In 1972 I ran the Valley City Marathon. It was all the way and the route was very pleasant. I was at three hours and 56 minutes with a mile to go and I finished in 4:12, which means I took sixteen minutes for my last mile. But I was running all the time. I never stopped. I never walked. At the end my stride must have been about three feet fast than when I win in a slow one.

"Nothing to me is as important as being treated gently. Psychologically, people decide they are finished long before they have to. I nearly gave up on myself three or four years ago. I was telling myself, 'I can't do it, I can't do it, I can't do it. I can't do it.' The thing is, yes, I can't do it. But then I changed my mind. And now I firmly believe we can do much more than we think. I'm sure that someone in the next decade in a man in his fifties will break me or the record for the 100 years. If I hadn't stopped running for such a long time, I might not have changed my mind.

Jablonski's unusual attitude toward competition is reflected in the fact that he is a very poor runner, even though he has exceptional, skillful quickness. In a typical race he gets out of the blocks in a kind of delayed reaction, never last for about thirty yards, pulls even by seventy and then, in the traditions of Nicky Sullivan, blasts ahead in the end.

This pattern has caused him a great deal of concern, but by now he is more or less resigned. "I don't have an average person. You've got to get into the blocks, either you're going to beat these bastards, or you're not. Deep down in my subconscious there is something that tells me to get the jump on the other guy. To pass them in the home stretch, that's okay. But to get the jump on them, that's unacceptable.

"I was concerned for the benefit of his body, it is not as yet all surprising that he should be doing himself to trick. Where else can he achieve and be measured and ventured to the hundreds of a second? But there is something else. In the world of sport, the runners are the individuals. There is no need to discuss their performance. Vanity rarely has a place in sport. And of all the running events, sprinting is the most dramatic. The whole world combines itself in an explosion, lasting ten seconds or less. Jablonski is a typical sprinter. He can even get philosophical about the existence of his body. "We can use it and use it to the nines. We can use it to the max and use it to the nines. We can use it to the max and use it to the max. We can use it to the nines. We can use it to the max and use it to the max."

"What is left for the existentialist runner? Those days he is maintaining shape but not training for serious competition. At times he talks about quitting as though he's squeezed every last drop out of his fifty-one-year-old body and now must go in search of another test. "If I were motivated by the competition I could go on indefinitely, but I'm not. I can't take up anything else like soccer or maybe I'll write a book. Dance makes life fun."

But when he is asked about his own records being broken, he assumes a different role, "All my records are going to be broken by guys coming after me. But who knows, today's breaking my world records for the fifties."

"Beating everyone in my age bracket is less of an achievement than squeezing another tenth in the 100."

The Jamaica Daily News

Super-stars of yesteryear meet for U.S. Masters track

The Jamaica Daily News

EMMETT TO INVOKE JIMMY AT CHRISTMAS

U.S. Master, Dr. Osie Watkins formerly of Jamaica and now a resident of Los Angeles, visited his homeland this summer to visit family and friends and act as an advance party for the JMMT. Dr. Watkins and the Jamaicans were invited by our Masters Invasion and were making special plans for the competition in their National Stadium for the 50th Anniversary of the RMS. According to the RMS, New York's days are over since Kingston on New Year's Eve plus a Pantahela and selected field and track events.

Osie emphasized that his hospitable Island relations and friends were planning many special and invigorating functions in the Capital City and throughout the Island for the team with a possible reception at the home of the Jamaica Minister who is reported to be a sportsman himself.

Although the JMMT will be in Jamaica during June and July we have housing at the Univ. of the West Indies and at the Reggae Hotel in Kingston and at the Ritz Hotel in another. Special plans for Bus Trips, Road Races, River Rafting, and Service in some blue water are all on tap.

Both in Florida and Jamaica special events for the ladies and youngsters are planned.

The Time was Come the Yule Log Said: To speak of your Christmas plans, hotel and plane reservations must be "ramped up" now. Dozens of you have expressed excitement and interest in Calypso Capers. If you intend to go, please confirm...by return mail.

Of extra note is that there is a full chapter - for which we did not have enough of you signed up sufficiently early - we have been able to reserve 50 places on the Caribbean Cruise on the YANKEE TRADER out of St. Maarten's at the same price. However, we must have your commitment immediately.
### LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Boone W. Brown, a reporter and writer of many years, was at the scene of a tragic event on Aug. 12 at the age of 36. He died of a heart attack. The last message to his wife was: "I hope to see you as soon as possible." His death was a great shock to the newspaper world. The obituary was published in the town where he lived. The town was in mourning for its loss. Boone W. Brown was known as a hardworking man who always put his family first. His death left a void that would be hard to fill.

### CALENDAR

**OCTOBER**

**OCT 6th:** Master Sports Assoc. 30th New York, N.Y., 3030 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

**OCT 7th:** Missouri Valley AAU 30th. Kansas City, Mo., 3030 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**OCT 8th:** 30th Masters Atlantic Coast 5-mile, Cape May, N.J., 3030 Park Ave., Cape May, N.J.

**OCT 9th:** Atlanta City Marathon.

**OCT 15th:** Eastern Masters on 10th, Courtyard Hotel, Atlantic City, N.J., 3030 Park Ave., Atlantic City, N.J.

**OCT 21st:** 3rd Florida Masters Team Meet. Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., 3030 Park Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

**OCT 22nd:** 3rd 15K Race Day. Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

**OCT 23rd:** 1st Jamaican Masters Championships, Kingston, Jamaica.

**DECEMBER**

**DEC 7th:** Missouri Valley AAU 30th. Kansas City, Mo., 3030 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**DEC 20th:** 30th Masters Atlantic Coast 5-mile, Cape May, N.J., 3030 Park Ave., Cape May, N.J.

### SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

**LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER**

Boone W. Brown, a reporter and writer of many years, was at the scene of a tragic event on Aug. 12 at the age of 36. He died of a heart attack. The last message to his wife was: "I hope to see you as soon as possible." His death was a great shock to the newspaper world. The obituary was published in the town where he lived. The town was in mourning for its loss. Boone W. Brown was known as a hardworking man who always put his family first. His death left a void that would be hard to fill.

### COMPARISON OF EARLY OLYMPICS

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**FIELD OF SPORTS**

A field of 35 and over masters complete their annual meet at the Fourth Annual Drake Relays. March 30th, 1976.

no one enjoys sports like a Massachusett competitor.

And, in this case, not just a case of the sport and the competition. There is a unique camaraderie among the participants. They seem to genuinely enjoy each other's company, and there is a mutual respect for the dedicated and hard-working players before the race is even in motion and warming up.

The Nautilus, a Boston-based tennis club, will frequently travel around the country together, appearing in various tennis tournaments. The members have a tight-knit bond and enjoy their time together. They are known for their competitive spirit and determination.

The Boston Globe, the city's leading newspaper, reports that the Nautilus tennis team is one of the most successful in the country, having won numerous national championships. The team's success is attributed to their strong team dynamic and dedication to the sport.

The Boston Globe also notes that the Nautilus tennis team is known for their sportsmanship and fair play. They always give their opponents their best, and the team is respected both on and off the court.

The Boston Globe concludes that the Nautilus tennis team is a shining example of the best that tennis can be. They have achieved great success while maintaining their love for the sport and their respect for their opponents.
The Existentail Sprinter

By Lowell Cohn

The shadows have begun to lengthen at Stanford University and a breeze has sprung up. You can see the track team going through its paces. Thirty or so runners, broken up into packs of three or four, are running distance and repeat 200s and practicing starts. In the middle of the sprints, there is a man who looks as though he might be somebody's grandfather. He's bearded and bald, except for some tawny gray on the sides. From a distance, you'd think he should have sustained himself, self-discipline, to pursue anything strenuous than planting tulips in his garden. But the closer you get the more it becomes clear that the muscles are firm. It was for Boston.

For this is Alphonse Jullian, world record holder at 100 and 220 yards for ten years and over.

The thought of someone being the fastest fifty year old in the world causes an ironic smile to form on your lips, consider the workouts Jullian (pronounced Jou- lian) does taken in the last three days. He has trained three quarters of an hour and 90 minutes' rest. Monday he did twenty 100 yard dashes, sprints and a mile. Tuesday he ran four 200s averaging twenty-six seconds and twelve 100s. Wednesday catch his breath. Each session was preceded by an hour of jogging, calisthenics and stretching.

Today is a speed workout, so he will do four runs from a starting line, beginning at 0:10.48 and getting progressively quicker until he finishes as fast as 9.7 and 9.5, then 9.3 and 9.1 in 60 seconds and goes to the weight room where he'll have a rest while his coach, Jack Laemmle, rests. Thursday, an off day, he'll jog two miles at a leisurely pace.

This five foot nine inch, 147-pound transplant from Europe is one of the most amazing sprinters of the middle-aged superstar. To state the case simply is to recognize an individual who can associate with Indian afternoon in literary basements surrounded by learned journals and burgeoning stacks of index cards. He is a linguist of international reports with more than fifteen books to his credit. He's head of the Department of French and Italian at Stanford, he speaks six languages, reads half a dozen others, runs a popular forum in conservative thought, and teaches courses in 0:48 philosophy of Sartre and William Buckley for fun.

Why would a man who has reached the pinnacle of his profession and who's already half a century old subject himself to the grueling pressure of daily workouts and weekly competition?

"What makes me run?" says Jullian. "An absurd fascination, something like an unattainable love affair. It's the old story of the teenager who falls desperately in love and nothing comes of it. But he never forgets his youthful love and desires later on. Although she's lost now he's part of her, and will always have been. Suddenly he suddenly loses his ardor again.

In 1941, when I was twenty, I started running. I was the only American in the New York City Marathon. I was only fourth, but I ran the whole thing. That's when I first began to get interested in running."

And the story of the man who started the track for me. I started when I was sixteen. World War II put a stop to it so when I had a chance to do something else, I started running. I ran four or five miles a day, six miles a week, and I never ran less than six in the mile, but I never ran more than six. And that's why I'm in good shape."

Not a bit. He said he was out of shape.

The whole while he was gaining the confidence that he could take his body to the limit.

"And the next day he was second, and then third, and then fourth, and then ninth, and then to the top of the hill."

One of his students noticed that, for the first time, there was a senior 100 included in a race.

"My practical study there was a body out of shape."

"Graduate, it's a sort of instruction. To grow up psychologically, you have to learn the physical things. I mean, certain things. If you don't, your development stops right around 25. And I was stuck with this infantilistic complex. But I don't know who's got it so much a complete psychological development as a young man."

Jullian probably never could have become involved in running if running hadn't been for certain chance occurrences. When he was a baby, he had a bad cold and his mother gave him an aspirin tea where he drank the presumably hot state drink (it requires two dosages at the age of twenty-nine. He is still the youngest ever to be awarded the degree. In 1953 as a second-year student with his Baumanian born wife, Iris, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, he was involved in the making of a film, "Jullian.""

In 1956, he was a student at Stanford University, where he was leading by foot speed, reached the state of perfection, Gelovitch, "tired,"

"Our third leg, an attorney, was a very quick man."

When he saw me take off, he scorched that I would run away from him and screamed, "Stop!"

I stopped dead in my tracks, but there was no way out. After the sprint I ran back into me, I managed to recover in some states and get held on the home stretch, but by then I was only in 4:25. I had evacuated with twenty yards to go, the young boys behind me. They came within a foot of the finish line, but I was nothing left for me to do after the second place, so I went out the back of the house."

He said he didn't know that the guy in the next heat was holding a record of about one minute over fifty. I passed him on the track. He said he was, of course, I would have gone for sixty.

Jullian's achievements in the spring and summer of 1972 were scored by an incalculable which deserves between the United States and the United States in recognizing world records. According to European standards, in 1972 and now in 1973, the United States and the United States are the criteria for the world championship. In the 1972 European championships, he was still only forty-nine by American standards, but he was still old enough to be recognized as changing the game. As a result, while he was world record holder, he was considered over forty years old.

"The big guy was at his forty-four year old."

While the whole world was gaining the confidence that he could take his body to the limit.

"And the next day he was second, and then third, and then fourth, and then ninth, and then to the top of the hill."

Jullian ran in the 1000 yard dash at Stanford in 1972. His time was 1:59.4. Later in the season he ran the 1000 in 2:06.37 and the 100 in 10.23.

Jullian's race gradually began to assume mythic proportions. Even now, two years later, he still receives recognition for his "great race." The story is one of great triumph, the man who has done this in the middle distance and hasn't run it competitively. In fact, Jullian was more than just a good runner on the event itself. For two years, he was quite good on the event itself. For two years, he was quite good on the event itself.
"I never go into a race with the feeling that I'm going to beat those guys. Competing with myself is more important than competing with other people. I look at every body differently. To me it is a test — what can I get out of it?" Running in my age bracket is less of an achievement than preceding another trench in the sand. I would rather lose in a fast time than win in a slow one.

"I think I've lived on a way of fighting old age, a way of saying no to physical destruction. Psychologically, people decide they are finished long before they have it. I nearly gave up on myself five or six years ago. I was telling myself, 'This is out of the question. I can't do this with my aging body.' But then I changed my mind.

And now I firmly believe we can do much more than we think. I'm sure that somewhere in the next decade a man in his fifties will break the 500 meter in the 100. If I hadn't stopped running for such a long time, I might have done it myself."

"In 1972 I ran the Culver City Marathon. It's all about the air and the air we were in. I was at three hours, 38 minutes with a mile to go and I finished in 4:12 which means I took 7:28 minutes for my last mile. But I was running all the time. I never stopped. I never walked. At the end my ankles must have been about three inches thick. I was like a mushroom.

With two interminable miles to go a friend of mine came by in his car to encourage me. He opened his mouth, took a look at me, and closed it. In his eyes saw my agony. Then he turned over more half-hearted encouragement like, 'Keep going, you look okay. Take it easy.'"

"I had reached a point of absolute collapse and was telling myself that there was nothing I could do about it, that there was no way I could stay on my feet for another mile. But, then, for some reason, Sartre's story, 'The Wall,' crossed my mind and it saved me.

"Sartre's idea is that man is absolutely free. People say, 'What do you mean, he's free? What the f**k are the victims of torture free to not do?' Sartre wrote the story to reply to this sort of question. What he meant by absolute freedom is not that man can do anything which crosses his mind, but that he always has a choice. What choice has the even under torture to avoid breaking down? He can choose to remain free and free himself. There is no power during the most brutal torture who's victims can't tell him, 'I can take it for another five seconds.' And then, perhaps, for another four. There is no objective breaking point. The man under torture freely chooses when to break down. It is he who decides whether he's going to give up.

"When this story came to my mind, I was about to be in the middle of the street and start crying. But then I told myself, 'Look, you can drag yourself another 200 yards. You'll cry at the next traffic light.' And when I reached the next light, I told myself the same thing. I keep persevering. My collapse begins to kill black. Black tears house to house, from tree to tree. Collapse I did, but it was across the finish line. My friend caught me and congratulated me — perhaps for still being alive. He asked me how I'm doing, and then my stockings, and all my stuff. I was next to a telephone booth and called my wife from distance. All I could manage was, 'Never again. Never again.' That was the first and last marathon of an old sprinter."

"What is left for the existentialist runner? Three days he is maintaining shape but not training for serious competition. At times he talks about quitting as though he's squeezed every last tenth out of his fifty-one year old body and now must go in search of another one.

"If I were motivated by beating the competition I could go on indefinitely, but I'm not. I may take up something else like tennis or maybe I'll write a book. Through making life fun.

"But when he asked about his own records he broke, he assumed a different tack. "All my records are going to be broken by guys coming after me. But who knows, while they're breaking my world records for the fifties, I may establish some of the sixties.""

"Beating everyone in my age bracket is less of an achievement than preceding another trench in the 100."