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U.S. masters international track team

february, 1976

SOUTH AFRICA



Laurie Barnes Robin Sandell D.P. Les McEvoy Roger Smart Bruce Matthews Leo Benning Pat O'Brien Peter Barkley Don Good

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE USMTT

Following our support of the South African athletes at Toronto, an invitation to the USMTT to visit their country was extended. Since a team visit to South Africa involved other considerations, including the question of how a multi-racial team, such as ours would be received. We consulted with Dave Jackson CDM and a black and requested that he and Cynthia, his wife, join us on a survey tour. We had been given all assurances that a mixed team would be accorded all courtesies and that no embarrassments would occur. Nevertheless, we felt it advisable to see for ourselves. Accordingly, as guests of our sponsors, the Pains and Jacksons spent two weeks touring South Africa visiting its major population centers as well as the Kruger National Park. And, most important, talking to its people.

Although one can barely scratch the surface of a country such as this in a short fourteen day period and certainly not understand fully all its problems; nevertheless such a brief visit can be very revealing and informative.

Continued on page 3

SOUTH AFRICAN DIARY 12/7/75

First Impression - after nearly twenty-five hours and some 12,000 miles of travel and terminals at New Orleans, JFK, Cape Verde Islands, we arrived at Johannesburg, South Africa. At 38,000 feet the only impression one gets through the aircraft windows is that Southwest Africa is both vast, desolate and sparsely populated. Minutes before landing, however, this impression was modified by a view of green fields, woods, and a modern metropolis springing from the veld. As we approached the airfield, the skyline of the city with two tall TV observation towers looming above was framed by the glowing setting sun.

We were quickly ushered through customs as our hosts had paved the way in advance and as we emerged, we were warmly greeted by our South African friends, Danie, Fanny, Ken and Miloje. Helen was presented with a beautiful bouquet of proteas, the national flower - an exotic bloom somewhat akin to a colorful thistle or artichoke blossom, but in multiple shades of pink and salmon.

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AAU MASTERS NATIONAL COMMITTEE REPORT

By Bob Fine National Masters T. & F. Chairman

Usually I'm a pessimist by nature (in that way I'm never disappointed) but my pessimism was unnecessary at the 1975 New Orleans AAU Convention. At that Convention the American Masters movement came of age. We were elevated from a sub-committee to a separate standing committee for male (40+) and female (30+) masters. We can now elect our own chairman; receive .50 cents from each AAU membership dues; have an easier time proposing legislation; and rank as equals with the other standing committees in athletics. (Editor: When you renew your AAU Membership be sure to do so as a Master so that the 50 cents will be properly credited)

Secondly, a Masters Coordinating Committee, encompassing all of the sports within the AAU has been created. We already have established close ties with the Masters Swimmers. Such a group can serve as a strong force for reform within the AAU.

Lastly, the AAU unanimously adopted a resolution which I drew up directed to the International Amateur Athletic Federation (IAAF) which would modify their Rule 53, relative to professionalism, permitting Masters to compete amongst each other regardless of "professionalism" and at the same time creating a separate Masters Committee.

These actions by the AAU, in toto, have convinced me that the AAU has recognized the uniqueness of our self-sustaining program and our need and our right to autonomy.

Much still remains to be done in our country in developing our program. As a separate standing committee we will now have to completely revise the rules relative to Masters. The question remains whether the long distance running masters (now sub-committees of the men's LDR and women's LDR) and the master race walkers should also be brought under the umbrella of a Masters Athletic Committee.

Our participation in I. T. A. meets remains open. In my opinion there is no justifiable rule in the AAU Code to prevent such participation (this interpretation is not shared by the AAU Registration Committee). However, participation in I. T. A. meets would clearly be barred under the IAAF Rule 53. The sanction that could be used is the denial of international travel permits. If such permits are required for the world championships in Sweden a major problem would be created for those masters participating in I. T. A. meets. A major, world wide effort, to modify Rule 53 will be made this year. (Editor: The USMITT is flatly opposed to travel permits) Lastly, a new Athletic Control Board, has been created to satisfy the International Olympic Committee. The Masters will be a non voting member of such a Board, but we will have a voice.

An American Masters Sports Association (AMSA) is presently being formed, with the first meeting scheduled at the National Championships at Gresham. Thirteen clubs have already affiliated. AMSA will be patterned after the Road

Runners. We would probably seek affiliation with the AAU (similar to what the Road Runners now have); the Road Runners; and, possibly the U.S.T.F.F.

The vibrancy of our movement continues to increase. Amongst ourselves there has been no major divisive issue. Our problems have arisen in dealing with the established amateur authorities. There have been adjustments required on both sides. I am satisfied that there has been significant improvement and understanding between all parties. I look forward to 1976, contrary to my nature, with optimism.

Other Business Conducted at the Convention

The Long Distance Running Committee selected the following sites:

- Masters 10,000 meter cross country: Belmont, Ca. 11-13-76
- Masters 15, Kilo, Hawaii 4-18-76 (in conjunction with the Hawaiian Masters T & F Meet)
- Masters 20 kilo, 5-22-76 Washington, D. C.
- Masters 25 kilo, TBA, New York City
- Masters 30 kilo, 6-6-76, Albany, New York
- Masters Marathon, 12-12-76, Hawaii (in conjunction with the Hawaiian Xmas Marathon)
- Masters one hour run Southern Pacific Asso.
- Masters 50 mile, 11-6-76, New York City.

The Track and Field Committee awarded the Masters T & F Championships to Gresham, Oregon, 7/2 - 7/4/76. No strong bid was received from the mid-west or the south. Accordingly, it went to an aggressive Jim Puckett largely by default.

It should be noted that the women masters in track and field are now part of our committee. I am requesting that women be given a position on the Executive Board of all of the Regional Councils. Women's events can now be sanctioned as National and Regional Championships. There will be Women's events in all championship meets. The number of events will depend on the number of competitors. I am going to recommend that at the minimum there be at least one sprint, a middle distance and a distance event for women. I hope that more running events and field events for women will be held.

Relative to Long Distance there is a question as to whether the Long Distance Masters (LDM) should operate under the existing Long Distance Running Committee (LDR) or under the Masters Committee. I personally feel that whatever the athletes desire should be granted. I don't believe that anyone at this time really knows what the LDM would prefer. I request that all Masters clubs and race sponsors solicit the opinion of LDM as to which committee they would prefer to work under. I believe that Championship

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SOUTH AFRICA & USMITT Continued from p. 1

South Africa is quite ready to discuss its race situation and how they are handling it. There is no effort on their part to cover up the situation. They say, "Come and see for yourself and then judge." Seeing is very revealing, as they have a beautiful country, handsome cities, quaint villages and an extremely viable economy where everyone who wants to work can find a job. And, in their way, they are attempting to resolve their race problem. Not everything about South Africa is good and much has to be accomplished before these problems are resolved - but then the same could be said of U. S. or any other country. This official government policy for the past twenty years of Apartheid (Separateness) is for the most part an awkward and an expensive means of keeping people apart. It does eliminate some race contact and the resultant frictions which would otherwise develop. It does so, however, at the expense of creating artificial barriers and the elimination of freedom of individual choice. It presupposes that a mixing of different races is bad. This concept is, of course, alien to the American experience in which we feel that our nation's strength stems from the fact that we are a melting pot of races, cultures, nationalities, and religions.

The official government policy pursued in South Africa has resulted in separation of housing, education, transport and public facilities. In addition, the central government has worked diligently on giving the several black tribes an identity of their own by creating a number of sovereign, soon-to-be-independent, Bantu (black) nations within South Africa. When accomplished, these sovereign nations will be independent and self-supporting, bound to the Republic by traditional ties of friendship and mutual economic advantage. Others will contend that in so doing the white controlling minority (4 million white vs. 16 million blacks, colored and Asians) is no more than creating reservations

Given no outside interference or pressure South Africa would undoubtedly continue on its Apartheid course; but the world and South Africa, in particular, is rapidly changing. In order to maintain its position in the Community of Nations, both on the African continent and abroad, and to alleviate internal pressures from within, South Africa is unbending. The more enlightened government leaders recognize that an absolute separation between the races cannot be maintained in perpetuity. This means that the conservative white voting majority must be educated to accept some degree of change.

South Africa is sports crazy. More so than of any other country of which we are aware. Its people engage actively in some 80 different sport disciplines and thrive on the competition of the playing field. They smart from current bans from international competition and are constantly attempting to be readmitted to the IAAF, IOC and the other international bodies controlling sports, such as cricket, rugby, athletics, golf and tennis.

In discussions with the Minister of Sport, Mr. P. Koornhoff, we are satisfied that if change in their cultural patterns is to come to South Africa, it must commence through sport which presents the unique opportunity of bringing large groups of people together where interests

and attention is focused. In so doing we demonstrate that mixing of peoples can occur without suffering any dire consequences.

The Toronto incident is one of several where South Africans can see a change in the attitude towards their country. The much publicized Arthur Ash tennis tour; the solid U. S. backing of Gary Player; the recent tour in South Africa of the British Lion Rugby Team are all examples of a softening of world opinion and changing attitudes toward this country.

The South Africans can see a possible breakthrough in international sport by inviting a multi-racial U. S. Masters team to their country for competition. In addition, they are anxious to get a Masters program of athletics going and a visit by the USMITT is the best way of launching such a program.

Based on our experience, we are satisfied that every member of the team will be graciously welcomed and well received throughout our visit. That we can expect multi-racial competition on their side in fully desegregated circumstances. Dr. Koornhoff, Minister of Sports, has given us that assurance. (see his letter reprinted on page

As a further inducement to our coming, they will cover most of the cost of internal transport and housing for the competitors. The amount of this sponsorship has not yet been determined as our host, Dr. Danie Burger, has to sound out government, industrial and private sources to obtain this funding. His objective, however, is to cover each competitor's transport and housing while in South Africa. This will greatly reduce the cost of the tour for competitors. In addition South African hospitality is legendary and they are anxious to extend that hospitality to us.

Many people and governments, for that matter, feel that South Africa will only change its Apartheid policies as a result of external pressure, boycott, and disenfranchisement from international sport. Although such a position may have had merit in the past, we feel that the situation has changed sufficiently so that a policy of open exchange of ideas and social intercourse is more likely to achieve the desired result.

USMITT was created to further adult fitness through age group athletic competition. Now, it finds itself in a position of demonstrating that people of different races and cultures can work and play together without friction and with total disregard as to race or color. Since this invitation was unsolicited, we must assume that the South Africans themselves wish to display the USMITT as a multi-racial team to their own countrymen in an effort to break down racial barriers that have taken 300 years to erect.

We feel that more can be accomplished in this respect by the team competing in South Africa than by our staying home. Accordingly, the USMITT will compete on a multi-racial basis in South Africa, departing the U. S. on December 17, 1976 for three weeks and returning January 9, 1977. You and your friends, including non-competitors, are invited to participate in what may prove to be an historic episode in modern South African Sport.

THE OLD MAN AND THE BAY

Walter Stack swims San Francisco's waters, runs its roads and climbs its heights as does no other man of 67. That's for fun. For pay he carries 100-pound loads of cement up the sides of tall buildings

This is a story about San Francisco's Walter Stack. Call it the Secret of His Excess. On this typical morning Stack arises at 2:30. He is going for a bicycle ride and a swim. He puts on his fluorescent orange cap with the earflaps, and pedals off to his swimming club, five miles away, where he dons a scruffy old swimsuit and running shoes. He likes a little run before his swim, so he lopes off into the damp, 48° predawn with just his shoes, his swimsuit, his bare, tattooed torso. It is 4 a.m. Even in this city of joggers Stack is almost certainly the only one in the streets. He does not get back until 6:15, but he is a slow runner, and he has gone 17 miles.

At the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club, a fisherman has a four-foot shark on the line, 30 feet or so from the swimming beach, and as Stack wades into the 55° water of San Francisco Bay he says, "When I'm out in the channel alone in the dark I know there might be some sharks, but I say, 'Oh, to hell with it.'" There are no other swimmers in the Bay, no lifeguards, no other movement but the fisherman on the beach, the shark, the tide and the blinking light on Alcatraz, a mile out in the Bay. Stack puts on a bathing cap because, he says, "The water's so cold I get headaches," and then, for 45 minutes, he is gone. When he reappears, the muscles of his thighs are twitching uncontrollably as he leaves the water, but 20 minutes in the club sauna does away with that, and by 7:30 Walter Stack is on his bike again, headed for . . . a psychiatrist? To be put on display at some medical school? Walter Stack, 67, cyclist, distance runner, swimmer and hod carrier is headed for work. For the next eight hours he will help to build San Francisco, mixing mortar and hauling bags of cement, shouldering 12-foot planks and building scaffolds with them and, finally, scaling ladders, 100-pound loads in his hod.

At the end of his day Stack is something to see. His face, caked with cement powder, is straight out of the New Guinea jungles. Cement is in his nostrils and mustache, in his eyes, in his ears and in his teeth. He grimaces as he works his way up the hills of his city on his ridiculous old three-speed bike, at least seven speeds too few for San Francisco, and he says, "I'm proud of my muscular strength."

What Stack obviously needs now, as dinnertime approaches, is a meal out of Adelle Davis by way of Bernarr Macfadden; his breakfast was coffee and doughnuts and his lunch was not much either. But what he gets is what he wants—three bourbons and Coke to start. He puts on an apron that announces LUST IS A MUST, and he prepares dinner for himself and his wife Marcie, who has not yet returned from her job as a secretary at the United Jewish Community Centers. He eats with her when she arrives—a little chicken and salad, a lot of ice cream and French bread. Later he visits friends, downing a

glass of gin with orange juice and one of wine. The husband of one woman in his group arrives late, and Stack tells him, "It's a good thing you came. I was just about to seduce your wife." They all laugh uneasily. At nine Stack is in bed, 5½ hours from the start of his next typical day.

A doctor friend says, "Walt probably drinks enough to ruin his liver if he didn't run, and he does have the slow pulse of all distance runners and the enlarged heart, but I don't think his physiology fully explains his remarkable nature."

Two years ago Stack was out running the hills near his home. It should be called climbing. He was with a group of young women from his running club, the Dolphin South End Runners, when suddenly, one of them recalls, "I heard a sharp crack. I looked back, and Walt was stretched out on the sidewalk, bleeding from a cut on the head. 'Walt, what happened?' I yelled.

"That's what comes from being a dirty old man," he said. "I dropped back to look at your legs, and I ran into an overhanging branch."

In 1968 Paxton Beale, then 38, a hospital administrator, ran in his first Boston Marathon. Stack was there, too, but it was one of the hottest days in the history of the race, and both were disappointed with their times. Beale decided what he needed was another marathon right away, so he flew all night to make an 8 a.m. start at Santa Rosa, Calif. "I got to the starting line," he recalls, "and there was Walter Stack. I figured there was no way I couldn't beat him. He has no form whatsoever. He looks like a collapsible beach chair when he runs, and I kept saying to myself, 'I'm gonna get that old man.' At 24 miles I was gaining on him, and I knew he was mine. I came up behind him, and it looked like he was drinking something, so when I caught him, I looked over. It was a can of beer. He flipped it away and said, 'Guess that ends the six-pack.' And then he ran away and left me."

"They told me I was nuts to drink beer in a marathon," Stack says, "but that's a crock." That is more or less what he actually said. Stack uses a lot of obscenity, much of it of an advanced nature or, as marathoner Elaine Pedersen terms it, "Walt's hard-core stuff." One member of Stack's running club, who likes him, gave him three chances to clean up his language, then barred him from his home. "It was too much for the kids," he says. Beale calls Stack "the Lenny Bruce of the Sweat Set," and it is fair to say that Stack does have an unusually filthy mouth. But as with everything in his life, he has trained long and hard to acquire it.

His parents were separated and, at 13, when his father was killed in a bicycle accident, Stack was put in Detroit's Henry Ford Trade School for vocational

training. He stayed there nine months and then, as he tells it, quit to see the country by freight car. He worked on a goat ranch and in a Texas circus. When he tried to quit, they had him arrested for throwing stones at the elephants. At 15 he joined the Army. He told them he was 18, but after nine months he went AWOL, and "grabbed a handful of box-cars." His companions were not Boy Scouts and preppies. In Florida he got 60 days in jail for trespassing, but the jail was filthy, so he and the other inmates decided to burn it down. They charged him with arson and put him in another jail. In North Carolina he was picked up as a rape suspect, in Alabama in connection with a killing and in New Orleans for vagrancy. But nothing ever stuck, and they always let him go. He was still only 16. In the next couple of years, he figures, he was in a dozen jails and was always being beaten up by some jailer or sheriff's deputy. Finally he reenlisted in the Army, using a false name, but after 30 days of rain in the Philippines he was so depressed that he confessed and was sent to San Francisco's U.S. Army Disciplinary Barracks, located on what is now Alcatraz, for 18 months.

All of his troubles having been on land, he decided to go to sea. But ashore in Louisiana, he had an argument with a sheriff in a roadhouse. "I had him around the neck," Stack says, "and I was kicking the hell out of him, and his deputy came along and hit me in the mouth with a brick." Stack got 90 days for that incident, and lost all his upper front teeth. "My God," people say now, "didn't they at least give you medical attention?" For what? I didn't even think about it."

He started shipping out on coal-burning ships, though it was much harder work than the oil-burners' and the pay was only \$2.50 more per month, \$67.50. "But it was more macho," he says. And between jobs he read as many as nine newspapers every day. Since the Russian Revolution he had been interested in politics, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case changed his life. "I was from a broken family," he says. "My dad was a worker, and I was influenced by the agitation of the left." He wanted to do something, but a 19-year-old who at the age of 67 would be rising at 2:30 a.m. to run 17 miles does not do things halfway. He does not become a socialist. He becomes a Communist. Stack did, and to this day pays his monthly dues to the party. He has never regretted it, despite the fact that in 1951, deemed a security risk, he was screened out of the shipping industry forever.

For four years after that he worked on the kill floor of San Francisco slaughterhouses, beating cattle to death with a sledgehammer, until one day his back went out. A friend, a business agent for the hod carriers' union, got him a job and he settled down to stay in San Francisco.

Once, when he was in Beirut, Stack had leaped from his ship and swam half a mile to shore just to see if he could do it. From

by DAN LEVIN

then on swimming had been his sport. He could swim all day, it seemed, though his form was so bad that he always looked as if he were drowning. In San Francisco he joined the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club. Sometimes he would get up at 4 a.m. and ride his bike 120 miles to a place called Ukiah. The state police kept kicking Stack and his three-speeder off the highway, but he persisted; he wanted more endurance for swimming. Once he entered a real bike race, against the finest 10-speed racers, ignoring comments about his fenders and his basket. "I just wanted to try it," he said. He began taking part in Dolphin Club swims across the Golden Gate and from Alcatraz to the club beach. He had a home now, his own beach, his own bay, month after month, year after year.

Someone told him that running would help his swimming even more than cycling, so he entered one of the toughest short races on the face of the earth, Marin County's Dipsea Race—up one side of 2,600-foot-high Mount Tamalpais and down the other. It begins with a flight of 675 stairs. Stack ran the course in Army boots. In 1966 he started running a mile and a half every day. A year later he was up to six, and he founded the Dolphin South End Runners' Club, a fun running club, one of the largest in the Bay Area. Its symbol is a turtle, its motto, "Start Off Slow and Taper Off." As Paxton Beale says, "There are people in this club, in good shape, who can't run five miles in 40 minutes. Elsewhere they'd be laughed off the course, but here they don't even finish last."

Sometimes they even win the big annual trophies, the Walter Stack Trophy for women and the Bill Emmerton Trophy, named for the professional distance runner, for men. Mileage counts, not speed. Stack won the men's trophy twice and then, to give others a chance, he began cutting down on his mileage toward the end of each year. This year the club has run 35 races, from 1.5 to 13.6 miles, usually on Sundays in Golden Gate Park. The turnouts average 300 of the 1,000 DSE members, with more women each year, and everyone who finishes gets a ribbon and a tongue depressor marked with the position of his finish.

The soul and inspiration of DSERC, and its permanent president, is Walter Stack. All of it was his idea: the scoring for the trophies, the ribbons and the tongue depressors, and especially the encouraging of women. They comprise only 20% of the membership, but Stack insists they be given an equal number of awards. He says, "Just getting into a pair of running shorts is a shock to most women. They've been discriminated against for so many years, and now we have to favor them to make up for it. It's important to develop their self-esteem." Last August he persuaded 25 DSE women to enter the annual Pikes Peak Marathon, more women than had entered that race in all the previous 20 years of its history put together. He even had special T shirts made for them. DSE mem-

World Bests

Pete Mundle has sent us a list of proposed Masters World and U. S. Bests. As custodian of the AAU Masters Records and T & F News Age Group Records his opinions are certainly well-informed. However, you may share a different view. If you do, please feel free to write to Pete at 4017 Via Marina, Venice, Ca. 90291, Apt. C-301 and give him your choices and your reasons why. The final selection will appear shortly in the 1976 issue of Age Group Records. Here are Pete's listings.

World Best	U. S. Best Track	U. S. Best Field
40-44 Roy Fowler (GB)	Hal Higdon	Dave Jackson
45-49 Jack Greenwood	Jack Greenwood	Shirley Davisson
50-54 Bill Fitzgerald	Bill Fitzgerald	Boo Morcom
55-59 John Gilmour	Al Guidet	Gordon Farrell
60-64 Konstanty Maksimczyk	Bill Andberg	Tom Montgomery
65-69 Norman Bright	Norman Bright	Ken Carnine
70-74 Harold Chapson	Harold Chapson	Stan Herrmann
75+ Paul Spangler	Paul Spangler	Walt Westbrook

Most followers of Masters athletics are familiar with Bill Fitzgerald's (50) U.S.A. accomplishments since this soft spoken athlete has maintained an outstanding level of performance in the 800/1500 -880/ mile for the past 8 years and only now in '75 moving into Division 2-a. less is known about Theo Orr (50) Australia, since he did not come back into the sport until approximately two years ago. However in '75 Orr rewrote about every Australian 2-a record over 1500 m. and his iron man performance at Toronto forces us to compare his efforts to those of Fitzgerald.

This is what they did in Toronto:

FITZGERALD VS. ORR		
Distance	Place	Time
800 m. Fitzgerald Orr	1st DNC	2:01.9
1500 m. Fitzgerald Orr	1st 2nd	4:23.4 (Can R) 4:28.6
3000 m. Fitzgerald Orr	DNC 1st	9:22.2 (WR)
5000 m. Fitzgerald Orr	DNC 1st	16:41.0 (Can R)

10,000 m.
Fitzgerald
Orr

DNC
1st

34:09.2

3000 Steeple
Fitzgerald
Orr

DNC
1st

10:36.6 (Can R.)

An examination of the IAAF Scoring tables indicates that Fitzgerald's 800 m. would net him 716 points and his 1500 m. 635 points as compared to Orr's 681 points/3000 m., 639 points/5000 m., 696 points/10,000 m., 592 points/3000 m. steeple.

Unfortunately Orr took on Fitzgerald only in the 1500 m. (the one event in which they competed head to head) less than an hour after he had run the 5 Km. and accordingly should have been able to improve on his 4:28.6. Unfortunately awards are not given for high performance in multiple events (except the Pentathlon and Decathlon). Accordingly our Olive Branch Award would have to go to Fitzgerald, not only for the quality of his 800 and 1500 marks, but because it is our opinion that had Bill competed head to head against Orr in the 3000 m. that he would have defeated him. It is at the 3000 m. level where their curves of performance are most likely to cross. It would be one hell of a race. For one thing, it would probably develop into a tactical race with both athletes dogging the other's footsteps, or Orr might try to steal the race by going out fast but Fitzgerald wouldn't let this happen. As a result, they would be dead even up to the last 200 m. At this point Fitzgerald would put on a burst of speed that Orr just could not match. This, of course, is all speculation. Let us hope that both of these fine Div. II athletes are still fit and competing and will meet at Gotenburg, Sweden in 1977; at which time we will find out just which one is the better.

THE Support Hawaiian Masters



events can be used to spur the movement and that the LDR Committee has not spread them around enough to aid the movement. Most of the races are divided between the Metropolitan AAU (New York City) and the Pacific Coast Associations. For example, the Masters marathon has never been held East of the Rockies. In addition, with the LDM under the Masters Committee we will have more direct involvement in our overall program and more strength with greater numbers. Furthermore, many of our Masters clubs could run various National and Masters Long Distance Championships. The counter argument is that the Masters have been treated fairly in Long Distance Running, are easily integrated into that program and could better utilize their abilities to develop the LDR program. Your opinions on this question would be appreciated.

The weights used by Div. III have been reduced to the 8 lb. shot, 1K discus, 600 gram javelin and 12 lb. hammer. This is in keeping with the overwhelming opinion expressed by Div. III athletes at White Plains. Others favor an optional weight selection with conversion tables.

The following American 40+ records were approved:

1 mile, 4:24.0, Ray Hatton; 6 mile 29:59.0, Ray Hatton; 10000 meters, 30:56.0 Ray Hatton; steeplechase 9:18.6 Hal Higdon; 20 kilo 2:48.53 Dan Sheeran; 40 kilo 3:13.22 Dan Sheeran; 50 kilo 3:59.50 Dan Sheeran; 15 miles 1:33.30 Peter Mundle; 1 mile relay 3:33.4 Seniors Track Club; 2 mile relay 8:27.2 N. Y. Pioneer Club, shot 53' 3 3/4" Ed McComas Discus 49.9 meters Ed McComas.

Ken Weidkamp, 14320 SW Derby St., Beaverton, Ore 97005 has been appointed as the Northwest Regional Chairman and Jim Pepper P. O. Box 12345, Atlanta, Ga., 30305 has been appointed as the Southeastern Chairman. I refused to accept the resignation of Ed Phillips, Western Region, and he is still with us.

A National meeting of athletes will be scheduled at Gresham, Oregon to discuss our program and as many of you as possible are invited to attend the AAU Convention next winter in Phoenix.

Bob Fine
AAU Masters T & F
National Chairman

DR. JOHN W. PAGLIANO ANNOUNCES SPECIAL
SPORTS MEDICINE SEMINAR

March 6,7
South Coast Plaza Hotel
Costa Mesa, Ca

Sponsored by the Orange County Podiatry Association, and led by Larry Carter, UCLA trainer; Joan Ulyot & Jackie Hansen, marathoners, Doug Jackson, MD & team physician at UCLA; heart specialists authors, and many other experts in such fields as acupuncture and weight training, all geared for the runner, jogger, and long distance runner....for \$25.00 (including lunch and brunch)

Contact: Joe Burgasser, 2721 W. 168 St., Torrance, Ca. 90504..Seniors Track Club

THE OLD MAN *continued*

ber Marge St. James says, "Women meeting Walt think he's loud and crude, but after awhile they love him. He's like a puppy dog. He might tear your dress, jumping up on you, but he's not mean about it. And he is a feminist."

St. James calls the DSERC her "entry into the straight world." She is the chairwoman of COYOTE, an acronym for Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics, "a loose women's organization," as its members call it. Their concern is the decriminalization of victimless crimes, and the prevention of harassment of prostitutes by the police. Stack attends some of their meetings, and is an honorary member.

"Walt is the oldest living teen-ager," says Dr. Joan Ulyot, a pathologist, marathon runner and DSERC member. And so he is, in good ways and bad. His energy would do credit to any 15-year-old, but there is also his sense of humor, often repetitive, impossibly corny and totally lacking in restraint. He has willed his body to the University of California Medical School, and three or four times each day, while running or cycling, he will say, "Not bad for a guy with one foot in the UC pickling vat, and the other one on a banana peel."

No day passes when he does not observe, "People in this country die in alphabetical order. I see them that way in the paper."

In crowded restaurants, especially, he comes into his own. He never modifies his language, and a slight deafness in one ear causes him to speak loudly. All about him ears turn purple. He is compulsively gregarious. "Short stack," a waitress yelled at breakfast recently, and he grabbed her by the arm. "You know," he said loudly, "my name is Stack, and when I was a kid I'd hear people in restaurants yelling 'stack!' and I'd get angry. But now I don't care." By this time the waitress was edging nervously away.

But there is another, Walter Stack. Dale Carnegie would have benefited from a short course with this one. Looking for a volunteer to help in a DSERC race, he'll say, "We need someone who has a sparkling personality, who everyone loves, who is a champion in her own time." A lot of hands go up.

In 1970 Stack dreamed up his alltime outrage, the Double Dipsea. People were passing out all along the trail, so the following year, he organized a rescue party to run back and pick them up, in effect, a third Dipsea. No one runs a Triple Dipsea. "No one," screams Pax Beale. "He almost killed us all." In 1969, the first of seven times Stack has run the Pikes Peak Marathon, he went to Colorado early to train, and he ran the Barr Trail course a record seven times in nine days. In addition to the Pikes Peak races he has completed 38 other marathons, most of them in times ranging from 3:30 to 4:00, the same speed up the hills as down. At the DSERC they joke that if Stack were thrown from a plane at 40,000 feet he would fall at eight minutes per mile. And they would be the worst-looking miles ever fallen. "He's the toughest, worst runner on earth," says Beale.

Stack has finished five 50-mile runs and another, a 100-miler, in 17:20. Last

ers, only 211 remained at the end. But except for the 50s and the one 100, any race that Stack has run has been a respite from his workouts.

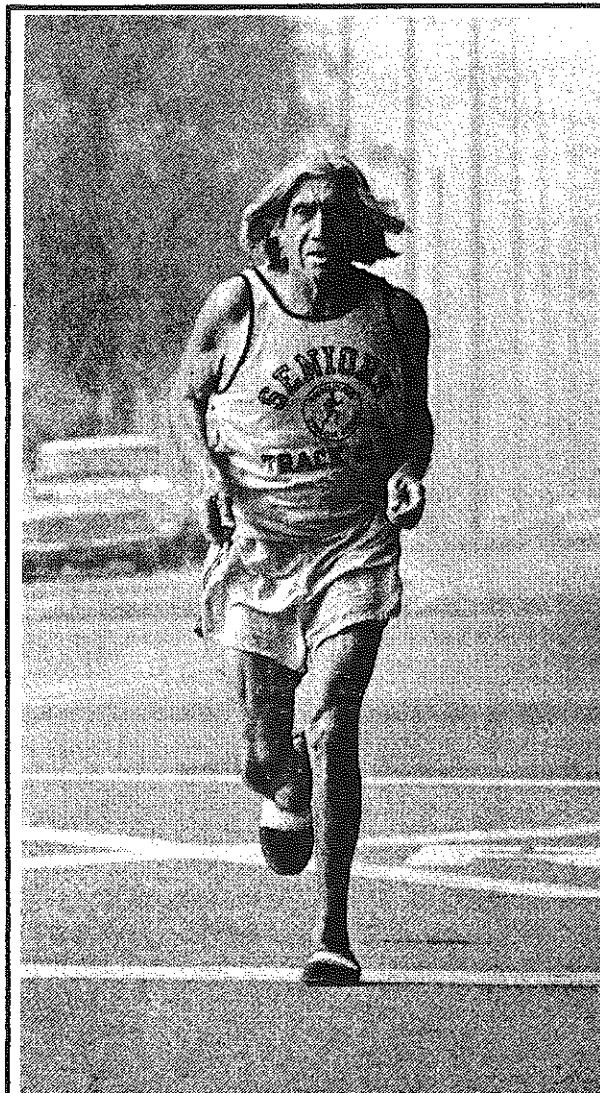
His 17-mile morning run is the flattest of them; between jobs or on weekends he sleeps a little later and runs his torture courses. One takes him across the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito and back, almost 20 miles. More than six of the miles are on hills that all but make one's ears pop, and the whole run is a series of waves and shouts to motorists, cyclists and pedestrians who recognize him. Sometimes he will "do a Dipsea," as the DSERCers put it. On Saturdays he starts on Collingwood Street in front of his house in the city's Eureka Valley section, on a hill so steep that sometimes cars cannot back out of curbside parking spaces and have to be towed. Stack runs out and helps push the cars uphill. After descending the opposite side of Collingwood he starts up Castro. A few more degrees of acclivity, and he would need ropes. And so it goes, half a mile up, really up, half a mile down, way down, up, down, up, down... to the top of Twin Peaks, with the whole city stretched away beneath, then down to Lake Merced and around, a 20-mile run before he reaches home again.

That has been Stack's life—Sausalito, Twin Peaks, the 2:30 a.m. routine while on the job—for 10 years now, 17,000 miles of running, in rain and sun and fog and pain, summer and winter. He never wears a shirt, even at 4 a.m. on February mornings when it is 38°. The Bay temperature drops to 46° then, but he never misses a day in it. He wouldn't take a vitamin pill at gunpoint, and when a friend tried to make plans with him for a race next year, he replied, without apparent concern, "Oh, don't count on it. For all I know, I might be deader'n a mackerel by then."

Walter Stack's favorite trivia question: "Has there ever been a prisoner of Alcatraz who survived a swim to shore?"

Wherever he goes in San Francisco the island is there, below and east of the bridge when he crosses it, off the hills of Sausalito, its lights blinking in his face at 4 a.m. as he runs on the municipal pier. Stack is not a contemplative man, but the sight of Alcatraz must make him think of how far he has come. The answer to the question, for him at least, is yes, in more ways than one. **END**

Aloha
HAWAII



Staff photo by Jebb Harris

Joseph Montoya: Ten miles a day

At 63, Montoya runs 26 miles — and likes it!

By MIKE MURPHY
Sun-Telegram Sports Writer

COLTON — Ten years ago, John Montoya of Colton was one your basic flabby Americans.

He was 40 pounds overweight. He smoked. He drank. He had high blood pressure, diabetes had gained a foothold on his body.

At age 53 he was given a choice by a physician. Either shape up or suffer the consequences.

Now, Montoya is the picture of health, principally because he resorted to something he did pretty well as a schoolboy in Oroville — running.

The man is 63 years old and he runs (not jogs) 10 miles a day. He travels around California competing in marathons, 10,000 meter runs, and 25 kilometer road races.

"I guess I've run everywhere but here in front of my neighbors and friends," said Montoya, an entrant in Saturday's Arrowhead Marathon in San Bernardino.

"I hope I do good. After winning all the trophies and medals that I have over the last several years I don't want to make a bad showing," he added.

The marathon distance of 26 miles, 385 yards hold no fear for Montoya. He has already run that distance a half dozen times this year including last Sunday at Culver City where he finished second in his age group (60-over).

A member of the 300-strong Seniors Track Club of Southern California, Montoya holds club records for one hour (9 miles, 392 yards), 20 kilometers, 25 kilometers, and 30 kilometers.

He is the current national age-group 25 kilometer champion and was runnerup in the 60-over division of the AAU Masters marathon this year. He won the Los Angeles Police Academy marathon while running barefoot in a rainstorm.

"He has an interesting running style," said Fortune Gordien, track coach at San Bernardino Valley College, where Montoya often turns up for a workout. "I guess you would call it a shuffle."

Montoya disdains the conventional track shoe or jogging shoe. "They gave me shin splints, and wrecked my feet," he said. He prefers a pair of blue bedroom slippers, sans heels, that are taped to his feet.

That baby blue footwear has carried him through marathons at Culver City, Palos Verdes, Mission Bay, Santa Monica, Orange, San Francisco and Medford, Ore.

"People see me run and they don't know how I could make it, especially in those shoes," said Montoya with a laugh. He never fails to finish. His best time for the Olympic marathon distance is 3 hours 4 minutes. World class runners in their prime are timed at around 2 hours 20 minutes.

The living room of his modest home in Colton is filled with trophies, ribbons and medals, collected in just 10 years of competition.

"Here's the first one I ever got," said Montoya, pointing to a 44-year-old relic he received for finishing first in a Columbus Day marathon in Sacramento in 1931.

"I was in high school then. I ran a 4:40 in the mile which was pretty good for those days, but I never ran again until 1965," he said.

In the intervening years, Montoya moved to Colton and continues to work at Portland Cement Co., where he has been for 25 years.

A surgery and ill health in 1965 forced his doctor to recommend that Montoya do something to improve his condition. "I told the man I used to run a lot when I was young," recalled Montoya. "He told me it would be good."

Once he got in shape, Montoya got bored with merely running on his own and entered his first competition in 34 years — the Mt. Baldy hill climb. He took first in the 40-over division. He hasn't stopped since.

"I do it for fun and fitness and competition," said Montoya.

He no longer smokes or drinks. His weight is down to what it was in 1931 (about 140 pounds). He eats only two meals a day and goes without eating 24 hours before a marathon.

Cross country runners are often asked if they are motivated by the scenery. Montoya just laughed at that.

"After you get past 20 miles," he said, "you could care less where you are. All you are thinking about is yourself. Oxygen debt begins to take over. The last six miles is what gets everybody."

RUNNERS WORLD CELEBRATES WITH CELEBRITIES

At a convocation of many of the world's greatest track figures, held in Palo Alto, California, in January, San Diego attorney David H. R. Pain was honored by Runners World Magazine at the conclusion of National Running Week. He was the recipient of the magazine's Tenth Anniversary National Running Award for his origination and implementation of the Masters Age Group Track and Field program.

Publisher Robert Anderson of World Publications presented the award to Pain, and stated that the conception of the Masters Program was one of the most significant developments in running during the past decade.

Other recipients of these prestigious awards were such legendary figures in sport as former world record holders, Peter Snell of New Zealand and Jim Ryan.

Canberra, Australia January 1, 1976

Dear Jack:

Received your Vet. Athlete #22 and read it with pleasure. I appreciate your public apology - however, your private one was good enough for me.

It distresses me that I have acquired a reputation for intransigence. My attitude stems, however, from my concept of what Masters/Vets Athletics should stand for which principals 99% of all Master athletes, as far as I know, subscribe to. The trouble arises when archaic AAU and IAAF rules adapted to counter-act different situations at a time long past are applied to our present situation.

It is apparent to me that unless someone takes a very firm stand on these principles that the Masters Program will always be subject to domination by outside influences. Toronto was the first time where I observed a willingness on the part of the Masters to stand up for what they thought was right.

I am opposed to the hypocrisy displayed by the well intentioned Canadians, who privately agreed with me that Master Athletics should be completely open to all, but nevertheless sought IAAF sanction and published in the entry blank that travel permits would be required when they had no intention of asking for the permits when the athletes arrived. This, I might add, was due to conversations Don Farguharson had with Australian and British athletes whose wishes he deferred to despite our agreement in principle on the subject.

The Masters Program of age group athletics for men over 40 and women over 30, as I have envisaged it from the outset, is that everyone who meets the age criteria is eligible to participate regardless of what he or she may have done, or is now doing in or out of the sport. This, of course, implies totally open competition. Fortunately in the U. S., and I believe to a great extent in Canada, we have, for all practical purposes, Open Master competition with our AAU asking no questions. Where we do run afoul of officialdom is when our AAU attempts to apply IAAF rules to U. S. Masters intending to engage in international competition where IAAF rules apply.

The solution is simple - just don't ask for IAAF sanction when we have a World Masters Meet.

The British and Australian athletes say, "But we stand to be dropped from our clubs if we compete in an unsanctioned meet." This is a matter of obvious concern not only to them but also to others such as myself. The objection is specious, however, since Master athletes are constantly competing in various unsanctioned events; an example being the Sydney City to Surf Race (since sanctioned on a Mickey Mouse basis). Also, if you will apply IAAF rule 53 on eligibility strictly to your people, you will find that as many of them don't qualify as is

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NOTE OF INTEREST FROM OTTO ESSIG
CHANGE IN THE BERKSHIRE RACES

To our running friends:

When we first sponsored a race in the fall of 1970, we drew a field of 56 runners. Our latest race in the fall of 1975 attracted 225 runners!

It is heartwarming that masters competition has grown to such proportions. We here at Berkshire are very pleased. We wanted to help all we could to promote and encourage masters races. But now, because we have such large fields, we find that sponsoring two races per year has become too much for us to handle.

Affairs such as these races are costly. We do wish to maintain a high standard and, for this reason, we decided to have just one race yearly, a 10,000 meter race, on the second Sunday in September. We feel we should go the metric distance, this being the accepted international standard.

We hope that you are not too disappointed by this change - please understand our position.

Keep running.
Our very best regards to you.

Sincerely,
OTTO ESSIG

P.S. You will receive entry blanks in July 1976.



JAN COUR/NICKI HOBSON/LISH BACHE/DOROTHY STOCK

CALIFORNIA STATE WOMENS CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIPS, FOUNTAIN VALLEY, 11/16/75

The Masters Division Race at this meet was for women 30 and over. The course was essentially flat with two water-crossings that were possible to jump with dry feet, hay bales to jump, and a low, wooden fence. It was a two-lapper for a total of three miles, and all grass excepting a couple of sidewalk crossings.

Three runners scored for the team championships, so SDTC's 1-2-3 finish scored a perfect six points. The Blue Angels brought up a distant second. There were a total of twelve finishers.

- 1-Dorothy Stock, 43, SDTC/USMTT 18:48.4
- 2-Lolitia Bache, 33, SDTC 19:26
- 3-Nicki Hobson, 44, SDTC 19:29
- 4-Carol Honeywell RRR unk.
- 5-Carolyn Rubio BA unk.
- 6-Jan(Gervais)Cour, 30, SDTC/USMTT 21:12

T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE BOSTON

By John Linscott

T'was the night before Boston, and all through the Pru,
The rumors were thick in the land of beef stew,
At noon on the morrow one would break the hex,
A runner would run---of the opposite sex.

A girl in the race? the thought troubled Jock's slumber.
To add insult to injury-she would wear a number.
Jock has sworn by his name-just as firm as a rock,
"Nobody runs--less they're wearing a jock."

Jock scanned all the entries, and medical checks
Which attested to fitness, but not as to sex.
"Now what's in a name? I'll find one that fits her"
He checked every name, but he missed one--K. Switzer.

A "K" could be Karl, or a Kurt, or a Kim. This
"K" stood for Kathryn, who's a her, not a him.

So the plot has been hatched, now 'till noon we must wait
For the big confrontation--our sports Watergate.

On the 19th of April at Hopkington High
The runners were dressing with one watchful eye,
They'd heard 'bout the girl,' and read all the reports.
One had to be careful when changing his shorts.

But as the time passed, and the noon hour was nigh,
No runner appeared with a mascara'd eye,
Nor with legs what weren't hairy, were slender,
not bowed,
Yes, a female was rumored-but nobody showed.

Well, the gun it was fired, after all of the fuss,
Jock sighed with relief and mounted the bus.
"Thank God there's no women to mess up my race,
"Imagine a runner in shorts-hemmed with lace."

But there in the pack with a shape and a curl,
Jock spied Miss K. Switzer and he cried, "It's a girl!"
"They're all right to dance the Charleston or rumba,
But girls can't run Boston while wearing a number."

So he sprang from the bus to collar the phoney,
As he leaped to the pavement from the grasp of Will Cloney.
He weaved through the pack like a hound on the hunt,
Now he grasps for her number,"no, Jock-not from the front!"

Now advancing toward Jock and before he could pull back,
Came a friend of fair Kathy, who was built like a fullback.
They met there at noon on the Marathon course.
The gritty old Scot-the immovable force.

The damsel was saved, and she sped on her way
The story's been told and retold to this day
And I heard Jock exclaim as she ran out of sight
I think I was hit-by a woman's right.

WOMAN BREAKS A RACE BARRIER

By Michael Duncan

On the morning of April 19, 1967, 600 men lined up in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, to run the famed Boston Marathon.

Among them stood one woman, Kathy Switzer.

In 1967 it was thought that women could not handle the strain of running more than a mile and a half. Besides that, women were barred from running in races with men. Kathy entered the Boston Marathon anyway - a race of 26 miles 385 yards 1 foot -- listing "K Switzer" on her entry blank.

Officials spotted her in the field of men and one of them - Jock Semple meet director - tried to remove her bodily from the race. Kathy's boyfriend shoved the official out of the way, and she went on to finish.

Semple was later quoted as saying, "I'm terribly disappointed that American girls force their way into something where they're neither eligible nor wanted. All rules throughout the world bar girls from running more than a mile and a half."

The publicity helped women runners gain full recognition. Six years later women were officially allowed to enter the Boston Marathon, and on February 10, 1974, the first National Women's Marathon Championship was held in San Mateo.

It's a common sight these days to spot men, women, and children jogging around their favorite park in fancy printed T-shirts and brightly striped running shoes. They are members of the running movement which has captured the mind of a health conscious, competitive America.

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the case in the U. S. Lastly, I am convinced that the threat of disbarment is just that - a threat. When taken to task on a true matter of principle AAU officials always back down. They are afraid of litigation, as the courts and public opinion will not enforce or support such nonsense.

Lastly, upon reaching 40 a Master athlete should be prepared to compete solely as a Master in Master events. He should not expect to keep his feet in both camps and expect to impose AAU rules on the Masters merely because he is reluctant to sever old club ties.

If we believe in the principle that Master, Veteran Athletics should be open to all, then let's make our events open and abandon the hypocrisy associated with AAU and IAAF rules as now constituted.

Best personal regards for 1976 to you and all our friends in Australia.

He's a phenomenon! At 49 years of age, Jack Greenwood captured six first places and a second (this one in a relay) at the National AAU Masters Championships in August, and then a week later went on to collect four gold medals (and another second in a relay) at the first World Masters Championships.

Jack took first in the 100 meters (11.4), 200 (23.2), 400 (52.0), 400 hurdles (58.7), 110 high hurdles (15.3) and the mile relay, with a second in the 440 relay at the national championships. At the world meet Jack's firsts were in the 100 (11.6), 200 (23.8), 110 hurdles (15.6), 400 hurdles (57.8), and he was second in the relay where he ran his 400-meter leg in the astonishing time of 50.8.

Greenwood has long impressed the Masters in this country at local and national meets, and has become well-known in several other countries when he has made tours with the US team. *Sports Illustrated* spotlighted his recent achievements, yet ironically enough his hometown newspaper in Medicine Lodge, Kans., only carried a small, "Oh, by the way" article of the national and world meets.

That's the way it goes for Jack in his little corner of the world. He has virtually no one to run with since there are no other Master runners in or around Medicine Lodge. Wichita, an hour's drive away, is his closest contact with other older runners.

Greenwood trains on a dirt track or runs up his favorite hills where he has what he refers to as "his own private track." He has marked off a straightaway of about 180 yards that goes up a 40% incline. He runs intervals up and down the hill.

Jack, as you might assume, was an outstanding competitor in college. He attended the University of Kansas, where he set records in both the indoor and outdoor hurdles. Jack was selected to go on a national team to England, Ireland and Scotland after he took third in the 400-meter hurdles in a NCAA meet his senior year. After graduating, he tried to stay in shape for a shot at the 1948 Olympics, but he pulled a thigh muscle in his left leg which kept him out of the Trials.

Greenwood didn't do any more running until 1969, when he decided he needed some way to relieve the tension from his day at the office. (He is president and manager of a savings and loan company in Medicine Lodge where he lives with his wife, Nancy and their two sons, Riley and Marty.) Before long, he

Greenwood's Age (49) Is No Obstacle

by Betty Pappas



Master of the hurdles, Jack Greenwood. (Jack Bacheler)

was training for sprints and hurdles, and competing again.

The hurdles are Jack's forte. He glides over the barriers with his long legs stretched out, muscles taut, the entire body co-operating in a maximum effort to combine timing, speed and endurance. In the Masters program, he thinks technique and strength are more important than speed. He says, "You can just go so fast at our age, and I've seen some men in their 50s and 60s run as hard as they can and then come to a dead stop and jump over the hurdles. They would have done a little better if they would have learned some technique and not run so hard."

Consistent speed so that the runner

can clear the hurdles smoothly will give him a better chance to win, according to Greenwood. He advises, "Forget the speed. Get the form and let the speed come on its own." He cautions that one of the pitfalls of running the 400-meter hurdles is running the first 200 meters too fast and running out of gas on the last half.

His training schedule consists of an easy three miles on Sunday. Monday—660 and 330 intervals. Tuesday—hurdles and 110 intervals. Wednesday—220 intervals. Thursday—light workout. Friday—rest. Saturday—a track meet if one is available.

Jack Greenwood is rare also in the fact that he has relatively few injuries. One reason is stretching exercises. He has always had to do a lot of stretching because of the hurdles, but he has found that they also help in every other running and field event.

The other reason he doesn't suffer the usual injuries is, "I never run more than 85% in practice; never run that hard, because if you do, something's gotta give. Save that for a meet and use practice for strength, endurance and form work."

Jack turns 50 in February. When asked what his goals are now, he says, "I wish I was 40 and starting all over. I really haven't given it too much thought, because at our age I've seen too many people get hurt and not get over their injuries. This is part of the reason every year I start slow and I keep thinking, 'Man, I'm never going to make it,' but suddenly, one day, it comes together. Sure, I've got goals. I want to be the best in the 100, 200, 400 and the hurdles, but I know there are guys like Dick Stoipe and a few other men around this world that are going to make me work."

Despite the fantastic competitive spirit Greenwood displays, he says that going out and running for the pure pleasure of it is just as important to him as training for competition. The clearing of the mind as well as the physical exercise is important. He says, "I can tell in the wintertime when I can't run because of the weather or the work load that I have to get done. I feel like I'm stoved up and want to growl at everybody."

What is the greatest benefit he has gained from running? "The fellowship is the greatest thing I have experienced from running. I would never have said that when I was in college, but now it's knowing all these people in Australia, Canada, California and just every place that's so great." •

Runner's World Magazine

Continued from page 1

It was obvious from the outset that this country is enjoying an economic prosperity matched by few if any other nations today. As we drove into the city multi-story apartments, office buildings and manufacturing plants appeared to have sprung up overnight. Most must have been constructed in the past ten years. As a matter of fact the city had its beginnings in the 1870's when the first gold was discovered making it one of the world's most modern metropolises.

Our host drove us into the city through both new and older and more dilapidated residential areas where we noted that blacks, colored, (mixed) and Europeans mingled together in apparent harmony.

On entering the new Holiday Inn where we would be in residence the rest of our stay. We noted the sturdy quality of the construction and a striking mosaic pebble floor in the foyer. We were ushered into our commodious room which had been provisioned with two bottles of South Africa's finest and most delicious champagne which we and our hosts dispatched after our long journey. And now to a much needed night's rest.

Dave and Cynthia Jackson arrived a couple of hours later than we but received the same gracious reception from our hosts who, after leaving us returned to the airport presenting them with a similar bouquet of flowers and like quantities of champagne.

Monday 12/8/75

Monday we met the members of the South African press at the hotel for more than an hour. They seemed genuinely interested in our trip with stories appearing that night and next morning in both the English speaking and Afrikaans press. We learned later that the people of South Africa, very imbued in sport, are starving for international competition at all levels and even the prospect of an international team visiting is news.

After the conference we drove to attorney Monty Hacker's offices in down town Joburg, giving us a chance to see some of the city. A few of the older stone buildings still stand from the last century, showing the solid Dutch influence of the initial Boer settlers. Most of have been removed, however, and standing in their place are the most modern buildings up to fifty stories high - which clearly indicated that this city is the economic and financial center of Africa. Motoring down freeways in Africa is somewhat of a revelation; the only difference from a U. S. city being the fact that the traffic flows to the left British style.

On entering Hacker's office we noted black clients in an anteroom and were introduced to a black law clerk who we later learned from Monty was expected to pass his bar exams shortly and would become a partner in the firm. Hacker also stated that, to his knowledge, this person was the only black law clerk in any law firm in the city. Our host escorted us across the street via an underground shopping mall bustling with Xmas shoppers and office workers on a lunch break to an extremely lavish buffet on the 30th floor of the Carlton Hotel with a magnificent overview of the city. Later we were to learn that the Carlton, as was the Holiday Inn where we were in residence, was one of several multi-racial hotels in South Africa where blacks, Asians and colored were accepted.

The quality of the food where we ate was excellent, if not too extravagant and rich for our taste. We can certainly recommend the beer which, along British lines, is stronger, more flavorful and higher in alcoholic content than our 3.2. The wines, if carefully selected are also excellent. As is usually the case, the whites are all fine. The reds, however, can vary greatly in both aroma and taste. Since the Cape Town area is a center of Viticulture, wines are inexpensive and range upward from 75 cents a bottle.

Monty, as were all of our hosts, was very candid about the race situation in his country and discussed it at length with us. It was obvious that our South African Master sponsors sought to bring about change in their country and felt that a USMTT visit could help bring about that change. As we discussed the situation at the table we noted abandoned mountains of mine tailings within the city limits which are now being reprocessed due to more efficient methods of extraction and an elevated price of \$138.00 per ounce for gold.

Later we were escorted to the Wanderers Athletic Club, a giant sports facility of some 40 acres with 12,000 members (all white), complete with Tudor style club house (gentlemen wear coats and ties at all times please) and a 40,000 seat cricket stadium, 400 m. grass track, numerous other playing fields, large swimming pool, countless tennis courts and immaculate lawn bowling courts plus a golf course. Since dues for an athletic member (no golf privileges) are only 5 Rand (\$6.00) per year, it was obvious such a facility could only exist because of low maintenance costs, cheap labor and probably a tax exempt status.

After a leisurely tea on the terrace we departed for the RAU Stadium and a triangular meet between the local universities, police and military teams. The meet was well conducted by competent officials and, although it was Monday night, it enjoyed an announced crowd of 4,000. Parenthetically T.V. has only recently come to South Africa and few have sets and the programming is still haphazard. Accordingly, sporting matches are well attended. We had excellent seats on the finish line in an extremely well constructed stadium complete with Tartan track. The facility reminded us of Crystal Palace in London. Our party was introduced to the crowd and we were warmly received both then and when asked to present awards to the winners. Again we noted the absence of black athletes and spectators. This is strange in that South Africa has sixteen million blacks and colored and only four million whites. To date the multi-racial athletic meetings have been limited to foreign touring teams and national championships. Club and league competitions are still largely segregated.

Following the meet we were graciously entertained at the home of one of our Master hosts a successful public relations man and enjoyed barbecued steak, lamb chops and sausage prepared by Miloje Grujic, a Yugoslavian expatriot who competed in Div. I-a at Toronto and was third in the 400 m. with an excellent 51.5 and who is also a successful custom butcher in Joburg. In discussions with our host we learned that one of the most effective forces for racial change in South Africa were the large U. S. corporations, such as IBM, which have insisted on equal treatment for their black employees.

Danny and Fanny picked us up and we drove to Pretoria, some fifty k. northeast of Joburg. As summer is the wet season in this area, the hill-sides were green with grass and the streams were bordered with weeping willows. As we approached Pretoria a large stone monument, 150' high loomed ahead on a hilltop. It turned out to be the shrine to the Boers who died at Bloody River in a battle with the Zulus who, as a result, dedicated December 16th the date of the event as a day of perpetual remembrance. The monument contains bas relief scenes of the early history of the Dutch settlers whose relations were similar to those of the early U. S. settlers with the American Indians. The visit at this shrine gave one some better understanding of the situation in South Africa today with its concepts of separatism. We then toured the beautiful terraced gardens around the parliament house and had lunch at a pleasant downtown hotel. Although the University is there and the national government administrative headquarters, Pretoria still has the air of a small town.

For the first time we realized that whites and blacks enjoy (?) separate facilities such as bottle shops and restaurants. To test the climate gargantuan Fanny Du Plessis (45) Div. I-b 1st discus at Toronto winner at 147'8", and Dave Jackson went into bottle shop catering to non-whites and Fanny (white) asked if he could buy some goods. He was told o. k. by the merchant as next door was a like liquor store catering to whites. He stated he ran both stores on one inventory and he didn't care what side of the store from which he did business. This reflects the changing attitudes in South Africa to the Separation Laws still on the books but beginning to be ignored. For example, Monty Hacker advised us that ten years ago the police would break up games in the park between black and white children. Now he says they play with their black peers regularly. (but they go to segregated schools) He also said that South Africa once strictly enforced miscegenation laws against sexual cohabitation between members of different races are not now being enforced, apparently by orders from high up in the government. Nevertheless such laws have not been successfully attacked in the courts as they have been in the U. S.

Wednesday 12/10/75

We depart Joburg, but miss Donnie as he called at the last minute to advise his van had been stolen (his second in two weeks).

We flew to Kimberly, a name synonymous with diamonds, an hour later. Diamonds are where you find them and Kimberly, but for the precious stones so coveted, wouldn't exist. The moderate sized mining town is on a vast, fairly level plain at approximately 4000 feet elevation. We were greeted by a driver and our host a Mr. Swales of the De Beers Company who drove us to the mine where we observed countless tons of crushed rock (over 100,000 metric tons per day) being reduced to a muddy slush. Since the specific gravity of diamonds is greater than rock and water, they sink to the bottom and are carefully sprinkled on a grease laden conveyor belt tilted on an angle. As diamonds have no affinity for water they stick to the grease while the remaining minute rock particles wash harmlessly off the grease table. A day's production is only about 3,000 carats - about one liter. As a result a mountain of tailings surrounds the

mine. After leaving the mine we entered the De Beers sorting building, some thirteen stories high with special windows facing north where the stones are graded and analyzed as to color, size and quality. The stones, worth a fortune, are handled quite casually and control is maintained by weighing each batch periodically and noting any weight loss.

Following this we were the guests of the De Beers Company at the 4 star Kimberly Hotel where we met Isaac Miti, a black man who was director of recreation at the mine and another black who was personnel manager. The luncheon was excellent. Chilled Avocado soup and fresh lobster thermidor, together with an excellent South African white wine from the Cape. After lunch we briefly toured the Mines Museum containing historical equipment, steam tractors used in the past, including interesting photographs of the town where the diamonds were first discovered in 1871. "The great hole" was first commenced by hundreds of independent miners working individual claims, who eventually, were all bought out. "The great hole" is approximately a mile across and stands several thousand feet deep. It was closed in 1914. Today a lake has risen from the bottom about 1000 feet down. As a rockfall had just given away pieces of rock were still crashing down and splashing in with an eerie sound as we observed one of the world's largest man made holes. As we reached the the airport for our flight to Cape Town, we were once again greeted by Isaac Miti, who provided us with materials and photographs of his black miners athletics program and we discussed a meeting between a united Miners team and the U. S. Masters; for on examining the records of their 1975 championships, it became apparent that our Masters (Div. I) would compete with them on an equal basis. There seemed genuine interest on his part, and of the other white track officials present to have such a meeting. Which, if it occurs, will probably be the first dual track meet between whites and the black Miners, who to this date have only competed against themselves and other blacks.

The much touted multi-racial athletics meetings have been limited to their national championships and the African Games - with only the top blacks competing for national honors. To date local meets, all comers and run-of-the-mill competitions are still held on a segregated basis. In all fairness, this is largely due to the fact that teams and even leagues are organized along ethnic lines. Traditional alliances are, therefore, hard to disengage.

We then boarded our aircraft and completed the last two hours of our three hour trip from Johannesburg (Joburg) to Cape Town. Here we were greeted most graciously by former world record holder, Gert Potgieter (39), who in 1957 held the world's record for the 440 yard intermediate hurdles at 49.3. He also did a 23.1 for the 220 yard hurdle event; both of which still stand as South African Records. Gert is anxious to reenter athletics as a Master and will definitely give Jack Greenwood, who, by then, will be 50, a tussle. He escorted us to the Holiday Inn, located on the shoulders of fabled Table Mountain, overlooking the city and one of the world's greatest harbors. Here we again enjoyed a fine meal with an excellent white wine with our dinner of Kingklip a local marine delicacy, which can best be compared to white sea bass or our gulf Totauva.

Thursday 12/11/75

This proved one of our most delightful days during the trip so far, as following a press conference on the veranda, overlooking the pool, we were apparently greeted by Okkie LaRouge a dour representative of the Department of Sport who had been dragooned into driving us to Stellenbosch to visit the wine country. He was a large gentleman of obvious Dutch descent who, it turned out, was an ex-rugby player who had suffered through six operations to correct football injuries, the last being a low back spinal fusion. He drove us some 50 odd kilometers into the wine country where the vineyards were still green as we are in the beginning of summer in December. The passing scene reminded us of Napa and Sonoma counties in northern California with the notable exception that rising up from the valley and hillside covered with grapes, were craggy mountains, reaching several thousand feet above the cultivated plains and foothills below. Also apparent was the obvious effort to retain the Dutch architecture commenced 300 years ago when the Cape was first settled and grapes were first raised in the area. Much to their credit, the buildings of recent vintage have retained the old style of whitewashed exterior with thatched roofs and wooden jalousied windows. Also, many of the old buildings have been restored in the town so that one is struck by the incongruity of the Old World Dutch European type structures bordered by brilliantly flowering semi-tropical jacaranda trees, bougainvillea and bird of paradise. Although of a different style the town of Stellenbosch was comparable in its restoration to Virginia's Williamsburg. Here Gert greeted us at the main offices of the Distillers Corporation S. A. LTD, where he is director of public relations. He showed us through their most interesting wine museum containing old cut glasses wine and brandy making tools of 300 years ago. Outside, in the courtyard was a giant oak wine press, some 12' to 15' high and 40' long, operated by a huge wooden screw and shipped to the Cape 200 years ago and last used in 1929. He then escorted us through the wine bottling plant and into a wine storage area built into the side of the mountain where we examined rows of hogsheads, 8' high, each one expertly carved with a scene depicting the history of the development of the wine industry in South Africa. The dank, aging rooms exuding the musky odor of the wine excited our palates for the wine tasting to follow in an adjoining room which was panelled and decorated in the old Dutch tradition with antique tables and chairs. There, displayed for us, were two excellent whites - a Stein and a Reisling as well as a very delightful Rosé with natural carbonation and twomemorable reds. In our opinion the reds were superior in quality and equal to our best California reds. Once more the price is right as South African premier wines are half the cost of comparable California wines. Tastefully served with the wines, were crackers and cheese. We were given a private tasting as we were entertained between regular visiting hours. We were assured that should our U. S. Masters visit the winery that we would receive the same gracious treatment with each small group having a hostess who would explain about the wines and the winery's history.

We departed the winery reluctantly and were driven through the town with its beautifully maintained, and, in most cases, restored struc-

tures to a farm, now part of an expanding residential district past rows of blooming jacaranda trees, which had been converted to a restaurant-hotel named the Lanzerack; in which one could not differentiate the recent additions from the 300 year old farmhouse. The food and service were again impeccable. We enjoyed the delicious pickled fish, covered with mustardflavored onion relish as a starter; followed by roast leg of lamb embellished with mint vinegrette. We were able to resist the blandishments of the dessert table covered with countless cakes, fruits and puddings, all lavishly laden with fresh country whipped cream. During the course of the meal we again sampled the local wines, including one recommended by Gert called Alto Rouge, an excellent red. After this delightful luncheon, Leslie Sehume, Executive Director for the Committee for Fairness in Sport, (CFFS) a black and our guide and host for most of our trip, introduced us to a gentleman who was by chance vacationing at the Cape, and was luncheoning at the same restaurant. We had a brief but pleasant discussion regarding the race problem in South Africa, as he was a government director of one of the Bantu (black) nations. On returning to Cape Town we met with Leo Benning, President of the local RRC, and Roger Smartt for a run in the forest on the slopes of Table Mountain. That evening our South African host from the Department of Sport, Okkie LaRouge, and his wife had us as their guests for a stage show featuring a U. S. artist, but now a resident of England, named Lovelace Watkins. Since we had never heard of this person we didn't know what to expect. Much to our surprise, he turned out to be an American black singer who had settled in England and, although a great hit there and in South Africa, was virtually unknown in the U. S. He presented a two and a half hour solo performance backed up by a seventeen piece band in which he held his audience enraptured. Reminiscent of the early 40's when teenage girls swooned over Frank Sinatra young ladies (white) would dash up to the stage to embrace and kiss him. We later learned that such conduct clearly violated the Morality Acts but that such action was condoned and clearly reflected the changing attitudes in South Africa. We returned to our hotel and our host, Okkie and his wife, joined us in our rooms for a nightcap and two hours of animated discussion

Friday 12/12/75

Here the highlight of the day was an all day coach trip to the Tip of the Cape going south on the Atlantic side and returning via the Indian Ocean side; for it is here at the southwest tip of South Africa that the two great oceans merge. As we travelled south in our comfortable coach, the driver kept up a continual commentary on what we were observing. We noted his repeated reference to "Europeans" and "non-Europeans", a euphemism for white and black and the existence of separate facilities. It was immediately apparent that although the facilities were separate they were far from equal. Thus, we saw "white" and "non-white" buses, trains, cabs, restaurants, toilets and even beaches. The beach bit really got to us as it was evident that the best beaches were reserved for whites. On the previous day we had noted to our host, Okkie, that the electric trains had "white" coaches attached to the front and "non-white" attached to the rear - shades of the past in the U. S. when blacks were moved to the rear of the bus. He noted, however,

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HARRY CORDELLOS VISITS AEROBICS CENTER

Harry's visit to the Aerobics Center in Dallas was covered in a Dallas newspaper. The headline proclaimed "Marathon Runner Enjoys Full Life". The complete article follows:

"Marathon runner Harry Cordellos figures he has two handicaps that will stop him from even achieving his goal of being on the United States Olympic team. At age 37, he is too old. At 160 pounds, he is too big. He doesn't mention he is too blind.

'He defies his blindness,' says Dr. Kenneth Cooper of the Aerobics Center after running two miles with Cordellos Tuesday afternoon. 'He denies it.' A few minutes later, Cordellos stepped onto the treadmill, ran for awhile and said 'That's the first time I've seen one of these'. Cordellos, a lifetime resident of San Francisco who is in Dallas this week for tests at the Aerobics Center, was born with glaucoma, underwent eight eye operations before he was a year old and went totally blind at age 19. Regardless, he recently became the first blind man in the United States to run the marathon in under three hours with a time of 2:57:42 at the Boston Marathon.

Although he never ran a marathon before 1970, he has run 26 in the last five years. He received the Steve Prefontaine Memorial Award for Courage last weekend after completing the Charleston, W. Virginia 15-mile race. 'That was a great honor,' said Cordellos. 'But I'm not sure I was completely deserving. My partner, Peter Strudwick has no feet.' Cordellos always must run with a partner, who guides the blind man around the course. He holds his partner's elbow while they run, which often handicaps Cordellos because his partners seldom can keep up with him. It's also hard sometimes to find a partner, particularly when Cordellos has to be behind his information desk at Bay Area Rapid Transit at 6:30 a.m. 'That means I have to run at 4:30,' said Cordellos, who tries to run 60 miles a week. 'I always have my partner call when he gets up about 4:15 just so I'll know he's coming. Sometimes he tells me he's had a bad night and can't make it. So, I go back to bed and grumble for an hour. I've missed three or four mornings in a row at times. For a marathon runner, that's worse than not eating.'

But he's completely dependent in his other athletic endeavors. He can shoot 55 on a standard 36 par nine-hole golf course, bowl in the 120's, hit six of 10 free throws and do a double gainer off the high diving board. He's also an excellent water skier and plays beep baseball, which requires a softball with a telephone receiver inside. 'The first time I played beep baseball, which was the first time I'd swung at a baseball since I was twelve, I went three for six. The first three times up, I hit the ball and scored a run,' he said. 'The next time, I went four for five. I'm not on a team yet, but I expect to be asked to join soon.' Off the field, he has a masters degree in physical education from Cal State at Hayward, has built a miniature woodwork carnival and has written

two books. His first book dealt with photography and the second aquatics, but he hasn't been able to get either published. 'My photography for the blind was outdated after two years,' he said. 'When you get enough rejection slips to wrap around a track stadium, you know you're striking out. But I will not quit with the aquatics book. I'll have it published if I have to raise the money myself. If I ever have a casualty in the water, it will be an accident you would have.'

But, despite his other pursuits, running is "the thing". He became interested in the marathon in 1968 when his brother, an annual participant in San Francisco's Bay-to-Breakers Marathon, gave him a copy of Dr. Cooper's book on Aerobics. 'I had the book taped and listened to it from cover to cover' He went to hear Dr. Cooper speak later that year, and they have corresponded since. 'His first goal was to break three hours in the marathon,' Dr. Cooper said. 'He told me he would call me wherever I was as soon as he did it. But I was in Amsterdam when he finally did it, and he couldn't get in touch with me. I heard about it the minute I got back, though.' Cordellos said running with Cooper Tuesday was like playing baseball with DiMaggio. 'I get low sometimes, but I just think about crossing the finish line at the Boston Marathon,' he said. 'Now just being here at the Cooper Center will keep me going for the next six months.' But Cooper said, 'Harry's more of a motivator for me than I am for him. If I were blind, I think I'd just sit back and sulk like most of the other blind people we know.' The Aerobics Center sponsored a course for blind students at North Texas State University this summer. 'Most of the students go to a certain point and said they couldn't go any further,' said Dr. Cooper. 'But we can show them what Harry has done, and they won't be able to say that anymore.'

Cordellos rated 59 ml/kg/min in his tests Tuesday, while the rating for a superior athlete is 51 ml/kg/min. The late Prefontaine received the highest rating ever when he was in Dallas in January with an 84.4 ml/kg/min. 'The normal sedentary 38 year old would rate about 35,' said Dr. Mike Pollock of the Aerobics Center. 'An active 38 year old would rate 40 or maybe 50. So, you can see Harry is an outstanding athlete.' Yet Cordellos said he 'hated' sports while growing up. 'That was partially because I was always being hit by line drives in the face,' he said. Then, the schools never allowed me to participate in physical education courses because I had bad eyesight and a heart murmur. If they caught me playing tag in the schoolyard, I had to stand in the corner.' But that changed Aug. 17, 1958 when a counselor at the Oakland Orientation Center talked him into water skiing.

'That was the day the world opened up for me,' he said. 'My heart murmur was gone by then and I was totally blind so I couldn't damage my eyes any more. I just decided to start living!'

Learn to speak Hawaiian

In Hawaiian all vowels are pronounced. Here are the vowels:
 a as in arm; o as in old;
 e as in obey; u as in spoon.
 i as in machine;

Now try these:

Akamai Clever
 Aloha Hello, greetings
 Kamaaina Oldtimer
 Kane Man
 Kaukau Food
 Mahalo Thank you
 Malihini Newcomer
 'Ono Sweet, tasty, delicious
 Pau Finished
 Wahine Woman
 Wikiwiki Quick, speedy

THIRD HAWAIIAN AAU INTERNATIONAL MASTERS TRACK AND FIELD MEET APRIL 16,17,18, 1976

The meet will be held at Cooke Field, University of Hawaii. The track and runways are Tartan (spikes no longer than 1/4" are allowed.)

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Friday, April 16	Sat., April 17
8AM 5,000M run; javeline	3,000M SC; hammer
9AM 400M hurdles;LJ &HJ	200M trials;PV; discus,&TJ
10AM 100M trials; shot	400M finals
10:30 400M trials	200M finals
11AM 100M finals	
11:30 1500M finals	800M finals
12noon 10,000M run	110M hurdles

Sunday, April 18

6:30AM 15K run *** co-sponsored by the Hawaii Masters Track Club and the Mid-Pacific Road Runners Club....the AAU National Masters Championship....men and women....40 and over...in 5-year age groups...with usual AAU Championship awards. The course will start at the Honolulu Zoo, go to the golf course, to the North Tunnel into Diamond Head, around the floor of the crater, out the South Tunnel, around Diamond Head and back to the Zoo.....

8AM Pentathlon

Afternoon.....OLD TIME HAWAIIAN LUAU at Lanikai...an island residential community directly across the island from Honolulu...and across the street from one of the best beaches in the world. Excellent food with generous servings plus entertainment plus beer and soft drinks.... The cost of the luau (sponsored by the HMTCC and RR) will be \$10.00 per person and the transportation will be provided by volunteers(?) at no extra charge. DEADLINE for reservations: April 12!

To answer your questions:

There are a limited number of lockers & showers available at Cooke Field. There will be qualifying heats as required; the heats will be seeded according to times submitted on entry. Heights for HJ & PV will be set as appropriate for age groups and raised as customary. AAU 1976 Stds. for age groups as to implements & hurdles Starting blocks & batons available, but bring own poles.

AGE GROUPS: Men, 18-29 years, and std 5 year groups 30 thru 70, with only one group 75 plus. Women, 5 year groups 30 thru 70.

Running order will be the oldest to the youngest. Women may run in some events with older men.

ENTRY DEADLINE: April 8th. Late entry to April 14th permitted at an extra cost of \$2.00 per person, per event.

FEES: \$5.00 for 1st event & \$2.50 for each additional event. Pentathlon,\$5.00 Relay, \$2.50 per person, per event.

Send inquiries with stamped, addressed long envelope to: HAROLD CHAPSON, Pres. Hawaii Masters Track Club, 1350 Ala Moana #1308, Honolulu, Hawaii 96814

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quite humorously that when the train made its return trip, since it had an electric engine at both ends that the position of the cars was then reversed. We also noted that every city has a number of multi-racial hotels - notably the Holiday Inn chain and restaurants and tourist attractions, such as conducted tours which are all multi-racial without any pretense of segregation. In other words, all foreign visitors, regardless of color are treated extremely courteously without any segregation or discrimination provided they utilize the services made available for that purpose. It is only against their own native population where we find the discrimination.

The effort to maintain separate public facilities, public transport and housing must be putting a great strain on the finances of the country. For example, we passed a public camping area along the beach where virtually three identical campgrounds were constructed side by side; one for white, one for blacks and one for colored (Asians and mixed blood). To our surprise, we learned that prior to 1958 that the colored population had had the vote and considerable freedom of movement but that since the conservatives had taken over a two-thirds majority in Parliament a policy of strict Apartheid was adopted and all non-whites were disenfranchised. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the official government policy, it was apparent to us that many South Africans do not approve of this policy and are seeking its change.

TO BE CONTINUED

RESERVATION FORM FOR U.S. MASTERS TOURS

EASTER IN HAWAII***April 13-20
 Total payment must be received by February 28th.

BRITISH MASTERS CHAMPTONSHIPS & WORLD VETERANS MARATHON***ENGLAND
 ***August -- 2,3,4 weeks -- your option.

WORLD MASTERS CHAMPIONSHIPS*** SWEDEN***Summer, 1977.

SOUTH AFRICA TOUR***December-January 1976, 1977.

Date _____

Enclosed please find my check for _____ people for \$ _____ (deposits at \$50.00 each) for the tour to _____ I (we) will depart from _____ on the following date _____

Name(s) _____

Address _____

Phone (area code and number) _____

Please make check payable to SPORTS TRAVEL INTERNATIONAL LTD. and send to 4869 "B" Santa Monica Avenue, San Diego, Ca. 92107.

See page 15
for story

Sports Travel International Ltd.

Presents

A WONDERFUL WEEK IN

HAWAII

EASTERTIME

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW COST



The HAWAIIAN MASTERS invite you to their special meet Friday and Saturday, April 16 and 17, followed by a pentathlon and the National AAU Masters 15 km Championships. On the social agenda is a fine reception and a junket over to the other side of Oahu for a top-quality authentic luau, complete with entertainment under the palms on the beach. Optional sight-seeing including a trek to Maui will be available.

HAWAII

8 DAYS / 7 NIGHTS
CHARTER HOLIDAYS

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YOU GET ALL THIS
& SENSATIONAL
CHARTER SAVINGS TOO!

AIR & LAND COMPLETE

All This Included!

- Roundtrip Home City/Honolulu jet fare.
- Complimentary in flight meals.
- Personal fresh flower Lei Greeting.
- Roundtrip airport/hotel transfers.
- Pre-registration at hotel - no waiting.
- Welcome Briefing Party with native entertainment.
- 7 Nights air-conditioned accommodations.
- Services of Hawaiian Holidays' own staff of escorts and guides.

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VIA UNITED AIRLINES



DEPART TUESDAY, APR. 13, 1976 FROM LOS ANGELES

RETURN LOS ANGELES TUESDAY, APR. 20, 1976

CHOICE OF 3 HOTEL CATEGORIES

1
Kalia Inn
\$273

Per person, twin.
Single Supplement \$70

2
Imperial
\$293

Per person twin.
Single Supplement \$80

3
Ilikai
\$333

Per person, twin.
Single Supplement \$120

Reservations are not guaranteed to be available after February 28. Only substitutions may be made after that date
BOOK NOW!

Act now!

Return address:

U. S. Masters International Track Team
A Non-Profit Corp.
1951 Cable St.
San Diego, Calif. 92107

TO

U.S.M. I.T.T.



U.S. masters international track team

february, 1976

SOUTH AFRICA



LALRIE BARNES ROBIN SANDELL D. P. LES ALFMAN KRUGER SMART BRUCE MATHEWS LEO BENNING PAT O'BRIEN PETER BARCLAY DON GOOD

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE USMTT

Following our support of the South African athletes at Toronto, an invitation to the USMTT to visit their country was extended. Since a team visit to South Africa involved other considerations, including the question of how a multi-racial team, such as ours would be received. We consulted with Dave Jackson CDM and a black and requested that he and Cynthia, his wife, join us on a survey tour. We had been given all assurances that a mixed team would be accorded all courtesies and that no embarrassments would occur. Nevertheless, we felt it advisable to see for ourselves. Accordingly, as guests of our sponsors, the Pains and Jacksons spent two weeks touring South Africa visiting its major population centers as well as the Kruger National Park. And, most important, talking to its people

Although one can barely scratch the surface of a country such as this in a short fourteen day period and certainly not understand fully all its problems; nevertheless such a brief visit can be very revealing and informative.

Continued on page 3

SOUTH AFRICAN DIARY 12/7/75

First Impression - after nearly twenty-five hours and some 12,000 miles of travel and terminals at New Orleans, JFK, Cape Verde Islands, we arrived at Johannesburg, South Africa. At 38,000 feet the only impression one gets through the aircraft windows is that Southwest Africa is both vast, desolate and sparsely populated. Minutes before landing, however, this impression was modified by a view of green fields, woods, and a modern metropolis springing from the veld. As we approached the airfield, the skyline of the city with two tall TV observation towers looming above was framed by the glowing setting sun.

We were quickly ushered through customs as our hosts had paved the way in advance and as we emerged, we were warmly greeted by our South African friends, Danie, Fanny, Ken and Miloje. Helen was presented with a beautiful bouquet of proteas, the national flower - an exotic bloom somewhat akin to a colorful thistle or artichoke blossom, but in multiple shades of pink and salmon.

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