

ISSUE NO. 1

APRIL 20TH, 1978

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"RUNNING IS THE KEY TO LIFE"



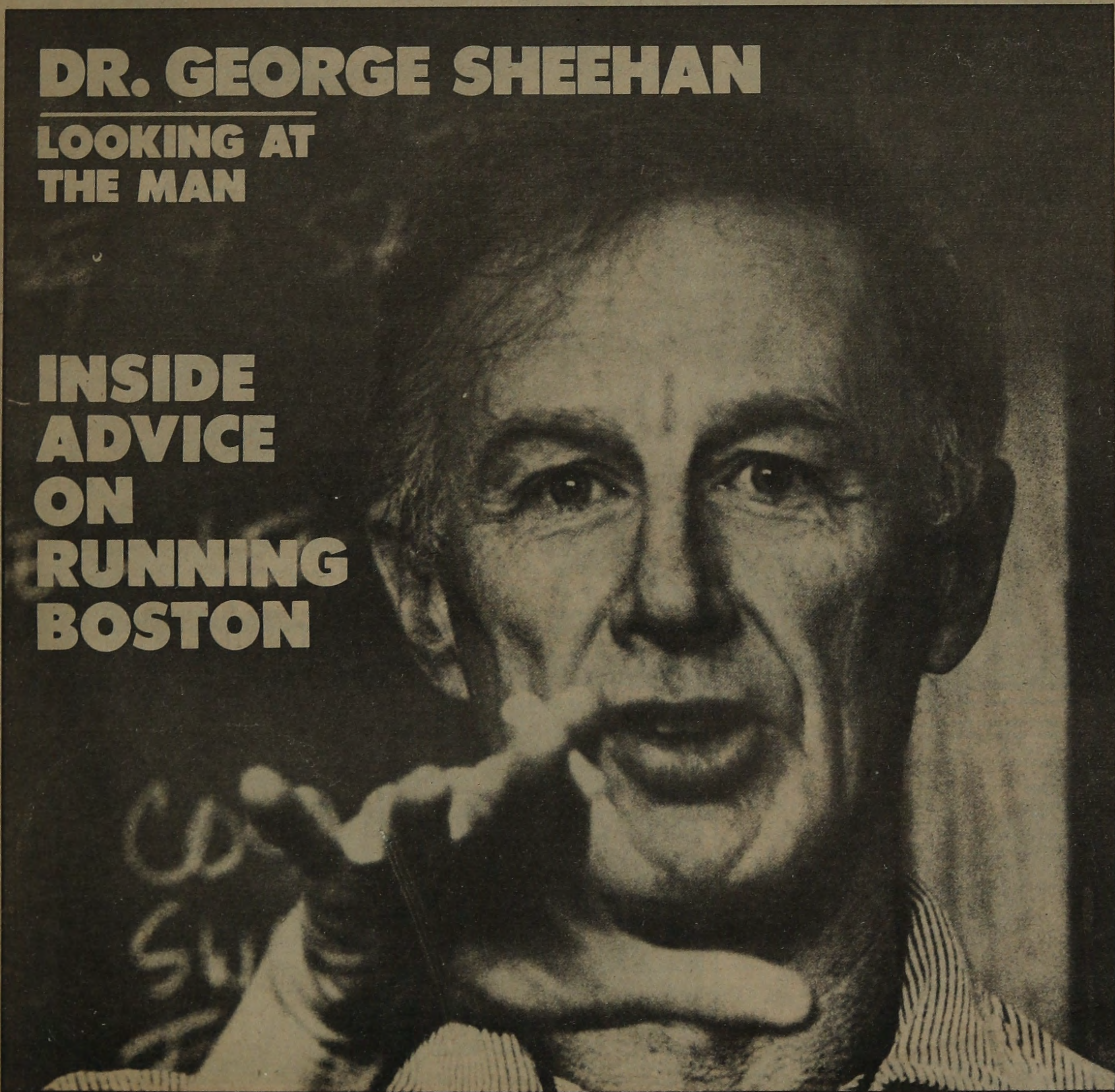
A Runner's World Publication

ON THE RUN

DR. GEORGE SHEEHAN

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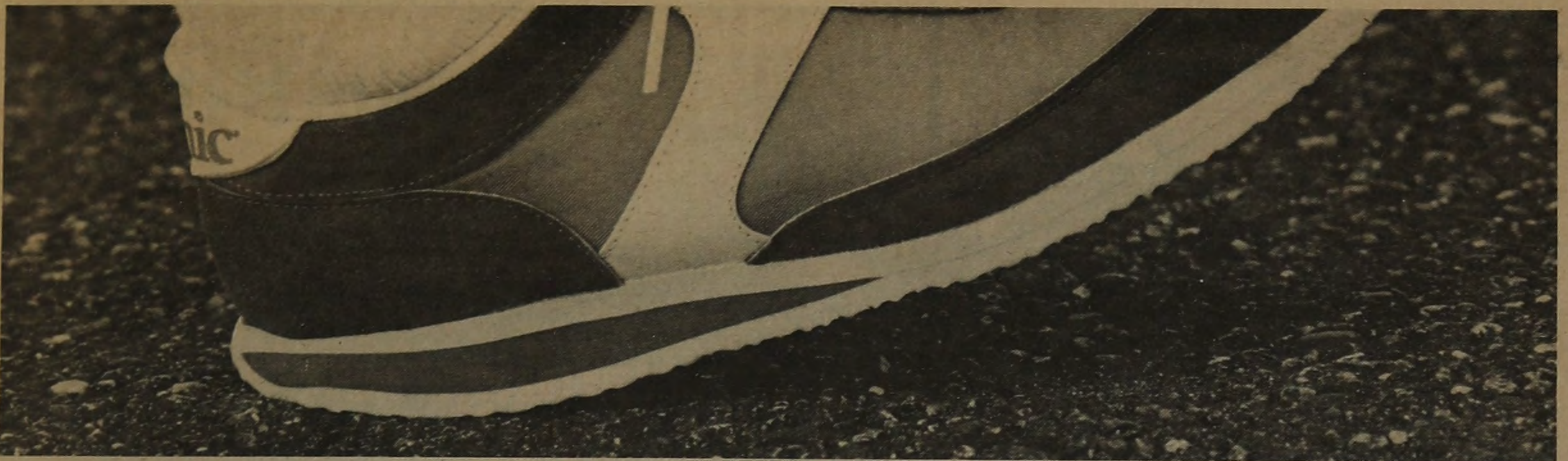
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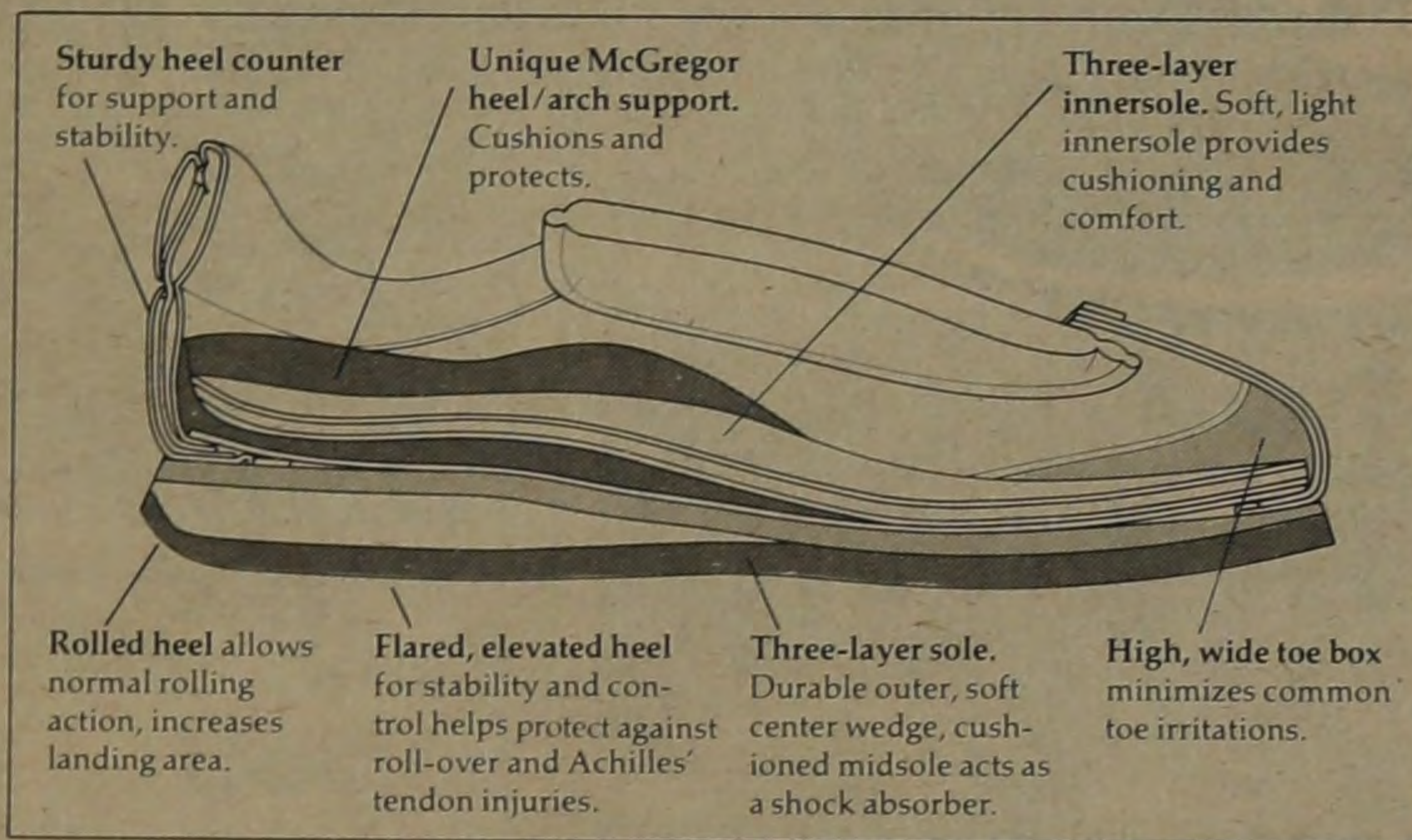
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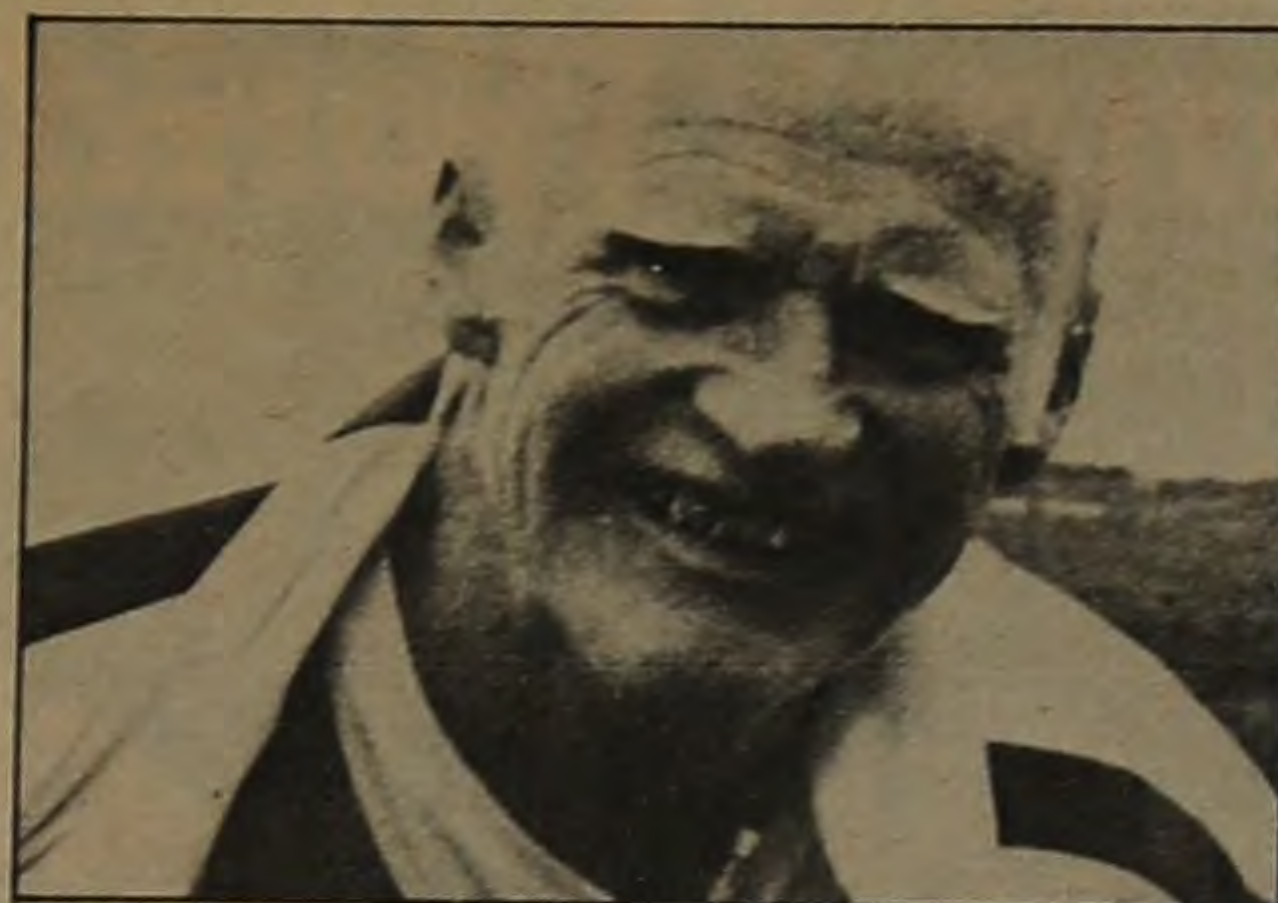
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ON THE RUN

April 20, 1978: "Running is The Key to Life"

Premiere Issue

Cover photo by Dave Drennan



Bright's Blindness

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By Paul Henderson

It may be the end of the road for Norman Bright. Although the veteran runner can still run marathons and maintain an eight-minute mile, he is going blind.



Boston Tales and Tips

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Take the running knowledge of the world and combine it with the philosophy of the ages, the patience of a saint and the wisdom of a medical doctor. The result is Dr. George Sheehan, high priest of the road.

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When Gary Murhcke won the race to the top of the Empire State Building, the ultramarathoner never dreamed he was risking the loss of disability pension.

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*Philosophy***Part 1: The Running Movement**

Bob Anderson

Recently, I was asked what religion I am. The answer came without hesitation: "I am a runner."

"Not your sport," came the reply. "What is your religion?"

"Runner," I said. "My religion is runner."

I don't think the person understood. But when you think about it, why should he? The common concept of religion is commitment or devotion to a religious faith. Most would interpret that as being a devoted member of such established faiths as Baptist, Catholic, Methodist or another of the world's numerous religions; someone who attends church regularly and follows the written precepts of the church leaders. A person who receives spiritual—as well as physical—powers from faith. A believer that all things come from an unseen source.

This is no different from being a runner. Many understand immediately when I say my religion is runner. It's for those who don't understand that I'll explain the parallels that make being a runner the same as being a devotee to any faith.

It is not uncommon to hear people proclaim that they are "born again" through established religion; that their lives have been altered to the point of feeling like new people by the discovery of an *established* religion.

It is also not uncommon to hear about people being "born again" by becoming a runner; to hear about people whose lives have been altered to the point of feeling like new people through the discovery of running.

What is common is the thought that running only makes a person feel *physically* better. But *physical* fitness is just the by-product of being a runner. *Spiritual* fitness is the product.

I discovered the spiritual powers of running when I was a 15-year-old boy in Kansas. It was there that I became a believer in running. Nothing to me was more important. I hardly missed a day, and when I did I felt guilty.

A year later, I decided I wanted to run a marathon. But in those days there were few around, and information on how to do it was not available.

But that didn't stop me. I started planning for my first long run. My "own" marathon. I think it was on that 20-mile solo run that I really discovered what running was all about.

One year later I started plans to publish a magazine so the word could spread. Dur-

ing this period, I lived to run.

Now as I have matured, I run to live. I discovered the power of being a runner. I found through running that I became the power and the light; that I gave to myself, and I took away. Through running I achieved self-control and personal powers that have guided me throughout my life.

Over the years, I have devoted much thought to the spiritual side of being a runner. Running is more important to me than a sport. It is a means to an end—spiritual health.

It is also a means to keep life in perspective. During National Running Week, I was talking to author Erich Segal about the benefits of running in his life.

"There are many times in my life when the pressures were so severe I don't think I could have made it if I weren't a runner," he said. "Being a runner keeps life in perspective."

For Segal, running is perspective. And it's because it is perspective that it's a movement and not a fad. And it's because it is perspective that being a runner is being religious.

To live in today's society is to live under constant bombardment. Commercials warp reality until there is no reality. Everything from traffic to telephones pelts us, destroying our feelings of security and sense of self worth.

Despite the bombardment, many are successful. Businesses stand as monuments to those who have discovered the key to success.

But what do they do when they want to discover the key to life? Increasingly, people are becoming runners.

Society has become almost bestial in nature. People get tired of coping, fighting and conquering everyday life. Running provides an escape. It isn't a means of fighting society. It is a means of rising above it to gain new perspectives on life.

Fads and crazes hit with the frequency of waves striking a shoreline. From tennis to punk rock the fads have risen and fallen like the tide.

But because of its spiritual nature, running is a movement, a religion. It is a way of overcoming the pressures of society, a way of discovering the limits of your power.

Someone once said, "For humanity to survive, it will have to invent a new religion."

The religion has been invented. It is the religion of the runner. Its power is increasing.

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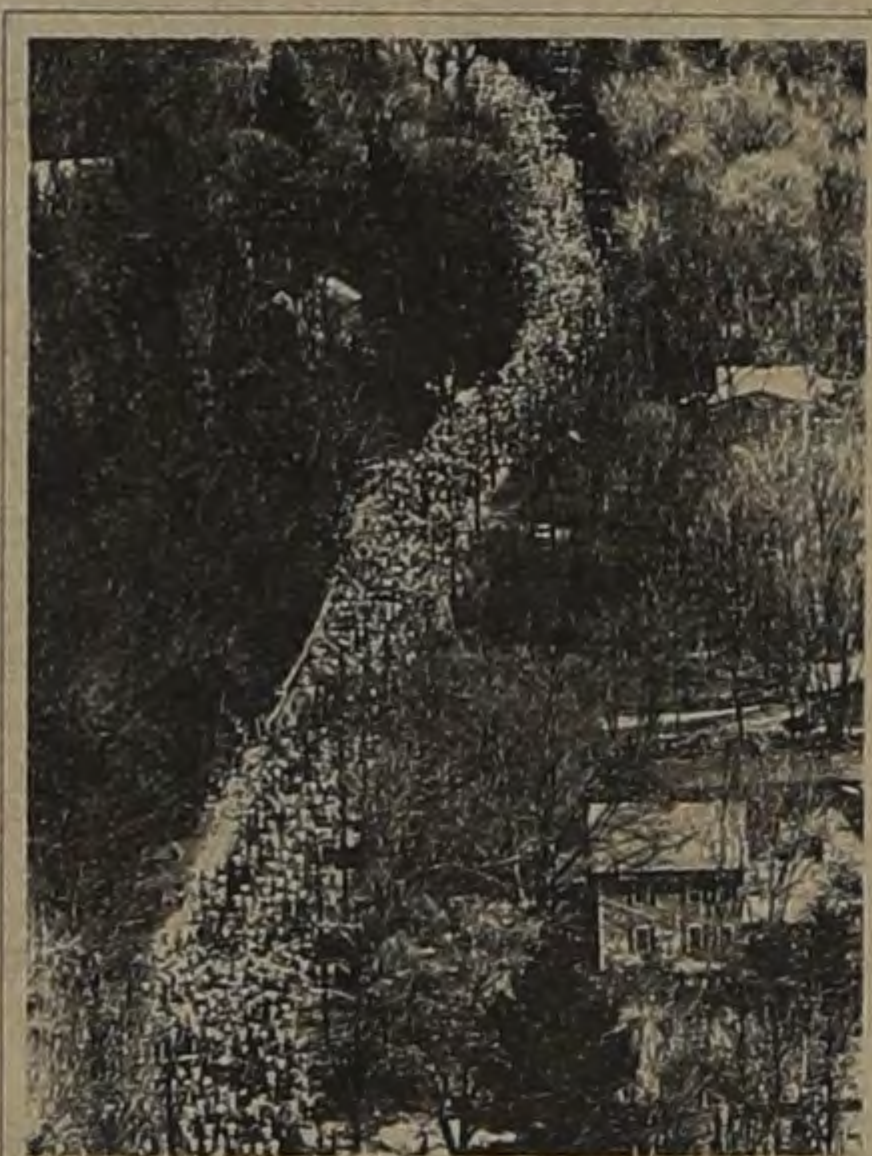
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INSTANT FEEDBACK

We met, George Sheehan and I, as we were crashing a cafeteria line in the Village at the Mexico City Olympics. The Games were looser then—as was our game, running—and we didn't have to walk through armed guards and metal detectors to get close to the athletes. George and I were starting a career together, but we wouldn't know that for another couple of years.

That was 10 years ago. In that time, I've read or heard most of what Peter Gammons wrote about George—though never in one such readable package. I've learned about him a few hundred words at a time while working as his editor for most of the time since we met.

Writers and editors often don't get along very well. Each has his own ideas about how stories should read and those ideas don't usually match. Changes of commas or semicolons may lead to bitchy exchanges. I've had these with writers when I edited them and with editors who changed what I wrote—but never with George Sheehan.

George works hard at making his writing look easy. He needs all week to work out a plan for a column (a "thought" column, that is, not question-answers), then a long day at the typewriter to trap the ideas on paper.

Once he's done writing, though, he lets his work go. He is like the good parent—he must be to have raised 12 children. He turns out raggedly-typed material full of million-dollar ideas and trusts his editor to polish up the nickel and dime words. I never worked with a writer so trusting, and this gets scary sometimes as George's work reaches more and more readers.

He gets scared, too. This is a side of him few others get to see. As long as I have known him, he has had doubts about the quality of his ideas and the way he expresses them. He writes me letters on his down days and calls on the worst ones.

The valleys very often come right after the peaks, as they do with a runner the day after he sets a record. George moans, "I'll never top this. I've said it all. Where can I possibly go from here?"

And I tell him that each story is not a mile race to be

timed over and over again, and judged against all the others. Each story is like a run at a different distance. Each of his pieces is the personal record of a man who has many miles to go before he runs out of fresh ground to explore.

—Joe Henderson, author

George Sheehan, MD is a dangerous individual. In an era where the finger has become a symbol for the attitude of many Americans toward life, he has focused attention on the toe. At National Running Week, 1975, we stayed at a motel in Palo Alto whose driveway is lined with Greek statuary. I was standing with George in front of the motel one morning before a workout and I noticed him silently pondering the statues. Having heard Sheehan quote Ortega, Proust, Durrell, and Durocher in his lectures, I knew he was about to make a statement that would be instantly profound. Finally he spoke: "That second statue from the left has Morton's toe."

His wife Mary Jane also is dangerous. She ruined me at the New York City Marathon last year. I was running well at five miles when she called out from the crowd: "Hal, do you want a beer?" Coming from an Irish heritage, I could not say no to that siren's song. I turned and accepted the offer, then spent most of the rest of the race looking for toilets. Bill Rodgers was coming across the finish line and I was sitting in a Shell station.

I think the only reason George Sheehan drinks beer during marathons is that he is afraid of success. He's so good that he needs something to bring himself down to the level of the rest of us.

—Hal Higdon, author

About the time podiatrists thought they had a role in sports medicine is when I met Dr. George Sheehan. Most medical doctors bad-mouth us, but here was a cardiologist in New Jersey who thought we were just about the greatest things around. He realized that a weak foot was a weak runner and because of that, podiatrists had a role in sports medicine. The first time I saw George

was a bit of a shock for me. He was wearing a suit and using a paper clip for a tie clasp. It wasn't the paper clip that shocked me. It was George's appearance. He was in training and he looked so emaciated I thought he was going to die.

Great, I thought. We finally get a heart doctor on our side and he's going to die on us.

But that was 1971, and of course George is still around.

Over the six years I've known George he has been a never ending source of wisdom, information and humor for me.

A few years ago, George came to San Francisco and spent a week at my house. We ran during the day and talked philosophy late into the night. He taught me all he knows about the general body and I taught him all I know about podiatry.

This was the era when he claimed that there was a difference between exercise sweat and nervous sweat. He claimed that nervous sweat was the cause of body odor while exercise sweat had no scent.

He tried to prove his theory for the week that he stayed by not washing his clothes. By the end of the week, it was obvious his theory was wrong.

"George," I said after the house smelled like a locker room, "you are either nervous or exercise sweat does smell."

After that, George retracted his theory of exercise sweat.

The cutest thing about George is that he gets nervous before a talk. He doesn't get just a little bit nervous about public speaking, he gets really nervous. But he has to talk because George loves notoriety.

At Boston last year, people were pointing to George and I and saying: "There's George Sheehan and Steve Subotnick." We both loved it. But when we were at the airport leaving, George said: "Well Steve, we're going to go home now where nobody will notice us."

After reading Peter Gammons' article for *On The Run*, I think even the citizens of Redbanks, N.J. will know Dr. George Sheehan.

—Dr. Steve Subotnick, author

Instant Feedback gives the reader a chance to see public response to the lead article in On The Run the same issue it is printed. It will be a regular feature of this magazine.

On an early September Sunday over 400 runners gather at Hayward Field in Eugene, Oregon, a city some people call the running capitol of the United States.

The weather is 55 degrees, clear, no wind, and the sun is just beginning to warm things up for the 8 A.M. start.

Among the starters are world class athletes as well as first time marathoners. Some will run fast... some will run too fast...



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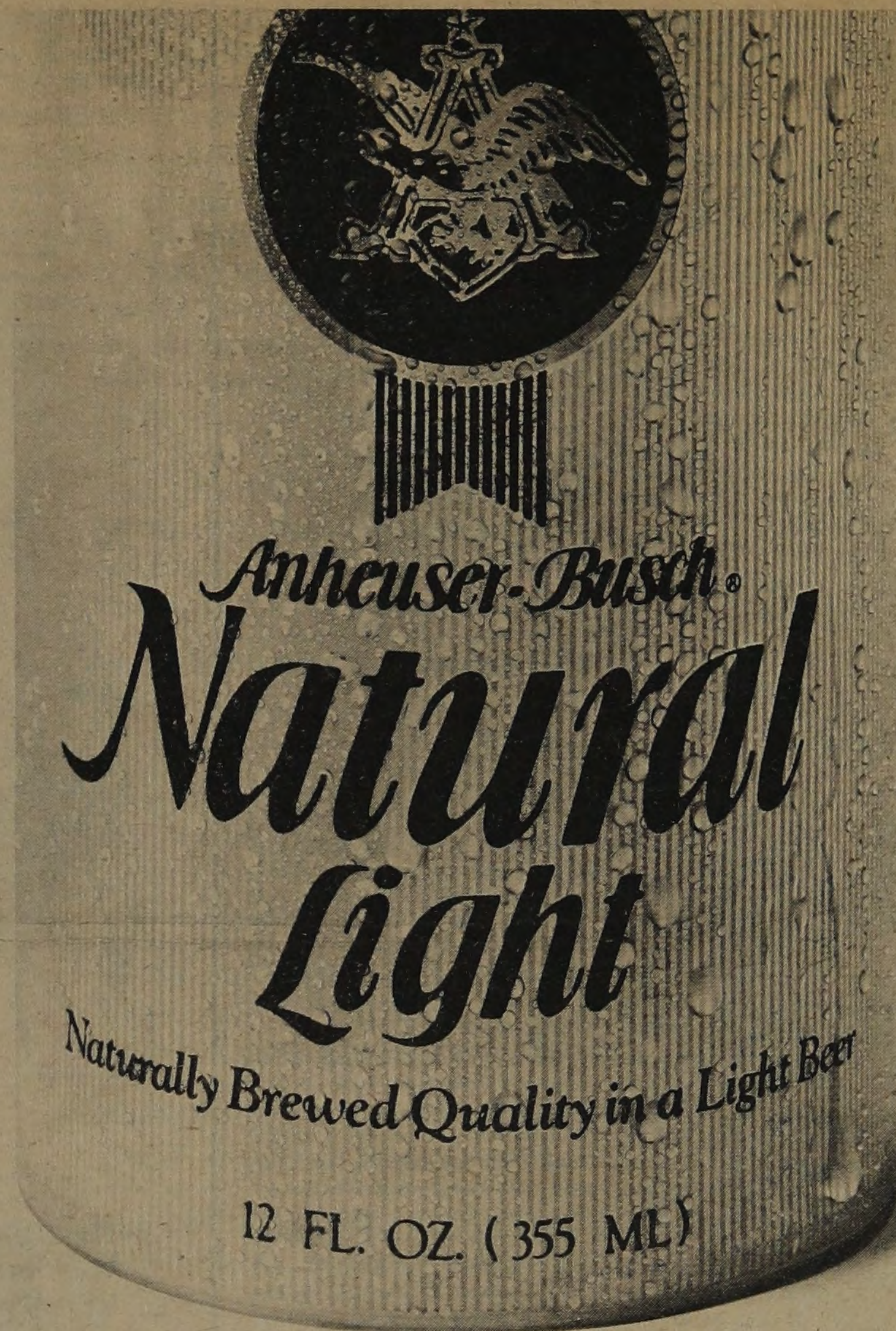
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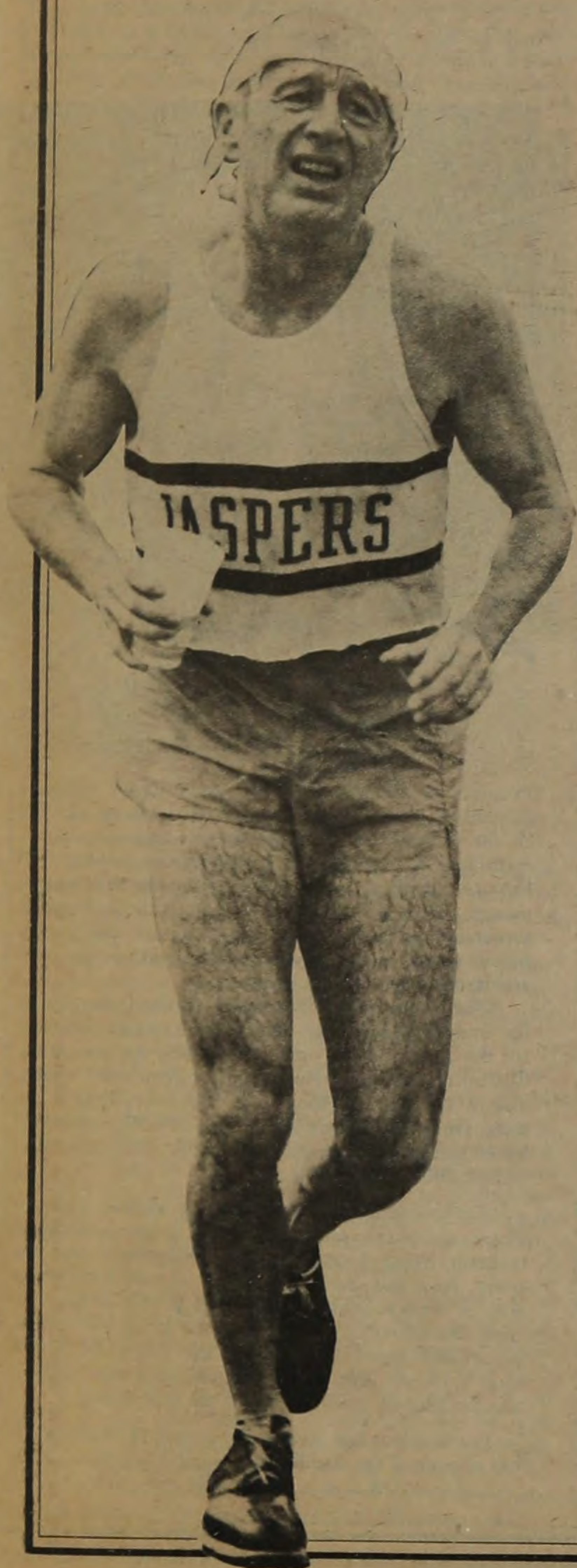


Dr.

George Sheehan High Priest Of The Road

ON THE RUN EXCLUSIVE ON THE RUN EXCLUSIVE ON THE RUN EXCLUSIVE

by Peter Gammons



The high priest of the road talks with king of the road Bill Rodgers.

Tim McLoone had been playing for a couple of hours by then, 11:15, song and piano versions of the mellow yellow music that backgammon people want with white wine and Remy Martin Cognac.

It was a February Friday night, and The Dam Site, a downstairs pub near the Jersey Shore, was crammed as usual from the bar to the backgammon tables to the picture window overlooking the waterfall. McLoone looked up and saw friends; Dr. George Sheehan, his wife Mary Jane and a companion were at the bar awaiting their beers. McLoone nodded to them across a Dylan lyric. When he finished that song he introduced his next one: "There are probably only two people other than me in this room that know the significance of October 1955 and hence understand this song. But I'll do it anyway."

McClune then rollicked into "Let's Keep the Dodgers in Brooklyn." Two or three verses into the song, Mary Jane Sheehan leaned toward her husband and friend. "You're the two, obviously," she said, "so what happened in October 1955?"

"The Dodgers won the World Series," replied George Sheehan. "Their first world championship. Podres. Reese. Furillo . . ."

bleeee bleeee bleeee bleeee

Sheehan reached into the pocket of his parka, pulled out something that looked like a transistor radio, jabbed at it and the high-pitched, electronic squeal stopped. "Through the miracle of the beeper, the hospital always knows where to find me," Sheehan said. "I'd better go call and see what they want."

A couple of songs later, Sheehan worked his way back. "They've checked Mrs. Larson in. I guess she'll be all right without my stopping by on the way home."

McLoone finished the last song of the set, thanked his audience, pulled away the mike boom and began

Peter Gammons, a former staff writer for Sports Illustrated, is now a writer for The Boston Globe.

worming his way toward Sheehan. "Well, well," McLoone shouted out as he got within two bodies of the doctor. "If it isn't The Guru."

Tim McLoone is a runner. A two-miler in his undergraduate days at Harvard. Now at 30, he tracks mile after mile across the New Jersey countryside. The road, as it was for Jack Kerouac and is for Jackson Browne, has become the sanctuary of his composition, in his case, musical. And for Tim McLoone and millions of other runners from Asbury Park to Anchorage, Dr. George A. Sheehan, MD, is their Guru—whether Doc Sheehan wishes to acknowledge it or not.

Sheehan sees himself as a simple man of simple dreams. What his admirers have come to see him as is a 20th century Hippocrates—physician, athlete, philosopher. He has functionalized medicine and philosophy to athletics. He has evangelized Ortega's message that "the body is the policeman of the mind." He has spread amongst a segment of our society—a society that liquidates more on leisure than any society since the days when Attila was but a gleam in his mother's eye—a religion whose creed includes: 1) each of us is an experiment of one, 2) I run, therefore I am, 3) each of us has his own drama which must be lived out and 4) recreation can mean re-creation.

Sheehan is 59-years-old, a cardiologist by vocation, whose first 45 years fit nicely into a medical who's who. Born in Brooklyn and raised amidst Dazzy Vance and Babe Herman. Father and uncle were doctors. Strong Catholic upbringing. Brooklyn Prep, Manhattan College, track (4:17 mile), medical school, lovely wife, 12 children. Private practice and River-view Hospital in Red Bank, N.J., huge rambling house in Rumson, N.J.

Then one day he started running and at his heels he left the hermetic, self-satisfied world of specialized medicine. His self-proclaimed "mid-life crisis" became a process in which he was "born again." He re-ran the mile, gradually built up to the marathon and along

the way decided the road was his classroom, gymnasium, laboratory and chapel. In his weekly newspaper columns (and later, book) he wrote about the scope of athletic experience, explored stress and delineated the physical and psychological possibilities of pain. He quoted Plato, Ortega, William James, James Dickey and Roger Angell and used them to express physical self-exploration. He took Dickey's observation that "we can live our whole lives and not find out if we're cowards" to the road and concluded that "play is our most important product."

On the road, he learned more about practical medicine that he had in medical school. He became a missionary of preventive, non-surgical sports medicine. He traced injuries to the foot (heretofore, most people thought "Morton's Foot" was a bar in Dallas). In his "Medical Advice" column in *Runner's World*, he challenged his colleagues' precepts and by knowledge of experience—not some med school text—became a one man runners' clinic, by letter, phone and mouth. Good God, he even suggested a tall frosty beer at the starting line might be a good thing and defined a proper diet as "anything as long as I have a good bowel movement before a race and no diarrhea afterwards."

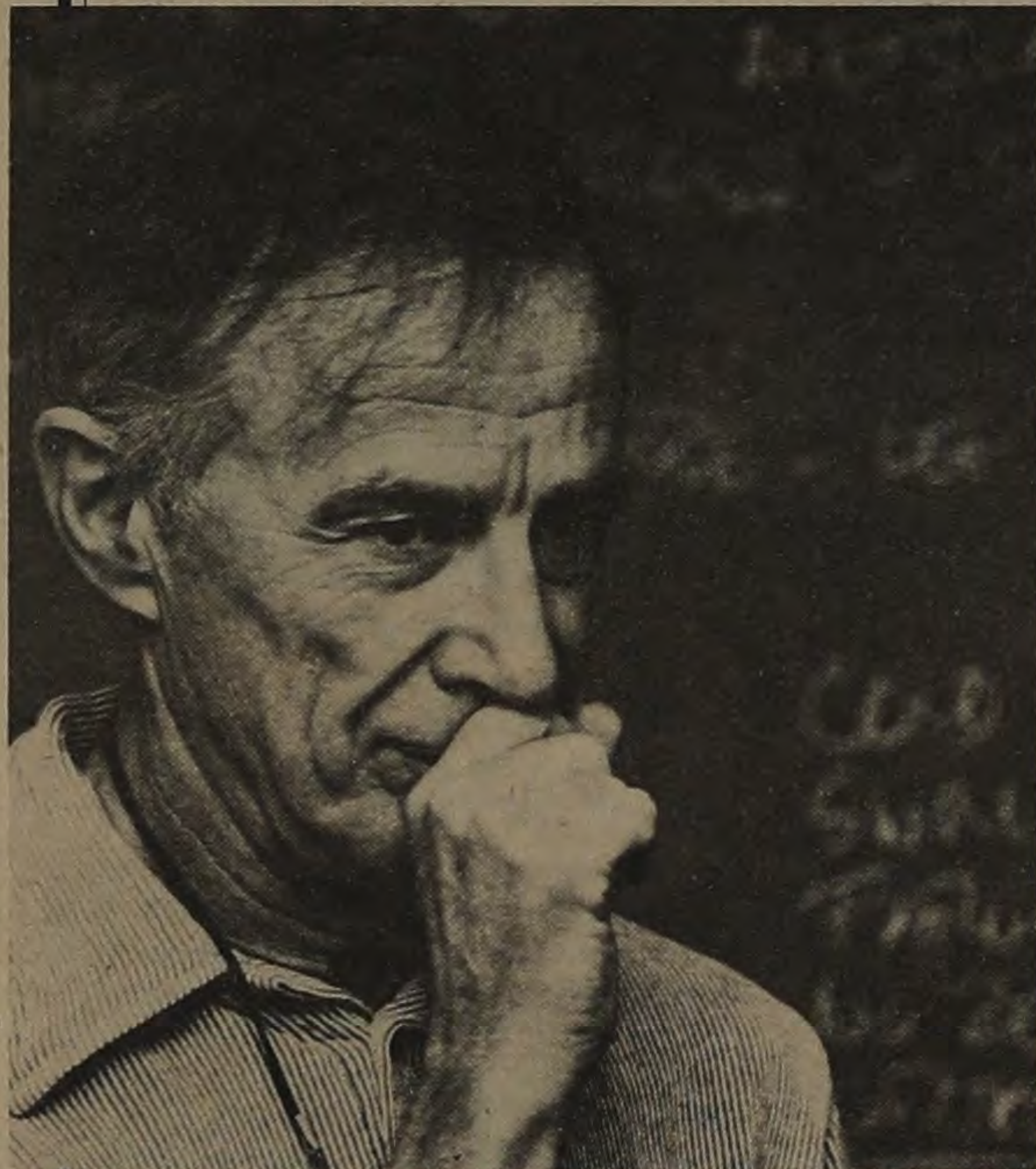


Photo by Dave Drennan

He has brought the jogger/runner out of the category of European Health Spa applicant. The *New Yorker* once described Central Park joggers as "self-contained prisoners of fitness." Sheehan passes fitness itself off as the "Christmas Cheque" of the activity, calling running "the psychologically perfect exercise." Paraphrasing Dickey, he calls running "the hub of my creative wheel."

And he has begun to bring the athlete out of Tank McNamara's locker room to a level never conceived of in Paul (Bear) Bryant Hall. Boutonesque gossip and iconoclasm had reduced athletes to the status of Rod Stewart. Sheehan calls superb athletes "motor geniuses" and "secular saints."

"Someone wrote that Terry Bradshaw has a 10-cent head," Sheehan says. "Ah, that I could have his motor genius." In other words, while sports writers belittled New York Yankee center fielder Mickey Rivers for being nonverbal, walking as if he hasn't been to the john in days and bouncing checks drawn off his 1992 salary, Dr. George A. Sheehan, MD, decreed Mickey Rivers to be a genius. A motor genius.

Because of all that has evolved in his running and writing, Sheehan has become a runners' celebrity. He is mobbed at races and called and written to at the hospital and his house by people from all around the country. When the USTFF National Age Handicap Championship participants were asked whom they'd like brought in next year as the featured guest, Shee-

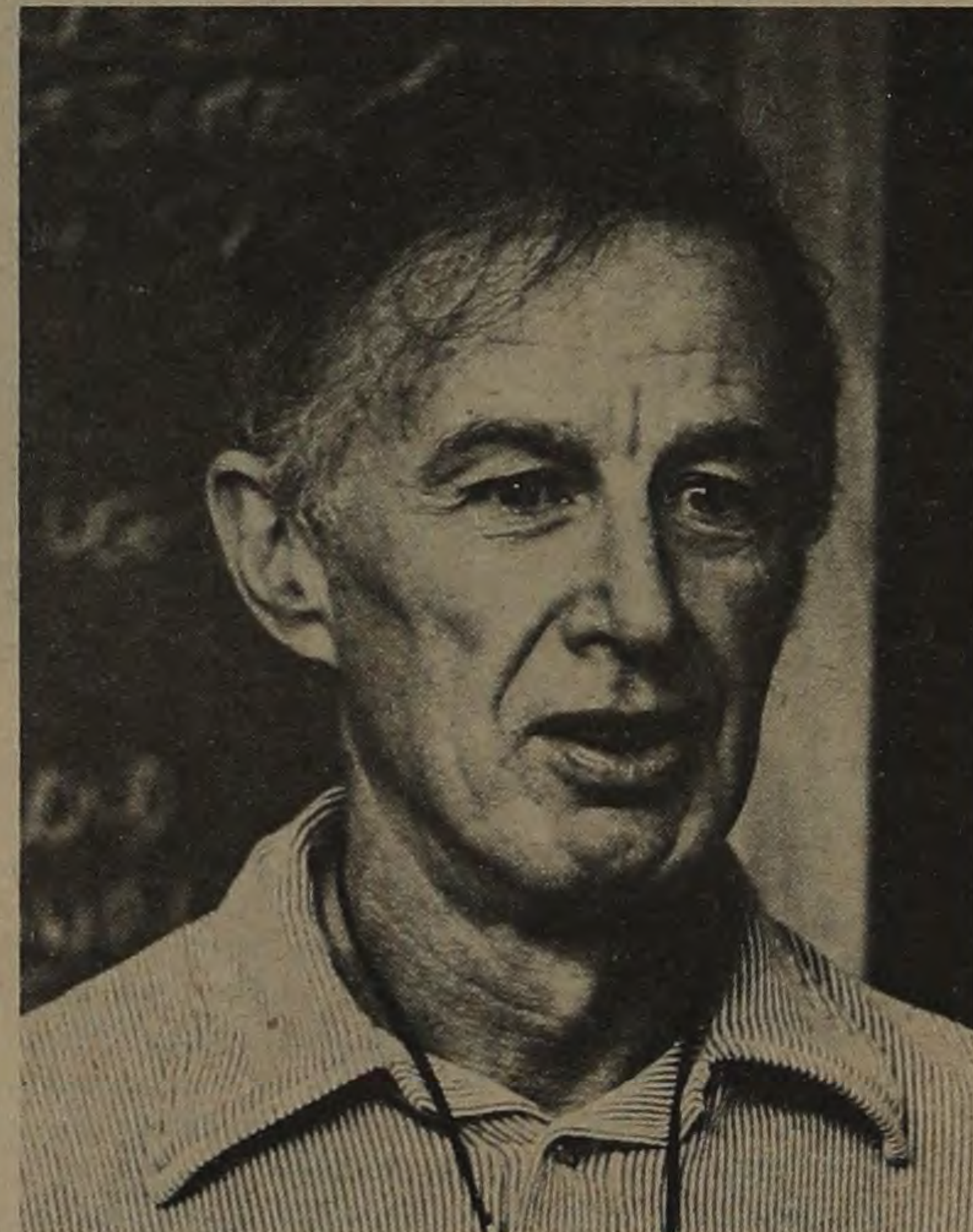
han ran a close second in the poll to Frank Shorter. Others receiving votes were Bill Rodgers, Dr. Kenneth Cooper and Farrah Fawcett-Majors.

Dr. Sheehan laid his coffee cup, pad and pen down on the cafeteria table and looked out the window of Riverview Hospital at the frozen Navesink River. "Dr. Sheehan," a voice crackled from the unseen but omnipresent hospital page system. "We'd better move over to the table near the phone," Sheehan said.

Sheehan is a small, rawboned man, 5'10" and 135 pounds. His face is lined, craggy, his presence that of a fisherman 20 years his junior.

"I took a series of tests recently that showed I'm in the physical shape of a 28-year-old," he said. "That's not a reflection on me, it's a reflection on what the average 28-year-old apparently is. Or, what medicine thinks he is. Actually, I can't wait for my birthday, November 5. It's tough running against these guys 50 and 51. I'm seeking asylum in my sixties."

Sheehan was dressed in worn Tiger running shoes, Levi corduroys, turtleneck and wool sweater. "My needs are few," he said. "I use clothing to maintain



both my physiological and psychological equilibrium. I always wear Levi's and Tigers. People here at the hospital apparently don't mind. Sometimes I think when I go out to speak that it may bother someone, but this is me. If it offends anyone, let him go get someone else."

The voice called again. "Yes, this is Dr. Sheehan." He paused, listening.

"Where is the pain?"

"Who'd you see?"

"There was no specific incident?"

"How old are you?"

"Which leg?"

"Do you have a high-arched foot?"

"Have you tried supports of any kind?"

"It could be, at least from what you're telling me, some kind of Achilles tendonitis."

"Try going to the drugstore and getting some supports. Over-the-counter Dr. Scholls. I'd try a different shoe. The Tiger Montreal, perhaps. If the pain continues, there's a good podiatrist in the St. Paul area named . . . in fact, it would be worth your while to go see him anyway."

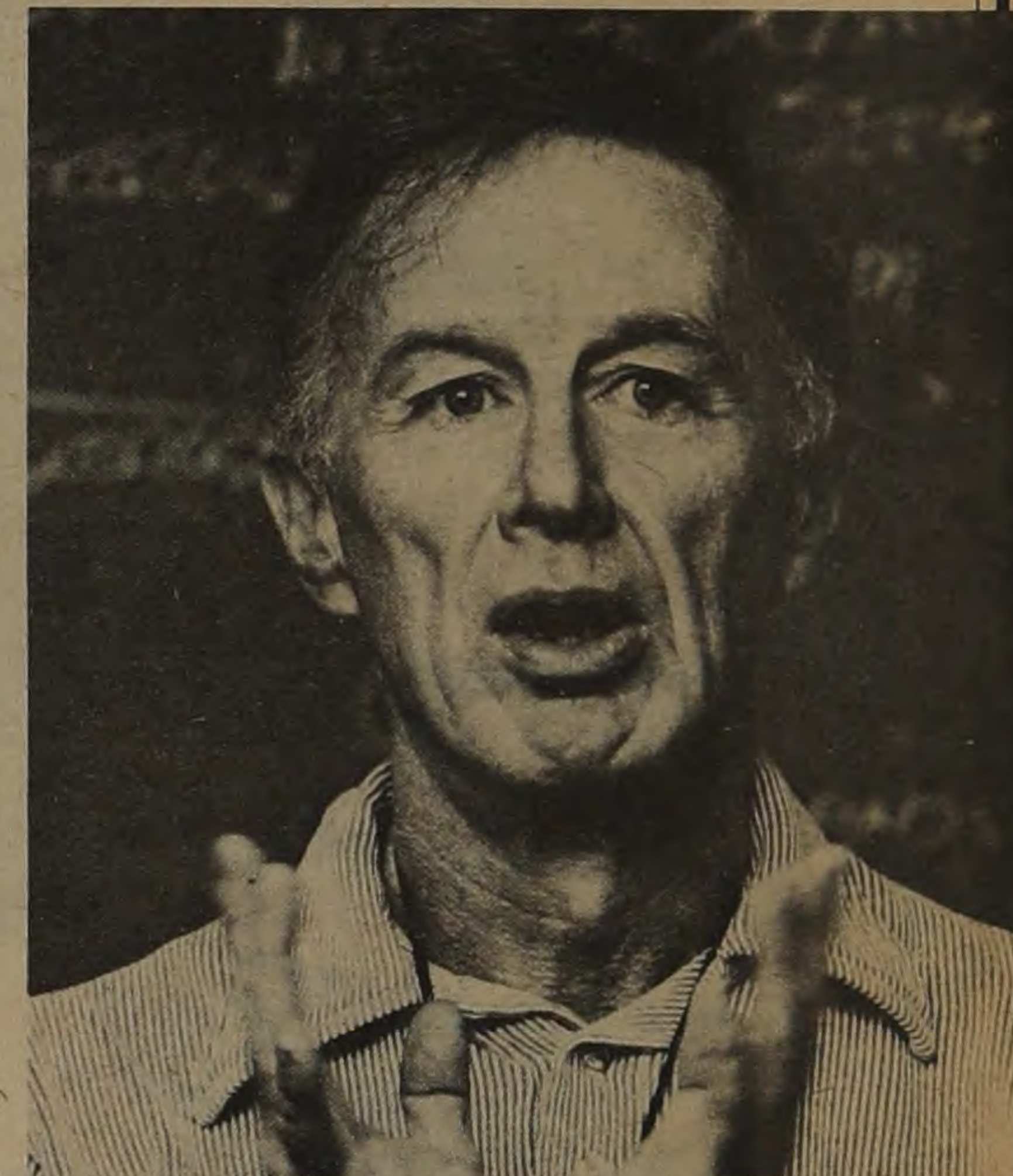
The caller from Minnesota got his advice. "Shoe companies naturally all talk about the perfect shoe, but there's no such thing. Everyone's feet are different. The greatest aids can be those simple, inexpensive supports. I went through all that one time in a lecture in San Francisco. Marty Liquori, who works for Brooks, stood up in the back and said, 'Doc,

you've set the shoe business back three years.'

People read that Shorter eats this for breakfast or Rodgers wears that kind of shoes and they're told they should do the same. But what applies to Frank Shorter doesn't apply to anyone else. People simply tend to accept authority too much."

Sheehan applies that to medicine as well. Most of his national medical advice has arisen from his personal agony. "I've experienced every kind of pain," he laughs. "Athletes have helped establish a new norm, changed our concept of aging, confirmed man's idea of totality and helped shift the emphasis from disease to health; but still most of sports medicine is based on traumatology. Doctors react to the collision between the irresistible force and immovable object. Next to engineers, doctors are the least educated professionals. They deal in results, not reason; effects, not causes. They wait for the injury, then operate. Once an athlete goes under the knife, he's on the downhill side of the curve."

"It all goes back to medical schools. They deal only in diseases of persons determined not to be excellent—liver, kidney diseases, etc. Never diseases of excellence. Take a tennis player's elbow or pitcher's



shoulder or elbow; those are areas under constant repetitive stress. Orthopedic policy now is to wait until the athlete has tennis elbow or a sore arm. If the individual is a professional athlete, they operate. If he's an amateur, he's told to stop playing. Simple enough. Then if he doesn't get better, the orthopedic surgeon is called in. Only no one has ever done a competent study of the imbalance in individuals' physical architecture that causes strain.

"The three most important medical discoveries for runners have been flexibility exercises, devices for the shoe and the orthoscope. Who discovered the flexibility exercises? Paul Uram, a gymnastics coach. The orthoscope can look in and see everything in the knee. One recent study in Toronto of 600 prospective knee operations determined that the orthoscope prevented 200 of them."

"Each individual should have a system analysis. There are three principle cracks in one's physical makeup: weak foot, leg length differential and the spine. Any one can be the cause of pain somewhere else. It wasn't until recently that people began realizing the effect of the foot on the knee, hip, sciatic nerve and other problem areas. After all, Dizzy Dean's career didn't end because of a sore arm. It was the broken toe that caused the sore arm."

Dr. Sheehan has spread the gospel of the foot. He has explained the debilitating possibilities of the high-arched foot. He has taught people whose second toes

are larger than their big ones that they have something called Morton's Foot. At a race in Atlanta, someone proudly came up to him with a T-shirt that read "I Have Morton's Foot."

He has crusaded for the importance of the podiatrist and likes to point out that a poll of the University of Chicago Medical School on the status and prestige of 47 medical professional categories ranked podiatrists 40th. Nurse's aides ranked higher.

It isn't just over a cup of coffee in the Riverview Hospital cafeteria that Dr. Sheehan says these things. He repeats them in lectures, newspapers and magazines. *Physician and Sportsmedicine* magazine discontinued his question and answer column ("they got tired of answering my answers"). He is criticized for his question and answer medical column in *World Tennis*. "The *World Tennis* criticism is probably valid," Sheehan replied. "I should give it up, I guess."

And how about his friends, the orthopedic surgeons? "It's a case of hating the sin and loving the sinner," he said. "My comrades like me, they just don't care for what I say. That's good, since most of those guys are ex-football players who otherwise might grind me into liver pate. They look at me as a

The day's biggest enigma was a Mr. Franklin. He had been admitted the previous day, with a seriously deteriorated kidney and liver in addition to a heart problem. "He's a little weird," a nurse told

Dr. Sheehan. "He just told his brother over the phone that he'd been here for 10 days. He got here yesterday. He says a lot of strange things, tells everyone a different story."

Sheehan shot the breeze with Mr. Franklin for a while, asked him if he ever took a couple of drinks with dinner ("No, Doc, I once saw a man die because he'd been drinking."), how long he'd been there ("A few days.") and wished him well and went back to the nurses. "We've got to talk to his family," Dr. Sheehan told them. "Let me know when his wife comes in."

Outside his office, which has a simple EKG sign over the doorway, a man sat on a bench. "Doc," the man called out as Sheehan approached and proceeded to beseege the doctor with his problems.

"The man refuses to concede that I gave up my private practice last summer," Sheehan smiled after the man left. "What am I supposed to do, ask him not to come here?"

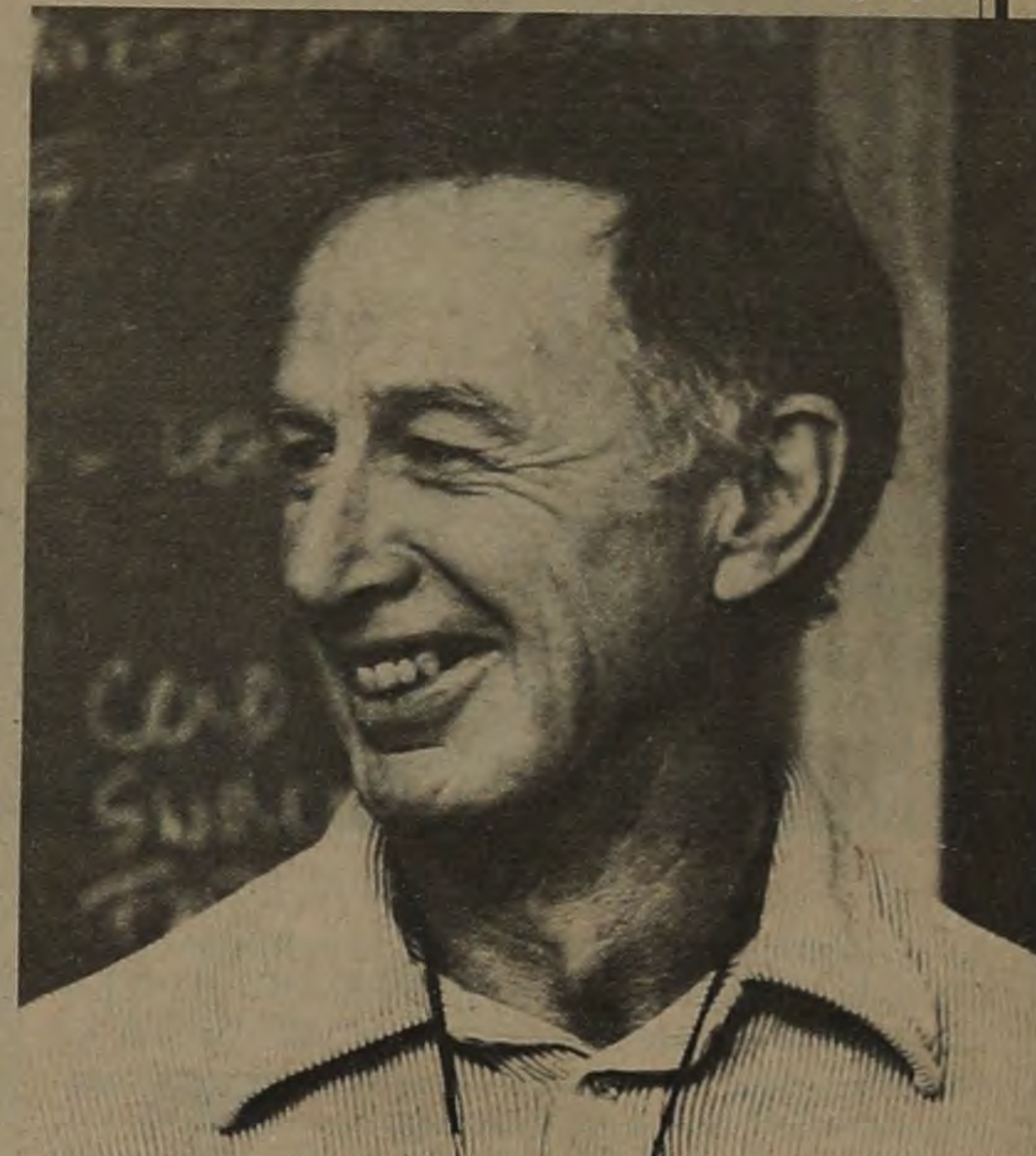
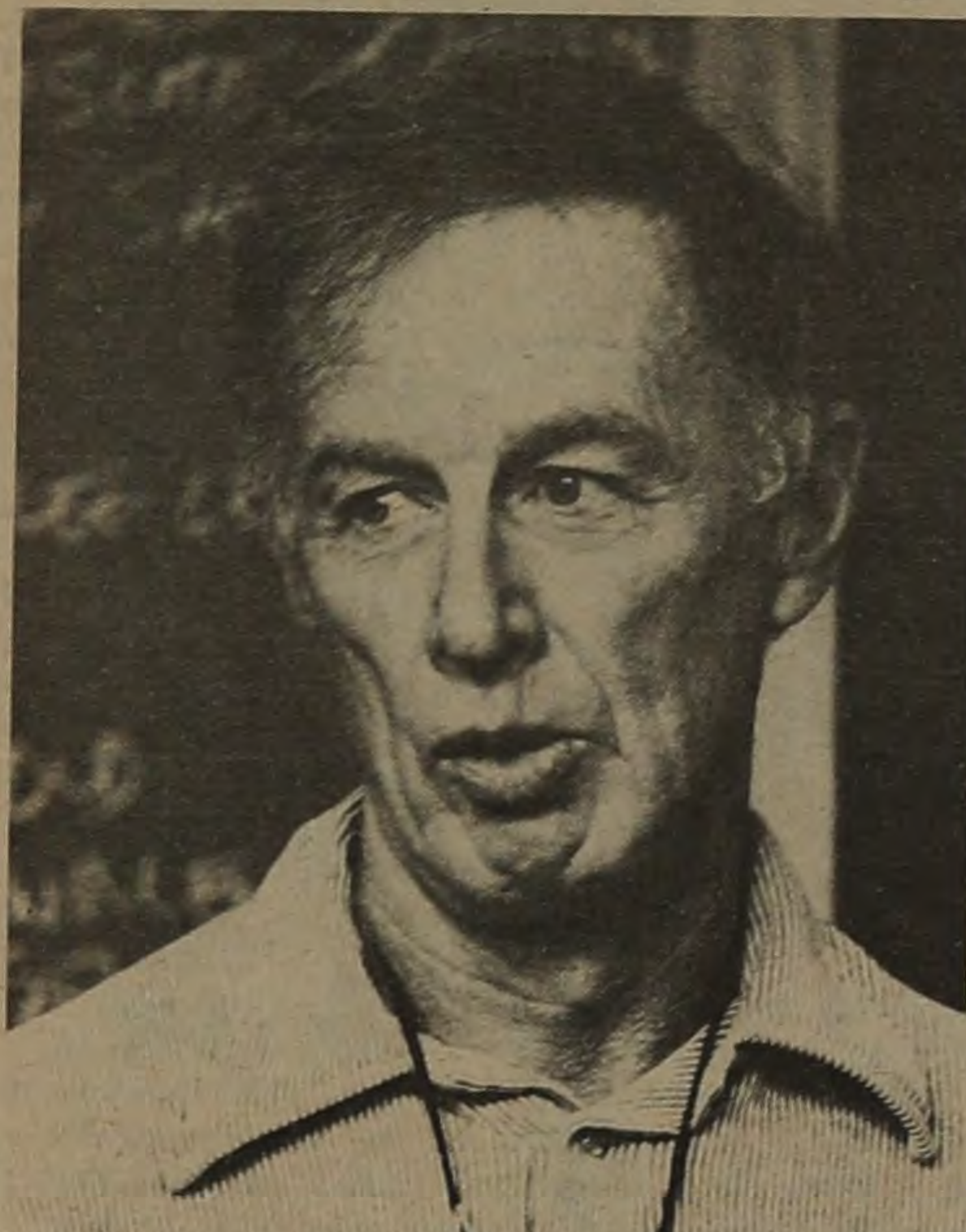
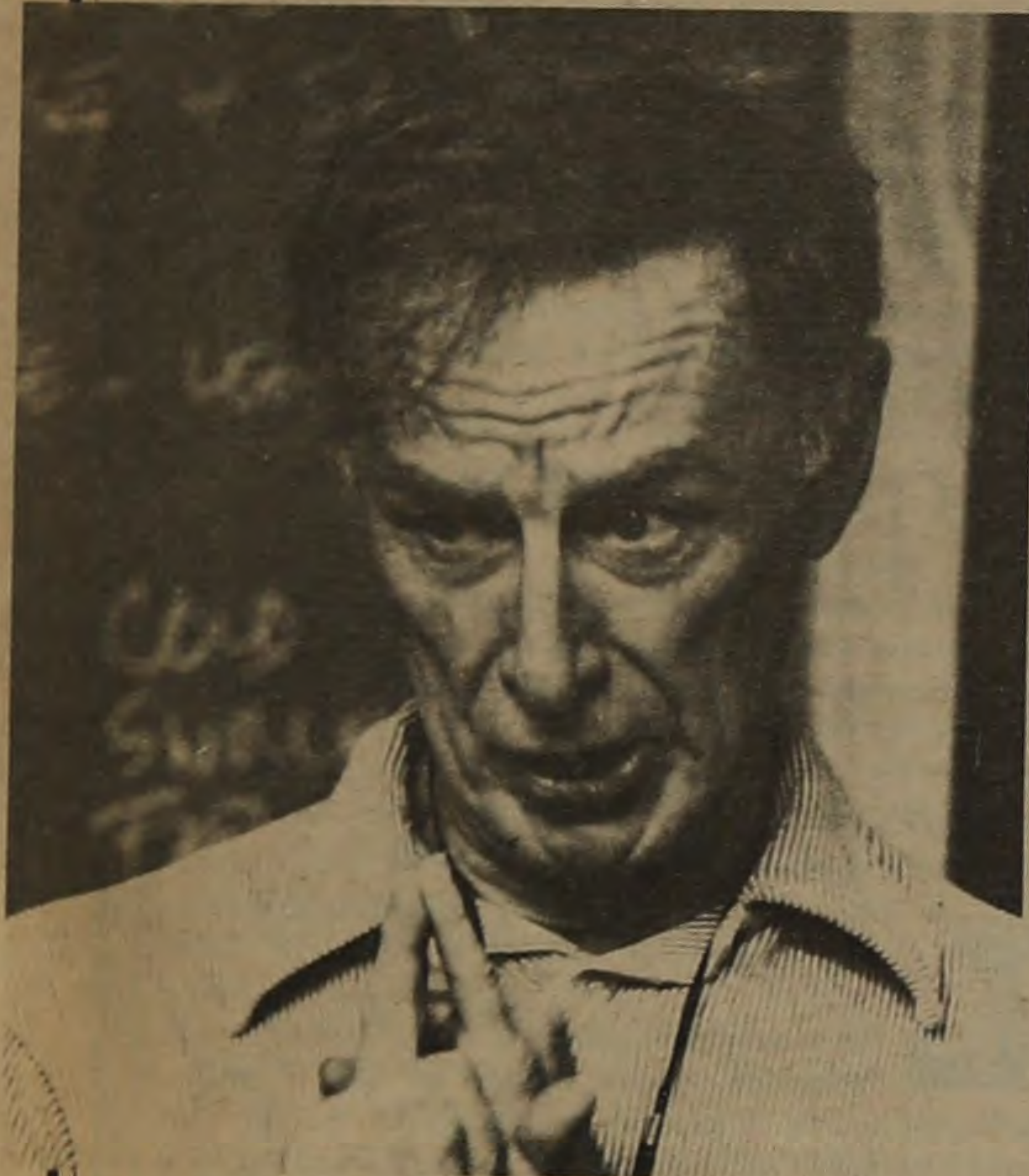
nesdays off. Who said we should have a five-day work week? Eugene V. Debs, that's who, and Eugene V. Debs's time has passed."

Problem is, with his racing and lecturing schedule, it is hard to keep his regular hospital schedule straight. Judges in the weekly Central Park races have gotten used to holding his beeper. His partner or nurses can look at the complete 1978 calendar on the wall and see which five or six days a month he will be off lecturing, that April is booked solid because of the Boston Marathon and the promotional work Simon and Schuster demands for his soon-to-be-released book. "I try to leave three months completely clear so my partner can get his time off, but it's hard on him. Very hard."

"I think of myself as a runner who is a doctor and writer, but I have to be careful. I can't let things get out of hand. I try to limit myself as much as possible."

Just then he was paged again. He picked up his phone. This time someone wanted to line him up to speak the first week of November.

"Okay. Fee? Well, I guess expenses and . . . I don't really know what. Two-fifty? We'll talk about it. Don't worry, I'll be there. Thanks," He hung up,



little gadfly. I'm not affecting their affluence, just questioning their credibility.

"Anyway, some of them now are getting religion. Some of them are discovering the biomechanics of the foot. When that happens, like with Stan James in Oregon, then the runner has the best of both worlds—someone who understands the foot and is an orthopedic surgeon as well. More and more of them are accepting all this. You see, once one of their own says it, then it's valid, but not until then."

Around 10 a.m., Sheehan began his rounds. "Sometimes I ramble off the top of my head too much," he said as he began his tour of cardiac patients. That itself stands as a curious statement. In his writings, Dr. Sheehan describes himself as a "nervous, shy, non-combatant, who has no feeling for people." Yet on his rounds, he joked and was joked with. Nurses and patients reacted to his personality, which is, in fact, outgoing and engaging.

The rounds presented the usual problems. One woman, about 60, was about to be released. She had experienced light-headedness while packing. "How come when someone's about to be released she's packed at 5:30 in the morning?" Dr. Sheehan asked her with a little twinkle. He talked to her for five minutes, advised her what to do to avoid the problem, wished her luck and bade her goodbye. As he went out into the corridor, he met one of the woman's sisters. "She's tough, isn't she?" Sheehan said.

Sheehan's desk is the back one of three in the small EKG office he shares with two doctors and several nurses. "The hospital a few miles away replaced our job with a computer," he said. "Unfortunately, the computer goofed and someone's filed a malpractice suit against it." Over his desk were four trophies. On one side of the desk was a tall pile of EKGs; he reads from 75 to 100 of them a day. Next to them is a copy of something out of a medical journal.

"Look at this," he said, leafing through page after page of complicated equations, x's, y's and letters to lettered powers. "This is supposed to show how long it takes for the pulse rate to return to normal after exercise. Me, I sit down in the kitchen and use the clock over the refrigerator."

He began reading the pile of EKGs. "You know," he said, turning back around, "these bring us back to the argument of what's normal and what isn't. Athletes shouldn't have EKGs. Some doctor might throw them into the Mayo Clinic. They test out abnormally. I did some EKGs for the (New York football) Giants a couple of years ago. The only time John Mendenhall's EKG was close to normal was when he spent six months sitting around after getting injured."

Dr. Sheehan is at Riverview on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, on call every other weekend. Tuesdays and Thursdays he gives stress tests. "Wednesday," he said, "is my day to be a writer. It's my day off. Everyone should have Wed-

shaking his head.

"I'm not comfortable talking about money. I don't like asking people for it. Other doctors tell my partner and me that we're crazy because we give stress tests for \$75. They're supposed to go at \$200. We're called the Ohrbach's (department store) of cardiology.

"However, I'd rather be called that than a few things I can think of."

At 12:45, Sheehan climbed the stairs up to the fourth floor, to the surgeons quarters ("This is the high-rent district"). It is used by surgeons before and after operations. There are lockers and wooden clothing

pegs on the wall, a shower room off it, only unlike men's clubs, where you find hair brushes on the shelves beneath the mirrors, here one finds fingernail brushes.

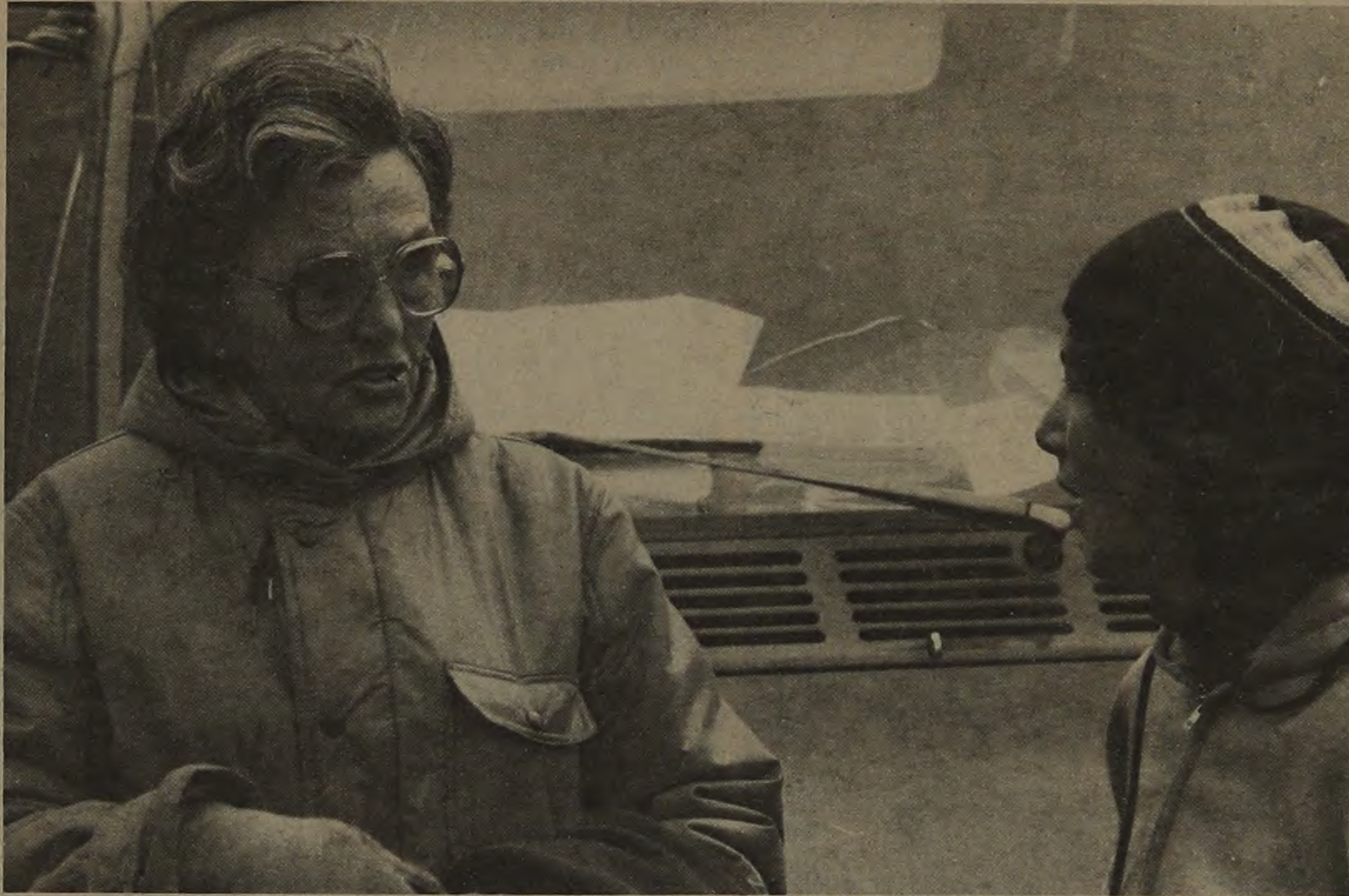
Dr. Sheehan unzipped his bag, pulled out his running gear and began changing. "George, we don't mind your doing this," said one surgeon, "but please don't leave your jock hanging on the wall. That bothers some people around here. This is supposed to be a hospital, after all."

"They all think I'm crazy," Sheehan laughed as he started back downstairs. "Surgeons prefer more violent activities."

When he reached the first floor, he stopped and did some stretching exercises. Sheehan's "Magic

Six" set of warmups, which he made famous in his *Runner's World* column, have become a standard for many runners. He uses most of them when he races, but this Friday he didn't have time. He used the bottom steps for a couple of exercises. "It really is a shame," he said. "Ballet dancers spend 45 minutes preparing themselves with stretching and you can't get a runner to bend over and touch his toes. They must be done right, ideally, with the speed of a glacier."

Soon he was out on the street. He wove down the main drag, over the bridge across the Navesink, up a hill in traffic, turned right and began weaving through the back roads of Middletown, past the estates that sit one after another. "Everyone needs time-outs,"



Mary Jane Sheehan waits for George to finish a weekend race.

he said. "It's like basketball. A coach calls time-out to try to control the tempo and rhythm of the game. It's the same thing with life. One must call time-out to control one's tempo. One cannot live at someone else's rhythm. This is my time-out."

At the age of 44, Sheehan felt he had lost control of the rhythm and tempo of his life. "I suffered the normal mid-life crisis," he said, running along. "I was bored." He doesn't remember exactly what life was like before running.

In 1959 he helped found a parochial high school in Lincroft called Christian Brothers Academy, which has turned out such basketball stars as former Notre Dame star Billy Paterno and Princeton's Bob Roma. "People tell me I was more fun then. But I weighed 160 pounds and fell asleep in front of the television a lot. I applied for a teaching position at Rutgers, but when I listed my qualification as 'boredom,' they turned me down."

It wasn't as if Sheehan had had no experience running. At Brooklyn Prep, he was an outstanding miler and cross-country runner under Bob Giegengack, who later turned out so many great runners at Yale ("He always said Shorter was his best runner, but that I was his best Latin student"). He ran both cross-country and the mile at Manhattan from 1936-40. In 1938 and 1939, Manhattan was IC4A cross-country champion, while in 1940 Sheehan himself was IC4A runner-up in the mile. His best time, 4:17 in the mile and 1:55 in the half mile, were exceptional for that era.

So, at 45, when one day he broke his hand playing tennis, he decided to see if he could still run around the block. He couldn't. "I decided to become a miler again," he said.

He built a running track in his back yard. *Time*

magazine came and did a story on him. "I became pretty spartan about the whole thing. I could put a six-pack in the refrigerator on New Year's Day and it wouldn't be finished by the Fourth of July." He set records for the mile (4:47) for anyone over 50 and at age 54 ran a record 10:53 two-mile. He ran just about every form of road race.

This Boston marathon will be his 16th, but last year crotchety race director Jock Semple still kicked him out of the VIP room. He evolved into what he calls "a race addict." Driving home the day after the Atlantic City Marathon, he stopped at a high school and ran in freshman, junior varsity and varsity cross-country races. Now he usually runs five to 10 miles every other day, then races on Sundays.

"Racing has allowed me to experience all the peaks and valleys of life, its contrasts and paradoxes. In a single afternoon, I can meet pain and happiness, sorrow and joy, success and failure, victory and defeat. I know times when I can surpass anything I've ever done. Other times, I come despairing of ever running well again."

Yet his racing is but a part of his overall running experience. "Jogging is competing against yourself. Racing is competing against others. Running is discovering that competing is only competing. It is discovering that wholeness, the unity that everyone seeks. It is the fusion of the body, mind and soul in that beautiful relaxation that joggers and racers find so difficult to achieve."

That kind of relaxation Sheehan has expressed for everyone else out on the road that Friday afternoon. That kind of relaxation he opposes to the "pleasant ease and serenity" he quotes Robinson Jeffers as saying causes the soul to "begin to die." Sheehan laughs when his surgeon friends call him a madman. "Jung said that the individual needs a secret to support him in his isolation, which running does for me," Sheehan said as he turned into a park. "It refuses me the goal of being average."

"I run, therefore I am" has become the heart of Sheehan's philosophies. He writes of the interaction of body and mind, quoting Dickey as calling adrenalin "an addictive drug, but benign and life-restoring rather than destructive." He sluffs off any mention of physical fitness.

"The gospel of relaxation is not for hammock lovers. The relaxation urged by William James is to elevate our activity, not lower it, to allow us to have just that much more courage and fortitude and en-

durance which he saw as necessary for the significant and successful life. James was a pragmatist. His interest was in how to live best. Goals and ideals are not enough.

"Out here on the road, I find out more about myself than anyplace else."

As he ran along, Dr. Sheehan pointed out a few sights. "Ordinarily, I don't take in much. I'm from the city. I'm just not nature oriented."

He began the ascent of a hill. "I dread hills," he said, "but taking them is such a great feeling. A lot of times I feel as if I'm clumping uphill in wooden boots. Then I take it, and the feeling is one of such power, such achievement."

Normally, Dr. Sheehan runs alone. Tim McLoone is his only workout companion and he goes along about once every two weeks. "My pace is so slow it drives others to distraction," Sheehan said. "It also bothers people to hear the agony I sound like I'm in. One colleague requested that I not run within 200 yards of him, adding the hope that I desist from calling on the deity. Another wrote 'your constant wheezing drains my energy.' He claimed my sighs were shattering him and that they contained all the despair in the universe."

Down one street, Sheehan spotted another man running toward him. "He's a lawyer, 50 miles a week, and running's changed his entire life. Changed practices, everything."

They exchanged greetings and the lawyer explained that he'd been having some shin problems. "Do you have a high-arched foot?" asked Sheehan. "You should go to the drugstore, get a Dr. Scholls support and try that. Don't believe everything the shoe people tell you."

They waved goodbye and plodded on. "I have special supports that a friend gave me," Sheehan said. "But once, in Seattle, in lieu of anything else, I used a wine list."

Forty-five minutes after hitting the road, Sheehan pulled up at the doctors' entrance to Riverview Hospital. He showered, changed and hurried downstairs to check on Mr. Franklin.

"Running, as writing is for Dickey, is the hub of my creative wheel. At those moments, on the road, I am athlete, poet, philosopher, even saint."

Later in the afternoon, Sheehan drove to his office. He entered through the back, past a small room with a couple cases of Tab stacked up and a table covered with piles of Xerox copies of old columns. "A lot of letters I get can be answered by old columns," he said. With books and papers piled up in a forest on his desk and cabinets, the office looks like the old classics library at Harvard.

It was running that directed Sheehan into writing, and it is his writing that has directed Sheehan to so many runners. As he turned into Central Park at the 23-mile mark of last summer's New York City Marathon, a bystander yelled, "Dr. Sheehan, what would Emerson say now?"

Two days later, Sheehan thought of the proper response: "Henry David, how'd I ever let you talk me into this?"

Dr. Sheehan has become known, as he says, as the runner-writer who "uses other people's words to express my own truths." For instance, one week he may quote William James on "life must be built in doing and suffering and creating" and Goethe on "what we must all do is use all our powers." They came in a column on those days when one feels as if he can run forever. This practice has brought him criticism from those who feel he is thus no writer after all.

"Why," Sheehan replied, "should I use my own words when someone else has expressed my thought so perfectly? I'm a .230 hitter as a writer. It's laughable, really, that someone should be reading me. He should be reading James, Plato, Ortega. Hey, Dickey and Updike are jock writers. I'm lucky they aren't runners, or I'd never have gotten the chance to express myself."

The writing is very important to Sheehan's life. "The week revolves around my column in many

ways," he said. "I have a seven-day equivalent to the menstrual cycle."

It all began back in 1968 with his covering the Boston Marathon for the *Red Bank Register* (now *The Register*, Shrewsbury, N.J.). Then he covered the 1968 Mexico City Olympics. "Back then I wrote regular sports columns about what others did. One week about Joe Namath, another, Casey Stengel." Gradually, the column evolved into something personal and medical.

Soon he was writing the medical advice column for *Runner's World*, then *World Tennis*. His first book, *Dr. Sheehan on Running*, became one of the best athlete-journalist works ever published. His column is now picked up in Toledo, Charlotte and, soon, Boston. His new book's release will coincide with the Boston Marathon.

The column takes him all Wednesday to write, although he starts working it around in his head the previous Friday. Sometimes he leaves *The Register* office and takes off on the roads. "Never trust a thought arrived at sitting down," he once wrote.

Some of Sheehan's columns are medical in nature, some deal with the experience of running. More and more, however, he writes about the psychological benefits of running and athletics. One recent series dealt with physical stress as remedy for psychological stress. "Where some people count to 10 to avoid physical violence," he wrote, "I run to 10 miles."

A few excerpts:

"Stress is the stuff that shaped man, the force that forces me to do my best, the stimulus that makes me the person I am. It is less and less physical, more and more psychological.

"Physical stress has become voluntary. It must be sought. It must be self-administered. We have come to a point in our physical existence much like the spiritual crisis described by Pelagius: 'If we do not wish to go backwards, we must run.' Unless we run, or its equivalent, we are doomed. Unless we become athletes we can never become the self that is our project on earth.

"For each of us this athlete inside is different. Therefore the stress is different. Mine is the stress needed to become a long-distance runner. I administer it in measured doses of time and frequency and intensity."

In essence, Sheehan tries to broach everything runners encounter. In style, he has a musical rhythm, in the 2/4 time of his feet upon the road. In philosophy, there is no question of his influences. "If I had one book to read the rest of my life, it would be James' *The Variety of Religious Experience*. I was watching a roast of Frank Sinatra on television and Dean Martin called Sinatra 'the man of the century.' For certain people, perhaps, but William James is the man of the century. In two years, we'll see.

On his office desk was the daily pile of letters. Most of them come from his *Runner's World* column. That day, there was a letter from someone in Saskatchewan, Canada who had runner's knee and wanted to know if he should fly to the east or west coast to see a podiatrist.

"Problem is," Sheehan said, "most of these podiatrists are charging far too much."

There was an envelope from an Australian manufacturer; they had seen his film on running, sent him a T-shirt and wanted to know if they could get a picture of him in the shirt.

"That's really nice of them," Sheehan said.

Then there was a letter from someone claiming he had reached the perfect running experience using acid (LSD) before taking to the road.

"Maybe there's validity to that, but I can't believe it. Drugs involve artificiality. Remember that test they gave some musicians? They recorded them while they played high on drugs. Afterward the musicians said they played fantastically, but the tape proved they were far below their normal performance."

Beer, of course, is another subject. "A 16-ounce Schmidts at the starting line can be a big help. It

helps make up for weight loss. Carbohydrates. But only athletes can really drink beer in quantity."

One of his favorite letters came from a girl after she read his book. She was upset at the use of 'man,' as, for instance, Plato would use it, and she called him a chauvinist. He pulled out the letter and laughed.

There isn't a writer alive who doesn't pride himself in being misunderstood by some of the people, most of the time.

Between the office and home. Dr. Sheehan made one more stop at the hospital. He checked in on Mr. Franklin, told the nurses to be prepared for a woman that was checking in later and finally drove the six miles home to Rumsford.

The Sheehan house is old and set back off the street by a long, circular driveway. George and Mary Jane Sheehan have lived there since 1953. It is there that they have raised their 12 children. Inside, the dining room resembles his office. Books and papers are piled atop the table and chairs. Paperbacks—yes, James, Ortega, Nietzsche—are organized into piles.

It was almost dinner time. One son, John, was



George Sheehan drinks what he preaches.

going out the door; he owns a racehorse and was headed for the Meadowlands. The phone rang. A runner in Oklahoma had Achilles problems. Mike, the youngest son, had to get a ride; he is a junior guard on Rumsford High School's basketball team and had a game that night. He had also been having some hip problems, and before going out the door, discussed what treatments he had taken that afternoon with his father. The phone rang again. A nurse wanted Dr. Sheehan to know that the woman was being admitted right then, early. "I'll be right there," he said, "as soon as I eat." Finally, Sheehan sat down to a dinner of linguini with clam sauce.

Mary Jane Sheehan is a strikingly attractive woman, who helps run a day-care clinic and is active in Catholic church activities. This evening, she had to hurry. As her husband finished dinner and rushed back to the hospital, she had to get ready to go to the Rumsford game.

As she went out the door, the phone rang again. George, the oldest son, answered and explained that his father was en route to the hospital. "North Dakota, I think he said," George said as he hung up. "People call from all around the country at all hours of the night. You can always tell a runner, as they're usually shy about calling. My father's amazing. Who

else would have his phone listed and accept calls in the middle of the night from Saskatchewan?"

"He's a great man, really. He's so intense in what he does, yet he's never pushed any of us toward anything. And we've gone a lot of different directions."

A brief rundown shows that one daughter is a housewife, another a special education teacher in Boston, another works for a New York publishing company, the youngest is a senior in high school who is a barmaid by night and bound for the Rhode Island School of Design next year. Two sons are in college (Columbia and Carleton), one is in med school, one is a psychologist for the New York State Board of Education, John has his horse, Mike plays basketball and George, right then, was unemployed.

One time or another, however, everyone in the family has done one thing—run. Mary Jane the daughter, 33, hires a babysitter every afternoon so she can take off for eight or 10 miles. Sarah, the teacher, will run Boston. Dr. Sheehan says John had the most talent, but John played basketball instead.

One year, Dr. Sheehan ran against three of his sons in Boston. Before the race, he warned them: "I view the Boston Marathon as a Greek Tragedy. There is Hubris and there is Nemesis. The beginning of the course is downhill and everyone is charged up. They run too fast and their pride destroys them. By the time they reach the Newton Hills they're walking."

His three sons bolted out far ahead of their father. When it was over, the old man had beaten them. "We were all in one room in the Lenox Hotel. I was waving a handkerchief around. The three of them were on beds or in tubs, being administered to by wives or girl friends. It looked like a scene from the Crimean War."

Dr. Sheehan made it to Mike's game before the end of the third quarter. Rumsford won, Mike had nine points and eight assists. "I think high school basketball is the greatest spectator sport," Sheehan said. "There's so much emotion, so much of the unexpected that can happen. I'm prejudiced because I have my son involved. But I can't express what I feel when I see Mike gliding through traffic to make a layup."

Later that evening, the Sheehans went to The Dam Site to see and hear McLoone. At quarter to one, they got home. Dr. Sheehan had to be in Cherry Hill the next morning at 8:30 for a lecture.

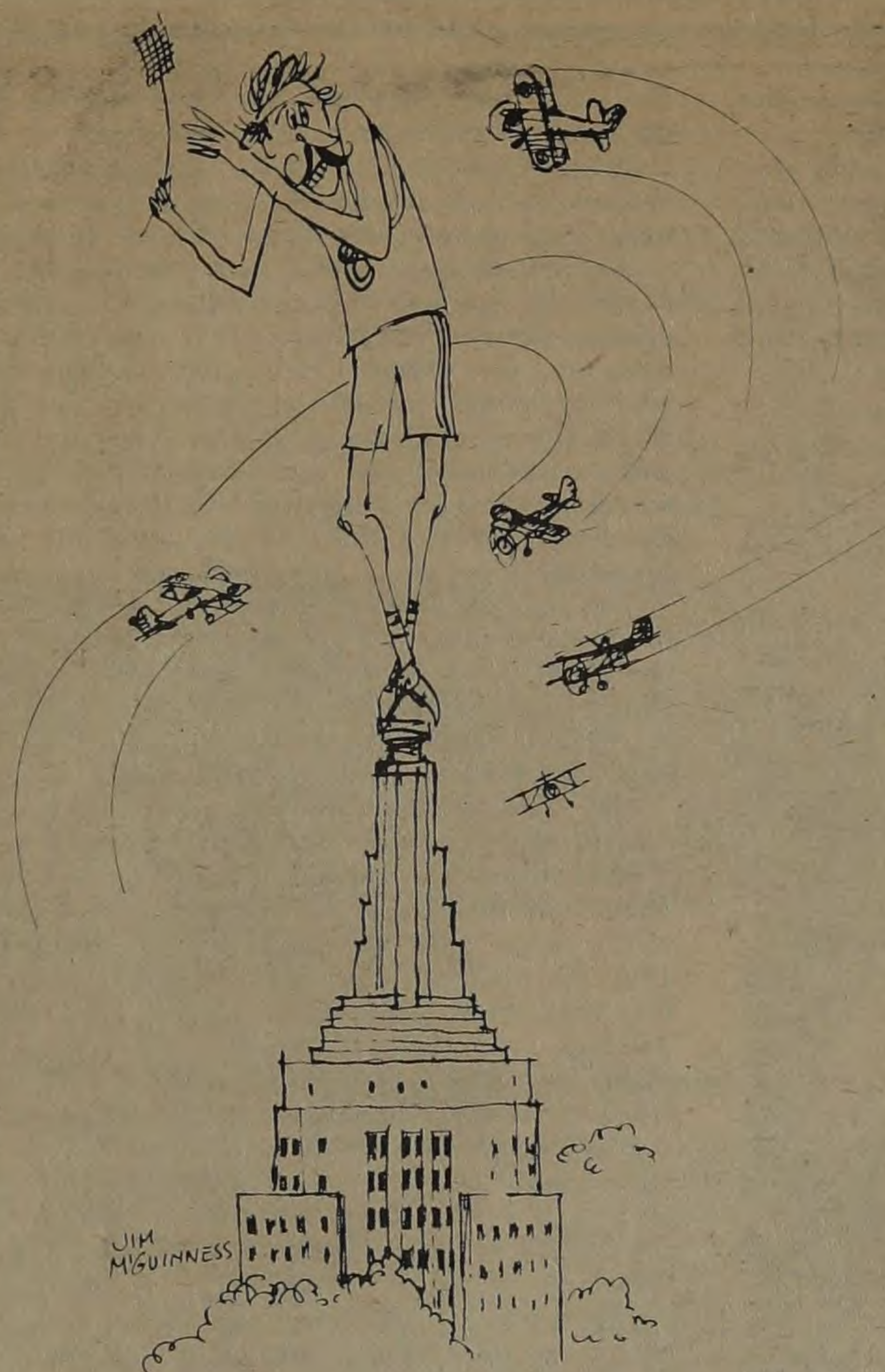
To get to Cherry Hill by eight meant leaving Rumsford by 6:30. There had been two calls from the hospital, at 1:30 and 4 a.m. By the time Dr. Sheehan got down to the kitchen at 6:20, Mary Jane had his breakfast waiting for him.

By the time he reached the Cherry Hill Hyatt House, the track coaches in the Medalist clinic were mingling around in the lobby, stuffing themselves with pastry. "That's a long drive," Sheehan said, making his way through to the coffee urn. "I need a fix." A couple of coaches descended upon him, but the Medalist representative was able to pull him into the auditorium. "He's the greatest," one coached named Ed Mather said. "Biggest thrill I've ever had was beating him in a race last year. People over 35 set him as a target. I think they want to beat him more than they want to beat the women."

Sheehan took off his sweater before he reached the podium, leaving him wearing corduroys, polo shirt and, of course, Tigers. Near the back of the room, two coaches talked about ways to win dual meets by wearing out opponents' best runners. "It won me the league championship last year," said one.

Sheehan lectures in three, 45-minute parcels ("That allows me to make the men's room at my usual rate of once every 45 minutes"). The last two sections are physiological and medical, dealing with podiatry, passing blood, the foot, etc. The first part, however, he calls his "pep talk to coaches."

"I deal in rhetoric," he began. "Facts? Facts generally have a shelf life of four years. You write them down, memorize them, come back in a couple of years and they're already obsolete. Rhetoric? The



King Kong Marathon A Crash for Winner

By Stephen Williams

After Gary Muhrcke ran up 85 flights of stairs to finish first in the First Annual Empire State Building "Runup," he flashed a "V" with his fingers. But winning the race—as he did in record time, of course—might eventually become less than a victory for him.

Muhrcke was one of 14 ultra-marathoners (who had run in 50-kilometer-or-longer races) to complete the contest, which was made famous, sort of, by King Kong in 1933. The furry Kong was competing only for Fay Wray, and you might recall that he didn't bother with the stairs. This time, the climb was for glory and the trophy that would be bestowed atop the glorious building.

By simply entering the field, it was unlikely that the 37-year-old ex-fireman from Long Island would have received too much attention. But in media-conscious New York, his victory led to pictures in the papers and television interviews, all of which stirred interest among some persons who don't know the difference between an ultra-

marathon and a hike through Central Park.

According to one daily newspaper, some callers who saw Muhrcke said they recognized him as a fireman who retired on a disability pension. The next day, the New York Fire Department announced that Muhrcke is indeed collecting an annual, tax-free pension of nearly \$12,000 for a back injury he received while fighting a fire in 1972. The department also said it would investigate. That news prompted more publicity about Muhrcke, only it was in a not-so-flattering light.

How could a guy with a bad back run up 1575 stairs in 12 minutes and 32 seconds and not even be breathing hard at the end?

The *New York Times* editorialized that Muhrcke, if he couldn't carry a fire hose, could perhaps "run ahead of the engines on busy streets, persuading motorists to get out of the way. He could run up burning buildings, warning people to get out."

The sarcasm was lost on the slim, mustachioed Muhrcke, who says he supplements his pension by acting as a consultant to the Super Shoe ath-

letic shoe store in Huntington, on Long Island's North Shore.

"I'm proud that I'm working at running, that I am trying to better my physical condition," he said after the pension story broke. "I still have pain, and I continue to run when I feel well." He does blame the 1972 accident for halting his plans to enter that year's Olympic trials.

Gary's wife Jane says that he was "perfectly happy" at the job he had worked at for more than 11 years. It was the fire department, she said, that decided after the accident that he couldn't perform properly.

Muhrcke says that he'll happily cooperate with the department's inquiry. If Muhrcke is found to be fit, he could be ordered back to work.

Whatever the outcome of the investigation, Muhrcke won't soon forget his emergence from a dark stairwell onto the sunny observation deck the morning of Feb. 15. He wobbled a bit in his yellow shorts and burnt orange sneakers, but it was more from the brightness than the exertion. Not to mention the surprise at being so high: "I never had been to the top of the Empire State Building before," he told reporters.

Muhrcke and the other runners thought the run was "fun," even though they hadn't been able to train for it. "I didn't have any idea how to pace myself," Muhrcke said, as a chill wind blew his long hair. "I do think this can be done much faster."

In second place was Hugh Sweeney, 32, a Jersey City lawyer who was clocked in at an even 13 minutes by Fred Lebow, president of the New York Road Runners Club and judge of the event.

"The worst part was that it was dark," said Marcy Schwam, a physical fitness instructor who was the first of two women finishers, and the 10th finisher overall. Her fellow female was housewife Chloe Foote, 37, who listed her occupation as "mother of five."

Sprinting behind her was 55-year-old George Spitz of New York City, a newspaper columnist and a veteran of other races—the political kind.

Spitz ran an ultra-marathon sponsored by the National AAU last December and tied for last place. What kept him going up the Empire State? Ms. Foote, he said. "She has beautiful legs. I just followed them up the last 44 flights."

The controversy surrounding Muhrcke hasn't yet diminished the success of the event. In fact, it only took hours for the Road Runners to announce the Second Annual Empire State Runup: Feb. 15, 1979. ☺

Sheehan

Book of Genesis is still motivating us. So I'm dealing in rhetoric, trying to get you away from state championships for a little while."

First Sheehan showed his five-minute film on the running experience. Then he began talking, teaching high school track coaches the philosophies he has written about for a decade.

"We must know exactly who we are. If we remain unchallenged, untested, we may never know. We must work toward the image of self-perfection . . .

"The fight is boredom; the fear, not living at all . . . we must act out our own individual drama . . .

"We are the new aristocrats. Progress, science and technology have taken us back to the Greeks. Happily, we have the Greeks as examples. We must take to heart the injunction they themselves faced: 'Know yourself.' Well coaches, know thyself, too. Coaches, heal thyself. What was written on the temple of Apollo we must write in even larger letters where we can see it every day. Know yourself, so you may live that life peculiar to you, the one and only life you were born to live. Know yourself, so you may perfect your body and find your plan. Know yourself, so you are not only the patient, but the therapist.

"For Greeks, time of that discovery was leisure. A time that also included activities like health, self-expression, character formation, personality and self-adjustment. The body, in Plato's opinion, was the source of all source and initiative. I discovered recreation can be re-creation.

"Play is our most important product. Anyone who doesn't know how to play is illiterate. We've got to learn to block and tackle.

"Recently a questionnaire was handed out asking why people run. Only three of the answers dealt with the physical, one of them being 'improving one's sex life.' Look, one can fit the physiology of fitness on the head of a pin. It is the psychology of fitness that's important. Sport is where an entire life can be compressed into a few hours, where the emotions of a lifetime can be felt on an acre or two of ground, where a person can suffer and die and rise again on six miles of trails through a New York City park. Sport is a theater where sinner can turn saint and a common man can become an uncommon hero, where the past and future can rise with the present. Sport is singularly able to give us peak experiences where we feel completely one with the world and transcend all conflicts as finally we become our own potential . . .

Bucky Fuller says that when we are born, we are all geniuses, but we keep being told what we can't do and soon we are all turned into specialists . . .

"Watching the last Olympics, Dickey was moved to say, 'I'm proud to be one of this breed.' Business people don't understand play, so they put down athletes. James says genius is just another way of doing things. Picasso wrote his numbers backwards. So?

"In the *New York Times* every day they have something they call 'The Quote of The Day.' It's always something off the front page, something muttered by some politician or corporate hack and completely irrelevant. The most relevant, important quotes are to be found on the sports page.

"If you haven't read Updike's essay on Ted Williams, called 'Hub Bids Kid Adieu,' you should. It's the best essay ever written. Updike marvels at how Williams, 42-years-old and on a team hopelessly out of the pennant race, still goes up to the plate every time and every day with such tremendous determination, competing against the pitcher and with himself.

"Athletes are really secular saints. Athletics brings out the animal in all of us, which is vital to self-discovery. Each of us is an individual breed and we must each be the best of breed.

"So, I guess what I'm saying to you is that physical education too often has purpose but no meaning.

I'm giving you this pep talk so you will help give it meaning, but no purpose."

Sheehan ended the first section of his talk. The two coaches in the back resumed their discussion. "Let's go out to the lobby," one said. "This guy's a jerk."

Sheehan made his way back to the coffee urn. "I have a basic outline to these talks," he said. "But I often just say what pops into my head. It might be something that came up in conversation yesterday. I don't know. Stream of consciousness. I don't know how people take it."

"I don't think the IBM executives understood one word of what I said. But how many IBM executives understand play?"

Sunday morning, about 10:30, Mrs. Sheehan pulled her husband's dressing room and clubhouse—their Honda Civic—into the opening to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 90th Street, the starting line for the weekly race. It was 15 degrees, the race 15.5 miles, and there were nearly 400 runners wandering around. She had a thermos bottle for her lemon, herb and honey tea. He drank some, then tried to go find a place to stretch out and relieve himself.

"Dr. Sheehan," a woman hollered excitedly, running over to him. "I bought 25 copies of your book and gave them to all my friends as Christmas presents. I just wanted to meet you."

"Play is our Most Important Product"

He smiled. "I'm flattered. I didn't think you sophisticated New Yorkers would go for that kind of stuff."

"Dr. Sheehan," said a large man in his late twenties. "My name's Frank Rulon-Miller . . ."

"Stress fracture, left leg," replied Dr. Sheehan.

"You're amazing," said Rulon-Miller. "You diagnosed it perfectly over the phone, I took your advice and I haven't had any problems since."

Another man cornered the doctor against his car. "Your book inspired me to running. I started seven months ago and today is my first race."


"Today," said Sheehan, "you go from jogger to racer. In 20 years, you'll be a runner."

Another man asked Dr. Sheehan about his own difficulties running distances. "Actually," Sheehan answered, "this is a very tough race for me. I run very well up to 10 miles, but distances are difficult. I'm really a short-distance runner, a world-class miler, in fact." Finally he made his way to a bench and began stretching.

Runners continued to ask him questions, even during the race. He finished in 1:32, 10 minutes behind the winner, a St. John's University student. "A good race for me," Sheehan said. "Very good. I beat the first woman." "No you didn't," replied Mary Jane.

As is the weekly custom, everyone gathered afterward across the street at the Church of Heavenly Rest for coffee and awards. Dr. Sheehan had finished third in the 50-and-over category. As the second place finisher's name was called, Sheehan shook his head. "Where do these guys come from? I can't wait to turn 60."

He and Mary Jane went up the steps, got into their Honda, dropped their daughter Ann off at her apartment and drove the hour home. He was on call and wanted to check on Mr. Franklin.

Sometimes I think there's a novel in my whole experience," Dr. George A. Sheehan said the next day. "But if I were going to write something on my life's experiences, I think I'd like it to be a musical." 



Norm Bright pleads for a running partner.

Bright's Life Is Becoming Dimmer

By Paul Henderson

Time is running out for the marathon man.

He rounds the jogging path at Seattle's Green Lake, legs lifting and thrusting like slow motion pistons, a white cane flicking at the blur of pavement ahead. Darkness is closing in, and the marathon man is running against the clock.

He ran his first distance race half a century ago and has not stopped running since. Marathon races and shorter tests of endurance have taken him to four continents and a dozen or more countries.

The marathon man has beaten the best European runners on their own soil and led fellow countrymen through the streets of Boston and to the top of Pike's Peak. He has set more than 50 records and broken many of his own.

The marathon man wants to run forever because it hurts when he stops. But the track ahead is shrouded in darkness.

Each day gets tougher. He boards a bus in Seattle's Ballard District, wearing a warmup suit and Elite running shoes. He runs 10 miles a day at Green Lake wearing a plastic crash helmet and waving the "magic wand."

The marathon man searches for a running mate to buffer him from harm. They are not easy to find because most joggers at Green Lake can't match the pace of Bright's eight-minute mile.

A shadow looms on the track and the marathon man

cries out: "RUNNER ON THE TRACK, RUNNER ON THE TRACK!" A dog falls underfoot, yelping, and the helmeted runner stumbles and falls, tumbling down an embankment into the heavy brush.

He waits there alone, probing with the cane, calling out for help, the fear of darkness closing in . . .

When the clock runs out, the 67-year-old runner will be blind. It does not seem reasonable for the likes of Norman Bright.

He runs in place at bus stops and does situps on the grass. Norman Bright weighs less than 140 pounds and has barely a line on his face.

Specialists tell him the impending blindness is caused by atrophy of the optic nerves.

It came as a cruel surprise. A year ago, Bright could read the small print on a bus schedule. Now he finds himself begging strangers on the street to set his watch.

"They tell me that something like this goes with old age and that I'll just have to accept it," he says with a tone of bitterness.

"I'll be damned if I will!"

Running shoes and sweat suits hang from hooks on every wall of his small hotel room. The room is filled with the memorabilia of Norman Bright's proudest hours. There are medallions and trophies and yellowed newspaper clips that chronicle the marathon man's 50 years of competitive running.

His eccentric lifestyle has brought Bright both admiration and ridicule.

In the low rent hotel where people live by the bottle, the marathon man has not found a home. He climbs the long steps to his room with the tap-tap of the cane. Doors slam in his face and obscenities ring out in the halls.

It all seems to be closing in on Norman Bright.


Early this year he ran in a 30-kilometer race and did not do well. Midway through the course, he stumbled in a chuckhole and fell. Further on, he ran into a cement post.

A week later, the marathon man was hit by a car while trying to cross a street near his hotel. He is now recovering from leg and shoulder fractures.

From his hospital bed, Bright vowed that fractures would not end his running career. The shoulder, he noted, has been broken twice before.

After the ill-fated 30-kilometer run, a race official suggested that a man who is nearly blind should not run in competition. Bright's friends do not agree.

At a sporting goods shop at Green Lake, they have posted a sign-up sheet in hopes of finding running mates for Bright.

In the fraternity of marathon men, it is felt that a champion who is going blind should not run the last lap alone. 

MY ELEVEN RUNS IN BOSTON

by Amby Burfoot

All Boston Marathons leave their mark on me. I've run 11 of them and from each there are memories of the tension, fear and friendships, the winning and the losing. But my memories of running and winning the '68 Boston are more intense than my memories of the others.

The night before the race I had gone to bed at 11, tense, fidgety and worried I wouldn't wake up early enough for my pre-marathon breakfast. The friends I was staying with were anti-schedule types who had no alarm clocks in the house. I desperately needed to get up at 5:30 for toast, tea and honey, and to give my stomach plenty of digestive time before the starting gun would signal the beginning of the race at noon. Counting on the morning sun to awaken me, I raised all the window shades in the bedroom. Still I was uneasy: I knew if I didn't wake up at 5:30 my entire race would be thrown off. Almost at once, in spite of my agitation, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the sky was bright, the sun shining. Panicked, I wrenched my arm out of the covers to check my watch. It read exactly 5:30. I knew it was going to be a perfect day.

It was. All distance runners dream of having a perfect day, of racing a perfect race. I don't know how many actually realize their dream, but I did that day.

I remember the feeling of flowing effortlessly through Wellesley, about 12 miles from the finish, when I decided to pick up my pace to see how the still large lead pack would react. I surged ahead and began to listen for footfalls behind me. There was only one pair—Bill Clark's. It was then I first felt the fear that strikes all runners who reach the threshold of a Boston victory: it was a two-man race now. One of us would win.

The fear grew as I labored furiously through the hills in an unsuccessful attempt to shake Clark. He dropped back a stride so that I could no longer see or hear him, but his shadow stretched out in front of me, a phantom reminder of the existing struggle. Then I crested Heartbreak Hill and suddenly the shadow was gone, leaving me alone and ahead of nearly a thousand other marathoners, surrounded by tens of thousands of cheering onlookers, with only four miles to go in the most famous race in the world.

I often wonder how I managed those final four miles. The fear of impending calamity, of somehow blowing

it, made them the most miserable miles of my life. The thought of winning made them the most exhilarating. What I do know for certain is that turning the last corner and finally seeing the finish line was the thrill of a lifetime.

Images of other Bostons are also sharply etched in my mind. My first Boston was 1964. I awoke that April 19th to find an inch of snow on the ground and surrounding rooftops. By noon, though, the snow had melted away, the roads were in good shape, and I was thoroughly enjoying my first-ever marathon until I reached the train station in Framingham. There, several runners parted in front of me and I nearly ran smack into a small red pyramid in the center of the road. It read: "Boston Athletic Association Marathon—19¾ Miles to Go." I had never run that far before in my life. With 6½ miles already behind me, I certainly didn't want to be reminded of the grind that lay ahead. It was quite a shock!

The 1967 Boston I remember for the freezing northeast



winds and rains, and for my first and only (thank goodness) case of the "marathon runs." I was in good shape that year and decided to stick as long as possible with the race leaders. It was a plan that was working fine until I realized I had more pressing business to attend to than competitive racing—like finding the nearest bathroom.

I spotted a gas station in Natick and calmly walked off the course to ask the attendant for the restroom keys. No problems . . . until I got around back of the station and discovered that the wet and cold had numbed my fingers far beyond the point of being able to insert and turn the key in the lock. I could do nothing but drop the key on the ground, pull

my mittens off with my teeth, blow hot air into my cupped hands, and wait until they regained a little flexibility. My elapsed time for this pit stop would never earn me a spot on any Indy "500" crew.

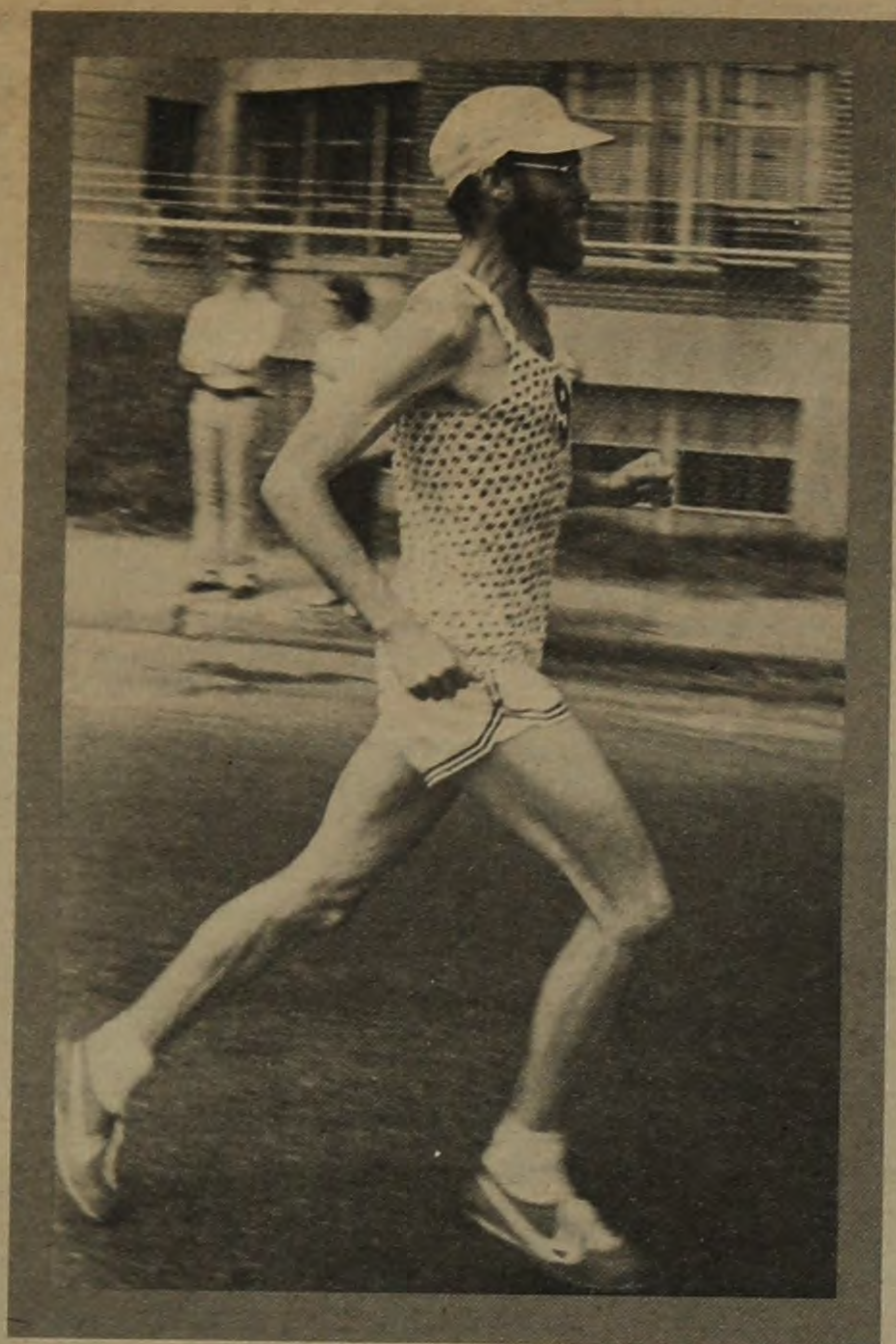
I repeated the scene 12 miles later at a gas station on the far side of Heartbreak Hill. My only consolation in '67 was the confusion I caused the many runners I passed twice—once after each stop. They must have thought I was running a circular course. Several yelled after me, wanting to know what the hell was going on. I wouldn't tell.

In 1974 I learned something of the universality of the Boston Marathon. I was in the Peace Corps, in El Salvador, Central America, thousands of miles away from Hopkinton, but I felt the excitement and tension as

surely as if I had been home in New England. So did the distance runners I was coaching. To them the Boston Marathon was on a par with the Olympic Games. They followed it with the passion of those who need a dream to remove them from reality. Alvaro Mejia's 1971 Boston victory had been a great inspiration to them, and now they prayed that Victor Mora, another Colombian, or perhaps one of the Mexicans, could pull off a Latin American repeat. I was primarily interested in the performances of John Vitale, who had been battling neck and neck with me for a half dozen years in Connecticut road races, and Bill Rodgers, my college roommate, who was now a full year into a running comeback.

Naturally, the morning after Boston found us all downtown at the newspaper office waiting for the first edition. My athletes cautioned against expecting too much. Like distance runners everywhere, they felt the press didn't pay enough attention to their sport. Yet when we rifled through the paper to the sports pages, we found a long two-column article and a listing of the first 25 finishers. Olavi Suomalainen, it turned out, had dashed Latin American and New England hopes as he raced his way to another Finnish victory. I remember being envious that the weather had been good and the times fast. I wondered when I'd be back again.

I was there the next year, racing under weather conditions many considered the best of the century (a cool, strong tail wind the entire distance). I was one of the few who came to think otherwise. After chasing the leaders at breakneck speed for four miles, I decided



it was time to slow down gradually so as to maintain a reasonable pace to the finish and record a good, if not outstanding, time. But the wind wouldn't let me. Just as I would ease off a bit, a tremendous gust would hurl me forward onto the road, which started sending shock waves up through my legs to my hips. By 18 miles I was mincing, as opposed to running,

along. All I wanted was to reduce the intensity of those jolts. My thoughts turned to Rodgers, and how he was faring.

Catching sight of Bill Squires, the Greater Boston Track Club coach, I called out, "How's Billy doin'?"

"He's a minute under the course record," came the reply. "Great," I thought, "But what place is he in?" It took me several moments to realize Squires meant that Rodgers was both *breaking* the course record and *winning* the race.

Hundreds of runners streamed by me on the hills, much of which I walked. At the top of Heartbreak Hill, I spotted one of Rodgers' teammates and begged, "Take me to the Pru. I want to see Billy finish."

"Won't work," he said as he pushed me back out onto the course. "Not enough time."

And, of course, that was true. By the time I dropped out of the race a mile later, Rodgers had a laurel wreath on his head, a 2:09:55 Boston and an American record.

The Bicentennial inferno of '76 was another memorable Boston. Marathoners are generally a close-knit group. After all, they do share a monstrous, common enemy—the 26-mile,

385-yard distance. At Boston '76 the heat and humidity became additional common enemies, and all the runners rallied to the cause. Never has there been so much sponge sharing, ice cube swapping, Gatorade passing, or public bathing. No one who ran that year will ever forget the sight of runners adding hundreds of yards to the already intolerable distance by weaving back-and-forth across the roads according to the placement of the next garden hose or sprinkler. Contrast this with a normal marathon in which the runners follow lines straight enough to do honor to a surveyor.

Boston '77 was extremely important to me. It was the first time I would run non-competitively. Even in '64 I had run seriously and hard for a 25th-place finish, and since then every Boston had been a pressure event, the major proving ground of the year. Not so '77. The previous six months I had only been training about 25-30 miles per week and all I wanted was to experience the race from the middle of the huge field.

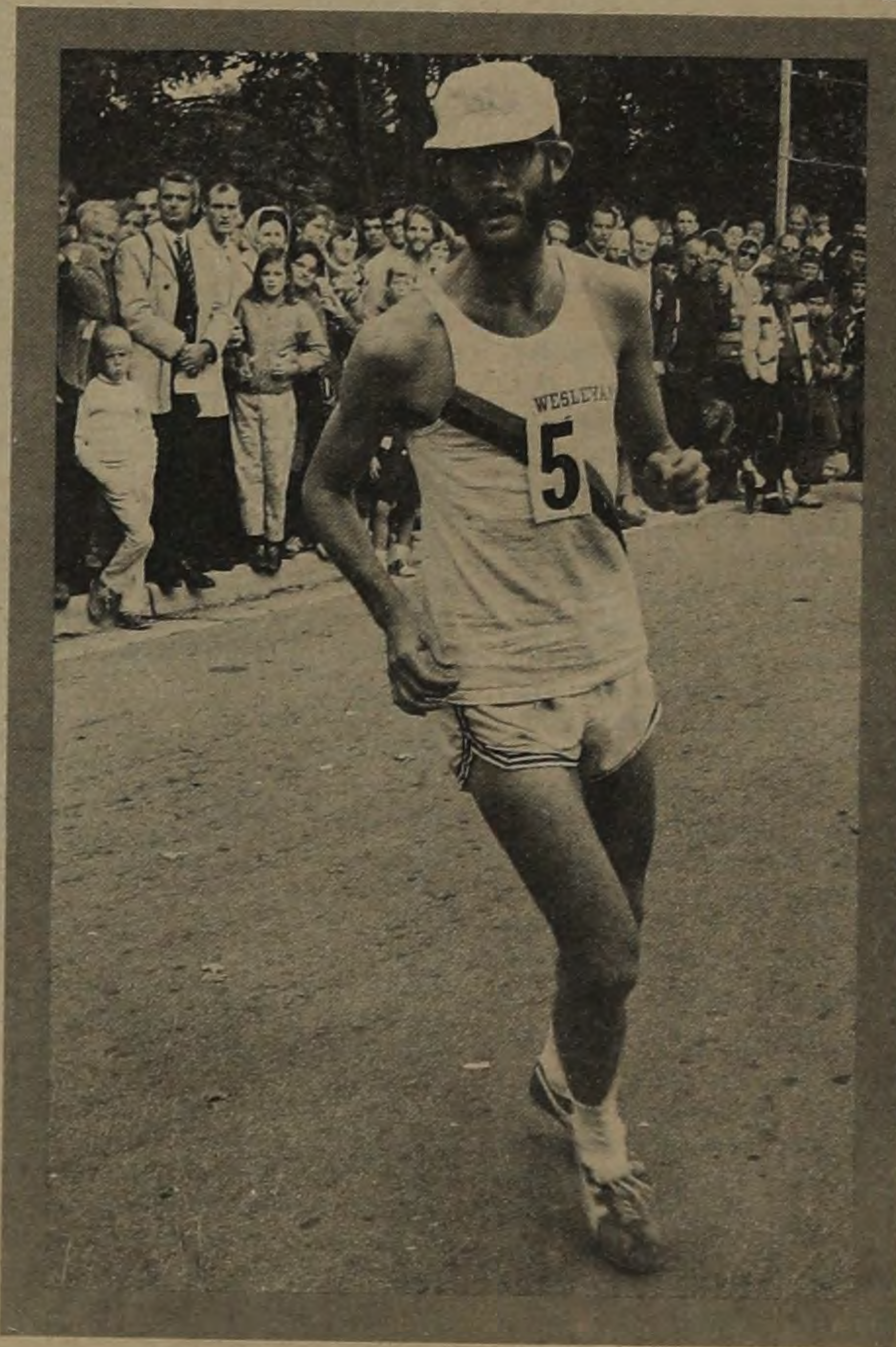
Many friends had cautioned that I would be disappointed and dissatisfied with this change from the excitement of the lead pack, the photography

truck, the reporters' bus and all the attendant media coverage. They couldn't have been more wrong. I found the race in the middle as exciting and more enjoyable than any other Boston I had ever run. The runners I ran with and around during the course of the race were there for accomplishment's sake, certainly, but they were also there for the Boston experience, for the camaraderie, for outlandish fun, for indescribable pain, and for every other "high" they could steal from several hours of running from Hopkinton to Boston.

They were alternately relaxed, jovial, bantering, laughing, screaming and crying. They ran for all the reasons people run, and they wore those reasons and their emotions on the surface, giving vent to them freely, easily and often. They ran Boston for every one of its footfalls and not just for the finish line.

Front runners collect the spoils when they win, spoiled dreams when they lose. At Boston '77 I learned that runners who have no trophy hopes always win because they are free to set their own standards and expectations and to collect whatever rewards they choose. In the Boston Marathon, the rewards are endless.

Crossing the finish in '68



INSIDE ADVICE ON RUNNING BOSTON

By Joe Henderson

TRADITION. The word comes up in the first paragraph or two of any story looking into the phenomenon that is the Boston Marathon. Its size, its crowd appeal, its media attention, its way of doing things. All are explained in terms of "tradition." The race has had time to build more than 80 years of it.

The traditions we usually hear about are the ones that get done on Patriots' Day: the school bus ride out to Hopkinton, the friendly and helpful spectators along the course, the beef stew afterward, live radio coverage and front page newspaper treatment.

But there is a flip side of tradition here, involving things that are not done. It is a resistance to sudden and major changes. Boston is reluctant to make any, even at a time when other races want to replace this one as the country's leader.

More and more race directors talk of making their marathons "the next Boston." And if money and flashy moves could do it, they would. But Boston, with no rich sponsors and flawed organization, stays in front. It's like an old man with little wealth and declining health who still carries his years with pride and dignity.

Somehow, it's comforting—at a time when "instant classics" are scrambling to outspend and outdraw each other—to see Boston not trying to match them. It has pride and dignity. It continues as a low budget race, needing no paid advertising or hired celebrities, succeeding in a way that may not be perfect but has endured for 80-plus years.

Its officials didn't panic last year after Jerome Drayton broke the gracious winner tradition and attacked the way the race was handled. He and others offered radical solutions. The organizers responded by taking conservative steps so as not to extend them-

selves or disturb history too much.

The changes are at the start and finish. But in between, the race will be much like it has been for decades.

Drayton's harshest criticisms last year were of the start, where he said he nearly got trampled. Later, he talked more positively: "I think a race like Boston is a good idea. I think people need something like this. But you can control it to some extent and improve the organization of it. I can see you'll never overcome the problems completely. But you can do something about it."

For instance?

"Okay, if they want to have 3000 runners, that's fine. I say seed the first 50-100 runners, and let the rest of the field start later."

Marathon official Jock Semple said it isn't possible to send the top runners off first, then to turn the mob loose a minute or two later. But changes at the start should make it both quicker and safer.

One problem was the traditional starting line on Hayden Row in Hopkinton. The street is narrow and takes a sharp right turn in the first quarter-mile. This led to incredible congestion. Now the start will be across the town green on Main Street. Semple said it is "two or three times wider, and it is a straight start, no turns."

A second change is largely voluntary. For the first time, numbers will be arranged in time order. Bill Rodgers, for instance, will wear "1" unless someone faster than 2:09.55 enters or officials give that number to someone else as an honorary gesture. Joe Doakes, with 3:29.59 will have a number in the thousands.

"We'll ask runners to line up according to number," Semple said. "There will be posts with numbers 1-100, 101-200 and so on. Runners are supposed to go there. But knowing how runners are, I just hope we can

get some cooperation for everyone's good. But I know we will not get cooperation from the once-a-year guys and phonies."

"We have tried to number competitors in groups according to their best times. This will enable you to start at a pace comparable to that of others near you. At the starting line, there will be signs indicating the proper place for you to start. Please play fair!"

Planned changes at the other end, the finish, are intended to keep tired runners from making the Prudential Center look like a disaster scene. In the past, they've had to stumble through the huge building, looking for showers,

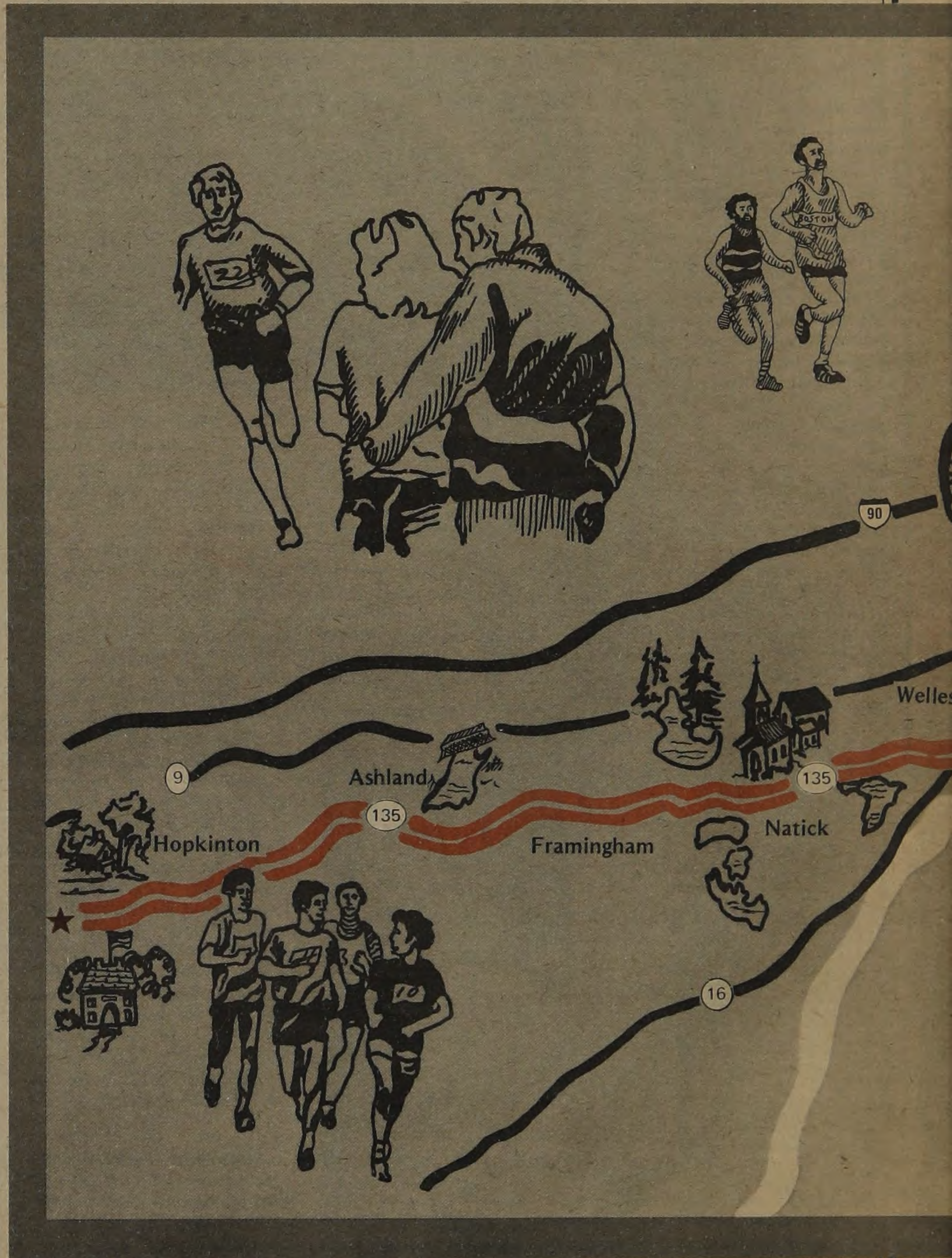
clothes, food, etc.

Director Will Cloney said: "One of the biggest problems has been to get runners up the long corridor, into the elevators, downstairs to the showers and back upstairs to the meal. What we're trying to do is consolidate it and get everything in one place (one of the garage areas). The runners won't have to walk nearly as far."

But, of course, they'll have to run just as far and travel just as far to get to Boston. This combination of distances—the start and the fact that most runners are strangers to this city—makes running here a confusing logistical problem.

If you're new to Boston, here are 25 tips to help you get where you're going when you must be there on race day. The advice is gleaned from the collected lore of this most talked-about marathon.

INFORMATION—It isn't easy to get answers from official sources. The address of the race committee now is a post office box, and no phone number is listed. There apparently is no clear-



ing house for runners' last minute questions. But you do have alternatives:

The newspapers (notably *The Globe*, which carries a full list of entrants); the Prudential Center lobby (where numbers and results are posted); the rumor mill at the runners' hotels (the Sheraton is the most popular); the running shoe stores, or the *Runner's World* open house (Sunday, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. at the Copley Plaza Hotel).

NUMBERS—All entrants who are accepted should have been mailed a confirmation letter. However, many of these letters arrived after the race last year. So as-

sume you're in unless you hear otherwise.

In the past, numbers were given at random—neither in alphabetical nor time order. To find yours, you had to search the whole list. Now, thanks to the Honeywell computer, numbers will run in order of qualifying times. Lists of numbers will be posted alphabetically at pickup points.

Those points are the Pru lobby (from noon to 5 p.m. on Sunday) and Hopkinton High School (starting at 10 Monday morning). Find your number on a list, then pick it up at the appropriate table. We recommend getting yours on Sunday to avoid standing in long lines when you should be resting

WEATHER—Expect anything and don't believe the forecasts. The weather here changes very quickly, as shown by a 30-degree drop in temperature late in the 1976 race. The "normal" high this time of year is about 60 degrees. But that simply is an average of temperatures which can be 30 degrees higher (as they were in 1976 and '77) or lower (1967 and '70).

It could rain (as in 1970) or sleet (1967). Or you could have the kind of day runners dream about, a day like 1975 when they were pushed along by cool tail winds. The best winds are those from the south and west.

In recent years, the weather

has come in twos—two cool ('74 and '75) followed by two hot ('76 and '77). We can hope the pattern repeats itself.

GETTING THERE—A fleet of buses line up at the finish line on Boylston Street on Monday morning. For \$2, you can ride a bus to Hopkinton.

The plus side of this ride is that it lets you wallow in the true spirit of the race. During the ride, you get properly excited by talking with runners from everywhere.

The minus is that the buses leave Boston at 8:30 a.m.—3½ hours before race time. The lines waiting to get on form earlier and are long. These

aren't comfortable Greyhounds but commandeered school buses.

If you already have your number, don't want to mix with crowds just yet or want to drive the length of the course (the buses don't take this route), try to find your own ride.

DRESSING—You'll save time and wear on your nerves if you pick up your number on Sunday afternoon at the Prudential and come to Hopkinton dressed to run. Then you can avoid the chaotic scene in the high school gym.

Carry a minimum of clothing and supplies, since everything you don't need for running must be shipped back or thrown away. If the weather allows, stay outside the school. Find a relatively quiet spot to sit down and wait out the time until the start—while still being able to watch the people who make up the Boston Marathon.

RESTROOMS—You aren't likely to see indoor plumbing. The gym toilets haven't been numerous enough to accommodate all the runners since the 1940s. Port-a-johns outside the gym relieve the pressure somewhat, but the waiting lines move slowly.

Fortunately, the school's athletic field is surrounded by woods. Forget modesty and use them. It may be your last chance, since nothing is available at the starting line. God help you if you have "marathon runs" en route!

CLOTHES—The buses that brought runners to Hopkinton shuttle their clothes back to Boston. You pack them in a bag and keep a claim check. The service is remarkably efficient.

You'll avoid trouble, though, if you do one of several things: (a) If it's warm, wear only the shorts and shirt you'll run in; (b) give your extra clothes to a friend or relative who's driving back; (c) wear old warmups that you can throw into a garbage bin before the start, or (d) package your things and mail them home, as one runner from Pennsylvania did last year.

This way, you'll have nothing to collect at the other end.

IDENTIFY YOURSELF—The weight of numbers has all but crushed an old Boston tradition. Spectators along the course used to look up numbers printed in the paper and cheer runners by name. It isn't easy to pick numbers out of the crowd



BOSTON

now, but viewers still talk to uniforms.

Wear a shirt that tells something about yourself: your club, where you're from or, if you're bold enough, your own name. You'll be surprised at how many comments it draws—particularly late in the marathon when you need it.

YOUR SPECTATORS—A friend or relative hoping for more than a glimpse of you during the race will be disappointed. The course is closed to auto traffic—this in turn clogs adjacent roads. Driv-

ing near the route is almost impossible.

About the best a relative can do is watch the start where they may not be able to spot you in the crowd, then take the Turnpike to the finish, where there may not be a place to stand. (The best viewing is not right at the end but a few blocks away on Hereford or Beacon.)

STARTING LINE—It's a 10 minute walk from the high school, and the streets are jammed; allow time in your plans for this. The race

starts at noon, so it is wise to leave for Main Street and the Town Green by 11:30. Follow the crowds.

UNOFFICIALS — There's no way the Boston race can keep out people who insist it is their right to be there, even if they haven't qualified or didn't bother to enter. An estimated 1000 of them started without numbers last year.

It's unrealistic to expect them to listen to pleas to start in the back. If they've crashed the party already, it won't bother them to step on the guests' toes. All we can do is beg them not to cross the finish line and mess up the legitimate runners' results.

RUNNING THROUGH—Curiously, after working so hard to qualify, a good way to run here may be

easily. Then you get to see and feel the whole Boston experience instead of fighting the weather, course and crowds in blind pursuit of a time.

Marshall Childs wrote in *Runner's World*, "Some of my friends tell me that trying to optimize one's time at Boston is a distraction, if not downright gauche. Better, they say, just to run as you feel. Store up sensations. Enjoy the crowds."

He added, "I try to do these things, but I cannot resist trying to make the numbers come out right."

THE COURSE—In general terms, it runs east-northeast through the suburbs of Hopkinton, Ashland, Framingham, Natick, Wellesley, Newton and Brookline before reaching Boston proper.

The major routes are Highways 135, 16, 30 (Commonwealth Avenue) and Beacon Street. Try to drive the course before the race, or at least train over the last couple of miles.

En route, you descend a total of nearly 800 feet, while the climbing amounts to less than 300 feet. More runners probably break their legs running downhill here than break their hearts going up.

TACTICS—You have two concerns beyond the ones marathoners always have:

The crowd of runners, as many as 5000, make it like a broken field run all the way. This is compounded by hundreds of thousands of spectators who often spill onto the roadway and leave a narrow running funnel. Passing is difficult.

Consider running at a pace that doesn't require you to pass hundreds of runners. Slow starters who normally catch lots of people later are likely to be frustrated here.

SPLITS—Don't expect to find accurate five-mile marks. Boston doesn't have them officially, though a number of do-it-yourself mea-

BOSTON MARATHON CHECKPOINTS

The percentages indicate how much of the total time is needed at this point. They take into account terrain and expected slowdown late in the race. Multiply your goal by the percentages to determine the times you should have at each point. This course is slightly longer than the standard 26.22 miles.

| Checkpoint | Mileage | % of Time |
|---------------------------------------|---------|-----------|
| Ashland—Main St. & Hwy. 135 | 3.85 | 13.3% |
| Framingham—Hwys. 126 & 135 | 6.80 | 24.3% |
| Natick—Hwys. 27 & 135 | 10.50 | 38.1% |
| Wellesley—Hwys. 16 & 135 (west) | 13.50 | 49.4% |
| Newton—Hwys. 16 & 30 | 17.80 | 65.7% |
| Boston College—College & Commonwealth | 21.25 | 80.4% |
| Railroad Overpass—near Fenway Park | 25.25 | 96.1% |
| Finish—Prudential Center | 26.25 | 100% |

LANDMARKS—Use these to gauge your distance:

A. Wellesley College lies roughly at the halfway point.

B. You've gone about two-thirds of the distance when you make a right turn from Highway 16 onto Commonwealth Avenue.

C. College Road at the crest of "The Hills" is five miles from the finish.

D. At the railroad overpass near Fenway Park, one mile remains.

E. When you make a right turn from Beacon onto Hereford, you have five blocks to go.

HIGHS AND LOWS — This is basically a "down" course, starting at 490 feet elevation and finishing at 10. It drops nearly 300 leg-jarring, pace-disturbing feet in the first four miles. The series of hills between 16 and 21 miles add up to about 200 feet of climbing, but you quickly go down that much again.

surements are painted on the road—often hundreds of yards apart. Don't trust any of them.

If pace concerns you slightly, use the landmarks in number 14 to get a rough idea of where you are at what time. If it concerns you greatly, take Marshall Childs' numbers from the chart and write them on tape on the wristband of your watch.

Wearing a watch also is worthwhile because it's the only way to get an immediate final time.

PITSTOPS—Gatorade is dispensed at intervals by the organizers. But if you don't like that drink or don't like standing to wait for it, you won't dry out.

You may not get your usual Body Punch or ERG, but you can have all the water you want. Spectators offer it every few yards and are thrilled when you accept.

If the day is hot, grab a cup



The Framingham Checkpoint.

early and keep it after it's empty. Refill it at the hoses that people living along the course have running.

DROPPING OUT—No true marathoner plans to quit, but many must. This is hard to do on any point-to-point course, where you can be stranded 20 or more miles from the finish. Here, it's worse because no cars can pick you up until the course re-opens.

If you must stop, ask spectators to another main road on which you might hitch a ride. Drivers seem more willing to give rides to runners on this day, as one did Bill Rodgers last year after he stopped.

THE FINISH—Don't bother to think where you're going. The crowd will guide you to the line, then officials will take over. Run straight into the chute, then follow directions into the Prudential.

Don't wander back out onto the course. You might accidentally cross the line again and get credit for the slower time!

RESULTS—Check your time on your wristwatch as you finish. Otherwise you won't know your result

for hours. You'll make yourself very unpopular in the finish area if you ask for it while the race is still on.

Official results will be posted in the assembly area of the Prudential garage and in the lobby once the computer has digested them.

AFTERWARD—Plans are to consolidate baggage claim, dressing rooms, medical care, refreshments and awards in one of the Pru garages. You'll be guided there.

However, be warned that the post-race scene depresses some runners. You may want to walk straight to your hotel for a soak in the tub, then order a room service meal while listening to live radio reports of the race. You can return to the garage later to get your baggage or send someone for it who feels better.

AWARDS—The first 100 men and first three women get trophies and medals, awarded at the Pru from 3:30-4:00 p.m. Certificates for all official finishers (those under four hours) will be mailed later.

CELEBRITIES—They are invisible people most of the time. The top runners hide before the race for their own protection. At Hopkinton, they dress in seclusion. They're placed on the front row just before the gun. Then, they run off by themselves and are hustled away for interviews as they finish.

The only time you see any of them may be at the awards ceremony. Be there from 3:30-4:00 if this is important to you.

COVERAGE—If you have not been to Boston, you've never seen or heard anything like the saturation coverage this race gets. *The Globe* gives pages (including the front) to marathon reports and has its Monday evening story out before some runners finish. WBZ radio broadcasts it live all afternoon, and the spectators—even a few runners—carry transistors to hear it. Other local radio and TV stations also make it the day's top story.

Collect the papers and take notice of the radio and television coverage. It will be a good way to show and tell the runners back home what tradition really is.



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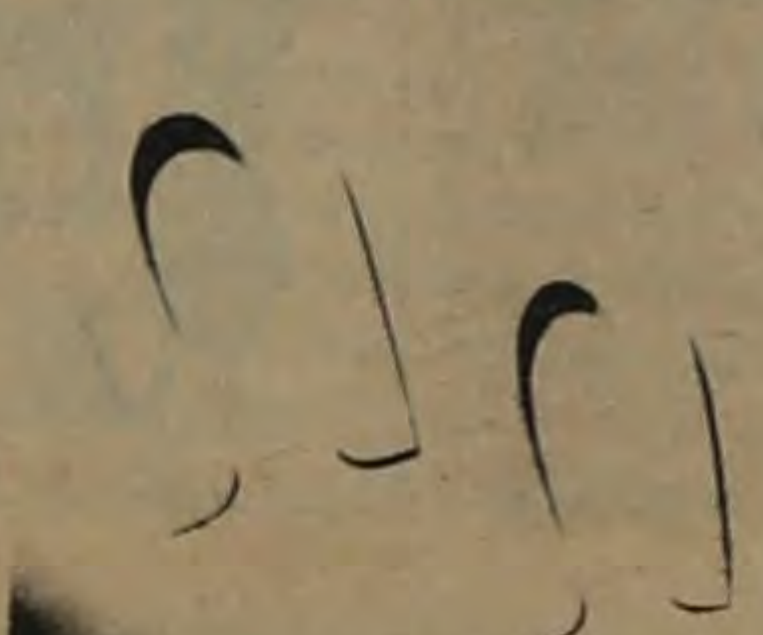
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WHAT TO DO WHERE TO STAY IN BOSTON

By Nathan and Margery Cobb

Boston is a lot like its marathon: It doesn't seem to be able to make up its mind what it wants to be. One part sees itself as a big city of skyscrapers and smart shops. Another part prefers to remain a small town of close-knit neighborhoods and corner stores. This unholy mix of cosmopolitan and provincial outlook leads to endless political wrangling and frequent social differences. But it also offers visitors big-city diversity and small-town atmosphere.

The following is an incomplete but appropriately diverse guide on surviving a few days in what the locals shamelessly call "The Hub."

HOTELS

Bad news. If you don't have a room by now, you will have to be very wily or very lucky. The city's major hotels are booked solid, so your only chance is a last minute cancellation. If you have a car, try the suburban motels. The Greater Boston Convention and Tourist Bureau, at 900 Boylston St. 02115 (617-536-4100), has a list of hotels. The office is open Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (It will be closed on race day, April 17, a local holiday known as Patriots Day.)

Less glamorous accommodations are available at three local Y's. The YMCA at 316 Huntington Ave. (536-7800) offers rooms for both men and

women on a first come, first served basis at \$9.25 per night. The YWCA, 40 Berkeley St. (482-8850), will accept women only at \$10.00 per night or \$50.00 per week. No phone reservations. But you can write for them. The Charlestown Armed Services YMCA, City Square, Charlestown, has singles (\$9.00) and doubles (\$11.00) for both men and women. The cost is only \$4.00 with an American Youth Hostels card. Reservations are accepted.

CAMPING

Bad news again, maybe. There are very few camp grounds in the immediate Boston area. And considering the fact some marathons have been run in snow and sleet, many of these may not be open. If this isn't totally discouraging, you can obtain two excellent brochures which provide locations and opening schedules of Massachusetts camp grounds. Write to Tourism Division, Massachusetts Department of Commerce and Development, 13th Floor, 100 Cambridge St., Boston 02202.



RESTAURANTS

Boston is a good, though perhaps overrated, city for restaurants. The following list is a limited cross-section of local eateries. We've tried them all and wouldn't hesitate to return to any.

FANCY

Hermitage, located in the Institute of Contemporary Art Building, 951 Boylston St. (across from race finish line), 267-3652 and 247-8029 (Imperial Russian Cuisine).
Maison Robert, located in Old City Hall, 45 School St., 227-3370 (French).
Locke-Ober Cafe, 3 Winter Place, 542-1340 (Ask to be seated downstairs.)



FUNKY BUT NICE

Friends and Co., 84 State St., 742-8027 (Comfortable bar and restaurant).
Salad Days, 41 Charles St., 723-7537 (better than average soup-and-salad bar).
Turtle Cafe, 1271 Cambridge St., Cambridge, 354-8599 (across the Charles River from Boston; bring your own wine).
SEAFOOD

Anthony's Pier 4 Restaurant, Northern Ave., 423-6363 (somewhat expensive).
No Name Restaurant, 15 1/2 Fish Pier, 338-7539 (informal; bring your own wine).
Legal Seafoods, 237 Hampshire St., Cambridge, 547-1410 (informal).

HEALTH FOODS

Sanae, 272a Newbury St., 247-8434.
Seventh Inn, Park Square, 69-71 Providence St., 261-3965.
Golden Temple of Conscious Cookery, 30 Massachusetts Ave., 247-7947.

SUNDAY BRUNCH

Parker's, Dunfey's Parker House Hotel, 60 School St., 227-8600 (two seatings: 11:30 and 1:30; \$9.50; reservations required).
Jonah's on the Terrace, Hyatt Regency Hotel, 575 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, 492-1234 (10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; \$7.95; \$5.95 for children).
33 Dunster St., 33 Dunster St., Harvard Square, Cambridge, 354-0636 (10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; \$4.95; prime rib until 11:30).

PASTA

Dom's, 236 Commercial St., 523-8838 (expensive, but they make their own pasta).
Amalfi Cafe, 102 Westland

Ave., 536-6396 (relatively close to the finish line). In addition, almost any restaurant in the north end of Boston serves pasta.

PIZZA

Regina Pizzeria, Inc., 11 1/2 Thatcher St., 423-5520 (very informal, often crowded).
European Restaurant, Inc., 218 Hanover St., 523-5694 (also features other Italian specialties).
Bel Canto, 928 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, 547-9680 (between Harvard and Central Squares; exotic pizza, if you can imagine that).

NIGHT MOVES

Boston has enough bars and lounges to satisfy even the most unusual needs and desires. The best listings of these appear in the city's two weekly and one-time countercultural newspapers, *The Boston Phoenix* and *The Real Paper*.



A runner's bar, which is packed before and after the marathon, is the Eliot Lounge, 370 Commonwealth Ave., 267-1607. "Name" entertainment appears regularly at The Paradise, 967 Commonwealth Ave., 254-2052.

TRANSPORTATION

Boston traffic is utterly confusing and parking generally hopeless. The best thing to do is walk whenever possible, a pleasant undertaking in a city so small. Public transportation consists of the loved and hated MBTA, known as the "T". There are four color-coded subway lines, the most cantankerous of which is the Green. The fare is 25 cents on all lines ex-



cept for certain long rides, as it is for buses, which require exact change. The "T's" information booth at Park Square Station can provide a free map of the system. Get off at Auditorium or Prudential Stations for the finish of the race. Both are on the Green Line, however, so leave lots of time for delays.



PLACES TO VISIT

If you want to make plans ahead of time, write the Tourism Division (see camping) and ask for brochures on the Freedom Trail and Tours 5, 6, 7 and 8 (all in the immediate area).

Once in Boston you'll find maps, brochures, etc. available at the information kiosk on Tremont St. at the edge of Boston Common opposite West St. By "T," this is about a block from Park St. station. The traditional holy crusade in Boston is a trek along the Freedom Trail, which begins at the kiosk or the nearby State House.

We recommend spending at least a few hours on the waterfront (Government Center or Aquarium "T" stops). The waterfront park is a charming place to rest after touring the restaurants and shops on Lewis Wharf and the Mercantile Building, or after a go at Boston's New England Aquarium. Two blocks from the aquarium, the Quincy Market buildings are filled with both natives and tourists. The south market building has many small, imaginative shops and several restaurants. The central market building is the real attraction, with literally dozens of vendors selling food and drink. Great fun.

If the weather is cooperative, you might enjoy just walking around the city. The Back Bay/Beacon Hill area is fascinating for its architecture, and there are interesting little shops on Newbury St. and Charles St. The North End has little to recommend in the way of beautiful buildings, but it is a true ethnic enclave in the middle of a city. You'll hear more Italian than English spo-

ken in the coffee shops, pastry shops and restaurants (Haymarket "T"). A short subway ride away is Harvard Square (Harvard "T"). The architecture is historic and beautiful, the shopping and restaurants plentiful and good.

Although the Celtics and Bruins will be inactive unless involved in April playoffs, the Red Sox have five home games scheduled, including one on race day. On April 14 (opening day), 15 and 16, the beloved BoSox will play the Texas Rangers. All games start at 2 p.m. On April 17, the game against the Milwaukee Brewers will begin at 3 p.m., in deference to the Marathon. The Sox also meet the Brewers in a night game on the 19th. Tickets may be purchased at Fenway Park or ordered by mail from the Boston Red Sox, 24 Yawkey Way, Boston 02215. Those interested in more cultural affairs may note that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa conducting, will perform April 15 and April 18 at 8:30 at Symphony Hall.

JOGGING

Joggers appear to be more numerous in Boston than politicians. Many run on city streets, which is not recommended to anyone inexperienced in the habits of local drivers. A splendid, safer place to jog is on the Esplanade, a two-mile stretch of greenery which lines the Charles River next to Back Bay. It is accessible over a highway via several foot bridges. Other pleasant runs

suburb of Boston. It follows Route 135 through Ashland and Framingham and Natick. At Wellesley it picks up Route 16 (Washington St.) to Route 30 (Commonwealth Ave.) in the Auburndale section of Newton. It switches to Beacon St. at Cleveland Circle in Brookline, runs through Kenmore Square in Boston and ends at the Prudential Center in Back Bay. The winner can be expected to turn up shortly after 2 p.m.

Both the start and the finish of the race are extremely crowded, though certainly worth seeing. We recommend—and have successfully undertaken—a triple jump of sorts. With careful planning and calculated motoring, you can see the start of the race, find a mid-point along the course from which to watch the leaders, and then take in the finish.



Use the Massachusetts Turnpike (and a map) to get to Hopkinton. Good mid-race viewing points include Route 16 in Wellesley (13.5 miles) and the intersection of Routes 16 and 30 in Newton (17.5 miles). You can then get on the Massachusetts Turnpike (east) in West Newton and drive to the Prudential Center exit in about eight minutes. "Heartbreak Hill," at around the 20-mile mark on Route 30, is an important make-or-break point, but if you stop there you'll have your own race to make the finish line in 2:10.

Parking on the street near the finish line will not be easy. Traffic, too, will be bothersome. There is a garage beneath the Prudential Center. Try there first. After previous races, finishers walked to the "locker room" along a glass corridor and were open to view. This year, there is talk of sending them through the garage. In any case, you will not be alone—there will be thousands of people with you, all clamoring for a good view of the finish. You might try the top of the Prudential Building itself, where \$1 will buy you and your binoculars a distant look at the madness below.



include Boston Common, a large former cow pasture which adjoins Beacon Hill; the Public Garden, a smaller and more formal park next to the Common; and the Fens, a vast collection of pathways and gardens to the west of Back Bay. Jogging at night is a questionable practice, particularly in the Fens.

WATCHING THE RACE

The Boston Marathon starts at noon on April 17 on Main St. in Hopkinton, a western



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Complete Diet Guide, by the Editors of Runner's World. Hardback and Paperback, illustrated, \$7.95/\$4.95.

The Complete Marathoner, Edited by Joe Henderson. Hardback, 432 pages, illustrated, \$10.95.

The Complete Runner, by the Editors of Runner's World. Hardback, 391 pages, illustrated, \$10.95.

Cross Country Running, by Marc Bloom. Paperback, 208 pages, illustrated, \$3.95.

Dr. Sheehan on Running, by George Sheehan, M.D. Hardback and Paperback, 206 pages, illustrated, \$5.95/\$3.95.

Fitness After Forty, by Hal Higdon. Hardback and Paperback, 262 pages, charts, \$6.95/\$3.95.

Food For Fitness, by the Editors of Bike World. Hardback and Paperback, 144 pages, illustrated, \$5.95/\$3.50.

The Foot Book: Advice for Athletes, by Harry F. Hlavac, M. Ed., D.M.M. Hardback, 400 pages, illustrated, \$10.95.

Guide to Distance Running, Edited by Bob Anderson and Joe Henderson. Paperback, 206 pages (oversized), illustrated, \$5.95.

Jog, Run, Race, by Joe Henderson. Hardback and Paperback, 204 pages, illustrated, \$6.95/\$3.50.

The Long Run Solution, by Joe Henderson. Hardback and Paperback, 182 pages, illustrated, \$5.95/\$3.95.

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Little Mary Decker's Agony and Ecstasy

The rush for Olympic gold has its perils. Like the historic American gold rushes of a century past, there are many mountains to cross, dangers to face, and the realization that only a few will strike pay dirt.

Mary Decker, at age 20, is already all too familiar with the uncertain and illusive nature of Olympic glory. In 1972, barely old enough at 14 to compete in the Olympics, "little" Mary Decker may have qualified in the 800-meter—if not for a foot injury. In '76 she was thwarted from making the American team by shin splints.

Two years later, a more mature, more sophisticated Decker is searching for the same thing. "I'd like to win a gold medal in the Olympics," she

said, adding: "If I don't make it in '80, I'm the type who will try again."

After a brilliant indoor season, Mary has every reason to believe she has made a comeback. A two-year struggle with shin splints and surgery are memories today.

"Things are the same now, but not really. There are different people running. I guess women's sports has more recognition now too. In the past I didn't have a completely realistic view of what was going on, but now I'm more into competing."

Mary was disappointed when many people who wanted to see her when she was running well, stopped looking. "They were looking for somebody else," she said. "Of course, you feel somewhat bitter."

This indoor season though, track fans and the media stood up and took notice of the new Mary, cheering her to new records. At the February *Times* Indoor Games in Los Angeles, Mary outraced Françoise Larrien, Wendy Knudson and Julie Brown at 1000 yards to a new world record of 2:23.08, bettering by 2.9 seconds her old mark set in the same location four years ago at age 15. She won the San Diego Jack-in-The-Box Indoor Games' 880 later that month with a 2:03.05, em-

barrassing her opposition with a 10 second spread.

Yes, things are different now. Mary is much stronger and full grown (5'6" and 112 pounds). She talks of moving from the 800-meter, where she gained early success, to 1500 meters for her Olympic bid.

With blinding 26.2 speed in the 220-yard dash and a solid distance background that took her to a 3:09 marathon at age 12 (25.9 miles) in the Palos Verdes Marathon, Decker has perhaps the ideal combination of speed and endurance for this distance. Mixed with versatility, she has experience. She has been running eight years, seen the world's best, and knows what it takes to win.

The fortunes of Mary Decker could have changed because of a move to Boulder, Colo.

"I had to get away from the stresses that go with living in Southern California."

It was no coincidence she bumped into Olympian Frank Shorter. He immediately put her to work in his shoe shop that—with its elite cast of runner employees—rivals a miniature Olympic training village. Meanwhile, Mary has settled in as a sophomore at the University of Colorado, majoring in physical education.

"It's the altitude. There's a physical advantage gained by training here, I think, and a psychological benefit at the very least."

It was also in Colorado that

Mary finally had surgery for her shin splint condition. Cortisone treatments during a two-year layoff were not only a failure, but a horror story.

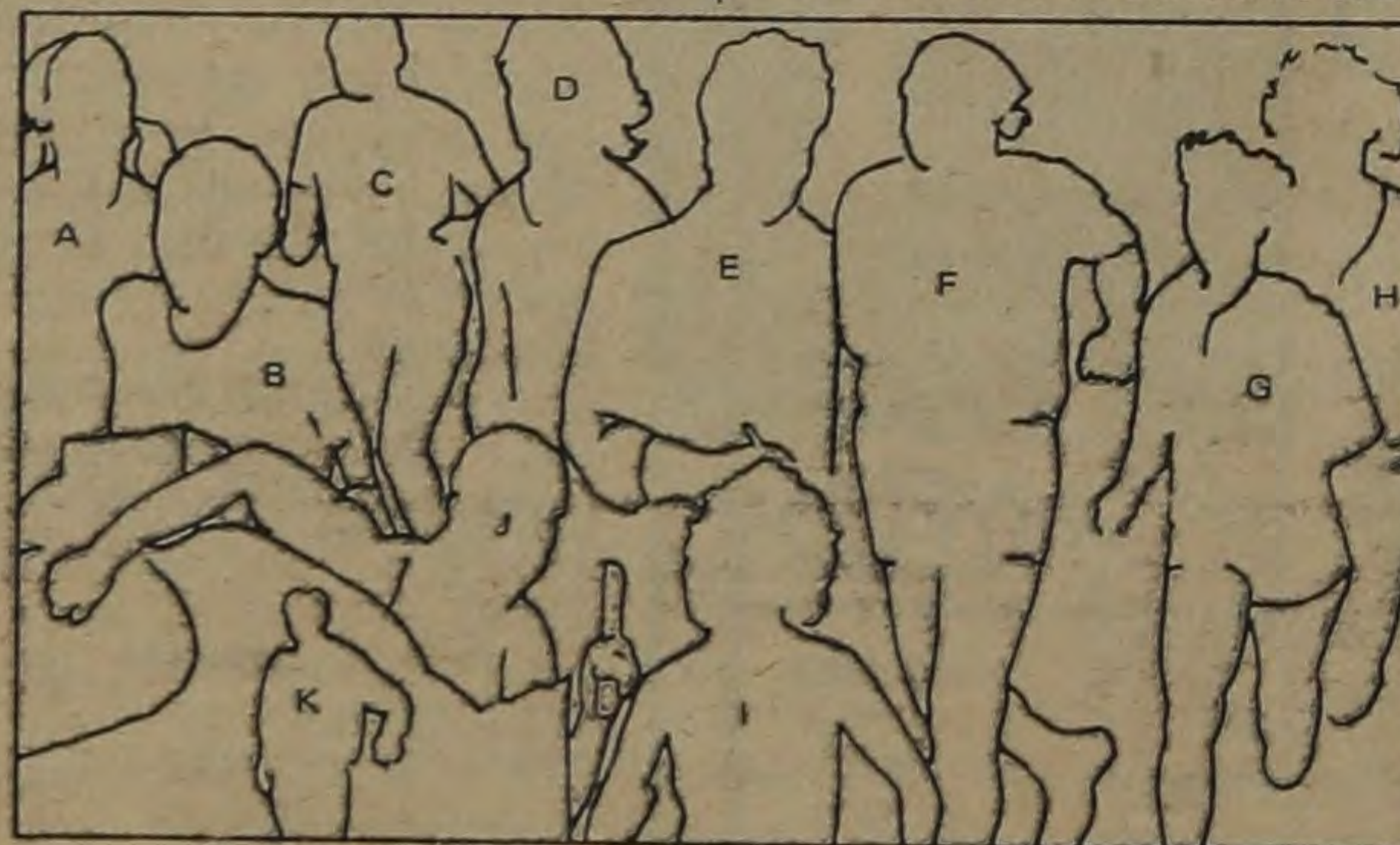
"Before a big track meet in Japan, I had no less than a dozen cortisone shots. Everyone wanted me to compete right then. Well, my hair started falling out from the reaction to the shots."

Enter the summer of '77, and 5000-meter world record holder Dick Quax of New Zealand. Visiting Colorado to prepare for the European outdoor season, Quax trained with Shorter.

"I met Quax through Frank," Mary said, "and he provided training advice as I was recovering. Through him, I was able to compete in January during a visit to New Zealand." She ran to seven straight victories, posting a time of 2:01.8 in the 800-meter.

But Mary's comeback drive started last October at Boulder's Run for the Roses 15-Kilometer Road Race, where she won the women's division in 58:59. She went on to place seventh at the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women Cross-Country Championships in the fall, although cross-country, she said, "is just a way to keep in shape for track."

Mary's sights are focusing



Clockwise: (A) Mary Decker, (B) Charles Barnhart, (C) Noel Johnson, (D) Tom Hensley, (E) Hugh Prather, (F) David Gottlieb, (G) Carol Keller, (H) Marc Keller, (I) Eryn Forbes, (J) Herman Frazier and (K) James Chapman.



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on Moscow. She talks of the Eastern Europeans as the arch-rivals, without much sympathy. "I think these women take steroids. Their body build is more muscular than American women's."

Mary Decker will be 22 years old in 1980. She will have over a decade of experience. That will make her a seasoned veteran.

"I hope to be in the Olympics," she said, "providing I'm not injured."

Like the gold miners a century past, hope keeps Mary running.

—Ray Hosler



Superman Is 73 And Living as Noel Johnson

LIVE—LIFE—LOVE — are embossed in large red letters on his calling card. Underneath is printed "SUPERMAN at 75." The number 75 is inked out and replaced by 76 which is also crossed out and replaced by 77. The name on the card is Noel Johnson.

Perhaps no one deserves to be called Superman more than this wiry, 135-pounder from San Diego, Calif. who twice mastered the gruelling 14,110-foot Pike's Peak Marathon.

Perhaps one of the best-known events Johnson participates in is the Annual International Senior Olympics. Noel is the unbeaten marathon champion in the over-75 age group. And if that isn't enough, Superman won the Senior Men's Boxing Championship in 1976 and proudly boasts: "I'll fight anyone over 65 no matter what they weigh!"

In 1971, Superman Johnson underwent a rigorous, nine-minute treadmill test at the University of California at Davis.

"He's a superman for his age," remarked Dr. Jack Wilmore, the exercise physiologist in charge of the test.

What is Superman's secret? Has he exercised all his life? Far from it. At the age of 70, he was 40 pounds overweight, had arthritis and was denied a

life insurance policy because of a heart condition.

Johnson didn't consider getting in shape until his wife died of a stroke. Shocked out of his lethargy, Noel started jogging. A year later and 40 pounds lighter, Johnson became . . . Superman.

How has he maintained his powers? Running and diet, says Johnson, who eats mainly greenery, including alfalfa, dandelion greens, fruit tree leaves and even grass. He eats as many as 12 times a day, eating only small amounts.

Living in a converted garage at his daughter's home, Johnson's walls are festooned with medals, trophies, photographs and the backs of Wheaties boxes from March-April 1976 when his picture was displayed on the back as athlete-of-the-month.

To keep in condition, Superman Johnson runs an average of 150 miles per month, sometimes running as often as nine or 10 times a day.

In the process of preparing his autobiography, Noel "Superman" Johnson has formulated his philosophy: "You can be what you want to be. We create our own destiny. Our body is what we have made it through our lifestyle."

—Anne Gray



James Chapman Had A Great Run on China's Great Wall

There is a man from West Virginia who will run just about anywhere.

He'll run on the beaches, and in scorching deserts. He'll run stairs, run in hotels, run highways, freeways, mountains, walls, through rain, through freezing cold . . . he'll run just about anywhere.

He is the 45-year-old president of West Liberty State College, W. Va., Dr. James L. Chapman, a one-time member of his college track and cross-country team, who began running again 15 years ago. "After I had been out of college for a time," Dr. Chapman said, "I realized that I missed running and that I'd gain weight if I didn't get some kind of exercise. I started running again and I've been

running ever since."

Even though his job demands travel, Chapman has rarely let it interfere with his running. He has run in the streets of Nassau, Paraguay and Brazil; along the river in Taiwan, in the middle of Tokyo and Hong Kong, in Shanghai, around the "Great Hall of the People" in Peking, and in the streets of Canton in China.

He also had the experience of running the Great Wall of China. "I was a member of a 22-man delegation designated to spend three weeks in mainland China in April 1975," Chapman said. "Another member of the group and I ran along the Great Wall a month before the United States track team did.

"Many of the people in the major cities of China stood and stared at us as we ran," he said. "They found us novel because we were from another country doing something that apparently few of them do and because we were wearing colorful running outfits which were in stark contrast to their drab clothing."

Chapman, who has been college president for eight years, says there is nothing that relaxes him like running. Because of that, he runs despite environment or work schedule.

"I once ran in Southern Michigan when the wind chill factor made the temperature the equivalent of 45 degrees below zero, and I think the hottest was close to 100 degrees when I was running along the Arizona-California border."

Chapman's mania at one time had him running the nation's interstate highways.

"We'd be driving along the interstate during family vacations and often my son and I would change into jogging clothes in the back of the car and tell my wife to meet us at a certain mile marker. But we've given that up because of the danger involved."

From the choking stench of running in the fumes of congested traffic, to the freedom of running on an open Hawaiian beach; from the monotony of running-in-place in hotel rooms, to the thrill of running the Great Wall of China; of all the places Chapman has run, he feels there is no running place like home.

"Of all the places I've ever run, my very favorite place is a little dirt road in a hollow near campus. I often think there is no place in the world more pleasant to run than there, just after a light rain."

—William Hanna

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Eryn Forbes Is Still Around at Sixteen

Eryn Forbes walks the halls of her high school in Beaverton, Ore., cheerily waving to friends, she's just another high school teenager. But on the school track she breaks into her loose, easy stride, and becomes one of America's top female distance runners.

A 16-year-old junior, Forbes has already been spotted by Olympic watchers. At 14, she was the youngest person ever to qualify for the American women's cross-country team, though a rule prevented her from participating because of her age. That rule was changed a year later and Forbes flew to Germany, one of the first 15 year-olds on the US cross-country team.

Forbes started running with her father when she was eight and now cannot imagine life without running. Her father, Richard Forbes, is a professor of biology at Portland State University, and a long-distance runner who runs a 2:36 marathon.

After training together regularly for eight years, father and daughter occasionally get on each other's nerves—especially when Eryn is dragging back.

"But there's no way I can keep up with her if she really wants to run," her father says. "We don't particularly press her to run and win, but we're all happy when she does."

The Forbes were happy when Eryn set a national high school girl's record in the mile her freshman year. The following year it was almost a sure bet she would win again, perhaps even break her own record. The gun sounded and Forbes pulled an easy lead, maintaining it until just 10 yards before the finish when she stumbled and almost fell. She regained her balance, but lost the race. Someone else took the lead and set a new national record. To make matters worse, Forbes broke her foot at the beach and was out of commission the entire cross-country season.

But now Forbes, who holds

the eighth best time for women's indoor 1500 meters, is back and running 50 to 60 miles each week and determined to reclaim her national record.

Although she has gotten some fame from her running achievements, Forbes doesn't let it go to her head. A local gym will often page her just so customers will know she uses the gym. But Forbes brushes it off.

"My philosophy is that everybody can find something and do it well. Running happens to be my bag, but I'm no better otherwise than anyone else."

As her father once converted her to running, Eryn is now eager to convert others, extolling its benefits of keeping shapely—which she says is necessary if you like boys.

—Nicholas Kristof



Runaway Best Seller Hugh Prather Sometimes Runs Away

When he was nine years old, best-selling author Hugh Prather's dad took him out running every day. The habit stuck. Thirty-one years later, the Santa Fe, N.M. writer is still running—not in competition but for fun.

"Competing would change the whole nature of it for me," insists Prather, author of *Notes to Myself* and *Notes on Love and Courage*. "I run for my own pleasure. It feels good and keeps me healthy."

Running also helps keep Prather's writing healthy. When Prather first began writing in 1968, he noticed that running helped him overcome plaguing mental blocks. Then he noticed a pleasant surprise.

"Running unlocks a flood of ideas," Prather declared. "I get a whole new perspective on what I'm writing, what I want to make of myself as a writer—my whole life's work, the whole sweep of it."

"When running, I am very much outside myself as the writer at his desk. It's almost as though I'm looking down at the writer at his desk and seeing the puniness of it."

Prather doesn't have a running schedule. He doesn't believe in them. He also doesn't

Running Has Given Ed Asner A Change of Heart

You can tell by looking at him that Ed Asner is no long-distance runner. He has the beefy edge of a man whose caloric intake slightly exceeds his caloric output. Hefty is the word.

Yet despite his lack of leanness, Asner is slimmer than he has been in years. The reason? The star of "Lou Grant," the TV series about newspapers, has been pounding the blacktop a couple of miles a day around his home in the Hollywood Hills. It helped do wonders for him—about 40 pounds worth of wonders to be exact. It also helped his mental outlook, his sensitivity of the world around him and—if that isn't enough—it even helped ease a minor heart problem that plagued him for years.

Ed Asner sat in a canvas director's chair and grinned. The crew was lighting the set of "Lou Grant" in one of those cavernous stages at CBS Studios and Asner was waiting patiently for the set to be readied. At the mention of his early-morning running ritual, Asner's thick, caricature-like features beamed.

"What I do could hardly be called running," he said, his face blushing rouge. "I mean, I look more like a center for an amateur football team than any kind of runner. I look more like Humpty Dumpty than a runner. But I run, and it's done a hell of a lot for me."

Asner began running about five years ago. His weight had become a problem and he was beginning to feel as sluggish as a gummed up automobile engine.

"I got to the point where I figured it was time to get into shape," said Asner. "But I was embarrassed. I was carrying a lot of extra weight and I was afraid people would make fun of me if I ran on the streets. So I began running in my backyard, about 20 laps a day, which equaled a mile."

About a week after starting his backyard routine, Asner discovered he was allergic to running. First came sniffles followed by full-fledged colds. An ear, nose and throat specialist diagnosed running as Asner's problem.

"So I stopped running," said Asner. "He told me that by sucking in all that cold air, I was creating mucous and then infecting the mucous. I just went back to doing nothing."

Doing nothing lasted about



Before he began running, a beefy Asner visits with Mary Tylet Moore.

a month—time for Asner's annual physical.

"My heart specialist hooked me up to his heart monitoring machines and put me on the treadmill. What he saw shocked him. 'Goddammit,' he said, 'I want you to start exercising.'"

"When I told him how run-



Asner: Minus 40 pounds.

ning had made me sick he got furious. He told me I didn't know what sick was but I would know if I didn't start running again. I got the message real fast!"

Once again, Asner was lapsing his backyard. This time, changes began taking place.

With a little help from a diet, fat began melting away. No longer ashamed to be seen running in public, Asner stopped wearing a groove in the outer edge of his yard and took to the streets.

"I plotted a mile and a half course over the streets in the Hollywood Hills and went public with my running," said Asner. "I eventually built up my constitution to the point where I could shrug off the ill effects of cold air on a warm body."

Those weren't the only ill effects Asner was able to shrug off with a regular running routine. Using sophisticated monitoring equipment, Asner's heart specialist discovered an irregularity in his heart beat, a rare abnormality called a right bundle-branch block.

"After about 15 or 20 min-

utes on the treadmill, when he had me on the steepest incline and the most rapid rate and I was really blowing up a storm, he found that my right bundle-branch block disappeared. He had never seen that before.

"So he consulted other heart specialists and they knew no answer for it," said Asner. "The only answer they could come up with was that running was easing my heart problem."

But that wasn't the only change of heart experienced by Ed Asner. The veteran actor discovered something he didn't realize he had forgotten: he discovered he was alive.

"The clearest statement I can make about running is the fact that no matter how tired it might make me the rest of the day—the fact that I am always happy to sit down whenever I can while working—my appreciation of being alive is much more intense."

Born again? Asner laughed at the comparison and then agreed with it.

"Maybe not in the religious sense, but anything that makes you feel so alive has to become at least addictive if not religious."

—Paul Perry

The SWAT Team: a Precision Group of -- Kids?

some pain. I just try to impress upon them that it's not fun to lose; it's more fun to train your best and give your best performance. But if a kid is always losing, yet he turns in a good try, I give him a lot of praise."

Even if the children don't do well on the track, they still must turn in championship scholastic performances. "If a kid is doing poorly we'll get him a tutor," Robinson says. "We've got a couple of teachers at the school who

The SWAT team in Philadelphia is a tough and disciplined lot. They respond swiftly to the call of duty—but their parents have to drive them. They are the *Southwest Athletic Team*, a track team of neighborhood children in Southwest Philadelphia who are racking up a lot of medals, ribbons and trophies from meets around the country.

The coach's 8-year-old daughter, Niambi Robinson, holds an age-group world record in the 100-yard dash at 16.6. Another teammate,



will tutor; I'll help, my wife will help. There's no excuse for a kid to do poorly in school."

Running also helps the kids develop an appreciation for each other. They all live within a 10-block radius of the coach's home which they use freely as an informal clubhouse. And in summer they all gather for what they call cement relays—a neighborhood picnic and casual race around the neighborhood.

And what drives the kids besides Coach Robinson? When Niambi is out doing her dis-

Friendly coach Robinson's formula: hurt & pain, but fun to do your best.

James Peterson, broke the world's record for 6-year-olds in the mile at 6:24 breaking his own record with a 6:20 30 days after turning seven.

Running has become a pivotal point for neighborhood cooperation and family togetherness. All SWAT parents help with training and transportation and their involvement has been crucial to the team's existence.

When the team went to the AAU National Cross-Country Championships in Bloomington, Ind. last November, they raised money for the trip the best way they knew how: they ran for it. They held a 77-mile marathon with seven kids running 11 miles each for pledges of 50 cents-a-mile. They got to Indiana. It was an 8-degree morning and the mile course was exposed to a brutal mid-west wind. They beat the wind, the cold, and the other teams,



It's a family affair

all with less than 6:20 miles. Coach Stan Robinson doesn't push them to win, but he says: "You have to make them realize there is some hurt involved. There is

tance running, there's only one thought going through her mind: "I just think about getting home for the cartoons and that makes me go."

—Ken Szymkowiak

PEOPLE

believe in running with a partner.

"I've tried running with a friend," he said. "But I don't like the edge of competition that inevitably enters in."

However, Prather plans to break his vow of solitary running at a 40-mile marathon planned by friends in honor of his 40th birthday.

Why a 40-mile run?

"Children don't have to have a reason for doing something. Adults have to have 'a good reason' or they feel vaguely guilty. I just want to run. It seems like a fun thing to do."

—Elaine Pinkerton



David Gottlieb's Night Of Fear and Loathing

It was a nice June night for a run, like so many others 34 year-old David Gottlieb had taken over the years. But this night would be different. It would be a night he would never forget.

At 9:30 he set out from his apartment for a five-mile run. He was running 125 miles a week and it was the night running he looked forward to. On this night, he was in his own neighborhood in Silver Spring, Md. Two men in a camper truck slowed beside him. They were saying something. In an unbroken, easy stride, Gottlieb continued on. The pickup paced him.

"When I say stop, goddammit, you stop!" the driver yelled.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch," Gottlieb replied, hoping they would mistake him for a foreigner. It didn't work: the pickup menacingly continued to pace him. Gottlieb spotted a man sitting in a car in the driveway of a nearby home. He approached the man and explained what was happening. Would he please call the police? The man rolled up his window.

Gottlieb headed for the nearby home of his sister. Within a few blocks of her home the two men jumped him from behind some bushes.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Gottlieb pleaded as they beat and stomped him.

"When I tell you to stop, you stop!" one of the men shouted.

Gottlieb pulled away and ran toward one of the many nearby homes, toward neighbors who could hear screams and noises, but who, police said, had chosen to do nothing.

Initial examination at the hospital revealed what Gottlieb already knew: he had taken a severe beating. He had a concussion, a broken nose, deep face cuts, bruises and swelling. There were curious marks on his body which the attending physician initially thought were tattoos, but what turned out to be imprints of letters inlaid on the boot heels of one of his attackers.

When Gottlieb left the hospital after about a week, his neurosurgeon said he'd had a speedy recovery. The doctor said he was in superior shape because of his running, but that he should take it easy, anyway. To Gottlieb that meant 70 miles a week, well below his normal load. But 70 miles was too much, and one day at work he collapsed. He was suffering from what doctors said was an aneurism of the superficial temporal artery in his scalp and would require surgery. Then his back required traction; then his eyesight became blurred and several eye operations were necessary.

He was released from the hospital a month later, but told not to run. To occupy his time, Gottlieb badgered police to speed their investigation. He posted reward posters around the neighborhood offering a \$300 reward for information about his assailants.

One day Gottlieb identified one of the suspects from police photographs. Another breakthrough occurred when the night manager for a gas station noticed one of Gottlieb's wanted posters. He had called police months before to report two belligerent men in bloodied clothing who had come into his station on the night of Gottlieb's attack. He could identify them as the same men who jumped Gottlieb.

In court the defense attorney accused Gottlieb of running in the middle of the street and not far to the left as he claimed. They portrayed Gottlieb as a man who exaggerated his injuries and who incited the attack.

"I was reminded of a rape trial where the victim is made to feel like she asked for it," Gottlieb said.

Gottlieb's assailants were found guilty and sentenced to prison. When Gottlieb began running again nine months later he was scared. But now Gottlieb is running eight miles a day and is just starting to

think again about breaking a three-hour marathon. And he is cautious: he always plans an escape route.

—Jeffrey Darman



The Keller Twins Run Together Stride by Stride

Carol and Marc Keller are quick to stress they are not identical twins. One glance and you know they're right—they are male and female. The 18 year-old seniors at Helix High School in La Mesa, Calif. are indeed twins. But if they weren't, their spirit and desire for running would qualify them anyway.

The brother and sister teammates are rated statewide among the top 10 high school two-milers. Carol placed third in last year's state meet at 10:44, and Marc clocked a 9:09 in the regional two-mile finals.

Apart from natural ability, the twins have a tremendous desire and self-discipline for running, which so far has been great enough to see them through races where they were handicapped by torn ligaments, injured tendons, flu and other obstacles.

For Marc, the obstacles paralleled the success from the beginning—which was a track meet in eighth grade. That first meet set the pattern for his running career: he lost his right shoe toward the beginning of the race, but in spite of that he beat the school record by 12 seconds. In his sophomore year he ran with flu that stripped 12 pounds from his body to place second in the state cross-country finals.

"I was throwing up before the race. At the mile, I was 30th of 70 runners, but I just kept driving myself. At the end, I didn't know where I was. I could barely collect the award."

Marc's twin also shares his accident-prone nature. But last year, despite an injured knee, Carol had the determination to stay in training. Her persistence paid off in state competition.

It was Marc who convinced Carol to try out for the track team. "She wasn't really that involved in anything at the

time, and I told her it would be a good way to meet people."

Carol says she joined the team because of "all the guys." But her mom thinks a competitive spirit might also have influenced her decision.

"They are supportive of each other," Patricia Keller said, "but each is very conscious of the other's achievements."

Their mother says that having two serious runners in the family has affected home life—if not disrupted it. Meals sometimes have to be planned around running schedules, although the twins will settle for warmed-up leftovers. "We're not into any special diet, like high carbohydrates," Marc said. "We just eat whatever Mom puts on the plate."

The twins draw the line at training together, but they share a dedication and commitment to running and will continue to run either competitively or non-competitively in the future.

"The thing we like about running," Marc said, "is that it's all on you: it's your fault or your glory."

—Ron Raposa



Running Is Changing Charles Barnhart's Life

It was midnight somewhere in Holland. Two teenage soldiers were crouched in a ditch, safe for a moment from exploding hand grenades and a barrage of artillery and rifle fire. One soldier, armed with a .45 caliber pistol and a bazooka, heard someone nearby and stood up to get a look. He was greeted by nine-millimeter bullets from a German Schmeiser machine pistol. He was shot three times in the chest.

Only two weeks earlier, on Sept. 17, 1944, 19 year-old Pfc Charles Barnhart was among the men of the 82nd Airborne Division who parachuted near Groesbeek, Holland. Thirty-four years later, a forester in West Plains, Mo., Barnhart was reminiscing over a photograph in the back pages of Cornelius Ryan's book, *A Bridge Too Far*.

It was September 1977.

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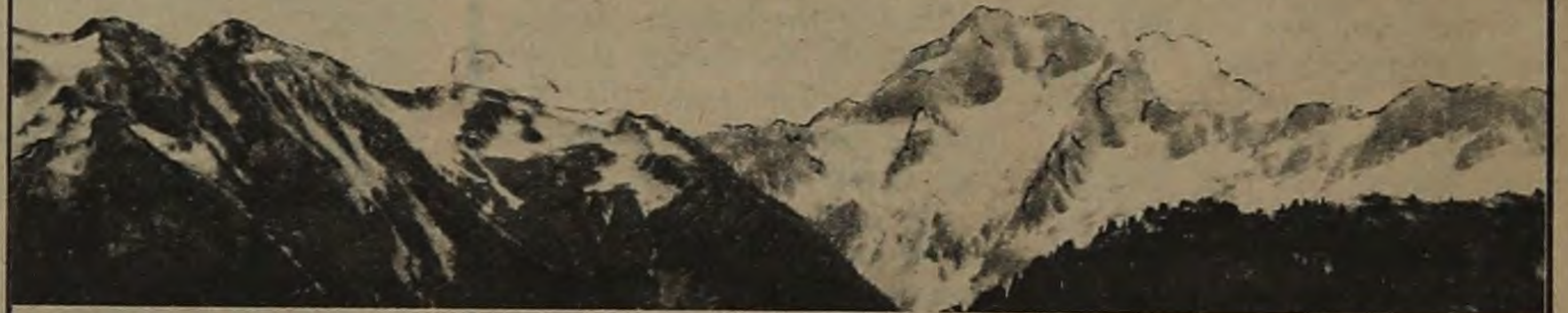
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MOVIE REVIEW



'See How She Runs' Didn't Go the Distance



By Mike Petryni

Since Hannibal hopped over the Alps, Sherman said let's take a stroll through Georgia, and especially since "Rocky" turned a \$100 million gross, the movies, television and various sundry Tom Snyders have been asking the usual question: "Can he (or she) go the distance?"

"See How She Runs" (CBS-TV, Feb. 1), which featured Joanne Woodward as a fortyish teacher-turned-runner, was no exception. From the first moment this doughty divorced Boston mother of two teenage daughters took up jogging, ostensibly to shed a few pounds, we knew we were faced with the inevitable question: Can she go the distance in the Boston Marathon?

From then on in this story written by Marvin A. Gluck, Woodward as Betty Quinn, is in training, running the streets and parks of Boston, making friends with the usual cliches of Irish cops, confounding her fellow teachers, inflicting a quiet bewilderment on her dotting ex-husband (played nicely by John Considine who's most known for doing the George Raft roles in Robert Altman movies with a thin skim of Southern California slime) and thoroughly embarrassing her worried daughters. How would you like it if your mother risked flashers at dawn and rapists at dusk for the sake of a few more miles? Incidentally, one daughter was played by Lissy Newman, Woodward's own

contribution to movieland nepotism.

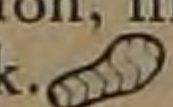
"See How She Runs" suffers a bit from the familiar sense of going down the same old road. Not only have we heard the going-the-distance question echo repeatedly, but Eli Wallach went this route before in a movie on TV a couple of years ago called "Twenty Shades of Pink" in which he movingly played an aging house painter who vaults over mid-life crisis by entering an endurance bicycle race.

However, "See How She Runs" still gives it a good run, if only because this time-honored or time-worn (take your pick) going-the-distance premise carries the opportunity to confront what really matters in any quest: the moment when Rocky recognizes he can't take Apollo Creed, the moment when the runner stumbles to sit painfully on the flat of one battered quivering thigh, feeling the burning scrape of skinned knees while an oxygen-starved brain concocts hallucinatory slivers of blackish rainbows, and we all come face to face with our own foolishness.

That is the moment fatigue strips away the facade and we ask not "Can I go the distance?" but instead, "Why am I doing this anyway?"

The moment comes here for Woodward's Betty Quinn about 20 feet from the marathon's finish. Woodward is splendid in it. The motion slows, the cheers go hollow, the tears dry and she shows the complete exasperation of knowing life is largely one damn thing after another.

Ultimately, this low budget film is flawed by high melodrama. Director Richard Hefron—or maybe her own quest for the Big Scene—pushes Woodward a bit too far so that she's struggling foolishly like a crippled doe and gnashing out the ridiculously melodramatic snarls of challenge.

But for a moment there, as a beleaguered soul blistered by the endless pavement; Woodward's performance flashed with the knowledge that hope comes only after agony, and "See How She Runs" itself made the additional point that the Boston Marathon, like life, is obviously no lark. 

PEOPLE

Barnhart was 52 and a far cry from that young soldier. He was overweight and had little endurance. For the third time he flunked a physical exam disqualifying him for federal emergency fire duty. On the advice of a Forest Service publication, "Fitness and Work Capacity," Barnhart began an exercise program. With the persistence he had in his youth, he began running.

He bought a grey, cotton sweat suit and some good running shoes that made his feet feel like they had never felt before. He was ready to run a mile. He went to the high school track and ran maybe 400 yards.

"My first runs were less than a mile," Barnhart said. "I couldn't make a mile, but I was determined to go the distance without stopping."

Less than a week later he ran a mile, but it wasn't enough. He set his goals higher and eventually ran two miles, then three, then four. He now averages seven miles per outing running easily at approximately eight minutes per mile.

Now a trim 167 pounds, Barnhart is confident he can pass federal fire crew qualification tests.

Barnhart won a Purple Heart, a Silver Star, four Bronze Arrowheads, a Presidential Citation, a Good Conduct Medal, and a Bronze Lion from the Netherlands government—all for fighting a war. He hasn't yet won any medals for running. But running has won him the promise of a better life.

—Dennis Cider



Herman Frazier Is Reaching for Double Gold

Herman Frazier hopes to become a man for all seasons.

Frazier, who won a gold medal in the 1600-meter relay and a bronze in the individual 400 meters at Montreal, is seeking a double to end all doubles in the next Olympics.

In addition to prolonging a fruitful running career, he's

launching a new one—on a bobbed of all things. It's a lofty attempt, one not many athletes have tried.

"I'm dead serious about this," Frazier says, a 23-year-old Philadelphia native who's now a graduate assistant with the track and field program at Arizona State University in Tempe. "I want to be the first person ever to win a medal in both the winter and summer Olympics, and I'm not thinking anything less than gold."

"So far I've had limited experience on the four-man bobsled," Frazier says, "but I've had enough to know that I like it and that I have some aptitude for it. Next winter I plan to go to Lake Placid and train, even though it means I'll have to pass up the indoor track season."

Arizona is not the kind of place you'd normally expect someone to become part of the bobsledding fraternity.

"It is strange," Frazier admits. "I had never even given any thought to the sport, but these guys approached me after one of our home track meets last March and asked me if I'd be interested in giving bobsledding a try."

"When you stop to think about it, it makes sense. There are 45-year-old guys in bobsledding, and there's no way they can be in the same kind of condition as someone who runs competitively at the international level. Naturally I have to learn technique, but I'm confident I can do it."

In addition to his duties as coaching assistant, Frazier is doing graduate work in public administration. Sometime in the future, the runner/bobsledder hopes to enter law school. But before he thinks about entering the halls of justice, Frazier wants to do justice to his own Olympic chances.

"Eventually I hope to get a law degree," says the man for all seasons. "But I'll probably postpone law school until after the 1980 Olympics. I don't want to spread myself too thin."

—Bob Eger



Tom Hensley's Marathon of Pain

When I told my doctor I ran a marathon, his mouth dropped open and he said, 'You did what?'

A year before, after a spinal operation, doctors told Tom Hensley of Flagstaff, Ariz., he would never run again. So it was with pride, after a year of incessant pain and intense concentration, that Hensley told his doctor he ran a marathon. He had run five others in his lifetime, but this was his first since the operation. It was like being reborn.

When Hensley was 11-years-old, his spine began curving. Technically it was scoliosis, a lateral curvature of the spine.

Prescribed exercises, gymnastics, swimming and running didn't stop it. But his curving spine didn't keep Hensley from competition running.

He was one of the school's premier runners, recording a time of 9:54 in the two-mile run. But Hensley's spine condition continued to worsen. By the time he was 19, his backbone was crushing his heart and lungs.

"I had two alternatives," Hensley said. "One was to have an operation and live with the possibility of not running again. The other was to continue running without the operation and die. I chose the operation."

Doctors fused his spine with an inflexible steel rod running

Words to Remember

I was going to start running the number of miles corresponding to my age each birthday. I got to thinking . . . by the time I'm 170 it might take two weeks.

DR. ART MOLLEN

—author of *Run For Your Life*

I run because I enjoy it . . . not always, but most of the time. I run because I have always run—not trained—but run. What do I get? Joy and pain. Good health and injuries. Exhilaration and despair. A feeling of accomplishment and a feeling of waste. The sunrise and the sunset.

AMBY BURFOOT

Writer, 1968 Boston Marathon winner

from his neck to his hips.

Laying in his hospital bed, Hensley thought about running the forests. "I would look out my window and see runners going up this hill and I'd say, 'Oh God, I wish I were out there.' I was looking forward to breaking my marathon time of 2:42 when my doctor came in and told me I would never run again. But from the moment I heard the diagnosis, I was determined to come back and run."

To insure surgical success, Hensley remained immobile for nearly three months after the operation. It was like caging a lion. "The nurses had to drug me day and night because of all the energy I had."

Three months after the operation, Hensley, now a senior at Northern Arizona University, was released from the hospital. He then began the slow, painful process of learning to walk.

"The operation gave me a fight back attitude—an 'I'll show them' attitude. Sometimes I'd think about running and it drove me to tears. After I got out of the hospital, I could hardly walk where before I could run a marathon. I knew it was going to be a long road back."

For 10 months, Hensley wore a full body cast and was restricted to only one hour's activity a day. In that hour he practiced walking.

When the body cast came off in March, he was fitted with a plastic brace. The brace was pounds lighter. It was his ticket to run. He ran a mile a day, and after several days, he ran 10 miles a week.

Six months later, Hensley's brace was removed and he convinced his doctor to let him continue running.

"At my next examination there was no change in my spine. If there had been a change," Hensley said, "I could never have run again."

Hensley, who calls himself a self-motivated loner, says he sometimes resents competing under a handicap.

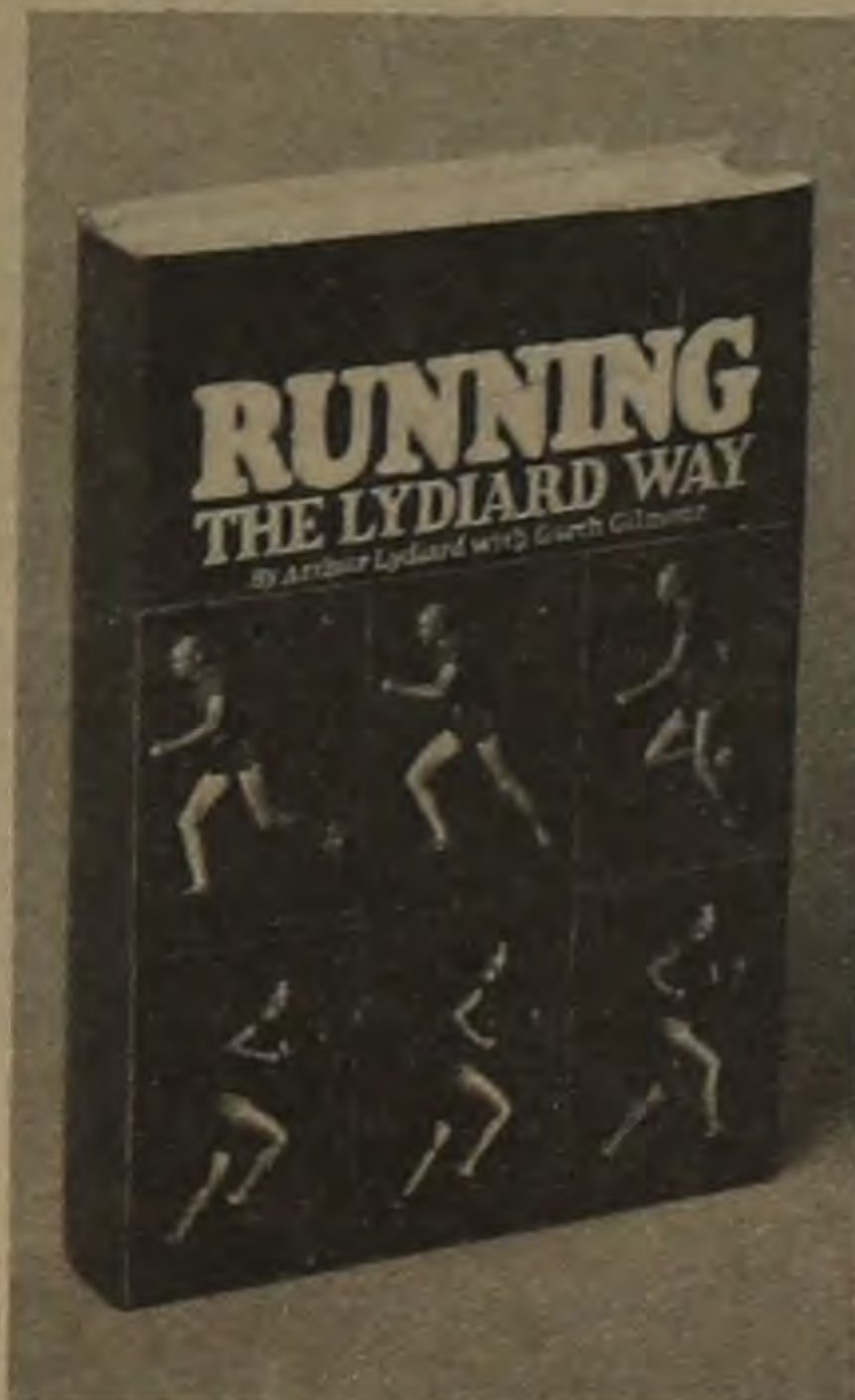
"I know the potential of other runners is greater than mine, because they don't have to contend with a problem like mine. Even if I go 200 miles a week in preparation for a race, there is still that barrier I have to pass."

Hensley is known to his friends as The Marathon Man. He recently posted his best marathon in the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe, Ariz., last December with a time of 2:33, breaking his previous best of 2:42. He hopes to break 2:30 this year in Boston.

But through it all, Hensley never believed he wouldn't run again. "You have to have something that keeps you going," Hensley said. "The biggest defeat is to stop trying."

—Steve Sexton

Book Reviews



RUNNING THE LYDIARD WAY

By Arthur Lydiard
with Garth Gilmour,
World Publications

By Jack Welch

If Arthur Lydiard had no other credentials than the performances of Peter Snell and Murray Halberg and the wisdom of the phrase, "train, don't strain," he would still be an exceptional running theorist.

But Lydiard does indeed have additional credentials—vast experience as an athlete and as a coach, an extraordinary layman's knowledge of sport physiology, intelligence, common sense, and dedication. He's a man secure in the knowledge that, while there may be no single correct training method, his theories are the best yet developed.

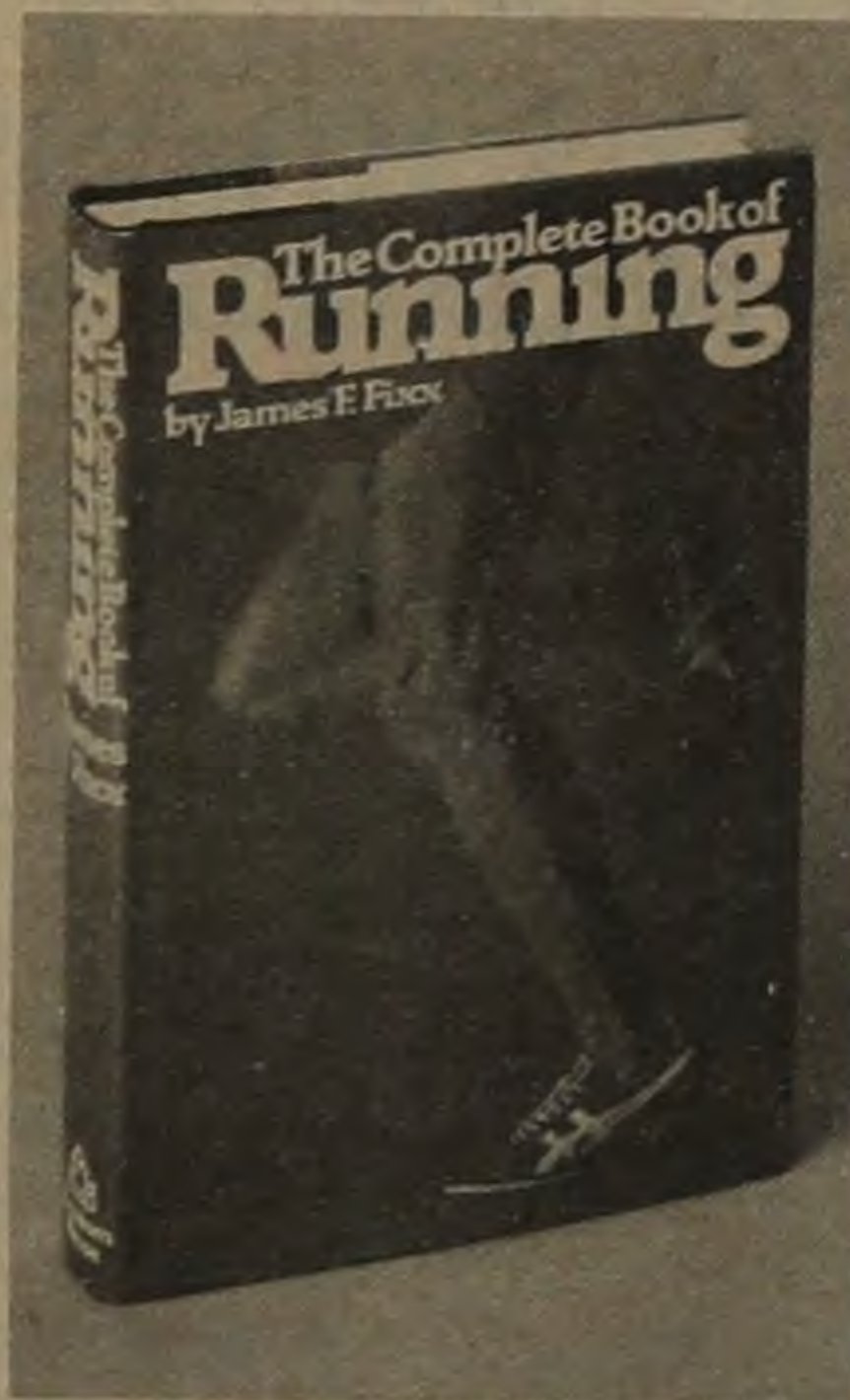
In *Running, The Lydiard Way*, the New Zealander describes the training schedules that garnered Olympic medals. He explains the physiological basis for his methodology, and he discusses virtually every facet of racing preparation. He covers everything from sprinting to the marathon, from young runners to masters, from world class athletes to fitness joggers. This is a book which clarifies the thinking of Lydiard.

Running, The Lydiard Way provides explanations for the various training procedures and allows the reader to balance his schedule. A large portion of the book consists of suggested training schedules for all distances—they are merely suggestions, not to be followed slavishly, but to serve as

guides for your own training program.

Lydiard, for instance, advises a 26.2-mile time trial four weeks before the actual marathon race. Theoretically, this might be a valuable practice, but this reviewer is one runner who would forego such an effort. Unless, of course, someone was distributing souvenir T-shirts at the time trial's finish.

The famed Lydiard program is detailed precisely. The endurance base, hill training, speed work and actual competition are described, so that any runner can understand the necessity of each phase. Lydiard advocates many miles of long, relatively fast, distance. Yet throughout, he is careful to counsel the athlete to run "according to how you feel. Go by your own reactions and adjust your training to suit them." The validity of this advice is indisputable.



THE COMPLETE BOOK OF RUNNING

By James E. Fixx,
Random House

By Max Seibel

All my life I've been acquainted with runners.

Way back I ran the mile and two-mile in college and talked to such runners as Notre Dame's Greg Rice and Oliver Hunter, John Munski of University of Missouri and Forest Efav of Oklahoma State. I even worked out in a group with Glenn Cunningham, who taught us pacing.

Later, while covering the track scene for newspapers, I

interviewed runners like Wes Santee, Tom O'Hara, Marty Liquori, Frank Shorter and Jim Ryun.

I thought I knew everything about running.

Then I met James E. Fixx and I discovered I knew nothing at all.

I met Fixx through his best selling book, *The Complete Book of Running*.

Fixx, a devoted runner who has chiseled his own weight from 220 pounds to 159 and runs what he preaches, reaches everyone in this book.

If you are running races, the book can help you.

If you are merely running for your health, it can inspire you.

And if you don't run at all, the book may con you into taking up a running program.

I'm a dedicated runner and thought I was doing my absolute best. But Fixx convinced me I am wrong.

First, my diet isn't right.

Protein isn't the bomb many think it is, says the book.

Fixx claims that what really makes a person ready for running is a diet consisting of carbohydrates.

Fixx has made studies of marathon runners and their training diets and points to the theory of "loading up" on carbohydrates prior to major runs.

It's a well known program now and begins with a long, exhausting workout. Then, for three days, the diet is high protein, low carbohydrate.

For the last three days before a race, it shifts to a heavy carbohydrate diet—plenty of bread, spaghetti and cake—and very little protein.

Fixx's studies show this helps the most successful marathoners.

Fixx recommends building a sound long-distance base before mixing speed work into workouts.

Fixx is graphic in his approach. He takes the reader through the gruelling Boston Marathon—an event he's run in, and finished, six times—in such a fashion that leaves you puffing at the end of the chapter.

Fixx devotes a chapter to "Spreading the Word" in which he claims *Runner's World* is the "most influential running publication ever devised by the mind of man."

He explains in the foreword of the book: "The purposes of this book are, first, to introduce you to the extraordinary world of running, and second, to change your life."

If you are not a runner, chances are good his purposes will be achieved if you read the book.

And if you are already there, chances are better it will improve you.



THE COMPLETE MARATHONER

Edited by

Joe Henderson,
World Publications

By Truman Clark

Everything anyone might want to know about marathons or marathoning is the goal of this book edited by Joe Henderson. A person who has memorized *Runner's World* issues or who had them all collected and indexed topically, might feel that this book has relatively little use.

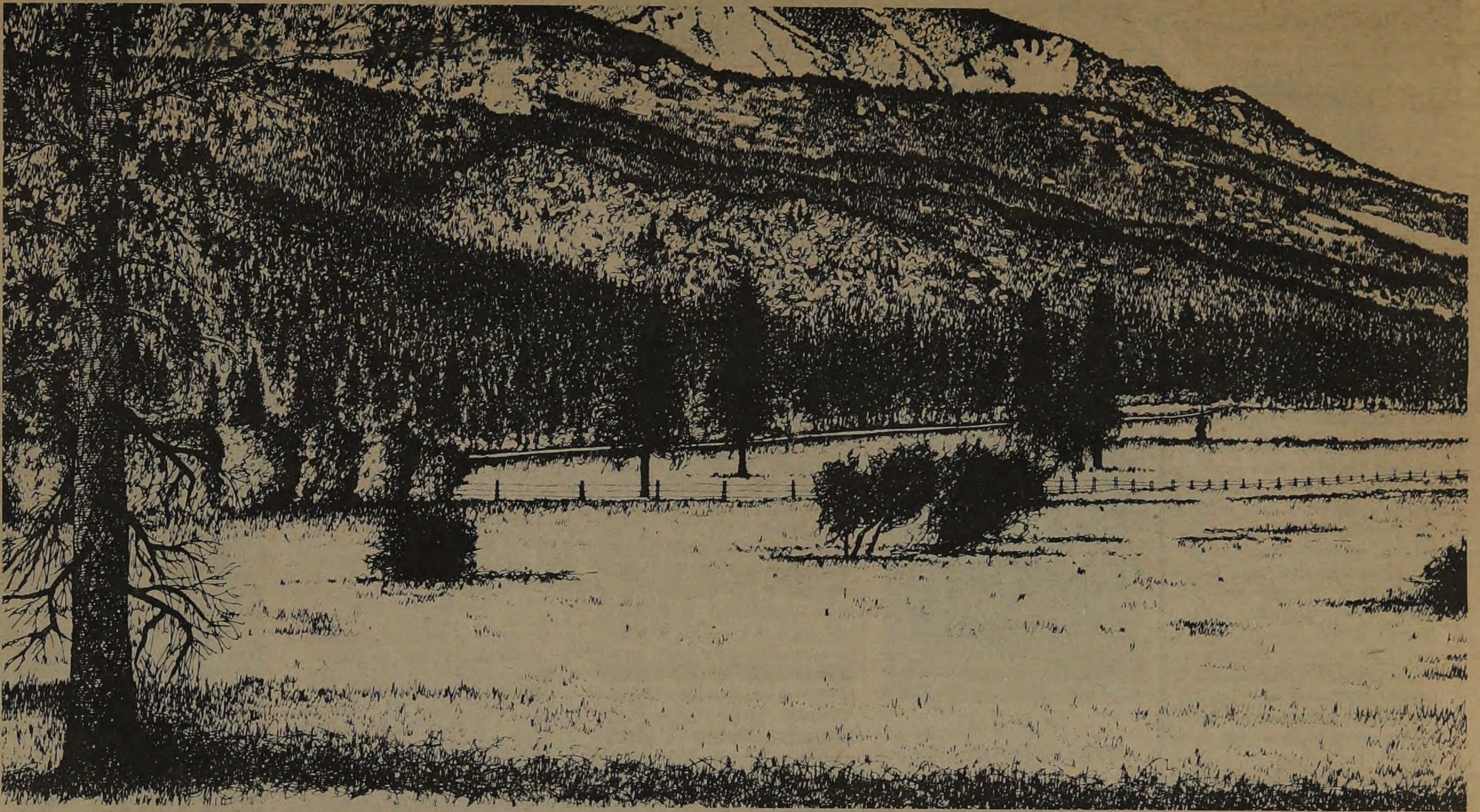
That is because many of the 54 short chapters were originally articles in *Runner's World*. But since it is unlikely that anyone has memorized the magazine or has a collection of all the articles, this book has several things to make it valuable for anyone interested in the marathon.

First, the short chapters are among the best pieces *Runner's World* has published on marathoning.

The Complete Marathoner includes essays on people like Frank Shorter, Kim Merritt and Bill Rodgers along with chapters on such things as race etiquette, liquid intake during races and first aid for injured runners. Here in one volume are some of the excellent articles *Runner's World* has published.

Second, the organization of *The Complete Marathoner* makes it useful as a reference. The topical groupings of the chapters include such headings as: "Training For Your Marathon," "Racing and Pacing Marathons," "Hot and Cold Running" and "Off to the Races."

If this book is not the complete marathon guide, it will be a long time before anyone puts together one that is more complete. The only addition to the book that might have been great, but which might have priced it far too high, would have been a section of photos of marathon races and runners.



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Topper Hagerman and Bob Beeten U.S.
Olympic Training Center
William A. Teipner, MC.
Stephen D. Dow, MD. and
other staff members of the
Reno Orthopedic Clinic

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2, 1978

Health and Fitness Seminar
MGM Hotel Convention Center
David L. Costill, PhD. Past President
American College of Sports Medicine
Terence Kavanagh, MD. Author of
"Heart Attack? Counter Attack?"
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MARATHON AND SEMINAR
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ON THE ROAD



AVON MARATHON ATLANTA, GEORGIA

March, 19, 1978

After much protesting American women were allowed to run their first official marathon in 1972. Two years later, Dr. Ernst van Aaken, German coach in the strong sport of women's running, held the first international marathon for women only in Waldneil, Germany. The winning time in that 1974 race produced a women's record of 2:58.

This year Avon Products, the same people who bring you cosmetics and costume jewelry, sponsored the Women's International Marathon in an attempt to strengthen women's progress in distance running.

For the race, Avon brought some of the world's top 16 marathoners as well as opening the race to women all over the country (219 entrants).

Despite predictions that a European woman would win the race, the battle for winning position was between two Californians: Julie Brown, an internationally-ranked miler and Martha Cooksey.

The day of the race dawned sunny and promised to be a beautiful spring day. But by race time at 1 p.m., the temperature was 73 degrees and rising. Halfway through the race it climbed to around 77.

The final battle for the lead occurred between 16 and 23 miles, with Cooksey trailing Brown by about 100 yards. At 22 or 23 miles, Cooksey closed the gap to 75 yards. At the 23rd mile, Cooksey caught

Brown who was breathing heavily. Then the lead was Cooksey's.

"I tried to run as comfortable as possible for the first 13-mile loop and evaluate my chances from there," Cooksey said.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| 1. Martha Cooksey | 2:46.15 |
| 2. Sarolta Monspart | 2:51.40 |
| 3. Manuela Agenvoorth | 2:51.52 |
| 4. Cindy Dalrymple | 2:52.10 |
| 5. Gayle Barron | 2:53.04 |
| 6. Laurie Pedrinan | 2:53.10 |
| 7. Gillian File | 2:56.18 |
| 8. Marilyn Bevans | 2:58.26 |
| 9. Liane Winter | 2:59.41 |

NINTH ANNUAL TRAIL'S END MARATHON SEASIDE, OREGON

February 25, 1978

The end of the trail is as welcome to a marathoner as it was to American explorers Lewis and Clark.

If Eugene, Ore. claims the title of track capital of the

world, nearby Seaside may well claim the title for more marathoners per capita than any other town in the United States. Seaside has about one runner per three citizens. With 1650 entries, this year's Trail's End Marathon had 60 percent more runners than last year's record turnout.

"What might set this marathon apart," explained race originator Ralph Davis, head track and cross-country coach at Portland State University, "is the entire community is

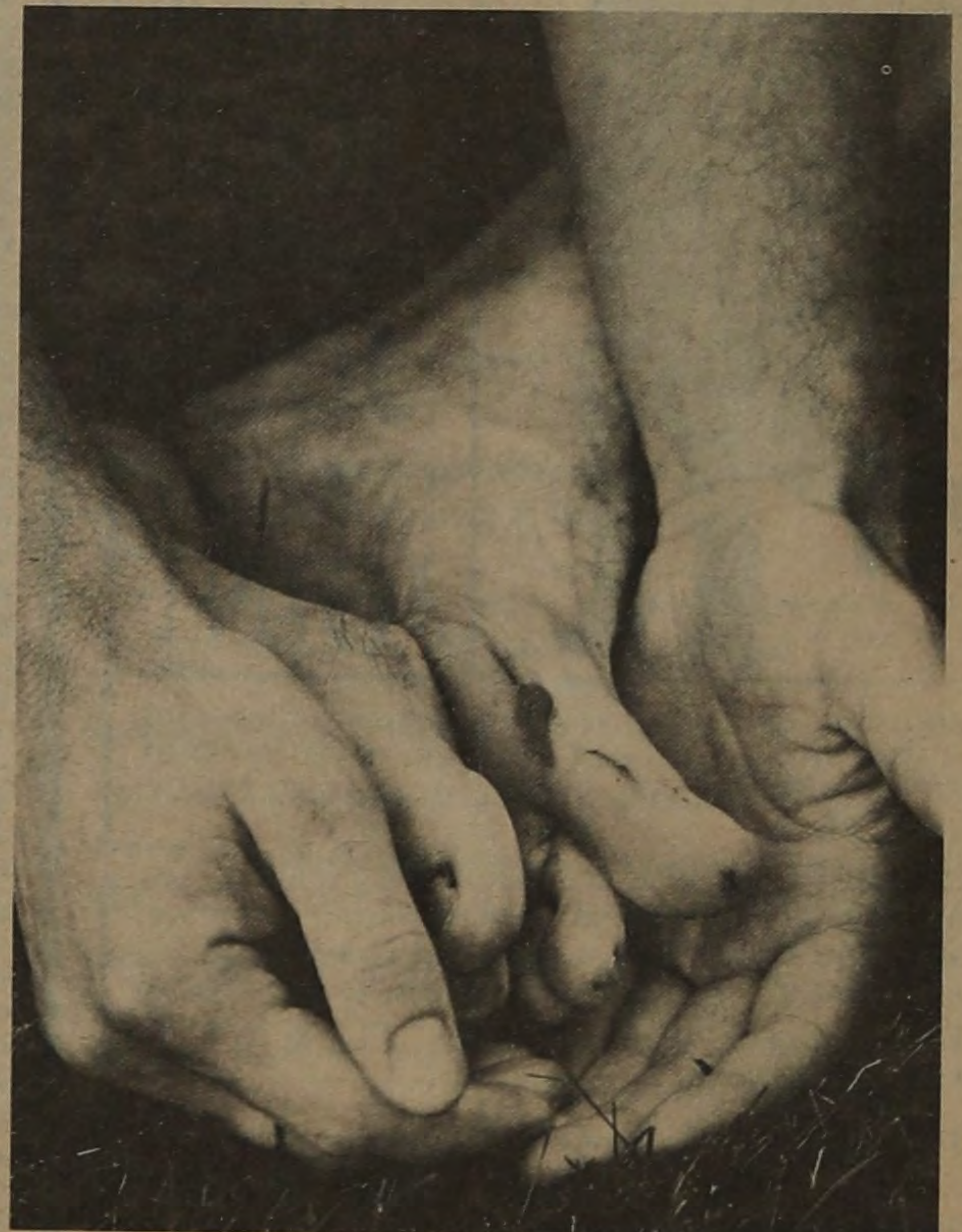
marathon oriented. Everyone turns out for the entire race."

Many runners are calling Trail's End the Boston Marathon of the west because so many people are involved. Known among runners, this is a runner's race. There is little promotion and no big name people are paid by promoters to run.

The course is an ideal spot for a marathon. It is fairly level and scenic, winding along back country roads and onto Highway 101 overlooking surf



Irene Griffith was women's winner at Seaside—again.



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pounded shoreline.

"There's a funny thing that we regard here with superstitions," Davis reported. "Every year either the day before or right up to the marathon, the weather has been unstable. I got up at 4:30 a.m. and the clouds were low. It was rainy and quiet. An hour before the race began, the wind turned around and blew the bad weather out to sea. The high was 55 degrees for the race and the low 47 with winds up to 5 m.p.h."

The enthusiasm shown by spectators was a boost to the runners.

"I got great support from the crowd, even when I was trailing," Ron Hill said. "You don't get that kind of support back home."

Hill, an Englishman and veteran of more than 60 marathons, was brought in for the race by Nike shoes. "You can't go in a quiet race anymore," mused 39-year-old Hill before the race. "New guys coming into the sport pick up all the knowledge of us pioneers and run faster."

After 10 miles, Hill held the lead with Terrance Zerzan in second place. At 15 miles, Hill still led with 1971 Trail's End winner Bruce Mortenson, 34, in hot pursuit. But around 17 or 18 miles, Hill hit the legendary wall and began wondering if he would finish.

The race climaxed with a tough battle for first place. When Bruce Manclark, a student at Western Washington State College in Bellingham, Wash., surged ahead of Hill near the end of the race, first place looked secure. Between the 24th and 25th mile markers, Sam Williams, a 38-year-old graduate student, passed both Manclark and Hill who finished third.

Williams ran by his watch, trying to keep a 5:20-mile pace. He began training five years ago to 'battle age' and never dreamed that he had a chance of winning. Aiming for 90 miles a week of training, the balding Williams joked he'd only been able to get 300 to 350 in a month. Williams, who was the top runner in the 30-39 age division last year, set a personal best of 2:21.44—nearly seven minutes off the course record. He quipped about the win being a victory for the 'old men.' Four of the top 10 runners were in their thirties.

While Williams was winning the second marathon of his career, Irene Griffith, a 17-year-old from Port Townsend, Wash., shaved almost nine minutes from her time of a year ago to be the first repeat winner in the women's division. She ran a 2:47.02 with Susan Rossiter, 31, of Tacoma, Wash., second. While the old men were winning, Julie Mullin, an

11-year-old from Aloha, Ore., finished third in just over three hours.

The enthusiasm of the winners was nothing compared to those who had helped put on the race. After the run, marathoners and others filled the Seaside Convention Center for a dinner and awards banquet. While they watched themselves on video tape, one of the race promoters speculated about the coming years. They had doubled all supplies from the year, but still they ran out. Next year they will increase supplies of everything including T-shirts in anticipation of 2000 entrants.

"We've got to start thinking bigger," Davis said, after saying they expected 2000 entries the next year. "You can't find a better place for a marathon."

SEASIDE MARATHON RESULTS

| Men | |
|---------------------|---------|
| 1. Sam Williams | 2:21.44 |
| 2. Bruce Manclark | 2:22.34 |
| 3. Ron Hill | 2:22.44 |
| 4. Christopher Cole | 2:23.19 |
| 5. Gordon Innes | 2:23.36 |
| 6. Mike Creery | 2:24.18 |
| 7. Bill McIntosh | 2:25.12 |
| 8. Bruce Mortenson | 2:25.34 |
| 9. John Blalock | 2:25.44 |
| 10. Yair Karni | 2:26.00 |

| Women | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| 1. Irene Griffith | 2:47.02 |
| 2. Susan Rossiter | 2:51.11 |
| 3. Julie Mullin | 3:02.47 |
| 4. Jennifer Daniell | 3:03.27 |
| 5. Candy Puterbaugh | 3:06.31 |
| 6. Eide Debbie | 3:07.33 |
| 7. Victoria Blankenship | 3:09.46 |
| 8. Janet Pearson | 3:10.19 |
| 9. Margo Elson | 3:11.10 |
| 10. Dianne Johnson | 3:12.47 |

GASPARILLA DISTANCE CLASSIC TAMPA, FLORIDA

February 13, 1978



The Gasparilla victor signs autographs.

When race organizers began putting together the first Gasparilla Distance Classic, they figured they would bring some of the country's top distance runners to Tampa, Fla., hire a few thousand pavement pounders at \$15 a head to raise money for charity, have a nice

morning romp through downtown streets and help celebrate the day pirate Jose Gaspar invaded Tampa several centuries ago.

The details, they figured, would take care of themselves.

But the only details taking care of themselves were the winners. Bill Rodgers emerged from a pack of 1475 runners to easily win the 15,000-meter event in 44:29.0. And high schooler David Boyer of St. Petersburg outran 1216 runners in the 5000-meter "Run for Fun" with a time of 15:56.1.

Other than those two details, not much took care of itself.

The problems started more than two weeks before the race when the St. Petersburg-based Suncoast Runners Club called for a boycott of the event to protest the \$15 entry fee charged Tampa area runners. All others were charged only \$3.

The problems multiplied rapidly the day of the race. First, the start of the race was delayed almost 30 minutes by a crush of several hundred late entrants, many of whom gave false addresses to avoid paying the \$15 entry fee. Then in the 5000-meter prelude, runners at the head of the pack jumped the gun twice. The second time, leaders ran more than a quarter mile down the street before police escorts discovered it was a false start and could herd them back.

Once the "Run for Funnies" was officially underway, the serious racers waited nearly 15 more minutes before heading out on the 9.3-mile waterfront course. The course was flat except for a slight rise over a bridge a half mile from the

start-finish line. Temperature was in the mid-60s by the time the race started and Rodgers and an entourage that included Frank Shorter, Don Kardong and Mike Dyon of Canada immediately jumped into the lead.

"Going out I didn't feel good," Rodgers said. "I don't know what it was but I just

didn't feel good. The first 4½ or five miles I felt like I was just trying to stay with Don (Kardong). I wanted to see how he did so I stayed behind and watched him for awhile. But once I got warmed up I felt better and started to pull away."

Rodgers finally pulled into the lead shortly after the half-way point. But right on his shoulder were Kardong and Robert Quinn of North Tona-wanda, N.Y., now running for the University of Florida.

"I put on two surges, and the first did nothing," Rodgers said. "On the second one I got away from Don but not from the other guy. I could hear him breathing very hard and thought he would drop back. But he didn't and I started to worry that I might be in trouble. A lot of times in a race like this a guy will come out of nowhere and do real well. But obviously this guy's been training a lot."

Rodgers slipped ahead of Quinn for good at the seven-mile mark and bounded home to the cheers of the crowd. However, the crowd mistook Rodgers for local favorite Shorter, who was several minutes behind. As Rodgers headed for the finish line he was urged on by cheers of "Attaboy Frank."

"I felt sorry for him," said Kardong, who finished second, less than a second ahead of Quinn. "There was Bill running a good race and everybody thought he was Frank."

Shorter, who has been bothered by arch and hamstring injuries, finished seventh in a time of 47:15.6.

"This is the first race I've finished in seven months and it just feels good to finish," said Shorter.

But shortly after the leaders pranced across the finish line, the confusion multiplied. The automatic timer broke, leaving many in the field without times. Those in the 5000-meter event never had their times posted and no arrangements were made to provide them with those times. More than a week after the race, officials could not supply times for more than the top 10 men and top four women in the 15,000 meters and the top three men and women in the 5000 meters.

"It wasn't necessary for our purposes to do any more," explained Max Mitchell, the race organizer.

Further aggravating many in the 15,000-meter event was that by the time they crossed the finish line the 5000-meter folks had drunk the entire supply of free beer.

Some runners were still dragging themselves across the line more than two hours after the start, but they still had to wait another hour before the awards ceremony got into full

swing. The problem was that race officials were trying to determine age group winners.

"Obviously," said a harried Mitchell, "we are rookies at this. But somehow, we muddled through."

**Gasparilla Distance Classic Results
15,000 Meters**

| | | |
|-------------------|--|---------|
| Men | | |
| 1. Bill Rodgers | | 44:29.0 |
| 2. Don Kardong | | 44:54.8 |
| 3. Brian Quinn | | 44:55.5 |
| 4. Mike Dyon | | 46:47.8 |
| 5. Jeff Hlinka | | 46:54.3 |
| 6. Jerry Slaven | | 47:05.7 |
| 7. Frank Shorter | | 47:15.6 |
| 8. George West | | 47:16.2 |
| 9. Michael Healer | | 48:50.2 |
| 10. Tom Simpkins | | 49:00.1 |

| | | |
|-----------------|--|-----------|
| Women | | |
| 1. Kim Merritt | | 55:40.9 |
| 2. Gayle Barron | | 57:27.2 |
| 3. Mary Stepka | | 1:01:13.9 |
| 4. Carrie Foret | | 1:01:18.2 |

| | | |
|--------------------|--|---------|
| 5000 Meters | | |
| Men | | |
| 1. David Boyer | | 15:56.1 |
| 2. Roger Hughes | | 16:28.7 |
| 3. Dennis Edwards | | 16:41.3 |

| | | |
|----------------|--|---------|
| Women | | |
| 1. Cammy Foret | | 18:27.2 |
| 2. Misty Green | | 18:29.0 |
| 3. Stacey Dru | | 18:46.1 |

**SIXTH ANNUAL PAUL MASSON CHAMPAGNE MARATHON
SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA**

January, 22, 1978

Saratoga with a flood of humanity.

Just so local runners didn't dominate the course, Paul Masson paid expenses to bring in six world-class runners. Locals Brian Maxwell of Berkeley who finished third last year at Boston, and Dr. Paul Thompson of Stanford, who held the Paul Masson course record of 2:29.3, were there to keep the visitors on their toes.

Among the imports were: Nippon Steel employee and Japan national champion Kenji Kimihara, an Olympian in Mexico City and Munich, who is on the comeback trail at age 36. John Bramley of Boulder, Colo. won the US World Cross-Country Championship last year. Bramley finished only three seconds behind Maxwell at last year's Trail's End Marathon in Oregon. Dan Cloeter of Ft. Wayne, Ind. was flown in, as was Kevin McDonald of Greenville, S.C. who won the Washington, D.C. marathon last year.

The field of runners stretched almost 100 yards when they lined up at the starting line.

The course was two, 10-mile loops and a six-mile loop. It is extremely hilly and winds along the Pacific Coast, through orchards, suburbs and vineyards. Those hills are great for grapes, but they make runners wither on the vine.



Brian Maxwell and the sweet taste of victory.

Despite its title, not all runners were soaked in champagne during the annual marathon sponsored by Paul Masson and held at Saratoga, Calif. The winner was splashed with the bubbly stuff but those who followed had to be content with just drinking champagne at the pre- and post-run events.

In an effort to put Paul Masson on the marathon map, race chairman Dan O'Keefe sent 30,000 brochures to all parts of the world. The mailing worked. Compared to last year's 450 entrants, this year's January 22 event had 1333 starters filling the streets of

Winner Brian Maxwell, a Canadian who is teaching and studying at UC Berkeley, found the hills tough.

"It was very hilly and they weren't gradual," he said. "They were very steep so you couldn't really gain that much from them. You had to use a lot of energy braking yourself coming down hill as well as using a lot of energy to get up them."

Out in front, leaders Bordell, McDonald and Maxwell stuck together as they passed the winery and began the second 10 miles. Then Bramley pulled ahead.

Bordell, who won the Kansas City Relays Marathon and



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RUN AMERICA

NEW YORK CITY

By John Zeltin

New York, "The Big Apple," has been called a place where everyone is running somewhere. New Yorkers have taken to running indoors, and New York has become a hot bed for the sport. The runner is a familiar sight on the sidewalk going up Fifth Avenue, in Central Park, and on the city's thousands of streets. Moreover, believe it or not, many New York runners are friendly. When passing a fellow runner you might be surprised to receive a friendly "hello" or "how are you?"

There are numerous running routes in the New York area. Some New Yorkers prefer the area around the smaller parks and others like to run the sidewalk along the East River. However, the Central Park area probably offers the most variety in terms of routes and terrain.

WHERE TO STAY

We recommend that the traveling runner stay in one of the hotels bordering Central Park, or, although less convenient, at one of the downtown hotels.

The following is a sampling of rate ranges at some of these hotels:

| | | |
|-----------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Plaza Hotel | Single \$47-\$95 | Double \$57-\$110 |
| St. Moritz | Single \$45-\$65 | Double \$55-\$75 |
| Barbizon Plaza | Single \$43-\$56 | Double \$52-\$62 |
| Essex House | Single \$60-\$80 | Double \$70-\$90 |
| Americana | Single \$49-\$69 | Double \$54-\$74 |
| New York Hilton | Single \$48-\$64 | Double \$61-\$77 |

(NOTE: Some of the above hotels have weekend packages offering substantially reduced rates. Consult your travel agent for information.)

TIPS FOR THE RUNNER

Weather Runners typically do their own thing regarding dress. However, the watch word in New York is flexibility. In the winter, the temperatures can be cold or on the mild side. The spring and fall can have cool or mild weather. Finally, the summer offers all the way from hot, humid and downright unpleasant weather to low humidity, very nice days.

You may check weather conditions by calling the weather bureau at 936-1212. We also advise that you check the weatherman by sticking your head out of the window, or by dialing 98.1 FM on the radio (frequent weather reports).

Closed to Traffic The roads in Central Park are closed on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays and offer excellent routes for the runner. If you run the roads during the week, it is advisable to get out early, by 6:15, before the traffic begins to build.

Closed After Dark Central Park is closed to pedestrians and runners after dark. However, some night runners choose to use the roads in the park after sundown. A safer route at night is up the sidewalk on Fifth Avenue that runs along the park.

Bicyclers Bicyclers fill the roads in Central Park on nice days. To avoid playing "dodge 'em," start your running and vacate the park by late morning.

Road Runners The number of the Road Runners of New York is 595-3389. There is a regular slate of races held on weekends in Central Park and other areas of New York. Contact

the Road Runners Club for a listing of dates and locations.

YMCA The Westside YMCA (phone: 787-4400) at Central Park West and 63rd Street has an indoor track. However, you must be a member of another Y to use the facilities. And then they can only be used free of charge up to 12 times; and be prepared for a case of the "diz-zies." A mile requiring 24 times around.

Reservoir The skyline view from the track around the reservoir in Central Park is beautiful. The best time to be there is either at sunset or sunrise.

Routes Central Park offers an excellent variety of terrain. There are flat stretches, low hills, and some fairly steep ones too.

The reservoir is a very popular running spot for New Yorkers during the week. There is always a cadre of dedicated runners there, from early in the morning until dark.

Here are some recommended routes:

The Lower Loop (1.7 miles)—Enter the loop from any of the access roads. There are some hills, but nothing steep.

During the week, traffic begins to build after 7:30 in the morning. You may use the bicycle path around the inside of the loop, if the traffic is too heavy on the road.

The Big Loop (6 miles)—Enter the park at one of the access roads and run the perimeter road.

Note: it may be a good idea to have a companion if you run the north side of the park around 110th Street.

Fifth Avenue and the Reservoir (4.75 miles)—Begin at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue and run up the sidewalk on the park side to 90th Street (1.55 miles). Take a left and run the lower path of the reservoir (1.66 miles), and return by the same route.

Be sure to notice the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Guggenheim Museum as you run up Fifth Avenue.

In the winter, the path around the reservoir is usually full of ice and snow, and not a good place to run. Other Central Park roads will be clear after most snowstorms.

Other Runs—A good run at night is up Fifth Avenue sidewalk from 59th Street to 90th Street and return (3.1 miles).

Another possibility is enter the park at one of the access roads, up the road to the reservoir, run the lower track, exit the park on 90th Street, and run down Fifth Avenue to 50th Street

ON THE ROAD

Military Olympics Marathon in 1976, kept up a brisk pace. He led from around the 12-mile marker to the 22-mile marker. Try as he might to catch up, Maxwell trailed by 150 to 200 yards over the entire distance.

"I was trying to catch him but just couldn't," Maxwell said. "Once I caught him I was running pretty hard and I guess he slowed down."

Maxwell went on to stretch his lead to almost a quarter mile to set a new course record of 2:20.06. But Bordell was happy with a personal record of 2:22.47.

In the women's division two first-time marathoners led the field. Carol Dickenson, 19, a UC Santa Cruz freshman turned in a 3:03.05. Close behind was Marche Unnasch, a registered nurse at El Camino Hospital.

Maxwell thought the race was a great success. He said most sponsors who bring in outside runners have their marathons on the East Coast or in New England.

"I enjoyed running a marathon in the Bay Area," he said. "It's the first marathon I've run here. It's nice to have a good sponsor to bring people like Bramley and Kimihara from Japan. The organization was great, but it's a pity the course was so rough. I only beat the course record by nine minutes which shows you how hard the course is."

Paul Masson Marathon Results

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1. Brian Maxwell | 2:20.06 |
| 2. John Bordell | 2:22.47 |
| 3. Dan Cloeter | 2:23.49 |
| 4. Kevin McDonald | 2:24.00 |
| 5. John Bramley | 2:25.30 |

24-HOUR RELAY WRAP-UP FOR '77

Bob Anderson, president and publisher of World Publications, had trouble finding a track for his second annual 24-hour relay in 1971. The powers in being were reluctant to give up their precious ovals for the "freak" event he created.

Today the "freak" is not only accepted by most track guardians, but ranks as a social event in some regions, drawing as many as 30 teams on one track. And as witnessed by its steady growth, the relay continues to gain popularity. The year 1977 registered 263 official relays, 13 more than 1976.

Vermont and Louisiana had their first relays, establishing another milestone. Every state has a recorded relay. And per-



performances continue to improve. There were 14 records removed from the all-time best list and eight relay records broken.

At Williamsport High School in Maryland, indoor track coach Bob Myers found the 24-hour relay an interesting highlight for his running awareness clinic.

"We had tremendous support from the community," he said. "People were invited to run their workouts with the runners to keep them company. The Hagerstown Run for Fun Club came out en masse. Our principal ran a mile and people who never ran came out to jog for our sponsor, the American Cancer Society."

At Ft. Mead, Md., the relay is the Big Event. Some 30 teams annually gather for a marathon track get-together, not unlike a marathon rock concert. In 1977, there were 33 teams, including a 50-mile race.

Weather was a factor in other relays. A Galesburg, Ill. team was forced to stop 45 minutes for heavy rain and lightning. At the Anchorage, Alaska relay in late May, runners faced four hours of rain, cold temperatures and high winds.

Amazingly, the year's best relay distance of 275 miles came on a day with temperatures in the high 90s. Yet 10 high school runners managed a pace of 11.4 miles-per-hour.

Considering the amount of time and energy expended in a 24-hour relay, those who have accomplished this goal probably wear their "freak" status with pride.

1977 24-Hour Relay Results (Top 20 Teams, State, No. of Members, Distance)

1. Grand Blanc HS Track Club (Mich., 10), 275m 1087y
2. Upstate Rowdies (N.Y., 10), 272m 1430y
3. University of Natal (South Africa, 10), 272m 489y
4. Indiana Pacemakers (Ind., 7), 271m
5. Noble Seven (Ohio, 7), 270m 707y
6. Grand Rapids TCA (Mich., 10), 270m 419y
7. South Penn Coalition (Md., 10), 269m 440y
8. Reading Roadrunners (Pa., 10), 267m 1364y
9. Montana Striders (Mont., 10), 266m 1295y
10. University of Cape Town AC (S. Africa, 10), 265m 1552y
11. Distance Unlimited (Md., 10), 264m 1320y
12. Niceville-Choctaw (Fla., 10), 264m 208y
13. Sedalia Striders (Mo., 10), 264m 167y
14. Berks County HS All-Stars (Pa., 10), 261m 1755y
15. Natal University (N.Y., 10), 261m 946y
16. CWRA Track Club (Calif., 10), 261m 798y
17. Sioux Falls Lincoln HS (S.D., 10), 261m 640y
18. Winter Haven HS (Fla., 10), 261m 80y
19. Assorted Nuts (Alaska, 10), 260m 413y
20. Valencia HS (Calif., 10), 259m 1382y

Jogger's Diary

The Beginning: A Novice Takes To the Road

By Chet Cunningham

Well, I did it. Today I took the first big step: I decided that my 48-year-old body needed a boost. I had to get some exercise and for me that meant jogging, maybe even some running. Fifteen minutes after making the decision I was on the road. Why put it off? Get started, that's what they tell me. So I started.

Shoes? Sure I wore shoes, some old tennis shoes I had laying around and a pair of socks, some walking shorts and a white T-shirt. What else did I need? I would run twice around the block on the sidewalk. It's three quarters of a mile around, so that would make it a mile and a half. Enough for a start.

The first block I jogged by not taking very long steps and swinging my arms like pistons. It seemed right. So why was I puffing at the end of the first block? I walked 50 steps, panting, and tried it again. Now my right foot felt like somebody had stuffed a golf ball in my shoe. I slowed down, then walked the rest of the block.

No sweat, I was just getting warmed up. I couldn't be this badly out of shape. I began jogging, my arms held limply in front of my chest. But that golf ball was still between my foot and the shoe. I made it through the third side of the block and finished at a medium walk, collapsing on my own front lawn. My lungs burned, my breath came in long wheezes, my heart pounded like an overworked steam engine.

What went wrong? I staggered into the house, opened a can of beer and slumped in front of the television set to catch a baseball game.

That evening I called a friend who is a *real* runner, a world-class miler with 10 sub-four-minute miles on his record. He laughed as I related my troubles. Then he started yelling at me.

He said shoes were so important to a runner that I shouldn't take another step without being fitted for a pair of good running shoes. He suggested that I spend from \$30 to \$60 for a good pair. They should be fitted to my feet while wearing athletic socks. He said my old tennies must have either too much arch in them or not enough. He chewed me out for five minutes and told me to get good shoes or forget about jogging.

How much warm up had I done before I ran? I told him I bent over to put on my shoes. Another scolding. He said at least a five-minute-warmup of stretching, trunk twists, running in place and jumping jacks was mandatory. I should let my body know I was going to be asking it to do more than it's done in years.

He knew I'd never run before. He suggested that after warming up, I walk five minutes before I started jogging. He said I should get all working parts warmed up. Then I could do a slow jog but only until my body said: "Hold it, Man!" When I got tired, I should walk again. Later I could jog. He said the first 12 or 15 workouts I should follow this pattern, not worrying about how far I was going or how fast. I should keep my heart pumping away faster than normal for 30 minutes.

So far we were still friends, but then he asked me where I had run. I told him the sidewalk and the air went blue for five minutes. When he calmed down he asked if my health insurance was paid up. His law is: never run on cement. He demanded that the next time I jog I should go to a city park, or to a high school football practice field after classes were out and run on the grass. He said continuous pounding on cement would ruin my ankles, my knees and maybe jolt my back out of whack. A city park or athletic field is best, a country lane fine, a golf course great and a trail through the woods beautiful. The last resort

should be a high school or college track. Instead of the hard surface track, run just inside the marked track on the football field grass.

Two days later...

I bought a pair of jogging shoes. I told the clerk how and where I wanted to run. He asked me about hard surface, and realistically I said I'd be running on some cement, as well as grass. He compromised and gave me a shoe with plenty of cushion: a fatter sole to absorb some of the jolting. The two chunks of footwear cost me \$49.50 plus tax.

As soon as I got home that night, I put on the shoes, took out the pair of light blue shorts I bought, and put on my T-shirt. At the high school nearest home, I faced the empty football field and began to take a lap around the pasture. Easy.

Then I remembered: warm up. For five minutes I twisted, jumped, turned, bent, and ran-in-place. The shoes felt funny. Did they have a big arch? I don't know. I took the ones the expert in the store said I needed.

After the warm up, I walked the first lap. Easy. Then I grabbed some courage and moved into an easy jogging stride. At first it felt good. I'd gone half way around the 440-yard field before I realized it. A piece of cake!

I estimated seven minutes I'd used up so far and picked out my 30-minute ending spot. After the first lap I slowed to a walk. Not

bad. Legs felt a little tight in the calves. Those stretching exercises probably, I wasn't used to them yet. I jogged again for a lap and a half.

After 25 minutes of walking and jogging, my lungs felt like a blowtorch had been lit in them. Back at the car I fell into the seat and panted for five minutes.

"...my lungs felt like a blowtorch had been lit in them."

"Do I really want to do this?" I asked myself driving home.

That night my running friend called. I told him I bought some shoes, and did the warm ups, and made it for 25 minutes of a workout. We talked. It was five minutes after he hung up that I realized I wasn't flat on my back somewhere moaning. I'd done a fair workout, taken my shower and was acting almost normal! I hadn't fallen over dead.

He said that if I would do this kind of a workout every other day or four times a week, I'd soon begin to feel better. It might just work. It might not be so hard next time. So I picked out Wednesday for the next jog. I'd go back to the high school field. Now my legs were tired, but I felt fine otherwise. Suddenly I grinned. I just couldn't wait until Wednesday when I could get back out there on the track again for my jogging workout. I just hoped I would be this enthusiastic later.

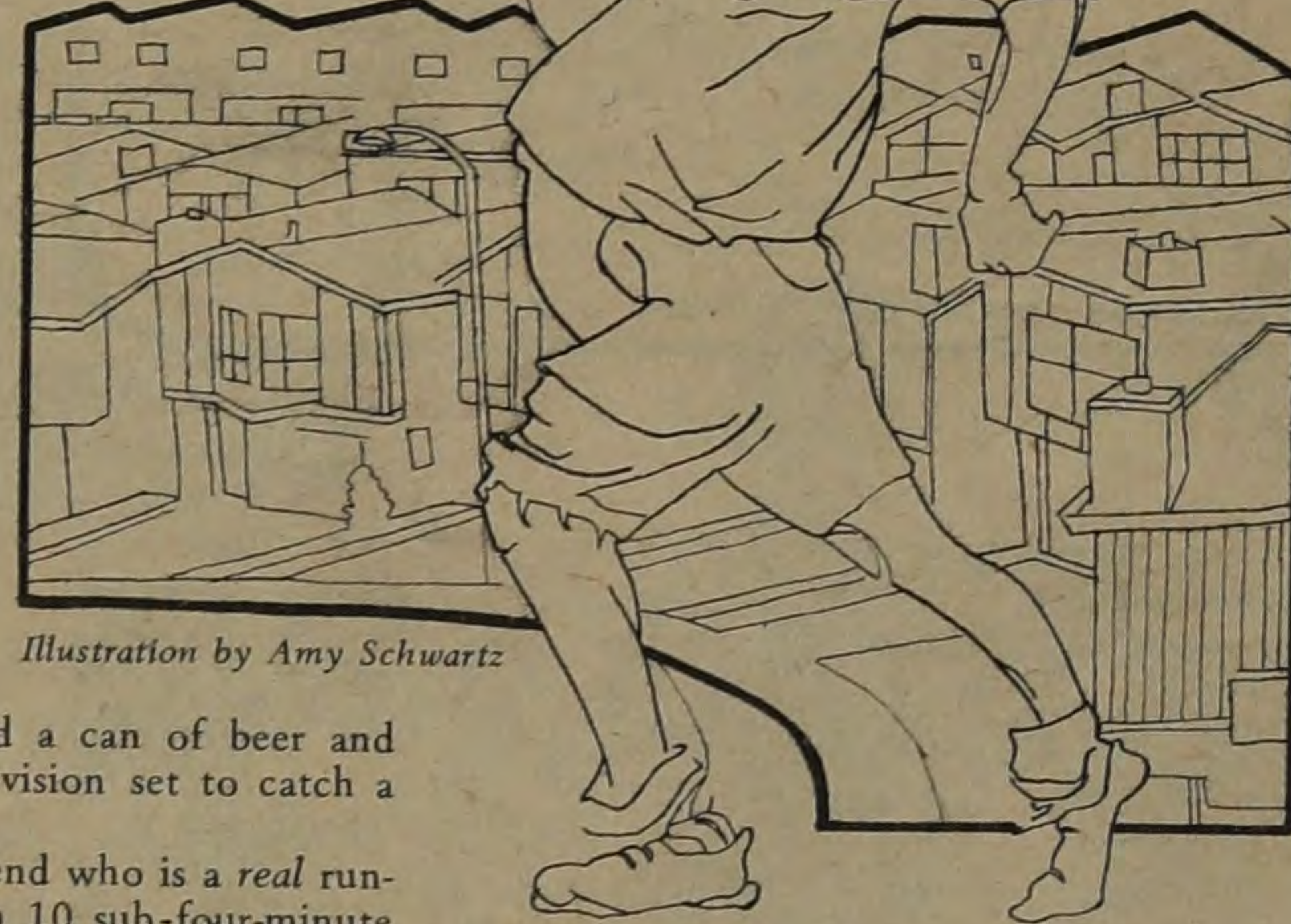


Illustration by Amy Schwartz

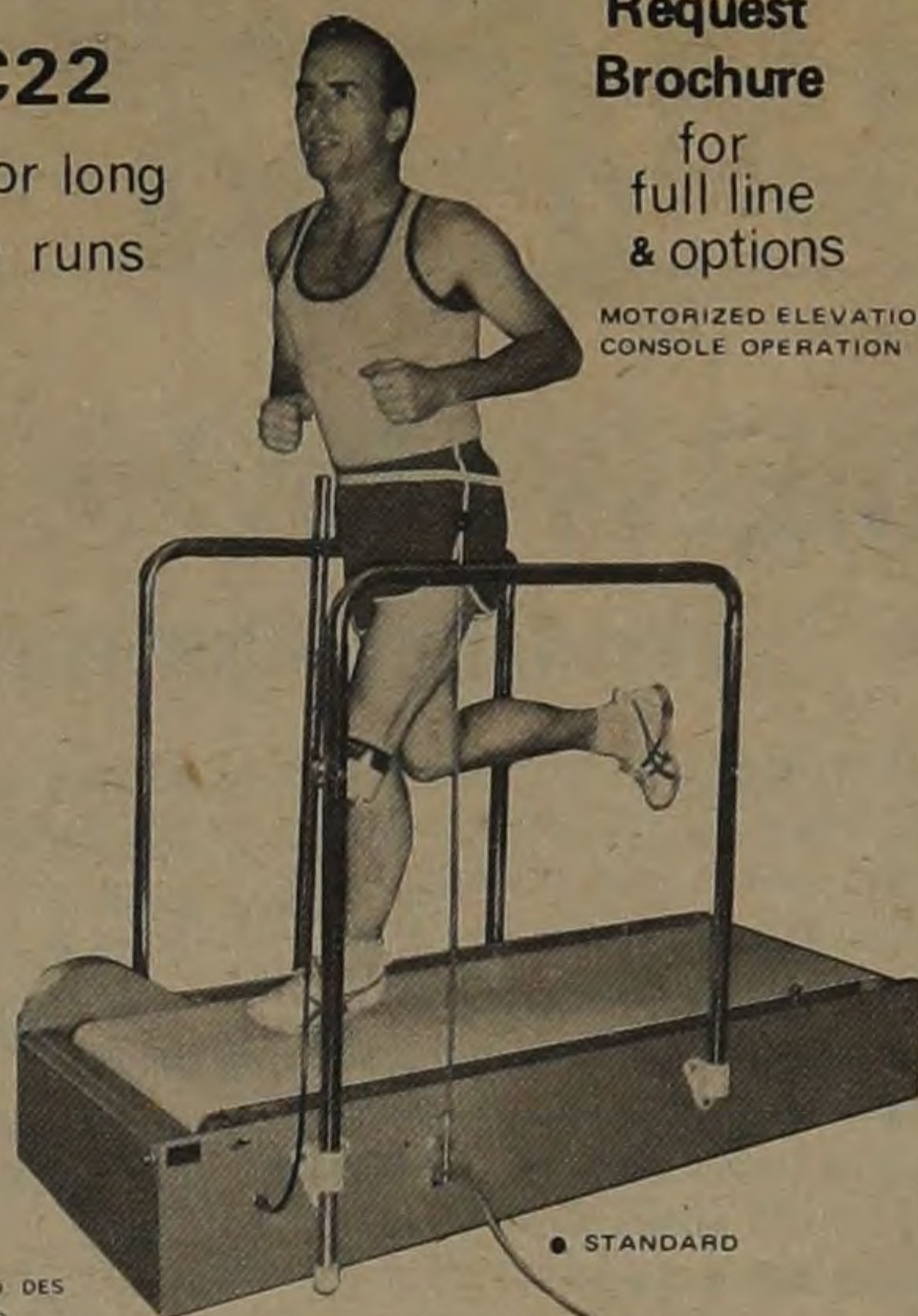
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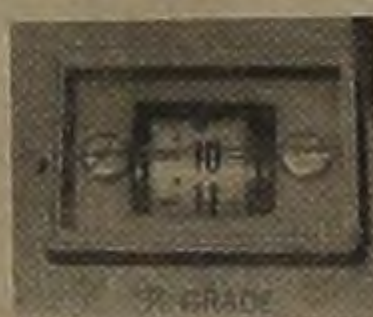
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CALENDAR

ALASKA

May 6: Eielson 10-Mile Race, 9 am, Fairbanks.

ARKANSAS

April 29: Hogeye Marathon, 7:30 am, Fayetteville (University of Arkansas).

CALIFORNIA

April 22: Mt. Sac Relays, Walnut (Mt. Sac College).

Livermore 8.56-Mile Run, 10 am, Livermore (East Ave., Between Vasco & Greenville Rd.).

April 23: Beach-to-Airport Charity Run, 11 am, Alameda.

April 30: May Day Five-, 10-, 15-Kilometer Runs, 9:30 am, San Francisco (Golden Gate Park).

May 7: Avenue of the Giants Marathon, 9 am, Weott (Redwoods State Park).

May 13: Hall-to-Hall Six-Mile Road Race, 10 am, Berkeley (University of California).

May 14: 68th Annual Bay-to-Breakers 7.6-Mile Run, 10 am, San Francisco. Senior Olympics Marathon, 7 am, Irvine (William Mason Park).

May 20: PA-AAU One-Hour Run Championships, 10 am, San Francisco (site to be announced).

May 21: Devil Mountain 10-Kilometer Fun Run, 10 am, Danville (Foothills of Mt. Diablo).

COLORADO

April 30: Half-Marathon, 9 am, Fort Collins (south end Hughes Stadium).

May 7: United Bank Mile-Hi Marathon, 8 am, Denver.

May 20: Half-Marathon, 8 am, Greeley.

Women's Five-Mile Run, Colorado Springs (Monument Valley Park).

May 21: 10-Kilometer Handicap Run, 9 am, Littleton (DeKoevend Park).

CONNECTICUT

May 7: Lake Waramang Ultramarathon, 8 am, Bethlehem.

May 21: West Hartford Five-Mile Road Race, 1 pm, West Hartford.

FLORIDA

May 28: Bay-to-Bay, 7:5-Mile Road Race, 8 am, St. Petersburg.

GEORGIA

May 27: Hidden Hills Run, Five- and 10-Kilometer Fun Runs, 11 am, Atlanta (Atlanta Running Center).

IDAHO

May 27: Coeur D'Alene Marathon, 8 am, Coeur D'Alene.

ILLINOIS

April 22: DeKalb Marathon, 11 am, DeKalb.

April 23: Bonne Bell Women's 10-Kilometer Race, Chicago.

April 30: Half-Marathon, 10 am, Chicago.

May 14: Lakefront 10-Mile, 8 am, Chicago.

INDIANA

May 6: Terre Haute Five- and 10-Kilometer Distance Classic, 8 am, Terre Haute.

IOWA

April 29: Drake Relay Marathon, 9:20 am, Des Moines (Capitol Building).

KANSAS

April 22: Kansas Relay Marathon, 7 am, Lawrence (Memorial Stadium).

May 27: USTFF Marathon, 7:30 am, Wichita (Wichita State University).

KENTUCKY

May 13: Bluegrass Lakeside Two- to Six-Mile Races, Lexington.

LOUISIANA

April 22: Holiday Inn Dixie Festival Five- to 10-Mile Runs, 9 am, Shreveport.

May 6: Al Briede 11th Gold Cup Five-Kilometer Run, 9 am, New Orleans.

May 14: Honey Island Three-Mile Swamp Run, 9 am, Slidell.

MARYLAND

May 7: Hagerstown 15-Kilometer or 10-Mile, 2 pm, Hagerstown.

MICHIGAN

May 6: Saginaw-Bay Marathon, 10 am, Saginaw (Delta College).

May 21: AAU Championships, Men's Masters and Sub-Masters, 10 am, Macomb (Community College).

MINNESOTA

April 30: Smelt Six-Mile Run, Duluth.

May 6: AAU 25-Kilometer State Championships, 10 am, Rochester.

May 13: Spirit Mountain 10-Mile, 10 am, Rochester.

May 17: Mankato State Track Meet, 3 pm, Mankato.

May 20: State AAU 50-Mile Championships, 7 am, Brooklyn Park (River-view School).

NEW YORK

May: Yonkers Marathon, Yonkers (Yonkers Raceway).

May 7: YMCA Five-Mile Championships, 11 am, New York (Central Park).

Metropolitan RRC Two- to Six-Mile Runs, 11 am, Eisenhower Park.

May 13: Informal Mini-Marathon (Five Miles), noon, New York (Central Park).

Metropolitan RRC Athletic Club Two- to Six-Mile Runs, 11 am, Eisenhower Park.

May 14: First Trust-North Area Y, 10 am, Liverpool (Griffin Field).

May 20: Metropolitan RRC Five-Mile, 11 am, New York (Eisenhower Park).

Champlain Valley-YMCA Marathon, noon, Plattsburgh (Rouses Point).

May 21: Bronx Historical Society Five-Mile, 11 am, New York (Eisenhower Park).

NORTH CAROLINA

April 29: Dogwood 10-Kilometer Run, Statesville.

May 7: International Masters Marathon, 7 am, Raleigh (North Carolina State University).

OKLAHOMA

May 20: Roadrunner Marathon, 6 am, Gage.

OHIO

May: Revco-Western Reserve Marathon, noon, Hudson to Cleveland.

OREGON

May 27: Ashland Five-Mile Run, 10 am, Ashland.

PENNSYLVANIA

April 28: Penn Relays Marathon, 11 am, Philadelphia (Fairmount Park).

SOUTH CAROLINA

May 13: Summer Triathlon (Bike, Run, Swim), 2 pm, Greenville.

May 18: All-Comers Track Meets (through August 3), Greenville.

TENNESSEE

May 13: Southeastern Invitational Interclub, Chattanooga (Baylor All-Weather Track).

May 25: AIAW Women's Collegiate Track and Field Championships, Knoxville.

TEXAS

April 29: Wildflower Trail Four-Mile Run, 10 am, Linden.

May 20: Beach-to-Bay Relay Marathon, 9 am, Corpus Christi.

May 27: Funfest Marathon, 9:30 am, Amarillo.

UTAH

May: Golden Spike Marathon, 7 am, Promontory to Brigham City.

VIRGINIA

April 29: Vinton Dogwood Five- and 10-Kilometer Distance Runs, 1:30 pm, Vinton.

WASHINGTON

May 28: PNAC 10-Mile Championships, 11 am, Seattle.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

April 30: Life and Health Marathon, 6:45 am, Frederick.

WEST VIRGINIA

May 7: One-Hour Run AAU Championships, 3 pm, Philippi (WVU Track).

May 20: Charleston Armed Forces Day Five-Kilometer Run, 10:45 am, Charleston.

WISCONSIN

April 22: Ten-Mile, 10 am, Block Barth.

May 13: Syttende Mai 20-Mile Run, 9 am, Madison to Stoughton.

May 20: Syttende Mai 17-Mile Run, 9 am, Grantsburg.

CANADA

May: Alberta Marathon, Calgary, Alberta (Bowness Park).

May 14: National Capital Marathon, 9 am, Ottawa, Ontario (Carleton University).

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1 Starting Line Sports Running Shorts. Lightweight nylon tricot shorts with convenient built-in brief and handy key pocket. Royal blue, gold, red or white. Sizes S (24-26"), M (28-30"), L (32-34"), XL (36-38"), \$9.50 (\$1.00 postage and handling).

2 Starting Line Sports Running Singlet. Smooth, cling-free nylon tricot yoke combined with cool nylon mesh body. Royal blue with gold mesh, gold/blue, red/gold, or white/blue. Sizes: S (34-36"), M (38-40"), L (42-44"), XL (46"). \$8.95 (\$1.00 postage and handling).

3 Nike Elite. A combination of lightness, support and comfort make this shoe the most popular racing flat in America. Waffle sole. Blue nylon with yellow trim. Sizes 6-12. \$33.95 (\$2.50 postage and handling).

4 Brooks Vantage. The number 1 training flat features the varus wedge and self-molding insole for support and stability. Blue mesh nylon upper with white trim. Sizes 4-12 & 13, D width. Sizes 8-11, B & EE width. \$28.95. New Brooks Lady Vantage available May 1. Order now! Sizes 4-10. \$28.95. (\$2.50 postage and handling).

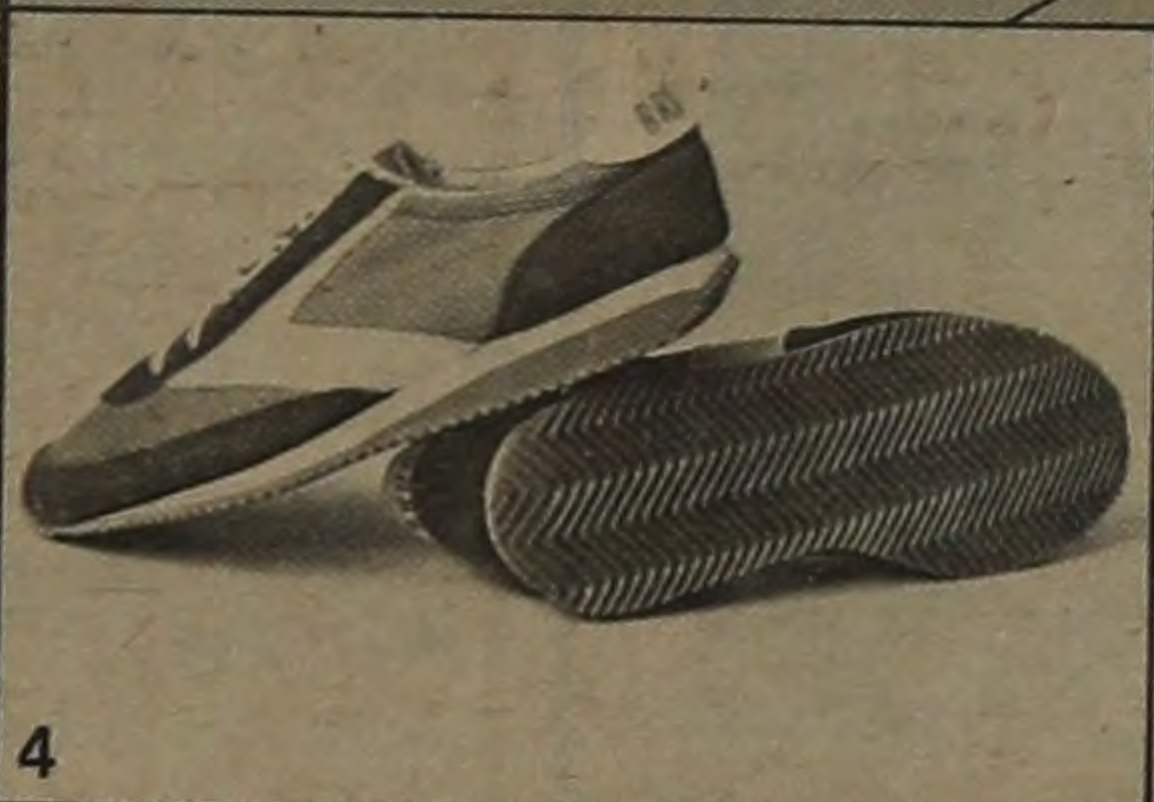
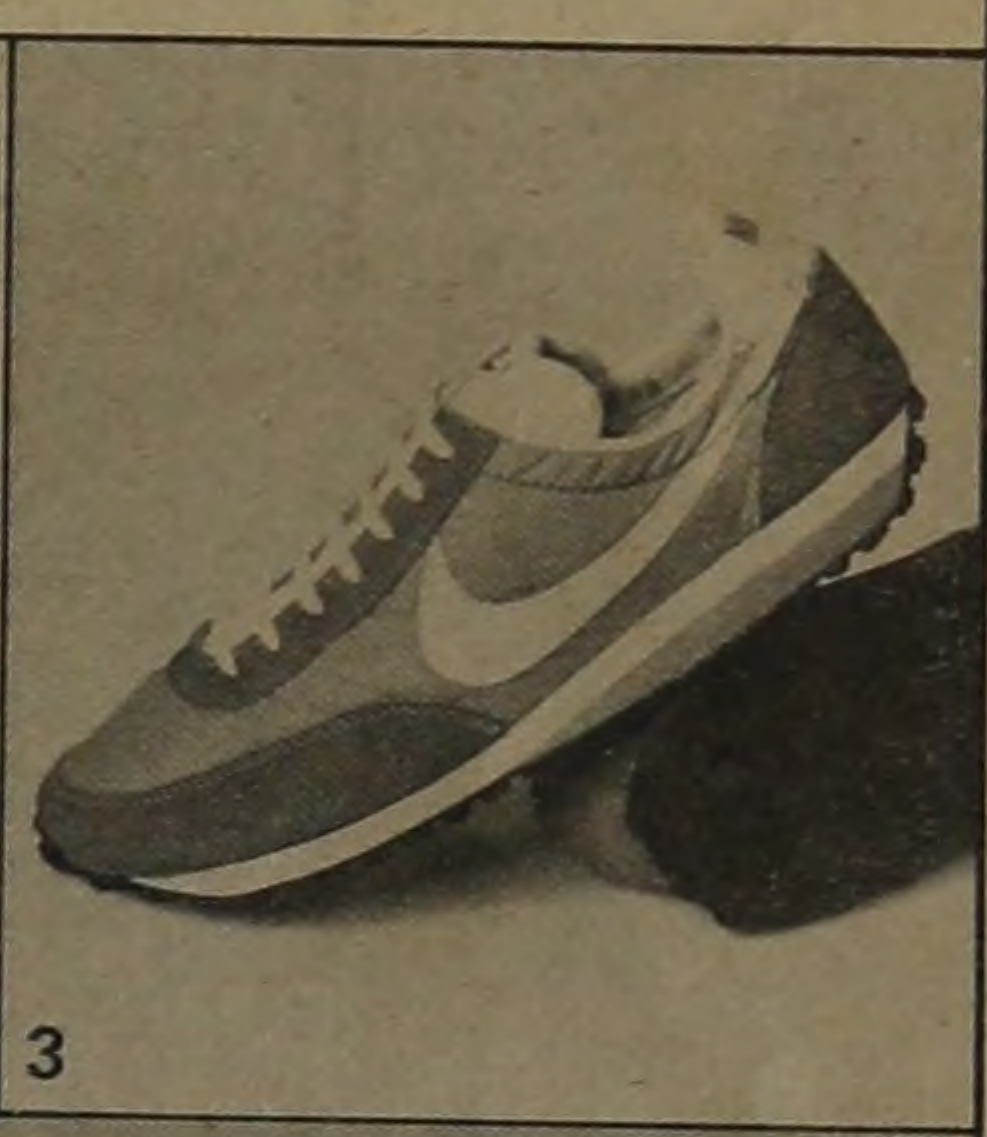
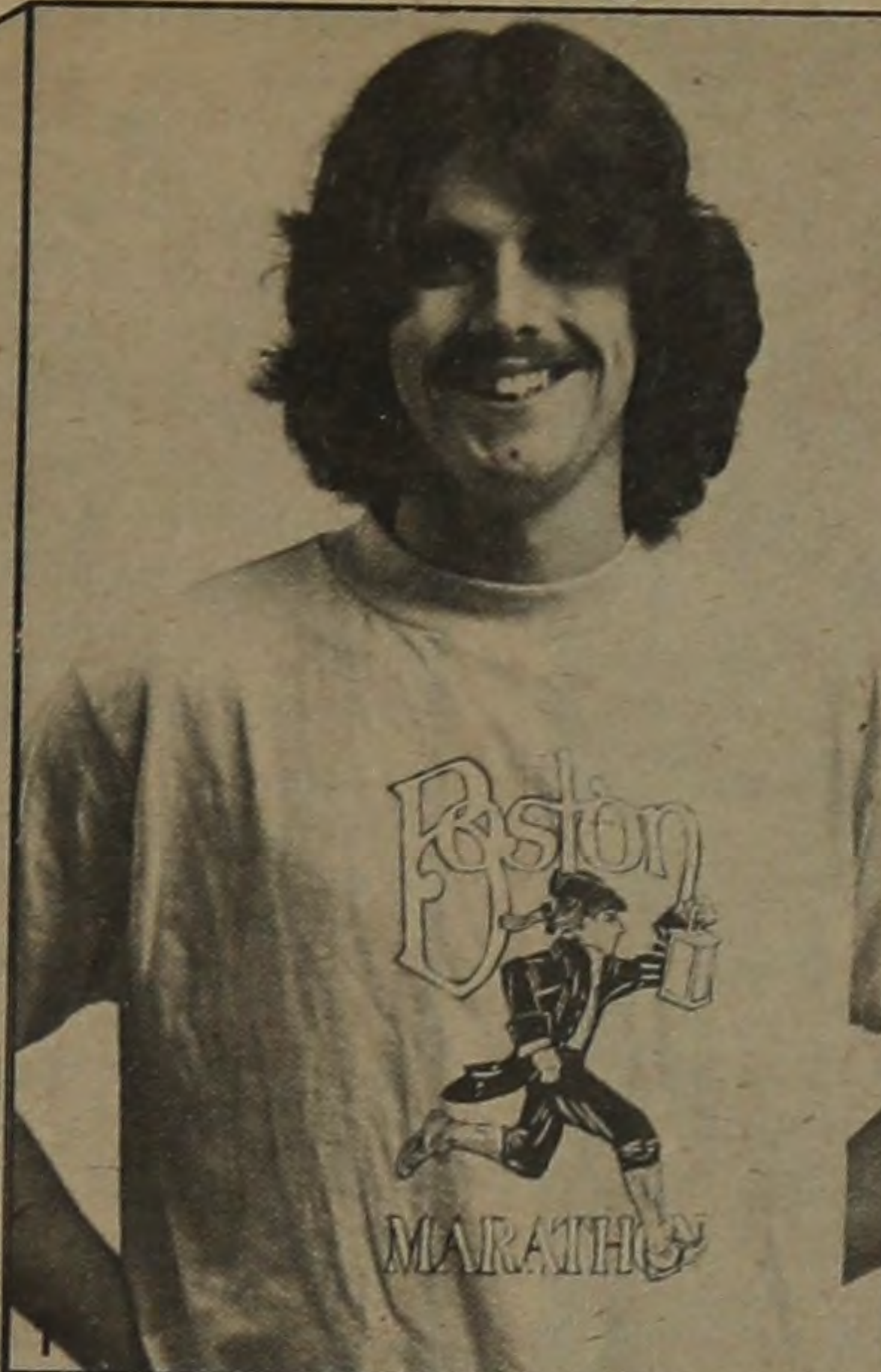
5 Microsel Racer. This featherlight digital wrist timer weighs just one ounce. Operates as both stopwatch and standard timepiece. Stopwatch mode times to 59 min., 59.99 sec. with automatic recycle to time longer events. Cumulative split times for one runner plus 1-2 finish timing. Continuous liquid crystal display (LCD) for clear legibility in sunlight. \$119.50 (\$1.00 postage and handling).

6 Running is a Natural High T-Shirt. Bright yellow t-shirt with sharp navy and orange design. 100% pre-shrunk cotton. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. \$4.95 (\$1.00 postage and handling).

7 Adidas A-15 Warm-up Suit. Sleek, lightweight jacket and pants in glossy nylon with soft, brushed acetate lining. High zips on legs. Slash pockets. Royal blue with white stripes, or lime green with dark green stripes. Sizes: XS (5'2"), S (5'4"-5'6"), M (5'8"-5'10"), L (6'-6'2"), XL (6'4"). \$64.95 (\$1.75 postage and handling).

8 Body Punch. Drink before, during and after running to prevent overheating and dehydration, and to speed recovery. Lemonade or fruit punch flavors. (Shipped postpaid.)

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| SLS Drinking Bottle | \$2.50 |
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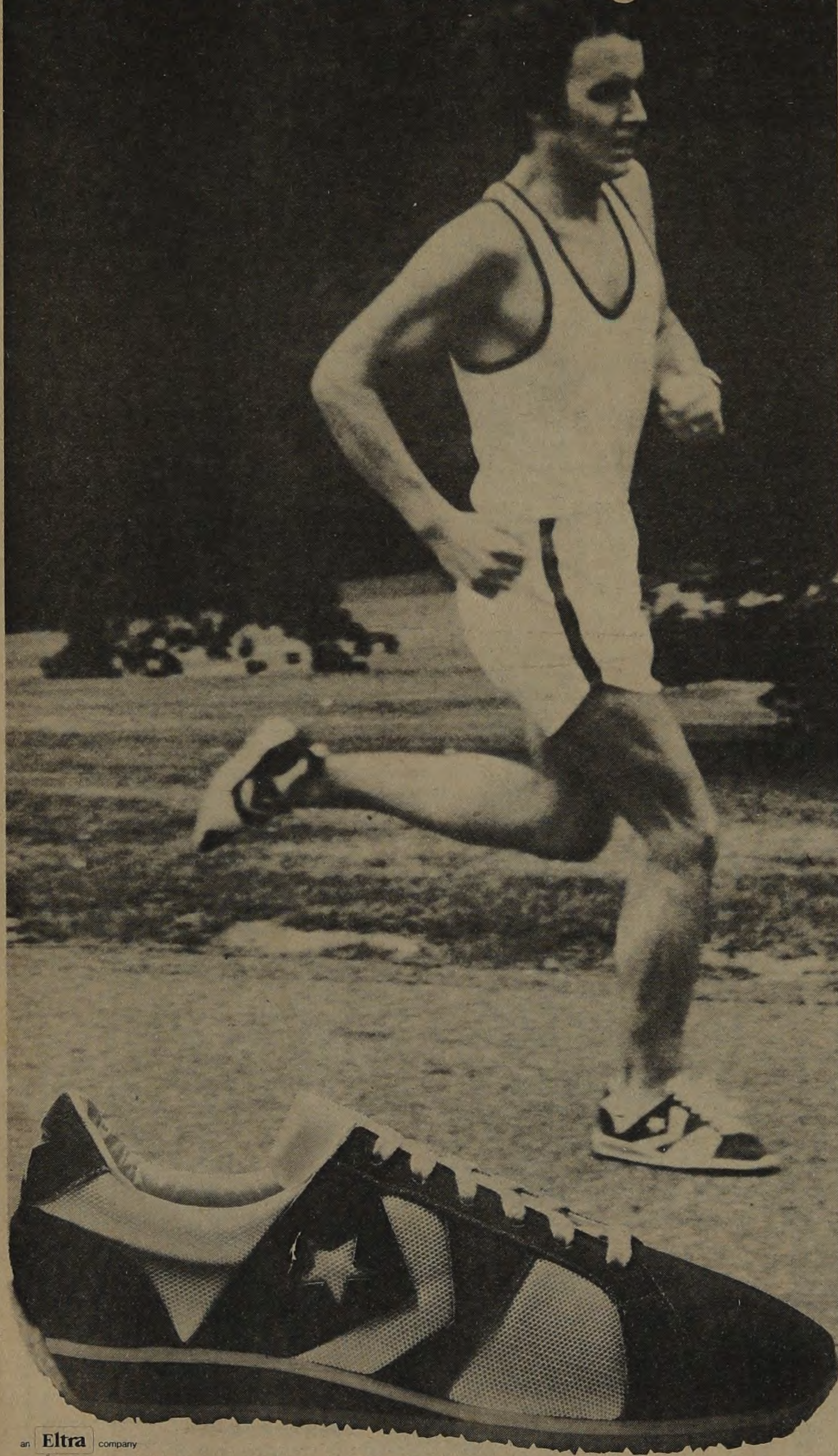
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*Survey conducted by Northeast Research.

NEWS BRIEFS

WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU CROSS JACK LaLANNE WITH WERNER ERHARD?: Rock promoter Bill Graham has launched a physical fitness workshop program in the San Francisco Bay Area, that if successful, will open a national string of \$250,000 recreation centers. Graham is charging \$175 for an eight course program which he says is a cross between Jack LaLanne and Werner Erhard's est. Bob Geddes, an executive at Graham's Focus on Fitness, said "Other programs fail because they don't take into account the psychological."

HARD RUNNING REMEDY: Twenty miles a week of running guards against heart disease regardless of smoking or eating habits. So says a study by Epidemiologist, Dr. Ralph S. Paffenbarger, Jr., of the California State Health Department in Berkeley. He analyzed 17,000 men who attended Harvard between 1916 and 1954 and discovered that those who expended 2000 calories a week through extra physical activity had significantly fewer heart attacks. Those who burned fewer than 2000 calories in light sports like baseball and golf ran a 64 percent higher risk of a heart attack. Joe Henderson of *Runner's World* says a runner burns 2000 calories in about 20 miles.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH: The United States Olympic Committee executive board has outgrown their 30-year-old New York home and will move to the vacated Ent Air Force Base in Colorado Springs, Colo. The new offices, located near Pike's Peak, will include a training center for athletes, a computer center and a sports medicine complex.

HOT ON THE HEELS OF SPORTS' RIP-OFFS: The Fight to Advance the Nation's Sport (FANS), a consumer group organized by Ralph Nader to protect sports fans against everything from sports franchise rip-offs to stadium junk food and ticket prices, will soon be checking into products sold to runners. Jim Ford, a FANS staffer, said they have been receiving complaints from runners about poor quality, high-priced running shoes.

MARATHONER IN HIGH SPEED CHASE: Amby Burfoot, winner of the 1968 Boston Marathon, chased several teenagers who burglarized a neighbor's apartment. He followed them through snow, over fences and around backyards until finally he caught one of the kids who led police to the others.

ALI NIXES HAMS: Muhammed Ali and comedian Dick Gregory have convinced sprinter Huston McTear to replace bacon, ham and sausage with vitamins, nuts and bran. But the dynamic duo couldn't persuade the sprinter to stay entirely away from meat. "I gotta have my steak," McTear said.

I WAS A SPY FOR THE NCAA: The Oversight Investigation Subcommittee of the House is investigating the NCAA for possible due process violations. A former investigator for the NCAA testified that investigators have bribed athletes to aid NCAA investigations. Walter Byers, president of NCAA, denied the charges. The NCAA governs more than 100,000 athletes.

RUNNING FOR HUNGER: The Hunger Project is co-sponsoring the July 9 San Francisco Marathon in hopes of raising \$250,000 to be used for promoting awareness of world hunger. The purpose of the Hunger Project, as conceived by est founder Werner Erhard, is to create a climate which would end world starvation in 20 years.

FOR THE PRICE OF A WATCH, OWN THIS GENIUS OF A CHRONOGRAPH.

Now there's a chronograph whose design dramatically outdistances all others. That's not big, bulky and mechanical like some. Or costly, finicky and undependable like others. And unlike the red LED's with their push-to-light displays and quick-to-die batteries—this one uses a power conserving liquid crystal display instead.

It's the Realtime Quartz Chronograph. A timepiece that masterfully joins the genius of micro-circuitry, ruggedness and styling. And it's available to you by mail through the Sharper Image, for only \$69.

So much data. Squeezed so thin.

Slimmer than 7mm, only 2.9 ounces, the Realtime chronograph is everything you could ask for in a watch, or a stopwatch.

In watch mode, it continually displays the hour and the minute, and every second flashes by. In large, crisp, liquid crystal digits. (Without you pressing buttons.) Its Union Carbide batteries last a year or more and can be easily changed by your local jeweler. Separate batteries for night light and time give you extra dependability.

Accuracy is calibrated to within 65 seconds a year.

Press the side button to command the month, date, and day of week. Easy to read, even in bright sunlight. It's American made chip is programmed to adjust for the end of the month, with resetting needed only once every four years.

They're off!

Stopwatch is activated with a command from the righthand face button (no interruption of watch operation).

Now you're ready to time any event to 1/100 of a second with uncanny precision, thanks to a quartz crystal whose vibrations split every second into 32,768 parts. The Realtime is more accurate than the finest mechanical chronograph ever made.

Record lap times. Cumulative times. Flick to watch mode anytime without interrupting the count. Or freeze the numbers at any moment. Take time out. You may even time beyond 60 minutes with Realtime's automatic start-over.

Built to take it.

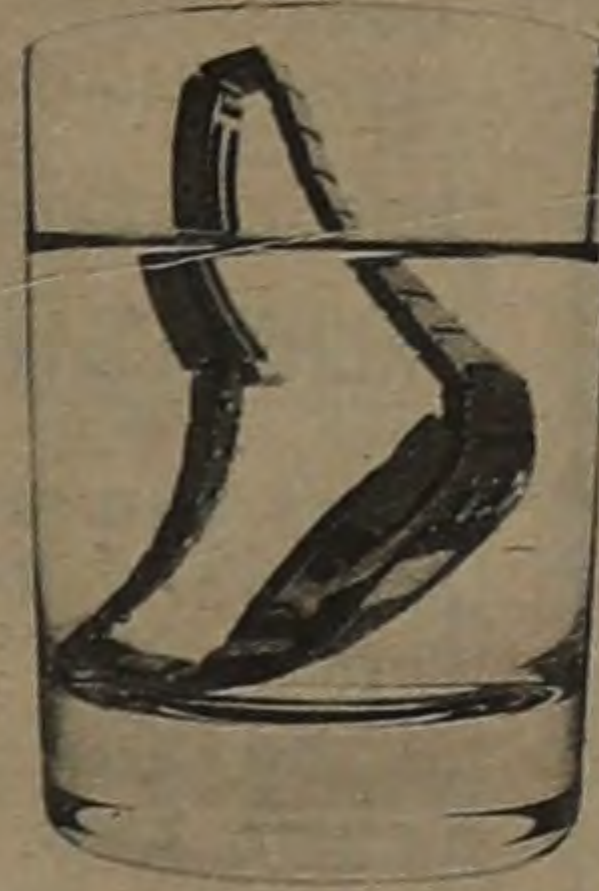
The Realtime Quartz Chronograph runs in the rain. Goes swimming. Climbs mountains. It's carefully crafted of 100% solid stainless steel throughout—case, bracelet, clasp, buttons. The face crystal is hard rock glass (unlike the easily scratched plastic ones on most chronographs). It's shock-resistant, and invulnerable to perspiration, dust and the weather.

Realtime is in fact water resistant to 3 Atmospheres of pressure, and can be safely immersed in water to 80 feet.

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These economical box display ads are an ideal way to reach runners with your advertising. *On The Run* circulation: 45,000. Minimum size: 1 column inch (1 1/4" wide x 1" deep). Cost: \$15 per column inch. Layout charge (typesetting): \$5 per column inch. Artwork charge: billed at cost. No layout charge when camera-ready mechanical is provided. Marketplace deadline for July 6 *On The Run*: May 25. Marketplace deadline for July 20 *On The Run*: June 8. Please include payment with your ad. Mail to: *On The Run*, Marketplace Ads, 1400 Stierlin Road, Mountain View, CA 94043.

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Yes! I'd like to reach runners with my *On The Run* classified. I'm enclosing a check or money order with my ad.

July 6 edition only. Deadline: May 25

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July 6 and July 20 editions. Deadline: May 25.

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Please type or print one word per line segment. Phone numbers, zip codes, abbreviations count as one word each. No bold face type or italics.

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Energy bars, peanut butter flavor 85c; energy bars, cocoa crunch flavor \$1.00. Pro-Lecin Nibblers (protein), Lecithin, and Fructose formula) 200's-\$10.95. Please add 50c for postage and handling. Homer McArthur, 3036 Skipper Lane, Jacksonville, Florida 32216.

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BUMPER STICKERS — I Run; Runners Make Better Lovers; Marathoners Keep It Up Longer; Happiness is a 7-mile Run; Marathon: Try It, You'll like It; Conserve Gas—Run; Funrunner; and Runners Have More Fun. \$1.25 each. Bumper Company, 1315 Ensenada Way, Los Altos, CA 94022.

RUNNING TO HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS — Fascinating book about running to increase happiness, love. Sunergos Press, 2810 Thames Ave., Louisville, KY 40220. Send \$7.95 plus 45c handling.

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RUNNING RITCHIES — 48 Northeast Avenue, Tallmadge, Ohio 44278. Saucony shoe special men's Hornet \$18.05, Gripper \$21.00, Ladies Dove Seat Spike \$16.35, Gripper \$21.00. Postage \$1.00.

NEW BALANCE 320 — \$24.95. \$1.50 postage. Red 320's without "N" \$19.95. Lucky size sale. A few left 8½-11, C-EEE. Donald Connolly, 1445 Sigma Circle, Cincinnati, OH 45230 (513) 474-1399.

PERSONAL FITNESS LOG — Designed for runners, joggers, walkers, cyclers. Size 8½" x 11", 40 pages, 720 daily entries, columns for weight, location, comments, time, points, MPH, distance; also space for meets, events, pulse, blood pressure, and an equation to calculate your speed in miles per hour. Dealer inquiries welcome. Send \$3.95 each (post-paid) to: **BLARNEY PRODUCTS**, Dept. R, P.O. Box 11322, Portland, OR 97211.

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CYCLE RUNNING — The most rugged sport in long-distance running. Ed Granowitz, originator, Boston Marathon Masters Assn., 2520 Batchelder St., Brooklyn, NY 11235, Apt. 1C.

CALIFORNIA TRACK NEWS — Keep up with all the action in the hottest track state in the United States. Rankings, schedules, profiles, pictures of college, open, women, high school, Masters, girls, and junior college. Ten issues per year at \$7.00; two years, \$12.00; three years, \$16.00. Send payment, name and address to California Track News, Order Department, 1717 S. Chestnut, Fresno, CA 93702.

ON THE RUN — Classified ads can put you in touch with runners from coast to coast for as little as \$5.00! Circulation: 45,000. Deadline for July 6 edition is May 25.

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RESOLING — Puma Waffle Soles \$11.95/pr. Nike Waffles and numerous others \$11.20/pr. Write or call for details (408) 249-7820. Solely Yours, 2664 El Camino Real, Santa Clara, CA 95051.

Runs

MOUNDS KIWANIS ANNUAL 15 KM — July 1st 4:00 PM Anderson, Indiana. Special 4 mile run for 18 years and under. T-shirts for first 100 finishers. Traveling trophy for winner, trophies for age divisions. Also T-shirts for first 50 runners in 4 mile race. Write Dr. N.D. Johnson, 103 East

State Street, Pendleton, IN 46064.

FIRST ANNUAL CAPE COD CLASSIC — May 20, 1 P.M. sponsored by the Cape Cod Athletic Club, and AAU sanctioned. 10 miles over picturesque Cape Cod roads in Orleans, Massachusetts. Standard awards divisions, trophies, merchandise prizes, and medals. Enjoy a Cape Cod weekend before the summer crowds arrive. Write for entry blank to: Tom Egan, Thomegan Road, Brewster, Massachusetts 02631. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE 4TH ANNUAL RUNNING — of the Johnstown YMCA Marathon and 10,000 Meter Run, on October 7, 1978, 10:00 A.M. Beautiful scenery: Net 800 ft. drop from start to finish of Marathon. Aid stations, splits, team, and age group awards. Write Johnstown YMCA, Market & Vine Streets, Johnstown, PA 15901.

6TH ANNUAL SYTTENDE MAI RUN — 20 mile certified course from Madison to Stoughton, WI. Unique Norwegian awards in ten age/sex categories. T-shirts to finishers. Lee Wilcox, 102 W. Prospect, Stoughton, WI 53589.

JERSEY SHORE STATE BANK TIADAGHTON RUN — 10,000 meters July 1, 1978. Age group awards and T-shirts. Contact John Anderson, RD 4, Box 351, Jersey Shore, PA 17740. Include stamped addressed envelope.

2ND ANNUAL 10 KILO RIVER FESTIVALS RUN — Saturday, May 13, 9:00 AM. Sim Park, Wichita. 5 age divisions, plaques to winners. T-shirts to first 125 entrants. Brent Wooten, 3054 S. Custer, Wichita, KS 67217. 942-4560.

HARRISBURG NATIONAL MARATHON — 6th Annual Sunday, November 5th, at 10:00 A.M. Certified course, out and back, shirts, awards, luncheon, certificates to finishers, souvenir booklet. For details write Park Barner, Central YMCA, Front & North Streets, Harrisburg, PA 17101. **NEBRASKA PANHANDLE MARATHON** — 6:30 a.m., Sunday, June 25, 1978 sanctioned by the AAU. 26 miles, 385 yards; course officially measured and awaiting AAU certification. Scenic and beautiful course that runs through towns of Scottsbluff and Gering, and along the countryside by Scotts Bluff National Monument. Posted markers every mile. Aid stations every three miles. T-shirts to all finishers. Elevation 3800 feet, low humidity. Several divisions. Contact: Race Director, Dan Wilder, 1215 4th Avenue, Scottsbluff, Nebraska 69361. (308) 635-0833.

SECOND ANNUAL BENEFIT: WILSON CREEK 10,000 METER RUN — Run at historical Civil War Battlefield over mile Ozark hills, Springfield, MO, April 30, 1978. Competition by age groups and sex. First, second and third place award in each competition group. Benefit for Heart Association sponsored by Springfield Life Underwriters. Registration: 11:30 A.M., Run: 2:00 P.M. Fee: \$5.00; \$2.50 Student. Entry forms available through: Heart Association, 1531 East Sunshine, Springfield, MO 65804. 1-417-881-1121.

Running Camps

THE HAL HIGDON RUNNING CAMP — June 11-17, 1978 in scenic Dowagiac, Michigan. Special guest: Bill Rodgers. Camp Director: Dean Reinke. Also featuring: Dan Cloeter, Sam Bair, John Roscoe, Ron Gunn. June 16: Trail Race. June 17: Attend the NJCAA Marathon Championship. June 18: Run with Bill Rodgers in the Michigan City, Indiana 15 Kilo. Contact: Dean Reinke, 521 Westwood, Bloomington, IN 47401.

BLUE RIDGE TRAILS DISTANCE CAMP — All ages, excellent motivation and learning in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. For brochure write BRT, Box 28544, Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina 29613.

Running Stores

ATTENTION NEW HAMPSHIRE RUNNERS — The Long Run is now open with "Everything for the casual to the competitive runner." 138 North Main Street, Concord, NH (603) 255-5605. Hours 10-6, open until 9:00 PM Friday nights.

DAVE'S RUNNING SHOP — One of the LARGEST Pro Running Shops with Tigers, Nike, Brooks, Etonics, New Balance, Shorter Gear, Sub 4, Dolfin brief shorts. Write for price sheet. 218 Main Street, Delta, OH 43515. Phone (419) 822-3498.

IN LAS VEGAS — Come to the Running Store for all your jogging needs. Obtain information on road races every Saturday and track races every Tuesday night in Las Vegas at 602 South Maryland Parkway (702) 382-3496.

RUNNING NOTES



Photo by World Wide

This is not a new aerobic exercise. Although this appears to be a jogger doing a head stand in ice, it is actually a rubber dummy placed in that position to draw attention to drainage problems in Ft. Morgan, Colo.

Hats off to Chuck Ballard, a Laguna Beach, Calif. investor who has realized a dream—jogging for 1000 days in a row.

With the persistence of a postman, Ballard has jogged at least two miles a day for nearly three years—even when on the road or when hampered by such adversity as snowstorms. What makes Charlie run?

"I've always run," Ballard explains. "I just like to keep going."

With an attitude like that, 2000 is just down the road.

If you have complaints about the effect of running shoes on your feet, tell them to Dr. Marlene Adrian of Washington State University.

The professor of physical education is working with a national task force to evaluate athletic footwear. Right now, the WSU prof wants to hear tales of woe from anyone who feels their feet have been injured by poor packaging.

The results of the study? Dr. Adrian will use the collected complaints as ammunition to prevent unsafe shoes from being manufactured.

A shaggy dog story comes from Arizona, where magazine writer Dan Lee lay his body down while jogging to rescue a St. Bernard in distress.

The dog slipped into an irrigation canal while getting a drink and was unable to climb back up the steep cement sides. Lee witnessed



this while out jogging, and lay flat so the dog could use him like stairs.

Basketball superstar John Havlicek plans to try his feet at long-distance running. The Boston Celtic, who plans to retire at the end of the current NBA season, announced his love for long-distance running to Golden State Warriors' announcer Bill King.

"The one thing I've always wanted to get into but never had time for was long-distance running. It's something I think I'd be good at and I know I'll enjoy."



Photo by Linda Thomas

Although unlikely to start a trend, this jogger in Cambridge, Mass. is dressed in granny garb. Three-piece suits anyone?

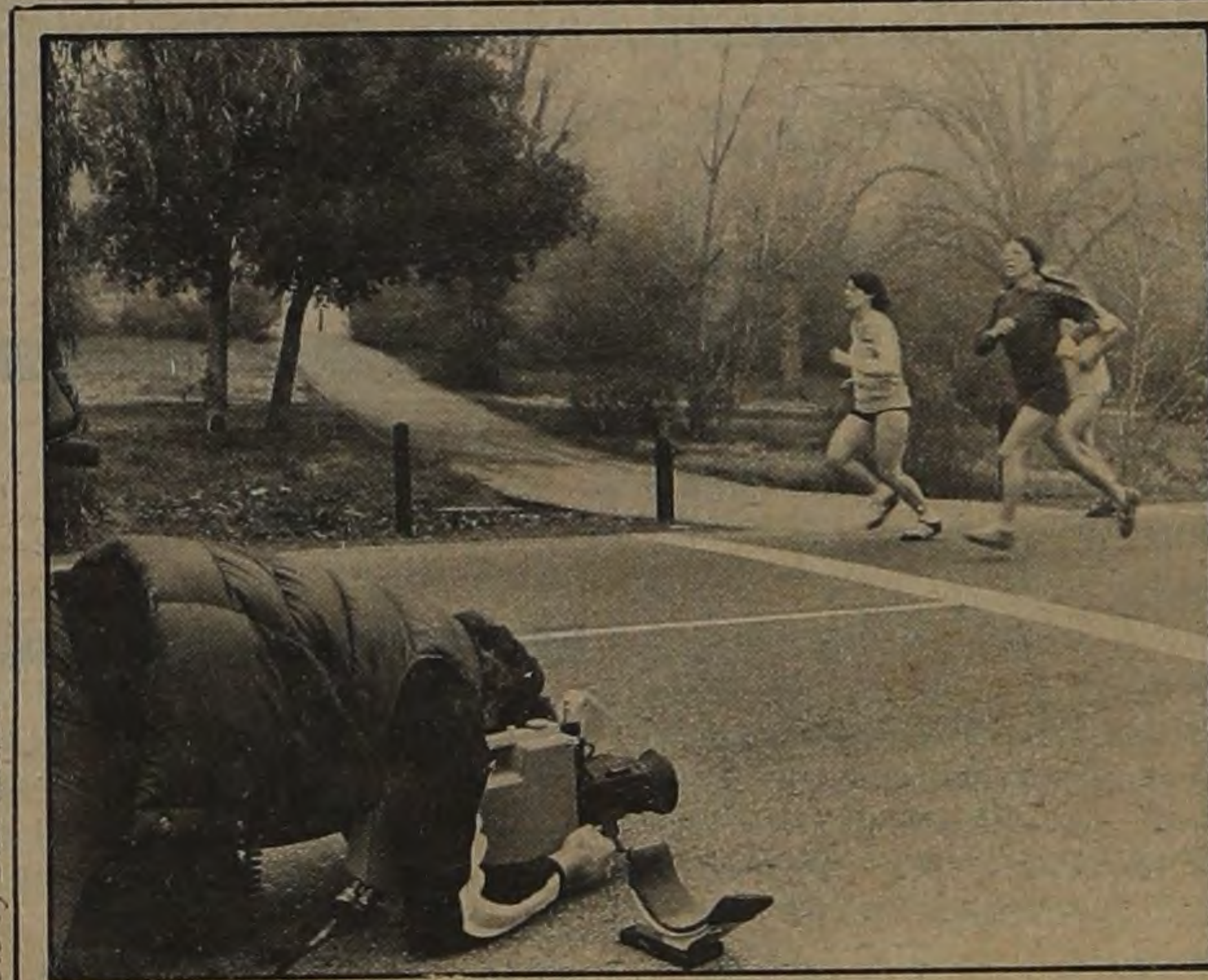


Photo by Dave Madison

A CBS cameraman got a face full of news recently in Los Altos, Calif. when that town's city council tried to ban runners from its streets. The runners won when they protested en masse at council meetings.

Deputy Hank Austin of Muskegon, Mich. got in the last word recently when a car "played chicken" with him when he was out running.

"While I was running, an oncoming auto moved over," Austin said, in a letter to *On The Run* Publisher Bob Anderson. "This vehicle was playing chicken with me. I charged the driver with 'felonious assault with an automobile.'

"If someone points a gun in your face to scare you and then moves the barrel over a foot and fires it, you have an assault," Austin wrote. "This is what was done to me with an oncoming automobile."

George Gervin, the San Antonio Spurs guard who was arrested for allegedly shooting a gun out an apartment window, has turned to running to straighten himself out.

"That's why I'm going to start running programs for kids this summer," the NBA star said.

Birth control pills are good for more than just one thing, claims West German track coach Christian Germann. He says they improve performance of track and field athletes.

"Believe me, I know it works," he said. "But it takes a long, long time before it can be effective."

An ex-con/dope smuggler and his family are getting high on LSD—long slow distance running, that is.

The ex-con, Mike Vernon, his wife Barbara and their 10-year-old daughter Lisa will run a relay across the United States from their home in Santa Margarita, Calif. to New Jersey.

The relay will begin June 8 and will end sometime in August, and will be run 50 miles a day.

"We hope to make people aware of the importance of physical, mental and spiritual well-being," Mike said. They are calling their relay "In Celebration of Life."





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