



OHIO RACEWALKER

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New Facility Boosts Parkside Even Higher

Kenosha, Wisconsin (reported by Al Heppner)--Through the years, this small university town in the dairy state has become the race walking capital of the U.S. Now it might be even better. The University of Wisconsin-Parkside, hands down the top walking school in the country, has a long and storied tradition of racewalking that dates back to when current Head Coach Mike DeWitt was a student at the University. DeWitt was the first UWP All-American in the racewalk back in 1972. Since then, hundreds have followed in his footsteps and amazingly five of this athletes have made at least one Olympic Team including two at this year's Sydney Games. However, until Friday, Dec. 22, 2000, UWP had never hosted an indoor meet.

A beautiful, 70,000 square-foot field house was finished earlier in the year, complete with six full-size lanes and perhaps the widest 200 meter indoor track in America. "The new field house has been awesome. The weather has been miserable here the last 5 or six days. We used to have to try to slush through the snow and bitter cold, but now we just workout inside the field house," said DeWitt.

Others are taking note. Locally, the *Kenosha News* featured Deb Huberty and Ali Bahr (Mike's daughter) on its front page. Nationally, the NCAA is bringing their fencing and wrestling championships to UWP this season. The NCAA T&F Championships may be next to jump on the bandwagon.

In a great inaugural, two-time Olympian Curt Clausen kicked off his 2001 campaign a little early in fine fashion with a victory at the first indoor racewalk ever at UWP. Clausen dominated the 5 km event in winning by almost a minute in 21:12. Huberty won the women's 3 Km in 14:15, edging Bahr by just 3 seconds.

"The new Parkside facility is marvelous and the track is quite fast. The curves, although unbanked, are very large and smooth so pace is not altered around them. It's almost a round track, which is ideal," Clausen said.

The 33-year-old from Stevens Point, Wis. turned in a fine early season performance, although a little rust clearly showed. Clausen's splits slowed considerably as the race wore on. Starting quickly in 4:00 for the first km, his following splits were 8:10, 12:25, and 16:51. The recently married Huberty (nee Iden) edged new mother Bahr in a duel to the finish. The results: **Men's 5 Km**--1. Curt Clausen, NYAC 21:12 2. Iachlan McDonald, UWP (Droumana, Aust.) 22:06 3. Matt DeWitt, UWP 22:51 4. Steve Quirke, UWP 24:07 5. Mike Stanton, UWP 24:57 6. T.C. DeWitt, UWP 24:50

Women's 3 Km--1. Deb Huberty, Parkside AC 14:15 2. Ali Bahr, Parkside AC 14:18 3. Nicole Olson, UWP 15:59 4. Lynn Tracy (47), Parkside AC 17:20

Men's 3 Km--1. Michael Rose, Parkside AC 16:46 2. John Miller, un. 18:02 3. Tom Nickel, UWP 18:06

Other races at the new facility:

Dec. 29: Women's 1500 meters--1. Ali Bahr 6:52.6 2. Lynn Tracy 8:02.2 **Men's 1500**--1. T.C. DeWitt 6:48.6 2. Tim Nickel 7:52.1 3. Mark Sekelsky (43) 8:10.6 4. George Ospahl (59) 8:13.1

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5. Al Dubois (68) 8:22.1 **3 Km**--1. Matt DeWitt 13:03.7 2. Pablo Gomez 13:56.8 (A member of the Mexican Junior team in the early '90s living in Chicago for the past 7 or 8 years.) 3. Amber Antonia 13:59.5 (a personal best with only about 20 minutes rest from a 4 Km run) 4. Will Presichel (39) 13:59.5 5. Will Leggett 14:57.8 6. George Ospahl 17:09.2
Jan. 6: 5 Km--1. Al Heppner 21:05.6 2. Matt DeWitt 22:58.8 3. Pablo Gomez 24:21.6 4. Will Presichel 24:23 5. Ali Bahr 24:27.8 **3 Km**--1. Mark Sekelsky 16:38.3 2. Al DuBois 17:20 **1 Mile**--1. Mike Rose 8:12.2 2. Lynn Tracy 8:38
Jan. 12: Women's 3 Km--1. Sara Stevenson 13:26.44 (4:21, 4:30, 4:35) 2. Michelle Rohl 13:32.53 3. Amber Antonia 13:40 4. Deb Huberty 14:13 5. Samantha Cohen 14:19 6. Ali Bahr 14:37 7. Kathleen Stuper 16:12 8. Nicole Olson 16:36--The first two walked side-by-side, with Michelle on the inside for the first 6 laps (1200 meters). Sara then moved ahead and led by 1 second in 7:02 at 1600. She built a 10 second lead by 2 Km (8:51), which was more than sufficient to withstand a spurt by Michelle on the final 400. Michelle and Amber had finished 1-2 in the mile run 2 hours earlier with times of 5:08 and 5:11, respectively. **Men's 3 Km**--1. Lachlan McDonald 12:59.55 (4:26, 4:20, 4:13) 2. Pablo Gomez 13:28 3. Will Preischel 13:55 4. Steven Quirke 13:56 5. T.C. DeWitt 13:56 6. Mike Stanton 14:18 7. Richard McGuire (51) 15:02 **1600 meters**--1. Tim Nickel 8:16.54 2. Al DuBois (68) 8:45 3. Ben Hofmann 8:51

Other Results

High School 1 Mile, Brown Invitational, Providence, R.I., Dec. 30: Girls--1. Hilary Easter, Maine 8:20 2. Amanda Bergeron, Maine 8:31.4 3. Elba Melendez, N.Y. 8:35 4. Danella Speight, N.Y. 8:46 **Boys**--1. Ben Shorey, Maine 6:58.91 2. Owen Shoppe, Maine 7:05.2 3. Adam Staier, Maine 7:34 4. Jeff Sprague, Maine 7:35 5. Jonathan Chasse, Maine 7:54 (First time for a walk in this annual meet.) **1 Mile, Dartmouth Relays, Hanover, N.H., Jan. 14: Girls**--1. Christine Fina, N.Y. 7:45.80 2. Hillary Easter 8:08 3. Amanda Bergeron 8:30 **Boys**--1. Benjamin Shorey 6:48.98 2. Owen Shoppe 7:03 3. Dan Pendergast, Maine 7:13 **1 Mile, New York City, Dec. 15**--1. Rob Williams 7:01.57 2. John Soucheck (35) and Gary Null (55) 7:18 4. Bob Barrett (67) 8:34 **Indoor 3 Km, Brentwood, N.Y., Dec. 17**--1. Tim Seaman 11:46.4 2. Greg Dawson 13:30.6 3. Mike Bartholomew 17:40 First Master--John Shilling 18:43 **1500, same place**--1. Rob Williams 6:43.8 Young men--1. Dan Gurick 6:43.8 Youth--1. Joseph Turpani 7:22.3 Women--1. Seth Kaminsky (60-64) 8:17.8 **Girl's 1500 meters, New York City, Jan. 6**--1. Colleen Schmidt 7:09.41 2. Allesandra Vavas 7:18 3. Kirsten JHordan 7:18 4. Alice Tan 7:26 5. Anne Stanley 7:35 6. Megan Sheehan 7:36 **Disney Marathon, Orlando, Fla.**--1. Dave McGovern 3:40:16 2. Erik Litt 4:55:10 3. Larry Liszewski 4:56:24. . . George Braceland (70 and over) 6:04:14 Women--1. Julie Anselme 4:58:54 **Disney 1/2 Marathon**--1. Dave Lawrence 2:05:25 2. Bruce Ihrman (50-59) 2:09:05 3. Doug Vermeer (40-49) 2:14:55 4. Stanley Sosnowski (50-59) 2:21:09 5. Bruce Cooper (40-49) 2:24:09 6. Curtis Gourley 2:25:24 Women--1. Janet Comi 2:08:41 2. Sarah Cooper (40-49) 2:31:12 3. Nancy Sido (40-49) 2:31:12 **30 Km, Jefferson, Louisiana, Jan. 21**--1. Dave McGovern 2:32:00 2. Mike Rohl 2:35:00 Women--1. Monetta Roberts (41) 3:27:48 **10 Km, same place**--1. Bruce Cooper (47) 61:55 **50 Km,**

Houston, Jan. 7--1. Loiza Vosta (64) 6:51:55 **5 Km, Brighton, Col., Nov. 18**--1. Terry Femmer (48) 28:20 2. Daryl Meyers (58) 29:18 **5 Km, Denver, Dec. 3**--1. John Tarin (48) 27:56 2. Mike Blanchard 28:56 **5 Km Aurora, Col., Dec. 23**--1. John Tarin 25:55 2. Daryl Meyers 29:03 3. Lorie Rupoli (49) 31:04 **5 Km, Denver, Jan. 1**--1. Mike Blanchard 28:26 2. Daryl Meyers 30:41 **5 Km, DeAnza College, Cal., Dec. 9**--1. Laura Cribbins (43) 29:47 **1 Mile, De Anza, Jan. 13**--1. Laura Cribbins 9:16 **2.8 Miles, Seattle, Dec. 9**--1. Bob Novak 25:12 2. Ann Tuberg 26:42 3. Bev LaVeck 26:46
30 km, Portugal, Jan. 13--1. Joao Vieira 2:15:52 2. Pedro Martins 2:20:34 3. Jorge Costa 2:21:14 **Women's 15 Km, Portugal, Jan. 13**--1. Susana Feitor 1:10:24 2. Ines Henriques 1:14:45

Don't leap. Don't bound. Keep a foot on the ground. Then you may race at these events.

Sun. Feb. 4 Las Vegas 1/2 Marathon (P)
 Sat. Feb. 10 5 Km, Ocean Twp. N.J. (A)
 Indoor 5 Km, Kenosha, Wis. (B)
 1500 meters and 5 Km, Alamo, Texas, 8 am (K)
 5 Km, Los Angeles (Y)
 Sun. Feb. 11 Indoor 3 Km, Arlington, Vir., 7:45 am (J)
 5 Km, Raleigh, N.C., 2 pm (S)
 Men's 5 Km, Women's 3 Km, High School 1 Mile (Indoors), Kenosha, Wis. (B)
 5 Km, Denver, 9 am (H)
 Really Chilly 5 Km, London, Ontario (Z)
 Sun. Feb. 18 5 Km, South Padre Island, Texas, 9:30 am (K)
 Ontario Indoor Championships, 3 Km Women, 5 Km Men, Toronto (Z)
 New England Indoor 3 Km, Boston, 1:25 pm (N)
 3 Km Mallwalk, Milford, Conn., 9:30 am (T)
 Wis. Indoor 3 Km, Kenosha (B)
 5 Km, Denver, 9 am (H)
 5 Km, Kentfield, Cal., 9 am (P)
 Sun. Feb. 19 3.7 miles, Brockton, Mass., 1 pm (AA)
 Sat. Feb. 24 5 Km, Ocean Twp., N.J. (A)
 5 and 10 Km, Washington, D.C. (J)
 Southeastern Regional Masters 10 Km, 9 am, North Augusta, S.C. (L)
 Sun. Feb. 25 Ohio Indoor 3 Km Championship, Findlay (M)
 Colorado Indoor 3 Km, Colorado Springs, 10 am (H)
 Sat. March 3 **USATF Indoor Nationals, Atlanta**
 Indoor 1 Mile, Boulder, Col. (H)
 Ontario Indoor Masters 3 Km, Totonto (Z)
 Sun. March 4 1/2 Marathon, Chico, Cal. (E)
 5 Km, Santa Cruz, Cal. (R)
 Indoor 3 Km, New York City (G)
 Sat. March 10 2.8 Miles, Seattle, 9 am (C)
 Sat. March 17 Eastern Masters 3 Km, Landover, Maryland (J)
 Sun. March 18 5 Km (50 and over), Stanford, Cal., 9 am (P)
 Sun. March 25 **National USATF Masters Indoor 3 Km, Boston, Mass. (N)**
 5 Km, Denver, 9:30 am (H)

5 and 20 Km, Huntington Beach, Cal. (Y)
 10, 20, and 50(?) Km, Vancouver, B.B. (C)
 Sat. March 31 **National USATF 50 Km, Manassas, Virginia**
 Sun. April 1 National Invitational 20 Km, 10 Km, 5 Km, Manassas, Vir.(O)
 Sun. April 8 15 Km, Sacramento, Cal. (E)
 Mt. SAC Relays 5 and 10 Km, Walnut, Cal. (Y)
 5 Km, Cambridge, Mass., 9:30 am (AA)
 4 Mile, Denver, 9 am (H)

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The following bit of nostalgia is supplied by Martin Rudow, former national class competitor, former National Coach, author of *Advanced Race Walking*, producer of racewalking videoa, and currently editor and publisher of the *Northwest Runner*. This is a somewhat expanded version of an article he published in the September 2000 issue of *Northwest Runner*. It is further expanded with reminiscences of your editor who was part of this bit of history. Martin prefaces his article as follows:

"Last, June, I was discussing this year's Men's Marathon Trials with a local runner who had crashed badly and failed to finish. The race had been held in Pittsburgh, the course had been tough and the weather warm. As I listened to him, memories began to bubble up. . . and like any old broken down athlete, I had to share with him my memories of when things were really tough. . . namely, the 1964 U.S. 20Km walk trails which were also held in Pittsburgh.

The *Ohio Race Walkers'* Editor/Publisher, the esteemed Jack Mortland, has memories of the day from a different perspective; he qualified for the Olympic Team in the race. But my experience was memorable for different reasons, and it was for me and most of the field, truly. . ."

The Last of the Madhouse Olympic Trials

By Martin Rudow

So you think you had it tough, kid, in this year's Men's Marathon trials in Pittsburgh! It was hot and the course was hilly? Poor Baby. Gather around, youngster, and I'll tell you about when it was really tough, back in my day. . . hey, wait, where are you going? Well anyway. . .

In 1964, I was one of the country's top young racewalkers, or so I thought, and I was eager to try for an Olympic Games berth at 20 Kilometers. The trials were in Pittsburgh, over the July 4th weekend. I had never been east of Idaho, and was completely un-acclimatized to heat and humidity, being from Seattle, but what did I know. I had done well in local races on hills when the weather was a warm-for-us 65 degrees, so I could handle it. Right.

Wearing my bulky and hot college letterman's jacket on the trip turned out to be a bad idea, especially when the prop-driven plane had a breakdown of some sort and was forced to sit on the tarmac at the Chicago airport for hours. I had never been at temperatures much over 80, and the temperature in that plane must have been well over 100—a preview of what awaited us in the Steel City.

I somehow found my way to the race area, a nondescript part of Pittsburgh with little in the way of housing. Our hotel lacked air conditioning and was crumbling a bit around the sides. I had no idea of the course, even how to get to the starting line, for such information had not been provided in the scanty race literature. Fortunately other walkers were staying in the hotel and showed me the reporting area as well as providing a preview of the course.

The night before the race saw me with a fierce case of nerves, I could not sleep and, unbelievable as it may sound, in my desperation took a sleeping pill—then another. A sleeping pill, less than ten hours before the biggest race of my life! Guidance about what to do and what to expect and how to act in and before big competitions was somewhat lacking in those days—as well as common sense, I guess.

Race day dawned blazing hot and drenchingly humid, but what did we expect. . . the more experienced walkers, heat trained and used to racing in East Coast conditions, shrugged it off, but it was one more millstone around my already-sagging neck.

Anyone in the world could enter the race, regardless of past performances, as long as they had an AAU card. So, they came out of the woodwork, and out of the mental hospitals, literally, there were at least two characters out of the starting field of 74 who were certifiable lunatics, harmless, evidently.

The mentally challenged unit, the hopelessly out-of-shape as well as the top walkers of the day, joined together in a cross-the-block starting area in a run-down neighborhood, with one short block of traffic security. Lining up for the start, we were greeted by the Head Judge, sporting an old t-shirt, who lectured us like bunch of convicts. . . "we're not gonna tolerate no runnin' and don't come complainin' and cryin' to me after the race". . . and so on.

After one sort-of controlled block, it was complete grab-ass, every man for himself on traffic-and-parking-intense narrow two-lane roads. Several local Pittsburgh area walkers burst out in almost dead-runs and led the first half mile or so. I was tenth or so, following the leaders, clueless of the course direction, as we hit the first of several hills. Being confident of my ability on hills, I was actually looking forward to them as an opportunity. Wrong again, as about thirty other competitors streamed by me by the time we struggled up this first of what proved to be a myriad of steepers.

Ed. As I read all of this the first time, I was amazed at the details of the race Martin remembered. It's all a bit hazy for me. I know I traveled to the race the day before with Marty

(my wife) and Jack and Mary Jo Blackburn. We ate supper somewhere along the way, and for some reason I do remember I dined on scallops, probably not a usual pre-race meal, but this was before the days of carbohydrate loading.

I have absolutely no recollection of where we spent the night or where we were in Pittsburgh, with which I was somewhat familiar as my sister and I used to spend a week there each summer with an aunt. I know it was hot, but not one of the hottest days of our summer and I don't recall heat being a problem. I remember the general layout of the course--start and finish along an "L" leg with one giant loop between. But, I have no recollection of narrow streets, traffic problems, the cobblestones Martin mentions later--though I know Pittsburgh had many brick streets at that time, or even hills. But, Pittsburgh has plenty of them, so I'm sure they were there. Guess I was concentrating on the race.)

By 5000 meters (by my estimate, more on course marking later), I was cooked, out of it, dis-spirited and frantic. Thank goodness, none of the nut cases, the certifiable ones at least, had passed me, but it seemed everyone else had. I found myself alone, walking through a maze of city streets, with literally no guidance. I managed to keep one or two walkers who were far ahead of me in sight--barely, otherwise I might still be wandering the streets of Pittsburgh. I looked back, hoping that those behind me could help navigate, and realized that they were probably following me! I only got one interval time, and according to the guy holding the watch, it was 55 something for 15 kilometers--probably not accurate. I never saw a judge. I could have flat-out ran and easily gotten away with it, not that it would have done me much good.

Surfaces? Try cobblestones--laid down in the mid-1800s, crisscrossed with old trolley tracks which were large enough to engulf your feet up the mid-ankle depth. Some helpful neighborhood types sprayed us with hoses if we wished, but by the time I got there, they were having so much fun that they sprayed whether or not you wished, so, without warning, you'd be drenched with a powerful spray of lukewarm water, accompanied by giggles and guffaws. The water made the old blacktop-surfaced areas slippery, too.

I started to be desperate for water to drink. Finally at about 15 kilometers, an aid person appeared, the first sign of any race officials I had seen. Water? No-ice! Not really what I needed, especially when the ice was delivered in larger-than-average-size ice cubes! I was so much in need of liquids, and had given up any thought of a respectable performance anyway, that I crammed two of these big honkers into my parched mouth and tried to breathe round them, cheeks distended.

Mercifully, I began to recognize the neighborhood, and realized that we were about to finish. . . still, there was no sign of anything to do with the race but a banner hanging limply across the street, from a pawnshop to a liquor store.

I don't remember if anyone said anything when I finished--I hope not. Disgusted and depressed, I slunk off to the victory ceremony hall, hoping to find something to drink.

The ceremony was held in a stuffy upstairs-legion hall, with refreshments being limited to beer and mayonnaise with meat sandwiches that had sat out the entire 100-degree-plus morning. I needed liquids, so I drank several beers almost immediately, more than I had in my entire life up to that time. Meanwhile, the leaders had been whisked away to a no-water, outdoors ceremony, by the time they arrived at the hall, there was nothing to drink but rusty brown tap water which trickled out of the men's room faucet. They had no choice but to use that dubious source of refreshment, and I remember Ron Zinn sitting on the no-cover toilet, leaning forward to catch what he could of that liquid "refreshment."

Race T-shirts? Finishers' medals? No one had heard of such a thing. My only memento of the entire experience was the photo on this page and memories, hellish at the time, that have become precious over the years. Thank goodness that was not my last Olympic Trials experience. But never again, I am sure, did athletes have to endure a Trails race like this one. Only the strong survived. Way to go, Jack. Thirty-six years later I am still impressed.

(Ed. Again, most of this is not in my memory bank, but it's all typical of races of the day. I remember the banner across the street, but had no idea what establishments it hung between. Post-race activities are a complete blank, so I'm interested to learn what I survived. What do I remember?)

1. At the starting line, I remember Akos Szekely suddenly exclaiming "Look at Mortland, He's not wearing socks. He's going to suffer." Good psych job by Akos. I had been walking without socks for sometime and had never suffered (though I did later on and went back to socks), but he had me in a near panic. Fortunately, I forgot that once the race was underway, and I had no foot problems on the day.

2. I was very confident going into the race, knowing that my best would get me no worse than third. But I wavered 2 or 3 miles into the race. Looking around me, I saw a bunch of guys who were in the military, plus Ron Laird, who devoted all his time to walking. Panic again--"These guys all do nothing but train while I'm working 8 hours a day. What chance have I got." But, that too passed and by half way, Laird, Zinn, and I were pulling away and I felt sure again.

3. I do remember there was no water on the course, but, I guess I have some camel genes and never found this to be a real problem, even on hotter days than this. I did grab a few sips of 7 Up from someone along the road at mid-race, my only refreshment during the hour and thirty-seven minutes I was walking. However, an irritant to me was seeing Ron Zinn about 50 meters in front of me with his coaches jumping from a car every half-mile or so, dousing him with sponges and giving cups of water, then hopping back in the car and roaring away as I neared and started to hold out my hand for a sponge. I wasn't really suffering, but it didn't seem real sporting to me and a bit of water down the back of my neck would have been nice. . . But, all is fair in love, war, and racewalking, I guess

4. In the final kilometer, I started to develop dry heaves, and, while I knew I was well clear of fourth place, I started to see my self barfing at curbside as Rudy Haluza strolled by. It didn't happen, however, and it turned out it was Don DeNoon, not Rudy who was my closest pursuit. And, that's about it. I don't remember the actual finish, or as I say, post-race festivities. Bon vivant that I am, I celebrated a couple of days later by going down to Campus Records and splurging on three new jazz LPs, which I still have. But, don't ask me to tell you which ones from my collection they are. Thanks Martin for the memories of an important race in my life. Strange that I remember so little detail of that race, but can remember much more about many other races in that same era.)

From Heel to Toe

Perez retires. Ecuador's Jefferson Perez, 1996 Olympic and 1997 World Cup gold medalist at 20 Km, has retired from the sport according to Track and Field News. Perez also had a silver medal in the 1999 World Championship and has been ranked in the top five in the World for the last 5 years. . . **Rohl the runner.** You will note in the Parkside results earlier in this issue a return to running for Michelle Rohl. A runner in college (she placed second in the NAIA National Indoor 3 Km in 1988), the three-time Olympian plans to compete in both walking and running this year and turn exclusively to running in 2002, concentrating on 10 Km. . . **Correction.** Colin Young has a correction to the ancient European Championship results I presented last month. His notes that the 1946 silver medalist from Switzerland was Fritz Schwab. His father, A. Schwab, the 1934 50Km silver medalist, had retired by that time. Colin also notes that Emile Maggi, third in that 1946 race, won the first race that Colin raced in abroad (i.e., across the Channel). That was the 1955 Marseille-Beuamont and back 50 Km, a classic race in Belgium. Colin also expresses the opinion that Korzeniowski is the best walker the world has seen since Raul Gonzales and "he does not blow

up' either", something Raul did on occasion when he tried to decimate the field. . . **The Mimm file.** 1960 Olympian and fierce Masters competitor Bob Mimm comments on the Dave McGovern article in last month's issue: "I agree with all Dave McGovern says. All that will help. But, he doesn't mention the rule itself. Is is no problem? I said before the new rule was passed that it would create more controversy than ever. It seems I was right. One point--se cannot create something new. There is walking or running. There is no event that can be neither one or the other. If we want a stiff legged run, all well and good. But, let's admit it's a form of running. We do need an alarm, I think." (Ed. In a parenthetical comment at the end of Dave's article, I promised more on the alarm this month. The Dennis Furlong shoe alarm, which was tested and found sadly wanting several years ago, has reportedly been perfected further and is seen in some quarters as a possible judging tool. But there are still so many questions of reliability and practicality that I don't see discussing it any further at this time. As to the other IAAF Walking Committee recommendations Dave mentioned, as any of these are implemented we will report on them). . .

The Ladany file. Israel's Shaul Ladany, 1972 Olympian (he escaped out the back door of the Israeli dorm during the terrorist massacre) and five-time U.S. Champion at 75 and 100 km distances while living here in the '70s, continues to go in the ultra-distance events--after surviving a crippling injury. He reports that on the way to dinner following a conference in Beersheva on May 3 he "tripped in the middle of the city's main pedestrian street on the small basis of a waste bin (which was absent from its basis), fell and hurt myself in my lower back and left leg. Two weeks later, while in London, I felt as a crippled invalid. I had to cancel my participation in the Paris-Tubiz four-day 300 Km walk. For almost 2 months I was unable to train." But after only 2 weeks back training he participated for the fourth time in the 7-day, 300 Km Schlwesig (Germany) to Viborg (Denmark) walk. Then he walked for the 11th time in the 4-day Nijmegen (Holland) march and for the fifth time in the 3-day march in Knittelfeld (Austria) "climbing the beautiful mountains of the Steiermark." And from there to his eighth participation in the Modling 3-day march in the Vienna Forest. All the while, he was getting reminders from his left leg that the injury was not yet properly healed. This took him to mid-August (all those walks in about a month's time) and by mid-September he was participating in the Seefeld 3-day X 42 Km march and finally the 2-day X 40 Km Fulda (Germany) event. Shaul likes to put in a few miles, even when hobbled. . . **Korzeniowski on top.** In last month's issue, Bob Bowman speculated on the possibility of Robert Korzeniowski being named the world's top T&F athlete for 2000. Well, he made it in the eyes of one publication. Great Britain's *Athletics Weekly*, which rivals *Track and Field News* as the world's best T&F publication (at least in my eyes) named Robert as the outstanding athlete of 2000. *Track and Field News'* panel of experts, on the other hand, named Lithuanian discus thrower Viegilijus Alekna and had Korzeniowski fourth behind Michael Johnson and Maruice Greene. But even that is outstanding recognition for our sport, though Robert deserved more. Perhaps he'll follow Bob's suggestion and add the pole vault to his repertoire next year. . . **Youth competition.** In an attempt to enhance racewalking development in the U.S., Racewalking International (RWI) has announced four youth races to be held around the country. The races will be contested in Wisconsin, Washington, D.C., Texas, and California to give junior walkers a chance to compete in different areas of the country. The organization envisions sponsoring junior events in conjunction with other racewalk competitions, primarily during the off season to provide youth walkers additional opportunities to stay energized and excited about racewalking competitions. First up is the RWI Youth/Scholastic Indoor 1 Mile Championships on Feb. 10 at the new Wisconsin-Parkside facility (see lead article). The event is part of a super racewalking weekend coordinated by Mike DeWitt. Young walkers will have a second chance to participate in a blockbuster weekend during the National Invitational Racewalks directed by Bobby Briggs near the Nation's capital. The youth walks will be held on Sunday, April 1. Then, just before the Junior Nationals in Sacramento, RWI will present the third RWI Youth/Scholastic Championships in the San Francisco Bay area as part of the Alongi Memorial

Holiday Weekend walking festival, hosted by the Marin Racewalkers and coordinated by Jack and Sue Bray. Texas will be in the spotlight for the fourth event when A.C. Jaime and the McAllen area youth program welcome another spectacular racewalking weekend in the fall. In addition to securing opportunities for youth/scholastic races at prestigious events, RWI is building a Youth Development Council that will advise RWI staff on methodologies to enhance a long-range plan for junior racewalkers. . . **OTC track coach.** Ray D. Kuhles, who coached Sara Stevenson one of the brightest young U.S. hopes in racewalking, has been named as track coach at the ARCO Olympic Training Center in Chula Vista, Cal.. Kuhles stepped down as cross country coach at Olivet Nazarene College in Illinois and assumed the new post at the first of the year. Along with the Center's racewalking coach, Enrique Pena, Kuhles should be an asset in promoting and developing young racewalking talent. He was supported by RWI in his quest for the position. Besides coaching Stevenson, Kuhles coached the USA Junior Racewalk team at the U.S.-Canada International Walking Meet last summer. He has also served as USA Track and Field Racewalking youth development director for intermediate aged participants. . . **Nostalgia and more.** Received a real neat letter from Paula Kash Mendelt that I would like to share. It's rather long, but full of good memories. Paula (known as Paula Kash and Paula Kash-Mori in her best competitive years) was one of the country's top female walkers in the days that branch of the sport was coming of age. She won the National 15 km in 1979 in 1:21:21 and was on World Cup teams in both 1979 and 1981. She writes: "Thank you for your excellent newsletter--you truly make racewalkers feel part of one extended family. Each month as I get your publication, I am amazed at the many emotions that go through my head--even as I am reading the statistics. So many of your comments bring back memories, bring people to life, and inspire. This year especially brought lumps in the throat and moist eyes. It is as if we are ageless--feeling past, present, and future. One might read a result, a dry statistic, or a comment by another reader and visualize that person, someone who has crossed your path, maybe someone you'll meet in the future, maybe someone who expressed something about the sport that resonated with you or provoked feeling of controversy or pride. So many new racwalkers I meet get their info via the internet, but for me the ORW reaches out in a more personal way. Your coverage of the Olympics, for example, was excellent and the flavor enhanced because it allowed for more reflection. Korzeniowski's performances as a collective were surely the most impressive of the Games. . . ORW readers must have felt as I did--and I know their workouts like mine had a peppier stride and pride--a deep knowing of how incredibly difficult the probability of his feat. Thank for your reprint of the articles of John Kelly. In addition to his many sports honors, he should be recognized as an inspirational coach and early proponent of women's racewalking and a champion of the 50 km and ultra-walks. Just about every walker over 50 reading your newsletter probably has gone with Kelly on "the hills"--the 12 miles trek up to the camp in the Santa Monica Mountains. I remember meeting (or hearing about) many colorful people in our sport on that trail. A property owner at the halfway point put in a drinking fountain when John was training for the Olympic 50. My last walk with Sue Liers was on that course. (Ed. Paula asked if Sue still gets the ORW and the answer is no.)

A colorful figure who walked the hills as a youngster (20ish) was Mike DeWitt. At the Olympic Trials this summer, John and I were walking around the course and were asking Mike to help us with some of the names of the competitors so we could cheer them on. We didn't know about half of the women's field by sight. When John said, "Mike, I've never seen many of these competitors before" and noted one in particular, Mike said proudly, "Yes you have John. You met her as a 1-year-old." It was Ali, Mike's daughter. In my mind's eye, I flashed on the first time I'd met Mike at the Indio Date Festival and he had brought a group of young women from Arizona. Ali was in a stroller pushed around the course.

I was deeply saddened to read this year about Joann Beers and Richard Oliver, two enthusiastic ambassadors of our sport. Joann was very special because she made everyone she

came in contact with feet positive and joyful about life. Richard was an excellent writer and organizer. Both encouraged their fellow walkers in so many ways that they will be deeply missed.

Having the Olympic Trials in Sacramento inspired my own walking. I also had an opportunity to be one of the medical support team. One of the massage therapists on one of my shifts knew Jim Heining and Ray Sharp from college and also knew Debbi Spino (Lawrence) as a runner and member of his high school class!

You mentioned relays in this month's issue. Thanks to an invitation by Karen Stoyanowski, I participated in the Portland-to-Coast Relay Walk this summer. It is a 126 mile walking event with 24 legs for teams of 8 to 12 walkers. There were 400 walking teams, six to eight of which were composed of racewalkers. It was a real team event—requiring navigation and strategy as well as walking. For me, it was an exhilarating experience to walk a 10 km and two 5 km plus legs in a 24-hour period and not stiffen. Most everyone in my group loved their second legs. It was an incredible feeling to be walking on a remote forest road and gaze up and see the constellations twinkling in the sky! Since this was the point where most of the racewalking teams were catching up and passing teams that started earlier (the event is handicapped), it was also fun to see the path light up with flashing holiday-like lights as the walkers had flashlights on their heads. It made a difference between finding the trail or not! I almost didn't get my 9:30 pm baton pass from teammate Joe Berendt (whom you highlighted in "Racewalk Love Connection" in an issue this year) because racewalker Dave Lawrence was finishing his leg and vanishing into the darkness. I lapsed, thinking "Oh, here's someone whose name I've read in ORW but have never met because I never made it to the Niagara Falls race" and it was not someone who I was not going to meet on this night. Walkers on the midnight legs encountered rain and hard hills on my team. At my third leg, around 4:30 am, I walked to an approaching dawn. Zigging gently around hills the sky had cleared, the night chill was gone as I moved, there was no one around until I was passed by a runner. The runners start at Mount Hood and go about 196 miles.

Around another bend there was Karen to hand off to. And after Karen, Bill our last walker was met by all of us as he walked through the town of Seaside onto the boardwalk and skimmed effortlessly over the sand for the finish. A fun workout to be sure. Thanks to Judy Heller for organizing the walking event. A website on the PTC Relay has more information. It was fun to see Bev LaVeck and Ian Whatley enroute. We are going back again in 2001.

The following moving story about our sport appeared in the Golden Gate Racewalkers newsletter, Jan.-Feb. 2001 edition.

The Jonathan Kinga Story

An unfilled quest to bring honor to his country through racewalking

by Lucille Creamer

The story begins for me in the Summer of 1991 when the World Cup of Racewalking was held in San Jose. The Golden Gate Racewalkers, as well as other Bay Area walking clubs, participated in the planning and execution of this important event. Everyone volunteered time and talent to help make this event a great success. My particular services consisted in holding out refreshing beverages along the racewalk routes.

A team of four men arrived from Zambia. It had been a tedious journey, perhaps the first air flight for them and the first time they had ever left their native country. Their flight was late in arriving at San Jose airport and their luggage did not arrive at all. The luggage contained racewalk apparel, including their shoes. Some of the sports sponsors, like Nike and Reebok, supplied clothing, but shoes were a big problem as the shoe size for the Zambian team was extraordinary.

Three of the boys found some shoe wear, but the fourth, Jonathan Kinga, was not able to be fitted. He was so determined to participate in the race the first day, that he decided to walk barefoot. It was a very hot day—over 90 F. The pavement was brutally hot, but Jonathan was determined not to miss anything. On the second day, as fate would have it, the team participated in the 20 Km walk. As Jonathan approached the area of the walk, in which I was offering refreshments, he collapsed and was taken for medical care. (Ed. Something wrong here. The 20 was held on the first day and the 50 the second. Perhaps he collapsed as a result of his exertions on the first day.)

The night of the second day was the awards banquet. The GCRW members had been encouraged to bring some memorabilia of San Francisco and California for the team. I brought some 49ers tee shirts and decided to give them to the Zambian team at the banquet. Jonathan recognized me as the person who ran to his aid when he collapsed, expressed his gratitude, and asked me for my name and address. The team was excited about receiving the tee shirts I offered them.

A month later, I received my first letter from Jonathan in which he expressed his passion for the sport. He asked for my help in aiding the team to practice with proper techniques as he and the team were determined to make a better showing at the next opportunity to compete. He wanted very much to become a member of GCRW so he could feel a real connection to racewalking activities. So I enrolled him in GCRW and whenever the Bulletin was received, I would forward it to him in Zambia. He used the information to formulate activities for his team. He and other members of the team idolized Jonathan Matthews. He always asked for news about his racas and eagerly looked for news in the Bulletin.

To help with training, I sent him manuals on racewalking techniques, i.e., the training manual published by Jake Jacobsen. I also obtained IOC tapes for training and walking techniques for them to study. It did not occur to me that the IOC in Africa needed different tapes than those used here in the U.S. But Jonathan found a library in Lusaka that could play the tape and the team gathered there to learn what they could.

The team was so impoverished that they had nothing other than the clothing they brought to the 1991 event (which incidentally was received after the event was over.) They were hoping to participate in the World Cup again in 1993. I contacted one of the officials, who was affiliated with the IOC and lived in Oakland. He managed to get them to send an invitation for the team to the Zambian government. Some expenses would be paid by IOC but the Zambian government would subsidize the remainder. I contacted the editor of *Walking* magazine to see if there was some help they could offer the team. They agreed to supply tank tops, shorts, shoes, and other sportswear. The boys were elated and worked very hard to train properly and bring up their time. The day before departure, the Zambian government backed out of their support. *Walking* magazine was very upset as their expense was for nothing as they had hoped to get a good story out of their participation. The team was devastated and felt betrayed, but vowed to keep trying.

During this time, I contacted several experts in racewalking hoping to get someone to show an interest in visiting Zambia to help the boys. I contacted several people, but no one could afford the expense of time and travel.

When the World Cup was held in Spain, the IOC once again offered to assist them if the government would come through with the rest of the cost. Once again, the government stated it would support the team, but this time, there was no sponsor to equip the team with decent apparel or shoes. Because of mail confiscation problems in Zambia, I could find no way to ship clothing to them. I had to find a way around it. So for two months, I bought magazines, tore out the insides, and smuggled tank tops and shorts between the covers of the magazines. Thankfully, they all arrived safely.

During this time, a significant change in the Zambian government occurred. Jonathan explains it as a "privatization". In my mind, it must have been an attempt towards capitalization. One result of this change was the closure of many industries that provided jobs. Jonathan worked

in a grain mill, but the mill was closed and jobs became very scarce. Obviously, under this change, there would be no chance for the team to receive financial support. As a result, the team's hopes were once again dashed. The team subsequently broke up although Jonathan kept hoping he could find a way to bring them together. He never lost his zeal for the sport. Last summer, Jonathan passed away from tuberculosis and many other complications. His wife Rosa and his young children did their best to care for him. With some financial help from here, they tried to get him medical help from a missionary hospital on the outskirts of Lusaka, but he was already too ill. His nephew, Julius Musumale, was one of the original racewalkers and he is anxious to restore the team and somehow rekindle Jonathan's goal to bring honor to his country through a vigorous racewalking team—one recognized nationally and internationally. (Ed. For further information on this you can contact the Golden Gate Racewalkers through Laura Cribbins at 2937 El Sobrante Street, Santa Clara, CA 95051.)

I guess it's the month for inspirational stuff. Here is how National Team member Al Heppner came back from a bout with depression that hit him after he was forced out of the Olympic 50 Km Trials. Now in the U.S. Army's world class athlete program, he first published the story in the Dec. 13, 2000 issue of the Fort Lee Trumpeter.

How the Army Saved My Life

by Al Heppner

After riding the lead pack at the Olympic Trails in the 50 km racewalk for nearly the entire race, thoughts of the Sydney Olympics were dancing in my head. Then the unthinkable happened. The inclement weather began to break by body down. I started shivering violently while I was racing and watched helplessly as the other competitors began passing me. My ticket to Sydney was snatched away as hypothermia took over my body and I was forced out of the race.

My shattered dream quickly turned into a horrible nightmare as I fell into a deep depression for the first time in my life. I stayed in my room feeling mentally paralyzed. Although I was home for two months, I didn't call any of my friends. In my skewed perspective, my life didn't even seem worth living anymore.

I heard about the Army's World-Class Athlete Program through a teammate. I began to view it as my only way out, even though all my friends and family were vehemently against the decision. Halfheartedly, I went through the recruiting and Military Entry Processing Station requirements, unsure about my choice and scared of what was to come.

Reception was a difficult time for me, but a few weeks into basic training, I started to feel a little better. The Army had given me a new focus, a new group of friends, and began to restore my competitive fire. There were still nights during basic when I laid awake in pure agony, but those nights came less frequently and with less pain.

Getting the maximum score on the Army Physical Fitness Test had become my primary goal. The sit-ups and the run were no problem, but I had lost a lot of upper body strength since the Trials and only knocked out 44 push-ups on my first diagnostic test.

My battle buddy and I did push-ups every night, encouraging each other to reach muscle failure. This paid off as I was able to do 80 push-ups on my end-of-cycle test. My pride had been restored. And when the "Star Spangled Banner" played at my basic training graduation, I nearly lost my military bearing and cried in the middle of the field.

Considering how depressed I was and the unclear expectation I had entering the Army, in some ways I was more proud of my basic training graduation than of graduating from college.

The final piece of the puzzle was for me to get back into decent racewalking shape at Advanced Individual Training so I'd be worthy of WCAP status. I had been running fairly well, but

racewalking uses an entirely different set of muscles. My drill sergeant supported me, though. After I became end-of-cycle qualified, she allowed me to go to the track for extra training. Now I'm back in top form.

Through this entire experience, I've learned an important lesson. Although it's great to seek the advice and help of others, only you, as an individual, know what makes you happy. I talked to everyone—friends, family, and even sought professional help—but all along the answer yes was lying within. The answer for me was to join the Army.

More importantly, I truly believe that the Army may have saved me from endangering my own life. The Army gave me something to live for and so much more. Now I'm more confident than ever on and off the athletic field. On the track, my new found mental toughness has made it easier for me to push myself in workouts. In my life, the Army has solidified my future by putting me on a solid career path.

The Army not only saved my life, but it has made me a better person. I don't know if I'll make it to the medal stand at the 2004 Olympic Games in Athens, but if I do, I'll owe a lot to the Army for helping me get there.

U.S. Top Performance Lists for 2000

Women's 20 Km

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1:31:51 Michelle Rohl | 1:46:43 Molly Lavacek |
| 1:33:40 Yueling Chen | 1:46:45 Samantha Cohen |
| 1:33:48 Debbi Lawrence | 1:47:26 Heide Hauch |
| 1:34:44 Susan Armenta | 1:47:41 Debbie Benton |
| 1:34:50 Jill Zenner | 1:48:47 Donna Chamberlain |
| 1:35:22 Sara Stevenson | 1:50:04 Lynn Brubaker |
| 1:35:45 Teresa Vaill | 1:50:57 Sally Richards |
| 1:36:17 Joanne Dow | 1:54:03 Kelly Murphy-Glenn |
| 1:36:26 Gretchen Eastler-Fishman | 1:52:43 Dorit Attias |
| 1:36:46 Danielle Kirk | 1:53:44 Gayle Johnson |
| 1:36:59 Sara Standley | 1:56:29 Abigail Oliver |
| 1:43:05 Victoria Herazo | 1:56:37 Lee Chase |
| 1:43:38 Amber Antonio | 1:57:09 Alison Zabrenski |
| 1:44:09 ALi Bahr | 1:57:57 Carmen Jacinsky |
| 1:44:14 Cheryl Rellinger | 1:58:08 Gloria Rawls |
| 1:45:51 Bobbi Jo Chapman | 2:00:29 Karen Stoyanowski |
| 1:45:51 Debbie Iden | |
| 1:46:43 Lisa Sonntag | |

Men's 20 Km

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1:23:40 Tim Seaman | 1:32:41 Matt DeWitt |
| 1:23:56 Curt Clausen | 1:35:38 Dave McGovern |
| 1:25:05 Andrew Hermann | 1:36:32 Jonathan Matthews |
| 1:26:09 Kevin Eastler | 1:37:05 Andrzej Chylinski |
| 1:28:08 Sean Albert | 1:41:07 Ioan Froman |
| 1:29:25 John Nunn | 1:41:37 John Soucheck |
| 1:30:55 Philip Dunn | 1:43:36 Greg Dawson |
| 1:32:36 Ian Whatley | |
| 1:32:34 Mike Rohl | |

Men's 50 Km

| | | | |
|---------|-------------------|---------|------------------|
| 3:56:15 | Curt Clausen | 4:37:02 | Gary Morgan |
| 3:57:54 | Andrew Hermann | 4:39:03 | Mark Green |
| 4:07:00 | Philip Dunn | 4:51:30 | Theron Kissinger |
| 4:21:39 | Jonathan Matthews | 5:00:06 | Ric Holt |
| 4:26:07 | Andrzej Chylinski | 5:04:50 | Will Leggett |

We have to go all the way back to 1977 to find a year with fewer U.S. men under 1:40 and 20 Km. There were just 12 that year. An when we look at the 11 year period 1983 through 1993 (32, 32, 28, 38, 40, 43, 33, 33, 32, 33, 30), we have to ask where has our depth gone? As far baack as 1979, we had 36 athletes under 1:40. Well, I guess I ponder this every year as the numbers continue to drop and no one has found th answer yet. (See also my comments at the end of this month's Looking Back feature regading the 50.)

Looking Back

35 Years Ago (From the January 1966 ORW)—The 1 Mile Walk in the Los Angeles Invitational (won by ROn Laird in 6:38) made it on to the telecast—unfortunately. All we could do was chastise CBS for playing it as some sort of comic relief. But, that's an old refrain by now. . . The National Junior (more precisely "novice" at that time) 50 km went to Martin Kraft in 5:22:34 ahead of Roger Duran. . . Ron Daniel won a 1 Mile race in New York in 6:34. . . On the local scene, Jack Blackburn (14:38) whipped your editor (14:43) in a 2 mile (outdoor) on a cold January day. . . Earlier, the second annual New Year's Eve 6 mile handicap went to Dr. John Blackburn. Walking in a cold, driving rain, he covered the 1/3 mile loop over a gravel road and mud path 18 times in 57:10. His effort hel off two hard-charging Jacks—Blackburn and Mortland, who started 8 minutes back and came within 16 seconds at the finish, deadheating in 49:26. Corinn Blackburn, one of the real pioneers in women's racewalking, finished sixth in 85:26, sipping champagne enroute.

30 Years Ago (From the January 1971 ORW)—In L.A., Ron Laird set an American Indoor record for 4 miles (records were recognized at an amazxing number of strange distances in those days) with a 28:41.2. Larry Walker finished 22 seconds back. . . Ron Kulik edged Ron Daniel in a New York 1 Miler, 6:31.5 to 6:32.9. . . Walker was an easy winner over Laird in a 1 Mile race, 6:28.3 to 6:36.3. . . But, Dave Romansky topped them all with times of 6:20.6 and 6:21.7. In the latter race, Daniel did 6:22.2 and Kulik 6:24.5. . . A 20 miler in California saw Goetz Klopfer winning in 2:37:58.

25 Years Ago (From the January 1976 ORW)—Laird was announced as the winner of the National 1 Hour Postal Championship for 1975, his 8 mi 612 yd performance edging Todd Scully by just 32 yards. Wayne Glusker did 7 mi-1736 yds and John Knifton 7 mi 1677. Masters winner was Rudy Haluza with 7 mi 843.

20 Years Ago (From the January 1981 ORW)—Fast mile times were turned in by Evan Fox in New York (6:20.7) and Todd Scully in Philadelphia (6:18.9) Time Lewis did 6:25 behind Scully. . . We carried an item entitled "Further Commentary on Recent Commentary on PRevious Commentary on That Subject That Is Receiving a Great Deal of Commentary These Days--Judging." And it still is.

15 Years Ago (From the January 1986 ORW)—Tom Edwards turned in a fast early season mile at West Point, N.Y., winning in 6:10.6. Curtis Fisher was second in 6:19.74. . . At the Dartmouth Relays, Lynn Weik edged Teresa Vaill by 0.4 seconds while winning the mile in 7:12.29.

10 Years Ago (From the January 1991 ORW)—Alan Price won the National 100 Km title in Atlanta in 11:41.39, nearly 14 minutes ahead of Dave Waddle. . . Ron Laird wrote a profile on 1964 50 Km Olympian Chris McCarthy, whose publication, the *Midwest Walker* preceded the *Ohio Racewalker*.

5 Years Ago (From the January 1996 ORW)—Our 1994 U.S. 50 Km list showed 18 walkers under 5 hours, an improvement over the previous 3 years (12, 13, and 9), but short of 1991's 23. After that we dropped off again with 12, 7, and 9, before recovering to 15 in 1999, but dropping to only 9 again this year. The all-time high was 32 in 1979, which was followed by 5 more years with 20 or more. There were 20 as far baack as 1972. Well, this is an old song, too, and probably doesn't belong in this Looking Back feature, but we continue to wonder about this paucity of those willing to tackle this Olympic distance. Particularly in light of the craze for walking the essentially meaningless marathon distance. What's another 5 miles? If you are going to go the distance, go the distance of our sport. (This preaching from one who never finished a 50.)

