

Ohio Race Walker  
3184 Summit Street  
Columbus, Ohio 43202

# OHIO RACEWALKER

VOLUME X, NUMBER 10

COLUMBUS, OHIO

DECEMBER 1974

## NATIONAL CHAIRMAN WINS ANNUAL CONEY WALK; LAIRD RETURNS TO COP FAST TIME HONORS

New York City, Dec. 1--In the 64th Annual Coney Island 10 Mile Handicap, newly elected National Chairman took full advantage of a generous 32-minute handicap to finish nearly 4 minutes ahead of the field. The 42-year-old Bitano turned in a good 1:34:43 to fool the handicappers and finish 3:47 ahead of Shore AC's Arsene Eglis, who at 44, had an excellent 1:31:30. Ron Laird, just back in the country after his European sojourn of more than a year, walked away from fellow scratch man John Knifton to finish 11th overall and capture fast time. His snappy 1:13:29.2 in the cold weather beat Knifton by nearly a minute and a half. Here are the results, with actual times shown.

1. Dr. Jack Bitano, Stratford Spartans 1:34:43 2. Arsene Eglis, Shore AC 1:31:30 3. Brad McGee, un. (age 16) 1:42:07 4. Clarence Swaine, Shore AC (age 11) 1:50:26 5. Bob Mimm, Penn AC (age 50) Unbelievable! 1:26:46 Whoa! Mortland blows it again. Mimm was 6th. 5. Jim Sepulveda, USFMA 1:36:39 7. Robert Fine, NYFC 1:37:45 8. Philip Dinhofer, LIAC 1:42:49 9. Elliott Derman, Shore AC 1:38:20 10. John Ludwinski, LIAC 1:36:28 11. Ron Laird, NYAC 1:13:29.2 12. Bill Lloyd, Shore AC 1:48:03 13. Sam DeLosSantos, Shore AC (age 13) 1:50:38 15. Cliff Mimm, Penn AC 1:44:49 16. Ted Cahh, Shore AC (age 65) 1:54:08 17. Fred Spector, Shore AC 1:37:54 18. Dr. John Knifton, NYAC 1:14:56 19. Ron Klink, NYAC 1:23:08 20. Don Johnson, Shore AC (age 57) 1:31:09 21. Jerry Givner, un. 1:26:00 22. Harry Abrams, un. 1:53:55 (age 67) 23. Ron Daniel, NYAC 1:20:56 24. Jim Murchie, LIAC (age 17) 1:22:57 25. Bill Hackulich, Penn AC 1:37:04 26. Alex Turner, Shore AC 1:34:26 27. D. Steven Schwartz, LIAC 1:50:19 28. Howie Jacobsen, LIAC 1:33:12 29. Donald Cherrin, un. 1:55:06 30. Morris Lentzer, Bruce TC 1:50:40 31. Joe Santarsiero, un. 1:56:21 (age 61) 32. Nathan Ringler, 92nd St. YMHA (age 67) 1:54:46 33. Bob Falciola, Shore AC 1:27:54 34. Ed Granowitz, un. 2:01:13 35. George Garland, Shore AC 1:37:26 36. Morris Davis, 92nd St. YMHA (age 76) 2:02:36 37. Dr. John Shilling, NYFC 1:31:50 38. Dr. Shaul Ladany, LIAC 1:29:43 39. Mike Prince, 92nd St. YMHA 2:02:51 40. Eddie Woods, un. 1:51:50 41. Harry Powers, Stratford Spartans 1:52:55 42. Anthony Coviello, un. 1:53:07 43. William Cambras, SS 1:50:34 44. John Finn, Shore AC 1:55:52 45. Doug Mimm, Penn AC (age 12) 2:11:53 46. Walter Drescher, un. (age 71) 2:12:18  
Women's 2 Mile, same time--1. Debbie Naybor, NYC PAL 19:05 2. Lis Kisten, Gateway TC 21:01 3. Vicky Omeltchenko, un. 21:41 4. Judy Salkoski, Gateway TC 21:41 5. Carol Sicilano, GTC 22:39 6. Julie Falciola, un. 25:24 7. Alison Bodian, un. 25:51 8. Alexis Omeltchenko, un. 26:22

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FIRST CLASS MAIL





## RESULTS (Which aint too many this time of year.)

5.5 Mile, Lowell, Mass., Oct. 28--1. Sig Podlozny 60:30 2. Dennis Slattery 45:45 (a handicap, you see) 3. Fred Brown Sr. 62:50 4. Steve Reberman 48:05 5. Tony Medeiros 51:10 6. James Regan 49:00 7. George Lattarulo 58:18 8. Buddy Slattery 80:50 5.5 Mile, Lowell, Nov. 4--1. George Lattarulo 47:37 2. Dennis Slattery 45:09 3. Mike Regan 50:45 4. Tony Medeiros 51:12 5. Fred Brown Sr. 67:39 6. Sig Podlozny 75:05 7. Buddy Slattery 78:40 5.5 Mile, Lowell, Nov. 11--1. Fred Brown Sr. 64:17 2. George Lattarulo 55:23 3. Sig Podlozny 71:11 5.5 Mile, Lowell, Nov. 15--1. Sig Podlozny 58:13 2. Dennis Slattery 44:45 3. Fred Brown Sr. 61:04 4. James Regan 59:27 5. George Lattarulo 55:20 NEARU 30 Km, Eastham, Mass., Oct. 7--1. Tom Knatt 2:44:30 2. Paul Schell 2:51:40 3. Tony Medeiros 2:56:03 4. Dennis Slattery 3:00:20 5. George Lattarulo 3:04:28 6. Bruce Douglas 3:11:47 7. John Gray 3:22:15 8. George Grzebien 3:28:22 9. Sig Podlozny 3:58:30 10. Ed Oikla 3:59:02 11. Fred Brown Sr. 3:59:14 5.5 Mile, Lowell, Nov. 29--1. Dennis Slattery 46:00 2. George Lattarulo 50:32 3. Tony Medeiros 50:39 4. Fred Brown Sr. 65:45 5.5 Mile, Lowell, Dec. 6--1. George Lattarulo 49:22 2. Tony Medeiros 49:25 3. Sig Podlozny 63:25 4. Fred Brown Sr. 63:43 5.5 Mile, Lowell, Dec. 13--1. Dennis Slattery 45:35 2. George Lattarulo 49:55 3. Chico Scimone 61:10 4. Fred Brown Sr. 61:45 5. Tony Medeiros 51:03 6. Sig Podlozny 72:14 Hill Reilly Day 10 Km, Long Branch, N.J., Dec. 15--1. Ron Daniel 48:13.2 2. John Fredericks 48:49 3. Bob Falcibla 49:15 4. Bob Mimm 50:44 5. Alan Price 52:46.6 6. Alex Turner 55:28 7. Roger Barr 55:59.8 8. Fred Spector 58:07 9. Alan Wood 61:20 10. Sam DeLosSantos 63:57 11. Bill Lloyd 64:21 Astury Park Polar Bear 10 Mile, Astury Park, N.J. Boardwalk, Dec. 22--1. John Fredericks 1:21:31.2 2. Bob Falcibla 1:24:48 3. Bob Mimm 1:25:24 4. Ray Floriani 1:27:47.5 5. Shaul La dany 1:29:54.6 6. Fred Spector 1:35:40 7. Don Johnson 1:36:00 8. Bill Hakulich 1:39:10 9. Mark Ra uscher 1:40:45 10. Cliff Mimm 1:44:25 11. Alan Wood 1:46:08 12. Bill Lloyd 1:53:06 13. Clarence Swain 1:53:06 14. Dr. Daniel Marzano 1:56:12 15. Walt Drescher 2:01:31 2 Mile, Pittsburgh, Nov. 24--1. Gary Eywaters 17:29 2. Jo-Ann Churpak 21:08 Indoor 3 Mile, Pittsburgh, Dec. 8--1. Gary Eywaters 25:48 2. Beth Harwick 28:56 3. Athena Monios 28:57 4. Jo-Ann Churpak 30:21 Indoor 1 Mile, Pittsburgh, Dec. 15--1. Geoff Rhodes 8:03 2. Gary Eywaters 8:04 3. Russ Froats 8:05 4. Roger Froats 8:32 5. Beth Harwick 8:52 6. Athena Monios 8:55 7. Jo-Ann Churpak 9:20 6 Mile, Worthington, Ohio, Dec. 15--1. Jack Mortland 50:38 2. Bill Emmerton 55:59 3. Kevin Butler 58:22 4. Dr. John Elackburn 66:59--Fine walks for old Bill and young Kevin. Bill plans to do more walking than running in the future and hopes to have a go at some ultra-long stuff next year, which is more his bag, of course. Kevin bombed the first lap in about 2:00 and it was nearly a mile before he relinquished the lead. With a very chilling wind blowing, the Mort took off in his sweat pants, but after an 8:28, 8:34, and struggling at that, he paused to remove them (said fumbling removal taking some 15 seconds) and managed about 8:20 pace from there with a blazing 8:11 final mile. 9th Annual New Year's Eve 6 Mile Handicap, Doc Elackburn's Place in Worthington, Dec. 21--1. Jack Mortland 51:39 2. Dan Arnold 63:53 3. Doc Elackburn 66:19--Well, it wasn't actually a handicap as it is supposed to be, although I said something about giving Doc 15 minutes, which means he actually beat me I guess. The first of these New Year's Eve bashes was in 1964, but we missed two years along the way, 1969 and 1970, I believe. This was the sixth different race site for the nine races, as we circled Doc's blacktop track 56.1 times, under the lights.

The race was somewhat late starting, although the starting time had been rather flexible. The delay came about when your editor's car broke down in a desolate spot about two miles on the way, filled with wife, kids, and good things to eat. A 2-mile jog back home in street shoes and overcoat didn't help the walking later but was necessary to fetch the other car. After futile attempts to start the recalcitrant Simca by pushing and jumping it was off to call a tow truck. With a boost from his starter pack the old wagon roared to life (later turned out to be alternator troubles) and after returning it to its stall in the garage it was off again via Fiat. As a result of all this, the 15-minute drive took a full 1:45 and it was after 8 when we started, more hungry than eager. Doc and Dale got a 7-minute start while I changed in to my kit (a British term, for my domestic readers). Dale walked quite well considering this was his first spin, racing or otherwise, since the Labor Day bash, and his training for the year consisted of about three workouts prior to that one and another three or so back in January. He hopes to get a little more active in the New Year, and so do we with our schedule. I figure what we should do with this New Year's Eve Race next year is usher in as well as usher out. We have our usual 6 Mile, followed by a good party, and everyone brings their sleeping bag so they can catch a few z's before the Jan. 1 Three Mile at 8 the next morning. How does that sound? On with the results, with these just in from back East: Shore AC Holiday Track Meet, West Long Branch, Dec. 29 (outdoor): 1 Mile--1. John Fredericks 7:04.5 2. Randy Mimm 7:28 3. Sam DeLosSantos 9:33 4. Clarence Swain 10:04.2 5. Ernest Gadsdon 10:04.3 2 Mile (30 minutes later)--1. Fredericks 15:19.7 2. Bob Mimm 16:17 3. Randy Mimm 17:24 5 1/2 Mile, Lake Darling, Ia., Nov. 16--1. Randy Mimm 43:49 2. Dave Eidahl 45:51 3. Stan Smith 44:19 4. Jim Breitenbacher 46:08 Girl's 3 1/2 Mile, same place--1. Ericka Dahlstrom 34:45 2. Lynn Wonderlich 36:02 3. Joni Dickey 40:00 5 Mile, Des Moines, Nov. 27--1. Dave Eidahl 40:30 2. Stan Smith 42:10 3. Ed Killin 51:17 6 Mile, Keokuk, Nov. 30--1. Dave Eidahl 50:46 2. Jim Breitenbacher 60:30 Girl's 2 Mile, same place--1. Ericka Dahlstrom 19:36 (30 degrees, windy, 8-in of snow, snowing during race--otherwise ideal for walking) 7 Mile Handicap, Van Nuys, Calif., Dec. 21--1. Jim Fields 78:11 2. Leonard Burkhead 69:42 3. Mike Ryan 59:30 4. Jim Hanley 71:47 5. John Kelly 63:55 6. Eric Jonke (age 10) 91:30 7. Hal McWilliams 80:00 8. Mike O'Donnell 87:41 20 Mile, Downsview, Ontario, Dec. 8--1. Karl Merschenz 2:45:39 2. Pat Farrelly 2:52:28 3. Alex Oakley 2:53:04 4. Max Gould 3:04:37--DNF: Glenn Sweazey, 18 miles; Art Keay, 10 miles. OVERSEAS: 1 Hour, Hendon, Eng., Sept. 28--1. Roger Mills 13,412 meters 2. Brian Adams 13,340 3. Bob Dobson 13,323 4. Stuart Madrent 12,908 5. Alan Buchanan 12,885 6. Shaun Lightman 12,660 (11th, he was seventh) 6. Amos Seddon 12,806 8. Geoff Toone 12,572 Women's 5 Km, Rouen, France, Sep. 22--1. Marian Fawkes, Eng. 25:01 2. Siv Gustafsson, Swed. 25:13 3. Elisabeth Olsson, Swed. 25:19 4. J. Danel, Fr. 25:51 5. Pam Eranson, Eng. 26:02 6. Sylvia Sanders, Eng. 26:06--Tears: England--37, Sweden--35, France--28, Switzerland--11, Spain--10 Men's 5 Km, same place--1. Gerard Lelievre, Fr. 21:07 2. Brian Adams, Eng. 21:48 5 Mile, Southend, Eng., Sep. 22--1. Carl Lawton 36:30 2. Ken Carter 36:35 3. Amos Seddon 37:26 4. Bob Dobson 38:02 7 Mile, Leicester, Eng., Oct. 5--1. Brian Adams 49:28 2. Peter Marlow 51:00 3. John Warnurst 51:38 4. Bob Dobson 51:40 5. Barry Lines (Junior) 51:42 6. Geoff Toone 52:15 Airolo-Chiasso Relay, Switz., Oct. 13--1. Fiamme Gialle, Italy--9:12:03 2. Fiamme d'Oro, Italy--9:18.2 3. London Metropolitan Police 9:27:07 4. Southend, Eng.--9:30:10 5. Centro Lasio, Italy 9:30:58 6. Norway



9:48:46--16 teams. Individual legs: 27 Km--1. R. Bussionne, FG 2:11:12 2. R. DeNicola, FO 2:13:42 3. R. Secchi, CL 2:15:16. 30 Km--1. Domenico Carpentieri, FG 2:23:07 2. S. Mancini, FO 2:23:38 3. Bob Dobson, Southend 2:23:58 14 Km--1. Amos Seddon, Met. Pol 66:34 2. P. Gregucci, FG 67:51 3. P.G. Andreotti, CL 69:43 19 Km--1. S. Belluci, FG 1:27:30 2. A. Marolda, FO 1:29:36 3. Peter Marlow, Southend 1:30:02 25 Km--1. Bill Fogg, Met. Pol. 1:59:26 2. G. Battistin, FO 1:59:32 3. H. Stolte 1:59:50 6 Mile, Chippenham, Eng., Oct. 12--1. Carl Lawton 43:29 2. Shaun Lightman 43:55 3. Jacky Lord 43:56 4. Stuart Maidment 44:23 8 Hours, Rouen, Fr., Oct. 5--1. Gerard Lelievre, Fr. 82½ Km in 7:56:00 2. Dave Boxall, Eng. 82½ Km 8:09--apparently on a 2½ km loop and they stop on the lap nearest to 8 hours. 5 Hour, Flers, Fr., Oct. 20--1. Dave Boxall 53 Km 820 m in 5:09:42 2. R. Schoukens, Belg. 51,900 in 5:01:40 3. H. Michul, Fr. 51,900 in 5:06:02 50 Km, Lassing, Austria, Oct. 26--1. H. Michalski, WG 4:24:08 2. Bob Dobson, Eng. 4:28:11 3. Janos Tabori, Hung. 4:29:46 4. Z. Ruttkay, Hung. 4:31:45 7 Mile, London, Nov. 2--1. Carl Lawton 51:45 2. Bob Dobson 52:41 Italian 50 Km, Brescia, Oct. 20--1. Vittorio 4:06:03.4 2. Franco Vecchio 4:07:31.6 3. P. Gregucci 4:14:16.8 4. G. Batistin 4:18:40.4 5. R. Boccone 4:21:15.8 6. R. Bussionne 4:23:54 7. M. Castelli 4:25:07.6 8. M. Taddeo 4:25:36.6 6 Mile, Southwick, Eng.--1. Gerard Lelievre, Fr. 42:08 2. Roger Mills 43:12 3. Alan Buchanan 43:33 7 Mile, Brighton, Eng., Nov. 16--1. Ron Laird 51:19 2. Alan Buchanan 52:11

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RACING SCHEDULE

(Send me your schedules for 1975 if you want to see your races listed here in the future.)

Sat. Jan. 12--10 Mile, Central Park, New York City, 11 a.m. (A)  
10 Mile, Long Branch, N.J. (B)

Sun. Jan. 26--First and Last Annual Mortland Turns Master 10 Mile, Worthington, Ohio, 12 noon (C)

Fri. Jan. 31--1 Mile, Wanamaker Millrose Games, New York

Sun. Feb. 9--10 Km (Indoors), Champaign, Ill., 12 noon (D)

Fri. Feb. 21--1500 Meters, U.S. Olympic Invitational, New York

Sat. Feb. 22--3 Mile (Indoors), Columbus, Ohio 1 p.m. (C)

Fri. Feb. 28--NAAU 2 Mile, New York City

Sun. Mar. 2--10 Km (Indoors), Champaign, Ill., 12 noon (D)

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\* Mar. 5, 1975

Looking Back--5 Years Ago (From Dec. 1969 ORW)--A largely rambling issue covering the AAU Convention and year- and decade-end wrapups. The latter was a well written, highly entertaining summary of the previous decade in U.S. race walking, if I do say so myself....The ORW also announced Man of the Decade and Race Walker of the Decade awards. The former went to Charlie Silcock for his many contributions and continuing devotion to the sport. The latter went to Ron Laird who was dominant throughout the 10 years with Ron Zinn, Rudy Haluza, and Larry Young ranked behind him.... The Annua l Blackburn Award for the Outstanding Performance during 1969 went to Bob Kitchen for his 4:19:41 track 50 Km....In racing activity, Steve Hayden captured the Coney Island race in 1:17:29 with John Knifton taking fast time honors in 1:16:46. Ron Daniel and Ron Kulik were also under 1:20....Tom Dooley did a 2:39:30 for 20 miles and 2 weeks later, Bill Ranney, who had dropped out at 15 miles in Dooley's effort, did even better with 2:38:51....Dave Romansky turned in a 45:39 for 10 km in New Jersey and Larry Walker had a 54:01 for 7 in California. Walker also had a 6:36.7 mile.

#### From Heel To Toe

Well, I did my usual sloppy, haphazard job of compiling the World Lists of top performers in last month's issue. Without details of performance, the following additions to these lists are in order (I am still not buying that 1:23:30 by Frenkel in Czechoslovakia or other performances in that race, skeptic that I am): 20 Km--1:27:12 Constantin Stan, Rumania; 1:27:42 Ion Casitu, Rumania; 1:28:01.6 Jan Ornoch, Poland; 1:28:32 Viktor Vavilov, USSR; 1:28:33 Favol Szikora, Czech; 1:28:46 Hartwig Gander, E.G.; 1:28:48 Vittorio Visini, Italy. 50 Km--4:00:51.0 Gerhard Weidner, W.G.; 4:03:56 Alexander Berosin, USSR; 4:05:43 Vittorio Visini, Italy; 4:07:15 Osvalds Dalke, USSR; 4:07:16 Olegs Pradilovsm, USSR; 4:07:51 Aleksey Troitski, USSR; 4:11:18, Leo Frey, W.G....The British have lined up an excellent international schedule for their walkers for 1975. Included are a 20 Km in Bulgaria April 13; a 20 (2 men) and 50 (1 man) in East Germany May 1; a 20 and 50 vs West Germany with four on a side in each on May 25-26; a 20 Km in Rumania the same date; a 20 Km vs East Germany with two a side on June 21; a 20 Km vs France with two on a side on July 12; a 20 Km vs USSR with three on a side on July 24; 10 Km vs Sweden for two men on Sep. 13; the Lugano Cup Qualifier on Sep. 20-21 and the Lugano Cup on Oct. 11-12 both with four men at 20 and 50. Wouldn't it be nice if we could do as well... To all of those who send notes full of appreciation and encouragement with their renewals let me assure you that I enjoy hearing the efforts are so well received....More good publicity for the sport. Don Jacobs sends along a very interesting and well-done article from the Portland Oregonian on 25-year-old Cindy Arbelbide, who was third in the 1974 Women's 10 Km. We should see a lot more of Cindy since she intends to peak at age 75.... Regarding the proliferation of National Championships, which seems to be a point of contention these days, as witness this column for the past year; Dave Eidahl suggests (and he may forget that he suggested since this letter has been laying here some time) that perhaps we could retain the same number of championships but have them split between just two sites at two times. As he suggests, one walker doesn't need to win everything. There may be some merit in this idea although Dave may have gone a bit too far in overburdening one site with races at one time. However, we can look to Sweden in which they take 4 or 5 days at one place and have Sr. 5, 20, and 50 km, Jr. 5 and 10, Women's 3,5, and 10, and Girl's 3 and 5. That



may not be the exact lineup but they do have races at all distances for all ages and sexes getting all their walkers together at one spot. And the schedule is such that a walker is not limited to one race. Such a week of Nationals here might be worth a try. It's the same sort of thing Elliott Denman has been suggesting on an International basis....Another letter that has been lying dormant for some time comes from Gary Bywaters and concerns judging problems. "While reading the April (I said the letter had been here for a while) issue of the CRW, I came upon the discussion about communication between the judges about cautions/DQs during a walk. This year we have started using "walkie-talkies" just for that purpose. Each judge gets one and one is also given to the scoring table. As a judge gives out a caution, this notification is broadcast to each judge and also to the scoring table where the walker's number or name and the fact that he does have a caution is written down. Whenever the walker gets his second caution either the scoring table or one of the judges can remind the judge who gave out the second call (or the Head Judge) that the call is indeed the second one, thus the old DQ can be handed out. This system has worked out surprisingly well for us with the only hitches being other stations on the same channel (interference) and if a judge starts getting all excited and doesn't speak clearly into the mike (garbled voice). I don't know if this would work in a big indoor meet or not—but I guess anything is worth a try. Also we have found out when giving a caution to just give the facts—example: "Number 10, this a caution for lifting!" Nobody gets mixed up, and everyone knows who has the caution."... Well, someone agrees with my analysis of how to instruct the beginning walker, which appeared in the August issue. The same Gary Bywaters, quoted above, in Vol. I, Number 1 of the Allegheny Mountain Creeper strongly recommends the "Mortland Method. Good to know there are other astute people in the world....Also, add to the schedule the Allegheny Mountain AAU Senior Women's 1 Mile and Men's 2 Mile in Pittsburgh on Feb. 15. Contact Bywaters, RD #3, Box 36, Burgettstown, Pa. 15021.

#### LAIRD, MOHANCO SCORE TWIN VICTORIES

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 4-5—Ron Laird and Carol Mohanco both scored back-to-back victories in walking races at the Pittsburgh Classic Indoor Track Meet. On Saturday night, Ron toured the 220 yard Tartan track 7½ times to win a 1500 meter race from the Shore AC's John Fredericks in 6:06.7. Fredericks, who led by about 15 yards at the quarter in 1:36 recorded his best ever at 1500-Mile with 6:16. Bob Kitchen easily beat Bill Walker for third with 6:34 to 6:58, or so. In the women's 1500, Carol Mohanco edged local favorite Beth Harwick 7:42.4 to 7:43 with Amy Novak of Latrobe, Pa. third in 8:25. No further results available yet.

At about 11:30 the next morning most of the same protagonists returned for a Men's 2 Mile and Women's 1-Mile. Also on the starting line was one Jack Mortland and missing was walker who opted for a fine 4:57 for fourth in the Sub-Master's Mile Run. Laird again received a good race from the very competitive Fredericks. They were together for splits of 1:44, 3:29, 5:15, and 7:02. John was still close as they went by 1¼ in 8:50 but Laird then asserted himself to pull gradually away. With a miscount in laps, he was stopped at 1 7/8 in 13:12 and then credited with an estimated 14:02, which should be 14:05 off his laps times. Fredericks finished in 13:27, 8 and was given 14:24.8. Kitchen walked a lonely third and finished in 14:03, was then given 15:03, which I figure should be about 15:00. Mortland moved from seventh to fourth in 14:51, or 15:52, judging from my last lap. Next came young Geoff Rhodes in a good 15:14 (16:16) and Hank Klein in 15:41 (16:45). Carol was a much easier winner this time in 8:22.7 to Beth's 8:48.9 and Amy's 9:15. How they messed the laps up, I don't know.

Actually, when I heard them give Laird the gun a lap early, I expected him to set them straight, figuring he would know they were wrong. But, he let me down the cad, and when I came around, supposedly with two to go, he and Fredericks were already stopped. So, I too stopped after one more lap, not wanting to risk sacrificing my precious fourth place. (All, for naught, I guess, since my wife tells me they announced Rhodes as fourth.) Anyway, it was unfortunate since both front men had excellent times going and it would be better were they official. Bob Kitchen, not heard from in '74, looked very good and was pleased with his races. He hopes to be somewhat more active in '75 as work and studies permit.

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Being just back from the above race, not wanting to stay up all night typing, but wanting to get the ORW off to the presses, I am now going to give you several pages of plagiarized material. You may recall my commentary on and brief excerpts from the book "Race Walking. A Primer of the Sport" by Hugh W. Innes published in 1910 that I ran a few issues back. The whole book is very entertaining and here is a much lengthier excerpt from Chapter V. Training and Tactics.

The whole theory of training has been summarised in a few words by Aristotle in his "Ethics." Training, says he, "involves eating much and undergoing great labours."

You cannot expend energy unless you have the energy to expend. This is stored up in our bodies in the various tissues which are manufactured out of the food we eat. A man who is really ill-fed or underfed does not possess the necessary capital on which to draw.

#### Old-fashioned Training Notions.

There is no need to be over-anxious about the quality of the food eaten. As for the quantity, that is instinctively regulated by the appetite. A man in hard training will have no difficulty in deciding for himself where to draw the line.

The compilers of books on training have been accustomed to draw up what they consider ideal tables of diet. The details are generally somewhat as follows. Breakfast: stale bread or toast, white fish or lightly boiled egg, weak tea. Mid-day dinner: fresh lean meat, lightly cooked, with a strict allowance of stale bread and vegetables, and a little sound ale. Tea as breakfast, and supper as dinner, but of smaller bulk. The same manuals used to give marvellous directions about doses of medicine, which were supposed to be necessary, especially at the commencement of the course. Some went so far as to suggest emetics. There is no need whatever for all this fussiness about food. For a man in decent health, the recommendation of medicine is sheer nonsense.

The ordinary meals with which an English man of business sustains

his faculties are fairly sufficient for an athlete; the usual breakfast and lunch and dinner. There are some few things which are best avoided, but unless they have been used in excess there is no need to be over-careful. These are, pickles, sauces, condiments; salted foods and highly-seasoned dishes; preserved meats, pastry, pie-crust—and so on. Pork is often barred—quite needlessly. It was the staple food of the Greek athletes who trained for the ancient Olympic games.

### Take a Tip from the Working Man.

Again, the food with which the British artisan maintains his energies is quite good enough for the athlete. A breakfast of tea and bread and butter, with a bloater or a "pair of kippers" or a "half haddock," or two fried eggs or a rasher of bacon. Dinner, consisting of a cut from the joint, with potatoes and cabbage or some other green vegetable, followed by jam roll or "boiled plum," with a glass or two of "ale." Tea, a repetition of breakfast. Supper of cold meat or fried fish or bread and cheese. This may not be an ideal diet, but it is quite good enough for the average athlete. It is a great deal better than meals made up of patent foods. The mechanic, at all events, thrives on it.

### The Vexed Questions of Beer and Tea.

Beer is a vexed question. So is tea. The latter should not be drunk too strong. If tea tastes bitter, refuse it. And it should not be drunk after nightfall, nor with a meal of fresh meat. Curiously enough, with salted and compressed dishes, the bad effect is not so noticeable. Fresh meat and strong tea taken together mean trouble. With beer it is a question both of quality and of quantity. The old training books—which, as I have hinted above, were absolutely wearisome on the question of diet—usually recommend "sound old ale." They do not however, indicate the address from which this desirable article is to be procured.

The ordinary London "Burton" will not do at all. It is bad for the joints and for the digestive system.

Ale—"four ale"—is a refreshing and fairly innocent drink, if you are careful as to quantity. It is not like the beer of Bradford or of the South Coast, of which you can drink as you will. I remember once making inquiries as to the daily capacity of a Dover boatman. "Sometimes," said he, "I has a quart, and sometimes I has a bucketful." You cannot do that with four ale. The "mixture"—I must name it so—has marked medicinal effects, if swallowed in bulk. Our London "bitter" is bad enough in the same respect. "Mild and bitter" gives us a modification of flavour, not of effect. Bottled beers are worst of all.

Many athletes swear by the better brands of stout. No sincere athlete has a good word to say for spirits.

### Be a TT. if You Can.

Frankly, I believe teetotalism is the best of all—provided it does not worry you. That is a point to be considered. "If you fancy a glass of beer,"—I am quoting the words of a wit to whose authority we all bow—"do not ruin your health by denying yourself." On the other hand, if you do not fret at the self-denial, why dose yourself with malt and hops and chemicals? The eagle in the air, the elephant on land, the whale in the sea contrive to do without these stimulants. Why shouldn't we?

With regard to sleep, it is absolutely essential that the athlete should have long and deep sleep. There is an old adage, not much quoted nowadays, that the proper allowance is six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool. I should say that the gentleman who composed that formula required his eight hours regularly. Six is too little. Seven may be all very well for a sedentary man of law; and that limit is suggested in Lord Coke's quatrain—

"Six hours to Law,  
To pleasing Slumber seven;  
Ten to the World,  
And all the day to Heaven."

Spite of the admirable last line, I doubt whether this allowance will do for the athlete. Seven hours' sleep may be enough to ensure a daily output of mental activity. It would not enable a man to break walking records. I know of one sterling athlete, however, who can do with much less: most men in training want much more. If you must do with eight hours, be sure that they are hours of deep and undisturbed slumber. Go to bed early, except on Saturday. Make a special rule of early retirement on Sunday.

There is one more word to be said before we proceed to the programme of work. There can be no compromise between athletics and an unclean life. It is not sufficient to forbid sins of deed only. Put a muzzle—"ostium circumstantiæ"—upon your mouth and (in Heaven's name) upon your thoughts. Avoid pornographic literature as you would poison. Evil meditations are a poor sort of pleasure. What is more, they carry their own penalty with them: they break your back.

So much for the first member of Aristotle's definition. Now for the "Great labours."

Training, by rights, should be a change from mere good health to that state of specialised vigour which is needed for athletic effort. Unfortunately, it must often be something much more than this. The candidate for racing honours may enter upon his course of training feeble or positively ill or "fat and scant of breath." Properly speaking, that is no business of the trainer's. It is a matter for self discipline or the doctor. Above all there must be no haste in getting into harness. The man who, in search of glory, is determined to change all at once from a crock into a crack is much more likely to "go to glory"—elsewhere.

Until you have done sufficient gentle walking exercise to enable you to tramp for hours together without becoming footsore or fatigued, it is no use bothering about cinder-path or stop-watch. It is mere superstition to suppose that one must "go away" in order to rectify one's health. London streets are good enough for this preliminary canter, and the vicinity of London provides lanes and highways second to none in the wide world. "When a man is tired of London," says Dr. Johnson, "he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford." The learned man is almost right. London is a repository of all good things—except pure beer.

### Athletic Inequality of Men and Women.

I make it clear, I hope, that I am writing for novices, and not for the hardened sinners of the cinder-path; but I find it difficult to forget that I am not writing for Londoners alone. At all events, I address them primarily. And again, the athletes I address are men—chiefly and not women. Man's characteristic virtue should be bravery and woman's

modesty. Physically, men tend to muscular development, and women to megalopygy. Men have better machinery to hoist them along, and women more ballast to carry.

Hence the two sexes can never be on an equality athletically. But the gentler sex have made vast efforts during the last generation to span the gap that used to separate them from us. It is just that period since a sporting contemporary published these lines in a comic poem contrasting the sexes:—

"A girl can dance, and a girl can sing,  
And a girl can talk all day;  
But she can't ride a bicycle like her papa,  
Because she ain't built that way."

And now the ladies can ride as well as we can—much better than I can. They can play golf and hockey with the best of us. They can swim for hours together in the Thames, or half-way across the Channel, and put us to shame with their high diving. This year the lady swimmer's record for 100 yards has been brought below 1 min. 14 secs., and that was amateur record, out and out, when I began to observe such things. Go to a mixed meeting where there are ladies' races. In costume, in style, in pace, the women are almost our equals. True, they have no moustaches and no votes. Otherwise they are indistinguishable from the men.

### Systematically Getting Fit.

When you are well enough to begin in dead earnest, you may set yourself systematically to the task of becoming "fit" in the athletic sense. You have three things to acquire—style, speed, stamina. You must learn to walk fair and to use your energies economically. You must learn to go fast enough. You can't win unless you can go fast enough, as Mr. G. Lacy Hillier used to impress upon novice cyclists. There we have a truly instructive truism. Finally, you must learn to stand the friction of protracted effort; that is, to stay. The consideration of that point will come up again when we talk of schedules and bad times.

A good style can best be learnt by training under an experienced coach or copying an acknowledged expert. An elaborate explanation of the devices of race-walking, treated from the point of view of scientific mechanics, is one thing. That is what my chapter on "Devices" purports to be. The elementary instruction of a novice is quite another matter. The rules should be short and to the point. The greater requirements should be secured first. To begin with, the following are quite sufficient.

### Style of Walking.

Hold yourself up. Stride out as far as you can to the front without leaning forward. Brace your knee and push it well back into the socket as you urge yourself on. Bend your arms at the elbow and swing them somewhat as a runner does. Let your hips go loose.

This may cause some discomfort at first, but for a sprinter it is a most important point. The greatest danger comes from failure to control the knee. Whatever you do, don't lean forward, and do not get into the way of shuffling along with your knee bent and set. No attempt at speed must be made until the tendency to do this is overcome. When you have got the mastery of your knee by leisurely striding, you can begin to put the watch on your efforts, and then training becomes doubly interesting.

### March a Mile in Ten Minutes.

Any able-bodied man ought to be able to march a mile quite steadily within ten minutes at his second or third attempt. A week's practice will bring this time down close to 9 minutes. Still there must be no attempt at sprinting. Once you are below the 9-minute limit, walking with perfect fairness and machine-like regularity, you can begin to extend the distance, if you are training for distance; or to press the pace if your ambition is to become a sprint-walker. Ease your work at the slightest symptom of shin-ache. If you don't know now what that is you will soon find out. It is an absolutely unnecessary nuisance. Much better avoid it altogether than bring it on and then "walk it off." It mars pace, and it absolutely wrecks style. When you can crowd a mile into 9 minutes you will find that you can walk six well under the hour. Probably six and a quarter.

### On the Track Every Day.

I should like to see a man do easy work on the track day after day; but it is the fashion nowadays not to visit the track every day of the week. Well, there is no absolute need. Go two or three times, and be sure to make yourself perspire freely. On intermediate days warm yourself up with a smart spin in your clothes. Not smart enough to make your skin moist; otherwise, unless you make special arrangements you will soon become a burden to yourself and others. When I had more leisure I never found the least difficulty in combining some such spin with an evening's amusement. I left business, had tea, went home and put on old clothes, then strode out for a smart five or six miles, usually from the Marble Arch, along the Harrow Road, out and back, with a break at the turning point for a "half of ale." Then followed the last meal of the day, about 7.30, and then the evening's engagement, opera or melodrama, or whatever it might be. Finally, a quick walk home, beer, and bed. Possibly men with better resources could improve on my little programme. It suited me admirably well, as the watch and the weighing machine showed week by week.

### Subsidiary Exercise.

The scheme so far sketched out carries us from Monday to Friday. A swim or two should be added, partly as a refresher, partly as supplementary training, and this should be easy or hard according as you take swimming as mere by-play or for its own sake. Every athlete ought to be able to swim, and let me add, to dive from a decent height, and cycle and dance and skate. These are the physical accomplishments of civilised men, and you have no business to neglect them merely because you specialise in walking. A man is all the better the more games he plays, and it is well to know something of shooting and fishing. But these are "extras," so to speak.

*Quite liberal for his time.*



### Social Training Spins.

One of the evenings of the week will, I presume, be spent with your pals in a social training spin. There you will find experts to imitate, and probably "old 'uns" ready to advise. Some clubs have a training spin on Saturday afternoons. Gentle running is a very good thing for a walker at the beginning of training, and you can take an easy trot across country if you fail to make arrangements with a walking pack. Then there are combined "strolls" on Saturdays and Sundays. The Surrey Walking Club, for instance, promotes regular Sunday strolls at a pace which is supposed to be "moderate" over country routes of

twenty to forty miles. The same club, and others, organise "strolls" down to Brighton, and—bless the boys!—up from Portsmouth. For my part I could never appreciate such exercise in packs. I can show you a more excellent way.

Two's company, three's none. Get a friend to go with you, one who is content to take his fair share, and not more than his fair share, of talk. Better be alone than have with you a companion who trips you up in conversation. If you can't get one to suit your fancy, try a dog. If you can't take a dog, go by yourself. Like Tobias in our illustration, you will have your guardian angel with you—and your thoughts and your eyes and your ears. Some strollers make a great point of choosing country paths: give me the highway, out and home. Let us try a specimen day. Suppose it is a Saturday in the summer. Let us be

reckless and suppose you have a Saturday clear—no work in the morning. You have got over the early inconveniences of training and are ready for a long tramp. Breakfast over, you start—say, from Victoria Station—and push northwards across the park. You note the time, of course, and, though moving leisurely, keep an eye on the mileage. Passing through the park, there are the flower-beds to inspect. You ought to feel proud of your property. This garden is yours to enjoy, as much as anyone else's. You weather the Marble Arch and steer up Edgware Road. Dull bricks and mortar? Not a bit of it! Every busy street in a big town has a charm of its own. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to his assiduous biographer, "if you have seen one green field, you have seen all green fields. Let us take a walk down Cheapside." With all deference to the learned doctor, green fields have their claim too, and we shall yield to it later on. It is amazing how some people can take an interest in museums and find none in the activities of city life. Collections of butterflies and birds, mummies and monuments and stuffed elephants, are very delightful in their way; but so are men and women and children and horses and trams and houses. You bear to the left at Paddington and make for the Harrow Road, and begin to note the milestones. Some are mere memorials, tablets let into the walls to denote the old position; some stand foursquare and substantial at the edge of the pavement. On this route they measure the distance from the Marble Arch. You have a mile and a half to add for your walk from Victoria. You should consult your watch at intervals and see that you are keeping true to time.

You leave Harlesden behind and pass "Jolly Jumbo's," and there first strike the open country. Wembley close on the right; fields and the railway, and, far off, the canal and Acton on your left. The hedges, perhaps, are beginning to foam over with the May blossom, or perhaps every little wood shows a shimmer of bluebells between the tree-trunks. You note that the mile between stones "5" and "6" is a short one. At Sudbury, if it were winter, and you had started late enough, you might possibly meet some harriers setting out for a spin. But it is summer, and such sports are suspended.

By this time you are deep enough into the country to note the singing of the birds. Their songs furnish material for unending study. On either side of the road there are meadows bright with buttercups and bordered with cow-parsley. From these every few minutes a lark starts carolling towards the blue. The cock chaffinches challenge one another from tree to tree in cascades of music. The hedge-sparrow whistles thin and shrill from the fence. The yellowhammer repeats his endless plaint. The linnets twitter, the blackbird flutes a mellow bar or two, the thrush reiterates his call, and the swallows keep up their never-ending chatter.

You mount Harrow Hill and enjoy the splendid panorama seen from the churchyard. It is wonderful in all weathers, sunshine or storm. On the other side of the hill you win the highway again, and presently a short cut across the meadows brings you into Pinner. Three miles further is Northwood. Away to the left are the woods and Ruislip reservoir; and Rickmansworth lies beyond the hills that are before you. Not far from here is a little wayside inn, frequented by bird fanciers. It is here, at Northwood, that they replenish their stock. Perhaps you may catch sight of them on the waste land with their nets and their decoys. It is here, too, if anywhere, that you can get that famous "sound old ale" recommended by old-time trainers. They keep a cask of "Scotch" on tap at the house near the foot of Batchworth Hill. You are seventeen miles from home, and it is lunch time. Try it!

Batchworth Hill and the view from the top. It was with reference to this that an Essex man, one of the competitors in the Poly "twenty-one" of 1900, told me that he could not walk for looking at the scenery. Batchworth Park, with its peacocks and its deer; the first glimpse of the canal stretching away up the valley beyond. Then Rickmansworth. Here you can get a swim, or have tea and see your friends—the habitual stroller makes friends all along the road. Or you can play billiards or go fishing or sample the local "bitter"—just as you please. You can train back if you like, but you had much better walk. There is the sunset, remember, and the early starlight, and the moon, perhaps, and the nightingales, and the hooting of the owls in the distance; all of them "good things, brother"—as the gipsy in "Lavengro" would surely have said.

As I have mentioned old ale and bitter, I must refer to a third variety of malt liquor which forms one of the attractions of this road. Half-a-mile on the London side of milestone 9 lies a little hostel and brewery in one. If you have walked back, now is the time for bread and cheese and a pint of the famous home-brewed four ale. Not "sparkling ale"—no meretricious nonsense of that kind. Good beer does not sparkle, but scintillates as a jewel does. The longer handicaps of a certain walking club used to phase the door of this house. The hon. secretary has never ceased to chide me for offering him a half-pint—instead of a pint—of this ambrosia.

From here home is an easy three-hour stroll. If you do the double journey, it may bring you back in the small hours; but, if he wishes, any able-bodied man should have no difficulty in finishing by midnight. If so, the last hour or two of the journey will be full of life. If you are later, there is plentiful provision of refreshment at the coffee-stalls that stud the streets. You have covered forty miles, out and home, and are ready for a long sleep and a Sunday rest.

Sunday finishes the week for the athlete. It is the best day of all for everybody—in London, at all events. You will probably wake later than usual, and lie later, reading the Sunday paper with brief "results" of Saturday's sport and announcements of the week's theatre programmes. How to spend the morning? If you are a lunatic, you



can remain in bed; better, you can go "strolling" with your club-mates; best, you can go to church. You cannot possibly spend the time more happily anywhere else, and, after all, it is the only decent thing to do. I assume that I am speaking to Christians. The Jew must sanctify his Sabbath, and the Mahometan keep Friday sacred. They can easily modify our programme to suit their needs. It is astonishing to find people who know nothing of the ecstasy of adoration and the privilege of prayer. If you have ever entertained doubt about the supernatural, go and hear "Lohengrin," and you will come away with a firm belief in Providence. If you have ever scoffed at the rites of religion, go to "Faust," and you will learn how deeply the devil dreads holy water. The atheist—the "fool" of the Psalms—is provoking enough; but the man who should try one's patience most is the one who regards a sermon as the chief event of Sunday's service: London caters for every variety of religious worship. If you want a service of free-and-easy type, in modern English, with plenty of social singing, you can find it in every district, often at the street corner. You can even get speeches in the local dialect, such as that sermon I once heard in Bethnal Green on "How to get to 'eaven, or 'alf-way hup"! The Established Church opens her doors to those who prefer respectability and Elizabethan English. The liturgy of the Greek "Orthodox" Church is celebrated in Moscow Road and at the Russian Embassy. Finally, there is the Catholic Church. She has bred most of the historic heroes of religion. She deserves the hearty respect of all men of good will. I, for one, owe her sincere gratitude and reverence.

How you spend the rest of Sunday depends on how fresh you are after Saturday's heavy work. There are the parks and the country within easy reach. You have the museums in winter, the galleries in summer, the libraries in the evening, and the streets all day and all the year round. Go calling or go courting. A stroll up river, or a trip to the sea-side, or a leisurely bike ride, make capital variations.

### The Track Trials.

And so you start the next week's work. The track trials ought to show a better result, and the Saturday tramp the same. When you can do two miles in 17 minutes you are ready for a venture in the handicaps. It will be some time, however, before you get your proper mark—600 yards or so. Perhaps you will improve, and come back to the "half-limit," where the handicapper may have put you experimentally. As soon as you can do two miles in 16 minutes you may hope to get near seven in the hour. It is from this point on that every little detail of style tells. There are two ways of getting faster, one unfair, the other fair. The first is to sprint by lifting: the second to quicken up, or lengthen out, without lifting—and it is mastery of style that will enable you to do that. Remember, when you can walk two miles quite fairly in 15 minutes, you are doing what was once deemed impossible by pedestrian critics.

### Your Conduct in the Race Itself.

I come next to tactics—your conduct in the race itself. Every race should be walked according to a pre-arranged plan. In a short race this is just a "plan," in a long race it is a "schedule." At one time all athletic mentors advised the competitor to go off at top speed, and keep it up for 300 yards, no matter what distance the race might be. That is absolute rubbish—unless you want to get the better of the judge, and think he is more likely to overlook transgressions during the first

minute and a half than later on. Get off quite steadily, with your best and longest stride. You can shorten and quicken as soon as the strain becomes too great. Even so, in a mile walk, you will find that the first quarter is walked quicker than the second, and the fourth—if there is any incitement to finish strongly—will be quicker than the third. If you receive a caution, take it in good part, and attend to it. That is mere common sense. You can have no reason to suppose it is meant otherwise than well, and you would think little of a judge who allowed you to disregard his words of warning. Assume that the officials are good sportsmen, and be a good sportsman yourself. Above all, if you are disqualified, come off the track quietly. Make no fuss at the time, and none afterwards. Inquire if you like, and protest if you think fit—later, with courtesy, and in such a way as to cause no suspicion that you wish to give annoyance. In particular, I would affectionately urge on all walking men who have friction with the judges not to use the word "prejudice," unless they mean what the word really means. Look it up in a good dictionary, and you will avoid making a scandalous misuse of it.

### Steady at the Start.

The greatest difficulty a "gaffer" experiences is to keep his man steady at the start. Athletes always wants to go off at top speed. Among record-breakers, two celebrated sprinters at the start have been Shrubbs and Jack Butler. When a long journey is to be covered it is hard to believe that there is any advantage in a rush from the mark, but when a man has taken a fancy to starting so, he will often become seriously annoyed if you try to keep him back, and irritation is sometimes quite as distressing as physical exhaustion. In such cases it is better to let your man go unchecked. But if you know that he cannot safely undertake a fast start, and that he is willing to follow your advice, you must make special provision for his failings in the schedule.

Give him a fairly fast start, just fast enough to satisfy him and make a good show. Then grade the times rapidly down to the proper level. There may be a difference of as much as half a minute between the first mile and the second, but after that there is no need for any variation greater than 15 secs. between any two consecutive miles.

The schedule should be written out in a fair-sized note-book, the distance and times on one side and notes on the other. Insert a special warning wherever a change of speed is indicated. On a road journey the schedule should be carried by a separate attendant—I mean in case of important attacks on record.

### The Recording of Records.

Where record is attempted it is very embarrassing to know how one is to deal with intermediate records. Say that a man is going for a 100-mile walk, and wants to beat the figures for 51 miles *en route*. It may well be that the pace required is too hot for the best results at the longer distance. It is said that 100 miles has been walked in 17½ hours. Supposing I send a man to beat this reputed time, it will be quite sufficient for him to cover the first 50 miles in 8 hours 20 mins. But there is a 12-hour record of 72½ miles, also "reputed." If any man is determined to beat that, too, he must be down to 8 hours 10 mins., or at least 8 hours 15 mins., for 50 miles, and that is bad for his chances later on.

*If you enjoyed this, we might run more at lazy or lex times in the future.*