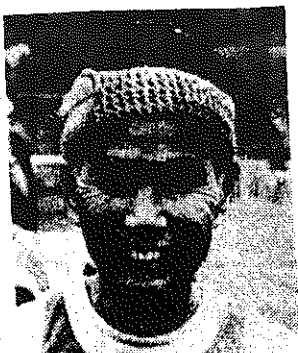


HAWAII'S "MR. LONG DISTANCE RUNNING"

NORMAN K. TAMANAHA

by Scott Hamilton.



Last September at Bensberg-Refrath, a small 65-year-old man of Japanese ancestry completed the cold-weather marathon in what he considered a good time of 3:50:53. Six months later in hot weather and a course with some hills, he clocked 3:37:40 as he approached his 66th year, in this, the 3rd Annual Norman K. Tamanaha Marathon on the Island of Maui. Who was this runner? Norman K. Tamanaha himself, already a living legend in the Islands.

Insofar as we know, there are only two established marathons in the world named for living marathon runners. The first is the Paavo Nurmi Marathon in Wisconsin, named for the celebrated Finnish winner of Olympic gold medals, who is elderly and partially paralyzed in Helsinki. The second is the one named for Tamanaha, in which the honored person competes while he is living, to enjoy his own marathon! NKT is anything but paralyzed!

His Maui time this year is the fastest marathon he has done since 1955 and 1956, 17-18 years ago, when he placed 2:38:30 (48 years) and 2:38:40 (49 years) among the first ten finishers in the Boston Marathon. He proved a top competitor as he approached 50, long before age group running was the coming thing. In fact, back then, anyone who competed in the marathon over 35 was looked upon as nutty.

This has been his "most honored year", with his election to the Presidency of the large Mid-Pacific Road Runners Club and continued State Chairmanship of the AAU Long Distance Running Committee. Being able to go abroad for the first time as a member of the 1st U.S. Masters International Track Team to Europe was a recharger, for he decided to stay in the eastern U.S. and continue competing in cross-country and track before returning to the Islands.

Mayor Frank Fasi attended a MPRRC dinner at which Norman and the two other Hawaii members of the U.S. Masters Team were given "Awards of Merit" in "recognition of outstanding examples in physical culture and sport". It's not every big city that sends its Mayor to welcome back U.S. Masters Team members from abroad. This spring, NKT was among the candidates nominated for the 2nd East-West Center Inter-Cultural Award, on the basis of the role he played in improving the relationships between peoples in Hawaii and Scandinavia, especially Finland, on the opposite side of the world.

While in Helsinki, NKT paid his respects to President Urho Kekkonen and Paavo Nurmi, with æis from Honolulu, was the guest of Torbjorn and Jan-Krister Blomqvist at a summer cabin in the Archipelago, and took advantage of every opportunity to "meet the people" in a country precisely the opposite of tropical Hawaii. As of this writing, the award-winner has not been announced.

In Hawaii, until recently, very few persons of Japanese ancestry have pursued long distance running seriously. It has often been considered a "haole" sport. However, NKT provides a living example of "how to make good" and devotes his spare time to building running in Hawaii for those who may follow in his footsteps. This year, the fastest Hawaii marathon time was made by Royden Koito, sophomore at the University of Hawaii and newly-appointed Captain of its Track Team. Keep up the good work, Norman!

U.S. Masters International Track Team

David H.R. Pain, Director
Helen L. Pain, Co-director



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June, 1973

Dear Friends,

Although November has not yet arrived, it does seem time to say THANK YOU to the many of you who are working so very hard to make Masters Track and Field the growing and continuous success it has achieved. Not the least important are those of you who are "working out" regularly, improving your own records, and spreading the "gospel" to your friends. Many of you are writing stories, collecting material and sending it to us, arranging meets, officiating, supporting the idea with such enthusiasm and energy that the "contagion" is infecting the civilized world. The May 18th telegram from Jan Stork, Sweden, which proclaimed "Racing org for vets founded at Riche Stockholm today." is the kind of electrifying excitement that we refer to. This international fraternity with its many chapters is mushrooming with atomic energy.

Examples of this growth are enclosed. You will find your copy (compliments of the U. S. Masters) of the first issue of VETERIS, the magazine of the Association of Veteran Athletes, published in England,* and the brochure inviting you to the 1st World Masters Track & Field Championships, August 11th to 17th, 1975, Toronto, Canada.

This month we wish to single out for special kudos: DON FARQUHARSON and his Canadian Masters, who made the special trip to the Isle of Man...not only to compete but to announce the forthcoming World Masters Championships; OTTO ESSIG** (His 3rd Annual Berkshire 10-mile Masters Road Race was deemed "the best run All'Masters road race I have yet to attend in the U.S." by veteran Jim Hartshorne.) MIKE MURRAY (whose dream and back-breaking efforts will result in 35 young men (16-19) who in July will be the first private non-AAU track and field team to make a competitive tour of Sweden, Finland, and the USSR:) and KEN BERNARD, ohbe again meet director for the National AAU Masters Track & Field Championships. Additional thank yous for educational contributions from Scott Hamilton, Arne Richards, Farquharson, Hartshorne, George Sheehan, Claude Hills, Ray Williams, Walt Stack, Rudy Fahl*** (Pike's Peak Marathon, Sunday, August 12th) and Arol Escamilla.

*Annual subscription is \$1.50 overseas mail (U.S.\$3.75) Then we must mail each individually, so please add \$1.00 for postage. Therefore, please include \$4.75 with your subscription request to the U.S. Masters. Canadians, deal directly with your rep Farquharson and Australians, check with Wal Sheppard.

**Div. I: 1 - W.Renaud(42) 54:35:06;6 - W.McConnell(42) 58:54;8 - R. Packard(45) 59:28. Div. II: 1-M.Smith (50) 61:29;6-J.Hartshorne(50)

63:22. Div. III: 1-J. Wall(60) 65:03; 3 - G.Essig (67) 71:19.

***#329 Colorado Bldg., 2400 W.Colorado Ave., Colorado Springs, Col.80904.

HAWAII

Prior to the Hawaiian Masters, we flew to Kauai for five days of camping and hiking with our sons, Randy (20) and Bruce (17). Hiking enthusiasts would appreciate the 11-1/2 mile Kalalau Trail which commences near Hanalei and proceeds south along the Precipitous Na Pali cliffs, with stops to observe the beautiful beaches, 400-foot waterfalls, towering green cliffs, and grand vistas of land, water and air. Along the trail we found wild guavas in fruit and a delicious raspberry-like berry. After three days on this trail, we moved up to the Waimea Canyon area for two more days of exploration. Interesting and unexpected experiences were discovering fine Oriental cuisine in an otherwise unpretentious beer joint frequented by sugarcane workers and a delightful local character, a Hawaiian-Chinese-Spanish cowboy, who regaled us with stories of hunting wild boars in the Waimea Canyon. Regretfully, we returned to crowded, bustling Honolulu for three full days of competition on the University of Hawaii Tartan track (where we will compete in December), and highlighted by the lovely luau in the spacious home of Bud and Ditty Deacon, 1000 feet up over looking Waikiki Beach and Diamond Head. There we were entertained by a fine group of young Hawaiians, who performed many Polynesian songs and dances.

After the party, Bud escorted us over the Round-the-Top road on Mt. Tantalus in the watershed area immediately above Honolulu. This will be the venue for our ten-mile road race on December 31st, which, of course, affords a marvelous overview of Honolulu, beautiful homes and magnificent tropical vegetation. Following the race, we will have an outdoor luau and entertainment at Bellows Air Force Base near Kaneohe complete with crystal beach and azure sea.



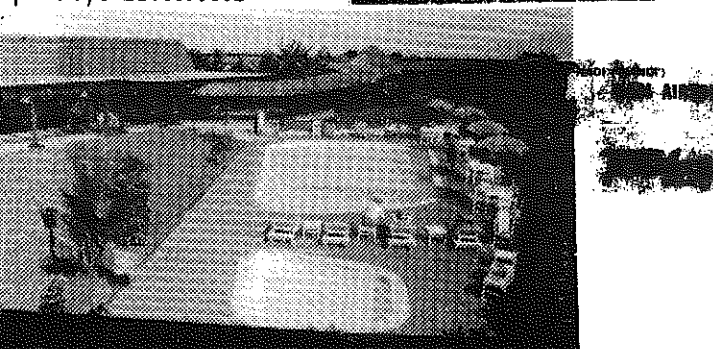
HAWAII

For the gourmets, we discovered several interesting eating places and watering holes. One Wu-Fat in Chinatown offers true Oriental food extremely well prepared in the most garishly decorated room we have ever seen. We were entertained with the babble of foreign languages by Chinese family celebrants at adjoining tables. If one doesn't mind the slightly sleezy Chinatown atmosphere, complete with ladies-of-the-evening openly plying their age-old trade, Wu-Fat's is a must. Another fine eating place was Chacos, offering Japanese-style cuisine where the table top grille is utilized by a colorful and loquacious Oriental chef, topped with a towering white cap, who deftly cooks your steak, lobster, prawns, chicken or Mahi-Mahi and vegetables before your eyes. All may be washed down with liberal quantities of San Miguel (Phillipine) beer and/or saki (hot rice wine.) For the more adventuresome, there is sashimi (raw, sliced fish) served with a mild soy sauce and hot radish mustard. It always comes as a surprise to the uninitiated to learn that properly served sashimi is delicious and totally devoid of the "fishy" taste one might expect.

Since Hawaii is the racial melting pot of the Pacific, there are a number of nationalities represented, and their eating habits are reflected in the local restaurants. We have discovered in our travels that if one eats where the locals eat and does not expect U. S. style food, you generally pay less and enjoy excellent quality.

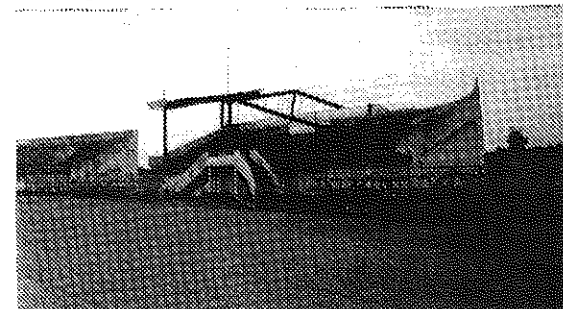
FIJI

After bidding our sons Aloha to return to school, we boarded our midnight flight for Fiji which landed 5:00 a.m. at Nadi on Monday morning. Because of the crossing of the International Date Line, we totally missed Easter Sunday. After a brief cab ride, we arrived at the airy Travelodge where we were greeted by a friendly Fijian attired in the native wraparound sarong.



The spacious, rooms and landscaped grounds came as a welcome surprise, for it is here that our U.S. Masters will be housed during our three-day stay in Fiji. After exercising at poolside and enjoying a solo swim, we breakfasted on fresh local pineapple and pau-pau (papaya) and then met with the hotel manager to discuss team arrangements. Those making the tour can anticipate being entertained by the local native village song-and-dance group 65-strong, who have made an LP recording of their native music and have been invited to perform at the Commonwealth Games. All this was learned from the friendly doorman who, it turned out, is leader of the troupe.

We drove to Suva 150 miles around the island of Viti Levu on a tortuous winding gravel road which took six hours to complete, but was leavened by our luck in picking up a young Fijian waiting for the bus. He drove us the rest of the way and provided constant information about Fiji - which consists of approximately 300 islands, depending on whether the tide is in or out - and its 500,000 population of native inhabitants, Hindus, Occidentals and Chinese. As we passed through the verdant green countryside, where even fence posts eventually sprout and become trees, we observed the simple life of these friendly people who, though we covered them with a cloud of dust, paused to wave happily to us as we sped past. Most live off the land, cultivating taro and casava (tapioca) root, bananas and pineapples, and, on the flatland, sugarcane. They live in palmetto huts heavily thatched with palm leaves which apparently withstand hurricanes better than western-style structures, many of which were leveled last year by Hurricane Bebe with gale-force winds of 180 m.p.h.



SUVA

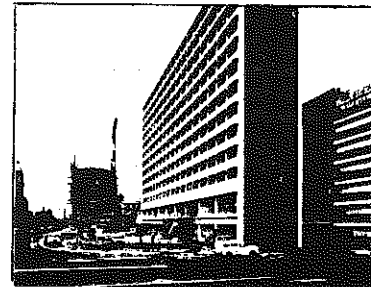
After working our way past washouts and landslides on the road, dust, and rain, we staggered into the Suva Travelodge to enjoy a delicious local shellfish soup, which tasted like creamed asparagus but was made with the pulp of the duruka plant and coconut milk. Then came Oysters Victoria broiled with chopped nuts, Crepes Indiene (curried crab) served with chutney, shredded coconut and other condiments and finished off with coffee and ice cream, tastefully decorated with a flower and a sprig of fern. This was all washed down with a fine Australian white burgundy ordered by our host, Welshman - Derek Robinson - President of the Fijian AAA and an official in the Fijian Agricultural Department and with whom we arranged our T&F competition with their Commonwealth Games team next December.

Derek, who had previously received our U.S. Masters and European results, advised us that on a team-scoring basis we were on a par with his athletes except in the sprints. We learned there is but one certified track (grass) in the whole country and all his athletes are self-taught as they have no coach.

After observing the Fijians, a very handsome race of people gifted with fine physiques and good coordination, it was obvious that with proper coaching they could perform well in such events as the shot, hammer, discus, javelin, and sprints. As we will be competing against them in Lautoka, the second largest town of Fiji and has no track, they will create one in our honor.

NEW ZEALAND

We returned to Nadi by air, where we were greeted by Mr. Hamilton, our host at the Nadi Travelodge and then were off early the next morning via Air New Zealand for Auckland. The flight was pleasant with Helen engaging in conversation with a retired New Zealand accountant who had joined their Peace Corp and was working a year in Samoa. We were served a more than ample breakfast of sausage, bacon, ham and tomato omelet and in 2-1/2 hours were excitedly observing the curving north coastline of New Zealand with its green hills with numerous small islands offshore. Almost surrounded by water, Auckland (population 680,000) is located on an isthmus, where we can expect relatively cool summertime temperatures in the 70's next Christmas.



As we checked into the Travelodge on Quay Street, we observed an Italian liner pull away from the dock after three loud blasts of its whistle; but, by the time we were ushered into our 11th story room with a panoramic view of the bay, it had disappeared around a bend to the north. Things were quiet downtown as the New Zealanders were celebrating ANZAC (Veteran's) Day. We called Keith Williams, Tours Coordinator for Air New Zealand, by chance a dedicated jogger who immediately on learning of our arrival - invited us for a run at Cornwall Park. The run proved most interesting as the park is located on an extinct volcano and is covered with old Maori (aborigine) fortifications. Of equal interest was the fact that the park, although surrounded by city, was operated as a farm and populated by cattle and sheep which we had to shoo out of the way as we ran. The next morning two of the chaps picked us up early in the morning and we engaged in a brisk run in Auckland Domain Park. Coming from semi-arid Southern California, we were again impressed with the green grass and verdant massive oak trees, freshened by an evening shower.

We luncheoned with Arthur Lydiard, the father of modern fitness running. Arthur at 57 proved dynamic and extremely dedicated to his work as a fitness exponent and track coach. He was most interested in our U.S. Masters program and promised to host our group upon our return to Auckland.

That evening we met with members of several Harriers Clubs as well as Auckland Joggers at the home of our host, Keith Williams. Present were Gavin Downey, President of the Joggers, and also a member of Parliament and Peter Snell, who at 34 is still actively running but not competing. He showed considerable interest in our visit and indicated that Rothmans, his employer, would help sponsor the event we had arranged for Thursday, December 27. This will be a 15 kilometer on road and grass in Cornwall Park and can be observed from the top of One-Tree-Hill. They indicated that since this was New Zealand's holiday period, we could expect several hundred entries in the race with an informal get-together afterwards.

The next day as we drove south 130 miles to the Waitomo Caves, we passed through miles of rolling green hills bordered by trees and paddocks occupied by countless cattle and sheep. The caves proved most interesting, particularly the Glow Worm Grotto, dimly illuminated by thousands of wee creatures creating a tiny light by an excretion which is used to attract small insects. They become enmeshed in the spider-like threads extended from the cave roof by the glow worms who then pull in their prey at leisure.



Later we visited the quaint Waitomo Hotel where the U.S. Masters will luncheon after the cave visit. We then drove east through more of New Zealand's beautiful countryside passing countless streams, rivers, and trees beginning to assume their fall colors. As we approached Rotorua, the meadows gave way to heavily forested areas.

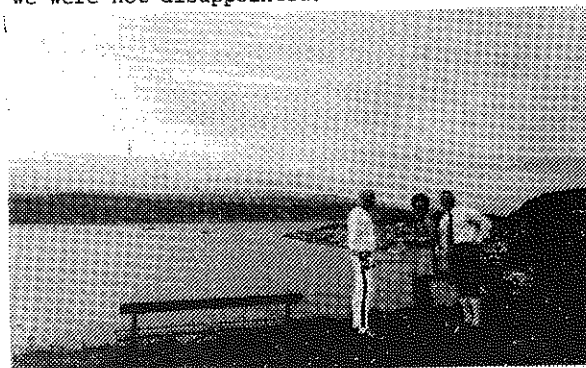
We arrived in Rotorua just in time for a delightful dinner with Sam Gawler, a Civil Engineer, and his wife. We learned that the next day they were putting on their annual marathon around Rotorua Lake (a course with a 400-foot difference in elevation) which Sam expected would be won by a fellow club member, 43 year old Jack Foster, 8th in the Munich Olympic Marathon. According to Sam, it is about four minutes slower than a flat marathon course. (Later we learned Foster won the event in 2:;8.09, which has got to be a Masters World Best.) We had hoped to meet Foster as he is probably the strongest Veteran long-distance runner currently in active competition, but due to his not having a telephone, we were not able to get in touch in time.

One noticeable characteristic of the area was the strong sulphur smell which invaded the hotel. The next morning we learned why as we observed clouds of steam arising from thermal pools adjacent to the International Hotel where we will house the USMITT. Time did not permit our testing the hotel's mineral hotbaths as we dashed for the airport for our flight to Wellington. We stopped long enough, however, to take an invigorating run through a California Redwood grove planted in 1901 with trees in excess of 150 feet and a girth of 3 to 5 feet interspersed among the giant Sequoias were native New Zealand tree ferns standing up to 30 feet high. This run is where our Masters group will take a similar exercise over the redwood leaves. Sam Gawler was most gracious in taking us for this run since in two hours he was participating in the Annual Rotorua Marathon, which we were not able to observe as our plane left for Wellington at 8:15 a.m. and, as it was, we arrived hot, sweaty and in running gear for the 1-1/2 hour flight.

WELLINGTON

As the plane took off over Rotorua, we got some concept of the thermal area with steam vents apparent at numerous locations. As we flew south, we also observed thousands of acres of forest land planted 30-40 years ago. Most of these trees are the *Pinus Radiata* imported from the western slopes of the U.S. and which now support a large timber and newsprint industry closely controlled by the government thus assuring a continuous crop of trees for annual harvest.

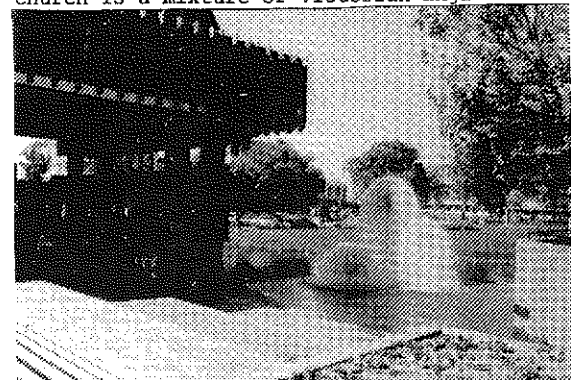
Coming in over Wellington we soon realized that this was a seaport town perched on the hills about a vast bay. The wreckage of the motor ferry *Wahine*, sunk 5 years ago in a hurricane, was pointed out at the harbor entrance, the remains of which are still being removed as a hazard to navigation. Wellington is known as a windy city, and we were not disappointed.



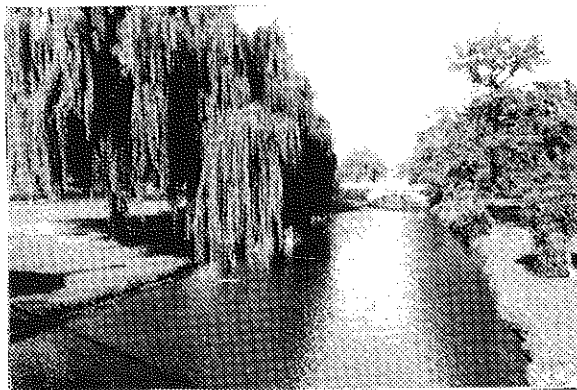
After greetings from Clem Green, the New Zealand father of Veteran competition, and an airport radio interview, we lunched at the Green home and then drove to the venue for the Scottish Harriers first race of the season. The event was a short 3.4 miler partially in Wellington's narrow hilly roads and the remainder through a narrow park. What impressed us the most was the tea served after the event with the table groaning under the load of sandwiches, cakes, pies, etc., which were soon dispatched by approximately 100 ravenous participants and onlookers. Later that evening, we were guests at the home of the President of the Scottish Harriers where another gigantic meal was served. The next day we traveled 30 minutes out of town to the new home of a club member and ran approximately six miles on their beautiful hills. Unfortunately, we slipped and fell where a concealed spring emerged from the hillside and, of all things, sustained a mild whiplash which has caused discomfort for several weeks.

SOUTH ISLAND

Following this run we packed and dispatched for the overwater flight to Christchurch where we were again greeted by a group of local harriers who took us on a tour of New Zealand's second largest city. Christchurch is a mixture of Victorian England and modern



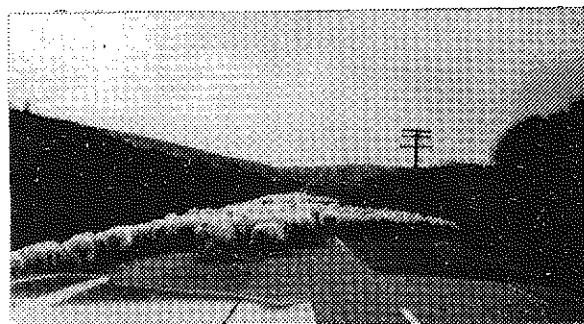
architecture with its new Civic Theatre and Town Hall fine examples of the latter, situated adjacent to the meandering Avon River complete with graceful bridges, ducks and drooping willows. A must was the botanical gardens, much of which was planted a hundred years ago shortly after the initial settlement of the community. Naturally, the oldest tree is a 110-year old English Oak. Located within the garden is the local museum which proved far more interesting than its staid exterior.



There we found fascinating displays of Colonial and Victorian life and culture staged in family settings; an excellent showing of Maori artifacts, vessels, war implements and cooking utensils, and also a fine exhibit dealing with the whaling industry from ancient to modern.

Finally, several hours later, we set off by car to the south for Dunedin, passing through miles of flat farm and grazing land, pulling into the Southern Cross Hotel where one section of the hotel was built in 1969 and the other over a century earlier. Needless to say, the contrast was marked. We enjoyed a fine six-course meal for \$4.50 New Zealand and an equally good robust breakfast. Experience has demonstrated, however, that with a little scurrying about one can find very good food in small cafes for about 1/2 to 3/4 the cost in the U.S.

After arranging our Milford Sound Track booking (the reason for coming to Dunedin as they generally don't accept groups as large as ours) we made the 180 mile drive to Queenstown in the Lake Country. The drive northwest was our first demonstration of the true beauty of New Zealand, particularly, since the poplar and other trees were dressed in their fall gold and russet colors with leaves drifting down as we passed.



At one point we were engulfed by a herd of sheep moving from one field to another via the highway. We noted with interest the sheep-herder's four working dogs of nondescript breed keeping the flock moving and away from the wheels of vehicles trying to pass. Thirty minutes later we stopped at a local pub, which at 3:00 p.m. was devoid of customers. We mentioned our interest in working sheep dogs whereupon the bartender took us to a paddock adjacent to the bar and gave us a five minute demonstration with his dog and a group of sheep. We learned there are two types of sheep dogs, the paddock dogs which control the sheep by merely eyeing them, used primarily in the flat lowlands and the mountain dogs which bark sharply to control the sheep. The latter are used in the highlands and only last three to four years, after which they are worn out from running up and down the steep hillsides. These dogs are trained to range out as far as two miles and bring in every stray. During the lambing season they can also sense the lambing ewes that are in difficulty and cut them out of the flock and bring them to the shepherd for attention.

Toward the end of our day's journey, we observed sharp mountains and cliffs rising and a narrowing of the gorge in which our road ran beside the rapidly moving river. Finally, at dusk we reached Lake Wakatipu and our hotel where again we enjoyed a superb multicourse dinner and retired early.



The next day was devoted to arranging our tour housing for Queenstown and Mt. Cook. We did have time to ride the gondola some 1,450 feet up the mountain for an excellent smorgasbord lunch and an overview of Queenstown and Lake Wakatipu. Later in the afternoon, we took the hydrofoil 1-1/2 hour ride on the lake, a most interesting scenic trip. The lake is populated by large brown and rainbow trout. In the shallow water by the dock we observed 15-20 such fish which ranged 18 inches to 24 inches. The lake, we learned, reached a maximum depth of over 1,000 feet, the waters of which are so pure that you could use it in your car battery. A road now extends along one side of the lake but the large sheep stations (ranches) on the other side are entirely dependent on water transportation.

The following day we flew via Mt. Cook back to Christchurch and photographed the Alps and glaciers but could not see Mt. Cook as it was swathed in clouds. On arrival at Christchurch we were greeted by John Drew, sports writer and by Vet Harrier, and Mr. G. Tait, Chief of Police, also a local runner.

SYDNEY

After a mixup in reconfirmation for our Qantas flight to Sydney, we ended up in the first-class section (thanks to the solicitous assistance of Air New Zealand's Walter Taylor) and accordingly enjoyed several of Australia's premium wines with the excellent meal they served. Because of the interest Helen displayed in their wines, the chief steward presented us with a complimentary bottle of champagne (which we later shared in Sydney with U.S. Master Pat Manning.)

As we were suffering from an extremely bad cold on arrival, our initial impression of Sydney - hot, smoggy, traffic congested, and a victim of urban sprawl - was poor. This impression was quickly eliminated the next day after calling effervescent Pat Manning, who promptly appeared at our hotel in North Sydney with wife Betty to take us for a day's tour of the city. Pat, a sergeant detective on the Sydney police department known every nook and cranny of this vast city and most of its sporting participants, as well as a good portion of its less savory populace. Pat, besides being the fine sprinter he is, is also an accomplished surfer and for years has been a member of various surfing clubs which abound around the city. The weather was perfect and all Pat could apologize for was the lack of surf.

Later we dropped by the already renowned, but incomplete Sydney Opera House - with its unique interlocking clamshell roof which started as a four million dollar project and has grown to over one-hundred million, with the final cost still unknown. On arrival, we learned that the premises were closed and that there were no tours of the interior; however, the gateman stated that if we wished to return the next day at precisely 3:45, he would personally take us through. Since Pat had promised us the opportunity to enjoy the dubious pleasures of sand-hill training the next day, Helen presented herself at the gates at the appointed time for a nearly two-hour tour of the premises.

Although we will have an extremely busy three plus days in Sydney and there is much to do here, we have learned that this magnificent structure is slated to open some time in October (after some twelve years of planning and construction) and we have asked Pat to reserve a block of seats for the U.S. Masters for one of the three nights we will be there. As soon as we know what the event will be, we will pass it on.

Sydney is famous for its pubs and private clubs where beer is consumed in vast quantities and the clubs enjoy substantial profits gained largely from legal one-armed bandits a la Las Vegas. With their tax free status these athletic clubs can support their teams and athletic projects from the income derived. As an example, Pat's running club which maintains a complete track facility with all amenities, is replacing its badly oxidized bitumin track with a new \$150,000 tartan track on which their Commonwealth team will be selected in November and our U.S. Masters will compete in a twilight meet with Sydney's Vets Wednesday, December 19th. Following the athletics there will be a reception and buffet supper at the club (a few blocks away from the track.)

For a special treat, Helen has arranged a visit to the Opal Centre, complete with lecture, film, cutting demonstrations and refreshments.

Our hotel - the North Sydney Travelodge - has a magnificent view of the world famous Sydney Bridge and the bustling harbor beneath and from which we can quickly reach the ferries, hydrofoils and cruise boats which ply the harbor.



While on the subject of food, we found both the New Zealand and Australian pork sausage and bacon extremely good, generally served with grilled or stewed tomatoes. Tea and coffee are served very strong for most U.S. tastes. Both can be ordered "white" in which the milk has been added, or black. If you order a pot of tea, you get a second pot of hot water with which to dilute the tea. The food is generally fairly plain following traditional British lines and served in good quantity. We enjoyed good meals everywhere we went. For those who are not too adventuresome, one cannot go wrong on grilled lamb chops, or roast leg of lamb, both of which are on the lower price end of the menu. A must for those who enjoy seafood are the Tasmanian scallops and Australian crayfish (lobster). There are a number of native fish, both fresh and salt water, which we attempted but in most instances found them rather ordinary in preparation, texture and flavor. We tried more of the local wines and again found the whites quite good and the reds lacking the roundness of California vintages and on the whole rather immature. One expensive exception was the Seaview Cabernet Sauvignon.

As the result of two hectic days spent with the Pat Mannings, we are guaranteed an exciting and busy three days in Sydney prior to our departure for the less garrulous and more dignified environs of Melbourne to the south.

ADELAIDE

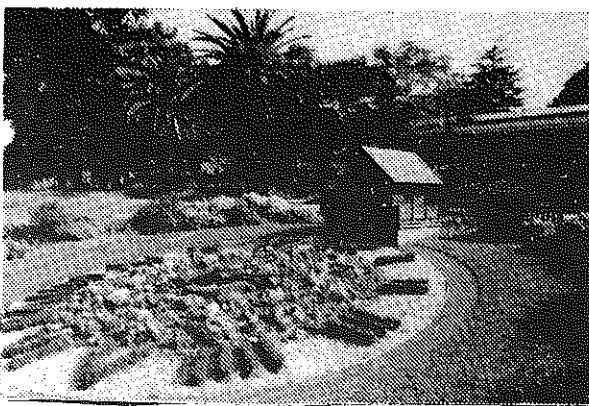
Sunday we flew to Adelaide in South Australia some 885 hundred miles southwest of Sydney. Helen had developed an interest in, and taste for, Barossa Valley wines grown in the Adelaide area, and Wal Sheppard, our man in Melbourne, put us in touch with Allan Gottschald, who organized Adelaide's first Vets running club. He picked us up at the airport and with Bill Caudle (who ran in London and Cologne) motored us the 40 miles to the wine country. Unfortunately, they had just completed their bi-annual wine festival the week before and much to our amazement, all of the wineries were closed on Sunday, (but then, Adelaide is known as the city of churches.) Nevertheless, we had a delightful day with our newfound Adelaide friends enjoying a delightful dinner (term for midday meal) and a particularly good local Reisling.

After much shoptalk about Vet running, they returned us at nightfall to our hotel. The next morning after a good run in the park across the street, we planned for Perth 1,800 miles to the western side of Australia for a 48 hour visit with Cliff Bould, the first Aussie and foreigner to compete at our Masters Championships and also to see John Gilmore, Wal McCabe and Colin Junner.

PERTH

We landed at Perth Airport at noon to be greeted not only by Cliff and Phyllis Bould but also by Wal McCabe and Dick Horsley (60) one of our new U.S. Masters. Dick is a Veteran walker who has turned runner. In a workout he and Cliff had with us it was apparent that Dick will press Bill Andberg (62) in the 5,000 or 10,000 next December. We drove to the Boulds' where we were their

house guests during our brief visit. That afternoon we were shown the site of the 1962 Commonwealth games, held in Perth. That evening we dined at an Australian steakhouse where we enjoyed the local beef which is somewhat different from our U.S. beef in that it is reared entirely on the range and not fattened in feed lots. As a result, the meat is quite flavorful and considerably more lean.



Returning to our travels on Tuesday, the Boulds took us on a tour of the city which included the University, Botanical Gardens, and downtown area which was somewhat marred by inclement weather, just a small hurricane the night before. A highlight was a conducted tour of their new Concert Hall. That evening we dined with our Aussie friends who have competed at the U.S. AAU Masters including Colin Junner, Wal McCabe, John Gilmore and Cliff Bould, plus our new U.S. Master, Dick Horsley and their charming wives. Subject to injury, all will make the 1,700 mile trip for the December competitions in both Sydney and Melbourne. Unfortunately, both McCabe and Gilmore have been incapacitated since Cologne but expect to be fit by year's end.

Wednesday, just before our departure, we did a television appearance for Australian National Television in Perth by jogging with the local female interviewer.

Cliff was pressed into driving the camera car while the camera and sound men were over the tailgate capturing the action as we jogged around a rugby field.

MELBOURNE

Within the hour we were enplaned for Melbourne International Airport, claimed as the largest such facility in the Southern Hemisphere. There we were greeted by Wal Sheppard and Denis De Vallance, plus Lynn, Denis' lovely wife. After a thirty minute drive into town, we checked into our Travelodge conveniently located adjacent to Olympic Park on St. Kilda road, a wide avenue lined with trees and bustling with ancient trams, which, for a dime will take one anywhere. That evening we had dinner at the home of Wal and Bon Sheppard. We enjoyed our first home-cooked meal since leaving home, highlighted by roast lamb and browned potatoes and finished off with apple pie and thick clotted cream. The next morning we arose, donned our running gear and popped out the front door of the hotel and had a 3/4 hour run where we discovered Melbourne famous botanical gardens. There, like a dog on his morning peregrinations, we stopped at each tree to read the plaques attached describing each tree and its point of origin.

After a quick breakfast, Denis picked us up stating that he had a court appearance and would I care to join him. Having some professional curiosity (being a lawyer), we readily agreed and were soon fascinated by the grubby old Victorian rabbit warren of a civil courts building which smelled like a public lavatory, but bustling with litigants, jurors and the bewigged lawyers all attired in collars and robes. Since we were dressed in our U.S. Masters blazer and white slacks, we stood out in marked distinction to all others. It was here we learned the nature of the litigation in which Denis was involved. He is, you who met him in San Diego and Cologne may recall, a former professional sprinter and footballer now turned television producer, but still dedicated to track and field (although he is persona non grata with Australian athletics due to his prior antecedents.) Denis has befriended many young athletes, including pro George McNeill, the "Scottish Wonder", 6.0 and 10.1 for the 60 and 100 meters. George, having beaten most of the world's best professional sprinters came to Australia two years ago but sustained a disabling injury. As a result he was libeled by a Melbourne sporting paper inappropriately named "The Truth." He filed suit and the case was to go to trial on the day of our arrival. The word was quickly passed to the defense that "yours truly" was "a big United States meet promoter" who had come over to testify on behalf of the libelee. Since we were attired somewhat akin to Uncle Sam in red, white and blue plus the U. S. Masters' patch on the blazer, the desired impression was achieved and as a result the offers of an out-of-court settlement during the day rapidly rose and a settlement was achieved. Since our presence, or should I say "window dressing", was not longer needed, we proceeded to the Old Melbourne Inn for a delightful press luncheon called in our honor by Denis. The conference was not before we stopped by the Melbourne University track where Merv Lincoln, now a lecturer at the University and a television sportscaster, was working out. Lincoln, who will turn 40 in September, still does the mile in 4:10 and the 880 in 1:56 was doing repeat 70 second 440's. On the curb of the track we noted a brass plaque with the following legend:



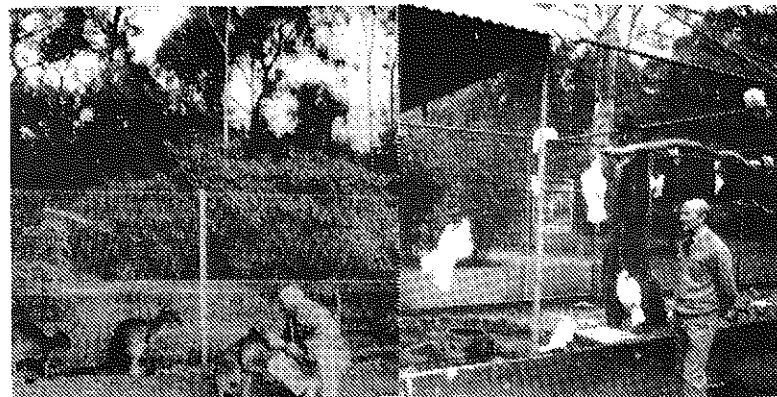
Present at the luncheon where we downed lager, Sydney rock oysters, and Tasmanian scallops with Neuberg sauce, were several gentlemen of the sporting press and media plus - a great honor for us - Ron Clarke. In his middle 30's, he has a touch of grey at his temples but otherwise looks as he did five years ago when we last saw the world's greatest distance runner compete in the U.S. Ron is currently possessor of the Adidas franchise for all of Australia and as such is very successful. He promptly pledged \$1,000 Australian (about \$1,400 U.S.) toward the Australian Vets Championship and showed great interest in the whole Masters program. He also expressed interest in helping us get major Adidas' support for the World Vets Championships in Toronto in 1975.

After the luncheon we drove to Olympic Stadium to examine the track - a good bitumen, but to be replaced by tartan hopefully before our December meet, and to have a television interview once again on National Television which we finished off in the cricket grounds site of the 1956 Melbourne Olympics.

The next day the papers announced we had invited Ron Clarke, Merv Lincoln and Herb Elliot to join the U.S. Masters to compete for our team since we had no rule regarding professionalism.

Next day - another television interview. Denis introduced us to the General Manager of Channel 7 who agreed to give the December Melbourne meet full live TV coverage, plus film clips in the Evening News and 1/2 hour replay on the Sunday afternoon week's sports summary, thus assuring a good crowd for the Sunday session. Denis then went out and sold the show to a local brewery (the advertising, that is.)

That afternoon, Wal and I drove to the back country where we had a superb luncheon, creme of celery soup, roast chicken on rice, and apple pie with cream plus an excellent Seaview Reising at a country restaurant where we enjoyed the magnificence of the trees, hills and valleys and then drove to Healesville, about 40 miles West of the city to view the animal sanctuary there. Here we saw our first kangaroos, wallabies and native birds, but missed the duckbilled platypus which had gone to bed a few minutes earlier. Naturally, the koalas were included, but they too declined to cooperate preferring to take a snooze in the crotch of a Eucalyptus tree, the leaves of which are their sole diet. A highlight was petting the kangaroos and talking to a cageful of loquacious cockatoos, all of whom at one point screeched at the top of their lungs and extended their beautiful yellow topknots.



In the evening we met Wal's committee and their wives and after a sumptuous buffet discussed arrangements for the meet in December. It was agreed that due to the summer heat - it can go over 100° that time of the year - that the 5,000 meter would be our longest race. The events to be included will be 100 meter to 5,000 plus the 110 highs plus 400 intermediates and the 4x100 and 4x400 relays. We will field Division I, II and III relay teams. All field events will be contested plus a 3,000 m and 15 Km walk. Medals will be awarded for 1st - 3rd place in all divisions. There will also be an outstanding athlete award for each division. Also being considered is a commemorative "T" shirt and patch. Ron Clarke is being asked to present the major awards and may compete in a special junior or sub-Masters event provided the stuffy AAA does not act in its usual manner and bars Clarke - Australia's all-time great athlete - from competing.

On the social side, after the first day's competition, we will be guests of Channel 7 on their evening show which is actually a party with live television interviews of the guests. Sunday evening we have a joint party with our Aussie hosts and meet those who will host us for Christmas dinner. Monday evening, Christmas Eve, we take in Melbourne's traditional Candlelight Christmas caroling held in the outdoor amphitheatre within walking distance of the hotel. There will be ample opportunity to attend midnight church services for those so disposed. Christmas will be observed with each one of us being the designated guest of a Melbourne family.

Helen and I, in our short time in Melbourne, were able to spend but one hour in the Melbourne National Museum of Art which lies only a 5 minute walk from the hotel. We were overwhelmed with the magnificence of the modern structure and the art treasures contained therein. The museum also sports a superb restaurant.

Needless to say, we bid goodbye to Wal and Bon Sheppard at the airport with considerable reluctance to commence our 8,070-mile trek back to law books, clients and legal matters. 27-1/2 hours later we arrived in San Diego to be greeted by our own family welcoming committee and to begin preparations for the National AAU Masters Track and Field Championships to be held here in July.

Masters Theme-'Run for Fun'

WEST LONG BRANCH - As the 90 athletes who competed in yesterday's second annual Masters Sports Association Track Meet at Monmouth College see it, track and field is as much a "lifetime sport" as golf, tennis, bowling or any of the others that generally are put in that category.

"Run for fun and fitness" is their theme and they put on some excellent illustrations of both the "fun" and "fitness" angles to the sport yesterday.

A U.S. senator (Alan Cranston, D-Calif.) was the meet's most distinguished entry. He failed to place in the 100 and 220-yard dashes in Division B (for athletes 50 to 59) but was happy to be able to fit the meet in to his busy Washington schedule.

Rumson cardiologist-journalist-distance runner Dr. George Sheehan provided the meet with its lone "world record" - 2:19.3 for the 880-yard run, best time ever recorded by a 54-year-old.

But Augie Escamillo, who flew in from San Diego for the meet, handed Dr. Sheehan a rare defeat when he took the Division B mile in 5:16.0.

In Submasters Division competition for the "youngsters" - 30 to 39 - Seton Hall University track coach John Moon showed lots of speed with his 10.3 100 and 23.7 220.

Henry Kuczyk, a YMCA physical director from Nashville, Tenn., was the big gun in Division A (for the 40 to 49 set) with his 2:04.4 half-mile, followed by a 4:28.8 mile. Philadelphian Jim Washington picked up firsts in the 100 and long jump while another doctor, Milford Parker of New York, led the 220 dashmen.

John Hutchinson of Torrington, Conn., shared the Division B Spotlight with Dr. Sheehan by taking the 100, long jump and javelin, while New Yorkers Claude Hills, Richard Lacey and Phil Par-



Augie Escamillo, San Diego, Calif., leads Dr. George Sheehan, Rumson, in Masters Sports Association Division B mile run yesterday at Monmouth College. Escamillo won in 5:16.0 to Dr. Sheehan's 5:18.4.

tridge proved the spryest Division C (50 and up) entries. Shore AC trackmen had themselves a good day when Ernie Johnston and Don Johnson joining Dr. Sheehan as winners.

Meet director was New Yorker Bob Fine, a former Syracuse University distance star who took time out from organizing the meet and handing out the many trophies to earn some Division A trophies of his own.

Special thanks to George Sheehan for his regular contributions

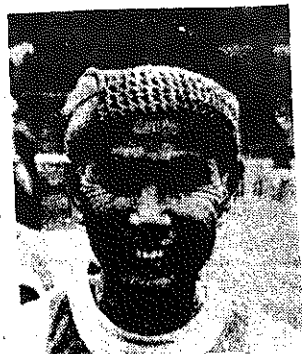


U.S. Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.), center, joins Shore Athletic Club trackmen in admiring trophies awarded at yesterday's Masters Sports Association Track Meet at Monmouth College. Left to right are Dr. George Sheehan, Rumson; Jim Hawn, Neptune; Senator Cranston; Sandy Kaib, Howell Township, and Tom Fyfe, Ocean Township.

HAWAII'S "MR. LONG DISTANCE RUNNING"

NORMAN K. TAMANAHA

by Scott Hamilton.



Last September at Bensberg-Refrath, a small 65-year-old man of Japanese ancestry completed the cold-weather marathon in what he considered a good time of 3:50:53. Six months later in hot weather and a course with some hills, he clocked 3:37:40 as he approached his 66th year, in this, the 3rd Annual Norman K. Tamanaha Marathon on the Island of Maui. Who was this runner? Norman K. Tamanaha himself, already a living legend in the Islands.

Insofar as we know, there are only two established marathons in the world named for living marathon runners. The first is the Paavo Nurmi Marathon in Wisconsin, named for the celebrated Finnish winner of Olympic gold medals, who is elderly and partially paralyzed in Helsinki. The second is the one named for Tamanaha, in which the honored person competes while he is living, to enjoy his own marathon! NKT is anything but paralyzed!

His Maui time this year is the fastest marathon he has done since 1955 and 1956, 17-18 years ago, when he placed 2:38:30 (48 years) and 2:38:40 (49 years) among the first ten finishers in the Boston Marathon. He proved a top competitor as he approached 50, long before age group running was the coming thing. In fact, back then, anyone who competed in the marathon over 35 was looked upon as nutty.

This has been his "most honored year", with his election to the Presidency of the large Mid-Pacific Road Runners Club and continued State Chairmanship of the AAU Long Distance Running Committee. Being able to go abroad for the first time as a member of the 1st U.S. Masters International Track Team to Europe was a recharger, for he decided to stay in the eastern U.S. and continue competing in cross-country and track before returning to the Islands.

Mayor Frank Fasi attended a MPRRC dinner at which Norman and the two other Hawaii members of the U.S. Masters Team were given "Awards of Merit" in "recognition of outstanding examples in physical culture and sport". It's not every big city that sends its Mayor to welcome back U.S. Masters Team members from abroad. This spring, NKT was among the candidates nominated for the 2nd East-West Center Inter-Cultural Award, on the basis of the role he played in improving the relationships between peoples in Hawaii and Scandinavia, especially Finland, on the opposite side of the world.

While in Helsinki, NKT paid his respects to President Urho Kekkonen and Paavo Nurmi, with leis from Honolulu, was the guest of Torbjorn and Jan-Krister Blomqvist at a summer cabin in the Archipelago, and took advantage of every opportunity to "meet the people" in a country precisely the opposite of tropical Hawaii. As of this writing, the award-winner has not been announced.

In Hawaii, until recently, very few persons of Japanese ancestry have pursued long distance running seriously. It has often been considered a "haole" sport. However, NKT provides a living example of "how to make good" and devotes his spare time to building running in Hawaii for those who may follow in his footsteps. This year, the fastest Hawaii marathon time was made by Royden Koito, sophomore at the University of Hawaii and newly-appointed Captain of its Track Team. Keep up the good work, Norman!

U.S. Masters International Track Team

David H.R. Pain, Director
Helen L. Pain, Co-director



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June, 1973

Dear Friends,

Although November has not yet arrived, it does seem time to say THANK YOU to the many of you who are working so very hard to make Masters Track and Field the growing and continuous success it has achieved. Not the least important are those of you who are "working out" regularly, improving your own records, and spreading the "gospel" to your friends. Many of you are writing stories, collecting material and sending it to us, arranging meets, officiating, supporting the idea with such enthusiasm and energy that the "contagion" is infecting the civilized world. The May 18th telegram from Jan Stork, Sweden, which proclaimed "Racing org for vets founded at Riche Stockholm today." is the kind of electrifying excitement that we refer to. This international fraternity with its many chapters is mushrooming with atomic energy.

Examples of this growth are enclosed. You will find your copy (compliments of the U. S. Masters) of the first issue of VETERIS, the magazine of the Association of Veteran Athletes, published in England,* and the brochure inviting you to the 1st World Masters Track & Field Championships, August 11th to 17th, 1975, Toronto, Canada.

This month we wish to single out for special kudos: DON FARQUHARSON and his Canadian Masters, who made the special trip to the Isle of Man...not only to compete but to announce the forthcoming World Masters Championships; OTTO ESSIG** (His 3rd Annual Berkshire 10-mile Masters Road Race was deemed "the best run All'Masters road race I have yet to attend in the U.S." by veteran Jim Hartshorne.) MIKE MURRAY (whose dream and back-breaking efforts will result in 35 young men (16-19) who in July will be the first private non-AAU track and field team to make a competitive tour of Sweden, Finland, and the USSR:) and KEN BERNARD, ohbe again meet director for the National AAU Masters Track & Field Championships. Additional thank yous for educational contributions from Scott Hamilton, Arne Richards, Farquharson, Hartshorne, George Sheehan, Claude Hills, Ray Williams, Walt Stack, Rudy Fahl*** (Pike's Peak Marathon, Sunday, August 12th) and Arol Escamilla.

*Annual subscription is \$1.50 overseas mail (U.S.\$3.75) Then we must mail each individually, so please add \$1.00 for postage. Therefore, please include \$4.75 with your subscription request to the U.S. Masters. Canadians, deal directly with your rep Farquharson and Australians, check with Wal Sheppard.

**Div. I: 1 - W.Renaud(42) 54:35:06; 6 - W.McConnell(42) 58:54; 8 - R. Packard(45) 59:28. Div. II: 1 - M.Smith (50) 61:29; 6 - J.Hartshorne(50)

63:22. Div. III: 1 - J. Wall(60) 65:03; 3 - G.Essig (67) 71:19.

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