled knowingly: "Ah, you represent the Southern California Striders. The best track club in the world." My stomach growled and my back twinged.

I was turned over to a committee member who spoke no English and less German than I do. At the only restaurant open at that hour, I settled for a small bowl of stewed apricots and a bottle of mineral water–not my usual pre-race supper, but better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.

Back to 18 Dimitrova (apparently a hostel reserved for sports tourists, newly remodeled); ushered up three flights of stairs and into a small darkened room crowded with eight cots. I was relieved–for the sake of my aching back–to find mine hard as a board but comfortable. Although several of my roomies proved to snore as well as they run, I managed to sleep fairly soundly for a few hours.

Up at six with three other late risers: Arthur Taylor of Canada, lean and fit looking but anxious about a recently injured leg; after a five-year layoff, he'd made an impressive comeback in the Canadian marathon championships (fourth, 2:27:22) to earn this trip. (US AAU representatives, please note: The Canadian AAU awarded fully paid, first-class trips to Karlovy Vary for the first two over-40 finishers in its marathon championships. The other qualifier declined because of serious injury.) Adolf Gruber, who I'd long known by reputation (three-time Olympian), a charming, irrepressible semicentenarian Austrian with more vitality than two men half his age and a command of colorful, colloquial English picked up on racing sojourns in the New York City area. Colonel Francois Genadry–Lebanon's lone representative–a mild-mannered, soft-spoken (in several languages) family man, who like Gruber carries scars from World War II wounds.

The jog of a few kilometers from hostel to assembly point on the main colonade turned out to be virtually the only warming up possible as we were hustled into ranks beneath placards designating, front to rear, our category: I (40-49), II (50-59), etc. Much shuffling and running in place during a half-hour of barely audible speeches from the mayor and other dignitaries.

Despite my wasted condition, the impressive assemblage–441 runners from 23 countries–stimulated my adrenal glands. Led by soldiers bearing flags of the participating nations, we marched about 700 meters to the starting line. Many runners–including older ones to the rear–broke ranks seeking out favorable positions. I'd been in the fourth row, but by the time the mob surged forward–I never did hear a command or a gun–I found myself trailing at least 100 runners.

The first few kilometers included some rough cobblestone footing, but the slightly upgrade road out of town along the Tepla River was a good asphalt surface. I was faking it (as I had in the US Masters 5000 the week before), but decided to go for broke–there was nothing to lose but a race. For awhile I moved steadily through the field. Coming up on Norman Ashcroft at 10 kilometers, I asked how fast we were going. "Quite well," glancing at his watch, "this is 90-minute pace." I knew I'd had it; that was too slow for the effort I was making.

At the turnaround I was momentarily aroused by excited cries of *"Le americain! Le americain!"* I am at a loss to explain what emotion or motive inspired this outburst from a French official. Over the next few kilometers on the return downgrade, I managed to pull down a few more runners (though, I admit, some were old enough to be my father). By the road-

side, groups of children clapped and chanted cheers; and an occasional bikini-clad bather would come up from the river to stare—and be stared at. But no stimulus could help me. Somewhere around 18 kilometers, the fabled chicken—and the bear—jumped me for good. The final five kilos, I moved in a fog of fatigue, only vaguely aware of the thousands of spectators lining the way back into town. A few hundred meters from the finish, three runners swept by me. The third one was the charm: I lurched forward and edged the staggering Swede. America's lone representative copped 45th in 1:38:41.

Meanwhile, the race up front came off pretty much according to form—with the notable exception of a relatively poor showing (seventh, 1:27:58.6) by Dave Power. The Australian was a heavy favorite, largely off a 1:21:53 performance last year (and he arrived here 14 days ago). But it was Arthur Walsham all the way in the humid, 90-degree heat. Walsham, 41, won handily by nearly three minutes in a good 1:22:39. He's undoubtedly capable fo running faster. In June he recorded a 2:21 marathon. Also this year, he did 29:53 for 10 kilometers on the road.

Swede Erik Ostybe's 1:25:27 led Category II by a full five minutes. Fifty-year-old Ostbye was third overall. Fellow Swede Tedde Jensen (68) took Cat. III in 1:40:54; and West German Friedrick Teppel (70), Cat. IV with 1:53:42—21 minutes up on countryman Arthur Lambert, who at 80 was the race's oldest competitor. (Lambert, who finished ahead of 95 runners, was a veteran the year I was born!)

Taylor's leg went out on him at about 20 kilometers, but he still trotted in 13th in 1:30:43.4. Gruber, just back from a six-week vacation in Greece with a young honey, placed 20th (1:45:13) in Category II. He ran with a handkerchief tucked under his cap, looking like a French Foreign Legionnaire; he's convinced that running bareheaded in the sun brings on meningitis. Genadry suffered bad stomach cramps—from drinking too-cold water he thinks—but nonetheless managed to finish.

Upon finishing, each runner was escorted into an enormous bath house. A lady doctor took my pulse for a few seconds and told me to go immediately and get something to eat and drink. I wish I knew exactly what she meant. Was I on the verge of death?

The baths were fabulous. After undressing and being swathed in great, coarse sheeting (like Roman togas), we had our choice of room after room of hot wooden tubs (built for two), showers, saunas, and (best of all, I thought) two adjacent pools—one warm, the other cold. As I was going from one to the other, an old German tugged at my hair and said, "Too long!" A highlight: Gruber, jaybird naked, discussing his pulse rate with a lady doctor.

A thrill: Driving to the afternoon banquet at the Grand Hotel Moscow (I've a hunch the last word is a recent addition) with Gruber at the wheel. He's right up there with Mexico City's *peseros* and Tokyo's *kamikaze* cabbies.

The GHM's dining room is truly palatial: dual curving staircases at one end, a raised stage with pipe organ at the other; the ceiling, three storeys high, a colored-glass canopy. Good five-course dinner; wine and beer. Lots of beer. In fact, the combination of too much beer and too many speeches (each translated into several languages) is too much for a few exhausted athletes, who long before the presentation of awards are blissfully oblivious, heads on tables.

The Japanese contingent sits together right under the stage. They include 19 runners (eight over 60) and with wives and officials must number about thirty. When their leader makes his speech (apparently "three-minute limit" cannot be translated into Japanese), most remove themselves to the opposite end of the room and take up positions on the steps of a grand staircase—like a college cheering section. A true national team, all wear identical outfits.

At last awards are presented. We all receive a handsome bronze medal, a gilt-edged porcelain plate (with Karlovy Vary's coat of arms and the date), a small book of photographs of the spa, a box of Karlovarske Oplatky (Carlsbad wafers), and other mementos. The first 200 finishers also select from a table full of merchandise. And everyone gets a copy of the results, complete with printed cover. One way or the other, all leave happy.

Walking the streets afterwards, I am occasionally accosted by fellow runners who warmly shake my hand and say obviously nice but largely unintelligible things. Gruber finally breaks the news to me: they've mistaken me for Ostybe. Well, as Janis Joplin sings, "Get it while you can."

July 12 (10:30 p.m.) Spent some time today inquiring about the possibility of contacting Emil Zatopek, who I had hoped (though I realized it was a faint hope) to interview. Before leaving England, I had been told by an exiled Czech athlete that according to the latest underground news Zatopek was living in a small village with restricted contacts and was not allowed to give interviews. However, my contact thought that "as a foreigner and not a political journalist" I might ask about him, that "nothing would happen to you but I am afraid people over there are cowards and won't give to you much information."

The most I get from any Czech is a shake of the head, a shrug, a *"nichts,"* or a quick duck beneath the language barrier. Among the runners, many of whom had known Z. over the years, rumors and gossip are rampant: He was here incognito to watch the race. He would very much like to compete as a veteran, but not under the present regime. For a period after his official disgrace (for speaking out against the Russian invasion), he was reduced to sweeping streets, an occupation usually reserved for the mentally retarded. Apparently, he does now live near Prague; and, stripped of party membership and military rank, works as an engineer for a water-drilling or some such company. (Later, in Vienna, Gruber tells me he's heard that Zatopek has pubicly recanted his "political sins"; if true, this is "very sad, because in his heart he can not have changed.")

Colonel Genadry is in the local hospital. His stomach cramps turned out to be a hernia. Taylor's on his way home, flying first-class. (Maybe I'll defect to Canada.) Gruber is endangering the life and limb of half of Czechoslovakia driving to Nove Mesto to meet another of his girlfriends. (A month later, I visit Gruber at his home in Vienna. While we talk, he addresses a stack of formal announcements of his engagement to Ludka Grackova of Nove Mesto. "I always said I would not marry a girl over 20," he shrugs delightedly, "but she is 23." He's leaving in a few hours for Czechoslovakia again, this time to visit his fiancee—and to compete in a marathon. His white-haired mother looks up from her sewing and quietly says something I can't make out. Gruber translates: "She says I enjoy life.")

Tomorrow morning I leave by train for Paris.

July 13 (11:25 p.m.) Riding the Prague-Paris Express, chomping a tortilla-size wafer of Karlovarske Oplatky—weird, sweetish stuff. Like the famed mineral waters, probably good for you but not so good tasting. But I eat out of hunger. Together with a pressed chocolate medallion (another race prize), this constitutes nearly my only food since lunch at Cheb (border town) and all I'm likely to have before morning (no dining car). I should try to sleep. . .

INSIDER'S CRITIQUE OF COACHING

BY PAT LANIN

Pat Lanin, a 33-year-old marathoner and science teacher, coaches both male and female distance runners at Eisenhower High School in Hopkins, Minn. In his first year of coaching, Pat's boys went through a 15-0 cross-country season in an area where the sport gets heavy emphasis. Hopes for a state championship vanished when a starting collision knocked five Eisenhower runners to the ground (one ended up on the hospital). The team still finished fifth, with Tim Heisel placing sixth individually. Lanin has candid thoughts on his successful first year of coaching.

I have several general thoughts (call them "philosophies" if you wish) regarding the coaching of distance runners:

• I'd rather run than coach. To me coaching is no big deal. The whole US athletic system seems to have three major goals: (1) To produce coaches to perpetuate the system; (2) to produce professional sport raw material; (3) to produce more spectators to fulfill the needs of (1) and (2).

• I'd like to see paid coaching abolished. I know that the pressures that build on a person from the financial commitment and the school spirit syndrome got to me my first year, and I found myself doing things as a coach that I had detested in coaches I knew.

• I have "coached" on an informal basis for seven or eight years without having any salary or obligations to any team or school. The results in every case were gratifying and the degree of success was uniformly high. I imagine the reason for success in this program was in part that anyone asking me for coaching advice (ages 12 to 50-plus) didn't need "motivation." They already had it.

• You can't make anyone run! A coach who has to motivate is wasting his time and energy. The motivational gimmicks will work for awhile, but the coach who needs the old "yea-team" method builds an aimless, mindless (as far as running is concerned) parasite instead of a self-motivated, critical, independent, free person. The virtues that coaches are always blowing about, that are supposed to be a result of athletic participation, are conspicuously lacking in 90% of the "finished products" turned out by our athletic establishment. In other words, when the average track athlete completes three years of high school and four years of college, for the most part he's unable to plan a training schedule, budget his time, decide on equipment, or organize himself in a way that would allow him to carry on an activity that has been a major part of the last third of his life.

Enough of my anti-jock establishment tirade and back to some topics more germane to the task at hand. Criticism is valuable only insofar as alternative measures are provided to correct the alleged inequities.

Down to the nitty gritty of my "alternative:"

1. There are always two or three workout options for each day. The options are all variations on the basic mode of the day, but are graded at three different ability levels. Anyone may choose to run any option. The kids decide their own work level.

2. I don't feel too keen when kids simply grouse about a certain workout, or try to fake it if they don't feel up to par, or are just not psyched for a "stress" run. I encourage the kids to come to me and level with me if they aren't up to the workout and let me know what they want to do that day. More importantly—why. I lose patience in a hurry if a kid just comes out to bitch about a workout. But I try to give him (or her) every consideration if he has a rationale for his actions.

3. I run every workout with the kids to gauge the work load and the level of conditioning—and because it is nearly as satisfying as competition, even though I rarely rank better than third man. I find it also helps me temper the workouts. Quite often one gets tempted to pile on the heavy interval sessions or double up on the work load. But when I'm running with the kids I can use my own reactions—psych, recovery ability or fatigue level—to modify the workout schedules. The kids appreciate the fact that I'm willing to undergo anything I ask them to do.

4. Regarding a training schedule, I usually lay out a pattern for the entire season and give a copy to each runner. The keynote of the schedule is *flexibility*. The training schedule is simply a guideline and not a rigid calendar of workouts. We have found it necessary to change a whole week's pattern to accommodate cumulative fatigue which accompanies the unrealistic meet obligations faced by the average high school runner. The kids welcome this and usually respond beautifully at the next competition.

5. As far as girls' coaching is concerned, my experience has been limited—but very rewarding. The girls seem to have fewer sex-identity problems than the boys do. An adolescent boy often has a complex array of motives directing him towards running—not the least of which is the desire to prove his manly sexuality through sport. Girls have the compulsion to prove themselves through sport in a similar fashion, but the identity problem here is of the opposite nature. The girls' self-concept of her female sexuality may be challenged by peers or family if she participates in such a demanding activity as distance running. For this reason, occasional quiet talks which will reinforce the girl's female self-image can do more towards motivating her in running than any rah-rah pep talk. The fact that a girl isn't concerned about a lack of feminity allows her to approach running on a more matter-of-fact basis without doubts about whether or not she is a "real woman."

What it all boils down to for both sexes is a healthful, almost subdued intellectual approach towards running. I view it not so much as a do-or-die sport, but as a quiet, introspective means of self-expression, without all the hang-ups created by "school spirit," an overly demanding competitive schedule, and the autocratic blood-and-guts approach to coaching.

MARATHON-TRAINED GIRL MILER

Nina Kuscsik, Sara Berman and other female "marathon specialists" have shown what happens when ladies increase their mileage. Their marathon times improve, same as with men.

But what hasn't been so clear is what happens to short distance times when women indulge in long, long runs. Not enough of them have done both. The experiences of one young lady, though, seems to indicate that quantity and quality go together well. Kathy is a 17-year-old from Phoenix, Ariz. She hasn't actually *raced* a marathon, but she has logged a three-hour training run, and regularly on Sunday mornings she goes 15 or 20 miles.

In February, Kathy, then 16, ran her best mile in the AAU indoor championships, placing second to Doris Brown with 4:55.6. The next week she raced a half-marathon in 1:23:56.

Though she sped up her training as the year went on, and cut down the miles, Kathy continued to mix racing distances effectively.

She ran a 2:06.7 half-mile, and in early June, paced 10,000 meters (in a track race against men) in 34:51—a world women's record at the seldom-run distance by nearly a minute.

This brought her to the AAU championships at Bakersfield. Doris Brown chose to go in the two-mile, Francie Larrieu was at less than full strength because of injury, and Eileen Claugus ran in the girls' division. Veteran internationalist Francie Johnson was the natural favorite in the 1500 meters. But young female runners are notoriously disrespectful to their older competitors. Kathy pulled even with Mrs. Johnson at three-quarters and then moved away powerfully to win in 4:19.2—equal to a sub-4:40 mile.

Miss Gibbons, a 5'7", 122-pound high school senior, wasn't really new to national championships. She had won the 1970 indoor title, but against softer competition. Kathy's coach, Dick Fuenning, had laid the plan for these meets. He says the goal this year had been "to peak for the national meet. Next year it will of course be to qualify and peak for the Olympic trials."

Fuenning's program would be demanding for any high schooler, male or female. In early September, he starts innocently enough by giving Kathy only about 20 miles a week. But this is deceptive. "We progressively increase the mileage through the fall," he says. His girls also get weight training, hill, sand and water work for strength.

Later in the fall, the coach says, "We increase the stress of running pace. Runs are over our 15-mile, 10-, six- and four-mile courses. Every Sunday there's a 'saturation run' of 15 or more." He also incorporates "bulk intervals" (one-, two- and three-mile repetitions) that decrease in distance and increase in pace through the winter and spring. Oh yes, Kathy also takes a morning run six days a week. "We work," says Fuenning, "to the edge of failing adaptation."

That "edge" apparently is farther out than generally imagined, and Kathy has shown that all this work doesn't dull her speed.

A MARK OF NOTE

Quick now: name the fastest high school miler in Oregon history. And a rich history it is, with Jim Grelle, Dyrol Burleton, Dave Wilborn and Steve Prefontaine all starting there and going on to greater glory at the University of Oregon and later. The string of Oregon-trained four-minute milers seems to stretch from Eugene to Portland and back.

But back to the original question. Who was fastest in pre-college days? Any of the above guesses is wrong. The man with the honor is Mark Feig. This summer Feig, an 18-year-old from South Eugene High School, moved ahead of all the others when he ran 4:05.1 during an all-comers meet at the University. The mark also made Mark the top prep in the country for 1971.

Not surprisingly, the lean (5'11", 130-pounds) Feig has followed the historic milers' trail into Bill Bowerman's school. Mark is now a freshmen at Oregon.

The adjustment shouldn't be too hard to make, since he doesn't even have to leave home to join the best miling force in the country—perhaps the world. And he'll hardly have to change a step of his training.

Mark's high school coach, Harry Johnson, already had him on a Bowerman-style routine, the "hard-easy" system. When Feig describes it, he seems to be reading a page from a Bill Bowerman book:

"My training consists of three to five miles every morning, followed by 10 x 110 (easy, medium and medium hard) every other day. The night workouts alternate hard and easy days: on easy days six to eight miles; on hard days intervals on the track—long and slow ones during the winter, but during the season mostly 110s to 660s at fast pace (goal pace, which I'm striving to reach, and date pace, what I'm running at that point)."

Feig will be right at home at Oregon, as the rich get richer.

MARK FEIG

ACROSS AMERICA ON FAITH

....But then we rounded a corner and there it was—the Atlantic Ocean, three blocks away. Every day while training, we'd run to Lake Michigan and back, thinking, "Someday this will be the Atlantic." We'd dreamed each of the last 94 running days how the Atlantic would look. Now here it was.

BY TONY AHLSTROM

No one can be blamed for not believing this story. Two college students, Joel Ahlstrom and his younger brother Tony, decide to run across the United States. Neither has ever competed in running, and neither had trained for it until last February. But they stick to their impossible dream. And by golly it comes true. They leave Long Beach, Calif., May 31 and reach Long Beach, N.Y.—2905 miles away—on Sept. 16. Every detail of their incredible story checks out.

Granted, the Ahlstroms took longer to make their journey than did Bruce Tulloh or Don Shepherd. But the brothers had other things on their minds. Their purpose was to spread the word about pollution—"both environmental and spirtual"—and they spoke to civic and governmental leaders every day, all the way across the country.

The Ahlstroms are from Jackson, Mich., and attend Trinity College, a Baptist-affiliated school near Chicago. Joel is 26 and Tony 23 (both had birthdays en route). Both are deeply religious and didn't run on Sundays, choosing instead to speak at churches. Tony, who plans to become an evangelist, details their adventures.

Here was the day we had looked forward to for over a year and a half. We'd thought about it every step of the way across the United States and were expecting to run these last 35 miles on psych alone. It was becoming one of our worst days.

The reception is lower Manhattan had been fine, and sort of humorous. We jogged across the Brooklyn Bridge in the slow lane with a police escort. No one was passing us. I looked back and saw a terrific traffic jam behind us. The police had blocked *all* the traffic on the bridge just to let us run across. At the peak of the bridge, we looked back again and saw traffic clogged all the way back to lower Manhattan. Drivers were thinking, "What's this world coming to when New York traffic stops for two runners?"

Farther along, in Queens, a fellow beside the road shouted only the second negative comment we'd heard on the entire run: "What a way to spend my hard-earned taxes—escorting a couple of *joggers* across town." (The other bad comment came in a one-horse town out west, where an old duffer said, "There are a hell of a lot worse problems in this country than pollution.")

As we ran toward the finish in Long Beach, the temperature on a bank sign read 92, and we were suffering. Reaching Long Beach, the streets literally were lined with people. This may sound glorious, but we weren't appreciating the reception. We had drunk too much orange juice and were sick to our stomachs. Our heads were spinning from the heat and the sirens of our escorts. Our finish wasn't at all what we'd expected.

But then we rounded a corner and there it was—the Atlantic Ocean, three blocks away. Every day while training, we'd run to Lake Michigan and back, thinking, "Someday this will be the Atlantic." We'd dreamed each of the last 94 running days how the Atlantic would look. Now here it was.

Lining the boardwalk were 600 cheering spectators. A band was playing. A banner stretched across our "finish line." Someone had even thought to plow a solid path down to the ocean for us. When we saw the ocean, though, we forgot everything else—the people, the sirens, the sickness. We sprinted with all the speed we could muster, straight into the ocean. We're Baptists, you know! We were both crying, I'll have to admit.

The idea of running across the country had come to us about two years earlier. Looking back, it was a hair-brained scheme. We've both been gung-ho athletically, but never in an organized way. We had never competed in running, or even trained for it. But once we got the idea for this run (it seemed like a unique thing to do), we adjusted to training quickly. We were doing our miles easier than many regular runners we saw. I'll have to say, though, that my first three weeks of training were harder than anything on the trip. I was doing 10-12 miles a day and sometimes was so sore I couldn't walk up and down steps.

We started training in February 1970. From the start, our whole goal was to run across the country. You may not believe this, but it never occurred to us that we couldn't run 32 miles, day after day. This may sound corny, but we feel it was the Lord's idea. He says if a goal isn't something that seems impossible, it is too small. Get rid of it. It's a lousy goal. You've got to think there is no possible way to do it alone, and then place your faith in the Lord. Only then do you have a worthwhile goal. You have to trust Him. And I learned a lot of faith this summer.

Last November, we went from Chicago to Detroit—270 miles in 10 days—on what was called the "Solution to Pollution" run. This had an important mission of its own, but it was really just a warmup for crossing the country. You see, no one believed we could do it. It didn't matter that our friends didn't believe it. But we had to recruit underwriters. We couldn't approach them empty-handed and say, "We're going to run across the United States. Can you supply the such-and-such?" They'd think we were nuts and would throw us out.

So we ran to Detroit literally on a shoestring. It got great coverage nationwide. The anti-pollution ordinance we proposed was passed by the city of Detroit. And we had an impressive portfolio to show prospective supporters.

The response was unbelievable. Trinity College provided us with scholarships. Adidas gave us shoes and equipment, the Bike company supplied supporters, headbands, salt tablets. A company in Nebraska supplied a camper. Everyone was cooperative. Not one company we approached said no. The project probably cost more than $100,000. We actually raised about $80,000 and are still working on the rest. But Joel and I got no money ourselves, just supplies and expenses. We did it for reasons other than money.

Armed with all this support and with training that had reached 25 miles a day, we drove to Long Beach, Calif. This was the first run, to our knowledge, that went from "water to water"—the Pacific shore to the Atlantic shore.

We were aiming at 32 miles a day and stayed very close to that schedule. We'd start at 6 a.m. and spend four hours a

day on the road—going eight miles an hour, sometimes faster. On the Vail Pass in Colorado, we dropped to seven, and on the Loveland Pass to six. But then we went 10 coming down and made up for lost time. Generally, we'd go 15-18 miles to start the day, then 10-12 more after a short break, then whatever was left. The breaks between runs would only be 10-15 minutes for drinks.

Luckily, we had plenty of help. One man went ahead to the big cities to line up press conferences and speaking engagements. Another stayed just ahead of us, arranging meals, motels and that kind of thing. And we had a helper on the road all the time. So we didn't have to worry about details.

The reception across the country could not have been humanly better. Every day was a great experience, and interest warmed up as we moved east. One incident in particular stands out. Fort Wayne, Ind., is one of the most progressive cities in the country in garbage treatment procedures. They recycle everything, not just that which can be resold. Much of it is compressed into little bricks, which are burned for power. Someday, Fort Wayne hopes to power the entire city with recycled garbage.

Tony (left) and Joel Ahlstrom at the Atlantic.

We carried news of this project to other cities. Oil City, Pa., has a major garbage problem, as do most communities. When told about Fort Wayne's experience, Oil City officials immediately made plans to send a group there to study the set-up. This is very tangible evidence that our run did some good.

Along the way, we spoke to 86 service clubs, met with 110 government officials and spoke every weekend in churches—as many as seven in one day. It got so we were moving all the time. We had planned on getting nine hours of sleep a night. But I figure I averaged about six. I'm sure we had extra help that kept us going.

Injuries were something of a problem. In Colorado, I had serious trouble with my ankle. It got so bad I could barely run. A doctor told me to get off it. That night I laid awake thinking and worrying that it was going to wreck the whole effort. I prayed, "Lord, please fix it." And sure enough He did. The next day I was back on the road, and the ankle gave me no more trouble.

Coming across Illinois, my knee was giving me trouble. We had physical exams at the Chicago Civic Center, then had our biggest press conference in Mayor Daley's office. A doctor there told reporters, "Joel Ahlstrom is in excellent shape. But Tony... well, to put it bluntly I don't think he will make it."

"Don't worry," I told him, relating the earlier experience. "Well, maybe," he said. "But I think it's going to take more than faith to heal that knee." The knee turned out to be another blessing. It let the Lord show His power again. I had no more problems with the knee.

Joel had two problems. He had achilles tendonitis, not serious, the first day. A change of shoes cleared that up. In Colorado, he picked up a virus and was very sick. He missed a day, which we made up later. I was sick in Ohio—on my birthday—and had to miss a day there. We made that up, too, and finished right on schedule, on Sept. 16 after 94 running days.

The only regret I have now is that we didn't time our actual running. I doubt that anyone has covered the miles faster than us. We didn't spend much time on the road.

We really burned out once in a while, too. Sometimes we cruised along for 10 or 12 miles at 10 miles per hour (6:00 mile pace). I always ran one step behind Joel. He set the pace, and if he wanted to go I went with him. Coming into Davenport, Iowa, we were late for a press conference. We got a late start and had 36 miles to cover. We made it in four hours, including two 10-minute breaks!

Joel finished as fit, if not more fit, than when we started. He was tired *of* running, but not tired *from* it. He trained harder for the run than I did, and was in much better shape when we left the west coast. I improved as we went along. When we got to New York, I was twice the runner I was when we started.

Almost from the time we started, Joel and I dreamed of the day we could wake up and not have to think of running 30 or so miles. It starts to get to you after awhile, knowing nothing lies ahead except another stretch of endless highway.

It's a great relief to be finished, I'll have to admit. The pressure is off now and I feel great. I laid off of running for about 10 days, but now I'm back and doing only about 17 miles a day. I enjoy running a lot more now, and I can't see stopping. But the cross-country run was a once-in-a-life time experience that we won't be repeating. We probably won't take any more long runs like this, and I won't become a runner in the competitive sense. There are too many other things that lie ahead for me.

WHAT'S NEW IN NUTRITION?

Generally speaking, more garbage is written in the name of "sound nutrition" than on any other subject in athletics. Mama's table apparently isn't good enough for the athlete in training. He's led to believe he's separate from normal humanity, and that as an athlete he has special needs. And maybe, just maybe, if these needs are met just so, some hidden source of strength and endurance in him will be tapped.

Nutritionists—from experts to shaky theorists to crass capitalists—are all too willing to jump in and feed on these imagined needs and dreams. Witness the flood of dietary articles in athletic publications (we haven't run our quota, and have been asked to do more), and the pills and potions flooding the athletic marketplace.

George Sheehan, M.D., is *Runner's World's* resident expert on dietary matters, and he tends to look skeptically at wonder diets that venture away from solid (and suprisingly simple) fundamentals of nutrition which apply to all—athlete and non-athlete alike.

Dr. Sheehan said in another context, "When medical men experiment with a number of different cures, that's a sure sign none of them work very well." The same observation could apply to athletic diets and dietary supplements.

"The food problem is like religion and politics," Sheehan says. "Lots of beliefs, but no facts." He agrees with Canadian researcher J.V. Durnin, who has concluded, "The ideal diet only provides a neutral atmostphere." In other words, a diet is either clearly adequate or inadequate. And an adequate diet merely frees an athlete to seek his potential; it can't be made super-adequate and can't compensate for shortages in training and talent.

Defining the term "adequate" is the problem, and that's the major source of argument. A number of recent articles and studies on athletic nutrition have said we may be barking up the wrong tree with regard to diet. We've tended to think we need more calories, more meat, more salt, more vitamins. The truth may be just the opposite. We could be suffering more from overabundance than scarcity.

Consider these medical findings:

- German Dr. Ernst Van Aaken recommends that distance runners eat 2000 calories or fewer a day (far below current suggested levels for active persons), and slash their weight 20% below "normal" for their height and age.
- Dr. Kenneth Cooper has found that common salt loss during marathon running is minimal. Other researchers have gone so far as to say that high salt intake (in shaker, tablet or salted-drink form) actually *impedes* adaptation to heat.
- Swedish Dr. Per-Olof Astrand says it's imperative for endurance athletes to severely limit protein (meat) intake—or eliminate it altogether—in the last several days before competition.
- Dr. Sheehan says, "Food intake is similar to filling a cup. Each of us has specific capacities or requirements. . . Any more spills over. Increasing protein or vitamins beyond established needs does no good." His conclusion is that athletes who heavily supplement their diets have "the most expensive urine in the world."

Four separate articles that follow will look into these claims, each of which debunks long-held beliefs about athletic nutrition.

THAT BURDEN YOU CARRY

Powerfully-built Australians Ron Clarke and Derek Clayton, along with their stocky New Zealand cousin Peter Snell, are exceptions. They aren't typical distance champions. They appear, when standing beside their skinny colleagues, to be too heavy. When they jump on the scales, it knows someone is there. They cast a distinct shadow.

Hollow cheeks, arms no bigger than a shot putter's finger and ribs that can be counted at 20 paces are the norm in the distance runners. They come in all sorts of packages—tall and short, old and young, handsome and homely, mile and female, rock-muscled and skinny. But never pudgy. The fast ones are never pudgy, anyway. Even Clarke, Clayton and Snell—big by runner standards—carry no excess baggage in the form of fat.

High speed and low weight obviously go hand in hand in distance running. But the question is, are runners fast because they're naturally lean or are they lean because they're runners? Some of both.

Running does melt off weight, though not as quickly as generally believed. Dr. Peter Wood, a medical researcher and distance runner for over 30 of his 42 years, says, "Running is not really a very good way to lose weight rapidly. Actually, you'd have to run about 50 miles to lose a pound. What it can do pretty effectively is prevent weight gain in middle age."

More likely, the better runners are born with construction the scientists call ectomorphic. They're thin and small-boned,

and relatively free from the depressing tendency to add weight seemingly by just smelling food.

Weights of runners fall well below levels considered normal by the medical profession. Statistical evidence indicates that typical running weight (in pounds) is approximately twice a man's height (in inches). In other words, a 5'10" (70-inch) man wouldn't vary much from the 140-pound figure.

Over 70 male distance runners have been featured in *Runner's World* or *Racing Report* profiles. For the group, the average height-weight ratio is right at 50% (the higher the weight, the lower the percentage). These are the figures by age and event:

Ages 20-39 (10,000m and less)	49.85%
Ages 20-39 (above 10,000m)	49.78%
40 and over (all events)	48.40%
19 and under (all events)	52.09%

(Women in their 20s and up average 55.76%, while the girls in their teens have a height-weight ratio of 67.6%. Walkers are heavier than any of the running categories at 47.37%.)

Only two of the surveyed runners—Mark Covert and Herb Lorenz—have a height-weight percentage less than 45%. On the other hand, 38 of the men—more than half of them—show ratios of 50% or more. The rest fall between 45 and 50%.

Data on several hundred other runners bears out these findings. The majority is lighter than 50%, while only a tiny percentage is heavier than 45%. Perhaps these figures will mean more if they're put in actual height-weight terms. The 45% level seems to be a minimum standard worth seeking. This works out to these weights for each height:

(Of nearly 500 male runners surveyed—half-milers to ultra-marathoners, all ages—95% weighed less for their height than the amounts indicated here.)

5'2"	138 pounds	5'9"	153 pounds
5'3"	140 pounds	5'10"	155 pounds
5'4"	142 pounds	5'11"	158 pounds
5'5"	144 pounds	6'0"	160 pounds
5'6"	147 pounds	6'1"	162 pounds
5'7"	149 pounds	6'2"	164 pounds
5'8"	151 pounds	6'3"	166 pounds

Statistically, the odds are heavily stacked against a man weighing 180 pounds or more ever breaking records or running in the Olympics—unless he is seven feet tall. Even Ron Clarke and Derek Clayton—both over six feet tall—only weigh in the 160s. And Peter Snell, one of the most muscular world record holders ever to pound the track, was about 5'11" and 170.

Obviously not everyone has the basic physical construction for weights this low, but there's nothing to stop anyone from seeking his own racing level. Apparently he'll have a better chance of improving that level if he's carrying less bulk. Fat is fatal to a runner, and the scales may be as important a training aid as the stopwatch.

Dr. Sheehan says, "I'm sure you should maintain your best weight at age 21-22, certainly no more." He adds that in most cases, particularly when a man drifts far above his ideal weight, that dieting must come into the scheme of things since "the amount of calories used up running is not that great. Figure 100 per mile."

German sports doctor Ernst Van Aaken firmly believes that the runner, even for all his activity, consumes far too many calories. "He should not go beyond 2000 a day," says Van Aaken, citing a caloric intake considered about normal for sedentary adults.

"Get your weight down to 20% below the so-called normal weight," the doctor continues. "The best thing is to run with a certain feeling of hunger."

Dr. Van Aaken, a coach with solid credentials (he advises one-time world record holder Harald Norpoth, a 6'1", 130-pounder), claims training methods are overly complicated. He says one of the primary values—if not the main benefit—of regular and extensive running is to shed weight and keep it off. The longest endurance distances, the 100-mile weeks, he theorizes, mainly reduced the weight of the heavily-built Peter Snell. "But they need not be used for slim runners like Norpoth."

The logic of weight control is this simple. Food is fuel, but runners aren't automobiles. Give a car too much gasoline and the excess runs out on the ground (and possibly does less harm there than when burned in the engine). However, when runners take on too much fuel, their tanks expand to make room for it. And the burden stays to be transported as unwanted baggage. Every extra calorie comes back to haunt them.

SALT'S NOT THE SOLUTION

Athletes, their coaches and advisors from the medical field generally swallow the theory that runners need more salt than most people. The logic goes like this. They lose salt water by the handful through perspiration, therefore it must be replaced. Without high salt intake, cramping is inevitable, heat exhaustion likely.

Lately, though, this reasoning has come under serious question. Dr. Kenneth Cooper has concluded after testing distance runners that no significant amounts of sodium chloride (the ingredients in table salt) are lost during marathon running. The main drain, he says, is in magnesium. "Since one of the symptoms of magnesium deficiency is muscle cramping," the author of *Aerobics* notes, a distance runner should be more concerned with consuming that substance than with gobbling salt tablets or drinking commercial salt-replacement solutions.

"I know that many marathoners have been using Dolomite in an effort to reduce muscle cramping," says Dr. Cooper. "Dolomite contains calcium and magnesium (so) perhaps this use is justified. I would say that a magnesium loss could occur during long distance running and would suggest the use of a magnesium replacement."

Cooper won't go so far as to say that extra amounts of salt—above levels contained naturally in most foods—is unnecessary, but he feels there are definite limits to salt needs.

"One of the greatest factors leading to heat stress problems," he says, "is inadequate fluid replacement, particularly in heat acclimatized subjects. Salt tablets alone may do more harm than good if taken without adequate fluids. As a means of preventing heat stress, I always encourage adequate fluid replacement *first* and salt intake second. Most runners can compensate for the salt loss, once they are heat acclimatized, by merely adding extra salt to their food. In fact, most of our noon runners in San Antonio (Texas) do not find it necessary to take salt tablets even though three- to five-mile runs were quite common in high temperature, high humidity conditions so prevalent during the summer. On no occasion did one of our runners suffer a heat stress syndrome."

Two other medical researchers go beyond Cooper's claims.

Drs. James Schamadan and W.D. Snively conclude after testing runners in the 100-degree-plus heat of Israel and Arizona that heavy salt intake may *accelerate* the process of heat prostration rather than offset it.

The teenagers that Schamadan and Sniveley studied developed serious potassium deficits despite adequate diets and supplementary salt. (Potassium is another of the key blood electrolytes--along with magnesium, calcium and sodium.) The deficiencies disappeared, however, when they switched to foods with higher potassium content and stopped taking salt tablets.

The doctors say high salt intake throws the body's chemical balance out of whack by putting too much sodium chloride into the system. One effect may be to speed the sweating rate, thereby draining the athlete not only of liquids but of vital potassium, calcium and magnesium.

The medical men have found through research what many runners are finding through experience--that salt may inhibit rather than enhance endurance, particularly on hot days.

Tom Osler, author of *The Conditioning of Distance Runners*, shook the salt habit six years ago with beneficial results. Through the years, Tom had noticed caked salt from head to toe after he finished his long runs. In 1965, he decided "the average American diet is unnaturally high in salt content." He figured his requirements for salt could be met by eliminating the salt shaker altogether.

Tom is reluctant to discuss his experiences further for fear of creating the impression that he possesses scientifically tested data. He doesn't. But he senses he is onto something significant. He weighs less now, sweats less, and the sweat is less salty. "Before 1965," he adds, "I was a terrible hot day runner. After my salt discovery, I found that I was one of the best."

This statement from Osler, like those from the doctors, steps into the area of the revolutionary. They all go directly against prevailing athletic thinking, and must be taken. . . well, with a grain of salt. But obviously these men are chipping away at tradition and are getting to facts.

SKIP MEATS BEFORE MEETS

"The way some runners eat their T-bone steaks before their races," Arthur Lydiard has said, "you'd think they were worried about dying of malnutrition at 50 meters."

Lydiard, a coach of considerable experience, has watched too many athletes stoke up on food before races. They hope to add extra go-power, but often they stuff themselves right out of contention. It's another case of *too much* food being the culprit.

Evidence indicates that the endurance athlete can operate effectively on little food and even less protein before competition. Per-Olof Astrand, a Swedish medical researcher and avid cross-country skier, tells of his experience: "During three days, we covered a distance of about 65 kilometers (39 miles) in a ski tour in the mountains. The calculated caloric output was a total of some 18,000 calories. Only 1000 calories were supplied. These came almost exclusively in the form of carbohydrates."

Astrand has been instrumental in putting down traditional pre-event misinformation. Myth Number One, he says, is the stubborn belief that protein consumption (meat, fish, poultry, etc.) stimulates maximum performance.

"The fact that muscles are built of protein makes it tempting to conclude that ingestion of extra protein stimulates muscle growth and improves muscle strength," Astrand wrote in the June 1968 issue of *Nutrition Today*. "Such thoughts have influenced the athlete's diet for at least 2500 years. But as far as we know, a well-balanced diet of normal foods will provide all the protein an athlete needs for peak performance.

"In one experiment, we compared cross-country skiers who raced 20 to 50 miles in one day with resting athletes used as controls. There was no noticeable difference in the amount of protein used."

Carbohydrate intake is the key factor, Astrand says. Before hard exercise, he has found, the endurance athlete's diet should include higher than normal quantities of bread, potatoes, sugars and the like. High-carbohydrate diets increase the supply of glycogen--an energy-producing substance--in the body.

"Apparently glycogen stores in the exercising muscles are very important in determining maximum work time," the Swedish doctor said in the *Nutrition Today* article. His controlled tests with subjects riding to exhaustion on a bicycle ergometer support these claims.

"After a normal mixed diet (protein, carbohydrate and fat) and with an initial glycogen content of 1.75 grams per 100 grams of wet muscle, a workload of 75% of maximal oxygen uptake could be tolerated for 114 minutes (average of nine subjects).

"After three days of a diet consisting entirely of fat and protein, the glycogen concentration fell to 0.65g./100g. The standard workload could only be maintained for 57 minutes.

"After three days of a carbohydrate-rich diet, the glycogen content was higher--3.51g./100g., and the same work could be continued for 167 minutes. What the subject could only do for an hour on a fat and protein diet, he could do for 2½ hours when much carbohydrate was added to the diet for three days."

Astrand went even further in his testing, uncovering information potentially quite valuable to athletes preparing for exhausting efforts.

"The most pronounced effect was obtained if the glycogen content was *first emptied by heavy prolonged exercise* and a diet very rich in carbohydrates given for three days. With this procedure, the glycogen content could exceed 4.0g./100g. wet muscle, and the heavy work tolerated for prolonged periods--sometimes more than four hours."

In other words, an athlete may be able to increase his work capacity by 400%, simply by altering his diet at key times. (A warning here: a runner obviously isn't going to go four times *faster*. The tests show only that he operates longer at a fixed pace.)

Dr. Astrand offers this practical advice to pre-competitive athletes:

"The proper preparation for a competition in any endurance event exceeding 30-60 minutes would be to exercise to exhaustion the same muscles that will be used in the event. This shall be done about one week in advance to exhaust glycogen stores. Then the diet should be almost exclusively fat and protein for about three days. This keeps the glycogen content of the exercising muscles low. As the big day nears, the athlete should add large quantities of carbohydrate to the diet. 'Add' is the word, because the intake of fats and protein should be continued. This regimen is recommended for anyone preparing himself for prolonged, severe exercise. We have found it works."

Others have gone a step beyond Astrand's recommendations. German doctor Ernst Van Aaken says, "The middle and long distnace runner of the future must again learn how to fast, the best thing being to run with a certain feeling of hunger. Digestion shortly before or during a race wastes energy. In order to force the reserves of the liver and of the muscles to build up from the body substances and from surplus deposits, it is advisable, expecially for the marathon runner, to put in occasional days of strict fasting. . . This teaches the body to live on its own reserves."

Swedish marathoner Erik Ostbye (who recently ran 2:28 at age 50, and won the International Veterans 25-kilometer race in his age group), fasts regularly and religiously. About eight days before an important competition, he goes on a four-day fast, drinking only fruit and vegetable juices. During this time, he loses five or more pounds and says his body is "cleansed" of waste products. Then he stokes up on carbohydrates the last four days while cutting down on training.

The effect is the same as with Dr. Astrand's pre-competition diet. Glycogen stores are first drained and then pumped to super-normal levels. Astrand says, "The higher the glycogen content, the better the performance. With the glycogen depots emptied, the work has to cease."

THE MEALS OF CHAMPIONS

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

When Bob Kiputh was turning out those powerful swimming teams at Yale he would have nothing to do with vitamins or special foods. His diet was simple. The Breakfast of Champions was a long workout for stamina; the Lunch of Champions was a grueling session for strength, and the Supper of Champions was an exhausting practice for speed. Hard work gives speed, strength and stamina, said Kiputh. Forget about vitamins and latest food fad, they just distract the swimmer from the business at hand.

Thirty years, a hundred food fads and thousands of dietary investigations later, Kiputh's judgment still looks good. Most nutritionists now believe that vitamins and minerals given over and above those in a good mixed diet have no effect on athletic performance. The old Basic Four (milk, fruit-vegetable, meat, and bread) give us all we need.

What we need has been established by the Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Science and is known as RDA (Recommended Daily Allowances). These RDAs are, if anything, more liberal than stringent. Certainly experiments have shown that any increase over these requirements does nothing for athletic achievement. This was proven for the protein requirement in a study done at the Marine officers school at Quantico. More red meat, it seems, failed to light any fire under the Marines. Similarly, the Air Force found vitamin C to be a washout when given to a large group of exercising officers at Maxwell Field.

So goes report after report. "There is no evidence," writes Dr. E.R. Buskirk of Penn State, "that superior performance results from taking more of a single nutrient than required."

Despite the negative evidence athletes and coaches along with the general public continue to look for the super diet; and investigations of lockers will turn up such items as queen-bee extract, seaweed cakes, wheat germ oil, sunflower seeds and paperbacks on the latest in macrobiotic diets.

Sound physiology as far as food is concerned is ridiculously easy. A couple of programs on the Basic Four on Sesame Street could make dieticians out of pre-schoolers. But unfortunately Americans tend to read directions on everything from a TV set to their own bodies only when things go wrong.

Ask any college male to name the Basic Four and he'll probably answer George Andre, Jethro Pugh, Bob Lilly and Larry Cole. No wonder Dr. Allan Ryan at the University of Wisconsin found a majority of varsity swimmers, basketball players and hockey players had diets deficient in RDAs for vitamin A, vitamin C and calcium.

No parent or ex-athlete would be surprised. Diet to the college athlete is missing breakfast (that bed is too sweet in the morning); avoiding green and yellow vegetables (why change the habits of a lifetime?); cutting down on milk (in favor of coffee, Coke, beer).

To counteract what is, by current thinking, nutritional idiocy Dr. Ryan suggests team members be issued a daily vitamin. Surely at three cents a day there is no better buy in America. But the Ryan study raises some larger questions.

We have already seen that amounts over the RDAs do not influence an athlete's output. Can we conclude from the Ryan study that even the RDA amounts may be unnecessary? The report says merely that these men had varsity status and presumably were measuring up to those standards, yet they were technically undernourished.

What say you then about the ordinary American's vitamin needs? Apparently unless he is caught in some odd food fantasy (health food, according to investigators P.K. New and R.P. Priest, is symbolic of a continuing search by the user for peace of mind) or is living on Coke, alcohol or coffee, even at three cents vitamins are no bargain.

If the average college athlete is on a diet lacking the established essentials and yet is by stopwatch, tape measure, blood tests, cardiograms and lung capacity tests, superior in fitness to 99 per cent of the country, what can we say about vitamins? Yin and yan? Health foods? Organic vegetables?

"That's cool, too," or "Whatever turns you on," seem the most appropriate. The battle, you see, is elsewhere. Enrichment of milk, bread, and cereals have pretty much destroyed the nutritionists' traffic in avitaminosis; and substituted overweight as our major opponent.

The best diet for overweight: Well, about 30 years ago at Yale there was a coach named Kiputh who had a very simple diet. You began in the morning with. . .

CLASSIFIED NOTICES

JUDGE JOHN G. BROSKY INTERNATIONAL 10,000-meter Cross-Country Championship, Saturday, November 20th. Report 9 a.m. Flagstaff Hill, Schenley Park, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entry fee and requirements on entry blank. Write C.A. Herman, 5001 Lougean Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa. 15207.

SUNFLOWER STATE MARATHON and 10-mile road race, Dec. 4, 1971, Winchester, Kansas. Contact Mel Vos, Box B, Winchester, Ks. 66097.

USTFF-DENTON MARATHON, January 22, 1972, Denton, Texas. For entry blanks and information write: Mr. Terry Holbrook, Asst. Track Coach, Athletic Department, North Texas State University, Box 13917, Denton, Texas 76203.

ARKANSAS AAU 5TH ANNUAL GROUND HOG DAY MARATHON, 10:30 a.m., Saturday, January 29, Age groups. Two laps on a moderately rolling, nationally certified course on Petit Jean Mountain, Morrilton, Arkansas. Contact: Dr. Cecil McDermott, Hendrix College, Conway, Arkansas 72032.

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MEDICAL ADVICE

BY GEORGE SHEEHAN, M.D.

HOW GOOD IS MILK?

Q: *I have read that milk cuts down on stamina and endurance and increases fatigue; also that it causes colds. Is this ture? Is milk really bad for runners, even young ones? (Tom Marvoe, Seattle, Wash.)*

A: I doubt that these contentions would receive much support from nutrition experts. Milk is, after all, the perfect food for young mammals. It contains a good supply of protein and the essential amino acids, plus calcium and the fat-soluble vitamins.

The possibility of milk being detrimental exists, I think, in three areas: (1) excessive weight gain from taking too many calories in milk; (2) allergy to milk with resultant intestinal gas, cramps, diarrhea or constipation, itching, colds, bronchial difficulties or whatever manifestation the allergy takes in the body; and (3) lactase deficiency which occurs in some people and makes them intolerant of milk, leading to gastro-intestinal symptoms—mainly diarrhea.

Most people with milk allergy or lactase deficiency do not drink milk anyway through some body intuition. If you have never been much of a milk drinker, I think you should accept this "body wisdom" and seek the necessary protein, calcium and vitamins A and D in some other foods or supplements.

Aside from these people, however, all of us should make it a part of our regular diet.

RUNNING DURING PREGNANCY

Q: *What are the effects of an expectant mother running during pregnancy? (Grace Butcher, Chardon, Ohio)*

A: According to Dr. Evalyn Gendel, director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health for the Kansas State Department of Health, there is no reason for women not to compete in athletics during pregnancy, if they are continuing what is customary for them. Dr. Gendel, who has done considerable investigation in the field of women's athletics, recalled that in Switzerland most ski resorts have "maternity ski pants" and pregnant women ski regularly at extremely high altitudes.

Assuming a normally implanted pregnancy, physical activity of the type indulged in before pregnancy is not only permissible but desirable. It not only increases the joy of living; it also maintains cardio-pulmonary efficiency and muscle tone and prevents back problems. The lack of physical activity and sports for women, pregnant or not, has apparently been the major reason for one definition of a woman: "a constipated bi-ped with a backache."

THE EDGE OF EFFICIENCY

Q: *When I reach a certain stage of fitness (near my peak condition), I always tend to break down in general health—gaining flu or a cold which really knocks me down. I have tried various injections, vitamin C, etc., but with no luck. Could you offer advice? (Dave Sirl, Auckland, N.Z.)*

A: The symptoms you have are those resulting from depletion of your energy reserves. It is the final stage of the General Adaptation Syndrome described by physiologist Hans Selye—the "exhaustion" stage. Selye's GAS theory is the basis of current training methods and depends on applying a stress with subsequent adaptation by the body until a peak is reached. If this peak is passed, exhaustion sets in. In other words, when a runner is in peak condition, he is just a step away from exhaustion. You must take a long-range view when you start to peak. Taper off on the sharpening work and go back to distance again to further build your base for another slow but steady improvement cycle.

RUNNING WITH WEIGHTS:

Q: *I usually wear an eight-pound weight belt. By wearing it, am I burning up more calories (I have a weight problem) and am I reducing my midsection this way? (Joe Rein, New York, N.Y.)*

A: Present thinking is that, whatever the weighted belt does to body weight, its action is not local but general. Hence removal of abdominal fat occurs only as fat is removed from the body generally. There may be some additional toning or increase in strength of the stomach muscles from its use. However, bent-leg situps and leg raises would do this more predictably and systematically. The belt does create a need for more calories, but not many. I would estimate this to amount to an additional 50-75 calories per one-hour run (equivalent to an extra half-mile). I would dispense with the belt. It takes away from the enjoyment of the run and its effects on both your weight and abdominal muscles can be accomplished in other ways.

"HOLLOW-DRUM" EARS

Q: *In running road races on hot days, my ears stop up and my voice sounds as though I'm talking in a hollow drum. This lasts for approximately an hour after the race. What causes this and can anything be done to stop it? (Bernard Middleton, Muncie, Ind.)*

A: The "hollow-drum" syndrome probably results from a blockage of the entrance of the eustachian tube—the channel that connects the inner ear to the back of the nasal chamber and equalizes the ear pressure with outside air. This may be due to a drying effect from the hard, fast breathing, resulting in a spasm of the duct opening in that area. At any rate, this is a common occurrence after hard racing and is an assurance you have really put out. No treatment is usually needed. Use of a nasal spray after the race and then swallowing with the nose pinched off may clear it.

(Send medical questions to Dr. Sheehan, c/o Runner's World, P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040.)

STRIDING ALONG — BY BOB ANDERSON

The following was sent by Tom Johnson a subscriber in Washington D.C.:

"The unidentified Midnight Marauders of Dubuque, Iowa, who first gained local repute in last winter's "Pizza Hijacking Caper," apparently think they can stay at least one step ahead of the police. In the winter caper, the Marauders swiped a pizza from a delivery truck and left a note thanking the restaurant owner. When the story was publicized, the Marauders sent the restaurant owner more than enough to pay for the pizza.

"Saturday night, the Marauders left a note on the door of police headquarters challenging the police to put their fleetest runner in a foot-race against any one of the marauders. The Marauders say if they win, they want complete amnesty from the pizza caper. If they lose, they say they will give the police department $500 for its favorite charity. Asked if police would respond, Sgt. Jim Heybe replied: 'The department is grouping its forces.' "

Long relays must have some appeal since our 24-hour relay has attracted nearly 2000 people in just 16 short months. Here's another record to go after. On Nov. 6, 1968, the first man of a 12-man team took off for his one-hour run; 250 hours later the relay ended with the team covering 2012 miles. The rules were simple, 12 runners, one man had to be running at all times and no one could walk or stop until a teammate replaced him. No definite running order had to be kept and the relay was run around a one-mile loop on the Marietta College (Ohio) campus.

Joe Jiacinta and Andy Wolf both ran 204 miles during the 250 hours with Roosevelt James doing 200, Dick McCormick 182 and Rod MacLeod 180 miles. Everyone covered at least 115 miles.

Anybody want to try it?

Many of our readers have asked about Buddy Edelen (former marathon great) and probably many other aren't aware of what happened. I wrote Buddy and this is what he had to say about his near-fatal auto accident on July 3:

"I was rushed to the hospital where an emergency operation was performed to sew up a hole in my diaphragm. My stomach and bowel were thrown up into the chest during the accident, and these were returned to their respective positions. Among the other injuries were a very badly broken pelvis, cracked ribs, broken shoulder and clavicle, lacerations around the left eye, and bruised lungs and left leg.

"I came very close to dying and it was only my physical condition that saved me. I spent six weeks on my back in traction, and was finally released Aug. 16. At first it was doubtful how well I'd walk again (one leg is 1½ inches shorter than the other). They would not even speculate as to running. However, I managed to rid myself of crutches within two weeks of getting out of traction and was walking without a limp 10 days later. I plan to begin jogging within two weeks (by mid-October) and by Christmas I honestly believe I'll be ready for 10 miles a day. Right now I am riding a bicycle five miles a day.

"Over the years I have often been asked, 'Why do you run?' I give them a number of reasons, psychological as well as physiological. I now think I have yet another. . . 'if you are ever in a serious accident or near death, it may save your life.' It saved mine, and that is one hell of a motivator, believe me."

Thanks for the information Buddy.

I am going to start a new magazine called the *Bike World*. The first issue is set for February 1972 and like *RW* it will be published six times per year at $3.00 per year. The reason for mentioning this now is that I am looking for people that may be interested in helping out with the magazine. I have written about 50 people already but this is only a start of what needs to be done. If you are interested in bicycling like I am, would you please write me—Bob Anderson, Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040? We also welcome subscriptions at this time. We have gotten about 10 to date and the list is growing. Three dollars will get you on the list for the first year. By the way, I am just as much interested in running as before (I still run races) but I am getting really wrapped up with bicycling now, too. Like in 1966 when I started this magazine, I don't think there is a good magazine around on bicycling so I am going to start one. Let me hear from those of you who are also interested in the sport.

If you think you have had weird things happen to you while running, then you probably haven't heard of what happened to Joe Turkovich and Gehrett Smith of Pennsylvania. Both Joe and Gehrett were preparing for the Canton (Ohio) marathon on Oct. 10. Joe tells his story below:

"It was Saturday night and Gehrett and I decided to run a 6½-mile course for time. Joe had taken the lead and was almost out of sight when all of a sudden a patrol car came by and an officer told me to get off the road. I told him to leave me alone.

"As I continued, the car turned around and once again I was told to get off the road. When I said I wouldn't, the patrolman got out of his car and started running after me. Here was my chance to post a better time so I picked up my pace. He did too, but it didn't last long. He jumped back into his car and I was later overtaken at a service station about five miles out.

"The policeman put my hands behind my back and I thought he was going to handcuff me. I was too tired to resist. I asked him what I was doing, speeding, but he couldn't say. After I told him I was just out running, he finally believed me and drove me to the finish line where my partner was waiting."

Tidbits: Anyone for hopping 100 yards? On Aug. 18 Paul Williams covered 100 yards on his right foot in 15.6 seconds. According to our records this is a world record. Anyone for hopping it left-footed for a record?. . . . As most of you know, we enclosed a questionnaire in the last issue. One came back with the following address on the envelope "Pagliano's Eunuch Shop, Runners Division, 123 Jumping Frog Road, Havana, Cuba." On the inside one of his comments was "Congratulations on all the studs who got married—suckers." . . . . . There's a 16mm. color film with sound out called "Run Dick, Run Jane." It has shots of Larry Lewis on his morning jogs and Peter Strudwick running without feet. It is only 20 minutes long and for $250 you can have it. I would rather spend the money to see Larry and Peter in person and save about $150. But if you are interested you may write Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. . . . Ernest Marinoni wants to clear up a few things on the July Photo Quiz. "The picture of Dorando Pietri was taken in San Francisco (North Beach) on June 4, 1910. The place was a grocery store and sausage factory. The person with the beard was Mario Gratorola, the Italian wrestler."

WORTH REPEATING

Lewis Carroll *(author of "Alice in Wonderland"):* "It takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that."

Steve McQueen *(actor, commenting on his motorcycle racing):* "I set the record. But it'll be broken. That's how it goes and how it should go. Sport is not like art. There is no 'best' in sports; only 'getting betters'."

Juha Vaatainen *(European 5000- and 10,000-meter champion):* "I don't like to go 'round on a track. Outside competition, I never do it. Actually, stadiums were invented for spectators, not for runners. We have nature, and that's much better."

Jack Daniels *(physiologist and former college distance running coach):* "I like to think that everyone learned something as a result of having an Olympic Games at an altitude of 7500 feet. But I often wonder, especially when I see a distance race scheduled in the middle of the summer in the heat of the day in the southern part of the country."

Spiro T. Agnew *(Vice-President of the United States):* "I believe that sport, all sport, is one of the few bits of glue that hold our society together, one of the few activities where young people can proceed along traditional avenues, where objectives are clear, where the desire to win is not only permissible but encouraged and, conversely, where a man can learn how to lose without being destroyed by the experience."

Bruce Ogilvie and Thomas Tutko *(psychologists specializing in the study of athletes):* "It seems that the personality of the ideal athlete is not the result of any molding process but comes out of the ruthless selection process that occurs at all levels of sport. Athletic competition has no more beneficial effects than intense endeavor in any other field. Horatio Alger success—in sport or elsewhere—comes only to those who already are mentally fit, resilient and strong."

Charles Corbin *(Texas A&M professor studying "sportsmanship"):* "Sportsmanship is to the brain what sports are to the body. We learn to play games not just to get our bodies in shape but also to get our heads together."

Bruce Kidd *(former Canadian Olympic competitor):* "Sport does not have to be so exclusively competitive that all but the most skilled must be discouraged from participating. Sport doesn't have to be unconditionally aggressive either. Anyone who has been active well knows that man vs. man is but one form of sports conflict. The athlete must compete against himself and the environment, and these common struggles outweigh the interpersonal struggle almost every time."

John B. Kelly, Jr. *(AAU president):* "You've got to cheat today to participate in many amateur athletics. And when you've got to cheat, then that's time to change the rules. Amateurs should be allowed to accept money for their efforts and to compete with professionals. Pros and amateurs should be able to compete together in the Olympics. The public doesn't want to have to divide its sports heroes into factions on the basis of whether or not they take money. The public wants to see the best swimmers, the best track and field stars, regardless of their classification."

Larry Lewis *(104-year-old runner):* "If the good Lord had intended me to have an automobile, he would have provided me with one when I was born June 25, 1867."

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"The back of the heel of the Lydiard shoe blistered my heels at first, but once I got used to the style I am more than happy with them." (G.P., Boone, North Carolina)

"The cupped heel, as far as I'm concerned, is worth the price of admission for running comfort and balance. I do agree with the generally-known concept that there is no perfect shoe. But I like my Lydiards." (H.G., Mountain View, California)

"My Lydiard shoes are the greatest. They're more comfortable than a pair of slippers, and unlike all other shoe brands, the Lydiard shoes don't feel like track shoes." (B.G., La Mirada, California)

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RUNNER'S WORLD, Post Office Box 366, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

READERS' COMMENTS

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

RON HILL: I'LL WIN IN MUNICH

I am still very depressed with my defeat in Helsinki (he finished third in the European championship marathon). The reasons for my defeat are most likely due to an injury which I contracted two weeks after running the Maxol marathon trial in Manchester. The trial completely upset my normal buildup for a major marathon, and to have to race a major championship nine weeks later was disaster for me. If I hadn't had to run the trial (and the British authorities would not exempt me, saying that it would not be fair to other competitors), I would not have got injured, and had I been fit I would have won the race by about 1½ minutes.

I'll tell you one thing, though. I'm going to win in Munich, and I don't want to have to run another trial to prove I am good enough for the British team.

Ron Hill
Romiley, England

INTERNATIONAL MARATHONING

I believe that we would gain more by sending two runners to Japan and two to England for marathons rather than spending money sending a dozen runners to a training camp (such as the US Olympic camps conducted the past two summers).

Bob Campbell
AAU Long Distance Committee
West Roxbury, Mass.

This year there will be 100 or more marathons in the US. Most of them will have had well over 100 starters, with some going much higher. Therefore, I think that the marathon runner in the US who has participated in the past races and helped to popularize the sport should have a share in selecting the 1972 Olympic team.

As in 1968, there should be eight trials (two in each section of the US), from which leading runners are paid transportation to the final trial. The eight winners, plus 12 other runners with the fastest times, would receive expenses for the final trials. There should be a special fee of $1.00 (for which an Olympic pin would be given to each starter in the trials), with the money collected to go toward sending the 20 runners to the final trial. The main idea is to let the marathon runner know he is part of the US Olympic team through his participating in the trials and donating a small fee to help.

Joe Kleinerman
Bronx, N.Y.

TROUBLES IN HIGH SCHOOL

Last year, New York state ruled that girls could compete with boys in some non-contact sports. Both track and cross-country were on the approved list. This year, for some strange reason, cross-country was not listed. I had a girl on the team, and we were informed that she had to be dropped. After some investigation, it was found that officials in the State Education Department were not against girls competing. But a member of the Board of Regents was alleged to have objected because she would not want her daughter running in the woods with boys. For this reason, girls were barred from cross-country.

The girl in question does not want to run with the boys because they are boys. She intends to run on the girls' track team in the spring. But because there is no girls' team in the fall she had to join the boys' team. Now she is completely denied the right to compete in high school cross-country. If our goal is to develop stronger women's teams in this country, we are going to have to give them opportunity while in high school. If we deny them the right to compete, we will never have top quality women runners.

Jerry Schulz
Cross-Country Coach
Central Square, N.Y.

In our modest efforts to promote road running in Oregon, we have run into a problem that I suspect is rather common across the country, and that I think deserves some attention. The State High School Activities Board regulates high school athletics in the state. In our particular case, they have forbidden any high school runner to run for a club while the high school season is in progress. In addition, any high school runner who competes in *any* (open) race during his school season loses all further high school eligibility. Since high school runners form a large portion of the running public, you can see how this cramps our style a bit.

In addition to hurting our efforts at developing a road running program, this situation is hurting the runners, I think, by not permitting them the "low-key" competition that is so lacking in most high school programs. Most of the coaches I have talked to (all of them runners themselves, which may be significant) are strongly opposed to the State Board's limitation, but seem helpless to do anything about it.

Richard Raymond
Oregon Road Runners Club
Portland, Ore.

MORE ABOUT HEAT

Dave Waco ("Readers' Comments," September 1971) is falling into the trap of confusing hardiness with *fool*-hardiness. He ignores the fact that runners *do* die in the heat and others have ruined their competitive lives. I believe that if he had ever collapsed in the heat as I have done, he would be only too pleased to join the "Eskimoes and powder-puffs." My own collapse was a terrifying experience and certainly the worst thing that has ever happened to me. At the time I was not a "beer-bellied, out-of-shape guy." I had run a sub-2:23 marathon only three weeks before. In fact, it is possible that the danger may be more real for the trained man as the slower man may not reach the same state of dehydration and temperature.

Ray Will
Sarnia, Ontario, Canada

AVOIDING BODY ABUSE

In my view, the article "Got That Run-Down Feeling?" (September 1971) is the most important discussion ever to appear in the pages of *RW*. It took me 10 years of bitter personal experience (1954-64)—during which time I had acute injuries to the achilles tendon, knees and arches—to learn the

message of that article. Since I learned to respect rather than abuse my body, I have not had even a slight injury for seven years in spite of a heavy racing and training diet. All runners should study this article with care.

Tom Osler
Troy, N.Y.

DOCTORS' REACTION TO DR. FRIEDMAN

To blame man's increase in sudden death on the current prevalence of stress and tension ("Running and the Numbers Racket," by Dr. Meyer Friedman, September 1971) is to overlook an important point. Ever since man acquired sufficient cerebral cells to stand erect he has endured the twin specters of stress and tension as constant companions. What does modern man do to relieve himself from these twin tyrants? He comes home from work and has a drink. However, every devotee of running will tell you the same thing; namely that after a refreshing run of two miles or more he feels in the same relaxed state that a martini brings. Which is more desirable, to expend 200 calories in the course of a short run or ingest 100 calories in a highball? Running also undoubtedly will give you a better cardio-respiratory apparatus. Before I started running my resting pulse was 82; now it is 56. What would Dr. Friedman say about the 37,000-plus times my heart *doesn't* have to beat each day?

Dr. Frank Nordstrom
Farmington, N.M.

What makes me simmer is when I hear one of my doctor friends say, "If you're going to have a coronary, you're going to have a coronary." You're *not* going to have one. This is hogwash. I was so close to it 14 years ago it gives me creepy thoughts. But now I'm running marathons. I brought down suicide blood cholesterols of 450 to normals of 169 through progressive adaptation to endurance running.

Dr. T.C. Peace
Redfield, Iowa

While working in the Los Angeles Coroner's Office, I handled about 3000 heart-related death cases. My impressions based on these cases and literature reviews are: (1) no atherosclerosis protection without endurance training involving six-mile or one-hour runs; (2) statistical protection after competition at 10 kilometers or above; (3) 100% athero-protection for six years after competing in a marathon; (4) marathoners can still die from non-athero causes: active viral myocarditis, active rheumatoid valvulitis, periarteritis of coronaries, etc. Personally, I encourage all of my friends to get into the marathoner group to enjoy that 100% athero-protection.

Dr. Thomas Bassler
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.

(The January issue will include full-length articles by Dr. Peace and Dr. Bassler on the relationship between running and heart problems.)

THE WELL-WORN PATH

I think I'm bored with *Runner's World.* Running is exciting to me as long as I don't take the same road or same trail. *RW,* which tries to package the excitement of running, is running down the same path month after month, and it is getting worn thin.

(unsigned)

THE IMPORTANCE OF "SCENERY"

Many runners say that running in parks, woods or wherever there is beautiful scenery makes running more interesting. This is plain nonsense which obscures the difference between doing something interesting *while* running and *making* running interesting. What these runners mean is that since running is not interesting, one should find some way "to get your mind off the grind." Yet people who like chess don't feel the need to play chess in the woods; people who like basketball don't mind playing in enclosed gymnasiums, etc. They like what they are doing and don't feel the need for any diversion.

For a period of two years, I did my running on an indoor track, 23 laps to the mile. There were things I did not like about it, but I never found it boring. I am convinced the only people who would find it boring are those who think they like to run in parks and woods. But since the parks-woods gang fools itself by looking at the scenery, it doesn't know it finds *all* running boring. Sooner or later, most runners say to themselves, "Look, the running isn't fun, but the scenery is nice. So why don't I just come down here with my girl (or wife) and give up the running?"

These people who enjoy scenery on the run probably take their split timers along when they go to museums to see how fast they can take everything in.

Sidney Gendin
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Photo Quiz

NAME THIS OLYMPIAN

LAST ISSUE'S QUIZ

One-hundred fifty-six correct answers were received. The post card submitted by Robert Ashcraft (Tucson, Ariz.) was drawn, and he was awarded $10 worth of books.

THE ANSWER: Erich Segal

RULES: One entry per family. Simply give the pictured person's full name and submit answer on a post card. If more than one correct answer is received, the winner will be decided by a drawing.

WINNER receives a $10 gift certificate good for any books handled by RW. Deadline for this issue's contest: Dec. 10th.

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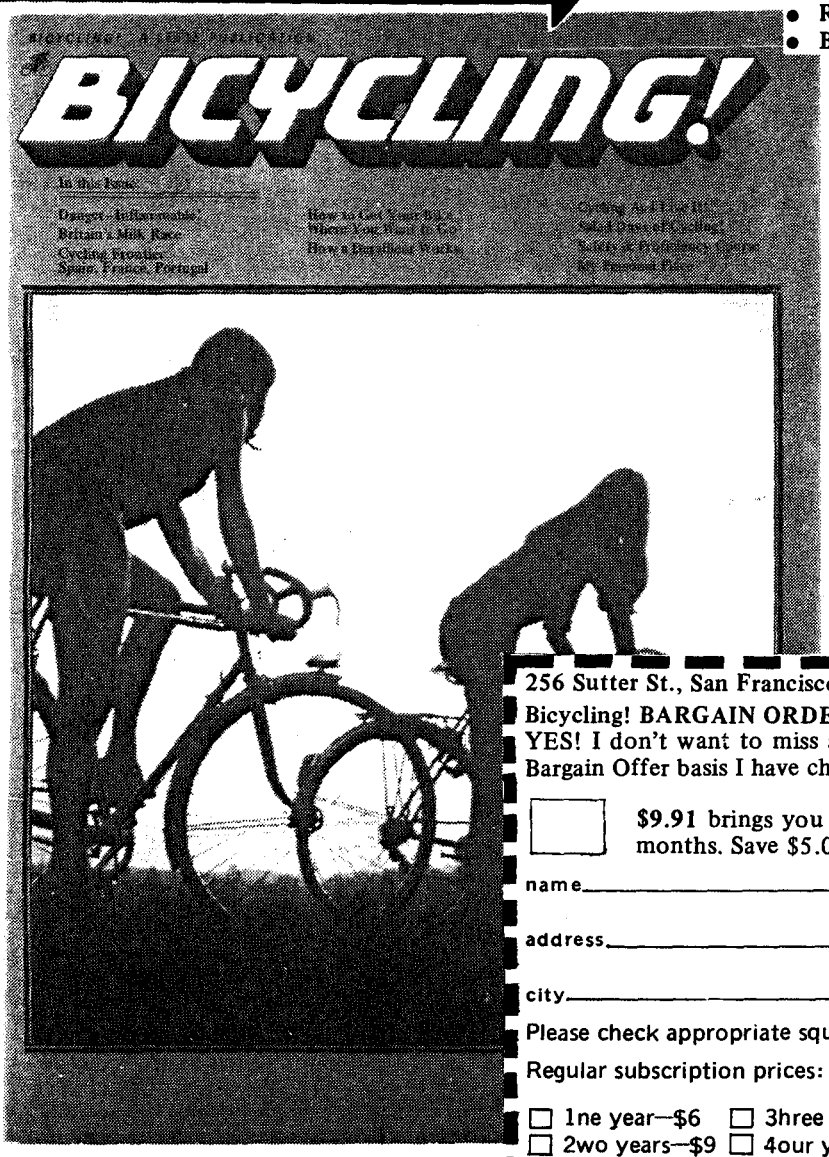

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This cartoon is one of many in Runner's World's new book "Guide to Distance Running."

Runner's World

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