

U.S. Masters International Track Team

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PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST - YOUR LUNGS, THAT IS.

For those interested in a different kind of running challenge, Rudy Fahl's Pike's Peak Marathon in Colorado Springs, Colorado, offers everything one could ask for in a physical - and for some a spiritual - challenge.

On August 12th, a member of U. S. Masters accepted that challenge. The "race" - actually it is a contest between man and mountain - commences at 6,500' elevation at the foot of the Cog Railway, which also goes to the summit 14,110' up. The runners move up the Barr Trail, achieving 9,000' within the first 3.5 to 4.0 miles. At 5.0 miles, one reaches a fairly level area which is the only point on the trail where any level running can be engaged in. At approximately 6.5 miles, the Barr Camp, 10,300' elevation, the first water is given out. Here, the trail steepens, where, at 12,000', the timberline is encountered with loose gravel on the trail, and those slogging upward at a snail's pace are met with deflation in greeting the leaders already on their way back down. It is here where the lowlander first fully appreciates the numbing effect of the ever-increasing altitude. Breathing becomes increasingly difficult, with hot, dry air searing one's windpipe. Running, for most - even jogging - is over, and one accepts the unthinkable, i.e., walking the rest of the way to the top. The "runner" stops at a stream for a refreshing drink of cool mountain water, but upon standing erect, he immediately experiences dizziness and anoxia. As you move ever more slowly up the steepening trail and pass others sprawled by trailside, holding their sides while gasping for breath, one's sole intent is to just keep moving, for once you stop, you are done for. Muscles tighten up and resolve to finish in good time dissipates. You look up and see numerous competitors, all walking on the trail as it zigs and zags ever upward. The sun is relentlessly blazing down from the summit and at least two miles of trail remains. Soon, but not soon enough, there is greyhaired Katherine Fahl, (72), who has herself made 70 ascents of this, her beloved mountain, handing out orange slices and cups of water laboriously lugged down from the top and giving vocal encouragement to the flagging athletes. "One mile to the top." she calls out. One looks up another 800' and asks, "But, how long?" The reply; "30 to 45 minutes." Your heart sinks, realizing that almost three and one-half hours have transpired and even a modest 4-hour target is perhaps slipping away. With bowed head and little more than grim determination, the competitor heads up the trail, to be confronted with the inappropriately named final portion of the trail, the "Golden Stairs", where even the most fit admit defeat at the hands of the mountain and abandon their dogtrot for a scramble and walk to the top.

As the air gets thinner - the breath faster and more like a death rattle - people appear on the rocks above the trail urging you on. You have no idea where the finish is until you round a curve and see it 100' ahead and then launch into a ludicrous caricature of a sprint with leaden legs and feet, where you collapse across the finish line.

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"LOWEST TO HIGHEST," or MADNESS IN THE DESERT... By Joan Ulliyot (DSE NEWS)

Dr. Joan Ulliyot, treasurer of the San Francisco Dolphin-South End Runners and winner and record holder of the Women's Division of the Pike's Peak '73 Marathon, is well equipped to comment on "mountain runs."

At 4 a.m. on Saturday, August 18, in the teeth of a dry, hot (107) wind, the Mad Hatter and the March Hare (alias DSE's Kenneth Crutchlow and Pax Beale) touched hands and embarked on their wildest and probably most grueling adventure to date: a relay from the lowest point in the U.S.--Badwater, Death Valley--to the highest--the summit of Mt. Whitney, almost 150 road miles away. The difference in elevation is some 14,783 feet, upwards. The actual run, however, involved far more hill work than Ken and Pax had anticipated --unknown to us, there were two 5,000 foot ranges bordering Death Valley on the west which had to be scaled (and another desert crossed) during the approach to Mt. Whitney.

Let me reassure everyone at the start that the intrepid team from the "Pregnancy Control Center" accomplished their objective and survived the ordeal. In addition, their feat provided some interesting data on fluid balance and control of body temperature during exercise in heat approaching that of a sauna (where Pax had done some special training.) Ken and Pax had a large pit crew including drivers, water girls, moral support troops Elaine Pedersen, Lyndi Beale, and Bonnie Brooke, a photographer, a newspaper reporter, and finally myself as team doctor. I was attempting to draw blood samples, monitor weight, pulse, blood pressure and temperature, record selected heartbeats for posterity (the Beale-Crutchlow tapes?), keep my head together in the general chaos, and trying not to panic as the heat increased steadily and the pace slowed.

As the sun rose ever higher that 1st day and we passed slowly and painfully through the dusty towns of Furnace Creek and Stove Pipe Wells, we began to resemble an Arab caravan as the runners draped Turkis towels soaked in ice water over their heads, to cool them and ward off some of the sun's

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rays. Pax consumed massive volumes of cold Gatorade and still lost weight steadily--10 pounds by mid-afternoon. Ken, drinking water only, began to stagger around the road by early afternoon and was vomiting intermittently. Switching to Gatorade helped restore his salt balance, but nothing could reduce the 130° heat. The pit crew, sweating and nearly prostrated themselves, could only watch in amazement as Pax and Ken gutted it out, relaying till evening when they finally passed out for a few hours of rest after crossing one 5,000 foot ridge out of the Valley.

The next day was more of the same--painfully hot and slow relay legs--then the less famous but equally searing desert leading to Mt. Whitney, culminating in a midnight ascent of the 13 mile uphill grade to Whitney Portals, the trailhead only 11 miles and 7,000 feet from the summit. From here, early Monday morning, both men set out together on the last leg of the relay accompanied by Elaine, Lyndi and myself, the last remnants of the pit crew. As the only altitude-adapted member of the group, I had the honor of carrying the packs with water, medical supplies and the vital cameras. Arriving at the summit in a snow flurry, I unpacked in time to record the climactic moment when Pax and Ken sprinted together up the final yards to the summit. Then goal attained in a total of 57 hours and 18 minutes, they headed back down the mountain toward their first real food and sleep in 3 days. The after effects of the ordeal--fatigue, blisters and a drastically reduced aerobic capacity--would be felt for weeks, but the immediate pride of accomplishment buoyed the runners through the rapid descent. As we, the relatively rested support troops, were outdistanced down the rocky trails, Ken's wisecracks and Pax's plans for a "lowest-to-highest club" drifted back to our ears--heralding a rapid recovery, and who knows what wild project for next year?

Excerpt from Track & Field News

September, 1973

"Besides upping his hammer PR to 227-9 for a world age-42 best, Howard Payne recently showed his versatility in the British Veterans Championships. He won his specialty in 215-11 and the shot (40-9½)--plus the high jump (4-11 with the flop) and triple jump (38-4¼)!"

Much has been written and stated about professionalism, as related to the amateur athlete. Nothing has been said--apparently because no one cares or has thought about the problem. As a matter of fact, few Masters are aware that under the AAU rules, we proposed in San Francisco several years ago, that there is no rule regarding professionalism in U. S. Masters athletics. As a consequence, any athlete 40 or older may compete regardless of his professional connections, or prior athletic activities. Because of this "non" rule, many ex-professionals have quietly slipped into the Masters and have competed without creating any waves.

To its lasting credit, our AAU - which is constantly suffering the slings and arrows of criticism from athletes, opportunist politicians, sports writers and others, unanimsously adopted the liberal rule, fully realizing that it flew in the face of the generally accepted, but much attacked, rules regarding amateurism.

Veteran athletics is now going international, which raises a problem in that most national AAU organizations are members of the IAAF which controls, or at least attempts to control, all international athletics. The IAAF currently has 144 affiliated members, which includes the U.S. and just about every other major country involved in athletics. The only country we know of which is not a member, is the Peoples Republic of China.

Like the AAU, the IAAF is the frequent subject of criticism, primarily because it is out of step with current popular thinking, and, because it is an international organization (like the U.N.), it reflects the overall views of its worldwide members, many of whom are extremely small countries which covet their power in such a hierarchy. The IAAF, like the AAU, does much good in establishing stability in a sport which, because of its nature, is populated by individuals, each of whom thinks his views should be the basis of IAAF criteria. For example, this organization is the only accepted sanctioning body for world records and only those efforts which occur in a situation meeting the IAAF criteria may be recognized as world records. Implements, specifications for competition areas, and criteria for athletic events are spelled out by the IAAF. This, of course, assures uniformity of competition and enables efforts worldwide to be compared and records recognized.

The IAAF has also decreed what an amateur athlete shall be. Rule 51 defines an amateur as ... "one who competes for the love of sport and as a means of recreation, without any motive of securing any material gain from such competition." Most of us would agree that this is a sound definition and that it accurately describes Masters athletes virtually to a man.

The problem arises, however, in that Rule 52 restricts competition to those who qualify as amateurs, as defined by the IAAF. The going gets even more sticky when we look at Rule 53, which declares any athlete a professional who, after reaching 16, has committed any of the following athletic crimes:

- "(i) has competed in any sport for any pecuniary reward;
- "(ii) has taken part in any athletic meeting in which any of the competitors were, to his knowledge, ineligible to compete under International Amateur Athletic Federation rules;
- "(iii) has ever received any pecuniary consideration for teaching, training or coaching in any sport;

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NOTE.-Physical education teachers whose work is solely educational and who are not paid directly or indirectly for the coaching of athletes for competitions are eligible to compete as amateurs.

- "(iv) has at any time been financially interested in any athletic meeting in which he was entered;
- "(v) writes, lectures or broadcasts for payment upon any track or field event or competition without the prior permission of his national governing body. This permission must be given only in the case of a person who is genuinely making a career in that particular activity.
- "(vi) receives, directly or indirectly, any compensation for using or recommending the use of any merchandise whatsoever; 'merchandise' shall include anything sold or any service supplied to the public;
- "(vii) allows his name or his picture, whether static or moving to be used directly or indirectly to advertise any merchandise;
- NOTE.-When and where it is proved that the name or the picture of the athlete was used for the purpose of this paragraph without his knowledge, the indemnity to be collected from the person or persons responsible for the injury, privately agreed or stipulated by the Courts, will revert to the Federation to which the athlete belongs.
- "(viii) while training or competing, displays on his person any advertising material other than the accepted name of his club or organisation, or takes on to any arena or course any form of advertising material. This rule shall apply to the competitors' numbers, clothing and travelling bags, but does not apply to articles not clearly visible.
(see also Note-Rule 142, para. 5.)
- "(ix) takes part in any athletic meeting which is not sanctioned, recognised or certified by the Member in the country in which the event is held.
- "(x) accepts directly or indirectly any money or other consideration for expenses or loss of earnings, other than what is permitted under Rule 14.
- "(xi) uses drugs as defined in Rule 44 ('Doping').
- "(xii) is, and for so long as he remains, ineligible to compete in competitions under the jurisdiction of his national governing body;
- "(xiii) enters into a contract or agreement to compete, as a professional athlete.
NOTE.-Suspensions and Reinstatement - See Rule 11.)

Rule 11, Suspensions and Reinstatement, does provide for the reacceptance of an athlete once a professional, now desiring to return to the amateur ranks. The problem, however, is that for reasons the IAAF can best describe, very few athletes are ever able to get reinstated in track, and in most countries it is a virtual impossibility.

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(Red Bank Register)

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES

It is time we began to paint that on rocks. Time we put it on our bumper stickers. Scribbled it on schoolyard fences. Printed it on gym walls. It is time we wrote it on every Athletic Director's door. Placed that slogan on each coach's locker. Time we added it to the graffiti in the nation's rest rooms.

The time is already too late for a 16-year-old football player from Brentwood High School on Long Island, and another 16-year-old from Hamilton High School East in Trenton. They died this past week from heat exhaustion during pre-season football practice.

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES

That is how and where it usually happens. The unconditioned athlete is the victim. Unconditioned and unacclimatized to heat. If he loses three per cent of his body weight he is at hazard. Double that and he may not get another warning. Symptoms are gradual and subtle. Before the athlete is aware of what is going on he is no longer in control of his fate. Only prompt treatment by onlookers can help him. Even then the mortality is 50 per cent. And this heat that kills, how high is that? Anywhere from 75 degrees and up depending on the sport and the clothing and the humidity. Every coach should be familiar with the T.H.I. levels that constitute Alert (75); Danger (79) and Emergency (84.)

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES

And the water that saves, how much is that? Plenty and plenty more. Rommel, for instance, issued two gallons a day per man in his Afrika Korps. To replace weight losses up to the danger limit you have to give water frequently and in large quantities. For a 200 lb. football player that could mean a break every 10 minutes for 10 ounces of fluid. For a 140 lb. crosscountry runner, a break every 20 minutes for the same amount of water might be enough. And every athlete would do well to take a pint of fluid 10 minutes before the practice begins.

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES

But what about salt and potassium? Alone they are nothing. In fact, salt without water does more harm than good. 'Even worse than restricting water,' says Dr. William Coleman of the University of Rochester, 'is to give salt without it.' It is the water in Gatorade and Sportade and the other ades that saves your life. The salt and sugar and potassium help your performance.

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NEWS FROM INTERNATIONAL MASTERS

HAWAII - Scott Hamilton

"Today's (Sept. 9) running of Mt. Tantalus has 39 entries in this MPRRC race. The Hawaii Masters team which our Tantalus Marathoners Gold Team had thoroughly clobbered in the Kole-kole Pass Relay, 1st among 23 teams, tackled us on our sacred precincts and were thoroughly devastated. We placed 6 in the 1st 15.....The wise runners know you don't shoot your wad going up but lay back, then zap them with a fast descent--if you have the legs for it." Heed this advice Dec. 31st, those of you on the South Pacific Tour!

AUSTRALIA - Johnny Gilmore

"We had our 15-mile open West Australia Championship 2 weeks ago (June) and our veterans, 5 in all, competed in the event. There were 40 starters. I finished 9th in 86:29 which bettered my time by 2 min. when I won the title in '54. Col Junner was the next vet to finish in 13th place, 4 min. behind me. Cliff Bould was next in 96:38.... I am running I feel and according to my times better than last year so I am hoping to keep that way until Christmas for competition with your team."

NEW ZEALAND - John Drew, Christchurch Press

"There are encouraging signs that the veteran movement is improving in strength here...It's only as recently as 2 years ago that it was impossible to get vet results mentioned." In comment on the sad demise of Nurmi... "Constant training can inhibit cerebro-vascular degeneration and stop strokes Presumably it was a stroke that did him - as well as cario-vascular trouble According to 1 of my weight-lifting colleagues, a psychiatric nurse, 30 - 40% of the mental hospital occupancy are senile cases mainly the result of cerebro-vascular degeneration. So if you can keep people training, you can keep people out of the geriatric wards ...But merely the threat of medical catastrophe won't usually motivate men to train; it has better to be some rosy inducement such as participation in age grade athletics."

.....Keith Williams, Air New Zealand

"Arthur Lydiard is at present in So. America (due back Sept. 24th.) We should have no problem getting Gordon Pirie, Peter Snell and others to attend the race in Auckland on Dec. 27th!"

ENGLAND - Norman Ashcroft

"I must thank you on behalf of the British party for the great time we had during our trip to California and the days we spent in San Diego.

I hope that we did a lot of good by our trip plus friendship to the U. S. Masters and friends. It was a terrific experience for all our party and one likely to be forgotten sometime in the far future."

AT FORK IN ROAD

Innocent Bystander

By George Sheehan

The people who think they know say that given a second chance a man will make the same mess of his life he did the first time. Playwrights and novelists over the years have never given us any hope that reliving our lives would have any different result the second time around. Our scientists and psychologists seem to agree. Even such disparate thinkers as Bucky Fuller and B.F. Skinner are together in this. "We shouldn't try to change people." writes Skinner. "We should change the world in which people live." It is a thought Fuller has often expressed.

Some of course take an opposing view. The people who deal in Faith, Hope and Charity seem to think that one day is as good as another for changing your personal history. Philosophers since recorded time have recommended it. From Pindar to Emerson they have told us to become the thing we are; to fulfill our design; to choose our own reality, our own way of being a man. What they didn't tell us was how to do it; or how difficult it would be. When Paul said to put on the New Man, he reminded us of the unlimited potential of man; but the lives we lead constantly remind us of the obvious limits to this potential.

Clearly the Good Life is not as accessible as the books say. And yet it is not from want of trying that we have failed. We start our new lives with almost as much frequency as Mark Twain gave up smoking (thousands of times) and with about the same success.

Cliche True?

Can tomorrow be the first day of the rest of our life? And can that life be completely different from the mess it is today? The answer, of course, has to be yes, or all those great men wouldn't have said so. But how do you go about it?

The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to retrace your steps. To go back to that period of your life when you were operating as a successful human being (although you most likely weren't aware of it). To go back to those times when your soul, your self, was not what you possessed or your social standing or other people's opinion but a totality of body, mind and spirit. And that totality interacting freely with your total environment.

Somewhere about the age of 28 that integration of self, and that response to the universe began to dissolve. We came more and more to associate who we were with what we owned; to judge ourselves by other people's opinions; to make our decisions by other people's rules; to live by other people's values. Coincidentally, or maybe not so coincidentally, our physical condition began to decline. We had reached the fork in the road. We took the well traveled path.

One who took the path overgrown with weeds and rarely used was Henry David Thoreau. The world knows Thoreau as a man of intellect, a shrewd observer, a rebel against conventional values. What has not been emphasized was that he was an athlete, and a fine one. He was, of course, a great walker. This kept him in prime physical condition. "I inhabit my body," he wrote, "with inexpressible satisfaction; both its weariness and its refreshments." It would not be too much to say that Thoreau's other activities derived their vitality from the vitality of his body. That the self that was Thoreau depended on being as physical as he could be.

Immediately, the competitor is seized by medics from the world-famous Mayo Clinic, who wish to see just what happens to a human body pushed to such limits. Perhaps they would learn more if psychiatrists, as what has transpired is part madness.

Some runners, about 30 out of 250 entrants, have enough reserve remaining after a short rest at the top to turn about and start the equally demanding descent from 14,110' back to Manitou Springs, for a total of 26.8 miles of trail, virtually none of which is level.

Overall winner was mining geologist Richard Trujillo (25), a native of the Colorado mountains, who lives in the mining town of Ouray at 7,800' and works at a mine located at 8,200' and trains at 12,000'. Rick tied last year's defending champion, Chuck Smead (22), to the top in the remarkable time of 2:07:38.5 (Smead's to the top record last year was 2:09:30). Trujillo broke away from Smead on the descent to break the legendary six-time winner, Indian Steve Gachupin's up-and-down record of 3:39:47 by one second. Gachupin (30), far off form, ran a creditable 3:17:30 ascent, but appears through as a dominating factor in the open division.

As the 247 contestants set an entry record for the 18-year old event, so were records set in the women's division by Joan Ullyot (33), San Francisco, California, 3:14:44; Major Ernie Cunliffe (35), Colorado Springs USAD Academy 2:27:31; and Andy Hornbaker, Sr. (40) of Security, Colorado, breaking Hal Higdon's 1-year record by two minutes, with an outstanding 2:39:46.

Rudy Fahl (75), Meet Director and a resident of Colorado Springs, completed his 139th ascent of Pike's Peak in 4:55.0.

Some of you as track "nuts" may recall Ernie Cunliffe in the late 50's and early 60's when, as a world class 800m/880 yard man, he operated on the premise that if you got far enough out in front, no one could catch you. Although Ernie usually opened up a gigantic distance between himself and the opposition, he'd usually die at the 660 mark, with the remaining contestants making a dash at him, as he struggled towards the finish line. As often as not, he'd get nipped at or near the tape; but, it made good races and we remember Major Cunliffe's running when most of his contemporaries have been forgotten.

We spoke to Ernie and he's most anxious to reach 40 when he intends to return to the shorter distances. In the meantime, he's setting long distance records as a sub-Master.

Rudy (75) and Katherine Fahl (72), will accompany the U. S. Masters tour to the South Pacific. Since Rudy can't bring Pike's Peak with him, he states he will specialize on the sprints on the tour. Also competing at Pike's Peak this year, as he has for the last four or five, was barrel-chested San Franciscan, Walt Stack (65), who completed the ascent in 3:57:15, and in so doing, won his 60 and over division. Walt and Marsie, his wife, will also make the down-under tour. We are looking forward to the companionship and camaraderie both of these vivacious couples will add to the team. Besides, Walt and Rudy are fine athletes in their own right, notwithstanding their advancing years.

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DOCTOR, DOCTOR, WHAT MAKES THEM TICK?



ARE THESE THE MISSING TAPES? Dr. Vince DE CIUTIIS and David PAIN submit to testing at 14,110 feet, proving they were in shock.



N. BRIGHT made it with cast & stitches



T. SHARKEY arrived at top with smile

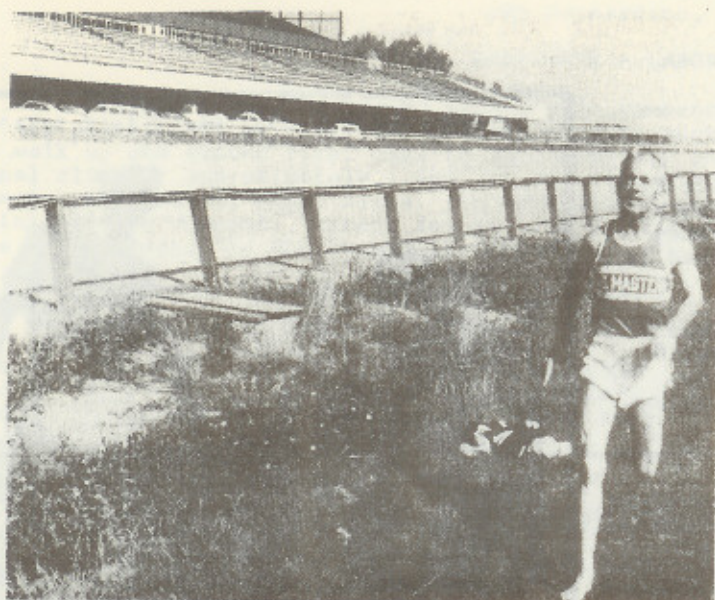
UPCOMING EVENTS

October 14, 1973 Santa Barbara Marathon 7:30 a.m. start for runners expecting to run 3:30 hours or slower. 8:30 a.m. start for all others Entry \$1.50 plus AAU card. Terry George, 246 Harvard Ln, Sta. Barbara Ca. 93111. (805) 67-9680.

November 17, 1973 AAU Masters Cross-Country National Championships. 2:00 p.m. Lorain County Community College. 10,000M. Jack Wilhelm, 1005 Abbe Rd, Elyria, Ohio. (216) 365-4191.

November 17, 1973 U.S. Track & Field Cross-Country. Fresno, Ca. 6 miles 40-49, 50 and over. 3-man teams. Entry fee \$10/team. Sid Toabe, 4566 Del Mar, Fresno, Ca. 93704.

November 24, 1973 So. Cal. Vets Cross-Country. 11:00 a.m. Balboa Park, San Diego, Ca. 5,000M. Augie Escamilla, 4974 Dafter St., San Diego, Ca. 92102. (714) 262-2128



WILFRED (BILL) BIGELOW, 63, RUNS FOUR MILES EVERY DAY
New park district official uses Golden Gate Fields track

At age 63

Athlete-executive switches from radiation lab to parks

That wraith-like figure galloping around Golden Gate Fields racetrack daily at dusk is no horse, although he seems to have the stamina of one.

It would be Wilfred S. (Bill) Bigelow, who at 63 has just changed careers — or at least bosses. Bigelow is the new personnel manager for the East Bay Regional Park District. He had held a similar position with what for years was known as the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory (now Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory).

AT THE LAB'S peak, Bigelow's "territory" encompassed some 7,000 miles stretching from Eniwetok to Oak Ridge, Tenn., and he maintained contact with nearly 9,000 employees.

He's an accomplished ice skater, too, but his first love is track, and his first triumph occurred in 1929 when, as a member of the University of California freshman track team, he won the two-mile event in the "little big meet" with Stanford.

After an improbable 39-year layoff, Bigelow began running again in 1971 and, as a tribute to his physical condition and stamina, he's still winning events in his age category or placing high.

He participated in a European tour with the prestigious U.S. Masters' International Track Team last year and will be leaving on an extensive South Pacific tour in December with the same organization.

BIEGLOW, WHO in 30 years at the Lawrence Lab encountered just about every possible personnel problem in the books, looks forward to his new job.

He's accustomed to discussing employment problems not only with Nobel prize-winning nuclear physicists but rank-and-file workers as well.

A NATIVE OF Berkeley, Bigelow spent almost 17 years in the little Yolo county town of Winters where he was graduated from high school and then in business administration.

"Those were the Depression years," Bigelow reminded, "and I was working my way through school with part-time and summer jobs. The average part-time job paid 50 cents an hour and I recall one stint I did picking apricots around Winters, just after graduation at 17½ cents an hour."

"I decided I could do better than that because I liked people and I signed on with the Real Silk Hosiery Co. selling their products door-to-door. I found I could make \$1 an hour."

"THE COMPANY liked my work so well that when I graduated I became college personnel supervisor, first on the Pacific Coast and then in the Middle Atlantic states. One summer I held the job of San Jose branch manager and later, I was San Diego Branch manager."

Ultimately, Bigelow decided it was time to leave the world of door-to-door selling and he became involved in a

frozen food locker project. Then came World War II.

"Things moved quickly," Bigelow recalled, "and the managing engineer who had the responsibility of hiring for the Radiation Laboratory decided I was the man he wanted."

"HE TOLD ME," Bigelow recalled, "that anyone who had accomplished what I did during the Depression should know a lot about people."

Bigelow, who remained with the world-famed UC laboratory 30 years, began when the work force stood at 150. At the peak, about 1965, the payroll stood at nearly 9,000.

"This year, in the 3000-meter steeple chase I ran second to the current world record holder in my class."

"I also placed fifth in the high jump and the following day, placed 6th in the 1500-meter event and 7th in the 5000-meter."

LAST YEAR, traveling with the U.S. Masters' International Track Team, Bigelow competed in London, Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo, Cologne, Germany, and Gothenburg, Sweden.

This December, Bigelow's flying spikes will dig up the cinder tracks in the Fiji Islands, Melbourne, Australia, Auckland, N.Z., and Honolulu.

The new parks personnel manager and his wife, Carol, are the parents of two children, David, of Seattle and Mrs. Barbara Vienna of Davis.

Foster Another Jack Holden

J. Foster (Rotorua), at 41 years of age, continued to emulate the British feats at a similar age of the 1950 Empire Games champion, Jack Holden, when on Saturday afternoon Foster smashed the Onehunga-to-Auckland Broadlands Ocean-to-Ocean six-mile road race record to smithereens.

Foster reduced the record established last year by J. L. Julian (Owairaka) by the substantial margin of 57s after a first, cruel mile uphill in 4m 40s, attended by the initial pace-setter, D. G. Sirl and K. Ryan (Owairaka) and T. Manners (Hastings).

Only Ryan, the national track 10,000 champion could foot it with the Olympians Foster and Manners until Foster shook them both off before the second mile peg to run the rest of the grueling journey in the lonely front position.

"Good Run"

"It was a good run," said Foster after the race. "Smashing conditions, nice and cool with a tail wind. I just bowled along. Oh, I was motoring—I was going! It's the fastest I have gone on the road. I had a good field on my heels, didn't I!"

Foster finished in 31m 34s. Ryan was second in 32m 31s, thus equalling the previous record and Manners, who chased Ryan spiritedly all the way, was third in 32m 33s.

"It was a very good run," said Manners. "I enjoyed it. It was a very pleasing run for me."

"These patriotic Aucklanders," grumbled Ryan. "They were all calling for Manners from the top of the hill (St Stephen's Ave. Parnell).

"That got me, so I really got stuck in from there."



J. Foster at full stretch down Gladstone Rd, Parnell during the annual Onehunga-Auckland road race which he won in record time on Saturday afternoon.

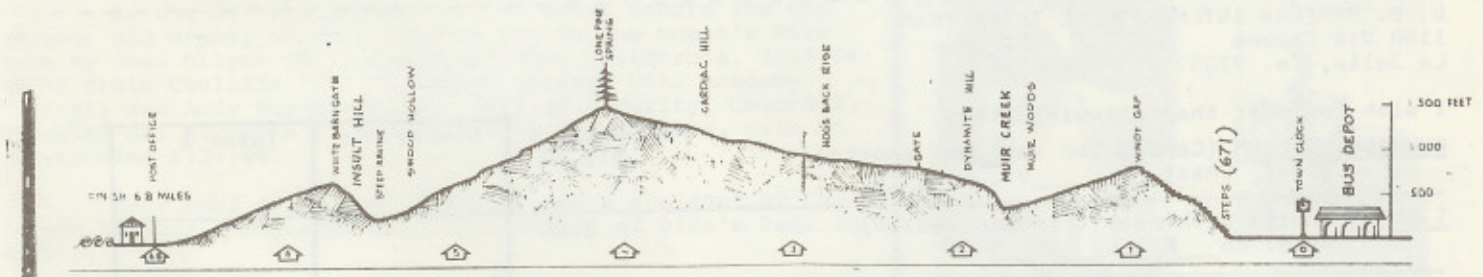
The second issue of VETERIS has just arrived from England. If you have sent in your \$4.75, you should have received your copy by now.

If you wish to subscribe to the magazine of the Association of Veteran Athletes, send your check to: U.S. Masters International Track Team, 1160 Via Espana, La Jolla, Ca. 92037.

THE DIPSEA - A MOVING FEAST

Back in 1904, hiking members of the San Francisco Olympic Club, while attending a picnic in the coastal Redwood area North of San Francisco called Mill Valley, decided to run over Mt. Tamalpais to Stinson Beach on the West coast some seven miles away. On arriving at Stinson Beach, the overheated runners plunged into the Cold Pacific Ocean. Thus was born the Dipsea Race, one of the nation's oldest Cross-Country races. The first runners became known as the "Dipsea Indians" and the race soon became an annual tradition. Stinson Beach boomed as a vacation area, with a resort hotel springing up and a railway pushing across the hills to the ocean. Soon, the Dipsea Race became the highlight of the summer season, with hundreds of runners entering and thousands lining the roadway at the finish. As the race grew in popularity, so did the trail on which it was run; for the course, considering its relatively short length (6.8 miles) offered the runner, hiker, ornithologist or botanist a wide variety of flora, fauna and terrain to enjoy. Commencing in the small village of Mill Valley, now a bustling suburb of San Francisco, North of the more famous and notorious Sausalito, and joined to the city by the world-famous Golden Gate Bridge, the trail commences with three flights of public stairs (671 steps), which join parallel streets above the small town below.

On leaving the stairs, the trail winds up through a farm and more homes to Windy Gap, some 750 feet above the village. Here, the trail descends steeply to the Muir Woods road and enters the Muir Woods Park, one of the last stands of native coastal redwood in the area, long ago ravished by loggers to provide timber to rebuild San Francisco following the classic 1906 fire and earthquake. The trail crosses a stream and then heads rather steeply back up the East side of the heavily wooded southerly shoulder of Mt. Tamalpais, appropriately named "Dynamite Hill". The path emerges on an exposed ridge named "Hogs Back Rise", but once again is swallowed by the woods. Now up "Cardiac Hill" and finally to "Lone Pine Spring", the trail crests at 1,500'. It continues for several miles on open meadows to finally descend rapidly down "Swoop Hollow" into heavily wooded "Steep Ravine". The path ascends one more time, a bare 200' to "Insult Hill" where the road to the beach is encountered on three separate occasions, as it is intercepted by the trail. The last quarter mile of roadway runs through the village to Willow Camp Park, where the sea and picnic are encountered.



To run the Dipsea successfully and to make the best possible time, the trail must be practiced so that the shortest route - there are several alternate trails at various points along the way - may be ascertained. The most dedicated practice segments of the trail, working out on the stairs, the steep uphill and downhill areas, for it is here the race is won or lost. Unlike Southern California, where one day is much like another, the weather on the Dipsea varies from day to day on different parts of the trail. It can be bright and summery on the East end and foggy, or even raining, on the coastal side. Portions of the trail can be running with small springs and accordingly, slippery or bone-dry and dusty. The pressing runner must watch out for other hazards, such as erosion on the trail, poison oak along its borders, and even pugnacious bees and wasps. Hardly a Dipsea Race goes by without at least one or more broken arms or legs, as runners seek to pass one another on the narrow trail. Others press too hard on the downhill side, overspeed and crash, sometimes to bound up, but more often as not, to limp in proudly nursing their bumps and contusions.

Although the race fell by the wayside (1932-1933), and during WW-2 (1942-1945); from 1946, it quickly increased in popularity thereafter due to the promotion of the Mill Valley Jaycees and the increased interest in jogging. As a consequence, 1,200 - 1,500 runners of all ages and abilities now enter the event annually.

To increase general interest, the race is a handicap affair, with the 60 and over and 11 and under group getting off the mark fifteen minutes ahead of the scratch runners, with the other classes setting off at two minute intervals in between. The start requires the scratch runners to run through the field, something very hard to do on the narrow trail. Notwithstanding this inequity, it guarantees an exciting race, with the youngsters and oldsters having a more than even break at winning the race for the handicap victor being first across the line is unquestionably the champion. Notwithstanding the fact that the prior years' results are now run through a computer, the extremely fit and gifted younger or old runner can take advantage of his, or her, handicap and come in ahead of the open runners.

Since the participants are isolated by the trail from the spectators, which once again number in the thousands, until the last two hundred yards when they round a corner 200 yards from the finish, there is an air of excitement, anticipation and speculation as to who the first runner will be. More often than not, as was the case this past two years, the victor proved to be a youngster, the petite 10-year old, 75 pound Mary Boitano, who proved too fleet for her larger pursuers.

San Bernardino, California

MT. BALDY/RUN - LABOR DAY 9/3/73

Weather clear, warm. No smog. Race commences at 6200', proceeds down, then up a 5-mile fire road to top of ski lift at 8,000'; road steepens for another mile, where trail commences. Runners forced to walk up and around first peak to approximately one-half mile flat area and across saddle ridge to final climb of approximately 1,000' to summit, up decomposed granite and broken rock. Top 10,000'; distance approximately eight miles. On finishing, runners must return to base, making approximately 16 miles for the workout. Record set in 1972 by Doug Smead, 1:01:10. Smead won again this year, carrying the timer's watch to the summit in 1:06:00.

Winners of the Veterans Divisions were:

	40-49 Yrs.	50-59 Yrs.	60 Yrs.
1st	C. Eroen 1:20:16	Ed Kezar 1:32:55	John Montoya 1:34:20
2nd	J. Storm 1:21:09	Bob Long 1:33:08	
3rd	R. Durand 1:21:49	Dave Pain 1:37:00	

UNIFORMS FOR U. S. MASTERS ARE FINALLY 'ALL TOGETHER'

Much has been said by many of you these past twelve months about ordering various uniform supplies. At this point orders are in process or received here so that we feel that we can once again 'tell it the way it is.'

It is important to note that all members participating in tours and competition of the U.S. Masters International Track Team are requested to have the running uniform (competition vest and shorts) and the scarlet windbreaker. All other items are optional. However, as members of the organization you do not have to wait to sign up for a tour in order to be eligible to purchase uniform items.

U. S. MASTERS INTERNATIONAL TRACK TEAM
1160 Via Espana
La Jolla, Ca. 92037

I wish to order the following items:

	Price	Number	Total \$
<u>RUNNING UNIFORM</u> (Competition vest and shorts) Size: Chest _____ Waist _____	\$12.00		
<u>T SHIRT</u> (White with navy trim and emblem) Size: S ___ M ___ L ___ XL ___	3.50		
<u>NOVELTY T SHIRT</u> (Gay '90s flavor. Red, white, & blue panels with U.S.Masters vertical on front) Size: L ___ XL ___	3.50		
<u>NYLON, LINED WINDBREAKER</u> (Scarlet, with emblem, personalized with your name) Size: S ___ M ___ L ___ XL ___	17.50		
<u>U. S. MASTERS EMBROIDERED PATCH</u> (Red, white, & blue...to sew on blazer or sweat suit)	3.00		
<u>U. S. MASTERS CAP</u> (Adjustable, unique material)	3.50		
<u>WARM-UP SUIT</u> (All white sweat suit with red, white, and blue trim plus patch)	45.00		
<u>MEN'S BLAZER</u> (Double-knit, patch pockets, 3 buttons) (This coat retails for \$125.) Suit size _____ Short ___ Reg. ___ Long ___	85.00		
Add Packing and handling	1.00		
Postage (under 2 lbs.)	1.00		
(over 2 lbs.)	2.00		
Airmail....extra			

Enclosed is my check for: _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

zip _____

PHONE: _____

And that no life can be completely lived without being lived completely on a physical level.

If Thoreau was right, the way to find who we are is through our bodies. The way to relive our life is to go back to the physical self we were before we lost our way. That tuned-in self that could listen with the third ear, was aware of the fourth dimension and had a sixth sense about the forces around it. That tuned-in self that was sensitive and intuitive, and perceived what is no longer evident to our degenerating bodies.

This may come as a surprise even to physical fitness leaders. Physical fitness programs have long been based on the desire to lead a long life, to forestall heart attacks, to feel better generally or to improve your figure. No one ever told us the body determined our mental and spiritual energies. That with the new body we can put on the new man and build a new life, the life we were always designed to lead but lost with the body we enjoyed in our youth.

Now common sense will tell you that you'll never see 28 again but the facts on fitness show that almost any can reach levels of vigour and strength and endurance equal to most of the 28-year-olds in this country. Given the good fortune to find an athletic activity that fits him, a man can recapture his youth and a second chance to listen to what his total self held important at that time.

If you think that life has passed you by, or even worse, that you are living some one else's life, you still can prove the experts wrong. Tomorrow can be the first day of the rest of your life. All you have to do is to follow Thoreau. Inhabit your body with delight, with inexpressible satisfaction; both its weariness and refreshments.

And you can do it if you'll just go back to that fork in the road.

PIKES PEAK - Continued from page 5

One casualty was U. S. Masters Dr. Frank McCabe (54), Denver, Colorado, who holds the 50 and over record of 3:00:00 set in 1972. Dr. McCabe was present at the starting line, but did not compete due to an injury sustained at the AAU Masters in San Diego this year. As a result, this division was won by Larry Fox (51), Campbell, California, in the excellent time of 3:17:31. We had the unhappy experience of being up with Fox at the halfway mark, but helplessly watched him disappear up the trail at the 10,000' elevation. Larry had one week's training at Camp Crockett and it really helped.

Anyone who wishes to attack this event seriously should train on trails at altitudes of 6,000' - 12,000' and should live at altitude a minimum of four weeks, preferably longer. A two week stint at Camp Crockett, 8,000', just prior to the ppm, although a fine training experience, is really not enough if you are seriously planning to challenge the leather-lunged locals.

Seven of the 11 division winners, all came from habitats 5,000' or higher in elevation.

Notwithstanding our singular lack of success, we nevertheless, came away with a singular sense of accomplishment. Try it, you'll like it!!

(To enter next year's race or to get results write Rudy Fahl, 2400 West Colorado, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80904.)

9

Jerry Smartt To Coach Iranians

Jerry Smartt, a smart little guy who has been coaching at Julia Lathrop Junior High School in Santa Ana, has flown to Iran to become head coach of that nation's national track team. He is to establish headquarters at Teheran, the historic city where FDR, Churchill and Stalin had one of their World War II sessions.



JERRY SMARTT

Smartt has been competing for 25 years and has been a world class runner part of that time, and has no intention of getting out of the sport to which he has devoted so much effort.

"It looks like I'll be in Iran permanently," Smartt told the column. "They want me to prepare the Iran team for the 20-country 1974 Asian Games which are to be held at Teheran. They are coming up next September. I'll have a year to get the boys ready." Iran's youth is getting encouragement in high places now and Smartt seems confident that someday they'll be heard from internationally, maybe as early as the 1976 Olympic Games at Montreal.

"When I was over there last time—for the State Dept.—the youngsters used to come out to the stadium and ask for coaching," Smartt says. "Many are athletically inclined but in the past most of their energy has been directed to soccer and American-style basketball. Iran has a dandy stadium, seating about 100,000, and they fill it for soccer. The Asian Games will have a wonderful setting at Teheran."

Smartt concedes there's a language barrier, and admits he knows little of Arabic, but he has mastered the "stopwatch language," and to him that is paramount.

"The youngsters over there don't know what they can do because they haven't tried it," Smartt says. "My impression is that the talent is as untapped as the wealth of the country." At 42, Smartt still is America's best distance runner in his age group. This year he had times of 13:58 for three miles, 29:28 for six, 2 hours and 39 minutes for the marathon. He keeps slim and trim with a minimum running diet of 10 miles a day, a maximum of 15 to 20 miles. He also does lots of short work, maybe sprinting 100 yards 30 times a day.

BERKSHIRE SHINES AGAIN

183 Masters completed the Berkshire annual 5-mile road race on September 16 with 43-year-old Manfred Kandschur, Hartford TC, taking 1st in 27:32.08. U.S. Master Dr. Walt McConnell, 42, placed 3rd in 27:41. Other U.S. Masters acquitted themselves well. Richard Packard, 45, took 1st in the 45-49 group with a 29:02, and Jim Hartshorne came in 2nd in the Class II (50-54) and 13th overall with 29:36. John Wall, 60, won the Class III (60-64) in 30:41; and race organizer Otto Essig, 67, topped the Class III (65-69) in 34:50.

Congratulations, Otto, on another Master-piece!

OHIO IS SITE OF AAU MASTERS CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS

The fall highlight of the national AAU Masters 10,000 meter competition - the cross-country championships - will take place in Elyria, Ohio, on Saturday, November 17th.

Entering its third year the event is now drawing the top veterans in the nation - with even better team involvement. The first year it was Hal Higdon topping the field but losing out last year to the East's top master Frank Pflugging. Who will be this year's champion is anyone's guess as new outstanding 40-year-olds enter the Masters arena annually.

On the team aspect we must still consider the San Diego Track Club as a favorite after its team victories the past two years. Admittedly the refusal of the AAU to score the Canadian team due to the lack of reciprocity has been a significant factor in the results. The Northerners headed by fleet Bill Allen have placed well in both prior events.

This year the San Diego contingent hopes to field both an "A" team (40 and over) and a "B" contingent composed of 50 and over athletes. Perhaps the sponsors will see fit to include a 50 and over division....particularly since a number of the older Masters are now entering Division II and want to stay in contention.

True cross-country racing in the European tradition is great sport in which the victory does not necessarily go to the most fleet. With the added element of team scoring the competition has an added aspect.

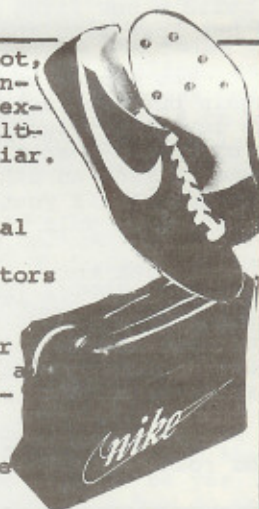
For entry information, write Jack Wilhelm, Lorain County Community College, 1005 Abbe Road, Elyria, Ohio. Phone (216) 365-4191.

The official shoe for the Australian tour will be Nike. Even if it were not, it still should be in everyone's travel bag. Pre-Montreal spikes are a combination of red nylon, white swoosh stripe, and blue suede with six spikes. An extremely light shoe weighing only 5 ounces per shoe in size nine, it has a built-up heel to ease achilles strain with which all who have worn spikes are familiar. The Pre-Montreal retails for \$36.00, but is available to Masters Tour members for the team price of \$30.00.

Several of the ladies on the tour have purchased a pair of Kenyas for casual and walking wear. The bright red nylon uppers with the white swoosh stripe looks very attractive with any red and/or white outfit. Of course us competitors can use them as intended, as an excellent training shoe which is also light enough to race in. The U.S. Masters price is \$16.00.

Another item in which you might be interested is a bright red Nike shoulder bag. It complements the Kenya shoes or a red outfit very nicely. It is just a slight bit larger than the white Trans-International bags we had for the European tour. The price is \$6.00.

These items or any other of your favorite Nike models are available from Bill Stock, 8405 Onalaska St, San Diego, Cal, 92123. Send me your approximate shoe size and models desired, and I'll see you December 13th!



EDITOR'S CONCLUSION: 1) Either the type size of the August Newsletter was so small that not many of you could not read it; or 2) Only a few of you are interested in a possible State Department Tour in the future. We are assuming that you need just a little larger print, and so we are including the form once more. If you have not filled out the form previously and you are interested, please fill in form, clip, and mail to U. S. Masters International Track Team, 1160 Via Espana, La Jolla, Ca. 92037.

October, 1973
QUESTIONNAIRE IN RE POSSIBLE STATE DEPARTMENT TOUR

NAME _____	Birthdate _____	If you are interested in participating in a State Dept. sponsored tour to a foreign country, how do you feel you could contribute culturally, scientifically, educationally, or otherwise to such a project?
ADDRESS _____	Birthplace _____	
Married? Yes _____ No _____		
PHONE: Home _____ Biz _____	Name of spouse _____	
OCCUPATION _____	_____	
EDUCATION _____	Degrees, languages, etc. _____	Are you familiar with the culture or background of people of any particular country? If so, describe.
SPECIAL SKILLS _____	E.g. pilot, carpenter, sculptor, sewing _____	
SPECIAL INTERESTS _____	E.g. birdwatching, photography, poetry _____	Have you ever taught school, lectured on any subject, or participated in any panel discussion groups? If so, describe.
AUTHORSHIP _____	Books, articles, monographs _____	
SPECIAL HONORS _____	Professional or other societies _____	

◆ Bill Bangert, mayor of Champ, Mo., not far from St. Louis, earned his reputation as a strong man when he started winning a gaggle of weight-throwing titles three decades ago. He also carried 775 pounds' worth of rocks known as the Dinnie Stones across the River Dee in Scotland in 1971, a feat that had not been accomplished in 116 years. Now Bangert, who keeps in shape by tossing telephone poles around, plans to move the famous Naha Stone in Hawaii (shown here), which will automatically make him King of the Islands. The last man to move the 3½-ton stone was Kamehameha, who became King of Hawaii centuries ago. It's one way to solve the problem of free elections.



Excerpt from Sports Illustrated
September 1, 1973

EDITORIAL - Continued from page 3

This, of course, is the nub of the problem, for Veteran athletes who, once having turned professional, are as though branded with a "P", and as such, can never purge themselves of their prior "sins". This is particularly true where there is both professional and amateur competition in the sport, such as occurs in Scotland and Australia.

It is a basic tenet of the U. S. Masters that any fit man 40 or older, regardless of prior professional connections, is eligible to compete. Any rule which would discriminate against any man otherwise qualified does, we feel, do violence to this precept and makes a mockery of our feeling that Masters track and field should encourage every man over 40 to seek adult fitness by engaging in Veteran competition.

Since few will disagree with this concept, where then, is the problem? It lies in the fact that the rules of most national AAUS and the IAAF were created without any consideration of the Veteran track and field movement, since it did not exist at the time the rules were adopted.

In addition, many organizations take the hidebound view that all rules must be enforced, even when their application in a given situation is patently ridiculous.

It is our feeling that the U. S. Masters International Track Team, as Ambassadors of Veteran Athletics worldwide, must stand for principals which reflect what we believe are in the best interests of our sport.

It is with these thoughts we publish what we feel is basic to Veteran athletics, namely:

That every physically fit man over 40, without exception, is eligible to compete; that no man over 40 should be barred from Veteran competition merely because he may have been a professional at some point in time earlier in his life; and that no veteran athlete should be forced to suffer reprisals merely because he has competed against an athlete who may have been, or for that matter, still may be, a professional.

The U. S. Masters must stand firm, if these principals are valid, and insist that all competition in which we engage comply with these concepts. By taking a firm position, we shall see that archaic, petty-fogging rules are exposed to public scrutiny and attendant ridicule, with the resultant rejection and modification thereof.

KILLER - Continued from page 3

They prevent cramps and deal with fatigue. But it is the water that is essential. Without salt the worse thing that would happen would be muscle cramps. Without water, you can die. What the water contains is up to you. Ideally it should resemble the chemical composition of your sweat. But water alone is what gets you there. The rest make the going first class.

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES

The how and why of this is very complicated and not completely understood. Why heat kills and water saves is something profound enough for a doctoral thesis. But we common folk need only know that it does occur. Few of us understand the exact chain of events between pulling a trigger of a gun and the ejection of the fatal bullet, but we know enough not to point a gun at anyone. The unconditioned athlete who exercises in these dangerous T.H.I. conditions is figuratively looking into the mouth of a loaded gun. And one it might be said, with a hair trigger. The greatest heat physiologist in the world, C. H. Wyndham, has written that we have no reliable index of heat stress which applies to everyone nor do we have criteria which can tell us when men have reached the limits of tolerance and are in danger of heat stroke.

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES

It is simple enough. Why haven't we learned? We still have golf clubs with bottles of salt tablets reading 'Take two for heat' and saying nothing about water. We still have people who think that drinking water before or during competition or practice is bad for you. We still have people who think drinking cold water while you are overheated is foolhardy. We still have doctors like the one at Forest Hills who said, while tennis players and the ball boys were collapsing all around him, 'Salt tablets are the best thing to combat the heat. I've been emphasizing that to all the players.'

HEAT KILLS, WATER SAVES.

Let's get the paint buckets and go to work.

NEWS FLASH FROM TORONTO - FARQUHARSON

Ontario Masters Championships, September 29-30, were a smashing success! 115 people entered.....with MANY event George Braceland participated in 15 events in the two days. Other U.S. Masters who traveled north were Norm Bright and Claude Hills.

Further report later.....

Although each year produces its set of gripers in the open division, and few, if any, world class runners have ever entered the race, the sponsors steadfastly and wisely refuse to change the format, which makes this one of America's most unusual foot races.

Paces such as this, which abound in tradition, seem to metamorphosize into something more than just a race. Groups regularly practice the course on Wednesday evenings for two months prior to race day, meeting on the beach for a picnic, beer and conviviality. Race day brings a mass of entrants and friends to the center of town in Mill Valley, some of whom haven't seen one another since the previous Dipsea. Thus, old friendships are rekindled and new ones created.

The runners are assembled by classes according to their handicap and corralled by ropes stretched across the roadway. As each group is started, the remainder move up one place toward the starting line. This procedure must prove maddening to the best runners, who are forced to wait their full 15 minutes before setting off. As each group starts, those remaining, kibbitzing the pompous starter, who too frequently has misread his watch and either starts the next class too soon or too late, bringing about much acrimony.

At the end, however, each runner has the satisfaction of comparing his scratch time and place with those he meets and to ruminate over past years' performances on the same trail.

Many runners keep coming back year after year. Why not, for as you get older your handicap increases, thus, giving you a chance of winning it all. As a consequence, many runners, as they gain experience running the course, and their handicap increases, move up in the standings.

If you like a really tough, uncompromising cross-country course, lots of camaraderie and a chance at being the first one over the finish line, regardless of whether you are 6 or 60, then enter next year's Dipsea Race, run the third Sunday of August each year.

(For entry blanks and results, write Mill Valley Jaycees, Box 30, Mill Valley, California 94941).

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HOW MANY OF EACH DO YOU WISH?

Make Check to Bright

Add: 25¢ for each \$5.00 (postage, etc.)

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Other Runners World or TAF news items available on request.

Send above order with check to: Norman Bright
4003 Williams West,
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